

# *The* SEA GULL



**LUNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK**

*Animis Opibusque Parati*

1962

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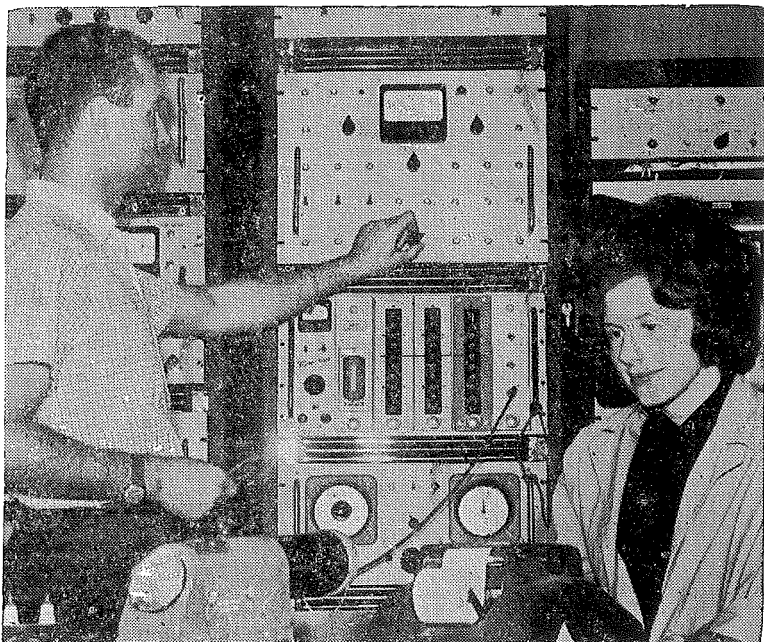
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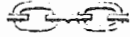
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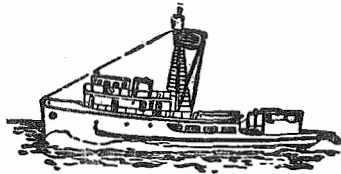
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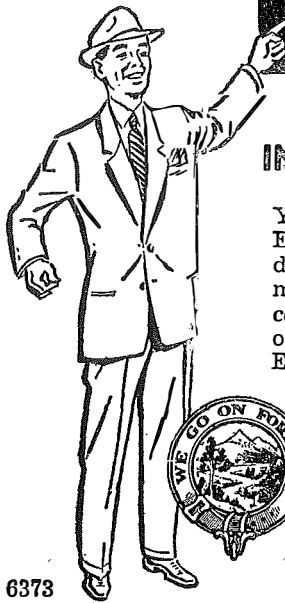
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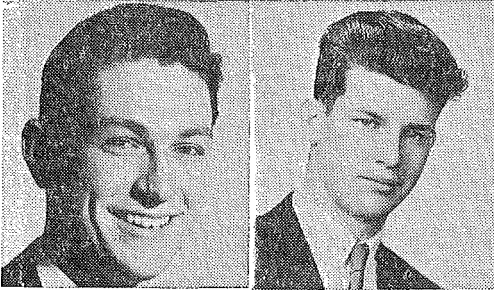
MARGARET I. OLIVER



ERNEST EIGNOR

## JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

## MESSAGES FROM THE OFFICERS



It has been our privilege to act as business managers of the '62 edition. We would like to thank Mr. Collins and the assistant business managers, as well as the various firms and establishments, whose patronage has been extended to us, for their full co-operation.

**Richard Crouse**  
**Frederick Wood**

It has been a joy for me to serve as President of the Junior Red Cross this year.

I would like to thank the Teachers, community, students and executive for their co-operation in our projects.

**Betty Ann Levy**



It has indeed been a privilege to serve as President of the Students' Council. I have gained valuable experience which will always be useful to me. I would also like to take the opportunity to thank the Council and students who co-operated with me in different projects.

**Sammy Walters**

As co-editors of the Sea Gull, we feel that the experience received in this position has been invaluable. We hope that our 1962 editors will continue the successful tradition of years. This will not be possible without the long hours of work contributed by teachers and pupils, whom we gratefully thank.

**Marion Falkenham**  
**Dianne Lohnes**





Time is the raw material of life and Success is contingent upon our effective use of the Time given us. It is the most precious of all things to those who seek to do things, to enjoy life, to prepare today for better achievement tomorrow.

Time is an asset which we cannot lightly afford to waste. The habit of wasting it is like a sullen weed, spreading greedily over our lives. It may show itself in speaking idly, in staring at nothing, in stalling before beginning a task.

Time may be saved by forming proper habits.

The only way to defeat the tyranny of time and bring any kind of excellence to our use of it is to break down the barrier of inertia, bad planning and hazy objectives.

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

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# "The Sea Gul"

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**VOL. 28 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1962 NO. 27**

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“Memory like the ivy clings  
To olden times and ways and things.”

As our 1962 Sea Gull goes to press after long hours of tedious work, memories of the many years spent at Lunenburg Academy are recalled to the graduating class.

Twelve years ago, when we first started climbing the ladder of knowledge, we knew little of what lay beyond, but the burning desire to see what is on the next rung has brought us near the top. As eager primer class children we toddled along to our first day at school. This was the beginning of growing up. How different it seemed to be under the guidance of someone other than our parents! As the years passed by, we not only grew in wisdom but also learned something which is more valuable--the ability to make friends and live with people.

Thus, we realize that school is not just a place of learning from books. Since experience is one of the best teachers, it is apparent now, almost too late for some, that the many mistakes and hardships suffered during the climb up the ladder of learning have been as much a part of our learning as the hours of study.

Many may recall a teacher who made things unpleasant. To our undeveloped minds this was someone who didn't care about us at all. Now, as we look back and see the experience received, we can only say “thank you” to one who cared enough to teach us.

The tears have been forgotten and only happy thoughts of our days in Common School remain. The Hallowe'en and Valentine parties, those good old snowball fights and games of tag proved to be a start on the road to good sportsmanship. Then there was the thrill of writing that first word followed by a feeling of accomplishment. Yes, all these and many more make us envy those small fry who see playing on the grounds every day.

Examinations! This was a word dreaded by everyone. It was the time when our “sins caught up with us”. They either meant the joy and satisfaction of grading or the sorrows of failing. How often did we wish for some other method of determining our future.

Perhaps the biggest step in our school life was climbing over the bump



to High School. Now we seemed to be closer to our goal. Lessons grew harder and nights of study longer. Yet I can assuredly say that many began to take a greater interest in school and its activities. For others, it was a time of letting down. We are sorry to have seen them leave us.

Throughout the years of High School we began to accept responsibility. Offices on the Students' Council and Red Cross helped prepare us for life to come. The anticipation and excitement of producing an operetta year after year, still lingers in our minds. Socially, also, each person matured. The thought of that first date to a school dance will always bring back pleasant memories.

As the seasons flew by with the wonderful Christmas, Easter and summer vacations, and our class became smaller, we became more like a family striving for one particular purpose--to improve ourselves. Together we fought for the glory of old L. A. in sports.

As for the year gone by, it is one we shall never forget. It is the last of our childhood days and the first of our adult days. At graduation each will go his separate way with only the memories of class problems, our first performance on T.V., exhibition parade and exciting lab. sessions to remind him of Grade XII. We are sorry to see these days go but happy to be going on to the greater rewards of life. We are looking to you who have already passed this way for a helping hand.

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

is dedicated to

*Mr. Clarence J. Morrow*

President, National Sea Products, Ltd.



- "Canadian businessmen will agree that if the farmers, fishermen, miners, loggers and labor in the industries processing native raw materials are prosperous, everybody can do business and get along."
- "Anyone who performs the function of initiation, organization, planning, and accepts the risks of success or failure is an entrepreneur." We feel that Mr. Clarence J. Morrow, in his career, illustrates enterprise and management in their best sense.
- The new fish plant on Battery Point is an expansion that should stimulate the entire area. Mr. Morrow has played a prominent part in the development of these plans, which are so vital to the prosecution of the fishing industry.

# LUNENBURG SEA PRODUCTS LIMITED

Mr. C. J. Morrow, President

Fishing has always played an important part in the development of Lunenburg County. For generations a large fleet of sailing vessels (no power) brought to Lunenburg County ports great quantities of codfish, which they had caught and salted on board. It was not until the 1920's that diesel engines were employed as a means of propulsion. The fish were all caught by hook and line so a large quantity of bait was required. All of the frozen bait used on the early Spring trip was brought in from other parts of the Province and from the United States.

In the 1920's, and earlier, there was talk from time to time along the waterfront that Lunenburg should have a Cold Storage. Attempts were made to get the necessary financial backing but without success until, in 1926, the Directors of W. C. Smith & Co. Ltd. decided to form a Company for the purpose of building a Cold Storage.

Lunenburg Sea Products Limited was incorporated early in 1926 and the Cold Storage was completed and opened in October of that year. The freezing and selling of herring and mackerel bait was to be the chief business of the Company. It was not long before the processing and sale of other fish, in the fresh and frozen state, became more important than bait. Smoked Fillets, Finnan Haddies and Kippered Herring also became important items.

The sale of the Company's products grew steadily, yet it was not all smooth sailing. New problems were cropping up all the time which had to be overcome.

In the early days of the Company an otter trawler was built, the "GERALDINE". This proved to be a losing proposition, and she was converted to a hook and line trawler and renamed the "MAHASKA."

The next venture was a canning plant in 1929. Some very fine products, including fish cakes and chicken haddies were put up. Sales, however, were difficult to make. Fish Cakes, which were to be the principal canned product, had a big sale in the United States, but were not popular in Canada. The Canadian product could not be sold profitably in the United States as the duty was prohibitive. The cannery lost money and after several months trial was closed.

The processing of cod, haddock, etc. into fresh or frozen filets yields about one-third edible fish and two-thirds waste. The first few years the Company operated, the fish waste had to be sold to farmers for fertilizer and sometimes had to be dumped. In 1930 a fish meal plant was built to convert the waste into meal for mixing with other feed for cattle and poultry. There were many headaches before all necessary adjustments were made to get this plant working properly.

The Company made fairly steady progress even through the depression of the early thirties, when the price of fresh cod to the fishermen got down to three-quarter cents per pound in some ports. A high reputation was established for the quality of the Company's products. In order to give better

service to its fresh fish customers, radio telephones were placed on the schooners fishing for the Company and was the first ever used by the industry in Canada. A Radio Telephone Transmitter was installed in the Company's office.

A branch was established in Centreville, Digby County, and, in 1933 an interest in some other fish companies was acquired. In 1936 the Lockeport Co. Ltd. was purchased. This gave the Company control of Nickerson Bros. Ltd., Liverpool; Leonard Bros. Ltd., North Sydney; F. A. Robertson Ltd., Port Mouton; Leonard Fisheries Ltd. and D. Hatton Co., both of Montreal. In the meantime more waterfront property had been acquired at Lunenburg and the Company's operations gradually expanded.

In 1945 the Company and its Associate Companies became part of a new and larger organization, National Sea Products Ltd. and control passed out of the hands of the Smith group. Expansion continued under the new ownership. Two Trawlers, the "CAPE NORTH" and the "CAPE LA HAVE" had been built or were building at the time of the change, and more Trawlers were added to the fleet in the next several years.

Another change in ownership took place in 1953, when Ocean Fisheries Ltd. was formed to buy all the shares of National Sea Products Ltd. This brought control of Lunenburg Sea Products Ltd. back to the Smith group and others. The Lunenburg plant continued to expand. A Cooked Fish Department was added and has become an important part of the Company's operations. Many visitors tour the plant each Summer, and are very complimentary in their remarks about the cleanliness and housekeeping, as well as the care taken to produce good products.

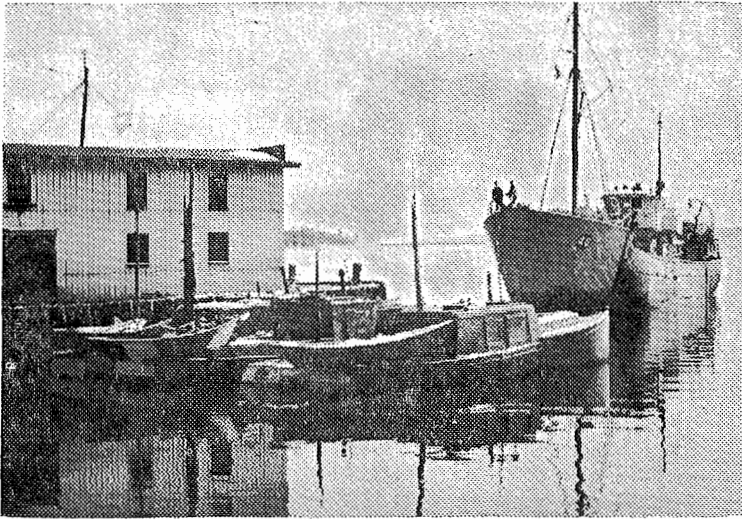
In 1926 it was estimated that the Company might handle 250,000 pounds groundfish yearly in addition to bait. A total of 40,000,000 pounds has been handled in one year. The Directors, in recent years, have felt that the plant had about reached the point where further expansion would not be economically feasible.

A new site has been acquired near the Battery, and the ground is now being prepared for the erection of a new plant. This has been made possible through Industrial Estates Ltd. They will provide the greater part of the Capital for the new plant. This will be repaid over a long period of years.

The new plant will have all the facilities necessary for the operation of a modern, efficient processing plant, including wharves for landing the fish, filleting and packing lines, low temperature freezing, a cold storage capable of holding 6,000,000 lbs., ice making equipment, cooked fish department, fish meal and oil plant, dry storage for packing material etc. and a laboratory for daily testing fish before they are processed as well as testing the finished products. Ample room will be provided for the development of new products. An employees' lunch room will be included and a retail store will also be operated in connection with the plant. The Company expects gradually to expand its Trawler fleet to 15 or 16 and employ about 500 people directly. This would be in addition to the fishermen landing their catches at the plant and the indirect employment that will result.

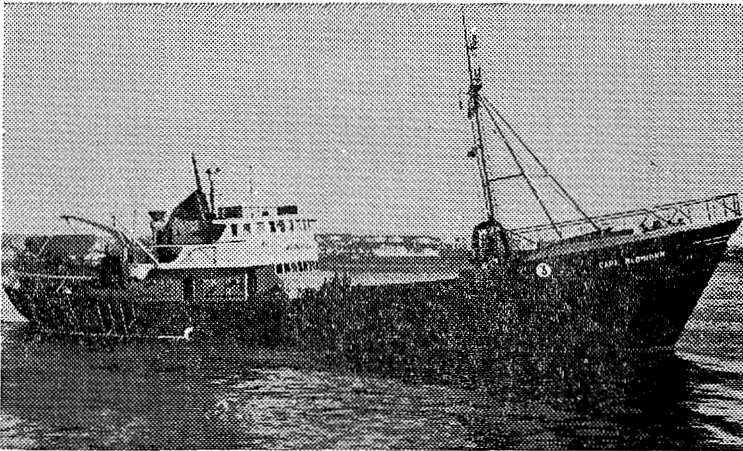
A great many changes have taken place over the years in the processing,

packaging and marketing of fish. Many more will take place in the years to come and the Company will be prepared to meet these changes with its enlarged and modern facilities. It will probably be early 1964 before the new plant is completely finished.

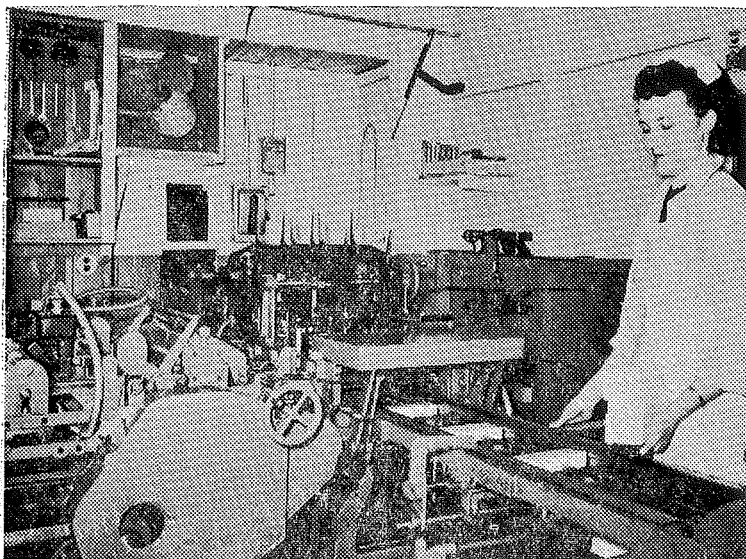


The dragger Cape North edges slowly into the wharf at Lunenburg Sea Products Ltd., after an eight day trip at sea on the Banks.

Photo by George Naas

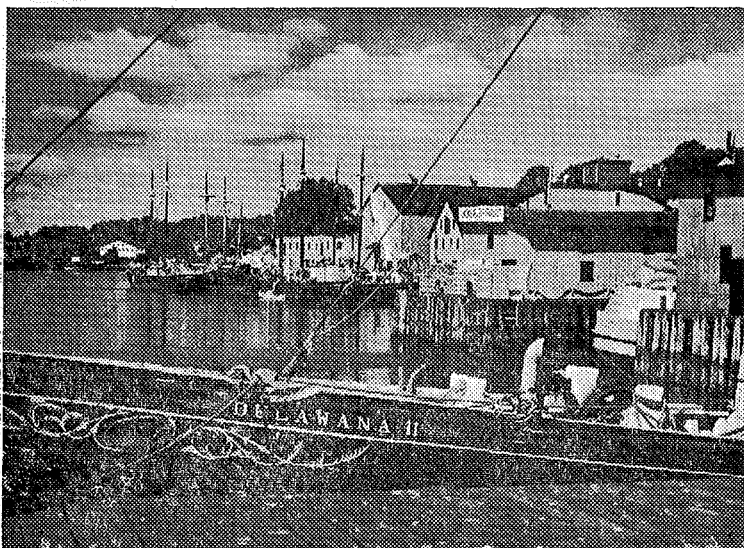


One of the newest additions to the company's expanding fleet is the Cape Blomidon. This all steel efficient dragger was built in Holland in 1961.



High speed machinery speeds frozen fish to customers all over the continent. This machine wraps 3,000 one pound packages an hour.

Photo by George Naas



The picturesque schooner is a rarity on Lunenburg's busy waterfront. This photo was taken several years ago, only a few schooners now operate out of the port.

## MRS. C. J. MORROW

Marion Whynacht, Heather Thompson '63

It was a brisk, windy day when we entered the house to be greeted by Mrs. Morrow's smiling countenance. When we asked her the first question about her early childhood, her laughing reply was of her first day at school in the old Arts and Crafts Building, at five years of age. She still vividly remembers her first jolly school day and her teacher, Miss Florence Kinley. She continued her schooling there until about the fifth grade, when she went into the Academy.

Often on a cool Spring evening, the citizens of Lunenburg would hear the familiar shouts ringing across the New Town fields from the "big game." These were the excited cries of the baseball fans.

"Strike two!" shrilled the voice of the umpire as he pointed at the captain of the New Town team.

That worthy captain, then wearing dirty jeans, was later to be Mrs. C. J. Morrow. Mrs. Morrow now recalls pleasant memories of the clashes with the Goose Town girls and the many good times — plus the usual quarrels!

Other sports she enjoyed were tennis and skating. She is a familiar figure at our Lunenburg golf course, and often takes part in tournaments. She also pursues this activity while on her many travels. She is also a social member of the curling club.

Mrs. Morrow was born in Lunenburg, the daughter of Captain and Mrs. B. C. Smith. Captain Smith, a religious man, loved to tell his children incidents from his store of sea tales. The youngest of the family, she has two brothers, O. B. Smith, Wallace Smith, and a sister, Gladys Smith.

After graduating from the Lunenburg Academy, Mrs. Morrow trained for three years at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York. Her education consisted mostly of eight-hour classes and later ward work. She received her "cap" and went on to do specialized work in a suburb outside New York for seven years. She found her nurse's training very valuable in her later life.

It was in 1925 that she married Mr. C. J. Morrow, and settled down in Lunenburg. They have three children — two sons and a daughter — and ten grandchildren.

Mrs. Morrow has travelled extensively through Continental Europe, the



Mrs. C. J. Morrow

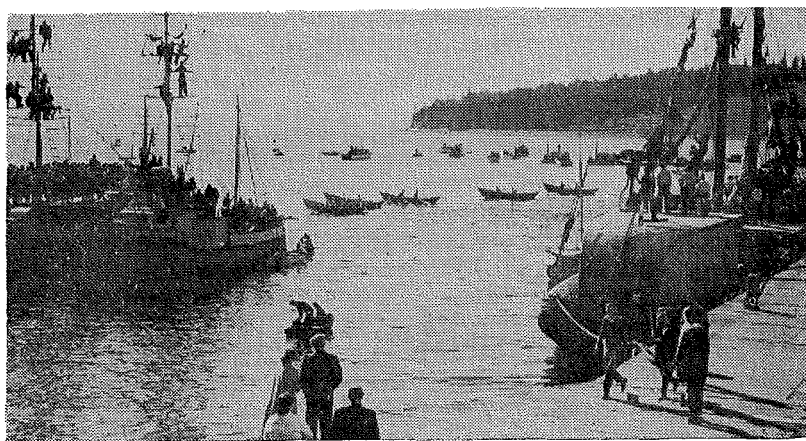
Aegean Islands, Mexico, the West Indies, and the North American Continent.

During the war she was Regent for the I. O. D. E. She has also been very interested in the V. O. N., of which she was president for three years. Mrs. Morrow, an Anglican, is very active in church organizations and other community work. She is a member of an art club, although she does not paint. She is very interested in flowers and has a lovely flower garden at her home. Her favorite flower is the red rose.

---



**The Waterfront**



**A Dory Race**



## MR. C. J. MORROW

Marian Falkenham, Dianne Lohnes '62

Leaving the noisy clicking of typewriters behind, we climbed the carpeted stairway to the office of the president of Lunenburg Sea Products. As we paused before the door, we wondered what kind of person we would find behind the inscribed name, Mr. C. J. Morrow.

On September 13, 1895, the population of Annapolis Royal was increased when a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. James Francis Morrow. There at Annapolis Academy, the foundation of his education was laid. Mr. Morrow's first contact with the business world was made when he became an employee in the Royal Bank of Canada. After four and a half years with the Royal Bank he accepted family responsibilities by taking over his father's grocery business.

Near the end of the 1914-1918 war Mr. Morrow, being an adventurous man, left Annapolis for the seaport of Lunenburg. Here he launched his career in the fishing industry, by accepting the position of book-keeper for W. C. Smith & Company Limited. In 1926 Lunenburg Sea Products was formed as a subsidiary of W. C. Smith & Company Limited. This led to a promotion as secretary of the company and also put him in charge of sales. Through his initiative and drive, he climbed further up the ladder of success by becoming president of the Lunenburg Sea Products Ltd.

In 1945 several fish companies including Lunenburg Sea Products, amalgamated under their present name, National Sea Products. Mr. Morrow became vice-president and treasurer of this company. Ocean Fisheries was incorporated in 1953, acquiring the controlling interest in National Sea Products. The presidency of these two companies was filled by Mr. Morrow.

Having a wide interest in other fields of the business world, Clarence Joseph Morrow, former director of the Bank of Canada, is now a director of the Royal Bank of Canada. In addition to being director and executive member of Maritime Telegraph and Telephone Company Limited, he is president of Acadia Broadcasting Limited, president of Bluenose Motors



C. J. MORROW

Limited, director of Great Eastern Corporation Limited and several smaller companies.

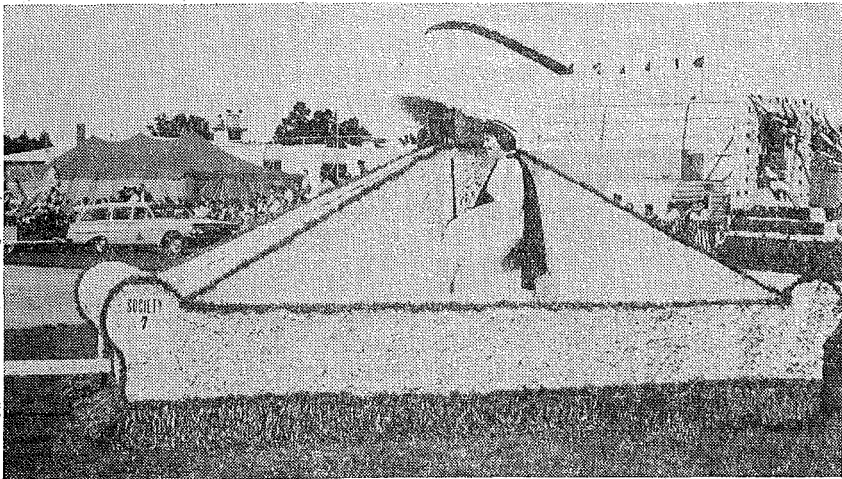
Mr. Morrow's schedule is so full of time-consuming activities that we must condense them into a few short lines. Being a member of the Council of the Duke of Edinburgh's Second Commonwealth Study Conference, he is required to travel to Montreal this May. He is also a member of the Canadian Trade Committee of the Private Trade Association of Canada, and an honorary director of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council.

