

# *The* SEA GULL



LUNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK

*Animis Opibusque Parati*

1964

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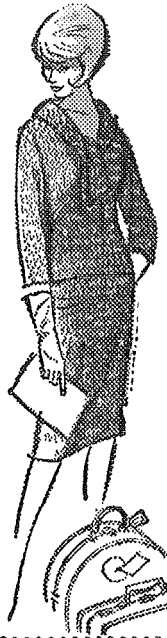
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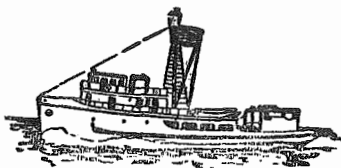
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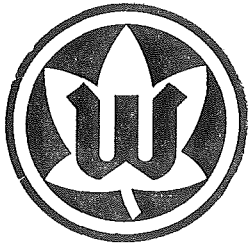
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CONGRATULATIONS to the 1964 Graduating Class.

**YOUR** education is just beginning so **YOUR** duty is to continue with it and take **YOUR** place in the progress of **YOUR** community.

To the **UNDERGRADUATES** don't stop now, you too have an important place in the world of tomorrow.

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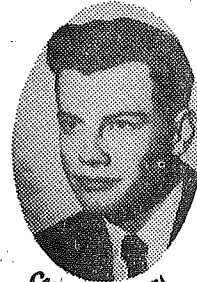
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## JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

## MESSAGES FROM THE OFFICERS



The opportunity of serving as co-editors of this edition of the Sea Gull, has been a rich experience. We thank the staff, students, and citizens who donated so much time and effort to the magazine.

**Ingrid Menssen '64**

**Sharon Tanner '64**

This year I had the privilege of serving as President of the Junior Red Cross. I would like to thank the committee, advisors, and students for their co-operation.

**Marion Brushett '64**



As President of the Students' Council, I would like to praise the students for their help throughout the year, and to wish both the Sea Gull and the Graduating Class unlimited success.

**Peter Chenhall '64**

As co-business managers of the Sea Gull we would like to commend all those who have helped in any way and to wish this magazine every success in the following years.

**Michael Adair '64**  
**Reid MacDuff '64**  
**Peter Chenhall '64**



*Best Wishes* **CLASS**  
of '64

Students may be divided into active individuals and passive individuals, into those eager for responsibility and action and those content to wait until action is forced upon them.

Striving for superiority has been behind every human creation and every contribution to our culture. We proceed from below to above, from minus to plus, from defeat to victory.

Most people have stirrings toward improvement of their condition, improvement in understanding, in knowledge, in material things, but to be effective our expectations must have a clearly defined objective. One cannot be master of one's fate if one has no intense aim, specific, concrete and definite.

We, of the School Board, wish you continued success in your annual edition of the Sea Gull and in all other activities and hope that all the graduates have a prosperous future.

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# "The Sea Gull"

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**VOL. 30 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1964 NO. 30**

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by Ingrid Menssen, Sharon Tanner

“ 'Tis education forms the common mind:  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.”

With this quotation from Alexander Pope's Epistle, our 1964 edition of the Sea Gull goes to press. During the past thirteen years spent at Lunenburg Academy, we have always experienced kindness and consideration on the part of our Teachers. To them we give our heartfelt thanks and offer the hope that the classes that they have in the future, will not be as bothersome as we were at times.

It is particularly fitting to dedicate this issue of the Sea Gull to the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital. Since its construction in '52 and dedication in '53, the hospital has served our community and the surrounding area to its fullest capacity. With the building of the new addition, the hospital will be able to serve even more people. Special thanks from the magazine staff go out to Mr. Fred Rhuland for his contribution of the article he wrote on the hospital.

Lunenburg has long been famous for the quality of the seagoing vessels its craftsmen produce. On July 24, a crowd estimated at ten thousand people, witnessed the launching of Bluenose II. After being fitted out with masts, sails, and rigging, Bluenose II left Lunenburg harbour in January for the Caribbean. Our congratulations to Oland & Son Ltd., for their public spiritedness and our best wishes to Bluenose II and those who were fortunate enough to make up the crew. We wish at this time to thank Mr. Victor Oland for the fine article he wrote for our '64 edition.

In December the students again presented an operetta, Gilbert and Sullivan Revue, under the capable direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner. Scheduled for presentation on December 18 and 19 at the Community Centre, the performance on the 19th had to be cancelled due to a bad snowstorm. Instead, the show was given the following evening. On this evening, too, there seemed to be a jinx present, for Mrs. Oxner suddenly became ill. The show still had

to go on. We all tried to do our best and hope the audience didn't notice the mistakes!

This year the students at the Academy have once more enjoyed a full programme of sports. During the fall, our soccer teams did quite well, especially the boys. Golf also was a leading sport. At the Nova Scotia Headmasters' Tournament held at the Bluenose Golf Club in Lunenburg, a Grade XI student, Chris. Comstock, led the field with a score of 70, two under par. Participants in the winter sports of hockey, basketball, and curling did credit to the name of their school, also. Track and field, the main spring sport, is not as popular as it used to be, but the opportunity is there for those who wish to use it. There are very few schools of our size in the province of Nova Scotia that can boast of such a well-rounded programme in athletics.

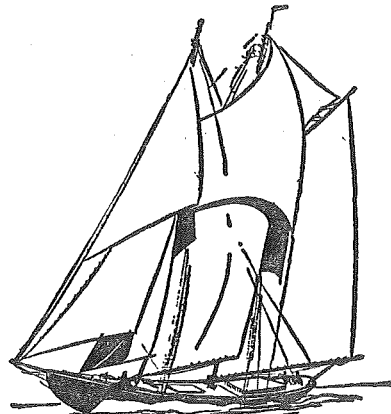
On January 16, Lunenburg's Hi-Society Show was televised. A great deal of hard work went into producing this programme and we hope everyone watching enjoyed our half-hour show. Mr. Collins received much praise in connection with it. One viewer from Truro wrote telling him that it was "the best" she had seen since the origination of the programme. We don't profess to be worthy of that distinction, but we can honestly say we had a wonderful time on the trip to Halifax.

Our Problem — too many students and too little space! In the Primary class alone, there are sixty-seven new students being taught by one Teacher, with part-time assistance. Several classes in the Common School are divided, while in the higher grades from forty upwards are all crammed into one classroom. With the existing arrangement, one Teacher cannot give the student the individual attention he needs. The only two classes in the whole school that have under thirty members are Grades XI and XII and even in these grades there does not seem to be enough time. For example, in a class numbering forty students, each student can ask for only 1/40th of the teacher's time. If a new school isn't built soon, the over-crowded situation will become worse and will eventually cost more.

In our opinion the 1964 edition of the Sea Gull contains many worthwhile articles. We hope the reader will interpret these editorials in the spirit of friendship in which they were meant. Here's hoping this issue meets the high standards of all the previous issues. Best of luck to the graduating class. Good-bye Lunenburg Academy.

THIS ISSUE OF  
**"The Sea Gull"**  
HAS THE DISTINCTION OF  
A DUAL DEDICATION

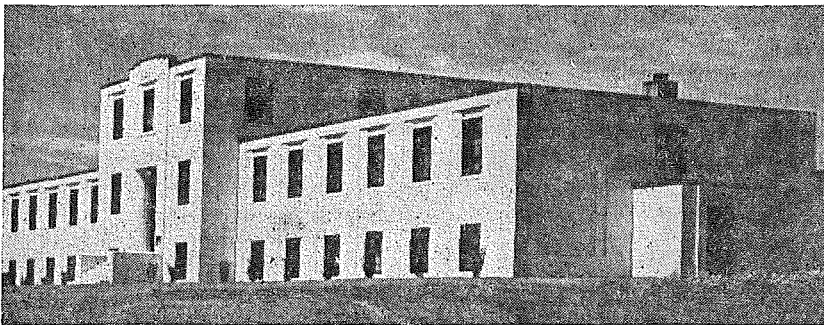
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A SECURE NICHE  
IN OUR MEMORIES



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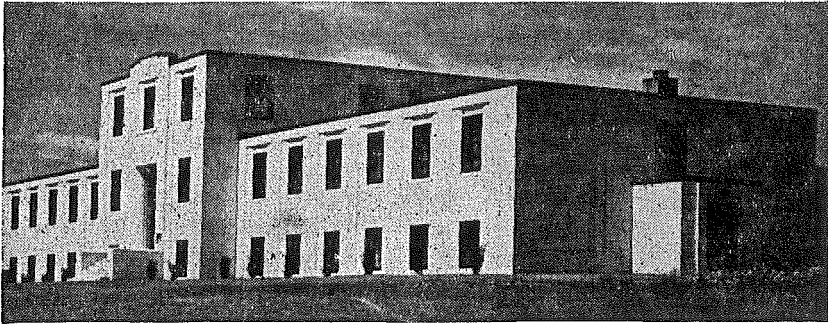
TO AN INSTITUTION THAT IS  
SO INTIMATELY CONNECTED WITH OUR LIVES



FISHERMEN'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

# OUR HOSPITAL

by Marion Brushett '64, Jane Tanner '65



The Lunenburg Fishermen's Memorial Hospital

Since its founding in 1753, Lunenburg has established itself as a prosperous trade centre, primarily based on the fishing industry. Consequently, what name for our new hospital could be more fitting than The Fishermen's Memorial Hospital, to commemorate "they that go down to the sea in ships". The cornerstone of the hospital was laid on July 6, 1952 by Mayor F. Homer Zwicker and Mr. Clarence J. Morrow. The hospital was completed and opened for inspection on July 6, 1952. At last, the dream of many, which had started six years before, had finally materialized.

But what of this hospital? Now that it has been with us for almost twelve years, let us take a closer look at it and see how it has progressed through the years.

No major changes in the hospital's appearance occurred until June 4, 1961. It was then that the new nurses' residence was officially opened. Prior to this construction, the nurses had lived on the top floor of the hospital. Because of the inadequate space for the increasing number of patients, this top floor was urgently needed. After being in operation for less than a year, this floor was closed in July 1963. Another major change was in the offing. Visible signs, following months of planning, were now realized with the construction of an additional wing.

The major use of the added extension will be for out-patient facilities, such as pre-natal care and extended public health. The latter will probably (has not been definitely decided upon) include mental health, an immunization clinic, and a physiotherapy ward. There will be a new pediatric section consisting of two units, one for mothers and babes, and another, the labour room. More efficient X-Ray and Laboratory facilities and enlarged kitchen and diet area are also being provided. The new construction will increase the hospital facilities from 33 bed accommodations to 65 bed capacity.

Greater emphasis is being placed on preventive medicine and public health, which will help to protect the health of our people of Lunenburg and

the surrounding areas. These districts include the rural communities in and around Lunenburg, Riverport, Mahone Bay and the Municipality of Chester, as this is the area most conveniently served by our hospital. Its nearness to these points is a great asset to them. The hospital services are cheerfully given to all the people of these communities and the same careful and attentive care is given to every one.

Recent changes of minor importance have taken place within the hospital. In 1958 a new formula room was set up and in 1960 an electro-cardiograph machine was installed. A little over a year ago two more changes came about, namely the setting up of a medical records department, where the charts of each patient are kept and the installation of an elevator used mainly for the transporting of supplies from one floor to another.

Through the years, the staff has grown considerably. Since 1957, it has doubled. At present, the hospital is staffed with thirteen efficient doctors who are always able and willing to help those in need of medical aid. Assisting them in their profession are capable nurses who carry on the work of that great lady, Florence Nightingale, who dedicated seventy years of her life in an effort to bring comfort and adequate care to her fellow human beings.

The Lunenburg Fishermen's Memorial Hospital is one of which the people of Lunenburg may be justly proud. It owes its success to a group of hard-working, undiscouraged, hopeful citizens. Their reward is a health plant dedicated to the protection and use of the people.



# THE STORY OF THE FISHERMEN'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

as of

February 1964

by Mr. Fred Rhuland

The existence of a Hospital in Lunenburg today, is the result of persistent efforts on the part of many public minded and spirited citizens, over many years. The Lunenburg Hospital Society was incorporated in 1934, and the first statutory meeting of the Society was held on June 1st, 1934. The late Mayor Arthur W. Schwartz was elected President of the Society, and for the following two years much was accomplished to secure a cottage hospital, due to the inconvenience and time factor of transferring patients to Bridgewater or Halifax for Hospital care. Funds to purchase a suitable location became the ever-deterrent factor for those interested, with the result, that the Society was inactive from 1935 to 1945 and, during the years of World War II, efforts had to be directed in other spheres.

On Sept. 28, 1945, a large meeting was held, the Society being activated mostly by the efforts of Messrs. R. Moyle Smith, Mayor Douglas Adams and Mr. Wilfred W. Kinley, the latter being elected President of the Society. Between this meeting and March 1946, most organizations and many citizens came to the support of those working conscientiously for a Hospital. The results of a campaign of the public resulted in \$124,000 in cash and pledges being raised. This was the first substantial support received for a Hospital and the services of an Architect, Mr. C. St. Clair Wilson, were engaged to proceed with plans and specifications for a 25 bed Hospital. Possibly the most generous contribution to the original campaign was the gift by the late Capt. S. D. Herman toward opening the campaign for funds, at a large public meeting held in the Capitol Theatre in Dec. 1945.

However, the hopes of many were soon shattered by the abrupt increase in building costs during the year 1946, when the lowest Tender for Construction of the proposed plans for a reinforced concrete building was close to \$300,000, including equipment and furnishings.



Fred Rhuland



Those of you, who will, remember the days and months following, when plans and revised plans had to be postponed, due to lack of funds to meet even the minimum requirements, in an Institution recommended for Lunenburg and the surrounding area. Setback after setback occurred, particularly the delay in securing the support of the Townspeople to approve the borrowing of monies to even erect a frame building. With two years elapsing, the then active Board and Society approved the erection of the outside walls of the building, in hopes that by the time the building was erected, sufficient funds would be available to complete the interior. Further encouragement by way of Government Hospital Grants to the extent of \$116,000, became available to the Society but costs continued to increase and by 1950, the required additional funds for completion were close to \$150,000. A plebiscite of the citizens of the Town in Aug. 1950, defeated a Resolution for the Town Council to borrow the necessary capital.

Shortly after this disappointment a new slate of officers was elected with Clarence J. Morrow as President, and most of the original executive still remaining active. Through the aggressive efforts of this Board, plans were finalized to borrow money from the Bank to proceed with construction in June 1951, until a Bond Issue could be arranged and the Contract was let to Acadia Construction Co. to proceed with the completion of a 35 bed Hospital.

It was in this year, that the name of the Hospital was changed from Lunenburg Hospital to Fishermen's Memorial Hospital, as a fitting Memorial to the Fishermen, who sailed from this port.

On July 6, 1952, the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital opened its doors for patients with an opening ceremony and the laying of a cornerstone, which will long be remembered by those, who worked so diligently for this memorable day. Mr. C. J. Morrow and Mr. F. Homer Zwicker, President and Vice President respectively, of the Board, laid the cornerstone, with Mr. Fred Rhuland, Second Vice-President and Chairman of the Building Committee, opening the Hospital for the first time, for the Public to view the completed institution. Mrs. Ella LaMont was the first Superintendent with Mr. Donovan Saul as Business Manager.

Through the years following, much of the labors centered around staffing the Hospital and trying to make ends meet by minimizing the deficits. However, most of the outstanding Bonds were gradually being amortized, through the support of a yearly Hospital Drive of the public of Lunenburg and surrounding areas.

In 1955, the Board's executive consisted of Mr. Fred Rhuland, President, Mrs. Leon Iversen and Mr. F. Homer Zwicker, First and Second Vice-Presidents respectively, Mr. W. F. Kinley, Secretary and Mr. John Oxner as Treasurer.

At the end of 1956, Mrs. LaMont, the Superintendent since the Hospital opened, was compelled to resign due to her health, and during 1957 Miss Ethel Brown was appointed Superintendent. General improvements were carried out, in keeping with advanced medical care, including the establishment of a sterile and unsterile Formula Room, new enlarged Laboratory facilities, an Emergency diesel lighting plant, a splint room, a PBX telephone system and several other departments.

With increasing use of the Hospital, the Standards of Care for the sick in our Community improved tremendously. Staff had to be enlarged and as a temporary measure, the second unoccupied floor of the Hospital was completed temporarily for a Nurses' Residence in 1956. Throughout the period from the first days, when construction of the Hospital was started, the Ladies' Auxiliary was most active in their support and generally in raising funds. Through their efforts and notably the publication of the "Dutch Oven Cook Book", they provided the funds for the Nurses' Residence in the Hospital.

Free Hospitalization, for all the public requiring necessary hospital care, came into effect on Jan. 1st, 1959. With increased use of the Hospital, becoming more evident, the initial stage of an extensive renovation and addition to our present facilities had to be planned. Changing the interior and enlarging the wings of the present "T" shaped building involved the necessity of a new 28 bed Nurses' Residence, which eventually opened on June 1st, 1961, at a cost of \$116,000.00, most of the funds made available by public contributions, fund raising efforts by the Ladies' Auxiliary and Government Grants. In the interim, an elevator was installed in the Hospital, all part of a general enlargement plan for 66 beds and 15 Nursery cubicles in the main building.

Plans were developed and approved for Government Grants and with a new loan of \$100,000, surplus funds accumulated over years by public subscription, and Grants to \$327,000.00, expansion of the then over-crowded facilities commenced, with the letting of a Contract in November 1962 for \$468,000.00, to Acadia Construction Co. Ltd.

As standards of Medical Care and facilities to administer these standards had improved greatly in recent years, the expanded Hospital had to be inclusive of many new departments, notably an Out-Patient and Public Health department, facilities for Physiotherapy, separate Pediatric ward, Medical and Surgical wings, Obstetrical and Nursery department with enlarged infant care and formula rooms, Pharmacy, new X-Ray and Laboratory departments, and in general in keeping with a larger institution, greatly increased kitchen, dining room, laundry, administration and surgical department areas. Construction continued on renovations and additions through 1963, and through the early part of 1964.

At time of writing this short history of the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital, expansion is nearing completion, new departments are gradually being opened and others are being evacuated to facilitate changes in the original building.

By the end of 1964, Lunenburg should have one of the most modern Hospitals for a town its size to provide for the needs of our community. Facilities are in keeping with Medical Treatment prescribed for, by modern methods and by a local Hospital equipped to care for the sick within easy reach of this treatment.

As methods are continually changing, advanced procedures will still necessitate newer facilities, and the needs of the community will still require the support, directly and indirectly, of the citizens of the Town and surrounding areas, to care for the sick, in keeping with our Democratic way of establishing these institutions.

## MR. WILFRED FRANCIS KINLEY

by Janet Joudrey '64

Amid the chatter of customers and the usual collection of odd bottles found in a drug store, Mr. Kinley revealed a very full and interesting biography.

Mr. Kinley is currently the owner and manager of the Kinley Drug Co. Ltd., Lunenburg, which is a continuation of the drug business started in Lunenburg in 1900 by his brother, Senator J. J. Kinley. It was then known as the Minto Pharmacy, deriving its name from Lord Minto who was then the Governor-General of Canada. First established in the Hirtle Building on Lincoln Street, the business was moved in 1941 to the Powers Block, directly across the street. This building has been recently purchased by Mr. Kinley.

Born in Lunenburg in 1896 to Captain James Kinley and Louisa Loye Kinley, he was the eighth in a family of nine children. His early school education began in the small Newtown school house, which he attended for three years, when he was advanced to the fifth grade in the Lunenburg Academy. After completing his studies there, he attended the Nova Scotia College of Pharmacy, in affiliation with Dalhousie University, where he graduated as a Pharmaceutical Chemist.

After graduation in 1914, he went to work with Kinley's Ltd. in Halifax, to relieve his brother Gordon Kinley, who was called on duty as an officer of the Halifax Rifles at the outbreak of World War I. Later he joined the Canadian Army Medical Corps, with the rank of Staff Sergeant, and for a time was stationed at Camp Hill Hospital, which had just been completed to care for the overseas casualties, which were starting to be brought back to Canada. It was at this time, when he was in charge of the Dispensary that the Halifax explosion occurred, and Mr. Kinley has many vivid recollections of that terrible disaster. This large hospital, which was almost without any patients up to that time, in a few hours was filled with the wounded. Every conceivable place that a person could be placed, including the offices and corridors, was filled to overflowing. Later he was detailed to the Overseas Transport Staff as Ship's Dispenser, on ships transporting troops to England.

In 1925 he married Roberta O. Backman, daughter of Robert A. and Belle Backman, who was also a Registered Pharmacist. Mr. Kinley has two daughters, Anne, a Registered Nurse,



**Wilfred Francis Kinley**

married to Donald Hebb, and Kathryn, a Registered Medical Secretary, now employed with the Department of Mental Health.

As a pharmacist, he worked in the Kinley Drug Stores at Halifax, Liverpool and Bridgewater. For a number of years Mr. Kinley was Examiner in Pharmacy and Dispensing for the Nova Scotia Pharmaceutical Society.

In the field of social welfare, he has been President of the local Red Cross, and a member of the Provincial Executive, as well as acting on the Conducting Staff for Returned Veterans. He is a serving Brother of the St. John's Ambulance Division. During the Second World War years, he was active in maintaining a class in First Aid, and establishing a Blood Clinic in Lunenburg, using the St. John's Ambulance and Red Cross workers.

He was one of the prime movers in the establishment and erection of the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital, being President of the Lunenburg Hospital Society from 1945 to 1950. Mr. Kinley has been a member of the Board of Administration since its inception.

Mr. Kinley is a Past President of the Board of Trade. He served as Warden of St. John's Anglican Church for two years, and served many years as a member of the Vestry, during which time he was Chairman of the Anglican Advance Appeal for Lunenburg County, and Chairman of the University of King's College Fund for St. John's Church. He has also served for some years, as Chairman for Lunenburg County, in the Red Cross and Salvation Army Fund-raising campaigns.

As a member of the Masonic Order, he is a Past Worshipful Master of Unity Masonic Lodge, a Past High Priest of LaHave Chapter, and a Past Grand Scribe of the Grand Lodge of Royal Arch Masons in Nova Scotia. He is also a member of Rising Sun Oddfellows' Lodge.

In the field of sport, Mr. Kinley was in his youth, an ardent tennis player, being fortunate enough in having as an instructor, a member of the British Davis Cup Team, who was a resident in Lunenburg for some years, at which time the Tennis Club in Lunenburg was at a high standard. Interested in curling, he joined the Curling Club when it was first started and has been a member since that time. He is also interested in trout fishing, and for some years spent a week in the spring, camping and fishing at Kedgie Lodge.

Being extremely interested in farming, and in the growing of trees and shrubs, as a hobby, for some years Mr. Kinley had a very beautiful and well-planned garden at Lakeside Farm. This has helped him to learn much about the quality of seeds, plants and shrubs, best suited for our soil and climate, in which the Kinley Drug Store does a large business.

Since Mr. Kinley was a member of the Great War Veterans' Association, he automatically became a member of the Canadian Legion, which is a continuation of the former organization. In 1962, he was presented with a 25 year Legion Service Badge.

A Liberal in politics, Mr. Kinley is interested in all public affairs, and in all local community projects for the betterment and progress of his native town.

# WHAT THE BLUENOSE MEANS TO ME

Mr. Victor deB. Oland

January 30, 1964

"A wise nation preserves its records . . . gathers up its muniments . . . decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead . . . repairs its great public structures and fosters national pride and love of country by perpetual reference to the sacrifices and glories of the past."  
Joseph Howe.

For over two centuries, Nova Scotians have gone down to the sea in ships and exploited the natural resources of the ocean. At one time, it was said of us that we had the fourth largest fleet of sailing ships in the world and that the Nova Scotian flag could be seen almost any day in any port. Those were brave and adventurous times and they came to an end only recently, with the passing of the sailing vessel as an economic means of fishing and transportation. In a very real sense, it's a tragic fact that so much beauty and grace should have disappeared in the face of the funnel and the exhaust fumes of marine engines.

There is a certain tranquility and satisfaction about the sailing vessel that is not to be found in the power-driven ship. I think the reason must be because the sailing vessel works with the elements, while the motor-ship seems to work against them.

My own craft happens to be a 41-foot Tancook Schooner, built on that island some fifty-nine years ago. I don't suppose many of the original timbers still remain in her. I've had to have her rebuilt several times since I acquired her and yet I consider her the finest of yachts. Nor can I wait to turn off the engine whenever I take her to sea. To me, she is a constant reminder of that type of wooden ship and of the iron men who sailed such craft, large and small, in the glorious age that has all but disappeared. Probably this is the reason, most of all why I cherish her so warmly.

For countless Canadians, the classic symbol of that age was launched in Lunenburg, in 1921 . . . the beautiful and now celebrated BLUENOSE, who proved herself so truly the "Queen of the Seas" and the great and special pride of every Nova Scotian. When she went down on a coral reef off Haiti, not one of us but felt an irreparable sense of loss — not only in her passing,



Victor deB. Oland

but also in the feeling that the heart-stirring day of the sailing ship, as we had known it, was finally at an end.

The quotation from Joseph Howe, set down at the beginning of this article is sound advice and its observance is something that can well serve to draw us closer together as Nova Scotians and as Canadians. To me at least, the BLUENOSE offers just such a worthy possibility, and in a manner almost without parallel! No other symbol I know of in our heritage evokes such a ready pride and sense of thrill. Who of us but has longed to have such a ship for their own?

For, no other sight can quite equal that of a beautiful ship under full sail, so obviously at one and the same time, both master and creature of the elements. If that ship should be the BLUENOSE, then that feeling is doubly so.

I would suggest - and hope it is not too much to feel - that that longing has now been considerably fulfilled . . . as much for those of you who have ever cherished the memory of the BLUENOSE, as for us who were privileged to re-create her. Certainly, we at Oland's rejoiced in the opportunity, as well as the reason, to rebuild her likeness, and we have done so both humbly and proudly. Wouldn't you if the same opportunity had offered?

We hope that by thus perpetuating the name of her illustrious predecessor, she will render much that can benefit Nova Scotia and the Maritimes generally. Wherever she goes, she should stand as a distinguished advertisement of our Province and her home Port of Lunenburg. If as a result, for instance, our Tourist industry should increase only by ten percent (and that is probably a very conservative estimate), she will have more than justified the cost of her building. But I am confident her existence will not be manifested merely within the limits of the field of Tourism.

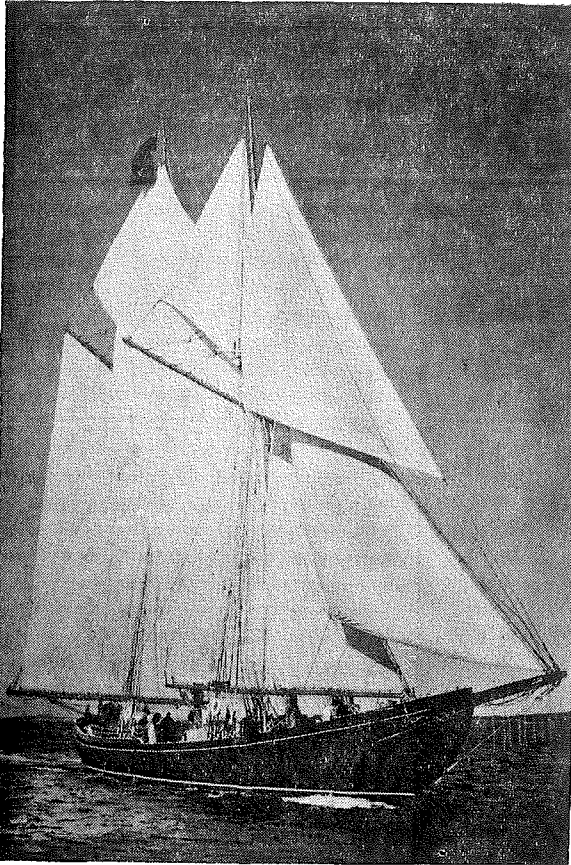
It is by no means too much to hope that, through making Nova Scotia better and more widely known, she may well become the means of attracting more industry to our Province. And, the more industry we have, the better it is bound to be for all of us!

If such should be our fortune, BLUENOSE II will have done more than her part in the co-operative effort we must all make in order to realize a better life, with a higher standard of living for ourselves and our children. When this happens, however small her contribution may have been, what more worthy purpose can there then be for having built a Replica of our great and famous Schooner!



## BLUENOSE II

by Gary Upham '64



Back on March 26, 1921, a schooner was launched in Lunenburg. Little was it realized that this ship, Bluenose, would not only reclaim the International Fisherman's Trophy and other awards, but also bring honour and glory to her home port and country. The speedster, not only became a living legend during her own lifetime as the fastest of all sailing ships, but also established an enviable reputation as a worker, holding record fish catches. The success of this ship was brought to an end on the night of January 6, 1946 when Bluenose became stranded on a reef off the island of Haiti. She had been enroute to the island to pick up a cargo.

The memories of the Bluenose lived on, and only a few years ago several prominent citizens of our town questioned the possibility of building a

replica of the famous schooner as a memorial to her. Unfortunately, everyone did not have the same enthusiasm towards the project. Then Oland and Sons Limited "broke the ice." They were extremely interested in the idea, and were willing to support the expensive project.

March 25, 1963 is recorded as the official start of building Bluenose II. On that day Colonel Sidney Oland, chairman of the board of Oland and Son Ltd., performed the spike-driving ceremony. Several hundred people were present to see Colonel Oland, Mr. William Roue, designer of the original Bluenose and Mr. Angus Walters, proud skipper of the Bluenose, pound the golden spike into the keel of Bluenose II. Immediately following the ceremony, employees of Smith & Rhuland Shipyards set to work at the construction of the vessel, which was to be completed and launched on July 24 of the same year. During these months, many, many tourists visited the shipyards to see just how the work was done and how the Bluenose, which won such great fame, looked. I doubt very much if any visitors were disappointed with what they saw.

