

The SEA GULL



LUNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK

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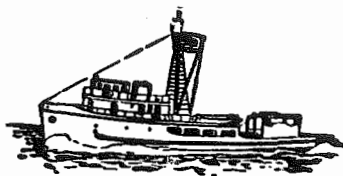
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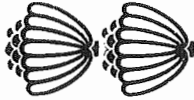


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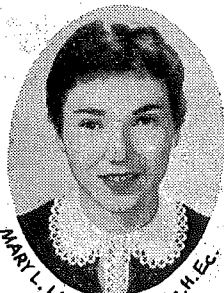
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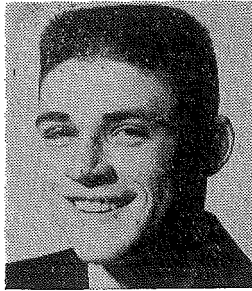
ERNEST EISNOR

JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

MESSAGES FROM THE OFFICERS

Our work as Co-managers on this, the 1961 edition of the Sea Gull, has been most interesting. We acknowledge the distinction of this position, and have enjoyed working with the full co-operation from our assistants and faithful advertisers.

**Elward Crouse,
Derrill Hynick,
Business Managers.**

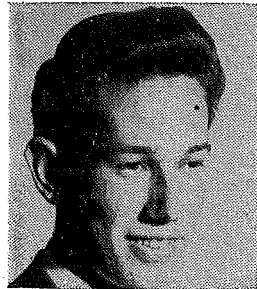


I have had the privilege of serving as President of the Junior Red Cross in 1960-61. I would like to thank sincerely, all students, Teachers, and citizens of Lunenburg who have assisted us in carrying out our program.

Alice M. Conrad.

I was honored and pleased to be selected as President of the Students' Council. It has been a valuable experience. My thanks to the Teachers and students who have helped me. The best to the graduating class of 1961!

Peter Winters '61.



The opportunity of serving as co-editors of the Sea Gull has been a rich experience. We should like to express our sincere appreciation to the Teachers and fellow students for their generous help and contributions in making the current edition a success.

"Long live the Sea Gull!"

**Elizabeth Pyke '61.
Sheila Conrad '61.**



Mental efficiency has been, and is, and will be the foundation of every kind of efficiency. It was the brain that turned the savage into a king and the workman into a captain of industry.

Our brain is the most complex organ of all creation, the most complicated structural apparatus known to science. It has about ten thousand million cells. Most of us likely have millions of cells we don't use. Our output of information may be only one part in a million of our input; our creative flights are only a small part of what they could be. Why is this so? We develop our muscles by exercise and nourish our bodies with food, but too often we feed our brains only on trivialities and exercise them only under protest.

Once again we commend the editors and staff of the Sea Gull for their fine publication.

To all graduates and undergraduates we wish the best of success.

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"The Sea Gull"

VOL. 27 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1961 NO. 27

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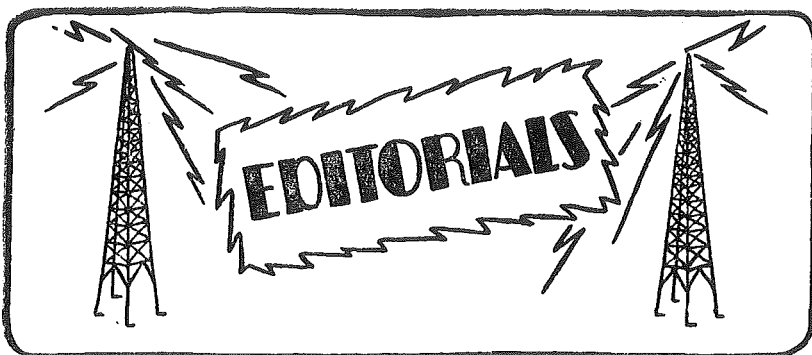
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Theodore Roosevelt once said: "Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat."

This is stimulating advice for adults as well as students. It has special significance for the Grade XII class, as they approach graduation. We have been told that life is ever a new and complex adventure, which demands the best in man. Only a high goal, a steadfast mind and a willing spirit may lead to triumph. It is my sincere wish that my fellow classmates possess these outstanding qualities, which will enable them to be worthwhile citizens.

But graduation is not a time for weeping and sadness. Rather, it should bring to mind a pleasant review of the past year's activities and successes, which are as follows:

SEPTEMBER—School begins! Who can forget the shining eager faces of primer class children as they enter the schoolroom that first morning? For the older students, it means a new year, new trials and new opportunities.

OCTOBER and **NOVEMBER**—Studies, sports and exams. Noteworthy at this time were the triumphs of the Lunenburg Soccer team, which made them winners of the Lunenburg County Soccer league. As a reward, the players were presented with individual trophies.

DECEMBER—This brings to mind the Operetta, "Waltz Time", another tribute to Mrs. Oxner's fine leadership and hard work. Credit also falls on the variety of local talent at her disposal and the numerous "behind-the-scene" preparations that make each performance a success.

JANUARY and **FEBRUARY**—Work, and more work. This was also an active period for the boys' and girls' basketball teams as they played in competition with nearby schools.

MARCH—Once again sports were the highlights of the extra-curricular activities. We are especially proud of the hockey team who won the Nova Scotia championship in Headmasters hockey, by defeating St. Joseph's School, North Sydney.

The most outstanding event of the curling season was Lunenburg's victory in the bonspiel between Bridgewater, Liverpool and Lunenburg, for Dr. Tupper's cup. Although this is the first year for such a competition, in future, it will become an annual event. We are grateful to Dr. Tupper for his keen interest and generosity in donating the new curling trophy.

Threaded throughout these months is the long, slow, tedious work of preparing a school magazine. This includes such processes as the issuing of topics, the accumulation and writing of materials, the correcting of finished reports, typing, advertising and special features. These things are accomplished with the aid of the teachers and citizens of the town. Special tribute should be paid to our principal, Mr. Collins, who plans the Sea Gull, outlines the necessary work and urges us onward when we tire with the many details involved in the output of the magazine.

Our Sea Gull this year, has been dedicated to the former Mayors of Lunenburg, who have devoted their time and talents to make our town the prosperous, thriving community it is today.

During the past year, Lunenburg was a greatly honoured and extremely popular town because of the building and launching of the replica of the famous "Bounty." The reconstruction of this ancient ship shows the high quality craftsmanship and strong capabilities of our seafaring race.

Like the well-wishers of the Bounty, when she sailed for Tahiti, we say to you "Bon Voyage."

This Issue of

"The Sea Gull"

is dedicated to

TOWN GOVERNMENT IN LUNENBURG



FOUNDED JUNE 7, 1753

"A people may prefer a free government but if, from indolence or carelessness, or cowardice, or want of public spirit, they are unequal to the exertions necessary for preserving it — they are unlikely long to enjoy it."—John Stuart Mill.

"Local self-government has been called the corner-stone of democracy. In a country as large as Canada, it is especially important that local government should be strong and active."—George W. Brown.

THE MAYORS OF LUNENBURG SINCE THE TOWN WAS INCORPORATED

MR. AUGUSTUS J. WOLFF 1888 - 1890, 1895 - 1898, 1910

by Sheila Conrad

On October 30, 1844, Augustus J. Wolff was born in Prussia, then one of the important provinces of Germany. His early life was spent at sea where he received valuable training toward his ultimate goal of Master.

In 1881, Mr. Wolff settled at Lunenburg. Here, he filled the posts of commission merchant and broker. Through popularity and capability, he was elected the Town's first Mayor in 1888. The Councillors appointed at that time include: David Smith, Charles Hewitt, James Hirtle, S. Watson Oxner, Allan Morash, Daniel Rudolf. It is interesting to note that the latter three were later elected Mayors.

Mr. Wolff served as Mayor of Lunenburg for eight years. He was Master of Unity Lodge No. 4 and in 1911, Grand Master. On December 9, 1918, he passed away.

MR. S. WATSON OXNER 1891 - 1894

by Sheila Conrad

The second Mayor of Lunenburg, S. Watson Oxner, was born August 6, 1857. A prominent citizen, he began his term of public service in 1891. During his stay in office, the old schoolhouse on Bandstand Hill was demolished by fire, thus creating the need for a new building. Controversy raged over the proposed site, as some members of the Board of School Commissioners did not approve of the Gallows Hill location. It is interesting to note that Mayor S. Watson Oxner cast the deciding vote which crystallized the plans to erect the school where it now stands.

Mr. Oxner was both an insurance agent and an accountant for Robin, Jones and Whitman. In addition to this, he served as Warden of St. John's Anglican Church for seventeen years and as Sunday School superintendent for ten years. In 1895, he was presented with the Past Master's jewel of Unity Lodge No. 4. Mr. Oxner died on September 20, 1923.

MR. DANIEL J. RUDOLF 1899 - 1901

by Elizabeth Pyke

Daniel Rudolf was born in LaHave, and later moved to Lunenburg to live. He worked in the drygoods business with Stephen Finck on Lincoln Street. When the incorporation of Lunenburg took effect, Mr. Rudolf was one of the first five Councillors. In 1899 he was elected Mayor. He held this position for four years. Mr. Rudolf worked hard to obtain the electric light and water plants for the town. He succeeded in obtaining the first stone crusher, which was used to lay better foundations for the streets.

MR. ALLAN R. MORASH 1902 - 1909

by Elizabeth Pyke

Mr. Morash was born in Lunenburg and was one of four musical children. He was the organizer and director of the Civilian Band. He gave violin lessons as a hobby. Mr. Morash carried on the fish business in the firm of Eisnor and Morash for many years.

In 1902 Allan Morash was elected Mayor. His term ended in 1909. During his term of office, the water plant was purchased by the town. Mr. Morash was also a member of parliament for many years.

SENATOR JOHN J. KINLEY 1911 - 1913

by Geraldine Levy

Senator Kinley, one of a family of nine, was born on October 15, 1881. Beginning his education at the new Academy, Mr. Kinley finished with honors. He then took technical training and a correspondence course. Being interested in the drug business, he served as an apprentice for several years, in 1902 opening a business of his own. In 1907 Mr. Kinley, together with other interested business men, founded the Lunenburg Foundry Co., a company of which he is now President.

In 1911 he began his three year term as Mayor. He had previously held responsible positions in the town of Lunenburg, such as Councillor and chairman of the School Board. Mr. Kinley was elected to the Federal Parliament in 1935, re-elected in 1940, and then appointed to the Canadian Senate.

Senator Kinley is a keen sailor. He also takes an interest in curling and golf. Lunenburg can indeed be proud of a citizen who has achieved such success and recognition, not only in the town of Lunenburg, but throughout Canada.

MR. J. FRANK HALL 1914 - 1915

by Geraldine Levy

Mr. Hall was born in 1858 at Lunenburg, where he spent most of his life. In later years he ran a barbership, and a harness shop on Lincoln Street. After selling these two businesses, Mr. Hall entered the insurance business.

Mr. Hall's term as Mayor of Lunenburg was in 1914 - 1915. Before this time, he served as a Town Councillor. During his term of office, the town purchased a fire-alarm system consisting of a 1375 pound bell and a sixty foot tower.

Mr. Hall was a regular attendant of St. John's Anglican Church, and, for many years, a member of the Vestry.

After retiring from the insurance business Mr. Hall went to the Oddfellows' Home where he remained until he died on Christmas Day in the year 1951.

SENATOR WILLIAM DUFF 1916 - 1921

by Sharon Naas

William Duff was born in Carbonear, Newfoundland. Educated at Newfoundland and Falkirk, Scotland, he came to Canada in 1895.

He was elected Mayor of Lunenburg in 1916. In the following five years he was named Mayor by acclamation. Due to his duties out of town, Senator Duff was unable to run for Mayor again. Mr. Duff was a member of the House of Commons and in 1936 he was called to the Senate.

MR. ARTHUR W. SCHWARTZ 1922 - 1929, 1934 - 1945

by Sharon Naas

Arthur Schwartz, one of Lunenburg's many fine men, was born in Lunenburg in 1879.

During his life, Mr. Schwartz played an important part in civic affairs. In 1914 he was elected Councillor and served for eight years. He was elected Mayor in 1922 and held this office successfully for eight years. In 1934, he was again elected as Mayor. He served as chairman of the Board of School Commissioners and helped the school in various ways.

Although Mayor Schwartz led a very active life, he still had time for sports of which his favourites were golf and curling.

MR. WALLACE KNOCK 1930 - 1933

by Sharon Naas

As a young boy, Wallace Knock left Grade X to undertake a job of office and store boy with Zwicker & Co. Ltd. Plunging into his job, whole-heartedly, he was soon promoted to purchasing agent.

After serving for a number of years as Town Councillor, Mr. Knock was elected Mayor by acclamation in 1930. He also served on the Board of School Commissioners.

Mr. Knock was one of the largest shareholders in the fishing fleet.

MR. LAWRENCE LEMONT HEBB 1946 - 1947

by Marilyn Crouse

In 1888 the town of Lunenburg was incorporated. During this same year on June 26, a boy with a bright future was born. This man was Mr. Lawrence Hebb, who became the Mayor of Lunenburg in 1946.

Mr. Hebb has always maintained a keen interest in civic and community affairs. He served 18 years on the Town Council, 6 years as Deputy Mayor and 2 years as Mayor. He also served 15 years on the Board of School Commissioners and 3 years on the Lunenburg War Memorial Community Center Commission.

During his two-year term as Mayor, many noteworthy things happened.

One was the revival of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition, after a lapse of ten years. Another was the repairing and improving of the Newtown School-house. It was improved to house Mechanic Science and Household Science and was re-opened after an absence of many years.

Although Mr. Hebb is now retired from the active life of a businessman, he still enjoys watching sports such as curling.

MR. DOUGLAS F. ADAMS 1948 - 1951

by Marilyn Crouse

As a boy, Mr. Adams attended the Lunenburg County Academy, where he received his elementary and high school education. He graduated from high school in June 1917. In the fall of that year, he entered King's College where he received his Bachelor of Arts degree, majoring in mathematics.

In 1934, Mr. Adams was elected to the Town Council of Lunenburg. He served for fourteen consecutive years. After the retirement of Mayor Lawrence Hebb, he became Mayor, and served in that capacity for four years.

During Mr. Adams's term as Mayor, many noteworthy things happened. One was the starting of the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital. The Lunenburg War Memorial was completed and dedicated on Remembrance Day, November 11, 1948. In 1950 a sprinkler system was installed in the Lunenburg Academy and the McKittrick Memorial Library was built, in memory of the late Principal Burgess McKittrick. In 1951 the street paving programme was completed and plans were started for the 200th anniversary of Lunenburg which was celebrated in 1953.

Mr. Adams still takes an active part in the business world today.

MR. F. HOMER ZWICKER 1952 - 1955

by Dianne Lohnes

Mr. F. Homer Zwicker was born in Lunenburg on March 3, 1894.

After being educated at King's Collegiate School, Windsor, N. S. and later at "The Grove", Lakefield, Ontario, he completed his education by taking technical courses at Dalhousie University and the Nova Scotia Technical College at Halifax. He graduated as a Civil Engineer.

In 1929 Mr. Zwicker returned to Lunenburg with the position of Secretary-Treasurer of the Zwicker Co. Later he became Managing Director. Applying his engineering ability, he made a number of improvements in the Zwicker plant.

Mr. Zwicker has taken a keen interest in local affairs. He was elected Councillor of the Town of Lunenburg in 1946 and in 1952 he began his term as Mayor, which lasted until 1955.

MR. ROY M. WHYNACHT 1956 - 1957

by Dianne Lohnes

Mr. Roy M. Whynacht was born in Lunenburg in 1893. He received his education at the Lunenburg Academy and Maritime Business College.

He worked with the Maritime Fish Corporation until 1916, when he enlisted in the Nova Scotia Highlanders, where he was Orderly Room Sergeant in the 219th Battalion in Canada, and 17th Nova Scotia Reserve Battalion in England. He served a year and a half with the 85th Battalion in France and Belgium.

In 1927 Mr. Whynacht returned home to Lunenburg where he became sales manager, and later director of the Lunenburg Foundry Co. Ltd. He has been active in many local organizations such as the Board of Trade, School Board, Community Centre Commission and Hospital Management Committee, during the past years.

From 1949 to 1954 Mr. Whynacht served as Town Councillor and became Deputy Mayor in 1955. During his term as Mayor, from 1956 - 1957, the Fishermen's Memorial Room at the Community Center was completed under the auspices of the Town Council.

DR. R. G. A. WOOD 1958 - 1961

by Dianne Lohnes

Our present Mayor, Dr. Rayfield G. A. Wood, was born in Lunenburg. After graduating from the Lunenburg Academy, he received a degree in Medicine at Dalhousie University, and later took a post-graduate course at St. Vincent's Charity Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio. He then returned to Lunenburg where he practices medicine.

Since Dr. Wood served overseas with the Canadian Army Medical Corps, he is a member of the Lunenburg Legion Branch No. 23. He is also active in various medical societies, clubs, fraternal organizations and takes a keen interest in such sports as golf, curling and yachting. His work with the crippled children, through the Lions Club, is energetic and enthusiastic. Dr. Wood is a member of St. John's Anglican Church.

Dr. Wood served on the Town Council from 1947-1951, part of this time as Deputy Mayor. He was elected Mayor of Lunenburg in 1958 and re-elected by acclamation in 1960. At present Mayor Wood is Chairman of the School Board.

THE PRESENT MAYOR AND TOWN COUNCIL

by Marion Falkenham '62, Janet Knickle '62, Nancy Morash '61



Mayor Rayfield G. A. Wood was on the Town Council from 1947-1951. Since 1958 he has served as Mayor, being re-elected by acclamation in 1960.

He is very prominent in various lodges of the town and has held different offices in these. At the present he is a member of Unity Masonic Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M., and has taken the 32nd degree of the Ancient and Accepted Order of the Scottish Rite. Also he is a charter member and the first president of the Lunenburg Lions' Club. In this club he is in charge of the Annual Easter Seal Campaign, and he has always done an excellent job.

In addition Dr. Wood devotes much time to his town and province. He is chairman of the School Board, on the executive of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition, and an executive member of the Union of Nova Scotia Municipalities.

In the Town Council Dr. Wood heads the following committees: General Government, Electric Light, Arbitration, Tenders and Common Land. He was in the Medical Service during World War II.

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Frank Powers has served two years as a member of the Town Council. In January of this year, he started his second term.

As each Councillor is on various committees, Mr. Powers has been selected to head the Cemetery Committee and the Court of Appeal Committee. He is also on General Government, Public Works, Water Arbitration and Tenders Committees.

Mr. Powers is the President of Powers Brothers Ltd. He is on the Community Centre Commission, and is a member of the Legion.

Mr. Powers served in the Air Force in World War II.

Mr. Sherman Zwicker started his second term as Councillor in January 1961. He is chairman of the Water Committee, and serves on Public Works, Sanitation and Waste Removal, Public Property, Public Welfare, Court of Appeal, and Tenders Committees.

He is the Secretary-Treasurer of Zwicker & Co. Ltd., in Lunenburg. He is a member of the Board of Trade, Kinsmen Club, and is first Vice-President of the Red Cross. As he takes a great interest in the youth of our town, he is Master Scout of the First Lunenburg B Troop.

Besides being a foreman at the Lunenburg Foundry and Engineering Co. Ltd., Mr. Ray Schwartz is on the Board of Directors of the Foundry. This January he started his second term as a Town Councillor. He is chairman of Public Welfare and acts on the committees on Protection to Persons and Property, Sanitation and Waste Removal, Public Property, Licenses, Electric Light and Tenders.

He enjoys taking an active part in Community projects. He is chairman of Tourist Information Committee, secretary of Unity Masonic Lodge, Vice-President of Masonic Building Company, and Past President of Board of Trade.

Mr. Clement Hiltz, starting his sixth year, has served two and one-half terms on the Town Council. He is, and has been, Deputy Mayor for the last two years. Head of the Public Works and Sanitation and Waste Removal Committees, Mr. Hiltz also serves on License, Cemetery, Water and Tenders Committees.

As he takes an interest in local affairs, Mr. Hiltz is a member of the Board of Trade and a member of the Community Centre Commission. During the Second World War, Mr. Hiltz served overseas with the Canadian Army. Consequently he is a member and Past President of the Legion. Mr. Hiltz is foreman in charge of cooked foods at Lunenburg Sea Products.

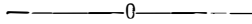
Mr. Arthur Corkum is Manager of the Capitol Theatre in Lunenburg. In connection with his occupation, he is a member of the Maritime Motion Picture Exhibitors Association.

He is one of the new Councillors who came into office at the beginning of 1960. Thus, this January, he began the second year of his first term. Mr. Corkum is in charge of the License Committee and serves on General Government, Protection to Persons and Property, Public Welfare, Electric Light, Common Land and Tenders Committees.

He is a member of various organizations in Lunenburg-Board of Trade, Masonic Order, Fisheries Exhibition Commission, and Community Centre Commission.

Mr. H. Douglas Pyke, this year is finishing his third term as a member of the Town Council. He is Manager of Lunenburg Sea Products Limited, and in our town is the council representative on the Board of Management of the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital and Board of School Commissioners. He is also on the council of the Board of Trade.

He is chairman of Public Property and Protection to Persons and Property, serves on the Cemetery, Court of Appeal, Arbitrations, and Tenders Committees.



Mr. B. J. Walters, formerly Assistant Town Clerk, became Town Clerk in 1958. It is one of his duties to record the minutes of the Council Meetings.

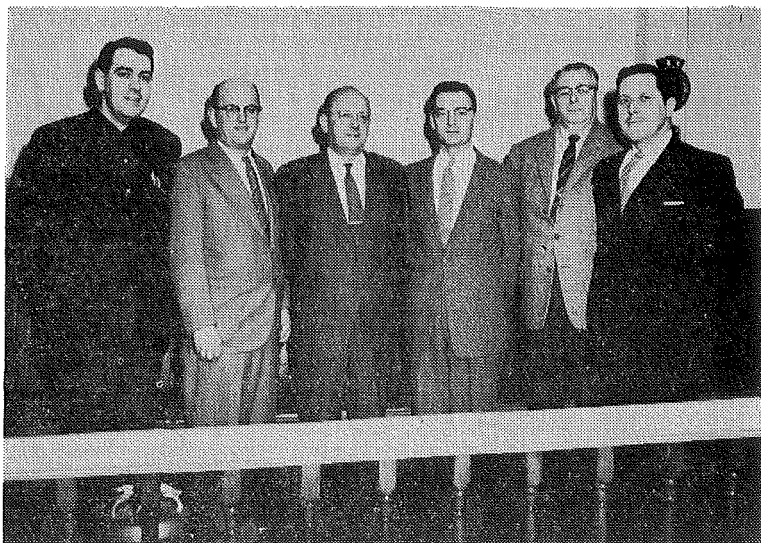
He takes an active part in local and provincial affairs. He is Secretary-Treasurer of the Community Centre Commission, Board of School Commissioners, and the Lunenburg Dairy Ltd. At present he is on the council of Lunenburg Board of Trade, and is President of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition, where he has served as manager for six years.



LUNENBURG ACADEMY

THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS

by Alice Conrad '61, Sheila Conrad '61



Left to Right: Arthur Hebb, B. J. Walters, Mayor R. G. A. Wood, Chairman; Dr. D. C. Cantelope, H. D. Pyke, Eugene Ritcey.

The buzz of orderly discussion grew louder as arguments for and against the new school site became more intense. Three members vetoed the Gallows Hill location, while three others countered with the affirmative. Then Mayor S. Watson Oxner, the only member of the Board of School Commissioners who had not voted, silenced the commotion as he rose to his feet, "Gentlemen, I vote in favor of Gallows Hill as a suitable site for our new school." Thus the deciding vote was cast, and the first step taken toward the erection of our present Lunenburg Academy.

As you know, education has always been an important part of our thriving community. From the earliest days, groups of interested men built schools and hired masters to teach their children. Throughout the years, succeeding generations formed first the Board of Trustees, and later the Board of School Commissioners. Under their guidance, schools were erected at Parade Square in 1864, Newtown in 1888 and finally our present Academy in 1895. The Program of operating the various schools mentioned, entailed the work of able and energetic men, whose time and talents have laid the foundations for the high standards maintained by future school boards.

The members of our present Board of School Commissioners, seem to possess the same persevering qualities of their predecessors, in skillfully

solving arresting academic problems. The Board consists of the following men:

Chairman—Mayor R. G. A. Wood.

Secretary—Mr. B. J. Walters.

Councillors—Dr. Douglas Cantelope, Mr. Douglas Pyke.

Government Appointees—Mr. Eugene Ricey, Mr. Arthur Hebb.

Principal—Mr. D. H. Collins.

Truant Officer—Chief of Police Hugh Corkum.

At the beginning of each new year the Town Council selects a secretary (traditionally the Town Clerk), and three Councillors to represent them on the School Board. Two other members are appointed by the Provincial Government and remain in office for a period of two years. In addition to these are the School Principal and the Truant Officer. These eight men choose from among themselves, a suitable chairman.

The general function of the Board of School Commissioners is to provide the best educational facilities possible, with the money available. This includes a yearly grant of approximately \$15,000 from the Provincial Government, supplemented by additional funds raised by the Town Council through taxation. This money is used for a variety of expenditures — Teachers' salaries being one of the largest. Duties of the board include the physical education of the pupils, the hiring of personnel, truancy and tours of inspection to determine the physical condition of the building. The Board is also interested in such students activities as sports, dances and fire drills.

One of the most perplexing problems facing the School Board today, is planning for the future school population, which is increasing at an alarming rate, particularly in the lower grades. All available space in the Academy has now been converted into classrooms. The age of the building and the difficulty in heating it, seem to suggest that a new school will soon be necessary.

Thus, the Board of School Commissioners, a thoroughly democratic institution, endeavours to provide the best facilities and teachers so that the students of Lunenburg may have the fullest and richest education in order to develop their best potentialities.

A MEETING OF THE TOWN COUNCIL

by Peter Winters '61, Elizabeth Pyke '61

The affairs of the town are handled by the Town Council. It consists of six men plus the Mayor, who give up precious time and energy to discuss, and try to solve, the problems which arise in connection with the running of the town.

Typical questions discussed include the operation and maintenance of town electric and water utilities, the buying or selling of land, the maintaining of law and order by the police force, and the complaints and requests of the citizens of the town. The Town Council can have traffic signs erected.

name streets, open new areas for housing, issue building permits, receive and approve accounts against the town and hear reports submitted by the various departments of the town.

Not enough people take an active interest in the town and yet these people are often the first to complain about the Council. If they would attend a meeting of the Council and see the gears of the town machinery operate, they would likely change their views.

We attended two meetings during the year and had the privilege of observing the Council in its sessions. The Council members attend not only the monthly meetings, but also take an active part at the head of various committees, such as the Protection to Persons and Property, Public Works, Sanitation and Waste Removal, Public Welfare, and Cemetery. These council members receive no pay for their work. They are generously giving of their own time and talents toward the welfare of the town.

A session of the Town Council, is run in an orderly business fashion. All questions receive a thorough examination, before any decision is made. Correspondence directed to the Council is read by the Town Clerk and matters of importance are dealt with.

To have work done requires money, and the running of a town is no exception. The Town Council tries to keep running expenditures as low as possible, without depriving the citizens of the many services which the town renders. This is a tough job and it is hard to please everyone.

The following is taken from an editorial which appeared in the Halifax Herald near the end of October 1960:

“Anyone familiar with the problems of local government must feel on occasion, twinges of sympathy for the tax gatherer.

“Here is a man abused — on both sides — by some of his vast public who resent his efforts to separate them from their money, and sometimes by councillors who feel his attempts to do so are not effective enough. Plainly, the collector is in an unenviable position, one which only a few are hardy enough to seek.

“As is usual, however, there are exceptions, and one outstanding one is represented by the town of Lunenburg. Here according to the latest figures, taxes outstanding amount to only one hundred dollars, or one-twentieth of one per cent of a year’s total levy. This is an almost unbelievable record; it is one which even the smallest corner grocery would find hard to match.”

This is a credit to our Town Council and an accomplishment of which we should be proud.





WORTH TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS ? ?

by Dorothy Wentzell '61

Sue Parks lay on top of her bed, wiggling her toes at the end of her long, pyjama-clad legs and skipping cheerlessly through the pages of her new magazine, "Clothes for Tall Girls." Impatiently she turned the pages, looking at the figures clad in bright dresses and blouses. There was no hope for her, for the blouses and skirts in the stores were too wide and the skirts barely reached her knees!

She turned to the section on shoes. "Look more appealing in high heels," she read. "Sure, be six foot four, instead of six foot," said Sue sarcastically.

In the section on hats the opening sentence caught her eye. "Only the very tall can wear a really big hat and no man can resist the attraction of a woman in a becoming hat."

"I bet he could resist six feet of an attractive woman," Sue thought.

Still she couldn't prevent her mind from wondering what she would look like in a big hat, and at lunch time she found herself on the bus going downtown, for no special reason, or was there? Suddenly she found herself drifting towards the little store called "Marie's" and there she saw THE HAT.

Not an ordinary hat; a hat to dream about; a soft green wide-brimmed hat, just made for a tall, brown-eyed girl, if a tall brown-eyed girl could afford to throw away \$25. for a hat. Nobody could see it anyway, because it would be too far above his head, but it wouldn't hurt to try it on!

Marie fitted the hat on Sue's short curly hair at just the right angle to emphasize her brown, dark-lashed eyes. "It's made for you, dear. It takes a girl of your height to carry a hat like this."

Sue couldn't resist it! In spite of the hole it put in her budget, the hat made her feel wonderful.

The smell of new bread from the bakery next door made her aware that she was on her lunch hour. After all, a six foot girl needs food too. She hurried into the bakery, bought some crisp turnovers, stopped on her way out when she caught sight of herself in the shop window. The hat really did bring her height down with its wide brim; maybe it was worth twenty-five dollars! While she was standing there admiring herself, the bus slowed down at the corner, because there was no passengers, continued on its way.

She hailed a nearby taxi and on the way to the office she opened her box and began to eat a turnover. She was starving and the turnover was delicious. She was just about to start on her second one when the taxi slowed down and the driver said:

"Mind if I pick up another passenger? He's going your way."

"Not at all," replied Sue.

A man climbed in beside her, setting his brief case on the floor near Sue's feet. As the cab entered the rotary, the young man glanced over to see if all was clear and his eyes looked straight into Sue's. Slightly embarrassed, she looked out the other window. However she couldn't help noticing that he was very tall. Now they had reached her office. She opened her purse and something came over her. She had thought she had the dollar for the taxi fare but she had spent it for her turnovers!

"Let's see, seventy-one, seventy-two, seventy-three . . . I don't seem to have any more change . . ."

