

The
SEA GULL

LUNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK

Animis Opibusque Parati

1967

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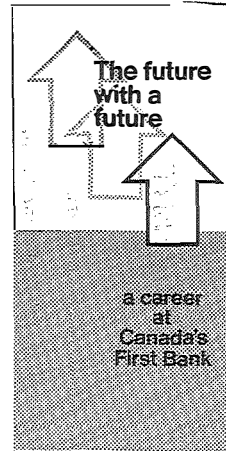
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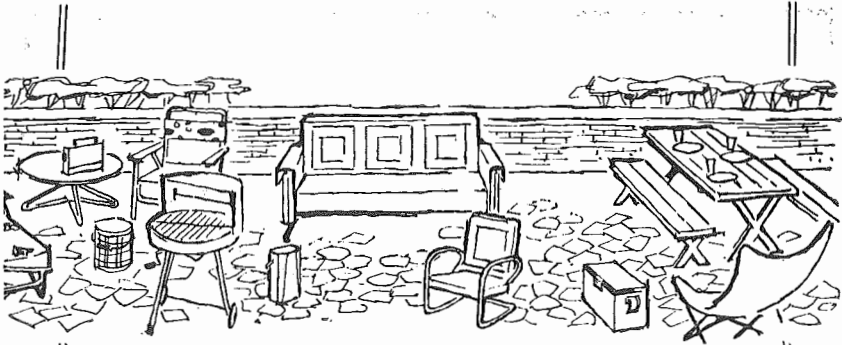
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CONGRATULATIONS to the 1967 Graduating Class.

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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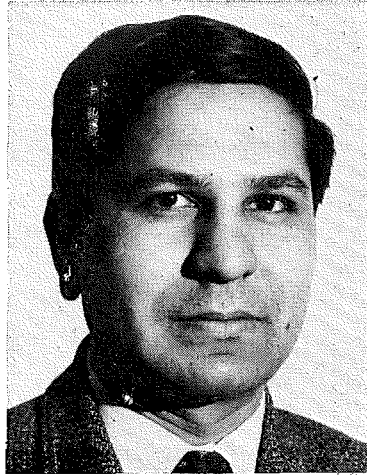
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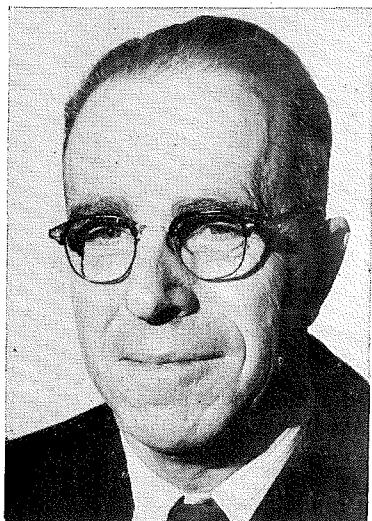


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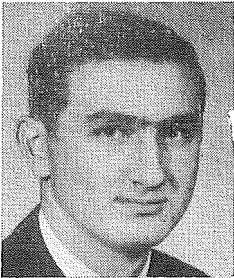


G. A. Vickers
Director of Recreation

MESSAGES FROM THE OFFICERS

It has been our privilege to act as Business Managers of the '67 edition. We would like to thank Mr. Collins and the Assistant Business Managers, as well as the various firms and establishments, for their full co-operation.

Donald Schmeisser '68
Douglas Crouse '67



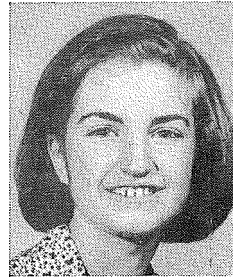
I am grateful for the enthusiasm that the students have shown in school activities. I would like to thank the Teachers who gave their help and support to the Council.

John Spindler '67,
President, Students' Council

MESSAGE FROM JUNIOR RED CROSS

As President of the Red Cross Youth, I have become aware of the many opportunities to aid the less fortunate. For this I am grateful! To the Teachers and students who co-operated in the fulfillment of our purpose, I say, "thank you."

Faye Tarrant '67



We are grateful for the opportunity to serve as Executive Editors of the Sea Gull. The experience gained has been invaluable!

Faye Tarrant '67

Elizabeth Crouse '67

MESSAGE FROM THE EDITORS



Vicki Cantelope '67,

As Editors we would like to thank the Teachers and students of L.J.S.H.S. for their co-operation and support in helping us to compile this Centennial issue of the Sea Gull. From our experience we have learned a great deal, and we wish succeeding Editors success in future editions.



Suzanne Bailly '67

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

The Students' Council has been active for the 1966-67 school year since September 26 with weekly meetings and numerous projects.

The first undertaking was the selling of student's identification cards. This is beneficial to the students and also slightly profitable. Following that the Council held the Autumn and Christmas dances, both of which were extremely successful.

Prior to the beginning of March exams the Council completed the orders for the students' school rings and pins. Presently preparations for the June Graduation Dance are being made. Also at this time the Council is pondering over a number of gift suggestions for the school.

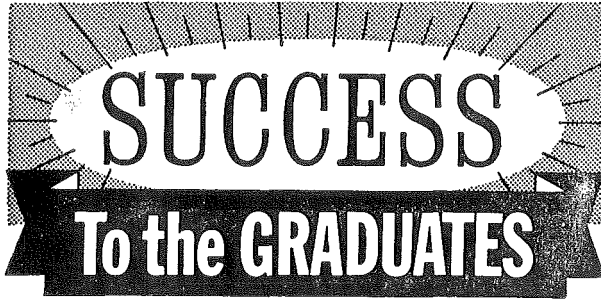
Janet May '68,
Secretary.



STUDENT'S COUNCIL

1st row: (l. to r.) — S. Conrad, L. Crouse, (Treasurer); J. Spindler, (President); J. MacDuff, (Vice-President); J. May, (Secretary).

2nd row: (l. to r.) — S. Ritcey, W. Comstock, T. Falkenham, C. Purcell, A. Allen, L. Shepherd, H. DeMone.



SUCCESS

To the GRADUATES

Of what does a full life consist? First of all, it requires that you be awake and active. It requires that you stretch your thoughts so as to grasp and comprehend much that will not force itself upon you.

It has been said that history turns on small hinges, and so do peoples' lives. We are constantly making small decisions, some of them apparently trivial. The total of these decisions finally determines the success or failure of our lives.

Therefore, unless there is planning based on information and preparation the chances of success are diminished. We are striving to furnish that information and preparation.

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

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"The Sea Gull"

VOL. 32 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1967 NO. 32

BOARD OF EDITORS

CO-EDITORS — **Chief Editors:** Suzanne Bailly, Vicki Cantelope.
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Grade 11: Douglas Crouse, John Meisner.

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POETRY — Faye Tarrant, Sue Miller, Debby Wentzell, Patsy Conrad, Beverly Williams, Chris. Purcell.

SHORT STORIES — Eileen Lohnes, Vicki Cantelope, Janis Campbell, Brian Richards, Dale Keddy, Wendy Comstock.

ARTICLES — Elizabeth Crouse, Linda Crouse, Philip Daniels, Marcia Conrad, Betty Jane Stewart.

BIOGRAPHIES — Judy DeMone, Suzanne Bailly, Janet May, Ronald Bailly, Lynn Eisenhauer.

SPECIAL FEATURES — Vicki Cantelope, Suzanne Bailly, Lynn Joudrey, Penny Stonely, John Meisner, Donald Schmeisser.

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HUMOUR - SPECIAL FEATURES — Mr. Gordon Mason, Mr. S. Bhatnagar.

BIOGRAPHIES - SHORT STORIES — Mr. R. H. Campbell, Mr. G. Bauld, Miss B. Ryan.

GENERAL SUPERVISION — Mr. D. H. Collins.



by Vicki Cantelope, Suzanne Bailly '67

To the Graduates —

“Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;

We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.

Shun not the struggle — face it; 'tis God's gift.” — Babcock.

The 1967 Grade XII Class consider their graduation year a special one; not only because we have finished high school but also because we are emerging into Canada's second century. This issue of the Sea Gull is dedicated to Centennial.

During this year, we will witness the celebrations of the longest, biggest, most colorful, most meaningful birthday party the ten provinces and two territories of Canada have ever seen. This will be a year for all Canadians of whatever origin, creed or color to discover a new pride in the land of their birth or adoption. We as students, may discover perhaps for the first time what this vast half continent means to us.

For many years the students of Lunenburg have taken pride in local events and personalities. We have recorded them in the Sea Gull thus preserving some of Lunenburg's heritage. This fall we planted Centennial Trees to help beautify our new school grounds.

With the school situated close to all sports facilities, the students have had an excellent opportunity to benefit from the sports program. In the fall the boys played inter-school soccer. Newly introduced this year was intramural field hockey for the girls. The Junior Boys' and Girls' teams made a fine showing for the school.

Our curlers were spectacular this year! The boys were runners-up in the Nova Scotia School Boy Curling Championship held in Bridgewater. Topping this, the girls' team skipped by Marcia Conrad and coached by Mr. D. Burke won the N. S. Headmasters' Championship Title. Our High School teams brought the Tupper Cup back to Lunenburg.

The Hockey team lost to Bridgewater in the Headmasters' B Play-offs. Three minor sports were volleyball, badminton and horse shoes.

The school staged two successful productions; the Christmas Concert and the Hodge Podge Show. The High School contributed to the former with the play "Bachelor of the Year" starring Mr. Charles Andrews and directed by Miss Pauline Veinot.

Through the year the Students' Council, Red Cross Youth, and the Athletic Association have been working hard. Accounts of their activities are reported in this magazine.

Again this year we contributed to the High Society series on the C.B.C. in Halifax. Mrs. Charles Eisenhower very capably directed the Choral Club.

The Curtis Magazine Campaign and the U.N.I.C.E.F. collection were the two main drives. Students also sold tags for the various organizations of the town.

Something new was the program "Reach for the Top". Our panel consisted of four Grade XI and XII students; Janis Campbell, Helga Kohler, John Ross, and James Betts. Defeating Bridgewater, they went on to meet Queen Elizabeth High School and lost by a small margin of ten points. The school was very proud of their efforts.

Students are aware of the higher level of Science and Mathematics expected of them. The second century of Canada will be a demanding one as the future will hold a great challenge for students and teachers alike, not only in academic fields but in sports as well.

We hope that most of the students will have the opportunity to see Expo '67 for it is the chance of a century. Already two of our students have benefited from interprovincial exchange programs sponsored by the Centennial Commission. This year everyone has an opportunity to participate in Centennial presentations such as Athletic programs, special television productions and community projects.

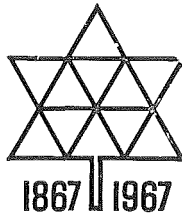
In conclusion, we the Editors wish to thank Mr. Collins for his capable supervision in compiling the Sea Gull. The Executive Editors, Business Managers and students have also given their time and patience to help to make this a worthwhile publication.

At graduation each of us will go our separate ways but all of us shall look with pride on the Academy where we spent our younger years and the new high school where we studied our Grade XII. We trust that the teamwork, fellowship, and co-operation with which the school has provided us may help us to become good citizens.

THIS ISSUE OF
"The Sea Gull"

IS DEDICATED TO

CANADA



Canada is rejoicing in Centennial Year — the 100th birthday of a young and vigorous nation. Not too many years have passed since the last province came into Confederation.

Detractors and cynics point with disdain to the points of friction in our fledgling nation. While the problem of divisiveness plagues us, there are equally strong binding forces which pull us together.

Lunenburg is a vivid illustration of what a vigorous, clear-eyed, hard-working people of foreign origin have done. Deep-sea fishing developed on a big scale; a town grew and celebrated its Bicentennial in 1953.

Our people are grateful for a home in Canada. Our people are proud to be considered an integral part of a nation which sits in the Council of the nations of the world. This is our "home, our native land."

D. H. COLLINS, Supervisor.

TO MONTREAL

by Janis Campbell '68

After twelve hours of being jostled and sleepless, excited and exuberant I arrived, or shall I say I was deposited, at Central Station beneath Place Ville Marie in the heart of Montreal. I was alone, bewildered and lost — all while in the midst of approximately three million people . . .

It was my first trip of any distance, without my family, and needless to say I was thrilled. It was wonderful to think of it all. It had started several months before when I was chosen to travel to some part of Canada on a student exchange. Since then I had been in contact with the C.C.C.J. (Canadian Council of Christians and Jews) several times. I had learned that I was to travel to Montreal to stay with a family named Jalbert — their daughter Francine was to be my exchange partner.

A brief, friendly note in English was all I knew of this girl when I stepped down off the train. We were lined up against a wall, and, as we stood examining the French group in front of us, they were scrutinizing us in the same manner. Finally my name was called and I walked forward to meet the girl who was to be my shadow, as I was to be hers, for the next four weeks. I would like to be able to say I took to her immediately, but I didn't. I felt homesick and I followed my mother's order to call my aunt as soon as possible, looking around until I found a telephone and trying to reach her — I couldn't.

By this time Francine's mother, who had been attending to some business, had returned, and we started off on what was to be a gigantic, two-week tour. We started with the Place Ville Marie, a complex of shops and offices, very modern and very exciting. After we finished trailing through the fabulous little stores, we went to meet Francine's father, a wonderful man, a lawyer. Then we set out to collect a surprise. The whole family, mother, father, sister, and brother were rightfully proud as they showed me their surprise, a shining new car. That evening's visit was the first of many to Mount Royal where we watched the twinkling movements of the city that spread below us like a carpet.

I was introduced to my room that night. There was a little door that led out onto a verandah. I always left this inner door open, as the nights were stifling.

Their home was in the older section, very plain, but well-furnished. M. Jalbert had his office in the basement. The office was rather cramped and filled with shelves of books and stacks of papers. He worked odd hours while I was there, sometimes late at night or early in the morning. In the afternoons he would take us out.

Montreal is a city of a thousand wonders, as I was soon to find out. In my travels I visited St. Joseph's Oratory where I saw the heart of Frere Andre, the quiet Roman Catholic priest who was said to have been responsible for so many miracles. The pilgrims prayed as they climbed the steps on their knees, towards the doors of the Basilica. The great lighted cross could be seen for miles around at night.

Only a few blocks away was the Wax Museum where Prime Minister Pearson stood at hand while a Christian martyr was mercilessly mauled by a ferocious lion. I was delighted by the wax images, and wanted to visit every museum I came to after that. I couldn't afford it!

I was fascinated by the churches in Montreal. There was Notre Dame Cathedral with its beautiful interior and magnificent organ; Notre Dame de Bonsecours, where the story of the first order of nuns in Montreal is depicted in about one hundred scenes made up of little dolls; Anglican Christ Church Cathedral; and United St. James Church.

The stock market, the Place des Arts, the Maurice Richard Arena, the Botanical Gardens, St. Helena Island, Bonsecours Market, the Chateau de Ramizay, the St. Lawrence Seaway, Trois Rivieres, Sorel, Quebec City, the Laurentians, all these things are part of the memories that I have of what turned out to be two wonderful weeks. Ginger cakes that we ate with ginger beer in a little out-door cafe, running through the rain to visit the court-houses and the majestic old banks, strolling through the park to admire and criticize the paintings on display there; gawking at chinchilla coats and diamond bracelets on St. Catherines St., these were done too.

Suddenly, my fourteen days were over. It was not long, after all, when I was waving good-bye to the Jalberts and leaving Central Station.



Bicentennial Indians

OFF TO WINNIPEG

by Linda Crouse '67

As I entered the crowded C. N. station at Halifax, a strange feeling overcame me. Only then did I realize how fortunate I really was in being chosen to represent my school and province as a Centennial Traveller.

After saying our farewells, we made a mad dash towards the station platform. A three day train trip lay in front of us — twenty-five hundred miles. The days on the train were spent by playing cards, getting better acquainted and singing to the music of two twanging guitars.

On arriving at Ottawa, we were greeted by a Centennial guide who took us on a tour of the points of interest in the city. After visiting the National Art Gallery and the Parliament Buildings, we went swimming in the pool at the Chateau Laurier. Seven hours later, we bade Ottawa farewell, and boarded the train which would take us directly to Winnipeg. During the next twenty-six hours we relaxed — or tried to.

As we came into Winnipeg, it was raining "cats and dogs". We were greeted by two Centennial guides who took us to the Legislative Building where we were warmly welcomed to Manitoba and introduced to our hosts.

Early the next morning, twenty-four weary but happy travellers, gathered at the Legislative Building to go on an historical tour of Winnipeg. Everyone seemed enchanted with the beautiful Basilica at St. Boniface.

Our next stop was Seven Oaks which consisted of Seven Oaks House, a souvenir store, and a large Red River Cart. Seven Oaks House is the oldest house in Manitoba. In the evening our guides escorted us to the outdoor theatre — Rainbow Stage — where we saw the colorful production, South Pacific.

August 17 proved to be a very interesting day. We began the morning by visiting the Winnipeg Grain Exchange. During our visit here, we were briefed on the operation of the Grain Exchange and given several pamphlets to make the explanation more easily understood. The next point of interest was the Stock Yards where cattle were auctioned to the highest bidder.

After eating lunch at Assiniboine Park groups of students went to the zoo. We were all fascinated by the small herd of buffalo grazing on the



Linda Crouse '67

outskirts of the park. A miniature train carried enthusiastic travellers on a five minute jaunt around the park. In the evening we went for a flight over Winnipeg and the outlying areas. For many it was their first plane trip and a number of uneasy stomachs resulted.

The following day we visited the University of Manitoba. The University Planetarium proved interesting to all. After a brief discussion about the stars, we were divided into two groups: one going to the School of Social Work and the other to the School of Engineering. That night we enjoyed a boat ride on the "Paddle-Wheel Queen". The three hour trip took place on the Red River.

After meeting at the Legislative Building at seven forty-five Friday morning, we set out on a two hour journey which took us to Morden. On the way we visited a repair shop for farm machinery and a grain elevator. We resumed our journey and stopped to visit a Hutterite Colony. This is a collective community set apart from other towns. The women wear long conservative dresses and small hats perched on their heads. This particular colony consisted of seventy-four people, eating and living together.

During the weekend we were given free time for shopping and seeing the city on our own.

Monday, our last day, was spent at the "Sun and Fun", a motel outside Winnipeg. A luxurious pool was an invitation to most swimmers. Non-swimmers played tennis, volleyball, basketball or badminton. In the evening our group gathered for the last time at a Dude Ranch. A trail ride on horseback and entertainment by university folk singers ended the evening.

Time passed so quickly that it was hard to realize our stay in Winnipeg was over. We boarded the train with tears in our eyes, but we all knew we would never forget the wonderful people who helped to make our stay in their city a memorable one.



A Yearly Scene

EXCHANGE VISIT TO QUEBEC

by Suzanne Bailly, '67



"Be a partner to a French girl for a month's exchange visit? — who, me? — Boy, would I ever like that!" I said these words in March, and, in July, I was off to the Province of Québec with other students as part of the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews Student Exchange Program.

The first main train stop was the railway station at Lévis where about fifteen of us left the principal group to ferry across the St. Lawrence River to Québec City.

A language problem faced us immediately. How were we to find our way to the bus terminal from where we would proceed to Trois Rivières? — We were offered assistance by a French partner from that particular city but our French just wasn't comprehensible enough and we almost went on a round-trip tour of ye olde Québec. Gesticulations and frantic attempts at French finally brought results and we piled into several taxis.

From here on, the trip to Trois Rivières was simplicity itself, because our bilingual CCCJ "mother" took over and settled us in the terminal where we awaited transportation to our partners' fair city. Letters to home appeared on each one's writing tablet as we passed the two hours. It's a wonder they ever reached home because we almost mailed them in a waste receptacle! These duties fulfilled, we boarded the bus and began the last lap of the journey.

English/French dictionaries were propped open on laps as we tried to cram as much knowledge of the language as possible into our already confused brains. Everyone was pondering the same thoughts — the partner. We examined each picture and tried to match a personality with each one. Each mile made us more tense and the one thought now was HELP!

When the bus stopped at our destination, we immediately disembarked and joined Mme. Simon, our guide from Québec, who was doing the pairing. Girls I recognized from the photos came forward to greet my new friends but no one appeared for me. A man and a diminutive girl materialized and as panic overcame me I listened hopefully to the explanations made to Mme. Simon. So finally I had been claimed and joined the company of my partner's father and sister. M. Lauzière, her father, tried to help me as we drove out to their home in the suburbs, pointing out landmarks which I recognized from the postcards my partner, Jacinthe, had sent me. It was indeed comforting to see something familiar in this place where everyone spoke so very quickly.

I met Jacinthe later that day when she returned from a camping trip. The family consisted of M. and Mme. Armand Lauzière and their five children, Albert 16; Lucie 14; François 12; Hélène 8 and Jacinthe who was 18 last August. You can imagine how lost I felt when their meal-time conversations left me blank as to what they were saying. In the midst of what would seem to me to be a terrible quarrel, M. Lauzière would turn to me and explain (over the shouting) that they were discussing some trivial matter such as new styles. This loud voice volume in talking was a constant amazement to me.

Life in those two weeks was full of surprises. The Chamber of Commerce had planned almost daily activities for us. We were given complimentary tickets to a wonderful dance, enjoyed free swimming at a huge pool where there was even an apparatus for water-skiing, different provincial groups were invited to attend the weekly dinners of clubs such as the Rotary Club, whose dinner Jacinthe and I attended, the Maritime group appeared as the dancers on an hour-long T.V. show, visited the Canadian International Paper Co., had a "pique-nique" (picnic) and a huge beach party on Ile. St. Quentin in the St. Lawrence River, spent a day in Montreal at Expo '67 eat-

ing free of charge by the courtesy of the Chamber of Commerce. Let a restaurant along the way, and enjoyed a bus-tour of the city on our last evening there. We were given several free days in which we shopped and one day enjoyed complimentary bowling. Jacinthe, an ardent tennis fan, introduced me to tennis lessons in French and to many of her friends.

The two weeks went by rapidly until the day arrived for all Maritime students and their partners to go home. As the remaining provincial divisions were not departing until three the following morning, there was quite a crowd gathered to see us off at the bus terminal. What a wet day that was! When the bus was delayed about twenty minutes the tears appeared in abundance. Parents and English partners alike were crying but the French partners were just eager to get on with the journey. Finally we just had to go. "Au revoirs" were said, and away we went. It took awhile for us tearful ones to settle down, but finally we were able to sit back and enjoy the ride in the bus which was filled to capacity with luggage at the front and girls at the rear. All of us contributed spare change for the jovial bus driver who stretched a point and drove us directly to the Québec ferry. And away we went again lugging suitcases that gained weight every time we picked them up.

As on the trip to Québec, no one slept on the return journey. There were barely enough seats for us all in the lone couch car for those assigned to another refused to be separated from the main group. Autograph books appeared from all sides, songs were sung, and games were played as we again made new acquaintances.

And then we were at Halifax The next two weeks I spent in showing Jacinthe the countryside and all accessible points of interest. The Chamber of Commerce planned several activities so the two weeks were well-filled. She returned early in August with the rest of the French students, eager to see again the friends she had made on this her third exchange trip.

Personally I can say that the trip was simply wonderful, and all reports from Trois Rivières tell of how much Jacinthe enjoyed it here. We were practically perfectly matched and made a truly lasting friendship. Did I learn much French? Yes, I can say that I learned a lot in usage and a few new phrases. Above all, I learned more about life and people. Would I go again if given the opportunity? Definitely.



NORWEGIAN KFUK GIRL GUIDE NATIONAL CAMP

by Vicki Cantelope '67

Last year the thought of going to Norway had not even occurred to me. Today it is a memory — but sometimes it is hard to believe it really happened. It is a most wonderful experience to go to an International Camp.

Have you ever considered what must be done before visiting and camping in a Foreign Country? Plans had to be made by correspondence. There were two girls from Quebec, two from Nova Scotia, one from British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Ontario and Alberta. Our leaders were Mrs. Knowles, from Vancouver and Mrs. Carmichael from Montreal. First we were told to get a passport, inoculations, reservations to Montreal and ten dollars in Danish and Norwegian money, as well as, American Express Travellers Cheques.

Our leaders asked that we write them a letter suggesting how we thought Canada could best be represented to our hostesses, so that they would understand its vastness, its culture, its folklore and Canadian Guiding. From their letters the final plan was made and we were each given an assignment. We represented Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and worked on square dances and songs. The other girls did cutouts of their province, pictures of the industries, their provincial flowers, the capital city name. We found place for these things in our luggage, put on our camp dresses, navy sweaters, Sea Ranger hats and joined the others in Montreal.

All the months of preparation seemed to come to a happy climax as we fastened our seat belts on the large white S.A.S. jet bound for Copenhagen Airport. We thought, how can we sleep! Then we remember dozing off. Suddenly, there was land under the wings of the plane! There were the houses with red roofs, the fields and rocky coastline. This was Europe! We bounded from the plane to buy a bottle of orange drink with our first Danish money.

An hour later we were in Oslo, Norway — the land of the Vikings, a land where the people live from the sea and the forest, where life is slower, where people seem to have a quiet courage and strength that stems from their stern northern climate.

Our home for the next two days was the Y.W.C.A. Forbundshotellet. The first evening we explored Oslo. The majestic King's Palace, the flower decked restaurants, the parks, the cobblestone streets, the cars and stores were tremendously exciting. We passed beautiful blond Norwegian girls. Had we been Rovers instead of Rangers we would have had to whistle. They were typical of many we would meet all during our stay in Norway.

Next day we had what might be called a briefing session. All plans, square dances, skits and songs were gone over by the leaders. We were told what would be expected of us during the three weeks.

Our first glimpse of a Norwegian Guide came the next morning at the Railway Station. The Company Camps and the Foreign Visitors were off to

the island of Tromøy near Arendal for the big adventure, an International Camp.

We saw that Norwegian Guides had very little luggage and everyone carried it in the same kind of orange bag. We had so much luggage by comparison — our big blue duffle bags with our luggage number on a red maple leaf — seemed to amaze them. Little did they realize that it was luggage for three weeks.

Tromøy Island was reached by boat. It was just a small city of tents. Imagine enough tents to house 4,000 girls! This had been a military installation, for there were paved roads and wooden buildings as well. There were many Sub Camps — of which ours, the Language Camp was only one. Each Sub Camp was named after a famous Norwegian ship. We were told that we were all going to be seamen sailing happily together, the camp being a ship and our motto Full Sail. The Language Camp was a mixture of 400 girls, representing 13 languages, 17 countries, 400 personalities and several hundred interests. We did all sail happily together.

We visited the sub camps and they had meals with us. We heard Italian, Greek, French, Dutch, Australian, German, Swedish, Finnish, Norwegian and Danish spoken. One building held the displays of handicrafts from all the countries. Every morning there were demonstrations on the paved square. The Dutch girls danced in their wooden shoes, the British made pancakes on an open fire, the Italians danced and sang native songs, the Finnish and Swedish girls displayed their beautiful native costumes, and the Canadians square danced in their maple leaf skirts.

Our camp fires overlooked the sea. Four thousand girls sat on the rocky slopes facing the platform. Our large map of Canada was picked as the best presentation we had made. It was again used at the International Campfire. All other campfires were done by the Norwegians. They sang, did plays and tried in this way to tell us about their culture. Only part of this was in English.

Another highlight was our first fifteen mile hike. We looked for treasure in groups, going from point to point. Some camping skills were tested at these points before we could pass on. The casualties were a snake bite and a broken leg. I was so glad I had taken good walking shoes, or I might still be on this hike.

The meals differed from those in Canadian Guide Camp in that breakfast and supper were cold meals and only dinner required cooking. At breakfast we ate bread, cheese, milk, biscuits, tomatoes, and cucumbers. Supper was the same.

HOSPITALITY EXTENDED TO ME BY THE EIDE FAMILY

Two Norwegian girls, Karen and Christina Eide took me to their home at the close of the week at camp. They lived at Risor, a town of 4,000, two hours up the coast toward Oslo. The roads were narrow and bumpy. We passed few cars. This town was called white town of the North Atlantic because most of the houses were white. The town was built on hills that rose

steeply from the shoreline. Mrs. Eide, their Danish mother came down the path to meet us and help with our luggage. Then came Oslo their cousin, and Ynguild, their sister. The grandmother from Denmark was on a visit. They were a typical Norwegian family of middle class. The father taught English in the high school.

We ate fishballs, whale meat, mackerel, deer meat, strawberries, spinach soup and fruit soup. Mrs. Eide made fresh bread and rolls. Brown and yellow cheese was served at all meals. The house was charming. I loved the balcony outside our bedroom window. I loved the flowers that seem to grow along the rocks and paths so naturally.

They took me to a very old Lutheran Church. We went down to the harbour front and took the family motor boat out to the rocky islands to swim. We visited their German friends, went to the cheese shops, the silver shops and often went to the shop that sold giant size ice creams rolled in butterscotch brittle.

You are wondering was it so different from Nova Scotia? Did I have trouble to understand them? Did I not feel very strange and lonely so far from everyone I knew? The sea was always there. The shores are steeper and more hilly and rocky than ours and more like the country near Peggy's Cove, Halifax Co. I knew that the Eides were very interested in making me feel at home, their hospitality was truly genuine. English fascinated them although the mother understood very little, Christina, Karen and the father spoke very well. They couldn't always remember the words they wanted. They didn't have a car and almost everyone used a boat for pleasure and visiting. They loved the sunshine because they have a long winter. This summer was just as perfect in Norway as it was here. There were few rainy days. The Norwegians are dedicated sunbathers and swimmers. The stores close at 4:00, so that after the evening meal the families can enjoy outings together. Both Karen and Christina were expert knitters and proudly displayed their beautiful patterned sweaters.