Then came launching day, a day remembered by many. At seven a.m. the weather was foggy and misty, slightly suggestive of rain, but by nine the sun had started to burn through and the mist was disappearing. The rumble of buses, cars, trucks and stomping feet was interrupted by the R.C.N. Band which paraded from the Bluenose Lodge to the shipyards at 10:00 a.m. At 10:15 opening remarks were heard from Mr. F. A. Rhuland, builder and master of ceremonies, who introduced Victor de B. Oland, president of Oland's, Mayor R. G. A. Wood, Rear Admiral Hugh Pullen and Colonel Sidney C. Oland, chairman of the Board of Oland's, to the ten thousand or more people awaiting the glorious moment. Colonel Oland then presented bronze medals commemorating the launching of Bluenose II to a number of distinguished guests.

Mr. Angus Walters, skipper of the original Bluenose, was presented with a large framed scroll by Colonel Oland, which stated that Captain Walters was appointed honorary captain of Bluenose II. Miss Janet Hirtle, 1962 Queen of the Sea was also present on the occasion and presented Mrs. Sidney Oland with a corsage of roses just a few moments prior to the launching. Prayers and blessings for the schooner were led by Reverend Ralph Webber and Reverend Father MacLean. Following this, Mrs. Oland, on her second attempt, smashed the bottle of champagne against the bow of the ship while uttering the well-known words, "May God bless and protect this ship and all who sail in her . . . . I christen thee: 'Bluenose II' "

Seconds later the sharp cracks of sledge hammers sounded against wood as a work force of over thirty men hammered in the wedges to lift the hull. All spectators were unusually quiet but moments later, when the slim hull slid into the water, a cry of excitement arose along with whistles, horns and sirens from the yachts and cruisers that formed a half moon just a short distance from the boat yard. At the same time, from between several buildings, the Lunenburg Citizens' Band and the R. C. N. Band provided the spectators with musical selections. Yes, it was a great day for Lunenburg.

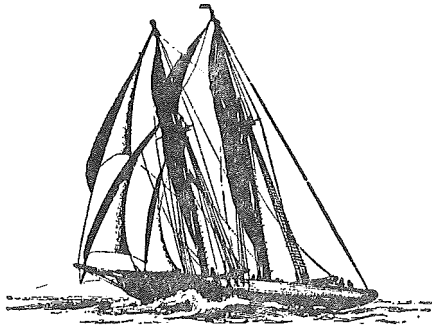
Every possible care has been taken to assure that Bluenose II is an exact



replica of the original ship as to shape of hull and sail plan. Any changes made during construction of the first Bluenose have been included in the second. However, Bluenose II is naturally quite different below deck, in order to conform to present day Department of Transport regulations for an approved carrier of passengers. The cost of building Bluenose II is estimated as between two hundred and fifty and three hundred thousand dollars.

In January the ship, under guidance of Captain Elsworth Coggins left Lunenburg Harbour and sailed to Bermuda, Jamaica, Panama Canal and then to the Cocos Islands. Plans have definitely been made for her to attend the New York World's Fair sometime in the future. One of her main purposes however, will undoubtedly be as a charter boat, accommodating excursion parties and conventions. And of course, we all understand and appreciate her role as a tourist attraction.

To whatever parts of the world Bluenose II may travel, she will always stand as a reminder of Nova Scotian craftsmanship of today and yesteryear."



The Bluenose sails again

On the shimmering waves of blue;  
Royally moulded, she slipped the ways  
Like her counterpart of other days,  
To stand with her timbers true.

She is risen again to bring,  
With the cold, south-easter wailing,  
White as a seagull's wing,  
On the shoreward roll and swing  
Of the Nova Scotian waters.

The beauty of her sailing —  
A nail of gold in her keel,  
The long, bright sea-swells scoring.  
And the light on her tall and tapering spars,  
In an ocean day's new dawning.

— Vera Munro Smith,  
Stewiacke, N. S.

## CAPTAIN ANGUS WALTERS SPEAKS OUT

Marsha Clarke '66, Tannis Sodero '65

Coming from a sea-faring family, Captain Walters took to the sea when only thirteen years old. For the next eleven years, he sailed not only under his father's command but under other local captains as well. After the *Bluenose* was launched in 1921, Captain Walters was given command of this fishing schooner, soon to prove herself one of the greatest vessels ever to grace the water.

In addition to her fishing career, the *Bluenose* made several trips into foreign waters under his command. Cargoes of fish took her to Portugal, Spain, the British West Indies and England. She also made exhibition trips to Chicago in 1933, and Toronto in 1934. In 1935 the *Bluenose* spent the summer in England, attending King George V's Jubilee celebrations.

The *Bluenose* left Halifax on May 9, arriving in Plymouth, England on May 29. She was escorted by small boats to the King's personal dock and landing area and remained there for eighteen days and then proceeded to Torquay, Weymouth, and finally to Portsmouth. After a few days, they went on to Spithead for the King's Naval Review, where Captain Walters met King George and three of his four sons, aboard his yacht. He was given certain privileges never before given to a Ship's Master. Captain Walters was also interviewed on a London television program about his background and his years spent with the *Bluenose*. Much of the *Bluenose's* remaining time in England was spent in taking people sailing in the English Channel.

On her homeward journey, the *Bluenose* ran into extensive bad weather, forcing her to return to England for repairs. She set sail for Canada the second time on October 12. Although she had rough passage and ran into another storm off Sable Island, she made the trip in twenty-two days, arriving in Lunenburg on November 24, 1935.

In addition, the *Bluenose* became a living legend by racing against and defeating, all the vessels she raced. From 1921 to 1938, when she sailed her final race, the *Bluenose* remained the undefeated "Queen of the North



Captain Angus Walters

Atlantic." She was wrecked in 1946 off the island of Haiti, but the legend of the Bluenose was not to die with the ship.

In 1963 the keel of Bluenose II was laid at Smith & Rhuland Shipyards. The original Bluenose differed in several ways from Bluenose II. The original Bluenose was outfitted for fishing, while Bluenose II was to accommodate passenger travel. Below deck Bluenose I was outfitted for the crew, but Bluenose II is divided into staterooms for passengers.

When Bluenose II was launched on July 24, 1963, Captain Walters was made Honorary Captain of the Bluenose. A plaque was presented to him which read as follows:

Presented to  
Captain Angus Walters  
On the Occasion of the Launching of the Schooner  
Bluenose II

Replica — Memorial of the Original Bluenose in Token of his Appointment and Acceptance of the Post of Honorary Captain of the Ship.

July 24, 1963  
Lunenburg, N. S.

Presented by the Director  
of Oland & Son Limited  
Sidney C. Oland  
Chairman of the Board.

Bluenose I has gone, but her spirit remains in her replica — Bluenose II.

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## BLUENOSE II

by Russell J. Seaboyer '66

In the fall of nineteen hundred and sixty-three  
Bluenose II sailed out to sea,  
A figure full of life and beauty  
The pride of Lunenburg seemed her duty.

The Atlantic was stormy, the sky was grey  
As she sailed seaward on that special day.  
To us, the younger a sight to behold,  
To the older, it was a dream retold.

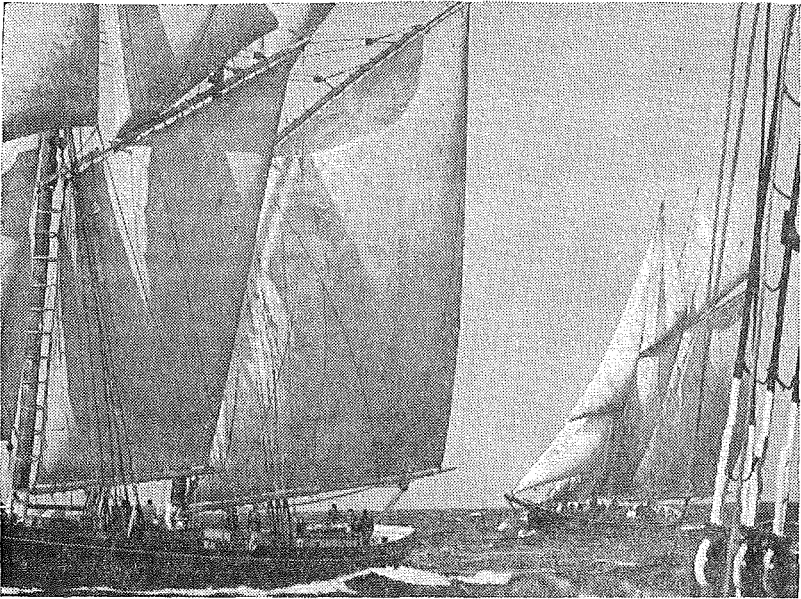
We all wish her luck on her voyage unknown,  
And hope that some day she will return to her home.

## A HANDFUL OF SCHOONERS

by V. Cantelope '66, J. Manthorne '64

Today only a few schooners built at Lunenburg remain. It was not so long ago, however, that one could see the high spars of one hundred or more schooners anchored in Lunenburg harbour. These were the vessels that were the backbone of the Lunenburg fishing fleet. By the time the famed Bluenose was built, over 120 schooners had been launched from the yards of Smith & Rhuland alone.

Schooners had to be large and rugged, for they had to withstand the roughest seas of the Atlantic and long weeks on the banks. Many of them carried their catch to far-away ports. This made carrying capacity as important as speed.



During the 1920's American and Canadian fishing vessels began competing for a cup called the International Fisherman's Trophy. To qualify for this race, a vessel had to have at least one season on the banks, as well as speed.

Undoubtedly the Bluenose was the most famous of all Lunenburg schooners. She was entirely Nova Scotian, except for her Oregon pine masts. Her skipper, Angus Walters, and crew, sailed her to victory in all but one of the races in which she competed. She was not only a world champion racer, but a successful fisherman as well.

Another well-known Lunenburg schooner was the Delawana, built in 1913,

and skippered by Captain Thomas Himmelman. Her career as a racer and fishing vessel was colorful indeed. Unfortunately she was lost in 1924, while heading for the Grand Banks. The Bluenose and the Delawana were only two of the hundreds of sturdy schooners that built up a great tradition in fishing and racing.

If these schooners were so important and necessary to the economy of Lunenburg's fishing industry, why then did they all but disappear? Undoubtedly the work of the fisherman was long, hard and dangerous. Modern improvements that would make fishing a safer occupation were always welcome. The main reasons for the disappearance of the schooner were the lack of manpower and the efficiency of draggers and trawlers. A major factor was also the fact that men would no longer go in the dories to set and haul up the trawl.

Thus the schooner was replaced by more economical fishing craft, and today there are only a handful remaining. Although many are gone, we will always remember those proud vessels and the heritage they left to us.



**DORY RACES AT LUNENBURG**

# THE WILY SCALLOP

by Elizabeth Wood '65, James Wentzell '66

The scallop is a bivalve shellfish allied to the oyster. It has two fan-shaped shells, often beautifully marked. This bivalve belongs to the genus *Pecten*, and many of its species are common off the British coasts. Formerly the shell of a scallop was worn by pilgrims to show that they had been to the Holy Land. Nowadays the shells are used for baking scallops, oysters, or for souvenir ash trays, etc. What a difference a few hundred years make!

The calico scallop, from one to two inches wide, is very common along the eastern beaches from North Carolina to the Gulf of Mexico. It is also found in the West Indies.

The zig-jag scallop has the same range as the calico scallop, but is from two to four inches wide. In this bivalve, the upper valve, or shell, is flat while the lower shell is deep. The meat is quite tender, and until excessive fishing reduced its numbers, it was an extremely popular food in Bermuda.

The Atlantic bay scallop is from two to three inches long. It is the most common scallop along the eastern coast of the United States, and is abundant from Nova Scotia to Florida. Tastier than the deep sea scallop, it is the edible scallop meat often sold on the market. Many tons of these scallops are dredged each year from banks off the New Jersey coast.

When there is nothing to frighten or alarm the scallop, it is fond of resting on the bottom of the ocean with its shell half open. At this angle we are able to get a view of its plump orange and scarlet body through the folds of the mantle that stretches like a misty curtain. We also notice the row of shining green spots that sparkle and flash like emeralds. These are the eyes of the scallop. The distance the scallop can see we have not yet discovered, but we do know that it is very sensitive to light, for if the slightest shadow is cast upon the shell it quickly closes its shell.

Scallops are sometimes called sea butterflies, but this name is common to the scallops' cousin the "limas" rather than to the scallop itself.

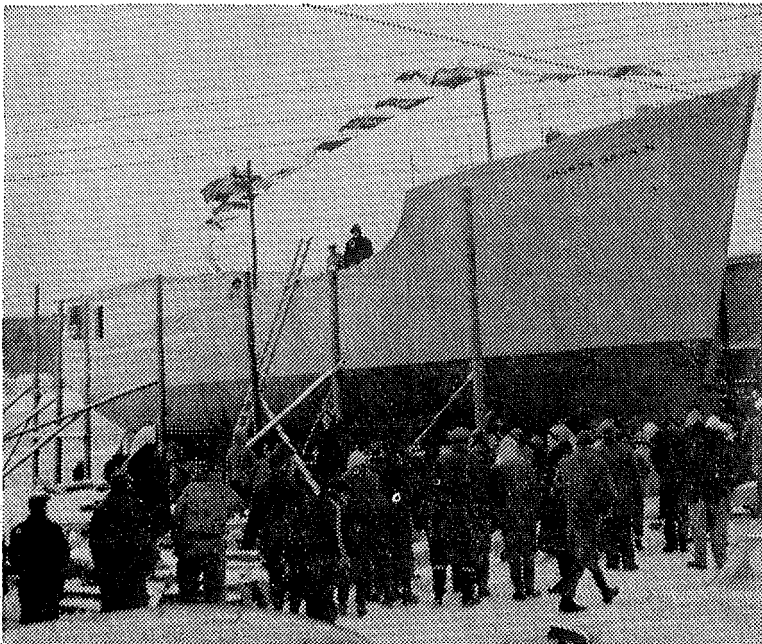
These sea butterflies are very nervous. If they are not roaming about in the freezing waters, a number of them cluster together for safety in a curious kind of nest. This nest is constructed of small fragments of shell, coral and sand all bound together, which have been spun into shape by the scallops' "spinning machines." This is commonly known to the fisherman as a scallop bed.

The well experienced scallop fishermen realize, when they sail from a nearby harbor, that they must work, and work hard and fast if they wish to profit. The length of a scallop trip is approximately nine to ten days. These days sometimes go fast, for most fishermen do not find a scallop trip boring. There is little time to rest!

The first thing in the morning the captain orders the men to get the rake ready to be hauled for about twenty to thirty minutes at a time. Through this period often occur numerous accidents such as "the breaking of the

boom" (the boom is the iron appliance which is used to haul the iron rake in over the deck).

Scallops along with stones and other sea creatures are dumped on the deck of the dragger. Each man gathers a basket-full of these strange creatures and enters the built-in "shockin house" where the shelling begins. This is the principle skill of these rugged fishermen. They then pack the scallops in forty pound bags and these are then transferred to the ice hold of the boat. They are then not removed until the scallops are taken out of the boat to the transport trucks.



**Launching of scallop dragger "Sharon Dawn II", (Captain Ellsworth Greek).**

## SCALLOPING WITH CAPTAIN MOSHER

by Florence Lohnes '66, Chris. Anderson '65

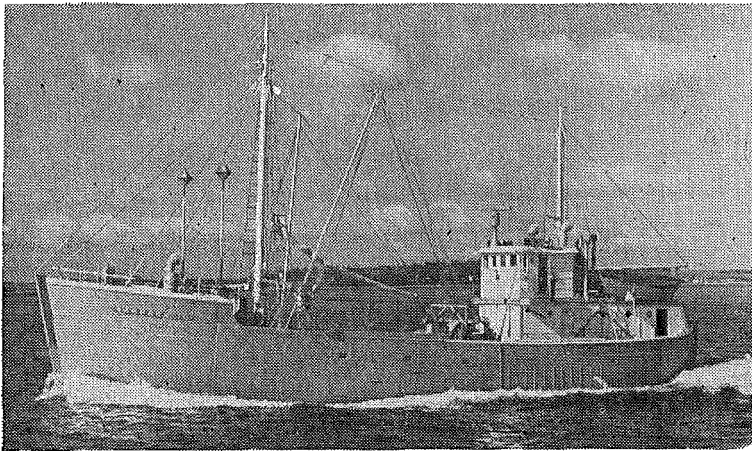
Through the past decade, the scalloping industry of Nova Scotia has developed tremendously. This has been because of the pioneering efforts of foresighted men such as Captain Douglas J. Mosher.

Born in Lunenburg in 1923, Captain Mosher was one of the two sons of Captain Allen and Carrie Mosher. He was a student at Lunenburg Academy until the age of seventeen, when he took his first job as a crewman aboard a yacht which sailed from New York to Miami by way of the Inland Waterways.

In 1943 he went as engineer on the Delawana II, commanded by his father. Having obtained his Mate's ticket at the Navigational School at Yarmouth, he was qualified to command a ship in the Merchant Navy during the final year of the war. For the next six years, as master of the Delawana II and the Doris Susan, he went both salt and fresh fishing. In 1954, he took over the Aegir and was among one of the first Nova Scotians to go deep sea scalloping.



**Captain Douglas J. Mosher**



**Barbara Jo**

**In** the summers of 1955 and 1956, while commanding the Barbara Jo, he



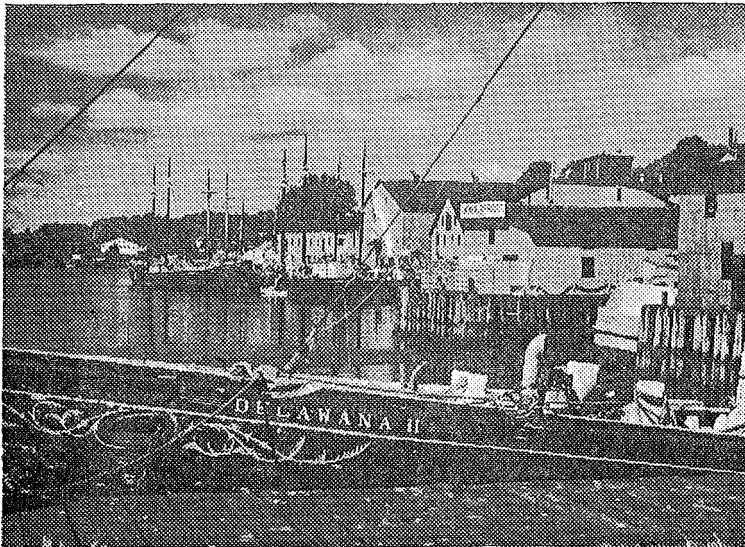
did scallop research for the Department of Fisheries. He reported finding dense concentrations of deep sea scallops on the Nova Scotian and St. Pierre banks. Having this knowledge he returned to these banks and contributed greatly towards the 800% increase in the Nova Scotian scallop landings during that period.

Among his accomplishments was the landing of a record 26 ton catch of scallops in 1960. The next year he topped this Canadian - American record with the holds of the Barbara Jo loaded with 31 tons of scallops.

Captain Mosher ended his successful sea-going career in 1963 as captain of the modern scallop dragger, Elizabeth Anne.

This experienced Lunenburg captain now is president of a firm which operates three newly-built scallop draggers. These three draggers make all their landings at the Lunenburg Sea Products but look to Scotia Trawler Equipment Limited for handling of ship's business, mechanical problems and outfitting.

Captain Mosher married the former Barbara Dolliver of Bridgewater in 1947 and they now have three children: John 12, Elizabeth 7, and Jimmy 6, all of whom attend Lunenburg Academy. Despite his many years at sea, Captain Mosher still has had time to become a member of the Masonic Lodge and the Lunenburg Yacht Club.



**THE WATERFRONT IN OTHER YEARS**

# A NEW FISH PLANT FOR LUNENBURG

by Patsy Meisner '66, Gary Upham '64

In the '63 edition of the Sea Gull, the story was told of the events leading up to the decision to build a new fish plant for Lunenburg Sea Products, and the cause for its construction.

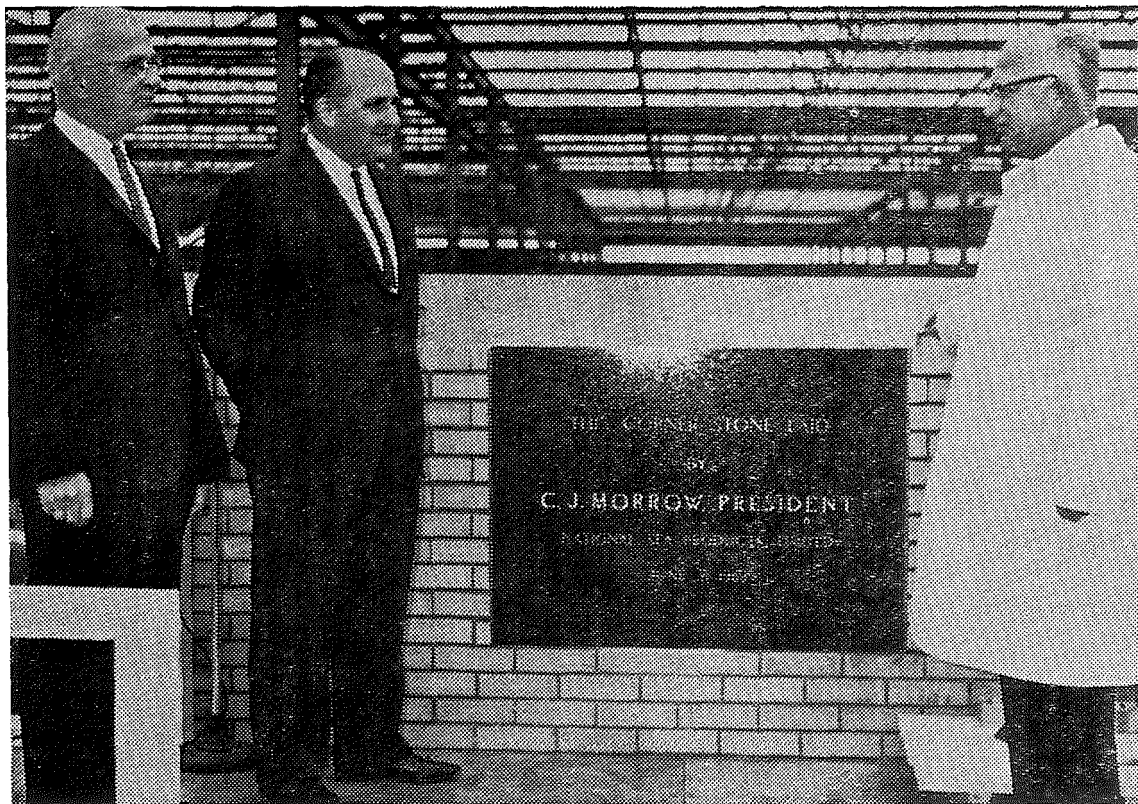
In May 1963, a contract to complete the buildings and to finish the site was awarded to MacDonald Construction Company of Bedford, N. S. Concrete foundations and a major part of the structural steel had previously been completed by Acadia Construction Company of Bridgewater, N. S. Some of our local companies shared in the work, also. Powers Bros. Ltd. had the contracts for plumbing, heating and ventilation and the Atlantic Bridge Co. Ltd. took care of the miscellaneous metal work. Most of the lumber used in construction was supplied by the Bridgewater Lumber Co. and the millwork was done by the Maritime Manufacturing Co., Mader's Cove. One of the largest equipment contracts went to Lewis Refrigeration Co. of Canada for the complete installation of cold storage equipment.

On June 7, 1963, Mr. C. J. Morrow, president of National Sea Products Ltd. and Lunenburg Sea Products Ltd., laid the cornerstone for the new plant. We are informed that sealed behind this cornerstone is a complete tape-recording of the cornerstone laying ceremonies, the June 12, 1963 issue of the Progress-Enterprise describing the event, the 1961 basis for design of the new plant, one 1963 nickel, and one 1963 penny.

By the time this issue of the Sea Gull goes to press, the new plant should be well on its way to processing its first fish. An official opening is planned for the last week in June. The buildings are almost completely different from the old type of fish plant. Generous space has been allotted to facilities for the comfort and pleasure of the employees. This space includes an auditorium, cafeteria, individual lockers for each worker, and well finished rest-room facilities including showers. The plant is composed of two different buildings. The main section consists of the wharf buildings, all fish processing employee quarters, offices, and cold storage. The other, houses all the heavy machinery including boilers, fish meal plant, and refrigeration compressors. These buildings are served by four different rail sidings from the new C. N. R. spur. The entire plan consists of a five and one-half acre setting with 240,000 sq. ft. enclosed by structure.

Over the next few years, it is expected that production will amount to about 80,000,000 pounds of round fish annually, which is double the production of Lunenburg's old fish plant. This will mean employment for about five hundred people in the plant itself and will involve approximately four hundred fishermen at sea. It is expected that close to twenty trawlers will be landing deep sea fish and about ten scallop draggers will be docking at the new establishment.

The building of the fish plant on Lunenburg Harbour will undoubtedly open the doors to further prosperity and industry for the surrounding area.



Laying The Cornerstone

# CAPTAIN ROGER CONRAD

by Jane Spindler '64, Marcia Powers '66

The life of one of Lunenburg's oldest citizens, Roger Conrad, has been both interesting and exciting. Captain Conrad began his working life as a fisherman. In between his jaunts to sea, he was a jeweller and a stock clerk at the Lunenburg Foundry. He has made many interesting trips all over the world.

The second youngest of seven children, Captain Conrad was born in Rose Bay in 1875. After his father's death in 1880, he continued his schooling. At the end of grade four, when all his brothers and sisters had left home, Roger was forced to leave school.

At the age of nine, he felt a call to the sea. In 1885 his wages for the summer were twenty-one dollars, a far cry from those of today.

In the year 1892, Roger took his first foreign trip in the schooner "Muriel B. Walters". This trip they were loaded with salt for Jamaica and then ballast for Grand Turk, British West Indies. Later the same year he sailed on the "Stranger" loaded with spruce for South America. From there they went to Cork Island and then to Brazil. There they loaded coffee beans for New York and then coal for Halifax.

Because of a broken leg, Mr. Conrad was forced to come ashore and thus learned the jeweller's trade. He worked for the firm of M. S. Brown, Jewellers of Halifax, and then opened a store in Lunenburg.

Up to this time, his Mother had home-sewn all his clothes. His brother decided that Roger should have a "store-boughten" suit, so Roger was sent to Lunenburg to buy a five-dollar suit. This was a considerable distance to walk, even for a young man. When he tried on the suit, he found that he liked the six-fifty suit better, so he took that one instead. When his brother opened the box and looked at the bill, he immediately expressed his disapproval. The next day Roger again walked the long distance, this time to return the suit.

Captain Conrad was actively interested in bicycling during his stay ashore. On one occasion he travelled to Kentville by horse and wagon to participate in the races. He won the five mile race, thus gaining the Cham-



Captain Roger Conrad

pionship of Nova Scotia. Another time he went to Halifax and won both three and five mile races.

In 1900 he again felt the call of the sea. He sold his business to Charles Himmelman, and returned to the broad Atlantic to make a living.

He tells this true tale which happened when he was signing on a schooner captained by Ammon Ritcey. A young man who had never gone to school wanted to sign on the ship. He signed his age as 71 instead of 17. He was told that the 1 should be placed in front of the 7 so he promptly placed the 1 in front of the 7, thus making himself 171 years old. Therefore his age went down in the books as being 171 years old.

From 1901 - 06, the Captain fished out of Boston. When he returned to Lunenburg he became one of a crew that took fish to Portugal.

In 1915 he lost the "Original" on Ingonish beach. In 1917 he sailed the "Revenue" loaded with lumber to the West Indies. The lumber was to be used for coffins. Later that year he sailed to Barbados with lumber. In 1918 he loaded coal for Newfoundland and then fish for Barbados. The following year he sailed on the "Gilbert Walters" to the Mediterranean. Here he spent four summers.

While in Spain, Captain Conrad took a plane trip to check the procedure at the next port. The trip was 120 miles and the plane was only a two-seater. At 5000 ft. the engine stopped. It was only with luck the engine started 2000 ft. from the ground. They maintained this altitude until they reached their destination. Since that time the Captain has never been in an aeroplane and he says he never will.

Captain Conrad sailed with both the "Delawana" and the "Bluenose". He sailed four summers and five races, as mate on the Bluenose. It was aboard the Bluenose that he almost lost his life. The sea was very rough and nearly washed him overboard but he held on. He was also aboard the Bluenose when Captain Walters took her to Toronto.

In 1939 he again broke his leg and was confined to shore. He then worked for the Lunenburg Foundry for twelve years in the stockroom. In 1942 he signed on with Captain George Myra on the M. V. Margaret M., to deliver the boat to Vancouver via the Panama Canal. The trip took twenty days. After spending a week in Vancouver, he returned to Lunenburg. Owing to age he retired from that firm.

In 1901 he married a school teacher, Phoebe Silver. They have three children — two girls and one boy. They also have one grandchild.

This remarkable man who will soon be eighty-nine, has an excellent memory. He remembers the first cent he made. When he was young the janitor of their church stayed at their house. The janitor was paid yearly out of the church collection. The twenty-four dollars he was paid yearly was paid in small change. Young Roger would help carry the money to the bank. On this particular occasion, when the money was counted, there was one cent too much, so he was given this extra cent for the help he had given in carrying the money.

