

The
SEA GULL

LUNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK
Animis Opibusque Parati 1968

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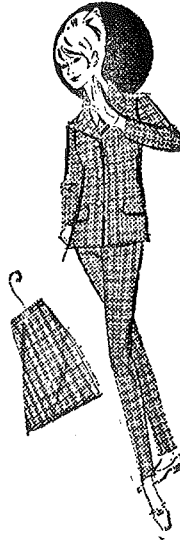
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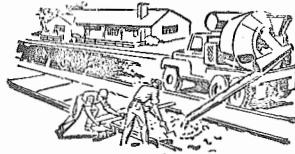


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Legion Bursary — 1967 — Miss Vicki Cantelope

Legion Leadership Training Programme —
1967 — Christopher Purcell

Centre Consolidated School

Legion Scholarship — 1967 — Ronald Carver

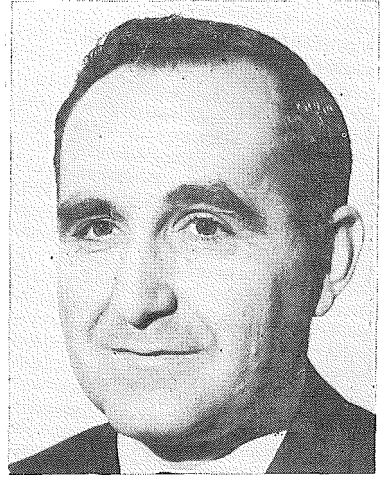
Legion Bursary — 1967 — Brian Zinck

Lunenburg Branch No. 23
Royal Canadian Legion

Junior-Senior High School Staff



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Supervisor



CHARLES ANDREWS
Vice-Principal

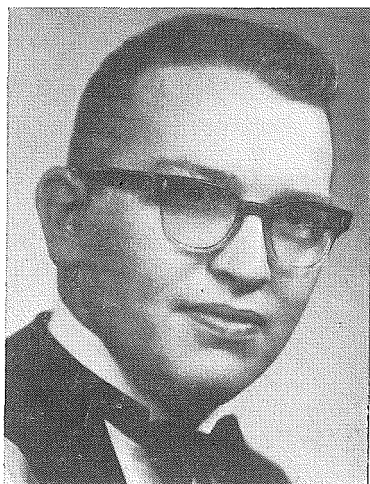


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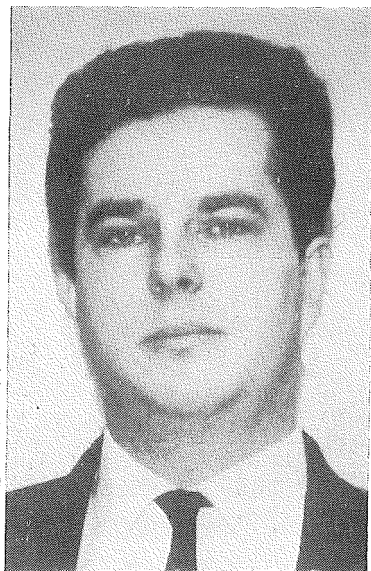
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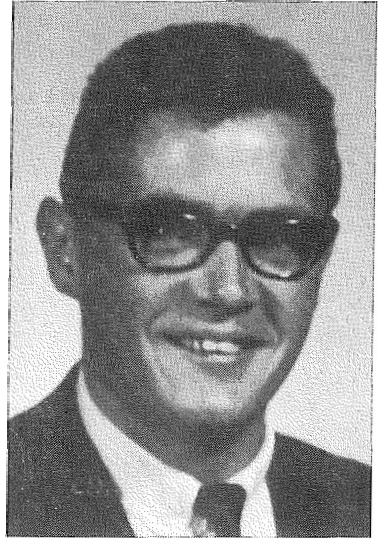


JOSEPH HALEY

Junior-Senior High School Staff



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DAVID ATWOOD, B. A.

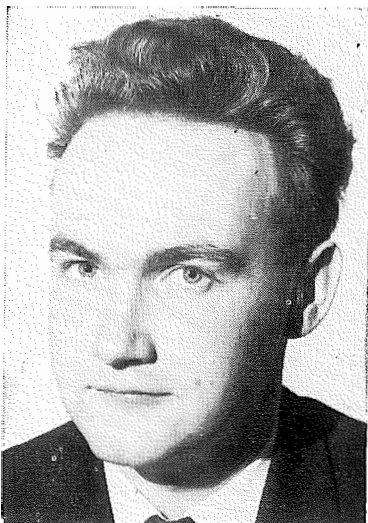


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Home Economics



E. E. EISNOR
Industrial Arts

Junior-Senior High School Staff



MR. VAN DER TOORN

Physical Education



MR. GUS VICKERS

Director of Recreation

MESSAGE FROM THE EDITORS

It is our feeling that this magazine is a product of life in Lunenburg. For this reason it is of interest to any and every local person; for the same reason it is a credit to all who have had anything to do with it. We are grateful for the opportunity to work on the staff of the "Sea Gull" and wish that this issue may be as successful as those of past years and those of years to come



Janis Campbell '68 Debra Wentzell '68

MESSAGE FROM THE EXECUTIVE EDITORS

We have appreciated the opportunity of serving as Executive Editors of the Sea Gull this year. We are confident that the experience has been beneficial and will be of great aid to us in the future. Our best wishes to the graduating class of '68.

Patsy Conrad '69

Randi Menssen '69

MESSAGE FROM THE BUSINESS MANAGERS

We have enjoyed the privilege of acting as business managers for the '68 Sea Gull. We would like to thank all those who helped in any way and to wish this publication success. We shall leave High School having benefitted by our experience.



Jackie MacDuff '68 Bill Corkum '68

MESSAGE FROM THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL PRESIDENT

I want to express my appreciation to all the students who have helped to make the past year a success for the Students' Council (and student body). Also a word of thanks to the teachers who assisted us in such endeavors as the Christmas Concert and Winter Carnival.

Bill Corkum '68, President.

MESSAGE FROM JUNIOR RED CROSS PRESIDENT

As president of the Red Cross Youth, I have learned many new things which I was not aware of before. There are many people all over the world who live because of the work of the Red Cross. I would, therefore, like to thank the teachers and students who co-operated in the fulfillment of our purpose.

David Bartlett '68



MESSAGE FROM CO-PRESIDENTS OF ATHLETIC ASSOC.

It has been a pleasure to serve as co-presidents of the Athletic Association and we would like to thank all those who have helped support our Association.

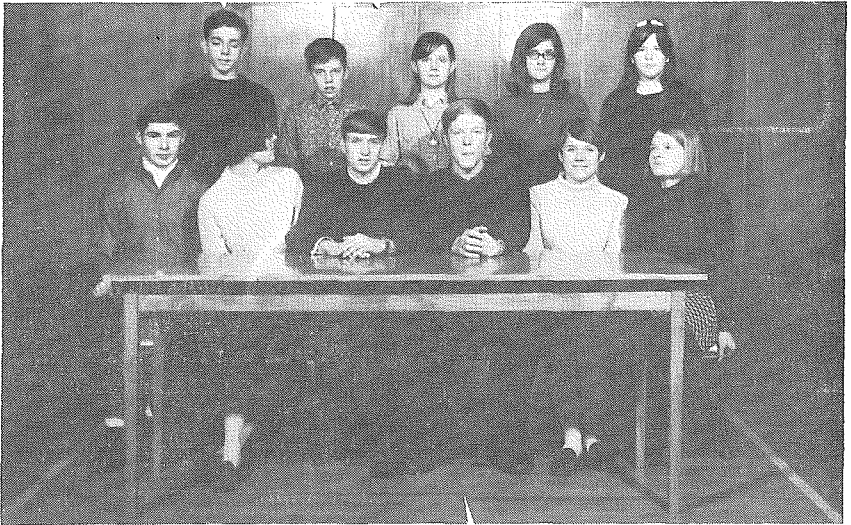
**Jackie MacDuff '68
and Nancy Crouse '68
Co-presidents Ath.
Assoc.**



NEWSPAPER STAFF

First Row (L. to R.) — H. Smith, R. Bailly, J. Eisenhauer, Mrs. Mosher, C. Purcell, N. Haughn, R. Menssen.
Second Row (L. to R.) — P. Walters, L. Shepherd, L. Sheaves, B. Stewart, S. Toms, S. Sheaves, N. Himmelman, J. Van Dine.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL



First Row (L. to R.) — T. Falkenham, P. Conrad (Secretary), W. Corkum (President), G. Joudrey (Vice-President), J. May (Treasurer), M. Keddy.
Second Row (L. to R.) — C. Berg, D. Croft, S. Anderson, L. Richards, L. Hebb.

The Students' Council has been very busy for the School year of 1937-38. Since early October regular meetings have been held and numerous projects undertaken.

Student Cards were sold and are necessary for entrance to most activities. Hallowe'en and Christmas Dances were held, each of which was a tremendous success.

This year the Council was responsible for the Magazine Sales Campaign sponsored in November. The executive also served on the Winter Carnival Committee.

During the year basketball uniforms were purchased for the Senior Girls' Team and a piano for the Choral Club.

Early in the new year orders for rings were completed. Presently, preparations are being made for the Senior and Junior Graduation Dances to be held in May and June respectively.

Pat Conrad '69, Secretary.

JUNIOR RED CROSS



First Row (L. to R. — P. Daniels, D. Schmeisser (Vice-President), D. Bartlett (President), N. Haughn (Treasurer), G. Eisenhower (Secretary), P. Mosher.

Second Row (L. to R.) — A. Morrow, B. Stewart, A. Allen, P. Cook, L. Dares, M. Rhuland.

This year the Junior Red Cross started by sponsoring Slop Day which provided a means for obtaining the yearly dues. Much to the distress of teachers and parents all students came to school dressed in old and sloppy attire.

Shortly after this escapade the Red Cross held a Valentine Dance and the "Citation" provided music for the many enthusiastic dancers. The highlight of the evening came when Mrs. R. G. A. Wood crowned both the Junior and Senior Valentine kings and queens. The royal couple chosen from the Junior High School were Lynn Hebb and Tommy Hanrahan, both from Grade 8A. The High School shared the honours with Queen Janet May from Grade 12 and King Gregory Hall from Grade 11.

Most of our funds were sent away as Junior Red Cross dues. Money was collected for the Crippled Children's Fund and sent to those in need.

The Junior Red Cross executive hope that the students and teachers have enjoyed our fund raising projects during the year and we heartily thank you for your donations.

Gretchen Eisenhower '68, Secretary.



THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



First Row (L. to R.) — C. Randall, P. Zinck (Secretary), J. MacDuff (Co-President), N. Crouse (Co-President), M. Nodding (Treasurer), B. Williams.

Second Row (L. to R.) — C. Hannams, T. Conrad, R. Hannams, B. Levy, K. Falkenham, E. Lane.

This year the Athletic Association has been busy raising funds for the various sports. A car wash was held in October which was very successful. A successful dance was held in November and an equally successful one is being planned for the Spring. The Athletic Association joined with the Students' Council in the planning of the Winter Carnival which went over very well. The efforts of the Athletic Association were, as always, well-received and supported by most students.

Penny Zinck '69, Secretary.

A Message

from the School Board

What young people are putting into their heads today is in essence what they must have to meet the necessities of tomorrow.

To put it bluntly, young people are up against a tough proposition. This is a time, before getting too far into life, to find out what all the possibilities are.

It is no time for loitering. There is no use in waiting for the future in the hope that everything will turn out all right.

Young people approaching graduation have a chance to show what they are made of. They will see the difficulties of the task and not shirk from them; they will look far enough ahead to anticipate and give attention to problems before they become urgent; they will appraise themselves and the future intelligently so as to give order and direction to their lives and develop them to the full.

The teaching in the Lunenburg schools has given you, the graduates of 1968, a firm foundation on which to build your future. May your future be happy and successful.

BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS

Rayfield G. A. Wood, M.D., Chairman

Rev. John R. Cameron

Arthur H. Hebb

Harold R. Cunningham

James B. Morrow

Supervising Principal — Robert H. Campbell

Clerk B. J. Walters

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Junior-Senior High School Staff	1
Message From The Editors	4
Messages From The Officers	5
Students' Council	7
Jr. Red Cross	8
Athletic Association	9
Board Of School Commissioners	10
Table Of Contents	11
Editorials	14
DEDICATION	
Dedication To D. H. Collins	16
A Tribute To D. H. Collins — From Mayor R. G. A. Wood, M.D.	17
A Tribute To D. H. Collins — From The Honourable R. H. Winters ..	18
The Good Years — Janis Campbell, Debra Wentzell	19
43 Years Of It — D. H. Collins	20
The First Sea Gull — Lynn Shepherd, Johanna Blindheim	22
Front Cover Of The Sea Gull — Wendy Comstock	23
Founding Of Lunenburg — Nancy Crouse, Mary Strickland	24
General Campbell's Visit To Lunenburg 1785 — Betty Stewart, Pamela Mills	25
Old Names That Have Vanished — Dale Keddy, Chris Purcell	27
A Dramatic Struggle — Ronald Bailly, Roy Gjelstad	27
Centennial Observation — Janet May, Lynn Eisenhauer	29
Theresa E. Connor - Lunenburg's Fisheries Museum — Bill Corkum, Bev. Burke	31
Ten Years After — Candy Corkum, Lynn Joudrey	34
A Story Of The Labrador Fishery — Sharon Meisner, Eva Savory ..	37
HERE AND NOW	
Anil Canada Limited — Gretchen Eisenhauer, Beverly Williams	39
Danish Gymnasts Entertain — Jackie MacDuff	40
My Impressions Of Expo — Gary Schmeisser	41
Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition - 1967 — David Hansen, Jimmy Eisenhauer	43
A Trip To Expo — E. Gibson Bauld	44
BIOGRAPHIES	
James Benjamin Morrow — Melissa Rhuland, Faye Taylor	46
Mrs. Barbara Wood — Penny Zinck, Patsy Walters	48
Rev. J. Harold Graven — Janet May	49
John Lewis Arenburg — Gerald Joudrey, Tommy Hillier	51
Mrs. Josephine Eisenhauer — Nancy Haughn, Wendy Dauphinee	52
Mr. Stan Gibson — Charles Eisnor	53
Rev. James Slack — Suzanne Sheaves, Cathy Zinck	55
Mr. B. J. Walters — Tony Purcell, Gregory Risser	56
Mr. Arthur Hebb — David Bartlett	57
John James Kinley, Jr. — Gail Langille, Valerie Levy	58
Mr. Fred Royal Spindler — Martha Keddy, Wendy Comstock	59
Capt. Anthony Kelly — Donald Schmeisser, John Anderson	61
Meet The Teachers	63

STUDENT TRIPS	
Leadership Camp 1967 — Chris Purcell	66
To Here And There And Back — Janis Campbell	66
The U. N. Seminar 1967 — David Bartlett	68
POETRY	
Paradise — Bill Corkum	69
Day - Dreams — Scott Miller	69
In Dreams — Susan Mitchell	70
The First Date — Lucille Keeping	70
Autumn — Randi Menssen	70
Spring — David Hansen	71
Waste — John Anderson	71
Death Of Love — Deborah Wentzell	72
Trees — David Ritcey	72
The Wolf — Suzanne Sheaves	72
SHORT STORIES	
A Friend Named Jacqui — Janis Campbell	73
The Football Player Who Struck-Out — Bill Corkum	74
Adventure In Loneliness — Debbie Wentzell	75
Before An Open Fire — Suzanne Sheaves	77
The Intruder — Chris Purcell	78
All In A Day — John Meisner	79
The Poem And The Poet — Ronald Bailly	81
Percival's First Date — David Ritcey	82
The Guillotine — Patsy Walters	83
The Realistic Dream — Elizabeth Crouse	83
Perils Of The Sea — Gregory D. Hall	84
SCHOOL ACTIVITIES	
A Calendar Of Events — Cathy Campbell, Pat Conrad	85
Christmas Hodge Podge — Randi Menssen	87
The Christmas Concert —Martha Keddy, Karla Kohler	88
Scholarships (Pictures)	89
Valedictory — Vicki Cantelope	92
Sports — Danny Wentzell, Terry Allen	95
Sports (Pictures)	97
Humor — Nancy Crouse, Wayne Whynacht, Penny Zinck, Beverly Williams, Donald Schmeisser, Kim Conrad	107
"A" Class Prophecy — Janis Campbell, Debra Wentzell	112
Last Will And Testament	114
Class Pictures	115

"The Sea Gull"

VOL. 33

LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1968

NO. 33

BOARD OF EDITORS

CO-EDITORS — *Chief Editors:* Debra Wentzell, Janis Campbell.

Executive Editors: Randi Menssen, Patsy Conrad.

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Grade 11: Chris Purcell, David Hansen.

ASSISTANTS — *Grade 12:* Danny Wentzell, David Bartlett, John Meisner,
Wayne Whynacht, Kim Conrad.

Grade 11: James Eisenhauer, David Ritcey, Ron Bailly,
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Brian Richards, Brian Tanner, Terry Winters,
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Grade 10: Philip Daniels, John Crouse, Terry Allen, Terry
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BIOGRAPHIES — *Gretchen Eisenhauer*, Dale Keddy, Gerald Joudrey, Marvin
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SPECIAL FEATURES — *Nancy Haughn*, Chris Purcell, Bettie Jane Stewart,
Wendy Comstock, Philip Daniels.

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POETRY — Mr. J. Haley.

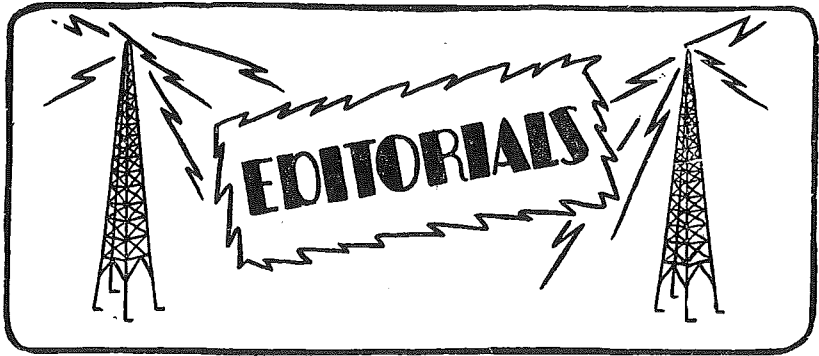
SHORT STORIES — Mrs. L. Mosher, Mrs. C. McAllister.

ARTICLES — Mr. Charles Andrews.

BIOGRAPHIES — Mr. G. Bauld, Mr. D. Atwood.

HUMOUR - SPECIAL FEATURES — Mr. R. Lewis, Mr. R. Fisher.

GENERAL SUPERVISION — Mr. R. H. Campbell.



— Janis Campbell '68 and Debra Wentzell '68 —

Once in a long while people are given a chance to set down a few thoughts that will be looked upon occasionally as long as the paper exists. Thus, in our effort we shall try to record something that is worthwhile, good, and true. To this end we have chosen to discuss the value of our first eighteen years.

Although up to this point we have not really given it much consideration, now it must be realized that here at last we shall be leaving our cozy nests and venturing out into the world. It seems odd to think that the hands that have fed and comforted us, the minds that have guided us shall no longer be of direct influence on our lives. Of course, the effect they have made can never be removed but they will no longer be able to help and protect us as once they did. The change was inevitable — we have grown from completely dependent infancy to the independence of adulthood. The question has probably arisen: What has this to do with this magazine? The answer is: This edition is the result of an evolution of Sea Gulls from its first printing in 1936; it is the result of the work put into it by five different high school grades; but first of all, it is the result of the thirteen years of pruning that have cultivated the Grade 12 class. For it is they who have done the largest portion of the work and it is with them that the responsibility for its success lies. All those years of work and learning have been poured into this book and, perhaps, what has been produced here is a measure of how well the die has been cast.

We must not try to gain all the credit for ourselves and our fellow students. Our principal has certainly given much of his time and effort to planning and encouraging; the teachers have been more than kind in donating their advice and opinions. The Sea Gull is a meeting ground for the minds of the faculty and the student body. It is probably the best example of smooth and efficient working between the two — as such it is a rare prize.

Nor must we try to pretend that our Sea Gull will be the best one. In our vanity we may hope that it is the best so far because it is, as we have

stated, the heir of a distinguished line but we hope also that it will be a link that will lead on to yet better works.

It is our desire that this book will be interesting and entertaining for all those who open its covers; by this we mean that those who have contributed should not be the only ones to whom it appeals. If all the fields we have entered have been properly treated then the book should excite the memory and imagination of the parents of the students, native Lunenburgers, visitors to our town, and those who come in search of some lost bit of information.

If all these things have been accomplished and if the book is not too light, too serious, dull or too gay, then we shall have been successful and our Sea Gull will be a good one.

THIS ISSUE OF

"The Sea Gull"

IS DEDICATED TO

Mr. D. H. Collins

FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS

PRINCIPAL AND SUPERVISOR OF SCHOOLS

FOR THE TOWN OF LUNENBURG

who presided over Lunenburg's educational system with dedication and unselfishness. During those years, he maintained ideals of both scholarship and good citizenship and made a lasting contribution to the lives of many graduates. It was he who began most of the features of the school's rich and varied extra-curricular program of today. It was he, too, who began our present magazine, *The Sea Gull*. For the twenty-six years I served on his staff we never disagreed about principles. It was always plain to me that he put the welfare of the pupils first and that he was intensely loyal both to his teachers and to the Board of School Commissioners. I learned to admire the charity he showed in his recommendations of former pupils who had given little cause to deserve charity.

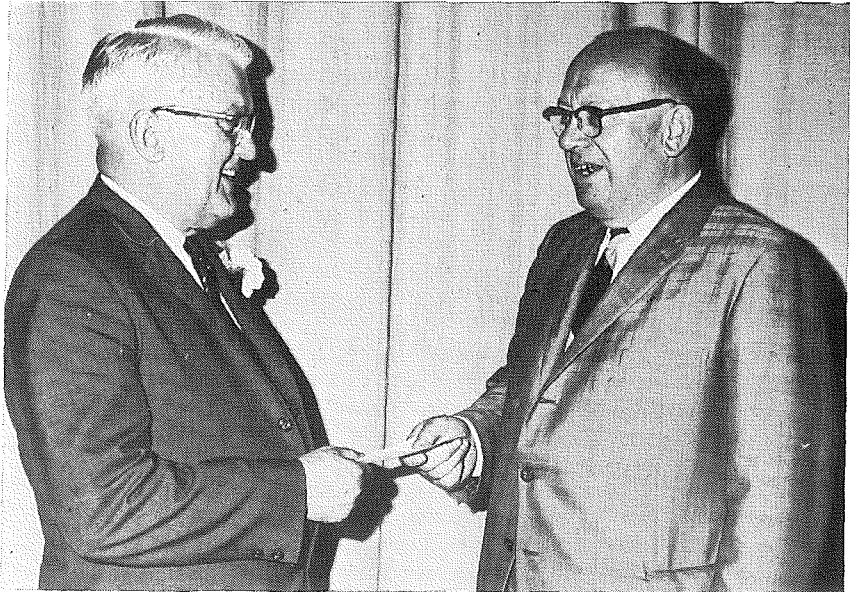
Last year, D. H. Collins retired as Supervisor. As a farewell gift the staff presented him with a Lazy-Boy chair, more to show their affection than in the expectation that he would use it much. It was with no great surprise that they learned this fall that he had gone to work in the Department of Education, Halifax, in an important position connected with Teacher Education and particularly as coordinator of the Nova Scotia Summer School for Teachers.