They are a happy and contented people and I was perfectly happy too. I shall never forget their kindness. I had taken a sterling silver maple leaf for Mrs. Eide and silver charms of Nova Scotia's coat of arms for the girls. This pleased them very much. I was presented with a very precious Norwegian pin - worn on their native costume. This was their parting kindness and goodbye. Someday I hope they will come to Canada, so I can return their hospitality and show them that Nova Scotia is really not so very different from their country.



SEA RANGERS REACH THE TOP

by Lynn Joudrey '67

On June 3, 1966, two members of the Lunenburg Sea Ranger Crew, S.R. S. Bluenose II, were the proud recipients of Gold Cords, the highest award in Guiding.



At an impressive ceremony held in the Community Centre, Vicki Cantelope and Judy Ann DeMone were presented with their Cords by Mrs. H. A. Creighton on behalf of the Provincial Commissioner, Mrs. G. H. Trynor. An informal reception was held later in the Lutheran Church Hall where parents, friends, and fellow Sea Rangers were present.

Only by ambition and hard work can one achieve a goal such as this. To qualify for the Gold Cord, a Guide must be at least fourteen years of age, and must complete all requirements by her sixteenth birthday. Letters of recommendation from the Captain, and from one other interested person not related to the Guide, must accompany the application form. She must: Be a First Class Guide, hold the Little House and Woodlore Emblems, the

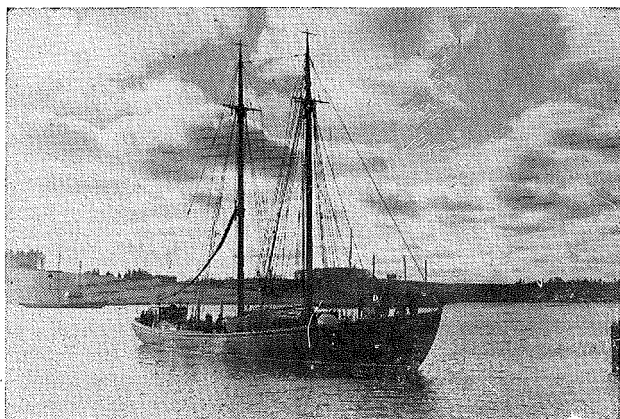
Camper, Citizen, and First Aid Badges, and a Craft Badge; choose a country other than her own and demonstrate to some group, approved by her Commissioner, her knowledge of and interest in it; prove herself capable of service to a group or individual in home, school, church, or local community — this service must be chosen by the Guide herself, and any project undertaken must be maintained for at least four months — carry out three assignments arranged by the Commissioner and/or local Association to prove her reliability, cheerfulness, and ability to work with and under others. A letter of recommendation from the Guider-in-charge of the Guide camp which she has attended during the previous eighteen months must accompany this application.

Vicki and Judy Ann spent many long hours of hard work on the tasks assigned them. Part of this effort was put into accumulating knowledge of foreign countries, Vicki choosing France, and Judy Ann, Germany.

As the days, weeks, and months passed, it seemed as if they would never reach their goal. Each performed services for her community — Vicki helped to teach figure skating on Wednesdays, and Judy Ann did service for Mrs. Elburn DeMone.

The real test came, however, when they were sent out on their "Be Prepared" challenges, Judy Ann to Dartmouth, and Vicki to Halifax. Each was tested on the country she had studied; performed a service for a Guide company there; and was examined on her knowledge of the city in which she was visiting.

It is not hard to see why Vicki Cantelope and Judy Ann DeMone each were awarded with an honour such as this — it is only the outstanding, hardworking girl who achieves the goal. Both girls have been worthy of receiving their Gold Cords. For their ambition and perseverance, each has received a reward — the highest award in Guiding.



A Familiar Sight — Years Ago

NORWEGIAN KFUK GIRL GUIDE NATIONAL CAMP

by Judy A. DeMone '67

Goh norgen! (Hello!)

Perhaps you can imagine the excitement as the day drew near when I would leave to visit a country on the other side of the world — to learn of its people and its customs. I would enjoy fellowship with girls from my own nation and from other countries. I am most happy and grateful to have been one of the eight Canadian Rangers on a three week trip to Norway. I am to tell about my week of hospitality with a Norwegian family and about the sight-seeing in Norway and Denmark. I thought it would be interesting to point out some of the similarities and differences between their way of life and ours.

On July 2, accompanied by two leaders in charge, we boarded a big S.A. S. jet liner at Montreal for a seven hour flight across the Atlantic. At once we were introduced to the Scandinavian language as the air hostesses spoke in English, Danish and Norwegian. We landed at Copenhagen, Denmark, and, after another hour's flight, we were in Oslo, Norway, where we spent two days at the Forbunds Hotelette before leaving for the international camp by train. I cannot say enough about the hospitality of the Norwegian people there, for they treated us so royally. We became acquainted with many of the delicious Norwegian foods which were arranged so attractively for serving.

I could not help but notice that there was something unique about the Norwegian way of life — there was a happy, carefree, love of life. Among the girls there was a deep concern for one another and they were always smiling and singing. Guiding was indeed a very special part of their lives. Something which showed their fellowship was the coast guard boat "Speideren" that the Scouts of Norway had built with the money they had earned themselves.

The Norwegians have every right to be proud of their country. They cherish their folklore and love their folksongs. There are also the dances in native costumes put on on special occasions.

To mention a few more interesting facts, I noticed that the cars were small and many people, young and old, rode bicycles. In fact there were special lanes on the roads for the bicycles. English is taught in all the schools. As for the Norwegian money — one krone is equal to fourteen cents in our money.

Upon returning from camp each girl was to spend a week at a Norwegian home. I stayed with the Dyrborn family who lived a few miles from Oslo. My hostess was a nineteen year old girl, Sissel. Her father was a teacher and there were also her mother and brother, fifteen, whose name was Tore. There was something special about the hospitality of this lovely Norwegian family. Mrs. Dyrborn always kept flowers in her home. At night I slept

beneath a big "puff". A few different meals consisted of fish pudding and rose petal soup. Of course there was that delicious cheese and ice-cream and there were many, many open sandwiches. Now I'm homesick for it all.

My hostess and I went shopping in Oslo, and we walked along a ski trail in the woods behind her home. How I wished I could be in Norway in the winter! Sissel took me for many car drives. One day I happened to see a Viking ship in the Oslo harbor and I visited a silver mine up in the mountains. We went to see a movie at the theatre called the "cinema" in Norwegian. On Sunday I went to the American Lutheran Church.

I cannot tell you how much this friendship has meant to me for I know I am always welcome in this home with these Norwegian folks. They tried to show me much of the culture and fine things about Norway and they taught me some of their language. My hostess spoke English well, besides speaking German, French and German Dutch. Soon I had to say good-bye but before leaving I signed a guest book as was the custom in this Norwegian home.

The last few days before leaving for home were spent in Oslo and Copenhagen, sight-seeing as a group. In Oslo there were many open restaurants. We visited the famed Big Doy Museum. We saw the old Viking ships and the Kontiki raft and we visited a Folklore Museum, the outstanding Vigeland Park of sculptures and King Olav's castle. The stores of Oslo displayed many handcrafts — wood carvings, tapestries, woollens, rugs and pewter and the people working in the stores spoke English. Their old buildings showed a fine, ancient architecture.

We then toured Copenhagen in Denmark. We saw the statue of Hans Christian Andersen and the famous mermaid statue. The Tivoli Gardens with its flowers and lights was out of this world. These things were different to us. I could go on forever and it is difficult to mention everything in a short account.

The three weeks were over so quickly but it was a wonderful experience one I shall always remember. Sometimes it all seems like a dream but I have my souvenirs and memories to remind me always. Thank you guides of Norway (Mange Tubb Norges-Speideres.)



1966 ROYAL CANADIAN LEGION LEADERSHIP TRAINING CAMP

by Elizabeth Crouse '67

Last May, I submitted my application form for attendance at the Royal Canadian Legion Leadership Training Camp. In June I received a letter congratulating me on being chosen as a candidate for the camp. It was a pleasure for me to be the delegate representing Branch No. 23 of the Royal Canadian Legion.

The camp was held at the Nova Scotia Agricultural College in Bible Hill, just outside Truro. The campus grounds overlooked the Salmon River and the town of Truro. The spacious grounds were well-kept and provided an excellent setting for lectures and recreational games. Our residence, Truman House, provided friendly accommodations and a common room for our social functions.

Held annually, the camp was started in 1964 and its purpose, as the name suggests is to give instruction in leadership through the medium of athletics.

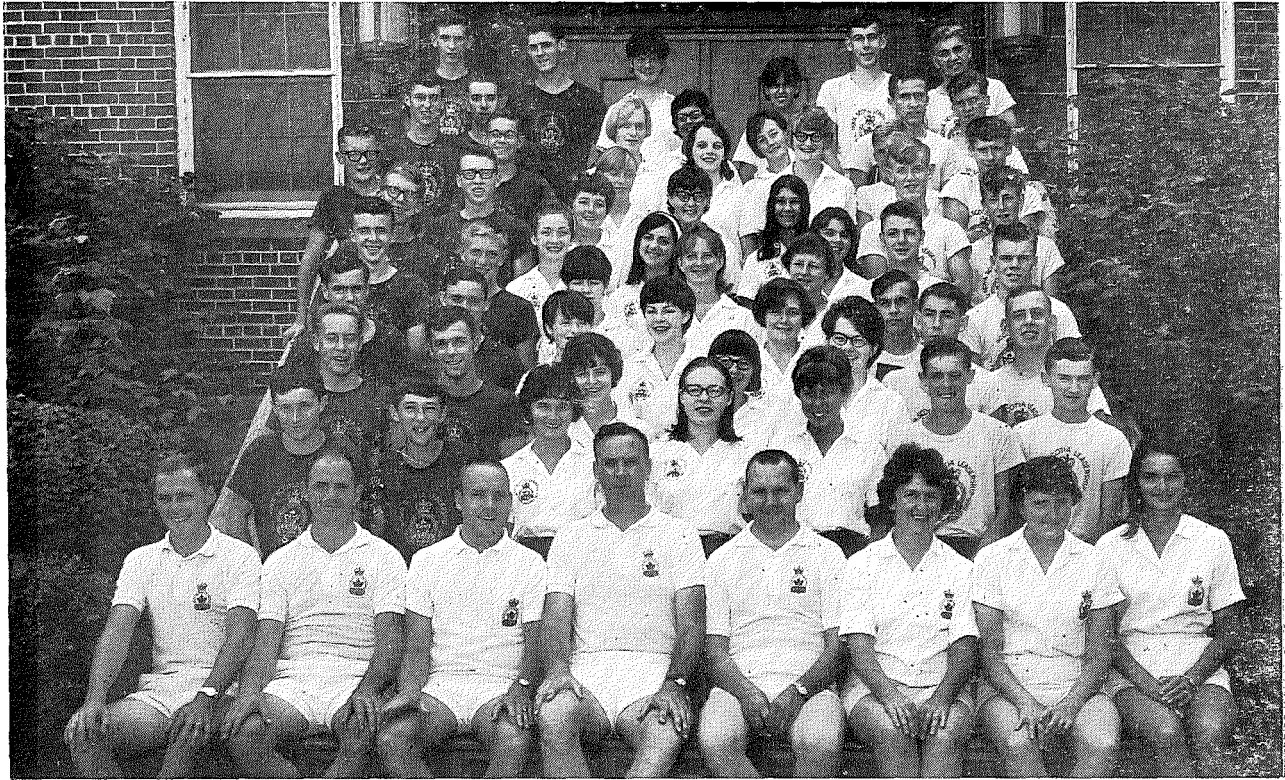
I arrived at the Agricultural College on August 15th, and after registration, I received the camp uniform and was shown to my room. We were divided into four groups of fifteen, each with a different color uniform — blue, maroon, red and green.

The first evening we were addressed by Mr. Russel MacNeil from the Physical Education Office at the Dept. of Education at Sydney, who was the director of the camp. He outlined a few of the activities which would be required of us during the next ten days, for example each of the four groups were responsible for planning and directing the evening programmes. Each person would take a turn at being in charge of his or her group for the morning, afternoon or evening periods. Mr. MacNeil's motto was, "Start small, but think big."

The programme was a varied one indeed. We had instruction in sports such as track, football, basketball, swimming and field hockey as well as classes in such activities as Public Speaking, Organization and Rhythmics. Classes lasted for an hour with a fifteen minute break in between. We all had a turn at giving the warmup and drill exercises for each of the sports periods.

The day began officially at 7:00 with breakfast at 7:30, and the first class at 8:30. After three and one half hours of instruction, there was a break for lunch. Afternoon classes ran from 1:45 until 5:30. There were also evening programmes and at 9:30 the canteen truck arrived and we all crowded around it buying pop and chocolate bars. At 10:15 we were supposed to bed down, but with our various assignments that had to be prepared for the following day, the lights often burned into the wee small hours.

After the first couple of days, we were all a bit stiff, but we looked forward to Sunday as a restful day. We had been told there would be a short hike in the afternoon. Excitement mounted until our destination was an-



LEGION LEADERSHIP TRAINING CAMP
Elizabeth Crouse 3rd Row, 3rd from the Right

nounced. Victoria Park via no pavement! It turned out that we covered about sixteen miles. Can you imagine how rested we were! Demanding as it may have seemed, it was a lot of fun and everyone was sorry as the camp was drawing to a close.

The programme for one evening consisted of Legion Talks. We were addressed by Mr. Boyce, President of the Local Truro Branch which has a total of 667 members. Of particular interest, he spoke about a \$1 million Centennial Fund reached by the Truro Branch. Mr. J. W. Tattrie, Chairman of the Sports Committee of the Nova Scotia Command spoke about the Legion on a national level mentioning that it was organized in Winnipeg in 1925 and the Legion now has a membership of 270,000 in Canada with its headquarters in Ottawa.

Attending this camp gave everyone there a deeper sense of responsibility as well as enjoyment in being able to demonstrate the leadership qualities we received throughout the camp.

At this time, I wish to thank the Royal Canadian Legion Branch No. 23 for making it possible for me to attend this excellent camp. I wish them every success with their future camps conducted under such qualified leaders.



A Contrast !

THE UNITED NATIONS SEMINAR - 1966

by Elizabeth Crouse, John Spindler '67

As one acorn confided to the other,
"My dear, I think I am going to have an oak."

With this thought in mind, one hundred and twenty high school students of the four Atlantic Provinces representing a total of thirty-five nations attended the thirteenth annual United Nations Seminar held at Mount Allison University from July 3 to 10th. The purpose was to enable high school students to become better acquainted with the nature and purpose of the United Nations, some of its major problems, and the U. N. policies of Canada and the other important member states.

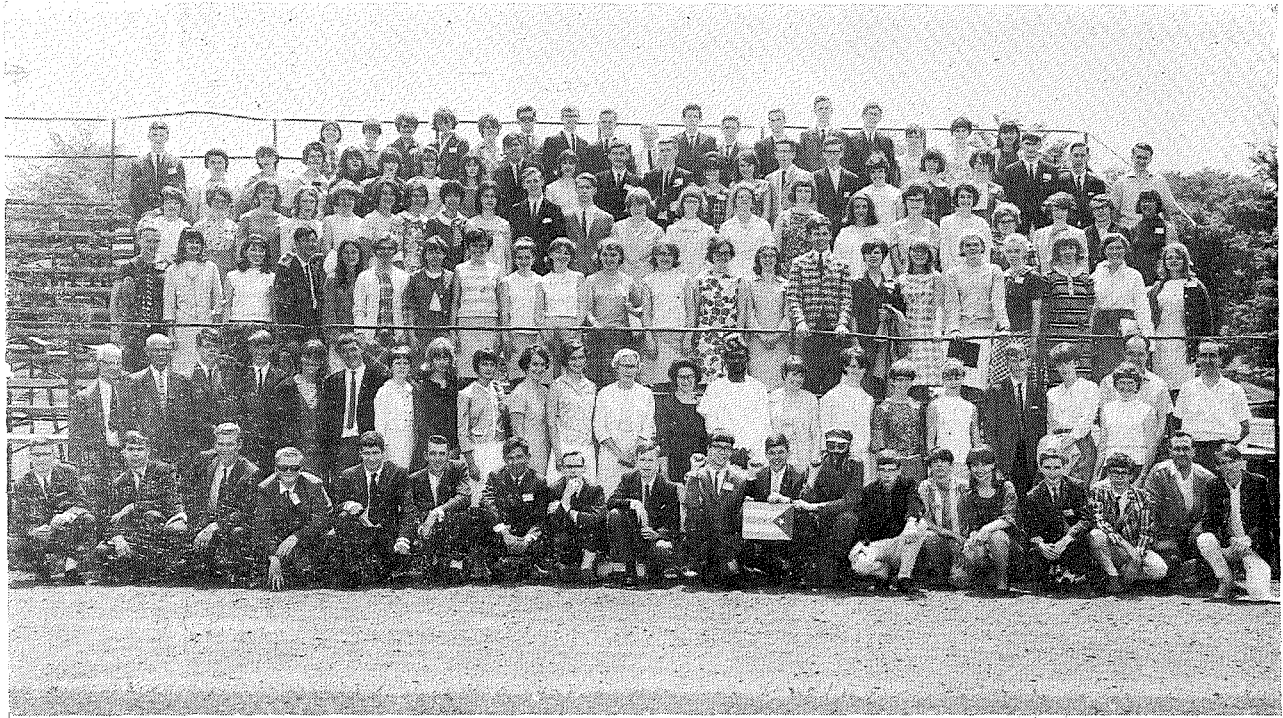
We attended lectures and participated in group discussions in addition to holding a model United Nations General Assembly. Recreation, including badminton and swimming, was also made available in the Athletic Centre.

Lectures constituted most of the Seminar since there were two or three of these a day. Among the featured speakers was Mr. Tom Schatzky, Youth and Education Secretary of the United Nations Association in Canada, who spoke on the organization of the United Nations, the new programme of M. A.T.E. and the United Nations in the high school. Senator Muriel Fergusson lectured on U.N.I.C.E.F., its history, its present activities and the aid needed for it to continue its work in the future. Mr. deVilliers, Information Attache of the South African Embassy, discussed South African Apartheid. Honourable Justice David Dickson explained how to conduct a meeting; Dr. Tory lectured on Cybernation; and Mr. Alan Borovoy, Director of the Ontario Labor Council on Human Rights pointed out that human rights is equality of opportunity. Mr. Walter Ofonogoro of Nigeria spoke of Africa Today, and General Plow lectured on Expo '67, showing us color slides of the site. Question periods followed the speeches, and we gathered in our individual discussion groups.

After receiving instruction on the function of blocs, each of the three blocs held a meeting. Each of them — Western, Communist, and Neutral nominated one country to put forth a candidate for President. After some deadlock, Janet Lee of Brazil became President.

On the last two days of the Seminar, a model General Assembly was held. At the Friday sitting a resolution sharply condemning Ian Smith and his white minority Rhodesian government was introduced into the Assembly. Students representing the member countries of the U.N. spoke on the resolution and gave expression to their countries' views. The vote was taken and the resolution was overwhelmingly sustained with twenty-nine nations voting in favor, one in opposition and five abstaining.

The United Nations Assembly Committee of Twenty-Four also held a meeting to consider a proposed resolution condemning British rule in Aden. The committee approved this resolution for submission to the General Assembly. On the following day the resolution concerning Aden was brought



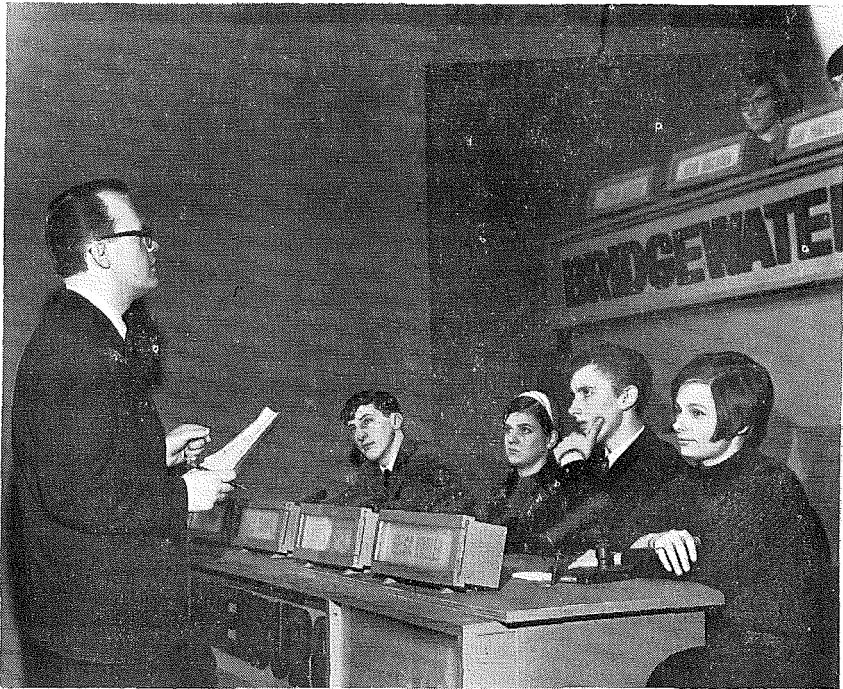
1966 U. N. SEMINAR

5th row — Fourth from right - Elizabeth Crouse
Third from right - John Spindler

up in the General Assembly bringing about a bitter and stirring debate which ended in the head delegate of South Africa being "assassinated" by a member of the Russian delegation. After this incident, the resolution was voted upon clause by clause. When five of the seven clauses had been defeated, the remaining two clauses were passed with nineteen countries in favor, seven against and nine abstaining.

The General Assembly was a great success and a valuable part of the Seminar. Through such participation, the students representing the various nations gained a clearer view of the working of the United Nations and of the attitudes and policies of the member countries. Indeed, the U.N. Seminar as a whole was a thrilling and memorable experience for all privileged to attend it.

In closing we would like to express our thanks to the I.O.D.E. and the Women's Institute for giving us the opportunity to attend the 1966 U. N. Seminar at Sackville, N. B.



"REACH FOR THE TOP"

Left to Right — J. Ross, J. Campbell, J. Betts, H. Kohler

LIVING WITH CONFEDERATION

by Pat Conrad, Ronald Bailly '69

"That the county is represented in the Provincial Parliament by three members and that an election held in December last, to supply a vacancy caused by the decease of one member, resulted in the return of a candidate by a majority of over 680 votes opposed to any union of the Provinces being passed upon by the Legislature without a vote having been taken thereon by the people at the polls.

"That the means which have been taken to secure a union of the Provinces without the electors having been first consulted, has excited in the minds of Your Majesty's petitioners great dissatisfaction and indignation, believing, as they do, that a question of such importance should be submitted for the decision of the people as it will affect them and their descendants for all time.

"We do most respectfully and earnestly pray that Your Most Gracious Majesty will uphold for us those rights and privileges which, under the system of responsible government granted to this Province, we have so long enjoyed in peace and prosperity, and that before any Union of these Provinces be carried, Your Most Gracious Majesty will cause the question to be submitted for the decision of the electors of Nova Scotia, a privilege which, though hitherto denied to them, has in the short space of fourteen months been thrice granted to their fellow-subjects in the adjoining Province of New Brunswick."

Joshua Lonus finished reading the petition written by Lunenburg citizens and easily procured Adolphus Kaulbach's approval, scrawled in a childish hand. "Josh" then mumbled a few explanatory remarks as he ambled out the door. He continued down the street in search of more signatures for this one of the many Anti-Confederate Petitions, which had been circulating around the town of late. Behind him, he left a puzzled figure standing in the doorway. Poor old Adolphus was so confused from signing petitions that he didn't know whether he was actually in favour of Confederation or against it. He put the matter aside until . . . B A N G !

Adolphus awoke and leaped out of bed hurriedly dressing himself. Then — suddenly hearing the sound of church bells he immediately came to the conclusion that the Fenians weren't making a surprise raid. Looking from his lofty perch he realized that these were the celebrations to mark the Union of the Provinces as he spied the Volunteer Artillery Company marching by. He was lured by the rhythmic beat to the Gallows Hill where he witnessed the firing of a 21 gun salute.

Meeting "the gang" at the Gallows Hill they decided to celebrate the occasion by having a "mug-up". Adolphus' festive spirit rapidly increased and by 10 o'clock he decided to join the throng of regular church-goers to attend a special service held at the Episcopal Church. It seemed rather short to Adolphus — this may be accounted for by the fact that he fell asleep and was roused by the boisterous "Amen" of the finale. He was carried to the

street by the tidal wave of people and soon found himself prancing behind the Artillery Company. On right and left Adolphus saw flags gaily flapping in the breeze, although some were at half mast. He looked closely to see if anyone had been violently enough opposed to festoon their windows with black crepe.

Finally the Artillery plus Adolphus and other "interested" citizens arrived in front of the Academy. The Queen's Proclamation was read by High Sheriff Kaulbach, (no relation to Adolphus) immediately followed by a 50 gun salute. The Youth Of The Town sang the Queen's Anthem followed by three cheers for Queen Victoria and three for the New Dominion. Adolphus cheered heartily hoping that the ceremony would soon be over. The festivities ended with the band playing God Save The Queen. Adolphus was overwhelmed by the impressive ceremony but walked down from the Academy thinking this new-fangled idea of Confederation would not last. Don't you think Adolphus would be even more confused if he knew the union had lasted "one hundred years"?



Entrance To Exhibition Grounds

MAYORS OF LUNENBURG

by Johanna Blindheim, Gail Langille '69

Since the town was incorporated in 1888, many different men have occupied the office of Mayor.

First on the list was Augustus J. Wolff. Mr. Wolff was born in Prussia and later settled in Lunenburg, where he became a merchant and a ship broker. He was elected Mayor in 1888, and remained in that position until 1890, then from 1895-1898 and again in 1910.

The second Mayor was Mr. S. Watson Oxner. He began his term of public office in 1891, and continued until 1894. Mr. Oxner was also an insurance agent and an accountant.

Mr. D. J. Rudolf became the third Mayor of Lunenburg. He was born in LaHave, and later moved to Lunenburg where he worked in a drygoods business on Lincoln Street. Mr. Rudolf was elected Mayor in 1899, and held the position for four years.

Next on the list came Mr. A. R. Morash. He was born in Lunenburg and was the organizer and director of the Civilian Band. In 1902 he was elected Mayor and his term ended in 1909.

Senator John J. Kinley became the fifth Mayor of Lunenburg in 1911, and remained in office for three years. He is at present President of Lunenburg Foundry and Engineering Ltd. He is still very active in the Canadian Senate.

The sixth Mayor of this town was Mr. Frank Hall. He was born in Lunenburg and spent much of his life here. Mr. Hall's term as Mayor lasted two years -- from 1914-1915. He also ran a barber shop and a harness shop on Lincoln Street.

Mr. William Duff became the next Mayor in 1916. Senator Duff was born in Newfoundland, and was educated in Scotland. He came to Canada in 1895. Mr. Duff held the position of Mayor until 1921.

The eighth Mayor of Lunenburg was Mr. A. W. Schwartz. He was born in this town in 1879, and became Mayor in 1922. He successfully held the office for eight years. Mr. Schwartz was elected Mayor again in 1934, and held the position until 1945.

Mr. W. E. Knock was the Mayor of Lunenburg from 1930 to 1933. He served for a number of years as Town Councillor before he was elected Mayor. He also served on the Board of School Commissioners.

In 1946 Mr. L. L. Hebb became the town's Mayor. He also was on the Town Council for eighteen years, six years as Deputy Mayor, and remained Mayor for two years.

The next Mayor for Lunenburg was Mr. Douglas Adams. He became Mayor in 1948 and remained in office until 1951. Mr. Adams still takes an active part in business.

Mr. F. Homer Zwicker was born in Lunenburg, and received his High School education at King's collegiate. His term of office lasted from 1952-1955 and he still takes a keen interest in local affairs.

Mr. Roy Whynacht was the next Mayor and occupied the position for

two years, from 1956-1957. He was very active in local affairs, and especially the activities of the Board of Trade.

Dr. R. yfield G. A. Wood, our present Mayor, was born in Lunenburg and received his medical degree from Dalhousie University. He was elected Mayor of Lunenburg in 1958 and was re-elected by acclamation in 1960. Dr. Wood is also Chairman of the School Board.

In 1966 Mayor Wood was presented with a Badge of Office which no other Mayor has had the privilege of having. It is made up on a base of blue grosgrain lined in blue velvet. It consists of a chain made up of eighteen gold links on which there is a place for the inscriptions of the names of the retired Mayors and the dates during which they held office. At the center is a gold medallion which has the official town seal on it. This badge of office is worn by Dr. Wood on official occasions only.



A Cordial Greeting in 1967!

THE PLANTING OF THE CENTENNIAL TREES

by Janis Campbell '58



CENTENNIAL TREE PLANTING

(l. to r.)—D. H. Collins (Supervisor); Michael Winters, R. H. Campbell (V.P.)