# THE VOYAGES OF THE SAINT ROCH

by Janet Anderson, Jackie Manthorne, '64



Saint Roch

In 1940, (then) Sergeant Larsen received orders to sail, if possible, from Vancouver, B. C., on patrol to Halifax, N. S. via the Canadian Arctic after his duties in the western Arctic had been completed. Due to the lateness of her start, the St. Roch ran into bad weather and heavy ice. 1940 was a very bad ice year, and at times the ship could be freed only by vicious battering and blasting. Finally, after battling through storm after storm, they decided it was too late in the season to advance, and proceeded to Walker Bay where they were frozen in from September 25, 1940 to July 31, 1941.

During the winter the crew made patrols to the Eskimo settlements to inspect the living conditions, take the census and make sure the N.W.T. game laws were being kept. In the spring the men painted and overhauled the ship and equipment.

By July 31, 1941, the ice lessened, and the St. Roch left winter quarters. Ice and thick, wet fog made progress slow. Finally the weather improved, and she was able to make better time. Soundings were taken frequently because of the ship's size. By this time the ship's compass was useless because the Magnetic Pole was nearby.

Once the ship was past Simpson Strait, hail and snowstorms hit. When the visibility cleared a bit, they sailed into an inlet in Pasley Bay to escape being pushed up on shore by the ice. The pressure was terrific. The St. Roch was "a helpless hulk locked between heavy floes". This was one of the gravest situations she encountered during her voyages. She struck a shoal and listed heavily, but the pressure of the ice pushed her up over the shoal.

After avoiding destruction in the ice, she froze in close to the shore for the winter of 1941-42.

The second winter more patrols were made. A sad happening occurred when Constable Chartrand, a crew member, died of a heart attack. So that he could be buried with the ritual of his church, a scouting party located and returned with a priest from Pelly Bay. The crew erected a large stone cairn and cross over-looking the bay, to mark his grave.

On August 3, 1942, the crew decided to risk the dangers and try to leave winter quarters. They had already been frozen in Pasley Bay for eleven months, and another winter was approaching. Breaking free, the St. Roch followed a lead in the ice that closed after a few miles. The crew blasted and used ice chisels to help offset the severe pressure. Finally the St. Roch cleared the ice and headed for deeper water.

From this point reasonable progress was made, although the ship was somewhat hampered by ice, rain and gales. On October 11, 1942, the St. Roch arrived at Halifax. The first leg of her journey was over.

#### THE RETURN VOYAGE (1944)

On July 22, 1944, after repairs were made at Halifax and Lunenburg, the St. Roch left on her return voyage, by the Lancaster Sound Route. Once past Newfoundland, she ran into heavy fog, winds and thick ice that forced her to pass up her call at Frobisher Bay. However, she did stop at Pond's Inlet, where she took on supplies.

Leaving here on August 17, they found the sea almost free of ice. This made it very choppy and the St. Roch was forced to take shelter in the lee of an iceberg. The whole vessel became coated with ice from the spray. As soon as the storm abated, the St. Roch moved on. The weather turned bad again, forcing her to follow the coastline. At times, visibility was zero.

However, the weather cleared, and on August 20, the ship anchored at Beechey Island, where the crew went ashore and examined the remains of a cache left by W. S. Pullen of H. M. S. North Star, in 1854. Here they also found a cenotaph built in memory of those who died in the British Naval Expedition in 1852.

After leaving a cairn, they set sail again. At first the water was nearly clear but as they progressed the ice became more tightly packed until the St. Roch was unable to proceed. The ice carried her along until she was able to get free and seek shelter inshore. On August 24, the wind changed and shifted the ice. The St. Roch followed a lead and anchored at Cape Cockburn. Here they erected a cairn. After leaving the Cape the St. Roch encountered a heavy snowfall and tightly packed ice that made the going very slow.

On August 26, the weather was fine for the first time in days, and there was very little ice. Heavy fog set in and snow began falling by the next day. Past Dealey Island they encountered much heavy ice. The St. Roch made no headway for over two days. Finally she worked herself free of the ice and sailed through Prince of Wales Strait to Holman Island.

Once past Holman Island, the St. Roch ran into large fields of ice. It

was necessary for the crew to take frequent soundings and several times they were forced to moor the vessel because of ice, fog and heavy winds. The St. Roch proceeded slowly to Tuktoyaktuk, where they anchored close to the shore to ride out a blow of hurricane force. This was the worst storm they had ever struck the settlement. Because of the packed unbroken ice, the crew thought they might have to spend the winter there, but the weather cleared, and the St. Roch left Tuktoyaktuk harbour. Before long they encountered the heaviest ice of the voyage. Some floes were easily ten miles long.

The ship followed a lead in the ice, finally arriving at Akutan, Alaska, where they were heartily greeted by the U. S. Navy. On October 4th, she left Akutan and arrived at Vancouver Harbour, October 16. Thus the St. Roch, under her able captain and crew, became the first vessel ever to sail from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic by the North West Passage, and the first to return.



LUNENBURG ACADEMY



# BIOGRAPHY OF SUPERINTENDENT HENRY A. LARSEN

by Peter Chenhall, Linda Falkenham '64

Few Canadians have achieved the international status of explorer as has Captain Henry Larsen. Renowned as the first man to navigate the North West Passage, he has retired and now resides in Lunenburg.

Superintendent Larsen was born on September 30, 1899, at Hvaler, near Fredrikstad in Norway. The nearness of the sea had its effect, and in 1915, at the early age of sixteen, he donned his sou'wester, and for the next four years served on deep-sea, square-rigged, sailing ships as a sailor. Having gained his sea legs, he determined to further his oceanic knowledge by advanced study. Accordingly, during 1919-1920 he attended and graduated from the well-known Norwegian Nautical School in Oslo. Upon completion of this course, he served the required term of compulsory service in the Norwegian Navy, and later joined the Fred Olson Company, Norway Pacific Lines, where he served as Deck Officer. During this time, Mr. Larsen recalls his first great sea disaster. The ship on which he was serving at the time, ran aground off the coast of South Carolina, and was a complete wreck.

Having made many calls at Vancouver on voyages, he decided to return there permanently in 1923. After settling there, Mr. Larsen made two voyages to the Western Arctic, as mate and sole navigator on the trading vessel, "Maid of Orleans". The Royal Canadian Mounted Police captured his eye, and after becoming a naturalized Canadian citizen, he joined this organization in 1928. In due course, he was appointed to the R.C.M.P. Arctic Patrol Schooner "St. Roch", which he commanded on all its voyages until 1949. During this period the St. Roch served as a floating detachment, withstanding twelve winters at various locations in the Western Arctic, and navigating the North West Passage on two occasions, the first from west to east (1940-42) and the second from east to west during the summer of 1944. These last two events have made Captain Larsen famous the world over, and have placed Canada's name alongside those of England and France in the field of explora-



Henry A. Larsen

tion and navigation. His achievement ended a search for a North West Passage, which had been going on for hundreds of years.

It is interesting to note that at this time, no Marine Division of the R. C. M. P. existed, as we know it today. The *St. Roch* was simply a floating land detachment. Even more intriguing is the fact that the eight crew members of this patrol vessel were from the prairies, and had never seen the ocean previously. Captain Larsen claims this to be the best type of crew for such an undertaking, as they did not realize the dangers and feared little. A seasoned crew would have understood the northern dangers, and would have been less likely to take the risks these men took, and consequently the North West Passage might have gone un-navigated until some future date.



ICEBOUND

In 1949, Mr. Larsen was transferred to R.C.M.P. Headquarters in Ottawa, and took command of "G" Division of the Force, in which post he served until retiring in 1960. His work, as Officer Commanding "G" Division, concerned the Yukon and North West Territories, country which he had grown to love so well.

Superintendent Larsen's career in the R.C.M.P. is a story of hard work and determination. He started at the bottom of the ladder, and worked his way to the top. Joining the Force as a Constable, he was promoted to Corporal in 1929, to Sergeant in 1930, and to Staff Sergeant in 1942. Commissioned to Sub-Inspector on December 1, 1944, he was promoted to Inspector in 1945, and achieved the rank of Superintendent in 1953.

His life has been coloured with many events. In 1942 he was awarded the British Polar Medal and Bar. An honorary member of the Royal Geographical Society, he was awarded the Patron's Gold Medal of that Society in 1946. Perhaps the greatest tribute to his work came on September 12, 1959, when

he was presented with the first Vincent Massey Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, which was presented to him by the Hon. Vincent Massey, Governor-General of Canada at the time. Mr. Larsen is also a member of the Explorers' Club, New York, and is a graduate of the Canadian Police College. On May 20, 1961, he received an honorary Doctor of Law Degree at Waterloo University in Ontario.

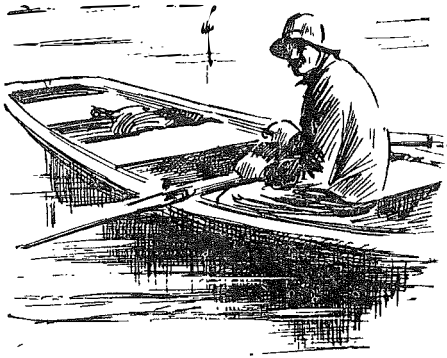
Superintendent Larsen married the former Mary Hargreaves of Vancouver in 1935. They have three children — Gordon, a fighter pilot with the R.C.A.F.; Beverly, a secretary at home; and Doreen, a student at Western University.

When asked why he and his family chose to move to Lunenburg, Mr. Larsen replied, "I was here with my ship during the winter of 1942, and decided I should one day like to return". They have built a new home on Green Street, which contains perhaps, more souvenirs of past days than any other home in town.

He may have retired from the Force, but he certainly has not folded his arms. In fact, he claims he cannot find enough to do to pass the time. At home, he is an active member of the Curling Club and the Board of Trade. He can be found much of the day at his desk, writing of his experiences. His fan mail shows what a popular man he is, especially with the young school girls. He takes pleasure in answering each letter personally.

Recently, Mr. Larsen appeared on the television series, "Explorations", along with two other famous explorers, including Steffanson. This programme was both interesting and educational, and of great benefit to all students, young and old. The network has received so many letters regarding this programme, that we may have another opportunity to view it in the months to come.

In the past, and at present, he has served his country to the best of his ability. His energy and pleasing personality will serve him well in the future. One thing is certain however, he and his family will continue to live by the sea, whether it be on the east or west coast. We residents of Lunenburg are proud that he has chosen our cozy town by the sea for his home.



# AQUARIUMS IN 1963

by Cynthia Smith '65, Suzanne Bailly '67

An aquarium is a place where fish, water animals, and water plants are kept alive. In making an aquarium certain precautions have to be considered. If one is going to keep tropical fish, the aquarium must be heated. All other fish are kept in cold-water aquariums.

An aquarium must be open at the top. The opening must be large enough so the air can reach the water. The size of the opening depends largely on how many fish are in the aquarium. Each fish needs a certain amount of oxygen. Some of this oxygen must get into the water from the air above it.

An aquarium should have clean sand with small stones or shells at the bottom. Next, it should have some deep-rooted plants such as eel grass, water weed, arrow-head, water-poppy, etc. The aquarium should be placed where the light is strong enough for plants to grow well, but not in direct sunlight.

The fish for an aquarium should be carefully chosen. They should be the right size and get along well together. The fish can obtain some of their food from the plants but food should often be placed in the water for them, but they should not be over-fed.

The aquarium should be clean before the fish are placed in it and kept clean thereafter. Plants will usually use up any of the waste matter from the fish, while snails also aid in keeping it clean.

Fresh water should be put in to raise the water level, but when added it must be at the same temperature as the water in the aquarium. If one of the fish looks sick it should be removed and placed in a separate bowl until well again.

Two of the most interesting spots at the Lunenburg Academy in 1963 were the Grade VII and Grade VIII rooms, because they possessed aquariums.

In the Grade VII room, ten fish began together. The most remarkable one was a lone minnow who had spent three years at the Academy. It was not very sociable with the black, gold, and speckled beauties.

The fish were fed about once a day unless sometimes a student was able to reach the food can when thinking the fish were hungry. On two occasions this caused "sick fish", but with a bit of extra care they were saved from death. A small motor and filter kept the water clear and cool. Several fish became quite friendly and would come to the surface at the sound of a human voice, whereas the others would go deeper and hide from visitors.

The interest shown was well worth the cost of such an undertaking. There was also an aquarium situated in the Grade VIII room which was purchased with prize money won in the Exhibition Parade. The Grade VII aquarium has been replaced by two guinea pigs, but the Grade VIII one still remains as a center of attraction.

## THE GRENFELL MISSION

by Rita Pittman '65, Jane Ritcey '66

"Fifty-two years at sea!" and when it was asked of Captain Kenneth Iversen if plans for retirement were in the near future, his reply came with a determined shake of the head. "No!"

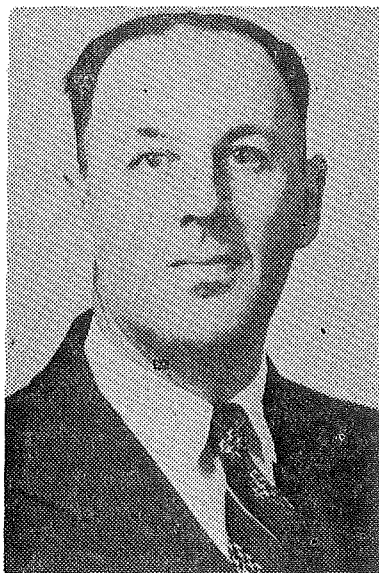
As closely as Mr. Iversen has been connected with the sea, he has been equally close to the Grenfell Society in Newfoundland, for thirty-five years to be exact.

It was in 1929 that he began to play a part in the Grenfell Mission, when he started visiting the various ports along the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador on the George B. Cluett. This boat was the first to be financed by the Cluett family. On these visits food-stuffs, lumber and numerous other articles were transported, including clothing from the various Maritime Provinces and New England States. Most important of all, along with the rest of the cargo, all types of medical equipment were shipped to the then eight medical centres in that Province, St. Anthony's in the northern part still being the largest. Today there are sixteen medical bases along with a number of nursing stations. Captain Iversen has often been called upon to carry the sick on his boat to one of the nearby hospital centres.

In 1941 the George B. Cluett was sold. Built to replace her was the Nellie Cluett with financial assistance not only given by the Grenfell Mission but by such renowned persons as the Rockefeller family of New York. That proved the response to such a mission.

After twenty-one years of service, the Nellie Cluett was sold and in 1962 the Lady Grenfell, entirely financed by the Grenfell Mission, replaced it with Kenneth Iversen still presiding as Captain.

Since the death of Wilfred Grenfell in 1946, a board of directors has most effectively carried on the work started by him. Helping them are various societies and churches. During the interview Mr. Iversen said that more and more interest is being shown. Nurses and school teachers come from Ontario,

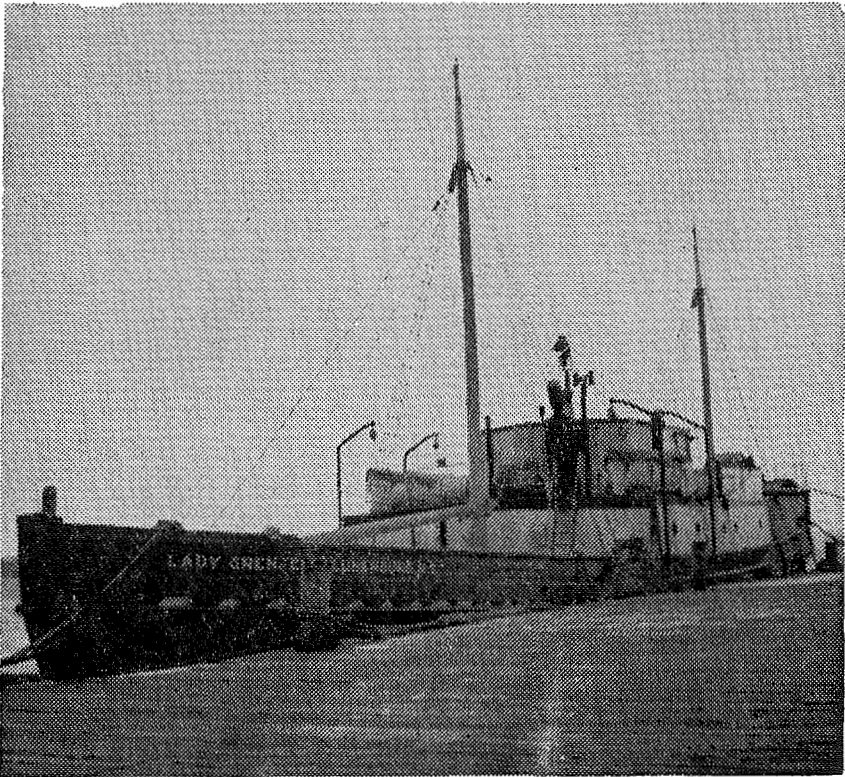


Captain Kenneth Iversen

the United States and even as far as England, to assist in promoting this great mission.

He told us of one young married couple with University degrees who went to teach in one of the isolated districts. They had to put up with many inconveniences, and had to live with just the bare necessities. But the greatest and really heart-warming part of it all is that from the salary they receive they have only enough to live on, the rest going to the Mennonite society of which they are members. In turn this society uses the money to help the Grenfell Mission in numerous ways.

After expressing our gratitude to Captain Iversen for his hospitality and most willing help, we departed with a feeling in our hearts that comes when one has heard about such a worthwhile cause as the Grenfell Mission in Newfoundland.



**M/V Lady Grenfell at wharf in Lunenburg, being readied for maiden voyage.**

# MY JOB AS A SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR

by Linda Falkenham '64

On looking back through the years, it seems almost incredible that I should have learned to swim, much less become a Red Cross Water Safety Instructor and Life Guard.

Thirteen years ago, as a four-year old, I was taken to the back harbour by my Mother, to learn to swim. Like other non-swimming parents, she was determined that I should have the chance. How well I remember those first three bitter summers! Mom never gave up, even when her pursuit seemed hopeless, and every day she took me by the hand to the Saw Pit. I still recall her daily words, "We'll try again tomorrow, dear."

This patient attitude of my Mother, and the determination of the instructors, Mr. and Mrs. George Stewart, finally paid off. After three summers, I lost my fear, and left the rocks on the bottom to join the fish — not quite on top yet.

These past events provide a valuable lesson that every parent must realize, if they are to do their child justice. Swimming lessons must be commenced at an early age — eighteen months where the climate permits. Perhaps more essential is the fact that a parent must show keen interest in swimming if the child is to do well. Nothing is more satisfying to a pupil than to look up from blowing bubbles, and see his Mother looking every bit as interested as he is. If my parents had never encouraged me, I would have stopped trying. Today, I realize that a person's interests change through the years, and my views on the subject of swimming now differ greatly from when I was six.

After catching the bug, I had little difficulty completing the other classes. This proves the theory that when fear is replaced by confidence, the battle is practically over. I can sympathize however, with those who had to struggle with the Duck Dive. For a brief period, I was certain only ducks could manage that feat.

Following the completion of my Senior Award, I was possessed with the idea of becoming a Water Safety Instructor, but was not certain if I had the makings of one. I turned to the Royal Life Saving Society for advanced training. My trips to the Saw Pit began in earnest, to train for my Bronze Medallion — mornings, evenings, sun, fog — whenever the tide permitted. I remember vividly the cold and foggy nights when it was almost unbearable to dive into the water, and the numbing sensation as I trudged up over the hill. Not being in a class, I had to discipline myself, and broke training only



Linda Falkenham

when Mother put her foot down. It is hard to express my feeling of satisfaction, after being awarded my Medallion with Honours.

The following spring, our local Red Cross Branch sponsored my trip to the Instructors' Course at Stadacona. Seven days of rigorous training followed, and after the waves had settled, I received my license to teach. This course consisted of many phases, and the various teachers were experts in their fields. The average day lasted ten hours, and during that period we hardly had time to breathe. A surprising fact to me at first, was that we were marked severely on our attitude and personality. I realize now that these are the two most important assets of a good teacher in any field.

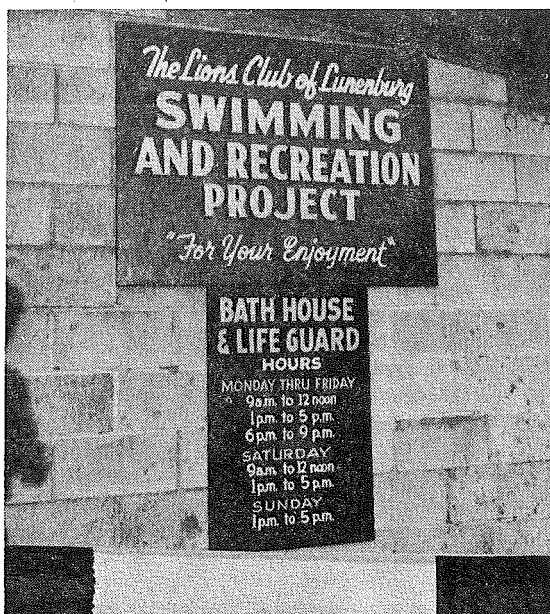
July 1, 1962 was a long day indeed. I had previously served as a Life Guard, but now I began teaching classes for the first time. That day I now regard as a landmark, because at that time I began the job I love so well. Working with all those wonderful children certainly made up for the cold, wet weather we received.

I quickly discovered that being an Instructor was not simply a summer job, but a year-round one. There are textbooks to read and Refresher Courses to attend. New material is brought into being each year, and it must be quickly learned. Mouth-to-Mouth

Rescue-Breathing was unheard of by most only a few years ago, even though it has been in existence for over a thousand years, and now is our main method of resuscitation.

My job this past summer was made much more pleasant by the new facilities provided by the Lions Club. I am certain that we now have one of the best areas in the province for outdoor swimming, and all residents should make use of the opportunities open to them.

Being an instructor is a rewarding experience indeed, and it has taught me to be alert. This great responsibility has given me a more mature outlook on life, and I am certain to benefit from this greatly in the years to come. It is the greatest feeling in the world to know you have helped someone. Maybe it was just a small thing such as teaching a child to open his eyes





under water, but to that child, it was a large barrier to overcome. The smile on that pupil's face is worth more than gold. Perhaps more satisfying is the thought that I have rescued two people from possible drowning, and aided others by passing along knowledge. My job takes me into the fresh air, and no one could ask for more healthy surroundings. I believe a person is happier doing something he enjoys, and I would not trade my job for any other.

I am looking forward to a new year, and the experiences this year will bring. Next summer will find me helping children participate in a great sport which may also save their lives. Next summer also I shall return to the status of a pupil to further my qualifications. But, after all, we are all pupils in that sense of the word, as we learn new and wonderful things each day.

Our town is fortunate to have such an active Red Cross Branch, and as a Red Cross Worker, I am proud to be a part of it.

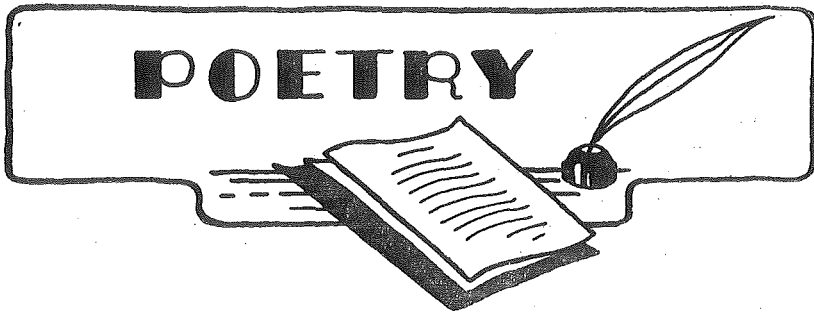


#### **HIGH SCHOOL CHEER LEADERS**

Giving vocal support to all school sports were left to right:

Front Row — O. Uhlman (Leader), L. Dares, N. Dauphinee, S. Lace.

Back Row — T. Sodero, B. MacKenzie, D. Conrad, L. Langille, K. Berringer.



## THE RIVERS OF LIFE

by Marion Brushett '64

As we stand on the brink of Life's River,  
At our feet flows the River To-Day,  
While winding along, looking eastward we see  
The River of Yesterday.

Yesterday's River is plainly in view,  
Every bend, every turn is well known —  
To the West flows the River To-Morrow,  
Mysterious, unchartered, unknown.

Each one must explore the regions  
Through the misty flats beyond,  
Each one decides and chooses the course  
He would have his ship sail on.

At times the waters calm will be,  
The days will be sunny and bright;  
At times the ship will be tossed and turned  
By the troubled water's might.

A calm head and a steady hand  
At the helm of Life's Ship we'll need,  
When the torrents rage and the breakers roar  
O'er the angry, uncharted seas.

And the one bright light that will guide us  
Safely through, though the billows rage:  
Is a steadfast faith in the Master's love,  
And the knowledge He rules the waves.

## SHADOWS

by Margaret Campbell '65

Cool bands of darkness  
Dappling phantom leaves  
Upon a quiet river,  
Where the weeping willow grieves.

In lands of darkness  
Wear its shadow leaves  
Upon small, hopeless faces,  
And the human spirit grieves.

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## DREAMING

by Nancy Dauphinee '66

The common duties of each day  
Seem trifling and so tiring.  
We dream of some self-chosen task,  
More glorious and inspiring.

We soar on fancy's glowing wings  
Some swifter race to run,  
While dreaming of tomorrow's work,  
We leave today's undone.

---

## NIGHTFALL

by Jane Anderson '64

The sun was setting behind the hills,  
Bathing them in the tranquil chill  
Of gold and blue, and royal purple.  
And, above in the sky, a nightingale  
Winged its way on high,  
Rising to meet the oncoming gloom  
Of darkness.

# OUR WORLD

by Linda Falkenham '64

God has shown his mercy,  
In many wondrous ways,  
He gave the sun and clear blue skies,  
To grace our happy days.

He sent the rain to cleanse our sins,  
To free us from all wrongs within,  
The rainbow when the shower has ceased,  
To show us that we're blessed with peace.

What right then have we, to destroy  
The peoples whom God hath employed,  
To till the soil, and reap the grain,  
What right then, will you please explain?

But yet, the story told of man  
Is similar since the world began,  
We kill and conquer in our greed,  
Instead of helping those in need.

The Romans killed and plundered,  
The Nazis did the same,  
And still in nineteen sixty-three,  
Some nations do the same.

God give the folks of Viet Nam  
The strength to see it through,  
God open our eyes and show us  
The wrongs which we still do.

Help us to restore peace and hope,  
to this disjointed sphere,  
Give us a love of brotherhood,  
To last us through the year.

Then this world will no longer see  
Fighting, strife, and pain,  
All peoples will at last be free,  
And their toil be not in vain.

## NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTY-THREE

by Terrence O'Connor '65

With slowness of pace the year rolled on,  
No great troubles and peace prolong.  
But as the end was almost near,  
The news was full of death and fear.

Down went a president,  
Down went a plane,  
Down they both went,  
Broken and slain.

And in the time of Christmas glee,  
News of tragedy sounded round.  
"Laconia" sinks beneath the sea,  
While passengers cry, and burn and drown.

With the grace of God,  
And tears and prayer,  
We lasted through  
Another year.

---

## THE COMING OF SPRING

by Robert Adair '66

The coming of spring means the coming of green,  
The promise of long days ahead,  
The promise of flowers decked out in their sheen  
Of yellow, white, blue, pink and red.

The coming of spring means the melting of ice,  
And the melting of snow by the rain,  
The return of the birds from their long winter's trip,  
And the newly formed stream's sweet refrain.

But the coming of spring means much more than just this,  
It's the promise of life in itself.  
And the promise of spring is the promise that rings  
Through the forest, the wood, and the dell.

## THE COAST

by Jackie Manthorne '64

Jagged Cliffs  
Jabbing at the sky  
Slapped by the sea  
again and again  
And the wind shrieks by  
to whip and echo  
in the lined faces of the rocks.

The Current  
runs swift and deep  
by the soft lazy sand  
that slopes into the distance,  
And a lone gull  
swoops and dives at the sea,  
As Nature ebbs.

---

## EXAMINATION TIME

by Olivia Uhlman '64

The quiet room, the tired looks,  
The one last look at the huge textbooks,  
The quickly ticking clock above,  
Watched with the energy of a well-worn glove.

Then comes the moment when all must go,  
Into the room sad and slow,  
And take into their hand a pen.  
And do the questions one to ten.

They shake their heads, they heave a sigh,  
They yawn and then they say, "Oh my!".  
What is this strange mysterious force?  
"Exams" are here again of course!

## SPARKIE

by Elizabeth Crouse '67

Sparkie is my favourite dog,  
It seems to be a sin  
That when she scratches on the door  
We do not let her in.

But when she's in and all is well  
Oh, how she loves to play.  
She raises wrinkles in the rugs  
Which turns my mother grey.

She eats whenever we do eat,  
And sleeps when we do sleep,  
She loves to lie upon the couch  
And her position keep.

When bones are given her for play,  
For thanks your hand she slicks.  
But never turn your back to her  
For she is full of tricks.

Behind my back she slipped away,  
And nowhere could be found,  
So Father said with great disgust,  
"We'll give her to the pound."

But her sad face soon changed his mind,  
And with an old cow bell  
We now can hear where she does roam,  
And everything is swell.

# CONFUSION REIGNS

by Linda Langille '65

So varied is our work in school  
There is no place for jokes and fun,  
Our worry, thus, we must confess,  
Is getting all our homework done.

There's Geometry with axioms,  
Theorems, circles, trapezoids,  
Secants, tangents, magnitudes,  
And all the other fancy "woids".  
But Mr. Mason comes to the rescue  
And straightens out the tangle;  
To have each problem work so well  
He just MUST have an "angle".

We fight our way through wars and such,  
With Mr. Campbell by our side,  
We see new nations rise and fall,  
And cross the fields where great men died.

Oxygen and hydrogen, calcium and lime,  
Acids and elements bubbling all the time;  
With Mr. Collins checking 'round  
To see you've more to do,  
You find that as you've mixed and poured  
You now have quite a stew!