"Let me help," said the tall gentleman, handing the driver a quarter. He smiled cheerfully at Sue and she jumped out quickly, embarrassed and disgusted to think she had spent twenty-five dollars on a hat and then not had enough money for taxi fare. What must he have thought of me? A perfect stranger. I wonder how tall he is? With a man like that, I could even wear high heels. . . .

"Um-m, Sue, pretty hat!" the switchboard operator said as she entered her office.

It wasn't until she was seated at her desk that hunger reminded her that he had left her delicious turnovers in the taxi. Perhaps that nice tall man will eat them in payment for the quarter I owe him. She clicked away at her typewriter, adding to the chorus that rose above the other office sounds. Although her fingers moved mechanically, she made a good many mistakes. Her mind kept returning to the events of the noon hour.

The telephone rang.

"Hello," said Sue.

"Sue," came the switchboard operator's gleeful voice. "What were you up to during lunch hour? There's a man on the line and he wants to speak to the girl with the green hat.

"Put him on," quavered Sue and soon a pleasant voice spoke, sounding faintly embarrassed. Miss Parks? They told me that was your name . . . You left your package in the taxi we shared at noontime. Could I meet you somewhere, so I could return it?"

Something told her not to say they were only left over turnovers and she accepted his invitation.

She saw at a glance that he was tall enough that she could even wear high heels and not tower above him. He smiled DOWN at her as she walked toward him.

"One of the most awkward things I've ever done," he told her, "was phone an office and ask for the girl in a green hat."

"It was lucky the switchboard girl noticed it," said Sue, "for I'd only bought it at noon."

"A new hat! That calls for a celebration. Would you like to have lunch with me?"

The thought of food reminded Sue of her turnovers. He had forgotten to bring them.

A TEN O'CLOCK CONVERSATION

by Janice S. Hicking '65

The lights were turned off as the Teacher closed the door of the room just as he did every other night. Below one could hear the janitor locking the main door of the old school with a loud bang and a click.

Finally, all was quiet and the shades of night drew over from the east. It was the old desk at the head of the first row who spoke first.

"Boy, I'm sure glad today is over," he said with a sigh.

"So am I," replied the old desk beside him. He was worn and battered, and his face was scarred with many a pen's stroke.

"That fat boy who sits on me must weigh a ton. All he does is crawl and squirm, and drop things on the floor as an excuse to get up."

"Well! All I can say is you're pretty lucky!" commented the newly installed seat near the Teacher's desk. "All that giddy girl does, who sits on me, is talk, talk, talk - just like a woman!"

"I wouldn't say women were so bad," replied a desk to his right.

"As you can very well see, they are not all bad. The girl who owns me is the nicest one I've had yet, and I've been around a long while. She's neat, doesn't mark me up, talk or anything like that, and she does her work well too."

A seat nearby interrupted. "That's the trouble. You always get good ones and you just don't realize it!"

"I do not! Last term it was the boy who forgot his books, the year before, the girl who chewed gum. You should see my seat, it's a mess." With this burst of anger, large tears rolled down his lumpy face.

"I agree," commented the seat behind him, "I've got gum on me. I know what it's like!"

"Well, we needn't get into a quarrel," said the desk who had begun the conversation. "I'd say our troubles were just about equal."

At that moment all became quiet as the night watchman's face appeared.

"I could have sworn I heard voices," he numbed to himself. "You have to watch for burglars all the time!"

THE SMOKE

by Peter Cornu '61

I was a cigarette — a long, cylindrical, white cigarette with a deluxe filter tip. I lived for ten minutes, perhaps a fraction longer, and then it was over. I became nothing, an invisible layer of smoke to be absorbed by the atmosphere. The filter tip was stubbed into a film of ashes and I was gone.

But for those few minutes, I lived, and this is what I saw.

His name was Nick O'Tine, an Irishman, about twenty years of age. He had a fair complexion with deep dark eyes and a smooth face. His voice was soft in the darkened room, and his brilliant white teeth glowed in a smile.

He struck the match.

"Okay," he said, "here it is."

He handed me to the girl and her fingers were trembling. She was eighteen, more a girl than a woman, with pale, blue eyes and light hair. She breathed the smoke and placed me in the ashtray.

"What's the matter?"

She sighed.

He shrugged. "There's nothing to be afraid of. We're here in my place. The worst is over now. Everything's perfect."

For the next few minutes, I was laid in the ashtray. The girl was still crying, and Nick became very annoyed because of this. Slapping the girl across the face with the palm of his hand, he only made her cry louder. Then there was silence. A pistol shot was fired which disturbed the neighbourhood.

Someone picked me up and sucked in a last, deep puff. The fire had burned to the end, and the taste of the burning filter made him or her choke. I was jabbed into the ashtray among other ashes. Just another butt, discarded. But during my short life span, I was the only witness to the murder. . .

Don't miss next week's episode in the thrilling story of *The Smoke*, where we shall discover who the real murderer was, and who was murdered. Was it Nick, the young girl or other partners in crime? Be sure to tune in next week, same time, same station. Remember this programme is brought to you by Rothwoman's cigarettes, the new cigarette for women which is all filter. And now until next week, goodbye, and don't forget we'll be right here in your living room, to tell you the exciting suspense-filled story of "*The Smoke*."

THE MIX-UP

by Janet Knickle '62

It was Wednesday evening, and Mrs. Brown was sitting in her kitchen having a well-earned cup of tea, when someone knocked on the door.

"Whoever can that be?" she wondered, hastily untying her apron, and patting her faded grey hair with her tired hands.

"Parcel Post," said the man on the front doorstep. "Parcel for you, Ma'am."

"Why, thank you!" cried Mrs. Brown. "Thank you very much."

Mrs. Brown closed the door, and hugging her parcel hurried back to the kitchen. "It's from John," she thought happily. "Bless him! He always manages to be just in time." She reached for her tea, and eyed the parcel with great interest.

What could it be?

She smiled a little, remembering some of her son's past presents.

"The dish mop, when he was only six. The pot scourers made up like a little dog with a funny face. He'd been ten then. The set of cake pans that

he lived almost on cereal to get. What was it? Three box tops and fifty cents."

Mrs. Brown sipped her tea slowly. Even now that he had grown up, her son's practical side was still strong. Last year he had given her a floor-polisher, and the year before that, an ironing board.

Just at that very moment, however, Mrs. Brown's son, some seven hundred miles away, was making a phone call to his fiancée.

"Linda, I've done a dreadful thing!" he was saying frantically. "I've sent your birthday gift to mother by mistake, and now it's too late to do anything about it."

"Oh, no!" wailed Linda. "How on earth could you do that?"

"I don't know," said John miserably. "The rush, I guess. I'll have to write her and tell her to send it back."

There was a slight pause at the other end of the line.

"John," Linda said suddenly, "what did you get for me? And what did you get for your Mother?" Linda continued.

"Oh, I see! Tell me what did you get her last year? A garbage can tied up in a pink ribbon?"

"Certainly not!" replied John. "It was a floor-polisher."

"A floor-polisher." exclaimed Linda, "Haven't you any imagination? Can't you ever think of your Mother as feminine for once? I bet you haven't given her anything gay in your life."

"But Linda!" gasped John. "She's my Mother."

"Exactly," cried Linda triumphantly. "Your Mother! Strangely enough though, it also means that she's a woman and it's high time you treated her like one! So now John Auston Brown, just you listen to me! You'd better not breathe a word about this mix-up! Your mother is going to keep the present you sent her, and she is going to think that you chose it for her. I'll bet you she'll think more of it than all the floor polishers and washing machines put together."

A light just flashed through John's mind. This was his first lesson in feminine psychology. It would take him time to learn.

On Saturday morning Mrs. Brown, her eyes still shining with delight, was showing her gift to her next door neighbour, Mrs. Mosher. "Isn't it lovely?" she breathed. "I've never had anything like this in my life."

"It certainly is beautiful," Mrs. Mosher agreed, "but when will you use it? I mean, you haven't much cause to wear something like this."

"Of course I haven't," cried Mrs. Brown passionately. "It's having it that counts! You see when I'm down in the dumps, I'll bring it out and look at it and I'll forget all about my housework and being poor."

Mrs. Mosher nodded slowly. "You are sure lucky," she said, "having a son who would think of that."

But Mrs. Brown wasn't listening. She was carefully folding up the exquisite white and silver evening stole, and putting it back into the box.

THE LAST OF AUNT AGATHA

by Dianne Lohnes '62

The day that everyone had been waiting for had finally come. News spread fast of the long expected event.

"Have you heard?" exclaimed one gossip to another. "Mrs. Jonathan Porter passed away this morning!"

It seems odd that people should await the death of a fellow human but that's the way it was with Mrs. Porter, known among most of her relatives and friends as Aunt Agatha. She was the owner of millions of dollars as well as her huge estate. Now Aunt Agatha wasn't snooty as you may expect, but she frequently passed out gifts amounting to large sums of money. People waited on her hand and foot, with the sole motive of obtaining a reward for themselves. Since Aunt Agatha's family had passed away one by one, she had no immediate relatives to whom she could leave the vast fortune. This caused a great feud between friends and distant relatives to see who could win her good graces. The main quarrelling took place between the Porters, Aunt Agatha's relatives by marriage and the Brewsters, Aunt Agatha's nieces and nephews.

However, there were two men who dominated Aunt Agatha's life, for she liked men best. Alex Porter, a dark, handsome six-footer, was expected to receive the bulk of her fortune, because he could charm her into doing anything. The other, Paul Brewster, short and fat with a bald head and small snake-like eyes, was loathed by Aunt Agatha. He was the only one who said plainly, "Everyone would be better off if Aunt Aggie were dead."

Because of this, most of the busy-bodies thought, "He will naturally be cut off without a cent."

The day of the funeral finally arrived.

"I thought old Aggie would never give up," whispered Paul Brewster as he entered the church, solemnly leading the mourners.

Even on that day, after all was ended, the Brewsters and Porters refused to speak to one another. Their cold glances pierced each other like knives.

It wasn't long before everyone was assembled in the mansion of the deceased, ready to hear Aunt Agatha's Last Will and Testament. Each person expected a good portion of her wealth, so all were tense and full of expectation as the lawyer entered the room. It seemed as if Aunt Agatha were present and ready to laugh at all the innocent, expectant people. Close to the door sat Paul Brewster and at the other end of the room was Alex Porter. Everything was ready.

Then the lawyer began, "I, Agatha J. Porter, being of sound mind and body do bequeath as follows: The house and furniture therein to my nephew, Alex Porter. The remainder of my estate goes to Paul Brewster."

It was impossible! Could they be hearing right? But there it was. Cut off without a cent and after all they had done, the fortune was willed to that loathsome Brewster. How did he manage it? Then a voice from one of the onlookers muttered, "Blackmail." As the word sank in, all heads turn-

ed to the door. Brewster was gone! Well, who could blame him, with a mob like that ready to pounce on him. Expressing their farwells to dear Alex, one by one the people sadly departed.

What was left for Alex to do? He certainly didn't want to live in that creepy house all alone, and besides, where would he get the money to maintain it? His only hope was to sell the estate. So, the next day, with a handful of helpers he undertook the task of going through the house. Everything from soap to silver had to be disposed of. As Alex went about the different rooms, carefully turning everything inside out, one thought kept going through his mind.

"Why did Aunt Agatha leave all her wealth to the scoundrel Paul Brewster? Could it have been blackmail? But there was no reason for a sweet old woman like Aunt Aggie to be blackmailed."

Then it struck him — the attic! No-one had ever been allowed in the attic. Maybe there, was "the skeleton in her closet."

Alex scrambled up three flights of stairs to the attic door, broke the lock and crashed in. What he saw was too horrible to describe. It was the skeleton of a man hanging from a noose! Alex recognized the clothes on the skeleton as his Uncle John's. Then it all came back. Joanthan Porter had disappeared mysteriously. So that was Paul's game. He knew of this suicide and Aunt Agatha, not wanting a scandal to ruin the name Porter, paid him to keep quiet.

Alex knew now why he had inherited the house. Aunt Agatha, knowing he would find the skeleton, used this as a way to tell him why her fortune was bequeathed to Paul. But there was no way of proving the blackmail without destroying the name of Porter, which Aunt Agatha valued so highly, so until this day Alex Porter and Paul Brewster are the only two who know of the blackmail.



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Left to Right: Derrill Hynick, Guitar; Grethe Kristiansen, Traps and Drums; Charles P. Winters, Guitar; Glenville Knickle, Sax.; Mary L. Naas, Pianist.

A WEIRD ADVENTURE

by Carolyn Johnson '64

The whole atmosphere was foggy, and my head seemed ten times heavier than usual. I didn't know exactly where I was but I'd had the strange feeling that someone, somewhere, was watching me.

Watching and waiting; for what? I didn't know, and somehow I didn't want to know, for I sensed that if I ever did find out, I'd regret it.

I seemed to remember a room — a weird awkward room. It was cluttered with stuffed animals; strange, extraordinary animals I'd never seen before. The thing I remember most clearly was the head of a dog; a dog of some sort! I remember it so clearly, because it frightened me so terribly much, and it seemed to draw me toward a door; a door I knew I'd have to open, but how? How, I didn't know. I tried to unlatch the heavy lock but it wouldn't move and the walls seemed to be coming closer, closer.

Then I heard a voice,, but it was muffled, and I couldn't understand what it was saying. The Walls! They were closing in now, and they seemed to smother me. Then it opened! The door had opened. My only escape, I wanted desperately to go through but I couldn't. Why?

I didn't know, but suddenly, as my only hope began to vanish, I seemed fixed to the spot, unable to move. A few steps from escape and I couldn't go!! Why?

I stood there then, as everything had vanished and darkness set in. I began walking a long, long time after. "Now, I can move," I thought, "now!" It's queer how you can't do something when you want to more than anything else; very queer!

As I walked, it grew darker and darker. I was alone now, alone with the darkness. No room, no door, no smothering walls. Nothing!

It was black; black above me, beside me, in front of me. Everywhere! Now I was running and the further I ran, the blacker it became. And then, when all seemed hopeless, as though I were committed to some black, private world all to myself, it happened. I saw the light, just a bit, but it was there. Somehow I had to get to it and I would, I knew I would and I did!

My strange journey came to an end and I silently muttered a prayer. Realizing now where I was, I rang a bell for a nurse. Shortly a young, intelligent woman dressed in white, came to my assistance. You see I'd had a bad case of malaria and had a fever. I had been unconscious for three days. "Three days!" I trembled as I remembered that in three short days, I'd been through a lifetime of horror!

STICKY FINGERS

by Ann-Marie Gray '61

The London night was foggy and wet, as I made my way to Scotland Yard. Heavy mist swirled and engulfed me, making it impossible to discern the other people on the sidewalk. Ahead of me, I could make out the yellow blurs of the lights in front of Scotland Yard, and I was glad when I was inside and out of the night.

I hurried to my office, eager to hear more about the case which had brought me back to the Yard in such weather. Constable Muldoon was waiting for me with a report in his hand. The Cup Killer had struck again!

For the past week, a startling series of murders had swept the city and left the men of Scotland Yard with no clues but three china tea cups, each bearing the crest of the House of Roberts. Three beautiful, young showgirls had been brutally murdered, and by each body a dainty china cup had been placed. From this we gathered that the girls had been killed by the same person. Another clue was that each girl had been, at one time or another, the girl friend of Earl Roberts, the owner of the tea cups.

Earl Roberts was well-known for his high living, and especially for his love of the gambling establishments on the Continent. Luck had been against him, and he had piled up a vast stack of gambling debts. Instead of having to sell all he had, however, the Earl had managed to pay off his debts and kept right on gambling. He bragged of his cleverness in being able to pay off his creditors, but no one was ever able to find out where he obtained the money to do so. However, just a month before, Earl Roberts' elderly friend, Lord Duffy, had reported theft of jewelry valued at over two hundred thousand dollars. Many people had suspected Earl Roberts but nothing could be proved.

Now definite evidence had been gathered which pointed to his guilt, and the Earl's past girl friends had agreed to testify against him. Thus he had a motive for murder, and all we had to do was bring him in. There was only one catch — Earl Roberts was dead and had been dead before any of these murders took place.

A mysterious fire at his country home in Exeter, had taken his life. His housekeeper said he had died from severe burns on his face and hands and had been buried in the family vault at Exeter. Thus ended the career of Earl Roberts.

Now another murder had taken place, and still we had no clues but the tea cups. There was only one of the Earl's girl friends still alive and, thinking she would be next on the list, I had a guard placed on her house. Acting on a wild hunch, I boarded the train for Exeter. Perhaps Roberts was not really dead. Maybe he had survived the fire and had bribed or threatened his housekeeper to declare he was dead and buried. There was only one thing to do, and that was to pay a visit to the family vault, and see if Roberts' body was there.

Arriving at the graveyard, I secured the vault keys from the caretaker. The vault made an eerie scene in the gathering dusk and I felt cold chills run

up and down my spine as I pushed open the heavy door. Inside all was darkness, a cold, musty darkness that crept over me and made it difficult to breathe. My lantern made a feeble light as I walked to the side of the newest coffin and pulled open the lid. The coffin was empty! Earl Roberts must still be alive and was perhaps, already at the scene of a new crime.

But, upon arriving back in London, I learned that no new murders had been reported and that Miss Sherwood (the last of the girl friends) was still safe and sound in her apartment. Because she was to testify against Roberts the following day, I concluded that the murderer would probably strike that night. Secreting myself in the Sherwood apartment, I began my vigil.

The minutes dragged by into hours. My brain became foggy with sleep as I peered into the darkness in front of me. In the next room Miss Sherwood slept fitfully, a portable gas heater by her bed, glowing in the darkness. Suddenly I was aroused by the sound of a window opening and off the fire escape, a man stepped into the room and toward the bed. A scarf was outstretched in his hands and it was plain he intended to strangle the girl. Lunging at him I brought him to the floor. The girl, instantly awake, screamed and tried to flee the room but she was stopped by the man who rolled against her. Staggering, she knocked the gas heater over and in an instant the filmy curtains were ablaze.

By the fire light I saw the man for the first time and was shocked to see an unfamiliar unmarked face, instead of the expected burn-scarred face of Roberts. In an instant he was on me, and we struggled desperately while the girl ran screaming from the room.

The whole bed was on fire and as the heat grew more intense, the man struggled to get away, instead of fighting back. His hands pushed against me — reddish - purple, scarred hands, ugly and sore looking. The hands of a man who had been badly burned. Surely this was Roberts but what about his face? Flames crackled around us, perspiration dripped off my face but still I held on to him. The heat became so intense, that I knew we would have to get out of the room in the next few moments, if we were to get out at all.

"Let me go! I must get away from the heat!" he cried desperately, his face twitching convulsively. I pushed at his face but the feel of his flesh under my hand turned me sick. What kind of man was this? His face was all sticky, just like my fingers where they had touched him. I watched in horror, as the flesh began to sag and drop away from his cheek-bones. The tip of his nose began to droop. His face was literally melting!

Then it struck me. This man must be Roberts, with a plastic mask over his scarred face. The extreme heat had caused the plastic to melt.

But my conclusion came too late, for with one final thrust, Earl Roberts broke away and stumbling, he plunged through the open window. An agonized cry told me he had missed the fire escape and had plunged to his death, on the pavement, five stories below.

The mystery was solved. There was nothing left for me to do but go wash my sticky fingers.

LAWANNA

by Marilyn Whynacht '63

As the long dugout rounded the bend in the slow-running, murky river, Mary King could hear in the distance, the steady beat of the drums, slowly growing louder and faster. It had been three years since she had been in the jungle, living in the natives' surroundings, and at the same time trying to grind some idea of hygiene into a helpless, filthy, and stubborn people. These last few years had gone by quickly, at the Saint Ann's Hospital in Manaus, but she had finally passed her last exams on malaria infections, which she needed to continue her research in the jungle village.

Now she was going back; back to where she had spent five of the most hectic years of her young life. Again, she was returning to sizzling days and sleepless, mosquito-filled nights; to thousands of petty native nuisance cases and others, that kept one up nights, trying to think of a dozen different injections to give one burning fever patient. Back again, to howling, hungry babies, persistent, superstitious mothers, and evil-eyed, insulting, and ever-watching men. She knew what they were like, but she was not afraid of them. Kinjja, her trusted, native assistant, was very helpful and he warned her about their ways, after telling her all she had to do was to look them straight in the eye, and they would always shrink away.

It seemed strange to her that, while the shifty-eyed warriors did not frighten her, a young boy of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, could make her feel so uneasy, as Banuba did. He was a fine-looking lad, even for a native, but as she used to work around the village, Mary would notice him watching her, not sneakily like the others, but standing in the open so she could see him, as though he wanted to talk to her. Of all the natives, this was the only one Mary could not look straight in the eye, and if she ever attempted to speak to him, something about his large dark eyes made her feel queer inside, and she had to turn and walk away. On the day before she was to leave the village three years before, Mary had been in her hut, packing her medical box, when she heard a noise outside, and Banuba walked in, carrying a silver medal. The air in the tent seemed very heavy as he reached out his hands and put the chain around her neck. Then he ran out again, as suddenly as he had come in. It was only then, that Mary realized why the boy had acted so strangely. Kinjja had often told her that white people fascinate the native. On the medal was written the word "Lawanna", meaning "I love you." Very touched, Mary resolved to wear the medal always, and before leaving she gave Kinjja a treasured flute to give to Banuba.

Mary was awakened out of her daydreams as the canoe jerked to a stop on the bank. Yelling natives began crowding around her, but she finally got them to help her take her bags to her hut. About four days after her arrival, Mary received word from a Wandii chief in a village twenty miles away from hers, that she was needed urgently at his village. From past experience, Mary knew that this meant that the chief must have many casualties from a

war he was waging, or else some member of his family must be badly hurt or seriously ill.

That night Mary went to talk with Kamu, the chief of her village, about the porters which would make the journey with her. To her surprise, the chief very calmly and politely told her, that he was going at war with that very same tribe to which she was going to give medical aid, and that none of his warriors was able to accompany her. Mary knew it was no use to argue with the chief, and that she would just have to hurry all the more to get to the Wandii village before Kamu's warriors. As she turned to leave the hut, she found herself staring into the eyes of the handsomest, kindest looking native she had ever seen, and his large eyes seemed to melt her. Brushing past him as she went out the doorway, she felt him place, very quickly and unnoticeably, a note in her pocket.

In her excitement about her dangerous journey, she forgot about the note, and the next morning she set out early, laden with medicine and bandaging, etc. It wasn't until she had gone about three treacherous miles when she remembered the note. She got it out and as she read it, the words flashed stunningly across her brain.

"Do not go — jungle hides many painted warriors — much danger."

What struck Mary most was the way the note was signed — "Lawanna." The word kept ringing in her mind. Finally it came to her; the man in the hut was Banuba, and now a grown man, he still felt the same way about her. Mary put the note out of her mind. It did no good now. She was on her way and she wasn't going to turn back.

On the morning of her second tedious day, Mary was travelling slowly along a small stream when she noticed a strange, eerie sound far behind her. It seemed like a strange call of some unknown bird, except for an odd familiar note. It vexed her not to be able to recognize it, but she knew she had at least a day and a half to cover yet before she reached her destination, so she pushed tiredly on.

All the rest of that day Mary kept trying to recognize the whistle. She heard it three more times, before darkness fell. By the time she stopped for the night, Mary realized that she had the fever. All that night she lay restless with pain.

The next morning, she was almost senseless with fever. All she knew was that she had to hide from the warriors and wait for the fever to pass of its own accord. Taking with her only a few pieces of cheese and some bitter roots, along with a bottle of warm water, she managed to climb a tree and made her hiding place in a nook where the main branches spread out from the trunk.

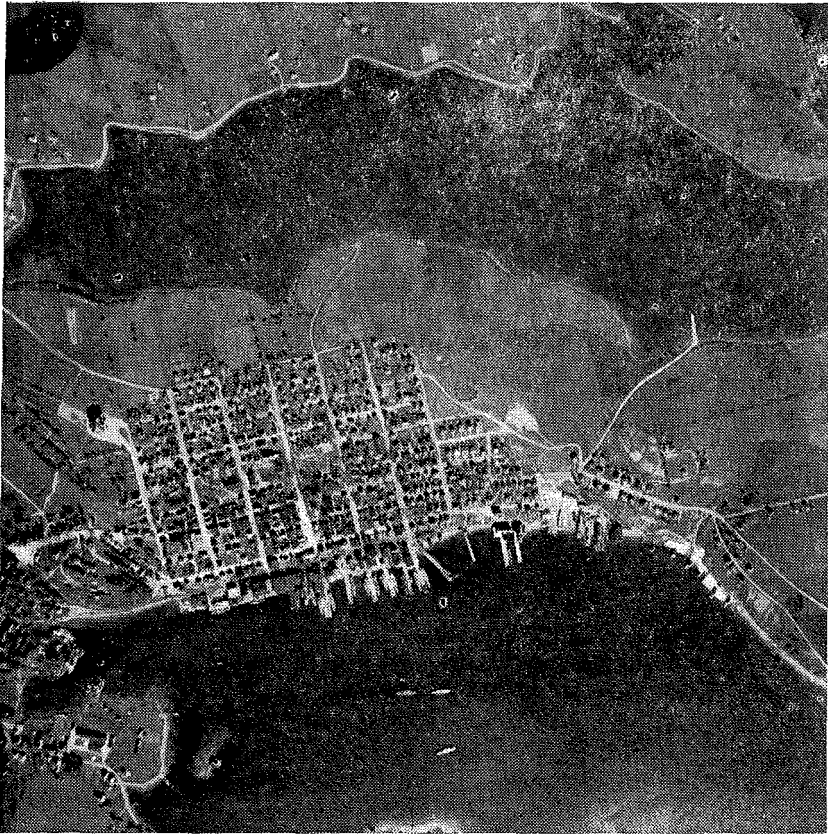
At noon, the next day, Mary woke up, finding herself repeating over and over the word "lawanna." Her fever was still burning high, but above the steady growl of engines in her head, she distinctly heard that strange familiar whistle, very close. All at once she heard the bushes rustling beneath her. Although her eyes were swimming, she could make out the painted figures of warriors passing beneath her tree. Still the strange whistle kept up its moaning call, as the natives passed and soon disappeared. Mary could feel

the delirium coming over her again, and its seemed the strange whistle was right under her ear. Suddenly it came to her fuzzy mind that she had been repeating "lawanna" in her delirium. The note she heard, was Banuba playing the flute which she had given him so long ago. The jungle became silent again. Blackness closed in on her from earth and sky. In this last desperate moment she risked whispering his name.

"Banuba, Banuba, Banuba."

Mary felt cool as she woke in the tent of the Wandii chief. The sun peeped in from a slit in the doorway, and the birds and monkeys played noisily outside. The door opened and Banuba brought in a bowl of warm broth.

"Thank you, Banuba," said Mary. "Lawanna."



Air View of Lunenburg

STRANGE FUNERAL

by Peter Rudolf '63

Joe Sloan finally finished making out his will, witnessed by lawyer White.

"That's all?" asked the thin little lawyer, looking over his rimless eye-glasses.

"Yes sir, that's it," replied the old man from his deathbed.

"But what about your funeral arrangements?" the lawyer asked worriedly.

"I have special funds for that small consideration," Sloan answered with a feeble but confident voice.

"Small! But as you know, Joe, funeral services and burials are expensive, what with the caskets and tombstones and all."

"They're not so expensive with a small, pleasant funeral service, and cremation doesn't cost much."

"What?" The lawyer was shocked by this last statment.

"I want to be cremated," said Joe calmly.

"You mean burnt to ashes like a piece of wood?"

"Precisely."

"But why?"

"Well," began Joe slowly, "there are a number of reasons. For one, I have suffered from claustrophobia and I think that I would go crazy in one of those old coffins, with no air or light coming in. For another reason, my body as a whole would take up too much, needed space in the cemetery."

"I'm beginning to see your point Joe, but what about your friends and relatives? What will they think?"

"I don't care what they think," said Sloan, irritated. "It only means more money for them, doesn't it? And as my last request, Lawyer, I want my ashes placed in a small pickle jar and buried in the corner of the graveyard, where the dogs won't be burying bones. I want a small tombstone laid flat over my grave. Will you see that it's done?"

"Why certainly, Joe; every last detail will be carried out."

Well, Joe's wishes were all carried out after his heart finally pumped no more, one night while he was asleep. He had his informal, little funeral service, which was hardly large enough to give out door prizes; but it was attended by most of his loving relatives and friends, and some other people who get a joy out of attending funerals.

These people discussed what a nice old man he had been, despite the fact that he drank and didn't go to Church regularly.

His ashes were buried in the corner of the cemetery, under the hedge where they were safe. The epitaph on his little monument read as follows:

Here lie the remains of Joseph P. Sloan
Former undertaker of Sloan's Funeral Home.
Lived from 1876 - 1961.

FICTION IN THE FOG

by Margaret Young '63

Jayna Setton walked slowly down the beach.

"This is where that crazy scientist is supposed to be working this summer, I think," she mused. "Maybe I'll see him."

Keeping at a slow pace, Jayna soon saw a tiny shack crouched among the giant boulders, high upon the beach. Sauntering toward it, she saw no sign of its inhabitant. Approaching, she knocked timidly on the door. Receiving no answer, she pushed open the door and peered inside.

A strange sight met her eyes. A large glass chamber occupied the central position in the small room. Surrounding it were several large panels filled with strange buttons, switches, and wires. Intrigued, the blonde girl in blue slacks and blouse drew nearer.

"I wonder what this is for?" thought Jayna, pressing a button. A light in the chamber came on. She pressed another and another. A weird humming sound rose to an insistent whine. Jayna stepped cautiously into the glass chamber. The door slid shut stealthily, closing with a determined click.

Jayna whirled and began pounding with all her might on the door. But in vain. Suddenly her cries ceased, and an onlooker would have declared the chamber to be entirely empty

Dense fog rolled up from the river, like watery milk. The eastern sky was already becoming light, as crowds jostled along the narrow, rutted streets. Each person wore a rough, red, cloth cap, and in each eye gleamed a sinister light which boded ill to someone. Cries of "La Guillotine", "Liberte, Egalette, Fraternalite, reached the ears of a slim girl, who slipped hastily into the shadows, to allow the mob to pass.

Suddenly the crowd spied Jayna, and seizing her, hurried her along with them amid wild cheers and cries.

Then Jayna knew where she was — in France, in the middle of the French Revolution!

"What are they going to do with me?" This question was uppermost in her bewildered mind. Soon, she saw a building looming up out of the mist. Hurrying up the stone stairs, Jayna became suddenly sickened as she looked beneath her feet and saw the dull red of blood, and almost slipped on the slime-covered stairs, but she had no time to reflect on this. The rabble had shoved her into a large room in which people were already gathering.

In the dim light from the candles scattered about the room, like a litter on a Christmas card, Jayna observed the crudeness of the room and the cruel, vicious air of its occupants. Even here, the eerie unreality of the fog seemed to prevail.