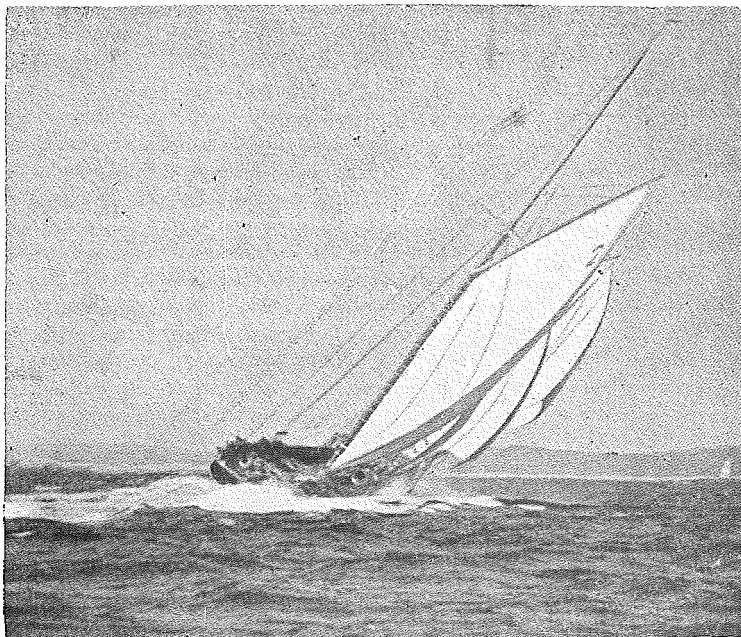
Early in the fall of this year a very nice addition was made to our new school in the area of landscaping. This addition was in the form of twenty-five maple trees which were planted there in honour of our coming Centennial.

These able-bodied students, Steven Allen, James Eisenhower, Gregory Hall, Richard Knickle, Gordon MacDonald, Barry Oxner, Frederick Pridham, John Spindler, Wayne Whynacht, and Michael Winters turned out to help Mr. Campbell and Mr. Collins as the saplings were put in their places. An enthusiastic crowd appeared to watch the progress and to admire and criticize.

Although our Centennial trees are now mere sprigs, we can look forward to the time when lofty, noble maples will grace our school grounds and remind those who come after us of Canada's one hundredth birthday.

LUNENBURG'S CENTENNIAL PROJECT

by Sue Miller, John Spindler '67



Under Full Sail

From the time of Lunenburg's founding in 1753, the harvest of the sea was discovered to be of great value. A fishing community, renowned throughout the world, was thus born. The history and color of this town and this industry are second to none.

Therefore, when the question arose about a project of a lasting nature to commemorate the 100th birthday of our great country, it was very appropriately suggested by the Centennial Committee that we have a Fisheries Museum.

After many, long hours of discussion, the Building and Site Committee came up with a very unique idea! Why not have a boat museum? They decided to buy the Theresa E. Connor — a salt banker — the last of a famous line which was engaged in fishing on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Her original decks have been maintained in good condition by the former owners, Zwicker and Company Limited. She is 130 feet long, and will house with pride, on her decks and in her hold, the relics of Lunenburg's past.

The site chosen for this unique museum is Rous' Brook, the landing place of the first settlers who founded our famous town. This seemed the

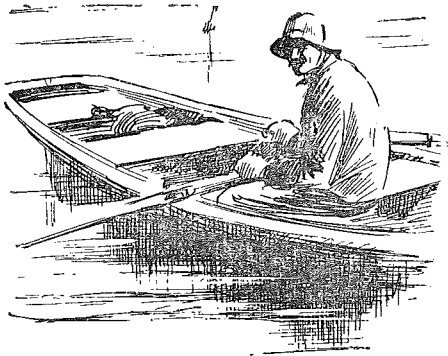
most appropriate spot, since it is located where hauling the boat ashore can be accomplished more easily than elsewhere. Also, the slope of the terrain forms what would seem almost a natural cradle as a final resting place.

The theme of the Museum will simply be the "Evolution of the Fishing Industry". A colorful history will be portrayed through the use of scale models of all types of craft sailing from the port of Lunenburg, both those engaged in the actual fishing operation, and those plying the salt fish trade to the West Indies. Scale models will also be used of actual fishing operations, depicting the methods evolved down through the years. It is hoped that relics and copies of all types of fishing equipment will be preserved herein.

The interior highlight will be a large scale model of the famous schooner, "Bluenose", in a section set aside and dedicated to her history. All available pieces of her equipment — trophies, pictures and records — will be displayed — in effect a shrine to her memory within the Museum.

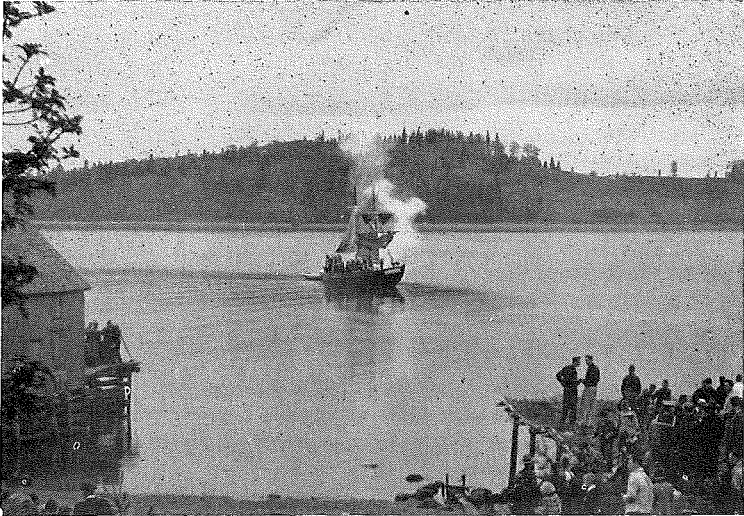
In the financial department, a Centennial Grant has been received of \$19,000 along with \$26,000 from civic, industrial and individual contributions. It is hoped that the balance of the capital requirements can be raised by public subscription and additional grants.

Lunenburgers, though a naturally cautious people, are aware that this might well be the last opportunity to preserve a specimen of the schooner, which played so great a part in the development of our famous town. Craftsmen, relics and memories are fast disappearing and will soon be gone altogether, unless financial assistance is given to assure the success of this venture.



A TRIBUTE TO OUR ANCESTORS

by Dabra Wentzell '68



Landing — 200th Birthday

Two hundred fourteen years ago, a small group of adventurous men and women set out to found a town that, within two centuries, would be famous throughout Canada. The date was June 7, 1753 and the settlers were about to start a small colony called Lunenburg. These were our ancestors and this is my tribute to them.

Most of the people who came were of German or Scandinavian birth. They had come from Europe only four years before to colonize a small, struggling town known as Halifax. Then they travelled down the shore line until they found a favorable site. Here, on a large hill now called Blockhouse Hill, which overlooked both harbors, the new settlers began to erect their town. Lots were drawn off and roads were made. Gradually the population increased as businesses grew up. Through hard honest work the people of Lunenburg made their town prosperous.

Many generations have passed since those early days of toil and hardship. Each succeeding one has added much to the progress the settlers had visualized. Lunenburg is now one of the wealthiest towns per capita in North America. The Bluenose, the greatest schooner in the legend of the Atlantic, brought world-wide recognition to the brilliant ship-builders and worthy mariners from Lunenburg. More recently, two more famous ships, the Bounty II and the Bluenose II, were built and launched here. Closely connected with boats and sailing is the fishing industry. Lunenburg has long been synonymous with Atlantic fishing. Since the days of our ances-

tors, the building of wooden boats has been an important industry. Numerous trawlers, druggers, and schooners have gone out of port and come back with large catches that can be matched in only a few other parts of North America.

Fishing is not Lunenburg's only pride. There are many other businesses too numerous to mention. Out of our fair town have come scholars, politicians and businessmen, all honest, hard-workers.

One of Lunenburg's most noticeable accomplishments is her successful combination of the old and the new. Here we see a modern multimillion dollar fish processing plant and a large new housing project as well as homes and other buildings that remind us of our ancestors who built them one hundred years ago.

Taking into account all these things, we must be thankful to our forefathers for helping to make Lunenburg what it is today.

FROM THE PAST

by Eileen Lohnes '67

Curiosity and intrigue can be aroused in many different ways and can produce diverse effects on various people. To be handed an old, old document, brown with age, written on parchment, and dating back to the twelfth day of December, seventeen hundred and, and in the twenty-second year of the reign of King, would animate anyone's scrutiny. Both the words fitting for the previous empty blanks were on first reading, answerless. They were missing, not because they were illegible; nor had they at one time been there and faded with the numerous, passing years. They were absent, because at some time, someone had cut approximately one inch off the right side of the document. Would the urge to know and find out something more about this paper awaken your inner senses — your inquisitiveness? The first thought which came to mind was whether it dealt with the great days of privateering during the American Revolution. Another minor thought was whether it was just a meaningless legal paper as far as conclusions could be drawn? The appealing thought was the former. By now, maybe, your senses are awakened! You will be let in on its intrigue, and you can let your imagination go to work to draw the conclusions. As much as could be plainly read, the document stated as follows:

"Know all men by these presents that we whose Names aboard the Ship Lord Cornwallis Have and each and every of us Hath made Const. and each and every of us Doth make Constitute and appoint John Mollowny and Nova Scotia Merchants to be our true and lawful Agent or Agents, Attorney or attornies, every of us and in our and each and every of our Names, places, and Steads, to our and Levy, recover and receive of and from all and every such person and persons whatsoever Sum and sums of Money due Crowns coming or arriving into each and every of us or arising unto us each and every of us as and for Wages Prize Money or otherwise

Serv'd or may hereafter serve on board said Ship. Giving and granting unto our, our and each of our full and whole Power, Strength, and Authority in and about the ways and means in our and each and every of our Names for the Recovery thereof any Money aforesaid. Acquittances or other Sufficient Discharges for us and each of us an make, Seal and Deliver And Generally all and every other Act and Acts then whatsoever needful and necessary (sic) to be done in and about the primifses (sic) for us our Names to do execute and perform as fully, largely, and amply as or each and every of us were personally present or if the Matter requires Attornies, one or more under them for the purposes aforesaid to make and Ratifying, allowing and Confirming and hereby agreeing to ratify, allow, confirm whatsoever our said Attorneys or any or either of them shall Lawfully premifses (sic) by Virtue of these presents here by revoking and making Good all of us here before at any time made, expecting the premifses (sic). In Witness Seals this twelfth day of December in the twenty second year of the reign of of Great Britain and in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred

Sealed and Delivered) in the presence of))))))) Those from the 12th. of December. E. Allen William Redfern James X Chandler X Young Benjamin Little"
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Many more of the names were too indistinct to read. After some research, it was found that the King was King George III of England and that the twenty-second year of his reign would make the date 1782. The nearest relevant factor pertinent to the ship mentioned was found in a 1936 Report of the Board of Trustees of the Public Archives of Nova Scotia. It stated that a schooner, "Cornwallis" with Christian Dixon as the master and a crew of ten sailed from to Whitehaven on the twenty-sixth of July 1779. Could this be the same ship mentioned in the document, sailing in 1782? A person's imagination could build up vivid tales!

Just for argument's sake, let's say that the incidents told of in this document had something to do with the invasion of Lunenburg on July 1st, 1782, by the American privateers. Maybe the people concerned were Americans, and, on the date mentioned, were legally dividing the spoils. Or, could they have been Lunenburgers who had retaliated by attacking some American ship and had then been legally finishing their business transactions. You know the Lunenburgers were no angels, either! It is mentioned in Luther Roth's, "Acadia and the Acadians", that in 1780, the American brig, "Sally", bound to New England from the French West Indies, laden with rum, sugar, and molasses, and having been driven off her course by bad weather, came to anchor near Lunenburg on February twenty-fourth. She sent a boat's crew ashore and there the men were taken prisoners. The vessel was attacked and captured as a prize by the townspeople.

Also, on March 15th, 1782, a privateer sloop of six guns from Boston, Capt. Potter, took the schooner, "Two Sisters", off Green Island, and extorted a ransom of eighty pounds and some prisoners. (1)

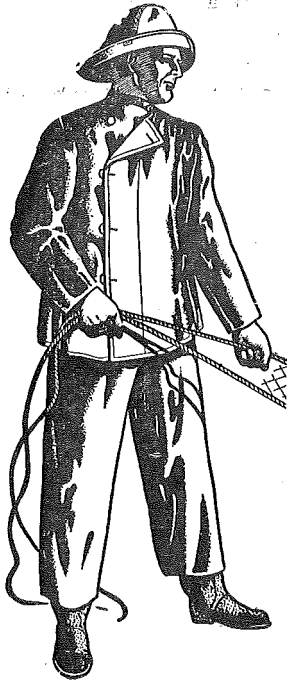
At any rate, after the attack on Lunenburg in 1782, the inhabitants were kept in constant fear of another by the American privateers on the coast. Luckily, the town was not molested again and the people were greatly relieved when the war ended without this happening.

"To them, Lexington and Bunker Hill, Valley Forge or Trenton, were nothing; the ransacking of the town was, from their point of view, the great event of the war. While revolution shook the continent and the hand of Omnipotence was shaping with momentous strokes the rough-hewn destiny of America in the interest of human liberty and the elevation of the race, Lunenburg fished and slumbered." (2)

As to the truth about the document's contents, who knows?

(1) *Acadia and the Acadians* by D. Luther Roth — Chapter XXVI —
"The Invasion of Lunenburg" Pg. 330

(2) Direct quote: "*Acadia and the Acadians*" by D. Luther Roth —
"The Invasion of Lunenburg" Pg. 337



POLITICAL BACKGROUND OF LUNENBURG

by John Ross '67

The background of town government in Lunenburg has developed like most other towns in Nova Scotia.

When the area around Lunenburg was first settled, the town was divided into six divisions with an officer in charge of each one. The divisions contained eight blocks, and each block was divided into fourteen town lots, sixty feet by forty feet. Each settler was allowed a town lot and a garden lot along with a three-acre wood lot. Officers appointed in charge of the six divisions, were responsible to a man appointed by the Governor to direct the settlement. The first director for Lunenburg was Col. Sutherland, a British officer. This was very effective in the early stages of development. It afforded protection from the Indians and American privateers except on one occasion.

This type of government controlled the town until 1888 when the town was incorporated, and Augustus J. Wolfe became mayor. The town was now governed by its own councillors and officers. This happened when Lunenburg began to grow in importance and became financially sound. The citizens had a free hand in town affairs.

Each year the town of Lunenburg publishes its annual report summarizing the major events. Here are a few examples taken from the reports.

When S. Watson Oxner was mayor in 1894 the Academy on Gallows Hill was erected. Burgess McKittrick, the principal at the time, said it would stand as a monument to the wisdom of the townspeople. This school building is still in use.

A water plant for the town's supply was purchased for \$90,000. with A. R. Morash in the Mayor's office. The streets were paved under Mayor Adams, and the town lands were purchased under Mayor F. H. Zwicker.

In 1965 in the term of our present mayor, Dr. R. G. A. Wood, the new Junior-Senior High School was officially opened, and I think if Burgess McKittrick were alive today, he would make the same comment that he made when the Academy was built.

These events, big and small, all contributed to making Lunenburg one of the most prosperous towns in Canada.

The election of town officials in Lunenburg is not governed by party politics as it is in many places. Mayors and councillors are not elected because of their party, but because of their ability. Because of this we have been very successful in the Mayors and Councillors through the years.

Lunenburg has put forth more than its share of prominent federal politicians. Lunenburg claims three Senators: Senators Kaulback, Duff, and Kinley. The latter two were also mayors of Lunenburg. Senator J. J. Kinley is still in office as a Senator. The Honorable Robert H. Winters is a citizen of Lunenburg and a graduate of Lunenburg Academy. He is now Minister of Trade and Commerce. Lloyd Crouse, M.P. of Lunenburg is now the Opposition Member of Parliament for Queens-Lunenburg.

LUNENBURG'S ACADEMIES

by Faye Tarrant, Elizabeth Crouse '67

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

The members of the Legislature, the Commissioners of Schools and the Ministers of the various churches took their places on the stage of the assembly room.

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

He expressed the hope that his new institution would be instrumental in providing for the education and happiness of the youth of this town and county for many generations. The other speakers expressed their sincere interest in the school and hoped that the pupils would make the best use of the privileges available.

After the visitors had inspected the departments, a few remarks were made by the Rev. Mr. Owen and the Principal. The children joined in the singing of the National Anthem after which visitors, pupils and teachers withdrew, well pleased with the day's proceedings.

The Academy was situated near the present day bandstand. It was ninety-one feet long by thirty-eight feet wide with all rooms on the ground floor, accommodating two hundred and eighty pupils. The total cost of the building and furniture was six thousand dollars. This structure, subsequently remodelled and enlarged, was destroyed by fire September 28th, 1893.

Standing high on a hilltop looking over the community, the "new" Lunenburg County Academy was opened on November 7, 1895. It has always been regarded as a masterpiece of architecture and those responsible for its planning and construction deserve the highest praise. Those who followed the pioneers and kept the building in good repair, and provided the most modern equipment also should receive loud applause.

This is how the "Educational Review" of February 1896 described it — "The new school building is of wood, two storeys high, with a mansard roof and occupies one of the finest and most commanding sites in the Province, being visible for many miles around. The ground floor contains six large classrooms with separate cloak rooms, etc. for boys and girls. The second floor also contains six classrooms, cloak rooms, laboratory and library. There is a large assembly hall capable of seating over four hundred. The ceilings throughout are of white wood and beautifully panelled. The floors and wainscoting are of birch, while the

rest of the interior is finished in ash and birch, giving to the whole a substantial and neat appearance.

"There are six entrances, affording a complete separation of boys from girls except in the class room. Four towers adorn the building, in one of which a large bell, weighing over six hundred pounds has been placed. The Principal's department is on the second floor and is connected with each Class room by electric bells. It is seated with single desks. The blackboards are of slate. On one side of the room opens the laboratory; on the other, the library.

"Every flat is fitted with a large gong, attached to the ceiling, which is controlled from the Principal's department. Speaking tubes connect each floor with the basement.

"The Smead-Dowd heating, ventilating and sanitary system has been adopted and gives excellent satisfaction. The basement contains six furnaces, which are supplied with fresh air from outside, thus giving to each room a constant supply of pure warm air.

"The laboratory is well supplied with chemical and physical apparatus. A geological collection of about one hundred Canadian specimens has recently been added.

Altogether the new Academy is one of the finest school buildings in the Maritime Provinces. It is thoroughly modern in style and finish and is admirably adopted for education work."

The town of Lunenburg revealed its pride for the "Castle on the Hill" by celebrations in 1925 and 1945, commemorating the Academy's 30th and 50th anniversaries, respectively.

Although the Academy fulfilled all its expectations to Lunenburg inhabitants over the years, there came a time when people realized that teaching space here was becoming cramped and that facilities were not as modern as they might be in this fast moving and modern world. After much controversy, a new Junior-Senior High School was erected on Tannery Road.

Even though the importance of the Academy was slightly decreased on January 18, 1966 with the official opening of this new "educational centre", there will always be an affectionate spot in the hearts of many of the students who attended the Academy in the younger years of their school careers!

THE "TEAZER"

by Faye Tarrant '67

Ever since my "knee-high to a grass-hopper" days, my family and friends have made mention of the name "Teazer". When I would ask what they were talking about, I received the reply that "it" was the name of a ghost ship whose light, some people claim, they see on misty nights in Mahone Bay waters. This statement was the entirety of my understanding of the word "Teazer". Not until I was assigned the task of writing this article for the "Sea Gull", did I come in contact with the actual facts leading up to the "Teazer incident" of 1813. It is my wish that you, the reader, will have a better comprehension of just what the Teazer legend is all about after reading the following.

It has been said, "when a mysterious red light, akin to a glowing ship is

seen to move slowly from the entrance of Lunenburg Bay towards Chester and among the islands, to flare brightly and disappear", many of the older fishermen will nod sagely and remark quietly, "There goes the Teazer light!"

Ghost ships are not peculiar to Mahone Bay. Each ancient sea-side community seems to possess a favorite manifestation. Usually, the origin of the legend is vague and obscure, often confused and embellished. However, the "Teazer legend" is unique in that it began with an actual, witnessed, and well-documented fact. It is the thrilling story of a sea chase which ended in an unforeseen result.

In 1812, when war broke out between Great Britain and the United States, the British Navy was desperately involved in an European blockade, as part of the life-and-death struggle with Napoleon. A few ships were based at Halifax, however, to protect the Nova Scotian coast from American attack.

Among the American privateers licensed at New York during this time, was the "Teazer", owned by Samuel Adams and commanded by Charles Wooster. During 1812, the Teazer operated in the North-West Atlantic, capturing fourteen merchant ships on their way to the West Indies. Her luck soon changed, though, as she was intercepted by the H.M.S. San Domingo and burned, while her crew was taken captive to Halifax.

In May of 1813, a letter of marque for a new, especially built privateer was issued by President Madison to Samuel Adams. This new vessel was much larger than the former Teazer. She contained all the essential war-like aspects and possessed a figure-head of an open-mouthed carved wooden alligator.

The "Young Teazer", as she was christened, seemed to bear a charmed life. Prize after prize fell to her, and she became the object of an intense hunt by the naval authorities.

On June 27th, the Young Teazer sailed into Mahone Bay only to be trapped by "La Hague". Each exit of the Bay was covered and the enemy was beginning to close on their quarry. What was the Young Teazer to do?

No one knows what decision the Captain and his Officers reached, for at that moment, the First Lieutenant, Johnson, took matters into his own hands. Before his horrified shipmates could intervene, he had seized a brand from the galley and tossed it into the magazine hatch.

The resulting explosion was seen and felt by hundreds of "Bay" folk. Practically the entire after-part of the Young Teazer was blown off. Of the thirty-six men on board, eight only survived.

The next day, the Young Teazer wreck was found, still afloat, but with only the forward part above water, the grinning alligator figure-head gaping defiantly at the sky. She was towed into Chester Bay and beached on Norse Island. Later, she was sold at an Admiralty Auction.

As one writer put it, "The Teazer light has been seen by hundreds in the past and will doubtless be seen by hundreds more in the future. Those who have seen it will accept no commonplace explanation. Those who have not will continue to scoff".

There, perhaps, the matter should rest!

INDIAN RAIDS IN LUNENBURG COUNTY

by Helga Kohler, Richard Knickle '67

Scarcely over one hundred years ago one of the greatest threats to the lives of the inhabitants of Lunenburg County, was not automobile accidents or stormy seas, but the Indians. From 1745 to 1761 the records show many lives were taken by the Indians.

Even before Lunenburg was founded, fishing vessels stopped around LaHave and in Mahone Bay where the crews would go ashore for wood and water. The crew of one such fishing boat went ashore somewhere in Mahone Bay, leaving a boy on board. After some time, several Indians tried to lure the boy ashore but he, seeing his shipmates being murdered, cut the cable and drifted down to Clay Island where he joined some other American fishing vessels.

A favourite way the Indians had of killing fishermen was to send out one Indian to cut the ropes of vessels, which had anchored off shore for the night. These boats would then drift ashore where the band would massacre the unsuspecting, sleeping fishermen.

If you have ever gone swimming in the LaHave you no doubt gave little thought to the possibility of an Indian raid. This was not the case, however, in 1758. John Wagner and a Mr. Tanner, along with several boys, went for a swim in the LaHave. They were alerted by a barking dog to the approach of a group of Indians. All the boys escaped and Mr. Tanner narrowly escaped death because a musket-ball passed through his waistcoat and shirt. John Wagner was shot and killed.

In this same year a party of eight Indians came into Mahone Bay to Joseph Loy's home. They knocked on the door and when a woman answered they very brutally murdered her on the spot. Several men inside the house fired their muskets but to no purpose. Mr. Loy tried to escape through an upper storey window but he was shot and so badly wounded that he died the next day.

The churchyards and burial registers also show evidence of the Indian menace. The Register of St. John's Church states the following:

August 27th -- Joseph Hye, scalped

August 27th -- Conrad Hatty, scalped

August 27th -- Rosina, his wife, scalped

It has also been noted that in 1758 Mr. Bailly, the schoolmaster, had very few students because of the danger of Indians.

Incidents such as these took place until 1761 when on November 9 a peace treaty was signed with Francis Mills, then chief of the tribe of Indians at LaHave.

OLD PIONEER HOMES

by Linda Crouse '57, Bevarley Williams '70

The famous old saying, "Home, Sweet Home", accurately applied to the old pioneer homes -- the pride of their inhabitants.

The old pioneer homes were log cabins, chinked with moss, or daubed with clay. The round logs were used unpeeled. The more pretentious had two sides of the timber hewn. Roofs were first made of bark, then of straw thatch, and later of split shingles several feet in length, kept in their places by long poles weighted with stones. Shingles were sometimes put on with wooden nails; those nailed with wrought-iron nails were a later development.

The household and kitchen utensils in use among the family were commonly few and simple. Benches ranged around the walls did duty as chairs. Tables of home manufacture, without cloths or napkins, held their frugal meals. Some articles of chinaware and crockery remained of those which had been brought from their fatherland. Occasionally at birthday celebrations or at christenings, the hoarded spoons and other little articles of plate were solemnly brought forth to grace the board and shine with awe-inspiring lustre for the time.

The daily fare was simple and healthful; potatoes, or other vegetables grown at home, and fish from the sea in all abundance and variety. A pot, swung from a hook on the iron crane in the throat of the huge, cavernous chimney which took up one end of the house, served for many purposes besides the cooking of the family meals. The little teapot of brown glazed earthenware simmered on the embers of the hearth and mingled the delicate aroma with the more stalwart odors of sauerkraut, potatoes and fish, or pork and beans.

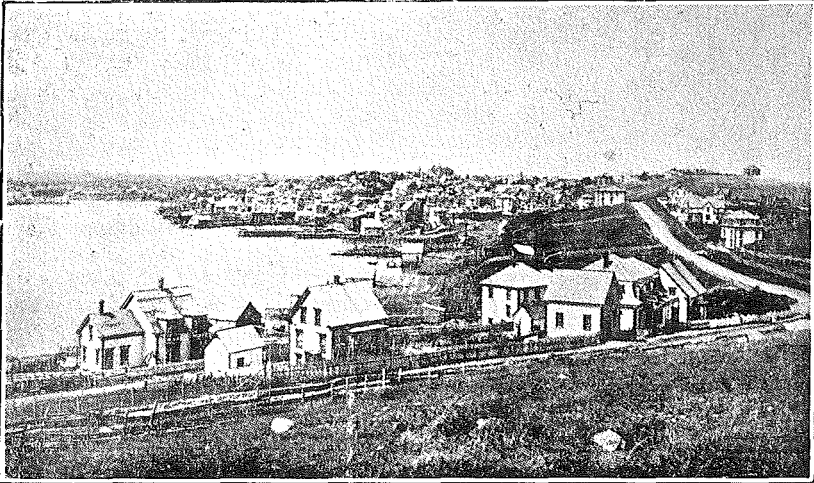
Stoves in the early pioneer homes were quite unknown. The cooking was done on the open fire, and the bread baking in the oven. A utensil in vogue in those days was the "Dutch Oven". It was a circular plate of iron, about eighteen inches in diameter, with three long feet beneath, and a rim perhaps two inches or less in height above, having holes in it for the bail or handle. The barley dough for the Johnny-cake was rolled out and spread on this; glowing coals were raked in a heap to the edge of the hearth, on this heap the oven was placed, the iron cover was put on, and the whole surmounted and crowned with a layer of bright embers. And many a tasty cake was baked therein!

There was no light in their houses except the flickering gleams which sprang from the fire of logs upon the hearth and primitive lamps. Lamps shaped like a saucer pinched together at one side, in which was laid a strip of cotton cloth, were made of earthenware or iron. These were hung from a nail in a beam overhead and fed with fish oil or lard. The smell of burning produced a horrid odor, so a large funnel-shaped canopy was hung above the lamp. From the apex of this, a pipe or conductor was led through any convenient opening out of the roof or window to the outer air.

These old homes were substantially built and very comfortable. What tales they could tell if they were able to speak!

EXCERPTS FROM THE DAIRY OF "ADOLPHUS GAETZ"

by Eileen Lohnes '67, Penny Zinck '69



Lunenburg, our famed shire-town, rich and proud in the history of its seafaring people, was moderately active during the years preceding and following the Confederation of Canada. From the Diary of Adolphus Gaetz, we readily see both a living, vibrant person and facts pertinent to Lunenburg's part played in history.

Many, no doubt, have never heard of Mr. Gaetz. He was born in Wertheim, Germany, on May 13, 1804, and (according to Mather Byles DesBrisay, in his **History of the County of Lunenburg**, second edition, page 115), he went to Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, in August 1832. Judging though, from what Gaetz recorded, it appears that he had crossed the Atlantic as early as 1825 or 1826. On November 13, 1869, when he recorded the death of Mrs. Casper Metzler, at Lunenburg, Gaetz accordingly stated that forty-three years ago he had been groomsman at her wedding, and, in fact, Casper Metzler and Lucy Catherine Lenox were married (according to the records of St. John's Anglican Church, Lunenburg) on February 2, 1826. Gaetz established himself as a dry goods merchant in Lunenburg. There on August 29, 1833, at the home of the bride's parents, Adolphus Gaetz, a young merchant, married Lucy, daughter of John Zwicker, an older merchant in the town.