With Economics, Physics, French,  
Algebra and English Lit,  
There's only time for work, no play,  
Do we begrudge it? Not a bit!



# THE LIONS CLUB RECREATION PROJECT

by Patricia Graven '66, Susan Lohnes '64

On Thursday, August 1, 1963, with a crowd of about one thousand people watching, the Lunenburg Lions Club opened their new improved swimming facilities for the general public at the Saw Pit Wharf.

The Town of Lunenburg yearly attracts a tremendous number of tourists, but unfortunately loses the benefits from many of these and an untold number of others, because of the fact that there are no facilities for trailers or tents within a radius of ten miles. The Lions Club therefore, made it their project to overcome this deficiency by transforming the Saw Pit into a recreation area.

Although this idea was proposed in 1960, work didn't start until the fall of 1962. When the project was officially opened last August, the Lions had spent \$15,000 for landscaping, bath houses, canteen, and parking area.

Originally Mr. Joseph Purcell had sketched a plan including all of Blockhouse Hill as well as the Saw Pit area. However, this plan had to be abandoned when the railway was laid across the centre of the hill. The Lions then decided to concentrate their ideas on the shoreline which already had facilities for swimming but which were considered inadequate.

To begin with, the problem was that a steep hill ran almost down to the water's edge with a beach width of perhaps thirty feet. Seven thousand cubic yards of earth had to be taken away from the hill, much of it being used for the parking lot and the road to Mosher's Point on which the trailer and tenting area will eventually be situated.

Along the beach area, which has been lengthened approximately 275 feet, the rocks and stones have been cleared away and replaced with thirty loads of sand. A bluestone wall 300 feet long and 4 feet high was erected to act as a retainer for the new level picnic, parking, and general playground area. Roads were extended and a cement block building, 16 by 48 feet, was built with separate dressing facilities for men and women. It also contains a canteen which is leased as a concession to Rayburn Lohnes. The Lions also engaged Mr. Gilbert Oickle as life-guard for the months of July and August. For an added safety measure, the Department of Health carried out water tests for the whole summer of 1961 because of the fear of contamination. Conditions were found to be quite safe.

The present project covers an area of about six acres, some of which is in the county. About midway down the sloping road which leads to the beach is a newly built road leading off to the left, where on a pleasant section of land below Blockhouse Hill and bordering on the water, is a site that will probably be the next project on the Lions agenda.

The Lions deserve a lot of credit, for in the eight years since the club was organized, it has aided many worthwhile projects. This particular project has become a reality through the hard work of this active and ambitious service club.

In closing, we wish to express our sincere gratitude on behalf of the many who appreciate what the Lions Club has done for our community.

## OUR CHAMPION PIE MAKER

by Ingrid Menssen, Sharon Tanner '64



Linda Dares,

Linda Langille,

Brenda MacKenzie

Appetizing, tasty, succulent, and flaky — these are four adjectives that describe Linda Dares' apple pies. The whole student body of Lunenburg Academy felt a surge of pride when Mr. Collins announced over the P. A. system that Linda Dares, 15 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Dares and a Grade XI student at our school, had won the "champion pie maker" honors for the province of Nova Scotia.

The story goes back to the month of October when Miss I. Oliver, of the Home Economics Department, announced that the Nova Scotia Fruit Growers' Association had initiated an apple pie baking contest. The winners of the regional contests were to compete in the provincial "bake-off" in December, at Wolfville.

Our regional contest was held on November 2nd. On that day four nervous Lunenburg girls — Linda Langille, Brenda MacKenzie, Karen Berringer and Linda Dares — assembled at the Home Economics building to compete for the honors of our district. Judging the contest was Mrs. John Hirtle of Bridgewater. The contestants had to make their pastry, bake their entry, and explain to the judge exactly what they had done. When the final results were tabulated, Linda Dares came out on top.

The provincial "bake-off" to decide the Nova Scotia apple pie champ was

slated for December 5. On the afternoon of December 4, Linda left Lunenburg with Kentville as her destination. Accompanying her was her grandmother, Mrs. Fred DeMone. At Kentville, Linda and her grandmother stayed at Palmetter's Country Home. Next day they travelled to the Paramount Hotel in Wolfville, where the baking contest was held.

Judges were Mrs. Clara Jefferson, Professor of Home Economics at Acadia; Miss Jessie Rae, Director of Nutrition of the Nova Scotia Department of Public Health, and Harry C. Peters, Head Chef at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium at Kentville.

All seven girls baked two pies and worked at the same time on separate counters. Linda comments, "I was a little bit nervous but I like baking and do plenty of it at home. I prefer to make cookies and pies."

At the contest the entrants used their own recipes and measured their own materials. The maximum was 500 points. Linda won over the second place winner, Linda Paxton of Smith's Cove, Digby County, by only two points and there was only one point between each of the other girls.

Judging was based on posture, grooming, the outward appearance of the pie and interior, plus most important — the taste. The three judges did the tasting and surprisingly enough none of the girls had a chance to sample the baking.

At a banquet held on December 6, Linda received her prize — a \$200 university scholarship. We all extend our hearty best wishes to Linda. Following is Linda's prize-winning recipe with directions:

**INGREDIENTS:** 2 cups all-purpose flour  
1 tsp. salt  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup shortening  
5 to 6 tbsp. cold water (the colder the better)  
6 to 8 apples (depends on size)  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar  
dash nutmeg  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. cinnamon  
1 tbsp. butter

**METHOD:** Measure and sift flour. Cut in  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of shortening until it has consistency of coarse corn meal. Cut in remaining shortening until it is the size of small peas. Sprinkle water over mixture. Mix dough with a fork. Press into ball and chill. Divide dough into half. Make bottom crust, rolling about  $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick. Cut in apples. Add sugar and spices. Add butter. Make top crust. Brush milk on outside edge, which holds crusts together. Add design to top crust. Put in 450 deg. oven for 10 minutes. Lower to 375 deg. oven for 30 to 40 minutes.

Linda plans to take her Grade XII next year and then to train for a nurse. In this career her scholarship will come in handy. Good luck!

## 1963 FASHION SHOW

by Ingrid Menssen, Sharon Tanner '64

On May 27, 1963, the H.M.C.S. Showboat was due for her maiden voyage. On board were all the Home Economics students of Lunenburg Academy. At the helm were two staunch Sea Cadets in the persons of Gilbert Oickle and Wayne Tanner.

As H.M.C.S. Showboat slipped from her moorings, the 1963 Fashion Show began. Students from Grades VI to X displayed the work which they accomplished during the school year.

First on deck were the Grade X girls presenting a variety of the more complicated garments. Accompanying them were small children who modelled garments made for them by the Grade X girls.

The Grade VI girls, introduced by Dale Keddy, were the next group to show their year's sewing accomplishments. These beginners made white aprons with attached bib for use in Home Economics cookery classes. At the end of their part, they all joined to recite "A Ship is Like a Home." All present enjoyed this very much.

A surprise was in store for the audience, when little Stephen Kirby, accompanied by Karen Wentzell, presented the Home Economics teacher, Miss Isabel Oliver, with a corsage of beautiful red roses.

Grade VII appeared next on the programme showing their skirts and overblouses to match. After their display the girls moved to the front, and sang "Sailing! Sailing!"

In the eighth grade work the pupils begin with making a blouse. With the opening of the new bowling alley, a number were inspired to make



1963 FASHION SHOW

bowling blouses with "action" backs. Some, having finished early, made matching skirt, slacks, or shorts. Following their presentation the girls sang "The Cornish May Song".

Every year a prize is offered by Mrs. Douglas Cantelope for one or two of the Grade X girls who do the most outstanding work in the classroom. That evening Miss Linda Cantelope presented prizes to Linda Langille and Donna Forbes of the Grade X class.

An intermission followed, during which the audience had the opportunity to view articles on display at the back of the hall. On view were books and handicrafts from the various classes.

H.M.C.S. Showboat resumed her trip after the intermission with the Grade IX girls displaying spring and summer fashions. The dresses were mostly cotton and there was great variety in styles and colours. Their musical offering was "My Favourite Things."

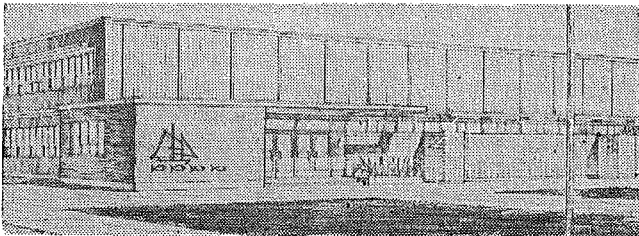
In contrast to the scene of frenzy in the Home Economics Department in September, the Grade X girls composedly showed their completed woolen skirts. Several of the girls made matching tops. When Nancy Dauphinee appeared on stage wearing a blue dress, the Grade X pupils sang "Alice Blue Gown."

During the evening, Judy DeMone, on behalf of the Home Economics students presented Miss Oliver with two gifts in appreciation of her fine efforts.

Another special event during the Showboat's voyage was a fudge sale. Altogether twenty-three dollars was raised which went to the Home Economics Department.

Several students from the higher grades lent a hand with the Fashion Show. Mistress of Ceremonies was Linda Zinck, Grade XII. Commentators for the evening came from Grade XII, and were Jackie Manthorne, Jane Spindler, and Ingrid Menssen. Other helpers in getting the 1963 Fashion Show on the way were Cynthia Smith, Sharon Tanner, Peter Chenhall, and Rodney Conrad. Music for the show was supplied by Judith Corkum and Helen Bailly of last year's Grade XII. Under the capable direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner were all the musical numbers that the girls presented.

With a "Thank-you" on behalf of the Home Economics classes, said by Linda Zinck, H.M.C.S. Showboat's maiden voyage was finished.



LUNENBURG COMMUNITY CENTER BUILDING

# UNITED NATIONS SEMINAR — 1963

by Peter Chenhall, Linda Zinck '64

We have been asked to give an outline of the events of the 1963 United Nations Seminar held at Mount Allison University in July of this year. Before doing so, however, we would first like to thank our sponsors, the I.O.D. E. and the Jayettes of Lunenburg for making it possible for us to attend this year's Seminar. It was a thoroughly enjoyable week; a week from which we are certain we benefitted a great deal, in more ways than one. Besides adding greatly to our store of knowledge, we met many interesting people and many new friends. We could not have done this without the kind support of our sponsors.

On July 8 we boarded the train for Sackville rather nervously, to start one of the most interesting weeks in our lives. There were several young people on the train with us and after getting acquainted, we spent the rest of the trip discussing what lay before us.

Upon arriving in Sackville, we were taken to the campus and ushered into the Physics Auditorium, where we were assigned rooms, given maps of the campus and introduced to the director, Professor I. L. Campbell. Then we went to our respective residences — Bennett House for the girls and Bigelow House for the boys — to unpack, get acquainted with our room-mates and prepare for supper in Allison Hall.

After supper we were again herded back to the Physics Auditorium, where all the lectures were held during the week. We were introduced by Professor Campbell to the rest of the staff and some of the speakers for the week. As well as adult members of the staff, there were several younger people who had attended the '62 Seminar and had proved outstanding in their work. These students proved invaluable in their advice, help and friendship.

Following Mr. Campbell's opening remarks, we got down to serious business and attended our first lecture. Dr. V. J. Ram, Social Affairs' Officer of the United Nations talked to us on the subject, "Why the United Nations and How it works". Dr. Ram closed his speech with this thought-provoking question — "Should the U. N. be bound by a charter that does not live up to its present needs?"

Then followed a week of serious lectures made by many foreign dignitaries, each of whom presented his country's interests in the U.N. Outstanding among these were Dr. Kidd, the father of the famous athlete, Bruce Kidd, who spoke on U.N.E.S.C.O. and Professor Sava Bosnitch who spoke on the U.S.S.R., the Soviet Bloc and its connections with the U.N. All these speeches were followed by general discussion and questioning periods, some of which were quite spirited.

The highlights of the week were our two General Assemblies, the first on racial discrimination and the second on disarmament. Much work was put into these debates and the outcome was quite interesting, giving us a chance not only to present our country's views but also to receive a valuable insight into what is actually happening in the U.N. Assemblies.

Our General Assemblies this year will surely go down on record as being

the most noisy and most humorous in the history of the Mount A. Seminars! The debates were constantly being interrupted by certain members of Cuba, the United States, the U.K., and the United Arab Republic. The Cuban delegate was even accused of carrying hidden weapons (which is forbidden in the U.N.), and he was forced to relinquish his Boy Scout knife!

From what we have said so far, you may have gotten the idea that every minute was spent working. This was not so. Under the very able leadership of Mr. Angus MacFarlane, Mount A.'s physical education director, we had many enjoyable and vigorous periods of recreation and relaxation. The Athletic Centre was open to us and the pool attracted a great many of us, especially since the weather was so warm. In the gym we played basketball, volleyball, and badminton and had a few informal sock hops. The relaxed social life gave us an added opportunity to become better acquainted with the many people on the campus.

The social highlight of the week was a dance in Beethoven Hall on Saturday night. For this special occasion "lights out" was extended from 11:00 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. Everyone had a wonderful time but the knowledge that we would be leaving the next day, threw a slight damper on the festivities.

Although Sunday dawned warm and sunny, the scene of our departure was at times a bit damp, as we said good-bye to those departing early and finally as we left ourselves. Fortunately there were many people going back to Halifax on the same train and we had quite a sing-song on the way home.

Before closing we would like to thank both the I.O.D.E. and the Jayettes once again, for making this momentous occasion possible for us. The knowledge we gained can only be measured by the many wonderful memories we have to treasure.



#### JUNIOR RED CROSS

- 1st Row — D. Conrad, S. Conrad (Secretary), M. Brushett (President), R. Conrad (Treasurer), G. Rhuland.  
2nd Row — G. Joudrey, P. Conrad, M. Burke, L. Joudrey, T. Winters, D. Wentzell.

## OPERETTA '63

Olivia Uhlman '64

Every year, in the month of December, a strange spell is cast over the students of Lunenburg Academy. They become anxious, busy, and go around singing catchy little tunes. Operetta time has arrived again!

Actually, the real preparation for the operetta begins long before December. Close on the heels of the opening of school, the Choral Club, under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner, begins to learn the many choruses of the production. At the close of the November exams and with the realization that December is coming very quickly, the cast and the Choral Club throw themselves into the project, sacrificing lunch hours and evenings in an effort to produce a success.

The actors, however, are certainly not the only ones putting in overtime. Quickly and skillfully Messrs. R. H. Campbell and E. E. Eisnor assemble the scenery. Messrs. C. Andrews and D. H. Collins are in charge of stage management, while Messrs. C. Andrews and G. Mason manage the stage props. Miss Isabel Oliver, not only finds time to become chairlady of the costume committee, but also coaches the dancers in the operetta.

With the dress rehearsal and matinee, however, everyone realizes that their efforts are not in vain. Both the experienced and inexperienced achieve the confidence so necessary in making the operetta go well.

The 1963 show commenced with two numbers from "Madam Butterfly" by Puccini. Dressed in beautiful Japanese costumes, Jackie Manthorne sang the aria, "One Fine Day", while the Anderson twins offered the "Flower Duet."

Crispin Cook, a relatively new face to Lunenburg audiences, was a complete surprise. In his rendition of "On Billow Rocking" from "Chimes of Normandy" by Planquette, he captured and held his audience.

As the curtain rose the operetta, Gilbert and Sullivan Revue, began. It was a clever sketch which combined the four most popular Gilbert and Sullivan operas — "Mikado", "Pirates of Penzance", "Pinafore", and "Iolanthe." In an ingenious plot, the Mikado arrived on board the H.M.S. Pinafore, in search of his missing son, as the guest of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., First Lord of the Admiralty, and Captain Corcoran of the British Navy. His son, however, preceded him disguised as a wandering minstrel in search of his beloved Yum-Yum. No sooner had the Japanese arrived, than the Pinafore was attacked by the dreaded Pirates of Penzance, but were saved from a terrible fate by the Fairies of Iolanthe. The pirates were found to be "noblemen gone wrong" and were pardoned. All ends well and the outcome is "as welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring."

As the plot of the operetta ended in satisfaction, so did the feelings of many of the actors. Both the leading characters and the choruses were very competent and many handled themselves like professionals.

I am sure all will join in thanking Mrs. Josephine Skinner the accompanist, who gave such able support and Mrs. B. G. Oxner for faithful direction in her twenty-sixth operetta. May she and Lunenburg Academy have many more!





1963 CHRISTMAS OPERETTA  
Gilbert and Sullivan Revue

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

### The Mikado

The Mikado  
Katisha  
Nanki-Poo  
Yum-Yum  
Pitti-Sing  
Peep-Bo

### Cast I

Michael Adair  
Ingrid Menssen  
George Rhuland  
Tannis Sodero  
Linda Langille  
Dorothy Conrad

### Cast II

Karen Wentzell

### Pinafore

Captain Corcoran  
Sir Joseph Porter  
Josephine  
Ralph Rackstraw  
Buttercup

Peter Chenhall  
Ronald Whynacht  
Janet Joudrey  
Reid MacDuff  
Nancy Dauphinee

Margaret Campbell

Suzanne Bailly

### Pirates of Penzance

The Pirate King  
Frederic  
Mabel  
Ruth

Michael de la Ronde  
Crispin Cook  
Jane Spindler  
Marion Brushett

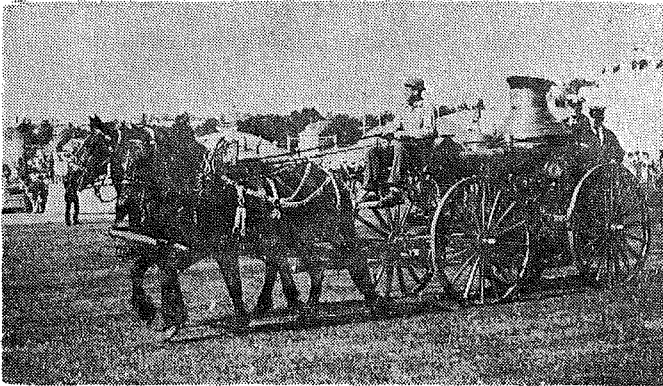
Linda Mason  
Helga Kohler

### Iolanthe

The Fairy Queen  
Phyllis  
Strephon

Elizabeth Wood  
Lynn Joudrey  
Sheila Lace

Shirley Silver  
Judy DeMone  
Vicki Cantelope

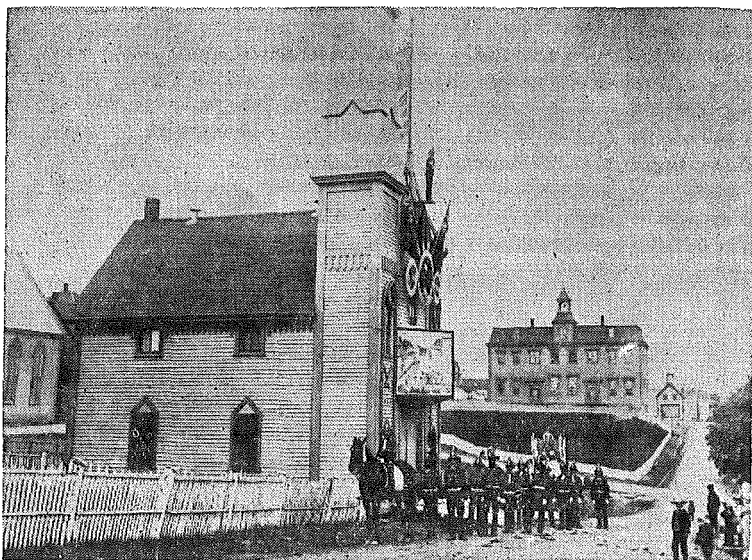


ANTIQUE BUT ATTRACTIVE

## THE SMOKE EATERS

by Michael Adair, John Graven '64

Since the organization of the present company in 1928, the Lunenburg Fire Department has provided Lunenburg and its surrounding area with complete and modern fire protection. The former company was equipped with one pumper, a hand-drawn ladder waggon and a hose waggon. In 1933 a truck was purchased to carry hose; in 1951 a ladder truck was added and with the addition of another truck, the Department has grown to its present strength.



Smoke Eaters of Former Years

From its beginning, the Fire Department has always been a community effort, drawing its members from town supporters. Conscientious at their jobs, an average of forty turn up for each fire. The town employs one man to live at the station to answer calls and sound the alarm.

Throughout each year an average of twenty-two calls are answered. Usually none of these are very serious. The last major fire in Lunenburg was the Legion fire in 1957. A year before the Fire Brigade assisted at the Capitol Theatre fire in Bridgewater, which completely demolished the theatre. Then in '61 in Bridgewater again, they co-operated with Bridgewater to extinguish the Main Street fire. This co-operation between neighbouring companies is part of a standing agreement to reinforce fire protection along the South Shore.

Each summer the fire departments of the Maritimes gather to test their

fire fighting skills. Tournaments are held at different centers each year, with the home department supplying all necessary equipment. Out of the past eighteen competitions our department has certainly won its fair share.

Other "extra-curricular" activities include card parties, an annual Firemen's Fair, and a Curling Bonspiel. Any money raised during these events by the Fire Department is used to buy such things as furniture for the club room, hose reels or similar articles.

Once each month the Company holds a meeting in the club room in the Fire Hall. In the warm months, three meetings are preceded by fire practices. These are useful, not only for keeping the men in condition, but also for checking that proper working order is maintained in all departmental equipment.

The people of Lunenburg are fortunate indeed, in having such a well-equipped and able fire brigade.

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## HERMAN

by Sandra Conrad '65, Robert Adair '66

Lunenburg Academy was first blessed with the presence of Herman in September 1962, when he became the permanent ward of the Grade VIII class. For those who do not know Herman, he is a small, brown-and-white guinea pig, donated by Mr. Robert Smith, Sr. In the morning, he is greeted by numerous faces peering downwards into his little domain, namely, a first-class cardboard box. Mr. Andrews, the zoo-keeper, feeds Herman a delicious meal of lettuce although his diet is often hampered by the amount of undesirable food brought in by the students. Week-ends and holidays find Herman in different homes where he is looked after and fussed over until school starts once more.

Herman has been with us now for almost two years, but he still provides amusement, especially during exams when his queer squeaks and scratching noises sound especially loud in the quiet room. His little vocal disturbances often manage to throw the class into complete chaos.

Guinea pig is the popular name for a domesticated type of cavy, native to Peru. It is a small tailless rodent usually about six inches long. In structure, it is between the rat and the rabbit. At first it was kept in Europe and North America as a pet, but now it is of extreme value in many scientific experiments. The guinea pig has been domesticated ever since the days of ancient Peru where it was, and still is, raised for human food.

The company of Herman has been so attractive that Grade VII has put in an order for two more with all the students donating money toward their purchase.

Herman's life-span has just about come to an end and his destiny is probably the graveyard — namely, the laboratory upstairs where his remains will be pickled in little jars for all to see.

# HI-SOCIETY SHOW

by Margaret Campbell '65, Ingrid Menssen '64

"We're from Lunenburg — one, two," rang the voice of Nancy Dauphinee. So began the taping of the Hi-Society programme featuring students from our Lunenburg Academy.

This climaxed all the excitement that had been steadily mounting from that Friday afternoon of October 25th., when a group of anxious young students eagerly awaited their opportunity to audition before Mr. Paul Baylis of CBHT. From the more than twenty numbers, Mr. Baylis chose thirteen for the show which was presented to T.V. viewers on January 10th.

After school on November 12th., an exuberant group boarded the bus at Kinley's corner with Halifax as the destination. More than fifty jostling students plus two Teachers, Miss Oliver and Mr. Mason, crowded into the bus. Several were unable to find seats and, as a result, had to stand or sit on someone's lap.

At 5:30 the bus stopped at Scotties. The students scrambled inside and amidst seemingly utter confusion devoured sandwiches, french fries, pies, sundaes, chocolate bars and soft drinks. This assortment did not bother our cast-iron stomachs.

In due course, we arrived in Halifax. As we had some time to spare before going to the studio, we were allowed to wander through the Nova Scotian Hotel and C. N. Terminal. Some were content just to stroll aimlessly through the lobbies, while the more adventurous operated the self-service elevators or ventured into the ballroom.

Then to the T. V. studio! Upon our arrival, the individual performers were sent to the make-up department while the members of the chorus spent some enjoyable time looking around the studio.

The tedious task of rehearsing was begun. To most of us this was not a new experience, for we had been here on two previous occasions. Still the excitement of appearing before the T. V. cameras ran high. With many bright lights glaring in our faces, the first rehearsal began. This was to accustom us to the brightness of the lights and the constant movement, to and fro, of the cameras. The second of the rehearsals was to condense the show to its allotted thirty minutes. And then the taping began . . . !

The cheer leaders opened the programme with the group song, "We're from Lunenburg." With much clapping, stomping, and shouting the 1964 Lunenburg Hi-Society show began. A piano duet, "Italian Melody", featuring Patricia Meisner and Jane Ritcey followed.

After the first of Graves' commercials, Tannis Sodero, Linda Langille, and Dorothy Conrad rendered a trio entitled "Dusk on the Prairie." A guitar solo "La Paloma", with Terrance O'Connor as soloist and Michael Adair accompanist, added variety to our show. Janet Joudrey sang a Broadway hit, "Climb Every Mountain", which was followed by a lively folk dance coached by Miss Oliver.

During the next commercial, the members of the Choral Club scurried to

their place ready to present Troyte's Chant. Following this chorus the president of our Students' Council, Peter Chenhall, talked with our host, Mr. Pat Napier, about school activities. On behalf of Lunenburg Academy, Peter accepted a cheque from the sponsor, Graves and Company.

An unaccompanied solo entitled "The Nova Scotia Song", sung by Marion Brushett, was the next number. This was followed by a lively piece from the school orchestra, "Driving Guitars".

Before one last commercial, Linda Mason presented a solo, "A Heart That's Free". Then came a duet, "Barcarole", by Jane and Janet Anderson. For a striking conclusion to our programme the Can! Can! dancers, directed by Miss Oliver, presented a high-spirited version of that dance.

With the end of the programme, the clock was approaching midnight. The lateness of the hour did not dampen our enthusiasm for singing during the bus ride home. With three cheers for Mrs. Oxner, the chaperones, the poor bus driver, and also for our accompanist, Mrs. Skinner, we returned to our South Shore town. Thus ended an exciting glimpse into the world of television entertainment.



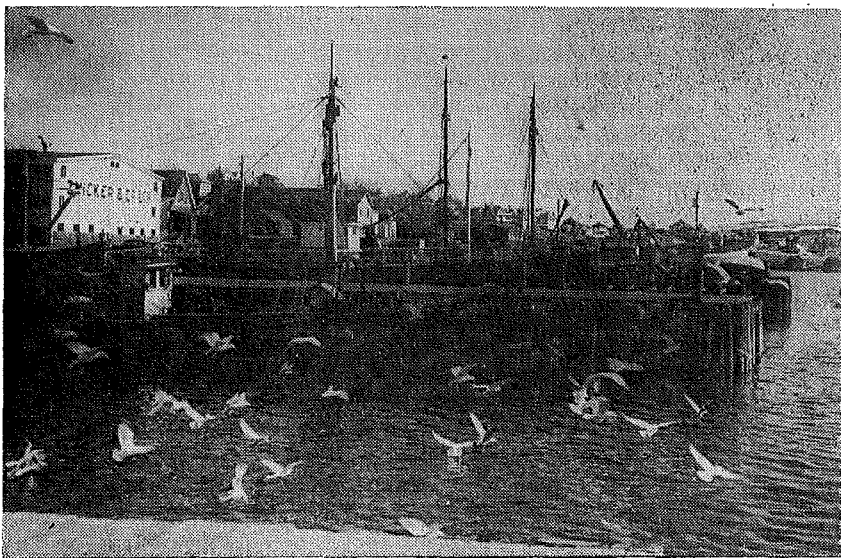
**ARE YOU IN THIS GROUP?**

## OUR NAME

by Rodney Conrad '64

As many other schools had a school magazine, it was decided in the early nineteen thirties, that Lunenburg Academy should be no exception. Various names were "in the wind", but it was felt that the right one had not been suggested.

A contest was held at the Academy and, although the students showed that they had been tinkering with the idea, no suggestion seemed suitable. The activity created by the students was pleasing in the eyes of those people who had suggested the printing of a school magazine. Such names as Spotlight, Bluenose, Enterprise, and Highlight were examples of student thinking. These did not seem to be suitable.



One day, the imagination of the school's Principal and Mother Nature got together, and today we all know the result. Mr. Collins was walking toward the waterfront on a misty and drizzly day, when he looked up toward the sky and the harbor. He noticed the sea gulls flying around the wharves — winging, swooping, and diving. Even on this dreary day, the gulls produced a colorful spectacle for anyone who cared to watch. Mr. Collins thought that the name of that waterfront bird would be a very suitable one for the Academy yearbook. The students agreed that the title, "The Sea Gull", would be very appropriate.

Down through the years, some students have been facetious in the joke section of the magazine. It seems that the setting is a student canvassing for

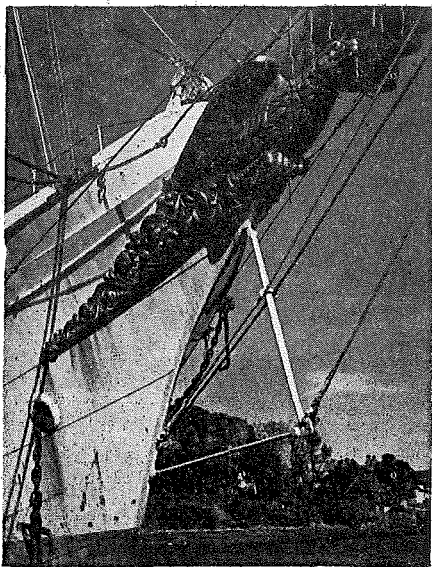
the magazine, asking a person when he comes to the door, "Wanna buy a duck?"