"Why am I here? How did I get here? Will I ever get home again?" The merry-go-round of questions in the girl's mind never stopped.

Almost at once, Jayna felt herself being pushed toward a sort of stand. Here, slightly elevated above the crowd, Jayna observed the people with interest. Horror again constricted her throat as she saw the blood-stained

knives in the belts of the Citoyens, as she heard the people call one another.

A commotion near the door attracted her attention. A man in a ragged black robe, and another smaller group of men, entered and took seats. Then a trial began.

Jayna, whose French was not of the best, could only understand a word here and there. After a few minutes, the man in the black robe rose and said something (Jayna caught only the words "la guillotine" and "aujourd'hui a midi") which was greeted by cheers from the mob, she became frightened.

Suddenly realizing the import of these words and shouting with all her might, she cried, "No! No! You can't! You mustn't!"

The girl's screams were lost in the general uproar. A guard hurried her off to a large room, filled with people of all ages, all having one thing in common — the seal of death indelibly stamped upon them. Jayna realized that these people were staring at her. Then she noticed that the people were dressed in a fashion she had seen before, only in history books. Soon the people accepted her as one of their doomed number. A girl about her own age, who spoke a little English, finally convinced her. "Yes, we are to be guillotined at noon."

Jayna was stunned. She stumbled blindly across the room, her thoughts in a whirl. Through the bars of the small window, high in the wall, the fog seemed to ooze, intent on only one thing — gaining an entrance. Through its wavering whiteness, the bare branches of trees writhed as if in agony, even as the girl's thoughts were doing.

The hours, her last hours alive, passed in the twinkling of an eye for Jayna. She had a confused memory of being herded with the others out of the building into a large cart, and of a bumpy ride over the rough cobblestones.

Thud!

Jayna started, then felt a flutter in her stomach, as she saw a headless body slip slowly to the platform on which, presiding like a grim symbol of death, sat La Guillotine. Dazed and bewildered, Jayna noticed the crowds of delighted people, partly obscured by the swirling moisture.

Then it was her turn. As Jayna mounted the platform she felt strangely calm, but as she heard the strange wh-r-r-r! of the falling knife, terror seized her and she began to scream! Scream! SCREAM!

The startled populace rose to its feet. La Guillotine was empty!

"Come out of there!"

At the sharp command, Jayna opened her eyes to see a man with piercing black eyes looking at her. She obeyed numbly, still dazed by the horrible experience just past.

"Are you the scientist?" she questioned faintly.

"Yes. And you have just had the pleasant experience of being the first person to travel back into time by means of my time machine. Tell me, how was it? Did you enjoy it? Come back tomorrow and try it again."

But Jayna was already out of the shack, running up the beach in the direction of town. Never again would she go exploring scientists' shacks where the unknown existed.

ESCAPE FROM NORWAY

by **Derrill Hynick, Leslie Mason '61**

Captain Edwin Hansen, presently living in Lunenburg, experienced in his escape from Norway, a daring adventure associated with the years of the Second Great War.

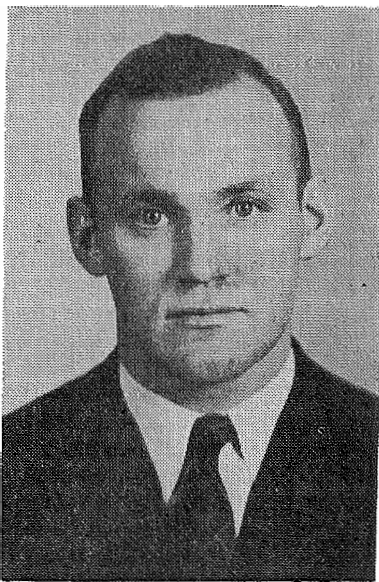
In 1940, German troops invaded large sections of Norway. Quisling, the Norwegian traitor, who replaced the Government leader, King Hakon, threatened the liberty of the population of Norway. German occupation of Norway developed an extensive amount of antagonism and resentment among the citizens. Many wished to leave Norway to escape German imperialism. Captain Hansen shared this desire.

Prior to the German occupation, Mr. Hansen worked on a ship in southern Norway. When the Germans gained control, forced labor legislation was imposed. Those who resisted were subjected to the penalties of German martial law. Mr. Hansen continued to work for two years on a cargo ship under German supervision, but as time progressed, his desire to join with his own forces in England became more acute. Although King Hakon lived in exile in England, he was still the head of the Norwegian Government.

Many people in Norway were escaping from the German clutches by travelling over the mountain area marking the boundary between Norway and Sweden. To attempt such an expedition without careful planning could have serious consequences. Should you not make sure that the Gestapo would not be able to trace your whereabouts, or gain knowledge of your intentions, your family remaining in Norway were left susceptible to German punishment. Being caught on such an expedition unquestionably meant the death penalty upon the party involved.

Mr. Hansen's first move was to quit working and return to his home in Ballangen, where he stayed for a month. The Germans soon became aware of his absence, and organized a search for him. With limited time to make decisions, Mr. Hansen prepared for his escape as soon as possible.

He arranged for the security of his family by leaving evidence that he was taking a job offered to him within Norwegian territory. Telegraphic



Captain Edwin Hansen

communications with his intended employer, and a train ticket to the location of his new job helped conceal his plans for escape.

The scheduled-trip was to take only two days. The guide planned to take them to a fishing lodge on the shore of a lake, located on the Norwegian-Swedish border. The party was then to be transported by boat to the opposite shore, landing safely in Swedish territory. The total party was comprised of thirty-two people. There were three complete families, consisting of one two year old child, one of five and several children between the ages of ten to fifteen years.

Late on a brisk October evening, Mr. Hansen together with his six companions set out to join the guide and the others on their journey to freedom. Four o'clock the following morning the complete party had assembled and under the capable leadership of their guide, they began the journey towards the lake. Walking steadily all day and part of the evening, they hoped to reach the fishing lodge where they could spend the night.

Before they reached the lodge, the guide's father, who had gained knowledge that the Germans were using the lodge, contacted the group and informed them of this situation. This information saved the party from contact with the German Gestapo. They were also to learn later that the Germans investigated the place where they had gathered only four hours after their departure.

A change in plans ultimately resulted in more severe hardships for the party to endure. Adequate provisions for the initial plan were carried by the party. However, a detour trip around the lake meant that many would have to sleep in the open, unprotected from the cold weather of late fall. The thought of meeting the Germans overcame all opposition to their new plans.

On the second day the air became colder. The coldness penetrated their heavy clothing, making the escapees conscious of the serious nature of the journey. The party was confronted, on this day, with the problem of crossing two rivers which flowed into the great lake. The first in comparison to the second was easily crossed; the second, however, required much more attention because of its size and swift current.

On the third day of the expedition the party encountered a severe snow storm. Blizzard conditions added to the travellers' plight.

The fourth day signified the end of the journey. From a Swedish fishing lodge, the party proceeded to an army outpost and from here, they travelled as individuals.

Mr. Hansen was delayed a month before he was successful in obtaining transportation through the German blockade stationed in the waters between England and Sweden.

On November 3, 1943, Mr. Hansen arrived in England. He served his country until the end of the war on a Norwegian merchant ship, which was converted for wartime activity.

WHEN LIGHTNING HIT THE ACADEMY

by Susan Lohnes '64, Roberta Hynick '61

Students who attended the Lunenburg County Academy — which tourists often refer to as “The Castle on the Hill” — during the 1924-25 school term, may or may not remember a brief flurry of excitement on the afternoon of June the twenty-second.

The school bell rang with its usual sequence and the younger students up to grade nine, answered its call. Because the afternoon was warm, perhaps they longed to spend their time down by the shore or just playing near home. Grades nine, ten and eleven had even more reason to despair; provincial examination time was upon them.

During the afternoon, a heavy overcast drifted lazily over the town. The air became quiet, and in the distance a steady rumble forewarned of an approaching storm. As a tiger attacks its prey with one sudden burst of energy, the storm thrashed out with wind, heavy rain, lightning and thunder almost simultaneously.

The students in school, for the most part, were unaware of the build-up of the storm. When its fury was released over the town, they were immediately conscious of its presence. In the lower grades some of the children cried out in fear as the chain lightning illuminated the rooms with its eerie brilliance. The rolls of thunder echoed through the halls. In the higher grades however, the business at hand continued with as little confusion as could be expected.

The students of the High School, feeling quite secure under the cover of the Academy roof, were shaken somewhat to see shingles fly past the windows. Investigation proved the damage was not of a serious nature, but the word spread through the school that the Academy had been struck by lightning. With the usual exaggeration, some confusion and anxiety were created. A few high school students, who rose to leave, were asked to remain seated by the examination scrutineers.

Miss Minnie Hewitt, whose remarkable memory was a great help to us in our attempt to recapture the story, told us she comforted her class with the old saying — “Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.”

In our attempt to write this story, many of the students of that time were approached. It is of interest to note the stories related were as many and varied as the moods of the people who were there when lightning hit the Academy.

BROADWALK DAYS

by Joanne Knickle '61, Sheldon Mossman '62



Lunenburg has changed greatly in the past seventy years. The boardwalks which once ran from Mr. Joe Bolivar's Grocery Store to Kinley's Drug Store have been replaced by concrete sidewalks. Not only does concrete wear better, but it is wider and needs less maintenance.

The boardwalks were six inches off the ground, made of three by five inch plank with intervals of one-half inch between each board. The one-half inch spaces between each plank were a great disadvantage, as articles had a habit of falling between these spaces.

The businesses along Lincoln Street have also changed since 1880. The garage owned by Mr. J. A. Schnare was a blacksmith shop owned by W. J. Bailly. There were houses from Mrs. Allen Beck's to Young's Market and in place of the present market was a shoemaker's shop owned by Mr. John Burns. The building where Dr. Leslie Comstock has his office was a grocery

store owned by Mr. Isaac Gates. Where Dr. R. E. Zinck's residence is, there was an old Clock Shop owned by Charles Godfrey. A hardware store operated by Mr. Jessen Rudolph took the place of Gilbert Whynacht's Furnishing Store.

Across the street was the Heisler building. Where the Telephone Office is now, was the law office of Owen and Ruggles. Captain Leonard Young's residence, and S. A. Rounsefell's Drug Store stood where the Bluebonnet Motors now stands.

The daughter of Canada's first Presbyterian Minister, Miss Ester Comingeau, had a small store and resided where Rudolph's Store is now situated. A small barber shop and the home of Magistrate Griffis were found in the building where Mr. Harold Burns and Mr. Harry Falkenham now have their businesses. A barber shop and a small harness shop were located where Himmelman's Jewellery Store is now operating.

Stedman Berringer's Meat Market has now been converted into a show room by South Shore Sales. The next three buildings, those of C. D. Ritcey & Son, Stan's Dan 'n' Lad, and Simpsons-Sears, were the residences of Dr. Ross and Dr. Jacobs. Kinley's Drug Store was the home of Mrs. Spongle, and also contained a telegraph office. The Capitol Theatre was in a barn operated by R. Pearly. Next to what is now the Post Office was a sunken garden and a tennis court.

In looking back over the past seventy years, one wonders if the next three score years and ten will hold as much change for the town of Lunenburg.



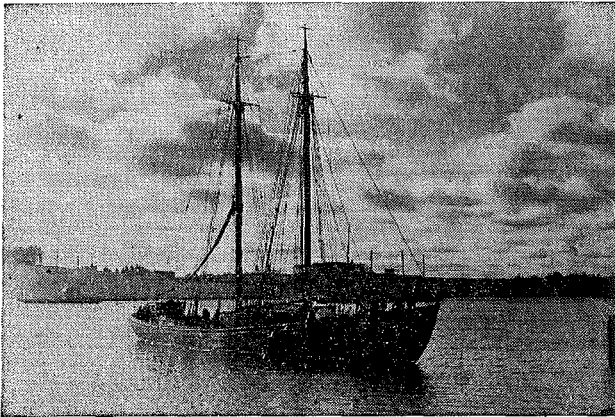
A Class in the era of Principal Burgess McKittrick

EARLY FISHING IN LUNENBURG

by Wayne Crouse '63, William Pyke '64

The history of deep-sea or bank-fishing in Lunenburg began in the early 1860's. Previous to that time, the fishing industry was entirely confined to shore fishing and some trips to Labrador, late in the summer and early fall.

In 1865 the first bank-fishing vessel was fitted out by Benjamin Anderson for the Western Banks. The venture was not looked upon with favour by the fishermen of that day. They were so doubtful of its success that Mister Anderson had to pay the crew, wages equivalent to the earnings of a Labrador trip. Since the voyage was successful, others followed the next year, thus opening a wider and richer enterprise for the Lunenburg fishermen. From this small beginning has developed Lunenburg's present, prosperous fishing industry. Up to 1895 the average fishing vessel was about 70 tons burden, costing about \$3,000, but after that time the tendency was to build larger vessels.



As evidence of the growth of the fishing industry, by 1903 there was a fleet of 153 Bankers, employing up to 2,745 men. From 1900 to 1903 Lunenburg had built and registered more vessels than any other port in Canada. At this time the value of the fishing industry of Lunenburg was estimated at \$2,568,239.

Those engaged in the fishing industry were a class of hardy men, robust of body, quick of thought, keen of intellect, ready in resource, sturdy in purpose and above all, brave. They were also expert boatmen, capable of enduring hardships and competent in all things pertaining to the sea.

Bank fishing in those early days was done by hand-lining from the deck of the vessel, although some American and Western Nova Scotia vessels did trawl fishing in a small way, by the method known as hauling and setting. Mr. Benjamin Anderson who was the master of that first bank-fishing vessel

of Lunenburg, can truthfully be said to be the pioneer trawler and the father of bank-fishing.

About the year 1871, he fitted the schooner Dielytris with trawls and dories and spent the whole fishing season on the Banks, instead of going to Labrador as formerly. He improved the method of using the trawl and by experimenting, evolved the under-running system of trawling as used today.

The fishing season began about the first of April, and continued up to about the twentieth of September. The owners furnished the vessel's fishing outfit and provisions and received one-half of the catch. The men fished on shares, the cook and the two cabin boys being the only hired hands. The captain, or skipper, received an equal share along with the men, besides a percentage from two and one-half to four percent commission on the value of the gross stock. Two hundred dollars was about the average share per man for the season, three hundred and fifty dollars being the maximum and one hundred and fifty dollars the minimum, but the captains and many of the men were share holders in the vessels in which they fished. This gave them a double interest in the trip.

Winter fishing was not carried on at this time, as it was considered too dangerous to property and the lives of the men. The fishermen were occupied with other jobs such as ship-building, lumbering, farming, fish-drying and some shore fishing. In 1865 the vessels numbering four, fished the Banks only during April and May, after which they went to Labrador for the remainder of the fishing season. From that insignificant beginning at bank-fishing, the industry in Lunenburg has developed to the splendid proportions we find at this present time. It was the main industry then, and still is the greatest factor in Lunenburg's prosperity and fame.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES

by Margaret Young '63, Roy Young '63

All citizens of Lunenburg know that our town was founded in 1753. Of the 1453 settlers who landed at Merliguesche, as this area was then called, only 364 were alive seven months later.

Many factors contributed to the decrease in population; perhaps the most dreaded was the constant assaults of the savage Micmac Indians. After the founding of the town, the savages, seeing their land being taken from them, clung constantly to the borders of the tiny settlement, looking for any straying inhabitants whom they could attack.

One day, soon after the disembarkment, two men, Tanner and Wagner, were swimming in the LaHave River near Hirtle's Mill. Hearing a dog bark, they were not surprised to see that a band of Indians had spotted them. They dressed hurriedly, but Wagner was caught and killed. Tanner barely escaped, a musket-ball passing through his waistcoat and shirt. The name of the Indian who killed Wagner was Labrador.

Some time later, Tanner moved to Heckman's Island. Labrador came there to catch mink. One day, he came to Tanner's cabin, and began boast-

ing about the number of people he had killed. Several times, Tanner went to Labrador's camp with a gun, meaning to shoot him, but each time his conscience prevented the deed. Always after that Tanner violently hated Indians and referred to them as "Teufel", the German for "Devil."

The first German school and Teacher at Lunenburg were in 1760. Then, the Reverend Robert Vincent, an English missionary sent from Halifax, took over the control of the school. He paid the German Teacher five pounds per annum, and abolished German in the school. The pupils not studying English were obliged to leave. As the German Teacher could not speak, read, or write English, he had to study hard to gain a knowledge of that language. After a time, the school was abolished.

When the Rev. Vincent saw what had happened, he said that English was to be taught in the morning and German in the afternoon. This was an excellent plan, but the people's confidence in him and the school was gone, and consequently, the school was not a success. However, some parents organized small groups of children and taught them German in their homes.

All early citizens of the town knew very few luxuries. All cloth was made by hand from home-grown flax and wool. From this cloth, clothing was made. Crude benches and home-made tables were about the only furniture. Fine chinaware and crockery from the homeland was rare, but what little there was came into use at weddings and other festive occasions.

Homes were lighted by fish-oil lamps. Food was simple, but, at most times, plentiful. It consisted mainly of sauerkraut, potatoes, fish, pork, and beans. Sugar was rare, molasses and maple sugar being used in its place. A favourite beverage, "wald-thee", was made from the leaves of wintergreen steeped or boiled in maple sugar.

One spring, a man built a cabin on the hills overlooking the LaHave River, where Bridgewater now stands. He came to Lunenburg one day and bought a large quantity of dry tea. It was quite new to the people so he decided to try it. He took it home, and not knowing what to do with it, put it in a large pot and boiled it. Then he threw out the liquid and proceeded to eat the tea leaves! In his case, "a little went a long way" indeed. He was thoroughly disgusted with the whole business, completely failing to understand why the people liked tea.

The early stoves consisted of an open fire and a "Dutch oven" for baking bread. The most common book was the Bible; almost everyone possessing a copy. Other books were books of Bible stories, hymn books and prayer books.

On July 1, 1782, American privateers sacked the town. Relief from the fort at LaHave arrived too late to do any good. Colonel Creighton's old coloured maid, Sylvia, helped him by carrying cartridges and musket-balls to the blockhouse. While there, she helped load the guns until the blockhouse was taken.

During the excitement of the capture she fled to the house and packed a small chest with money and valuable plates. She wore very long skirts, so she sat on the chest, covering it completely. When the soldiers came to the house, Sylvia pretended to be very frightened, crying loudly.

"See what's under the old thing," ordered the leader of the band of soldiers. At this, the old woman became more terrified than ever, crying louder and louder.

Seeing what effect his order had on her, the leader said, "Let the black hag go," and departed with his men.

Immediately, Sylvia hid the valuable chest down a well, which had already been searched.

The American privateers took what they wanted, destroyed or ruined the rest. The streets were full of bolts of cloth, lace, and other goods. The only people who enjoyed the day were the small boys who were given raisins, cakes and other sweets by the plunderers.

To the citizens of the town, the sacking of Lunenburg was the most important event in the American Revolution. They lived in constant dread of another such attack, and were greatly relieved when the war ended without this happening.

COUNTY LIGHTHOUSES

by Carolyn J. Tanner '61, Judith Tanner '63

One of the most notable aspects, when entering Lunenburg County by sea, is the many lighthouses which send out their great beams of light in order that ships may be warned of dangerous waters and rocks. They also guide them safely into the harbour of Lunenburg.

Many of us are familiar with West Ironbound Lighthouse, because Mr Melvin Tanner, lightkeeper, was a citizen of our town. This lighthouse was built about twenty-five years ago. The position of the lighthouse is on the south side of West Ironbound Island, facing the Atlantic and fifteen yards from the edge of a forty-five foot cliff. The top of the light is seventy-two feet from water level.

The lighting apparatus is directly on the top of the lighthouse. The light is built from heavy iron with large plate glass windows, and weighs several tons. It is a thirty-five M. M. kerosene vapour, flashing four times every twenty-five seconds, and can be seen at a distance of thirteen miles. From the mainland side the light is visible from Dublin Shore or the high land of Upper Kingsburg.

The island itself is situated four and one-half miles southeast of Dublin Shore, and is surrounded by some of the roughest waters along the Atlantic coast. It is very difficult to land at the island. This can only be accomplished in smooth weather. The station has had many keepers during the past years, but the majority of them did not remain very long. They found it very difficult to land, and felt isolated from civilization.

Mr. Tanner and his family are the only people living on the island. Their nearest neighbor is Mosher's Island, which is two and one-half miles northwest of West Ironbound. The much-feared breaker, "Block Rock", lies two and one-half miles southwest of this station.

Because the lives and property of shipping depend greatly on their light

for guidance, they must make sure, from the hour of sunset until sunrise, that their light is operating at the greatest possible brilliance and sending out the proper flash or signal. That duty, above all, is their greatest responsibility.

When the Cross Island Lighthouse is mentioned, we remember the fire there in April of last year. Mr. Earl Smith, the light-keeper told us about that terrible misfortune.

The fire, which broke out at two o'clock in the morning, started in the oil-furnace. The fog alarm and lighthouse were demolished, and only four houses were saved. Mr. Smith immediately phoned the radio station at Halifax and told them about the fire and that help was needed. The Department of Transport sent down the Sir Humphrey Gilbert which carried hoses and other fire equipment. This ship arrived at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning however, and this was too late. For three weeks Cross Island was without any light or a fog alarm. This was certainly a menace to all ships coming to the port of Lunenburg. They soon decided to use a temporary light and fog alarm.

The Cross Island light has a five hundred watt bulb which is on three seconds and off three seconds. The fog alarm is medium-type, making a blast every sixty seconds in thick weather. The fairway buoy is situated one mile southwest from the light which guides all ships to Lunenburg. When a ship sees the Cross Island light, it immediately takes its bearings to the fairway buoy. Thus they know it is six miles to Lunenburg.

They are now undertaking the construction of a new Cross Island lighthouse. This will include a fog alarm, beacon and many modern conveniences. The old light was a vaporized white light, and was there during the war. An old cannon still stands on guard.

One of the many points of interest in Lunenburg is the Lighthouse and Fog Alarm Station situated at Battery Point. It is approximately one mile from Lunenburg Academy. The old lighthouse, 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 when a ship approached the entrance of the harbor on a foggy day. The ship would sound its horn continuously until the lightkeeper would answer.

Mr. John Ernst is believed to have been the first lightkeeper, and later was followed by many prominent citizens, including Mr. John Frittenburg, 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 weather-beaten and, at times, the rough 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 finished in 1935. It has a red light, which is electrically run, as is the present fog alarm. The light 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 compressed air thus causing the fog horn to blow. In case 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.

Mr. Himmelman told us that he must be on watch both night and day. He is helped by his wife. They set an alarm clock and must check the weather every half hour. Mr. Himmelman and his wife must look after any people who are shipwrecked or injured in any way.

The lighthouse is easily reached, because of the good road. Thus it is visited by many tourists during the summer months. The Battery Point lighthouse is essential to the deep-sea fishermen and to the individual fishing boats, which depend on both light and fog alarm to bring them to port safely.

Some of the other lighthouses of Lunenburg County are: Mosher's Island Light, established in 1868, found at the entrance of the LaHave River; Quaker Island Light off Chester; Tanner's Island Light on east end of Tanner's Island; and the LaHave Light on Fort Point, erected in 1876.

PLACE NAMES IN LUNENBURG COUNTY

by Janet Joudrey '64, Frederick Wood '62

In our historic "Little Province by the Sea" we often, in our search for beginnings and occasions of note, overlook our own Lunenburg County. Many of the places in Lunenburg County bear names associated with past events or activities. Some, like Rum Point, just outside of the Town of Lunenburg, are just what the name implies. In this case it was a depot for rum-running schooners.

Five Houses, near Ritcey's Cove, was so named, because for many years, there were only five dwellings at the location, and even though it is now a village, the name remains with us.

Indian Point, about five to six miles from Mahone Bay, takes its name from the Micmac tribe of Indians who had this place for a camping location.

Bridgewater's origin is as simple as the name. It was the site of a large bridge spanning the LaHave River. New Ross was so named by Lord Mulgrave, after a town in Ireland. Blue Rocks and Black Rocks were named after the particular type of slate rock found in the vicinity. Governor's Island on the LaHave River was the favourite camping spot of Governor Lord Mulgrave. Tancook (Big) was originally called Queen Charlotte's Island but this was later changed to Tancook. Quaker Island, about a mile from Chester, received its name from a group of Quakers, who wishing to pursue the whale fishing, made it a headquarters for their industry. Clay Island was so called because of the exceptionally good building clay to be found there. LaHave was named by the French after a district in "the Homeland" (Cape de la Have).

Now we come to some of the less cheerful names. Sacrifice Island, near

Heckman's Island, was the scene of a terrible massacre — the hempen cables of seven American fishing schooners having been cut at night, their crews were murdered after the vessels drifted ashore. Murder Point, between Mahone Bay and Gold River, was also the scene of much slaughter. The crew of a fishing vessel once went ashore there, leaving a boy on board, but he, shortly after seeing that his companions were being murdered, saved himself by cutting the cable and running down to Clay Island where other Americans were fishing. Parks' Cove, near Ritcey's Cove, received its name after Stedman Parks drowned in it and his body remained in its murky depths.

Many Lunenburg County names are Indian in origin. Some of these are Mush-a-Mush, Aspotogon and Merliguesche (Lunenburg).

These are but a few of the many interesting spots in our county which have backgrounds illustrated by their names.

THE LA HAVES

by Mary Lee Naas '61, Sammy Walters '62

During the century previous to 1713, when Nova Scotia was passed back and forth between the British and French, the harbour of LaHave was considered as one of the key points in Acadia and is marked conspicuously on the maps of that period. The French erected a strong fort at the mouth of the LaHave River at what is now called Fort Point, in the early seventeenth century, a year or two after the founding of Port Royal. Governor Razilly erected ramparts and dug moats and in 1635 LaTour held Vice-Regal sway there.

The "Provincial Magazine", August 1852, published this tale. "Some of the old folks at LaHave related with deep interest, the legend of Kidd, the noted pirate, having been buried at Fort Point and they tell also how they used, 'when time and they were young', to search by torch-light for some mound which possibly might have formed his tomb. Whether Kidd sleeps beneath the unquiet billow, or the firm earth, we know not, but certainly he rests not here."

At Middle La Have, the history began in 1872. In that year, the Methodist of the area, who had previously gone to Lunenburg to worship, had reached the size and enthusiasm where they needed their own church. In 1873, a meeting, chaired by the Reverend Joseph Gaetz of Lunenburg, was held to consider construction. Among those active in the building of the "meeting house" were Simion Charles, John Corkum and Lemuel and William Wilkie. The Reverend J. T. Baxendale, who arrived in 1872, and his successor, Reverend Richard Smith, who followed in 1873, both played large parts in the building of the church. In 1879, St. John's United Church became a part of the Riverport circuit.

At about the same time, St. Mark's Lutheran Church, appeared. As a part of a general program of expansion, the church was organized in 1887, the same time as the one in Rose Bay. However the Lutherans of Middle LaHave were active before that date, for in 1870 they joined with the Presbyterians to build a Union Church, which stood on the site of the present Lutheran one.

When separate Churches were built the union building was moved across the road and stood, for awhile, on a point of land that has since been washed away by the currents of the LaHave River. Eventually the structure was given to the Lutheran Synod of Nova Scotia and moved to a site near Bridgewater, where, for a few years, the Synod used it as a home for orphans. The church, designed and constructed by the woodworking firm of C. W. Boehner and Sons of West LaHave, was built in 1901. The congregation has been in association with Rose Bay since January 1890. The first pastor of the new parish was the Reverend Geo. W. Sheidy.

West LaHave appears in history about 1765. In that year, Joseph Perrette was given a grant of more than twenty thousand acres, on the condition that he cause a certain amount of acreage to be cleared and settlers brought in. He gave up his business and moved to West LaHave with his wife and eleven children. Soon seventy-two people had settled there and in the first year a sawmill was built, followed the next year by a grist mill. Also, a road from the river to Lunenburg was opened, which greatly facilitated settlement on both sides of the river.

East LaHave became known much later. When first settled, the village was known as Lower LaHave. Soon after though, it was called Parks Creek after the original settlers. In 1916, the name was changed to East LaHave. William Parks was the first settler and other early names include: Crooks, Walters, Conrad, Gerhardt, Schmeisser and Lohnes. Farming was the first occupation. Later, the settlers became engaged in fishing and the building of small fishing vessels. The first wooden bridge was built in 1876 and the present iron one was constructed in 1902.

In 1901 St. Paul's Presbyterian Church was built and Reverend Leck was the first pastor. For many years the church was known only as the Presbyterian Church and not until 1924 did it receive its own name, St. Paul's.

In 1839, Upper LaHave became the site of St. Matthew's Anglican Church, as a part of the parish of Lunenburg. A cemetery was also laid out in the vicinity. The original church was taken down in 1891 and the present one built almost exactly on the same site.

Between 1890 and 1900, fishing was the major industry in the many villages along the banks of the LaHave. It gave employment to over one thousand men, with a catch of from 94 to 95 thousand quintals of fish a year.

The inhabitants of the LaHaves supported their families by farming and fishing. Today, their living is made in precisely the same way. Many of the people look to the sea to seek their fortune, while others till the soil.

As we have seen, the development of the LaHaves during the past two hundred years has largely been centered around the churches. Today, new paved highways have been constructed on both sides of the LaHave River, making travel to these various villages quite easy. While driving through these picturesque places, we must note the large number of churches in such a small area. These churches, stand as a symbol of the unity and fellowship of the people whose lives have been spent along the banks of the LaHave River.

EARLY RELIGIOUS LEADERS OF LUNENBURG COUNTY

by Jackie Manthorne '64, Grethe Kristiansen '61

With the settling of Lunenburg in 1753, the colonists had many problems to solve before establishing a stable town. These included the distribution of land, the erection of houses, the growing of crops and the building of a strong defence. Despite the problems facing them in these worldly concerns, they were still mindful of their religious responsibilities and needs. Here the colonists were very fortunate in having such fine religious leaders.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

The first minister to accompany the original settlers to Lunenburg in 1753 was the Reverend Jean Baptiste Morreau, formerly a Roman Catholic priest. He had been received into the Communion of the Church of England and was appointed a missionary, thus he and his family were sent to Halifax in 1749.

His first services in Lunenburg were held "on the parade" until the church was erected. Reverend Morreau ministered in three languages — French, English and German. He also acted as missionary to the Indians; several of whose children he baptized. It is recorded that he discharged the duties assigned to him with fidelity and success. He was commended as an example in the duties of piety, charity and humanity. After seventeen years of faithful service in the Lunenburg Parish, Reverend Morreau passed away in 1770. It was through the guidance of this man that the Anglican doctrine was first established in Lunenburg.

ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Mr. Bruin Romcas Comingo (commonly called Brown) is recorded to have been the first Presbyterian minister ordained in British North American provinces. He was born at Leuwarden, Holland, in October 1723, and he came to Halifax with the first German settlers. Mr. Brown lived in Lunenburg as pastor for about half a century, preached regularly to the end of his 95 years and died January 6, 1820, in his 97th year.