Past positions which have prepared him for present prominence are Atlantic Director of Fisheries for the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, first President of the Canadian Fisheries Council, Industry member of the Resources of Tomorrow Conference, and one of the Canadian delegates at the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations at Geneva.

Local affairs also benefit from Mr. Morrow's influence, since he was town councillor from 1953-54, past president of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition, Fishermen's Memorial Hospital, and the Lunenburg Board of Trade. He is also a member of the Community Centre Commission.

Apart from his business Mr. Morrow, commonly known as "C. J.", takes pride in his home life. Behind every great man there is a woman. He married Jean Smith in 1925 and they were blessed with three children--James B., William O. and Joan E. --and 10 grandchildren. At present Mr. Morrow resides in a beautiful home overlooking the picturesque bay at Mader's Cove. With little time for himself this busy man finds relaxation in golf and curling.

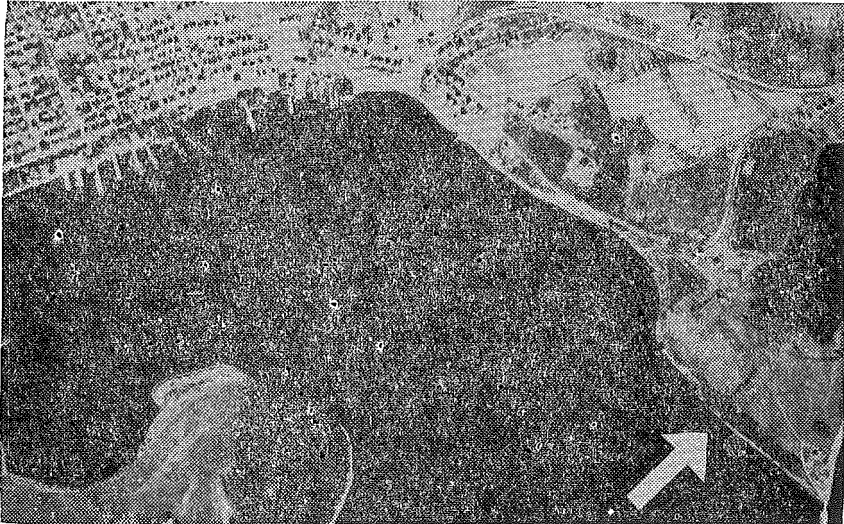
What kind of man did the door lead us to? One who is so friendly, active and successful, that we can only wish him continued health, happiness and prosperity in the future.



Hospital Float

# A NEW FISH PLANT FOR LUNENBURG

Glenn Conrad '62



In this aerial view of Lunenburg Harbor the arrow points to the location of the new fish plant for Lunenburg Sea Products Ltd.

Photo Courtesy Atlantic Air Survey

On September 26, 1961 it was announced jointly by Mr. C. J. Morrow, president of Lunenburg Sea Products Limited and Mr. Robert W. Manuge, general manager of Industrial Estates Limited, that an \$8,000,000 expansion will be made to the fishing and fish processing facilities of Lunenburg Sea Products Limited.

The company, having outgrown its facilities at its present location, will expand in the shape of a multi-million dollar fish plant to be built just inside the mouth of Lunenburg Harbor, on an eight-acre site near Battery Point. The fish plant itself will cover an area of four acres. The original plans for expansion were enlarged because of the close co-operation with Industrial Estates Limited.

The Industrial Estates Limited will provide the land, buildings, and certain machinery for the new plant. The remainder of the project, including equipment, trawlers, and working capital will be financed by Lunenburg Sea Products Limited and its parent company, Ocean Fisheries Limited. It is apparent, however, that Lunenburg Sea Products will have a larger overall investment than Industrial Estates.

The new fish plant is expected to be completed by 1963. The production of this plant will add an estimated \$4,000,000 boost to the economy of the area. This will be shared by the fishermen, the fish plant workers, truckers,

railways, suppliers, public utilities and so on.

It will probably be one of the most modern and efficient plants of its kind in the world, will enable the products to be processed under the most efficient and sanitary conditions required in any food processing operation. Their products will bear the brand "High Liner" even more proudly than they do now.

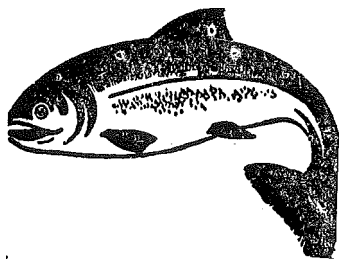
Fresh, frozen, smoked and cooked fish will be processed in the plant. Fish meal and other by-products will also be processed. The company expects its cold storage to have a capacity of over 6,000,000 pounds.

The filleting lines will be capable of handling more than 300,000 pounds of fish a day. The present capacity of the old fish plant is 40,000,000 pounds annually. The new plant is expected to have a capacity of 80,000,000 pounds of fish annually, which is double the capacity of the existing plant. The new plant will require the hiring of an additional two to three hundred men. At present the old plant employs approximately three hundred people. Also there will be several modern trawlers built, depending on the number of independent vessels supplying fish to the plant.

The company has not overlooked a factor which is very important if it is to maintain its high position in an industry which has become so highly competitive. It has provided for research facilities devoted partly to the development of new products.

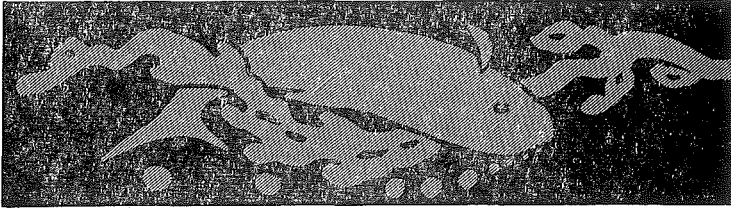
There is no great problem foreseen in the marketing of the increased volume of products produced by the new plant and, as in the existing plant, the fish will be packed under government inspection. Everyone concerned, including producers and consumers alike, are becoming more and more conscious of the quality in fish products.

Lunenburg Sea Products has come a long way since the birth of its parent company, W. C. Smith and Company, in 1926. Many changes in fishing methods and fish processing methods have taken place. The company has expanded until its facilities have become outgrown. Unwilling to bow to this obstacle, the company has pushed even farther in its development. The erection of this new plant will be a big boost to the economy of the area, mainly through its exports. Men will have to be employed to build the plant and the new government wharf which will run adjacent to the plant. Also Lunenburg will have a better harbour because of the extensive dredging which is being undertaken. Thus Lunenburg County and in fact, all of Nova Scotia, will feel the impact of the \$8,000,000 expansion.



## AS A FISH GOES THROUGH

Richard J. Crouse '62



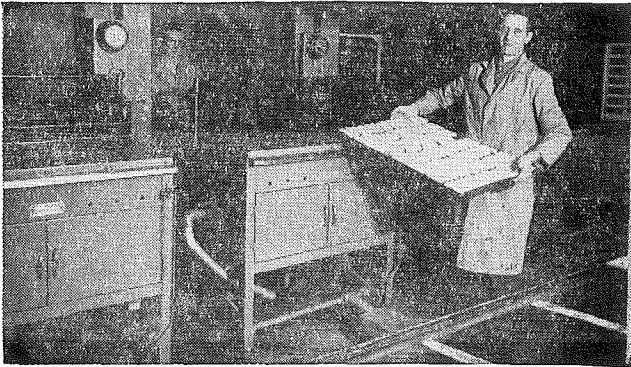
We toured Lunenburg Sea Products when everything was in full swing. The fish are first hoisted from the holds of the ships in tubs, sorted and then packed in two hundred pound boxes ready for processing.

The haddock, cod and pollock are dumped into hoppers where the ice is washed off them. From here they run onto endless belts to the cutting room where they are filleted. The remainder is used to make fish meal. Machines are used for removing the skins from the fillets. These skinless fillets are dipped in brine and then washed before being hand packed in one, five, ten, fifteen and twenty pound packages. Most of these fish are then packed in one hundred or two hundred pound boxes and shipped out as fresh fish. The remainder is put in one pound packs, and frozen for an hour and a half.

The making of fish meal has become a very important process. On the average, about two-thirds of every fish filleted goes to the fish meal plant. Everything but the fillets is used. Even the oil is pressed out of the redfish. This is used for making cosmetics. All the skins (except those of the codfish, which are used for making glue at Lockeport) are used in the process of making fish meal. The fish is ground and cooked for four and a half hours, and then it is dried and packed in one hundred pound bags.

The fish which are last to come out of the holds of the ships are filleted, skinned, and then packed in seventeen and a half pound boxes in which they are frozen under a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds. Afterwards, having been converted into fish blocks, they are sawed into the size used to make fish and chips. This fish is rolled in a pancake batter and then pre-cooked. These partially-cooked fish are packed in fourteen ounce packages alone, or the fish and chips are packed in sixteen and twenty-four ounce packages. The packages are labelled and stamped with the mark of high quality.

The halibut, which are not shipped out fresh, are frozen in the freezer. Then they are sawed into steaks for the making of fish portions. These portions are also pre-cooked for 55 seconds, and are then packed in ten pound boxes. They also use codfish for the making of portions and codfish prove to be more successful.



The making of fish sticks has become important in Lunenburg Sea Products. Codfish and haddock are mostly used. These, as in the making of fish and chips, are frozen into blocks and then sawed into the size needed for the making of fish sticks. The sticks are rolled in a batter mixed with water and salt, and pre-cooked for 48 seconds. Afterwards, they are cooled and packed in eight, ten, and sixteen ounce packages. The packages are labelled and packed in larger boxes where they are stored and frozen until shipment.

Thousands of people enjoy smoked fish. Lunenburg Sea Products, like all other fish plants, produces its share of smoked fish. Cod, herring, haddock, hake and cusk are cleaned and hooked on racks which are put in smoke holes over night. The fish are then packed in fifteen pound boxes and some are packed in one pound boxes. The making of kippers, or smoked herring, brings work to many school boys during the summer.

The making of Solomon Gundy or Salmagundi is also a very important process in the summer. Herring, headed, with all the bones removed, are put in a brine consisting of vinegar and salt. The herring are left in the brine tanks for seventy-two hours. Then they are skinned and packed in barrels.

The scallop industry has become very active in Lunenburg. These scallops are washed and packed in thirty five to thirty-seven pound bags and are shipped out fresh. Some of them are pre-cooked and packed in five and seventeen and a half pound packages, frozen, and later shipped out.

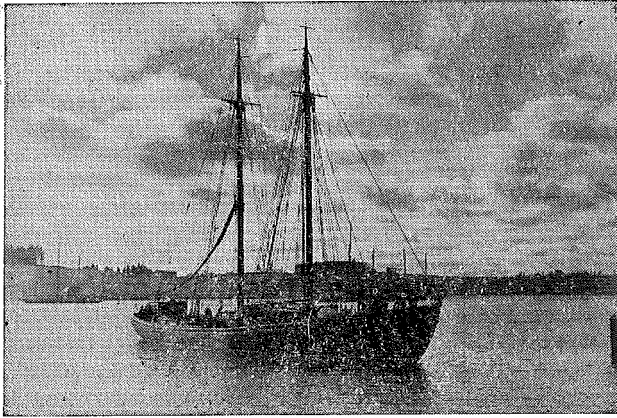
Like many other plants, Lunenburg Sea Products is engaged in research on the control of bacteria. The chemist makes tests for quality and proteins in all the fish which is brought into Lunenburg Sea Products. This is the major problem of preventing spoilage in fish.

It can be seen the processing of fish is a complex operation today, which can be done successfully only by thorough inspection and control. Both have been developed to a high point of efficiency at Lunenburg Sea Products.



# LIFE ON BOARD A FISHING VESSEL

Sammy Walters '62



As the era of the fishing vessel comes to an end, many old timers, on seeing one of the remaining few, recall the life they lived on board a vessel during their sea-going days.

Life aboard one of those long, sleek schooners was by no means an easy one and many people today would turn their backs if they had to work as hard as the men who manned these ships.

Activity began on the vessel at two o'clock in the morning, when the men would crawl out of their bunks and set to work baiting up their trawl for that day's fishing. The standard bait was herring, which was carried on the ship. With this task completed, the men sat down to breakfast at four-thirty. Breakfast in those days didn't consist of oranges, eggs and bacon, but rather beans and hash and sometimes hot biscuits.

After breakfast had been served, the dories, trawls, equipment and men were lowered over the side of the vessel into the ocean by means of a block and tackle, which was operated by hand.

Once the dory was over the side, the men began setting out their trawls, with twenty-one lines to a dory. The usual number of dories used was seven. In the run of a day, the men made four hauls, each occupying two hours of the day.

With this part of the operation completed, the men had to split and clean the fish. In order to preserve the fish until their return to port, each layer of split fish was covered with a layer of salt.

While this work was going on, the men at intervals would drop into the galley for a snack or what was known to them as a "mug-up". At this time, they could help themselves to bread, loaf cake, cookies, etc. and some good hot tea, which was always on the stove.

With the long day's work completed, the men expected the cook to have

a good hot meal ready for them. One favorite dish was fish hearts done in the oven with onions, butter, pepper and salt. Another was blood ends, which were strips taken from the backbone of a fish. Besides fish, the men sometimes had salt meat or pork done in different ways with vegetables. For dessert they were always treated with a large piece of pie.

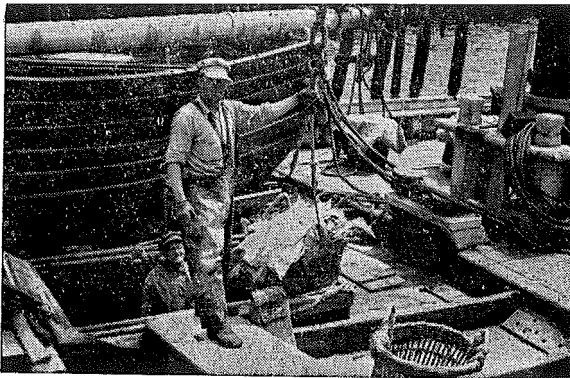
In order for the cook to keep pace with the huge appetites of the men, he had to bake six loaves of white bread, six loaves of loaf cake, and eight pies every day, besides preparing the meals.

Besides this rugged life led by these men, they were also faced with two great perils. They were heavy fog and the August gales. The fog caused great navigation difficulties, since there was no radar, and it also caused many dories to get astray from the vessels. When this happened, the fog horns on the vessel were sounded until the men in the dories could locate the position of the vessel. In most cases this was successful, but sometimes a dory with two crew members in it was never seen again.

The August gales which were experienced by most sea-going men of this period was another thing which put great fear in the hearts of the fishermen. In these storms, seas would crash over the decks of the vessels, tearing almost everything off. In order to keep into the wind, the vessels used anchors and a riding sail but sometimes regardless of the crew's actions, a vessel became a victim of the stormy ocean.

If everything went well, the vessel remained at sea for two and a half months, except for brief visits to Newfoundland ports about every two weeks, for fresh supplies of herring for bait. With a bit of luck, the vessel returned to her home port with a full load of fish. After unloading their catch the vessels were usually tied up for the winter months.

A few Lunenburgers are even now realizing the fishing vessel will become extinct. Possibly this explains why sporadic efforts are made to make a museum piece of one of them for posterity.



**Deck of a Fishing Vessel**



# LIFE ABOARD A DRACGER

Wayne Crouse, Wayne Cook '63

At the last whistle the men scurry to the dragger, and the lines are let go. The ship then points its bow towards the lighthouse and steams out of the harbour.

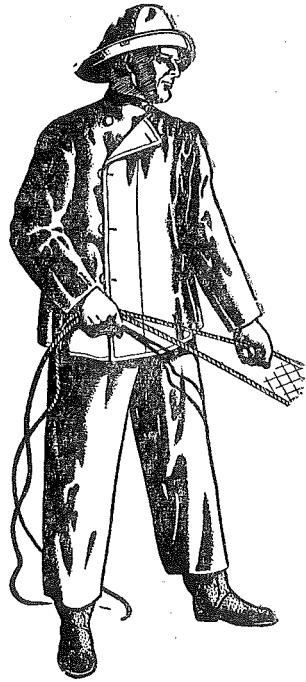
On the way to the fishing grounds, the men do various things, such as playing cards at the tables, while others crawl into their bunks to rest up for the hard days when they reach the banks. There are usually three men in the wheelhouse at one time, two men on watch and the mate or the captain, who is most often referred to as the "skipper." One of these men on watch steers the dragger, while the other watches the various instruments, such as the compass and radar, and is at all times ready in case something happens. These watches are two hours for each pair of men but the bosun and mate have six hour watches — from twelve to six o'clock and from six to twelve o'clock.

Arriving at the banks, six men and the bosun get the equipment arranged and then throw the nets over the side. Now, a special pair of men take charge of the winches. They have to have a skill for setting out the drag net and hauling it in.

When the net is hoisted over the side with a load, the fish are let out by the use of a slip knot in the bottom of the net. The good fish are then split, cleaned, gutted and packed in ice in the hold. The fish that are not suitable are thrown back into the water. This is very cold work during the wintertime, and is repeated throughout the trip.

On the whole, the men aboard a dragger eat the same food as anyone on shore. They obtain their food orders from the larger grocery stores in town. Nine men eat at each table, having at the first one, six men, the bosun, the skipper and engineer; and at the second table, six more men, the mate, the cook and the second engineer. The kitchen or galley, as it is called on board the dragger, contains two tables, a stove and many cupboards for canned food etc. There is a railing around the top of the stove, which prevents the food from being dashed across the floor, as the boat rolls and pitches on the waves. Since there is actually no set meal-time, the men grab a mug-up after their shift. This mug-up consists of coffee, pie, cake or bread.

While on the banks, they do not have much time for entertainment. If they do get any spare time, they put it to use playing cards, telling stories or talking, reading books and magazines, or playing jokes on each other. Since



the work is extremely difficult, most of them spend all of their spare time resting for their next shift which is six hours on and six off.

During the winter months, most of the draggers point their bows towards the Western or Emerald banks, because it does not take as long to get there and back again. When they do go to the Grand Banks, it takes forty to fifty hours. This leaves only six or seven days fishing. The span of time between leaving the docks and returning again is from eight to ten days. With about sixteen men on the smaller draggers and eighteen on the larger ones, a trip of about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds and up is a fairly large one.

At the home port the fish are taken out as soon as possible. Several men go down into the hold and fill a barrel with fish. The barrel is then hoisted up, and the fish are dumped down a trough into the fish plant. Other men are engaged in washing the pen boards and cleaning the ice and dirt off the deck. After the fish are taken out, the boat is iced and made ready for another trip. The men get approximately a day on shore, although there is a rotation system so that each man remains home for a trip at intervals to relieve the tedium. All in all dragger fishing seems to be a strenuous life.

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## NEW SHIPS FOR THE NATIONAL SEA PRODUCTS

David Winaut '62, Peter Chenhall '64

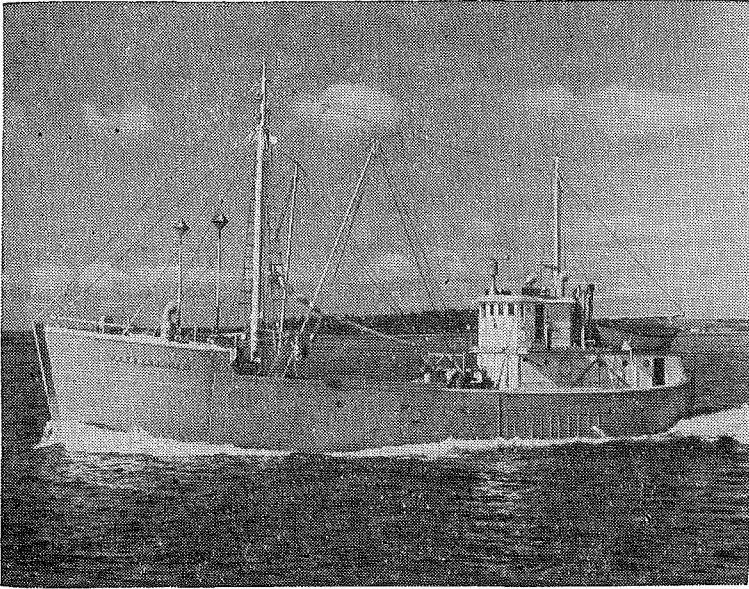
The fishing vessel, once the dominant object along a fishing town's waterfront, is now practically obsolete. In its place is the modern-day trawler. Although smaller than the vessel, it is much faster and more efficient. The development of the trawler has greatly decreased the work, and the hazard, in the fisherman's life.

The change from vessel to trawler occurred in accordance with the change from fish-drying sheds to the large processing plants, making many new kinds of processed fish available to the public. The new and larger demand for fish has strained the fishing industry, as it now stands, past capacity. Thus, many new and costly steps must be taken in this, perhaps the greatest industry of the Atlantic provinces.

Undoubtedly, the tremendous fish-processing plant to be built at Lunenburg by National Sea Products, is the largest step yet to be taken. When completed it will be the most modern fish plant in North America, if not the world!

This same firm, National Sea Products Limited, has also decided that the time has come to build several new, larger, and more efficient trawlers to provide the new fish plant with fish. Later A. Bogart Jr., marine architect, and J. W. Barker, marine superintendent for National Sea Products, combined the most modern features of European trawlers with her owner's ideas in a new type of ship to suit Atlantic coast conditions. They came up with a new type net trawler of which the first built was the Cape Blomidon.

The contract to build the new trawlers was awarded to Messrs. Boot



Pros., Leiden, Holland. The average price of these trawlers will range around \$340,000.

For the purpose of demonstration we shall describe the Cape Blomidon, first of four to be built. This all-steel ship is 141 feet in length and 26 feet in breadth. The most novel feature of this trawler, for Lunenburg, is that fishing will be carried on from the starboard side only. This method was devised to improve crew accommodations. All accommodations and living areas feature fluorescent lighting, tiled floors, "formica" panelling, and heating by pressed steel radiators. Galley and messrooms are equipped with modern electric ranges. Most fixtures are made of light metals such as aluminum and alloys.

The fishroom will hold 200,000 pounds of iced fish and provides a formidable hold for the eighteen-men crew to fill. With all hydraulic winches and the most modern navigational devices, the Blomidon and her successors will be almost the ultimate in fishing perfection.

With several bumper fishing trips behind her, the Cape Blomidon is speedily justifying the confidence of her owners, National Sea Products Limited. Captain Perry Conrad will be captain of the first of the Lunenburg-based trawlers--Cape Hood--which will be in service in April. Captain Ray Corkum will be captain of the second trawler--Cape Sable--expected in the fall of 1962. The other trawlers will be sent to Lunenburg at a later date.

The addition of the new trawlers to the large fishing fleet of National Sea Products Limited, should be a great boost to the local fishing industry. Although it is expected that further modifications will be necessary, the firm's fishing fleet will still be modern in the truest sense of the word for many years to come.

## BLOCKS FOR THE SEVEN SEAS

Wayne Cook '63, James Eagar '62

Even in this day of power-driven ships a block is an indispensable part of vessel equipment. Blocks are made from such woods as birch, ash, maple, oak and lignumvitae, which is imported from the West Indies. They are made in sizes running from three-inch, almost toylike forms, that hoist the sails of the sleekest yachts, to giant sixteen-inch triple blocks that will raise any weight up to twenty-five tons.

The first step in blockmaking is sawing the green logs into planks. After the planks have been dried, they are sawed into short lengths according to the size of the block required. These sides or shells as they are called, are then grooved for an iron strap. The shells are then bored and riveted together with cross-pieces between them. They are usually of ash. The block is then sawed, shaped, and sandpapered to a smooth finish. Strap and hook made from mild galvanized steel are inserted into the groove. The hole is then bored for the pin, and the sheave is inserted, made of either lignumvitae or cast iron. The sheave can be roller, bucked or common. A coat of varnish finishes the article.

The links, eyes, and hooks are made by local blacksmiths but fancy fastening pieces are shipped in from abroad. Formerly iron, triangle-shaped blocks were made but they have gradually been going out of style.

These blocks are sent to Bermuda, West Indies, South Sea Islands and to most other ports of the world. They are used on ships for hoisting sails, cargo and other heavy articles. Some are used to put dories and lifeboats over the side into the water.

The blocks for H.M.S. Bounty were made in Lunenburg by A. Dauphinee and Sons and are used to hoist the various rigging. These simple but important machines, which require about thirty-six operations, are therefore a vital part of our modern industrialized nation.

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## THE COD STORY

Frederick Wood '62

How many times do we of the greatest fishing area of North America, stop to think about the life of the fish that we catch and eat? Well, I'll bet that the one or two who have done so, have been greatly surprised at what they have found. Since the cod might be considered our national fish, I have chosen it as the subject of this "fish-story".