Now, with respect and affection, we dedicate this issue to one whose ideals and principles are still active in the educational system of our town.

R. H. CAMPBELL, Supervisor.

A TRIBUTE TO D. H. COLLINS

From Mayor R. G. A. Wood, M. D.



Mr. Donald H. Collins came to the Lunenburg Academy in 1923 as Principal. Upon his retirement in June, 1967, Mr. Collins had completed forty-one years of teaching in our town. A firm disciplinarian, Mr. Collins was a kind and understanding teacher, always ready to encourage and help the students at all times. His faithfulness to duty and fine character have been remarkable throughout his career in Lunenburg. Our students have gained much from his capable guidance and fine leadership. This is reflected in the outstanding accomplishments and success of many of the Lunenburg students who have been associated with Mr. Collins.

I have known Mr. Collins as a friend during most of his residency in Lunenburg. As Chairman of the School Board I became very closely associated with Mr. Collins in his work. His chief interest was always the well-being and success of the students. Many hours in the early morning and long after school was dismissed were spent in planning and organizing for the students' benefit. Mr. Collins' dedication to his profession was outstanding at all times.

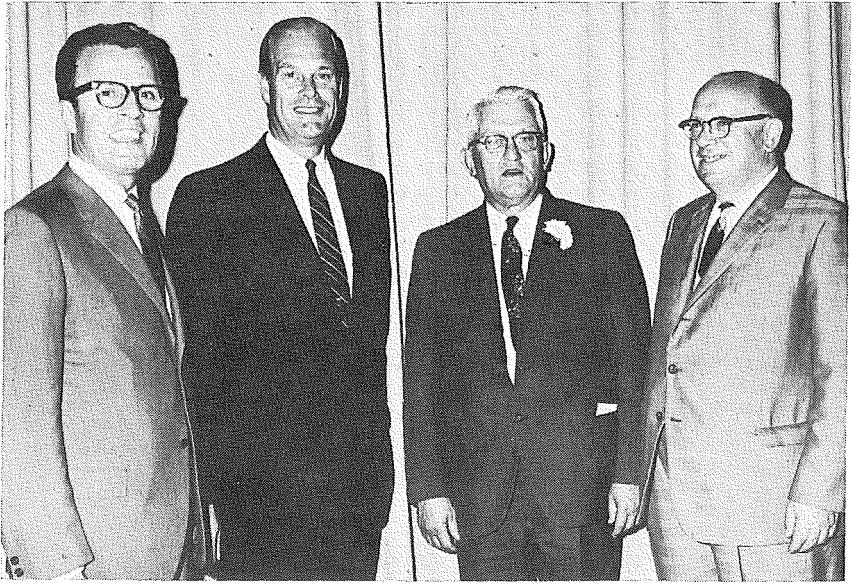
It would take more space than I am permitted, to list Mr. Collins' inestimable qualities and value to our town and children.

Mr. Collins is a fine Christian gentleman, an excellent and outstanding citizen, a kind and devoted husband and father, and a true and faithful friend.

Dr. R. G. A. Wood,
Chairman,
Board of School Commissioners.

A TRIBUTE TO D. H. COLLINS

From the Honourable R. H. Winters



I am honoured by your invitation to write a few words of tribute to Mr. Donald H. Collins. This, I understand, is occasioned by his retirement. But, whatever the reason, it is always a pleasure for me to speak most warmly about a man for whom I have a high regard.

Don Collins came to Lunenburg as Principal at a time when I was still a student in High School. He taught me in Grade 11. He was then a young man not a great deal older than some of his students — with the result that the relationship was one more of friendship than is normally the case between teacher and student. We often discussed together the work program and participated together in a number of sporting activities. I therefore had the opportunity of getting to know him well.

Notwithstanding this close relationship, which could under some circumstances lead to students taking liberties, we found Don Collins to be a teacher from whom we could learn and, at the same time, respect.

Apart from his activities in the Lunenburg Academy, I can think of few people who have contributed more to the life of the community in so many fields. In fact, in every way he became one of us and that, I think, is the highest tribute one Lunenburger can pay to another.

In all of these many activities, Don Collins was so ably aided and abetted by his charming wife, Rita. They made a marvellous team.

It is therefore with an extraordinary degree of pleasure that I take this opportunity of adding my greetings to those whose good wishes go with Don and Rita Collins in the years ahead.

THE GOOD YEARS

— Janis Campbell '68 and Debra Wentzell '68 —

At the graduation exercises last year the students of the town of Lunenburg bid a fond farewell to a man who had taught and supervised in local schools for over forty years. The occasion was one for recollections and the man was Donald H. Collins.

A thorough-bred Nova Scotian, D. H. was born sixty-six years ago in Westport, Brier Island. His father, an insurance agent, worked hard for eighteen years until he finally sent his promising young son off to college at Acadia in Wolfville. Four years later, armed with a B.A., and confronted by the shortage of teachers in Nova Scotia, D. H. took a six-week summer course at Teacher's College offered by the Department of Education. A very short time after this was completed and having answered an advertisement in the Halifax Herald, D. H. was off to Donkin, Cape Breton, to act as principal for two schools with eight classrooms.

Two years later Donald H. Collins was on his way to a new post in Lunenburg, N.S. With him he brought teaching experience and a Cape Breton bride. His first view of Lunenburg Academy came while on the jitney as it pulled in from Mahone Bay. He said it looked like "a medieval monastery". Something, though, must have appealed to the Collinses for they settled here and D. H. began the process of turning out educated minds from the not quite monastical atmosphere of L. A.

Forty-one years afford a lot of memories and some of the nicest ones for D. H. are connected with the old Academy. The view from the top floor windows was especially captivating and on many occasions he can recall having to force himself away from it — in the middle of class! Candy-time was a great time to have a friend like Mary Johnson who was also particularly careful to see that some was saved for the boss. An avid interest in physics and chemistry led to D. H.'s personally designed lab tables that have served their purpose so well they are still used in the new school. His interest was not confined to academics alone and D. H. led several championship basketball and hockey teams on to victory. Many parents smile when they think of the long trips to every point of the province made with Mr. Collins and Miss Westhaver in the lead. Heads would nod in agreement with D. H. if he were ever heard to say: "Yes, those were very good years!"

This is a brief summary of the life of a very fine educator. As the last class that Mr. Collins taught, we had the benefit of a lifetime of accumulated knowledge. Perhaps in this very meagre way we can express our appreciation to a well-respected man. "Thank you, sir."

43 YEARS OF IT

The title of this article has been suggested, although in a more grammatical form than I have used. I offer no apology; rather I think the form embraces my years in a form pregnant with meaning.

Nor would I have anyone infer that the title (to belabor the point) signifies disgust with the Teaching Profession. Had I my life to live over (only a few Greek Gods were granted immortality), I should choose the profession I like so much. Why?

In my day there were so many dedicated teachers whose entire waking hours were devoted to the school. Lunenburg was fortunate in having had four educators in the High School whom I recall with gratitude and fondness. They were the late Miss Minnie Hewitt who married the Lunenburg School System since she spent almost fifty years there; Miss Mary Rudolf who intimidated me at first, but who was most patient and kind to me during our association professionally.

The late Inspector Morris Maxner was a tower of strength and an inexhaustible source of advice. He was principal for seven years. Many a time I went to him before school and after school concerning problems that required the wisdom that comes with experience. We did not have a telephone then. We were always close friends, although we did not agree on all questions.

Then there was the retired Principal, Burgess MacKittrick. (The Library in the Academy and in the spit-and-polish Lunenburg Junior-Senior High School were financed in part by the School graduates and his brother.) We were fellow elders of Central United Church where I developed a high regard for his kindly manner.

Incidentally, I never could decide why Mr. MacKittrick wore half glasses, since he always seemed to be peering over them. Many tales have been told about "Kit" and his special room on the third floor where he repaired for thought and refreshment.

Shakespeare has spoken disparagingly about persons who "scorn the base degrees by which they did ascend". His words included base fellows and the unexpurgated edition contained a few other colourful expressions. These were the persons who moulded my early teaching years in Lunenburg after two years at Donkin, Cape Breton, prior to the days when I had developed my own philosophy based on reading and experience.

On the lot, I now feel that the late Minnie Hewitt was the most priceless when one considers her pointed and choice witticisms. Here are a few of them —

"Empty jugs make the loudest sound"

"Gaul was divided into three parts, and I believe you have all three of them"

"Every tub stands on its own bottom"

The Lunenburg Academy was a behemoth of magnitude and New England architecture of the Horace Mann era. I grew to love it with boundless enthusiasm. It was a rabbit-warren of rooms that extended three floors into the "firmament on high".

It was the be-all and end-all of education in Lunenburg for about 90 years and was constructed in the year 1895. Such a fine bargain was concluded by the town originally, that the contractor failed up. The Mechanic Science, Home Economics, and Assembly Hall rooms were on the third floor.

One Mechanic Science Teacher was a little fellow who lacked the "power of command". Some of his students have told me that on one occasion a few husky boys placed him on the teacher's desk while saying, "Now Jimmy, you sit there and behave yourself".

Later on a Library was constructed on the third floor by a Citizen's Committee headed by Mr. Mel Gardner. The names of all are regarded highly in retrospect. They were Mr. D. H. Collins, secretary-treasurer; Dr. W. A. Hewat; the late Mr. Archibald Powers; Mr. R. St. C. Hopgood; Mrs. G. Harrington; Mrs. Harold Mason; and Mrs. C. J. Morrow. These are the ones I recall most vividly; but most of all I recall the nameless students who gave, in all, a thousand dollars (\$1,000.00) to pay the contractor. And, this was done during the Great Depression.

Our Playground Equipment was a valuable contribution to the Academy grounds. It was added in a day when the late Morris O. Maxner headed the school system. The entire outfit was financed by the teachers and school children through concerts that were staged in the old Assembly Hall on the third floor.

People shudder today when they think of the location of that old Assembly Hall where there were two main exits to a hall leading to a labyrinth of six hallways. Maybe we were saved from fire and smoke, because few of the pipe smokers dared load-up and smoke so far up in the air.

In 1895 the school children lined up on the Bandstand Parade to march to the magnificent new school located on Gallows Hill (called such because there had been two hangings there in old days). One wag, the late Miss Hewitt's brother Harry, had the children primed to sing as they marched:

"See the mighty host advancing; Satan leads the way."

In 1966 on December 21st another crowd of children gathered at the new "Lunenburg Junior-Senior High School". A group of leading citizens had been invited to participate in the grand opening. Among them were Mayor (Dr.) R. G. A. Wood, Chairman of the School Board; Rev. Ralph Weber, who pronounced the invocation and besought God's blessing on the new school; Mr. Roy Cooke, editor of the Progress-Enterprise; Mr. B. J. Walters, Town Clerk; and the School Board.

When I spoke emotion overcame me to the extent that a few unsolicited tears formed on my cheeks. I am not ashamed of an emotion connected with about 39 years at the Old Academy. Centered there was the life I knew and understood and loved.

If I had it to do over again, I should do the same thing. When I said "Forty-three years of it" in the title, I had in mind one thought: those long and blessed years in an institution which was the happiest period of my life.

Someone else will last as long as I did. I venture to write that "whomsoever he might be, his vivid memory of his life in the new school, will never have the lustre of my years in the old". Like Moses I saw the promised land with its guarantee of better days to come. My best wishes go to an institution in a wonderful town where my wife and I hope to end our days.

THE FIRST SEA GULL

— Lynn Shepherd '71 and Johanna Blindheim '68 —

Thirty-eight years ago the following paragraph was printed in a magazine:

“For a long time it has been the desire of the faculty, as well as the pupils, to produce a publication worthy of the school, which would tend to create an interest among students of the Academy and bind together more firmly the various units of which the Academy is composed.”

The above is an excerpt from the editorial of the first Sea Gull published in 1935.

The objective of these students was to create a special interest in school participation and to contribute something toward the framework of a policy that would be honored by future students and kept as part of the Academy.

This is an excerpt taken from last year's Sea Gull editorial:

“For many years, the faculty and students have taken great pride in local events and important personalities. We have recorded them in the Sea Gull, thus preserving some of Lunenburg's Heritage.”

Comparing these paragraphs, we can observe the similarity between the two, although the first is referring to the future, and the latter, to the past.

Many changes have been made concerning the contents of both editions, the most important characteristic being the length. The first publication contained thirty-five pages, whereas the latest edition is made up of one hundred thirty-five pages. This gives one an insight into the growth of interest and ideas on the part of the students over a period of years.

Another particular change pertains to the articles which were not classified in any specific order. Poems, stories, sports activities and notes on local businesses were placed here and there within the covers of this first literary effort, while the articles of the present editions are classified and are placed in sections.

The first publication of the school magazine contained one lone picture on the very last page and this was the 1935 Lunenburg Track Team. In the recent editions a picture is submitted for each outstanding article. Also, there are the separate pictures of the Graduation class as well as a write-up on each student with respect to his or her participation in school activities and future plans.

The advertising has also increased, adding to the prosperity of the magazine.

The students and faculty take great pride and interest in their magazine and we know that the Sea Gull will continue to progress in the future years, as did our first “Sea Gull”.

FRONT COVER OF THE SEA GULL

— Wendy Comstock '70 —

In 1935 the first issue of the Sea Gull appeared. It was rather interesting how the name of our yearbook came into being. Mr. D. H. Collins, our former principal, during a walk noticed a flock of seagulls circling and diving around a vessel. It occurred to him that Sea Gull would be an apt title for the yearbook so he discussed it with the Student Council and it was approved.

Our school motto, which appeared on the front outside cover of the Sea Gull a few years later, actually originated in 1936. It was given to the School by Mr. George Moore, then the Latin teacher at Lunenburg Academy. The student body asked Mr. Moore for help in finding a school motto. He suggested several suitable phrases from which the principal, the teachers and the Students' Council selected the present one — *Animis Opibusque Parati* (Prepared in Minds and Bodies).

Mr. Phillip Backman designed all three covers for the Sea Gull. The very first edition of the magazine had just one small seagull across the cover. Phillip was a graduate of Lunenburg Academy and studied art in England and Germany. This gift certainly shows Mr. Backman's feeling for Lunenburg.

Then in the 1940's Mr. Backman contrived the second unique cover with a large seagull against the background of a wave. The cover plate was first blue but then was changed to green and white which are the school colours. Then two or three years ago it was felt the cover plate was getting old so once again Mr. Collins wrote Mr. Backman and asked him to design another cover. Once more he co-operated and used a photo of a flock of seagulls in flight in various attitudes of flight. This is the cover used today. We acknowledge with gratitude these generous gifts of Mr. Backman to Lunenburg Academy.



This drawing appeared on the cover of the first edition of the Sea Gull — 1935.

FOUNDING OF LUNENBURG

(Excerpts from Journal and Letters of Colonel Charles Lawrence)

— Nancy Crouse '68 and Mary Strickland '71 —

At three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday the 30th 1753, three small ships set out for Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. All three vessels had more settlers on board than they could handle.

Thursday 31st, 1753:

"Mr. Waite was ordered on board ye transports to find room for such of ye Settlers as could not be accommodated on board the Swan and Pilot-boat. Afterwards sixty-five persons were removed."

The weather was fine until Friday, June 1st, when it became foul and stormy. The settlers received new provisions that day from the schooner Chebucto. An account was also taken by Mr. Steinfort of the number of settlers on board the vessels.

"When Mr. Steinfort had made his Muster, as ordered, the number of foreign settlers appeared to be six hundred and forty-two (of these) two hundred and eighty-nine (were able to bear arms)."

On Saturday 2nd, 1753, the weather was fine and the passengers were brought up on deck so that they could benefit from the fresh air.

"About eleven o'clock (in ye morning) I sent Mr. Waite on board (round) ye transports, with directions to ye Masters and officers of each vessel, that they (their passengers) might have ye benefit of ye air, and that ye vessels' holds might be cleaned and sweetened in ye mean time."

Sunday 3rd, 1753:

"Fine weather, ye Wind fresh at W. South West."

The 4th, Monday, started out foggy but by nine o'clock that morning the fog was beginning to lift. That was a very special day in that the first child was born. A doctor was also sent to look after a number of people who were sick on board the vessel Swan.

"At ten o'clock came on board ye Marquis de Conty, who acquainted me that a German woman, on board ye Swan transport, was last night delivered of a Male Child; That there were some persons sick on board; and that, in general, ye people wanted airing on Deck."

The weather was showery and foggy on both Wednesday the 6th and Thursday the 7th, 1753.

Between four and five o'clock in the morning of Friday the 8th the vessels were abreast of Cross Island. By seven o'clock they were anchored in Merliguash Harbour. At ten o'clock that morning the masters were given orders to prepare their boats and make a disposition for landing. By eleven o'clock the Regulars and militia and Rangers were on shore waiting for the settlers to embark.

Friday and Saturday were spent unloading the vessels of their goods, women and children, while the men were busy surveying the land and building a blockhouse for their defence.

"The people (and with great reason) are all extremely delighted with ye place, and in great health and spirits, and seem to labour with more alacrity than I could have expected."

Thus, began the growth of Lunenburg so long ago in 1753 and is still continuing to grow and expand in our year of 1968.

GENERAL CAMPBELL'S VISIT TO LUNENBURG, 1785

— Betty Stewart '69 and Pamela Mills '72 —

As part of a tour of the province of Nova Scotia, General Campbell, Commanding Officer of His Majesty's forces in Nova Scotia, visited Lunenburg in 1785. Included in the party were General Campbell, Colonel Yorke, Captain Addington, Major Gordon and Lieutenant Booth of the Engineers. The following excerpt is taken from Lt. Booth's journal which was published by Dr. D. C. Harvey in his report to the Board of Trustees of the Public Archives of Nova Scotia for the year ended 31st of December, 1933.

"August 14th At 11 o'clock this morning, we weighed Anchor, and proceeded to Malla-Gash, alias, Lunenburg."

"August 18th By half past five, this afternoon, we reach'd the harbor of Lunenburg."

"August 19th Went ashore this morning. The Fort upon the hill saluted the General, on landing. Colonel J., a dutch Gentleman, and Collector of the Customs here, went round the Town with us. He related wonderful stories, upon matters that happened during the American War; in particular the Attack on the Town, by five Privateers. Mr. J. acquainted us, that he, and Mrs. J. were in bed, but hearing the alarm, he got up, and flew to his gun, which, he said, was in the back Parlour — that on seeing seven of them standing at the Corner of the Street, opposite his house, he fired, & shot a fellow, under the Ribs, and upon his falling, they all surrounded his house: as he had not time to reload he got hold of his sword, but finding that they still were endeavoring to break open the house, and, concluding they would certainly destroy him, he rush'd through the passage, under the fire of eight of the Rebels who were Posted at the back door — this told very well, and especially when, the retreat he made, was in order to take possession of the Redoute, on the Hill; which, he said, was the summit of his wishes; but on his arrival there he found the Guns dismounted, and thrown over the Parapet — however, he declared, that before Night came on he had them re-mounted, and in good order for giving the Rebels a warm reception, should they make a second attack, where he waited the whole night, with a strong Guard of sixty Men. Mrs. J., in her turn, related what happen'd in the house, during her husband's retreat, and which proved, not a little entertaining, being delivered in her dutch accent, now and then, a hand placed in front of the peak of her stays, while the other was quickly drawn up

to her Mouth, she went on informing us, dat da ves great tall Vellows — — Poor Mrs. J., was most undoubtedly in a dangerous situation, but We were convinced, at the conclusion of her story, that nothing further happened than the loss of, their Money, Cloathes, Pudding, and Beef. Mr. Js. account was wonderful, and I believe most of us were inclined to credit what he had asserted, but upon our mentioning the affair to two of the Inhabitants, who dined on board with the General they positively deny'd the whole of It, except his retreat, which they said, was performed with the utmost precipitation, and that he was not seen for three days, having hid himself somewhere up in the Country, and in the woods. Tis true that the Americans, last War, did attack the Place, as related in the beginning of this Sequel, having set fire to three houses, and burnt two Block-houses. The Land round Lunenburg makes a good appearance, having many small Farms, kept in great neatness, and to complete the Land-skip, there are several Rivers, which intersect the general coup d'oeil in a beautiful manner. This harbour is not navigable for large Ships of War, as far up as the Town, but is very convenient for Merchantmen. On an Eminence, on the right of the Entrance to this harbour, there was a Block house which the Americans burnt, being one of those before related. There are only two Blockhouses now standing, one is situated on the Hill to the left of the Town, and the other below it on a Bank near and about 20 ft. above the Water. That on the hill forms a Square Redoute, and mounts two 24 Pdrs, commanding the Harbour, and the Town, very advantageously: one of these was burnt and the Materials of the other are now lying on the Ground. There are still the remains of a Retrenchment in front of part of the Town, and joining the Blockhouse on the bank, above the Water. This Retrenchment had Platforms for three Guns, one on each flank, and one in the Centre. but as Peace seldom, or ever prolong the Parapets of Works of this nature being composed of Sods etc it is Crumbling away:— the Platform rotten, — and the Guns are removed. Provisions at Lunenburg are pretty reasonable; but the price of labour extremely high. — Carpenters, and masons demand, and get Seven Shillings per day for their work. — Cutters of Grass, for Hay, 3s, and Turners of d 2/6, Currency.”

“August 20th

Left Lunenburg at a quarter past four this morning, on our way to Shelburne, where we arrived at one oClock the next day.”

OLD NAMES THAT HAVE VANISHED

— Dale Keddy '69 and Chris Purcell '69 —

One cannot study Lunenburg County history without at once noticing the wealth of quaint old names which our ancestors used that have now vanished. As settlements grew or declined their names altered gradually or by a sudden act of violence or government.