He lived a life of faithful service to his Master. Because of his many fine qualities, he was universally respected and beloved.

ZION'S EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH

In 1772, with the building of a parsonage, the Lutheran congregation received their first minister. It was through Reverend Muhlenberg, who was considered the father of the Lutheran Church in America, that the German Lutheran minister was sent to Lunenburg. This first clergyman was the Reverend Frederick Schultz, who preached his first sermon November 1, 1772. The church was dedicated by him as Zion's Evangelical Lutheran Church.

After resigning his charge in 1782, he was succeeded by the Reverend Johann Gottlob Schmeisser, from Saxony, Germany. He began his minister-

ial duties in Lunenburg, May 1, 1782 and died after arduous labour, December 23, 1806.

METHODIST

Reverend George Ortt, who preached in German, was the earliest settled minister in the Methodist Church at Lunenburg.

In 1821, the renowned William Black, founder of Methodism in Nova Scotia, spent several weeks in Lunenburg. The minister repeated many of his sermons in German to the congregation.

The next minister stationed here was the Reverend Thomas H. Davies. In November 1894 this was published about Reverend Davies — "he will always be remembered as the man who tried to have all the services and business meetings conducted in the English language."

ST. NORBET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC

The chapel at Lunenburg was completed about 1840, in the time of Reverend Edmond Doyle, who succeeded Reverend Mr. Kenney. Lack of priests and primitive means of transportation were great problems in this day. It is noted that Reverend E. Doyle had to drive a pair of small ponies on long journeys to Caledonia and other places. Reverend David O'Connor was the officiating priest in 1851. He left in 1860. The county was then for many years visited by priests who lived elsewhere.

BAPTIST

In 1812, the Lunenburg Baptist Church was organized at Northwest. This and the Chester Church are to be regarded as the parents of all the others.

The LaHave (now Dayspring) Baptist Church was an offshoot of the Lunenburg Baptist Church and was organized on November 15, 1853. This church was formed under the pastoral guidance of Reverend Bennet Taylor, "who continued to cherish it during his life."

In 1884 a Baptist Church was built in the town of Lunenburg. The resident pastors here were — Reverends S. H. Cain, J. W. Brown, J. S. Brown and E. N. Archibald.

SALVATION ARMY

On October 24, 1886 the corps was first opened in Lunenburg. Captain George Mehton was the first officer in this Citadel.

After a series of closings it was again re-opened on July 7, 1927 by Captain Clarence Sparks.

It was through the guidance and devotion of these clergymen that religion was brought to the settlers of Lunenburg. We realize the hardships they must have had to endure, and that only the strength of the Almighty could have led them to their success. To these men of God we owe our sincere respect and gratitude.

THE VIEW FROM BLOCKHOUSE HILL

by Ann Marie Grey '61, Donna Whynacht '63

The view from Lunenburg's Blockhouse Hill is one that has attracted sight-seers from far and near. Each summer, many cars, bearing foreign and local license plates, make their way to this beauty spot of our town.

In the early days of Lunenburg, wooden blockhouses were situated about the countryside, as a means of protection from Indians and American raiders. One of these blockhouses was built on the hill overlooking Lunenburg, and hence the name, "Blockhouse Hill." Now, all that remains of the by-gone days is a large cannon mounted in a cement block, bearing the date 1848. Although the blockhouse has disappeared, the view which our ancestors enjoyed is still present for all to see.

From this point, we can gaze over the entire front harbour with its blue surface unruffled but for an occasional fishing vessel. We can see Battery point jutting out and the lighthouse, standing on the tip of the breakwater, a beacon to the fog-bound vessel. Across the harbour, the green rolling hills of the golf course stretch out like soft velvet. The course is bordered on the left by darker green woods, which make a contrast with the lighter hue of the grass.

From our vantage point, we can see parts of the town's main industries. Below us we get a bird's eye view of Smith & Rhuland, the ship-building firm which built the famous Bounty replica. Glimpses of the Atlantic Bridge Company are also to be had.

In the background, Lunenburg Academy with its jutting roof, stands silhouetted against the skyline. Here and there, among the roof tops, are seen the spires of the town's Protestant and Roman Catholic churches.

To the left, we can look in the direction of Blue Rocks, that famous beauty spot of the province.

Behind us is more scenic beauty in the form of the Back Harbour and surrounding countryside. The Saw Pit Wharf is a favorite summer spot for those who enjoy salt water swimming. Moored about the wharf are numerous pleasure boats, which can be seen and heard zooming about the harbour on fine summer days. This body of water follows a winding path as it curves off in the distance, surrounded by dense woods and open fields. Further up the harbour we see the little settlement of Second Peninsula, aptly named because it is almost surrounded by water.

In the summer season, the view from Blockhouse Hill is one of colorful beauty. The deep sparkling blue of the ocean, the various shades of green forest growth and the many colored houses and roof-tops of the town present a pleasing picture. The winter season presents a different scene. The characters may be the same but the costumes are different. The roof-tops and countryside are clad in snow and if the weather is cold enough, the Back Harbour and even part of the Front Harbour will be frozen. The changing seasons enhance but do not detract from the beauty of this view, a view we the citizens of Lunenburg should be proud to call our own.

ADVENTURES AT SEA

by Lee DeMone '61, Sheila Conrad '61

All was not well with the schooner, Shepherd King. The anxious Captain, known to us as Captain George Himmelman, stood by the wheelhouse, peering into the threatening night. He and his men were far from home, being anchored in the Bay of Islands on the northern side of Newfoundland. It was the month of December in the year 1922. A storm was approaching — strong gusts of wind swirled the snow about the deck, the shore ropes creaked and groaned holding the vessel to land, and heavy ice-floes churned their way into the tiny bay.

Suddenly, there was a loud shout, "The rope has parted!" Quickly two dark figures jumped onto the wharf with another rope to maintain the security of the schooner. All was in vain. The rope parted and the two were left on shore, while the vessel eased itself into the consuming blackness. With little sense of direction, the vessel drifted with the wind.

By daylight, land was again within view and the schooner was secured to a point jutting out from the main coast. A motorboat was sent to regain the two crew members who had been left on shore the previous night. As the weather was extremely cold, ice began to coat the bay with increasing rapidity. Captain Himmelman decided that the best policy would be to head for open sea. Unfortunately, the vessel encountered shoals and ice which made movement out of the bay impossible.

The Captain's next problem was to find a way to contact home. With two companions, he began the long trek to Wood's Island, across land and sea. During the journey, Captain Himmelman actually climbed a mountain and slid down the other side.

Finally, civilization was reached and on December twenty-fifth, 1922, the folks at home were wired concerning the plight of their loved ones. Then Captain Himelman sent ponies to bring the rest of the crew to Wood's Island, with the exception of the mate and his son, who remained behind to safeguard the ship during the coming winter months. The other crew members went home until the following spring, when they again returned to free the trapped vessel.

This is but one of the trying incidents that Captain George Himmelman has experienced in his long years of devotion to the rugged life of a schooner master. However, Captain Himmelman's tragic experiences have been few, because in all the forty-five years he spent at sea, he lost only two crew members. This unfortunate accident occurred during a gale.

Gigantic waves pounded the wooden hull of the vessel, sweeping the decks with torrents of water, while gusts of wind ripped the sails. Tension ran high among the crew as they desperately tried to master the rigging. Suddenly an enormous wave swept over the deck, grasped six men in its watery fingers and returned to the sea again. That was a bleak moment for Captain Himmelman. His ability to think efficiently in a trying situation, prompted him to rally his men immediately for rescue operations, and all but two men were recovered.

The storm had not abated after the rescue and neither had Captain Him-

melfman's difficulties. The combined force of wind and waves required skillful navigating to maintain the vessel on its proper course. The helmsman was securely lashed to the wheel in an effort to prevent him from being washed overboard. However, nature planned differently and a massive wave carried both the man and the wheel into the sea. God was merciful and a towline saved the man's life.

In time the fierceness of the storm diminished, so that calm and serenity were once again restored. With the sails ripped, the gear tangled and the steering wheel lost, the schooner remained "as idle as a painted ship, upon a painted ocean."

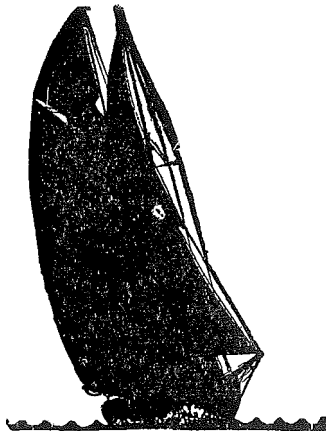
The first two obstacles could be repaired in time, but the need for a steering wheel was imperative. Finally, someone suggested using a crowbar as a means of directing the ship. This was a difficult task but the vessel and crew finally managed to limp safely into Lunenburg harbour. Sighting the flag flying at half-mast, many curious townfolk greeted the vessel at the wharf. Here this stirring sea tale was told.

Captain Himmelman does not like to dwell on this incident, because he says, "We Captains prefer to remember happy occasions rather than to ponder over tragic ones."

Captain Himmelman's life has been colorful as well as exciting, and it brings back many proud moments to his memory. He had the honour of being skipper of the first trawler built by Smith & Rhuland in 1928. The Geraldine S., as she was called, operated by diesel engine, was the fore-runner of our present age of dragger fishing.

In 1951, Captain Himmelman sailed the Pilgrim, last sailing ship on this side of the Atlantic ocean, when it was being used in filming the motion picture, "World In His Arms." It is interesting to relate that the Captain was a "stand-in" for Gregory Peck, in the role of Master.

So, the sea offers both rewarding and heartbreaking experiences. Captain Himmelman has weathered both, and now retired, recalls these memories as his "Adventures at Sea."



THE DELAWANA

by Betty Ann Levy '62, Peter Chenhall '64



Crew of Delawana

Many schooners have sailed from Lunenburg, but few can equal the remarkable record of the Delawana and her skipper of four years, Captain Thomas Himmelman.

Built in 1913, at Smith and Rhuland Ltd., the 115-foot schooner was built entirely for sail, at a cost of \$32,000. She had a colorful career as a fishing vessel and a racer.

In 1920 she won the right to represent Canada in the first International Trophy Race, after coming out victorious from racing nine Lunenburg schooners, at Halifax. She raced against the Esperanto, over a forty mile course. She lost, however, due to the fact that she was improperly fitted and ballasted for racing. In the second race, she was ahead for twenty-nine miles, when the American schooner caught up and beat her to the finish line.

Captain Himmelman told the writers that, at this time, racing the schooners was strictly a one-man operation, as there was no committee set up, to sponsor or assist the boats. We feel that he deserves much credit for his determination and participation in this race, despite all of the difficulties.

Captain Himmelman himself, went to sea at the age of ten years, aboard the vessel, Rapture. He has been going to sea for sixty-three years with an amazing number of firsts in his career. For instance, he landed the highest salt fish catch ever landed in Lunenburg — 3,720 quintals. He also had one of the first of a group of power vessels built in Lunenburg — the Bessemer (1928). Today this remarkable man says he would go to sea tomorrow, if he had the opportunity.

The Delawana was lost in 1924, while heading for the Grand Banks. Captain Himmelman was right beside her, in the Lois Jane Thomas, when the stay between the masts parted and the mainmast fell, shearing off her stern and sinking her. Thus indeed, the career of the "wooden ship" and that of Captain Himelman "the indomitable Skipper", is a fascinating one.

COLONEL CHARLES LAWRENCE – THE FOUNDING OF LUNENBURG

by Ann-Marie Gray '61, Vernon Dominix '62



Colonel Charles Lawrence was superintendent of the settlement of foreign Protestants at Lunenburg, in the summer of 1753. The founding of Lunenburg was a by-product of the founding of Halifax, in an effort by the British Government to take effective possession of Nova Scotia. At this time competition was keen with the French of Louisburg and Quebec for the trade and allegiance of the Acadians.

On May 28, 1753, Hopson (then Governor of Nova Scotia), appointed Colonel Charles Lawrence, to command and direct the settlement of Lunenburg. Colonel Lawrence was told to divide the land in equal portions, and to distribute to the settlers such supplies as boards, nails and bricks.

In his journal, Colonel Lawrence vividly described the voyage to the new township, mentioning such incidents as the birth of a child on one of the ships, and the particular care taken to see that rum was not sold to the settlers during the trip.

Contrary to popular belief, the whole migration from Halifax to Lunenburg was not made at one time. There were two major expeditions; the first arriving, not on June 7, 1753, but on June 8, and the second on June 17. While the settlers had drawn for their land lots before they left Halifax, the town itself was not laid out until June 14.

Colonel Lawrence feared an Indian attack and regarded the erection of

blockhouses and defences as the first duty of the officers and colonists. The settlers undertook this type of work reluctantly, as they were more anxious to begin their houses and gardens. Consequently Lawrence was forced to pay them a shilling a day for their labor.

Although Lawrence as a military officer knew the need and value of discipline, he was most interested in the ultimate welfare of the settlement. The harshness of his criticism of the more wayward settlers was due to his anxiety for the safety and welfare of all. Lawrence wrote in his diary that, while some of the settlers were very decent people, others were not. He found it difficult to get the people to work together, as they all went their separate ways to set up their temporary shelters. As camping about the woods was dangerous in case of an Indian attack, it became necessary for Colonel Lawrence to speak to the settlers on this matter, and also to tell them not to waste their ammunition.

The new settlers began to work their lots on June 19, 1753, and showed more enthusiasm in working for their separate interests than they did in erecting defences for all. Heavy rain hampered the activities of the new settlement, and made conditions quite uncomfortable. Despite the weather, huts were erected and gardens planted. In order to get the settlers to help build defences and other public works, Colonel Lawrence deferred the distribution of farming tools and other articles until the defences should be completed.

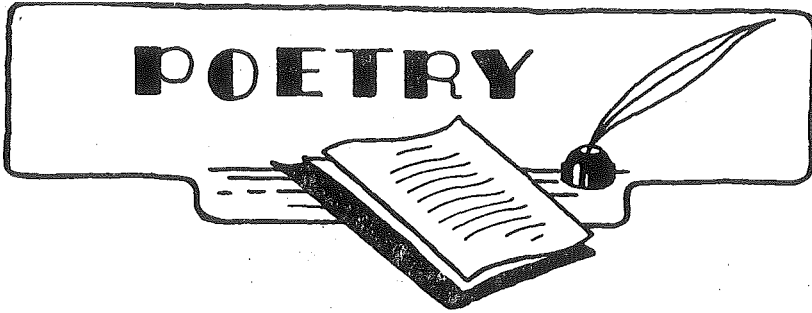
In addition to the difficulties over defence, Colonel Lawrence had to deal with deserters and single men who tried to create uneasiness among the settlers. Along with this problem, Lawrence also had to prevent stores of rum from being sold to the inhabitants.

As yet the Indians had given the settlers no trouble, although several of the savages had been seen. Most of the blockhouses and picketings were finished and the danger of an Indian attack was thus lessened.

In July 1753, Colonel Lawrence found it necessary to write for such supplies as pick-axes and shovels, because the settlers were poorly supplied. They received a certain amount of food each, but it was not sufficient for their needs. He wrote Governor Hopson, telling him that a greater portion of bread and molasses a week would do much to boost the morale of the young community. If the settlers did not receive these vital supplies, he feared the community would not last the winter. Because of the existing conditions, some of the settlers deserted, and the army officers were unable to find all of them to bring back.

Governor Hopson granted Colonel Lawrence's requests and conditions became much better, although the settlers were still dissatisfied in many matters. By August 8, 1753, all the settlers had gardens, and many of them frame houses. They had cut a considerable amount of hay and had become familiar with the surrounding country. The people needed boards and nails in order to erect a church. These were granted, the church was constructed and the people now had a place in which to worship.

Under Colonel Lawrence's supervision the most important part of the work was now completed. The town had been planned and built. A once discontented people were daily becoming more satisfied with their new home.



THE BEGINNING OF YOUTH

by Lee DeMone '61

As children leave behind their youth,
Their childhood memories fade;
They must go forth and try anew
To make the social grade.

For parents are no longer there,
To guide their every move;
Instead, they have to try alone
Their final worth to prove.

And slowly they will find their place,
And slowly they will see;
That life is what you make it,
I'm sure that you agree.

TIMES CHANGE

by Dianne Lohnes '62

When sleigh bells jingled long ago
Friends a-visiting did go,
Spent long hours 'round the fire
Singing, talking, ne'er did tire.

Now in our modern world of rush
We do not have the time to hush,
For what was brought by Father Time?
Speed, T. V. and grasping for the dime.

How times have changed is easy to see,
I wonder what the future holds for me.

YOU

by Sheila Conrad '61

You are what another cannot be,
Yourself, mystical and free.
But perfecting this it seems
Requires skill, and time, and dreams.

So to you I give this plan,
Be cheerful now while yet you can,
For who knows what the future brings
With atom bombs and dangerous things?

Admire others but do not lend
Yourself, to copy any of them,
For envy is a dangerous art
In which, I hope, you play no part.

So, be yourself and remember too,
Someone else is but another you.

TROUBLES

by Wayne Crouse '63

If I were a poet I'd pen you a line,
But since I'm not I'm wasting my time;
I've wracked my brain and tried and thought,
Advice from others I have sought.

So far I've tried with all my might,
But my metre is wrong and rhyme not right;
If on a plan I don't soon decide,
I shall go out and commit suicide.

After each attempt I tear my hair,
So far a wig I'll have to wear;
Sometimes I stay awake all night,
To think of something good to write.

Many ideas have come and gone,
But they have left me so forlorn
That there is one thing I'll say with scorn,
"Poets are not made, but born!"

A SELLER OF DREAMS

by Margaret Campbell '65

I am a seller of dreams,
But you shall have them free,
For you are young and gay, dear,
Your soul is sorrow-free.

Dreams are the souls of roses,
Fragrant, unfaded, fair,
Time cannot turn them to ash;
Dreams are found everywhere.

Blest are the few who can dream,
Sweet dreams when they are old,
As they did in far-off youth;
And yearn for rainbow gold.

A SHIP

by Jane Ritcey '66

"B" is for the Bounty,
And launched from its slip.
Which was built here in Lunenburg
An launched from its slip.

She has many sails of white,
Her hull is blue all round,
And with masts stately and tall,
For Tahiti she is bound.

We wish her luck on the ocean blue
As she crosses many seas;
Carrying her strong and able crew
She sails with the twilight breeze.

GOD'S WORLD

by Jane Anderson '61

I like to look at the sky and trees,
And watch the deep and rolling seas.
Or to sit beside streams and lakes,
And think of the wonderful world God makes.

TRANQUILITY

by Joanne Knickle '61

Though lashing waves about me roll,
I know a calm within my soul;
A calm that peace has anchored fast,
A quiet calm no stormy blast
Nor any raging sea can free.
My gift, for all eternity.

MY RABBIT

by Dorothy Wentzell '61

He seems afraid,
And I know why;
His ears have grown
So big and high,
That anything
That makes a noise —
Chickens or dogs,
Or little boys —
Can frighten him,
And make him start,
To beat the small drum
Of his heart.

OUR CHESTNUT TREE

by Marion Brushett '64

In the corner of our garden,
Stands a chesnut tree forlorn,
Long ago its leaves have fallen,
All the boughs are bare and brown.

Soon will come the gentle breezes,
Nature will begin to wake;
Buds will then be reappearing,
Foliage green on each tree make.

If we keep a wary eye
Soon we'll see the robins fly,
To and fro within the boughs,
A nest to build, their brood to house.

Summer days pass swiftly by,
Soon her brood will southward fly;
Again the tree is brown and bare,
NO robins nesting in her hair.

A FUNNY THING

by Donna Forbes '65

It is a funny thing, but true,
That folks you don't like, don't like you,
I don't know why this should be true,
But just the same I always know,
If I am grouchy, friends are few,
If I am friendly, folks are too.

But let me change my little tune,
And sing and smile, then pretty soon
The folks around me sing and smile,
I guess 'twas catching all the while;
Yes 'tis a funny thing, but true,
The folks you like will surely like you.

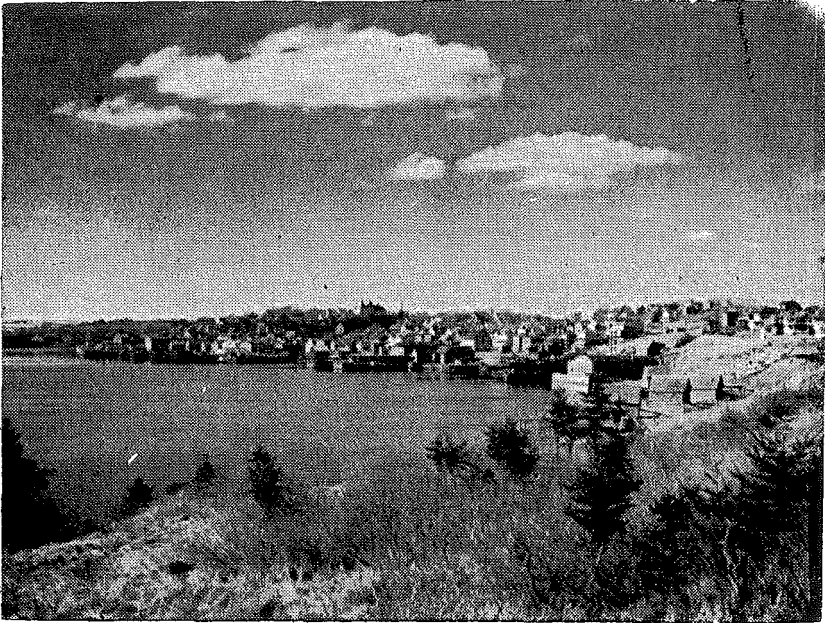
THE WORLD IS BORN ANEW

by Margaret Campbell '65

"The World is Born Anew, sweet April shows her face." It is not hard to find the first signs of awakening spring. The snow melts, and once more we hear the song of robin red-breast. The birds on the trees are soon bursting with life, and the first timid crocus peeps above the ground.

Young blood runs higher, and the old folks who have been shut in for the winter venture out-of-doors again. School children begin to pester their mothers and complain, that "nobody else is wearing rubbers! 'Tisn't fair."

Spring is a time of rebirth - baby chicks peep inspiringly, the fawn struggles to its feet, baby birds open wide their bills when their mother returns to the nest with worms. Spring is a miracle and a promise of new life and growth fulfilled.



Lunenburg From Battery Road

DR. WARREN PUBLICOVER

by Helen Bailly '62, Grethe Kristiansen '61

New residing in New Rochelle, N. Y., Dr. Warren Publicover was born in Gabarus, Cape Breton. He claims his hometown, however, as Lunenburg. His father, Captain Charles H. Publicover, originally came from Blandford, and was a direct descendent of John Publicover from Germany, one of the original settlers.

Dr. Publicover is married to the former Anita K. Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Smith of Lunenburg, and a sister of Mrs. Wallace W. Smith. Her father, Mr. Richard Smith, was one of the builders of the famous original "Blue-nose." Mrs. Publicover was, for a number of years, a Teacher at the Academy. Their son, Sheldon, now attends the University of Arizona in Tucson, and is majoring in engineering.

Spending most of his early life in Lunenburg, Dr. Publicover attended the Academy here. Starting in the Newtown School with Miss Margaret Whynacht as Teacher, he graduated from Grade XI in the Academy. After obtaining his B.A. from Dalhousie University, he continued post-graduate studies at Columbia and New York Universities, receiving degrees in law and methodology.

He has been on the legal staff of Newmont Mining Corporation since 1926; functions as director and secretary of Magma Arizona Railroad Company; is a director and secretary of Boyce Thompson Southwestern Arboretum (Arizona); and secretary of Rio Blanco Ranch Company in Colorado. A telegraph operator with the Canadian National Railways during World War I, he worked in the Lunenburg railroad station under Mr. Gilbert O. Baker, and for a time he was agent at Mahone Bay. At present he is quite interested in railroading, as a side-line.

Before leaving Lunenburg, Dr. Publicover was Vestry Clerk of St. John's Anglican Church when the Reverend F. C. Ward-Whaite was Rector. In New York he has been president of the Dalhousie Club, director and secretary of The Friends of Mount Allison; member of the Canadian Society, Canadian University Club, and the St. George's Society. For many years, he



Dr. Warren Publicover

was a trustee and secretary of the Huguenot Yacht Club on Long Islnd, where he has a yacht, the "Bluenose."

As we can see, Dr. Publicover is interested in anything Canadian, and spends much of his time keeping the Canadian spirit alive in New York. During World War II, he was director, treasurer and executive officer of The Maple Leaf Fund which furnished over two million dollars worth of war relief in the form of cash, ambulances, radios, and magazines to many Canadian Service Organizations, hospitals and warships. The Fund also furnished over 300,000 blankets to bombed-out England and other Allied Nations. Throughout the war Dr. Publicover drove many ambulances to Nova Scotia for use of the Canadian Navy and other relief agencies. His frequent trips provided an opportunity to visit Lunenburg.

Always interested in their home town, Dr. and Mrs. Publicover visit Lunenburg annually, and maintain close contacts with their many friends here. Each year since its beginning, Dr. Publicover has supplied the Bluenose Golf Club with flags for the course.

We were indeed fortunate in having Dr. Warren Publicover give the address at our Academy Closing last summer. His address was a memorable one as it traced his contacts with the outstanding Teachers of the past.



JUNIOR RED CROSS

1st—J. Joudrey, S. Walters, A. Conrad, (Pres.); G. Levy, (Treas.); S. Naas, J. Corkum.

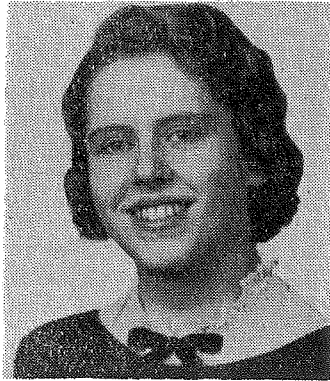
2nd—M. Powers, L. Langille, R. Black, D. Afford, W. Tanner, R. Adair.

VALEDICTORY

Rosalie Beck '60

Graduation is a word that from our earliest memories has evoked in our minds a splendid picture of being grown up, of stepping into the magic world beyond childhood. But now, as we stand on the threshold of this wonderful world it is with far different feelings that we gaze ahead.

For this brief time we pause, on a plateau between the sheltered valley from which we have come, and the lofty peaks to which we must ascend, and with mixed emotions look in two directions. We look first to the sheltered valley, the past, and all the happiness that has been there. We think of those who had made it such a pleasant place — our parents who have taught us our first and most important lessons and who have instilled in us the Christian principles that are to last us through this life, and beyond. We think of our school teachers **who have** not only given us knowledge about many subjects, but have imparted to us something of their own love for them. In our minds eye we see the passing of our school years — slowly at first, then more and more rapidly. That sunny September morning when we took our first timid step on the upward path to knowledge is very vivid in all our memories. Since then we have worked and played together, and have shared the many experiences, both happy and sad, of thirteen years. Every corner of our beloved school itself is rich with memories ready to rush out upon us. Now we must leave these familiar things with the security that they held, and I am sure that there are none of us tonight who do so without regret.



Rosalie Beck '60

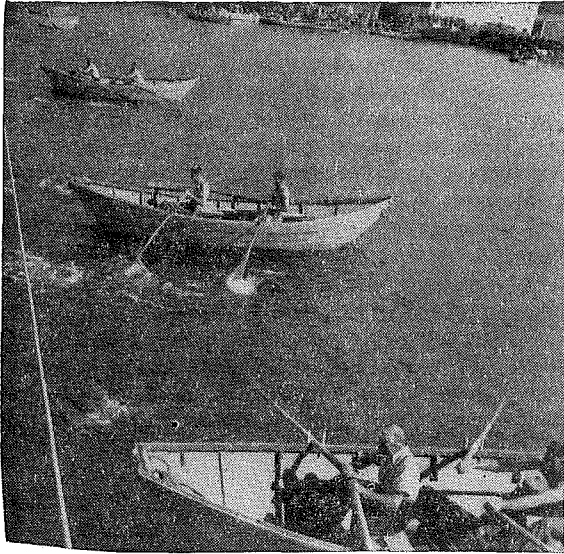
But graduation is a time for looking ahead as well as back. As we lift our eyes from the valley from which we have come to the peaks of the mountains which we are to ascend, we know a feeling not of despair or dismay, but of joy and confidence — the exhilaration that comes from knowing that though hard tasks may lie ahead of us, we have within ourselves the strength to achieve them. In the words of Matthew Arnold:

“We, we have chosen our path —
Path to a clear-purposed goal,
Path of advance! — But it leads
A long steep journey, through sunk
Gorges, o'er mountains in snow.
Cheerful, with friends we set forth —”

Graduation is not only an end, but a new beginning. Like the nautilus, we must leave our “low-vaulted past” to enter a “new temple, nobler than the last.” And yet we can never completely cut ourselves off from this part of our life which is now ending. For the past will go with us into the future and will strengthen and sustain us, so that we may go forward bravely, fearing neither life, nor death. Thus we, like St. Paul, shall ever “press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”

THE DORY

by Alan Glover '61, Gilbert Oickle '63



Bang! Goes the gun on every Friday afternoon of the Fishermen's Reunion as the rowers from the United States and Canada compete in the International Double Dory Race. That is all the dory means to most people. How many know the history and importance of this boat?

The first known flat-bottomed craft in North America was the "plat" used by French fishermen near the mouth of the St. Lawrence River. In the New World the first boat to resemble dory was the French "bateau." The bateau model developed into two distinct classes originating from the direction in which the bottom was planked. The lumberman's bateau and the fisherman's dory are planked lengthwise over floor timbers which are integral part of the side frames. The second class includes all the flat-bottomed skiffs and large sailing sharpies.

The use of the "doree" began in Massachusetts as early as 1726. They were used at that time for inshore fishing. Deep-sea fishing was done from the decks of schooners. When the fishing dory was introduced in Gloucester in 1850, the development of the "bank dory" began.

The dory became popular, because it could be lightly but strongly built, facilitating hoisting and lowering. Also, by the removal of the thwarts, they could be nested one within the other and stowed in a small deck space. The bank dory, although flat-bottomed and light, was seaworthy when loaded with fishing gear and bait. It could also be rowed easily.

By 1870 the dory had evolved into five standard lengths — 12, 13, 14, 15,

16 feet along the bottom. The 12, 13, 15-foot dories were used for bank fishing; the 12 and 13-foot ones being used as single dories; and the 15-foot as a double dory. The 16-foot dory was used for coastal work. The 14-foot dory was later used as a lifeboat.