The Common, Atlantic, or Rock Cod with its scientific alias of *Gadus Callorias* is well-known on both sides of the North Atlantic. On the Canadian side it is found as far north as Greenland, Davis Strait, and Hudson Strait; and south nearly as far as Cape Hatteras. It is particularly abundant in the waters around and off the Newfoundland coast. The cod of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland was one of the great inducements which led the English to establish colonies in America.

The most noticeable external characteristics are its three dorsal and

two anal fins, its protruding upper jaw, its almost square tail and pale line running along each side of the body from head to tail. There is a fleshy barbel under the lower jaw. In most fish the upper part of the body is thickly speckled with small, round vague-edged spots; these are somewhat darker than the body color, which may range from a reddish hue to brown, grey or greenish.

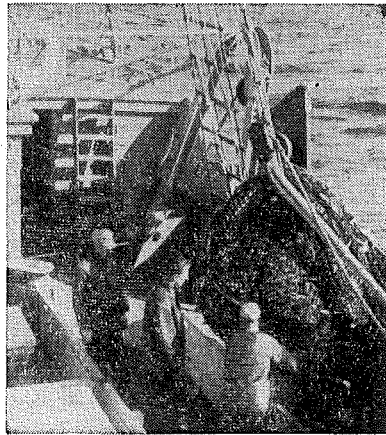
Cod sometimes grow to a tremendous size. A monster of two hundred eleven and a quarter pounds and more than six feet long, was caught off the Massachusetts coast in 1895. A large fish is considered one of from twenty-five to fifty pounds in weight.

Although it stays close to the bottom of the sea, and therefore it is a groundfish, it may be found anywhere from the surface to two hundred and fifty fathoms. Its usual habitat is within a few fathoms of the bottom, but it comes to the top of the water in pursuit of small fish or squid. The cod lives chiefly over rocky, pebbly ground. Their movements are not clearly understood—they travel in schools, but not as thick as those of herring. Their movements from bank to bank are mainly due to temperature changes and the search for proper spawning conditions.

The cod feed voraciously on almost all types of marine life. During its early floating life, the young feed on some of the plankton around them. When older and about an inch long, they take to the bottom where they feed on small worms and tiny shrimp-like animals. Later, they eat mussels, crabs, small lobsters, sea urchins, caplin, herring and sand lance. The cod depends largely on smell to locate food as its range of vision is limited to a few feet.

The majority of cod spawn during the early spring months from April to June, each fish producing from three to nine million eggs, depending on its size. The minute, transparent eggs rise and then drift in the water at the mercy of the wind, tide and other fish that feed on them. The eggs hatch in from ten to forty days, depending on the temperature of the water. The young fish is then about three-sixteenths of an inch in length.

Growth varies from area to area and from season to season, depending on food available and the temperature of the surrounding waters. The cod of the Bay of Fundy area grow much faster than those of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Cod of 80 to 82 inches in length have an average weight of ten pounds; in the Bay of Fundy these would be about six years old. The same fish from the Grand Banks would be nine to eleven years of age. Cod from the fishing banks of Nova Scotia enter the commer-



Hoisting The Cod End

cial fishery at about four years of age. In 1948 the greater proportion of the commercial catch on Canadian off-shore fishing banks was of this fish, six to ten years of age.

A large part of the commercial catch is split, salted and dried. The progress in refrigeration and transportation has increased the production of fresh and frozen fillets. Waste after filleting is used for fish meal which is valued for its high protein content. This meal is used for cattle feed. The livers are used for extraction of cod-liver oil.

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## WHY IS A SHIP CALLED "A SHE" (LADY)

Heather Cornu '63. Rita Pittman '64

"Why is a ship called a she?" The first reply that would be received from us girls of course, is that we are the stronger of the two sexes. J. M. Fraine, vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway has come up with a more pleasing answer to both sides of "why ships are generally referred to as she".

Said Mr. Fraine in an address: Ships are feminine because:

- (1) "There is always a great deal of bustle about them as there is usually a gang of men around them.
- (2) "They have a waist and stays and it takes a great deal of paint to keep them good-looking." [Ooh! that stings, eh girls, but as the saying goes, "If the shoe fits, wear it".]
- (3) "Another factor," quoting Mr. Fraine, "it's not the initial cost but the upkeep that is even more feminine of a ship."
- (4) Continuing, "They are always decked out and it takes a good man to handle her right."
- (5) "When coming into port they head straight for the buoys. Of course here we are primarily referring to the ship and not the persons who run her."

All these facts stated by Mr. Fraine sum up the question of why there are no male ships. To put it very plainly, it would be very difficult for any male to qualify in anything that Mr. Fraine has stated.

Many of us may not agree that it takes a man to handle her, but there is some truth in it.

The first record of a British man-of-war being christened was in a newspaper of 1780, which described the launching of H. M. S. Maganime at Deptford.

The ceremony was invariably performed by a male member of the Royal Family, or by a Dockyard Commissioner, until in 1811 George IV, then Prince Regent, introduced the first lady sponsor. Again we have a modern note: one lady's aim was so bad that she hit a spectator who was injured and sued for damages. After this, the bottle was secured in the stem of a ship by a lanyard. This method is still used today. Being girls we should be proud of our sex being honored in regard to a ship in her characteristics and in its sex. Even the Queen Mary with her latest paint job is a "she".

## AT SEA WITH CAPTAIN SPURGEON GELDEBT

Byron Tanner '64, Cornelius Van der Toorn '62

On July 7, 1887, Spurgeon Geldert was born to Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Geldert at First South, Lunenburg County. In 1890 he moved with his parents to Lunenburg. Six years later, at the age of nine, he began his career upon the sea, sailing aboard the schooner Minnie J. Smith, captained by Joseph Smith. For nine years he sailed as a fisherman, then he started making freighting trips during the winter months, to Florida.

In 1916, at the age of twenty-nine, he qualified for and received his Master's Certificate. During the next ten years he commanded the ships Kanawaka, Edith Theriault, Lillian Corkum, Ella L. Williams, Marion Douglas, Sceptre and the Vincent A. Wight, sailing to South America, West Indies, Portugal, Spain, Belgium, Gibraltar, Scotland, and Africa. Most of these ships were of the three-masted class.

During this time Captain Geldert had many thrilling experiences. While on the Edith Theriault he signed up a mate whom he thought was a Dane. In Pernambuco, Brazil, which was a neutral port, a German launch came past and handed the mate a letter. Captain Geldert immediately told the men to hold the man, while he went to the British Consul, to whom the mate was turned over as a German spy.

While Captain on the Vincent A. Wight, he had the bow of his vessel cut off by an Atlantic fruit ship, during a heavy fog. He sailed her, in this condition, from Atlantic City to Lunenburg.

While serving under Captain Meisner on The Canadian, they brought a load of molasses from Barbados to Halifax during a hurricane.

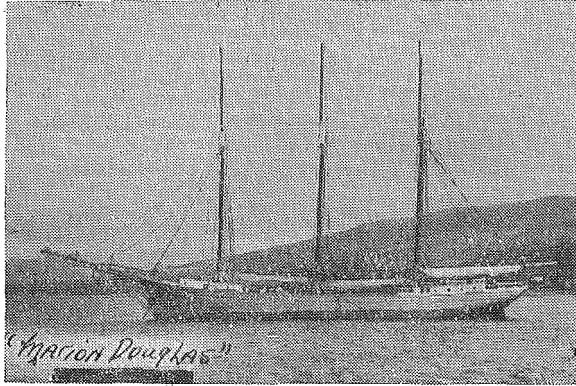
Captain Geldert cites as his most thrilling experience, one which occurred when he was freighting from Belize, British Honduras, to Texas in the motor-vessel Kanawaka. The Kanawaka was lying-to in Belize harbour on September 10, 1930, when a storm warning reported a hurricane approaching from the north-north-west. Captain Geldert immediately ordered the crew to make preparations to meet the storm. By noon it broke. At two p.m. the wind had reached a velocity of eighty miles per hour and was rapidly increasing. Around 4 p.m. the direction of the wind changed to south-south-west;



Captain Spurgeon Geldert

became a roaring fury of one hundred twenty miles per hour; and shortly increased to one hundred fifty miles per hour.

The force of the gale was rapidly driving the Kanawaka ashore. The Captain ordered the engines full speed ahead, and steamed into the teeth of the gale. Their good diesel engine never failed them, and gradually they inched away from the shore in a visibility limited to one hundred feet. That evening the hurricane passed on and the sea calmed.



Captain Geldert remained outside the harbour until the following morning when the Kanawaka steamed into port at daybreak. They found a devastated city and a fleet of sunken ships. Being one of the few survivors of fifty craft, the Kanawaka was commandeered for rescue work by the government patrol boat.

In 1921, Captain Geldert married Miss Emmie Smeltzer, and took his bride on the Marion Douglas for a honeymoon to Florida and Dakar, Africa.

For many years he captained a fisheries patrol boat around Lunenburg. Following this he started to work in the Information Bureau at the entrance to our town. He delights in telling yarns of his exciting experiences to tourists as they enter Lunenburg.





## SCHOONER CUTTY SARK CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD GELDEBT

Richard J. Crouse, Sandra Haughn '62

This beautiful four-masted schooner was sailed by Captain Archibald Geldert. The Cutty Sark is still in existence on the River Thames, where it is used as a training ship for sea-going young men.

Captain Archibald Geldert started fishing at the age of eight as a catchie, with his father, Captain Christian Geldert. After becoming experienced, at the age of twenty, he sailed his first ship, the schooner Palmetto. For eighteen years, Captain Geldert tried his skills at deep-sea fishing. Then he took over the J. Henry McKenzie out of W. C. Smith and Company Limited, and changed over to the coasting trade.

As he was successful with his new job, W. C. Smith and Company Limited built him the three-masted Marion J. Smith, which he commanded for some time. He then took command of the schooner Marshall Foch in 1922, and sailed to many foreign ports until 1926, when this ship was sold to Mr. Zane Grey, the novelist, to be used in the motion picture industry.

In 1919 the schooner Cutty Sark was built in Saint John, New Brunswick, by the New Brunswick Ship Building Company, and was commanded by Captain Geldert. The four-masted Cutty Sark, 181.6 feet long, 36 feet wide, with a 16 foot draft, was used as a freighter which carried general cargo, lumber and dry fish to ports in Spain, Italy, South America, Portugal, France, England, United States, West Indies and Nova Scotia. This 609 ton ship had a crew of from 8-10 men and was Captain Geldert's "home away from home." It had many modern improvements, such as a private chart room, bathroom, bedroom and dining room. Using Lunenburg as his home port, Captain Geldert was able to make one of the fastest voyages from Cross Island off Lunenburg, to City Island off New York City, in 52 hours. He often took his family with him to foreign ports, for it would be many weeks before he returned home.

In 1929, Captain Geldert had the misfortune of striking a coral reef when leaving Turk's Island with a load of salt for Lunenburg. With 30 feet of keel ripped off the bottom of the ship and with no facilities for repairs, he



Captain Archibald Geldert

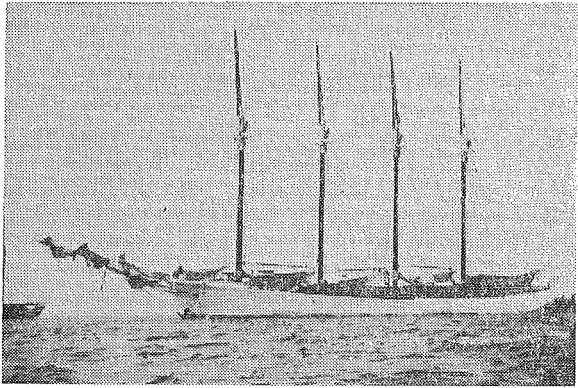
tried his luck in getting her home. After waging a three-day battle in a hurricane, 400 miles off Cape Hatteras, he realized they would not make it, and ordered all to abandon ship. In order to prevent the ship from becoming a danger to navigation, Captain Geldert set it afire before abandoning it. About one hour later he saw his "home away from home" sink beneath the waves. Luck running with them, they were picked up by a freighter of the Leland Line, out of New York, and were carried to Amsterdam, Holland. From there they were transferred to Liverpool, England, and then to Halifax, Nova Scotia, by the Department of Immigration.

During his sea-going life, Captain Geldert suffered such injuries as broken ribs, arms, wrist and legs. The most serious was a broken hip, which he had the misfortune to get while bound for England in 1937, with his brother. There, he was confined to hospital for five weeks and then he returned home to spend his days in his old home town.

For his courageous services during the First World War, in carrying cargoes safely through enemy waters, he was awarded the Canadian Service Medal and the Mercantile Marine Medal by the Canadian Government.

Captain Geldert spent fifty years going to sea. He made many friends during his long sea-going years.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENT**—Material for the above article was taken from the records compiled by the late Loren W. Geldert, former Town Clerk. For years he gathered information and data about Lunenburg vessels and their Captains.



The Cutty Sark



## A MASTER AND HIS SHIPS

Robert Folvik '63, Alan Rudolf '62

Captain James Francis Kinley, Master Mariner, was born May 15, 1855 at West Cape, Prince Edward Island. His father was a shipbuilder and the future captain came to Halifax on one of his father's vessels while just a teenager. The cold winter led to a freeze-up and the vessel remained in Halifax until early spring. Across the wharf, there was a vessel from Lunenburg and young Kinley joined the crew and came to Lunenburg. During his first winter in Lunenburg, he stayed with the Zincks at Second Peninsula. Here he went to school and later married his school teacher, Louisa Loye.



THE KINLEY FAMILY TAKEN ABOUT 1910

The young chap sitting in front is Dr. Cecil Kinley, Halifax; front row l. to r., Evelyn, deceased; Mrs. James Kinley; Captain James Kinley; Wilfred, druggist, Lunenburg.

Second row l. to r., Senator J. J. Kinley, Lunenburg; Maude, Mrs. Charles Thurlow, Lunenburg; Florence, Mrs. Norman Cook, Halifax; Carrie, Halifax; Gordon, druggist, Halifax.

In the spring he went to the Grand Banks with the Lunenburg fishing fleet, and was bow-man in a dory with the late Captain Daniel Lohnes of Riverport. At that time there was no deep sea fishing in the winter, so young Kinley went before the mast on foreign voyages to the West Indies, South America, and Europe.

His first position as skipper was on the schooner Amazon. He also

went fishing in the schooner, Glenola, and later owned a schooner called The Oddfellow. He also went fishing in the schooner LaFrance. For some years, he sailed the mail carrier, Advance, to and from Halifax. After that he was Master of Acadia, a small steamboat that made regular trips to Halifax. Later he sailed the S. S. Electra, a larger boat on the same route. His next boat was the S. S. Weymouth, which sailed the route to Chester, Tanook and Halifax. For some time he was First Mate on S. S. Princess Beatrice, running from Halifax to Charlottetown.

Captain Kinley later was sent to New York by the Halifax and Dartmouth Ferry Commission to bring back a ferryboat named Annex II, of which he was Captain, for service between Halifax and Dartmouth. In later years he was Master of the S. S. Amphrodite, and was engaged in salvage diving services off the Newfoundland coast.

On a wintertime trip to Newfoundland on the Blizzard, tragedy struck when three members of his crew died from a fire in the forecastle.

Captain Kinley made many foreign voyages, as skipper, on such well-known vessels as the brigantine Clio, the May and the three-masted schooner, Bravo. He also made trips to the West Indies as captain of the Found, Torridon and Nyanza.

In his thirty year sea career, he took his staunch ships to ports in all parts of the globe and was recognized as a captain of high qualifications.

After he retired from the sea, he settled in Lunenburg. Although not a native of the town, he accepted it as his home, and Lunenburg was proud to claim him as an adopted son. He occupied the important position of Prothonotary and County Court Clerk for Lunenburg County in which capacity he served for twenty years.

Captain Kinley was a staunch Presbyterian, and was one of the most devoted members of the church. He belonged to the Oddfellows' Lodge, and became a prominent figure in the town. He was very fond of gardening and his garden was known to have been one of the finest and most productive in Lunenburg County.

Captain and Mrs. Kinley had nine children, seven of whom are still living — Mrs. Charles Thurlow, Sr., Senator John J. Kinley, Mrs. Florence Cook, Miss Carrie E. Kinley, Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon S. Kinley, Wilfred F. Kinley, Druggist, and Dr. Cecil E. Kinley. Captain Kinley who died of a heart attack, lived to a ripe old age of eighty-seven and Mrs. Kinley lived to be ninety-three years old.

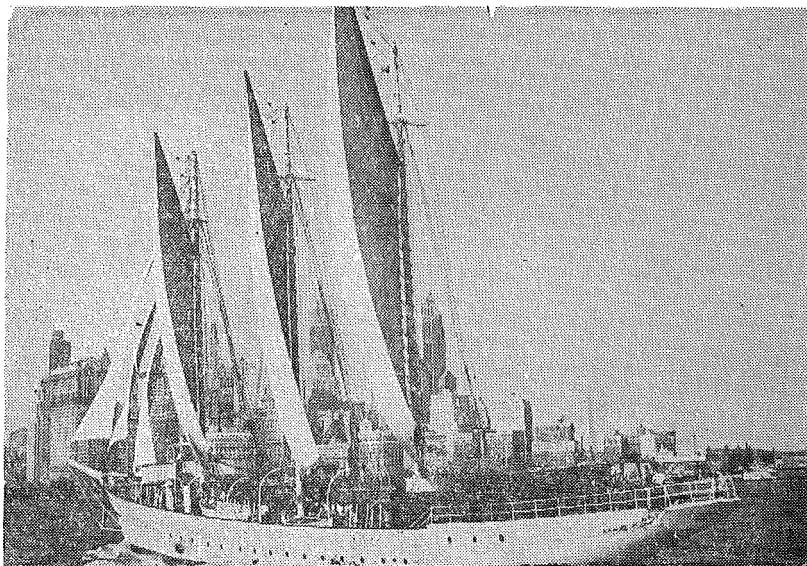
Acknowledgment—Material based on the L. W. Geldert portfolio.



# OCEANOGRAPHY

Vernon Dominix '62

Oceanography, a comparatively new science, originated with the Phoenicians. The explorers, of that and later periods, produced the first records of the Mediterranean; the nearer parts of the Indian Ocean; and the Atlantic Ocean outside the pillars of Hercules. Even though these records have been poorly preserved, they have given us a great deal of information. For instance, we know that Africa was first circumnavigated by Phoenician sailors in 500 B.C. The motives of these early explorers, as those of the 15th and 16th centuries, were based on their commercial needs, and their desire to obtain control of great mineral wealth.



The "Vema"

With the rise of Moslem power in the Middle East, there arose another great period of exploration. The main objective of this era was to find new trade routes to the East, to replace those that had become unsafe with the building of the Moslem Empire. Spain and Portugal also began to seek new roads to the Indies. This quest, plus the growing urge to find new lands, led to one of the greatest periods of geological discovery.

During the thirty year period between 1492 and 1522, the known-surface area of the earth was doubled and a new hemisphere was added to the chart of the world. Explorers, such as Vasco de Gama, Columbus, and Magellan, made a place for themselves in history. The Victoria, one of Magellan's ships, circumnavigated the globe. During his trip across the Pacific, he tried to

measure the depth of the ocean, making what is reputed to be the first attempt at sounding in the deep sea.

Through the information provided by these early adventurers, geographers were able to construct charts of the world which showed most of its surface features, much as their modern counterparts. With all this exploration, little was known about the polar regions. All expeditions were afterwards directed towards the discovery of this southermost area and its waterways.

The sighting of land masses to the south, led to the belief that beyond it lay a southern ocean. Captain James Cook proved this to be a fact in 1772, when he circumnavigated the globe in southern latitudes. He didn't go as far south as Antarctica, and that continent remained to be discovered by Bellinghausen in 1819. The conquering of the northwest passage in the latter half of the 19th century, by the good ship Resolute, concluded the discovery of all the major ocean areas and land masses. With the dimensions of the earth thus obtained, scientists developed the latitude and longitude system of measuring positions on its surface. Now the great unknown lay beneath the surface of the sea.



Seaman Paul Crouse doing 'spit and polish' with an unidentified shipmate.

Crouse is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Crouse of Lunenburg. The photo was taken near Cape Horn.

The first step of modern deep-water oceanography is believed to have been taken in the Challenger expedition of 1872-76. Under the direction of Charles Whyville Thompson, professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Edinburgh, the Challenger, in a three and a half year voyage, covered 60,000 miles of ocean, taking soundings and trawl samples at 362 stations. The complete collection of marine samples were studied thoroughly

in home laboratories. The information thus obtained was published in fifty volumes written by some of the most distinguished scientists of the day.

This expedition by the Challenger was the first of its kind, and it established the pattern of ocean exploration for many years. Not until after World War II did any change take place in the developed system. At that time, however, continuous ship operation took over from the long but infrequent excursions of the old method. Research laboratories, Universities, and Governmental bodies began to operate vessels on a steady basis and kept them at sea most of the time. Their cruises became shorter in duration, and the specimens collected were being continuously examined in shore laboratories rather than the long periodical examinations of former years. The tremendous expansion of research efforts gives some idea of the great importance of the ocean and its contents.

It is realized that the ocean's importance lies not only in its potential as a food supply, but as an instrument of national defence. Natural wealth too, has a home in the deep-blue, and it has been discovered that old mother nature is as rich below the sea as she is above.

Oil deposits are already being exploited on the continental shelves, and the mining of undersea mineral deposits is beginning. Obviously the 20th century under the sea will be as successful as was the 16th on the surface. New electronic equipment has made it possible to chart the ocean floors and follow the ocean currents on the surface and at depths. We have learned much about life in the sea, and its usefulness as a food supply and to the field of medicine. We have found evidence about the causes of the great glaciers which once covered North America as far south as New York. We have been able to study geologic processes and to learn a great deal about the mountain ranges of lands which were originally beneath the surface of the seas. With new and better tools, it is hard to put limits on what can be discovered.

In closing, I should like to thank, and extend my sincere appreciation to, Captain Henry Kohler of Lunenburg and Dr. Charles L. Drake of Columbia University, New York, from whom I obtained the information which made this article, on the history of ocean exploration, possible.



**CAPTAIN HENRY KOHLER**

## THE QUEEN OF THE SEA CONTEST

Marion Brushett '64

In 1939 the idea of the first Queen of the Sea Contest was introduced to the Fisheries Exhibition Executive by Mr. D. J. Bourque and was accepted.

Plans were formulated and Mayor A. W. Schwartz, President of the Exhibition; Roy M. Whynacht, and Mr. Bourque made a motor trip through Western Nova Scotia, calling on various organizations in Liverpool, Shelburne, Yarmouth, Digby and Middleton and contestants were promised from each of these towns. In all, ten entries were ready to compete for the crown. There was no crowning, however, because on Labour Day, a few days after the declaration of World War II, the 1939 Exhibition was cancelled.



The next Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion was staged in 1947. The contest was organized and Miss Jane Himmelman of Lunenburg was crowned the first Queen of the Sea. This first contest was planned as a publicity stunt, and it was all of that, as well as one of the high-lights of the entertainment program.

Jane Himmelman, an attractive blond, from Lunenburg, was the first to bring honors to the town, by obtaining the crown. Fifteen years ago when Jane won the crown, contestants were not sponsored by local organizations or stores as they are today, but invited by a committee in charge to compete.

The first night of the Exhibition saw the selection of princesses from different localities, with over forty entries from eleven different centres. On



the second night, the Queen of the Sea and her attendants were chosen from the eleven princesses. The third night the colourful coronation pageant was staged.

Jane was literally hauled to her throne in a fish net by King Neptune, Mayor of Lunenburg at that time, Mr. L. L. Hebb, who also crowned her. Background music of seventy-five choral club girls from Lunenburg Academy and a male group of twenty men dressed as fishermen was most effective. They sang sea shanties and songs fitting to the occasion. Following the coronation, she was carried shoulder high on her throne, by four local fishermen, to a lobster supper in the dining hall. Her official duties then, were as they are today, namely attending water sports activities, inspecting the fleet, and attending numerous Exhibition functions.

Jane's big prize, the only one of its kind to date, was an all-expense paid trip to Montreal sponsored by the publishers of the "Canadian Fisherman" magazine. A full planned schedule included teas, tours, dinners, and radio interviews. As a surprise she was awarded an unscheduled trip to Boston from Halifax.

During her short stay in Boston, she visited City Hall where she was presented with a key to the city. She returned to Halifax and with her came a huge crock of Boston baked beans, sent as a token of good will from the Mayor of Boston to the Mayor of Lunenburg. The beans were presented to Mr. Hebb at a homecoming banquet held in Jane's honor at the Bluenose Lodge.