Not only was he a rising buisness man and a respected citizen; Adolphus was also a teacher and later a Superintendent of St. John's Anglican Sunday School; a member of the second battalion of the Lunenburg Regiment of Militia; a juror and a foreman of the Grand Jury; a trustee of schools; a church warden, an overseer of the poor, and a commissioner for giving relief to insolvent debtors. In addition, he held the office of County Treasurer

for fourteen years, having been appointed in 1847. On May 1, 1855, we are told that he received the appointment of Clerk of Licenses for the County. On January 18, 1860, he was commissioned as Registrar of the Court of Probate for Lunenburg County, and he filled that office for eight years.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Gaetz had a family of six - three sons and three daughters. At the age of sixty-nine, Adolphus Gaetz, the diarist, died of heart disease in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Gaetz gives a graphic account of the manner in which the Lunenburg people greeted the first Dominion Day and the new Dominion of Canada, too. His account tells - (directly Quoted from the Diary),

July 1867

Monday 1st, - Dominion Day!! This first day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1867, is the Birth Day of the Dominion of Canada. Nova Scotia has entered to day into a new state of things, having now entered into partnership, for ever, with New Brunswick, and the Canadas. The booming of the Cannon early this morning announced the Birth of the New Dominion, and the ringing of the Church Bells proclaimed the gladness. Shortly before Sunrise this morning the Volunteer Artillery Company mustered and marched to the Gallows Hill where they fired a salute of 21 guns amidst the ringing of the Church Bells. At 10 o'clock there was service in the Episcopal Church, which was crowded. As many Union Jacks as could be obtained, floated in the breeze from different buildings in this town. At Midday the Artillery again mustered and marched with the Band at their head to the square in front of the Academy, where the High Sheriff, Kaulbach, read the Queen's Proclamation, immediately after another salute of 50 Guns was fired, the Children, (Scholars?) of the Academy who had previously assembled on the ground, sang the Queen's Anthem in good style, after which three hearty Cheers were given for Queen Victoria, and three more for the New Dominion the band finishing off with God save the Queen. A large concourse of people were assembled. During the greater part of the day the Band discoursed good music through the Streets. A general Holiday was made, all shops and places of business were closed, and every body seemed to enjoy themselves. At sunset another salute of 21 guns was fired which ended the programme for the day, and all wished Peace, Happeness & Prosperity to the Dominion of Canada.

So we see from the preceding quotation how the Lunenburgers celebrated that first Dominion Day in 1867. In spite of all the Anti-Confederates could do, the Union of British North America took place. All in all, a high holiday was kept there. However, if Lunenburg was like other towns in the province, several flags were no doubt flown at half-mast while windows were adorned with black crepe, but no mention of this is made in the Diary.

The year 1867, in our town, was much like any other year with the exception of July 1st. already mentioned, and the election which was held on September 18, 1867. According to Adolphus Gaetz, through lying, bribery, corruption, and intimidation, the Anti-Confederates were enabled to gain

the victory. Edward McDonald was elected to the House of Commons at Ottawa, and James Eisenhauer and M. B. DesBrisay were elected to the Local Assembly at Halifax.

In closing, we the writers of this article express our sincere thanks and appreciation to Mr. Charles Bruce Ferguson, Archivist of Nova Scotia, who gave us permission to quote from the Diary. 'The Diary of Adolphus Gaetz is and was to us a document of interest, particularly for local and regional affairs, from 1855 to 1873. It is a record not only of the weather and of marriages and deaths, but also of many phases of the life of the community, shedding light on the political, economic, religious, and social history of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, in particular, and of the Province in general. It discloses as Mr. Fergusson says, "not only something of the personality of the diarist, with a talent for painting tablets and for playing the clarinet, and with an occasional propensity to verse, but also a good deal about the various aspects of the life of a South Shore town and of the whole region."

SACRIFICE ISLAND

by Gerald Joudrey, David Hansen '69

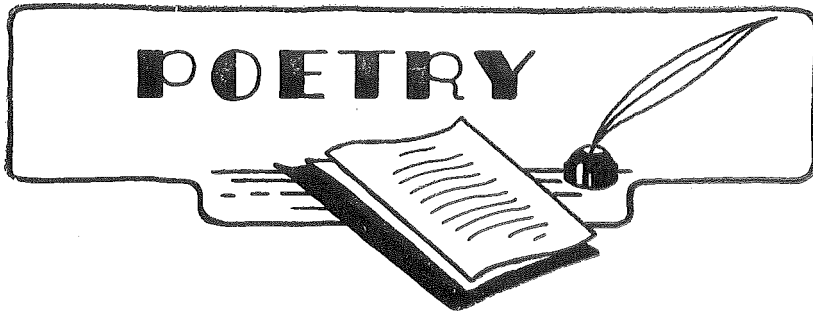
At the start of early Lunenburg history, Sacrifice Island was approximately fifty acres in area, lying in back of Heckman's Island. In this early era it was an unnamed island. Since it was heavily wooded, its only use was as shelter for fishermen.

In these early times, the Indians were unfriendly and made frequent raids on settlements near Lunenburg. Indians attacked Northwest and stole a white child. The Indians took the child to Sacrifice where they burned him as a sacrifice to their god.

The parents of the child sounded an alarm and the garrison at Blockhouse Hill was notified. From the Blockhouse the guards noticed smoke rising from the south side of Sacrifice Island. A troop of soldiers went down to the island where they found the Indians burning the child. They shot and killed the Indians and buried them on Sacrifice. This is how Sacrifice Island obtained its present name.

Another historical episode occurred on the island around 1800. A group of seven American fishing vessels were fishing off its shores. A storm came up and the vessels were forced to anchor off the island. The men landed that night but returned, because they were afraid for their ships. A group of Indians cut the vessels' anchor lines and they drifted ashore where the Indians attacked and killed the crews.

To this day the island of Sacrifice is said to be haunted. Since the time of the settlers, it has been washing away. At present the island is only about thirty-five acres in area. The large trees and wooded areas have been cut. The present owner of the island is Mr. Ewen Smeltzer. He and his wife occupy this island during the summer months.



SPRING

by Dale Keddy '70

When the earth awakes from her winter's sleep
To feel the warm sun caress her cheek
She breathes a sigh and slowly seems
To garb herself in a soft robe of green.

Her perfumed breath revives and fills
The blossoms with colour on the distant hills.
All nature is glad and seems to sing
A hymn of welcome to the spring.

THOUGHTS

by Pat Conrad '69

Outside — the wind blowing
Harshly — to the west,
Inside — the fire glowing
Crackling — filled with zest
Curled — in a chair
Comfortable — I sit relaxed,
With a moment to spare.
Now is the time to think.
About hardships to bear —
Life, war, peace, poverty,
But nary a care, do
I feel as I gaze
Into the glowing hearth
Before me.

COASTAL REFLECTIONS

by Ronald Bailly '69

The roar of wind and hand of tide
In seething cauldron do abide,
With dashing wave and thundering surf
Ever aglow in tumbling mirth.

With frenzied froth, and sparkling spray,
It is a gala, happy day
For stately show of mighty strength,
Down all the battered shoreline's length.

Undaunted, screams the lonely gull,
O'er madly swaying whaler's hull,
Plunging fore-foot, a thing insane
Treads the sea 'neath her train.

At last the tossed tumult dies,
'Neath staunch red sail the whaler flies,
The mellowed wind graces this mare,
Sailing home in sunset's stare.

SEASONS

by Susan Crouse '69

I like the spring with birds and flowers,
The gentle breeze with sun and showers,
The nice green grass beneath my feet,
And farmers sowing all their wheat.

I like the warmer days of summer,
When beneath the trees I slumber;
Or upon the beach I play,
While the farmers cut their hay.

I like the harvest in the fall,
Fruit and berries, nuts and all,
To watch the autumn leaves turn brown,
Then to the ground come tumbling down.

But, oh! I like the winter best,
Coasting, skating and the rest,
Winter is the gayest season,
It's holiday time; that's the reason.

WORDS IN APPRECIATION

by Elizabeth Crouse '67

For thirteen years we have come to school,
In an attempt to learn the Golden Rule
The time has come, the day is near
When we shall graduate from here.
And we shall go our separate ways,
Striving to live from day to day,
As over the hurdles we move on
Treating each day as a brand new morn.
And soon with great pride we'll see —
Our children grow as should be
To take their place among the race,
To do their best in every case.
But we'll never forget our teacher's ways
As we remember, "those good old school days."

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE

by Wendy Dauphinee '70

The glory of winter sunshine,
On a cold and frosty day,
Your step becomes more sprightly,
As you hasten on your way,
The earth is filled with beauty,
There's sparkle everywhere,
Like diamond studded jewels,
Strewn 'round here and there.

Best of all this beauty
Is free for everyone —
You don't even need a ticket,
Nature gives us frost and sun,
Don't envy your rich neighbour,
This proves to you and me,
When the facts are all considered,
The best in life is free.

WINTER TREE

by Suzanne Bailly '67

Lone stark branch and withered leaf,
Weeping, bending under grief,
Solitary, parched of life,
'Twixt life and ancient strife.

Wind, you whistle cold and free
Through the naked, unclothed tree,
Dare you tear her leafy skirt,
Toss its fragments to the earth!

Snow, you form a blanket fair,
Snow on tree so stark and bare,
Stifles all the flowing sap,
Covers earth 'neath mother's lap.

THE LITTLE GREEN MAN

by Geraldine Purcell '71

As I was walking down the street
To pass my time away
I met a little green man
Here's what he had to say.

"I come from another planet,
I think I'm in a whirl
I came to the planet Earth,
To get myself a girl."

He took me to his planet
I'm as happy as can be
I think I'll stay forever,
He wants to marry me.

TREASURES

by Candy Corkum '70

What lies beneath this ancient earth,
Hidden, buried in its cold stone hearth?
Treasures of gold and gems most rare,
Priceless beauty beyond compare.

Rubies, emeralds, and diamonds aglow,
Still hidden in the dark valleys below,
But men will seek, and they may find
Priceless treasures for all mankind.

THE BEE TREE

by Betty Stoddard '71

The black bear cub climbed the hollow tree,
And his little eyes gleamed cunningly
As he thought of the honey and the honey bee.

But the bees flew at him angrily,
And stung his ears
And stung his nose
And stung his eyes
And stung his toes.

The little bear whimpered at the fiery pain,
And backed down the tree to the ground again
Then shaking his head at his swarming foes,
He plastered cool mud all over his nose.

BURTON ST. CLAIR SCHAFFELBURG

by Judy A. DeMone '67

A graduate of Lunenburg Academy, Burton St. Clair Schaffelburg has recently been awarded the highest honor granted to an Educator by the Province of Quebec. Truly this may be considered one of the greatest experiences of his life. The award, known as the Order of Scholastic Merit, was instituted by an Act of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec in 1928. The Order is constituted in three separate degrees. Mr. Schaffelburg was the recipient of the third degree, which is awarded for distinguished service to the cause of education in the Province of Quebec. He received the Diploma of Distinguished Merit and the gold medal of the Order. Mr. Schaffelburg received his award from Mr. W. A. Steeves, Technical Advisor with the Ministry of Education in Quebec, also a holder of the Order of Distinguished Merit. His medal and citation were presented at a ceremony in Montreal, on November 17, 1966, by Dr. H. S. Billings, Deputy Minister in the Ministry of Education of the Province of Quebec. Part of the lengthy citation reads as follows:

"Mr. Schaffelburg is active in Home and School and has participated in educational television telecasts. He was a highly competent principal and because of his competence as a teacher was able to give assistance and guidance to his staff.

"He is a man of boundless, contagious enthusiasm with a keen sense of humor. He sets high standards and strives energetically to achieve them. He is a leader among educators."

He has brought honor to the profession, to his home town and to Lunenburg Academy. His perseverance and ambition can indeed be an inspiration to all who are about to graduate.

Burton St. Clair Schaffelburg was born at Centre, Lunenburg County, January 8, 1917, to Margaret and Elden Schaffelburg. He entered Lunenburg Academy in Grade V and graduated from Grade XII in 1935. Burton was a member of the staff of the first Sea Gull. He attended the Nova Scotia College for Teachers where he was President of the Students' Council and on graduating in 1936 was awarded the Governor General's medal. He was a member of Zion's Lutheran Church Choir for many years and was also a member of the Lunenburg Glee Club. After gradua-



Burton St. Clair Schaffelburg

tion he taught at Feltzen South, Dayspring and Chester Basin, Lunenburg County.

Later he attended Acadia University and graduated with a B.Sc. in Chemistry in 1942. He then worked for Algoma Steel Corporation at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, but returned to Acadia to join the Faculty of Chemistry as lecturer in the Chemistry Department. During these two years he continued to study while lecturing at the University and also returned for three summer sessions and received a M.Sc. Degree in Chemistry in 1947. In addition, he has also studied at the University of British Columbia and at the University of Vermont in the United States.

In 1944 he was awarded a scholarship to McGill University but decided to accept a teaching position at Westmount High School. At the same time, he was appointed lecturer in Chemistry at Sir George Williams University and remained on the staff of the University for fifteen years.

In 1958 he was appointed Vice-Principal of Montreal West High School. The principal was a Nova Scotian and the Lady Vice-Principal, Miss Grace Henry, was also a Nova Scotian. He was appointed Principal of Montreal West High School in 1961 at the time when the school population had expanded to over 1600 pupils. During this time Nan Carte, granddaughter of Mrs. W. L. Wamboldt, a Lunenburg resident, was a student at the school. Mr. Schaffelburg remained at the Montreal West High School until 1966 when he was appointed a District Superintendent for the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal in charge of a district containing four high schools and eleven elementary schools with a student population of about 10,000.

During his twenty-three years in Quebec Mr. Schaffelburg has been very interested in professional activities. His sphere of service and influence has extended far beyond the activities of any one school or school system. He served as examiner in Senior High School Chemistry for eight years. He was the Secretary-Treasurer of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers of Quebec (P.A.P.T.) for two years; was elected Vice-President in 1961, and President in 1964 during the Centennial Year of the organization. The P.A.P.T. is the oldest continuous teachers' organization in Canada. What an interesting experience it must have been as he delivered his Presidential address in the Grand Salle of Montreal's New Concert Hall, the Place des Arts, which seats 3,000 people!

In 1964 he became a Director of the Canadian Teachers' Federation (C.T.F.) which is Canada's National teachers' organization. He continues as a member of the Education Finance Committee of the C.T.F. and is involved in planning a National Conference in education finance to be held in Winnipeg in the spring of 1967. He has attended educational conferences in Saskatoon, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Saint John's, Charlottetown, Quebec City, Denver and Pittsburgh. In 1963 he was the Canadian delegate for the National Research Council to the secondary school symposium in Science, sponsored by the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development (O.E.C.D.) which is a branch of the U.N.E.S.C.O. The symposium was held in London, England and there were delegates from twenty-three different

countries present. The delegates were entertained by the Royal Society of England and Superintendent Burton describes this as a very interesting experience. Again in 1964 he was the Quebec delegate to the conference of the World Confederation of the Organization of the Teaching Profession (W. C.O.T.P.) held in Paris. These trips afforded a wonderful opportunity to meet people from many countries and also to see parts of France and England.

Mr. Schaffelburg is married to the former Burdette Countway of Chester Basin. The couple has three children, David (19 years) who is attending Bishop's University; Paul (12 years) and Laurie (6 years). The family returns to Lunenburg every summer to visit his father and to renew friendships.

We wish Mr. Schaffelburg many more years of leadership in the field of education for, truly, he has much to give and the influence that he can have upon our future citizens cannot be expressed in words. To quote Mr. Schaffelburg, himself, he humbly refers to his outstanding and colorful career as "quite ordinary — no tremendous experiences of accomplishments — just a career in a very rewarding profession — teaching."

SOME NOTES ON THE BAILLY FAMILY IN LUNENBURG

by Suzanne Bailly '67, Penny Stonely '67

The Baillys have been in Lunenburg since its birth in 1753. Among the first settlers to land at Rous' Brook was George Frederick Bailly and his family. He was soon to become the father of the first baby to be born in Lunenburg.

The new generation of Lunenburgers began with the birth of Jane Margaret Bailly on the eve of the settlers' third day on the new soil. This great event occurred in a rude shelter near the place where the late Mary Johnson owned a house.

George Frederick Bailly, supplied with a yearly allowance of forty bushels of grain and twenty-four cords of wood, later became the appointed lay reader and teacher to the French. It is believed that his school-room was once housed in the present home of Harry Bailly on Pelham Street, but there is no concrete evidence of this. We do know, however, that he was a devout Christian, and, was very conscientious about his works.

A grandson of George Frederick was Henry Bailly who represented the county in the Provincial Legislature, and was once Registrar of Deeds for this county.

Another member of the Bailly family was John Bailly. Born in 1796, he was a grandson of the first Bailly here. He was one-time owner of a bakery and was reputed to be famous for his giant-size molasses cookies which sold nine for 5c. As many people would say, "those were the good old days". John Bailly's grandson, Fred Bailly, is now residing in Lunenburg. The

latter has a daughter who is a namesake of the "1753" Jane Margaret Bailly.

One Bailly familiar to many residents of this town, is the late Edwin Bailly who lived to be the great age of ninety-nine years. Both he and his wife Annetta (Slauenwhite) died during the year of their seventy-second wedding anniversary, 1950. Their large family of eleven all exhibited the familiar Bailly trait of musical ability. Among their children were Winnie (who died in early childhood), Harris (who is now residing in Lunenburg), Harl (who moved to Calgary and had two children), Raeburn (now deceased), Charles, Jessie (who moved to California and had two children), Elvin (now retired in Lunenburg and his one son Robert who is a principal of a school in Lachute), Lu (now residing in Kentville and has two daughters. Ann Ramey is known to many for her work on television previous to and during her marriage.), Hubert, Bert (still residing in Lunenburg; he had two children, David, now deceased, and Helen, now Mrs. Fred Bennett), and Arthur (also living in Lunenburg as are his two children, Claire (Mrs. David Creaser) and Graham.)

In 1921, father Edwin and his sons Elvin, Bert, and Arthur, established E. Bailly and sons which today remains in Lunenburg as Bailly's Limited. Elvin has since retired but the company now rests in the hands of Bert, Arthur, and Graham.

Most of the Baillys above mentioned made good use of their musical talents. This family fostered many members of choirs (both singers and organists), the town band, and produced several music teachers.

A brother of Edwin, William, also lived in Lunenburg and was the grandfather of Miss Iris Oxner.

Mr. Harris Bailly, known to most people as Harry, kept up the Bailly tradition of a fairly large family when he married the former Willietta Curl, also of Lunenburg. He had five children, namely, George (who lived in New York and is now deceased; he had six sons), Rayburn (living in Halifax are his son Rayburn and his two grandchildren), Margaret (also residing in Halifax as Mrs. James Stoker), Earl (known to all residents of Lunenburg for his painting), and Donald (who lives in Lunenburg and has two children, Suzanne and Ronald).

Unfortunately, polio struck the family in years before antidotes for the disease were known. Of the family three members were stricken, Bert, Earl, and George. All of them survived although Bert must use canes and a body jacket; and Earl is confined to a wheel-chair. All three managed to make a success of their lives, Bert in the Bailly Company, George in the United States, and Earl as an artist. The latter has become well-recognized and is most fortunate to have a contemporary gallery in Bermuda thanks to the generous Mr. Eugene Outerbridge who resides there.

Much more could be written about the members of this illustrious family with its old background but we have endeavored to mention as many as are known to us. And as the reader will note the line and lineage of the family will continue as the younger members go forth to carry the name of **Bailly** to the world.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE — MISS JEAN L. ROSS

by Eileen Lohnes '67

Miss Jean L. Ross, daughter of the late Mr. Peter H. Ross, was born in Lunenburg, as was her mother, Margaret Lindsay. Her father was born in Cape Breton. They lived on Dufferin Street, on the hill once loosely called Lindsay's Heights — her grandfather owned the land from peak to peak along the Mahone Bay Road. Throughout her childhood, there were only four houses on the hill previously mentioned. Opposite, was school land which was not divided into lots until after World War II. From their house, a beautiful view of both the Front and Back Harbors could be obtained.

For the first five grades, Miss Ross attended the "Newtown school". Her first teacher was Miss Florence Kinley, now Mrs. Norman Cooke, who made school a happy place. In those days they chanted the addition and multiplication tables every morning. After that drill, could anyone forget them?

Upon graduation from the Lunenburg Academy in 1914, she went on to Dalhousie University, from which she received her B.A. degree in 1918. By that time, many of the boys who were in high school or college with her during those years of World War I, had enlisted, and some had lost their lives.

Miss Ross taught school for a short time, and then went to Brooklyn, New York, to work in the public library there. While working she attended classes at the Columbia University School of Library Science, and received the degrees of B.L.S. and M.L.S.

As there are many types of library work, she decided to specialize in the reference and research field. To simplify, she has been called "the answer lady", for reference work consists largely in finding the answers to inquiries about numerous things — whether it be what's wrong with a car, what to feed pets, or how to write a paper for school. There are books on almost every conceivable subject, and it is up to the reference librarian to find the right ones for the inquirer.

Twenty years ago, she left the Brooklyn Public Library and went to New Rochelle to head the Reference Department of the New Rochelle Public Library. Three years ago she retired, but she is still busy and active.

By the dates already mentioned, you will realize that Miss Ross has lived through two World Wars, and therefore two "blackouts". The first blackout

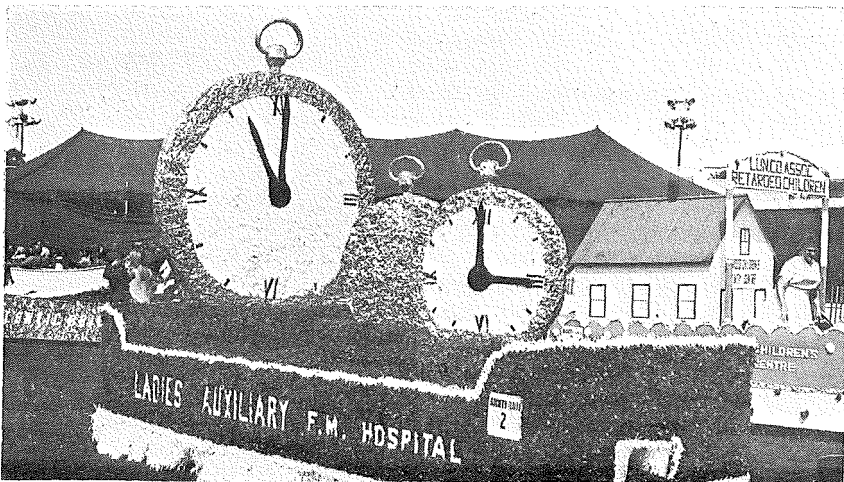


Miss Jean L. Ross

was in Halifax; the second, in New York City. On December 6, 1917, just after 9 a.m., she was standing with her back to a window in the library at Dalhousie University. Her roommate was facing her when suddenly she looked with utter horror at a point just above Miss Ross's head. Instinctively the latter jumped! The whole window, and a large bust of Shakespeare came crashing down on the spot where she had been standing. The noise of the Explosion and the breaking of the window seemed to be simultaneous. Fires were breaking out in the North End of the City of Halifax. Until she was able to get a train home to Lunenburg, she worked in Camp Hill Hospital for several nights. The first night she held a large lantern while nurses and doctors dressed wounds. An emergency lamp post was needed that night! Meanwhile, many volunteers were digging in the rubble of wrecked homes to try to save lives. Next day, alas, there was a heavy snow.

The Halifax Explosion was the outstanding event which she witnessed. The next fall, as the War was ending, came the disastrous epidemic of influenza, which took so many lives. Again she did hospital work, this time as a nurse's aid.

On the whole, Miss Ross's life has been a happy one because she had the good fortune to enjoy the occupation which she chose!



FISHERIES PARADE FLOAT

BIOGRAPHY OF HENRY THOMAS GWYNNE BURKE

by Elizabeth Crouse '67

Lunenburg born, on November 13th, 1909, Henry Thomas Gwynne Burke has proved once again that natives of our proud little town prove to be valuable citizens to their communities. Mr. Burke is the youngest child of Captain and Mrs. Henry E. Burke. He has four sisters and two brothers, all of whom attended Lunenburg Academy. In school, Mr. Burke was active on the hockey and baseball teams, and after graduation in 1927 he attended Gregg College, a commercial school in Toronto, Ontario. In 1936 Mr. Burke married Hilda Lillian Bartholomew of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Burke have no children.

Mr. Burke has worked his way to be President of Howell Forwarding Company Limited operating out of Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton and London, with sales offices from coast to coast in Canada. Since the company's incorporation in 1921 it has developed into probably the largest domestic all-rail pool car company in Canada. He is also Secretary-Treasurer of the companies associated with Howell Forwarding Company Limited and of Tippet-Richardson Limited and its associated companies operating out of Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, Kitchener-Waterloo, Stratford, Pembroke, North Bay, and Trenton, Ontario. Tippet-Richardson Limited is amongst the largest moving and storage companies in Canada.

When a young lad, Mr. Burke sailed for two years with his father, visiting the following places: Central America, the West Indies, Southern United States and Europe. Since that time he has visited each of the Canadian provinces (excluding Newfoundland) and the Yukon; all of the United States, including Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands, as well as a great number of the islands of the West Indies, the Bahamas, and Western European countries. One motor trip in particular, in 1953, covered fourteen thousand miles in the United States and Western Canada. In 1954, Mr. and Mrs. Burke motored four thousand miles in Europe, and in 1956 they motored the Alaska Highway to Fairbanks and Anchorage.

Mr. Burke's favourite hobbies are colour photography, bridge, golfing



Henry Thomas Gwynne Burke

and swimming. Mr. and Mrs. Burke now reside on a ten-acre piece of property in King Township about thirty miles north-west of Toronto where, during the month of March, Mr. Burke gathers and evaporates maple sap into syrup for his own use. There is also a greenhouse cultivated by Mr. Burke where hibiscus, camellias and orchids flourish along with many other plants.

Mr. Burke is not only active in his private life but also as a member of the following clubs in Toronto: Lambton Golf and Country Club, the Canadian Club, and the Empire Club. He is a past director of the Rotary Club of Toronto which has a membership of nearly five hundred. Mr. Burke is presently Chairman of the Programme Committee of the Rotary Club. He is also a member of the Seignior Club at Montebello, Quebec.

To express his appreciation of the education received here at Lunenburg, Mr. Burke has kindly donated the sum of one hundred dollars to be presented annually to our school library for the purchase of literary material. This generous gift is most appreciated by the Staff and students at the Lunenburg Junior-Senior High School and a plaque has been placed in the library in appreciation of Mr. Burke's kind action.

This concludes the biography of Henry Thomas Gwynne Burke and we sincerely hope he continues to live as rich and full a life as he has in the past.

PRESENTED ANNUALLY
FOR LIBRARY BOOKS
THE SUM OF \$100
BY GRADUATE
H. T. GWYNNE BURKE

MISS CAROL ZINCK

by Pat Powers '67

Miss Carol Zinck was born in Lunenburg, and received her early education at Lunenburg Academy. She took an active part in basketball and the Choral Club; was valedictorian for her graduation class in 1948; and was a very enthusiastic member of the Lunenburg Girl Guides. She also became an accomplished pianist.

After her graduation from Lunenburg Academy, Carol entered Acadia University. Here, she obtained her Bachelor of Arts Degree, majoring in Economics, and a Diploma in Secretarial Service.

During the year 1951, to 1959, Carol had various jobs. First, she worked as secretary to the Maritime Representative of C.B.C. International Service. In 1953, she went to the Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. plant at Chalk River, Ontario. Here, she was secretary to the Manager of Engineering Services. From 1955 to 1959, she acted as secretary to the Executive Director of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, as well as secretary to the Medical Board.

During these years, Carol still maintained her great interest in sports, such as basketball, skiing and camping. She was a member of the Y.W.C.A. Basketball team and also, served on the executive of the Women's Open Basketball League and of the Montreal Board of Women's Sports Officials.

For three summers, from 1958 to 1960, Carol was Assistant Director and Business Manager of "Camp Oolahwan", a Y. W. C. A. camp for girls in the Laurentian Mountains near Ste. Marguerite. Here she assumed the responsibility for the financial operation of the camp, supervision of the catering service, general administrative responsibilities, and responsibility for the safety and operation of the camp in the Director's absence. Her previous camping experience, which began with the Girl Guide camp in Lunenburg, included staff positions at Taylor Statton Camps in Algonquin Park, Ontario, and at Camp Hiawatha in the Laurentians.

In the spring of 1960, after completing a course in Hotel Management at the Lewis Hotel Training School in Washington, D.C., Carol joined the full time staff of the Y. W. C. A. at Montreal, as a Program Worker in the



Miss Carol Zinck

Club's Department, becoming Director of that area that fall. She had the prime responsibility of reorganizing the department administratively.

From the fall of 1961 to the end of August 1966, she was Director of Registration for both membership and program, which was all centered in one area. Unlike most large cities, Montreal has only one Y. W. C. A. Its entire program is operated from one large building which includes four residence floors for both transient and permanent guests, a swimming pool, gymnasium, snack bar, cafeteria, library, etc.