By 1880 the dory building business was in mass production. A mast-hole was cut in the forward thwart, and a small loose-footed lug sail and a jib were used. When sailing a dory, it was steered with an oar through a notch cut in the transom. The main centres of dory building in Nova Scotia today are Lunenburg and Shelburne. The bank dories in both ports are built almost the same. In Lunenburg the natural crook frames or knees are used and in Shelburne a patent clip was developed in 1887 for joining the floor futtocks with those of the sides. Now an average of ninety dories of all sizes are built in Lunenburg per year. Most of these are shipped to other parts of Canada and the United States for use as life-boats, in-shore fishing and aboard the few remaining schooners used for trawling.



EARL BAILLY
Lunenburg's Wonder Artists

1960 FISHERIES EXHIBITION

by Dorothy Wentzell '61, Ruth Dauphinee '63

Tuesday, September 13, the sounding of chimes, the ringing of bells and the display of flags once more welcomed the twenty-fourth Fisheries Exhibition and the thirty-sixth Fishermen's Reunion. Many hours of hard work by committees in charge helped make this gala affair a Nova Scotia attraction. Although the weather was inclement, the Fisheries Building was packed for the opening of the Exhibition.

Honorable George Hees, Minister of Transport, Ottawa, officiated, giving an amusing and interesting speech on new developments in "The Search and Rescue Program." Many other distinguished guests were present at this ceremony to extend greetings. Following the official opening, there was a frantic dash from the Community Centre to the Marine Building to witness the selection of Miss Lunenburg. After some deliberation a vivacious Grade XII student, Miss Alice Conrad was chosen Miss Lunenburg 1961.



Although Wednesday was overcast in the morning, the sun brightened the afternoon, and made parade day the most popular of the entire Exhibi-

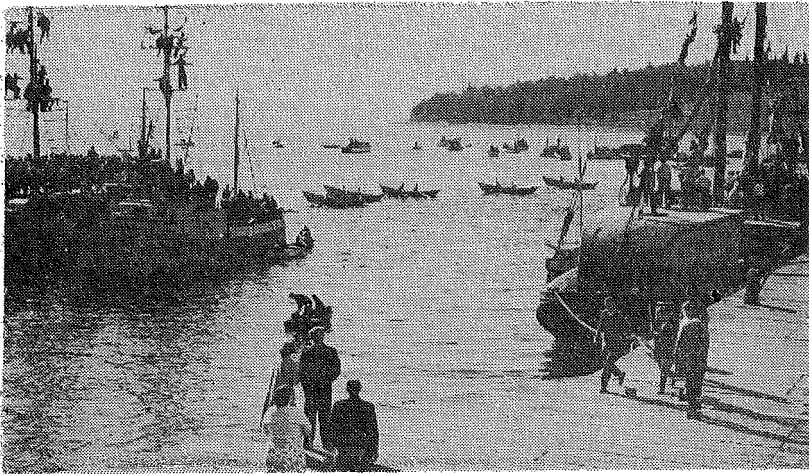
tion. To the music of numerous bands, the decorated cars, commercial and industrial floats, costumed town and rural school children and uniformed firemen wended their way through the flag-trimmed streets to the Exhibition grounds. Throughout the day various forms of entertainment were presented to the enormous crowd.

The "Sunset Ceremony", a spectacular performance by the Guard and Band of H. M. C. S. Cornwallis, has become an outstanding feature of the day's program. The precision drill and the martial music provide a rare treat for the huge crowd of spectators. At 8 P. M. we had our first glimpse of the many radiant and lovely young princesses, competing for the coveted role of 1960 Queen of the Sea, as they made their appearance in street clothes on the stage. No final decision was made, that evening.

Thursday, more commonly known as Water Sports' Day, began its program early in the morning with the parade of plywood speed boats, followed by races. An added attraction was the R. C. N. frogmen who gave a demonstration of diving and the modern methods of demolition. A trawl baiting and hauling contest, Sea Cadet races, swimming races, yacht races and the double-dory race — all these added to the excitement of the day. The outcome of the Double-Dory race was exceptionally exciting, the winners having the right to compete against the American team. The team of Sonny Heisler and Leonard Eisnor captured the honor.



The highlight of the day was the selection of the Queen of the Sea from eighteen lovely ladies from all parts of Nova Scotia. These were judged for personality, beauty, poise, manner, character and intelligence. Miss Florence Cross, Louisburg, won the title for 1961. The ladies-in-waiting were Miss Indian Point, Sandra Borgerson, and Miss Lockeport, Terry Pierce.



The Dory Races

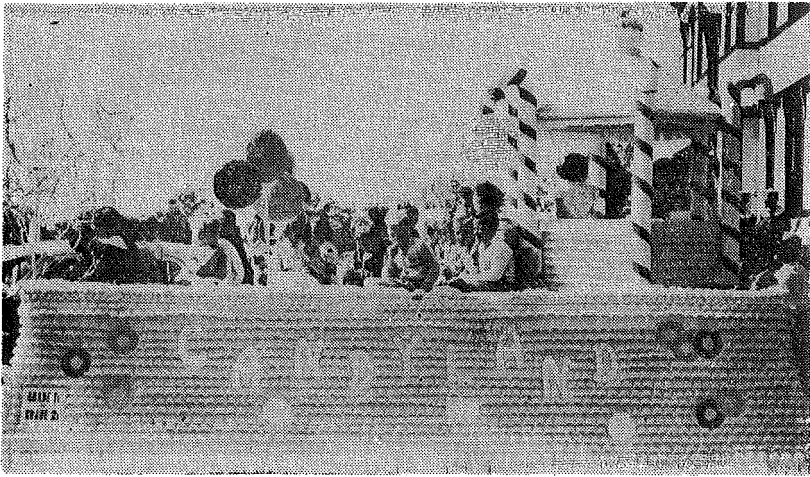
Friday afternoon was exciting as the huge crowds swarmed over the waterfront to see the International Senior and Junior Dory Races, United States versus Canada. Our teams had no trouble in winning the races, doing so by a good margin. The evening's entertainment, apart from the showing of films in the Fisheries Building and the free acrobatic acts on the Midway, was accented by the crowning of the Queen. This year, a new and even more colorful ceremony attracted many people and brilliant fireworks added to this event.

Saturday, the last day of this year's Exhibition, was highlighted by the annual Children's Parade at 2:30 P. M. The colorful, original costumes and floats delighted the audience and provided fun for the children as well. After much deliberation, the judges chose the winners and the prizes were presented by the Queen of the Sea. The official closing of the Exhibition at 10 P. M. came all too soon for many people and after the prizes were announced a Community Sing Song ended the week's activities.

For the thrill of young and old alike, Bill Lynch's Show provided entertainment throughout the entire Exhibition with a variety of musical rides, games and side shows. Various bands presented concerts daily, Ray Calder performed at the organ and the Down-Easters gave an occasional performance of "hill-billy" music. As is customary, a special stage show was presented twice a day. This year the program consisted of the Pickerts, an unusual dancing act and the Four Boginos, a sensational acrobatic act consisting of the Bogino Family — mother, father, son and daughter. A special attraction to those interested in cooking was the Department of Fisheries Cooking School, under the supervision of two home economists. Scenes and sounds from Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition were featured in several C. B. C. radio

and T. V. programs which covered the activities at the Exhibition grounds, on the waterfront and in the town of Lunenburg.

The Marine Building featured displays by the firms in fishing and allied industries — marine engines and other types of machinery used by the fishing boats, nets, lines and many other items. We are given an opportunity to see fishermen repairing nets, lobster traps and other fishing equipment and we marvel at the skill and care that they apply to their tasks. These displays are most educational to those interested in the life at sea. The many varieties of fish on ice attracted many people and kept them guessing as to what the two unknown species of fish might be called.



Fisheries Exhibition Parade

On Sunday, a special Fishermen's Memorial Service was held at the Band Stand in honor of the men lost from the ships at sea during the past year. Tragedy struck several homes in Lunenburg when six men lost their lives. After the service the band, with muffled drums, led the long procession to the waterfront where wreaths were deposited by members of the local Sea Cadet Corps. These tributes are taken to sea by the first outgoing schooner from the Lunenburg docks.



1960 FASHION SHOW

by Marian Falkenham '62

A spring garden was the setting for the yearly display of Home Economics projects. The stage of the Community Center auditorium was tastefully decorated with fresh apple blossoms and various other flowers. The show was witnessed by an interested group of the students' parents and friends.

The two moderators for the evening were Betty Ann Levy and Margaret Young. The modelling of students was complete with detailed descriptions given by these girls.

After the curtains were opened, Grade VI led the audience in the singing of our National Anthem. They were quite timid, but proudly wore their aprons as they sang.

Grade VII showed the result of their handiness with the needle and thread, when they modeled their pretty cotton skirts. The taste of each individual girl could be seen in the colour and design of her skirt.

The more advanced Grade VIII girls appeared in cotton blouses. As the blouse is the main project undertaken by this grade, the results were outstanding.

The Grade IX students, using their knowledge from previous years, accomplished the making of a complete dress. Although these dresses were all cotton, various colours and styles were seen.

This being the final year for Grade X, proof of this worthwhile course was evident. Ensembles varied from school clothing to semi-formal wear. These proud students were the highlight of the show.

Local talent was presented in between the modelling. Valerie Harris, Dianne Lohnes, and the Conrad Trio added great variety to this display of skills.

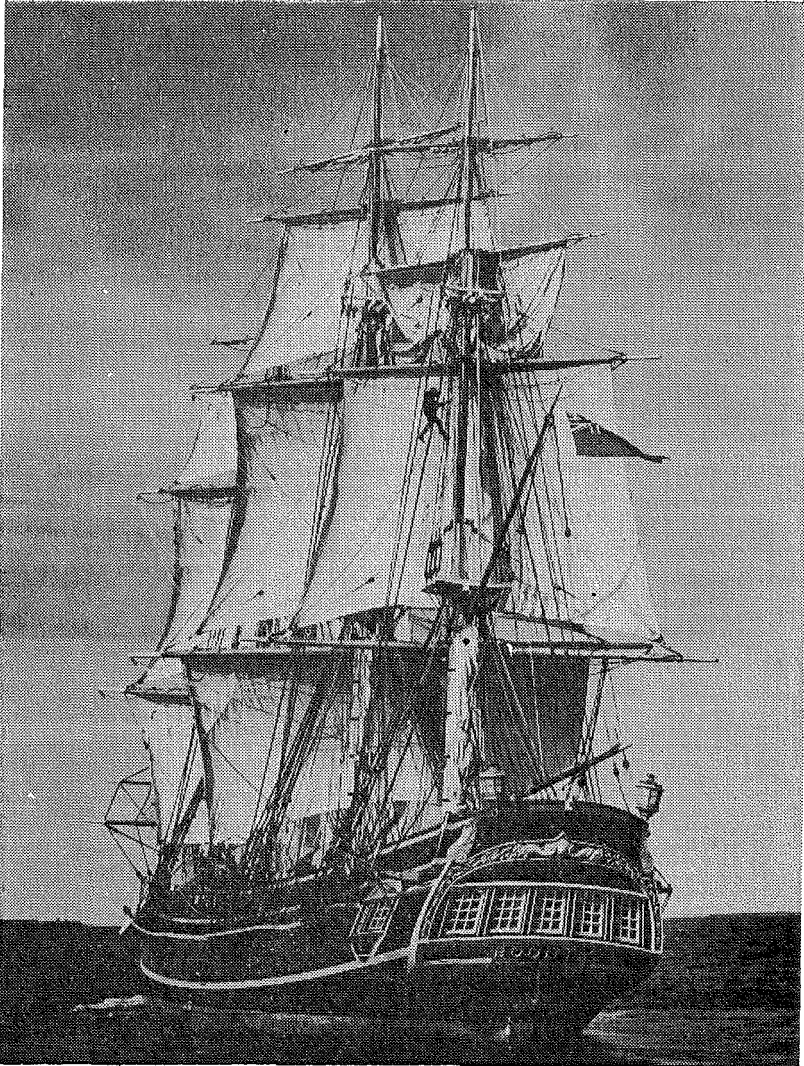
Although the actual sewing was done by the individual students, anyone who witnessed the fashion show realized that capable instruction was behind each garment. Miss Mary Lou Langille deserves much credit for applying her knowledge to aid the students. A presentation was made on behalf of Grade X in appreciation of her efforts.

A display table contained smaller sewing projects, notebooks and knitting. This added to the other visible talents of these Home Economics students.

At the closing of the show, the Principal, D. H. Collins, of our Academy, praised the students and their Teacher for the great and skilful efforts during the past year. Mr. Collins presented a number of prizes to those who excelled most in the courses.

H. M. S. BOUNTY

by Graham Creighton '60

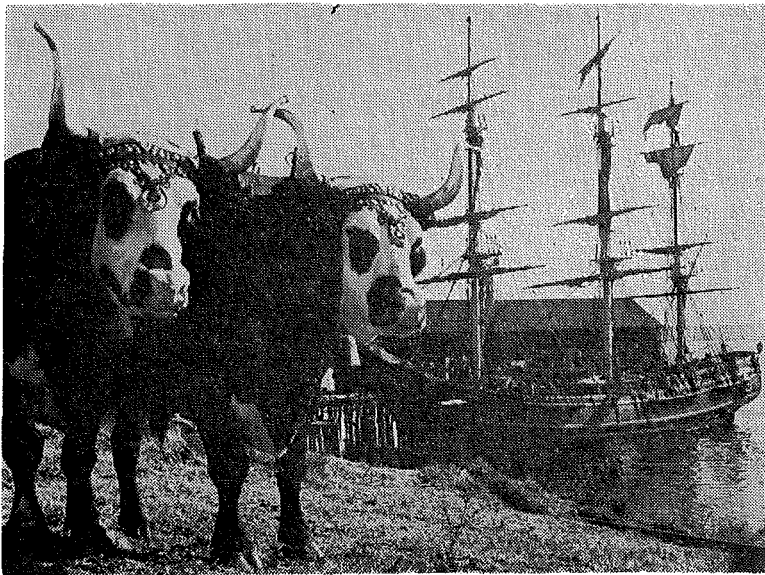


Under Sail

No doubt Capt. William Bligh would have been impressed could he have seen the crowds, or witnessed the spectacle, provided by the launching of H.M.S. Bounty, on Saturday, August twenty-seventh of last year.

The fame of the first Bounty is secure. The new Bounty, as the largest and most costly ship ever built by Smith & Rhuland, made the moment of the launching more inspiring. Anyone, of the thousands who like swarming bees crowded every vantage point within radius of the launching, could not help but feel a thrill, as over fifty men at a command from John Rhuland filled the harbor with resounding cracks as they began the first of the three wedgings required to raise the ship.

With the final wedging completed, the last shore was removed from beneath the ship's belly. "Knock down!" was heard over the loud speaker system, and men chosen specially for the precision job, knocked out the "trip shores" on either side of the Bounty's launching ways, whereupon she was supposed to start sliding. But she did not slide! Immediately, veterans began pounding on "slider bolts" to help start the ship, underneath the stem a "sugar screw" was used for the same purpose. Little of this effort was required before the ship quivered and began descent to the harbor. She gradually picked up momentum, and, as cameras clicked, her huge stern protruded from the end of the shed. The stern slid down off the ways into the water, and the ship glided gracefully into Lunenburg Harbor, amid blaring vessel horns, and deafening cheers—a perfect launch.



A Contrast

The launching would not have been possible, had it not been for months—in fact years—of planning and research by Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer of Hollywood. Plans of the original ship obtained from the British Admiralty were first carefully inspected. They were modified for a larger Bounty

which, to movie goers, would look like the original, but below decks would be virtually a floating studio.

The Bounty, being larger than its predecessor, can comfortably house all its modern equipment. Bounty II is 118 ft. length over all, with a 30.6 ft. beam. Capt. Bligh's ill-fated ship had a 24 ft. beam, and was 85 ft. long. The new ship is double decked, and the deepest ever built at Smith & Rhuland's, being 15 ft. 6 in. from the top deck to the top of her "keelsons". For this reason it was necessary to lower the floor of the building shed approximately seven feet. Prior to the launching many rafters and trusses had to be cut to allow clearance for the protruding nightheads and catheads.

Her frame is of American oak while her keelsons, clamps, ceiling, decks, false stem and masts are all Douglas fir, brought by rail from British Columbia. One particular Douglas fir timber was relatively large. The dimensions of the timber were 27" x 27" x 65'. The stick weighed about four tons and there was roughly enough board feet of lumber in this one dressed log to frame a five room house. This timber fell under the adz and broadaxe and after it had been made first 8-sided and then 16-sided, it was finally shaped to a round mainmast. The Douglas fir in the decks is almost free of knots. The wood is a portion of the special type used in the cross-arms of telephone poles throughout Canada.

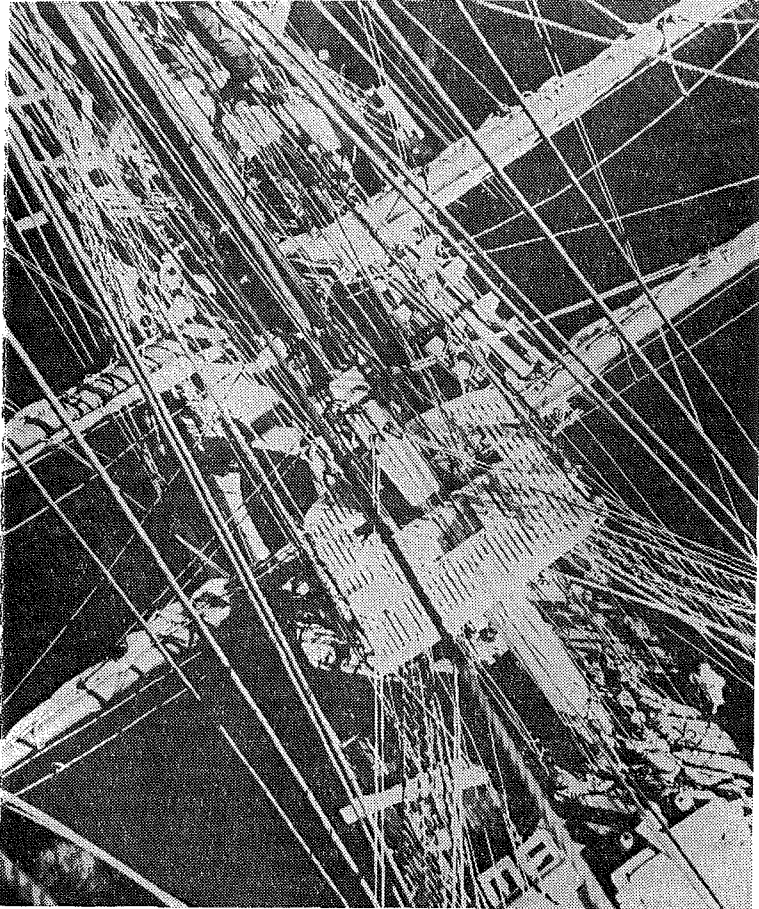
The outside planking of the ship is largely spruce and oak with some native hardwood below the water line. Planking was one of the most interesting phases of the Bounty's construction. The heavy three-inch planks had to be steamed long enough to make them pliable. Once this was done they must be carried hot to the hull of the ship and clamped in place. This was no ordinary task. Then the planks had to be drilled, the holes going through frame and ceiling, a distance of about 18 inches. There holes are drilled to hold the "treenails" (trunnels). These treenails are hackmatack or juniper wooden pins 24 inches in length and a little over an inch in diameter. They are malleted into the sides of the ship and both protruding ends are sawn off. The treenail is then split at each end and hardwood wedges are inserted in the peg so that the soft wood may swell and provide a tight fastening.

Treenailing constitutes about fifty percent of her outside fastenings. The remaining fifty per cent consists of four-sided galvanized ship spikes wrapped in oakum which are set in and then pine plugs are inserted over their heads. There are tons of ship spikes and bolts in Bounty's hull.

After the Bounty was planked and decked, she had to be caulked. Double strips of oakum (hemp treated with pine tar) were fed into the seams and driven in tightly. Putty and seaming compound followed the oakum and soon the Bounty was ready for paint.

Priming coats were applied and, after some of the fancy work was added, her final coats followed. Smith & Rhuland were supervised in this finishing work by an expert in aging and painting in the person of James Vesey. A veteran of his trade, Mr. Vesey had several formulae for painting different parts of the ship. For the hull a priming coat of hull paint and Cab-O-Sil (powdered silicon dioxide) was used. This Cab-O-Sil results

in a paint of almost mud-like consistency, which is applied by brush and swept with a broom to make it streaky and give the ship "the painted look." On top of this is applied the final color, which in Bounty's case is an off-shade of Royal Blue. Her trim is gold; her bottom has been made to look like oxidized, moss-grown copper, by using different shades of copper paint and applying them with a sponge. The inside of her rail is red, and her topmasts and deck trim is dark stain and natural. Her huge masts are white.



Looking Down

The stern of the Bounty presents an imposing picture. Here are slanted eighteenth century gallery windows surrounded by ornate flowers and fruit which flow from two cornucopias. To dig beneath the surface a bit, we find that this elaborate ornamentation is not some master carver's work,

but moulded plastic, and we find too that the tiny windows are made of a tough modern 5/8" plexiglass. The ship is armed with 14 guns. She has 6 light swivel cannon aft and 4 more to serve as "bow chasers" forward. She also mounts two larger recoil-type cannon on each side. The bow of the Bounty is accentuated by the figure of an eighteenth century lady in riding habit. She wears the typical cocked hat with a white plume, long flowing blue robes and cape and grasps a riding crop in one of her hands.

People fortunate enough to view the Bounty's interior found themselves amid all the luxury of the 20th century. In the forward compartment is a modern galley with six upright 25 cubic ft. deep freezers, a chill room, an electric stove and storage locker. The galley fills the port half of this bow section, while the starboard section is allotted to crew's accommodations. The members of the crew should be comfortable in their "pipe berths", with the added luxury of showers and air conditioning, which runs throughout the entire ship. Portable ventilators on deck can be removed during filming.

Moving aft, the tourist passes through a watertight wooden bulk-head, and enters the central portion of the ship. Here is located a pumping engine and the main air conditioning unit. The ship's surgeon has his sick-bay and personal quarters on the port side, while the sound and film crew are located on the starboard side.

The largest compartment is filled with nine modern officers' staterooms and rooms housing electric washer-dryer facilities, radio equipment and a small actor's lounge.

There is no wasted space in the hold. Bounty has tank space for approximately ten thousand gallons of water and eight thousand gallons of diesel oil. The fourteen steel tanks are connected in such a manner that the water can be shifted to serve as ballast.

Bounty's power plant is located in the after hold. She boasts twin 300 H.P. Caterpillar diesels for her main thrust. These two engines have "step-down" transformers and along with two 60 K.W. generators provide the electric power. The engine room is an intriguing sight, with its maze of pipes, wires, tanks and machinery. There are several giant valves visible in the after part of the engine room. These valves control the engine exhaust and guide its escape through one of three outlets, one on each side of the ship just under the mizzenmast chain plates, and the third outlet is provided by the 40 ft. insulated steel mizzen mast.

A visitor to Smith & Rhuland's yard during the summer of 1960 could see the longboat in which the 20th century Capt. Bligh will make his epic voyage across the Pacific. The shaping of spars and yardarms proved a novel sight to many and the operation was a source of numerous souvenirs.

A visit to the rigger's shed was an experience all its own. Here one could observe a handful of skilled men, under the direction of the head rigger, Morris Allen, splicing heavy cable and covering it with pine tar burlap and hemp. Thus the Bounty is now rigged with non-elastic cable, and yet movie goers will see nought but authentic looking pine tarred hemp. The rigging required hundreds of blocks and deadeyes. These were fashioned by

A. Dauphinee & Sons from the steel-like wood "lignum vitae".

The Bounty project was a regular town effort. Thirty-four year old blacksmith, Vernon Walters, carrying on a 75 year old family tradition, lent his skill to create tons of iron work. A 600 lb. main yard arm swivel truss and 23 inch diameter mainmast bands are examples of his craftsmanship.

Her masts were stepped and then supported by a web of "swifters", "stays" and "ratlines". A huge 60 ft. bowsprit was attached complete with "martingale" and "dolphin striker". The riggers on completion of their job had used enough rope and cable to stretch from Lunenburg to Bridgewater.

While the Bounty was being rigged, Charles Hebb, better known to Lunenburg as "Boomdey" and his partner "Bud" Lohnes were busy stitching together the 18 required sails which meant 10,000 sq. ft. of canvas. The pair can well be proud of having completed the largest order of their careers to fit what will probably be the last of the square-riggers. Other Lunenburg firms contributing to the Bounty project included Atlantic Bridge Co. Ltd., Powers Bros. Ltd., and the Lunenburg Foundry & Engineering, Ltd.

Lunenburgers who spent any length of time in the shipyards this summer were rewarded, not merely with the sight of the Bounty taking shape, but also by an opportunity to meet and converse with people from all parts of the globe. I wonder how many people realize that a fine day would often bring over three hundred tourists to Smith & Rhuland's yard.

Many of these people were authorities on ancient ships, many more were seeing a wooden ship under construction for the first time. Our neighbors to the South sent representatives from North Carolina in the east to California in the west.

During one phase of Bounty's building the R.C.M.P. Wood was on the Marine Slip. It was rather amusing to observe people mistaking this ship for the Bounty. Several visitors came to the yards expecting to see Blue-nose II, and countless others expressed the fond hope that at some future date Lunenburg, inspired by the Bounty's almost magnetic ability to attract tourists, would build another "Queen of the North Atlantic".

Today, despite fire, fierce winds and intense heat, the Bounty has arrived at Papeete, Tahiti. Reports from location are favorable, and "Mutiny on the Bounty" promises to be one of the greatest Hollywood spectacles of the century. Sir Carol Reed and Aron Rosenberg will direct and produce the salty epic. In charge of the Bounty and all sea action is set director, Jim Havens, by now an acquaintance of many a Lunenburger.

New 65 mm cameras were constructed, radio and wireless microphones were added to make sights and sounds of ship and sea authentic. A complete Tahitian village was built on the island, and 1,000 outrigger canoes rented from the natives.

Top actors have been cast. The starring roles go to the rugged Englishman, Trevor Howard, who plays Capt. Bligh, and popular Marlon Brando portrays the mutineer leader, Fletcher Christian. In addition 1,000 extras have been hired by M-G-M. The company's budget, with spending at the

rate of \$23,000 daily, will likely pass the 15 million mark, and thereby exceed expenditures for the recent extravaganza, "Ben Hur".

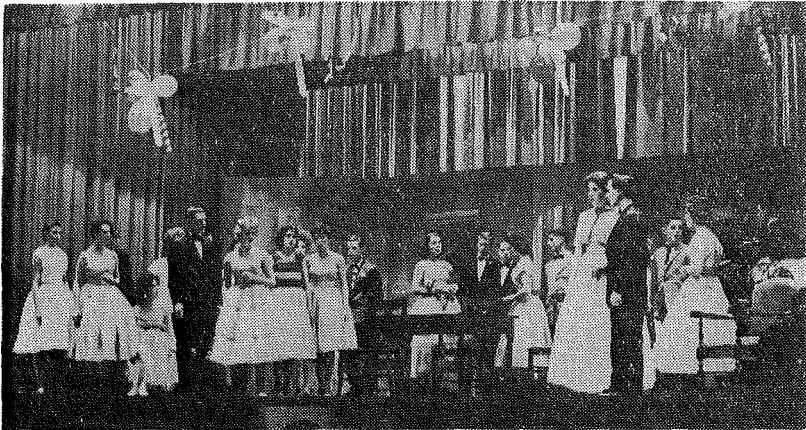
We now anxiously await the world premier of "Mutiny on the Bounty" and a chance to see our ship, and for a few of us, friends and relatives in action on the "wide screen". We can remember the years of hard work behind this project. Let us be mindful of the accomplishment of our port town, headed by two men who, no doubt, spent many sleepless nights during a hectic summer, John and Fred Rhuland.

Even the Rhuland brothers must wonder whether the *Bounty* will ever again round Battery Point to drop anchor in the one harbor, of the many she will visit, that will remain at least in the hearts of Lunenburgers, her home port. If an old mariner's omen holds true it is a sight not apt to be seen. "If she points bow to the Banks after she clears the ways, she ain't likely to be back", and *Bounty*, already eager to spread her sails, wasted no time at her launching in turning seaward.

THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

by Jane Anderson '64, Margaret Young '63

From the opening greeting by a tiny boy to the singing of "The Queen", this year's Christmas concert was a success. As usual, the Common School occupied the opening half hour.



Scene From Operetta — "Waltz Time"

Grades primary and one contributed several numbers to the program among which were the recitations "What 'S' Stands For", "Star Gleams", and "Somebody." The audience was then entertained by two folk dances, also performed by these tiny members of the Academy.

Next, pupils of Grades two and three appeared in a short play, "The Birthday Cake." This play presented the serious side of Christmas, instead of the much commercialized angle of Santa Claus and his reindeer. A reci-

tation by Joyce Reid, "The Talking Tree", helped maintain a Christmas atmosphere.

Perhaps the highlight of this part of the entertainment was the skit, "Sally's Christmas Shopping." In this, the older members of the Common School, told the story of a selfish little girl, Sally, who wanted to spend all her Christmas money on herself.

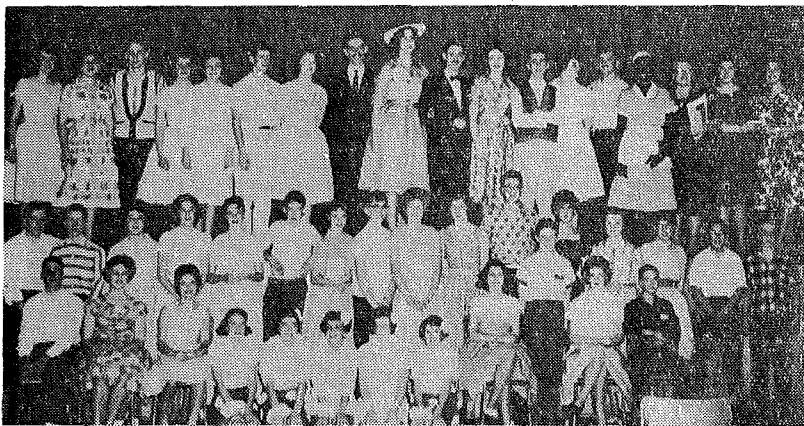
With the help of a startling dream, complete with gremlins, Sally changed her mind in time. As the curtain fell, she was seen hurrying off to buy her gifts.

After a short intermission, the curtain rose on the main attraction, the operetta. This year's operetta, "Waltz Time", was a musical comedy written by Charles George. The entire play took place in the living-room of the Stevens' home, with the main element of interest centered around Kirby Stevens (Frederick Wood), a young musician trying to prove himself an able writer of waltzes. His mother (Joanne Knickle) who disapproved of his ambitions, an older brother (Richard Crouse) who "worked" for a living, the girl-next-door (Grethe Kristiansen) who did appreciate his music, and a group of friends who considered him a "square" because of the music he wrote, all added to his discouragement. The young negro maid (Janet Knickle) also encouraged him to write "swing" if he wanted to be famous.