Since then, Queens have been crowned each year amid pageantry and colour. The succeeding Queens are as follows:

1948—Shirley Hines — Dartmouth

1949—Marie Hynick — Lunenburg

1950—Patricia Vincent — Lunenburg and Dartmouth

1951—Deanna Elliott — Chester

1952—Gloria Feindel — Bridgewater

1953—Janet Conrad — LaHave

1954—Gladys Cluett — Lunenburg

1955—Helen Lee — Halifax

1956—Noreen Baxter — Truro

1957—Marjorie Garrison — Halifax

1958—Derryl Stewart — Bridgewater

1959—Patricia Smith — Woodlawn

1960—Florence Cross — Louisburg

1961—Dianne Lohnes — Lunenburg

The present Queen, seventeen year old Dianne Lohnes of Lunenburg, was chosen Queen of the Sea to reign over the 1961 Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition. Dianne, a grade XII student from Lunenburg Academy, was selected from a group of five Lunenburg girls to represent the historic port in the contest. It marks the fifth time that a Lunenburg girl has won the competition since the contest was inaugurated fifteen years ago.

On the second evening of the competition, some sixteen girls, representing towns in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton were ready for preliminary judging in street clothes. The big choice was made the following evening, with

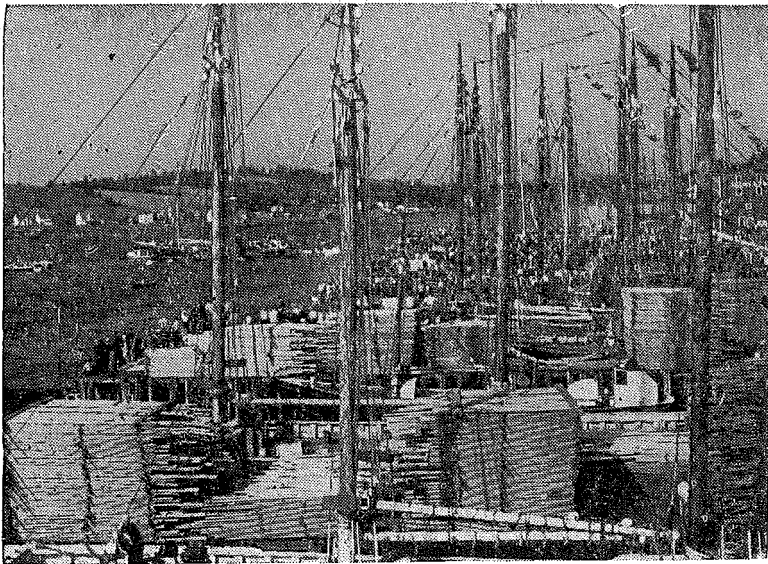
three judges taking an hour to narrow down the final choice for the 1961 Queen. She was officially crowned on the following evening in a colourful outdoor ceremony.

Next year Dianne plans to attend Dalhousie University to study science. To her, we wish every success and happiness in the coming years.

Selection of winners today has a little more colour than in '47. At that time, the girls were interviewed first at an informal tea, second in the dressing rooms prior to their stage appearance and then again by the judges on the stage. At the present time, a more colourful stage setting and the interview by the Master of Ceremonies have made a much more impressive ceremony. The contest, since its infancy, has progressed in many ways.

Prizes have changed considerably today from those in the past. The trip to Montreal in 1947, sponsored by the "Canadian Fisherman" magazine, is the only one up to the present time. In 1948, a five hundred dollar scholarship was donated by National Sea Products Limited. Two of the prizes, a sterling silver scallop shell and the Arthur W. Schwartz Memorial Trophy were then, and still are, presented to the Queen. The big prize today, of three hundred dollars and a lovely Dupont Nylon gown, is indeed exceptional, and of course the trophy for a year is greatly prized.

In closing, may I make this suggestion, "Why not a King as well as a Queen?"



Days of Sail in Lunenburg

# 1961 FISHERIES EXHIBITION

Betty Ann Levy '62

After months of planning and hard work, bell-ringing and horn-blowing, September twelfth welcomed in the 1961 Fisheries Exhibition. The next five days proved to be a huge success for Lunenburg's twenty-fifth exhibition.

The official opening was held in the Memorial Building where Rear-Admiral H. F. Pullen (retired) officiated. After being introduced by John J. Kinley, Jr., Manager of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition, Admiral Pullen congratulated the management and the town for the East Coast's finest show. After the opening, the Miss Lunenburg contest began to unfold. Miss Dianne Lohnes, an attractive brunette, was chosen Miss Lunenburg for 1961.

Wednesday was the day anticipated by most people. On this, the day of the Grand Parade, school children in gay costume, industrial floats and decorated cars, interspersed with bands, made the 1961 parade one of the most colorful in the history of the exhibition.

The evening Sunset Ceremony was another spectacular. The band and guard of H.M.C.S. Cornwallis gave a breathtaking display of drill for the interested crowds. The contestants for the Queen of the Sea title made an appearance.



**Junior Dory Race**

Thursday, or Water Sports Day, certainly proved an interesting day for the exhibition. The races of the Sea Cadets, yachts, speedboats and dories,

all provided excitement for the onlookers. The added attraction for this year was a skillful display of water skiing.

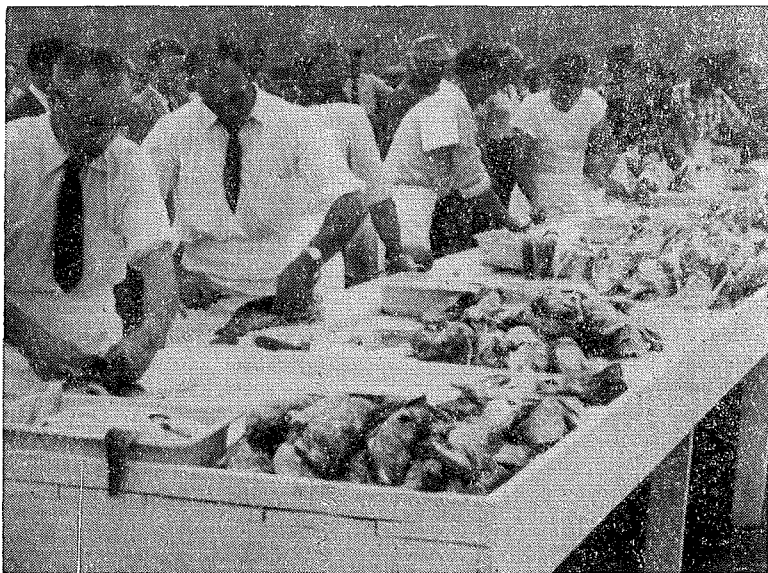
Thursday night's highlight was the choosing of the Queen of the Sea. To the delight of all Lunenburg citizens, Miss Dianne Lohnes was given the title of Queen. This was the fifth time in the fifteen years of the contest that a Lunenburg girl was honored. The first lady-in-waiting was Linda Elliott, Spa Springs, and the second lady was Lorna Bell, Bluenose Skating Club, Halifax.

Friday's International Senior and Junior Double Dory Races, with the United States competing against Canada, brought crowds to the waterfront. Canada was victorious in both events.

The beautiful and colorful crowning of our Queen of the Sea took place on Friday night. With bands playing and a fireworks display, Dianne Lohnes was crowned Queen for a year.

Saturday afternoon was children's parade day. It was a delight to watch the beautifully costumed children parade before the judges. The Queen of the Sea gave out the prizes.

On Sunday, the Fishermen's Memorial Service was conducted at the Band Stand, honoring those lost at sea during the past year. Later to the strains of band music wreaths were deposited at the waterfront to be taken to sea by the first outgoing ship, in memory of these brave men.



**The Filleting Contest**

# MENTAL TORTURE

Margaret Young '63

Like ashes,  
words  
lie crumpled,  
spent  
with the fury  
of unimagination,  
futilely  
the brain  
attempts  
to gather  
close  
the black velvet cloak  
of concentration,  
as dazedly,  
I  
wander  
once more  
into  
the passive world  
of verse.

---

# THE WIND BLOWS

Robert F. Levy '63

The wind blows ....

....and hurls the leaves into the air,  
and lets them down to earth again,  
then picks them up and does the same....  
....the wind blows.

The wind blows ....

....across the rivers, lands and lakes,  
and brings the snow, the hail and sleet  
to hurl them down around our feet....  
....the wind blows.

The wind blows ....

....across the ocean deep and blue,  
and hurls the waves which take their toll  
of lives and then on their cold graves....  
....the wind blows.

## MY PET SNOOZY

Nancy Dauphinee '65

Snoozy was a rooster  
He was the cutest pet;  
Although he's gone forever,  
I think about him yet.

Now if you think a rooster,  
Can't possibly be fun,  
You should have seen my Snoozy,  
Make lots of people run.

I kept him all that summer,  
Until quite late that fall;  
He grew so big and handsome  
But didn't crow at all.

At last the winter was so near,  
I feared for Snoozy's fate;  
I thought I'd take him to a farm,  
Before it got too late.

What happened to my Snoozy,  
I won't even try to guess;  
But I have ideas about it,  
I sadly must confess.

---

## RIPPLING WATERS

Elizabeth Wood '65

Rippling waters and  
Moon overhead and  
Softly paddled canoes,  
Singing voices and  
Strains of guitars and  
Far-off dancing shoes.

Looming trees and  
Shimmering grass and  
Sprightly leaves that shake,  
Silent docks and  
Weathered paths and  
Dusk beside the lake.

# THE NEW MOON

Margaret Campbell '65

The new moon is my boat of dreams,  
My sail is a star,  
Imagination the rudder  
To carry me far.

But when my dreaming is over  
To earth I'll return  
With hope, with courage, with laughter,  
Its lessons to learn.

---

# BIG MIKE

Pat Powers '64

My Boxer is a thoroughbred,  
From old Cape Breton Isle,  
Bold and brave he holds his head,  
Awaiting one sweet smile.

We got him for a watchdog,  
He surely earned his keep;  
He chases cats, he chases dogs,  
They leave without a peep.

He has his likes and dislikes,  
Our paper boy's his friend;  
But you should hear the horrid yipes,  
When the fish man turns the bend.

Big Mike of Dell Kenard,  
For that's his proper name,  
Will chase your friends from your back yard,  
And break your window pane.

He chews up socks, he chews up hats,  
He drives you most insane;  
Then hangs his head for two small pats,  
We love him just the same.

## SNOW MAN

Dorothy Conrad '66

Roll a snowball  
Round and round,  
Build a snow man  
On the ground.

Bring a hat  
Of any size,  
Bring potatoes  
For his eyes.

Bring a carrot  
For his nose;  
Never mind  
About his clothes.

Let him shiver,  
Let him freeze.  
He will never  
Cough or sneeze.

Build a snow man  
Round and fat,  
All he needs  
Is cane and hat.

---

## SNOWFLAKES

William Hillier '64

Falling down from the sky,  
From up so very, very high,  
Different patterns, every one,  
That gleam and sparkle in the sun.

Covering every patch of ground,  
Filling every vale and mound,  
Making everything so bright,  
They seem to brighten up the night.

But when the sun comes out next day,  
They start to melt and fade away,  
Leaving the earth a desolate brown,  
Taking with them their snowy crown.



# LADY BADEN-POWELL VISITS LUNENBURG

Elizabeth Wood '65, Tannis Sodero '65

Saturday, October 7, 1961 will always be remembered by the Girl Guide and Brownie population as a most important day of their "Guiding" life. The occasion was the visit of Lady Baden-Powell, World Chief Guide.

Over fifteen hundred Guides, Brownies, Scouts and Cubs were assembled at the Lunenburg Community Centre grounds. The ceremonies commenced at three P.M. Several minutes later a car arrived, driven by a Mahone Bay Ranger, and stopped in front of the grand-stand. The World Chief Guide stepped out of the car and was escorted to the reviewing stand by Elizabeth Wood, a Guide from the 2nd Lunenburg Company and Lynn Eisenhauer, a Brownie from the 1st Lunenburg Pack.

After the singing of the World Song, Mayor R. G. A. Wood welcomed the special guest to Lunenburg and Mrs. Andrew Eisenhauer, District Commissioner, introduced the Chief Guide. Following Mrs. Eisenhauer's introductory speech, the Guides, Brownies, Cubs and Scouts formed a march-on of colours. After the "march-on" of the colours, Lady Baden-Powell inspected the troops accompanied by Mrs. Andrew Eisenhauer, and frequently stopped to chat with Guides and Rangers. Cubs and Brownies gave a "Grand Howl" which was followed by a march past directly in front of the platform where Lady Baden-Powell was seated.

She gave a very inspiring talk to the Guides, Brownies, Cubs and Scouts, and told them that they were part of a world-wide organization which provided training to help them all through their lives. The enthusiasm and keenness displayed by Lady Baden-Powell could not help but influence and impress the large gathering, and inspired them to carry on this wonderful Guide movement, and look forward to a future world where all countries could live peacefully, according to the aims and ideals of "Guiding."

Five "Gold Cords", the highest award given to Girl Guides, were awarded by Lady Baden-Powell. Four went to Kentville Guides and one to Bridgewater. Following these awards, Girl Guide Tannis Sodero of Lunenburg presented her with a "birch bark scroll" representing "square inches." This is in connection with the new Girl Guide Headquarters now being built at Toronto.

After a pleasant visit, we were all very sorry when the World Chief Guide departed, driven by Joan Mason, a Ranger of the Mahone Bay Company. She was then escorted to the Boscawen Manor where a reception was held in her honour. This charming lady with her vast experience in Guide Rallies the world over, thanked the town for being host at the reception, and told the gathering that the rally which she had just attended was on as high a standard as one could find anywhere in the world.

## EX-INSPECTOR BASIL COURTNEY SILVER,

B.A. (ACADIA), B.ED. (EDINBURGH)

Judith Corkum '63, Margaret Campbell '65

In 1960 Mr. Basil Courtney Silver retired as Inspector of Schools for Halifax County, having left "a touch of Silver" in the lives of legions of students and teachers during forty-six years of service in the field of education.

Mr. Silver was born at Lunenburg on November 16, 1894, the son of Obed Parker Silver and Mary Alice Walter Schwartz, both of Lunenburg. He graduated from the Lunenburg County Academy in 1912. While attending the Academy, he was a member of what is believed to have been one of the first high school orchestras, and a member of the Male Quartet. He also participated in dramatics and public speaking. Especially interesting is the fact that he was taught to sing in German in Grade V.

From September 1912, to June 1915, ex-Inspector Silver was principal of a two-room school at Blue Rocks, where he interested the people in dramatics. Here, in 1914, he wrote and staged a play on the story of Ulysses. He successfully wrote the Grade XII Provincial examinations while at Blue Rocks.

He recalls that one of his early forms of recreation was ball-room dancing. Classes were conducted by Miss Agnes McGuire and Mrs. Arthur Hebb on the top floor of the Whitney Building, about 1913-1914. No dance was held without a chaperone and the entire gathering would perform. The Bon-Ton Gavotte and the Three-Step Waltzes were in vogue then, and the skilful could dance the Merry Widow and the Blue Danube. Another recreation was ice-boat sailing on the Back Harbour. He was also fond of skating as an outdoor sport and basketball as an indoor sport.

In 1916 Mr. Silver graduated from Normal College, after which he was principal of the Hantsport Schools until 1921, except for an interruption while he served with the Royal Canadian Air Force for a short time. In 1921, he became Supervising Principal of the Wolfville school system. For the next nineteen years he made an outstanding contribution to the life of this Valley town, giving educational leadership and encouraging school athletics, debating, dramatics, a school magazine, public speaking, and school music, in which he was a pioneer.



Ex-Inspector B. C. Silver

During these years, he began his work in Romance Languages and Music at the Summer Sessions at Columbia University in New York, taking one summer out to study Educational Administration, General Psychology, and Spanish at Mount Allison University. He also studied at Acadia University where, in 1932, he received his B.A. degree. In 1933-39, on leave of absence from Wolfville, he attended Edinburgh University, where he received the Bachelor of Education degree, graduating with distinction in Experimental Psychology and Educational Administration.

Ex-Inspector Silver resigned from the Wolfville Schools in 1940 to take the position of Acting Inspector of Schools for Colchester County; in 1941, Inspector-at-Large to assist various counties in the Province; and in 1942 Inspector of Schools for the County of Halifax, the largest Rural and Village Inspectorate in Canada, where he served until his retirement in 1960.

During his years as Inspector of Schools for Halifax County, he had one-third of the teachers in the Province in his Inspectorate. He saw the school population double and twenty million dollars spent on a building programme in the County. Much was done to improve educational facilities for the coloured children and by 1960 all the coloured children had the opportunity of attending High School.

At a conference of Music Educators held at the Normal College two years ago, the chairman referred to Mr. Silver as the "Father of School Music in Nova Scotia", a title he richly deserves. His career has been characterized by a love and active promotion of music in the schools, for which many of his students undoubtedly have been grateful in their adult years.

As founder, and, for many years, president, of the East Kings Local of the Nova Scotia Teachers' Union, Mr. Silver gave leadership in his profession. He has also been an enthusiastic supporter of the Home and School Association.

Pioneering speech and music festivals, he has made a notable contribution in this field. While Convener of Music for Home and School, he wrote a Home and School song of which four thousand copies were printed and distributed throughout Canada. In 1930, he composed a Medley for the Centennial of the town of Wolfville. In 1938, he composed the music for Acadia's Centennial Hymn. In 1958, one of his compositions, "The Heritage", was printed by the Department of Education. Other compositions are "The Traveller", "A Canadian Hymn", "The Sea Song", "Farewell, My Scottish Highlands", "O Wondrous Night", "A Christmas Song", "A Child's Prayer" and several marches and gavottes.

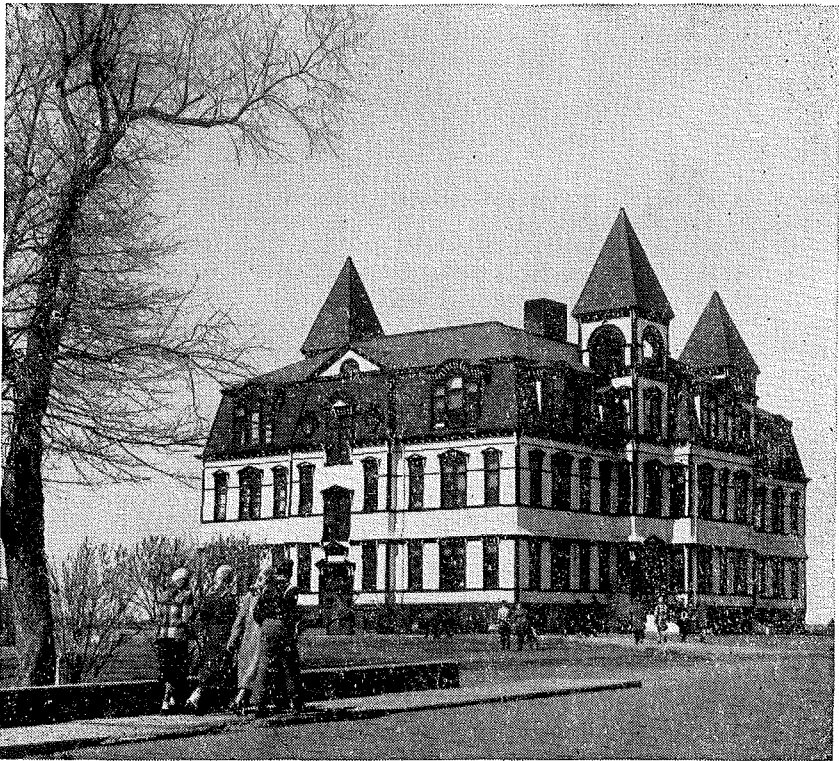
Mr. Silver has studied piano, pipe organ, voice, and clarinet, and for eight summers was Instructor in School Music at the Nova Scotia Summer School for Teachers, in Halifax. He was organist and choir director during his years at Hantsport and Wolfville, and also trained choirs for the Apple Blossom Festival for several years. Indeed, it is not possible to list his contributions in the field of music--sufficient it is to say, that they were manifold and enduring.

At the present time, Mr. Silver is continuing his research in the music

of Lunenburg and the County, and delivered three lectures on this subject, one before the Nova Scotia Historical Society, Province House, Halifax, and two before the Lunenburg Board of Trade in 1961. He now resides in Wolfville, where, in season, he is interested in growing roses. He is a Provincial Life Member of the Home and School Association, a member of the Nova Scotia Music Teachers' Association, the Nova Scotia Music Educators' Association, the Halifax Music Chapter, the Arts Council, the Board of Directors of the Acadia University Institute, and of the Rotary Club.

In 1929, Ex-Inspector Silver married Marietta MacDonald, who had been on the staff of the Ladies' Seminary of Acadia University, but who at that time was a member of the staff of the Dexter School, Brookline, Massachusetts. Mrs. Silver is well-known for her work in Home and School, having been Provincial President, National Vice-President, and a representative to the International Conference at Lansing, Michigan. She is a Provincial and National Life Member.

Mr. and Mrs. Silver are very fond of people, believing with the poet Omar Khayyam, "He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare."



LUNENBURG ACADEMY

## GERALD FALKENHAM

Ingrid Menssen '64, Sharon Nass '62

On July 16, 1926, the population of Lunenburg was increased by one, when Mrs. Harry D. Falkenham gave birth to a son. The proud parents chose Gerald Harry as the boy's Christian names.

Gerald spent the next few years of his life at home with his parents. At the tender age of five years, he took his first steps on the road to success by starting school at the Academy. All during the thirteen years he spent going to school, Gerald was a very conscientious student. He studied hard and graduated in 1944.

Upon his graduation he studied at the Maritime Business College in Halifax, during the term of 1944 to '45. When Mr. Falkenham received his diploma from this school, he went directly to the offices of the Swift Canadian Company Limited. For the next two years he worked for the company in the Saint John offices and there he was transferred to Moncton for six years. He was then sent back to Halifax where presently he is the office manager.

In 1948, Gerald Falkenham married Irene Conrad. They reside in Armdale with their three children, Douglas who is twelve, Judith who is nine, and Nancy who is six years of age.

Besides having a busy business and home life, Mr. Falkenham finds time for two other jobs. He is paymaster of the Halifax Rifles R.C.A.C.O. (Militia) and treasurer of the R.C.A.P.C. Association of Nova Scotia.

In November of the past year, Mr. G. Falkenham was awarded the gold medal of the Society of the Industrial and Cost Accountants of America for obtaining the highest mark in January of 1961 final examinations in advanced cost accounting, one of the subjects leading to R.I.A. certification.

The examinations are conducted annually by the Society of the Industrial and Cost Accountants of Nova Scotia. Mr. Falkenham topped a list of 494 candidates across Canada, and also won the Society's gold medal given for the highest marks in the province. On November 16, 1961, Mr. Falkenham was presented with both medals at the regular monthly meeting of the Halifax Chapter at the Nova Scotian Hotel.

His success is pleasing to his ex-schoolmates, his parents, and to Lunenburg. His career illustrates what hard work can accomplish.



Gerald Falkenham

## HARRY BAILLY

Helen Bailly, Heather Thompson '63

At eighty-one years of age, Mr. Harry Bailly still takes an active part in music. Born in a musical family, he was blessed with a true tenor voice. He used this gift to good advantage in both male and mixed quartets at home, church and at other functions. Some of his most interesting memories are of the days when he took part in such operas as Chimes of Normandy, Pirates of Penzance, and others. At present he sings first tenor in the Central United Church male choir. He has also had valuable experience playing in various bands including the 75th Regimental and the Lunenburg Civilian.

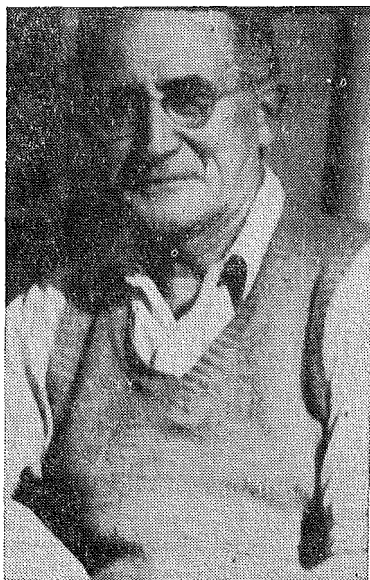
The son of Edwin and Annetta Bailly, Harris Edwin Bailly was born in Lunenburg on August 20, 1880, in the old homestead, where Harry lives today. This house formerly stood on the corner, where his brother Bert lives but was moved to its present site a short time before Harry was born. Mr. Bailly is the oldest living member of a family of eleven children, eight boys and three girls.

He recalls fondly the day his father took him by steamer to Halifax and bought him the first pair of spring skates to be used in Lunenburg. Until just recently Mr. Bailly still had those very skates in his keeping. At the early age of fifteen he started to work with his father in the blacksmith shop, learning his trade.