Prior to Lunenburg's settlement in 1753, the site the town now occupies was called "Malliggeak" by the Micmacs, later "Merliguesche", by the French and then, "Malagash", by the British. Our town's present name came, as we all know, from Lunenburg in Germany, the original home of many of our forefathers.

Mahone Bay was until 80 years ago, known as Kinburn, a name of Scotch origin referring to the many streams that empty into the harbour. In 1880 an assembly of residents voted that the name of the town be changed to that of the bay at the head of which it stands. Today, the original name remains only in memories, and in the name of a local drug store.

Originally, Chester was known as Shoreham (a hamlet by the shore). In 1759, Governor Lawrence made grants of land in the area to settlers, and a year later renamed the village Chester, in honor of the Earl of Chester, Lord of Trades and Plantations.

The area surrounding the mouth of the La Have River was called La Hève (the haven) by the French explorers Champlain and DeMonts, who made their first landfall here in 1604. In 1705 Boston pirates burned the French settlement at Cape de la Hève and anglicized the name to La Have.

Upper, Middle, and Lower Cornwall are small farming communities which grew from a single outpost, New Cornwall, named after the Cornwall in England.

Before New Ross took its present name it was called Sherbrook, in honour of St. John Sherbrook, a Governor of Nova Scotia.

The land that the golf course now occupies, Kaulback Head, was at one time called Sheriff's Head. The name Palmerston Bay became present day Green Bay. Covey's Island in Mahone Bay was earlier known as Rous' Island. Hebbville once had the name, Hebb's Mills. East Chester was called Scotch Cove in its earlier days.

It is interesting to speculate on the evolution of these old names because they mark the evolution of Lunenburg County's communities.

A DRAMATIC STRUGGLE

— Ronald Bailly, '69 and Roy Gjelstad '71 —

Nowadays, many people seem convinced that religion is just not the same as it used to be. This may be true, but there have been events in the past which serve to show that our ancestors were certainly not always as pious as we are often led to believe. One of these events occurred here in Lunenburg, in what is now Zion's Lutheran Church and is recorded in the

diary of Adolphus Gaetz published by the Public Archives of Nova Scotia. Mr. Gaetz was a merchant and prominent public official in Lunenburg around the middle of the nineteenth century. His diary, which covers the years from 1855 to 1873, gives an interesting if somewhat biased picture of Lunenburg during these years.

Adolphus Gaetz first mentioned unrest in the Lutheran Church in an entry in his diary for August 26, 1860. This unrest existed because of a conflict between Reverend Cossman, Reverend Stein, and members of the congregation. The situation gradually worsened, and finally reached a head during a regular Sunday morning service.

The trouble began when some members of the congregation became dissatisfied with their minister, Reverend Charles Cossman. This gentleman had come from Germany twenty-six years earlier, and still conducted the Lutheran services in German. Desiring services in English, the Lutherans sent an offer to a Mr. Stein in the United States, to become an assistant minister. Adolphus Gaetz described the reasoning behind the Lutheran decision — "The Importation of this man was to serve a double purpose, firstly to preach to the Lutheran Congregation in english, and secondly to diminish the flock of the Episcopal Church, which some of the hot headed Lutherans vainly imagined could be easily accomplished soon after english services were commenced in the Lutheran Church".

Time passed, and Mr. Stein had been preaching in the Lutheran Church for several months, but was getting none of his congregation's hoped-for results in drawing new members from the Anglican Church. For this reason, Mr. Stein decided to open the church for prayer meetings, at which anybody would be allowed to exhort and pray aloud. In this respect, he met with stern opposition from the congregation, not so much against the idea of holding prayer meetings, but that such meetings should only be held and conducted by clergymen. In spite of this, Stein went on with his own plan, and the congregation was severed, until the two factions became warring parties.

On January 27, 1861, the actual uproar took place. On that Sunday, Mr. Stein came into the church early, and secured possession of the pulpit, in order to get the better of Mr. Cossman. When Mr. Cossman and some of his followers entered and discovered Mr. Stein, they ordered him to leave, but he would not, arguing that he had as much right there as Cossman. By this time the congregation had assembled, and Mr. Stein began the service. Immediately, Cossman's side began to make all manner of noises to prevent Mr. Stein's voice from being heard, while Mr. Cossman himself rushed to the organ, and played as the choir struck up a psalm. This caused Stein's party to hoot, stamp their feet, and to pound on the floor with anything they could lay their hands on, while others shouted cries of "go it Stein, go it Stein".

This was by no means the end, and although Mr. Gaetz does not give a complete account of what happened afterward, he does say that Mr. Stein was subsequently refused admittance to the church by the Deacons, and forced to hold his service in the Temperance Hall the next week.

Hopefully, people from all denominations in town learned a lesson from these unfortunate events.

CENTENNIAL OBSERVATION

— Janet May '68 and Lynn Eisenhauer '70 —

On June 7, 1967, Lunenburgers drew themselves a bit closer to their own Canadian heritage than they had, or would, on any other date during the Centennial year. This bright, sunshining Wednesday was the date that commemorated the founding of Lunenburg two hundred and fourteen years ago.

Plans for the numerous festivities had been underway for several months with the leadership of co-chairmen Carl Bower and Dr. Harold J. Uhlman. Besides the efforts of these two busy gentlemen there were many people who had offered their services to aid the preparations, as had a number of interested organizations.

The day's events began at 9:30 a.m. with the re-enacting of the landing of the settlers at Rous' Brook. The setting and procedures were made quite effective as the Theresa E. Connor, acting as the ship Albany, anchored in the harbour. The settlers promptly manned their smaller craft and rowed to shore to claim their land and to be greeted by the native Indians.

Mr. Jim Kinley played the role of Colonel Lawrence and upon landing read the orders of the Colonel in the English translation, followed by the original German read by Mr. Volker Metz. Robin Huskins, acting as the Indian Chief, and his tribe at first provided a few tense moments but after conversation the trouble appeared to be overcome. The entire landing, which was successfully portrayed, was under the organization of the Jaycees.

With the Lunenburg Citizens' Band leading the way the settlers, soldiers, Indians, and other voluntary participants paraded to the Community Centre. A few minutes prior to noon they arrived at their destination to be greeted by Mr. Joe MacLean, the Unit Caravan Manager.

The location remained the same while the agenda changed to a lunch of Barbecue chicken, sponsored by the Lunenburg Branch Canadian Legion. An hour later attention was focused on music as the Citizens' Band rendered a Band Concert from the Caravan Platform, followed by the Caravan Folk Singers. The variety of music lifted the hearts of all ages and added to the gay spirits.

The older citizens from the municipal and town areas came to the fore-front at approximately 3:15 dressed in clothes from the nineteenth century. A Centennial Award was presented for the best costume in each class. This appropriate display of the fashions of our ancestors was under the guidance of the I.O.D.E. and the W.I.N.S.

Entertainment returned in the form of Lunenburg's own Bluenose Majorettes. These girls displayed their skills in a lively performance. Then the Mahone Bay Band delighted the public with a few of their band favorites.

With the 5 o'clock hour came the supper at the Curling Club. This meal of Seafood Chowder was sponsored by the Ladies Auxiliary of Lunenburg Branch Royal Canadian Legion. Following that, the High Liner Choir, under the direction of Carl Bower, occupied the Caravan Platform singing a number of pleasant tunes. To help preserve the many wonderful memories that were

made during the day the Mayor presented mementos to the people or groups who made an extraordinary effort to create a successful day.

As all good things, the day's activities had to come to an end and what better way than with a dance for the adults at the Community Centre, while the young folks shook up a storm in the tennis courts. At approximately 10:00 p.m. the Lunenburg Fire Department put on a gigantic Fireworks Display. The bright colors against the dark of the night undoubtedly dampened a few eyes for a variety of sentimental reasons.

This unique day of June the seventh was truly a day when the interests of all ages were satisfied to an unbelievable extent. All those who participated in any of the functions experienced that feeling of reviving or creating those marvelous things called memories.



SAFETY PATROL

First Row (L. to R.) — S. Eisenhauer, N. Lohnes, H. Keddy, M. Keizer, L. Hebb.

Second Row (L. to R.) — C. Eisnor, D. Ritcey.

THERESA E. CONNOR – LUNENBURG'S FISHERIES MUSEUM

— Bill Corkum '68 and Bev. Burke '70 —

In December, 1938, the fishing schooner Theresa E. Connor was launched at the Smith & Rhuland Shipyards. She was christened in honour of Mrs. Theresa Eleanor Connor, wife of Mr. Harold George Connor, then president and general manager of Maritime National Fish Company. At that time the schooner was to be just another workhorse of Lunenburg's fishing fleet; twenty-nine years later she became glorified as the *home* of Lunenburg's Fisheries Museum.

The vessel is approximately one hundred and forty feet long, has a beam of twenty-six and a half feet, a depth of eleven and a half feet and a gross tonnage of 175 tons. In the later stages of her career she was equipped with a 300 h.p. Fairbanks-Morse engine, and radio and echo-sounding equipment.

From 1939 to 1952 the Theresa Connor was captained by the late Clarence Knickle. Then, in 1952, the "Connor" was sold to Zwicker & Company Limited. Her new skipper was Jack Mills, who was to lose his life at sea in 1963 on the schooner Mary Pauline. Next, her captain was Harry Oxner, who served until 1963. For the last four years of her career, the "Connor" went trap fishing off Labrador. Then in 1967 she was purchased for use as a fisheries museum at the bargain price of thirty thousand dollars, eight thousand dollars less than Zwicker & Company could have obtained by selling the Connor in the United States. This generous gift deserves the gratitude of all our citizens.

In her twenty-nine years at sea the "Connor" never lost a man and never went aground, but her career was not without incident. In 1950 she was involved in a fire at sea. As a result the foc'sle had to be rebuilt and the foremast and foresail had to be replaced. At another time a dory went astray but fortunately the men in it were picked up by the schooner "Marjorie and Dorothy".

Centennial Year was not the first time that the idea of a museum had been broached in Lunenburg. Shortly after World War II the Board of Trade considered the project. The late Mr. Roy M. Whynacht was prominent in this effort and he and a committee did a great deal of work but were unable to enlist sufficient financial support. In the mid-1950's the J.C.'s were interested in building a museum on Blockhouse Hill but they too could not get sufficient financial support. Next the local Lion's Club adopted the idea of having a museum as part of their development of Blockhouse Hill and the Sawpit area. Improvement of the Sawpit area was all that this Club could achieve as government support was not forthcoming.

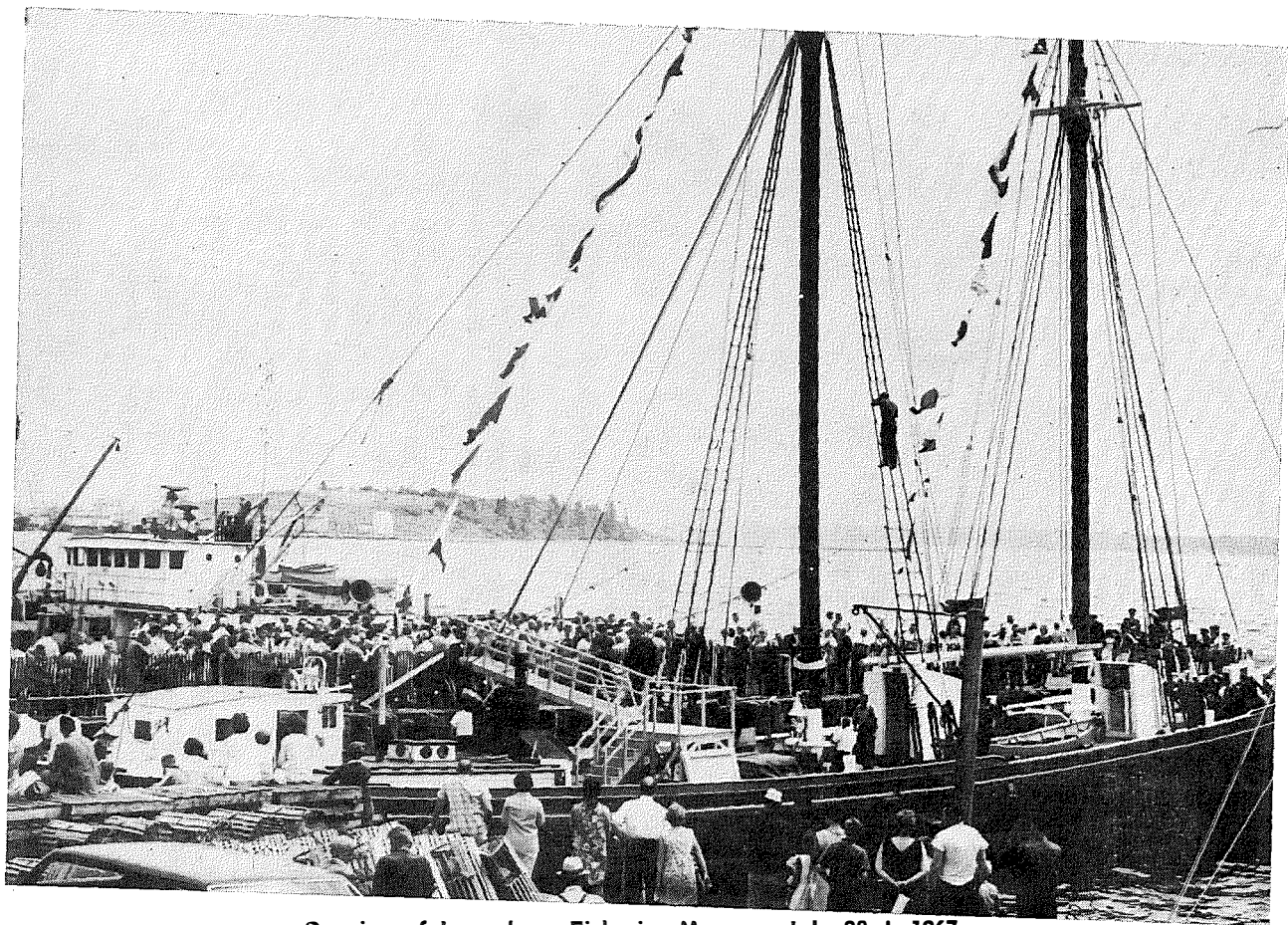
The idea of a museum, however, lingered on until Centennial Year approached and a fisheries museum for Lunenburg seemed a logical Centenn-

ial project. In August, 1965, Mr. Arthur Hebb and Mr. Donald Tanner conducted a canvass of prominent citizens for support. When this was forthcoming a public meeting was held at the Community Centre in September. At this meeting a Citizen's Committee was appointed.

After a great deal of consideration and discussion of several proposals, the Committee finally settled on a scheme of housing the museum in several replicas of fish stores to be built right next to the Tennis Courts. At this point public opinion was divided, some supporting this idea and others the idea of a museum on Blockhouse Hill. Then, at the opening of the Fisheries Exhibition, Mr. John Fisher, Centennial Commissioner, suggested that a schooner be purchased and turned into Lunenburg's Fisheries Museum. As this proposal was received more favourably by the public, the Committee set to work. The Town Council gave its approval, a Centennial Grant was obtained and a public canvass was carried out. The next step was to obtain a suitable schooner. The choice fell upon the Theresa Connor, owned by Zwicker & Company Limited, whose generosity has already been mentioned. On July 23rd, the Lunenburg Fisheries Museum was officially opened. During the summer Zwicker & Company Limited, very generously gave the "Connor" berth at the Company's wharf. Meanwhile Captain Angus Tanner, who had built up an extensive historical collection even before the committee set to work, generously donated it to the museum. As a result a more authentic picture of the past could be presented.

As one tours the museum it is like journeying through a vanished world, a world of another era. Here everyone is able to visualize the ways of fishing years ago when the methods were so different from today's. The museum contains such items as the ship's bell; captain's sea chest; diagrams, maps and charts; models; the only brass replica of Champlain's astrolabe; and the four trophies won by the unconquerable Bluenose — donated for the summer months by Captain Angus J. Walters. Even the ship's galley seems to be ready for a hungry crew to invade it and clean out the food lockers. A copy of the diet used in those days is posted here and helps to build up a picture of life aboard the schooner. The great engine lies quietly in its bed and the bunkbeds, with their curtains and lumpy mattresses, seem ready again to receive the crew. Yes, aboard the Theresa E. Connor there are many things to interest everyone.

During the summer months of 1967 over twelve thousand people toured the Museum tied up alongside Zwicker's wharf and to most of those thousands it was interesting, enlightening and perhaps even nostalgic. As Lunenburgers, every one of us should be proud of our heritage and a small part of that great heritage is to be seen at our Fisheries Museum.



Opening of Lunenburg Fisheries Museum, July 23rd, 1967

TEN YEARS AFTER

— Candy Corkum '70 and Lynn Joudrey '68 —

Each year a few more students reach the end of the first phase of their lives — graduation. It is one of the most important moments of their lives — a moment to be remembered and cherished by all. How impossible it all seemed thirteen years ago! Emotions such as these touched the Grade XII class of 1957/58. In each of the student's minds were the questions, "Where shall I go from here? What does the future hold for me?" And two members of that class, Annie Mae Backman and Carolyn Dorey, decided to look into the matter themselves. The following "A" class prophecy was published in the Sea Gull of that year:

"This year is 1958, Carolyn, don't you know we are supposed to write a class prophecy? You haven't forgotten, have you?" murmured Annie Mae.

"Gosh! no, I haven't! The only trouble is, the class will not tell us what they want to be," replied Carolyn.

"Well, let's form the group in a body and take them to a hypnotist and give them the hypnotic treatment. Maybe then (and only then) will we find out what their plans are for the future."

"Hey! a wonderful idea! Let's get to work."

No sooner said than done; Annie Mae and Carolyn hired a hypnotist for a reasonable sum of money; formed the group in a body and visited the hypnotist. Imagine! A hypnotist who took them 25 years into the future as well as the past! Unbelievable, but true.

Ellis H. was the first to be hypnotized, as the rest stood back and watched in amazement.

"Ellis H.," says the hypnotist, "is just returning from the moon in his own spaceship to the spaceship base in Lunenburg. I see that Tommy M. and Edward C. are working on this base. Tommy is superintendent and Edward is his assistant."

Slowly one by one, each one takes his turn, as Carolyn and Annie Mae stand back and take notes, getting quite a kick out of it all.

"Sharon C. is head of Canadian Foreign Affairs in Russia. She has just succeeded in getting the Russians to sign a ninety-nine year peace treaty with Canada and inducing them to become a democracy. Carolyn C. is her secretary. Both of them are having a delightful time in Russia."

"Ann C. is playing basketball in the World Olympics and has just beaten a Russian girl in the thirty mile broad jump, sent off by her atomic-powered shoes, which, incidentally, she invented herself."

"Benny V. has set up a "Gum Factory" down in Western Shore. Funny, though he only produces Juicy Fruit Gum. He is successful in this line of business."

"Kathy B. is running a Lipstick Factory on Herman's Island. We all knew she liked lipstick, but not that much. Oh! The next time you buy lipstick, try some of Kathy's brand. It's the best for you."

"Marilyn T. is successfully married to Louie, and they are the first family to live on the moon. A wire has just been received from Marilyn and Louie, Jr. saying they are getting along fine, and wouldn't think of living any place else."

"Anthony C. is living at Blue Rocks, happily married with twelve children. Cheaper by the dozen is his motto. While we are on this subject, Gail S. is seated in a large room, quietly combing her hair. On her finger is a diamond and on her face is a smile. You've guessed the rest."

"Jimmy C. is actively engaged in the fishing business. Jimmy has devised a new device which gathers the fish up by magnetic rays and picks out the largest and best of them."

Rick C. is campaigning for "Mayor" in the town of Lunenburg, while Loren K. is serving his second term as council man. These two men are making quite a name for themselves in "Town Affairs".

"Sylvia B. is a successful nurse and holds the highest position a nurse can hold. She couldn't be happier in her chosen profession."

"Graham B. has just discovered an oil well over on Second Peninsula and is busily engaged in his father's business. There's a worried look on Graham's face. Could he be worried by all the atomic power projects?"

"Frances N. is teaching school in Germany. The Canadian children in the army camp like her very much. Frances has discovered a new method on how to keep her pupils interested in their work."

"David B. is the first side-burned idol on the moon. He is now manufacturing moon-shaped guitars, which are a big success."

The entire group left the hypnotist in a state of hysterical laughter. It was agreed that the trip had certainly been worth the money. A small amount of grumbling was heard from a few, but on the whole, they had had a real cool session.

What the future did hold for these unsuspecting youths is a story revealed by time alone. For a few, the hypnotist's speculations were fairly accurate. But who was to know then that the members of this class would someday be scattered all over the world?

Annie Mae Backman, now Mrs. Annie Mae Knox, is employed at the Royal Bank of Canada here in Lunenburg.

Arthur Graham Bailly is married and is in business with his father in Bailly's Ltd., Lunenburg.

Kathleen Ann Baker, a housewife residing in Lunenburg, is now Mrs. Russell Mossman.

Having taken electronics at Vocational High School in Halifax after graduation, David Fredrick Byers, now working with Picker X-Ray Engineering Ltd., Moncton, New Brunswick, installs and services X-Ray machines in the eastern provinces of Canada.

Joyce Colene Buckmaster, a school teacher, presently residing with her parents in First Peninsula, Lunenburg County, is not teaching now because of ill health.

Sylvia Charlene Buckmaster, now Mrs. Roy Wile, is a teacher at Mahone Bay High School.

Frederick William Chenhall, now married, is a Chartered Accountant working with Touche, Ross, Bailey & Smart in Halifax.

Carolyn Patricia Corkum, now Mrs. David Mosher, is a housewife residing in Sydney, Cape Breton.

A Registered Technician working at the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital, Lunenburg, Sharon Anne Clarke is now Mrs. Edgar Gerhardt.

Edward Borden Colp, married and now living in Lower Sackville, Halifax County, is a Civil Engineer working with the Department of Highways.

An X-Ray Technician at Wellesley Hospital in Toronto, Ontario, Ann Elizabeth Cook is married to Dr. York Blayney.

Anthony Robert Cook, also married, is an Architect in London, England.

James Raeburne Cook, a Corporal in the Air Division of the Canadian Forces, is married and living in Germany.

Carolyn Anne Louise Dorey, now Mrs. Loren Knickle, is on the teaching staff of Lunenburg Junior-Senior High School.

Ellis George Hirtle, married, made engineering his vocation, and is living in St. John, New Brunswick.

Loren Roy Knickle, the Chief Accountant at Atlantic Bridge Co. Ltd., is also married.