During this period, the entire registration process was revamped. Carol's work included the compilation of monthly service figures for the entire Montreal Y. W. C. A. operation, and the compilation and interpretation of membership and program statistics.

Carol was appointed Assistant Executive Director of the Montreal Y. W. C. A. on September 1, 1966. There are two Assistant Directors at the "Y" — one in program and one in administration. Carol is directly answerable to the Executive Director for the overall Administration of the Montreal Y. W. C. A. The "Y" offers its program to 6000 members, houses 200 residents, employs a staff of 165, and operates a food service open to the public.

Carol still finds time for a few outside activities. She shares a year-round country home at Rawdon, Quebec, with a friend. She spends most of her week-ends there, clearing the land, working in the garden, and entertaining friends.

To Carol we say, "Hats off!", to another Lunenburg Academy graduate who has gone so far and done so well.



One of Exhibition Parade Floats

REV. JOHN R. CAMERON

by Annette Dauphinee, Bettie Stewart '69

Rev. John R. Cameron was born in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, on December 8th, 1932. He attended New Glasgow High School, graduating in 1950. Extra-curricular activities included rugby, hockey, curling, track and field. He was also the editor of the year book and pipe major of the cadet pipe band. After graduating from High School, he attended Acadia University where he received his B.A. in 1953.

Mr. Cameron received his theological education at the Presbyterian College, Montreal, graduating with the testamur of the college in 1956. He was ordained to the Christian ministry on May 8th, 1956. He served the charge of St. Andrew's in Dartmouth which also included Musquodoboit Harbour, from June 1956 to December 1961. He accepted a call and was inducted as minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Lunenburg, in December 1961.

His present activities outside the numerous duties of his Church include Chaplain of the Royal Canadian Sea Cadet Corps "Neptune"; president of the Children's Aid Society of Lunenburg County and vice-chairman of the Board of School Commissioners, Town of Lunenburg. He has been Presbyterial officer of the Synod of the Atlantic Provinces, the Presbyterian Church of Canada. He is also a member of the Board of Stewardship and Budget of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.



Rev. John R. Cameron

When time permits Mr. Cameron enjoys bowling. He is a capable speaker and a keen student of theology and current events. He hopes to return to university in the future to do post-graduate study, but in the meantime he is working toward his B.D. (Bachelor of Divinity) degree, which he hopes to complete this year.

Rev. John R. Cameron is married to the former Ann MacEachern of Montague, Prince Edward Island. She is a graduate of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown and of Ewart College, Toronto. They have four children, Ian, 9 years of age, Donald 8 and twins Allan and Andrew 5.

MISS BETTY ANN LEVY

by Janet May '68

Although she is but twenty-two years of age, Betty Ann Levy has a most interesting past and promising future. Betty Ann, the second oldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Lawson Levy, was born in Lunenburg on April 20, 1944.

She began her schooling in the Lunenburg Academy. For every year from 1949 to 1962 that Betty Ann trudged up the hill to the old Academy, she was successful in achieving an honors certificate. When her graduation day arrived, she was rewarded for her hard work by being presented with the F. Homer Zwicker scholarship, the Canadian Legion, Branch No. 23 scholarship, and the Boscawen Chapter I.O.D.E. scholarship.

In the fall of 1962 Betty Ann entered Dalhousie University to obtain her Bachelor of Arts degree. While she was attending the university, she held an Entrance scholarship for 1962-63 and University scholarships in 1964-65 and 1965-66.

At Dalhousie, Betty Ann found the time for many extra-curricular activities. In her Sophomore year she was secretary of the Arts Society. Her Junior year brought her the position of publicity chairman of the Psychology Club, and junior class representative on the Shirreff Hall house committee. During her Senior year she occupied the office of President of the Psychology Club and she was also the Student's Council representative for Shirreff Hall.

The third and fourth years of Betty Ann's university life were highlighted by her becoming a research assistant to Dr. John McNulty, Associate Professor of Psychology at Dalhousie. Under the guidance of Dr. McNulty, Betty Ann carried out a number of research projects in the study of Perception and Verbal Learning. This included an honors thesis in the area of Verbal Learning.

In May 1966 she graduated from the University of Dalhousie receiving the degree that she had sought with First Class Honors in Psychology. In addition to this she received the University medal in Psychology, which is awarded to the student in each department who has the highest standing with a First Class honors degree.

During the past summer Betty Ann found employment at Camp Hill



Miss Betty Ann Levy

Hospital. Here, she gained experience as she learned psychological testing techniques and saw applied psychology in action in clinical surroundings.

At present, she is attending the University of Toronto where she is commencing studies toward a Master of Arts in Psychology. She has been granted \$3000. from the Department of Psychology at the University to do her Masters. While she is in Toronto she will again do research in Verbal Learning under the direction of Dr. B. B. Murdock.

To such a clever and progressive young student as Betty Ann, we all wish the greatest of success in the years to come.

MRS. F. HOMER ZWICKER

STATEMENT BY MR. D. H. COLLINS, SUPERVISOR

"I think a person's regard for mankind is measured by what she or he does for groups and individuals. The Good Book supports this generality.

"Through Mrs. F. Homer Zwicker's death, the Lunenburg Schools lost a friend and a supporter of long standing. An accounting of her interest encompasses regular deliveries of magazines and books, and the presentation of prizes at the Closing Exercises.

"She was a gentle lady of rare dignity and charm. Our salutations were always, 'Good Afternon, Mrs. Zwicker.'

"Her reply was invariably, 'Good afternoon, Mr. Collins.'

"We were formal in our greetings, yet were informal in our feelings.

"She was the Educational Secretary for the Boscawen Chapter of the I.O.D. E. Her greatest satisfaction came from increasing the annual grant for Library books from \$100 to \$200. A gentle smile always illuminated her countenance.

"Mrs. Zwicker graced the graduation platform with dignity', my wife said simply.

"I shall miss her at the Graduation Exercises where she performed so well. She even cautioned the pupils in the Common School to be careful both afoot and on their bicycles.

"My tribute to Mrs. F. Homer Zwicker is one of sincerity. The Boscawen Chapter I.O.D.E. has lost a perfect Educational Secretary. The schools have lost a genuine friend."



Mrs. F. Homer Zwicker

DIANNE PAULETTE LOHNES (MRS. ANTHONY PITTS)

by Janet May '68

Dianne Lohnes, a girl who has had much success in the twenty-two years of her life is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roseville Lohnes. She was born in 1944 on June the twelfth.

Dianne spent Grade Primary at the First South School, but the following year she entered Grade one in Lunenburg Academy. Always an honours student, Dianne showed academic ability in the eleventh grade, when she won the Lieutenant Governor's medal for having the highest average in Lunenburg County on the provincial examinations.

In 1961 at the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition, Dianne was chosen Queen of the Sea. This was indeed a special compliment for Dianne, for not only was she Queen, but she was the first Lunenburg representative to be picked for Queen in quite a number of years.

In both Grades eleven and twelve, Dianne was a Silver A winner. She was a representative to both the Students' Council and the Junior Red Cross during her six high school years. In her final year she was vice-president of the Students' Council and Co-editor of the Sea Gull.

When Dianne graduated from the Academy in 1962, she was the recipient of a number of scholarships. These were the Richard Winters Memorial Scholarship, the C. J. Morrow Scholarship, the Ada Emeneau Memorial Scholarship, and a Legion Bursary.

In 1962 she enrolled at Dalhousie University to continue her studies. She went to the university with the aid of a General Motors scholarship which she was able to maintain for the four years that she was there. This scholarship had a total value of \$4500. At the graduation during her sophomore year she won the Belle Crowe scholarship in Honours Chemistry.

Dianne participated in various activities at the university, such as Junior representative of the Shirreff Hall House Committee. She was vice-president of this committee in her senior year. Also, in her final year, she assisted a professor in the Chemistry Lab. Here, she acted as a teacher, lecturing and marking test papers.

During her last two summers at the university, Dianne worked with the Fisheries Research Board of Canada. This job gave her a chance to apply



Dianne Paulette Lohnes

knowledge which she had obtained and also furnish her with experience in laboratory research.

In the spring of 1966, Dianne graduated from Dalhousie University with a Bachelor of Science degree, majoring in Chemistry. She was also awarded the Avery Prize for attaining the highest class graduate standing.

On August 27 of this past summer, Dianne became the bride of Anthony E. J. Pitts. The couple is presently residing in Toronto. Here Dianne is employed at the Banting and Best Institute which is affiliated with the University of Toronto.

With such an auspicious beginning in life, as Dianne has had, good fortune and happiness will accompany her in future years

SOME MAKE-UP, A WIG, AND CURLY TOPS

by John Meisner '68

Young at eighty! What is his secret? Who has still retained his sportsman's qualities? Mr. William King, born in Lunenburg in 1887, is the youngest of three sons of the late James and Emma King, proprietors of the King's Hotel which stood at the corners of Pelham and Duke Streets.

He married Miss Jennie Love, a daughter of the late George Love, town clerk for many years, and had a daughter Elizabeth (Mrs. Robert Taylor, R.N.) now living in Lunenburg, and a son, Jack, who was in active duty overseas during World War II with the West Nova Scotia Regiment. Mr. King has several grand-children, two at present are attending Lunenburg Junior Senior High School.

After attending Lunenburg Academy, he joined the Lunenburg Foundry. Here through practical experience he gained efficiency in the moulding trade.

As far back as Mr. King can remember, he has had a keen interest in sports, especially baseball and hockey. Both he and his brothers, Aubrey and Frank, were very athletic. Until the age of sixteen, he played junior hockey. Being endowed with great skill and ability on a pair of skates and with a hockey stick, he was called to play senior hockey. At this young age of sixteen, he was considered a very able player by his teammates and by those who witnessed his playing. The year 1905 brings to mind the unforgettable experi-



Mr. William King

ence of the team in an unsuccessful attempt to walk from Middleton to Lunenburg through an enormous snow blockade.

In 1903 Mr. King moved to Halifax and there became a favorite on the Crescents hockey team. Shortly afterwards he took up residence in North Sydney where he played hockey with the Victorias. Here he resumed his course in moulding which he completed in 1913.

Returning to Lunenburg, Mr. King opened a theatre showing silent movies at Alexandra Hall where five cents was the admittance. It also had held bowling facilities in the rear. This building was on the site of the former Legion Hall. He also operated movies in Mahone Bay and Chester.

"Billy" King is most famous in the acrobatic field of entertainment. His stage appearances as a one-wheeled cyclist and as a clown performer have delighted the hearts of thousands. His work and pleasure combined as one and for him the working hours could never be long enough as he practised his balancing, juggling, unicycling, and globe-ball walking. In 1945 he journeyed to Montreal and to Boston where he performed in vaudeville. Since then he has been returning frequently to Montreal, entertaining in his unique way at various night clubs.

For many years, on his "wheel" and hidden behind a clown's attire and make-up, Mr. King has captivated the thousands of charmed on-lookers of Lunenburg Exhibition Parades with his pleasant buffoonery.

Mr. King's biography would be incomplete without making mention of his musical talent. In an orchestra in the 1930's he excelled as a drummer, and used some of his time teaching tap-dancing.

Now at the age of eighty Billy is still active. We wish him continued happiness and good health.



On The Wing!

MR. SHERMAN ZWICKER

by Nancy Haughn '68, Beverly Burke '70

Sherman Zwicker, the son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Homer Zwicker, was born in Halifax on February 10, 1930. As a boy he enrolled at Lunenburg Academy until 1944. Then, he attended Rothesay Collegiate graduating in 1947. While there he won the School Governor's Gold and Silver Medals for academic achievement.

He then entered Dalhousie University, graduating in 1950 with a B.A. While there he was active in student affairs and was president of the Students' Council in his final year.

He worked for Nightingale Hayman and Co., chartered accountants, until 1953, when he returned to Lunenburg to fill the position of secretary-treasurer of Zwicker and Company. In 1960 he became president and managing director of the firm.

Mr. Zwicker is a director of the Lunenburg Marine Railroad Co. Ltd., and also of the Fisherman's Mutual Insurance Association. He was also president of the local branch of the Red Cross from 1961-63, Provincial Executive of the Red Cross in 1963, and a member of the Board of Management for Lunenburg-Queens Mental Health Association from 1962 to 1964. He served on the Board of Management of the Fishermen's Hospital for three years.

He has been a member of the Board of Trade since 1953, secretary in 1956-66, and he served eight years on the Town Council. He has also been Deputy Mayor for the last three years.

He was president of the Canadian Atlantic Salt Fish Exporters Association from 1956-58 and director of the Fisheries Council of Canada four years until 1960. From 1960 - 62 he became director of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council. Mr. Zwicker is presently on the Lunenburg Community Centre Commission and is a vestryman of St. John's Anglican Church.

In his spare time he enjoys golf, curling and boating. In 1956 he married Barbara Marcus and they are the proud parents of three children — Peter, Lisa, and Andrea. He is also the owner of an Irish Setter, named Kelly.

Mr. Zwicker's number one hobby is community affairs and he has certainly been active in this field. We wish him all the best in future years.

MAYOR ARTHUR W. SCHWARTZ

by Lynn Joudrey '67

In the year 1879, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schwartz became the proud parents of a son, Arthur, who was destined to become, in later years, one of the town's leading citizens.

Mr. Schwartz, like so many other town children, received his education at the Lunenburg Academy. During his life he played an important part in civic affairs. In 1914 he was elected Councillor and served for eight years. Mr. Schwartz was elected Mayor in 1922 and held this office with distinction for eight years. Then, in 1934, he was again elected and served for twelve years — longer than any other Mayor in our history. It was at this time that he presented a watch to be worn by successive Mayors.

Mr. Schwartz' executive ability was displayed in other matters, as well. At one time he was the vice-president of the Lunenburg Foundry, and was a member of the Board of Directors. He also served as president of the local Board of Trade.

Mayor Schwartz took an active part in the ceremony at the launching of the H. M. C. S. Lunenburg. Together with Rev. Ryder and Mr. Loren Geldert, Town Clerk, he travelled to Sorel, Quebec, for this important event on July 10, 1941, where he was presented with a souvenir of the occasion — an engraved tray which may be seen today in the home of Mr. Ray Schwartz, Lunenburg.

A devoutly religious man, Mr. Schwartz was a strong supporter of the Presbyterian Church. He was a member of the Session, and for many years acted as Superintendent of the Sunday School. A Lay Preacher, Mr. Schwartz served churches at Windsor, Truro, Riverport, Mahone Bay, and Dublin Shore.

Throughout Mr. Schwartz' sixty-seven years, he displayed a quality which probably contributed greatly to his success — that of generosity. Extremely interested in education, he helped college students by giving them grants, supporting their organizations, and so on. He was especially kind to those less fortunate than himself, giving Christmas gifts and full course dinners to the poor. On one occasion he gave a beggar his last pair of shoes.

Events took place during Mr. Schwartz' life which are history today. It



Mayor Arthur W. Schwartz

was in his time that the Bluenose sailed, the first of the Fishermen's Picnics took place, and Camp Norway was occupied by the Norwegians.

During his lifetime Mr. Schwartz gained friends, fame, and recognition. All those who knew him, loved and honoured him. He was highly respected for his genteel nature, his ability, and his perseverance. Having lived a rich and satisfying life, Mr. Arthur W. Schwartz passed on to his reward in 1946.

Words seem inadequate to describe this wonderful person. As many of us never knew him, however, we can only imagine what a truly great man he was.

JUNIOR RED CROSS YOUTH

Since the purpose of this Society is to help the less fortunate, much money from our fund-raising activities has been sent to the Halifax Home Office, for various causes. With the aid of the student body, health kits were made and we helped the Senior Red Cross with their blood bank. As this is being written, plans are in the making for a birthday party sponsored by the organization, to be held at Dayspring Municipal Home.

The committee has enjoyed representing the students of L.J.S.H.S. and has benefitted by the experience.

**Randi Menssen '69,
Secretary.**



RED CROSS YOUTH

1st row: (l. to r.) — N. Haughn, (Treasurer); F. Tarrant, (President); D.

Wentzell, (Vice-President); R. Menssen, (Secretary).

2nd row: (l. to r.) — B. Stoddard, J. Mills, T. Purcell, S. Eisenhower,

A. Richards.



THE ROAD TO CAMPOBASSO

by Tony Purcell '71

The doorbell rang. It was the mail. Gillian inspected the envelopes. There were three bills and a letter. The letter read:

"Dear Sir:

I have heard of your recent successes in tracking down missing people. I wonder if you could locate my brother who has been missing for twenty-four years? Call me if you are interested. I live in Halifax at 113 Elm Ave., Apartment 82, on the sixteenth floor.

Yours truly,
A. P. Smith."

Gillian dressed and shaved. He took a cab to the address mentioned in the letter. His knock on the door of apartment 82 was answered by a short, rather fat, ugly man in his late forties, who identified himself as A. P. Smith.

A. P. Smith quickly filled Gillian in on the details. The man he was to find was T. W. Smith, a sergeant, serial No. X64003, of a Canadian Infantry Regiment. He was last seen on leave in Campobasso, Italy, in February, 1944. A. P. Smith finished the interview by saying that Gillian was to fly to Campobasso, Italy, and pick up the trail there.

Before leaving for Italy he checked the records at the Regimental Headquarters. Smith's record told Gillian what he already knew, and also that T. W. Smith had been blond, six-feet three inches in height, very handsome and very intelligent. He also found that his client had served with the missing brother. The officer in charge of records said, "Strange you should be checking on T. W. Smith. He was an old buddy of mine during World War II."

Gillian turned to leave but the officer called out, "Just a minute. I have something here that belongs to A. P. Smith. Would you give them to him the next time you see him? I bet he hasn't seen those in twenty-five years."

Gillian dropped the dusty knapsack off at his apartment on his way to the airport.

Gillian's visit to Campobasso turned up nothing. None of the natives had ever heard of T. W. Smith. He returned home disappointed. He decided to tell A. P. Smith about his failure in the morning, then he began poking around the lost knapsack. Among its contents was a diary which he took the liberty of reading. He set the book down, shocked, for it told of A. P. Smith's mad hatred for his brother. Suddenly it dawned on him — A. P. Smith had killed his brother.

It seemed that A. P. Smith was jealous of his brother's looks and intelligence. The jealousy had turned into hate so A. P. Smith had killed him. The hate gradually turned into guilt and the guilt turned into madness. In his madness he believed his brother was alive.

Next morning Gillian went to Smith's apartment and told him what he had concluded. Smith nodded slowly, turned, and jumped out the window.

THE WATCH

by Becky-Lee Young '71

I sat dozing in front of the roaring fire. Aunt Myra, having just returned from Europe, had invited me to visit and was attending to her burning cookies.

Looking at the fire, I dozed off. With a shock, I was wide awake. Shells flew thickly around me. Suddenly the shelling ceased. With a start I found myself in an empty courtyard or so it appeared. A wounded and limping soldier dragged me under cover. His startled black eyes swept me from head to foot. He muttered something and pointed at the courtyard.

Hollow sounds from heavy boots resounded. A German patrol heavily armed and looking for trouble, marched across the yard. Behind them loomed a tank on which was mounted an 88 mm gun.

The soldier quickly told me he was Colonel Keith Smith. His bandaged arm and head were a result of an overturned jeep, and a meeting with a "crack" German officer. His men, wounded by a stray fighter, had hidden in a mining shaft two miles away. If they met the patrol they would be cut to ribbons.

Suddenly a German yelled. Colonel Smith unexplainedly threw his bloody watch into my lap. The tank had the house in its sights. A shell came hurtling towards us. Colonel Smith screamed as the shell hit.

I awoke screaming. My aunt darted in from the kitchen with a worried look on her face. Suddenly she saw the watch and her eyes widened as she grabbed it.

She said, "That is your grandfather's watch. Where did you get it?"

DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL IN THE TIME OF HENRY V (FICTIONAL)

by Lynne M. Shepherd '71

March 25, 1414

Today was one of the Holy Days of the Church, the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and all the shops were closed. Papa took Mama, Cook, Mary and me to a play which a travelling company acted out in the Market Square. It was really very funny and everyone enjoyed it. The Mayor was there along with many of the members of Papa's guild.

March 30, 1414

Mama and I went to the Market Square today and bought some things for our dinner tonight. It is very special, as Papa is having the Mayor for a guest. We also went to visit Uncle John's glove shop and Mama bought a pair of gloves for Mary.

When we got home, we found Papa very worried. Mama would not tell me or Mary what the trouble was, but I think it is because King Henry may set up another tax which may stop people from buying as much cloth as they have been for some time. I hope this does not happen for Papa has been very prosperous.

April 4, 1414

A boat docked at Bristol this morning and it has brought many spices and cloth from Asia, most of which was brought overland to France. All the shops were closed and Mama took Mary and me down to the dock to watch the unloading. We went in a new carriage Papa bought yesterday. It is very large but very, very uncomfortable. The windows have pretty velvet curtains on them and the seats are covered with a cloth from Papa's shop.

April 9, 1414

News arrived today that the king will not be imposing another tax. Papa is very much relieved and can hardly restrain himself. He bought Mama a new head cloth; Mary, a new dress of blue linen; Cook, a new wool cloak; and for me he bought a new embroidery cloth and silver thread. Tomorrow I am going to start an embroidery cloth for Grandmama's birthday.

April 17, 1414

After church this morning Mama's brother, who is a knight from King Henry's court, came to visit us. He told us all about the fine times they had at court and he also brought news of a tournament to be held in London quite soon. I have asked Papa if Mary and I might go but Mama would not hear of it. We may still be able to go for Uncle Charles (the Knight) said if we could go he would take us back with him.

April 24, 1414

This morning we were up very early to prepare for our trip to London. Papa and Mama finally consented to our going. Mary is very excited as it is her first trip to London. I have already been there twice.

Uncle Charles has engaged a coach to take us there. At the last minute it was decided that Mama should go with us as far as Slough where she would stay with Papa's family. It will take two weeks for us to reach London.

April 29, 1414

It is our fifth day of travel and Mary is even more excited. We have passed many villages and fields. Many villagers were ploughing their fields and in the village itself, children were playing in the narrow streets and most of the women were marketing. In one village we stopped at the water mill and went inside to see the miller who is a friend of Uncle Charles. He is a jolly fellow and invited us to stay for a meal. We ate corn bread and had some fresh veal. The miller gave Mary and I each a wheat cake to eat on the way.

May 3, 1414

Today we met a monk who was travelling by foot to Slough. We invited him to ride with us as it is only another day's journey. He told us about his travels to France, and of the people he met. He entertained Mary and me by telling us some stories. As we continued our journey we passed a minstrel who stayed at the same inn as we did that night. He played many songs for us and told stories.

May 5, 1414

Yesterday, we reached Slough and Mama and the monk left our party. Uncle Charles had a big surprise for us, a boat trip down the Thames to London instead of continuing by coach. I was very excited as this is the first time I have travelled by ship.

This afternoon, while on deck of the ship, which is called, Good Fellow, Mary and I watched all the busy river traffic travelling up and down the Thames.

May 7, 1414

We docked in London this morning amidst the excitement of the arrival of a ship from Southern France. As soon as we got off the ship, Uncle Charles took us, by coach, to his house where Aunt Joan and Cousin Beth were waiting for us. We unpacked our things and prepared for our meal.

After dinner, Beth showed us some of her skill at making bread which Aunt Joan had taught her. Cook had taught Mary and I also.

May 9, 1414

Uncle Charles and Aunt Joan took Beth, Mary and I to the tournament today. We started early in the morning and reached the field where it was to be held later in the morning. Later, just before the tournament was to start, four heralds arrived to announce King Henry! Naturally Mary and I were very excited — we were really going to see the King.

The tournament was quite exciting and even more so, because Uncle Charles introduced us to the King! When we were back at Uncle Charles' home we could hardly believe that it had all happened and so we fell asleep, tired but happy.

ACT I: SCENE II

by Linda Crouse '67

A murky silence hung over the fog-strewn coast. Slowly and silently the oars touched the water, lifted and touched the water again. Suddenly a shrill scream ripped the air, cutting it like a knife.

Vaguely the outline of a ship could be seen. Was it a . . . , yes, a pirate ship. Gradually through the deep haze a small rowboat reached the mother vessel.

"Get ye mates! on board!" bellowed a fierce-looking character, dressed in a dirty yellow shirt which may have been white at one time or another. A red kerchief was wound around his head and a tangled red beard covered his massive face. Roughly grabbing a young boy by his ear, the gruff, haughty man, who was captain of the ship, twisted the small boy's ear until it throbbed with pain.

"Ouch," hollered the boy, "please, sir, I didn't mean to see the hanging. I won't tell a soul." The small figure trembled as the captain gave his ear another twist.

"Har! Har! so ye be a bit afraid of me, eh? I'll teach ye a thing or two," grunted the captain. "I'm busy now, get out of my sight. I'll deal with you later."

One by one the other sailors climbed on board the ship. The captain greedily eyeing a chest of booty, sauntered up to the first mate.

"Har! har! mates, I see the Spanish galleon was loaded with booty," snickered the captain. "Our next trip of plunder will be the king's jewels."

The sailors nodded their heads in approval. The king's jewels — how fortunate could you get!

Walking nonchalantly away the captain smothered a smile. "Now to deal with that young rascal who has been snooping around my ship. He may come in handy when we loot the jewel ship," he thought.

The steps leading down to the galley creaked as the massive captain thundered down them. Huddled in a corner of the galley, the young lad looked pale and frightened. His timid black eyes looked pitiful. The creaking of the steps reached his ears. Suddenly he ran to hide under the table. His heart was beating fiercely. The captain who had reached the bottom step eyed him. The young boy's frail body shuddered as the captain lunged toward him

"Cut, cut," yelled the director in a disgusted tone. "You muffed your position. Take a coffee break and the next time do it right!"



THE LONESOME WHISTLE

by Martha Keddy '70

On the misty moors of England, down a long, lonely track each evening, at 9:30 sharp, ran a thundering train. Nearby with his grandfather and his playful little dog, Skip, there lived a lonesome little boy, Pete.

When the mist and fog settled over the lonely land Pete and Skip would take long walks, stopping only to play along the tracks or look wistfully at the passing train. Pete loved the sound of the long, eerie whistle, which in the coming dark warned him of the trains. He would stand as near as he dared and dream of the places he would never go and the people he would never meet. Little Skip would playfully prance about the tracks and when the train appeared dash fearfully for home.

One night the fog came particularly thick and the moon was particularly thin. Pete felt extra lonely tonight because it was raining and the rain brought tears to his eyes. There was a strange weirdness that terrified Skip and when he was called for a walk he refused to move. Puzzled, Pete started without him in a dazed trance.

As he reached the slippery track to wait for the train he felt a hot breath at his feet. He stopped down to pick up his little dog who was panting beside him but lost his balance and fell on the tracks. Skip jumped quickly away and ran around Pete trying to wake him but as Pete opened his eyes he was stunned by a terrifically bright light. He didn't move. The train thundered on. The lonesome whistle screamed and the brakes squealed on the wet rain-washed tracks.

The next night on the misty moors of England along a lonely track, at 9:30 sharp ran a thundering train and there watching the lonely tracks sat a forlorn little dog.



On The Wing!

THE OLD HAUNTED HOUSE

by Heather Smith '68

One foggy, damp day, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Andrews went into the woods to close up their summer camp for the winter. As it drew close to dusk, they decided to head back to town because the fog was getting thicker.

The road was very rocky and had a lot of bad turns in it, so they decided to put up at the first house that would take them in, and spend the night.

After a long and dreary drive they finally came to a small farm house with a light in the window. They drove up the worn tracks of an old driveway, parked the car and Mr. Andrews got out and knocked on the door. An elderly woman came to the door and Mr. Andrews explained that he and his wife were looking for a place to spend the night. The old woman said she didn't have too much room so the Andrews should not expect anything special. Mrs. Andrews joined them, and, after a hot cup of coffee, they went to bed.

About seven o'clock the next morning the Andrews got up and dressed and came quietly downstairs. They went over to the corner of the room and placed two silver coins on a round-topped table they had been admiring the night before.

They started for home and soon found a lunch bar open. They had some breakfast and casually started talking to the waitress.

"Tourists?" the waitress asked.

"No, we stayed a couple of miles up the road," said Mr. Andrews.

"Where did you stay?" asked the waitress. "I live up there and know everybody."

"An elderly couple named Johnson," said Mrs. Andrews.

"Johnson? Whereabouts do they live?" asked the waitress again.

The Andrews explained the place in the road but the waitress was determined that there was no house around that vicinity. The cook of the bar overheard the conversation and remarked, "Mister," he said to Mr. Andrews, "you're not joking are you?"

"I don't understand," replied Mr. Andrews. "We spent the night up the road with a couple named Johnson. A large rock sticks way out in the road just before their house."

The cook had a queer look on his face. "That sure is funny," he said. "Twenty years ago a house up around there burnt down and a couple named Johnson died in the fire."

To settle the matter, all four of them decided to go back up the road. When they arrived, they found only the tracks in the ground where the car had been. The foundation of the house was over-grown with weeds. The Andrews just stood there, full of surprise. Then Mr. Andrews noticed Mrs. Andrews turning pale and trying to say something as she stood staring at the corner of the foundation. There on the ground within the foundation were the silver coins that they had left just an hour before!