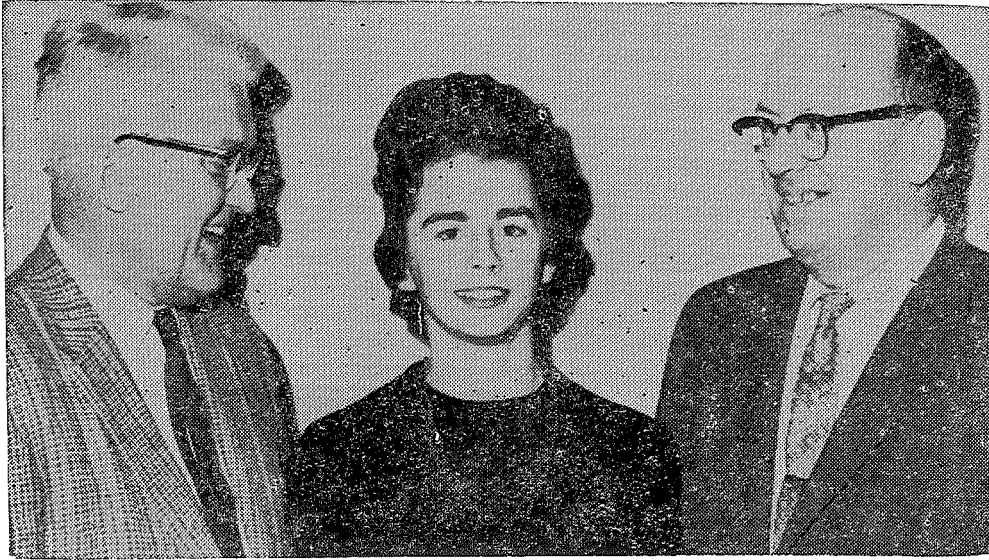
Six years later, on September 3, 1901, he married Willietta Curll. They settled down in the old homestead which had been modernized. Just as their father, their four sons George, Earl, Rayburn, Donald and their only daughter, Margaret, were born in one of the oldest houses in Lunenburg.

The Bailyys enjoyed their camping days at Mason's Island. Mr. Bailly would row the family and all necessary equipment to the island and home again. Rowing is still a favorite pastime and since the family now has a summer camp at Sunny Brook, he still enjoys his Sunday afternoon row.

This past summer, Mr. and Mrs. Bailly celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary. Present were three of their four sons, and their daughter, with their families and other relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Bailly are fortunate to be in excellent health and look forward to many more years of happiness together.



Harry Bailly



A special School Assembly of the Junior-Senior High School was held in January. Mayor (Dr.) R. G. A. Wood presented Diane Lohnes, Queen of the Sea, with a medallion on behalf of the Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, Major General Plow, for making the highest marks for Lunenburg County in Grade XI on the 1961 Provincial Examination. The above picture shows the radiant Queen between Principal D. H. Collins (left) and Mayor (Dr.) R. G. A. Wood (right).

At the same Assembly Robert Folvik and Diane Lohnes presented their reports on the United Nations Seminar, held at Mt. Allison University in the summer of 1961. The programme was completed with the showing of colored slides of the Christmas Operetta, *Babes in Toyland*.

# THE NURSES' RESIDENCE

Dianne Lohnes '62

Years of planning came to an end! It was on the bright, sunny day of June 4, 1961 that our new residence was officially opened, although nurses had been living in it since April. A crowd of people gathered in front of the 35 by 140 foot structure as Dr. Graham Simms, Executive Director of the Nova Scotia Hospital Commission, declared the building opened. The ceremonies were presided over by Mr. W. F. Kinley, while Mr. Fred Rhuland, chairman of the Hospital Board for the past few years, gave a few statistics on operations of the Hospital, and announced that a debt of \$650,000 had been reduced to \$19,300. Following the ceremony, citizens were given an opportunity to tour the three-floor building, which has many modern features.

Because of inadequate space for the increasing number of patients in the hospital, citizens began to realize that the former nurses' residence, which was on the top floor of the hospital, would be needed for patients. In due time, plans were made for a fine new building. The contract was awarded to E. E. Conrad & Son and construction began in June 1960 and ended February 20, 1961. Architects were Downie, Baker and Ahern. As yet, however, there are no extra beds in the hospital due to a shortage of nurses.

On entering the main front door, one finds himself in a large hall with shiny tiled floors. Perhaps the first room to meet the eye is the living room, beautifully decorated by Mrs. Fred Rhuland and Mrs. Howard Creighton in brown and gold, complete with planter. The furniture in this lounge was donated by the Ladies' Auxiliary who have contributed much to the residence. Their meetings are often held here.

Each of the three floors is equipped with a kitchen, laundry room, and washroom, besides the individual bedrooms. Cosy lounges with T.V. and Hi Fi afford a place to relax after a strenuous day's work and so as not to exclude anything there is even a beau room.

There are twenty-eight beds in the residence, all the rooms being single except three. Each is modernly furnished and decorated in various pastel shades. The superintendent, Miss Brown, and the assistant superintendent, Miss Saunders, each have beautifully decorated apartments. The lower floor contains room for fifteen girls (domestic help). This was furnished with pieces from the former Nurses' Quarters. To protect the building in case of fire, a sprinkler system has been installed.

Gradually, more improvements are being made to the landscape. Eventually there will be a paved road around the building. The new Nurses' Residence, which stands on the hill overlooking the town and harbour, together with the hospital will make the entire hospital property one of the finest in the Province.



# VALEDICTORY

Alice M. Conrad '61

Honored guests, ladies and gentlemen, Teachers, fellow students.

Every year, in towns, cities and nations across the globe, thousands graduate from High School, but to each student his or her graduation is of special importance. It marks the end of school days, and the beginning of a new part of his life. Over the years an endless procession of students has passed through the doors of Lunenburg Academy — students who have led honorable and productive lives, who have brought much credit to their school and community. We, the graduation class of 1961, are proud to be counted among their number, and we sincerely hope to follow the fine example they have set for us.

As we glance back over our school days, many scenes flash before our eyes. We remember not only the pleasures and the successes, but also the striving and the failures. For the past thirteen years we have studied to prepare ourselves for



Alice M. Conrad '61

this day, not just to obtain marks that evaluate our knowledge of a certain subject at 50% or 80%, but to develop our minds and characters, to learn self-discipline, to see another's point of view, simply to grow up according to the rules that you have laid down for us. We have built slowly and carefully, little by little, but we have not accomplished anything alone. Our parents and teachers have guided us with their love and wisdom but like all thoughtless youth, we did not always appreciate their concern for us. We would now thank them sincerely, for their kindness and understanding.

As we are about to step beyond the protection of our school and home, we look ahead, a bit unsure of ourselves, like explorers entering a new world. Are we capable of meeting all the problems and obstacles that life will present? Shall we attain our goals? It has been said that any man can hold the helm when the sea is calm but can we hold it when the sea is stormy? To succeed in life, we must make the right decision at the right time and often this requires courage and determination.

Each will be following a different road, some to business and some to teaching, nursing and other professions. We will be completely on our own. It will be up to us to make good use of the knowledge we have gained, to wage war upon the evils of our society, to preserve our rights as citizens of a democratic country, free from the fear and confusion so prevalent in the world today, and to live a worthy life, filled with goodness and truth.

One last word and this to my fellow classmates. Although no one can see into the future or control any part of it, I pray that it may hold success and

happiness for each of you. I would commend to you the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

“Build thee more stately mansions,  
Oh my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave the low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life’s unresting sea!”

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**GRADE XII—GRADUATION GROUP**

1st Row—N. Morash, A. Conrad, S. Conrad, E. Pyke, L. DeMone, G. Smith.

2nd Row—A. M. Gray, G. Levy, P. Cornu, E. Crouse, D. Hynick, P. Winters,  
D. Wentzell, J. Knickle.

# THE JUNIOR RED CROSS TRAINING CENTER

Etty Ann Levy '62

What is the Junior Red Cross; what are its duties; is it important? These are only three of the many questions one could ask about the Junior Red Cross. This summer it was my privilege to get answers to these and many other questions about this organization. My opportunity came when I was asked to represent the Lunenburg Academy at a Junior Red Cross Leadership Training Center, to be held at Mount Allison University, Sackville, from July 18 - 27th.

At the Center delegates from Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Quebec and the United States had the opportunity to get together and discuss Junior Red Cross work. The purposes of the center, as outlined by Mr. J. Duffie, were: (1) To develop a group of student leaders who have an understanding of the philosophy and program of the Junior Red Cross, which will enable them to lead active branches in their respective schools next year; (2) To provide an opportunity for the type of democratic living which develops community-minded citizens; (3) To enable outstanding students of the Atlantic Provinces, Quebec and the United States to stimulate and inspire each other through working, playing, thinking and living co-operatively.

The Center program was well planned in advance. When the delegates arrived at Mount Allison, they were given a time table outlining the course of events for the next ten days. Although there were variations in the time table for each day, I have tried to arrange a typical day.

At 7:15 a.m. we were all to get up but most of us slept through the alarm until 7:30. Breakfast was 7:50; 8:45 was general assembly; 9:00-10:30 consisted of lectures, meetings, discussion groups, etc. At 10:30 we had a morning snack break; 10:45-11:45 was again open to lectures and discussion groups. After this came committee and council meetings, followed by lunch at 12:15. 12:50 to 1:50 was a rest period and from 1:50-3:30 there was a variety of work programs and meetings. Recreation followed and then dinner at 5:45; 7:30-9:00 each night there was a planned program and 9:00-10:15 we had planned recreation. Ten fifteen brought a snack break in Bigelow House lounge and lights were out at 11:00.

One of the most interesting and helpful aspects of the Center life was the lectures. We had many speakers talking on a variety of topics. The first night provided us with six speakers. Mayor Wright of the town of Sackville told of Sackville's history; Professor Duckworth told of the University's history. The others, Colonel Fisher, Miss Marion Bates, Miss Delephine Geonet and Miss Kathleen Herman gave welcoming addresses.

On Wednesday morning, after Mr. Duffie's address outlining the purpose of the Center, Colonel Fisher spoke on the history and philosophy of Red Cross. Other lecturers were Mr. R. A. Craig, who spoke on the Principles of Social Service; Mr. George Aitkens, who spoke on the organization and activities of the International Red Cross and Doctor Allard told of his experiences during his three months stay in the Congo. He told of the work the Red Cross is doing there and a great amount of help still needed.

Miss Kathleen Herman spoke on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings, explaining to us the four Geneva Conventions. We were all surprised to learn that these Conventions are not meetings but treaties drawn up as international laws dealing with humane treatment during a war.

The Honorable Mr. Duffie, governmental representative of New Brunswick and also brother of our Center director, Mr. J. Duffie, gave the closing address.

Study groups discussing the subjects (1) Community Service; (2) International Exchange; (3) International Relief gave another source of information. Student panels were also staged. The delegates had three of these. The first dealt with the organization of Junior Red Cross in high schools; the second was a parade of ideas which gave us a number of new suggestions for high school projects. The third panel was entitled "What we have learned here". Each student told of the idea heard at the Center which most interested him. These panels provided the delegates opportunity for public speaking and showed their ability to take part in the program. An adult panel was also staged which dealt with different Red Cross subjects.

During our recreational periods, Mr. Fred Tobias, Director of Water Safety and Recreation, did an excellent job of keeping us amused. We had parties every night and swimming every afternoon.

Monday was an "exception" day from the general program. On this day we left the campus about 10:30 to spend the day at the beach. After spending one-half hour at Fort Beausejour, we passed the rest of the day at Camp La-Wi-Si.

Two special projects which we undertook while at the Center were a Garden Party and an International Party. The countries represented at the International Party were U.S.A., Japan, France, Holland and Latin America. Each country was represented by delegates who dressed in national costumes and put on dances and skits.

The Garden Party was held on Sunday afternoon. It was for elderly people and crippled children. The delegates provided a program, served refreshments and acted as hosts and hostesses. To prepare for these parties, the delegates were divided into different work groups, operating for one or both parties.

The Training Center was indeed a great help to all who attended. It provided opportunity for about 96 high school students from the Maritimes, Quebec and the United States to learn and play co-operatively. It gave us all a large storehouse of knowledge and did much to build our confidence in ourselves so that we may go on as leaders in Red Cross work. I am sure that all who attended this Center will be better able, and more eager, to fulfill the duties which come under the Junior Red Cross Declaration of Service.

We believe for others, for our country, our community and our school; in health of mind and body, to fit us for greater service; and for better human relations throughout the world. We have joined the Junior Red Cross to help achieve its aims by working together with members everywhere, in our own and other lands.

# THE JUNIOR SCHOOL OF THE ARTS

David Afford '63

The Junior School of the Arts, at lovely Camp Kadimah on a southeastern cove of Lake Williams, near Barss' Corner, Lunenburg County, is an annual affair. Beautiful Camp Kadimah, one of the best in eastern Canada, for ten days of August every year plays host to about one hundred and fifty High School students from the Maritimes. These students are all brought together by a common interest. — their keen interest in the Arts.

Here, under the refreshing, cool shade of mighty, green oak trees, these young people live, as in a private community, learning or expanding their knowledge of the Arts. They are taught by teachers who are professionals in the Arts themselves, and under whose friendly and very interested supervision, the students learn how to do the things they are interested in accomplishing. There are many courses from which to choose. For example, there are choral singing, painting, play-acting and make-up work, and last but not least, instrumental music. Amateur actors learn facial expressions and voice control, painters experiment in new mediums, singers learn more about choral singing, and musicians learn how to use and play their instruments properly.

For four hours every day, two in the morning, one in the afternoon and one in the evening, the girls and boys are educated in their chief interest groups, while one hour in the afternoon is spent taking one of the other three interest groups.

It isn't all hard work, however, in fact it's almost the opposite of that. There is swimming instruction under the supervision of Red Cross instructors, archery, tennis, shuffle-board, basketball, baseball, boating, gymnastics, bonfires, and best of all, Meals. Having meals might not sound like much of a recreation but at this camp it is greatly anticipated for not only do you get good meals, but everybody trades tables for each meal, thereby giving you an opportunity to meet and get to know everybody quite well by the end of camp. One table is used as a "French Table", where only those who want to try out their high school French sit. Since French is spoken exclusively, you might get hungry if you could not ask for food in French.

Every night one of the chief interest groups is utilized to provide entertainment, and near the end of camp there are plays and operettas to watch, to which the students' parents are invited.

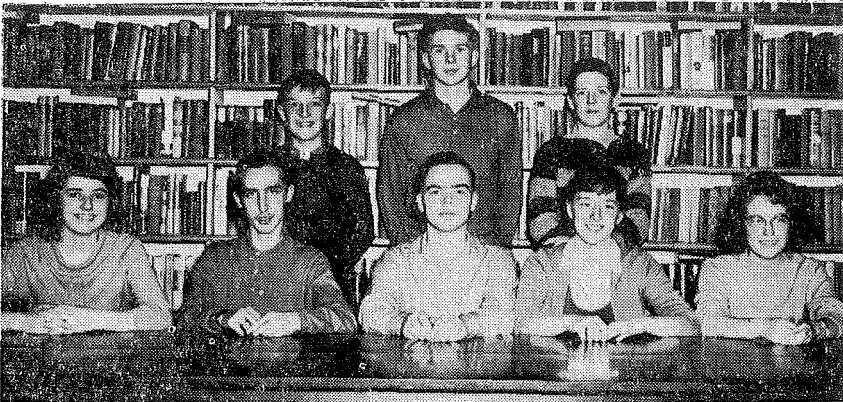
Before lights out, around ten-thirty, there is a very touching ceremony as everyone goes out into the dark around the still, moonlit lake as Taps is played on the trumpet. Taps is a sort of musical prayer which, when played in the serene atmosphere around the quiet lake, has a startling effect on the campers as the beautiful notes drift slowly out into the darkness. Anyone who knows what the noise of a camp is like at night, can appreciate the power of the music to keep everyone quiet.

Another very stirring and sentimental occasion takes place the last night of camp, as the legend of the lake is told and acted out in almost complete

darkness, followed by readings from the Bible. Even the boys find it hard to keep their eyes from filling with tears, it is so beautiful.

At last comes the inevitable day when camp must come to an end, and many goodbyes must be said. It is surprising how many good friends can be made in ten days, and leaving camp with the thought that you might never meet again is a very common feeling that last day. As the bus drives up after dinner, the last handshakes take place and camp is over for another year.

I had the honour to win a scholarship for this camp from the South Shore Art Group, and now that I have attended it once I am sure I will try to get back to this worthwhile camp at my own expense. I would suggest that any teenager who is interested in the Arts should try to get to the Junior School of the Arts because it is really an educational and exhilarating experience.



#### STUDENTS COUNCIL

1st row—R. Pittman, W. Cook (Secretary), D. S. Walters (President), M. Whynacht (Treasurer), M. Young.

2nd row—T. Winters, G. Upham, C. Anderson.

# UNITED NATIONS SUMMER SCHOOL

Robert Folvik '63, Dianne Lohnes '62

The seventh annual session of the United Nations Summer School was held at Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B., from July 9 to 15, 1961. One hundred sixty students were in attendance from the four Maritime Provinces and Quebec.

As in past years, there were many interesting speakers present from the four corners of the earth, brought there by Mr. Martin Duckworth, Director of the Seminar. From Germany there was Mr. Hans de Boer, a world traveller and lecturer, also the author of *The Bridge Is Love*. Mr. Chistoff came to us from Ottawa, where he is in the United Nations Division of the Department of External Affairs. Up from the hot Caribbean was Dr. Americo Cruz, the Cuban Ambassador to Canada. Another Canadian Mr. John Holmes, is the President of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs.

The other speakers were Dr. Okira Kusakawa, who is on the Population Branch and Bureau of Social Affairs in the U.N.; C. T. Nylander, the High Commissioner for Ghana in Canada; and W. M. Whitelaw, Professor of History at Mount Allison.

An introductory talk by Dr. Whitelaw on our first evening, put us in the mood for a week of world affairs, and made the students from the Atlantic provinces realize the importance of this seminar. Throughout the week, speakers touched on the highlights of world problems. Among these were Dr. Cruz speaking in favor of Castro and Latin America; Mr. de Boer with his cynical views on Communism and capitalism; and Mr. Nylander who gave us an interesting and somewhat surprising picture of life in Ghana.

In listening to these speeches, the students became more aware of the complex problems facing the United Nations. They also formed an opinion of its accomplishments so far. Discussion, which followed each speaker, finalized our thoughts and extended the little knowledge we had of the topic, by giving us a chance to exercise our brains.

Not wanting to overdo the study part, leaders at the seminar gave us the afternoon to relax or participate in some form of sport. This was called the quiet period, but usually turned out to be the noisiest time of the day. It gave students a chance to let out some of that extra energy by playing soccer, softball, volleyball or participating in scavenger hunts. The less ambitious wrote letters or just slept. However, the bowling alley downtown was a big attraction to many.

All our time wasn't spent around the campus, for on Thursday three busloads of students took a trip to historic Fort Beausejour, and from there on to Shediac beach. In spite of the cool air, the warm feeling among students made the day a memorable one.

With the week drawing to a close, everyone was eagerly preparing for the highlight. This was the Model General Assembly. Students were appointed to represent the views of particular countries as they debated on

the resolution "All colonial territories should be granted their independence immediately." Australia's resolution in favour of preparation of the colonies for independence won 18 to 2.

What better way could we have of ending our last evening than with a dance? The appropriately decorated gym soon was filled with teenagers dancing to the music of the Instrumental Music Camp. It was our last "fling" together!

Saturday morning seemed sad to most of us in spite of the glittering sunshine, for we had to leave our new acquaintances, perhaps never to see them again. With our heads swelled with plans for U.N.I.C.E.F. and other projects, we reluctantly climbed aboard the train which carried us homeward.

It is true that we shall ne'er forget  
The many people that we met.  
But as we've been told by young and old  
The experience was worth more than gold.

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## FORMER NATAL DAY CELEBRATIONS

Marion Brushett '64, Sandra Haughn '62

The centenary of the founding of Lunenburg, on June 7, 1853, was celebrated in a manner which reflected the greatest credit on the descendants of the original settlers. One hundred rounds were fired, twenty-five each at four different times. At sunrise the first twenty-five rounds were fired, to the accompaniment of all the bells of the town. This salute was fired from the historic Blockhouse Hill. At ten o'clock in the morning, services were held in St. John's Anglican Church, led by Rev. H. L. Owen.

When the short service at the historic church had been concluded, a procession was formed at the courthouse. The First Artillery Company headed this procession, followed by the band which in turn was followed by the volunteer Militia. The sheriff came next, on horseback. The clergymen, then the magistrates, the members of the legal profession, the doctors, citizens and children followed.

On arrival at Rous' Brook, the assemblage was addressed by the Hon. William Rudolf, a grandson of Leonard Rudolf, one of the original settlers. He told of the founding of the settlement. At noon, twenty-five rounds were fired at Rous' Hill, after which the procession paraded through the town. At one o'clock the guns once more rang out a salute, this time from the Gallows Hill, the site of the old Star Fort of early days. Festivities of various kinds were staged throughout the afternoon, and at sunset the guns thundered out a final salute of twenty-five rounds from Blockhouse Hill, followed by a great display of fireworks. An oak was planted this day on Bunker Hill to perpetuate the memory of this momentous celebration.

After the outstanding celebration of the town's centenary in 1853, observances of the town's Natal Day on June 7, of the succeeding years became usual. The militia company helped in this respect, for a procession



without the presence of uniformed volunteers lacked color.

The next Natal Day celebration of any importance was held in 1862. At 6 a.m. a salute was fired. Then at 11 o'clock the ringing of bells heralded the formation of a procession to the courthouse which was led by the sheriff on horseback. Following this, John Heckman and Rev. H. L. Owen addressed the citizens at Rous' Brook, after which a salute of eighteen guns was fired. The procession marched back to the courthouse and after three cheers for the Queen had been given, the crowd dispersed.

For one hundred and seventy-one years after the founding no permanent memorial had been erected. Finally through the efforts of the Boscawen Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, it was possible to mark the landing place of the first settlers by means of a monument, on the 171st anniversary of the founding of the town.

The procession, headed by the First Battalion Band, and also consisting of Cadets, Girl Guides, Scouts and C.G.I.T. members, proceeded from Jubilee Square to the site of the monument. Mayor Arthur Schwartz presided over the ceremonies. The service opened with the singing of O Canada and a prayer, then the Mayor reviewed the happenings incident upon the landing of the settlers in 1753. Following this, came the unveiling of the monument of rough granite, symbolic of the endurance of the early settlers. The ceremony came to an end with the singing of The King by the two thousand people present.

A celebration of great significance was the 175th anniversary of the settlement. This was celebrated with the representation of the landing of the settlers. The impersonations of some of the characters concerned provided interesting entertainment. The procession was composed of one hundred and fifty school children, under the leadership of the principal, D. H. Collins.

The band headed the procession from the Academy to Rous' Brook. The commander of the "Atlas" impersonated Captain John Rous. A salute of the guns was fired and then the settlers landed. Principal Collins commanded the Indians and French, and a skirmish occurred during the landing. All the principals in this drama were clothed in the apparel of the 1753 era.

A short thanksgiving service was held at the monument. Following the service, the assemblage went to Jubilee Square where the morning program ended with singing by the school children. In the afternoon the cornerstone was laid at the Fire Hall. In the evening an indoor service was held at St. John's, at which the Right Rev. John MacKenly was the chief speaker. This closed with the National Anthem. Later on a band concert was held and fireworks marked the conclusion of the 175th anniversary of the town.

Again, on Lunenburg's two hundredth birthday, a similar representation of the landing of our forefathers was dramatized as on the 175th anniversary.

Since then, the only celebration of Lunenburg's Natal Day has been the ringing of church bells accompanied by the pleasant music of the Anglican chimes, echoing throughout the town.

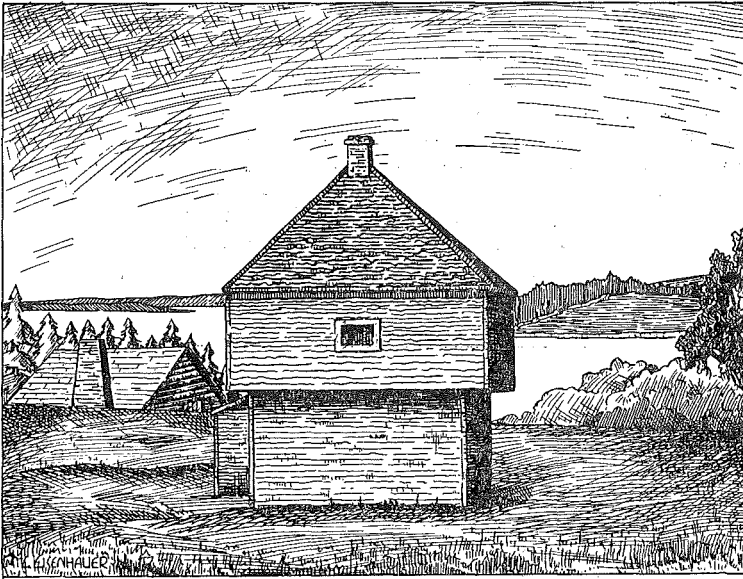
(Note: The Bicentennial celebrations will be reviewed in 1963.)

# THE STORY OF FORT BOSCAWEN

Glenda Smith '61, Gary Upham '64

One of six blockhouses erected in the township of Lunenburg in 1753, was designed to resist attack from the sea. This, a pretentious fortification, developed at Battery Point, where a blockhouse was the centre of defensive works. It was afterwards designated as Fort Boscawen, honoring the Admiral who distinguished himself at the siege of Louisbourg.