Thomas Ross Mason, still a bachelor, is Administrative Officer in charge of the Personal Support Programmes of the Medical Research Council in Ottawa, Ontario.

Frances Cornelia Nauss, now Mrs. Earl DeLong, is a housewife residing in Nashwaaksis, New Brunswick.

Presently teaching in Toronto, Ontario, Gail Mildred Strum is Mrs. Trevor Bethell.

Bennie James Vaughn, also married, is a teacher at Chester Municipal High School.

Mrs. Louis Tanner, formerly Marilyn Audrey Young, is teaching Primary at the Community Centre in Lunenburg.

The graduating students of 1958 have spread to many parts of the world and are engaged in various occupations. Probably this year's graduating class will be much the same. It will be interesting ten years from now to compare them with their predecessors of 1958.

A STORY OF THE LABRADOR FISHERY

by Sharon Meisner, Eva Savory '66

Living conditions on board the schooners of 1860-1870 were very different from those of today. The ships ranged in size from 50 to 175 tons. These were usually built in Lunenburg by various firms of boat-builders. The ship-builders each had their own colors, and all the ships built by one company were painted in the same way.

These Labrador whalers were good boats when properly handled, and a good many of them passed through trying times in the waters of Northern Labrador. They were called "whaleboats" because of some resemblance to those used in the whale-fishery. They were lapstreak built, about 19 foot keel and 21 feet overall, about 6 feet wide at midships and 3½ feet deep, and double-enders. The two masts were made to step and unstep at will.

In those days almost all of the outfitting was done at Halifax, and the main item for a fishing voyage was salt. The bulk of this came here in wooden square-rigged ships from Liverpool, England — hence the name "Liverpool Salt". The ships took their salt directly from these Liverpool ships. Fine handling of the sails and good seamanship brought the schooner alongside. Other supplies were beef, rum, pork, molasses and hard tack.

The outfitting completed, the seven-hundred-mile race to the Labrador coast began. Sail trimming, shifting of ballast, and sometimes keeping the best steersman at the wheel for long tricks were various ways of increasing the speed.

In relation to their food supplies, one of the main ideas was to get a good supply of eggs which were so plentiful on the small islands in the fishing area. The crew of the fishing schooners collected eggs, some of which were put in brine and the rest spread out on large salt bins.

The actual fishing began in Bonne Esperance. As Labrador fishermen depended chiefly on the capelin school for bait, they caught them here. Capelin, as nearly everybody knows, is a once-a-year run. When the capelin stopped running, the fleet cleaned up and made for home.

After the bait had filled the lockers, they moved to the fishing grounds. They now unloaded the ballast to make room for the expected fish, and the small boats were launched. The holds were then swept down and washed out, the tables and tubs were set up, and they were ready for the first boat. There were several operations — (1) throating, (2) heading, (3) splitting, (4) salting. Each small boat caught about 500 fish and this work continued for about three weeks.

As we said before, when the capelin stopped running, the whalers returned home. Their arrival home was usually announced by hoisting of flags and firing of guns. This finished the work of the Labrador Fishing Fleet, except for curing their catch and making them ready for market.

The men who navigated these coastal waters knew the violence of storms when the wind blew from the northeast and the tide ran against the wind. Some of the schooners and their masters are as follows:

SCHOONERS SAILING TO THE LABRADOR COAST

<i>Name of Schooner</i>	<i>Master's Name</i>
<i>From Lunenburg County</i>	
Lady Speedwell	Heckman
Adah Ann	Hebb
Arthur	Schwartz
J. P. Fraser	Hirtle
Bella Barry	Tanner
Baronette	Mosher
Sea Slipper	Hebb
Flash	Hyson
Snow Queen	Bruhms
White Cloud	Mader
D. A. Mader	Mader
Hound	Hiltz
J. H. Hiltz	Hiltz
Debel	Smeltzer
C. W. Lyle	Smeltzer
Milford Guy	Langille
Lily A. W.	Lohnes
H. M. Moyle	Young
Nimble	Lloyd
Annie Ross	Ross
Ripple	Lohnes
Edyth	Heisler
Hope	Heisler
C. W. Anderson	Smith
Dieletris	Anderson
Ocean Traveller	Maxner
Senator	Lloyd
Merit	Lohnes
Emily	Heckman
S. E. Teel	Heckman
Saidie	Ritcey
Young Nova Scotian	Risser
Celeraty	Creaser
Vivace	—
Springbird	Smith
J. W. Mulock	Mulock
Swan	Allen
Happy-Go-Lucky	—
<i>From Queens County</i>	
Willie Freeman	—
Electric Flash	—
Fleetly	Lohnes
Telephone	—
L. P. Churchill	—
J. W. Falt	Falt
Valiant	Cook

ANIL CANADA LIMITED

— Gretchen Eisenhower '68 - Beverly Williams '70 —

Many people today tend to think of Asia as a backward continent lacking in capital and technological ability. We hear little about Asian companies setting up subsidiaries in foreign countries. However, this is done by various Asiatic countries, to secure foreign exchange, to be close to the raw materials, and to have easy access to foreign markets. Although this practice is not common, India has set up one such company in our area for these reasons. This Company is called Anil Canada Limited. Like the parent Company, it bears the name of the son, Anil, who was born to the President of the Corporation on the very day he formed the parent Company in India.

Anil moved to Canada where they received a grant from the Government and help from Industrial Estates Limited. In East River they were near the raw materials and they had access to foreign markets. On April 10th, 1967, operation started in the new hardboard plant in East River. Anil Canada Limited called their product Jollyboard, after the head of their Mother Company in India.

Anil Canada Limited covers an area of about one million square feet and is about one thousand feet in length. The plant employs 130 people; four of these come from India, one from Sweden, and the rest are Canadian. Many of the employees come from various walks of life. To train people for these new jobs several men came from Sweden and spent a few months instructing the employees.

When the plant was officially opened at the first of July there were 11 cord of wood in the yard. Now they try to keep 8 to 9 cord, although 5 cord is enough to work with. All wood is brought in by contract and is cut within a 30 mile radius. Both hard and soft wood are used in the production.

Any wood which is over twelve inches in diameter is split before it goes to the chipper, bark and all, where it is broken into small chips. Any pieces which are too big are removed automatically and are returned to the chipper. The chips are then washed where 2% to 3% of the pulp is lost. From here they go through a refining process. After being refined, the mixture, which is 98% water, is put on a conveyor belt in layers, to a thickness of four inches. Linseed oil is sprayed over the top of this. As the wet board passes through a series of rollers the shape is formed. At this point there is only 75% water in the pulp.

The wet board is now cut automatically into 16' x 7' sheets and loaded mechanically on racks which hold twenty-five boards. When loaded, this rack moves into the "presser" where each board is separately formed under pressure at 400 degrees. The top plate is made of highly polished stainless steel to make the top surface smooth. After twenty minutes of pressing, the board, containing 2% to 3% water, is automatically unloaded and placed on a conveyor. Next, water is sprayed over the boards and they are allowed to sit

and dry until each contains about 5% water. This prevents warping at a later date. Now the board is heat treated in containers which blow air of about 400 degrees over the board. When the hardboard comes out, it is cut into various sizes mechanically. Then it is stored to wait for shipment.

The main markets for Jollyboard are found in the United States and Upper Canada. One of the problems presently facing Anil is the loss of anticipated markets due to the devaluation of the British pound.

Anil is hoping to be able to put various designs on their Jollyboard. They are presently producing about 150,000 square feet daily.

Last year Anil's mascot, the elephant, came to Canada. Unfortunately our climate and cold winter weather did not agree with him so he had to be sent home. The men at Anil seem to be happier at East River than their mascot ever was, and it is hoped that they will not want to return home.

DANISH GYMNASTS ENTERTAIN

— Jackie MacDuff '68 —

On Monday morning, September 25th, 1967, the students of Lunenburg Junior-Senior High School were very fortunate in being given a free one-hour gymnastic performance by a team of Danish gymnasts.

The team, consisting of thirty-six men and women, was travelling with nine cars and trailers from Antigonish to give a performance in Greenwood. They arrived in Lunenburg Sunday evening where they were welcomed by Mayor Wood. The group was given full use of the school's showers and gym facilities.

At this time the team was beginning a tour of Canada and the United States. While in Nova Scotia they performed at Antigonish, Greenwood, Yarmouth, Cornwallis and Lunenburg. Their regular rates are \$500.00 for a two-hour performance.

The team, selected from many parts of Denmark, come from various gymnastic organizations throughout the nation. Chosen for this trip on the basis of national competition, the gymnasts are all in their twenties. The team was accompanied by the managing director, Erik Flensted-Jensen and his wife Lise.

The free one-hour show at which the Danish Gym Team displayed their talents was very much appreciated by everyone in attendance. It was the first time that any of our students had seen a live performance of this calibre.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF EXPO '67

— Gary Schmeisser '71 —

For the few people who weren't fortunate enough to be able to visit Expo '67, I would like to tell them my impressions. In this way, I hope I will give them a faint idea of this huge magnificent fair. Also, for those who were able to see Expo, I would like to try to bring back to their minds some of the unforgettable sights of Expo '67.

One of the first things which amazed me was how the problem of transportation was handled for the thousands of people that visited Expo each day. The main form of transportation between the three islands was by the "Expo Express", a long glittering line of railway passenger cars. Small fibreglass boats were used not only in taking people to the Island but, since there were many long winding canals going through the grounds, they were also used for sightseeing purposes. The mini-rail, which was run by electricity, was based on a scale railway and ran on an elevated track. This was used mainly for the sight-seeing of the outside of the many colorful pavilions. The mini-rail proved to be the most popular and inexpensive way for sight-seeing. Although there were lineups to get on the boats and the mini-rail, they were small in comparison to the thousands of people there each day.

Out of the many pavilions which I saw, there were many which impressed me a great deal. One was the beautiful brown and white circle-shaped Bell Telephone Pavilion. Within half of the building, there was a 360 degree moving picture screen where you took a trip across Canada seeing some of our country's beautiful sights. The other half of the Pavilion was taken up with many colorful and interesting displays. The British Pavilion was also, in my opinion, among the better pavilions at Expo. It was a large building covered with a thin whitish fibreglass covering to allow the surface to look like rock and also, to show Britain as an island — the Pavilion was almost completely surrounded by water. On a large tower, which was one of the tallest sites on the grounds, was a 3-dimensional Union Jack flag. Within the building, there were five exhibit areas which depicted the British; the first showing its challenge in history, the second its achievements through the many years, the third took a look at modern Britain, the fourth showed the growth of the British industries, and finally the fifth showed Britain's response to World Problems. In this the British tried to convince the world, even though they lived on an island, they weren't as stuffy as you might think.

Since Canadians were the hosts to this great Fair, it was their duty to show people what Canada is really like in every walk of life, and from what I saw of the Canadian Pavilion, they did an excellent job. Near the centre of the Canadian Pavilions was the gigantic inverted pyramid called the "Katimavik". From the top of the "Katimavik" you could get a magnificent view of the grounds. Centered around the "Katimavik" within many white topped roofs, 125 exhibits told of how our country has developed, the factors that shape our lives and of what we are like. Near this was the People's Tree shaped like a maple tree on which 500 red and yellow leaves hung, each bearing a Canadian at work or play. Also around this was the

Western Provinces Pavilion which symbolized the topography of the participating provinces, next was the soaring white roofline of the Ontario Pavilion, next to this was the colorful Quebec Pavilion, and finally, of course, was the Atlantic Provinces Pavilion with its large cantilever roof under which there were included four main exhibit areas. The yacht "Atlantica" was built within the Atlantic Provinces Pavilion. These Canadian Pavilions gave me much more knowledge about my own country than I can explain in a few words.

To see Expo completely you would need two months or more, and to tell about it you could write a book, so I will just sum up what is remaining in a few words telling of only the more spectacular pavilions. One of these was the Iran Pavilion with its glittering speckled blue and white marble covering most of the outside of the pavilion. Inside, the many exhibits told of how the country and its people live. Another pavilion which I enjoyed was the Netherlands, which was completely covered with webbed tubing. Within the pavilion, you could discover how the Dutch build dykes and learn of their management of the water and of their land reclamation projects in their never-ending struggle against the sea. Some of the other pavilions were: West Germany's tent-like pavilion, Japan's pavilion of jutting beams, the many theme pavilions, the United States' huge glistening bubble, and of course, Russia's huge shining pavilion.

I guess I did as most people during the evenings (at least it looked that way from the thousands of people there each night), and that was to visit La Ronde where you could eat, drink and be merry. A huge diamond-shaped building called the "Gyrotron" took you on a ride to the moon and then down into a volcano which you would think was real boiling red lava, if you didn't know it wasn't. Of the many rides which I went on, the one which I liked the most was the "Flume". This was a journey within a log-shaped boat going down a canal, twisting and turning. Then to end it, you would go down a fifty foot hill hitting a large pond of water, cause a gigantic spray and come off the ride quite wet. There were many other exciting rides but again I am short of words and space to tell of them.

To end this, I would just like to say, seeing Expo '67 was like seeing the world and its people.



NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES EXHIBITION — 1967

— David Hansen '69 and Jimmy Eisenhower '69 —

The 1967 Fisheries Exhibition opened at noon of Tuesday, September 12th. There was the realization of much hard work by many of Lunenburg's citizens.

That evening, the 31st Fisheries Exhibition and the 42nd Fishermen's Reunion was officially opened by the Hon. H. P. MacKeen. Tuesday evening also saw the selection of Miss Lunenburg. Before the actual selection the Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Basil Crouse, introduced the 1966 Queen of the Sea, Miss Brenda Perry. Chosen to represent Lunenburg was a graduate of Lunenburg Academy, Miss Jane Anderson. Following the contest, the nightly stage variety show was put on by Tom Auburn, Gentleman of Magic; Theresa Daly, Sweetheart of Song; The Corbinos — speedy, flashy roller skating duo and Jerry Naugler's Instrumental Trio.

Twelve bands, 72 floats, hundreds of school children and servicemen wound through the streets of Lunenburg on Wednesday, beginning at 2:00 p.m. This parade was the largest on record. An estimated crowd of 20,000 witnessed the colorful procession. Wednesday evening the public viewed the contestants for the Queen of the Sea contest. Following the viewing, a band concert was held before the stage show.

Awakening Thursday morning, people were happy to find a sunny day greeting them. This, of course, was Water Sports Day. There were motor boat and yacht races held. Of course the big attraction was the junior and senior dory races open for Canadian representatives. Early in the afternoon shucking and filleting contests took place.

One climax of the Exhibition was reached on Thursday evening — the selection of the Queen of the Sea. The judges' selection was twenty-three year old Miss Patricia Edwards, a Kentville girl. First lady-in-waiting was Miss Marlene Watt of Barrington Passage, and second lady-in-waiting was Miss Katherine Wamboldt of Garden Lots.

On Friday afternoon, crowds once more lined the wharves to witness the International Dory Races. The Canadians won on all counts with the Swimm brothers, Larry and David, capturing the junior crown and Sonny Heisler and Gerald Mossman gaining the senior crown.

Under starlit skies and bursting fireworks on Friday evening, Miss Pat Edwards was crowned Queen of the Sea, 1967-68.

On Children's Day, Saturday, a record attendance crowded on the grounds. The Children's Parade in the afternoon was bigger than ever and there was more enthusiasm this year than in recent years. Special feature on this occasion was the parade led by Bobby Gimby and a Choral Group from Centre singing Gimby's by now famous song "Canada". The Queen of the Sea presented the prizes to the young contestants. On Saturday night the Exhibition officially closed at 10:00 p.m. with a sing-song, although it was traditionally closed on Sunday with a Memorial Service. Following the Service at Jubilee Square the wreaths were carried to Zwicker's Wharf where they were taken to sea by the first out-going vessel.

A TRIP TO EXPO

— E. Gibson Bauld —

You have heard many tales about Expo but this is different. It will suffice to say that we "took in" most of the "must see" things and it was a wonderful experience. This tale which follows concerns not the usual galaxy of pavilions but those sights, events and happenings which you, gentle reader, will not find in the glossy brochures, nor will most people admit to such things.

We began our venture in mid-July. The usual travel incidents occurred: a queer camera that thought it was a doctor and operated on you when you pulled the film out, bruised hands, a leaking oil gasket by which you spread oil on the pot-holes of the province; things like that to brighten your day. Meals enroute were no help to gourmets.

The first night saw five intrepid voyageurs in the hinterlands of "New Broomstick", the next day in La Belle Province courtesy of the separatist drivers and good luck. Most of the Quebeckers drive with a hunting licence on the hip. Lunch at Riviere-du-Loup proved somewhat interesting as the breakfast menu stared us in the face from a red-checked table-cloth. After a few moments the reason was clear — we were still on Atlantic time — one hour ahead of the French! General Wolfe would have liked that!

A night was spent in La Vieille Cité and then we set off on safari to the tune of the "Springhill Mine Disaster". It was supposed to ward off French drivers! Never had I heard it sung so warmly — and so often! At St. Hyacinthe our English-speaking Ford stopped and on a Sunday at that. To our utter dismay we found that only French-speaking cars can be serviced (for parts) in Quebec! Remember that, you British Ford fans. Some habitant au garage jury-rigged the ailment and off to the motel for a swim. "Drowning" would be a more appropriate word here as one of our crew insisted on drowning the Skipper. Needless to say, she encountered some grave difficulties with her two-piece bathing suit!

Montreal at last and Expo! What a sight! Teaming with humanity — even the bills moved and pushed in your wallet! On the Expo Express our "beefy" teenager plunked herself on my lap! Have you ever smoked Du Maurier ovals? The air-conditioning was faulty that day so that at the final stop the mob rushed to escape Tarzan's lair! Lovely! Visions of our lunchbag on the inside and us on the outside munching on the strap!

We saw some "kook" sliding down the steps at five pounds loss per stair. One poor soul felt the concrete when his camp stool ripped!

La Ronde proved interesting. The view from the Skyride was beautiful but not from the stomach's view. "Look at that, Dad", said wee Sandy grabbing my elbow. "Lovely, just lovely", said I, wiping the coke from my trousers. What Sandy had seen was an old lady bending over to get a drink

when her nephew (?) hit her a dandy with a long decorated cane! Ever seen a drinking fountain with a set of teeth? Vive le Pliobond!

A little farther along and a few dollars less a crowd gathered. Apparently some lad had come pell-mell across a bridge, tripped and festooned an elderly couple with french fries! And then there was the McGill student pedalling a couple when all of a sudden — you guessed it — a flat tire and five hundred pounds of pathos.

“Look at that”, said I pointing to a pavilion. Sandy howled. I had just warmed his eyeball with my hot dog! When the female crew members bathed their feet in front of the Quebec Pavilion, it came as a blow to find 4000 volts passing through — so we were told. Sneaky Frenchmen!

Oh yes, ever ridden on a camel? No? Well sir, are you in for a kick (literally). Our “eldest” and I tried that ship of the desert. It was a gyp as far as rides go but this I promise you — you’ll never forget it. The iron railing around the non-existent saddle kept whacking me in the kidneys with each and every disjointed step. I will always harbour the desire (thinly veiled) to kick that beast in the ———— derrière (must be bilingual about this!). It’s no wonder that desert has few water holes — they are all in your kidneys!!

After the thrilling show in the Bell Pavilion, Marion asked me, “Are you hot, Dad?” “No that’s Beefy’s vinegar on my shirt.” It is somewhat chilling to sit on ice cream! Two of our erstwhile heroes went on the ferris wheel. The cupolas can be worked laterally as well as the normal circle. The short of it is that we, on terra firma, made a hasty dash to the gate to retrieve two rather jaded and subdued females.

Contrary to what we had been led to believe from TV Rest Rooms proved no problem — not on the male side. We did see the odd person looking rather anguished on exit but we passed this off to a faulty bit of tailoring!!

There were countless other incidents but let us keep some for our old age. Before I go I must tell you of one strange example of teenage behaviour. We had stopped at one of these Quebec wayside places where they bake bread in outdoor ovens — whilst checking the oven — Sacre Bleu! I was assaulted by a sandaled foot! Have no fears, she was repaid in full at a later date.

Well, gentle readers, the homeward trip took us through Gaspé and the “Nort Share” of N.B., the latter segment is a deadly one. Almost penniless and thrilled with our exploits we steered our small “craft” for the Snug Harbour and berthed with about \$1.75 between the three of us grown-ups!

JAMES BENJAMIN MORROW

— Melissa Rhuland '69 and Faye Taylor '71 —



Mr. James Morrow is certainly one of the busiest and most active citizens of Lunenburg. He well illustrates the old adage "If you want to get something done, ask a busy man to do it". Besides being active in the practice of his profession, engineering, he finds time to participate in a wide range of professional, civic, benevolent and athletic activities.

Mr. Morrow, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence J. Morrow, was born in Halifax on May 11th, 1926. He attended Lunenburg Academy up until the end of Grade IX. For the rest of his schooling he was sent to Rothesay Collegiate School in Rothesay, N.B. In 1948 he received a Diploma in Engineering at Dalhousie University. Two years later he received his Bachelor of Engineering in mechanical engineering from the Nova Scotia Technical College.

In 1951 two well-known Lunenburg families were united when Cynthia Rhuland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rhuland, married James Morrow. They now have three children, John, Alan and Debra, who are attending Lunenburg schools.

After graduating from "Nova Scotia Tech", Mr. Morrow became a Junior Engineer with the Fisheries Research Board of Canada in Halifax. From 1951 to 1955 he worked as a professional engineer in Ontario, spending two years with Canadian Westinghouse in Hamilton and two years with Stewart Warner Corporation of Belleville. In 1955 he moved back to Nova Scotia and worked

three years in the consulting engineering firm of Engineering Service Company of Halifax. Then in 1958 he joined National Sea Products Limited as Chief Engineer.

Besides being Chief Engineer of the Company, Mr. Morrow is also a Member of the Board of Directors and was recently appointed to the Executive Committee of the Board of National Sea Products Limited. In 1959 he and several other Halifax business men formed the Atlantic Investment Corporation Limited. Mr. Morrow is Secretary and a Director of the Company. He is also a Director of ABCO Limited, Isleview Investments Limited and Morrow Investment Company Limited. In 1963 Mr. Morrow and his family moved to Lunenburg where he was in charge of construction of the new Lunenburg Sea Products plant. His main responsibility was to co-ordinate the design and the construction of this, the world's largest seafood processing plant. The plant was opened in 1964.