The Andrews rushed for the city and from that day on they still can recall the night they spent in the "old haunted house."

THE TRIP

by John Spindler '67

". . . . five, four, three, two, one, blast off!"

The silvery white rocket quickly lifted from the launching pad at Cape Kennedy and soon became only a bright dot in the sky.

Aboard the craft were Stan Goodwin and Pete Huston, the youngest astronauts in the American program, both being only seventeen but in the peak of condition.

"Well that's over with," said Pete, "now all we have to do is sit here and take in the sights."

Stan laughed as he flicked some switches on the instrument panel. "This is Apollo 12 to Cape Kennedy. Come in. Over."

"This is Cape Kennedy to Apollo 12. Go ahead, boys."

"Everything is fine up here, sir. We are going to circle the earth seven times before carrying out our required experiments," radioed Stan.

"A.O.K. over and out," came the reply.

"Well, let's get out of these chairs and stretch our legs," said Pete.

"All right," replied Stan, "but don't forget your magnetic shoes. You know we are travelling in weightlessness."

* * * * *

Everything was going as planned. The craft was in perfect running order and all the experiments had been carried out successfully nearly a day ahead of time. Now all they had to do was sit around and take pictures.

"Isn't this the life?" asked Pete.

"You're darn right," said Stan. "Why don't you go to the rear and take some pictures from there?"

"On my way!" said Pete.

He had just left his seat when he glanced out the side window. What he saw he didn't believe and didn't want to. Coming toward them was a shower of meteorites something which he thought impossible but actually happening.

He had to act fast. Turning to Stan he shouted, "Get this machine out of here. We are about to be blasted from here to eternity."

Stan reached for a little button under which was printed in silver letters RETRO ROCKETS but it was too late. One small meteorite struck the craft broadside. The force knocked Stan onto the floor . . . and looking up, he saw Pete sitting up in his bed.

"What's the matter with you? First you started yelling and then you landed on the floor. This is the last time I'm going to invite you to stay with me."

"You wouldn't believe me anyway," said Stan crawling back into bed, "so only go back to sleep."

ESCAPE

by David Ritcey '69

Corporal Ronson rested his rifle butt on the hard packed ground. Outside the rain fell down in torrents, making dull little thuds as the drops drove against the canvas tent. Little rivulets of water had already squeezed their way beneath the bottom of the tent and were now wandering about like poorly trained soldiers.

"I don't suppose any of those British will try to escape this night," Corporal Ronson grunted to himself as he stepped out into the full blast of the storm.

His remark was in reference to a group of British airmen who had been shot down in a dogfight over France. They were imprisoned in a building adjacent to Ronson's tent, waiting to be sent further inland to a central camp.

The German corporal did not like these so-called daredevils a bit. "Wish some of them would try to escape so I could have a bit of target practice," he said to himself as he walked around the building peering intently at every gloomy object that aroused his suspicions.

The round of inspection completed without his seeing anything unusual, the German corporal decided to return to his tent. He flung off his raincoat, seated himself and drew forth a bar of chocolate from his knapsack. But even while indulging in this luxury, he kept a sharp ear tuned for noises from the adjacent building.

Ronson jumped up suddenly. The sound of breaking glass had reached his ears. Seizing his rifle he rushed out into the rain. Yes, there was a cursed Englishman lowering himself to the ground by means of a rope made from knotting together his own and his comrades' blankets. He dropped to the ground and seeing the German only five yards away, began his dash for freedom. Ronson ran after him in hot pursuit, but the Englishman certainly knew how to run. Already the pursuit had carried Ronson a dangerous distance from the other prisoners. Since he was the only one guarding them, why pursue this one any farther? Why not shoot? Hadn't he wished for this chance?

These questions ran through Ronson's mind and he answered them by raising his rifle quickly to his shoulder. Crack! The airman staggered, took a few steps and pitched forward on his face, a sodden figure in blood-stained air force blue.

The German returned directly to his tent without stopping to check the other prisoners. Who among them would be so foolish as to attempt to escape, with the comrade who failed out there lying dead in the rain? Ronson picked up the candy bar and began to eat it with a satisfied air.

The German's feeling of satisfaction would soon have been shattered had he known that ten British airmen were now making their way through the rain and mist toward the shore of the English channel and home.

THE PYJAMA PARTY

by Janis Campbell '68

It was a sunny, summer afternoon. Fluffy clouds raced across the sapphire sky, pushed along and batted about by gusts of wind. Rustling notes filtered down through the tall pines until they finally reached the ears of the unenergetic group sprawled in the shade below. The day and everything about it was lazy, and this air had overpowered the girls who sat, and had been sitting there, for over an hour.

There were five of them — Meredith, the self-appointed leader of the gang who lay on her back making bets on the racing clouds; "Jinx", brown-haired, brown-eyed, and blessed with more than her share of bad luck; studious, quiet, bespectacled Jacqueline; and the out-going vivacious twins, Roni and Rae. This assorted, amusing group sat pitying the one of their number who was cursed with a summer job. Henrietta, forced by her parents to be more industrious than the others, had to work, but she did not really mind working and her friends did not mind waiting for her.

The girls had been lying around for hours. Finally one suggested, let's have "a pyjama party!" and all eyes turned simultaneously to Meredith.

"Mercy, Merrie, what a marvelous idea."

Thus, it was, that at eight o'clock that evening Mrs. Michaels, Meredith's mother, played doorman to a host of five girls who trooped by her burdened with sleeping bags, over-night cases, records, and an assortment of other things. They paused only long enough to wave "Hi" to Marty, Meredith's brother, who was tinkering with some sort of light, and then to obtain instructions to continue to "the Hive", an abandoned boathouse on the Michaels' property where their hostess was waiting for them.

An exhilarating dip in the chilling water was enough to prepare the twins for a long summer's nap but the conversation had reached a terribly interesting pitch and they were allowed to doze off only to be re-awakened by a timely pinch. Then it was that Meredith announced the devilry for the evening. "You know that deserted house on MacKinnon's Island," she began, "well, I've got the boat ready and we're going to find out if there really is anything out there."

"If you mean whether it's haunted, oh no, we're not!"

"Aw, come on, Hen, don't be such a chicken."

"Very funny. Misery Michaels, but I don't care. I'm not going!"

Henrietta puffed hard as her plump body swayed with the pull of the oars. "How come I always have to row?"

"Don't complain, Henny, it'll do you good."

"Thanks for nothing, Jinx."

"You can stop now anyway, Hen. I think we're far enough away that we can start the engine without Mom hearing it. Okay Rae, start it up."

"Roni Rae, wake up you two. Steer a course straight for the moon."

Meredith was not being eccentric in her last statement for the rising full moon was suspended just above their destination and was blanketing the whole island in eerie white.

"This is all beginning to give me the creeps," moaned Jinx, "I have the feeling something awful is going to happen."

"You would have a feeling like that. Just don't let your imagination run wild," advised Jacqi nonchalantly. "Pay attention, we're almost there."

The bottom of the boat scraped to a halt on the sandy shore of a beach. One by one the girls leaped to dry ground. The only mishap was a wet arm suffered by Jinx as she grabbed after the painter which she, in her usual manner, had dropped.

It was an odd-looking party that stealthily trekked toward the grassy crest of the island. Each of the members had hauled on outer clothing over her pyjamas; the twins' matching night-caps hung down their backs, the ends swinging as they stumbled along.

As little noise as possible was made as they neared the vacated building. A cloud had drifted across the moon and the night was suddenly very dark.

They heard a scream! All attention was focused toward the point from whence it had come, until they realized it was only Jinx nursing a badly stubbed toe.

"Why don't you have any shoes on?" demanded Roni.

"Bet you she couldn't find them," laughed her twin.

The investigation continued without further interruption. It was with sighs of relief (and a bit of secret disappointment) that our adventuresome sextet decided to return to the beach. They had started back down the hill when suddenly from behind them came one of the most mournful wails imaginable. Startled looks revealed weird forms dancing back and forth behind cracked and broken windows.

The six turned as one and tore off down the hill. However, poor Henny couldn't keep up the pace too long before her slightly large frame took a tumble. As she got up she cast a fearful glance over her shoulder and caught sight of two figures bent with laughter. The moon came out just then and her eyes fell upon the faces of the two companions.

All this took place in a split second and then she was continuing down towards the others. She heaved and puffed as her presence lowered the small craft's bottom another few inches.

Jinx waited until she was barely down and then pushed off, hopping into the bow and getting caught in the painter which she this time forgot to haul in.

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Six very tired girls dragged up the stairs to the Hive and fell into six waiting beds.

Sleep came quickly and it was well into the morning when Mrs. Michaels opened the door and wished them a cheery good morning, asking, "Did

you spend a peaceful night?"

A chorus echoed back, "Yes, very!"

Before she left, Henrietta drawled, "Mrs. Michaels, do you believe in ghosts?"

"Why, Henrietta, you ask the strangest things . . . whatever would make YOU ask ME that?"

A PREMATURE WIDOW

by Eileen Lohnes '67

In the still, chill, night air, common to the heights of the towering Swiss Alps, the snow lay like an unending blanket of shimmering sparkles in the streams of moonlight. Everything was quiet and serene, looking down from the window of the chalet. Only one car could be seen creeping slowly up the snaky, winding road.

Suddenly the stillness was shattered as angry voices filled the frost-nipped air. Two people appeared on the road and the angry words continued. A struggle evolved between them and suddenly a hand reached for a weapon, found it, and raised it. The shot met its target and the victim met his fate! The body was toppled over the nearby cliff, down, down, into the crevice, by the murderer. Pattering footsteps then hurried to the awaiting Rolls-Royce as the assailant rushed along the narrow road to the vehicle. A door slammed and the silence resumed once more.

The following week the same Rolls-Royce stopped at the chalet from which that previous night's events had been viewed. Candice Carey sauntered from the car to the door of the chalet. She was "the widow" of the late Carmichael Jordan Carey. At the entrance she stopped, smiled amusedly, and entered. Then her mood was broken by the appearance of the handsome John Andrew Aitkens.

"Did you succeed?" he asked.

"It was easier to accomplish than I had thought."

"Everything went as planned then?"

"Yes."

The next day was the occasion set for the settling of the estate. When everyone had gathered in the living-room of Candice's suite, the lawyer drew the will from his briefcase. Candice, robed in black, with a lacy white handkerchief with which to dab at her crocodile tears, was seated on the French Provincial sofa, silently thinking, "It's all going to be mine."

Then the silence was broken by the tingling jingle of the telephone. The sound jolted Candice's thoughts. The butler told her the call was for her, and she picked up the receiver. A familiar voice answered her hello.

"Candice," the voice said, "let me speak to the lawyer. You know it's not time for that will to be read nor for you to be sobbing and saying prayers for me!"

THE GREAT SERPENT

by Roy Gjelstad '71

The sun was high in the sky when he heard a strange noise behind him. He peered through the dense jungle foliage to see what the cause of the sound was, and his heart jumped into his mouth. In front of our friend, slithering toward him at great speed, was a gigantic python!

Panic stricken, he turned and dashed into the jungle. To his great relief, he noticed that he was beginning to out-distance the reptile. However the viper had an advantage over the man, it could not trip over vines.

Our hero tried to get to his feet, but not quickly enough. The huge snake was upon him and was beginning to tighten its coils around his body. Soon his tortured lungs could draw in no more air and he lost consciousness.

Now the serpent loosened its grip and proceeded to swallow its prey whole! Soon all that remained of our unfortunate friend was a large conspicuous lump in the snake's body.

Suddenly there was a tremendous explosion and an object literally erupted from the reptile's mouth, shot across the clearing, and landed in a clump of bushes. The huge snake had burped! As our not-so-unfortunate-after-all hero glanced back at the writhing form of the dying python, he recalled how his friends had always said that he was extremely disagreeable, and how he had never believed them, until now.

LUCKY DRUM

by Helga Kohler '67

For three days the Alatheia, a small freighter, had been storm tossed and wind-blown on the unpredictable Atlantic. It looked as if Old Man Winter was going to make this trip one to remember and remembered it will always be by John Drummond and Tony Driscoll.

These two young seamen were down in the crew's mess having a cup of coffee and complaining about the weather conditions, when Captain Dawson came in.

"I need two intelligent, ambitious, strong boys to go up on deck and lash down some loose oil drums," said Captain Dawson with a smile.

Tony and John looked at each other and then returned his smile.

"With a build-up like that, Cap'n," said John, "who can refuse?"

So the boys hurried with their slickers and went up on deck. At least now there was no rain, but the sky remained very grey and there was still a heavy swell.

Once on deck they could see that the three drums, sloshing around on the deck were going to present quite a job to lash down in the constant

pitching and rolling. It was hard enough for them to hang on, much less work.

They inched their way toward the drums, clinging to the guard rails as water ebbed and flowed across the rolling deck. Tony cornered the first drum which was evidently full, because it took the two of them to stand it on its end and lash it to the starboard rail.

"One down and two to go!" yelled John above the high wind. "Here comes number two!" he said as he reached out for it, this one also heavy with oil.

With the second secured, John went after the last one but Tony seized his attention with: "Holy Smokes! Look what's comin'!"

John didn't have to ask Tony what he was talking about. From out of nowhere the biggest wave in the whole Atlantic was bearing down on the tiny Alathea. There was no time to get to safety, for that second Tony and John were being thrown around the completely engulfed deck by the intense force of the devil wave. Both boys were so beaten around, crashing into hatch covers, oil drums and deck housing, that it was a relief to be finally washed over the rail and thrown into the Atlantic.

When John bobbed up, the first sight that he saw is one which he will never forget. There was the Alathea on the crest of the fifty foot wave looming almost straight up from him. The little ship looked like a tiny car on a gigantic rollercoaster track. It would be hours before the ship could get to them. They could never keep swimming for that long in this sea.

With this thought John turned away to look for Tony. He manoeuvred around in the water and caught a glimpse of Tony's yellow slicker not ten feet away. John had to try very hard to make any headway in Tony's direction because of the heavy swell.

As he came closer to Tony, he could see that he was hanging on to something. It was that last oil drum. It must have been empty. Here was their salvation. An oil drum could easily float the two of them.

John shouted, "Are you all right, Tony?"

After a second or two John heard, "Yea! I'm all right 'cept for a headache."

When John, nearly exhausted, got to the barrel the two boys grasped each other's hands and straddled the drum resigned to wait for the Alathea while they bobbed up and down like corks on their barrel.

After almost two hours of this monotonous tossing, Tony looked up and saw the very thing they had been waiting for — the Alathea. The seaworthy little ship had made her way back to them.

Within minutes John and Tony were in their bunks wrapped in blankets and drinking hot tea. All their crew mates were clustered around laughing and joking about the near-fatal incident. Captain Dawson said that they would go to the nearest port, Hamilton, Bermuda and have the cut on Tony's head stitched up properly.

Because Captain Dawson had notified Hamilton of his arrival, news of their exploit went ahead of them and when they docked there were reporters to greet the two tired men. One in particular asked John, "Sailor, what was

the biggest factor in your return to safety? Was it your endurance, your captain's seamanship ?"

John piped up, "Those factors were important but most important was luck."

"Luck? What do you mean?" the reporter inquired.

"It was just lucky that it was the third barrel that was empty!" returned John

DOGGEREL IN PROSE

by Vicki Cantelope '67

Black shadows cast a sombre darkness on the lonely figure moving slowly through the underbrush of the evergreen trees. Hank presented a long-legged, slender silhouette on the shadowy ground as he plodded along.

"I'll never find my way home now. I'll just have to face facts and calmly retrace my tracks."

He was lost! Not only was his praised reputation as a prize hunter and tracker at stake but for the last few minutes he had been trying to squelch the panic which had conquered his brain. He had heard of others who had died; victims under the canopy of the towering trees he viewed overhead.

He thought, "So what if I strayed from home. They have faith in me. They know I need only to sniff the air and note the wind currents to find my bearings."

"Why did I venture on this last hunt of the season?" he muttered. "Although I have ribbons of merit for my racing speed and hunting ability, I'm not as young as I used to be. I am near the end of my life span and after all the strenuous training I guess my senses have been dulled. Imagine me, an old wrinkled grandad, trying to keep up to my young, lively friends."

All these thoughts churned in his mind. A sudden clap of thunder startled him. To add to his difficulties it was raining. He spied a low branch hanging over a soft bed of pine needles. This looked like a perfect shelter from the wet drops, so he settled into the hollow and watched the rain as it bathed the countryside.

A growl from his stomach reminded Hank that he hadn't eaten for many hours. He yearned for some of that delicious meat he had enjoyed only yesterday.

With this urge for dog food, he pawed the ground, wagged his handsome tail, pricked up his ears and leaped from the hollow, bounding in the direction of a faint whistle. That was his master!

AN ART ROBBERY

by Chris Purcell '69

It was Monday morning, the start of another week of drab paper-work for Inspector Charles J. Desbarries of the 41st. Precinct Division of the New York Police Department. Desbarries disliked desk work and longed to be a more active member of the force. Even pounding a beat would be better than slowly vegetating into obscurity as he was doing. What he must do was crack some difficult case, make a name for himself, surely that would get him back into action. "But, these are just hopeless dreams," Desbarries said to himself, and went back to his pile of legal documents.

But his luck was soon to change, for that very morning he learned of a huge theft of a priceless sculpture from the well-known Park-Burnet Galleries of Broadway. "This is the chance I have been waiting for," thought Desbarries when he heard the sensational news and he spent his lunch hour telephoning underworld informers who owed him favors. None of them could tell him anything about the robbery other than what was in the papers. Since the theft involved 10 pieces of sculpture, it had first seemed to Desbarries to be the work of professional thieves but word of such a big operation would certainly have leaked out to one of his informers. No, it appeared to be the work of some unknown amateur, just beginning in crime, or the work of some crank.

After several days the police dragnet had dwindled to a whisper because not a single lead had been found to aid them in their search. Sure enough, it was known that the crime had been committed by a single person who after sabotaging the burglar alarm system had made off with the statuery in a truck. This was found out from tracks outside the art gallery, but the police knew nothing else.

And so Desbarries thought it could do no harm if he went to the gallery in his spare time, mostly out of curiosity, to "case the joint."

At the gallery Desbarries found the long, L-shaped room from which the ten statues had been taken, devoid of people or art except for a crowd of bearded beatnick artists, hanging a motley assortment of modernistic paintings on the far wall. One of the artists fell into conversation with Desbarries, who being out of uniform, perhaps looked like a prospective customer. Desbarries, however was not interested in buying any of the pop sculpture which the artist said he had created and he escaped a long-winded argument about the qualities of modern art only by promising to come to a showing of the artist's work.

Desbarries returned home disgusted. He had not learned a thing towards solving what was later to be called the "Greatest Art Robbery in history".

The days of desk work slowly ticked by for Desbarries and the sounds of the chase had died away, when he found in his coat pocket the beatnick's invitation card to his showing of pop sculpture. The show was still on so Desbarries decided to go see it.

The barn-like structure in Greenwich Village which housed the show

was packed with teen-agers admiring ten great masses of molded plastic on pedestals, which were supposed to represent Love, Hate, and other aspects of man's emotions.

The young artist, whose work was on exhibit, was there smiling and friendly to all his admirers and instantly recognizing Desbarries, stopped to talk with him.

The conversation, of course, concerned art and the two argued awhile on various aspects of pop sculpture while surveying the ten creations.

Desbarries said, "But these things will never last as long as the great contemporary works in marble or metal. They just are not made as well or carefully."

As he said this the Inspector noticed a small tear in the side of a huge ice-cream-cone-shaped figure.

"Look here," he said, "here's an example of poor construction already."

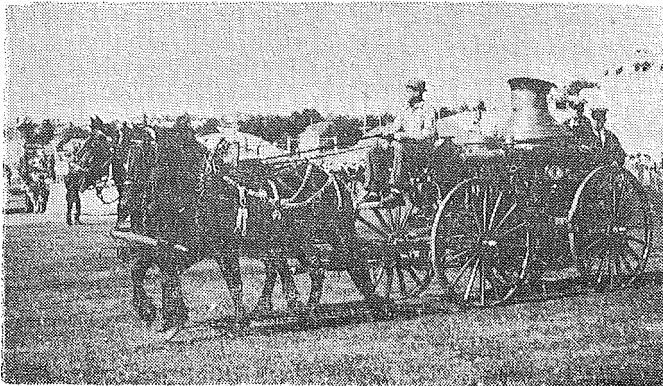
With that he peered into the opening and to his surprise he spotted something white beneath the plastic.

"What's that?" he asked.

The artist stammered, "I . . . uh . . . I don't know . . . uh . . . nothing, nothing at all."

But Desbarries was already tearing away chunks of the foamy plastic to reveal a small Rodin statue imbedded in the plastic. He went from statue to statue ripping away the plastic coating, revealing works of art hidden beneath. In front of the startled onlookers he handcuffed the beatnick and asked him why he had done it.

"I wanted to bury the art of the past in my futuristic work," he said.



Old But It Works !

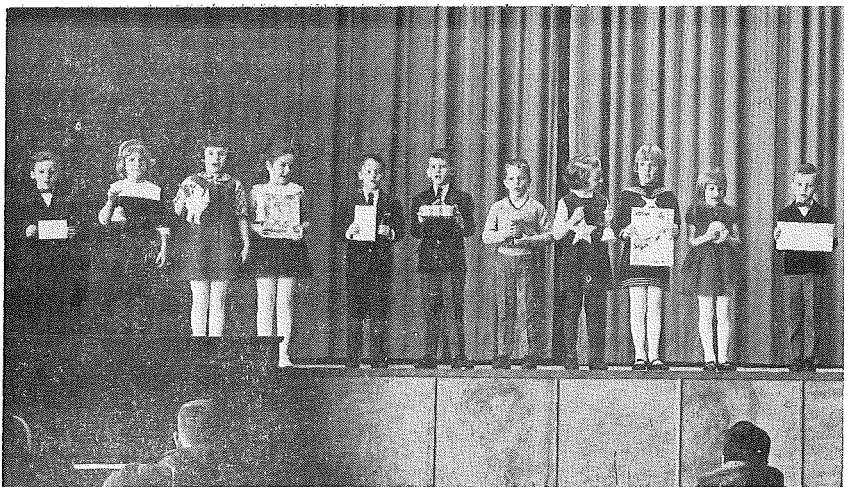
CHRISTMAS CONCERT — 1966

by Carolyn Pridham '68, Faye Taylor '71

The 1966 Christmas Concert was held at the Community Centre on the evening of Monday, December 19, with the matinee having previously taken place on Friday, December 16. Both the Common School and Junior Senior High School participated.

The concert was opened by the Choral Club singing Deck the Halls, Christmas Hymn, and O, Holy Night, with soloist Judy Zinck.

Grade Primary opened the Elementary section with a "Greeting" recitation by Tommy Eisenhauer. Following this were four short exercises — "Not Too Little To Help", "Welcome", "Christmas Dolls", and "Ten Little Bells".



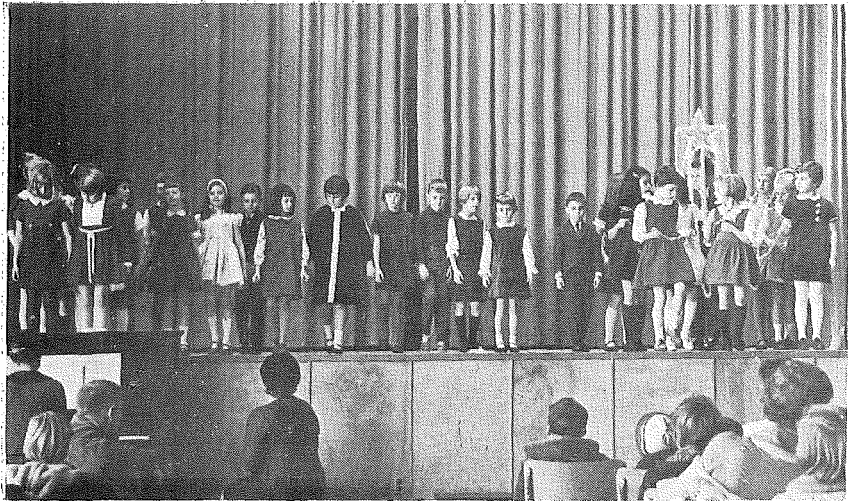
CHRISTMAS CONCERT — Primary Grade

Grade I (a) presented two exercises — "Christmas Lessons", and "Merry Christmas, Everyone". Grade I (b) also presented two exercises — "Christmas Stockings" and "Candles for Christmas".

Grades II (a & b) and III (a & b) combined to present a star drill which consisted of two short dances and a variety of songs.

Grades IV and V put on a one-act play called "Teaching Tillie" with the setting in Santa's Workshop. This play was about the teaching of Tillie, a little girl who didn't know anything about Christmas.

Grades VI (a & b) and VII (a & b) together, put on a "Symposium of Christmas Carols" demonstrating Christmas through the ages. Carols were sung by the choir in several different languages, including English, French



CHRISTMAS CONCERT — Grade 2 - Grade 3

and German. Credit should be given to Miss Barbara Ryan for doing such a fine job in teaching and directing the choir.

The concert was highlighted by a delightful comedy, "Bachelor of the Year", put on by the students of Grades XI and XII. The setting was the principal's office. The play opened with the principal, played by Mr. Charles Andrews, having his picture taken by a reporter, while holding the trophy with which he had previously been presented, for being "Bachelor of the Year." Before the play ended he had proposed to his secretary (Faye Tarrant).

Other characters in the play were:

- Miss Evans (Teacher of Dramatics) Suzanne Bailly
- Miss Gustafson (Teacher of Home Economics) Vicki Cantelope
- Miss Baumgartner (girls' Physical Education
Teacher) Elizabeth Crouse
- Junius McClendon (Superintendent of Schools) Michael Winters
- Sandra Sue (a senior) Eileen Lohnes
- Ronny Brönkurski (a professional
football fullback) Gregory Hall

During the concert on Monday evening, Mr. Collins presented Mrs. Eishauer with a cheque and Miss Veinot with a lamp, for the work they put into the concert.

The Christmas Concert was a complete success and very special thanks is given to all who were associated with the concert and helped make it possible.

DUTIES AND EXPERIENCES OF A LIGHTKEEPER

by Melvin J. Tanner, Lightkeeper

The duties of a lightkeeper, in the mind of the casual observer, may appear to be dull and somewhat of an easy life. However, after many years as a lightkeeper on many different stations, I can assure you this is far from the truth.

Our duties as lightkeepers in many cases involve isolation, and can become extremely lonely, especially for those who have been previously accustomed to a high standard of social life.

The duties are many, as the lives and property of those at sea, depend to a great degree on the efficiency in which the various stations are operated and maintained. For the reasons mentioned a lightkeeper can never let his personal feelings interfere with the very important duties he is held responsible for.



West Ironbound
Our First Station



Louisbourg
Our Third Station

A constant watch must be kept on all stations, which requires a twenty-four hour duty; divided on three man stations in six hour watches, and on two man stations in twelve hour watches.

When visibility closes within three miles or less from snow, fog, rain, or any other reason, the Fog Alarm must be immediately put in operation. During operation a constant check must be kept on the operating machinery. Above all the keeper on duty must make absolutely sure that the proper and correct timed signal is being sent out as loud and clear as possible.

Each Fog Horn has a different signal or blast, and this signal must be maintained correctly to the very second. Every ship carries a book issued by our Department of Transport, giving the characteristics of all lights, fog alarms, radio beacons and buoys, etc., along the coast. It is the duty of every lightkeeper to see that his light, fog alarm and radio beacon is operating with the correct designated signals.

In the case of a flashing light, time of flashes must be checked fre-

quently and any alterations required carried out immediately. Radio Beacons must be kept in perfect signalling time. When we say in our profession, a light gives a two second flash every seven seconds, that is exactly what we mean, not every six and a half seconds, accuracy to the very second is absolutely necessary.

We cannot and must not put doubt in the mind of the mariner, who may be coming in on our signals, whatever it may be, light, fog alarm or radio beacon.

In any type of duty, especially such as ours which involves lives, the highest standard of efficiency is required. Immediate action must be taken in the event of a breakdown in any type of apparatus involving aids to navigation, and all aids to navigation in the area of his station are the direct responsibility of the Lightkeeper.

We have in our Department of Transport, a highly qualified and trained staff, in all duties pertaining to the operation of lights, fog alarms and radio beacons, whom we can call upon for assistance in the event of an emergency. However from the many instructions received from those trained men, it is seldom necessary to call for help.

Lightkeepers and especially those on isolated stations, must always be prepared to expect the unexpected. We must be alert and have a strong sense of responsibility. No slackness in this respect can be tolerated on any stations.

With every responsible Lightkeeper, his station is his castle, and the pride he takes in the cleanliness and neatness, of machinery, tools, buildings and equipment, can be seen on a visit to any efficiently operated Department of Transport Station.

Many lightkeepers have given their lives in an attempt to keep their aids to navigation in operation. This has happened with the keeper being caught on the mainland from island stations and attempting to return in a storm. I hope this will give a little understanding of the extreme importance involved in the duties of lightkeeping.

After ten years being in charge of four different stations, which were West Ironbound Light, which has recently been made unwatched, Mosher Island Light and Fog Alarm, Louisbourg Light and Fog Alarm and our present station, St. Paul's Island Light Fog Alarm and Radio Beacon, all have given us a variety of experience too numerous to mention in an article such as this. However I think it would be proper for me to give you a description of our present station, the most northerly point of land of Nova Scotia.