As far as distribution of the Sea Gull is concerned, there are from nine hundred to twelve hundred printed annually. In the Bicentennial year there were fifteen hundred printed and sold.

Would you have any other name for the school magazine? Many people would say, "Yes," without thinking twice. One never seems to be satisfied with what exists. Take the title, "Highlight." This word does not have an Atlantic area atmosphere. It seems more fitting for Hollywood or New York.

Some people would definitely suggest "Bluenose", but let us think this one over. In Lunenburg, for example, we have the Bluenose Golf Club, Bluenose Lodge, Bluenose Lanes, Bluenose Motors, etc. The name "Sea Gull" is original, definitely of the sea, descriptive and colorful.

Does any other name seem more fitting? I will leave this question for you to answer.



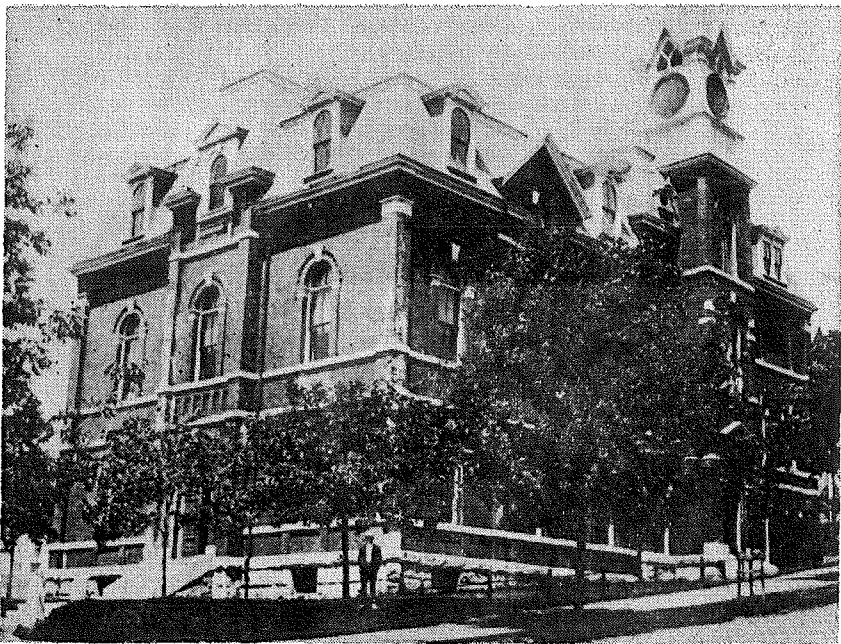
The M/V Vema is one of the best known research ships in the world, and has completed extensive oceanographic surveys in every part of the world. Most of the crew are from Lunenburg.



## THE COURT HOUSE – AN INTERESTING PAST

by Brenda MacKenzie, Margaret Campbell '65

After more than one hundred years of service to the public, the first Court House in Lunenburg County, which was built at Lunenburg in 1775, began to fall apart. The Chief Justice at the time declared that he would not hold Court unless the building was repaired. When the building was officially condemned it was decided to build a new Court House.



The Court House

The Town of Lunenburg and the Municipality of Lunenburg could not agree on the location of the new Court House, with the result that the Municipality built one in Bridgewater, and the people of Lunenburg decided to build another in Lunenburg.

According to Des Brisay's "History of Lunenburg County", on September 1, 1891, the cornerstone of the handsome new building for a Court House and public offices, in Lunenburg, was laid with Masonic ceremonies, by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles J. MacDonald, Grand Master. He was presented with a suitably inscribed trowel of solid silver, which he used on this occasion.

There are seven walk-in vaults in the building, three of which are in the basement. Also in the basement is a record room containing such interesting articles as pictures taken at the scene of the crime, murder weapons, a door through which a man was shot and killed, and the pajamas worn by a man when he was murdered.

As the seat of Town and Municipal government and of the administration of justice, Lunenburg's fine old Court House has played an important part in the lives of many people and no doubt will continue to do so for many years to come.

In the Corner Stone were placed the following articles:

1. A copy of the Holy Bible.
2. Silver coins of Canada — 5, 10, 20, 25 and 50 cents.
3. Copper coin — 1 cent.
4. Copies of Lunenburg County Papers: "Argus", "Progress", "Church Review", "Enterprise" and "Bulletin".
5. Proceedings of Grand Lodge 1891.
6. Ceremony used at laying of cornerstone.
7. By-Laws of Town of Lunenburg.
8. List of Municipal Council and Officials.
9. List of Town Council and Officials.
10. Constitution and By-Laws of Lunenburg Fire Department.
11. Signatures and Inhabitants of Lunenburg County.

The building was completed on August 8, 1893, at a total cost for building, furniture and equipment of \$32,000., of which the Municipality of Lunenburg paid approximately one-third for the use forever of certain portions of the said building.

In 1893 an act was passed entitled "An act to settle difficulties that have arisen with regard to the Court House in the County of Lunenburg", whereby it was provided "that each of said buildings shall be recognized as a County Court House" — one in Lunenburg and another in Bridgewater.

On the night of February 14, 1931, the Court House was damaged by fire and water to the extent of more than \$17,000. The fire was confined to the attic and roof and rooms on the third floor and the only damage below the third floor was to the plaster and finish, caused by water.

The insurance appraiser adjusted the amount payable to the Town at two-thirds the total damage and to the Municipality one-third of the total damage. The Town proposed that the entire amount be used jointly for repairs to the building, but the Municipality would not agree to this, contending that it was responsible only for repairs to the rooms which it occupied, which had been damaged by water only. The Town brought an action against the Municipality in the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia but lost the case. A later appeal by the Town of Lunenburg to the Full Bench of the Supreme Court was also dismissed with costs against the Town.

There have been many changes since the Court House was built in 1893. Originally there was a tower over the entrance on the east side of the building, but this was struck by lightning and removed. At one time a gallows was erected over a trap door to the room below, but this gallows was never used. Use of the three-cell lock-up was discontinued about five years ago.

# SHORT STORIES



## PARTNERSHIP

by Peter Chenhall '64

Driving home late one night, John Oxley was startled to see a car on its side in the ditch just in front of his driveway entrance. Since few cars travelled along the country lane he was extremely curious. Stopping his car, John, a portly man of some fifty years, lumbered up to the car and peered inside. No one was inside and there appeared to be no one in sight.

He was on the point of leaving when an R.C.M.P. patrol car roared up with its light flashing and siren howling. Two young officers jumped out and one of them said, "You're under arrest in the name of the Queen!"

"What do you mean I'm under arrest?" roared Oxley.

"Don't try to bluff," said the officer, "Mr. Oxley, the owner of the property here and this car, telephoned us and said that you had put your car in the ditch and had beaten him and stolen his car. We know all about the bank robbery in town that you committed."

"I am Mr. Oxley and I did not rob the bank!" Oxley bellowed.

"That's what they all say," said the officer.

After much more of the same, the two officers finally determined to take their suspect up to the house for positive identification.

"Now you will see what fools you are," Oxley muttered as they drove up the driveway.

Unfortunately this was not to be so, for the clever crook had settled himself well in the house and was the perfect picture of the indignant victim as he made the identification of poor Oxley. He even had the scratches that he received in the accident to substantiate his story.

John Oxley's frustration was complete as he was driven to jail. Since he worked as a traveller and had owned his house only a few weeks, there was no one in town to identify him. Even the real estate agent lived in a city hundreds of miles away.

At last Oxley seized upon the idea of calling in the lone bank clerk who had been present at the time of the robbery. He alone could prove that Oxley was not the culprit.

However, this was not to be so. His befuddlement was complete as the young clerk positively identified him as the thief. In due process of law he was soon tried, convicted, and sent to prison for seven years.

Three months later, a small notice appeared in the village newspaper. It read: "Mr. John Oxley, commercial traveller, and Onslow Pierce, local bank clerk, have gone on a trip to South America for an indefinite period."

## MYSTERIOUS INK

by Elizabeth Crouse '67

It was the receiving of the birthday card which changed Melody Harper's whole outlook on life.

Melody was a pretty girl of almost sixteen, although she was very lonely. She usually remained at home and very seldom joined with the other girls and boys in the school activities, and liked skating at the pond on Saturdays. Her parents were starting to worry about her. One afternoon her mother said to her, "Melody, I have just made a marble cake. Why don't you invite some girls over and dance, to have a piece of cake and a glass of milk."

Melody replied, "Oh Mom, they wouldn't come." Melody had long, red hair and she wished she had short blonde hair like Sue.

Melody was sad and lonely until the birthday card came, for it was this birthday card that made the difference. The paper envelope was of the finest quality, edged in red. The address was printed neatly in red ink. The card itself was an array of brilliant, colored flowers in a garden. But inside there was no signature — just a question, "From the kids at Junior High. Why don't you join the gang?"

"Who could it be from?" Melody asked herself, "Who uses red ink at school? Could it be Bob, or maybe it was Sue."

She rushed downstairs to tell her parents. "It's a birthday card," she said, "Unsigned."

Her mother smiled replying, "Well at least it has made you happy."

The next morning Melody looked quite attractive when she went to school, still curious about the mysterious red ink. No one in her classroom wrote with red ink. "Who could the birthday card be from?" she asked herself. After school Bob asked her to go skating on the pond with him, and the girls asked her to join them at the soda fountain on Saturday afternoon.

She rushed home to get her skates, already feeling popular. Her parents were in the living room talking, when she came in. "Melody," her father called as she ran upstairs, "Come down and talk to us."

"Coming, Dad," she said, "but I can't stay long, because I'm going skating with Bob."

"Run along then, and have a good time," replied her mother.

"Bye Mom and Dad," Melody said as she grabbed her skates and ran out to meet Bob.

Her father said, "Perhaps it was Bob who sent that birthday card. At least Melody thinks so."

His wife remarked, "I think it helped Melody to have confidence in herself."

Melody's father, bending over his desk, upset a small bottle of red ink on the floor, quietly remarking, "There will be no more need for mysterious red ink in this house for a while."

## ADVENTURE IN THANKFULNESS

by Vicki Cantelope '66

With excited efforts Jamie untied the craft from its mooring. The nose of the boat pointed straight out the harbor. Jamie and Peter smiled happily as they waved to Mrs. Peters, their mother, who stood on the rocky shore.

For weeks Jamie and Peter had longed to explore the many islands of the surrounding bay in their boat. At last, they persuaded their mother to consent to the plan. The night before the trip they packed the boat with the necessary supplies.

Though the day was fine and clear and the wind was light, Mrs. Peters was greatly concerned about the safety of her sons. She knew they were responsible boys, well experienced in handling their small sailboat. Still, doubt about their safety haunted her all day as did the death of her husband who was lost at sea a few years before. Since that accident she secretly hated even the mere sight of the water. As her sons had always loved the sea and sailing their boat, she was forced to try to ignore her deep feelings.

Filled with fear and uncertainty Mrs. Peters waved to the boys as they sailed out of sight. She knew in the hours of their absence all her thoughts would be for her dead husband. She had waved to him that day just as she had done to her sons. Would their doom be like their father's?

The weather forecast had called for moderate winds and sunny skies. The horizon was clear as no fog was in sight. All in all the day was perfect for the adventure.

Moving out like a bird, the sails filled with wind and carried the boat along with utmost grace. Jamie scanned their course while Peter tended the tiller and sail. Heading for Birch Island they were noisily greeted by a procession of white sea gulls.

With wide eyes the brothers viewed their surroundings. The islands were mostly rocky, barren, treeless clumps in the sea with many sand bars jutting out from them. Seeing that the water was shallow, Jamie quickly tacked and headed toward the mainland.

The wind over the water had sprung up considerably and so the boys had to pay more attention to navigating the craft. Suddenly, in front of them they saw three shiny black porpoises roll up to the surface for air. As they swam closer the boys were thrilled at the sight but unafraid, as they knew the animals were harmless. The chase was on! As the boat followed them they rolled round and round on the surface leaving bubbles on the water like a trail for the boys to follow. Finally, growing tired of the chase they swam off in search of food.

Near the shores of Gull Island the boys anchored the boat to eat their lunch. Overhead massive clouds were collecting and the sun was gradually blocked from view. They didn't realize that a storm was coming in the harbor. They were too busy fishing off the shore of Gull Island.

Only too late, when the rain began to fall, did they put up the sails to head for home. The water was calm and a wispy fog surrounded the yacht.

Panic, seized the boys! The truth was they were becalmed and lost, drifting aimlessly on the sea. The two, cold, wet boys draped an old sail over the boom and huddled under the shelter with nothing to do but wait for help.

Meanwhile, seeing the fog roll in the harbor, Mrs. Peters anxiously ran to her neighbor to get help. He summoned the coast guard of the area and a search party was organized to look for the boys.

The only thing Mrs. Peters could do was to wait and hope. Thoughts of her husband who had been buried at sea flashed through her mind. She prayed as she stared into the heavy white fog hanging over the water. It might also have taken the lives of her sons. As she sat nervously waiting to hear news, she wondered why she had permitted such an adventure. She was prepared for the worst.

The hum of engines and shouting voices aroused her from deep thoughts. From the window she saw emerging out of the fog, a power boat towing a small familiar craft. Her prayers were answered. With happy tears in her eyes she breathed a sigh of relief as she ran towards the shore.

The mighty, storming power of the sea had destroyed her beloved husband, leaving her a widow. Now the sorrow and hate she had held for it turned to thankfulness as she hugged two of its wet victims in her arms.

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## A CASE OF MURDER

by Janet Anderson '64

Test tubes filled with strange chemicals and confusingly complicated apparatus, were the first things that filled one's vision on entering the laboratory of Professor Leyland. Quite often it would seem that the lab. was empty. However, upon looking more carefully one could see a small, slight figure hunched over his work in a dimly lit corner of the room. To the few people who knew him, the professor was a quiet man who seldom spoke to anyone and who seemed to be constantly wrapped up in his work.

But today as he sat on his usual stool in the same dimly lit corner, he was a totally different man. There was a peculiar light in his eyes as he pored over a newspaper on the counter in front of him. A dry, harsh laugh escaped from between his taut lips as his finger followed the story under this headline: Singer Shot To Death.

"The body of night-club singer Diana Costain was found lying in a pool of blood on the plush carpet of her apartment at the Hilton Arms. The body was found by Miss Costain's maid who arrived for work at seven o'clock yesterday morning. She immediately called the police . . . . .

"Lying in a pool of blood," the professor muttered to himself as a smile spread over his face. His eyes stared off into space as, for the hundredth time, he pictured the look of surprise and horror on her face as she opened the door and was confronted by him holding a pistol. His smile widened and his eyes became glazed as he imagined the shot and saw her stagger and fall to the floor.

He stared off into space for a few more seconds and then, with a jerk,

brought himself back to reading the paper. He read:

" — The police are now intensively questioning two suspects and expect to solve the case quickly — "

"That's a laugh," he thought, "they won't catch me. I didn't do all the silly things that murderers do, like leaving the murder weapon behind. I brought the gun with me; it had a silencer on it, so no one heard the shot; no one saw me. I made sure of that; no one knows I was there; and dead women won't talk. I'm safe. They'll never find me. I'm safe, I'm safe."

Silently he folded the newspaper — the date on it was September 24 — and began his work for the day. Before beginning, he walked over to the calendar and changed the date to October 7. It had been exactly two weeks since the murder.

Suddenly a knock came at the door. He started, and looked towards it. There standing framed in the doorway were two men, one of them in the uniform of a policeman. Professor Leyland flushed and then grew pale.

"How — how did you find me?" he chocked. "I didn't make any mistakes."

"It was an exceptionally clean murder," said the one policeman, "and we wouldn't have found you except for one thing. You made the mistake of wearing your lab. shoes. We found a tiny spot of powdered chemical on the doorsill. We had it analysed and found that it was a chemical used only by research chemists. There were only two laboratories who had purchased that chemical in the last month. We obtained pictures of you both, and the waitress at the nightclub where Miss Costain sang identified you as a regular customer. Oh yes, it was a very scientific murder."



TANNER'S PASS

## A COSTLY AFFAIR

by Margaret Campbell '65

A sudden breath of spring stirred the air. Everyone felt it — the cab driver, the delivery boy, the hurrying shopper eager to take advantage of the day's bargains. It was that special day when one can smell spring in the air and forget for a time that two weeks of winter remain. The sun was brilliant and the sky a clear, deep blue with only a few white clouds drifting aimlessly.

Some, however, did not feel the presence of spring. Pat Gorman was one of these. She sat upright in the front seat of the Rolls Royce, a thoughtful, calculating expression on her face. As she turned to glance at John Bryant, hunched over the steering wheel, she thought scornfully, "He's middle aged!" Distastefully she looked at his heavy face and receding hairline and thought indignantly, "How can he think that I would fall for a guy like him?"

The car came to a sudden stop at the edge of the curb and Pat got out. She stood there, tall and well-dressed, her eyes squinting against the bright sunlight. Her hair was dark, her skin fair, and only a slight hardness about her mouth marred the loveliness of her face.

She smiled down at John and the hardness disappeared, leaving as it did so, a charming young woman. "Here," he said, handing her several bills, "buy whatever you like."

"Thanks. I'll be a couple of hours."

"Okay. I'll be back at twelve," and he watched her admiringly as she disappeared into the department store.

Two hours later John Bryant's Rolls Royce pulled up at the curb once again. Pat did not appear. Fifteen minutes passed. Half an hour. Ten more minutes ticked slowly by. At last he jumped out of the car, hurried into the department store and began to search. Clerks at the dress department, the glove counter, the hat clerks, the shoe salesmen, when asked, "Did you see a tall, attractive, dark-haired girl, about twenty-three, wearing a pink suit?", all gave the same answer, "Sorry, sir. Nothing sold to anyone by that description here."

At last John Bryant strode out of the department store, his face white and strained. Stories of girls who had been kidnapped for the White Slave Market flashed through his mind. A quick jab in the arm with a needle, and never seen again. He might never know.

In an apartment on the other side of the city a tall, dark-haired girl threw her arms around a handsome blond man.

"One diamond necklace, a pair of diamond earrings, a diamond bracelet, a mink coat, five hundred dollars in cash. Not bad, darling." Pat smiled.

"Poor guy," said her husband.



## SECOND SIGHT

by Terry O'Connor '65

With the first light of dawn old man Conrad, as he was called, was up and preparing breakfast. Conrad was a typical, Nova Scotian shore fisherman. His face was reddened by wind-burn, his hands as hard as rock and he spoke with an inherited Newfoundland accent.

In another part of town a younger man, Michael, was also arousing from slumber. He was a strong, handsome man who had just begun his career in fishing.

Strangely enough these two men, with their differences in ages and experience, were partners operating a Cape Islander named the Sea Shark. The younger of the two, coming of rich family, supplied the capital, while the old man, with his wealth of experience, handled most of the management of the ship, picking the different fishing-grounds, choosing equipment, etc. All in all it was a splendid arrangement.

As usual, both men turned on their radios to hear the weather report. Conditions sounding favorable, the two headed for the pier and their Sea Shark. Lines being cast off, the sleek craft headed seaward, Michael at the helm.

Back at the pier, the harbour master was watching the Sea Shark leave port, when a weather report flashed over the radio — "Gales forecast for all marine areas of Nova Scotia." Upon hearing this, he ran outside and hoisted the blue, storm-warning flag. Unfortunately the warning went unnoticed by either Mike or old man Conrad.

As the morning fishing went on, Mike noticed that the old man was disturbed and was constantly looking skyward. "What's the matter?", asked Mike.

"Don't know," answered the old man, "but I know one thing, we'd better call it a day. There's something mighty strange in the air."

Mike, not questioning the man's word in the least bit, hauled in the trawl and headed home, but it was too late. The storm was on them within minutes.

Out of the south came the August gale, driving up waves that dwarfed the small boat. There was only one thing to do — ride with the storm. For hours they raced the gale, tossed and pitched by the mountainous waves.

Young Mike was at the wheel, trying his best to keep the craft in control. As he was about to turn around to ask the old man something, he was suddenly pressed against the wheel. He jerked his head to one side to see what was holding him and found, to his great horror, old man Conrad. "What has happened? Has the old man lost his wits, or maybe, has the storm broken his courage?", were some of the thoughts that flashed through Mike's head. Whatever the case, Mike decided that he had to get the old man down before he killed them both. A struggle followed. The young man fought furiously, weakening the old man with his powerful, well-placed punches. However, fate favoured the old man, for as the fight was close to an end, a

gigantic wave gushed across the Islander, crushing the lad's head against the boat's gunwale.

When Mike finally came to, he felt the vibration of a ship underneath and saw overhead a bright, clear sky. On raising himself to investigate his surroundings he was immediately pinned down by someone. To his great astonishment and horror he found it to be the old man. "But wait, what's this?", Mike pondered to himself. "This isn't the same old man I'd fought during the storm. This man's sane, and he's going to a lot of trouble to make me comfortable." When a ship's officer, with a "Cygnus" crest on his uniform, arrived on the scene, he knew he was in safe hands. ("Cygnus" is a Canadian Fisheries ship.)

His first and most obvious question went to the old man. "What came over you, Conrad?"

The old man looked at him in a puzzled manner and asked, "What do you mean, 'What came over me?'"

"Well, why did you grab me during the storm?"

"Oh that. Actually I didn't grab for you. I grabbed for the wheel to turn our boat around."

"Why would you want to do that, I didn't see any danger ahead?"

"Son, you don't see or feel the presence of the Sable Island sands until you hit them."

"Sable Island!", exclaimed the lad.

"Yes, Sable Island," came the affirmative reply.

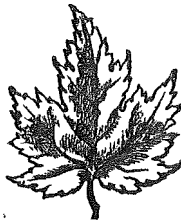
"How did you know the island was there," asked Mike, "With your bad eyesight?"

"That, son, is a long story but if you wish I'll tell you it."

"Yes, yes ! ! ", was the impatient reply. By now the lad was bursting with curiosity.

"You see," said the old man, "ever since I began to lose my sight, my hearing has become sharper, for I had to depend on my hearing even more than before. You're right, I couldn't see the Island but I did hear the waves breaking on its shore. I guess you just didn't understand my actions when I grabbed for the wheel."

Mike groaned with shame. However, with a few encouraging words from the old man, he regained his self-confidence. He decided that about the best thing for him to do at the moment, was to rest and do what he could for his terrific headache.



# THE CASE OF THE STOLEN NEWS SCOOP

by Jackie Manthorne '64

It was pouring by the time I reached the slums. Usually rain makes everything bright and clean, but I think it would have taken a flood to clean this area. There was dirt and filth everywhere.

I wasn't in the habit of frequenting this part of town, but I knew it was the best place to get a news scoop. So, here I was. The streets were deserted and I walked quickly without fear of bumping into someone. Before long the downpour lessened to a light sprinkle.

Suddenly someone grabbed me from behind. I screamed. He shoved a hand over my mouth and growled, "Quiet lady, and you won't get hurt."

I bit his hand.

He growled and loosened his hold enough that I was able to get away from him. I turned the corner, running for all I was worth. He caught up with me and managed to catch me by the shoulder. I kicked and screamed, hoping for help. He hauled me along after him, not seeming to care how much noise I made.

On the edge of hysteria, I glanced around for help. Suddenly a policeman appeared from one of the stores across the street.

"Help!! I'm being kidnapped!!!" I screamed at him.

As he went for his gun, a man approached him from the street corner. "It's all right officer. We're doing a practice take for a movie. Don't pay any attention to her."

"She's a good actress." The policeman nodded understandingly and walked away, leaving me screaming at the top of my lungs. Finally, doing the only thing suitable for the occasion, I fainted . . . . .

When I woke up, I was seated on a chair in a dark, dingy room, my hands tied behind me. Time passed, several days if my figuring was right. At regular intervals a short, fat man with greasy Italian features brought me food — which usually consisted of dry, mealy bread and just enough water to wash it down. That was all right though, because my stomach was too full of jumping butterflies for me to eat much of anything.

Then one night five or six men tramped into my cell, untied me, and set me free in the street. Somehow I got to the office. People hugged me, kissed me, and in general trampled all over me. I didn't care. I was happy to be safe again. Later I found that the newspaper had put up the \$50,000 in ransom, and that was why I had been freed.

But do you know what? That was the closest I had ever been to a real hot scoop — but due to circumstances beyond my control, my arch-rival wrote it up. Oh well, maybe I can cover the capture of my kidnappers. Yeah!! Why not?

"Hey, boss . . . . ."

## THE LONELY ONE

by Olivia Uhlman '64

The time had come quickly; the time when he was forced to leave comforting arms and fly from the nest; the time when he by himself must take stock and decide what his life was to become. For Jonathan it was even harder than for most, for he had not chosen, and indeed could not afford, to study within the walls of a huge university. No, he struggled to practise what he had always loved, the field of art. He could remember himself as a very small child covering every square inch of usable paper he found, with charcoaled landscapes. Later, when other boys were playing baseball, he had preferred to sit experimenting with canvas and oil paints. Sadly he had bid farewell to his parents at the doorway of the old grey house. They had been poor but they had given bountifully of love and encouragement. As for his mother, she had attempted to prepare him for his new life, where he must face hardship, discouragement, and perhaps worst of all, because he could do least about it, discrimination.

As he proudly strolled through the new art gallery, he remembered these things. He had been away for two years, but he still recalled the expression on his mother's face as he had said good-bye. He not only remembered it, he had been constantly trying to analyze it, to discover the emotions it portrayed. Written clearly in its expressive lines had been the love of a mother, hope for his health and happiness, and fear. "Fear," he thought, "I wonder why she was afraid. Everything had worked out well! Didn't he have a contract to do the mural for the new administration building? Couldn't he now afford a respectable apartment and send much needed gifts to his family? Right behind him in this very gallery wasn't there his impression of the old tree behind the bright red barn, the tree he had climbed as a boy, the tree he had loved as a man. Even the papers said it was good," he thought, "even the reporters who wouldn't know Van Gogh from Raphael. Why did she fear?"

Suddenly his reflections were broken by a conversation behind him.

"Of course it is rather pretty, although I must say that if it had been my choice I would never have drawn an old tree," one of the short elaborately dressed women remarked.

"Such a pity," said the second. She added confidentially, "Do you know I almost invited him to speak at our annual meeting of the Society for the Relief of Human Suffering. I almost did until just one day before mind you, just one day, I saw a picture of him in a magazine. I believe he's only half negro but still . . . !" The sentence hung in mid-air like a knife slashing, cruelly cutting.

The young artist turned. He was a successful artist he told himself. He had talent, the opportunities, and the drive to go far in life, but there he stood — one dark face among the countless light.

"Yes," he whispered, "I know why she was afraid. Afraid that I too would become one of the lonely ones."

# STARGAZER

by Patsy Meisner '66

The wind blustered and howled, whipping around the scattered ranch buildings. Only in the barn glared a light. Two foals had been born during the storm.

Joe Cain, owner of the ranch, sighed, his sweating face glistening in the lamplight.

"Yep, boss you got a nifty little feller there," drawled Bud, the foreman, "but look at poor old Nell's — quite a difference between the two, ain't there?"

Months went by, and it was evident even to a non-authority on horses that Rocket's colt, Banner, was the figure of equine perfection. He stood out proud and tall among the other yearlings. His glossy chestnut hide gleamed in the sun as he pranced restlessly on powerful legs, nipping the flanks of his playmates. His deep, wide chest, the well-sprung ribs, the proud, perhaps over-proud head held high, made him a cowboy's dream come true. The only thing marring his beauty was his temperament, which in the end, was his downfall.

Little Stargazer, the misfit, appeared more like a candidate for a glue factory. His revealing name did not tell of his worst trait, his appearance. His ears, long like those of a mule, flopped on either side of a small head which gazed skyward when at a lope. Having these undesirable qualities, Stargazer became the laughing stock of the ranch. Only one faithful friend came daily to brush the matted mane and tail and bring him carrots — Robert, Joe Cain's son.

"But, Dad, can't I have him?" pleaded Robert. "You once told me that what a horse can do is more important than how he looks."

"Son," said his father, evading Robert's last remark, "you saw what happened yesterday when we broke him in. Why, he stood as if he were asleep. You want a horse with spirit, Rob. Tell you what — you can have Banner. He's just green broke but he'll make a fine cowpony. It would take a while but you could handle him."

Rob gazed into space, "I hate Banner. He's a bully."

"Yes, but with time and patience perhaps we can do something about that. He has speed, too, and I've been thinking of entering him in the Stockman's Race this year at the Fair. We could really use the money if we win, Rob. What with the fire last year — destroying some of my best horses, not to mention saddles and feed — the money sure would help us out."

## II

The next morning when Rob visited Stargazer he brought with him an old, scarred army saddle and proceeded to cinch it. The horse, feeling the saddle, quivered but remained calm. He looked around placidly, a tuft of grass clutched between his teeth.

"You're fixin' to ride that fella, I see," grinned Bud.

"Yes, I'm gonna see if he can run. Hold this stop watch, Bud." He pulled a stop watch from his pocket and gave it to Bud who was leaning weakly against the corral fence shaking with laughter.

"You take that horse out and he'll fall asleep on you."

Rob said nothing. He removed the saddle, deciding that he'd ride him bareback, glanced at Stargazer, and ran back to the barn for a riding crop. He returned and mounted, riding Stargazer out toward the open range. He returned to see a crowd of astonished cowboys gazing, awestruck, at the watch.

"I can't believe it!"

"That there hoss went faster'n I ever saw a hoss go — that lop-eared bag o' bones."

### III

Banner's evil temper and bullying got the best of him. He had tangled with the monarch, the great old stud, Sultan. They found him a week later, lying at the bottom of a rocky cliff.