Jim Morrow has many other interests. He is on the Board of Directors of the Nova Scotia Highway Safety Council; is a member of the Engineering Institute of Canada and the Association of Professional Engineers of Nova Scotia. He is Zone Representative for Lunenburg County for the latter Association. In 1964 he was President of the Nova Scotia Technical College Alumni Association and in 1966 President of the Lunenburg Board of Trade. In addition, he is a Member of the Halifax Board of Trade and the Halifax Club. He was also a member of the St. John's Anglican Church Vestry and is a citizen member of the Town Planning Board and Treasurer of the Lunenburg 1st Boy Scout Troop. At present he is serving the second year of a three-year appointment to the Board of School Commissioners, is a member of the Board of Management of the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital, and Co-chairman of the local Heart Fund Campaign.

In addition to playing a prominent part in professional, civic and charitable organizations, Mr. Morrow is keenly interested in sports. He is an executive member of the Lunenburg Curling Club, the Association of Nova Scotia Yacht Clubs, was Commodore of the Lunenburg Yacht Club in 1965 and 1966 and is a member of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. Another of Mr. Morrow's interests is golf and he holds a membership in the local Bluenose Golf Club.

Jim Morrow says that his favorite sports are curling and sailing and that his prime interest, besides seeing that his children are well educated, is in the welfare of his community and Province. Mr. Morrow has already proved his sincerity in this regard and we wish him well in his future endeavours.

MRS. BARBARA WOOD

— Penny Zinck '69 and Patsy Walters '71 —



The Mayor of Lunenburg, Dr. R. G. A. Wood, has a very busy and active life. Mrs. Barbara Wood, his wife, has equally busy days being active in many organizations in our town.

Mrs. Wood is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gascoyne Clennet of Halifax. She was brought up in Halifax where she attended the Convent of the Sacred Heart. During her later school years she spent a year studying in England. Mrs. Wood is very good in and fond of French and consequently took her Grade XI equivalent in a totally French speaking school in Quebec. She graduated from the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Halifax receiving a diploma of Home Economics and the Governor General's Medal for French.

Her first years of University were spent at McGill University in Montreal where she obtained her Bachelor of Science. She furthered her education by obtaining a Bachelor of Arts degree majoring in French at the University of Western Ontario.

The next few years were spent in Halifax where she was active in St. John's Ambulance work, the Red Cross and the Junior League, and was also a First Aid Instructor. In 1942 Mrs. Wood was Commandant of the Canadian Red Cross Volunteer Transport Corps in Halifax where she provided faithful work in blood donor services.

During her youth, Mrs. Wood had a great interest and was active in badminton, tennis and figure skating.

After her marriage to Dr. R. G. A. Wood she moved to Lunenburg where

they raised their family.

Since coming to Lunenburg in 1946, Mrs. Wood has been active in many community affairs. Because of her interest in Girl Guides she is a Member of the Local Association and has also served a term on the Dominion Council of the Guides.

Mrs. Wood has been a past-president of the St. John's Guild here in Lunenburg and has just completed a three-year term as President of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital. She is now a Member of the Board of Management of our Hospital. At present she is Nova Scotia's Zone Chairman of the Atlantic Provinces Hospital Auxiliary Association. Mrs. Wood is also a Member of the I.O.D.E. and an Executive of the Red Cross.

Despite her many activities, Mrs. Wood's outside interests consist of rose gardening, reading, listening to music and travelling. She has travelled quite extensively and hopes to do so again when her family is educated. When asked about her busy life, Mrs. Wood had these three comments to make: "The more one has to do the more one can accomplish"; "The length of one's life cannot be controlled but the width and depth are in our own hands" and "A full life is a happy one". This, we believe, is the secret of her success in life.

REV. J. HAROLD GRAVEN

— Janet May '68 —



The son of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Graven, John Harold was born on July 31st, 1914, in the town of Springhill. As a teenager he received his

schooling at the Springhill High School where he completed Grade Eleven. These years were not as sports-filled as perhaps Mr. Graven would have liked as school sports were not organized in any form; but nevertheless he was able to maintain his skills with summer baseball.

From high school Mr. Graven immediately continued his education at the University of King's College. His theological training consisted of seven years of studying, during which he was the recipient of a B.A. degree from King's, a M.A. in Greek Philosophy from Dalhousie University and a L.T.H. from King's.

Mr. Graven's college years also brought strong participation in a great number of sports, a few of which were football, hockey, badminton and road racing. With such an intense interest in sports it was most fitting that he was awarded the Bissett Medal in 1936. This award was, and still is, presented to the Best All Round Athlete at King's College.

Upon graduation Mr. Graven undertook his first ministerial position at the Pugwash Parish. The arrival of the Second World War called him to render five years of service to the Navy, the time being divided between overseas duty, Newfoundland, and Halifax. Mr. Graven retained his association with the Armed Services for twenty-two years commencing in 1940.

In 1941, on August 14th, Althea McCormick of Amherst became the bride of Mr. Graven. Also at this time he was sent to the Cornwallis Parish, followed by a move to the South Shore at the Church of England in Bridgewater.

The Truro Parish was the next place the Gravens could call home before coming to St. John's Church in 1962. While in Truro, in 1961, Mr. Graven was made a Canon.

Presently his tasks are not solely confined to duties in the Lunenburg Anglican Church as Mr. Graven has been in the position of Archdeacon of the South Shore since 1962. This South Shore area stretches from Peggy's Cove to Yarmouth, a wide span of territory which occupies a large portion of the Archdeacon's time. When a spare moment is found Mr. Graven's chief interests lie in the Mental Health Association and the Centre in Bridgewater. Also on a rare but opportune occasion one might find him engaged in a game of badminton.

Mr. Graven's biography would not be complete without mention of his three children, two of whom graduated from our Lunenburg schools. The eldest child is Charlotte who is married to Jamie Cochran and is a teacher at the Clayton Park High School in Halifax. Next is John married to the former Beverly Young and employed at the Atlantic Bridge Co. Limited. Patricia is the youngest and she is in her second year of training at the Victoria General Hospital.

Mr. Graven's past life, full of much variety and many challenges, has led to his success and will undoubtedly influence his future. The residents in Lunenburg have been given evidence that the Archdeacon is a wonderful minister and also a person who has a great deal of interest in "people".



**JOHN
LEWIS
ARENBURG**

Gerald Joudrey '69

and

Tommp Hillier '70

John Lewis Arenburg was born in Lunenburg in January, 1910, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Arenburg. Residing in Newtown, he attended the small school in that area under teacher, Miss Eva Rafuse for three years before going to the Academy. Like many school boys he had an "after-school" job at the age of 16, driving a truck for the grocery and feed store of Rhodenhizer & Crouse. Later, he worked for Kinley's Drug Store and as a truck driver for the Town.

In 1928 he joined the staff of the Lunenburg Gas Company as a lineman. This firm, which later became known as the Associated Gas & Electric Company, was sold to the Nova Scotia Light and Power Company. In 1937 the electrical services of the Company in this area were acquired by the Town of Lunenburg and Mr. Arenburg was appointed Superintendent of the Town's Electric Light Department, a position he still holds.

His father, John T. Arenburg, who played the chimes of the St. John's Anglican Church and who was also a noted Band Director, taught his son the art of chiming at an early age. He often took over for his father on Sundays and after his father's death in 1941, was appointed "Chimer" of the Church.

In 1935 he married Miss Effie Strothard of Bridgewater and they have one daughter Philomene, Mrs. Bernard Baker, of Lunenburg.

For many years Mr. Arenburg has been associated with the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition. He was a Member of the Local Fire Department for 15 years and was an ardent curler for the same number of years. He served two terms as Vestryman in St. John's Church and is a past President of the Men's Association of that Church.

Mr. Arenburg has indeed been an asset to the town and to the Town's Electric Light Department. As he puts it, "Over the period of 40 years my thoughts have always been to give as close as possible 100% service to the customer".

MRS. JOSEPHINE EISENHAUER

— Nancy Haughn '63 and Wendy Dauphinee '71 —



Josephine Eisenhower's very busy life began in the town of Bridgewater. She is the daughter of the former Mary Oxner of Lunenburg and Judge J. J. Robertson of Bridgewater.

After completing her Grade 11 at Davis Memorial High School she attended the Havegal College in Toronto where she received her Senior Matriculation. On returning to Nova Scotia, Mrs. Eisenhower studied for three years at Dalhousie University, graduating with a Bachelor of Science Degree. She then returned to Havegal where she taught Physics for two years.

In 1948 she married Andrew Eisenhower of Lunenburg and has since lived here. She is the mother of five children.

As a Member of St. John's Anglican Church, Mrs. Eisenhower is particularly interested in the Ladies Guild and the Junior Sunday School.

She is a Member of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Lunenburg Hospital Society and was Convener for the Dutch Oven when it was published in 1953. Mrs. Eisenhower is currently President of the local Home & School Association. It is not hard to see that she is most interested in things related to young people and children.

Mrs. Eisenhower has been very active in sports. At school she participated in basketball and badminton. Presently she loves sailing and takes part

in skiing and curling. Mrs. Eisenhower is past President of the Lunenburg Figure Skating Club which she officially started.

One of the first Brownies in Bridgewater was Josephine Eisenhower. She later went on to Guides and Rangers. While teaching Mrs. Eisenhower left the Guide movement, but returned to it after her marriage by being a Brown Owl. Then she became District Commissioner and is now on the Provincial Executive and the Provincial Camp Committee.

In the past few years Mrs. Eisenhower has been very active in the local Ranger Crew. In 1967 she attended the National Heritage Camp on the St. Lawrence Seaway. The Eisenhower family finds her life so full of Guiding that they almost believe that she was born in a Girl Guide tent and vaccinated with a Girl Guide pen!

Mrs. Eisenhower states that the most rewarding things in her life are the friends she has made and the people she has met.

MR. STAN GIBSON

— Charles Eisonor '70 —



Friendly and efficient service, that's what Lunenburg's people get when shopping at Stan's Dad N' Lad Shop. Mr. Stan Gibson, the man who runs the shop, has a lot to do with this service. He has made Stan's Dad N' Lad Shop

a very successful and attractive business. The shop is always stocked with the tops in fashion, and attracts not only the older generation, but the young swingers too. Famous Town Ladies Shop, which is also under Mr. Gibson's care, enjoys the same success.

Mr. Gibson, a native of Woodstock, New Brunswick, was born in 1927. He received his education in Woodstock and enjoyed many sports during his school days. He played basketball with a championship team and had great success at golf, winning a tournament for boys under fourteen. At the age of fifteen, he became relief manager for a Dominion Store in the Woodstock area. It was here that he got his first taste of the retail business.

After completing school, Mr. Gibson took a course in the clothing business and has worked in this profession for twenty years. In 1949 he married his wife, Jane, who was the first Queen of the Sea. Mr. Gibson had an offer to work in Toronto but turned it down after his mother-in-law died, and he and his wife came to Lunenburg to live.

Thirteen years ago, Mr. Gibson opened his first clothing store where the L. C. B. Schwartz Shoe Store is now located. He moved to his present store, Stan's Dad N' Lad Shop, on Lincoln Street in 1960. He took over Hebb's Clothing Store, now part of Kinley's Drugstore; and in 1964 he bought Burns' shop. This Mr. Gibson turned into Famous Town Ladies Shop, a ladies' clothing store. All of these ventures are so far very successful. Mr. Gibson is the secretary-treasurer of the two firms.

Beside being very active in the business world, Mr. Gibson is also active in Church and community work. He is a member of the Board of Trade and an Elder in the Church. He has also served on several committees as chairman and co-chairman to raise money for the Church.

Mr. Gibson spends what little spare time he has at home with his wife and two children, one boy and one girl. He has no hobbies, but once in a while finds time to play a little golf.

We wish Mr. Gibson all the best in future years.



REV. JAMES SLACK

— Suzanne Sheaves '69 and Cathy Zinck '70 —



Chester, Pennsylvania, was the birthplace of the Rev. James Moore Slack, presently in the pastoral charge of Zion's Lutheran Church, Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. Rev. Mr. Slack, as well as three other brothers, grew up on a small farm, receiving their preliminary education from the surrounding schools.

His first desire to be a minister occurred in high school. He was interested in foreign missionary work, and upon graduation, pursued his ambitions further by attending Muhlenberg College at Allentown, Pennsylvania. Here, after four years, he received his Bachelor of Arts degree, with a major in psychology. The next three years of his life were spent at the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mount Airy, where he acquired his Bachelor of Divinity.

In 1953, following graduation from the seminary, he married Eva McCay, also from Chester, Pennsylvania. He later became pastor of the Midville Lutheran Parish in Nova Scotia for five years.

In 1958, the Rev. Mr. Slack came to Lunenburg serving both the town and First South churches.

Today the Slacks have five children — nine-year old James, Stephen 7, Katherine 5, Barbara 4 and Virginia 2. Pastor Slack's interest in children is further shown by his assistance in the town's youth group, held bi-weekly at the Canadian Legion Hall.

His activities include the church camping program, and serving as secretary for the Atlantic District of the Eastern Canada Synod.



MR. B. J. WALTERS

Tony Purcell '71

and

Gregory Risser '69

Mr. B. J. Walters is the Town Clerk and Treasurer of Lunenburg. He is an able and active citizen and business man in many fields besides those encompassed by his work.

Mr. B. J. Walters was born in Lunenburg on June 8th, 1911, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Walters. He received his education at Lunenburg Academy. After graduating from the Academy, Mr. Walters attended the Maritime Business College in Halifax and earned a diploma in bookkeeping and accounting. Mr. Walters first worked as an office clerk for Powers Brothers from 1928 to 1929. From 1929 to 1937 he worked as accountant for the Lunenburg Gas Co. Ltd., then in 1937 he became assistant town clerk of Lunenburg. In October of the same year he married Grace Evelyn Lohnes whom he had met in school in Lunenburg. Mr. Walters' wife is an attractive, warm-hearted person known to her friends as "Gracie". She is active in curling and various women's organizations and has a fine singing voice. She and "Spike", as Mr. Walters is nick-named, extend their gracious hospitality to all who visit their interesting apartment.

At the present time, Mr. Walters is honorary president of the N.S. Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion, a member of the Lunenburg Board of Trade, secretary of the Lunenburg Board of School Commissioners, secretary of the Lunenburg War Memorial Community Center Commission, president of the Lunenburg Fisheries Museum Committee and a director and secretary-treasurer of the Lunenburg Dairy.

Mr. Walters takes an active part in curling at the Curling Club. He is also a member and a Past District Deputy Governor of the Lions Club. He is a member of the Masonic Lodge and a N.S. Branch Executive of that Club. Besides this, he is a member of the Municipal Finance Officers Association, an elder of the Central United Church and a member of the Board of Stewards. In devoting much of his time and energy to these various activities, Mr. Walters has made a significant contribution to the life of the community.



MR. ARTHUR HEBB

— David Bartlett '68 —

Arthur Holder Hebb, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence L. Hebb, was born in Lunenburg on July 22, 1927. As a boy he enrolled at Lunenburg Academy where he received his education.

Upon leaving school he entered the hardware business with his father. He remained in this business for about twenty years, after which he started his own General Insurance and Real Estate business.

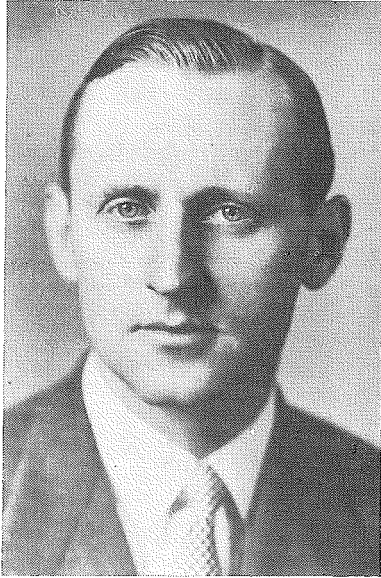
Although this enterprise might seem like a full-time job to most people, Mr. Hebb has managed and is still managing to take an active part in the life of the community. In the past he has been a Charter Member and Past President of the Lions Club and a Charter Member of the Lunenburg Junior Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Hebb was President of Queens-Lunenburg Progressive Conservative Association from 1957 to 1967 and he was President of the Lunenburg Athletic Association in 1951 and 1952.

Today he is a member of the Lunenburg Board of Trade, an Officer in Unity Masonic Lodge, Secretary of Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition, Chairman of Lunenburg Centennial Fisheries Museum Committee, and President of the Lunenburg Minor Hockey Association. As a member of the Board of School Commissioners for the past 10 years and as a member of the Town Council for the past five years his main interest has been in the improvement of the town. In fact, he worked long and hard for the building of the new Lunenburg Junior-Senior High School.

Mr. Hebb is married to Virginia Dauphinee and they are the proud parents of three children — Janet, Michael and Kathy. He is an ardent golfer and his main hobby is community affairs, in which he has certainly been active. We all wish him the greatest of success in the years to come.

JOHN JAMES KINLEY, JR.

— Gail Langille '69 and Valerie Levy '69 —



John James Kinley, Jr. is a well-known and popular citizen of Lunenburg. "Jim", as he is known to his many friends, was born in Lunenburg on September 23rd, 1925, the son of Senator and Mrs. J. J. Kinley.

Remaining in Lunenburg for his early life, he received part of his education at the Lunenburg County Academy. During his graduation year at high school he served in several important positions. Included in these were president of the Students' Council, Business Manager of the 1943 edition of the Sea Gull, and Valedictorian of his class. Jim also showed interest in sports, especially hockey and basketball.

After leaving L.C.A. he attended Dalhousie University, graduating with a Bachelor of Science. From there he went to the Nova Scotia Technical College, graduating with a Bachelor of Engineering. Furthering his education at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he obtained a Master of Science degree.

During the war years, Jim served as a seaman in the Canadian Merchant Navy and later as a stoker in the Royal Canadian Navy. He continued his naval service after the war and now holds the rank of Lieutenant Commander (retired).

As a member of several organizations he is very active in community affairs. Along with being President of the Lunenburg Foundry and Engineering Limited, and President of the Lunenburg Marine Railway, and the Newtown Motors, he finds time to be President of the South Shore Associated

Boards of Trade, the Lunenburg Branch No. 23 of the Royal Canadian Legion, and the Lunenburg Curling Club. In the recent Centennial year, Jim was particularly busy attending to his many activities. Starting off on the right foot he showed the public his acting talent by posing as Colonel Lawrence in the town's Centennial Parade. Over the year he made a number of trips throughout Canada and the United States. He visited Expo three times and journeyed to Bermuda to investigate the wreckage of the yacht "Ramona" whose tragic end was a great personal disappointment to him.

Outside his business life, Mr. Kinley enjoys curling, sailing and other exciting activities.

Mr. Kinley is married to the former Grace MacPherson of Lunenburg. They have three children — a daughter, Paula, and two sons, Peter and James Edward.

MR. FRED ROYAL SPINDLER

— Martha Keddy '70 and Wendy Comstock '70 —



Mr. Fred Spindler, son of the late Captain Willett Spindler and the former Loretta Conrad, was born on June 11, 1915 in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Spindler began his education under Mr. Collins in the Lunenburg Schools. He was an average student until reaching Grade XI. At this point he made a great scholastic accomplishment by first failing this grade and then leading his class in both eleven and twelve. Due to the depression during the thirties there was a shortage of jobs so Mr. Spindler once again entered grade 12.

During this year the first edition of the Sea Gull was printed and Mr. Spindler took the position of the first business manager. His interests at

this time included hockey, of which he was the captain of the team, and also track and field.

From grade 12 Mr. Spindler went on to further his education at Mount Allison University where he received his Bachelor of Science in Chemistry. Rugby and basketball were his sport interests at this point.

After graduating in 1939 Mr. Spindler took a position as a quality-control chemist for General Seafoods which is now part of National Seafoods. Then in December of 1939 he left to join the Navy. He began his training at H.M.C.S. Royal Roads in Victoria, British Columbia. After training he came back east to Halifax to join the fleet and served in corvettes, mine sweepers and motor launches.

In April, 1944, Mr. Spindler was appointed Commanding Officer of the Mine Sweeper H.M.C.S. Lachine and for many months was the most Junior Commanding Officer in the Navy. Then in March, 1945, he was appointed Commanding Officer of the Corvette H.M.C.S. Morden and remained in this post until the end of the war, 1945, when he was discharged. For his wartime services he received the 1939-1945 Star, Atlantic Star, and the Canadian Service Medal.

In September, 1945, Mr. Spindler married Isobel Olsen of Lunenburg. Their two children, Jane and John, are both graduates of Lunenburg Academy.

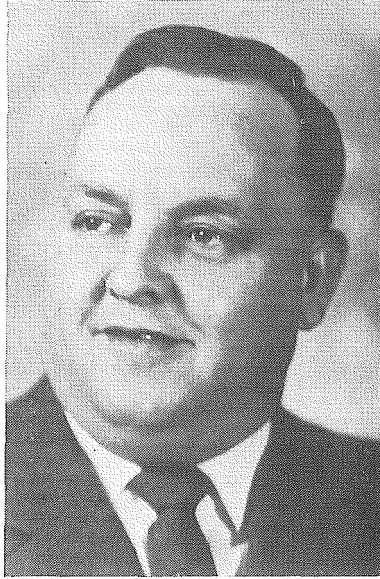
In November, 1945, Mr. Spindler joined National Sea Products. He is presently employed as Marine Superintendent of High Liner Division and as such is in charge of a fleet of fifteen draggers and trawlers.

In winter Mr. Spindler's interest in sports is largely confined to curling, and in summer his interest turns to yachting.

As far as community affairs are concerned Mr. Spindler has three main interests, the Legion, the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition, and the Lunenburg Curling Club, and in all three he has played important roles. In 1951 he was president of Branch 23 of the Canadian Legion and from 1965 to 1967 he was Commander of Zone 13. Since 1948, Mr. Spindler has been respectively committee chairman, Business Manager, Vice-President and finally President since 1966 of the Fisheries Exhibition. In the Lunenburg Curling Club he has been Secretary and President and for six years was President of the Nova Scotia Legion Curling Association. In addition, Mr. Spindler is a member of the Lunenburg Board of Trade and, as the record shows, a keen supporter of activities to make Lunenburg prosperous. His efforts were recently recognized by the award of the Centennial Medal of which he is justly proud. It is with particular pleasure that we offer the first Business Manager of our magazine our best wishes for the future.

CAPT. ANTHONY KELLY

— Donald Schemisser '68 and John Anderson '68 —



Capt. Anthony Kelly was born in the small fishing town of Marystown, Newfoundland, on the 29th of August in 1930. Like all young boys in the town Capt. Kelly looked to the sea for a living, and as a result started fishing at the age of thirteen.