This fort, at the entrance of the harbor, consisted of a guard-house and battery on which were mounted twelve-pounders and nearer the town, a Blockhouse and battery of guns of the same calibre. These batteries were built for the security of the principal towns along the coast and for the protection of the Coasting Trade against the enemy's privateers.



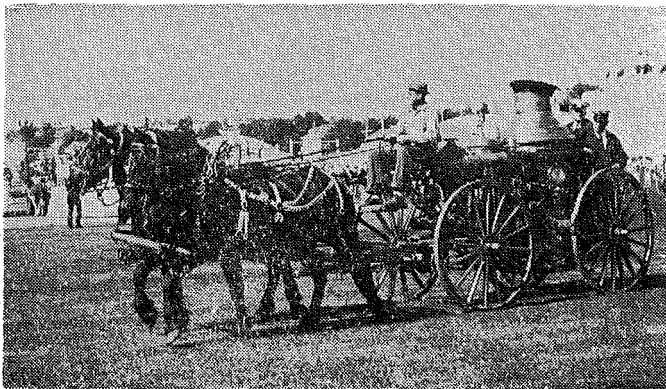
However, Fort Boscawen did not always protect the town from the privateers. One incident occurred on July 1, 1792. The invaders upon landing at Blue Rocks, were observed by Mrs. Leonard Schwartz, who lived about one mile from town. She dropped her milk pail and ran carrying the alarming news to her husband, who managed to reach the town safely, though he was fired upon at Rous' Brook.

The town was alarmed by the firing of a number of small guns near the blockhouse. Colonel Creighton, with only five men, got into the blockhouse at Fort Boscawen and at the approach of the enemy, they fired at and wounded three of the invaders. The rebels then divided into several parties,

two of which ran to the batteries, spiked the guns and turned them and the balls down to the water.

Colonel Creighton and his five supporters were taken aboard the enemy vessel which had, by this time, come around to the Battery Point. In the meantime, other parties had plundered the little town of all they deemed worth taking and threatened to burn it down unless it were ransomed. The townspeople, being outnumbered, gave them a document for ransom of 1,000 pounds. By the time help had come to the unfortunate citizens of Lunenburg, the privateers had sailed away, deeply loaded with plunder, they, having before their departure nailed up the guns; taken away all the powder and burned the old blockhouse on Windmill Hill.

With the declaration of war in 1812, steps were taken to put several of the blockhouses into a state of repair. Some of the original blockhouses were no longer necessary and during the lapse of years had disappeared. The privateers again appeared along the coast but Lunenburg was not going to be caught napping on this occasion. Four new blockhouses had been constructed to replace others which had fallen into decay. Of these, two were in the town, the other two at Lower LaHave and Kingsburg. The building on Blockhouse Hill, then known as Windmill Hill, was supplied with two 9-pounders and four 12-pounders, also two small guns and two brass field pieces. Old Fort Boscawen on Battery Point, which had also fallen into decay, had been rebuilt with stone and wood, and four 12-pounders had been mounted there to repel attack from the sea front. Fortunately, as a result of this preparedness, no organized attack was made on the town of Lunenburg during the year. Throughout the following years Fort Boscawen continued in its task of protecting the town from the hands of the scavenging privateers.



**The Old Fire Engine**

# OLD WELLS IN AND AROUND LUNENBURG

Janet Joudrey '64, Marilyn Whynacht '62

In the town of Lunenburg, there are many historic spots. One of the least expected is wells that have a rich association with the past.

The one which most of the people of Lunenburg seem to know is Rous' Brook well, situated near the monument at Garden Lots. This well marks the spot where the settlers first landed in 1753.

The well which belongs to the old Beck house on Green Street was filled in during the past summer. The Beck house was one of the oldest in town and had a stone fireplace in it. (The house has now been remodelled and moved back from the street.)

Also, a well was found on Kempt Street when the street was being prepared for hard surfacing. It had to be drained into the town sewer system.

Many of the older houses in town, which were rebuilt prior to the water system being installed in the town in 1895, had wells either in the basement of the house or on the property. A famous one was located in the large house opposite the Lutheran Church. These wells at home provided drinking water for humans and animals.

There were also many wells which were called Fire Department wells. Adjacent to Cumberland Street near our Fire Hall is a well connected with the town water system. This well was designed to provide ample water to fight fires in the centre of town. It may have been the reason why few major fires have hit Lunenburg. This well is still used in case of a bad fire or in testing the pumps. Many of you may have seen the firemen testing the pumps at one time or another.

Other old fire wells which were used in the past, and since have been filled in, are: one near the south gate of the Atlantic Bridge Company Limited, another near Creighton Street (between King and Prince Streets), also one at the intersection of Archibald and Broad Streets. Improvements in the town water system have made these wells unnecessary for fire protection purposes.

This can be said for well water. It is normally harder than lake water since it takes up minerals in passing through the soil. However, well water has the advantage of being colder in the summer than lake water, since it is not exposed to the sun and is usually several feet below the surface of the ground where the temperature is relatively cool.

Lunenburgers may not miss the plentitude of old wells inside the town limits. A day may well come when somebody will get down the facts in story form. It may well surprise many of us that the early wells played an important part in the life of the home and the community.

## A CHICKEN INDUSTRY

Roy Young '63, Gilbert Oickle '63

Many Lunenburg industries are growing rapidly. A perfect example of this is the firm, Quality Poultry. Mr. Roy Falkenham started in the chicken industry about thirty years ago with his father. After that time he visited Upper Canada to gain information on such an industry.

In 1956 the company, Quality Poultry, was formed by Mr. Falkenham and several local business men. The plant was constructed by them with chickens being supplied by local farmers. The plant keeps about 130,000 broilers growing at one time. About 700 chickens per hour or 5000 per day are killed.

The whole industry is very complicated. About 165 are involved in keeping the plant in operation. Nearby hatcheries supply the plant with broilers which the company purchases and raises on surrounding farms. Killings take place about three or four times a week.

The chickens are brought to the plant by truck in crates. They are uncrated and suspended by their feet on a conveyor belt. You can imagine the squawks and the feathers that fill the plant at this time. An electric knife replaces the trusty old hatchet for killing the birds. The belt carries the chickens further on where they are scalded and plucked by machine. It is easy to note the decrease in size between the live bird and the finished product. Following this operation they are cut open and cleaned out. The edible parts are saved and placed in bags which are later placed in the chickens. They are then washed and moved on to have feet and necks removed.

Similar to the operation in the fish plant, they are packed in ice, graded, weighed and crated. Quality Poultry ships broilers as well as turkeys to Halifax and surrounding stores.

The by-products from the plant are used to feed the mink on the farm near Lunenburg. Thus the chicken industry brings increased employment to Lunenburg as well as a fine breed of chicken. Two years ago the company purchased a few laying hens. The number has now increased to about 40,000.

This type of industry, according to Mr. Falkenham, does not guarantee big profits. Large numbers of birds must be killed, cleaned, packed, inspected and ready for market at the lowest possible price. Competition is keen and efficiency is a must to keep these costs down.

In the near future Quality Poultry plan to expand and have already started to raise hogs. During the past few years a number of sows have been acquired and this new part of the business is expected to increase in turnover. Quality Poultry is well-equipped, well managed and certainly is an asset to this community.



## OPERETTA '61

Dianne Lohnes, Vernon Dominix '62



Scene—"Babes in Toyland"

"Time flies", as was seen by those waiting to participate in the 1961 operetta. October rolled around in fine style and already it was time for the members of the Choral Club to receive their parts. Silence fell over the Assembly Hall as Mrs. B. G. Oxner announced the leading characters of our new production, "Babes In Toyland."

The parts having been assigned, the cast then had to settle down and adapt themselves to the hard work facing them. The music, however, wasn't new to the club, for they had sung many of the choruses last year at the Hebbville Music Festival, where they received high praise from the adjudicator.

As the weeks passed by and the curtain date drew near, a few students sacrificed lunch hours and evenings, in order to get the practice necessary to make the operetta a success.

The students, however, weren't the only ones putting in overtime. There were dozens of people behind the scenes. R. H. Campbell and E. E. Eisner were in charge of the scenery; C. Andrews and G. Mason worked on the stage props; C. Andrews and D. H. Collins were in charge of stage management; chairlady of costumes was Miss Isabelle Oliver. Mrs. Alfred Dauphinee did considerable work painting stage scenery, and put much effort into it.

With opening night in full view, the dress rehearsal and matinee gave the actors confidence. This was more or less a final effort for perfection. There was no backing out now. It also gave them their first experience of the make-up procedure which was to be followed.

Opening night arrived at last, the auditorium was filled beyond our highest expectations — in fact it was the largest crowd that ever attended. Back-

stage there was a hubbub of excitement as frantic last minute preparations were made. This was old procedure to a few but it was a first for many. The heat and nervous tension proved to be too much for some of the newcomers and fainting cases resulted but as their cues came up most of them managed to pull themselves together to give it the old college try, illustrating an old statement, "The show must go on."

A main aspect of the play was the costumes, which were so splendid that many thought they were rented. All of them, however, were homemade by a committee of local citizens. Mrs. Roy DeMone, Mrs. D. Cantelope, Mrs. J. Eagar, Mrs. Victor Emeneau, Mrs. Harry Haughn, Mrs. James McDuff, Mrs. R. G. A. Wood, Miss M. L. Langille. This group was headed by Miss Isabelle Oliver our Household Science teacher.

Thrills and chills were in store in Scene II, as Alan and Jane were caught in the spooky "Spider Forest" where the wicked spider tried to entrap them in his web. The Fairy Queen, aided by a giant brown bear, killed the spider and released the children. A spooky atmosphere was achieved through the use of dim lighting and mood music.

A change of scenery took us to the Master Toymaker's workshop where the children revelled in the gifts he gave them. Here was shown the Toy Soldiers Parade, which was a spectacular march routine executed by sixteen girls. A colorful sight they made in their jackets of scarlet with black high-crowned hats.

Evil spirits released from a flask by the miser, Barnaby, enter the bodies of beautiful French dolls, who then turn on Barnaby, beat him senseless and cause the master Toymaker to fall into a trance, which is only broken when Barnaby chokes to death on water from the Laughing Well. Alan, who was blamed for Barnaby's misdeed, is then freed to wed Contrary Mary and live happily ever after.

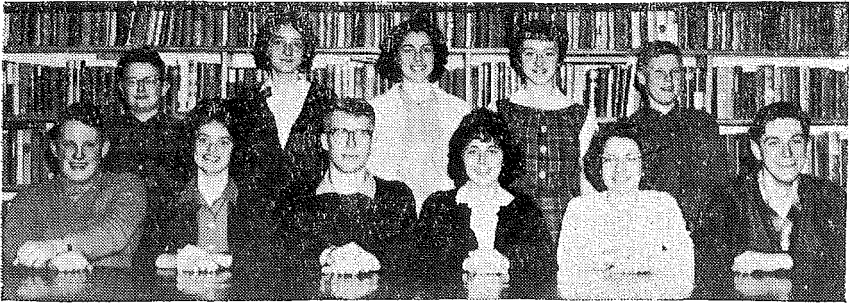
The main part of the story was carried by a most competent cast. While a large percentage of the leading characters were inexperienced they acquitted themselves like professionals. Two dance routines were beautifully performed by Alan and Mary and Jane and Tom. These numbers were coached by Mrs. H. A. Creighton, while the intricate march routine of the toy soldiers was directed by Miss Ann Vickery, a former pupil of Gunter Buchta.

The accompanist for the operetta was Mrs. David Collins who supported the soloists and the choruses most sympathetically.

All those who saw the operetta, and took part, will certainly join with us in passing along our sincere appreciation to our faithful director, Mrs. B. G. Oxner. As Mrs. Oxner said, "It was a large operation (cast of 92) and required the devoted help of many townspeople as well as that of several Teachers, and so to them also goes a well-deserved thanks." The net result of all this labour and time was a rewarding performance that was without precedent locally, since early 1920's.

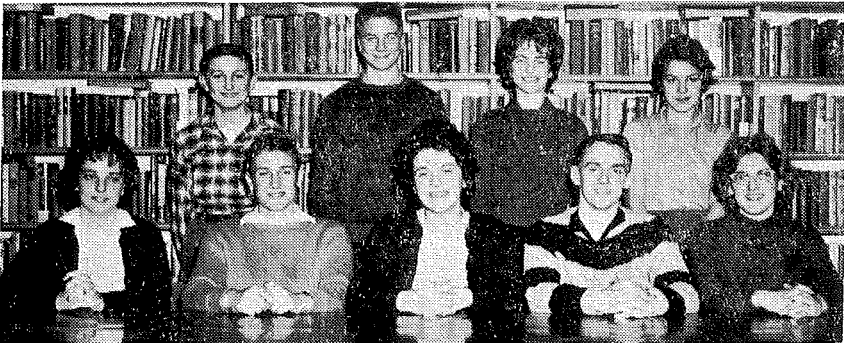
## CAST

Widow Piper—Marion Falkenham  
Her son, Tom—Jerry Randall  
Contrary Mary—Tannis Sodero  
Barnaby, a miser—Richard Crouse  
Barnaby's niece and nephew,  
Jane and Alan—Janet Joudry, Glenn Conrad  
Hilda, the maid—Ingrid Menssen  
Gonzorgo, a villain—Robert Folvik  
Roderigo, his pal—Michael de la Ronde  
The Fairy Queen—Jackie Manthorne  
The Master Toymaker—Frederick Wood  
Marmaduke, inspector of police—Stephen de la Ronde  
Grumio, Master Toymaker's  
Apprentice—Brian Demone



### JUNIOR RED CROSS

1st row—P. Chenhall, Janet Anderson, W. Crouse, B. A. Levy (President), J. Corkum (Secretary), R. Crouse (Treasurer).  
2nd row—R. Adair, D. Conrad, L. Mason, J. Demone, B. Oxner.



### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

1st row—L. Dares, R. Folvik (Treasurer), Marion Falkenham (Co-Chairman), G. Conrad (Co-Chairman), J. Manthorne.  
2nd row—J. Spindler, R. Whynacht, F. Tarrant, C. Knickle.





## THE EYE OF THE LIGHT

Dianne Lohnes '62

Louis, the light bulb, in his exotic lamp had drifted from owner to owner, in and out of pawn shops, but finally he had come to rest in this bachelor apartment. It was owned by a tall good-looking man called Alex, who had rescued him from the junk shop. Louis was certain that they would get along well. His former lodging with an odd little old maid had proved a great disappointment, for Louis' temper became so short from neglect that he blew a fuse. After the old maid's death, Louis and the ugly lamp in which he was lodged ended up in the junk shop.

Louis realized his prominent position in the two-room apartment for it was his duty to light up the entire room. Never before had he shone with such brilliance. On this day the air was tense with excitement. Strange women in aprons scuttled about, baking and cleaning. Louis' tungsten heart skipped a beat as a delicate feminine hand smoothed the dust from his bald head. So much attention! Surely master Alex must be having a party.

Having come to this conclusion, Louis decided it was time to catch a few winks for he was sure to have to shine late that night.

Alas, good things are not long-lived, for it seemed that Louis had just settled down when Alex snapped the switch. "By golly, it can't be dark already," thought Louis as he blinked a few times, having trouble waking up. A few gentle taps from Alex brought him to his senses and Louis' glow filled the room.

R-r-ring.....!

The first guest had arrived. Much to Louis' surprise, it was a radiant blond who seemed well-acquainted with Alex.

"My, she certainly is different from that little old maid!" reflected Louis. And here she was admiring him. Louis blushed a bit and blinked to show his appreciation.

"Must be a short circuit," remarked Alex. These humans could certainly be naive.

"I hope Bill doesn't hear about this," he heard her say, "because he's insanely jealous."

Gradually the room filled with people of all types. The music blared while smoke and laughter filled the air. Louis had seen many sights but he had never been a witness to a party like this one before! Everyone seemed

sc happy and it was up to him to join in the good time.

Louis could have shone all night but as his cousin, the clock, neared three, people slowly left. The dazzling blond left last. Louis was sure he was going to like his new home. This was the life.

Suddenly there was a crash outside the door. It sounded like a raging man. Louis perked up while Alex opened the door.

"Where is she! Where is she!" roared the husky man. At once Louis realized that this was the blond's jealous boy friend. Had he come for revenge?

One big punch and Alex found himself on the floor. It was time to fight back without attempting explanations. A desperate arm reached for Louis. Oh no! It couldn't happen! The end couldn't be here so quickly. But a mighty swing brought Louis down upon the intruder's head. Louis' bones shattered—his life was over.

The remains of "Louis Light" were solemnly laid to rest in the trash can the next morning. This has been one episode in the life of a heroic light bulb who sacrificed his life for his owner.

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## A CRITICAL COMMENTARY

by Janet Joudrey '64

"I'm glad that's over. Those elevators go right to my sole," said the one shoe to the other black shoe.

"They certainly do and my tongue becomes glued to the front of my mouth," replied the other shoe.

"Sh! Sh! Be quiet! Here comes the saleslady."

"May I help you, madam?"

"Yes, I am looking for an eye appealing dress for a rather important occasion."

"I see. You want this dress to appeal to a certain young man?"

"Why yes, am I that obvious?"

"You have that look in your eyes, so, for this most important occasion you wish to wear something rather ..... ah ..... rather daring?"

"Yes. That's right."

"Come this way please. I will see what I can do."

"Hey, did you hear that? She'll get that man yet," said one shoe.

"I agree. Look at that dress," replied the other.

"Madame, here is one of our latest creations designed for just such an occasion."

"Yes, it's not quite what I wanted, but I'll try it on."

The shoes said to one another, "Good heavenly bodies, what kind of dress does she want?"

"I believe she wants what is known as something called a wing-ding, but listen I want to hear what she says about it."

"Do you think it fits well around the waist? I mean it is a bit large."

The saleslady replied, "Frankly, I think it fits too tightly but it could be taken in if you wish."

"Could I see something else, perhaps a little lower with a tighter bodice and a flared skirt?"

"Yes, certainly. I have just the thing. It just came in from Paris. Please wait a minute."

"Goodness and holiness, she's particular. If the dress is any tighter she won't be able to breathe."

"Be quiet now and listen. Oh, look at that!"

"Here is our Paris model," said the saleslady.

"Oh, it's beautiful. I'll try it on."

"There, don't you think it looks well?"

"I certainly do. It looks well on you. Your young man will not be able to resist such a lovely young lady."

"Could you show me one more, perhaps with a tight skirt?"

"Oh, My Sole! How daring is she going to get?" said the one shoe.

"All I can say is she's got nerve to wear anything like that. She's going all out," replied the other.

"Oh look at that creation. That sure is something," said one shoe.

The other replied, "The color is outrageous and it just has to be two sizes too small!"

"She's not even going to try it on," said one shoe.

"Good for her! She has got some sense!" replied the other.

"Be quiet and let's see which one she's going to take."

"How much are these two dresses?" asked the girl.

The saleslady replied, "The first one is priced at one hundred and twenty-five dollars and the second at one hundred and thirty-five."

"The prices are outrageous, but ..... well .....I'll take the second one," replied the girl.

The shoes said to one another, "Did you hear that? If she doesn't get engaged Saturday night, I'll sell my sole."

"I can hardly wait. Just think we'll get first-hand information on how everything went from the high heels she wears Saturday night."

"Won't it be fun. Only three more days till Saturday."

"Here we go again. These confounded elevators! This ride I can stand because I just have to hear all about that date on Saturday evening."

"Me too," replied the other shoe, "Me too!"



# THE HEROES WHO FEED US

by Gerald Randall '63

The day started for the men at five o'clock in the morning. It was the first of December, and the wind was cold, cold enough to chill the bone to the marrow. It was dark and damp when the men left their bunks. They knew that the fog hung heavy around the ship. There was work to be done, so they dressed warmly and went on deck to begin their strenuous job of hauling line and storing the fish in the holds. Although the day started much the same as any other day at sea, it was to bring many unexpected happenings for the remainder of the day.

John Corkum was Captain of the "Jancy Belle". Under him were twelve men who put their trust in him, and who loyally carried out his orders.

"Sure looks like a bad day ahead," said Dave Crouse, the first mate, to John.

"Yup, sure does. Think we're in for it today," answered the hardy captain.

A rough day was common at sea, especially in the winter months, so it was nothing to get excited about.

The morning went as usual, and by ten o'clock the holds were one-quarter filled. Then John noticed the fog was getting thicker, and the wind was breezing up. He went into the wheel-house to check his course, and found his compass spinning crazily.

"What the devil is going on?" he yelled to the man at the wheel. "What's making the compass act so crazy?"

"I've been watching it," the man answered. "Probably just a freak happening. Won't last long."

It did last long. As a matter of fact, it kept up for the rest of the morning. The men were forced to stop fishing and drop anchor. They sat there until twelve, and then they saw, coming out of the fog, a weird light. At first they supposed it to be a ship, but when they heard the thrashing of water, as if a giant egg-beater was churning up the sea, they knew it was no ship. As the light drew near, they saw the shape of a huge head, with a long, bill-shaped face and two large eyes which shone like the largest spotlights. The "thing" was moving fast, and then, all of a sudden it stopped. It just sat there staring at the men as if it were trying to decide what it should do.

They saw the beast clearly now, and estimated it to be about one hundred feet long and twenty feet high. Its huge tail thrashed the water while its weird eyes kept glaring at the men on the deck.

"What is it?" they yelled.

"Where did it come from?"

One hundred such questions were asked but remained unanswered. Only one stuck to the minds of the twelve anxious men. "What do we do?"

What could they do? They were only twelve men against this huge, terrible-looking beast. It didn't move, it just sat there gazing.

Then, in the distance they heard an answer to their prayers — a fog-horn. Help was coming.

They risked their own horn in answer to the signal, even though they

knew the beast might be frightened into action. It remained where it was, its bright eyes blazing at the helpless men on the deck.

About thirty minutes later, they got another shock. Out of the fog came a large, weird looking ship. It looked like an old pirate ship, and it proved to be too much for several of the older men on board the Jancy Belle. They got panicky and their superstition got the best of them. They began to yell and utter vows of repentance.

Then they heard a voice from the old ship. "Hello, schooner. Are you in trouble?"

"Trouble!" yelled John, "see that thing?" He pointed to the creature, who still gazed at them.

"Oh, him," was the answer, "don't worry about him. He won't harm you. He's a pet of ours."

"A pet!" John was at his wits' end. "Well get him out of here," he yelled.

"Not a real pet, Captain," was the laughing reply, "he's an invention from our movie studio. We're shooting a horror movie on location and he's the star. He got away from us when his wires got crossed. His battery must have run down, because he stopped his forward movement. There's a separate battery for every moving part. That's why his tail is still thrashing and his eyes still glowing. If he caused you any damage, we'll be glad to pay for it."

"No, there's none" answered John. Now he knew why his compass was spinning so crazily.

The men in the old ship fixed their pet, and left the Jancy Belle to recuperate. It was quite a shock, but now the men laughed it off as a joke. This was something to tell over the home fires.

I wonder what would have happened out there at sea if the creature had been real. The sea holds many secrets. Some of those are probably monsters.

The men who go to sea do not consider what might happen. It is their livelihood, their life, and fear is left at home. They love the sea and its mysteries, and are willing to shake the dice with death in order to share in the mysteries of the deep.

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## PARK EPISODE

by Margaret Young '63

It was one of those dreary, damp evenings in late March. It had rained heavily all day and a strong breeze was now blowing. As the doors of the office building opened to emit Venetia Severn, she thought how her life resembled the weather—dreary and dull.

"Never any excitement," she thought. "Here I am in the heart of a huge city, living as peacefully as if I were still ten years old and home with Mother and Dad. The only excitement I ever have is chasing a bus, which reminds me that mine left five minutes ago."

Slowly she wended her way homeward through the usual evening rush-hour traffic. Vaguely, her mind occupied with other things, she noticed that a dense mist was beginning to glide up from the river. It swirled like fluffy,

white frosting around the street lights and house tops. The wind gradually became stronger. The trees in the park seemed to touch their toes, accompanied by much protestation from the topmost branches.

"Since I've already missed my bus, I may as well get wet walking home as get wet waiting for another," reflected the twenty-two year old brunette.

She hesitated for a few moments at the park entrance. Only last week a young girl had been found in there, strangled. The police had issued a warning to the public to remain away from sparsely populated areas of the city. Venetia vividly recalled the incident, for the girl had worked in the office two floors below the one where Venetia herself was employed.

"Don't be so silly!" she scolded herself mentally. "Lightning never strikes the same place twice. And besides, you're getting soaked standing here. Go on! Take the short cut through the park. You'll get home in fifteen minutes that way!"

Still not quite convinced, she walked dubiously toward the gravel path. She stood looking into the shadowy white depths for a moment, then plunged bravely in.

Funny, every bush seemed to be shielding someone or something.

"I'll need one of the landlady's tranquilizers when I get out of this," Venetia told herself.