Even though Kirby had opposition, he received encouragement from Sue Oliver (Alice Conrad) who had faith in him and loved him, and a "young old maid" (Elizabeth Pyke) who loved waltzes. Although most had tried to discourage him, all were happy when his success did come.

Others in the cast included Leslie Mason, Marion Falkenham, Ronnie Wentzell, Judy Tanner, Glen Conrad, Aileen Mitchell, Dorothy Wentzell, and Peter Winters, as well as a large group of extras.

As usual, Mrs. B. G. Oxner directed this operetta and with the help of the Choral Club, the teaching staff, and various members of Lunenburg Academy, made it the huge success it turned out to be.



OPERETTA — WALTZ TIME

MRS. J. J. KINLEY

by Diane Lohnes '62, Marion Brushett '63

The headlines read "Parliament to Open Tomorrow." This has very little effect on many Canadians but to Mrs. J. J. Kinley, wife of a Senator, it means moving from the quiet town of Lunenburg to the bustling city of Ottawa, where she spends six months of the year.

Mrs. J. J. Kinley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Young, was born in Lunenburg in 1892. Upon graduating from Lunenburg Academy, she furthered her education by taking a business course at Maritime Business College, Halifax. After completing her formal education, she worked for a number of years with her father, who was general merchant, ship-builder, and vessel owner, and operated vessels in the fishing and marine business.

Lila Evelyn Dowling Young, married John J. Kinley, son of Capt. James F. Kinley in 1920, and had three children, of whom there are two living; Mary, now Mrs. James F. Russel of Ottawa, and John Junior of Lunenburg.

Mrs. Kinley who has travelled widely, began her travels in 1915, after winning a contest sponsored by the "Halifax Chronicle." The trip took her to Prince Rupert, down the Pacific Coast to Mexico, and homeward via the United States. Since then she has travelled widely to such varied places as Bermuda, West Indies, Newfoundland, Europe, Holy Land, and Egypt, where she rode a camel to the Pyramids.

In Florida in 1920, Mrs. Kinley was thrilled by her first ride in a seaplane, which at that time was uncommon. The British Isles, France, and Belgium where she toured the battlefields are also included in her adventures. In Belgium she had the good fortune of attending the 100th anniversary of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. On her tour of the British Isles, Mrs. Kinley had the pleasure of witnessing the decoration of her husband at Buckingham Palace by King George V.

Mrs. Kinley leads a very active and useful life. Besides being a capable housewife, she finds time to engage in outside activities since her children have grown up. These cover a wide range from Fraternal Societies to num-



Mrs. J. J. Kinley

erous Church Organizations. Her great capacity for leadership has been proved by the important positions she holds and has held.

At present, she is the President of the Bluenose Ladies' Golf Club, Board Member of the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital and a Life member and Vice-President of the W. C. T. U. as well as a Provincial Executive member.

Mrs. Kinley is also a Charter Member of Grace Chapter No. 8, O. E. S. and was Treasurer of the organization. Being a member of the Provincial Executive when the V. O. N. Provincial Branch was formed, Mrs. Kinley has been on the Dominion Executive V. O. N. since 1936, and is a past President of the Lunenburg Branch of the V. O. N.

Since her husband is a Senator, Mrs. Kinley is naturally interested in politics and is Treasurer of the Liberal Wives of Senators and Members. Other offices which Mrs. Kinley has held are President of the Women's Institute, Regent of the Boscawen Chapter of the I. O. D. E. and during the Second World War, Navy Convener (convener of knitting and ditty bags). She was formerly a member of the Local Council Girl Guide Association.

Although Mrs. Kinley leads a busy life, Church work has always found an important place in her efforts. At the present time she is Vice-President and life member of St. Andrew's Presbyterian W. M. S. Previously she taught Sunday School and was a member of the choir.

During the Second World War, the Kinleys entertained Prince Olaf and Princess Martha of Norway when they visited Lunenburg. They also entertained British, Norwegian and Canadian sailors.

After World War II, Mrs. Kinley received a letter of thanks from Queen Mother Elizabeth for entertaining a British Guest Boy during the war years.

During her lifetime, Mrs. Kinley had the great honour of receiving several medals from Royalty. In 1935 she received the Silver Jubilee Medal from King George V and Queen Mary. In 1937 she received a second medal at the coronation of King George and Queen Elizabeth, and a third medal at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in 1953. The latest honor to be conferred on her in recognition of her contribution to life in Ottawa has been her election as a Vice-President of the Parliamentary Wives' Association.

It is hard to realize that a person with such a heavy schedule would find time for knitting, reading, and doing fancy work which she enjoys very much.

To Mrs. Kinley who has contributed so much to the welfare of the community, we want to express our sincere wish for her good health, success, and happiness.

HONORABLE R. H. WINTERS

by Carolyn J. Tanner '61, Ronald Wentzell '62

Eminence has been gained by many natives of Lunenburg and one who is very prominent in many fields is the Hon. R. H. Winters, now President of the Rio Tinto Mining Company of Canada.

Mr. Winters was born in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia on August 18, 1910. He was educated in the public schools and in 1931 graduated from Mount Allison University, Sackville, New Brunswick, with a Bachelor of Arts degree. He later attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Cambridge, Mass., where he received his Bachelor of Science and Master of Science degrees in the communications branch of electrical engineering. Mr. Winters has received honorary degrees of L.L.D., D.Sc. and D. English.

In 1934, he joined the staff of the Northern Electric Company in Montreal. During World War II, Mr. Winters joined the technical directorate of the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps, transferring later to the Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, when that corps was formed. He returned to civilian life in 1946 with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Mr. Winters entered political life in 1945, when he successfully contested the seat in his home constituency of Queens-Lunenburg in Nova Scotia. In 1948, he was appointed Minister of Reconstruction and Supply. From 1950 to 1953, he held the portfolio of Minister of Resources and Development. He was named Minister of Public Works on September 17, 1953 and held this office until June 1957.

In June of 1957 he was elected to the Boards of The Canadian Bank of Commerce and The Crown Life Insurance Company. In September of that same year Mr. Winters became President of The Rio Tinto Mining Company of Canada Limited, which is part of a world-wide organization producing a broad variety of minerals.

In addition to his full-time post as Rio Tinto president, Mr. Winters is president of Rio Algoma Mines Limited and of Rio Tinto Dow Limited, chairman of the board of Preston Mines Limited, chairman of the board and presi-



Honorable R. H. Winters

ment of Devon-Palmer Oils Limited, director of the Ford Motor Company of Canada Limited, The Toronto General Trusts Corporation, Bathurst Power and Paper Company Limited, The Royal Liverpool Insurance Corporation, Triarch Corporation Limited and various other companies.

Mr. Winters has been a member of the Board of Regents of Mount Allison University for a good many years. Recently, he assumed the Chairmanship of the Board of Governors of York University and is now engaged in developing this new institution. As the first Chairman, he had the interesting job of securing a Board, a President, accommodations and so forth. Classes were started in September of last year and they are presently engaged in erecting a new building at a cost of \$1,700,000.

A few months ago Mr. Winters was elected to the Corporation of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and he has been spending a little time visiting this exciting institution and trying to play a part in directing its growth. The Right Honorable C. D. Howe was the first Canadian ever elected to this Corporation and Mr. Winters was the second, and also the first and only native-born Canadian to be elected as a member.

Outside of his business and college activities, he has taken an active interest in the Canadian Opera Association and is a member of its Board, which devotes its time and money to the development of opera across Canada.

Mr. Winters is also a member of the Board of the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews which seeks better understanding between these two important religions. He is a member of the Engineering Institute of Canada, the Association of Racquet Clubs of Toronto, Toronto Cricket, Skating and Curling Club, the Queen's Club of Toronto and the Rideau Club of Ottawa.

Mr. Winters has retained his interest in sports — as the Honorary Vice-President of the Canadian Lawn Tennis Association and last year he headed the fund-raising activities, in Ontario, for the Canadian Olympic Association.

We can easily see that Mr. Winters' business and other activities and memberships take up the greatest part of his time. However, each year he and his family look forward to a month's vacation on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean on Herman's Island. In January Mrs. Winters and he went on a six weeks tour which took them through South Africa, Northern and Southern Rhodesia, Kenya, Ethiopia, United Arab Republic, Greece and England.



CAPTAIN HENRY KOHLER

by Glenn Conrad, Donald Morash '62

Captain Henry Kohler, son of the late Captain Carl Kohler and his wife, Eva, was born in Lunenburg in 1921. As a child Captain Kohler spent a great deal of time at sea with his parents before he was old enough to attend school. Although he did not receive a profound academic training, Captain Kohler attended Lunenburg Academy until 1937 when he left to go to sea.

Captain Kohler sailed in steamships out of Halifax prior and during the war as a seaman and a young officer. In 1942 he attended Navigation School which enabled him to become a junior officer. In 1947, after a great deal of study, he received his Foreign-Going Master's Certificate, which is the highest navigation certificate one can obtain in Canada.

In 1948 the Captain changed his home port from Halifax to Montreal. It was in this year that he received his first command, a 5,000 ton freighter. From 1948 to 1956 he sailed on various ships for the same company. This brought him into foreign trade, mainly with European countries but also some trade with the Far East.

In 1956 Captain Kohler was appointed a Marine Superintendent for Nova Scotia by a Montreal firm. This he considered very good work, but he felt it did not particularly suit him.

Later Captain Kohler received an appointment to the research vessel, Vema, which is owned and operated by the Lamont Geological Observatory. This is part of the geology department of Columbia University of New York. He has been on this particular ship since his appointment, and he finds his work very interesting.

The research work carried out by the team of Columbia professors, who make up the research group on the Vema, is not wholly oceanography. A great deal of stress is placed on the work of submarine geology and seismology. Initially all these men are geologists and physicists who are extremely interested and happy in carrying out their work on the sea, which brings them into the field of oceanography.

Captain Kohler says that, since he has acquired his present position, he realizes that this field of oceanography is one in which the surface has been barely scratched. He feels that any student either boy or girl, since there



Captain Henry Kohler

are many lady oceanographers, would do well to inquire into the subject before starting their university training. A strong background in mathematics and physics is very important before entering the field of oceanography.

The Vema is undoubtedly the most active ship of its kind in the world. She is the best equipped ship in her field and does many different types of work. The Captain has to perform extremely accurate navigation. For every mile the Vema travels its course is plotted. The members of the Vema make all their own charts and note all their sounding and topographic features. The average working depth of this vessel for all types of samples and submarine photographs is from 3,000 to 3,500 fathoms.

The programs that run simultaneously and constantly when the vessel is at sea are as follows:

1. Submarine topography (echo sounding.)
2. Magnetics, which include the measure of the total intensity of the magnetic field.
3. Bathymorphic recordings, which take place from the surface to a depth of 900 feet.
4. Surface temperature recordings.
5. Air temperature readings.
6. Air samples for the study of carbon 14 content.
7. Meteorological observations.

There are also various other complex operations carried out.

Some programs carried out at scientific stations (vessel hove to) are as follows:

1. Coring of bottom sediment.
2. The study of water samples from all depths. This is to carry out or determine the submarine turbidity currents in the ocean basins.
3. Carrying out submarine topography.
4. Bottom dredging for the biologist.
5. Analysis of sea water for content of salinity, chlorinity and dissolved oxygen and phosphates.
6. Carrying out biology work at the surface and at medium water depth.
7. Seismic refraction, which required two or more ships in order to obtain data for the seismologist.

Captain Kohler's travels have taken him around the world, from the Arctic to the Antarctic. In many years of experience he has inevitably encountered many interesting experiences. Through his work and efforts Captain Henry Kohler has obtained a vast knowledge of his field of work and we of the Academy wish him every success for the future.

DR. OTTO FRITZ

by Glenda Smith '61, Vernon Dominix '62

Many graduates of the Lunenburg Academy have climbed the steps to higher learning. One outstanding example, of whom our school is justly proud, is Dr. Otto Fritz.

Born in Lunenburg on August 27, 1910, Otto Francis Fritz has become an outstanding scholar. He began school at four years of age — largely because there were four children in the Fritz family and this solution led to a quieter household. From Grade III on, Dr. Fritz attended the Lunenburg Academy, where his memories were largely happy ones.

Perhaps of most importance was the fact that he succeeded in winning the local area, public speaking contest sponsored by the Halifax Herald in 1947. Advice and encouragement were given to Dr. Fritz from such people as Senator Kinley and his two High School Teachers, Misses Minnie Hewitt and Mary Rudolf, to whom he is truly grateful.

Upon leaving school, Dr. Fritz took a teaching position to see if he were suited for that profession. Two years later he attended the Nova Scotia Normal College where he received encouragement and stimulation from the principal, Dr. D. G. Davis, who awarded him the only scholarship available at the time — an entrance scholarship to Acadia University. In addition, the town of Truro made him Principal of Willow Street School, in order that his financial position in college would be easier.

At Acadia, Dr. Fritz was extremely fortunate in attracting the attention of an outstanding professor, Dr. R. L. Jeffrey, who granted him the Mathematics Scholarship at the end of the first year.

Securing a teaching position after graduation, in 1934, proved to be quite a problem. Dr. Fritz had to turn to odd jobs, such as assisting on his parents' farm, to keep him busy. The illness of Mr. Raymond Simpson in February 1935, resulted in Dr. Fritz's receiving his teaching position until the end of the school year. Such positions, however, seemed to elude Mr. Fritz, in spite of his efforts, until finally in late August, he was appointed Supervising Principal of the Bedford Schools — a position which continued for seven years. During this time, he joined in the sponsorship of every out-of-school activity possible for school pupils — sports, dramatics, musical festivals, Scouts and other organizations.



Dr. Otto Fritz

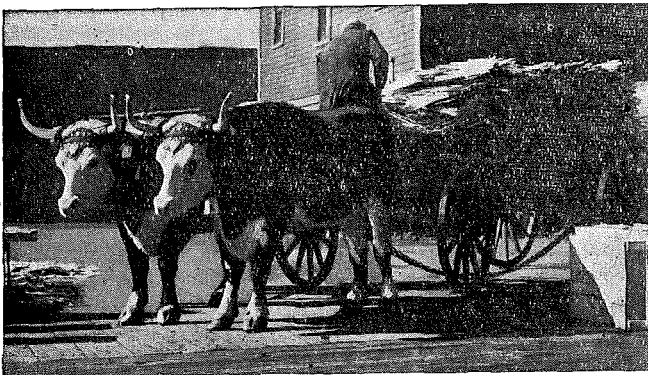
1942 brought Dr. Fritz a position in Queen Elizabeth High School, where he taught Mathematics and Physics. Meanwhile, he had secured an M.A. in Mathematics and was attending summer school at Harvard, working on a degree in Secondary School Administration and Supervision. From 1944 on, he taught Physics exclusively with the title of "Head of the Physics Department."

Since Teachers' salaries were increasing, Dr. Fritz felt it necessary to study for a doctorate. His next move was to secure a position at Normal College, since assistance for further study would then be possible. In 1956 he and his wife, the former Ruth Campbell, had arrangements made to attend Harvard or Columbia University for doctoral study when unexpectedly, he was asked to receive the first Carnegie Corporation of America Fellowship of \$2500. for doctoral study, in order to begin the program at the University of Alberta in Canada. For health reasons he stayed an additional year in Edmonton and taught on the Faculty of Education, where he was granted particular responsibility in the teacher-training program, being Co-Director of Student Teaching.

Dr. Fritz returned to Normal College to teach Psychology, as he had a Ph.D. in Educational Psychology. He was at this post until last year when he was appointed to the School of Education at Acadia University. Since September 1960, he and his family have lived in Wolfville.

Dr. and Mrs. Fritz's older son, Garth, was born in Edmonton, July 27, 1958. His younger brother is now five months old.

Dr. Fritz and his wife attend the United Church at Wolfville and he finds the functions associated with Acadia University to be both numerous and pleasing. They are looking forward to much travel in the future, having up to the present travelled in forty-one States and nine Provinces. So good luck and happy travelling to Dr. Fritz and his family.



DR. NAPIER ANDERSON

by Judith Corkum, 63, Alice Conrad '61

The only sound that could be heard on that quiet summer afternoon was the steady buzzing of the drill in the adjoining room. Dr. Anderson, dentist, was at work. "There, that should do it. Rinse your mouth please, and we'll take another look."

Dr. Napier Anderson, son of Hugh Ralph and Laura Anderson, was born in Lunenburg on May 4, 1918. He attended Lunenburg Academy and graduated from Grade 12 in 1938, after which he worked for six months in the Post Office. In the fall of 1938, he entered Dalhousie to take his D.D.S. (Doctor of Dental Surgery). This course usually takes six years of study but because of the accelerated wartime program Dr. Anderson graduated in August of 1943.

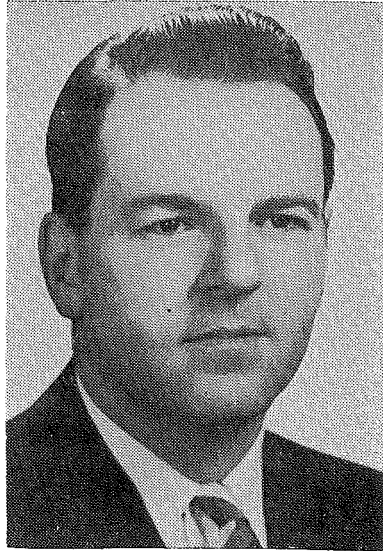
Before graduation, Dr. Anderson, like most young men of that time, had joined the Armed Services. Upon completing his training he became a member of the Canadian Dental Corps, attached to the Royal Canadian Air Force. The young dentist was then transferred to various places including Dartmouth; the Canadian Officers' Training School at Brockville, Ontario; Eastern Air Command at Halifax; Group Headquarters at St. John's, Newfoundland; and the Royal Canadian Air Force Station at Torbay, Newfoundland.

On his return to Lunenburg in the spring of 1946, Dr. Anderson began to practice in partnership with Dr. J. A. Tupper at the Masonic Building. This partnership continued until 1951 when it was dissolved. Dr. Anderson is currently practicing alone.

Edwina Bartlett married Dr. Anderson on November 7, 1945 at St. John's, Newfoundland. They have three children, Christopher, John and Susan, all of whom are presently attending Lunenburg Academy.

Dr. Anderson's personal interests and activities are greatly varied. He was a member of the Students' Council and played both football and hockey at Dalhousie. Today he is interested in yachting, golfing and curling. A member of St. John's Anglican Church, he served as Vestry Clerk for eleven years. Dr. Anderson is a member and Past President of the Canadian Legion, Branch No. 23. He was also Chairman of the Building Committee when the new Legion Hall was built in 1959 - 1960.

Dr. Anderson is a charter member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce



Dr. Napier Anderson

and a member of the Board of Trade. Taking an active part in community affairs, he served two terms on the Town Council and has also been a member of the Lunenburg Community Center Commission for the past eight years, acting as Vice-Chairman at the present time. Interested in young people, he was a member of the Board of School Commissioners and County President of the Boy Scout Association.

DR. AUBREY TUPPER

by Dorothy Wentzell '61, Heather Thompson '63

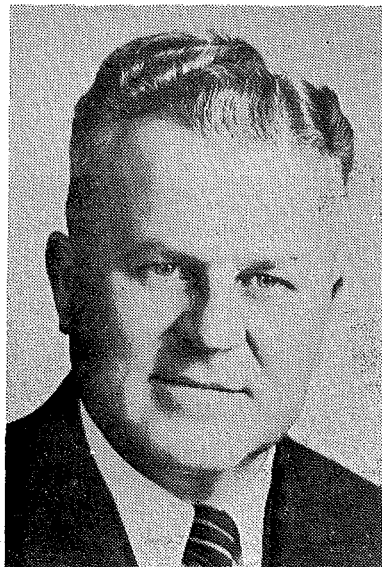
One day in the spring of 1928, an energetic, young man came to Lunenburg to begin his practice as a dentist. This was Dr. A. Tupper, now a prominent citizen of our community.

When we entered his office, the smell of drugs and the buzz of the drill made us glad we were there ONLY for an interview. Seated behind his office desk in his friendly and jovial way, he gave us a picture of his life.

Dr. Tupper was born in Baker's Settlement, July 19, 1901, one of the twelfth generation of Tupper's who landed in Sandwich, Mass. in 1634. Although he spent most of his school days at Bridgewater Public School, he completed the first step towards a higher education by taking Grade XI at Horton Academy, Acadia University.

From 1922 until 1938, he attended Dalhousie University. Here he was outstanding in sports, and was the captain of the only football team that went to Vancouver and Victoria during the Christmas holidays of 1927 to play against the University of British Columbia. Basketball and hockey were also games in which he participated.

Two years after he began his practice as a dentist, he married Miss Joyce Hebb of Lunenburg, and they have one son, James, who is now employed by the Lunenburg Sea Products. Today Dr. Tupper is the proud grandfather of Tommy and Bobby.



Dr. Aubrey Tupper

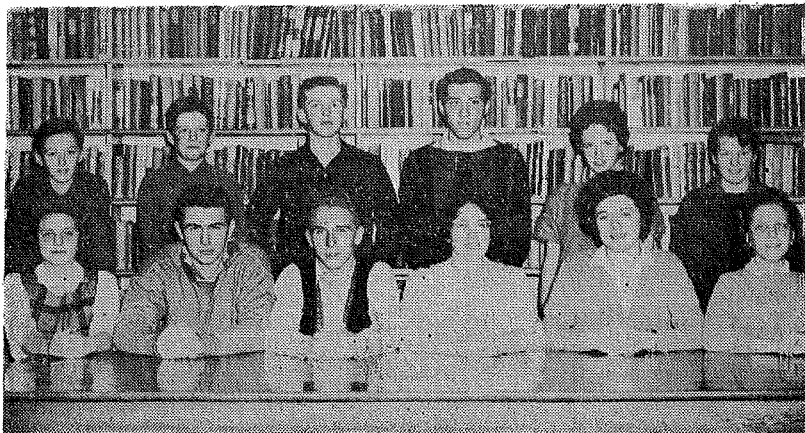
Dr. Tupper's enthusiasm in sports has grown since his college days, and today curling plays an important part in his social life. He was the president of the Lunenburg Curling Club from 1945 to 1951. During this time, he and his team scored the first eight end in the Lunenburg rink, against Dartmouth. Since 1932 he has been a skip and was a Charter Member of the Curling

Club. This year he has presented a handsome trophy to the winning High School Curling team on the South Shore.

Just as winter gives way to spring, so Dr. Tupper's interest turns from curling to golf. He is a member of the Golf Club and the Maritime Senior's Golf Association.

For many years, Dr. Tupper has freely given much of his time and energy to help promote the growth of Central United Church. He is an elder and prominent trustee, and played a leading part in the redecorating and reseating of the church two years ago.

Although some people fear the shiny drill as it grinds through the enamel of their teeth, Dr. Tupper has the ability to put people at ease with his jokes and cherry disposition. Quoting Pindar we can say he follows the motto, "The best of healers is good cheer."



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

1st—C. Smith, D. Morash, (Treas.); C. Myra, (Pres.); N. Morash, (Pres.);
M. Falkenham, (Sec.); J. Ritcey.

2nd—D. Dominix, C. Anderson, G. Upham, G. Oickle, K. Wentzell, D.
Whynacht.

MRS. ALFRED DAUPHINEE

by Ingrid Menssen '64, Nancy Morash '61

"Breathtaking, magnificent, fascinating, and superb," these are but a few of the many superlatives that can be used to describe Mrs. Alfred Dauphinee's garden. As you drive down the road to her home, flowers, ranging from the darkest mauve to the rosiest pink, immediately catch your eye. As a result of this beautiful garden, her home is a mecca for tourists, both American and Canadian.

Ever since early childhood Mrs. Dauphinee has been interested in planting and wild life. Her home attracts many creatures of the wild especially squirrels and many types of birds that enjoy, without danger the peaceful surroundings.

Mary Dauphinee, formerly Mary Stevens, was born on Tancook Island. When she was 15 years old her family moved to Second Peninsula. Here she grew up and on the event of her marriage to Alfred Dauphinee, she moved to Lunenburg where her three children, Arthur, Rosalie, and Julia were born. Mrs. Dauphinee spent her summer vacations at Second Peninsula and fourteen years ago she and her family moved there permanently.

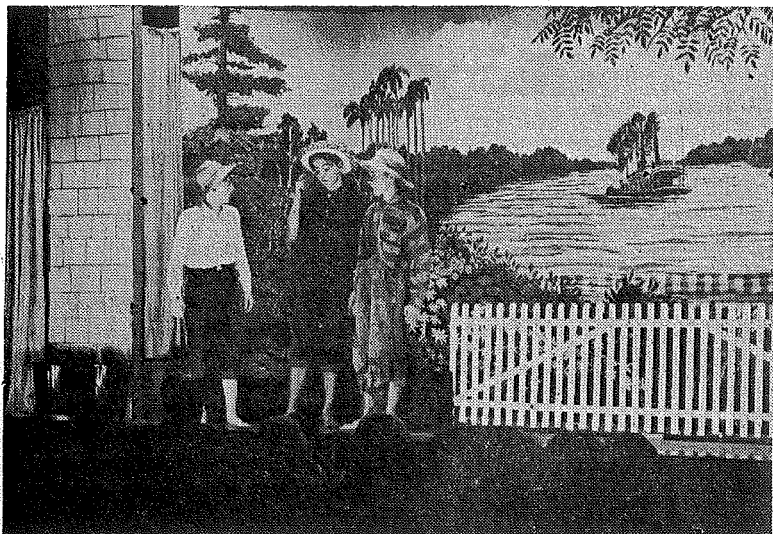
As a small child, she was very interested and curious about things around her, especially the pictures on the wall. She asked her father how they got there and he told her artists had painted them. Mrs. Dauphinee remembers always being interested in painting.

Unfortunately, she didn't know how to get paints. As she was quite small, this posed a big problem. One day she saw an advertisement in a magazine which stated that if you sold a certain number of candies you would receive one of several prizes, paints included. Her father mailed the letter and so Mary, at the age of ten, became a door to door salesman — selling ferry-berries. The slogan was, "You will never be a social outcast if you use ferry-berries to sweeten your breath after meals." Despite all her efforts, Mary only sold one package (10c worth). However, she did not give up easily. She wrote to the company, explained the situation, and stated that if they wanted to send her anything for ten cents, to please send the paints. Mary was thrilled when in a few days, her precious paints arrived. Her object now was to draw and paint.



Mrs. Alfred Dauphinee

Unfortunately she still had troubles. As scribblers were rare, she didn't know what to use for paper but soon discovered that the back of wallpaper was perfect for painting. She drew and painted until the last drop of paint was used. Although she continued drawing, Mary did not have any paints and proper drawing paper until she was married.



Mrs. Dauphinee, besides studying from books, learned much about painting by observation. She says, "You can paint a long time from copying, till you become original. Sort of memorize what you see and then put it down."

Mrs. Dauphinee uses mostly water paints. Besides painting many beautiful pictures, including some of the Bounty, she has several times painted scenery for the school operettas.

Her arts do not cease here. In addition to painting and planting, Mrs. Dauphinee enjoys hooking rugs and her talent is displayed in her home. One example of her expert hooking is shown in a scene depicting a moose pausing by the waterside, amid a cluster of trees. There is a most vivid colour scheme in this picture. Surprisingly this mat was hooked on a feed bag. Mrs. Dauphinee, through her many accomplishments, has truly become known throughout our province.

DR. WARREN PUBLICOVER'S ADDRESS

by Gilbert Oickle '63, Ingrid Menssen '64

On the damp, rainy night of June 21, 1960 many feet trod to the Community Centre building for the closing exercises of the Lunenburg Academy. Although the weather was dreary, as we entered the building a pleasant surprise awaited us; Doctor Warren Publicover was to be the guest speaker of the evening! As the evening progressed the interest mounted. When Dr. Publicover started his speech, "My dear friends — you will never understand how happy I am to be back home tonight," we knew that he was a loyal "Lunenburg" and his advice would be taken seriously.

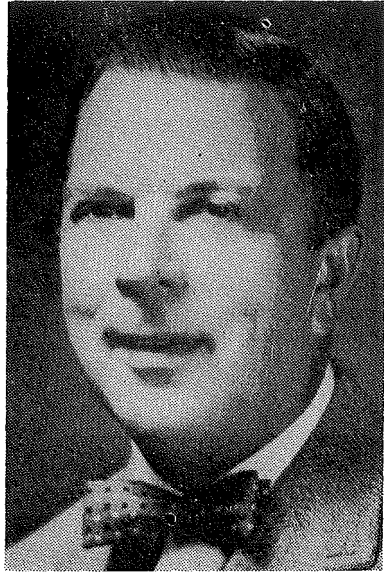
Dr. Publicover's speech was both intellectual and humorous — beginning with his numerous excuses for crossing the border and getting home. Many times he left his job unexpectedly for a quick holiday in his home town.

Dr. Publicover mentioned that grand and beloved lady, Miss Hewitt, whom he remembered so well, as a gifted school teacher. He said that in the year in which Miss Hewitt graduated from the Lunenburg Academy (1884), there were three graduates. As the speaker looked around the stage he mentioned that there were five or six times as many graduates present for 1960 graduating exercise as in 1884.

In the years since Dr. Publicover was in the lower grades, he said there had developed a much closer bond between pupils and teachers than there used to be. Looking back, Dr. Publicover says that the thing that bothered him more than anything on the school curriculum was the depressing and uncomfortable character of the arithmetic exercises.

In Dr. Publicover's school days, as now, the students heard the annual temperance lectures, then conducted by Mrs. Ada Powers. Connected with the temperance studies was the "pledge card" on which each student signed a pledge against intoxicating drinks.

Dr. Publicover stated that he learned a lot of valuable basic things which he passed on to us in his address. "I found first of all that the Teachers weren't growling at us for their own account, but were doing it for our own



Dr. Warren Publicover's

good." Dr. Publicover also told us that usually the gentle and soft-spoken men are stronger than loud, hard-boiled men.

In speaking especially to the graduates, Dr. Publicover told them that they should bring two attitudes to their jobs — singleness of purpose and an open mind. "Then, knowing yourself and knowing the facts, you can judge whether you can change the situation. If you can't, then discipline yourself to adjust yourself to the situation."

"Use your imagination — you can convince yourself of almost anything if you let your imagination run away with you. Edison is a great example of this theory. He alone produced 1,097 patentable inventions. His genius endowed all mankind because his inventions created a great number of jobs for both men and women."

Dr. Publicover stressed the importance of an education today. "The person who is going to get into the top job will be the one who can give his whole mind to his company. Most important of all, try to buy into the company you work for. Start with one share and build up until you have a substantial holding. You'll be surprised what it does for you in the front office!"