In 1948 Capt. Kelly left Marystown and came to Lunenburg where he has been a resident since that time. Here he made his first trip of dory fishing on the Arthur J. Lynn. Later he also fished on the Frances Geraldine and Theresa E. Connor which is now the Fisheries Museum of Lunenburg. Up until 1953 Capt. Kelly did only dory fishing, which he says were the most exciting years of all the time in which he has been at sea. One adventure, which he recalls as being very exciting, happened on board the Frances Geraldine in 1952. They had just finished fishing and had started back toward port when a large wave struck them and washed their deck-load of fish overboard. Along with losing a large part of their catch, the vessel sprang a leak and began to list badly. Finally, after three days of worrying if the vessel would stay right side up because of high winds and heavy seas, they reached port.

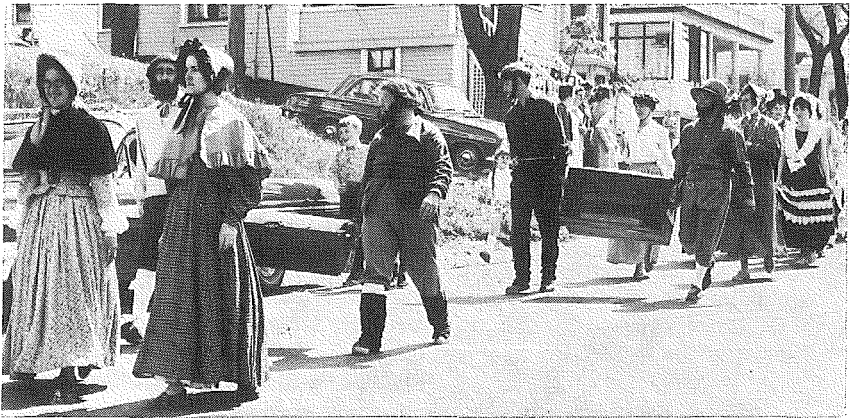
In 1953, Capt. Kelly left dory fishing and went fish dragging on the Cape Fourchu as a deck hand. Since he was interested in navigation he decided to go to Navigation School in 1954. After eight weeks of school he came back to Lunenburg and spent the next four years on board the Cape Fourchu as deck hand, although he always helped with the navigating of the

ship. Then in 1958 he became mate, which he served as for the next four years. In March of 1962 he took the Cape Fourchu out for a trip as master. Now he was a full fledged captain and remained as master on the Cape Fourchu for the next two years. After that he served as captain on the Cape Norman for two years and then the Cape Pictou, his present vessel.

Besides having good skill at sea, Capt. Kelly has also had it on shore as he showed in September, 1967. In that year at the Fisheries Exhibition in Lunenburg, Capt. Kelly proved to be the best and fastest man at mending fish nets.

Capt. Kelly is married to the former Sadie Brienton, who is also a native of Marystown, Newfoundland. They have three children, Donna 9, Shirley 6 and Tony 4.

We wish Capt. Kelly and his family the best of luck in the future years and hope that the sea will always be as good to him in the future as it has been in the past.



Centennial Parade

MISS PAULINE MILDRED VEINOT

Home Room — 6A

Miss Veinot was born in Blockhouse, N.S., and received her Elementary and Secondary education there. After getting her Grade XII she attended the Normal College at Truro.

On graduation from there she taught at Indian Point, Blandford, Marriott's Cove, Windsor Road, Chester, and has been in Lunenburg for the past twenty years.

Her main interests are threefold: church, art and drama. She is a Life Member of the AYP A, Director of the South Shore Art Group and is currently Director of the Drama Club of the Academy. In addition to these special "loves" Miss Veinot is a member of sixteen organizations, holding an executive position in a goodly number. Time and space permitting you may find her in her garden at Blockhouse or with her sewing machine.

MRS. LOREN (CAROLYN) KNICKLE

Home Room — 6B

Mrs. Knickle was born in Halifax and at an early age moved to the Mahone Bay area.

She attended school in Mader's Cove and Mahone Bay, completing her Grade XII at the Lunenburg Academy.

Following a year at the Nova Scotia Teachers' College she taught at Chester and Centre Consolidated.

Last year she came out of "retirement" to substitute and this year is a most worthwhile addition to our faculty.

MRS. KENNETH (CAROLYN) McALLISTER

Home Room — 7A

Mrs. McAllister was born and educated in Annapolis County graduating from the Bridgetown Regional High School. In addition she took a one-year Commercial Course there.

From 1961-63 she attended the Nova Scotia Teachers' College and on completion taught in Kentville for a year. Thereafter she went to Acadia graduating in 1965 with her Senior Diploma in Education. Once again, she taught for a year in Halifax.

With sports as her main interest she coached our Junior Girls' soccer team and is presently the coach of the Junior Girls' basketball.

MR. DAVID S. ATWOOD, B.A., B.Ed.

Home Room — 7B

Mr. Atwood was born in Gloucester, Mass., and was introduced to education in that Public School System. After leaving high school he spent a year studying at a Junior College in Boston.

He transferred to Saint Francis Xavier and received his B.A. after which he attended Dalhousie, graduating in 1967 with his B.Ed.

This year he is teaching Grade VII History and Grade VIII Mathematics and Grade XI Economics.

MR. ROBERT MALCOLM LEWIS, B.Sc., B.Ed.

Home Room — 8A

Mr. Lewis was born in Kings County and graduated from Horton District High with Honours and the Jean Dumaresq Smith Scholarship.

He attended Acadia, held a Chemistry Assistanceship whilst there and graduated in 1967 with his B.Sc. (Chemistry) and B.Ed.

Mr. Lewis and his wife arrived in Lunenburg just before school opened to join our faculty.

CAPT. E GIBSON BAULD, B.A., B.Ed., C.D.

Home Room — 3B

Capt. Bauld was born and educated in Halifax. On completion of High School he enlisted in the Canadian Army during the Second World War serving with the Pictou Highlanders and The Royal Canadian Regiment.

After the War he went to Dalhousie and graduated with a B.A. (History). Capt. Bauld returned to the Army, saw eleven months of action and was wounded with the R.C.R. in Korea in 1951-52. Since then he has served in various administrative and especially instructional appointments across Canada.

He retired in 1956, returned once again to Dalhousie University graduating with a B.Ed. in 1966 after which he and his family came to Lunenburg to join the faculty of our Jr./Sr. High. Capt. Bauld is a member of St. John's Anglican Church, Branch 23, Royal Canadian Legion and the Canadian Historical Association.

MR. JOSEPH HALEY

Home Room — 9B

Mr. Haley was born in Kentville, Nova Scotia, five hundred and thirteen years after Saint Joan was burned at Rouen for heresy. He received his early education in Kentville.

On graduating from High School he proceeded to Wolfville and Acadia for university training where he specialized in Philosophy and English Literature.

In 1965 Mr. Haley worked at the National Film Board of Canada. He distinguishes carefully between his profession — teaching, and his vocation — creative writing.

MR. RALPH FISHER, B.Sc., B.Ed.

Home Room — 10

Mr. Fisher was born in Sydney, Cape Breton, and educated in New Waterford's Central School.

On graduating from High School, he went to Mount Allison University obtaining his B.Sc. in 1966. He then went to Acadia graduating the following year with his B. Ed.

This year finds him teaching Mathematics and Physics in our Jr./Sr. High.

MISS KATHERINE HEBB, B.A.

Home Room — 11

Miss Hebb is a native Lunenburger, one who saw and experienced the sights of a full harbour of yesteryear, the usual antics of ice cake jumping, swimming at the Sawpit and the daily exposure to knowledge at the Academy.

After graduating from the Academy she took a year at the Nova Scotia Teachers' College and spent three years teaching in Cumberland County.

Illness forced a brief respite from the cares of the chalk-worn world but Miss Hebb bounced back to Digby and a Choral Club. Her subjects are French, Choral Club and Mimi.

MRS. AUBREY (LUCILLE) MOSHER

Home Room — 12

Mrs. Mosher was born at First Peninsula. She received her early education at First Peninsula and Lunenburg Academy graduating in 1951.

She attended the Nova Scotia Teachers' College in 1951-52 and taught one year each at Fox Point and at Garden Lots. She left the academic fold in 1954 to get married.

Eleven years and five children later, Mrs. Mosher joined the faculty of the Academy and latterly our Jr./Sr. High.

MR. MICHAEL VAN DER TOORN

Physical Education

Mr. Van der Toorn was born in the Netherlands and received his early education there before moving to Canada in 1952.

He attended Lunenburg Academy in 1959 and pursued his course in the Nova Scotia Teachers' College in 1960.

Prior to joining the faculty of our Jr./Sr. High in 1965 he taught in Liverpool Regional High and Mahone Bay. At the same time he managed to attend a course at U.N.B. in 1964.

MRS. CARL (MIRIAM) WHYNACHT

Home Economics

Mrs. Whynacht was born in Middleton and spent her early life in Falkland Ridge, Annapolis County. She was one of a large family.

Her early education was at Springfield Elementary School, her later education at New Germany Rural High.

On graduation from N.G.R.H.S. she attended the Nova Scotia Teachers' College in Truro and graduated in 1964 — her specialty is Home Economics.

LEADERSHIP CAMP 1967

— Chris Purcell '69 —

During August of this past summer, I spent my year's two most profitable weeks at the Legion Leadership Training Camp, sponsored by the Lunenburg Branch 23 of the Legion. Crystal Cliffs, Antigonish County, was the site of the Training Program, a remarkably well organized effort deserving much merit. The team of instructors who worked so diligently with the 60 high school students attending had outstanding ability and while their teaching techniques were original and highly effective in character development, the camp was by no means a holiday.

At application time, I had expected an athletic camp. Athletics, however, were used only as teaching aids, where we trainees could practice public speaking while teaching a group, and get constructive but ego-deflating criticism on our ability to lead.

Besides the wide range of sports (four hours per day), activities included daily speechmaking, lessons in parliamentary procedure, hikes, nightly assemblies, in which we had to supply the entertainment, and community projects.

The best accolade I can give the Program is that it works, and works wonders. The Camp taught us the fundamentals of good leadership, and it removed the veneer of shyness that cloaked many of us, either of which is a remarkable effect in itself. But if the real purpose of the course is to be obtained you must be willing to combine both these, and that is the hardest test I was offered there.

TO HERE AND THERE AND BACK

MY CENTENNIAL TRIP

— Janis Campbell '58 —

Expo: a wild and exciting sight for one who viewed it first from a train passing far overhead. This was my first glimpse of the big show — and I was overawed.

To demonstrate, in my way, the worth of the Youth Travel Program; to show what impressions can be made, what friendships can be formed; and to give an idea of what good memories can be given to one person, I have chosen to jot down the things that stand out particularly in my mind.

Next stop. Ottawa! Ottawa

I think of a portrait in the Parliament Buildings from which an imperious Queen Victoria gazed down at a wretched me standing at her feet.

I think of a park in the middle of the city where we sat on rocks by a waterfall and ate our lunch in the hot sun.

Toronto

My first thought of Toronto is struggling out of the terminal with my

lead-weighted suitcase and stopping to look up and up and up to where "Royal York" was emblazoned in neon red on the top of the great hotel.

I think of the C.N.E. and the Ontario building, the centre of which is open to the sky. Here are cages of the different kinds of wildlife found in the province.

Of my actual stay in Port Credit, I remember a number of things. First there are the few tense moments when I stood facing strangers wondering which ones I would get and who, in turn, would get me.

I remember the day my hostess' mother served lunch on the patio while we lazed in the warm sunshine and how unwilling I was to leave that spot to go shopping in the city.

I remember the night my hostess and I stayed awake until four o'clock — just talking — and then snuck out to the kitchen and devoured the remains of a turkey. Sometimes "just talking" can give you a terrible appetite. On the way back to our room I'm certain we walked into every protruding object, but somehow our giggles did not wake the masters.

I remember the banquet given for us by the Township of Toronto and the lady on the end of the head table who was caught napping during the entertainment. Perhaps my most painful experience took place that night; it was caused by four small stairs. While trying to behave in my most lady-like fashion, I was unfortunate enough to trip up them on the way in and fall down them on the way out. Oh- Such are the trials of life!

Then there was the day we travelled to Niagara Falls the park that was turned into a playground for twenty-four overgrown kids who played ball, climbed trees, swung, and slid.

. the Skylon Tower which seven of us wanted to enter but whose fees were higher than we could afford — except for the family plan. So I quickly became the mother of six and we went up the Tower.

. running under the sprinklers on the lawns that line the river in Niagara, shoes in hand.

. wading in a goldfish pond in a perfectly lovely little garden.
. sitting on a park fence eating coloured ice.

My last memory of my host family is waving good-bye to them as they hustled me off on a second train (I had missed the right one) to try to catch the group in Toronto proper.

On the way home there were the Rapids, Expo again, an old and dirty railroad car we were stuck in, the singsongs that took place in the conductors' area, and

A particular pond we passed by in Cumberland County. The sun was just setting and the water and sky reflected shades of mauve and pink. It was beautiful: my prettiest memory. There is really no place like Nova Scotia — to a Nova Scotian.

THE U. N. SEMINAR — 1967

— David Bartlett '68 —

“AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE”

With this thought in mind some eighty-three students gathered at Mount Allison University on September 3, 1967, for the United Nations Seminar. The theme of the seminar was — “The United Nations and Peace Keeping in the Middle East”.

The first day at Mount Allison was taken up with the making of friends and an introduction of what the seminar was. On the second day Dr. L. H. Cragg, President of Mount Allison University, welcomed all the delegates and outlined the program for the week. Following this there were two lectures on the Historical Background of the Arabs and the Jews by Prof. W. S. MacNutt, Dean of Arts and Head of the History Department, University of New Brunswick. After these lectures we were divided up into discussion groups as which time we discussed the lectures.

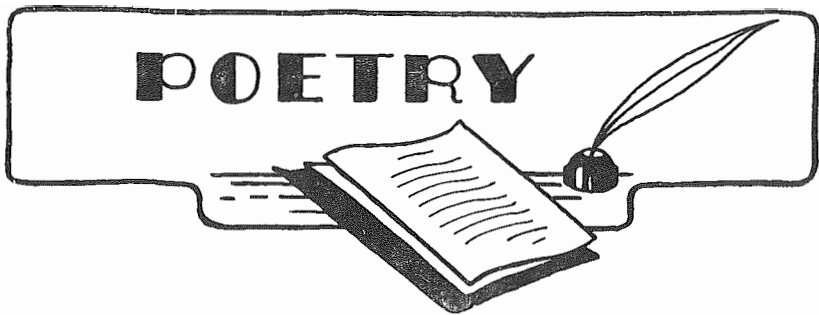
On the third day we were introduced to the Arab position in the Middle East. Two lectures were given by the Senior Representative of His Excellency Mahmond M. Hammad, Ambassador of the United Arab Republic, on just what the Arabs thought of the crisis and how it could be solved. This speaker was quite impressive and showed real political sense.

On the following day we were introduced to the Israeli position. Mr. Sinai Rome, Counsellor of His Excellency Gershon Avnar, Ambassador of the State of Israel, gave two lectures on what Israel believed and thought about its position in the Middle East and why it should be improved.

On Thursday we attended the final two lectures. These lectures dealt with Canada's position in the United Nations and were given by Mr. Jeff Pearson from the Department of External Affairs. It is interesting to note that Mr. Jeff Pearson is Prime Minister Pearson's son.

On the following day the big event of the week came! The three blocs had been chosen and formed and the president had been elected. It was now time for the meeting of the model General Assembly and the resolutions centered around the topic of just what should be done to bring peace in the Middle East. During the assembly there was much booing and clapping and the communist bloc frequently walked out when something was unfavourable to them. Other highlights featured the kidnapping of one of the U.S.S.R. delegates and the assassination of an Israeli delegate. In the end the resolutions were defeated and thus things were left the same as they really are.

It might seem that the whole week was filled with lectures but this was not the case. There was recreation every day and the gym and swimming pool were at our disposal. There was also a dance every night and we were allowed to visit the town of Sackville on certain occasions. In conclusion I would like to thank the Women's Institute for sponsoring me at the U. N. Seminar.



PARADISE

— Bill Corkum '68 —

Softly falls the sun upon the hill,
And nature seems to breathe the Heavenly Will,
Through the grass rustles a furtive breeze;
All nature seems to be upon her knees.

I walk to a summit, to look at the sea
Where waves lash the rocks furiously,
The spray flies high, gulls dive within,
How lovely it looks, so free from sin.

If the Lord lets me live another life,
It will be away from all strife.
"Your dreams will come true," the Master will say
"You'll live in heaven with us some day."

DAY-DREAMS

— Scott Miller '72 —

Sometimes I like to sit and dream,
And think how happy I would be
If I could board a sailing ship
And sail across the sea.
Or maybe even taken a plane,
And fly around the world,
To all those countries
Of which I've often heard.

But for the present it would seem
I must content myself to sit and dream.

IN DREAMS

— Susan Mitchell —

I watched a small child as it slept,
So innocent in slumber;
And wondered if it ever dreamed
Of monsters or of fighting worlds.

Oh no, its dreams must surely be,
Of fluffy things and summertime;
But who can say when night-time comes
What unknown worlds it will explore.

THE FIRST DATE

— Lucille Keeping '71 —

My hair is in a mess
And I can't find my dress;
My shoes need cleaning,
Yet I'm still day-dreaming.

The hour is soon near
And my make-up is smeared,
My stockings are picked
And my slip has just ripped!

There's a knock at the door,
Yet I'm still not sure
If I look all right
For this memorable night!

AUTUMN

— Randi Menssen '69 —

Brown leaves,
Which in autumn the wind
Hurls to the ground,
Wither and die.

The trees,
Stripped by nature of
Summer's coats, look cold and
Stark against the winter's sky.

Nature,
With all the glories of
Her summer past and gone,
Doth cry!

SPRING

— David Hansen '69 —

As March storms leave,
And cease to throw
Their strong cold winds
On the earth below,
Signs of life and living things
Begin to appear —
“It's time for Spring”.

Trees are bright
With ornaments green,
The earth changes color;
And everywhere to be seen
Birds flock rapidly
To trees again,
Dreaming of Summer
And warm summer rain.

As soon as Spring comes,
It's almost gone;
It melts into Summer,
Though days grow long.
Never can you surpass,
The beauty of Spring —
To bring joy to the earth
And make it sing!

WASTE

— John Anderson, Grade XII —

Women sit and stare across the soil
Thinking of their husbands' sweat and toil,
All of them already have gone
Overseas to fight the Viet Cong.

With guns in hand and pack on back,
Forever under murderous attack,
It gets so lonely they want to scream
Under the stars in the jungle of green.

Their wives at home know how they feel,
Livin' in a world that seems unreal;
Children who don't understand only can cry,
Fathers are dying in foreign lands — **Why?**

It's a damn hard way to earn your pay,
Just livin' through the night to fight the next day;
So help send these fellows back to their wives —
Stop this bloody war and save their good lives!

DEATH OF LOVE

— Deborah Wentzell '68 —

She stood at the window of the world
Gazing thereupon,
Where wars were played and bombs were hurled,
Watched helpless children run!

'Do unto others' the forgotten word,
Hate overcame the dove;
She turned away, unseen, unheard,
For her lost name was "Love".

TREES

— David Ritcey '69 —

Great are the trees in the forest,
In that large and wild domain,
The hunter and the hunted
That live through the wind and rain.

In the spring when the leaves are budding,
In the fall when they're orange and red,
In the warm and pleasant summer;
And when winter is cold and dead.

Though times will change around us,
And we all grow old and die,
The trees live on in the forest
And watch the years go by.

THE WOLF

— Suzanne Sheaves '69 —

A grey pelt, splotched and worn,
Covers the gaunt carcass of this starving creature.
Brown eyes; hollow and devoid,
Gaze aimlessly from their stable sockets.
Entreating cries, loud and melancholy,
Emerge from the watering jaws.

Then — layers of useless flesh
Scrape the coarse ground,
As the dying animal makes a vain struggle
Toward a rotting piece of food.
But this movement ceases —
As the dry nose reaches the desired morsel
And exhales its last.



A FRIEND NAMED JACQUI

— Janis Campbell '68 —

It was a warm sort of morning, sunny and bright; one of those that makes you want to hug yourself and thank someone just for the fact that you're alive. At least that was the way Ekaterina Karenina felt as she strode along in her peculiarly rapid manner swinging her books by the long strap that bound them. She was at peace — with the world and with this town, her home. Though Ekaterina's family had lived in this new and exciting country for three months, only in the past week had she really come to know and love it.

It was a week ago to the day that Ekaterina had started in her first American school. This was her junior year and though she was a very bright girl and had become well acquainted with English at home in Russia, she naturally found everything very unusual. Hardest of all was searching all those strange, intriguing, and no less intrigued faces for some glint of friendliness. Jacqui James was, from the moment they met, her "Kitty's" companion. That very day the two, one very dark and handsome with her melodious, heavily-accented voice, the other blonde and frivolous, were seen racing off to the Karenina's residence to examine Kitty's treasures. And so the days passed for the friends, happy exploring days, six in all until on the seventh day Ekaterina's whole world seemed hung on a single thread which was threateningly near breaking.

It had started out like any other day. Jacqui met her in the morning and they walked on together, reaching school just barely in time for their first class. Third period was spent in Political Science in Mr. Hatman's class and they were discussing economic systems. Mr. Hatman asked Ekaterina a question and she answered in what seemed to her the most logical way. From across the room came — "Aw, you're nothing but a dirty RED anyway!" A bewildered Ekaterina looked in the direction of those horrid words and then turned and half-ran out of the room. She heard someone calling her but didn't stop to listen; burning laughter was ringing in her ears; she ran blindly out and away from that awful, awful place. Back at the school, Jacqui stood up and turned to her classmates. Trembling with the wrath that filled every inch of her she shuddered: "I am ashamed; I am so ashamed of you. You with your open minds — you wouldn't even try to understand her. You couldn't give her a chance. I am so embarrassed for you."

Ekaterina knew nothing of this though; she knew only the bitter ache of loneliness. Unable to explain to her mother she had begged to be left alone

and had run up to her room where now she contemplated her betrayal.

It was half-past six and Ekaterina was listening to the proceedings of dinner downstairs when she heard the doorbell. She followed her mother's steps to the front door and then the thud of someone coming upstairs. The next thing she heard was Jacqui's voice outside the door softly calling her. Reluctantly Kitty let her in and listened as she was told what was done was done and could not be changed but only forgotten. Kitty had to give in to the sincerity of her kind-hearted friend and so she consented to go downstairs for dinner. As Jacqui and Kitty came down together, they paused and the latter shyly eyed the young people at the bottom of the staircase. Foremost was the unthinking boy who had hurt her in the morning. He looked so apologetic, as they all did, that Kitty could only forgive. She smiled her enchanting smile and looked around for Jacqui to go down with her and join them.