Joe mused silently, "Well, my chances are shot. That horse of Rob's — Stargazer — has speed, but not appearance. In this race it's become a tradition not only to show your fastest horse but also the best looking. But what have appearances got to do with winning?"

"Rob, I'm going to ask a big favour of you, and you have the right to refuse, if you want. Can we put Stargazer in the race?"

Rob dropped the saddle he had been polishing, "Oh, Dad! I was hoping you'd ask. Stargazer won't let you down, Dad — you'll see!"

### IV

It was the afternoon of the Stockman's Race and in the stables there was an air of excitement as cowboys stood around talking, or putting final shine on the hides of their mounts.

Rob tried to ignore all the sarcasm and smart-aleck remarks made by some of the men.

"Hey, Cain, wotcha got there?"

"Is he gonna run?"

"Wot didja do, put him off his feed?"

"Hey, you can hang your hat on this nag's hip-bone!"

Rob worked silently, thinking, "The rules say you have to ride with a saddle but" — he pulled out a small English racing saddle — "they didn't say what kind of saddle to use."

Suddenly the trumpet sounded. The horses filed along to the post. There was shuffling and neighing, and some bucking, as the riders concentrated on quieting down their mounts or gaining a good position. Then they were off. Stargazer had the disadvantage of holding a position on the outside. By the time they reached the half mark he had climbed up from eighth to fourth and had secured a place along the rail. They were at the three quarter mark. Rob concentrated on keeping Stargazer in a good place, and from a bone-jarring gallop he eased into a rapid, smooth pace that Rob had never before known. He tore down the track, looking like a large cat and reached the wire with a length to spare. The crowd cheered wildly.

"Well, Stargazer" — Rob said as he turned to the horse — "I was certainly wrong about you, boy, and I'm truly sorry. It shows how wrong a fellow can be." He looked at the reporters and photographers surrounding them — "you've certainly set a new style!"

## THE ARTISTIC PURCELLS

by Karen Berringer '65, Olivia Uhlman '64

On June 7, 1959 the curiosity of Lunenburg residents was at fever pitch. What was the excitement all about? It was about the opening of the Fishermen's Memorial Room. What were they discussing? In many cases it was the artistic murals and intricate lettering done by "The Artistic Purcells."

Actually the real planning for the room, a memorial to all the ships and men lost at sea, began almost a year before the opening. Many problems arose and many decisions had to be made. Mr. and Mrs. Purcell along with Mr. Whynacht, a former mayor of Lunenburg, had many long discussions before it was finally finished. It was decided that the wooden panels should be lettered and attached to the wall. Mrs. Purcell spent a great deal of time doing the intricate lettering, and when at the last minute more names were discovered, she found herself standing on a stepladder adding the extra the night before the opening. Mr. Purcell was equally busy painting the large mural of Jesus calming the angry deep, and the map which marks the place of all ships lost at sea.



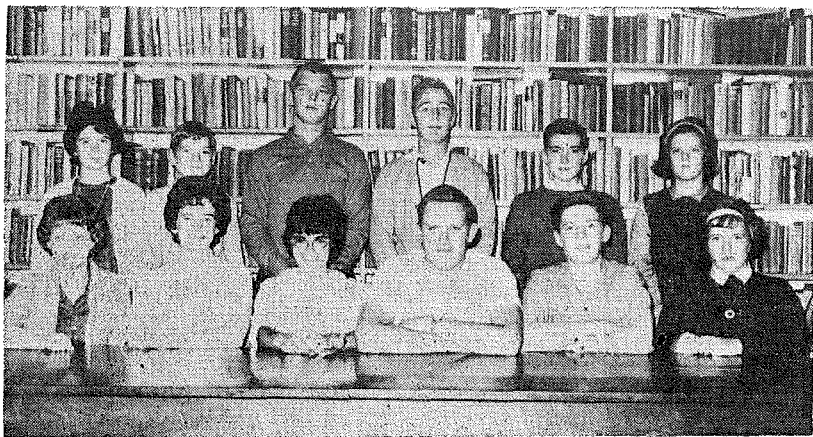
As the preparation of the room had begun long before the finished effect was achieved, so had the training of the Purcells prepared them for their task. As a child Joe had drawn on rolls of brown paper and by the age of fourteen he had begun to paint in earnest. He studied at the Nova Scotia College of Art where he met and married Tela Monaghan, also an artist.

She began, at the age of eight, to take art lessons at Mount St. Vincent, later taking them at the Art College. Art was her whole life Mrs. Purcell told us, but that was before she met Joe.

The young couple seemed to be blest for just one day before the wedding, he won the O'Keefe Art Award. This was just the beginning for he later toured the world in the Seagram's "Cities of Canada" series. His murals may be seen in many large hotels such as the Nova Scotian and Lord Nelson. In Montreal at the "Place Ville Marie", a restaurant divided into three sections, one of his murals of the Bluenose distinguishes the seafood section. At Canada House in London one of Joe's murals, "Halifax Harbour", is hung. Throughout the province in schools, churches, and public buildings, Joe's murals, are constant evidence of his artistic ability.

About ten and a half years ago the Purcells moved to Lunenburg. "It was hand-picked," said Mrs. Purcell, "We felt that it was a good town with friendly and hard working people. The children are never bored." This is very important to Joe and Tela for they have five inquisitive children, Christopher 12, Anthony 10, Julia 9, Stephen 7, and Tara 3. Truly a family, they often take the children on their painting explorations of the shoreline, marshes, and granite commons of Nova Scotia.

Already we have described the effect of the "Artistic Purcells" on art and perhaps a quotation from Gill R. Wilson best describes the effect of art on the family. "He who dedicates his life to a great ideal, himself becomes great."



#### STUDENTS' COUNCIL

1st Row — J. Gibson, L. Langille (Secretary), L. Zinck (Treasurer), P. Chenhall (President), C. Anderson (Vice-President), P. Powers.  
2nd Row — D. Keddy, T. Purcell, C. Anderson, J. Tanner, J. MacDuff, J. Campbell.



## PROFILE OF A GRADUATE

by Chris. Anderson '63, Peter Chenhall '64

1963 has been a very busy year for Canada's Businessman of the Year, the Honorable Robert H. Winters. Undoubtedly the greatest enterprise with which he became involved, is the British Newfoundland Corporation.

The Hon. Mr. Winters was appointed Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of the board of BRINCO in July of '63. His special concern is the Hamilton Falls project. The initial phase of the plan is to harness the hydro power of the surging Hamilton River, 750 miles northeast of Montreal. Work commences this spring and construction is expected to last seven years. During its course, the construction will cost one billion dollars and will employ five thousand men at its height. A new surge of related industrial activity in north-eastern Canada is expected as a result.

The job of harnessing the fifty thousand cubic feet of water per second constitutes the largest "single-site" hydro development in the world. a power potential of six million horsepower, larger than any existing hydro site, is estimated by BRINCO engineers. When fully harnessed, the Hamilton watershed area would increase Canada's installed hydro capacity by twenty-three per cent.

All this newly developed electricity will be funneled to two areas. First, it will go to the power grid of Hydro Quebec with an estimated surplus of at least 13 million horsepower. This will be exported for use by Consolidated Edison Co. of New York Inc., the firm supplying most of the power for New York State. In order to do this, the world's longest transmission line will be constructed to convey power from the Wilderness of Labrador to bustling New York. Hydro sales to the United States are expected to reach one half a million dollars per day. Truly, this is a gigantic undertaking.

Mr. Winters' activities with Rio Algom Mines Ltd. have been equally ambitious. As chairman of the board, and until recently, President, he was instrumental in the purchase of Atlas Steels Ltd. Applying the policy of diversification of the company's interests to compensate for the anticipated decline in uranium earnings, the purchase was extremely opportune. Atlas

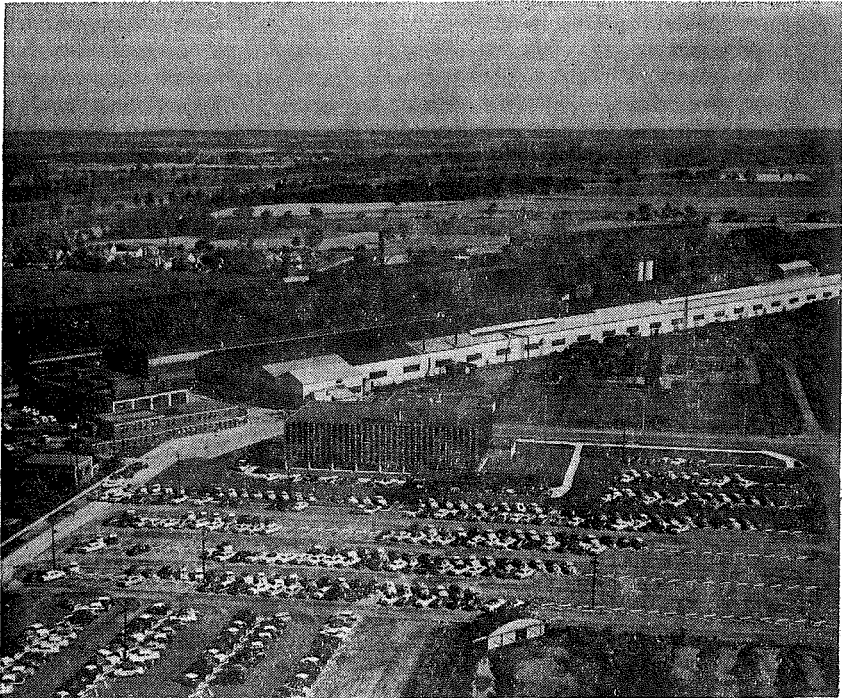


Honorable Robert H. Winters

Steels is the largest specialty steel producer in the British Commonwealth and has won world renown for quality products and excellent services.

These two enterprises do much to show why the Hon. Mr. Winters won the title of Canadian Businessman of the Year. They likewise prove his versatility in the world of business and finance.

Add to these areas of endeavor, his interest and efforts in the field of higher education, and we have an Academy graduate who has education at heart. Bob Winters is chairman of the Senate of M. I. T. (Massachusetts Institute of Technology), and is also chairman of the Board of Governors of York University. He is a busy man, and we are proud of his success.



Aerial view shows part of the Atlas Steels plant in Welland with the all-stainless administrative building in the foreground. Mill building shown in this picture houses melting department, cold draw, cold sheet mill and strip and tube mill.

## DERREL OICKLE – UNION MAN AT THE FISH PLANT

by Janet Joudrey, Reid MacDuff '64

Prior to becoming President of the Local Union of Sea Food Workers in 1952, Mr. Oickle had always had a keen interest in unions. He felt that this was the only way to gain better wages, working conditions, working hours and above all a good relationship with the employer.

As Shop Steward in the cutting room at the fish plant in 1944, Mr. Oickle acted as bargaining agent or the middleman, for the company and the workers. In 1945 the first collective bargaining agreement with the company and the union, covering work hours and wages, was reached.

He became Vice-President of the Local Union in 1948 and President in 1952. He held the position of President until 1961. During his Presidency there were neither slowdowns nor strikes proving that a good relationship existed between the company and the union.

In 1949 he became Secretary-Treasurer of the Nova Scotia Provincial Organization of Sea Food Workers, a position he holds today.

Mr. Oickle hails from Northwest, Lunenburg County. Born in 1911, he was the second child of Mrs. Beulah Oickle and the late Captain Stannage Oickle. He attended school in Northwest until the age of twelve when he began to work throughout Lunenburg County. He still remembers his first wages which were fifteen dollars per month, a far cry from those of today. In 1929 he began work at the fish plant.

In 1937 Mr. Oickle married Lucille Conrad, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Conrad. The couple settled in Lunenburg and now have two children - Sonja, attending Lunenburg Academy and Marshall, working at the Smith & Rhuland shipyard.

Mr. Oickle is kept very busy with the bookkeeping and correspondence of the Provincial Organization of Sea Food Workers, thus he finds very little time to participate in community affairs.



Derrel Oickle

## MR. ALLEN MYRA

by Michael Adair, Linda Zinck '64

At a shareholders' meeting held in Djakarta in 1963, Mr. Allen Myra was elected President-Director of P. T. Stanvac Co. of Indonesia. Thus came the climax to the career of a man of whom all citizens of Lunenburg can be proud.

Born in Rose Bay on July 7, 1908, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Naaman Myra. Mr. Myra began his school days in Rose Bay and finished at Lunenburg Academy. From here he went to Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where he graduated with a chemical engineering degree in 1931.

Mr. Myra entered the petroleum industry in 1934 as a chemist at the Halifax refinery of Imperial Oil Limited, and became head of its technical department in 1941. Transferred to the company's Toronto headquarters in 1946 as coordinator of manufacturing budget activities, he was named process superintendent of Imperial Oil's new Edmonton refinery two years later.

He left Canada in 1952 to accept a position of general superintendent of Stanvac refinery in Bombay, India. Three years later, he was appointed managing director of the company. He moved to Palembang, Sumatra in 1967 where he was assistant-general manager of the Stanvac organization in Indonesia. Finally in 1963 he became President-Director of the Indonesian Company.

Always conscientious and ambitious, Mr. Myra enjoys his work and life in the tropics. A valuable employee of the company, he has many thousands of people working under him. He was living in Bombay during the 1956 riots, but neither he nor his company was molested in any way.

During his school days, he used to dream of travelling in far-away places. Today, he has toured the world several times, touching at such places as Japan, Australia, Tasmania, Tahiti, most of Europe, India and Indonesia.

Mr. Myra is married to the former Gertrude Branmyer of Bethlehem. His wife has travelled with him wherever he has gone and she enjoys their tropical life as much as he does. They have one daughter, Jo-Ann, who is married.

Having twenty-eight years of successful service in the oil industry of Canada, India and Indonesia, Allen Myra is an excellent example of a small town boy who has risen to the top through hard work and perseverance. Many of us could use his life as a guide by which to fashion our own lives.



Mr. Allen Myra

## ROSALIE ERNA BECK

by Ingrid Menssen, Sharon Tanner '64

In 1960 Rosalie Beck graduated from Lunenburg Academy. Little did she realize at that time that three years later she would graduate from Acadia University with such high honors as she did receive.

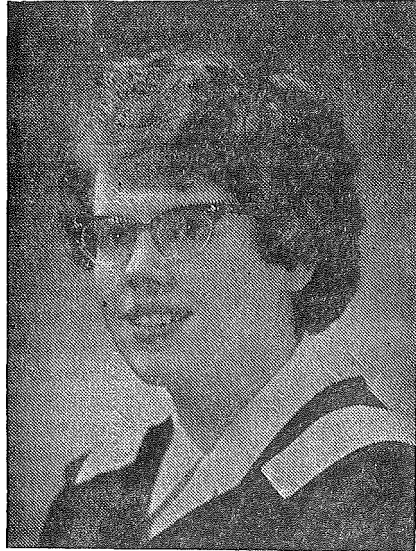
During her thirteen years spent at "the castle on the hill", Rosalie was always a top student and took part in many school activities. Besides operetta parts, magazine sales, being co-editor of the 1960 edition of the Sea Gull, she also was appointed class Valedictorian. At the graduation exercises Rosalie was presented with a \$1500 scholarship to Acadia University and also \$500 in scholarships from Lunenburg Academy.

With Acadia University as her target, she left her home town in the fall of 1960 to study towards a degree in Arts. Rosalie found her first two years at college fairly uneventful except for the usual college pranks and events, but in her senior year things began happening. During this year, she was elected Valedictorian by the classes. To be elected to such a post was really a thrill and a pleasure for Rosalie. An even more wonderful event happened to her.

The Head of the English Department became ill, and Rosalie was given the opportunity to take over his classes. Besides teaching she had to set and mark examination papers. Rosalie said this about the experience: "I enjoyed teaching tremendously and it can be quite creative." Not only Rosalie was surprised by this change — her "pupils" were too. By means of the college "grapevine", comments by her new pupils reached her ears. Some said, "At least I don't fall asleep in her classes", while others exclaimed, "Boy, you ought to see the English teacher we have!"

As you can imagine, Rosalie was busier than the average student at this time. Besides teaching and attending her classes, she also had to do research for her honors thesis entitled "A Comparison of the Religious Elements in the poetry of T. S. Elliott and Gerald Manley Hopkins." Rosalie also participated in such extra-curricular activities as the Acadia Chorale, the Senior Girls' Choir and the editorial board of the "Athenaeum."

It was on the graduation day that Rosalie received her highest honors.



Rosalie Erna Beck

Besides being the only female Valedictorian in the history of Acadia, she also was presented with the Governor-General's medal for having the highest average during her Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years.

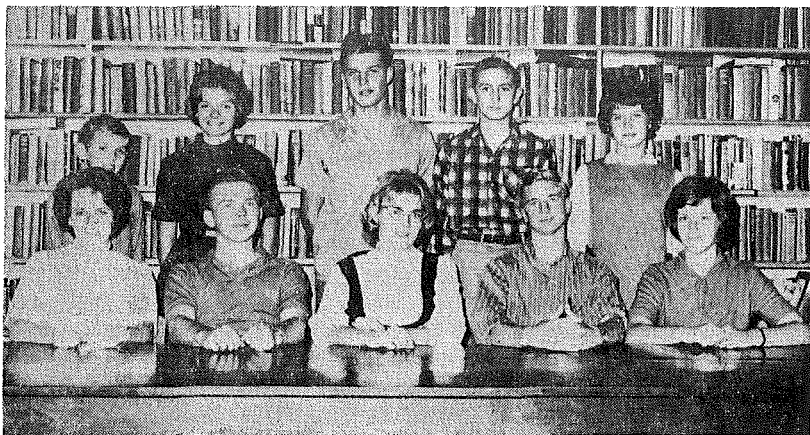
In addition to this great achievement, she was awarded a silver A for participation in extra-curricular activities. The Bronze medal for English was also given to Miss Beck. To be eligible for this award a student must have an A average.

Then, came the announcement of the winning of the \$2100 scholarship to Bryn Mawr in Pennsylvania. Rosalie expects to obtain her Master of Arts degree at Bryn Mawr in one, or possibly two years.

The latest scholarship that Rosalie received was announced a few months ago. It is an I.O.D.E. Post Graduate scholarship for the province of Nova Scotia. This is tenable at any university in Great Britain and is good for one year. Rosalie hopes to go overseas next year to attend Cambridge University. She will study towards her Ph. D.

Rosalie Erna Beck is a wonderful example of how a person coming from a small town can achieve great things, and is an example for all of us to try to follow. She summed up her three years at Acadia by making this statement, "Marks look wonderful on a report card and they do tell a certain amount, but they are not the whole story by any means. Getting the most from attending University is more than just getting marks."

(We have this cut through the generosity of Dr. George Levy of the Acadia Bulletin.)



#### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

1st Row — K. Wentzell (Secretary), G. Upham (Co-President), J. Spindler (Co-President), R. Whynacht (Treasurer), P. Graven.

2nd Row — J. MacPherson, V. Cantelope, J. D. Veinotte, J. Spindler, J. May.

## COUNCILLOR CLEMENT HILTZ

by Jane Anderson '63, Linda Mason '64

Mr. Clement Hiltz has had a very varied and interesting career. Besides working at many different types of fishing, Mr. Hiltz has had an interesting career in the army where he rose from the ranks to hold a responsible position.

He first became associated with the army in 1926. He went to Camp Aldershot for two weeks as batman for Alan Eisenhower under the command of the late C. E. Miller. At that time the unit was called the Lunenburg Regiment, and was active for two weeks every year until 1939. Mr. Hiltz was, during this time, under the command of Colonel Ryder, Colonel Berringer and Colonel Bullock.

On August 26, 1939 he was called to active service and first served on guard duty at the Lunenburg Armouries. Later in the fall, the Lunenburg Company joined the West Nova Scotia Regiment under Colonel Bullock, proceeded overseas, and arrived in England on January 1, 1940.

In England, Mr. Hiltz took a small arms course at High Wing and returned to the West Nova Scotia Regiment which was stationed at Gillimont Barracks. Here he served for two years as an instructor holding the rank of Sergeant. He stayed with the Regiment until March 1942, at which time he was sent back to Canada as an instructor. Between 1940 and 1942 he was promoted to Company Quartermaster Sergeant. The various ranks held by Mr. Hiltz from 1939-46 include Sergeant, Company Quartermaster Sergeant, Company Sergeant Major and Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant Major.

During his time overseas, Mr. Hiltz visited Scotland, Ireland and many parts of England. He says that the morale of the English people during the bombing was wonderful. He recalls to mind one incident, when he and several officers assisted policemen in getting people to air raid shelters during an attack.

Following this service, Mr. Hiltz joined the staff bringing home war brides and wounded servicemen, and was discharged from the army March 27, 1946. Although a resident of Lunenburg most of his life, he was born at Martin's River in 1911 but moved to Lunenburg when he was thirteen years old. Until he left to go salt-fishing, Mr. Hiltz attended Lunenburg Academy. His first salt-fishing trip was with Captain Irvin Spindler on the schooner

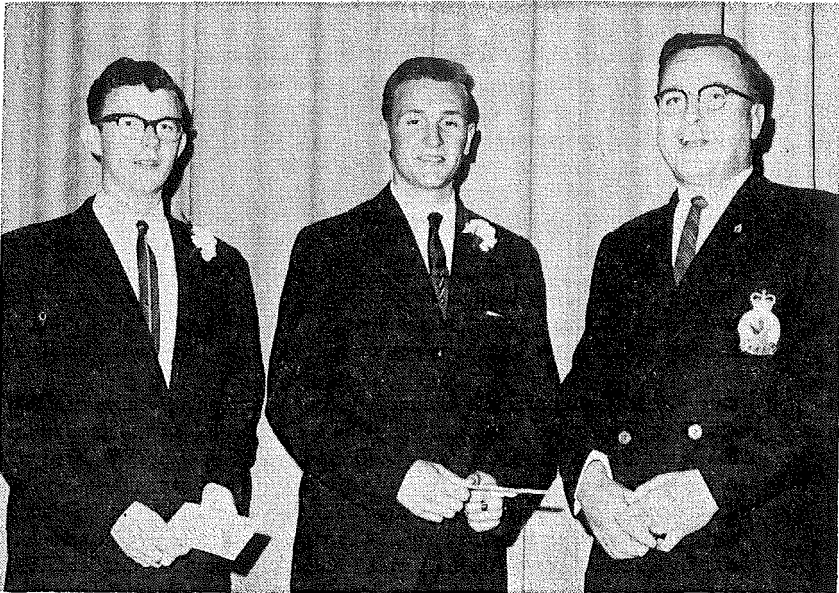


Clement Hiltz

Frances Spindler. He made one trip on this ship and then came home and joined the crew of the Bluenose under the command of Capt. Angus Walters. This was a never-to-be-forgotten trip, for near Sable Island the Bluenose had one of the closest calls of her career. Mr. Hiltz says that if the ship hadn't been the Bluenose with a captain like Mr. Walters they wouldn't have arrived home.

After being discharged from the army, he was employed by War Assets for five or six months. Following this, he had his own boat built and went shore fishing for two years. He then joined the Lunenburg Sea Products and in 1953 was made foreman of the cooked fish operations, a job he still holds.

Councillor Hiltz has taken an active interest in town affairs. He served eight years on the Town Council (six of them as Deputy Mayor) during which time he was a faithful member, giving willingly of his time and working hard for the welfare of the town. Among other activities Mr. Hiltz has been President of the Legion Branch 23, President of the Lunenburg County Fish and Game Association, a member of the Board of Trade and the Lunenburg Curling Club. All in all, Mr. Hiltz has played an active part in his community and his country.



#### LEGION SCHOLARSHIPS

David Afford, Robert Folvik, Mr. Gerald Joudrey



## NOTES ON THE RUDOLF FAMILY

by Marion Brushett, Olivia Uhlman '64

In 1753 a group of settlers landed at Lunenburg, then known by its Indian name, Malagash. They faced a hard prospect as they cleared away the woods to form the town lot. Huts and log houses were erected as the ground was cleared, but owing to the lack of accommodations, the settlers must have had a hard time of it the first few months. Now-a-days, "camping out" is great fun, but we may be sure that the unfortunate immigrants got little fun out of their "tenting on the cold ground." What a change it must have been for them! How their hearts must have yearned for their dear Fatherland, never perhaps dearer than when they found themselves in the lonely spot that was henceforth to be their home!

Among these hardy settlers was a man by the name of Leonard Christopher Rudolf. Major Rudolf was the son of a bailiff or steward, in the service of one branch of a famous family of "Free Barons of the Empire", in Franconia. He was given the foundations of a legal education, and, up to the age of twenty-eight, was variously employed as clerk or bailiff around Wurtemberg.

In 1751 having been persuaded by his friend, Dr. Erad, he came with him and his family to Nova Scotia, under the protection of Lord Halifax. Rudolf states in his journal that he was appointed overseer, and his friend, medical adviser, to a company of immigrants. He was nominated a Justice of the Peace and he was connected with the first settlement of Germans and other nationalities. He wrote: "I built in four months a small but strong house."

Mr. Rudolf was a Judge of the Inferior Court, first Registrar of Deeds, Colonel of Militia, and Member of the House of Assembly for many years. He died in Lunenburg, May 20, 1784, aged seventy-four years, and was buried under the Lutheran Church, of the congregation of which he was a member.

Hon. William Rudolf, the grandson of Leonard Christopher Rudolf was born at Lunenburg, June 6, 1791. In early life he was in a West India Trade in the firm of William Rudolf and Co. A member of the Church of England, he engaged actively in promoting its interests. He was elected a member of the House of Assembly in 1827 and served in that capacity until 1837 when he was appointed to a seat in the Legislative Council, holding that position until his death, January 1, 1859. Mr. Rudolf was a Justice of the Peace, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Battalion Lunenburg Militia, Postmaster, Registrar of Deeds, and held at different times, other public offices. He was married twice — first to Catharine Stevens, who died at the early age of twenty, and second to Anna Oxner by whom he had six children.



Mr. D. J. Rudolf who was on the first Queen's Council that Lunenburg had when A. J. Wolfe was Mayor

Although those Rudolfs already mentioned have been men, women have also played an important part in the history of the new colony. Anna H. Rudolf, widow of the late Hon. William Rudolf was for many years the Postmistress of Lunenburg and a willing worker in the interests of the Church of England, giving cheerfully of money and aid. She was a loving and devoted wife and mother, and a very kind and warm-hearted friend, always extending a cordial welcome to visitors. On the day of the funeral of her husband a cablegram announced the death of her son, William Norman Rudolf. The latter had been engaged in business in Pictou, and later in Glasgow and Liverpool, Great Britain. He was a man of good business ability, upright, and honourable, "kind and considerate to the poor and needy", and sensitive to need.

John Joseph Rudolf was still another grandson of Leonard C. Rudolf. He was born in Lunenburg on November 19, 1807. He received his education at the Grammar School, Lunenburg, and at the Collegiate Academy, Windsor. He was engaged in the shipping business for many years and subsequently kept a general store, one of the largest in the town. He was attentive to business and generally liked by all.

Interested in matters connected with the welfare of his native town, John Rudolf was one of the thirty-two original members of the Lunenburg "Crown" fire company formed in 1829. He was made a Master Mason in 1828 but was not actively connected with the Masonic body during the latter part of his life. He passed away calmly and peacefully in 1887.

There is no doubt that life was not easy for the first settlers of our town, but for this early family perhaps a quotation from Epictetus may be applied, "Difficulties are things that show what men are."



#### LIONS CLUB SCHOLARSHIP

Roy Young, Margaret Young, Marion Whynacht, Mr. James Eggar

## DR. HOWARD A. CREIGHTON

by Susan Lohnes '64, Rita Pittman '65

Thirty-six years ago, Dr. Howard A. Creighton made his way from Elmsdale, Hants County, to set up practice here in Lunenburg.

The son of the late Katherine and Graham Creighton, Dr. Creighton was born in Halifax in 1895. As a young boy he attended Morris Street School, after preliminary training until the age of ten, by his mother. After Morris Street School, he took his High School education by attending Halifax Academy.

During these years, his father obtained a farm in Middle Musquodoboit where they lived for three years. Early morning life in those days consisted of getting up at 6:30, milking five cows, finishing just in time to rush off to school one mile and a half away in "twenty minutes." His father was an Inspector of Schools, so young Howard came early under the influence of educational ambition.

Shortly after his first year at college where he was majoring in Arts, the first World War broke out. Upon reading a notice at the Chronicle building in Halifax one afternoon, he discovered that his regiment, the Sixty-Third Halifax Rifles, were called for duty and were leaving the following morning. As Lieutenant, he and N.C.O. Guy Tanner, of Lunenburg, served together.



Dr. Howard A. Creighton

During the period spent overseas, he was involved in such battles as Vimy and Paschendale. In 1918 he was awarded the Military Cross by the late George VI. This is a rare distinction given to those who performed an outstanding act of bravery in wartime.

Returning to Halifax after the war, he once again resumed his studies at Dalhousie, this time however, majoring in medicine.

After obtaining his degree in medicine he went to England for four years to do post-graduate work. While there, Dr. Creighton was impressed with the remarkable sportsmanship displayed at various games he attended and participated in.

In 1927 he returned to Canada and went west to Alberta but with the onset of the depression he was forced to return to the Maritimes. For a short time he had a practice at Elmsdale in Hants County. Finally in 1928 he moved to Lunenburg to begin practicing.

In 1933, he married a Lunenburger, the former Catherine Oxner. They have two daughters, Ruth and Ann, who are nurses, now both married, and one son, Graham who is studying medicine at Dalhousie.

Dr. Howard Creighton is the Dean of Doctors in the Lunenburg area. His keen interest in his patients is requited by a fierce loyalty, because that interest is genuine. This Doctor-Patient relationship is the product of years of mutual trust and respect. May it continue to exist!