St. Paul's is situated in the Cabot Strait and at the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the most isolated station in our Dartmouth Marine Agency.

Twenty-five miles from the nearest mainland, our station consists of, three dwellings housing our two assistants and myself, Radio Beacon, Fog Alarm, Electric Generating Plant, Light Tower, Beacon Tower and several other small buildings, all on a rock two and one half acres in size. The highest part is about sixty feet above high water mark. We are separated from the main island by a three hundred yard gutter, which we are unable to cross except in smooth weather. The main island is about two miles

in length and about a half mile wide at the widest part with mountains towering over four hundred and eighty feet high. The shore line consists of high cliffs with only two places on the island where a boat could possibly land, and only in smooth weather.

Our station being very low and surrounded by a rugged shore line is constantly covered with spray during heavy and even normal winds. We have heavy plank walks with railings between buildings to keep from being washed overboard especially in heavy gales.

Looking to the west on a clear day can be seen the high land of Cape North and Cape St. Lawrence both on mainland Cape Breton Island, and to the North East the blue outline of Cape Ray, Newfoundland.

We cannot go to the mainland except by arranging with our Department of Transport for a ship. We are too far out at sea for the use of a small boat, a ship can only be supplied in extreme urgency. However it is expected a large helicopter will be soon placed in service to supply much needed services in connection with mail and transportation. At present our mail delivery is unreliable especially in winter. Our grocery supplies are ordered by us and shipped from North Sydney by our Department of Transport ship. Food must be stocked to last at least six months. Our store room at present looks somewhat like a village grocery store. All perishables are kept in an extra large deep freeze.

This island is known to the old time fishermen as the Graveyard of the Gulf, and many stories of shipwrecks and even cannibalism have been said to have happened here.

Lightkeepers have lost their lives here, and one as recently as 1955. He was crossing the gutter to the main island on a wire cable which broke, dropping him in the water. He was never seen again.

Another disaster as told to us happened many years ago. Two lightkeepers were then stationed here with their families. One keeper went out on the drift ice to hunt seals. While gone the wind changed causing the ice to drift away from the shore. The other keeper and his wife went out in a small boat, but none of the three were ever seen again.

There is a graveyard on the main island and it is said to contain the remains of shipwrecked sailors washed ashore some years ago. There is one tombstone marking the resting place of twin babies buried there in 1938, and believed to be the children of a wireless operator stationed there at that time. There are numerous other mounds but no markings. Old buildings still stand where once was a busy wireless station. Also on the western end is an unwatched light once the home of a lightkeeper, but today silent and deserted.

Our service here is lonely and isolated, but we serve for our fishermen, and others who follow the sea.

Always in our minds is the hope that our aids to navigation will be of service to those brave lads who go down to the sea, their safety, their guidance to a safe anchorage, by the use of our aids to navigation, which we in our duties must and will maintain to the best of our ability. May God grant us the power to serve them well.

NURSING

by Marion Whynacht '63

It seems so hard for me to believe that it has been four years since I left the Academy. Sometimes when I think back I can picture a scene with such vividness and acuteness that I'm sure I would find it almost completely natural if I should open my eyes and suddenly find myself right in that very place. I hope I will be able to do so for many years to come. Well anyway, it is four years, and Mr. Collins has asked me to write something on my experience in the nursing profession for the Sea Gull. I am honored to do so, although I must say that these will be the words of a novice at this wonderful profession at which many dedicated and fine people have worked for many years and who would probably be much more able to write about it than I.

I will try to relate some of my personal ideas and feelings about nursing and what it means to me. I would gratefully like to mention the name of the school where I took the three-year diploma training — St. Martha's Hospital School of Nursing, in Antigonish. I have been working for the past six months in a hospital in Halifax, so you will see that most of my experience is as a student nurse and when I refer to nursing, it will mean for me, for the most part, student nursing.

I think that one of the main things I learned in nursing, and perhaps the most important, is how little I knew about people, and how very much more there is to know. I realize there are other professions in which a sincere and understanding knowledge of relating to people is very important, but I have learned too, that to be a good nurse, a major keystone is good interpersonal relationships between a nurse and her patients, and this is built on inter-communication. A rather intangible word really — there are so many ways to communicate! Every person uses them in one way or another, and to different degrees, but I truly believe that a good nurse must try to excel and it is hard because it is a thing that must be developed rather than learned. Perhaps it comes quicker to a sincere nurse, because a nurse is a person who, more than most people, works so very close to other people and their feelings. It is a nurse who must try to help someone bear the doctor's first news of an imminent and unexpected operation, who is there when the first step in a long climb to health is achieved, who listens while a mother laments her child's deformity, who guides a complete and frustrating change in someone's life habits, or who stands by while perhaps the loneliness of pain or death becomes almost unbearable. These are the times when emotion enters so deeply in a person's reaction to such circumstances in his life, and so these are the times when the right words of a nurse, or her attitude, her expression, perhaps the touch of her hand, or maybe even the knowledge



Marion Whynacht '63

simply of her presence, can mean so very, very much. The nurse too, at these times is often struck with emotion, and it takes a great deal of self-control, aided often by a knowledge of herself and the basic reasons for why people react as they do, for her not to be overcome also with emotion but to know how to react in a positive way she feels is beneficial to her patient. It is not really sympathy; rather it is a "feeling for a feeling", a feeling to know how to help. What a wonderful experience it is when you know you have done the right thing. You seldom know by a patient's words of "thank you" — it is not that sort of a clearly recognizable thing you have done for him — often you can see or feel it. Sometimes you don't know.

Besides the emotional part of nursing there is of course the more physical and probably more evident aspect. While in training the studying for the most part goes hand in hand with duty work. Although the classroom work and lectures are much more prominent at first, they continue for the three years of the nursing diploma course, and to a much lesser degree the lectures go on as in-service programs from time to time for graduates, in order to keep them up to date and to introduce new methods. Nursing education is, of course, progressing today as are other fields of education. There are always advancing teaching methods and new theories in physiology, bacteriology, pharmacology, etc. and lately more college arts courses such as sociology, psychology, etc. in condensed form; and now a course of two months training in psychiatry is necessary. And also there is the nursing science degree course in which two years of university are required along with the three year diploma training program. This degree prepares a nurse for administrative or teaching jobs. The studying is not extremely difficult, but then of course it is not very easy either, especially when there is also the physical energy exacted from duty. It may become quite discouraging at times; but what great achievement does not have its steep and formidable climb at times?

But then there is the "glamor" of the nursing profession! The excitement in the case room as the newborn wails his arrival and jerks his tiny red fists at the world; the tension in the operating room as you watch the perspiration drip down the foreheads of masked faces and where always it is the eyes that seem to do so much talking — "a play of eyes" — anxious and alert; the drama when the accident victim is rushed down the corridor to you — you the nurse, who must help lift his poor torn body from the carriage to the bed, watch over him with anxious concern, and carry out with others the doctor's orders for him. There is the challenge of responsibility — the knowledge that you must see that the doctor's orders are correctly followed and understood, that the nursing care he receives is the best you are capable of giving for the well-being and care of the patient — physical, emotional, and spiritual.

Yes, there is drama, it is there, but not, certainly, in consistency; in every hour or every day, or even every week. It may be a long, hard, struggling way many times, wrought often you might think by disappointments and drudgery, but nevertheless worth it. Many times it is even in the "challenge" of the ordinary tasks of every day that somehow you find that indescribable

“reward” you sometimes feel. There are so many things in nursing that are definite; so many more that aren't. Many decisions you must make yourself. Always a nurse must work to remember — people — always people are different and complex, and they have different needs to which they, as individuals, react differently.

I quote Sister Madeline Clemence: “For the committed nurse, the ability to give of herself for another's benefit, . . . is a way of life . . . and her involvement with her patient is but an overflow of her inner plenitude, of her richness of being.” Always I hope I will try to aim toward these ideals of a nurse, and I most sincerely wish success and happiness to any of you who are considering making nursing a part of your way of life.

My congratulations to the graduates of 1967.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

This year, as usual, the Athletic Association has been attending to the business of providing funds for the various sports. A successful tag day was held in the fall and what we hope will be an equally successful dance is being planned for the spring. Several students took advantage of the opportunity to buy school jackets from the Association. A slightly different experiment was carried out in the form of two Sock-Hops held in the gymnasium after school. The efforts of the Athletic Association were, as always, well-received and supported by those in the school who do and who do not benefit by them.

Janis Campbell '68
Secretary.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

1st row: D. Keddy, E. Crouse, (Treasurer); R. Knickle, (Co-President);
J. DeMone, (Co-President); J. Campbell, (Secretary).

2nd row: P. Mills, J. Crouse, K. Vickers, G. Joudrey, T. Conrad, N. Powers.

NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES EXHIBITION – 1966

By James Eisenhower '69 and John Mosher '69

The 30th Annual Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition opened on a bright, sunny Tuesday, the 13th of September, 1966. It was a long-awaited week for many of the citizens of Lunenburg. The fun-filled week was officially opened by Mr. John Fisher, Commissioner of Centennial Commission. There were many attending the opening, and some came just to hear Mr. Fisher's speech. The Exhibition Executive, Special Guests and other platform guests were introduced to the public after the official opening.

The selection for the local representatives in the Queen of the Sea Contest was held later that night. Mr. Basil Crouse, Chairman of the Queen of the Sea Committee, introduced the contestants, the judges and the visiting Queen of the New Bedford Scallop Festival, Miss Linda Ann Viera. Miss Sheila Conrad was chosen "Miss Lunenburg".

Throughout the Exhibition, special entertainment was provided by the St. Ann's Band and Colour Guard who gave several performances in front of the Grand Stand and also in the Main Building. Edna and Leon's Balancing Act, Mr. Twist's Balloon Creations and the Jay's Vocal and Instrumental Duo made up this year's afternoon and evening stage acts.

The Grand Parade, one of the highlights of the Exhibition, was held on Wednesday afternoon. In the Parade were eleven bands, school children in costume, and many beautifully decorated floats. This year, after an absence of three years, Lunenburg was greatly favoured by the presence of the St. Ann's Senior C. Y. O. Band and Colour Guard of Gloucester, Massachusetts. More than 20,000 people lined the streets along the parade route. We were fortunate in that the weatherman gave us a beautiful, sunny day for the parade.

At sunset on Wednesday evening, the Royal Canadian Navy staged a Sunset Ceremonial on the Exhibition Grounds. This was a very colorful ceremony, and the 21-Gun Salute could be heard over all the other Exhibition sounds. Later that evening, the public and the judges had their first view of the Princesses for the Queen of the Sea Contest.

Thursday, Water Sports Day, dawned overcast and windy, and it wasn't long before spirits were dampened by heavy rain. Even so, many sailors turned up for the Schooner and Yacht Races that had been planned. Other special attractions that morning included Larry's Dolphins Water Skiing Act, and the Junior and Senior Dory Races to determine the Canadian Representatives for the International Races. Because of the rain, the scallop shucking and fish filleting contests were held indoors that afternoon.

One of the most exciting climaxes of the Exhibition was reached Thursday evening when the 1966-67 Queen of the Sea was chosen. The rides, etc., were not opened on Thursday because of the wind and the rain, but still there was a crowd on hand when Brenda Ann Perry of Shelburne was chosen as Queen of the Sea. The first Lady-in-Waiting was Elena Rob-

erts, and the Second Lady-in-Waiting was Rosalind Jones. Later on that evening, the St. Ann's Band put on a stage concert.

The Front Harbour was a busy spot on Friday afternoon when people came to watch the International Dory Races. The Americans won the Junior Competition, while the Canadian Senior Team regained the Senior Title.

At the traditional Coronation Ceremony, Miss Heather Barnes, the 1965-'66 Queen of the Sea crowned Miss Brenda Ann Perry, the new Queen in a colourful ceremony. Following the Coronation there was a beautiful display of fireworks.

Saturday — Children's Day — there was a record number of entries entered in the Children's Parade, which featured many decorated floats, etc. After the difficult task of judging was finished, the new Queen of the Sea presented the prizes.

On Saturday night, after the presentation of various prizes, the 30th Fisheries Exhibition and 42nd Fishermen's Reunion was officially closed.

Although the Exhibition is officially over on Saturday evening, there is still a small but very important part left. On Sunday, a Memorial Service was held at Jubilee Square, in memory of those fishermen who had lost their lives at sea during the past year. Following the service, wreaths were placed on the waterfront in memory of these fishermen. These wreaths are taken to sea by the first ship leaving port after the Exhibition.



Ready For The Sea!

THE NEW SCHOOL A YEAR LATER

by Lynn Eisenhauer '70, Janis Campbell '68



Anyone looking at Lunenburg's Junior Senior High School outside would see a spanking new building and little more. It is only once you get inside that the pulse of school life is apparent. Just before nine o'clock in the morning things are coming alive — students dart here and there finishing up last minute details, and the Teachers silently patrol the halls with folded arms and all-seeing eyes. When the first buzzer goes, the sentinels indicate that the way to go is into the classrooms and traffic flows in that direction. The last buzzer chases the few hangers-on into their proper places and the halls settle into a tranquility that for a short time seems almost unnatural.

Now is the time that anyone interested in really seeing the new school should take the time to look. It is now that it is functioning as it is meant to do. Those without whom the school is incomplete, are there.

As you stroll down the corridors, you can still recognize the youth and newness of the school. There is also evidence of the fact that it is broken in — it has that lived-in look. Coats and boots have been arranged in the space allotted them, books and papers take up the shelves and here and there one can see an odd hockey stick or pair of skates. More than likely you will pass one or both of the janitors who are so meticulous in the care of their charge. They might be sweeping, waxing or scrubbing the occasional mark on the floor — on snowy days they shovel walks and stairs in the freezing cold. On either side of you as you continue down the hall are classrooms filled with students who are seemingly listening attentively to their instructors.

Having left this area and walked a short distance, you arrive at the offices which are slightly separated but not completely disconnected from the rest of the activity. A brief talk with the principal would probably bring you to the end of the first forty-five minute period and the buzzers would bring a troop of girls dashing toward the locker rooms and after a short interval off again toward the gymnasium. If, after the crowd has gone, you peek into the changing room you would find it spacious, well-aired, and very clean. Then, if you follow the girls through the long, unheated corridor, you will arrive, still shivering at the gym where you can see them working out on many and various kinds of equipment.

Another walk and another change of bells will bring you to the second

floor, where you can observe both the younger students in class and the older students taking full advantage of the well-stocked library. Shortly before eleven o'clock the group in the library is enlarged by a number of students returning from the Industrial Arts building.

The next bell brings everyone to the canteen on the ground floor where purchases are made and greetings are exchanged. After their short break, the students are more willing to settle back down to their studies and life continues as before.

Next on your agenda should be a visit to the audio-visual room. Here you would find an excellent arrangement for watching television broadcasts, viewing educational films, listening to explanatory records or making tape recordings. All of these are employed by the teachers in order to make the courses both clearer and more interesting for the students.

A quick exit shortly before five after twelve will carry you out just on the crest of the rush to lunch. As you are jostled along the walk, cars on your right vie for the right of way as one of the janitors makes a valiant attempt to keep order in the street.

All this is a part of our active life. A year ago things were just beginning but now they are moving along at a fast, smooth rate and our school is a year older.

HODGE-PODGE 1966

by John Spindler '67

One dictionary defines hodge-podge as a "jumble", but many students of Lunenburg Junior Senior High School would probably disagree with this. First introduced by the Students' Council, the Hodge-Podge now has become a part of the students' activities around Christmas time.

Held on the day school closes for the Christmas vacation, Hodge-Podge became an instant success. Each grade was responsible for putting on a short play or skit which was partly produced by the students, and staged entirely by themselves. The Teachers took a larger interest in this year's performance, and much credit has to be given to them for their part in making this a success. Of course without the co-operation of the student body, this whole performance would not have been possible.

The ideas varied very greatly, but they all were thoroughly enjoyed by the students. Probably the best liked play, from a student's point of view, was Grade 11 and 12's Mock Trial where the Teachers were put on trial by the students. The jury composed of students found Mrs. Mosher; Mr. Mason, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Andrews "guilty as charged". Many thanks were given to the Teachers for being such good sports.

Other grades also contributed to the Hodge-Podge by staging short plays. These skits were all enjoyed. The school spirit that has been shown should make this more popular in future years.

THE ACADEMY IS REMEMBERED

by Helga Kohler '67



Beloved Lunenburg Academy

Last June, for the first time a gift was presented to a Grade 4 student due to the generosity of the late Miss Marion Adams. The school was kindly remembered with the sum of \$2,000. which was entrusted to the Eastern Trust Company to be invested. The income is paid annually to the Principal of Lunenburg Academy to be used for prizes for Grade 4 students and other school purposes.

Miss Adams, a graduate of Acadia University, taught at the Academy until her retirement in 1963. Many of us remember her as our kind and understanding Grade 4 teacher.

Miss Adams' gift for the Common School is greatly appreciated.

VALEDICTORY

by Marcia Powers '66

Mr. Chairman, Honored Guests, Graduates,
Undergraduates, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Tonight I stand before you as Valedictorian of the Class of 1966 — the first class to graduate from the new Junior-Senior High School. It is with humility I present this year's valedictory.

Yesterday we were happy-go-lucky school kids — today, we are solemn graduates — our school days have ended. Each of us must now follow his own separate path; a path leading to adulthood. It is a time of challenge — far greater challenge than graduates have ever before faced. In passed years, experience was one of the greatest factors in completing a person's education. Today, in this era of complexity, we must have facts, knowledge, technical skill before experience has a chance to enter the picture. Youth is the time to gather this knowledge. George Bernard Shaw once said "It is a shame that youth is wasted on the young". This oft repeated quotation was made in his twilight years, and because of my years, few in number, I should not have the audacity to question it.

Mr. Shaw must have based his statement on his own youth — according to history books, he grew up wild, attended several schools, was usually at or near the bottom of his class, — excelled only in English composition and could learn nothing in subjects that didn't interest him. Consequently, he took refuge in idleness. I am sure you will agree that if this class had accepted his ideas of school there would be no graduation exercises tonight. No, Mr. Shaw, the youth of this class was not wasted!

I know we were by no means a model class — rather I would compare us to a pack of wild spirited horses, galloping to the dear old Academy on the hill from all directions — kicking, bucking and rebelling. **Perhaps we were even more difficult to train and to drill than wild horses. We gave Mr. Collins and our teachers more headaches and caused more than one tear to be shed.** To them we say —

We're sorry — we thank you for your patience and guidance. One thing above all others, you gave us the will to go on. The spirit we had when we came — the will we were given while we were here and with this will and this spirit together we know we shall succeed and make you proud of us. Yet I must not forget others who have helped us on our way — our parents who moulded our first years — our ministers who inspired in us Christian ideals — the leaders of the various youth groups who helped round out our characters. To them on behalf of my classmates I also say thank you for the help you have given us. To my classmates I address my closing remarks. I know it feels strange to be on the stage instead of sitting down there in front. We are no longer watching graduates close this chapter of their

lives, we are those graduates. We have, after many trials and tribulations, reached our goal — Grade XII and Graduation Night. **This being one of the last times we shall be together I would like to take the opportunity to wish each of you health and fair sailing in your sea of life.** My feelings and thoughts are best expressed in this poem written anonymously.

If you think you are beaten, you are.
If you think you dare not you don't
If you'd like to win but think you can't
It's almost a cinch you won't
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the one who thinks he can.



RICHARD WINTERS MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP
Robert Adair, Florence Lohnes, Mr. Leon Iversen



The major after school activity in Lunenburg has always been sports and this year was no exception.

Soccer

This year there was no girls' soccer team. A senior boys' team was formed that participated in the County league. There was a lot of potential ability but the players failed to make use of it. Most of the veterans will be leaving and a new team will have to be built up. The junior boys also formed a team which played 6 games with 3 wins and 3 losses.

Field Hockey

This sport was played intramurally by the junior and senior girls every Tuesday and Thursday after school. The girls would like to thank Mr. Bhatnagar for his assistance.

Basketball

Due to a lack of interest in the upper grades no senior basketball teams were formed. The junior girls competed in the Girls' Lunenburg County League and placed 3rd with 4 wins and 2 losses. They played a total of 18 exhibition games during the season. The junior boys also participated in this league and played a total of 15 exhibition games.

Track and Field

This year a 75 mile road race was held. About 12 boys completed the race. Other years L. H. S. was lacking a good track team but this year we are hoping for a strong "C" class boys team.

Hockey

There was both a junior and a senior team. The senior team played well up to Headmasters' playoffs and the only 2 games they lost during the season eliminated them. The junior boys' team joined a league that played on Saturday nights.

Golf

We had a girls and boys team participate in the Provincial Championship. Our girls placed 4th and the boys 5th.

Curling

This year Lunenburg played host to the Second Girls' Provincial Bonspiel which was held on the 23, 24 and 25 of February. Our team won the Nova Scotia Headmasters' Championship for High School Girls' Curling. The team consisted of Marcia Conrad, Skip; Nancy Crouse, Mate; Judy A. DeMone, Second; and Wendy Comstock, Lead. This team also won the Tupper Cup. Our boys' team were the runners-up for Nova Scotia Headmasters' Championship for High School Boys' Curling.

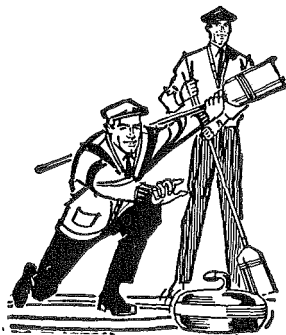


GIRLS' CURLING

1st row: (l. to r.) — P. Walters, V. Bezanson, Jane Oxner, L. Dares, P. Falkenham, L. Sheaves, E. Lohnes, C. Zinck.

2nd row: (l. to r.) — P. Cook, S. Hattie, B. Young, E. Crouse, S. Bailly, V. Cantelope, C. Himmelman.

3rd row: (l. to r.) — M. Conrad, N. Crouse, J. DeMone, W. Comstock, M. Keddy.





BOYS' CURLING

1st row: (l. to r.) — R. Gjelstød, M. Hopkins, J. Morrow, T. Orchard, C. Berge, G. Risser, B. Alinard.

2nd row (l. to r.) — W. Whynacht, G. Whynacht, D. Wentzell, G. DeMone, C. Corkum, B. Corkum, D. Dares, J. Pentony.



1st row: (l. to r.) — T. Handraham, A. Savory, G. Savory, G. Alinard, T. Peters, A. Richards.

2nd row: (l. to r.) — M. Van der Toorn, (Coach); C. Eisnor, D. Thompson, C. Randall, G. Veinott, P. Daniels, T. Falkenham.



INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY TEAM

1st row: (l. to r.) — W. Whynacht, J. Betts, J. Ross, J. MacDuff, D. Wentzell, M. Nodding, J. Spindler, (Goalie).

2nd row: (l. to r.) — G. Mason, (Manager); D. Schmeisser, J. Meisner, R. Knickle, J. Anderson, M. Savory, G. Hall, G. Vickers, (Coach).



JUNIOR BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

1st row: (l. to r.) — W. Frittenburg, R. Hannams, J. Crouse, (Goalie); A. Savory, D. Wilneff, G. Schmeisser, J. Powers, B. Keirstead, T. Purcell, D. Covey.

2nd row: (l. to r.) — T. Allen, J. Mosher, D. Hansen, B. Keirstead, J. Eisenhower, C. Purcell, J. Joudrey, K. Vickers, R. Crouse, A. Allen, G. Vickers, (Coach).



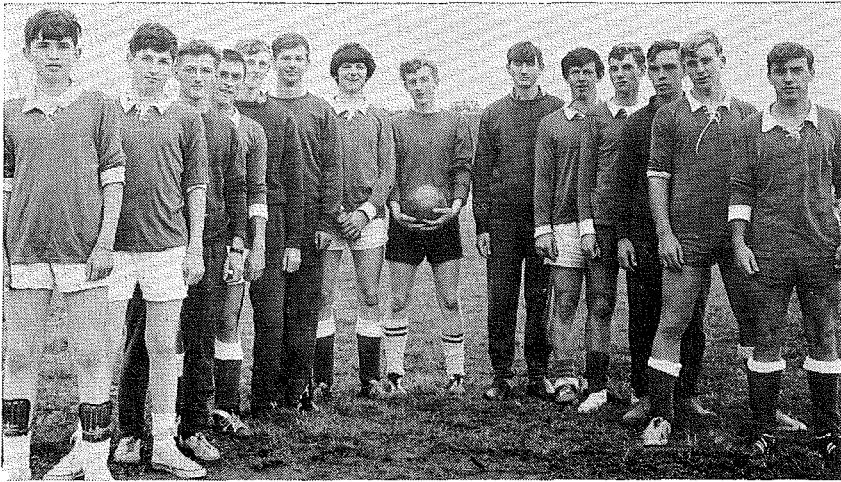
GIRLS' FIELD HOCKEY

Front Row: P. Mills, M. Strickland, M. Gaulton, L. Hebb, B. Stoddard, S. Eisenhauer, J. Frittenburg, G. Winters, N. Lohnes.
 Second Row: L. Sheaves, J. Zinck, M. Kaizer, J. Purcell, G. Fox, S. Mitchell, Linda Zinck, M. Meisner, S. Ritcey, L. Dares, K. Kohler.
 Third Row: E. Crouse, P. Stonely, C. Pridham, W. Dauphinee, B. Burke, V. Schnare, A. Dauphinee, E. Stewart, H. Kohler.
 Fourth Row: S. Crouse, S. Anderson, P. Conrad, L. Joudrey, D. Keddy, W. Comstock, M. Pridham, J. Hebb, M. Keddy, C. Langille.



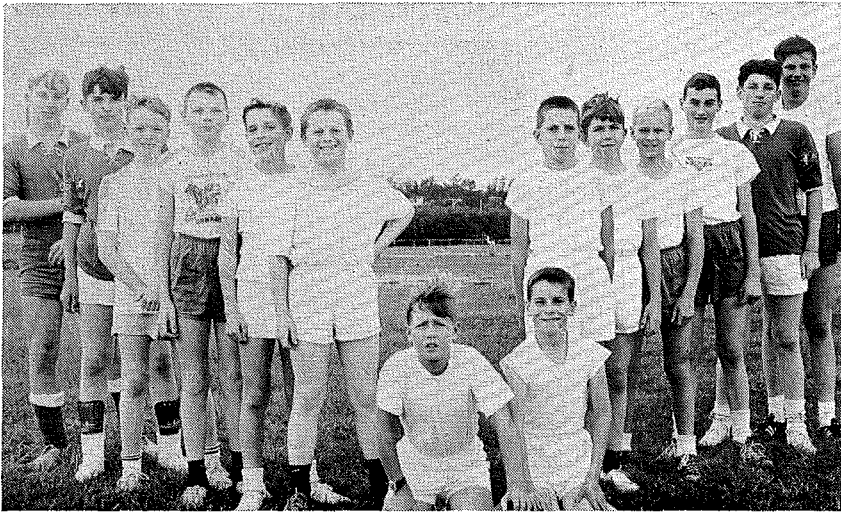
JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

1st row: (l. to r.) — C. Campbell, B. Stoddard, W. Dauphinee, E. Hardiman, B. Williams.
 2nd row: (l. to r.) — S. Eisenhauer, B. Burke, S. Toms, L. Eisenhauer, F. Taylor, M. Van der Toorn, (Coach).



SENIOR SOCCER TEAM

L. to r. — A. Allen, T. Allen, D. Dominix, D. Crouse, A. Crouse, C. Randall, J. Anderson, J. Betts, (Goalie); J. Spindler, D. Fralick, C. Purcell, C. Corkum, R. H nams, M. Nodding.



JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM

L. to r. — R. Hannams, A. Allen, B. Kierstead, G. Fox, G. Schmeisser, A. Savory, O. Lace, T. Hillier, D. Croft, J. Powers, A. Richards, K. Vickers, T. Allen, C. Randall.

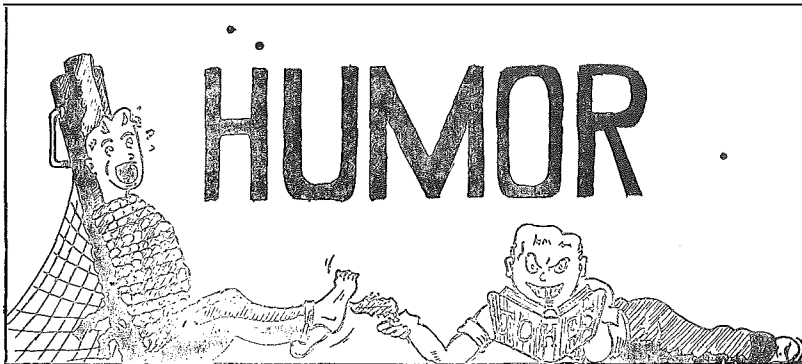


PROVINCIAL HIGH SCHOOL CURLING CHAMPS

Lunenburg's high school girls' curling team won the provincial headmasters playdowns with a 5-1 record.

L. to R.—Nancy Crouse, mate; Wendy Comstock, 1st stone; Judith Demone, 2nd stone; Marcia Conrad, skip; Martha Keddy, spare; D. H. Collins, supervising principal.

Photo by J. K. Young.