That evening she went with the crowd to the season's first football game. She cheered and yelled and screamed as loudly as anyone. At last she felt really accepted; she was finally at home. No longer an oddity, not simply something new and different, she was just another girl who liked football and painting, who went to school and held her own ideas about political science. She was a girl with a friend named Jacqui.

THE FOOTBALL PLAYER WHO STRUCK-OUT

— Bill Corkum '68 —

It was in the fourth quarter of the "game of the year" featuring Tarkenton College versus Brown U. Both of these teams had been undefeated during the season. They had excellent offensive and defensive records and each had their outstanding scorers. Tarkenton had the superb receiver and runner, Frank Williams, who had led the league in touchdowns. Because of Williams, Tarkenton was favoured to win the game. However, Brown did have a fine quarterback in the person of Russ Chafee and with him in the game anything could happen.

Going into the fourth quarter the score was 19-14 in favour of Tarkenton College. The fans were literally going wild with excitement. Chafee and Williams, as expected, were the stars of their respective teams. Whenever one of them was on the field the play was always centered around him.

At the four minute mark of the last quarter the score was still the same and the momentum seemed to be dying down. But then Chafee took over and soon Brown, the underdogs, began to move the football closer and closer to the goal-line of Tarkenton. By displaying a brilliant variety of passing and running, Chafee brought them from the ten-yard line to the fifteen-yard line of Tarkenton. Then on a roll-out option play he chose to run the ball and battled his way over the goal line for a touchdown. The following convert made the score 19-21 in favour of Brown U. with only two minutes left in the game. It seemed as though an upset was about to happen.

But as the fans were about to see, the game was far from over, for on the kickoff return, Tarkenton returned the ball to their forty-five-yard line.

On the next four plays they had advanced the ball, mainly through the efforts of Frank Williams, to the twenty-yard line of Brown. Three plays and forty seconds later the ball rested on the ten. A burst by Williams to the goal line gave Tarkenton a first down goal-to-go. Next came a pass play to Williams that was knocked down by the Brown defenders. Once again Williams ran the ball but he didn't get to the goal-line. Now it was third down goal-to-go with 16 seconds left. It was another pass play but the great Frank Williams let the football slip out of his hands. As baseball's immortal Casey had struck out, so it seemed Williams had. Thrice he had tried for the touchdown and thrice he had failed. Would he fail for the fourth time? In a way he did fail. Did he get the winning touchdown? No, as great as Williams was he never gained the distinction of scoring the winning touchdown. Then what did happen? With four seconds left in the game Tarkenton kicked a field-goal to win the game 22-21. Nevertheless, Williams had "struck out".

ADVENTURE IN LONELINESS

— Debbie Wentzell —

Lisa drew a sigh of relief as she stepped from the train into her new life. As she scanned the crowds of people there at the station she suddenly felt depressed. Montreal wasn't at all like her hometown. There were hundreds of strange people rushing past her, no one stopping to say 'hello' or help her with the luggage, and almost everyone speaking in a language she thought she had learned in school. Perhaps she was wrong; she couldn't understand a word of it. For a moment, Lisa almost caught herself wondering why she had run away. Then, reassuring herself, she began wandering aimlessly among the people.

"Wendy? Wendy Lewis! Is that you?"

"Lisa? Oh, I'm so glad to see you. I thought you had missed the train!"

"Are you kidding? I've been planning this for a couple of months; I wouldn't dare mess it up now."

"Have you got any money for a taxi?"

"No. Only some change that's left from my ticket money."

"We'll have to walk to my apartment then; it isn't really that far. You take those two pieces of luggage — I'll take the others . . ."

Wendy was a seventeen-year old with long blond hair and a slim figure that even Lisa had to admire. They had been friends for some time before Wendy had decided to come to Montreal alone to get a job. But Wendy had changed. The last time Lisa had seen her (a year ago), she was a cute, brown-haired, dimpled teen-ager. Lisa wondered if sweet Lisa Cummings would also become suave and sophisticated.

Lisa's presence in Montreal was quite simply explained. She had been unhappy at home where she thought that her parents had dictated her wardrobe, her scholastic record and in general, her entire life. So she saved enough money for a train ticket, and wrote to Wendy telling of her decision to run away . . .

"What a gorgeous apartment!" Lisa exclaimed while putting down her

suitcases; "How can you afford it all alone?"

"I can't, as a matter of fact. I share it with another girl from the office. But don't worry, there's plenty of room for three . . . The first thing you have to do is get a job. Have you got your general course diploma from school?"

"No, I had to quit in my final term to come here, but I can type and I've got a little 'Shorthand' and 'Office Management'."

"Well, that's better than nothing. There's a typist position open at the office where I work. Here's the address. Ask for Mrs. Langford and don't tell her you're only seventeen. It's my day off and I have to buy some groceries. Christa, that's our room-mate, should be back soon and she'll drive you. So long. Good luck, kid."

Excitedly, Lisa prepared for the interview. She put on her best suit and combed her hair in a way that made her look at least twenty! While waiting for Christa to arrive Lisa decided to get acquainted with her new home. It was large and stylishly furnished. The tastefully chosen colors and over-all comfort of the rooms were familiar.

"Just like home," Lisa thought.

When Christa returned, the two introduced themselves, and, before long, they had arrived at the address Wendy had given to Lisa . . .

"Mrs. Langford will see you now."

The voice of the receptionist brought Lisa out of a dream about home, and school, and those over-protective parents she really did love.

"What? I mean: I beg your pardon?"

"You may go in now, dear."

"Thank you."

The door closed behind her with a bang that jangled her nerves. Timidly she stepped over to the chair in front of the big walnut desk and slowly sat down. Lisa was scared. After a few minutes Mrs. Langford put down her pen and looked up.

She was middle-aged, Lisa guessed. Her hair was brassy, short and rather undecided as to whether it was to be curly or straight. Lisa noticed that though her features lacked any emphatic character, Mrs. Langford appeared severe and dignified as she sat visually examining the young nervous girl. Momentarily she reminded Lisa of her mother.

"You are the Cummings girl?"

"Yes 'mam. Lisa Cummings."

"You have recommendations?"

"Yes, well, ah — not exactly. I can type and take shorthand. I don't have a diploma and I have no experience but —"

"How old are you, Lisa?"

"Twenty, 'mam."

"Lisa, do you have any idea how many girls your age, sixteen or seventeen run away from home and try to make it on their own? Several of them, just like you, come to me every day asking for work for which they are not at all qualified. They don't realize that there are hundreds of women in this city who need these jobs, widows with children to support, wives with young families. And so, every day I must turn away girls to meet their fates. Your

friend, Wendy, was lucky but, Lisa, I'm sorry."

"But how did you find out?"

"Well, first of all, I could have guessed. Lisa, you're young, naive and so typical. But I didn't guess. I saw an article in this morning's paper about a missing person whose description and name fits you exactly. I should expect that you are worrying your parents immensely."

"I don't think so. They don't care about me; they're just interested in making me wear what they like, getting me to go to school and running my life. But, why did they run a report in the newspapers? Montreal is a thousand miles from home and I've only been gone two days."

"Dear, whether or not you believe it, your parents love you very much. They do care and they worry if they don't know where you are for even five minutes. You're only seventeen, Lisa; don't try to be older. Go back, finish school and try to take advantage of what time you have remaining at home. Think about it."

"Go back — go back — think — go back." The words echoed in Lisa's mind as she walked back to the apartment. "Think"; she had to think. Running away hadn't helped. Lisa felt more unhappy now than she had previously. There was nowhere to turn . . .

Back at the apartment, Lisa picked up the telephone receiver. She swallowed her pride and, amidst tears of frustration and humiliation, asked the operator to dial her home number.

"Hello." It was a familiar voice on the other end of the line.

"Hello, Daddy? This is Lisa, I'm in Montreal and, oh please Daddy, I want to come home right away," she spurted out all in one breath.

"Lisa? Oh, honey, we've missed you so much." Then remembering himself he continued: "Now see here young lady. You've had your mother worried sick. I'll make a reservation on the next plane out of that place, and you get home here right away. You hear that?"

Nothing had changed. Lisa put down the receiver, sat back and smiled to herself. It would be good to be home.

BEFORE AN OPEN FIRE

— Suzanne Sheaves '69 —

The black night encloses the deep, echoing roars, as the rushing water continually floods the drowning sand. It ushers cold, icy threats over the firmly packed pebbles, daring some soul to venture further . . . further . . . but he refuses. He glares at the liquid body, and shivers at the thought of allowing even a finger to enter that frigid brine. He laughs at the beckoning waves, and scorns them for even trying to draw him near.

Then he turns to face the fire, that spark of light and heat in the cold, charcoal atmosphere. He places his hands over the kindling pile of sticks, and sighs as his reddened fingers struggle back to normal. He glances at his friends, those closely cuddled couples, warmed by the heat from their hearts and the fire, but he sits alone. In their own worlds, they're unaware of the

ocean's continual chant in the uninviting darkness; but it echoes and harps in his neglected ears.

He props his ignored head against a log and stares into the flickering blaze. As the red, blue, and green flashes hypnotically affect him, a ream of terror crosses his mind. Then he remembers — of the time when he was four years old; asleep in his warm, quilted bed. He recollects being awakened by something hot which kept stinging the side of his face. The child screamed as he struggled toward the window; the closest means of escape at that moment of panic. He jumped, resembling a red, blue and green glowing streak. Once on the solid earth, he remembered those people around him, forcing the glow to disappear — but the pain remained.

Our lad by the open fire raises his head with a start and gently caresses his face. Sadly, his fingers sink into the deep grooves and uneven scars on that burned countenance. Drops of water trickle from his forlorn eyes, skim over the rough complexion and fall to the ground.

Upon again glancing at the fire he sees dances and parties and the faces of startled girls, refusing his invitation to dance. He heard their gossiping whisper about his ruined appearance, and he felt the smart of his pride when he was never accepted.

He remains glaring at the dying blaze until the roar in his ears becomes louder. He sits up and sees the empty beach — the impressed sand where sometime before sat starry-eyed lovers. He turns to the fire which is now only a smoking black pile, blending in with the colour of the night. The noise in his ears growls and comes closer . . . closer . . . It floods the sand, the heap of charred wood, and the limp mound beside it. Warm drops fall and mix with the icy brine, but then they cease as the victorious liquid completely covers the area and the black night is all that remains.

THE INTRUDER

— Chris Purcell '69 —

Dawson looked at his watch, then at a clock on the wall, and, though it seemed incredible, he realized it was slow.

"That expensive watch," he thought, "aw, well, I didn't like the color of the strap that much anyway!"

But for the occasional murmurings of electrical instruments and thinking machines, he could hear no other sound but the distant snoring of the two other crewmen down the hall.

Dawson felt exhausted after the day's mandatory exercise period but he fought off sleep. To leave a ship unmanned even for an instant was a court martial offense and this mission, of any in his career, demanded his full attention. As he lounged in his contoured chair, in his warm little cabin, it suddenly occurred to him how utterly fantastic and almost ridiculous his situation seemed. In the last few seconds his space craft had moved nearly 50 million miles along its computer-determined path. But such a figure meant little to Dawson except that he was that much closer to home. Trying to contemplate such an abstract figure was too much for his non-thinking mind.

He stopped and stared moodily out through the narrow plastic portal at the stars, more out of boredom than wonder. Even this he soon gave up. The patterns were all different, he could recognize none of them. He was a long, long way from home.

Dawson looked back to his gleaming instruments, his eyes flickering over the radar screen. At that his heart and lungs stopped, and gasping in surprise he roared for the crew. He scarcely heard their metal feet on the corridor, for his eyes were riveted to a white blip on the scanner which had appeared from nowhere and was rapidly overtaking the second blip on the scope — that of his own ship.

He looked up into the scared eyes of the crew. Under normal stress these were tough men but never had they seen anything like this. Someone, something, was back there, coming up fast, faster than human science permits.

For precious seconds they all just stared at the little drama developing until Dawson, the leader, snapped out of it and said, "This cargo is too valuable to lose. I've got no other choice." He turned in his chair and shouted at the think machines on the wall, "Computer, zop intruder!"

Down below them, the glass eye of the gamma ray laser winked, and the deadly pulse of radiation flickered through the void seeking out the enemy.

Up in the crowded cabin, the men began to breathe and think again.

"Okay guys, we're in the clear now, nobody could have stood it at that range. It was only eight hundred."

But Dawson's brutal words fell on deaf ears. Though science had restricted their involvement in the murder to merely issuing the command they all felt sick at heart.

"Do you do this sort of thing often?" said one crewman. "He might have been a friend. You might have just blowed our chances at contacting another galaxy."

Dawson didn't answer. The crew went back to their bunks. Alone in the cabin Dawson looked out at the stars. He was so utterly confident in his machines he didn't look back at the screen. After all, the computers were incapable of error. And so he didn't see the intruder, unaffected, turn away, heading back into the void, to home.

ALL IN A DAY

— John Meisner '68 —

Ralph, a travelling salesman, was on his way from Carnington to Brisby on a blustery winter night, thankful that the sub-zero temperatures did not penetrate the warmth of his car. This was the loneliest part of his route — as he was travelling along the base of the Pine Mountains, miles away from any house and even further from a town. Suddenly, after he had rounded a sharp turn in the road, he was momentarily blinded by the reflection of headlights in his mirror. Before he could blink an eye, a grey '58 Pontiac reared past him and disappeared around the next turn. After several more monotonous miles Ralph noticed two lights in the distance which didn't seem

to belong to an oncoming car. Moments later he was able to make out an overturned car, its headlights piercing a snow-drift. While applying his brakes he could distinguish a panic-stricken, blood-smearred face half way through the smashed window of a grey '58 Pontiac. Ralph reached the struggling man and hauled him out of the wreck as gently as he could. When the victim was free from the car he muttered the first words of the incident:

"Gotta get my case, my briefcase."

"Are you crazy?" shouted Ralph, "You need a doctor."

"Le'me go," was the retort and the man lurched half way inside the car to recover his case, almost falling in completely.

"Well, I guess you aren't hurt as much as you look, just a scratch on your forehead. Here, this will stop the bleeding," and Ralph handed the stranger his neatly folded handkerchief.

"I'm Ralph."

"Name's Karl," was the curt reply.

"You're lucky. You could have been trapped inside the car," said Ralph.

"Yeh," said the man nervously clutching his briefcase.

Just as the car rounded a turn the radio came in much more clearly.

". . . . Gunman got away with close to five thousand dollars and many valuable papers He is believed to be in the vicinity of the Pine Mountains driving a grey '58 Pontiac . . ."

The radio snapped off as Karl's hand returned to the case.

"So now you know," he said with a smirk on his face.

"You may as well stop the car and get out now."

His mind working at full speed, Ralph remained cool, calm and collected.

"Well," he stalled, "I might as well tell you that I'm a cop and right now there is a gun under the dash pointed at your belly and ready to go off whenever you say."

"Yeh, sure. I guess. Pull over and stop this thing," and he quickly pulled a pistol from his pocket and aimed it at Ralph.

As Ralph refused to stop, Karl snarled, "You're not so smart."

"On the contrary. You're the stupid one. What do you think this is," as he put his finger on a button on the dash.

Karl eyed the convincing-looking button and beads of sweat ran down his blood-caked face.

"How can that shoot a gun?" he said rather weakly.

Ralph's foot shot from the accelerator to the brake. Karl's gun arm smashed against the mirror and his head crashed against the door post. Unconscious, he slumped to the floor as pieces of glass fell from the shatter-proof windshield where the gun had hit it. Almost fainting from the surprise of his success, Ralph sighed heavily and pushed the dash button locking the doors to prevent an accident.

THE POEM AND THE POET

— Ronald Bailey '59 —

Professor Miles was lecturing that afternoon, and everyone was paying close attention. That is, everyone except John, who was jotting feverishly on a dog-eared piece of paper torn from a scribbler.

This time he was sure he had found something — this poem would be his best yet. He was trying to write as quickly as he could think, which meant the paper was becoming the graveyard of some lines, and the birthplace of new ones. Somewhere in that maze of disjointed lines was a poem, if John could just piece his ideas and lines together into one lump sum.

A commotion around him aroused John from his work. Stuffing the paper into a book, he left the lecture room with the rest of the hurrying students. An important hockey game was almost due to start, and nearly everyone was in a hurry to get to the campus rink.

As he left the building, John saw his friend, Ralph waiting for him. "Ralph," he said, "I'd sure like to go to the game, but I want to finish this poem I started in class." Reaching into his book, John produced the tattered scrap of paper for a second.

"Boy, you must be really hard up for paper these days," was Ralph's only comment. "But I've got to get to the game now. See you tomorrow."

"Right. Have fun at the game."

And with that reply, John hurried off to the bus stop. It was a cold, winter afternoon, and John thought of his poem as he crunched along over the snow. Perhaps he was just dreaming; perhaps the poem wouldn't turn out well at all — but it sure seemed like a good poem. Well, he'd soon find out when he got home and could really concentrate on it.

Arriving at the bus stop, John realized he was early. He was still thinking about the poem, and took the paper from his book to study it for a minute. There was no doubt in his mind now — this poem would be something out of the ordinary.

He was still contemplating his artwork when the bus drew up. The driver was careless and in a hurry this late in the day. In a second the bus's front wheel bounded up over the sidewalk. A woman shrieked but it was too late. All that was left of John was a pile of blood-stained clothes on the sidewalk. Already his blood was forming a red patch in the snow . . .

Ralph arrived just as the body was being put into the ambulance. As the ambulance drove off on its hopeless journey, Ralph went back to the sidewalk, and its horrible red stain. As he shuffled aimlessly around the fatal spot, his downcast eyes fell on the scrap of paper John had shown him scarcely fifteen minutes ago. It was blood-stained now, and all Ralph could think of was how pleased John had been with this. The paper was useless now, but Ralph was still clutching it as he walked away.

PERCIVAL'S FIRST DATE

— David Ritcey '69 —

Percival was very excited. He was going to date the most beautiful girl in town. At least this was the opinion held by most of the local boys. Percival was about five foot five with black hair and wore black rimmed glasses that made him look extra intelligent. Now with a gaily wrapped package tucked under one arm he was on his way to call for Debra.

Arriving at Debra's house he paused a moment to straighten his tie and after taking several deep breaths he rang the door bell. Debra's mother answered the door and ushered him to the living room to wait for Debra, assuring him she would be down in a few minutes.

Presently Debra came down, dressed in a blue mini skirt, black jet boots and she had a flower in her hair. Percival looked at her, lost for words, thinking this vision of loveliness was just the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Finding his voice, he said: "Hello Debra, you look . . . keen."

"Thank you," was the reply.

"Here is something I brought for you," said Percival giving her the package he had been gripping tightly.

"Oh Percival, you really shouldn't have — I really wasn't expecting a gift," Debra said as she tore the wrapping paper from the gift.

Percival began to blush, turning as red as the carpet on the floor.

"Oh Percival, you spent your money on me and bought me a copy of 'The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire'. How nice of you," Debra said, placing the book on the table.

After a few rather awkward moments they finally got on their way to the Rose Club for dinner. Here they dined and as Percival could not dance he turned the conversation to world affairs, a subject on which he was well informed. He began discussing the war in Viet Nam and the Johnson administration. He noticed Debra became very quiet, then she turned extremely pale. He asked if any thing was wrong and she told him she had suddenly developed a very bad headache and must return home at once.

When they arrived at Debra's house Percival thanked her for spending at least part of the evening with him. He assured her he enjoyed her company. Debra remained silent, a pained expression on her face. Percival went on at some length about what a splendid time he was having until her sudden illness had cut their evening short. He asked her for a date the following week. He was shocked by her curt refusal. Debra not only refused to date him the following week but made it clear she was not interested in any dates at any time in the future. At a complete loss to see a reason for her action, Percival bid her a hasty good night.

Arriving at his home Percival spent many hours going over the events of the evening trying to find any incidents that could have upset that divine date of his. Finally after many hours of contemplation he could find no reason for her behaviour. Sighing, he went to his desk and wrote a letter to the "Friendly Club" and in one sentence said all he had to say.

"Enclosed you will find your book 'How to Get Along with Girls' — please refund my money."

THE GUILLOTINE

— Patsy Walters '71 —

Slowly I mounted the well-worn steps, my heart knowing this was wrong, my soul crying out to God for mercy, but my tongue remaining silent, as each step brought me nearer to the thing I dreaded the most, the guillotine, for this was the year 1792, and the French Revolution.

I gazed out at the throng of blood-thirsty people, knowing that I was just another stitch on a knitting needle. Suddenly my courage failed, and I could only feel self-pity as my wretched mind recalled my past and the reason I was here and not at my home.

For everyone in this world there is a twin and I was the other Marie Beauprey living in Paris. Forced to work, I was taken in by the Beauprey father to work as the personal maid to Marie. It was noticed that there was a strong resemblance between us which proved useful for Marie as she kept very late hours when gone to a party. Her father was a great noble at the court of Louis XVI, the much despised King of France. Mr. Beauprey had given information to the Austrian government which was found out. How I remember the excitement there was as the family prepared to flee Paris! The next morning the whole family, including myself, was arrested, and Marie had fled Paris leaving the family behind. The days of waiting were terrible, as the trial slowly proceeded. Then the shock to learn that we were all to lose our lives. Shoved into carts, we were driven through the streets to the square. The ride was unbearable with the jeering crowds and the crying of the other people who were in the same predicament we were. Here my mind draws a blank for I had fainted.

"You're next", cried the executioner. Oh yes, now it's my turn, I thought, and with a quick prayer to God, I knelt down and waited for the end.

THE REALISTIC DREAM

— Elizabeth Crouse '72 —

Fireball and I were in the warming-up ring, when number twenty-four was called. Our number! As we headed towards the first jump of the stiff course, our bodies merged and we seemed as one. Jump after jump flashed by! The other competitors faulted and it was just the two of us left in the battle.

The big grey from the U.S. started off, jumping against time and number of faults. The jumps had been raised and the U.S. rider was having trouble. A refusal at the in-and-out cost precious seconds. The grey finished with ten faults and a time of 4:06. I started off and Fireball gave me all he had. We had just finished the course with no faults and a time of 2:01, when it happened! We had completed the last jump and headed towards the stands carrying the flag of Canada under the saddle, when a photographer snapped our picture with a flashbulb. The frightened stallion rose on his hind legs and began to back, pawing the air! I could hold on no longer and slid off into the water and the dark pit of unconsciousness. Just then I awoke up and found myself on the floor of my bedroom sitting in a pool of water. I had knocked the water pitcher off my night-stand. What a wild dream!