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## MRS. MONUMENT

by Linda Mason, Elizabeth Wood '65

About four years ago, Mrs. Alfred Dauphinee commenced work at the site of the monument in Jubilee Square. Waiting one year after the Garden Club had dissolved, Mrs. Dauphinee offered her services to the Town Council, and was soon given the "go-ahead" signal.

From the time that the Garden Club had dissolved until the time when Mrs. Dauphinee took over, obstacles such as weeds, trees and other growth had been allowed to thrive. Now began the task of clearing away this undergrowth. It was an up-hill struggle because of the deciduous trees which had taken everything from the soil.

Mrs. Dauphinee began work on the garden below the retaining walls. Passing citizens advised her not to be too particular in planting the garden, for presumably soon after, children and dogs would destroy her hard work. However this proved quite false.

Some perennials were taken out of the rock garden in order to provide room for the annuals. This was done so that the cycle of bloom would be continuous from Spring to Fall. Mrs. Dauphinee has, at her home, a green-house in which she raises flowers for the garden at the monument. Plants such as geraniums and begonias need a great deal of care in this particular soil. In order to produce these types of charming flowers, cavities are made in the soil and lined with plastic, to keep the tree roots from



Mrs. Alfred Dauphinee

mingling with the plants. In these pockets there is placed a rich mixture of soil, bone-meal, and peat moss. Planted in this mixture are the best tuberous begonia bulbs obtainable. The results in our mind are beyond comparison.

Gardening is a year round adventure, for hardly is the ground settled for Winter, when it has to be prepared for spring. Lobelias are started in January, begonias in February and from then on continuous preparation must be made for Spring and Summer.

Mrs. Dauphinee does this because she feels someone should, and also feels it is her responsibility. Incidentally we know she loves the work.

"Mrs. Monument" leaves us with this old Chinese saying:

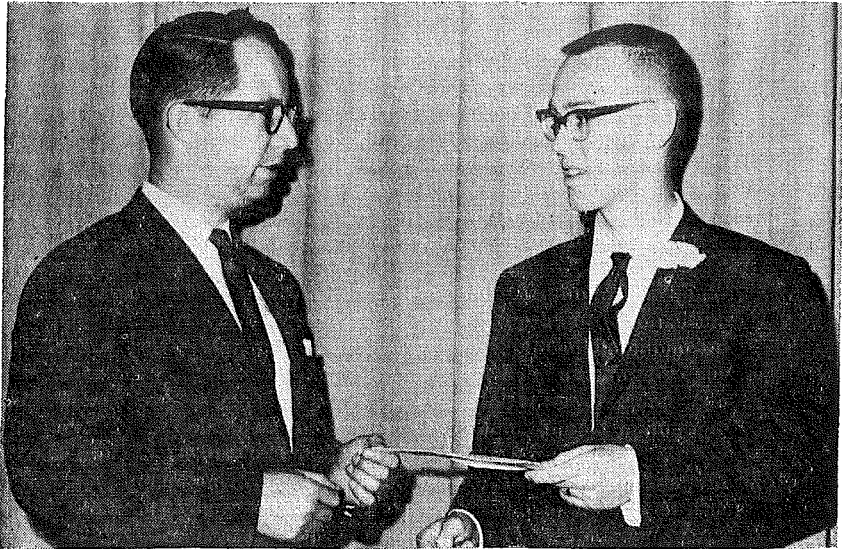
"If you want to be happy for a day, get drunk.  
If you want to be happy for a week, get married.  
If you want to be happy for a year, get rich  
But if you want to be happy for life, get a garden."

Lunenburg owes much to this fine woman. We are proud to give public expression to this fact.





**BOSCAWEN CHAPTER I. O. D. E.**  
Wayne Crouse, Mrs. F. Homer Zwicker



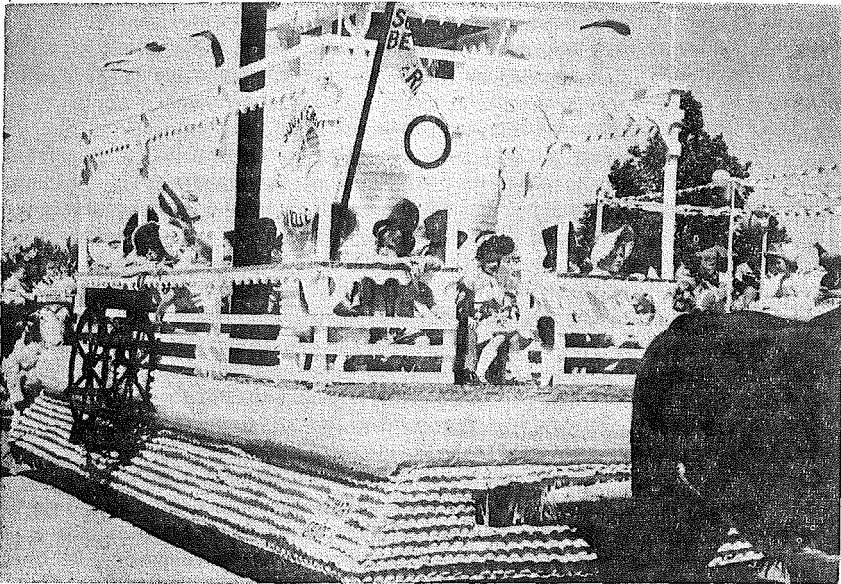
**JAYCEE SCHOLARSHIP**  
Mr. Douglas Kirby, Robert Young

# THE 1963 NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES EXHIBITION

by Linda Langille '65

On the morning of Tuesday, September 10, a heavy blanket of fog covered Lunenburg, thus making it difficult to see more than a block in the town. However, the day's dull weather cleared in the evening, giving the Maritimes' largest and best exhibition a good start.

Mr. Lloyd Crouse, M.P. for Lunenburg-Queens, introduced the Hon. H. J. Robichaud, Minister of Fisheries, who officially opened the exhibition before a large crowd in the Marine Building. The Minister pointed out the excellence of Lunenburg's shipbuilding ability as to the Bluenose, and he spoke of the expansion of the fishing industry in all parts of the Maritimes; as well as in Lunenburg.



Shortly after the opening, the contests for Miss Lunenburg and Miss Dartmouth were held. This aroused interest for the old and young alike. Two radiant young ladies were chosen by the judges — Miss Betty Ann Levy, Lunenburg; Miss Margaret Ellen MacInnes, Dartmouth.

The mammoth parade on Wednesday was considered to be the best in years. It consisted of several majorette groups, bands, armed services, floats and school children. This year Lunenburg was favored with the presence of Saint Anne's Senior C.Y.O. Band and Colour Guard of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Besides the regular interests and activities of the 27th Fishermen's Reunion, other special entertainment was provided. St. Anne's Band and Col-

our Guard gave several performances in front of the Grand Stand and in the Fisheries Building. Throughout the early evenings, Ray Calder played selected organ music. On Friday evening there was music for the younger set featuring the Centurians. From Monday to Friday the schooner Blue-nose II was on display at the Lunenburg waterfront for a small charge, all proceeds to go to the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition.

On Wednesday evening, the impressive Sunset Ceremony was held by the Guard and Band of H.M.C.S. Cornwallis. Soon after, the preliminary judging of the Queen of the Sea Contest in the Marine Building gave the spectators, as well as the judges, a chance to get to know the contestants.

Fine, but cool weather, brought crowds to the Lunenburg waterfront to view the exciting water sports on Thursday. These consisted of yacht, schooner, motor boat and double dory races. Larry's Dolphins water skiers were added attractions. The winners of the skilful filleting and shucking contests held in the afternoon were Fred Snow of Halifax and James Why-nacht of the Lunenburg dragger, Elizabeth Anne. Skill in handling a razor-edged knife, speed and no unnecessary waste, are desirable in such contests.

The big event of the evening was the selection of the Queen of the Sea. It was indeed a difficult task for the judges to pick one exceptional person from so many radiant young contestants. After much consideration, a shining, young lady emerged victorious. She was seventeen year old Diane MacInnes of Lakeside, Halifax County. The First Lady-in-Waiting was Miss Margaret MacInnis of Dartmouth. Besides the regular prizes presented to the winner, a chance to enter the "Miss Canada Contest" was added this year.

Weatherwise, Friday was the worst day of the exhibition, with light rain and a strong northwest breeze which hampered the International Dory races in the afternoon. This year the Canadians and Americans split the Dory races — the Americans winning the Junior race and the Canadians victorious in the Senior race. Canada was represented by the exceptional team of Sonny and Garnet Heisler.

The cool, damp weather did not interfere with the colourful crowning ceremony held in the evening. Miss Diane MacInnes was crowned "Queen of the Sea" by Miss Janet Hirtle, Queen of 1962. The colour guard and band of St. Anne's school added to the impressive ceremony with their bright uniforms, fine music and precision performance. Ten members of the Jaycees dressed in fishermen's regalia added a touch of reality to the scene.

Saturday dawned fine and bright. An impressive Shriner procession, consisting of bands and patrols, paraded from the Masonic Temple to the Exhibition grounds and later performed on the athletic field. The highlight of the afternoon was the Children's Parade. Many colourful floats and attractive costumes made it an exceptional one. Prizes were presented by the Queen of the Sea and her attendants.

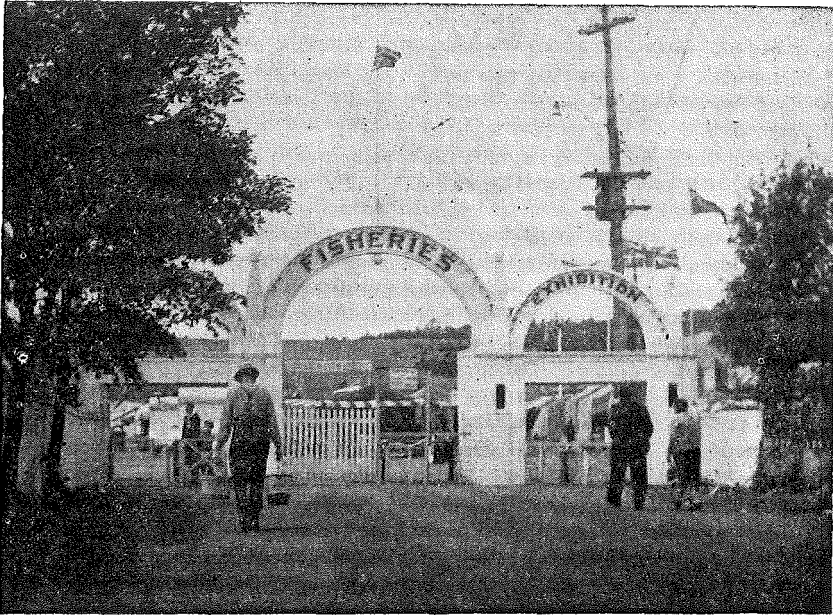
The Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition was officially brought to a close by a speech from the president, B. J. Walters. A community sing-song under the leadership of the Jubilee Singers was enjoyed by all. Also featured were The Townsmen, Jim Bennett and Bill Langstroth. This group drew a large



crowd and their numbers were received with great applause. Part of this show was video-taped and shown on television Monday, September 16.

Since there were no disasters or drownings at sea the past year, a thanksgiving service was held at Jubilee Square on Sunday afternoon. There was a mass choir from all the churches in town, with music supplied by the Lunenburg Citizens' Band.

The people proceeded to Zwicker's wharf where wreaths were placed in memory of fishermen who lost their lives in former years, to be taken out to sea by the first out-going vessel. The parade then returned to Jubilee Square for dispersal.



**Entrance to the World - Famous Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition grounds.**

# VALEDICTORY - 1963

by Wayne C. Cook '63

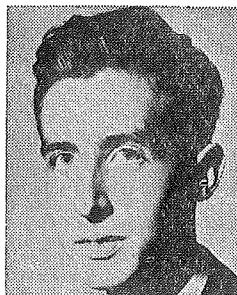
Tonight, we stand on the threshold of our lives. The time has come when we must decide just what pathway we are going to pursue. Various roads lie ahead of us, some leading to success, and others to failure. It is up to each one of us to choose the right one. Our success will depend to a marked degree on the training we have received throughout our high school life. Mark Twain once said, "Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education."

We realize, as we stand up here this evening to receive our diplomas, just how much we owe to our Teachers who despite our teasing, noisiness and apparent lack of interest, still had faith in our abilities. Without the dedication and interest of these people, we would not be standing here this evening at the termination of our high school courses. Many years of study and hard work have preceded this event — years which are deeply impressed in our book of memories. I am sure that few of us can recall our first day of school but few of us will ever forget our last day.

Mixed feelings always accompany graduations. Thus it is with ours. We, the Graduating Class, are filled with such feelings at this moment. We are faced with the prospect of leaving the security and love we experienced during these years; the companionship of childhood friends and the faith our parents showed in us. Hope for the future and a bursting thrill for what lies ahead greets us now as we embark on our future course. I can only hope that we will never forget the most important point of all and that is, "The greatest and perhaps the only perfect gift that we can give to the world is the gift of ourselves at our best." This means not just the skill of our hands and the wisdom of our brains, but our dreams, our finest resolutions, and most solemn promises to ourselves. Believe in yourself, and what others think won't matter.

Now, as we leave these sacred halls of learning, we realize just how much these years together have meant to us. We have spent the greater part of our thirteen years in close companionship with one another and I am sure that we will always cherish these moments together, throughout our lives. In closing I would beg my fellow classmates to carry these thoughts with them through the years:

"What then? the fairest thing of all  
Is ours, O Prince beyond recall.  
Not even Fate would dare to seize  
Our store of golden memories.



Wayne C. Cook

# HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY 1927 - 1934

by Tannis Sodero, Brenda MacKenzie '65

In the fall of 1928 the citizens of Lunenburg sold shares at \$10.00 to raise enough money to build our present rink. When it was built it was one of the most up-to-date skating rinks in the Maritimes.

The High School Hockey Team under the coaching of Billy King and D. H. Collins started early in that winter to get in shape for a hard hockey series with Chester and Bridgewater. Leaving school at 3:30 they would walk to Lohnes' Pond at Battery Point and play hockey till dark and then walk home. In those days the few cars were usually put away for the winter. They had a few practices in the new rink before it was finished, and they had to use nail kegs for goal posts as the new equipment had not arrived.

The Lunenburg Academy played the first game in the new rink. The spectators had to stand on the ground behind the boards, as the seats were not built at that time.

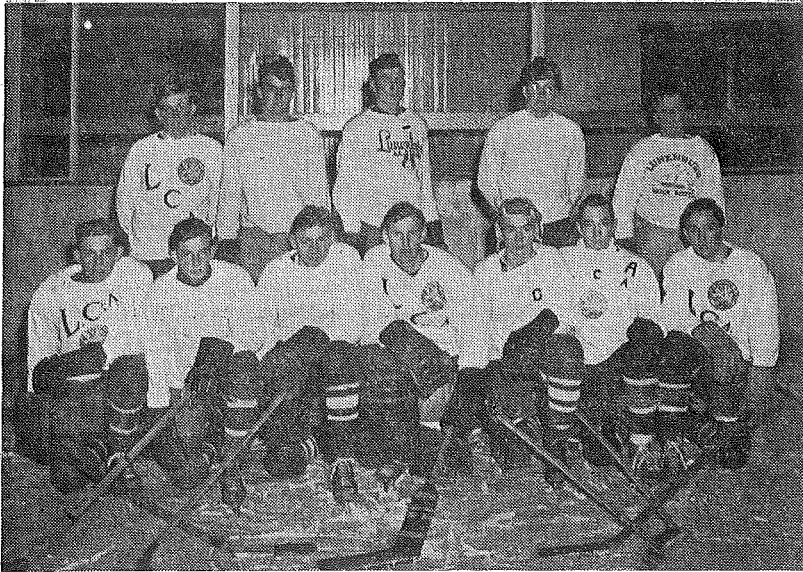
Large crowds attended all Academy games. 1927 was a very cold winter, therefore, the Lunenburg Academy team played a total of twenty-one games. Lunenburg, Bridgewater and Chester formed a league and all three finished in a tie for first place. In the playdowns Bridgewater emerged victoriously after defeating Lunenburg 2-1 and Chester 3-2.

1928 again saw exciting hockey. This time a South Shore League was formed, consisting of Mahone Bay, Bridgewater, Chester and Lunenburg. In a sudden death play-down between Lunenburg and Bridgewater, the latter came out on top with a score of 1-0.

In 1929 the Lunenburg Academy team evened the honors after one of the most successful seasons in South Shore hockey. All three teams — Lunenburg, Bridgewater and Chester — finished in a tie for first place and all play-offs went overtime. The final between Bridgewater and Lunenburg was played before a crowd of 600. Lunenburg emerged victoriously with a score of 2-1 with Fred Fox scoring both goals for the winners. Not quite so lucky in the Provincial playdowns, Lunenburg lost to Kentville who won the Nova Scotia title. In 1930 Lunenburg lost the title, won the previous year, to Bridgewater, and finished second place in the league.

Sports struck a record high in 1931 with Lunenburg winning the South Shore Hockey title, the Western Nova Scotia baseball title, and the Maritime Track and Field title. In hockey the Lunenburg team won the championship after defeating Bridgewater, Chester and Mahone Bay. They advanced to the Maritime High School hockey playoffs but were defeated in two games by scores of 5-2 and 3-2. It should be noted that Lunenburg played minus one player. In 1932 Lunenburg again won the South Shore title but lost in the playdowns. Because Lunenburg lost most of its players the previous year, in 1933 it also lost the South Shore round to Bridgewater, but in 1934 won the South Shore Hockey title again but lost to Kentville in two games by scores of 8-2 and 5-1 in the playoffs.

So ends a period in South Shore High School Hockey.



**High School Hockey Team — 1950**

Front Row — Franklyn Falkenham, Ray Lohnes, Marvyn Schnare, Ronald Crouse, David Beck (Captain), Lloyd Mosher, Sherman Zinck.

Back Row — Ralph Nowe, George Feener, Robert Cleveland, Mr. Donald Harvey (Coach), Eric Eisenhauer.

(Note — There were not any cuts of hockey teams in the Sea Gull until later years. The above is a sample.)





### HEADMASTERS HOCKEY TEAM

- 1st Row — M. Adair, J. Anderson, W. Richards, C. Banfield, J. Tanner, D. Dominix, K. Vickers (Mascot).
- 2nd Row — R. Knickle, C. Anderson, R. MacDuff, R. Conrad, W. Pyke, G. Upham (Assistant Captain), R. Wynnacht, G. Rhuland, C. Comstock (Captain), Mr. G. Vickers (Coach).



### JUNIOR HIGH HOCKEY

- 1st Row — M. Savory, G. Savory, J. MacDuff, C. Boutcher, B. Richards, G. Hall, G. Cooper, G. Cook, G. Wynnacht.
- 2nd Row — Mr. G. Vickers (Coach), J. Meisner, D. Wentzell, M. Nodding, S. Grandy, W. Richards, E. Saunders, M. Knickle, L. Conrad, M. Crouse, Mr. E. Eisnor (Teacher).



### CURLING — GIRLS

- 1st Row — L. Mason, N. Lamb, J. Gibson, L. Whynacht, E. Lohnes, N. Dauphinee, L. Dares, L. Langille, T. Sodero, M. Brushett.
- 2nd Row — K. MacKenzie, M. Conrad, S. Meisner, S. Conrad, K. Wentzell, N. Crouse, M. Burke, F. Lohnes, D. Forbes, B. MacKenzie.
- 3rd Row — S. Levy, O. Uhlman, J. Joudrey, I. Menssen, J. Anderson, S. Lohnes, M. Campbell, D. Conrad, S. Smith.



### CURLING — BOYS

- 1st Row — J. MacPherson, T. Winters, B. Oxner, D. Bartlett.
- 2nd Row — D. Whynacht, C. Anderson, R. Young, W. Pyke, P. Chenhall, C. Comstock.



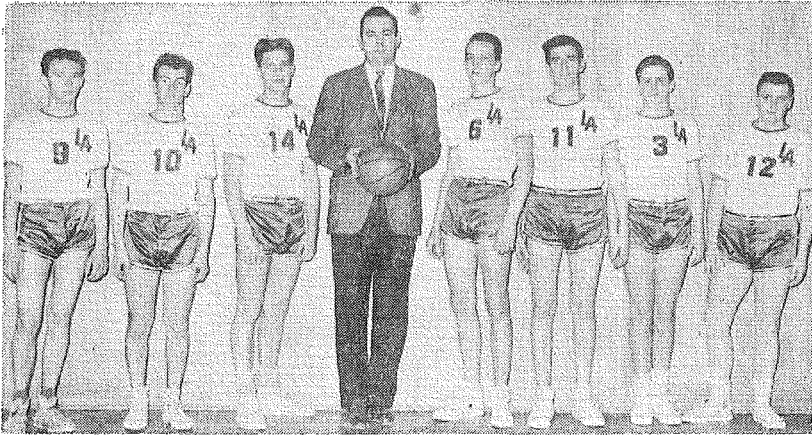
**JUNIOR HIGH GIRLS BASKETBALL**

- 1st Row — H. Smith, M. Keddy, G. Eisenhower, V. Harris, P. Zinck, R. Menssen, P. Fraser.
- 2nd Row — L. Falkenham (Coach), F. Conrad, S. Parks, S. Bailly, P. Conrad, C. Woundy, J. May, E. Winters.
- 3rd Row — P. Powers, S. Crouse, N. Haughn, E. Crouse, A. Dauphinee, D. Keddy, S. Stoddard.



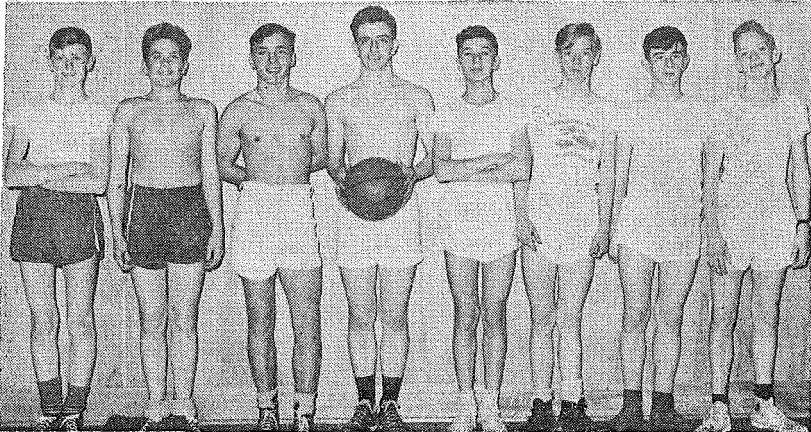
**INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL — GIRLS**

- L. to R.—L. Zinck, L. Crouse, C. Crouse, J. Anderson, M. Powers, J. Spindler (Co-Captain), J. Manthorne, I. Oliver (Teacher), J. Ritcey, P. Graven, V. Cantelope, L. Falkenham (Co-Captain), D. Richards, K. Stoddard.



#### INTERMEDIATE BOYS BASKETBALL

L. to R. — W. Tanner, C. Barfield, J. D. Veinotte (Co-Captain), Mr. D. Tanner (Coach), L. Tanner (Co-Captain), T. O'Connor, D. Carver, P. Langille.



#### JUNIOR HIGH BOYS BASKETBALL

L. to R. — M. Crouse, G. Cooper, M. Nodding, R. Carver, D. Wentzell, S. Grandy, M. Winters, G. Cook.





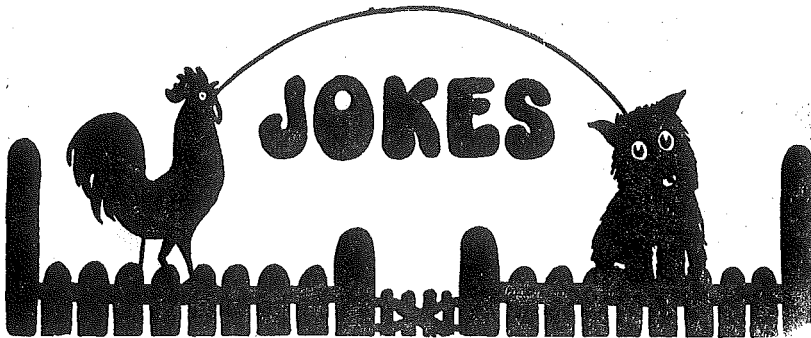
### INTERMEDIATE SOCCER GIRLS

- 1st Row — N. Crouse, K. MacKenzie, A. Mitchell, L. Falkenham (Captain),  
S. Tanner, L. Crouse, S. Miller.
- 2nd Row — H. Kohler, P. Graven, R. Pittman, J. Ritcey, Mr. G. Vickers  
(Coach), M. Powers, C. Smith, E. Crouse, M. Clark.



### SOCCER — INTERMEDIATE BOYS

- 1st Row — D. Dominix, G. Rhuland, C. Banfield, C. Anderson, W. Tanner,  
E. Fralick.
- 2nd Row — G. Nodding, C. Comstock, C. Anderson, J. D. Veinotte, W. Pyke,  
R. Conrad, R. Whynacht, G. Upham, J. Winters, Mr. G. Vickers  
(Coach).



- Ronnie W. — How far is it to the next town?  
 Ingrid M. — Nigh on five miles as the crow flies.  
 Ronnie W. — How far is it if the crow has to walk and carry an empty gasoline can?  
 \* \* \* \* \*
- Mr. Campbell — What was the title of the former rulers of Russia?  
 Chris A. — The Czar.  
 Mr. Campbell — And the title of his wife?  
 Chris A. — The Czarina.  
 Mr. Campbell — That's right. And his children?  
 Chis A. — Czardines ???  
 \* \* \* \* \*
- John W. — If an athlete gets athlete's foot, what does an astronaut get?  
 Bill P. — Missile toe!  
 \* \* \* \* \*
- Mr. Campbell — If Sir Walter Scott were living today, he would have some characteristics which even modern writers do not have.  
 Reid M. — Yes, his age.  
 \* \* \* \* \*
- Miss Westhaver — (After dictating an eighty word letter.) Did anyone miss a part of that letter?  
 Wayne — Yes. What comes between "Dear Sir" and "Yours truly"?
- Liz C. — Do you know why that boy reminds me of the sea?  
 Vicki C. — Yes. He's exciting, restless and wild.  
 Liz C. — No. He makes me sick.  
 \* \* \* \* \*
- Mr. Andrews — John, what's a complex sentence? I've forgotten.  
 John S. — So have I.  
 \* \* \* \* \*
- Judy T. — I've changed my mind.  
 Sonja O. — Does it work better than your old one?  
 \* \* \* \* \*
- Linda C. — Do you know why hurricanes are named after girls?  
 Mr. Andrews — No, why?  
 Linda C. — Because they're unpredictable.  
 \* \* \* \* \*
- Richard K. — Women are much better looking than men.  
 Marcia P. — Naturally.  
 Richard K. — No, artificially.  
 \* \* \* \* \*
- Mr. Campbell — (In Grade 10 history class) Crispin, in what battle was Nelson killed?  
 Crispin C. — His last one.  
 \* \* \* \* \*
- Teacher — Will you wake up your friend, please?  
 Student — Why, sir? You put him to sleep.

- Jimmie B. — I fell in a big mud puddle coming up the Gallows Hill to school this morning.
- Marsha C. — Not with your good pants on?
- Jimmie B. — Well, I fell so fast I didn't have time to take them off.  
\* \* \* \* \*
- Mr. Mason — (During French class) What is an olive tree, masculine or feminine?
- Linda F. — It depends on the olives.  
\* \* \* \* \*
- Sharon T. — (Adjusting her watch strap) I wonder how I can get this band the same colour as my arm?
- Linda F. — Try using soap!  
\* \* \* \* \*
- Mr. Mason — (During French class discussing French cardinal numbers) There was Charles premier, Charles deuxième et Charles troisième.  
What was Charles I?
- Linda F. — A grandfather !!  
\* \* \* \* \*
- Teacher — A fool can ask questions that a wise man can't answer.
- Student — No wonder we didn't pass our exams.
- Miss Westhaver — (In English class) Now class, quiet down. If we don't get our work finished we'll have to stay overtime.
- Michael A. — Do we get paid time and a half?  
\* \* \* \* \*
- Mr. Mason — Reid, please look up "mayonnaise" in the dictionary.
- Reid M. — How do you spell it?
- Michael A. — Look under "K" for "Kraft".  
\* \* \* \* \*
- Mr. Collins — (In Physics class discussing boiling water and geysers) What is the name of the park in which "Old Faithful" is found?
- Sharon T. — "Jellystone"!  
\* \* \* \* \*
- Gary U. — Linda, you remind me of a road.
- Linda Z. — Why?
- Gary U. — Because you have soft shoulders and treacherous curves.  
\* \* \* \* \*
- Mr. Mason (discussing emulsions in Chem. class) — How can you keep a film of oil from rising to the top of a glass of water?
- Reid M. — Add weights to the oil !!

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## THE IDEAL MR. L. A.

hair like — Gary Upham  
 eyes like — Gary Upham  
 smile like — Richard Knickle  
 personality like — Ronnie Whynacht  
 dress like — Chris Anderson  
 tall like — Michael De la Ronde  
 humour like — Peter Chenhall  
 laugh like — Jerome Tanner  
 athletic like — Cris Comstock  
 brains like — Peter Chenhall  
 courteous like — Gary Cook  
 masculine like — Cris Comstock  
 talk like — John Graven  
 write like — Robert Daniels

## LAST YEAR'S GRADE XII

Student	Occupation
David Afford	attending Dalhousie University.
Helen Bailly	attending Bridgewater Commercial.
Wayne Cook	attending Dalhousie University.
Judith Corkum	working in the Royal Bank.
Wayne Crouse	attending Dalhousie University.
Robert Folvik	attending Acadia University.
Gilbert Oickle	attending Waterloo College.
Peter Rudolf	attending U. N. B.
Ralph Strowbridge	Scotia Trawls.
Judith Tanner	attending Bridgewater Commercial.
Heather Thompson	attending Nova Scotia Teachers' College.
Marion Whynacht	nursing at St. Martha's Hospital, Antigonish.
Margaret Young	attending university in U. S. A.
Robert Young	taking a Lab. Technician's course in Halifax.