Increasing her pace, she hurried on. The whiteness filtered down through the tree branches, condensing and making eerie echoing noises as it dripped slowly to the earth.

Were those footsteps?

Venetia whirled, listening.

Nothing.

She started on at a faster pace, gradually breaking into a run.

Suddenly the fog lifted for a few seconds. Looking up the path, the girl's face blanched. Her mouth opened to scream, but not even a whisper would come out.

Two figures were struggling desperately. As Venetia watched spell-bound, one slumped to the wet ground.

She turned and ran, stumbling over the uneven ground, panting and gasping for breath. Ran until she was well past the park entrance and on the sidewalk among other human beings.

Behind her, an unknown man looked wildly after the fleeing girl, then helplessly at the lifeless body at his feet. With a smothered sob he staggered off, becoming enveloped in the dense white mist that would forever keep his secret.



# COMMON GROUND

by Jerome Tanner '66

"Look Mom, there's a moving van stopping next door. We're getting new neighbours." Steve banged the door on his way into the house.

"I'm glad," his mother answered as she hurried to look out the window.

"I hope there are boys in this family and no girls. Those Johnson girls, who lived there before, were terrible!" Steve made a sour face.

"There are two colored men and a boy," Steve observed, as he watched the men start to unload the truck.

"Now, who do you suppose they are moving in? I wonder if they would mind if I go over and ask them?"

"I don't think they'll mind, if you don't get too nose-y," she answered.

Steve ran down the steps as fast as he could and his mother saw him talk with the truckers and then come back with an amazed look on his face.

"Mom!" he exclaimed. "We are going to have negroes for neighbours!"

"Wonderful!" she said smiling.

"But — but! Mom," he sputtered, "we never had negroes for neighbours before."

"I did," she said softly. "We lived next door to a negro family. Their little girl, Flossie, was my best friend."

"But Mom," Steve interrupted, "do you think that negro boy will like the same things I do?"

"Why of course, silly," she laughed. "He's a boy isn't he? I see him trying to get out of the truck with a cage of parakeets under his arm and a box under the other."

"Parakeets!" Steve shot out of the house and bounced across the yard as fast as a football.

"Hey," he called, "let me take that cage while you get down." The negro boy smiled at Steve and handed over the cage.

"They are honeys!" Steve exclaimed. "I've been begging for parakeets so long."

"You can help me take care of them," the boy offered.

Steve scarcely noticed the dark skin at all as he looked at Larry. He noticed the merry, black eyes and flashing smile.

"Let me help you unload," said Steve.

"Thanks." Larry grinned. "Help me with the next box."

"Whew!" Steve exclaimed. "What do you have in here? Gold?"

"That is my rock collection," Larry said.

"I'm glad I collect butterflies," puffed Steve.

While they were talking a car drove up and parked behind the moving van. "There's the rest of my family," Larry said.

Steve's mother had crossed the yard by the time the Robinson family were out of the car, and was holding out a welcoming hand to Larry's mother.

"Welcome neighbours," she smiled. "I'm Mrs. Ronald Miller from the

house next door. Will you folks come over and have lunch with us?"

Mrs. Robinson blinked several times and said, "Thank you, Mrs. Miller. We will be happy to come."

"Come on, Steve," said his mother. "You can set the table for me. Lunch will be served in about twenty minutes Mrs. Robinson."

When they were home Steve said, "You know, Mom, this morning when I saw Larry, all I saw was his black skin. But that's about the only way we are different. He likes to read and play ball. And guess what else he likes Mom?"

"I guess he likes to eat," she laughed. "So you'd better get the table set."

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## THE GIFT OF DEATH

by Jackie Manthorne '64

He had given her the anniversary gift that would last the longest—death. She was not dead yet. It would take a few days, or even a week. He had surprised her with an elaborate chandelier. Breath-taking and very beautiful, it had been made especially for his wife.

How excited she had been when he had given it to her. What she did not know, was that the chandelier was made of radioactive materials, and that every time she touched it or walked near it, she was exposing herself to rays that would bring a violent and unpleasant death.

Once she had died, he would remove the chandelier—he had that all taken care of. Then there would be no evidence. Very simple.

Marion and the chandelier were both at the cottage where they had planned to spend their anniversary. An excuse of an unexpected business matter had given him the opportunity to leave.

"Letter for you, Mr. Peters," Joe the butler said, "from your wife."

Mr. Peters took the letter, and still in bed, proceeded to read.

"Dear John: (it read)

When you have finished your business (if being drunk is business) you can join me at the Davies. Oh, by the way, I brought the chandelier home. It's in the dining room, in case you want to put it up.

Love,  
Cora."

Suddenly Mr. Peters didn't feel good. In fact, he felt very sick. He had been drunk in his room for over a week—celebrating his freedom from Cora. The dining room was right under his room and there was a very large, open vent under the bed. No, he didn't feel well at all. Not with all that radioactive material almost under him. He shivered—he felt cold—or was he hot?

Yes, Mr. Peters did get his freedom from his wife—even though his plot backfired. And wherever he may be now—Heaven or elsewhere—he would like to congratulate him. So what if he died—he's free isn't he?



# SOMETHING FOR EVERY TASTE

by Betty Ann Levy '62

The stage is set and the cast is prepared. We are in a small English village—the name, Lingham. An air of mystery hangs over the village like a veil through which one never sees clearly. This mystery centers around one subject -- a house known as the old Tingsdale mansion.

The little village of Lingham has a population of one hundred. Now and then a visitor arrives and the population rises to one hundred and one--temporarily anyway.

As I said before, the mansion is the main attraction, because of a wild legend woven around it. The former owner, Professor Tingsdale, had been an eccentric, wealthy gentleman from London. Although he had lived in the house for sixty years, he had been seen in the village only once—the day he arrived. The last time he was seen, was the day he was found dead on his lawn.

Let's not get ahead of ourselves; let me tell you something about Professor Tingsdale. Tell you something—really? How odd—I don't know a thing about him. Let me see now. There was that group of elderly women I heard gossiping. The dialogue went something like this:

Mrs. Mantel: "Well he's sort of odd, you know queerish-like, well like—you know what I mean."

Mrs. Brownston: "Yes, I know just what you mean, awkward, strange—like a—well like a—oh, I know what you mean anyway."

Mrs. Gabs: "Isn't he though. Always acting like a—oh, you know—queerish—like Mrs. Mantel said."

That's how it was the first day and that's how it was from then on. Everyone knew what he was like, but no one could describe him.

The house was beautiful. A large old-fashioned one; one with a stone chimney, with many peaks and lots of decorative sculpture. Professor Tingsdale did not look after the house. He did absolutely nothing when its paint peeled, or when its window casings began to sag. Even though he was only twenty when he came, he seemed to have no ambition. As far as anyone could see, he just ate and slept in the same house, without seeing anyone from the time he was twenty till he was eighty.

Does that seem strange to you? Maybe it was a great life!

Now, I'll bet you're saying, "Oh, what a far-fetched tale. He had to eat and have clothes and fuel." Right! and all this was taken care of by a carrier pigeon. Pigeon is what I said! The old professor wrote a note (always for clothes, a little food, some fuel and chemicals) which the pigeon carried to the town folk. "He must be a chemist," so everyone said. When delivered, the supplies were left outside the gate and although people watched to get a glimpse of the professor, they never did. He always brought in his supplies in the dark of night.

Do you think he was a strange character?

After his death, odd things started happening around the house. Whenever the gate was opened, a creepy cry was heard; if you stepped on the

lawn creaks sounded; if anyone dared to step on the verandah, large clouds of colored smoke arose from the chimney. Just touch the doorknob and stirs could be heard inside. That was enough for the ordinary brave man. No one ever opened the door.

Every story needs a hero. Here's ours—a typical American dream boy. Brad Dikons was six foot six inches tall with dark hair and complexion and dreamy blue eyes. His large stature was filled out with over two hundred pounds of all muscle. His excellent taste for the best of clothes made him look like a true answer to the female dream.

Why had he come to England? You couldn't guess! To get over a broken heart! The beautiful American girl whom he loved dearly had broken their engagement. To Brad this was the end of the world.

When our hero hit town, the first thing he heard about was the legend. Like all he-men of America, Brad didn't believe in ghosts or haunted houses. He didn't hesitate a bit in accepting the challenge to enter the house.

The young ladies of Lingham begged him not to go, but his reply was, "Hey, that's foolish. Besides, if the thing's haunted I might as well find out. If I die in the action I won't have to live without Carrie."

How sad—to die for love!

Brad's picture was published in all the English papers. He became a real hero. Meanwhile Carrie Brian, Brad's ex-fiancee decided that she, too, would drown her sorrows in the beauties of England. After Brad had left the United States (to go where, she didn't know), Carrie realized how much she loved him. She didn't feel she could live without him. It was Carrie's mother who had suggested she go to a romantic little English village. It would do her good—so her mother said. That is how it came about that she was in England when Brad's picture appeared in the papers.

What do you think her reaction was?

Time passed. Then—Monday, June 19, 1961; two-thirty in the afternoon—this was the fatal day. Fatal did I say? Crowds gathered—large, even enormous masses of excited people. Our hero arrived—he marched up to the gate to be met by a cry. His step on the lawn brought a creak, colored smoke arose as he mounted the verandah. The excitement of the crowds grew more intense. Children screamed, women moaned, men mumbled to themselves. Our hero remained calm, cool and collected (on the surface, anyway). He turned the knob, stirs were heard inside. Then ... (then what?) well, then with a twist of his powerful wrist, Brad thrust open the door. What met his eyes? Oh no! It was nothing! Nothing, did I say? It was ingenious! Old Professor Tingsdale had made a haunted house. His apparatus proved he was not only a good chemist but also a good electrician. He had wired the under part of the lawn to make it creak. The gate cry was set off by a crying sound alarm. The stirs came from piles of boxes tied to the doorknob so that they rattled when the doorknob turned. Most ingenious of all was the colored smoke coming from the chimney. This was true chemistry. The step on the verandah set off a charge, which caused a lever to fall, which caused bottles of chemicals to drop into jars of acid, which caused the smoke to rise, which

went through a pipe which . . . Oh well, who am I to say what else happened. I'm no scientist!

Our hero had won; he had discovered the mystery. His victory was met with cheers from the crowds. From the crowds came something else—a low, gentle, pleading voice which said, “Ah Brad, Darling, forgive me, I was so afraid for you.”

Brad's heart leaped for joy. It was Carrie. She had found him. His arms drew her close to him and their kiss showed the true love they felt for each other.

Isn't that sweet—a solved mystery, a blooming romance, a happy ending, all packed up in one adventure. There's just one thing—who kept the jars of chemicals supplied for the past ten years so that the blue and red colored smoke came from the chimney? Oh well, I can't do it all. Your imagination is as good as mine—you tell me!

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## THE CASE OF THE MISSING REPORT CARD

by Robert Daniels '66

“It's gone! It's gone!” cried Philip, as he ran down the stairs.

“What's gone?” asked Mom, as Philip broke out in tears and sat down by the window.

“I don't remember where I put it and it's very important that I find it,” said Philip standing up to look out the window.

“But please tell me what's gone,” demanded Mom putting her arm around him.

“M-M-My Re-Re-Report C-Card,” answered he with a sob.

“You brought it home, didn't you?” asked Mom with a worried look on her face.

“Yes, I put it on the table and then went out to play,” he said as he turned to me, “Did you see it, Robert?”

I could only answer, “No,” because I didn't even know he had had it.

“Well, we'd better look for it,” said Mom as she went upstairs to look.

So, while I looked downstairs and Mom looked upstairs, Philip sat by the window in complete silence.

“There are only five minutes left!” he said as he looked at the clock, “Please hurry.”

Mom yelled down, “You'd better go without it because it's getting late, but before you go, check and see if all your books are there.”

That was when I heard a yell of joy as he called to Mom, “It was in my bookbag. I remember putting it there so I wouldn't forget it. Bye Mom!”

“Wait a minute!” I said as he was going out the door, “I just had a flash of memory; isn't today Saturday?”

“Oh no,” said Mom throwing herself on the couch. And so ends another everyday episode in the life of the Daniels' family.

## THE SURE THING

by Rodney Conrad '64

"It's him all right," said Bill Fraser to his deputy, Johnnie. "It's 'Sure Thing' Thompson. I recognize him from that reward poster we got from Denver last week."

Johnnie looked up into the stands. There in the back row was a hard case, surrounded by half a dozen of his kind. All of them were watching the rodeo events avidly.

"Yeah, it's Thompson," said Johnnie. "He's got all his boys with him and they're armed. We can't risk taking him in these crowded stands. A lot of innocent bystanders would get hurt and we'd probably lose Thompson in the crowd anyway."

"Yeah, he'd get away, sure," replied Marshall Fraser. "Bet he had it all figured out that way, when he came here to the rodeo. No wonder they call him 'Sure Thing' Thompson. He never pulls off a robbery unless it's a cinch."

Suddenly Fraser brightened. "Johnnie, I've just thought of something—Come on! We've got some arrangements to make."

Soon afterward two men, arguing loudly, walked up the aisle past 'Sure Thing' Thompson and his gang. "Stop stalling, Burt," growled one of them. "I won that bet. Now you pay up."

The one called Burt hauled up short. "That was a lot of money, Don," he said. "How about settling for half?"

"I want that three thousand dollars I won, Burt," snapped Don. "I want it all and I want it now."

Burt threw a look over his shoulder to see if anyone had heard the conversation. "Quiet," he hissed, "you want the whole world to know I carry that much cash with me?"

Thompson and his men were watching the trick riding contest that had begun in the rodeo area below them.

"Come on, pay up," raged Don. "My hoss won that race fair and square."

"Okay! Okay! I'll pay you under the stands. I don't want to flash my bankroll here in this crowd."

As the two men hurried down the aisle, Thompson shot his men a wicked smile and rose from his seat. The others followed behind him.

When they emerged below the stands, they spotted their would-be victims exchanging bills in a quiet corner. "Okay boys," he said to the two men in the corner, "just hand over that money."

That was when Marshall Bill Fraser and his deputy, Johnnie, stepped out into the open with drawn guns.

"Okay, Thompson!" snapped Fraser. "You and your men can drop your hardware."

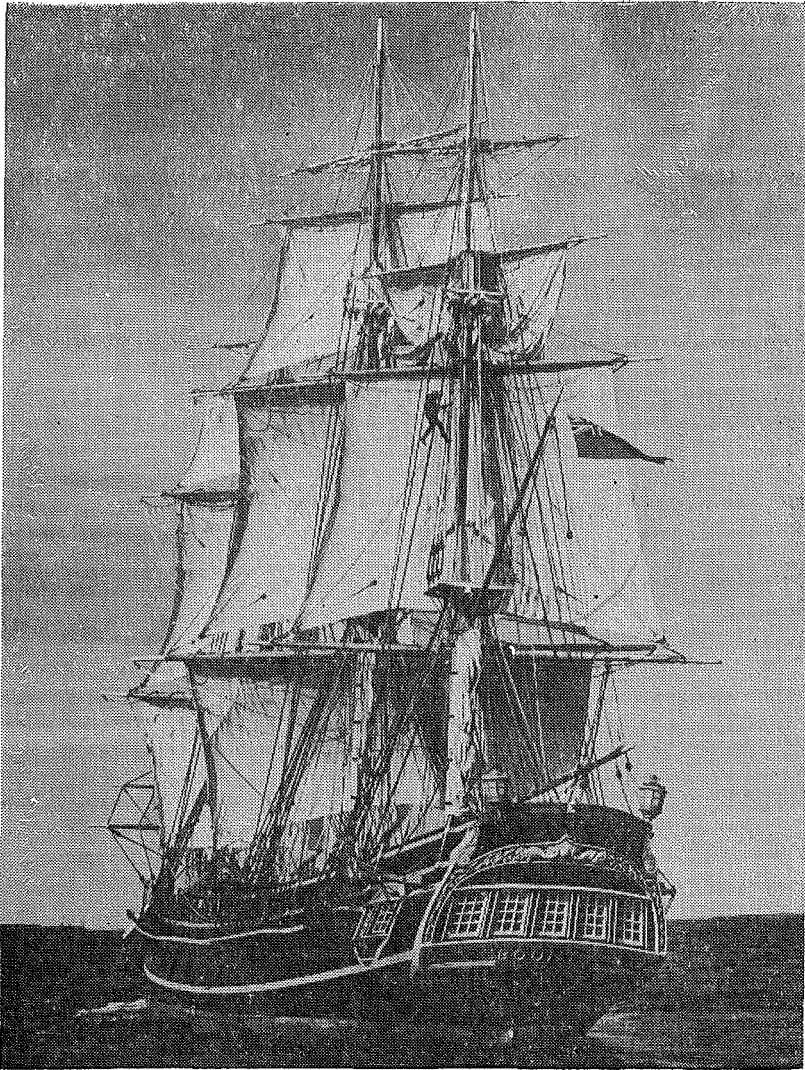
Stunned, the outlaws let their guns slip from their fingers. Fraser turned to the hold-up victims. "Thanks, boys!" said the marshal. "That was a great performance you put on up there in the stands."

"You mean it was all an act?" asked Thompson in disbelief. "How did

you know I'd fall for a stunt like that?"

"It couldn't miss," said Fraser. "Everyone knows 'Sure Thing' Thompson can't resist a sure thing."

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**THE BOUNTY - PICTURE**  
(Courtesy Charles Young)

# SPORTS

by Glen Conrad '62

Unfortunately fate did not hold any championships in store for the Lunenburg Academy teams during the '61-'62 season. However, a good turnout of students was maintained by all sports which include soccer, basketball, curling, and hockey.

## SOCCKER

As in the previous year, our soccer team was not entered in Headmaster's competition. It played an active part in the South Shore League which included New Germany, Hebbville, Bridgewater, Centre and Lunenburg. In regular season play two games were played with each team. Lunenburg came out with only two losses.

In the exciting play-offs between Centre and Lunenburg, the first game ended a tie. The second was a "sudden death" game and proved to be one of the most thrilling of the season. At the end of two halves of play, the score was tied. After the first overtime period, the score was still even. However, the Centre boys came through under the pressure of the second overtime period and scored to eliminate the Academy boys.

Besides the League play, exhibition games were played, including a game at the Wanderers Grounds in Halifax, against Sydney Stevens Academy, which ended in a tie.

Not to be outdone by the boys, the girls also had a soccer team and showed a very good account of themselves.

## HOCKEY

The next sport to spring into action was hockey. A league was set up with teams from Bridgewater, Centre, Chester and Lunenburg.

In Headmaster's competition, it was Bridgewater, Centre, and Lunenburg, battling for the right to play the Cape Breton team for the Nova Scotia Headmaster's Championship. The games were "round robin", with each team playing the two opposing teams two games each. The two teams with the most wins played off in a best two out of three series.

Bridgewater and Lunenburg emerged as the two teams with the most wins. The first game was played at Lunenburg, with Lunenburg winning 3-2. The second game at Bridgewater ended 3-0 for Bridgewater. This necessitated a third game, which also was played at Bridgewater, and ended in a crushing 8-2 victory for Bridgewater.

Thus the Lunenburg Academy hockey team (who won the championships in '59 and '61), went down in defeat; but true to the old school tradition, the boys fought hard all the way.

## CURLING

Curling, another sport becoming more and more popular with the students, began early in December under the careful instruction of Mr. D. H. Collins, Mr. Dougald Burke, Mr. Frank Lohnes, and Mr. Arthur Hebb. The

girls as well as the boys play an active part in curling and we are developing some very fine girl curlers.

The highlight of the curling season is always the Nova Scotia Headmaster's Bonspiel held this year at the Dartmouth Curling Club. Teams from all over the province gathered to compete for the right to represent Nova Scotia at the Dominion School Boys' Bonspiel, this year held at Halifax. Our boys having tough luck lost two closely matched games and won only one. Each team is allowed only two losses after which it is eliminated.

A South Shore Bonspiel is scheduled for March 24, at Bridgewater, where teams of both boys and girls will be trying to win the Tupper Cup for their own school.

### BASKETBALL

This year a South Shore League was set up with Mahone Bay, Hebbville, Centre, Bridgewater, New Germany and Lunenburg competing for honors. Up to this point our boys have not done too well, having lost six games and won only two. The girls too, have been having tough luck having lost seven games and won one.

A good time was had by all when a bus load of Academy students spent a Sports Day at Liverpool High School. This consisted of curling and broomball in the morning, a delightful meal, and then girls' and boys' basketball in the afternoon. A similar day is being planned for Lunenburg on invitation to the Liverpool students.

It is good to see such an active turnout. With everyone trying his best, sharing the team spirit and comradeship, and meeting new faces, surely these are the true rewards of any team efforts.



### INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL — GIRLS

1st row—Jane Anderson, J. Manthorne, M. Whynacht (Captain), L. Falkenham, L. Zinck, Mrs. G. Knox (Coach).  
2nd row—S. Haughn, M. Falkenham, C. Smith, S. Keeping, J. Spindler, B. A. Levy.



### SOCCER — BOYS

1st row—R. Greek, W. Crouse, V. Dominix (Captain), F. Wood.  
2nd row—C. Van der Toorn, G. Oickle, R. Folvik, R. Conrad.



### SOCCER TEAM — GIRLS

1st row—L. Zinck, E. Mitchell, S. Levy, L. Falkenham, Mrs. G. Knox (Coach).  
2nd row—J. Spindler, S. Keeping, C. Smith, E. Forbes, R. Pittman, D. Why-  
nacht (Captain).





**INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY TEAM**

1st row—B. Tanner, C. Comstock, E. Fralick, J. Eagar, J. Gaulton, G. Upham.  
 2nd row—Gus Vickers (Coach), F. Himmelman, R. Crouse, V. Dominix (Captain), W. Crouse, Mr. G. Mason (Teacher).



**JUNIOR HOCKEY — BOYS**

1st row—G. Whynacht, D. Blanchard, D. Beck.  
 2nd row—R. Conrad, D. Whynacht, Mr. Gus Vickers (Coach), R. Whynacht.



### CURLING — BOYS

Front—T. Winters, G. Cook.

1st row—Mr. Frank Lohnes (Coach), G. Conrad, S. Walters, W. Cook, G. Randall, R. Wentzell, Mr. Dougald Burke (Coach).

2nd row—J. Creighton, D. Afford, R. Young, Wm. Hillier.



### CURLING — GIRLS

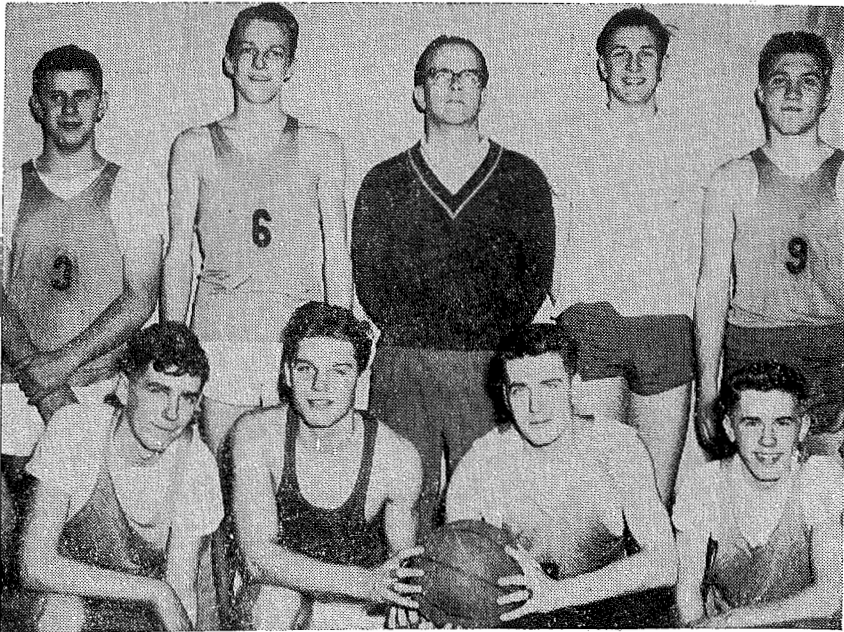
1st row—L. Dares, S. Conrad, S. Naas, S. Levy, I. Menssen, E. Mitchell.

2nd row—L. Mason, E. Forbes, N. Dauphinee, D. Fobres, E. Blanchard, H. Bailly, L. Langille, C. Zinck.