Donald T.: Let's cut classes today and go to Bridgewater.

Donald S.: I can't. I need the sleep.

— 0 —

Martha K.: May I leave the room?

Mr. Andrews: And where, pray tell, would you like to leave it?

— 0 —

Dinner guest: Will you pass the nuts?

Mr. Collins (absent-mindedly): Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk most of them.

— 0 —

Mr. Mason: Jackie, if you stood with your back to the north and your face to the south, what would be on your left hand.

Jackie MacD.: Fingers!!

— 0 —

Pat P.: Why did the ram run off the cliff?

Linda C.: He didn't see the ewe turn.

— 0 —

Mrs. Whynacht: Where are you going? Your fudge is boiling.

Susan C.: I know. The directions say when it boils, beat it.

Nancy C.: What did Noah say to his sons about fishing?

Marcia C.: Go easy on the bait, we only have two worms.

— 0 —

Greg. W.: Do you think I'm conceited?

Jimmy B.: No.

Greg. W.: Most people, as handsome as I am, usually are.

— 0 —

Miss Townsend: Now, can anyone tell me what the Indians call the head man of their tribe?

Jimmy G.: Chief!

Miss Townsend: And what is his wife called?

Jimmy G.: Mischief!!

— 0 —

Mr. Campbell: Where was the Magna Charta signed?

Leo B.: At the bottom, I suppose.

— 0 —

Suzanne B. (Rushing in): Mr. Campbell, someone is practicing surgery in the library.

Mr. Campbell: Surgery in the library?

Suzanne B.: Yes, I saw someone taking the appendix out of a book.

John S.: What's green and
ilies?

John A.: Super-pickle!

—0—

Mr. Campbell: If some of you
morons don't want to go to
the hospital, you'd better shut
up, because I'll throw you out
that door!

Danny W.: Don't be ridiculous,
how can you get hurt going
out a door?

Mr. Campbell: It'll be closed.

—0—

Dale K.: How do you like my
new mini-skirt? I got it for a
ridiculous price.

Suzanne (jealously): Don't you
mean you got it for an absurd
figure.

—0—

"To keep young, associate with
young people;

To get old fast, try keeping up
with teen-agers."

Mr. Collins: Billy, are you in
the top half of your class?

Billy F.: Not exactly, sir. I
am one of those who make
the top half possible.

—0—

Nappy: Since I met you, I can't
eat, drink, or sleep.

Janis (sympathetically): Why
not?

Nappy: I'm broke.

—0—

Mr. Bhatnagar: Now, give me a
definition for space.

Carroll R. (standing up, blush-
ing): Space is where there is
nothing. I can't exactly ex-
plain it but I have it in my
head, all right.

—0—

Mr. Mason: Don't you ever lis-
ten to the voice of your con-
science?

David H.: No, what channel is
it on?

DAFFI-NITIONS

CHEMICAL WARFARE — The eternal conflict between blondes and
brunettes.

GIRL — A person who will spend \$20 on a beautiful slip and then be
annoyed if it shows.

MOVIE ACTOR'S SALARY — The haul of fame.

LECTURE — An occasion when you numb one end to benefit the other.

THEORY — A hunch with a college education.

KISS — A mouth full of nothing that tastes like heaven and sounds like a
cow pulling her foot out of the mud.

NET INCOME — The money a fisherman earns.

JUVENILE DELINQUENTS — other people's children.

ANATOMY — Something that everyone has but it looks better on a girl.

Name	Name Means (Origin)	They Often Say	Pet	Love	We Predict
John Anderson	Given by God (Hebrew)	Please may I leave the room?	girls!	girls!	movie star
Suzanne Bailly	Trusting (French)	Shucks!		life	loud-speaker
James Betts	The supplanter (Hebrew)	Go 'way		singing	choir boy
Vicki Cantelope	Versatile in inspirations	Oh, goodie!		sports	Mother Nature
Douglas Crouse	Thoughtful (Celtic)	Get out of this!		the week-ends	Prime Minister
Elizabeth Crouse	God's promise (Hebrew)	I'll see!		N.S.I.T.	taxi-driver
Linda Crouse	Beautiful (Latin)	Don't make me laugh.		babbling	comedienne
Judith Ann DeMone	Praise of the Lord (Hebrew)	Is that right?		Acadia	marriage counsellor
David Fralick	Beloved (Hebrew)	Z-Z-Z-Z		sleeping	bank robber
Lynn Joudrey	A cascade (Anglo-Saxon)	Oh, my soul!		Schmeiss.	Batman's wife
Helga Kohler	Holy (German)	Quelle heure est-il?		teasing	astronut?
Richard Knickle	Stern, but just (Teutonic)	My gosh!		loafing	playboy
Eileen Lohnes	Light (Greek)	I DON'T know		Algebra??	Fuller Brush
Sue Miller	Trusting (Danish)	Oh, Mr. Mason!	free periods		Saleswoman
Patricia Powers	Noble, well-born (Latin)	Not History class AGAIN?		food	zoo keeper
John Ross	Given by God (Hebrew)	Hey Beck!	3:45	buzzer	head shrinker
Penelope Stonely	A weaver, industrious (Greek)	Oh, crumbs!		Her Mustang	dragster
Faye Tarrant	Fairy of the woods (Old French)	I was SO embarrassed		Saturday nights	beatnik

CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL PROPERTIES

OF THE IDEAL MALE L. H. S. TEACHER

Writes like Mr. Campbell.
Dresses like Mr. Andrews.
Comical like Mr. Bauld.
Energetic like Mr. Van der Toorn.
Walks like Mr. Mason.
Smiles like Mr. Eisnor.
Teaches like Mr. Collins.
Eyes like Mr. Bhatnagar.

T. V. PROGRAMS

BEWITCHED — On Provincial Exams.
BREAKAWAY — We played "hookey".
AFTER FOUR — And here we sit.
PUBLIC EYE — Education Week.
EDGE OF NIGHT — Chemistry Lab. still goes on.
HALLS OF KINGS — the boys in the Hall.
20 MILLION QUESTIONS — Reach for the Top.
MISSION IMPOSSIBLE — silence in the Library.
RAT PATROL — Teachers supervising the halls.
NATURE OF THINGS — Mr. Andrews' Biology classes.
SUNDAY — Ugh! the weekend is over.
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE — Here comes Mr. Mason with his metre stick!
THE SAINT — the caretaker.
CHEZ HELENE — French classes.
LOST IN SPACE — Senior Physics classes.
BRIGHT AND EARLY — on Monday morning??
COMMUNICATE — Speak up.
FUN TIME — Painting with Miss Veinot.
THE MUNSTERS — Grade XII boys.
THE MONKEES — Grade XII girls.
CRISIS — Too late, Canteen is closed.
ON SAFARI — with Mr. Mason in Geography.
REACH FOR THE TOP — you may get a 50!
PASSPORT — a white slip.
FIREHOUSE FROLICS — Fire Drill.
GREEN ACRES — the grass finally grew on our new ground.

SONG TITLES

If you're Thinking what I'm Thinking — Shame on You!
Ruby Tuesday — Grade XI lab's out early.
Kind of a Drag — that 5-hour school day.
She — had better not give another test.
Penny Lane — canteen line-up.
Poor Side of Town — middle of the week and my allowance is gone.
There's a Kind of a Hush — Mr. Collins just walked in.
Look Out Here Comes Tomorrow — and I haven't any lessons done.
Pretty Ballerina — girl getting the strap.
Wish You could Be Here — to do this writing for me.
I'm not Your Stepping Stone — Go copy someone else's homework!
Peek a Boo — I see you sneaking out!
Hello, Hello — Anyone awake in there?
Tell It to the Rain — I don't want to hear your problem!
No Milk Today — I forgot my thermos.
I've Passed This Way Before — on the way to the Principal's office.
Feeling Groovy — Ah! weekend's here.
Walk Tall — Hey shortie, stand up straight.

THE JUNKYARD ON WHEELS

by Brian Tanner '69

Mr. Campbell owns an old blew car;
Its physical abilities will not take it too far.
It's on its last legs, although he won't admit it
When it doesn't go he'd like to kick it;
But this is where his violence ceases;
Because if he did, he'd have to pick up the pieces.

SUPERLATIVES

Most cheerful	Jimmy E.	F. Taylor
Most literary	Bill C.	Suzanne B.
Most argumentative	Jackie MacD.	Pat P.
Most romantic	John A.	Janis C.
Most daring	Don T.	B. J.
Most musical	Wayne R.	Judy D.
Most talkative	Terry W.	Linda C.
Most athletic	Dale D.	Vicki C.
Most dreamy	Gerald J.	Sue M.
Most bashful	John M.	Janet M.
Most studious	Ronnie B.	Debra W.
Most forgetful	John S.	Susan C.
Most fickle	Richard K.	Janet H.
Most sophisticated	Bill C.	F. Tarrant
Most vivacious	Brian R.	Pat P.
Most independent	David F.	Helga K.
Class Wit	John R.	Carol S.
Most honest	Michael W.	Lynn J.
Most quiet	David B.	Faye C.
Steadiest steadies	Donnie S.	Lynn J.
Most impish	Danny W.	Nancy C.
Class sleepers	Mike S.	Sharon C.
Class clowns	Gregory W.	Judy T.
Man hater	_____	Gail L.
Woman hater	Andrew L.	_____
Most artistic	Chris P.	Carolyn P.
Most likely to succeed	John R.	Eileen L.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT — GRADE XII

We, the Grade XII class of L. H. S., being of comparatively sound mind and body, wish to will to our successors the following choice items in the hope that they will appreciate them.

- I, Sue Miller, leave my ability to do French in Physics class to anyone who can get away with it.
- I, Richard Knickle, leave my cast to a soccer team player who is stupid enough to tramp on the ball as I did.
- I, Judy DeMone, leave to Martha Keddy my position of second stone on the curling team, so that she may hit more stones than I did; and the piano in the Academy to anyone who takes over the playing for the Choral Club.

- I, David Fralick, leave my favourite chair in the library to anyone who takes as few subjects as I did.
- I, Faye Tarrant, will my habit of tardiness to Faye Conrad in hopes that she will have better luck trying to correct it than I did.
- I, Lynn Joudrey, bequeath my nickname "Booze" to Janet May with the hope that she has enough courage to withstand the embarrassment.
- I, Linda Crouse, bequeath my laughing tears to Carol Smith on the condition that she buys her own supply of Kleenex.
- I, John Ross, will my corner seat in Mr. Campbell's room to Gordon MacDonald knowing he will need to be out of Mr. Campbell's reach.
- I, Pat Powers, bequeath to Marcia Conrad, my ability of making Trig. problems as short as possible, and hope that she will have better luck at getting the correct answers than I did.
- I, John Spindler, leave to Wayne Whynacht all my goalie equipment in hopes that he will not get a sunburn on the back of his neck as I did.
- I, Elizabeth Crouse, wish to leave whole-heartedly, to the future Treasurer of the Athletic Association my never-ending task of rolling money and writing cheques.
- I, Eileen Lohnes, bequeath all my frustrations from Chemistry Lab. to Nancy Crouse with the hopes that she will be able to dissolve them.
- I, Jimmy Betts, leave my curly locks to Brian Richards hoping that it provides a variation from the drag of combing his straight hair.
- I, Vicki Cantelope, bequeath to David Bartlett, my neighbor, my mile and a half trek to school with the hopes that he will sprout wings.
- I, Helga Kohler, leave my seat in the boy's corner of the room to anyone who will not blush, as I did, at their rather shady jokes.
- I, Dougie Crouse, bequeath my position on the hockey team to Gerald Joudrey as well as my sweater and holey socks. (Hope he'll have good tough yarn to mend the ladders.)
- I, Suzanne Bailly, will my many activities to Patsy Conrad hoping she'll be able to invent a 48 hour day.
- I, John Anderson, leave my "mop" to Mr. Stein, the caretaker.

“A” CLASS PROPHECY

by Suzanne Bailly, Vicki Cantelope '67

TIME — Year 2067

PLACE — Fluffy clouds, Paradise

HEADLINE — CANADA CELEBRATES 200th BIRTHDAY

- J. Ross: “Hey Beck! Note this. After 100 years Canadians are singing ‘Happy Birthday to Canada’ again.”
- J. Betts: “What are you reading, Rose?”
- J. Ross: “The Progress.
“I remember 1967 down on earth. What a fuss they made over Centennial that year, all the publicity they gave the ‘Confederation Boys’. I’ll bet no one ever thinks about all the benefactors of mankind that emerged from our Grade XII class of 1967. There isn’t even a slight reminder that we ever existed.”
- J. Betts: “Go ‘way. What’s this headline? ‘In fond remembrance of Grade XII 1967.’ ”
- J. Ross: “Bless my soul. This is the best news since you got a monopoly on the Heavenly Canteen business up here. You always were the best 5-cent customer at the school canteen.”
- J. Betts: “Forgot my glasses, Rose, so you’ll have to read to me.”

“This article is dedicated to our long departed fellow students of L. H. S. Long remembered will be Mrs. D. Schmeisser, the former Lynn Joudrey who made startling advances in the field of social work. She almost succeeded in wiping cannibalism from the face of the earth. It was a sad day when she met her end in a boiling cauldron in Africa.

“The most fantastic Centennial Project ever undertaken by a married couple was that accomplished by Helga Kohler and Richard Knickle. As of ten years ago they had finally reached their proposed quota of one hundred children. In memory we extend congratulations to the haggard two!

“The ‘Blockhouse Hill Brain Children’ were none other than Pat Powers, John Ross, and John Spindler who combined their efforts to produce the sixty-second electric bathtub, guaranteed to shock dirt away.

“A famous naval officer, Douglas Crouse, made history doing research with marine life. With the help of his aqua-man machine invented by Penny Stonely, the renowned oceanographer, he learned how to communicate with ‘Flipper’ and his underwater friends.

“On their world-wide television show, “Live or Else”, Linda Crouse and Eileen Lohnes, two dedicated Home Economists, gave helpful hints regarding economy in living. This astounding show produced by genius director, David Fralick, was an instant success with miserly multi-millionaires.

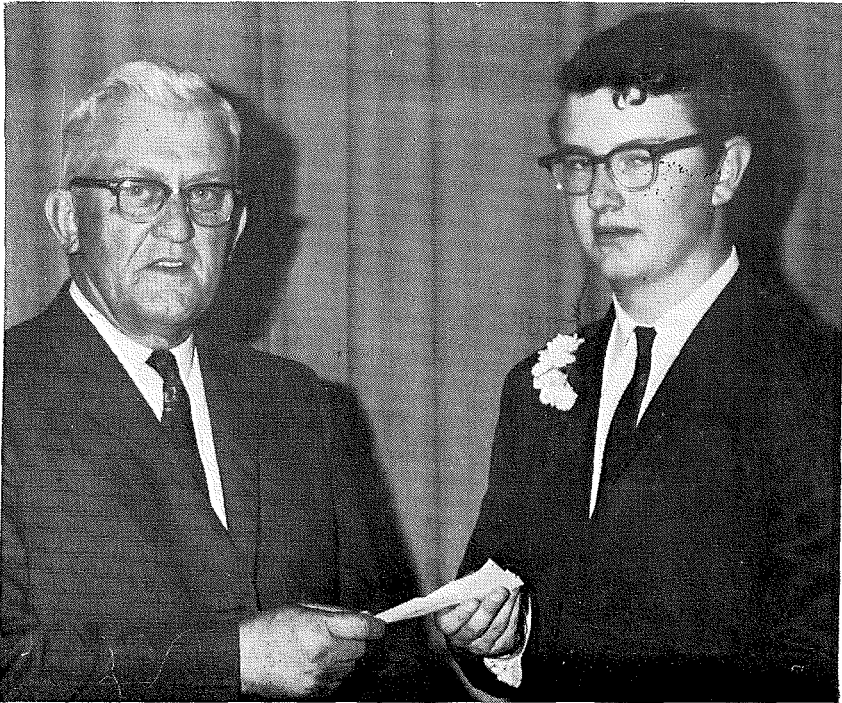
"The last book in the "How to . . ." series by the writing team of Vicki C ntelope and Suzanne Bailly was "How to Develop Colored Eye-balls" With this accomplished, people could eliminate buying color television, an expensive necessity of the modern age.

"Opera patrons mourned the loss of the musical quartet of Faye Tarrant, Elizabeth Crouse, Sue Miller and their harpist Judy DeMone. This new sound became so popular that favour for the "Treble Clefs" outshone that for the "Beatles".

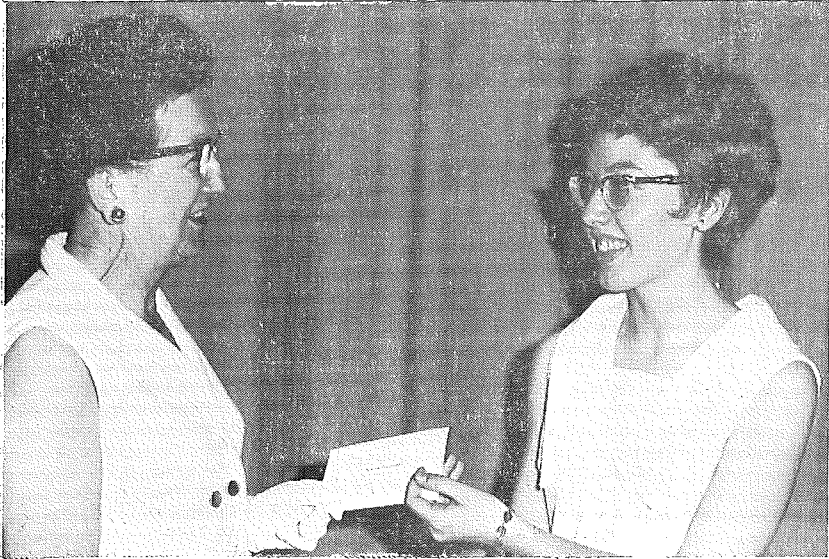
"Lest but not least in this happy group was Nap Anderson. His hair growing talents guided him to the hairdressing profession and his opening of the well-known Paris salon, Napier's Coiffures. His female classmates' dearest wish was to have hairdos combed with his famous 'metal comb'."

J. Betts: "Rose, it sure brings back memories of Grade XII days, doesn't it? Don't think I'll ever forget some of these characters. Ho Hum."

J. Ross: "Shall I read you some of the advertisements? Here's a picture that makes me hungry. Guess I'll satisfy my appetite with one of your moonshine ice-creams."

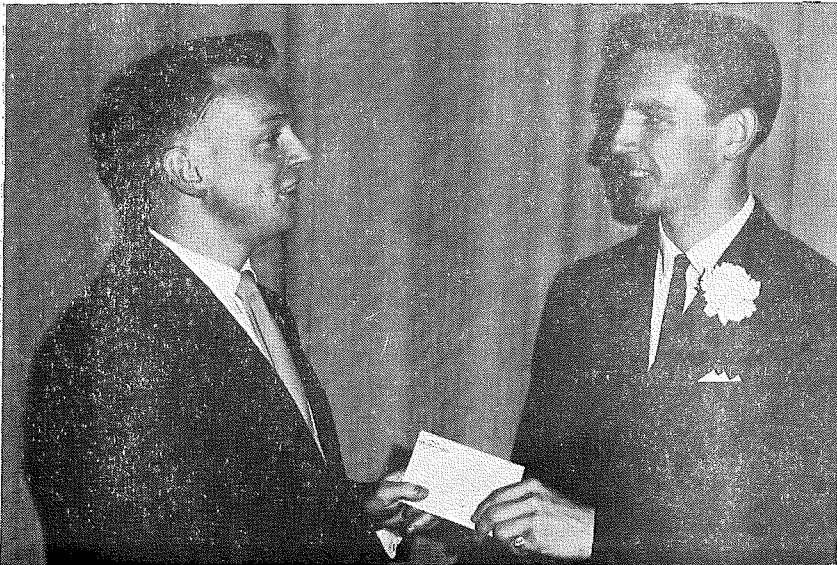


Presentation of C. J. Morrow Scholarship



WOMEN'S INSTITUTE SCHOLARSHIP

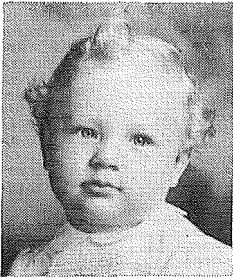
Mrs. Flo Wamboldt, Sandra Conrad



JUNIOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE SCHOLARSHIP

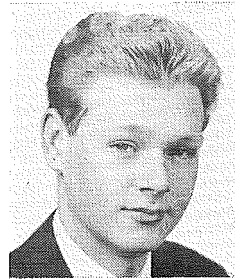
Mr. Gordon Crouse, Robert Daniels

Richard Douglas Knickle
"Ricky"



"Many of us are at the 'metallic age' — gold in our teeth, silver in our hair and lead in our pants"

This year Richard has been busy as Co-President of the Athletic Association. Participation in both soccer and hockey showed that Richard is a sports enthusiast. We wish him success as he enters the R.C.M.P.

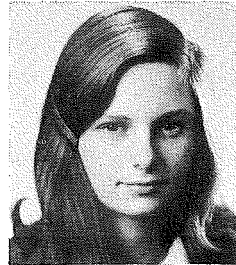


Helga Elizabeth Kohler
"Hel"

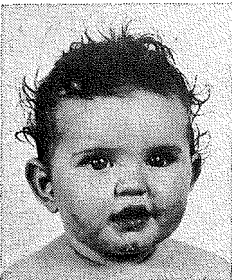


"Merrily, merrily, life goes on
Hippity, hoppity . . . trip."

Active in sports, Helga played field hockey and served as Manager for the girls' basketball team. Helga was also a member of the panel on the quiz programme "Reach for the Top." Plans for the future include university.

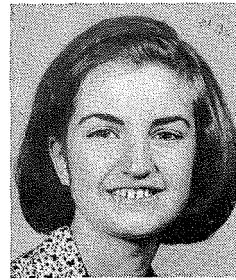


Faye Louise Tarrant
"Faye"



"Doing little things well is a step toward doing big things better."

Faye has done her utmost to make the Junior Red Cross organization a success. Her other interests include acting in amateur productions, Church choir, public speaking. She hopes to become a Medical Records Librarian.





GRADE VIII (a)

1st row: (l. to r.) — V. Bezanson, J. Lace, F. Taylor, L. Shepherd, P. Walters, M. Strickland, L. Dares.
2nd row: S. Hattie, C. Himmelman, B. Young, K. Kohler, S. Tanner, E. Boutcher, P. Mills.
3rd row: T. Orchard, J. Morrow, G. Schmeisser, J. Powers, D. Tanner, R. Gjelstad, C. Berg, T. Purcell.
4th row: B. Kierstead, A. Savory, D. Dares, R. Hannams, R. Crouse, D. Covey, M. Hopkins.



GRADE VIII B

1st Row: (l. to r.) — B. Hardiman, H. Black, L. Keeping, S. Toms, H. Crouse, E. Stoddard, J. Oxner.

2nd Row: (l. to r.) — A. Savory, J. May, P. Demone, G. Parcell, J. Reid, S. Fraser, K. Vickers, T. Peters.

3rd Row: (l. to r.) — G. Alford, B. Hinck, J. Pentony, B. Levy, D. Selig, A. Allen.



GRADE IX

Front row: J. Wisnhauser, B. Williams, P. Mosher, S. Anderson, B. Burke, W. Dauphinee, S. Whynacht, V. Schnare, P. Mason,

Second row: K. Zinck, L. Lohaes, K. Risser, B. Weaver, B. Young, J. Mills, C. Corkum, J. Hebb, D. Forbes.

Third row: W. Comstock, G. Fox, T. Hillier, B. Alinard, J. Crouse, T. Falkenham, S. Byers, D. Selig, M. Keddy.

Back row: M. Conrad, M. Knickle, G. Savory, T. Allen, D. Thompson, C. Randall, G. Veinotte, P. Daniels, C. Eisnor, B. Frittenburg.



GRADE X

Front row: H. Demone, J. Zinck, S. Conrad, J. Tanner, P. Zinck, A. Dauphinee, S. Sheaves.

Second row: M. Pridham, D. Keddy, R. Cook, S. Stoddard, S. Crouse, P. Conrad, B. Stewart, E. Winters, R. Menssen,

Third row: G. Risser, B. Tanner, J. Eisenhauer, C. Purcell, R. Whynot, G. Joudrey, W. Richards, A. Learmonth, M. Nodding.

Back row: D. Wilneff, J. Mosher, B. Keirstead, D. Hansen, C. Corkum, D. Ritcey, G. Josey, G. MacDonald, L. Boucher, R. Bailly.



GRADE XI

Front row: F. Conrad, M. Conrad, N. Crouse, N. Haughn, G. Langille, J. May, D. Wentzell, H. Smith, C. Smith.

Second row: P. Fraser, W. Whynacht, D. Wentzell, T. Winters, B. Corkum, M. Winters, D. Bartlett, J. MacDuff, J. Blindheim.

Back row: J. Meisner, G. Hall, G. Whynaught, K. Conrad, M. Savory, B. Oxner, C. Cook, B. Richards.

Missing: Janis Campbell.



Common School Improvement Prize Winners 1966

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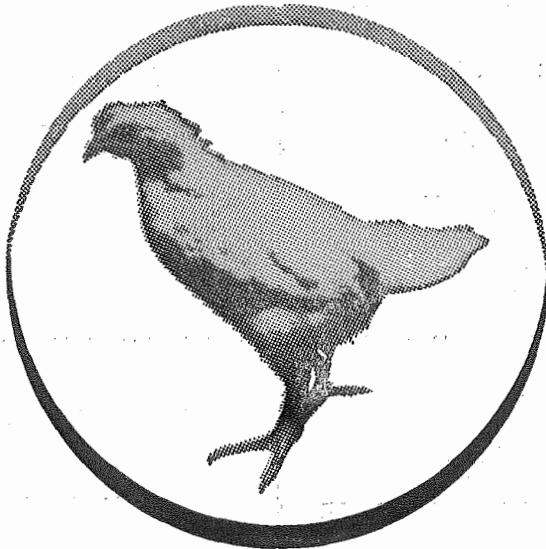
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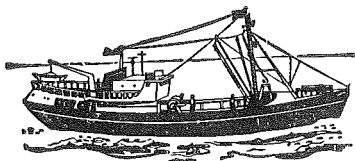
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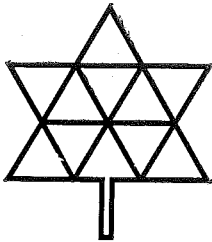
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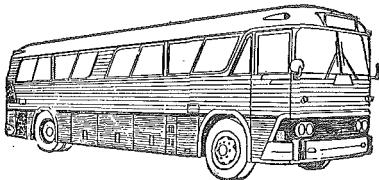
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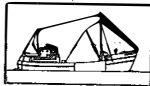
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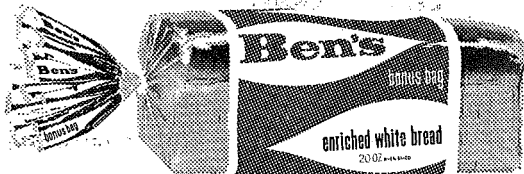
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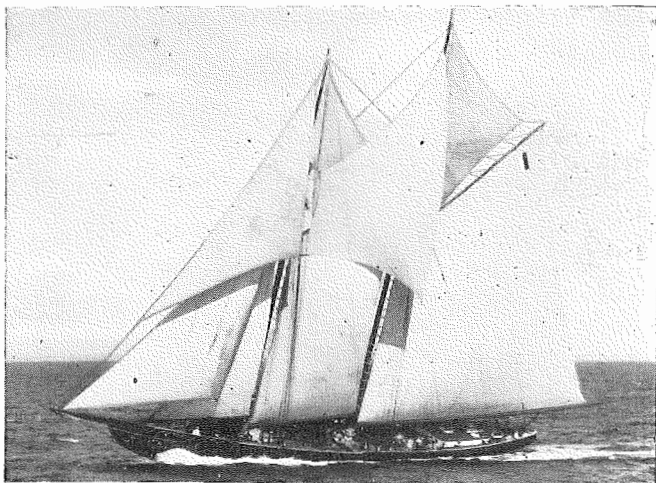
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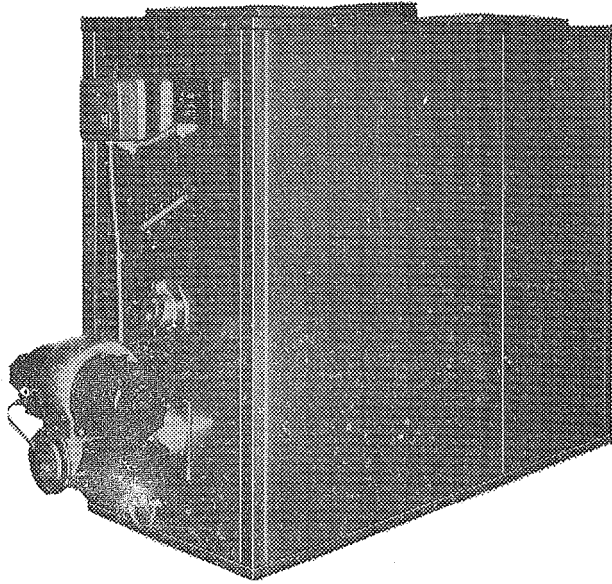
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