"Learn to evaluate criticism — anybody can criticise and offer an opinion." Dr. Publicover wants us to determine whether the person making the criticism is qualified to speak on the particular subject. He reminds us that no one is indispensable. There are those who, as soon as they get into a club or organization, campaign to have the qualifications raised against others getting in the club.

"You'll find there are two sides to every question. Train yourself to consider the valuable points and arguments put forth by others." Dr. Publicover told his audience an amusing story concerning this theory. One day Mr. McKittrick, the principal of the school, talked to his students about the easy life men had going fishing. He said that in the overall they really didn't have to spend much time on the job. Dr. Publicover, who was then a boy, got this all off at the supper table at home. Dr. Publicover's uncle, who was one of a breed of hardy fishermen, said that if McKittrick ever found himself off Sable Island, at 3:00 o'clock in the morning, in a howling blizzard of sleet and snow, in an 18 foot dory, loaded with a ton of 40 lb. halibut, trying to claw back to a vessel three miles away, he could talk of work.

In closing Dr. Publicover said, "You have the basic foundation for your life's work. Besides you all have elbows, and you are entitled to use them. You're not expected to stand still and let people walk all over you, but I would be failing in my duty to you here tonight, if I did not remind you that amongst you there are a favoured few who are far better equipped. There are those of you who have wings — and those of you who do have wings will go much higher and further than those who just elbow their way along."

On summing up, Dr. Publicover hoped that as the graduates went on their chosen way they would build lives of unselfish achievement.

MAXWELL CORKUM - TECHNICAL DIRECTOR OF CBHT

by Peter Winters '61, Jane Spindler '64

Maxwell F. L. Corkum, a native of Lunenburg, was appointed Technical Director of the C.B.C. - owned television station in Halifax, in May 1960. The announcement was made by Jack Simonsen, who was appointed Director of Television for the station at the same time.

Prior to joining the C.B.C., Mr. Corkum was Assistant Engineer of radio station CFCY in Charlottetown, P.E.I. In 1940, while in Charlottetown, he enlisted in the army but soon found the sea had a greater calling so he transferred to the navy in 1942, receiving his commission the following year.

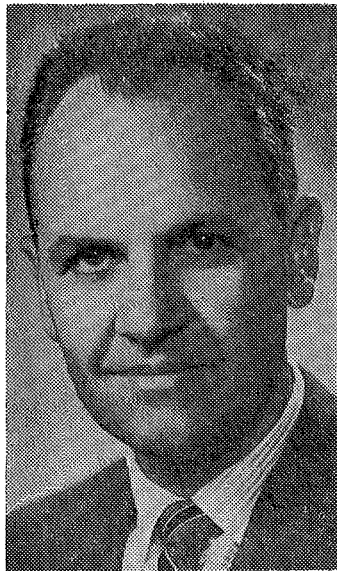
He saw service in corvettes on North Atlantic duty and in the English Channel, during the Normandy invasion. He was discharged in 1945, but continued serving in the R.C.N. (Reserve) until his retirement to the Supplementary Reserves list in 1957, with the rank of Lieutenant-Commander.

Mr. Corkum's service with the C. B.C. began in 1946. In 1948 he was appointed Operations Supervisor at CBA - Sackville, N. B. the C.B.C.'s 50,000 - watt transmitter there. In this capacity, he was also responsible for the operations of the C.B.C. International Service transmitter, at the same station. In 1954, he was Technical Advisor of the radio broadcasting of the British Empire Games at Vancouver. While in Sackville, he was instructor for the (University Naval Training Division) at Mount Allison for four years. During this time he made a summer trip with the navy to the Mediterranean.

He transferred from Sackville to CBHT in 1956 as technical instructor, was appointed Supervisor of Maintenance in 1957, and became Technical Operations Officers of the same station in early 1960. Since Mr. Simonsen's appointment as Director of Television, Mr. Corkum has been Acting Technical Director.

At present, he has a staff of eighty men working under him. All the satellite stations in the vicinity are under his control. He attends monthly meetings at Ottawa, where improvements in broadcasting are discussed.

He received his early education at the Lunenburg Academy, where he was outstanding in mathematics and science. During the summer vacations he



Maxwell Corkum

made trips to the Grand Banks with his father. He graduated from the Radio College of Canada in electronics and attended courses in engineering at Dalhousie University.

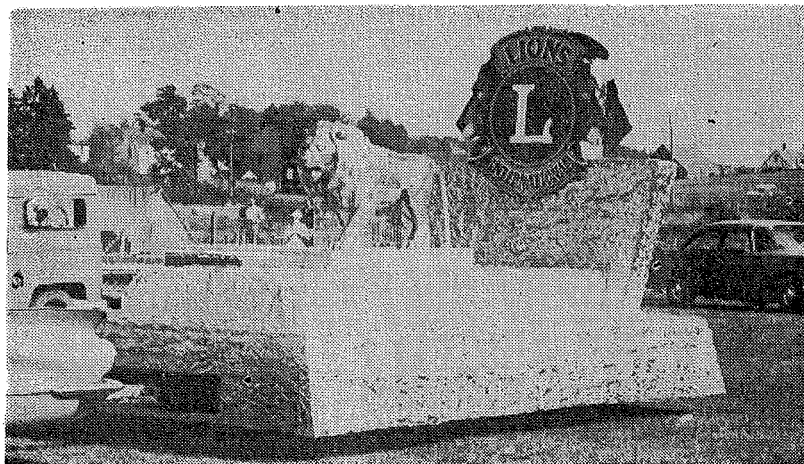
Mr. Corkum is the son of Captain Leo Corkum, of Lunenburg, and the late Mrs. Corkum. Mrs. Corkum is the former Patricia Meisner of Lunenburg. They have two children, Susan and Peter.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

1st—D. Whynacht, D. Lohnes, P. Winters, (Pres.), D. Wentzell, (Treas.), V. D. Domonix, (Sec.), M. Brushett.

2nd—C. Cook, P. Chenhall, K. Wentzell, R. Young, R. Daniels.



Lion's Club Float

REVEREND ALEXANDER ALLEN

by Peter Cornu '61, Sharon Naas '62

Twenty-three years ago, St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church called for a new minister, Reverend Alexander Allen. For these twenty-three years, Reverend Allen has led a very active life, both in the ministry and in community affairs.

He was the son of an elder of the Presbyterian Church in Belfast, Northern Ireland, where he was born. He was educated in the United States, studied at the Presbyterian College in Montreal, and graduated from McGill University.

During the First World War, he served four and one-half years in the British Expeditionary Forces. Mr. Allen sailed from England through the Straits of Gibraltar to the Mediterranean. On the return voyage, the route was from Thessalonica, through to Athens and home, making the journey from Greece to Italy on a French destroyer. As this was the same route followed by the Apostle Paul, Mr. Allen feels that this was Providence, as he also is a minister of the Gospel now.

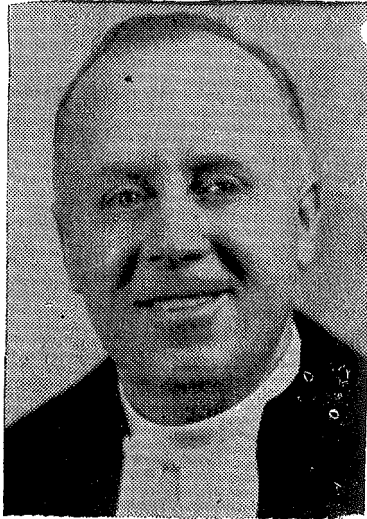
In the year 1938, Reverend Allen was called from St. Cuthbert's Presbyterian Church, in Montreal, to Lunenburg, where he has occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's for the last twenty-three years. Mr. Allen has served as Moderator of the Synod of the Maritime Provinces of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, which includes Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Bermuda.

He has been very active in the community, holding such offices as Akela in Wolf Cubs, Governor of the Victorian Order of Nurses, Chaplain of the Legion and Deputy Grand Chaplain of the Masonic Order.

Happily married, his wife is a graduate M. A. of McGill University.

Mr. Allen has many interesting hobbies. These include Hi-Fi music, photography, travel, swimming and golfing. He loves oil painting and playing his violin with his wife at the piano.

Reverend Allen has an optimistic outlook. He recommends the Christian ministry as a satisfying and rewarding calling.



Reverend Alexander Allen

(This biography was written prior to the passing of Rev. A. Allen. The Sea Gull staff extend their sympathy to Mrs. Allen.)

THE ROAD TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP

by Creighton Myra '61



PROVINCIAL B HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

1st—W. Nodding, B. Tanner, J. Eagar, C. Myra, C. Comstock, C. Van Der Toorn, G. Upham.
2nd—V. Dornix, R. Crouse, D. Morash, G. Black, W. Crouse, G. Vickers, (Coach).

Lunenburg Academy (for the second time in the last three years) has won the Nova Scotia Headmasters Class "B" High School Hockey Championship. After eliminating Bridgewater two games to one in a best of three series, the locals had to tangle with a heavily favoured Kentville squad.

On February 2 at 3 P.M., the Academy team plus a group of students, left by bus for Kentville. A large crowd was on hand to witness the game. At the end of a fast first period, the score read K.C.A.-1, L.A.-0. Midway through the second period, Dominix skated in all alone on the Kentville goalie, and beat him cleanly, to tie the score at 1-1. From there until the dying seconds of the game, it was a dogfight all the way. Then Comstock picked up a loose puck in the K.C.A. zone, and scored, with two seconds remaining in the game. The final score—L.A.-2, K.C.A.-1.

The second game of the two game, total goal series, was played at Lunenburg, March 2. Since the town was buzzing with excitement over the Academy's victory in the first game, a large crowd turned out to see the game. In the first period, K.C.A. scored first to tie up the series. A few minutes later, Dominix scored for Lunenburg, to tie the game and earn a one goal lead in the series. Before the first period ended, however, K.C.A. scored again. The score at the end of the first period, K.C.A.-2 L.A.-1. Early in the second period, Kentville increased their lead to 3-1. By then it looked as if the favourite Kentville team was going to "run away with the game". The

Academy team did not give up. About the middle of the second period, persistence paid off. Dominix scored to close the gap to 3-2 and tie up the series. With less than a minute remaining in the second period, Eagar skated down the ice all alone, fooled the defence and deposited the puck in the K.C.A. goal. The crowd went wild. This had tied the game and gave Lunenburg a one goal lead in the series. The third period was scoreless with both goalies being spectacular. When the final buzzer sounded, the fans leaped on the ice to congratulate the team. The final score on the series was L.A.-5, K.C.A.-4. Lunenburg had now won the right to meet Cape Breton in the final.

On Thursday, March 9, the team travelled to Halifax by car, where they boarded a train for North Sydney. The train arrived in North Sydney about 6:30 A.M. Friday morning. The team was met at the station and was taken directly to the school. There the team was given breakfast, and was told with whom they would be staying. Since it was Education Week, the boys stayed around the school until classes began and then visited some of the classrooms.

A large crowd was on hand to watch the first game of the series, on Friday evening. Early in the first period, Donald Morash scored on a break-away, to get the Lunenburg team off on the right foot. A few minutes later St. Joseph's came roaring back to tie the score. The score remained 1-1 until the third period. Early in the period St. Joseph's scored to open up a 2-1 lead. The Lunenburg team kept digging in but could not seem to score. Finally, around the fifteen minute mark, Byron Tanner scored to tie the game at 2-2. Inspired by this goal, the Academy team applied relentless pressure. With only twelve seconds remaining in the game Morash let go a screaming shot from just inside the blue line that had the St. Joseph's goalie beaten all the way. This goal gave Lunenburg a 3-2 victory in the game and a one goal lead in the series.

The second and final game of the series was played Saturday afternoon. The first period was fast and furious with the only goal being scored by Lunenburg's Gary Upham on a beautiful solo effort. Lunenburg now had a two goal lead in the series and a goal lead in the game. The second period proved to be much the same as the first, with Dominix scoring a goal for Lunenburg. The score on the game now read 2-0 for L.A. and three goals ahead in the series.

Finally, early in the third period, St. Joseph's scored to narrow the gap to 2-1. With North Sydney applying terrific pressure on the Academy team, Dominix picked up a loose puck and scored, to virtually sew up the series. Although time was running out on the North Sydney team, they kept trying and scored with less than three minutes remaining in the game. When the final buzzer sounded, the scoreboard read L.A.-3, St. Joseph's-2. The total score for the series was 6-4 in favour of Lunenburg, and with it came the Nova Scotia Championship.

The members of the hockey team wish to thank the people of North Sydney for their wonderful hospitality and also the business men of Lunenburg for their financial backing throughout the season.

SPORTS

By Elward Crouse, Creighton Myra '61



LUNENBURG COUNTY SOCCER CHAMPIONS

1st—G. Upham, D. Tanner, E. Crouse, C. Van Der Toorn, C. Comstock, F. Wood.
2nd—G. Vickers, (Coach); D. Hynick, P. Winters, D. Morash, R. Crouse, G. Oickle, A. Oliver, W. Nodding.

SOCCER

After the excitement of Exhibition had subsided, the Lunenburg Academy soccer team started regular practice sessions, under the watchful eyes of coach "Pop" Vickers. This proved to be an exceptionally good season for the L. A. Boys. A South Shore League with teams from Bridgewater, Centre, New Germany, Hebbville and Lunenburg, was formed. After eight games of league play, we found ourselves in first place, with an unprecedented seven wins and one loss record. After hard-fought play-offs, the team emerged as South Shore Champions.

A few exhibition games were also played, including a trip to Annapolis. The Lunenburg team was victorious by a score of 4-0.

The climax of the season came at the Christmas concert, when the team was honored by the Community Centre Commission. Trophies were presented to each member of the team, plus the South Shore cup. Thus ended a very successful season.

CURLING

The next sport to enter the spotlight was curling. A large number of students turned out for this up-and-coming sport. Exhibition games were arranged with other schools along the South Shore, with the L. A. boys holding their own with the best of them.

The highlight of the curling season was the Headmasters' Bonspiel which was staged at Bridgewater. Twenty-four teams from all over Nova

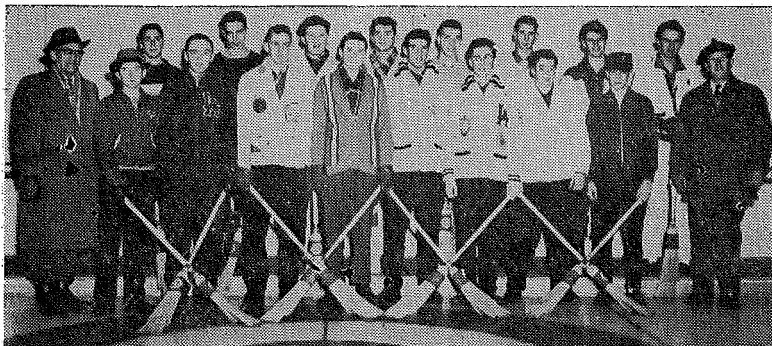
Scotia, competed for the right to represent the province at the Canadian Bonspiel in British Columbia. Although the boys did not come out on top they should be congratulated on their fine game and sportsmanship. Out of the five games played, they won three and lost two. After losing two games, they were eliminated. Although the big event was finished, curling was still going strong when this article was written.

A South Shore Bonspiel was set for March 25. Competition centered around a cup presented by Dr. A. Tupper.



GIRLS' CURLING

- 1st—M. Clark, M. Powers, N. Dauphinee, S. Conrad, S. Lace, S. Silver, N. Lamb.
 2nd—J. Knickle, S. Conrad, J. Knickle, C. Tanner, H. Bailly, D. Lohnes, S. Naas, F. Lohnes.
 3rd—S. Hicking, J. DeMone, B. MacKenzie, L. Mason, M. Campbell, L. Langille, E. Wood.



JUNIOR-SENIOR BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL CURLING

- 1st—D. Collins, (Teacher), D. Beck, S. Walters, G. Conrad, W. Woundy, C. Cantelope, R. Wentzell, S. De la Ronde, W. Hillier, F. Lohnes, (Coach).
 2nd—D. Conrad, W. Cook, P. Chenhall, L. Mason, R. Black, J. Creighton, F. Wood, R. Levy.

HOCKEY

Another popular winter sport at school is hockey. The Academy produced a very strong team this year and it could go on to win the Headmasters championship. A league was formed this year with teams from Bridgewater, Centre, and Lunenburg.

On February 15, the first Headmasters game was played at Bridgewater. The L. A. Boys trounced the boys from Bridgewater by a score of 9-3. A second game was played at Lunenburg on Monday, February 20. The Lunenburg team was over-confident and was beaten 4-2. This necessitated a third game. It was played here in Lunenburg, and the L. A. team was victorious by a 9-4 score. The Lunenburg team went on to play Kentville, and took the series in two exciting games.

The team advanced to the finals against St. Joseph's High School, North Sydney. Both games were played on the Island; Lunenburg Academy won.



JUNIOR H. S. HOCKEY TEAM

1st—R. MacDuff, D. Beck, E. Fralick, P. Eagar, M. Adair, G. Whynacht, D. Winters, B. DeMone.

2nd—W. Tanner, G. Oickle, R. Rudolf, R. Conrad, Wm. Pyke, R. Young, D. Whynacht, W. Thurlow, G. Vickers, (Coach); E. Eisnor, (Teacher).

BASKETBALL

Basketball got under way late in January. A South Shore League was formed, with five teams competing for honors. Each team plays every team in the League twice. The team with the best record will be South Shore champions. Our boys are not doing too well, having lost three and won only one. However, the season is young and the team will undoubtedly pull up its socks.

This year was also a notable one for the girls of L. A. They are taking part in all the sports except hockey. In soccer, the girls had a team for the first time. They participated in the South Shore League and gave a good account of themselves.

A large number of girls turned out for curling this year. They had games with other schools and did very well.

Girls' basketball is in full swing. They are in a league competing with teams from Centre, Hebbville, New Germany and Bridgewater. The girls have won only one game out of four, but hopes are high for bettering this record.

It is good to see so many of the girls taking part in school sports. We wish all the L. A. teams the best of luck, and to the teams of future, we say this: "Fight hard, but clean, and don't let the 'old school' down."



JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

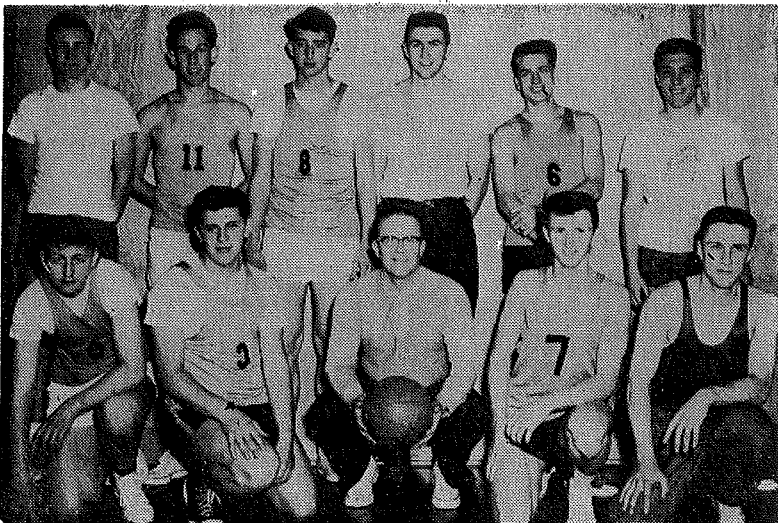
1st—D. Whynacht, S. Corkum, A. Mitchell, L. Falkenham, L. Zinck, C. Knickle, M. Young.

2nd—A. M. Backman, (Coach); S. Keeping, S. Levy, C. Smith, H. Thompson, I. Menssen, J. Spindler, Karen Wentzell, J. Corkum.



JUNIOR H. S. GIRLS' BASKETBALL

- 1st—S. Lohnes, C. Bower, J. Tanner, S. Levy, I. Menssen, C. Smith, S. Oickle, K. Wentzell, A. M. Backman, (Coach),
 2nd—J. Zinck, L. Whynacht, K. Stoddard, S. Meisner, C. Crouse, D. Conrad, C. Zinck, E. Savory, C. Knickle.
 3rd—P. Meisner, S. Eagar, J. Ritcey, H. Kohler, J. Joudrey, L. Dares, T. Sodero, K. Berringer, D. Richards.



BOYS INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL TEAM

- 1st—R. Booth, D. Whynacht, I. Campbell, (Coach); V. Domonix, A. Glover,
 2nd—R. Folvie, P. Winters, C. Herman, D. Morash, A. Rudolf, G. Oickle.



JUNIOR BOYS' H. S. BASKETBALL TEAM

1st—L. Cook, B. Hatt, J. Tanner, C. Anderson, D. Crouse, J. Wentzell, G. Rhuland.

2nd—Mr. Andrews, (Teacher); B. Bower, (Coach); R. Whynacht, C. Cook, J. D. Veinot, T. O'Connor, P. Langille, R. Knickle, D. Meisner, (Coach).



INTERMEDIATE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

1st—(Left to Right): N. Morash, G. Smith, J. Spindler, E. Pyke, L. Falkenham, A. Dares.

2nd—G. Vickers, (Coach); D. Whynacht, M. Whynacht, L. Zinck, M. Whynacht, S. Keeping, A. M. Backman, (Coach).

ANNUAL SOUTH SHORE HIGH SCHOOL BONSPIEL

by Diane Lohnes '62

To the skirl of the bagpipes, the first South Shore Bonspiel began, on Saturday, March 18, as enthusiastic curlers paraded around the rink eager to begin the roaring game. This new curling event was due to the interest of Dr. Aubrey Tupper, who presented a fine trophy for annual competition between the South Shore High schools. After a warm welcome by Mayor Wood to the two visiting towns, Bridgewater and Liverpool, setting the atmosphere for a day of friendly competition, Dr. Tupper delivered the first rock to the four-foot circle and the bonspiel was under way.

The morning draw saw Lunenburg and Bridgewater competing with two boys' and girls' teams from each place. This resulted in a split. The L.A. rinks skipped by Ronald Wentzell and Clyde Cantelope gave up both their games to Bridgewater: 8-5 and 6-4, while skips Sheila Conrad and Dianne Lohnes led their girl teams to 11-8 and 8-5 victories.

Following the morning draw, a most fitting dinner of fish chowder was served to the hungry curlers. Here, the boys and girls who played against one another, sat down to eat, side by side. From the laughter and buzz of voices it could be seen that everyone was having a good time. On the suggestion of Mr. Bill Campbell, the curlers gave Dr. Tupper a standing ovation.

In the afternoon play, Lunenburg obtained four straight wins over Liverpool. The boys redeemed themselves in 6-3 and 7-6 games; while the girls proved their ability once again with 15-2 and 6-5 scores. This meant that in the final draw, Bridgewater had to defeat Liverpool in all their four games, in order to tie Lunenburg, while Liverpool with four losses, already was out of the running.

However, the third draw failed to give Bridgewater the necessary wins in their clash with Liverpool. The Bridgewater girls came up with two wins but the boys' one tie and one loss made them concede the trophy to the happy Lunenburg curlers. At the end of play the final standings were:

	W	L	T	Pts.
Lunenburg	6	2	0	12
Bridgewater	4	3	1	9
Liverpool	2	5	1	5

Dr. Tupper's wish had been granted. Lunenburg Academy would be the first to grace the cup. At the conclusion of the day he proudly presented the trophy to the four Lunenburg skips.

We wish to extend our gratitude to Dr. Tupper who shows so much interest in youth by presenting such a fine trophy. It stimulates greater fellowship and friendliness between the towns and created a day to remember.



Mr. Mason to talkative student:
 "Talking comes naturally to you, doesn't it?"

Student: "Why sir, doesn't it come natural to you?"

In Grade IX Science class, discussing electromagnets, Susan Lohnes leaves her seat to ring the bells.

Mr. Eisnor: "Now there's a good example of an electromagnet ringing the bells."

Mr. Campbell (in XI History period): "After you know the heading of each paragraph, just remember a skeleton of the idea."

Sheldon: "Then you'll get a skeleton of a mark."

Curler to Ronnie W.: "There must be a dip in the ice; my stone rolled off."

Ronnie: "Didn't you adjust the ice at the other end?"

Curler: "No! should I have?"

Mr. Collins, taking the attendance, noticed that there were a few students absent. "Is there anything going on this afternoon?"

Creighton M.: "We have an English 'B' test."

Mr. Mason took his exam paper to the stenographer to have it typed.

Stenographer: "Mr. Mason; that's the same exam you gave last year."

Mr. Mason: "I know, but I've changed the answers."

Chris. H.: "I don't eat raspberries."

Mr. Campbell: "Why not?"

Chris. H.: "I don't like worms."

Mr. Campbell: "You're not a nature lover."

Miss Westhaver in English class: "Give me a sentence to show the use of the term 'due to'."

Dorothy W.: "In Lunenburg, we get rain, fog, and dew too."

Mr. Campbell: "Ann-Marie, stop running your fingers through George's hair."

Ann-Marie: "I wasn't, I was putting ink on his neck."

Mr. Campbell: "I thought you were, but I wanted you to admit it."

Mary Lee, signaling to Lee D. across the room.

Mr. Collins: "That's it, Mary, keep practicing. I'll get you a set of flags."

Mr. Campbell: "I took a vacation this weekend. I didn't do a stitch of work!"

Ronnie W.: "Neither did I."

Mary Lee: "That's an awfully cute boy who works in the morgue!"

Ann-Marie: "Yes, he can bury me any time."

Miss Westhaver, hearing that David T. lost his two front teeth playing hockey with the "Flying

Dutchmen", "He must have been flying too high!"

Ann-Marie: "My gosh Lee; do you know what's over the whole school?"

Lee D.: "What? What?"

Ann-Marie: "The roof!"

Mr. Campbell discussing the witches scene in Macbeth: "Hecate is the queen of witches."

Derrill H.: "A sort of witch's witch, eh?"

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF GRADE XII

We, the students of Grade XII, being of sound (?) minds and vigorous bodies, do hereby leave the following:

GLENNIE KNICKLE leaves his "box" seat to any "square" who wants it. LESLIE MASON leaves his important job of winding the Grade XII clock to Ronnie Wentzell.

ALICE CONRAD leaves her composure and quiet nature to Marion Falkenhay (who is easily flustered).

GEORGE BLACK leaves to Mr. Mason his love for hockey, plus two broken hockey sticks.

"COOKIE" leaves her love for playing the drums to Chris Comstock in hopes he will practice hard.

ELWARD CROUSE leaves his dimpled knees to Gary Tanner.

ROBERTA HYNICK leaves her French books to the school furnace.

ELIZABETH PYKE leaves her supply of gum to Jimmy Eagar.

DERRILL HYNICK leaves his habit of mumbling to himself to Miss Westhaver so that she can get rid of it.

DOROTHY WENTZELL leaves her sunny smile to Colgate Toothpaste ads.

CREIGHTON MYRA leaves the little pieces of chalk he loves to throw, to Sheldon Mossman in hopes that Sheldon will improve his aim.

PETER WINTERS leaves his "mad" magazines to the school library so that everyone will be able to benefit (?) from such noteworthy literature.

GLENDA SMITH leaves her love for Blue Rocks to Donnie Morash.

ALAN GLOVER leaves his ability to stick his feet out in the aisle in hopes of tripping someone, to Chris Herman.

SHEILA CONRAD leaves her parking place in the schoolyard to Vernon Dominix and hopes he doesn't get any dented fenders.

MARY LEE NAAS leaves her sense of humor to anyone who "gets out on the wrong side of the bed" in the morning.

JOANNE KNICKLE leaves her job of starting the class off on "O Canada" to Sheldon Mossman.

ANN-MARIE GRAY leaves her free periods in the Library to Karen Wentzell so that she too, may take in the scenery on Brook Street.

PETER CORNU leaves his nervous habit of wiggling his legs to Franklin Himmelman so that Franklin can shake the floor.

CAROLYN TANNER leaves her Chemistry books to Mr. Mason.

GERALDINE LEVY leaves her long hair to the Costume Committee of the Operetta so they can make lots of moustaches.

NANCY MORASH leaves her ability to pay attention in class, no matter what might be going on in other parts of the room, to Billy Woundy.

KEN HILTZ leaves nothing, as he wishes to take everything (including his fan club) back to Chester with him.

LEE DEMONE leaves her habit of talking across the room to Janet Knickle in hopes that Janet won't get caught.

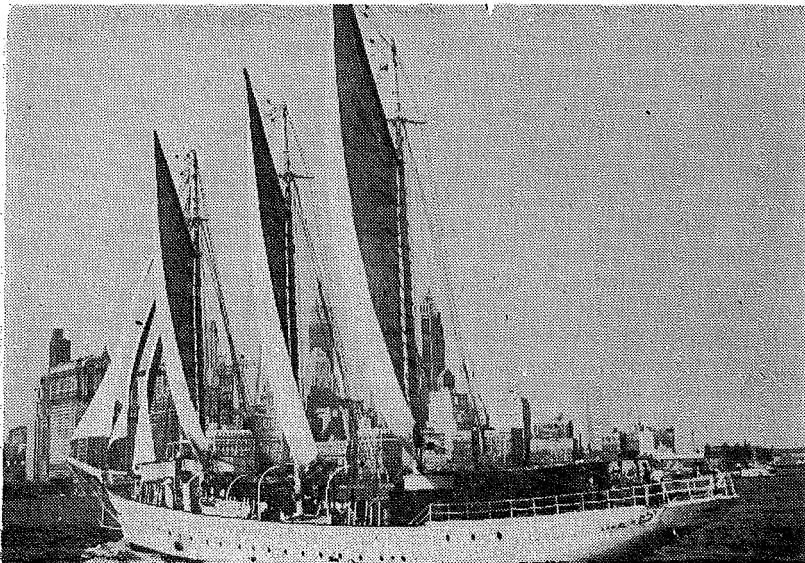
We, the members of the Grade XII class leave to Grade XI, the joys (?) of Mr. Mason's Chemistry classes.

To the other High School grades we leave our habit of going to Kinley's after school.

"We leave with smiles, but we'll shed a few tears

We leave with hopes, but we have a few fears

And our memories of school will last through the years."