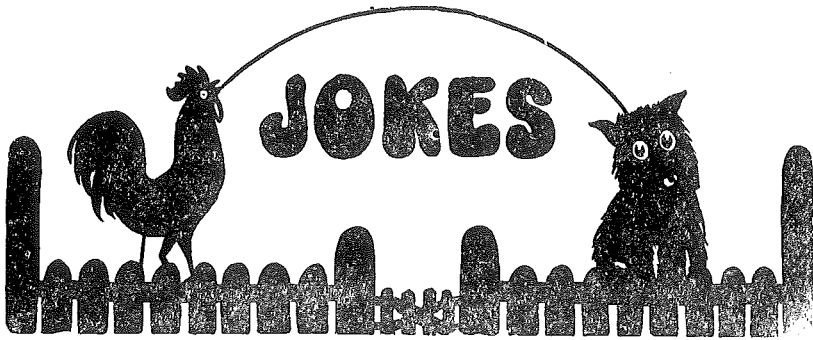
**JUNIOR BASKETBALL — GIRLS**

1st row—F. Conrad, J. Demone, K. Stoddard, M. Conrad, S. Miller, S. Eagar, J. Tanner, L. Crouse.  
 2nd row—N. Haughn, E. Crouse, J. Bartlett, J. Ritcey, F. Tarrant, C. Crouse, E. Lohnes, Mrs. G. Knox (Coach).



**INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL TEAM — BOYS**

1st row—T. O'Connor, J. Veinot, A. Rudolf (Captain), W. Nodding.  
 2nd row—D. Winaut, R. Tanner, Mr. Ian Campbell (Coach), R. Folvik, G. Oickle.



Miss Westhaver: Billy, improve this sentence: Nine cases out of ten a thief will steal because of need.

Billy W.: A liquor store thief steals nine cases out of ten because of need.

Pop: Son, how are your marks?  
 David T.: They're under water.  
 Pop: What do you mean by that?  
 David: They're below C level.

A. Rudolf asleep in Miss Westhaver's class, with a big smile on his face.

Miss Westhaver: "Alan, why are you smiling?"

Alan (still half asleep): "36 - 22 - 36."

Miss Westhaver: "What's that?"

Alan (now awake): "Oh, Miss Westhaver, that's my army serial number."

Robert Y. (in English A class): Miss Westhaver, is it correct to use "got" in a sentence?

Robert: I ain't got nothing.

Mr. Mason (walking on Gerry R.'s feet which are stretched out in the aisle): Excuse me, Gerald, I didn't mean to walk on your feet.

Gerry R.: Oh, that's all right, sir, I only use the bottoms.

In Grade XI Physics class, Mr. Collins was telling the students that he had sent a telegram to our boys' curling team in Dartmouth.

Sheldon M.: "Yes, wish you were here!"

Vernon and Davey, annoying Betty Ann in class.

Davey: "Betty has a chip on her shoulder."

Vernon: "Yes, like a little wooden block!"

Mr. Mason In French Class.

Mr. Mason: "What does stationner l'auto, mean?"

S. Walters: "To park, sir."

Mr. Mason: "Parking must be a favourite French pastime."

S. Walters: "It is one of mine too, sir."

After having almost completed a paragraph on the board, Heather T. suddenly erased it.

Wink: What's the matter, Heather?

Heather: Nothing.

Wink: Why did you erase it?

Heather: The wind changed.

Wink: What's that got to do with it?

Heather: It blew my mind in the other direction.

<p>Mr. Mason (to Marion B. during French period): Marion, were you talking?</p> <p>Marion: No sir, I was just turning around to see if the window was open, I felt a draft.</p> <p>Winston T. (in back of room):</p>	<p>Yes sir, I was talking.</p> <hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p>Miss Westhaver: "Winston get to work."</p> <p>Winston T.: "What's the matter? I wasn't doing anything."</p>
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## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF GRADE XII

- I, Frederick Wood, hereby bequeath my harem to Jerry Randall.
- I, Glen Conrad, leave to Gilbert O. my ability to argue.
- I, Alan Rudolf, leave my ability to shake the floor to the Grade XI boys, hoping they don't get caught as many times as I did.
- I, David Winaut, will my French books to anyone who wants them.
- I, Cornelius Vandertoorn, leave to Wayne Cook my ability to harass the girls and get away with it.
- I, Sharon Naas, leave my retiring nature to Heather Thompson.
- I, Vernon Dominix, leave my ability to bluff to Chris C., with the sincere hope that it will work as well for him.
- I, Marion Falkenham, leave my enthusiasm for the hockey team to the Grade XI girls, hoping they will make good use of it.
- I, Marilyn Whynacht, being of sound mind and body, leave to the Grade XI class anything that may do them any good, except the pleasant memories which I take with me.
- I, Sammy Walters, leave to Gilbert Oickle my toothy smile, hoping he will use it on the girls now and then.
- I, Ricky Crouse, leave my taxi service to Newtown to anyone who can make use of it.
- I, James Eagar, leave to other reserve army recruits my Army Drill.
- I, Betty Ann Levy, leave my split skirt to Judy T., so that it can be enjoyed next year.
- I, Sandra Haughn, leave to Helen B. my daily walks to the Library.
- I, Dianne Lohnes, leave to Cheryl Bower my recess candies, hoping that she will get fatter off them than I did.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

- The day David Tanner almost blew up the Chemistry Lab?
- Grade XII's two mad scientists?
- The day Wayne Hall was "set on fire"?
- Linda Zinck, while counting bobbins in Home Ec., saying, "There are two bobbins missing, the rest are all here!"
- The time Margaret Campbell was locked in the Academy?
- When Vernon Dominix walked home in his white lab coat?

## CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Chris Comstock without his own version of a geometry proof?  
Mr. Campbell without Newsweek?  
Sharon Tanner and Aileen Mitchell not talking in class?  
Cornelius Vandertoorn not teasing the girls?  
Sharon Naas six feet tall?  
Betty Ann Levy without problems?  
Grade XI all passing in French?  
Janet Knickle speechless?

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### “A” CLASS PROPHECY

Marion Falkenham, Dianne Lohnes '62

“This is an emergency ..... repeat .... this is an emergency. Negotiations for peace at Geneva have failed. Your Canadian government advises all citizens to proceed to the nearest space station, since an immediate attack from Russia is feared. Evacuation to the planet, Venus, is our only hope of survival”.

So this was the result of my years of laboratory research. Day after day, night after night have I worked for these past twenty years since graduation, in 1962, and what have I achieved? Now the whole world is about to be blown up by my invention, the B-bomb. I should have known better than confide in Vernon Dominix. With his unscrupulous art of bluffing, which began back in old L.A. he tricked me into believing he was the guy for me. What a fool I was! Nevertheless, all that is left for me to do is to gather my precious calculations and hurry to the space ship.

Suddenly I saw a familiar figure running toward me yelling, “Wait for me, Dianne, wait for me!” Why it was Marion Falkenham carrying her nurse’s bag. We would be needing people like her on Venus.

We followed the long line of passengers as they poured into the space ship. Having our seat belts fastened, we heard the instructions from our pilot. The voice seemed strangely familiar. Curiosity became so great that we had to find out who it was. We were shocked to hear that the pilot was Glenn Conrad. Although he was the adventurous type, we couldn’t imagine how he managed to be here in time to operate the spaceship.

Choking from cigar smoke which came from behind, we turned around to glare at the smoker, only to see Big Sam Walters. There he sat with his hands clutching a briefcase overflowing with thousand dollar bills. Poor Sam! He never could let go of the stuff.

“And who is this attractive young lady sitting beside you?” Marian inquisitively asked him.

“Why, don’t you recognize Sharon Naas, your old classmate? She is my favourite secretary now,” Sam replied.

We stared at her in utter surprise. These new youth pills certainly work wonders.

"Speaking of old classmates," Sammy said, "guess who we have left behind? You remember how stubborn Cornelius was in school. Well, he insists there will be no war and so he stayed on the earth."

"What ever happened to David Winaut?" I asked Sam. "You and Davy always chummed together."

"Well," Sam went on, "in spite of the way he felt about French in high school, he took some extra courses and won the jackpot in a French quiz show. The last I heard, he was in Hawaii living it up."

Hours flew by while we were reminiscing. Before we knew it, the spaceship was coming in for a landing. As we looked out the window our eyes surveyed the new civilization which had been built for such an emergency as this.

Already people had arrived from other parts of the earth. A migration like this called for a welcoming committee. None other than Betty Ann Levy was in charge of entertaining unmarried young men. Upon examining Betty's situation we found a clever scheme at work. Her idea was to captivate young men's hearts and turn them down coldly in revenge for the way the boys teased her in school.

Betty Ann informed us that Jimmy and Alan had already been two of her victims. Fortunately these two men have managed to rid themselves of the foolishness they suffered back in 1962. Now they share executive positions in Inter-Planetary Sports Association. We always knew Jimmy and Alan to be enthusiastic in L.A. sports.

Since the exhausting trip had been too much for me, Marion felt I needed a doctor's attention. On the way to the hospital we passed strange laughing sounds which attracted our ears. The sign over the building read "Sandra Haughn's Institution For Cheerfulness". Her characteristic giggle always filled our classroom.

Dr. Frederick Wood, M.D. received us at the hospital. His diagnosis was, merely a slight case of exhaustion. Since he had some spare time, Dr. Wood invited us into his office to have a chat.

"Just the other day," he said, "I treated a most interesting patient. He is the son of our former school chum, Marilyn Whynacht. I wasn't surprised to hear that Marilyn has done her share in supplying the navy with sailors.

And what has happened to my co-business manager of 1962's edition of the Sea Gull?" Fred added.

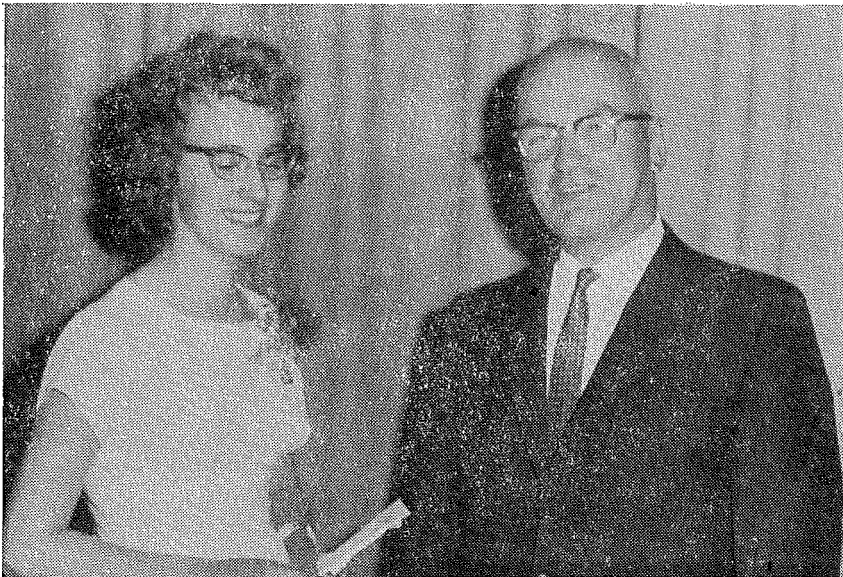
"Why haven't you heard? Following his splendid performance in Babes in Toyland Ricky became a Broadway star. He was on a good-will tour in Russia when we left the earth," Marian said.

"Yes, it was ironical how a crisis could bring old friends together," we thought as we walked into our new world, hoping that what lay before us would leave as many pleasant memories as the past.



Lloyd Crouse, M. P. presents trophy to Sonny Heisler and Leonard Eismor, Senior Dory Champions.

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**PRESENTATION OF WALLACE W. SMITH SCHOLARSHIP**  
Sheila Conrad, Mr. Wallace W. Smith



## Bursaries and Scholarships for 1961 -

Boscawen Chapter I.O.D.E.—Peter Winters.

Women's Institute—Nancy Morash.

C. J. Morrow Scholarship—Sheila Conrad.

Lions Club Scholarship—Alice Conrad, Dorothy Wentzell.

Richard Winters Memorial Scholarship—Nancy Morash, Peter Winters.

Canadian Legion—Derrill Hynick.

Wallace W. Smith Scholarship—Sheila Conrad.

Junior Chamber of Commerce—Joanne Kniekle.

F. Homer Zwicker Scholarship—Peter Winters.

C.K.B.W., Public Speaking—Alice Conrad.

Students' Council Prizes—Geraldine Levy, Elizabeth Pyke.

Household Science Prize—Mrs. Douglas Cantelope - Heather Thompson.

## BIOGRAPHIES – GRADE XII



**Glenn L. Conrad "Glenny"**

"I like school, the Teachers are fine but classes should start at half past nine."

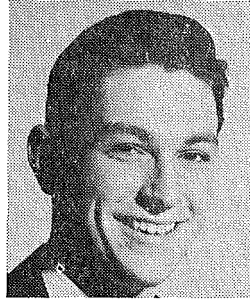
Glenn is ready for a good laugh at any time. He has been co-president of the Athletic Association and as skip of the curling team. He has played a major role in recent operettas. His future is in the Services.



**Richard J. Crouse "Ricky"**

"To provoke laughter without joining in it greatly heightens the effect."—Balzac.

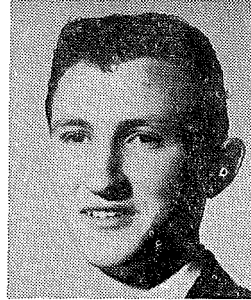
Rick has always been at the centre of things. He participated in soccer, hockey and choral club, and is treasurer of the Red Cross. This year Rick is a business manager of the Sea Gull. His destination is college.



**Vernon G. Dominix "Vern"**

"No man should marry until He has studied Anatomy and Dissected at least one woman."

Vernon joined our unusual group in 1956. Besides being captain of this year's hockey team, he has excelled in soccer, basketball and track. Vern plans to join the Air Force.



**James W. Eagar "Eags"**

"Work is for men so why bother me."

Jimmy joined us in Grade IX. Outside of teasing Sandra, he plays a stellar role on the Lunenburg Academy hockey team. Jimmy is thinking of taking up banking.





**Marion M. Falkenham "Mar"**

"Talkative and full of fun  
Indeed she's liked by  
everyone."

Marion is a member of Choral Club and a basketball player. This year she is co-President of the Athletic Association, and Co-Editor of the Sea Gull. Nursing at the V. G. for her.



**Sandra F. Haughn "Sandy"**

"Never let studies interfere  
with your education."

Sandy, a cheerful classmate, has taken part in basketball, choral club and class activities this year. She plans to take an X-Ray course at Victoria General Hospital.



**Betty A. Levy "Cleo"**

"A good sport, a true friend,  
Wit and wisdom without  
end."

Betty Ann always ranked with the top students. President of the Junior Red Cross, a member of Choral Club and basketball team, she enjoys school affairs. Betty plans to become a teacher.



**Dianne P. Lohnes "Di"**

"A serious girl and studious,  
You'd say as you pass by,  
But have you ever noticed  
The twinkle in her eye?"

Dianne was Lunenburg's 1961 Queen of the Sea. She is a co-editor of the Sea Gull, and curls. She won the Lieutenant-Governor's medal for 1961 grade eleven provincials. Di plans to study science at Dalhousie.

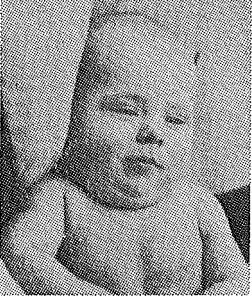




**Sharon P. Naas "Pat"**

"She is little, she is wise,  
She is a terror for her size!"

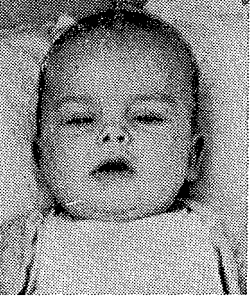
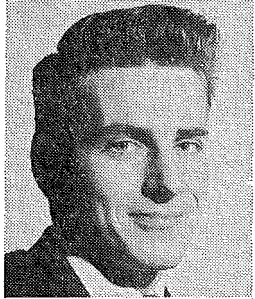
Sharon, of the sunny smile, has been a constant companion. This year she has taken an active part in curling and choral club. She has been chief news reporter of the Academy. She plans to attend Bridgewater Commercial School.



**Alan F. Rudolf "Al"**

"Who cares if I get my homework done  
Playing pool is a lot more fun."

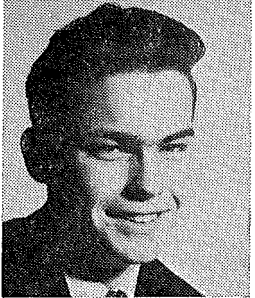
Alan has provided us with many laughs, and has taken a deep interest in basketball, becoming captain of the 1962 team. Al plans to apply for the Air Force.



**Cornelius Van der Toorn  
"Casey"**

"Why should the devil have all the fun."

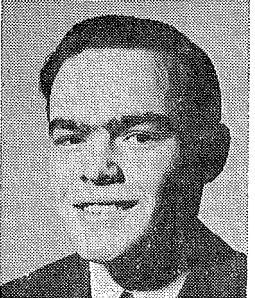
Cornelius joined us at the Academy in grade 3. He has played soccer and hockey. Next year Cornelius plans to attend U.N.B.



**Donald S. Walters "Sammy"**

"Move over Einstein,  
I'm taking over."

Sam has always been one of the leading students of the class. This year he was president of the Students' Council. He was also the second stone of our Headmasters curling team. Sam plans to turn to banking for a future.





**Marilyn Joan Whynacht**  
"Jo"

"Though she smiled on many,  
she loved but one,"

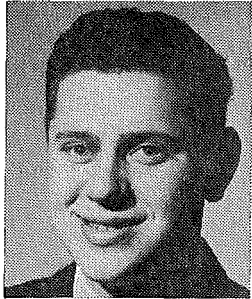
Marilyn has been with us for thirteen years. She is very active in school, being treasurer of the Students' Council, and captain of the girl's basketball team. Marilyn wants to be a banker.



**Dave Edward Winaut**  
"Crockett"

"Get thee behind me Satan,  
and push."

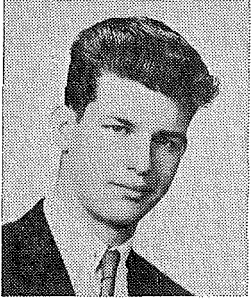
Dave has trudged up the Academy hill since the primary grade. He has been a member of the basketball team for the past few years. His target is the Air Force.



**Frederick George  
Rayfield Wood**  
"Woody"

"Much study is the weariness  
of the flesh."

Woody is very active with his office as a business manager of the Sea Gull this year. He also took part in choral club, curling, soccer and our orchestra. His future plans include a doctor's degree.





### GRADE VIII

1st—O Savory, L. Whynacht, S. Meisner, D. Conrad, N. Lamb, F. Lohnes, H. Kohler, C. Crouse, S. Eagar.

2nd—B. Williams, E. Savory, D. Rhuland, S. Oickle, K. Stoddard, P. Meisner, J. Ritcey, M. Clark, M. Powers, A. Morris, E. Blanchard,

3rd—B. Hatt, G. Cooper, F. Acker, W. Conrad, W. Walters, C. Anderson, J. D. Veinot, G. Cook, R. Seaboyer, D. Falkenham.

4th—D. Schmeisser, J. Betts, J. Anderson, D. Crouse, R. Adair, J. Wentzell, D. Dominix, J. Tanner, R. Knickle, G. Rhuland, R. Daniels, D. Fralick,



### GRADE IX

1st—L. Mason, S. Silyer, C. Zinck, L. Langille, E. Forbes, J. Tanner, L. Schnare, S. Conrad, E. Wood, N. Dauphinee.  
 2nd—T. Sodero, L. Dares, B. MacKenzie, M. Campbell, K. Wentzell, S. Keeping, S. Levy, K. Berringer, J. DeMone.  
 3rd—D. Winters, C. Corkum, R. Black, D. Beck, D. Conrad, W. Hall, C. Cook, L. Cook.  
 4th—R. Whynacht, B. DeMone, R. Risser, M. de la Ronde, T. O'Connor, P. Langille, C. Anderson, W. Tanner, P. Rognerud.



GRADE X

1st—R. Dauphinee, S. Grandy, B. Feener, C. Johnson, M. Brushett, I. Menssen, C. Smith, R. Pittman, J. Manthorne, J. Anderson.  
 2nd—L. Falkenham, S. Lohnes, J. Joudrey, J. Anderson, C. Bower, A. Mitchell, S. Tanner, J. Spindler, L. Zinck.  
 3rd—P. Fagar, M. Adair, J. Winters, G. Upham, B. Tanner, B. Hillier, R. Bayer, D. Whynacht, E. Fralick.  
 4th—D. Manuel, P. Chenhall, R. Conrad, C. Levy, W. Pyke, J. Creighton, R. Greek, C. Comstock, W. Nodding, R. McDuff.





### GRADE XI

1st—H. Thompson, H. Cornu, J. Corkum, H. Bailly, M. Young, M. Whynacht, D. Whynacht, J. Tanner, J. Knickle,

2nd—L. Tanner, B. Woundy, D. Afford, R. Folvik, W. Crouse, W. Cook, P. Rudolf.

3rd—R. Young, J. Randall, R. Strowbridge, R. Young, R. Wentzell, D. Tanner, J. Gaulton, G. Oickle.



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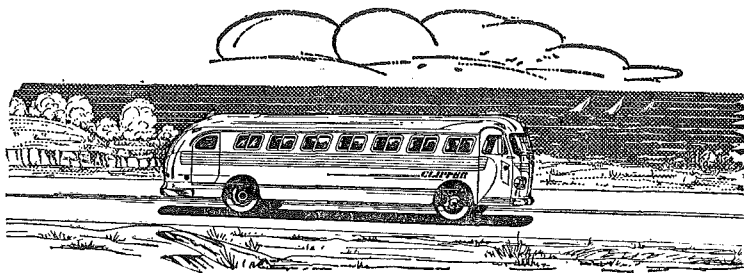
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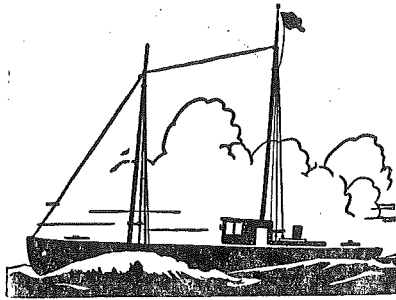
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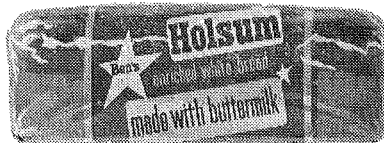
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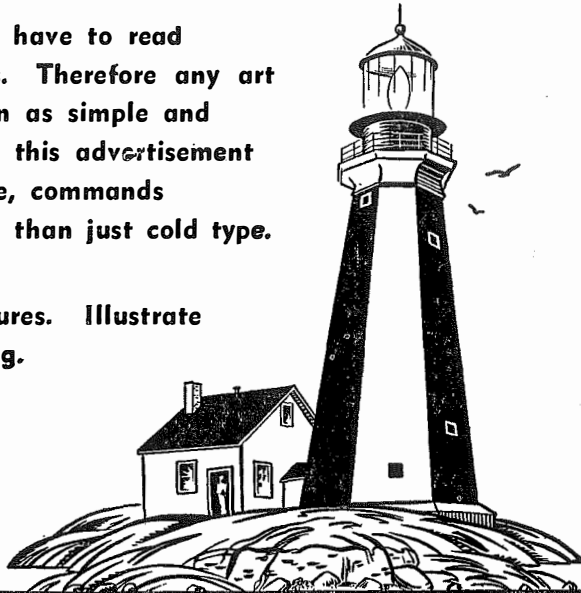


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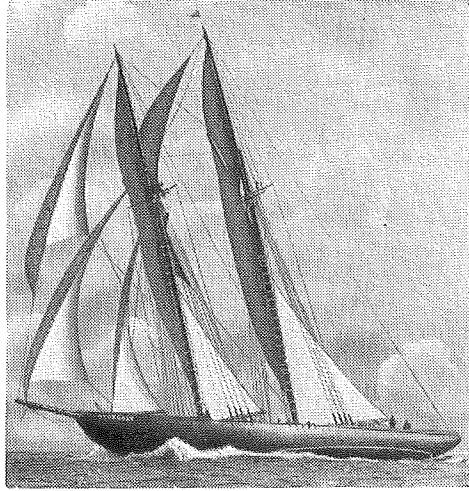




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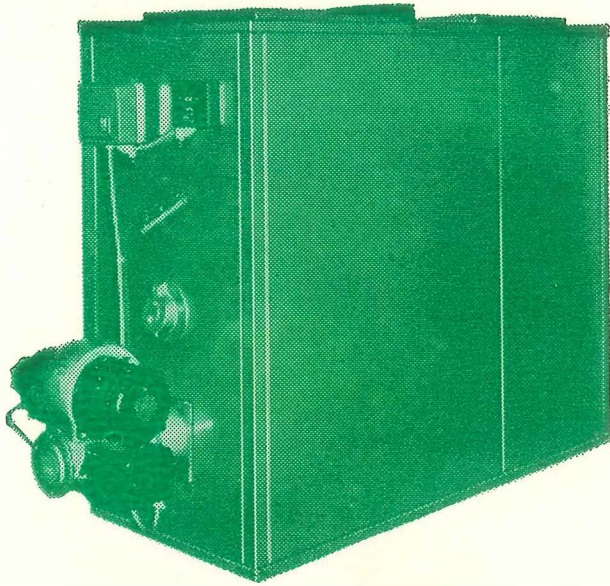
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