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## THEME SONGS FROM EDUCATION HILL

I'm Walking Proud — I passed my exams.  
I'll Be On My Way — I'll be expelled for this.  
Walking The Dog — Mr. Campbell and Rusty.  
Talk Back Trembling Lips — "What did you say, John?", asked Mr. Collins.  
Be True To Your School — Three cheers for L. A.!  
I Wonder — If I'll grade this year ???  
There I've Said It Again — Leave this room at once !!!  
Popcicles, Icicles — The library in winter.  
Tra-la-la-la Susie — Yes, now Lohnes.  
As Usual — It's 10 past 12 and here we sit.  
Dominique — French class.  
Entre les Etoiles — (Among the Stars) — L. A.'s hockey team?  
Bachelor Boy — Our own Mr. Andrews.  
Down At Papa Joe's — Kerr's on the week-end.  
Blowing In The Wind — The school-house during every storm.  
Whispering — Caught in the library again !!!!  
Fools Rush In — A new grade eleven class - their first day in Lab.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

The day Mr. Collins pulled a doll's slip out of his pocket instead of a handkerchief?

Mr. Campbell without his front tooth?

The day Rita Pittman was early for school?

The day Mr. Mason tried to sell Edward Fralick a notebook?

The day "Rusty" swallowed Margaret's mascara, tube and all?

The "aha's!" done by the "Pirates" in the operetta?

The time the ceiling fell in on Grade X?

The day Wayne R. and Wayne W. fell flat on their faces while coming in late in the Grade IX room?

Jane and Janet A. and their Kleenex box?

When Michael S. and Wayne W. had their hand warmers?

The day Wayne W's seat broke and he fell on the floor?

The afternoon four wasps came into Grade XI?

The look on Donald T's face when Mr. Mason jumped on his foot?

The day all Grade XII turned out to see Donald Duck?

The bucket of beer in Grade XII's doorway?

The day Mr. Mason called Linda F a "catalyst" in Chemistry class?

The day Mr. Collins called John G. "Joshua"?

The day Grade XII received their Chemistry tests and no one passed?

The day Mr. Campbell told Grade XII the joke about the rum stills?

The day Grade XII had three explosions in Chemistry Lab.?

The day Susan L. had an error of 2000% in Physics Lab.?

The day Miss Westhaver said that figures of speech such as slang, fables, etc. are passed on to us by future generations?

The day the Grade XII radiators banged so loud and long that everyone got a headache?

The day Grade IX boys hid the blackboard brushes in the maps?

The day Mr. Collins caught the Grade IX boys serenading the Grade VI class?

When the Campbells brought their own heater to the Christmas Dance?

Grade XII's Mildred, Muriel and Gertrude?

The "Black Widows" at the Valentine Dance?

## CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Terrence without his nickname?

Grade XI's "famished six" without their food supply?

Sharon T. without her daily lunch break?

Gary, Rodney, Peter and Michael without their sign language?

Peter C. without his clever comments?

Mike A. with a crew cut?

Judy T. not having the hiccups?

Kathy M. with lock-jaw?

Pat P. with a halo?

Marcia C. without candy in class?

Karl A. without his "Colgate smile"?

Janet S. with straight hair?

Vicki C. on time?

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## FUTURE 1974

Student	Future Occupation
Susan Lohnes	gum tester for Wrigley's.
Linda Zinck	tourist guide in Outer Mongolia.
Jane Spindler	exploring the Antarctic.
Olivia Uhlman	producing sunflower seeds right here at home.
Jackie Manthorne	commercial writer for the Arctic Bikini Company.
Peter Chenhall	co-owner of the "Dolphin".
Ingrid Menssen	president of the "Ski in Florida Association".
Linda Falkenham	feeding the porpoises at "Marineland".
Gary Upham	"Drag" racer at Maitland drag strip.
Janet Anderson	manager of a hot dog stand on the Sahara Desert.
Sharon Tanner	sailormaid on Captain Corky's ship.
Rodney Conrad	golf pro at the "Salt Dunes" Club in Siberia.
Reid MacDuff	gangster leader in the "Bronx".
Marion Brushett	champion boomerang thrower of Australia.
Janet Joudrey	champion gum chewer of North America.
John Graven	beachcomber.
Jane Anderson	selling ice-cream to the Eskimos.
Michael Adair	manufacturing guitar strings.

## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE 1964 GRADE XII CLASS

Our minds we cannot vouch for,  
Our bodies though are sound;  
And so before we leave this school  
For places more renowned,  
We grade twelve students here bequeath  
All that is listed here beneath.

1. I Linda Falkenham, leave my basketball uniform to Vicki Cantelope.
2. I Jane Spindler, leave my position as center guard on the basketball team to Tish Graven hoping that she will keep her feet on the floor more than I did.
3. I Olivia Uhlman, leave my hook in the cloakroom to Linda Langille hoping she treats it very tenderly so that with luck it may last for one more year.
4. I Sharon Tanner, leave my official position as timekeeper for the basketball games to Rita Pittman hoping that she won't become confused with the clock as I did.
5. I Gary Upham, leave my special place in the hockey dressing room to George Rhuland in hopes he will be able to dress more quickly than I could.
6. I Ingrid Menssen, leave my love for French to anyone in Grade XI who does as poorly in it as I did.
7. I Rodney Conrad, leave my educated toe to Chris Anderson in hopes that he will score more goals in soccer than I did.
8. I Linda Zinck, leave my position as official supporter of the high school hockey team to Jane Ritcey in hopes that she yells as much as I did at the games.
9. I Jane Anderson, leave my job of supplying the whole class with Kleenex to anyone who has as many colds as I do in winter.
10. I Reid MacDuff, leave my ability to argue to Cris Comstock in hopes that he will use it as much as I did.
11. I Peter Chenhall, leave my supply of unused shoe leather to Ronnie Whynacht in the hopes that he will use it as little as I had to.
12. I Janet Anderson, leave my job of complaining about the open windows to Tannis Soderö hoping that she will do it faithfully.

13. I Marion Brushett, leave to Rita Pittman my seat near the radiator in hopes that her feet will stay warmer than mine did.
14. I Jackie Manthorne, leave my cherished list of elephant jokes to Karen Berringer hoping that she will add to them in the following year.
15. I John Graven, leave my time-table to anyone as industrious as I am.
16. I Janet Joudrey, leave my love for staying after twelve in French class to Grade XI hoping that Mr. Mason will provide taxi service for those walking long distances.
17. I, Susan Lohnes, leave my ability to talk all day to Carol Zinck.
18. I, Michael Adair, leave my very exquisite handwriting to anyone who can read it.

We, the Grade XII class still insisting that we are of sound mind, leave to the future Grade XII our large cloakroom hoping they will be able to get dressed faster than we could.

We would also like to leave our faithful teachers to the Grade XI class hoping that they will take with them the memories, fond and otherwise, that we take with us.

---

## CLASS PROPHECY — CLASS OF '64

by Ingrid Messen, Sharon Tanner

"The class of '64, board your plane on runway 19," announced the attendant at Malton airport, outside Toronto. With a mad rush, twenty people made a quick exit and galloped towards the waiting chartered plane.

The year is 1989, twenty-five years since the graduation of one of Lunenburg Academy's beloved classes. We have assembled for the purpose of flying home to our dear old Lunenburg on the occasion of the opening of the new school. As a class, we businessmen and women combined to contribute over fifty thousand dollars towards the new Lunenburg High School.

First aboard our plane were three charming nurses in the persons of Marion Brushett, Janet Joudrey and Sharon Tanner, all graduates of the Children's Hospital in Halifax. These "ladies in white" have just returned from a tour of duty with the noted humanitarian, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, in Africa.

Next in line on the ramp were our famous Physical Education Instructors — Linda Zinck and Linda Falkenham. Miss Falkenham has devoted her life to teaching weight reduction to the fatter members of our human race, while the illustrious Miss Zinck trained Canada's Olympic hockey team. Her position as "official supporter of our school's hockey team" really paid off! With Miss Zinck come four of the stars of her team — that blonde charmer,



Gary Upham, married to the former Acadia graduate, Olivia Uhlman; that Latin bombshell, Michael Adair; the "Beatleist", Rodney Conrad; and last but not least the conversationalist, Reid MacDuff.

An ultramodern Wrigley's gum factory recently opened in metropolitan Toronto, and guess who's the chief gum tester — the well-known chewingest Susan Lohnes. With Sue on the ramp steps is her record librarian, Jane Spindler. Jane certainly must be kept busy with all the chewing Susan does!

Remember that tall blonde who sat in the middle aisle in the Grade XII classroom? Ingrid Menssen's present vocation is prescribing diets, and making pressurized suits for the Canadian astronauts.

The next former Grade XII personality who enters the plane is Air Marshal Linden Tanner. Linden has really made quite a name for himself in the Air Force. He rose from a lowly L.A.C. to become Canada's foremost expert in his field.

Then too, Linden's former pal, Johnnie Graven, has become the foremost beachcomber of all time. John claims the world record in the beachcombing division. "I've walked every beach, this side of the Atlantic, in search of adventure," states John.

Our electronic genius, Roy Young, has just received a Nobel Prize for his wonderful discovery on how to transmit sound waves from the Earth to Mars, via the Moon.

Peter Chenhall, with his dry sense of humor, has rechanneled the use of his strength. Instead of heaving Rodney Conrad into classroom walls, Pete now does all his heaving inside a Chem. Lab. Mr. Chenhall has become a world leader in Chemical Engineering — pushing test tubes back and forth.

Last come aboard our three "evertogethers" Jackie Manthorne, Jane Anderson and Janet Anderson. This trio has really made a hit in the T.V. world with the show "The Twin Florence Nightingales." With Jackie writing the script and Jane and Janet acting as student nurses, they produce a really big "shew."

"Fasten your seat belts, we're ready to take off — destination Lunenburg, Nova Scotia," smiled the stewardess. The few hours of flying time passed quickly, too quickly for some as they talked.

"Remember the day Mr. Collins hauled a doll's slip out of his pocket instead of a handkerchief?" chuckled Sharon Tanner.

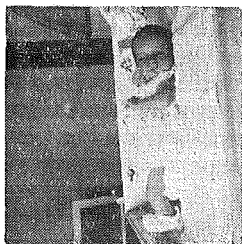
"Do you remember the day I pushed Rodney and he slipped in some water, and we both crashed into the wall?" laughed Peter Chenhall.

"And remember how Mr. Campbell always talked about the survey?" interrupted Reid MacDuff.

With reminiscences like these, we landed at the Lunenburg International Airport where we were greeted by the "four stalwarts" — Mr. Collins with his pleasing smile and grey hair; Mr. Campbell rubbing his nose, scratching his head, and fixing his glasses; Mr. Mason waving a meter stick in one hand, a French record in the other; and our perfect lady Miss Westhaver.

In a matter of a few hours Mr. Collins will have the new school Lunenburg so desperately needs. Too bad he had to wait twenty-five years for it!

## GRADE XII BIOGRAPHIES



**Michael R. Adair — "Mike"**  
 Only stupid students die young,

Michael joined our crew in Grade IX from Rothesay, N. B. Hockey, Sea Gull Business Manager, and school Fire Marshal kept him active this year. Next year? At Dalhousie taking Engineering.

So, why worry?



**Jane L. Anderson — "Janie"**

The Bluenose isn't the only thing that goes around in a fog.

Jane has been with us since those great half-days in Primary. Interested in singing, she has played in several operettas. Jane also enjoyed basketball, and plans to train at the V. G.



**Janet A. Anderson - "Janet"**

Life is the art of drawing without an eraser.

Also an original, Janet and Jane have been inseparable. She has been faithful to the Choral Club and this year she also participated in curling. Nursing at the V. G. is her goal.

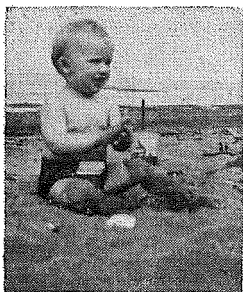


**Marion E. Brushett**  
 "Marion"

Hope for the best, but prepare for the worst.

Marion, a top member of the class, has been active in curling, operettas, Choral Club, and this year served as President of the Red Cross. Next year brings nursing at the Children's for her.

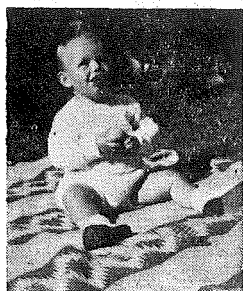
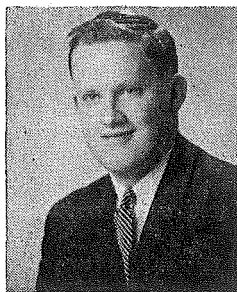




**Peter D. Chenhall — "Pete"**

If you want to laugh;  
if you want to grin;  
You ought to sit in class  
with him.

Peter, a top student, was active as co-manager of the Sea Gull, and President of Students' Council. Pete's pastimes include operetta and curling. Future plans include Chemical Engineering.



**Rodney G. Conrad  
"Connie"**

Honest bread is very  
well — it's the butter  
that makes temptation.

This original class member enjoyed such sports as golf, soccer, and hockey. This year "Connie" served as Red Cross Treasurer. Future plans are still in the clouds.



**Linda C. Falkenham  
"Lynn"**

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

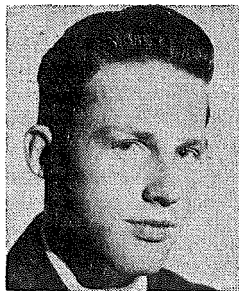
Linda served as magazine sales manager, co-captain of basketball team, and local swimming instructor. Next fall will find Linda at N.S. T.C. taking physical education.



**John W. Graven — "Josh"**

Stay awake if necessary,  
sleep if possible.

John first climbed our stairs last fall, and immediately found friends. From K.C.S. he brought his winning personality and real skill at goal tending. Every success in the future, Josh.





**Janet E. Joudrey — "Jan"**

I would if I could, but I can't, so I won't.

Janet arrived in Grade V from Chester Basin. Active in Choral Club, operettas, curling and manager of the Cheer Team, Janet has as her goal nursing at the Children's Hospital.



**Susan E. Lohnes — "Sue"**

I like to work, I like to play  
But I'll take Wrigley's any day!

Susan has trudged up the hill with the originals. This year her sport was curling. Sue's plans for the future are still uncertain. We wish her the best of luck!



**James R. MacDuff — "Reid"**

He was not merely a chip off the old block, but the old block itself.

Reid has a magnetic smile. Athletics and being a Business Manager for the Sea Gull fill his weekdays. The most likely bet on Reid's future is college.

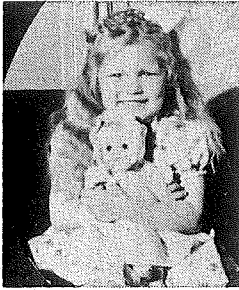


**Jackie A. Manthorne  
"Jack"**

That look of innocence is just a mask,  
And keeping it on is quite a task.

Jackie has been climbing the education ladder with us. Choral Club, basketball, and operettas have filled her school days. Next year Jackie plans to attend Dalhousie University.





**Ingrid I. Messen — “Ing”**

I think that I shall never see  
Some French that isn't Greek to me!

A class member for the past thirteen years, Ingrid enjoys curling, Choral Club, operettas, and being Sea Gull co-editor. Ingrid plans to take Home Economics at Acadia University.



**Jane M. Spindler — “Janie”**

Why the hurry, why the haste?

It was the tortoise who won the race.

Jane's interests this year included Choral Club, operettas, being co-captain of the basketball team, and serving as co-president of the Athletic Association. Janie hopes to become a Medical Records Librarian.



**Sharon E. Tanner — “Shanny”**

What? Me worry?

Since Sharon joined our lively crew in Grade II from Eastern Points, she participated in soccer, Choral Club, and being Sea Gull co-editor. Shanny's ambition — nursing at the Children's.



**Linden B. Tanner — “Lin”**

Work and worry have killed many a man;  
So, why take a chance?

Linden, a member of the town band, this year has been an active captain of our basketball team. A sense of humour is one of his strengths. The future — still foggy.





**Olivia S. Uhlman — "Zib"**

That look of innocence is just a jest,  
She's full of the devil like all the rest.

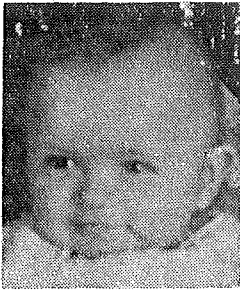
"Zib" came back to our fair domain in 1962. Olivia is intensely interested in cheerleading, curling, and Choral Club. Next autumn will find her attending Acadia University.



**Gary A. Upham — "Garr"**

The multitude is often in the wrong.

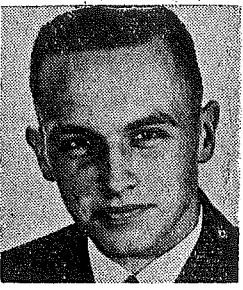
Gary, one of the originals, has always been popular with the students. As Athletic Association co-president, he has played all sports. Gary looks forward to Engineering at Acadia.



**Roy A. Young — "Grin"**

Friends, Romans, countrymen,  
Lend me your Algebra!

Roy's pastimes include playing the saxophone, curling, and lending a hand in lab. "Grin" is also an expert with the school movie projector. His ambition — Electronics.



**Linda G. Zinck — "Lynn"**

She's just as good as the best of us  
And just as bad as the rest of us!

Lynn has been an active student in basketball and Choral Club. This year she served as Treasurer of the Students' Council. Next year Lynn plans to take Physical Education at N.S.T.C.





#### GRADE VIII

- 1st Row — V. Harris, J. Blindheim, G. Langille, G. Eisenhauer, W. Crouse, M. Burke, J. Campbell.  
 2nd Row — L. Weaver, H. Smith, S. O'Mara, J. May, S. Parks, M. Keddy, H. Winters, P. Fraser.  
 3rd Row — E. Saunders, G. Savory, R. Risser, J. Meisner, A. Crouse, D. Wentzell, D. Bartlett, M. Conrad, G. De-Mone, C. Corkum.  
 4th Row — G. Hall, M. Knickle, L. Conrad, G. Cooper, K. Conrad, J. MacDuff, J. MacPherson, G. Whynacht, D. Carver, B. Richards.



### GRADE IX

1st Row — J. Zinck, J. Tanner, K. MacKenzie, E. Lohnes, S. Bailly, N. Haughn, M. Conrad.  
 2nd Row — V. Cantelope, N. Crouse, J. DeMone, L. Joudrey, S. Miller, P. Powers, F. Conrad, E. Crouse.  
 3rd Row — T. Winters, C. Woundy, O. Savory, F. Tarrant, T. Schnare, M. Winters, G. Cook.  
 4th Row — B. Oxner, W. Richards, J. Spindler, C. Anderson, M. Savory, C. Boutcher, W. Whynacht.





### GRADE X

- 1st Row — K. Stoddard, D. Richards, N. Dauphinee, J. Gibson, N. Lamb, D. Conrad, S. Meisner, P. Meisner, E. Forbes.
- 2nd Row — E. Savory, F. Lohnes, H. Kohler, L. Whynacht, S. Silver, P. Graven, M. Powers, M. Clark, J. Ritcey.
- 3rd Row — J. Betts, D. Crouse, G. Cook, S. Nauss, R. Adair, J. D. Veinotte, P. Rognerud, B. Hatt.
- 4th Row — R. Seaboyer, J. Tanner, D. Schmeisser, J. Anderson, D. Fralick, R. Knickle, R. Daniels, D. Dominix, J. Wentzell, C. Cook, M. De la Ronde, G. Rhuland.

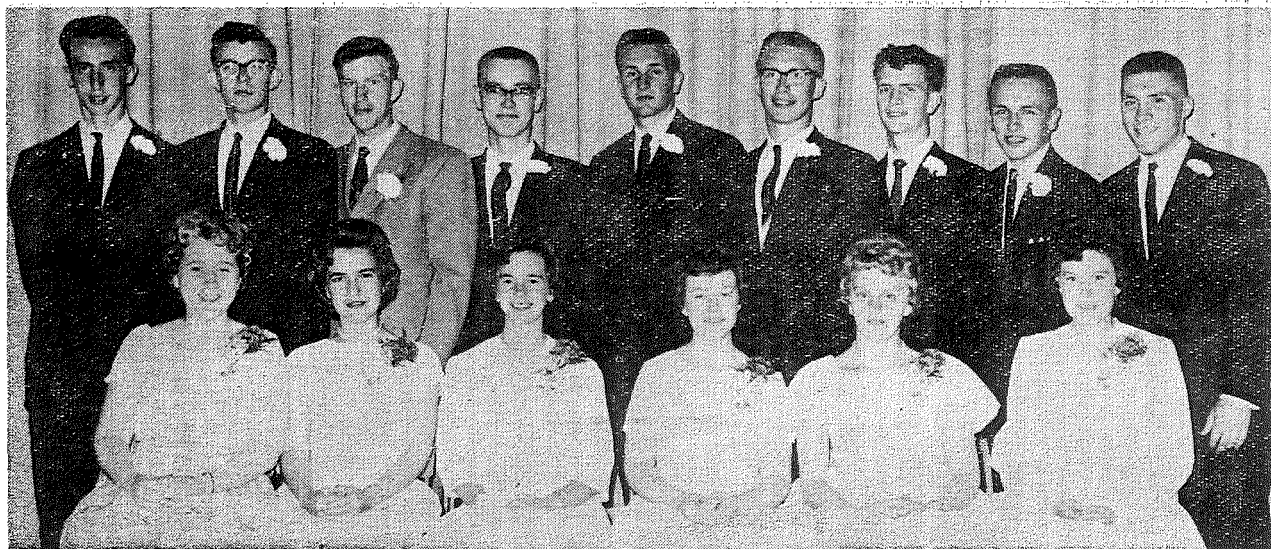


### GRADE XI

1st Row — S. Conrad, L. Mason, M. Campbell, L. Schnare, C. Smith, R. Pittman, K. Wentzell, J. Tanner.

2nd Row — E. Wood, T. Sodero, L. Langille, D. Forbes, S. Lace, K. Berringer, C. Zinck, B. MacKenzie, L. Dares.

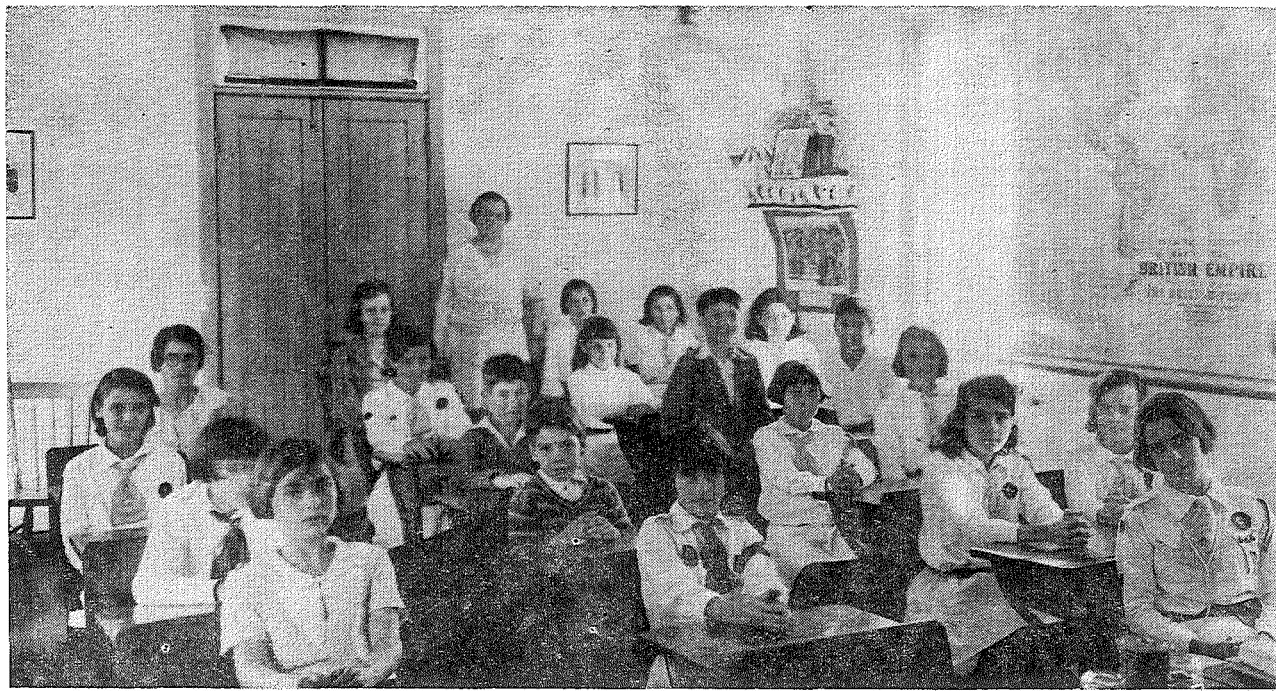
3rd Row — C. Anderson, W. Tanner, R. Whynacht, W. Pyke, J. Winters, C. Comstock, D. Langille, T. O'Connor.



### 1963 GRADUATING CLASS

Front Row — H. Bailly, J. Corkum, M. Whynacht, M. Young, J. Tanner, H. Thompson.

Back Row — W. Cook, D. Afford, P. Rudolf, R. Young, R. Folvik, W. Crouse, R. Strowbridge, R. Young, G. Oickle.



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Were you in this group?



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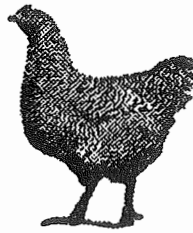
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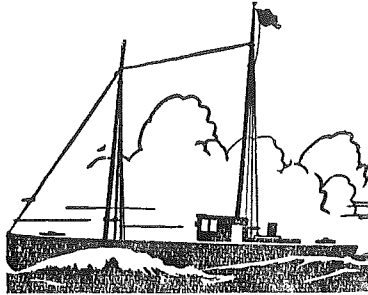
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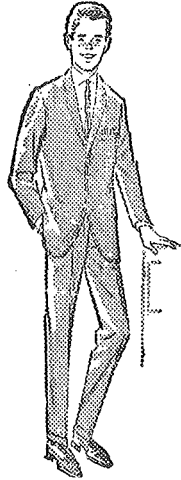
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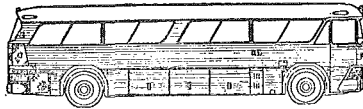
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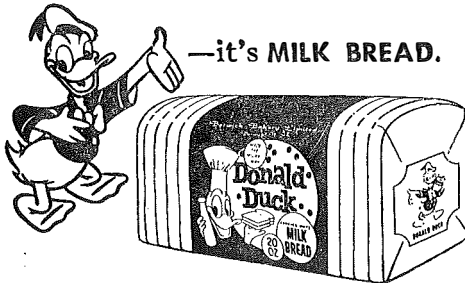
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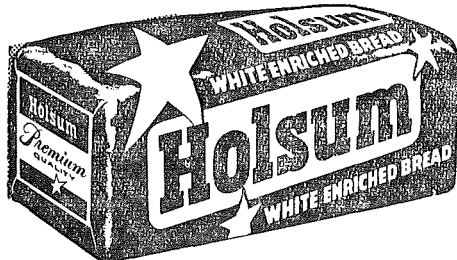
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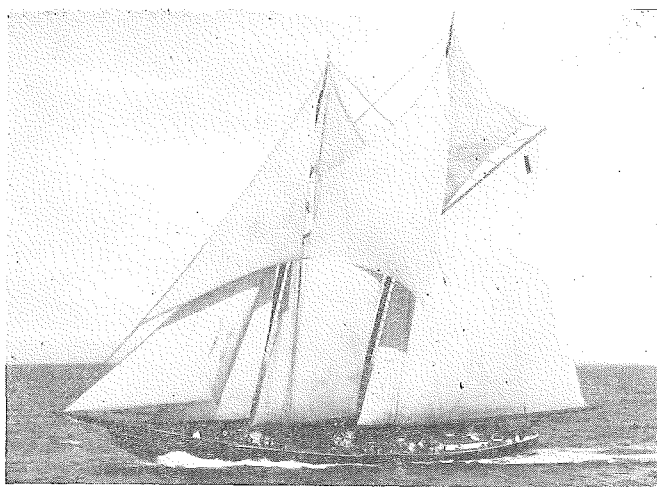
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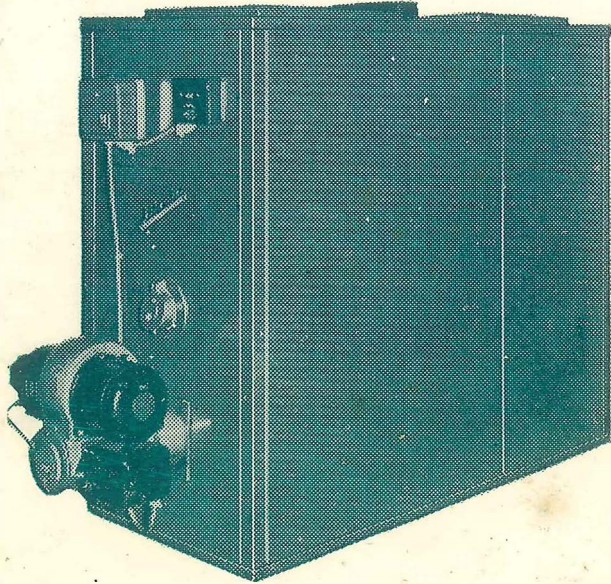
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