The Vema

LUNENBURG ACADEMY REPRESENTATIVE SONGS

The Three Stars — Gilbert O., Byron T., and Peter R.
Walk, Don't Run — eh, Mr. Mason?
You Talk Too Much — Cordell L.
Smoke Get's in Your Eyes — Grade X in Lab.
The Girls Can't Help It — Lunenburg Academy Girls.
My Heart is an Open Book — says Margaret Y.
Don't — keep us after school.
It's Late — Grade X, last period, Monday A. M.
40 Miles of Bad Road — all around the schoolhouse.
Everyday — "Exams" are getting closer.
Be My Guest — or — Stay after school!
Where the Boys Are — in the poolroom.
Walk Right Back — and get your excuse.
Witch Doctor — Alan G. in Lab.
I'm Learning About Love — in Biology Lab.
My Empty Arms — I dropped my text-books.
White Lightning — Elward's cough medicine.
The All American Boy — Mr. Campbell.
Wonderland by Night — our High School Dances.
All Shook Up — Any grade before a test.
Rocking and Rolling Ocean — Grade X boys when they make the floor
vibrate.
Ghost Riders — Past Exams.
Wheels — Grade XI cars.
Let's Think About Living — it up at our High School Dances.
I Want to be Wanted — By the truant officer.
Poetry in Motion — Cookie's wiggle.
This Old (School) House — Lunenburg Academy.
Hernando's Hide-Away — Kinley's after school.
Alone at Last — when the Teacher leaves the room.
Please Help Me I'm Falling — who pushed over my box seat?
Before This Day Ends — I'll be expelled.
Heart to Heart Talk — when Mr. Collins calls you in the office.
The Same Street — the school, the morgue, and the cemetery.
Chain Gang — Grade XII Class.
Let's Go, Let's Go, Let's Go — The Last bell just rang.
Sleep — It's Social Problems period.
I Wish I'd Never Been Born — what an exam!
One Finger Melody — Mr. Collins at the typewriter.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

- When Mr. Campbell expanded his chest and popped a button?
- The fires in Grade XII Chemistry Lab.?
- Our Hilarious P.T. Classes?
- The morning in Grade 10 when Mr. Mason sat on the blackboard compass?
- The time "Cookie" played the drums in the school orchestra?
- The day Grade XI was counting the holes in the ceiling?
- Mr. Mason and Aileen M. at the Christmas dance?
- The day someone upset David Tanner's box seat with him in it?
- When the power was off and cow bells were used to signal the changing of classes?
- The time Mr. Mason said, "Can anyone prove this geometry exercise without a proof?"

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

- Donnie Morash's gas bill if Blue Rocks were 50 miles away?
- Peter Cornu staying out of the poolroom?
- George Black walking fast?
- Having Mr. Mason without someone losing 10 points?
- Mr. Campbell not marching around the room?
- Chris Herman not making queer noises in class?
- Grade XI with their box seats nailed to the floor?
- George Black showing a sincere interest in Social Problems period?
- Elward Crouse married?
- Certain members of Grade XII not going to Kinley's after school?
- Mr. Campbell not talking about when he was on a survey?
- Mr. Andrews admitting that female took preference over male in French articles?
- An "accident free" Chemistry lab. period for Grade XII?
- Ann-Marie and Cookie not reading their love letters?
- Silence in the Library?
- Mary Lee Naas and Lee Demone with laryngitis?
- Grade XI boys without their cars?
- Glenda and Dorothy not talking about Blue Rocks?

"A" CLASS PROPHECY

by Lee DeMone, Elizabeth Pyke '61

As I walked briskly along a busy San Francisco street, my thoughts were interrupted when I saw a familiar face coming towards me. I tried to recollect who the person was, and suddenly remembering, I shouted, "Elizabeth!"

Her face lit up in recognition and she grasped my hand. "Lee! After all these years!"

We immediately took refuge in a secluded restaurant, and began to reminisce about all that had happened since our last meeting. Elizabeth was very anxious to tell me about the fates of my Grade XII classmates, but I interrupted her long enough to ask what she was now doing herself.

"Oh," she replied off-handedly, "I'm married to that tall Texas rancher I always talked about in school. We have three boys and a corral of horses, and I'm up at dawn every morning exercising them."

Once Elizabeth had satisfied my curiosity, I let her ramble on. "You remember Carolyn Tanner?" she ventured. I nodded. "She's a school teacher now. I think she really enjoys the work, but I hear she's had some close shaves with the more active of her youngsters. She almost lost her hair once, when a little boy threw a wad of gum at her sweater and missed."

Before I could utter a comment, Elizabeth continued. "Of course you've heard about Nancy," she said. "That poor girl is down in the South Sea Islands teaching Canadian cooking methods to the cannibals there."

To contribute something to the conversation, I began to tell Elizabeth about Leslie Mason's active life, when she cut me short with "And guess what happened to Geraldine Levy? She finally married Glen Knickle, but his career as a golf pro was short-lived, when he discovered his day began at six and ended at ten. Geraldine maintains the family though, by bringing home free samples ever so often."

"To continue about Leslie," I broke in, when Elizabeth paused for a breath. "They say he's Canada's hope for an Olympic swimming title. If you happened to be around at four o'clock any morning, you'd see him sprinting around the block on his daily program of exercise."

"And Dorothy Wentzell and Joanne Knickle," Elizabeth went on, apparently oblivious to the fact that I had spoken, "have been travelling around the world for the past twenty years. After they completed their nurse's training, they decided to vary their scenery a little (and maybe meet some more men). Strange to say, neither of them has married yet!"

With this last revelation, Elizabeth seemed to come back to reality once again and apologized for her inattention. She had been so engrossed in her thoughts that she hardly realized I had been speaking.

"My, a lot has happened since we last met," she commented. "There's only one person I can recall who achieved fame, though, and that's Peter Cornu. He was a smash hit in Hollywood until his tenth marriage. Then he seemed to lose some of his public appeal. I sure hope he stops before it's too late..... Maybe I'm wrong when I say Peter Cornu was the only one

to achieve fame," Elizabeth stated musingly. "Peter Winters is well-known too. He was engaged in nineteen sixty-four to marry Cookie, but when Keith stepped in he was heartbroken. He turned to his only talent, and after he was run out of town several times because of his awful guitar, he became known as the Wandering Minstrel. Cookie just settled down as the devoted and obedient wife of her beloved Keith."

"What ever happened to Cookie's friends, Mary Lee and Alice?" I asked. "Those three were so close in school."

After a moment's reflection, Elizabeth sadly described Mary Lee's plight. "You know how much that girl enjoyed talking? Well, she calls square dances on Tim Texan's Travelling Ranch Party and Rodeo Party now. Alice was more fortunate. She married an ambassador, and is now the proud mother of two children.

"That's remarkable," I admitted, "but I know some news that should really stagger you. You remember how Ann-Marie Grey and Alan Glover used to fight in school? Apparently they've teamed up in the work-a-day world. He photographs beautiful women and she transfers the pictures he takes to wallpaper. It's really a very profitable business."

"Speaking of teaming up," Elizabeth continued. "Do you remember Derrill and Roberta Hynick? They're a bridge team now. He works out bridge plays and she writes them down. One of their books made the Best Sellers' list."

"I always knew Derrill had brains," I said. "Puddles Crouse didn't do quite so well, but he's making out. You recall how he used to conduct our Grade XII Physical Training Classes? The experience he gained there must have influenced him in his career. He runs a muscle building stadium for both men and women. Some of his pupils have actually been runners-up in the Mr. Canada contest."

"George Black always used to chum around with Puddles, didn't he? How's he doing?" I inquired.

"Oh, good old George is in the newspaper business," replied Elizabeth. "He came up the hard way. I remember when he used to deliver our paper. My, those were the days!"

I agreed heartily! Suddenly, my mind wandered back to the boy who had entered our grade in the last year of high school, Ken Hiltz. I had often wondered what became of him. Elizabeth obligingly informed me that he had established himself as a travelling salesman, a profession which no doubt emerged due to his trips home every second week. A pattern formed in childhood is hard to break.

My question concerning Ken must have brought to her mind his companion, Creighton Myra. "Creighton certainly did well," Elizabeth remarked. "His skill as a hockey goalie eventually caused him to become manager of an important team. However, I hear he's had some difficulty. His fights with the various referees have almost had him suspended at times. Poor Creighton! He always did hate referees."

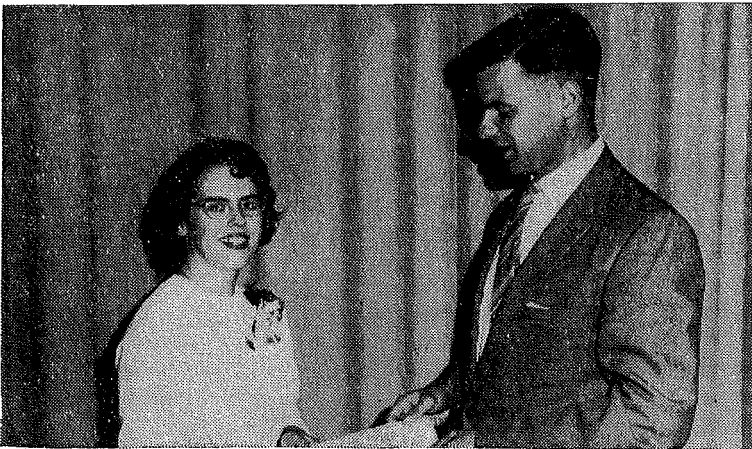
"And Glenda Smith used to love Blue Rocks as passionately as Creighton hated referees," Elizabeth continued. "She never did settle down in any

one place. She's been in half the seaports on the continent trying to catch up with Wilson, who joined the navy the day she graduated."

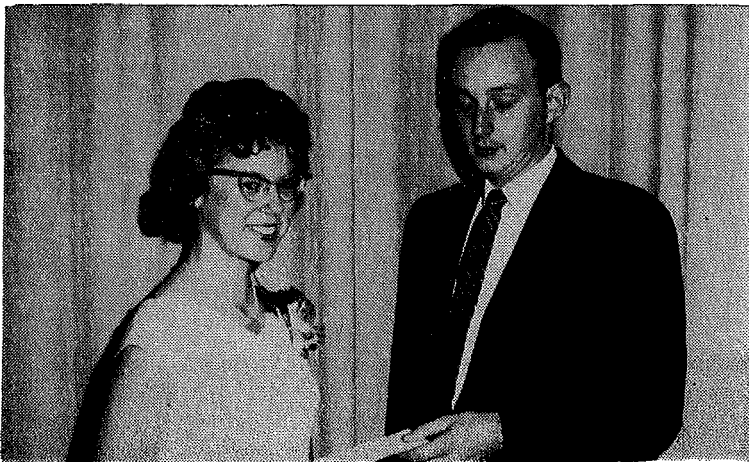
"Sheila Conrad didn't stay in one place very long, either," Elizabeth went on. "She got married a few years ago, after a varied career as secretary to some of the most important men in our country. I guess she got tired of moving from knee to knee!"

"Oh, good heavens, Elizabeth," I interrupted suddenly. "My gossip column is supposed to make the afternoon paper, or I'll lose my job. I have to dash."

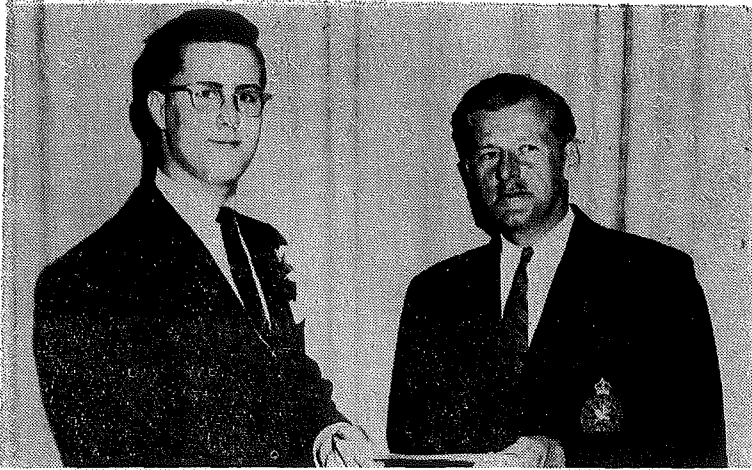
We parted then, and each went our separate ways, after a most enjoyable and informative half-hour.



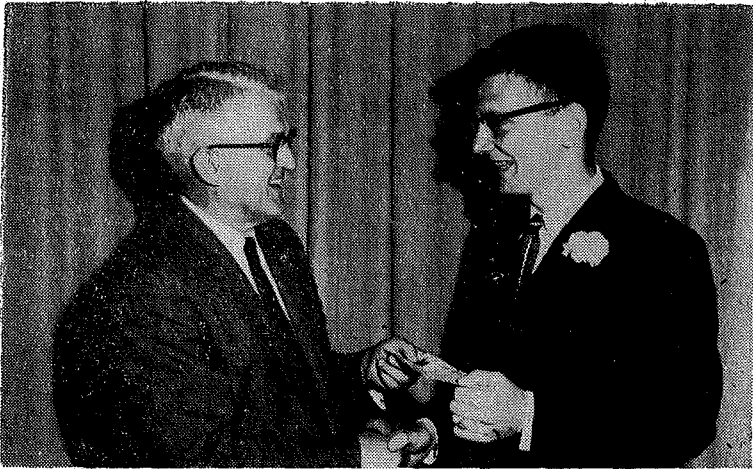
Presentation of Kinsmen Scholarship by James Tupper to Rosalie Beck.



Presentation of Jaycee Scholarship — Judith Crouse, E. Gerhardt.

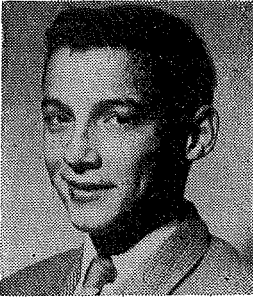


Presentation of Legion Scholarship — G. Creighton, H. Haughn.



Presentation of Public Speaking Prize from CKBW to Lawrence Saunders.

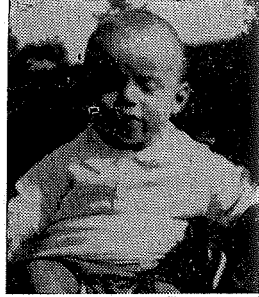
BIOGRAPHIES - GRADE XII



Kenneth Roy Hiltz - "Ken"

"Why take life seriously?
You'll never get out of it
alive."

Ken was washed in from the shores of Chester this year. Besides teasing Cookie, Ken plays hockey, and has done some studying. He has plans for getting the treasure at Oak Island. Ken might be a Teacher.



**Derrill Charles Hynick
"Ichabod"**

"Quid — me vobiscum?
What, me worry?"

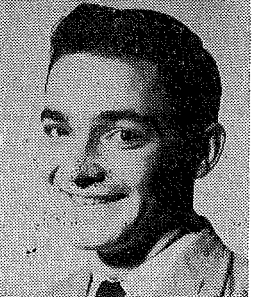
Derrill has played in the school orchestra, and took part in soccer. This year he did a fine job as a Business Manager of the Sea Gull. Derrill plans to take engineering at Dalhousie.



**Roberta Fileen Hynick
"Ritz"**

"She never had much to say
But we liked her pleasing
way."

Although she is one of the quieter members of the class, she has found time to participate in curling and Choral Club. Plans for the future - Nursing.



**Glennville Keith Knickle
"Glennie"**

"A manly smile, a steady
grin, some pep, some
brains, he's sure to win."

Although he is a hard worker, Glenn has found time to play in the school orchestra, and take part in sports. He was a key player in the hockey team that won Headmaster laurels. He plans to attend College next year.





Joanne May Knickle
"Joey"

"Pretty blush, a winning smile
Joking and carefree all the while."

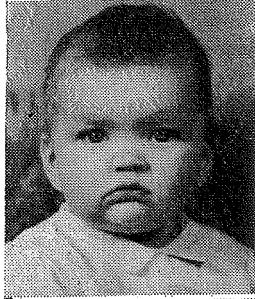
"Joey" has taken a keen interest in music, and in various operettas. This year she was the Co-Manager of the magazine sales. Joanne's goal - nursing at the V. G. Hospital.



Grethe Edna Kristiansen
"Cookie"

"An unused halo quickly tarnishes."

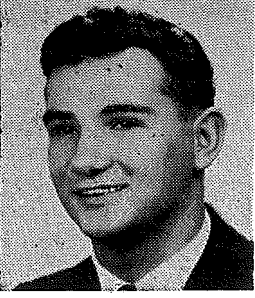
Grethe has taken part in several operettas. Her other activities have included curling, Choral Club, and the School Orchestra. Cookie's plans to become a nurse.



Geraldine Patsy Levy
"Gerry"

"What treasures oft are hid behind a veil of silence."

Gerry has been a hard worker. She has participated in curling, and Choral Club. She was treasurer of the Junior Red Cross. A career in banking for her.



Leslie Cecil Mason - "Les"

"Blessed is he who sits on a tack,
For he shall achieve great heights."

Leslie has been our Fire Chief, who has guarded the Academy from flames. He took part in the 1960 Christmas Operetta and has been an active curler. He plans to teach.





Nancy Ellen Morash - "Nan"

"The harvest of her sowing will be bountiful."

Nancy has had time for such activities as basketball and Choral Club. This year she has been Co-President of the Athletic Association, Captain of the Girls' Basketball team. Nancy is interested in becoming a "School Marm."



James Creighton Myra "Creighton"

"The early birds may have their worms; I'd rather sleep."

As goalie of the High School hockey team, he has become known as the "Masked Marvel." He was Co-President of the Athletic Association. He plans a career in banking.



Mary Lee Naas - "Mary"

"I can resist anything but temptation."

She has been the hard working pianist for the Choral Club, the school orchestra, and has participated in curling. We are sure Mary will get along fine in X-Ray Technology.



Elizabeth Ellen Pyke - "Liz"

"Like sodium on water. She is always active."

Elizabeth has played basketball, taken part in the Choral Club, and various operettas. This year she has done a fine job as Co-Editor of the Sea Gull. Elizabeth is considering a career in nursing.

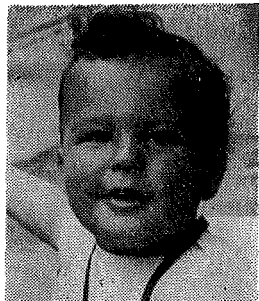




George Mac Gregor Black
"Tricky"

"If we learn by our mistakes I must be a genius."

George has been here for some time. Active in sports, he has taken part in hockey and soccer. His future lies in the field of accountancy.



Alice Marguerite Conrad
"Aly"

"Red head and a cheerful smile
A good student all the while."

Alice has been active member of the Choral Club. She has done a fine job as President of the Junior Red Cross, and our Chief Newspaper Reporter. Alice plans to take X-Ray Technology.



Sheila Elaine Conrad
"Sheil"

"Determination, wit and speed —
A gal who's destined to succeed."

Sheila has always been a top student. She has attended Choral Club and taken part in curling. This year she was Co-Editor of the Sea Gull. She plans to attend college.

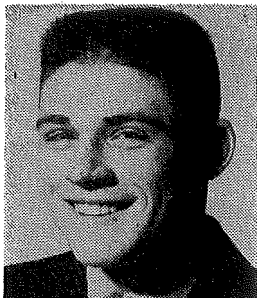


Peter Wallace Cornu
"Pete"

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

"Pete U-Corn" has been tramping up the Academy steps for a long time. Peter for Commerce.





Elward Charles Crouse
"Puddles"

"All the great men are dying off,
And I don't feel so well myself."

Puddles has kept busy with sports. He is a Business Manager of the Sea Gull. Elward plans to join one of the services.



Lee Winifred Demone
"Lee"

"Much pleasure can be found in talking."

Lee breezed into Lunenburg Academy in grade 5. She is a curler and a member of the Choral Club. Lee plans to take her Nurse's training at the Montreal General.



Allan Stewart Glover
"Glove"

"I believe that woman will be the last thing civilized by man."

Allan joined us this year from King's College School. He has taken part in soccer, and is a valuable basketball player. Allan plans to attend college.



Ann-Marie Gray - "Blondie"

"A dillar, a dollar
A cute little scholar."

Ann-Marie missed one year with our class. She is a Choral Club member, and curling is her sport. She heads the Special Features for the Sea Gull. She aims at an Applied Arts Course.





Glenda Marion Smith
"Glen"

"Talkative and full of fun
Indeed, she's liked by every-
one."

Glenda is an ardent bas-
ket player who was elected
Assistant Captain of the
team this year. Glenda
plans to take a commercial
course at Bridgewater.



Carolyn Janice Tanner
"Car"

"I only ask that Fortune
send
A little more than I can
spend."

Carolyn trudged to school
with the originals. She has
participated in curling and
Choral Club. She plans to
take X-Ray Technology.



Dorothy Clarid Wentzell
"Wentzy"

"Smile with an intent to do
mischief."

This year Dorothy held
the position of treasurer for
the Students' Council. She
has been a member of the
Choral Club. Nursing at
the V. G. Hospital for her.



Charles Peter Winters
"Pete"

"The big 'M' today is
Money."

Pete served as President
of the Students' Council this
year. He participated in
the school soccer and basket-
ball teams. He was also a
member of the school or-
chestra. Pete plans to
study engineering at Dal-
housie University.





GRADE VIII

- 1st—T. Sodero, S. Silver, S. Conrad, S. Lace, N. Dauphinee, K. Berringer, D. Richards.
 2nd—E. Wood, D. Rhuland, S. Oickle, M. Campbell, J. DeMone, B. MacKenzie, L. Langille, L. Dares.
 3rd—J. Tanner, K. Wentzell, L. Mason, C. Zinck, D. Forbes, L. Schmare, E. Forbes, S. Hicking.
 4th—B. DeMone, C. Anderson, D. Beck, D. Winters, R. Whynacht, R. Risser, M. Pittman, D. Falkenham, L. Cook, L. Cook.
 5th—C. Cook, W. Hall, C. Corkum, M. De la Ronde, S. Mitchell, P. Langille, W. Tanner, T. O'Connor, G. Whynacht.



GRADE IX

- 1st—S. Levy, M. Brushett, I. Meussen, S. Lohnes, C. Bower, J. Joudrey, J. Manthorne, R. Pittman, J. Anderson, S. Grandy.
2nd—B. Feener, C. Johnson, S. Keeping, J. Anderson, S. Corkum, L. Falkenham, J. Spindler, L. Zinec, C. Smith, A. Mitchell.
3rd—C. Thurlow, S. De la Ronde, P. Chenhall, R. Levy, D. Fraser, C. Comstock, F. Himmelman, R. MacDuff, P. Eagar.
4th—W. Nodding, G. Upham, R. Daniels, R. Black, R. Booth, B. Pyke, J. Creighton, R. Conrad, D. Winters, D. Conrad, D. Whynacht, W. Thurlow, M. Adair.



GRADE X (Left to Right)

1st—R. Dauphinee, E. Hardiman, W. Crouse, M. Young, D. Whynacht.

2nd—F. Beck, H. Thompson, J. Corkum, M. Whynacht, H. Cornu.

3rd—A. Dares, Roy Young, Robert Young, W. Cook, W. Hillier, J. Tanner.

4th—L. Tanner, R. Strawbridge, D. Afford, R. Folvik, G. Oickle, P. Rudolf, B. Tanner.



GRADE XI

1st—J. Eagar, H. Bailly, B. Levy, M. Whynacht, S. Naas, F. Wood.

2nd—S. Walters, J. Knickle, M. Falkenham, S. Haughn, M. Crouse, D. Lohnes.

3rd—A. Rudolf, C. Van Der Toorn, V. Domonix, R. Crouse, R. Wentzell, D. Tanner.

4th—C. Cantelope, C. Herman, S. Mossman, D. Morash, G. Conrad, D. Whynacht.



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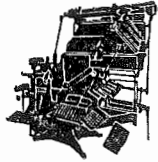
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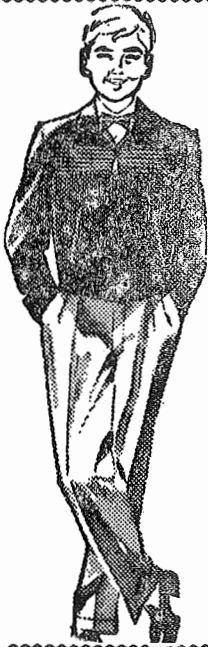


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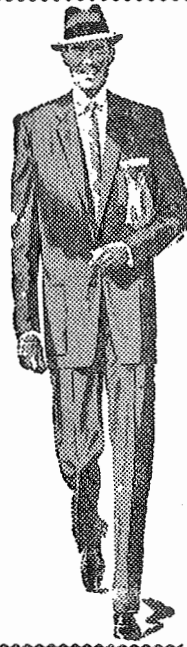
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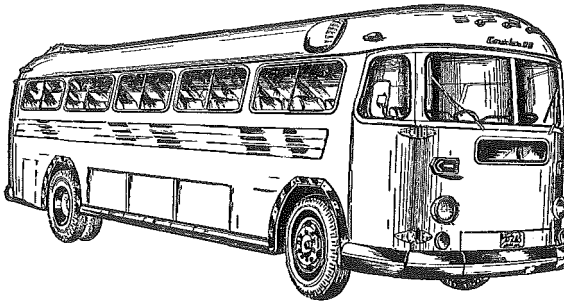
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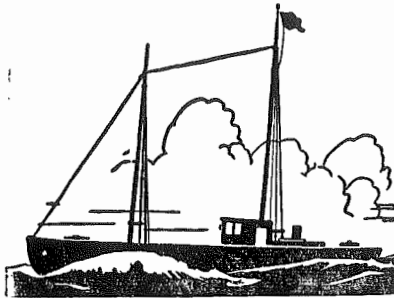
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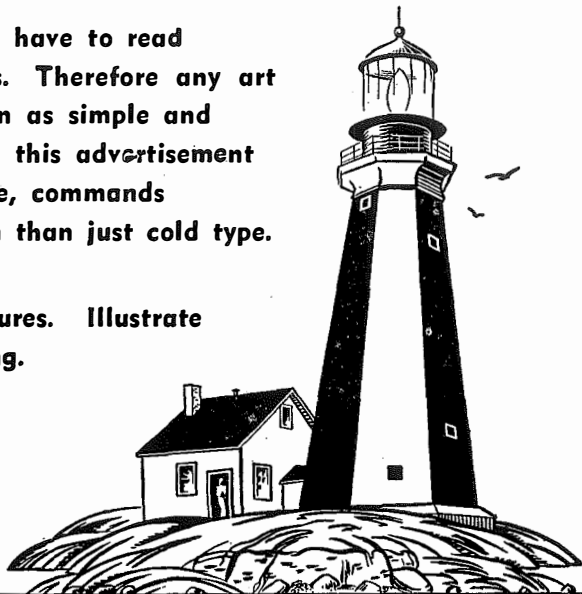


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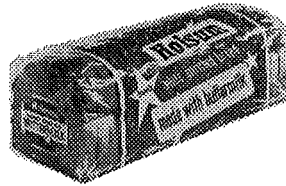
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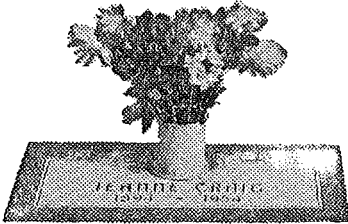
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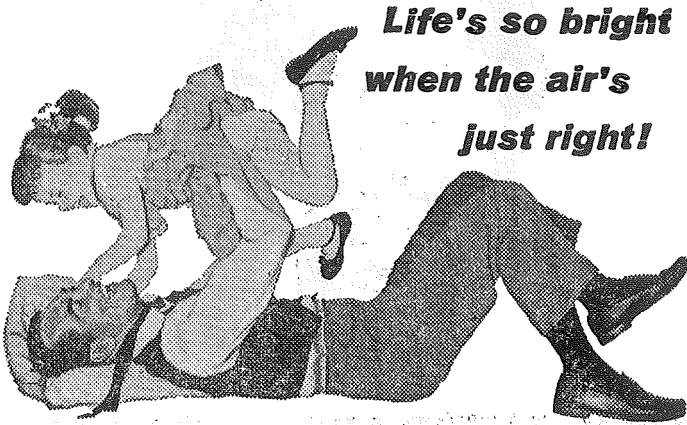
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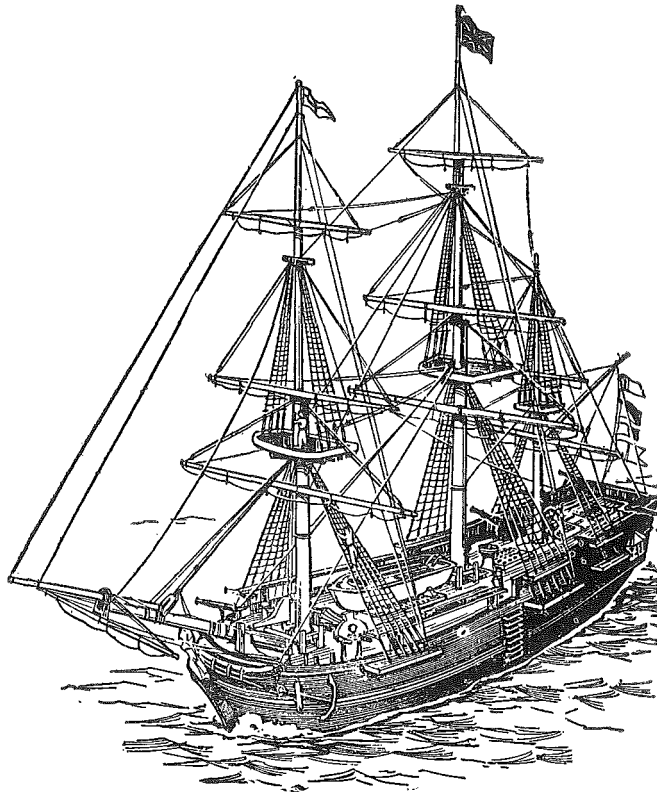
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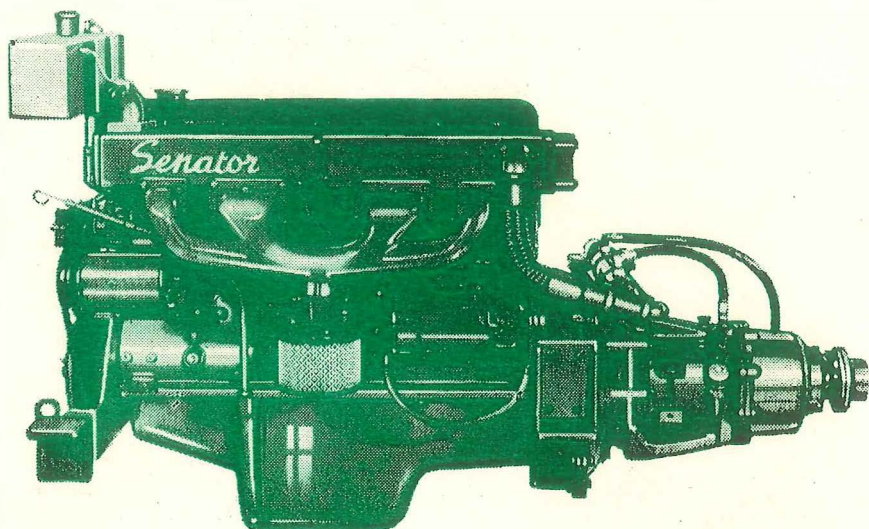
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