PERILS OF THE SEA

— Gregory D. Hall '69 —

Another wave broke against the hull of the freighter *Ocean Wanderer*, spilling hundreds of gallons of water into her hold through the broken hatches. Already three men had been lost overboard, our radio was broken down with no one to fix it; we were listing greatly to the port side and taking on heavy amounts of water.

I had boarded the ship as a deck hand for the summer months to make some money before returning to school in the fall. My parents had not wanted me to go but I had convinced them it would be alright and had taken the job.

We had put out from Halifax less than a week before for England. After two fine days at sea we heard of a storm and heavy sea warnings for our area and were advised to put into port but our captain, being very sure the storm would miss us, continued on our slow journey.

When the storm came it came quickly. The calm seas were turned into small mountains of water which seemed to be trying to beat us to the bottom. Three men were out trying to batten down the forward hatches when a tremendous wave broke over the ship taking the three men and the hatches with it and that was when we started taking on water. We tried to radio for help but our radio was out — another result of that huge wave. From that time on, the rest of the crew and myself knew what was going to happen. We just did not know when.

It was useless for any man to venture out onto the deck for he would only be washed overboard so all we could do was sit around and think about the life we had had and how quickly it was going to end. Not one man was afraid to die for we knew it was impossible to get out of it.

The end was near for the bow was rising in the air and the stern was going under and by now the seven crew members in the stern would have been drowned. The eleven in the bow, including myself, began climbing out from under the whaleback and up on top of the deck hanging on to anything possible. A few tried to swim for it but I knew it was no use, it would soon be over.

At last the bow had slipped under and the great whirlpool created from the ship seemed to reach out and grab every last man and drag him down. At first I tried to fight the water pouring into my lungs but it felt as though I was dreaming towards the end and I would never have even wanted to be saved. Then it was over: gone; never to be found again; leaving the world without a trace.



A CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Cathy Campbell '68 and Pat Conrad '69

The school year of 1967-68 has certainly been an eventful one for the students of Lunenburg Junior-Senior High School.

School officially opened on September 1st. This year we were greeted by many new teachers who by now have become part of our daily routine. During the following week, the officers and representatives of the various organizations were elected. Next on the agenda was Exhibition and as usual we participated in the parade. Several holidays were also granted. During these weeks soccer teams, Choral Club and Bowling Teams were organized. Mrs. Mosher, with the help of Grade XI, introduced a "first". During the last week of September the first issue of the "L. J. S. H. S. Roadrunner" appeared. This newspaper reveals the literary talents of the students and much credit must go to Mrs. Mosher.

October turned more to the study angle, but on the eleventh, Lynn Joudrey was crowned "Fire Prevention Queen". The Athletic Association held a successful carwash and individual school pictures were taken by National School Studios.

November opened with a Hallowe'en Dance on the first. Teachers' Institute gave us one last holiday before exams. Auditions for High Society took place and the taping was completed on the twenty-seventh. From the fifteenth to the twenty-first exams were written and ended with an Athletic Association Dance. Also, during November the Magazine Sales Campaign was completed and the basketball teams organized. Also, our Reach for the Top team competed and were defeated by Dartmouth High.

December proved to be a busy month with a "Slop Day" being held on the thirteenth. This was sponsored by the Red Cross. Miss Veinotte and "troop of actors" were occupied rehearsing the play "The Perfect Gentleman" for the Christmas Concert. Credit must be given to Miss Hebb and her singers who also appeared and were well-received. During the last week of school before Christmas Vacation we decorated our home rooms which helped to add to the festive spirit. Grade XI came out on top and won the prize for the best room. The twentieth proved to be a busy day with the Hodge Podge and Dance taking place. Hockey and curling teams, by then organized, continued to pursue these sports over the holidays.

January, billeted as "the month of tests", started with work on the Sea Gull. During this month rumors started that a Winter Carnival was planned for February second and third. The committee was hard at work scheduling the various events. The Students' Council purchased a piano for the Choral Club. By the sounds after school they are taking full advantage of it! Basketball league games began and teams continued practicing. Also a "cheerleading" squad was organized to provide an extra boost at the games. From two players' points of view we certainly agree the yelling adds inspiration!

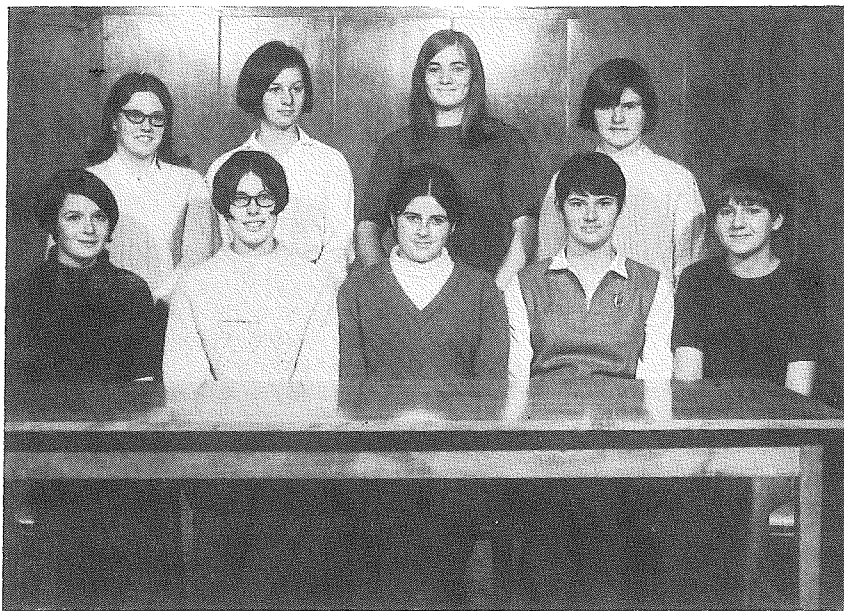
February, "Winter Carnival Month", began with mounting excitement as the second and third approached. Everyone enjoyed the event and next

year a bigger and better one is planned! Debbie Wentzell was crowned as our first Carnival Queen. During this month results from tests were returned and the dread of exams awaited us. A Valentine Dance was held with Gregory Hall and Janet May crowned as Senior King and Queen. Tommy Hanrihan and Lynn Hebb were the Junior King and Queen.

March proved to be an unexciting month as exams stared us in the face. They began on the thirteenth. From the fourth to the eighth Education Week was observed. With students preparing for exams, activities were kept at a minimum. However, hockey took the limelight as Lunenburg challenged Chester for the South Shore Championship.

In the future lies the following at the time of writing. Near the end of March the Senior Girls' basketball team hope to journey to the Valley to play, and also possibly to tour Acadia University. April and warm weather loom upon the horizon. We hope this will tempt our track and field stars! May will yield the title "Grad Month" with the Dance to be held on the thirty-first. Preparations for provincials will take place and the year will end with a note of seriousness.

'67-'68 has proved to be a great year with the rate of school spirit rapidly soaring. Next September, however, we hope to return with regained potential ready for another successful year.



CANTEEN COMMITTEE

First Row (L. to R.) — D. Keddy, P. Conrad, B. Stewart, C. Pridham, S. Sheaves.

Second Row (L. to R.) — P. Zinck, M. Pridham, H. Smith, M. Rhuland.

CHRISTMAS HODGE PODGE '67

— Randi Menssen '69 —



Held on the last day of school before Christmas recess, the Christmas Hodge Podge assemblies are proving to be quite popular with the staff as well as the students.

This year the Hodge Podge program began with carol singing led by the Choral Club. Various skits and plays followed, presented by the students in Grades 6-12, with each grade showing an abundance of natural talent. The themes of these productions ranged from the reading of the Christmas Story to plays about Christmas and Santa. The most unusual effort this year was by Grade 10 who produced an on-stage discotheque, complete with band.

The Holiday Spirit reigned over our festivities and the Students' Council went so far as to procure for each teacher a "gift". These ranged from a dirty test tube for our Chemistry Professor, Mr. Lewis, to a rubber mallet for Mrs. Mosher to use in keeping order. (One wonders where the force of the mallet is to be applied).

The teachers and students are to be congratulated for their efforts in making this year's Hodge Podge the best ever and paving the way for perhaps even better entertainment next year at Christmas time.

THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

— Martha Keddy '70 and Karla Kohler '71 —

The 1967 Christmas Concert was held at the Community Centre on the evening of Monday, 18th, with the matinee previously taking place on December 15th. The young actors and actresses, all students of the Lunenburg Elementary and Junior-Senior High School put in many hours of preparation to entertain their audience.

The Choral Club, under the leadership of Miss Katherine Hebb, presented the mood for the season with the carol "Gloria in Excelsis Deo", followed by the jubilant selection "Sleigh Ride". The Choral Club worked hard at these numbers and enjoyed doing them.

"So Big and Brave" by Tommy Scarfe, followed by "A Christmas Song" by Kevin Romkey opened the Elementary section. The Primary grade also prepared several other exercises, including "What S Stands For", "The Christmas Tree", "Ten Little Stockings", and "Christmastime is Near". Then Grade 1A performed the exercises "The Three Teddies" and "Signs of Christmas". Grade 1B also presented two exercises, "Christmas Lessons" and "Merry Christmas Bells". Grades 2A and B and Grades 3A and B joined to perform the play entitled "Trees and Dreams". Grade 4 lit the hearts of the audience with the exercise "Christmas Candles". Next, Grades 5A and B performed a play under the heading, "Signs and Sounds of Christmas". This was followed by the "Court Of Christmas", a musical presentation given by Grades 6 and 7.

Once again the High School pleased the audience with a presentation of another comical one-act play. Miss Veinot displayed her skill once again in the direction of the play.

The play opened with our dashing hero, played by Tommy Hillier, being sent off to the post office. His older sister, Margaret, played by Janet May, worriedly flew about the stage in preparation for their dinner guest, Mr. Crawford, played by Ronald Bailly, her beloved Chemistry teacher. Amidst the confusion, Mrs. Ames, Robert and Margaret's mother, played by Janis Campbell, prepared calmly for the occasion. Before the closing of the play, Alicia Ames, played by Gretchen Eisenhauer, unexpectedly returned home from college and stole the heart of Mr. Crawford away from her younger sister. Margaret then switched her love for her Chemistry teacher to English Literature.

At the end of the performance Miss Veinot was presented with a bouquet of carnations from the cast.

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

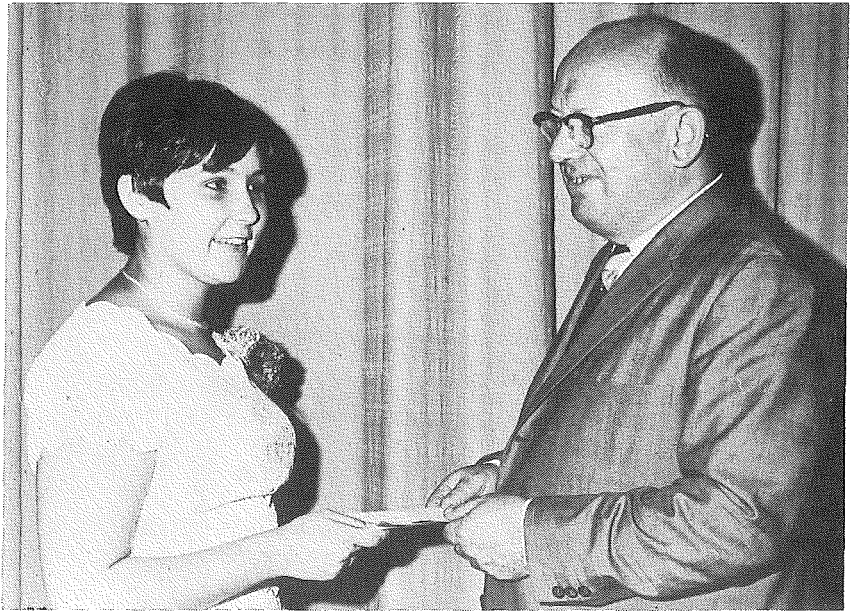


MARION D. ZWICKER MEMORIAL BURSARY I. O. D. E.

Eileen Lohnes, Mrs. B. S. MacLeod



RICHARD WINTERS SCHOLARSHIP
The Hon. Robert Winters, Eileen Lohnes, John Ross

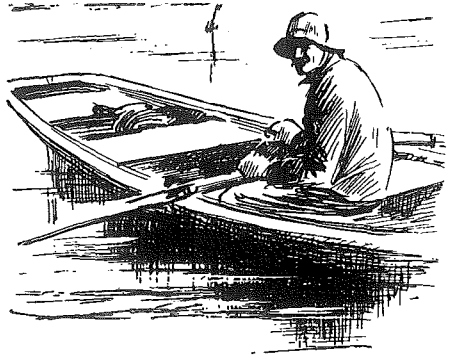


F. HOMER ZWICKER SCHOLARSHIP
Suzanne Bailly Mayor R. G. A. Wood



EASTERN STAR PRIZES FOR CITIZENSHIP

S. Toms, P. Mills, Mrs. Walton Cook, A. Richards, S. Eisenhower



VALEDICTORY



— Vicki Cantelope '67 —

Not next year! Not even tomorrow! But now — this is our long awaited Centennial Year. We, as Canadians, can look back with pride to the century which has passed, for indeed it was a century of adventure, of challenge and of change. A century of unforgettable people and memorable events.

We, the Grade XII class are honored to be graduating in 1967. We also are looking back, perhaps not as far back as one hundred years, but more likely to the dawn of our High School years.

Ours has been a privileged generation. We have grown up in the era of the Cold War, the war on Poverty, the rise of the new African Nations, the Ecumenical Movement, and the amazing feats of the Astronauts.

The Academic scene has expanded to include the New Math, the General Course, the Consolidated School and the Comprehensive School System.

Man, through his vast accomplishments, has laid at our feet the best of his world. His ideas have given us culture and science surpassing anything the world had previously known. He has shown us the spiritual and material aspirations of a world in evolution and revolution. He has demonstrated the necessity for all men to be brothers.

We are the receivers of these priceless gifts and of this unprecedented progress. This is a thrilling time to be alive and to be a Canadian.

The threat of atomic destruction does not lie outside the orbit of our thoughts. Yet like the peasants who farm cheerfully on the slopes of Vesuvius, we must live on hopefully.

You, our Parents and our Teachers have taught us that, "Whatever things are true — honest — just — lovely — and of good report think on these things". This we will endeavor to do. We gratefully thank you, parents and teachers, for bringing us to this moment, our graduation.

Our school years have been happy ones. With confidence and trust we go out to meet whatever lies ahead, whether it be the tall, white spires of universities or the broad expanses of Technical Schools. Class of '67 strive to bring honor to "Man and his World".

Never will we forget our school days in the old Academy and the new Junior-Senior High School. Here we have been given the tools to help us meet the challenge of Canada's Second Century.

In appreciation of how much you have done for us Mr. Collins, parents and teachers, I quote this poem from an Author Unknown —

A builder builded a temple,
He wrought it with care and skill,
Pillars and vaults and arches,
Were fashioned to meet his will
And men said when they saw its beauty,
"It shall never know decay,
Great is thy skill, O, builder,
Thy fame shall endure for aye."
A teacher builded a temple,
He wrought with skill and care,
Forming each pillar with patience,
Laying each stone with care.
None saw the unceasing effort
None knew of the marvelous plan,
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.
Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumpled into dust,
Pillars and vaults and arches,
Food for consuming rust,
But the temple the teacher builded
Shall endure while the ages roll,
For the beautiful unseen temple
Was the child's immortal soul.

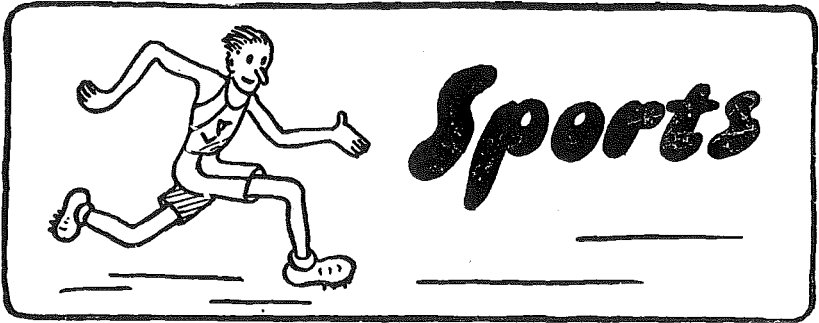


Winter Carnival Queen and Mayor Wood



SILVER A's

D. Wentzell, J. Campbell.



— Danny Wentzell '68 and Terry Allen '70 —

BOYS GOLF

The Lunenburg Junior-Senior High School sporting schedule started a few weeks after school opened when the boys' golf team journeyed to Eden to play in the N.S. Headmasters Championship. The team consisted of Orlando Lace, Johnny Powers, Jackie MacDuff and Danny Wentzell. The weather was cold and the boys' scores weren't too hot either. Our boys placed in the middle of the standings.

SOCCER

The soccer Season now flew into high gear. Our senior boys' team under new management, Mr. Fisher, entered the County League. Most of our boys were playing their first senior soccer and as a result sported a poor win-loss record. There is, however, much promise to be seen in the team.

A junior boys' team under Mr. Van der Toorn compiled a 3 and 5 exhibition game record.

The senior girls ran into heavy opposition and fared somewhat like the senior boys. Our senior girls are going to lose very few players this year and should be much stronger next year.

A junior girls' soccer team, under Mrs. MacAllister, managed only one win but showed fine promise in their efforts.

BASKETBALL

The senior boys' basketball team, under the coaching of Mr. Ralph Fisher, entered the County League this year. It was not a very productive season but most of the players are from Grade 10 and we are looking for great things next year.

The senior girls' team, under Mr. Van der Toorn's coaching, finished the season with a 2 and 9 record which included numerous close games. The team should have the depth next year to make a much better record.

The junior girls, under the skillful coaching of Mrs. MacAllister, surprised everyone by placing third in a big County League. Some of these girls are good prospects for next year's senior girls' team.

BOWLING

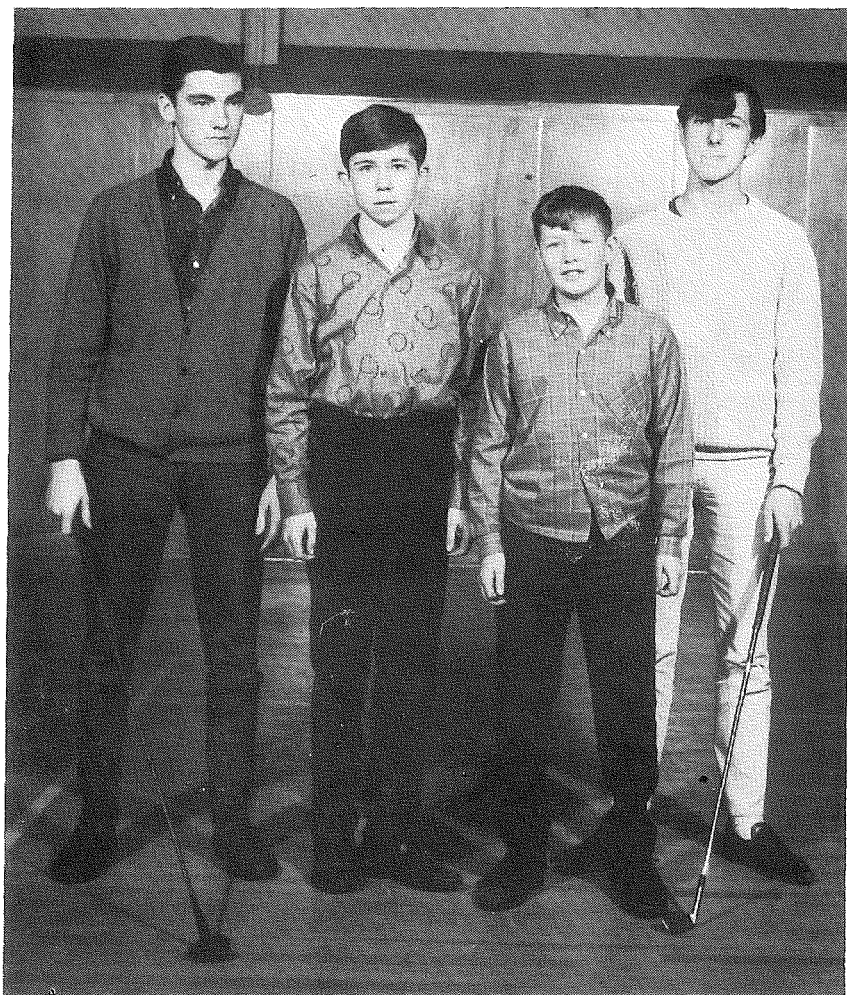
A school bowling league was set up under the supervision of Mr. Haley, Mr. Van der Toorn and Mr. Mossman (Manager of the lanes). At the end of the schedule the top girls' team was the "Bluenosers", consisting of Heather Black, Linda Miller, Kathy Richards and Carolyn Savory; the top boys' team was the "Sad Daze", consisting of Gary Fox, Arthur Crouse, Carroll Randall and Danny Wentzell. The girl's high average was won by Linda Miller, 97, and Danny Wentzell won the boy's, with 105.

CURLING

This year was somewhat disappointing to our curlers. Both our boys' and girls' teams were eliminated in the Headmasters Zone Playdowns held in Bridgewater. However, revenge was attained when our curlers came home from Bridgewater with the Tupper Cup. Much thanks is forwarded to Mr. Burke, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Hebb (volunteer coaches) and to Mr. Bauld, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Atwood for the time they spent with the curlers.

HOCKEY

Our senior boys' hockey team compiled a record of 5 wins, 4 losses and 1 tie for the season. In the zone finals against Chester, however, our boys were edged out 2 games to 1. This series was packed with action and drew large crowds. Throughout the season the backbone of the Lunenburg team was our Captain, John Anderson, who played gallantly on defence.



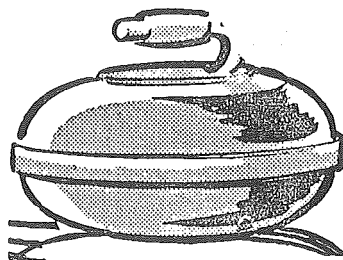
J. MacDuff, J. Powers, O. Lace, D. Wentzell.



BOYS CURLING

First Row (L. to R.) — D. Bartlett, W. Corkum, G. Risser, C. Berg.

Second Row (L. to R.) — J. Morrow, T. Orchard, J. Pentony, D. Ritcey, D. Dares.

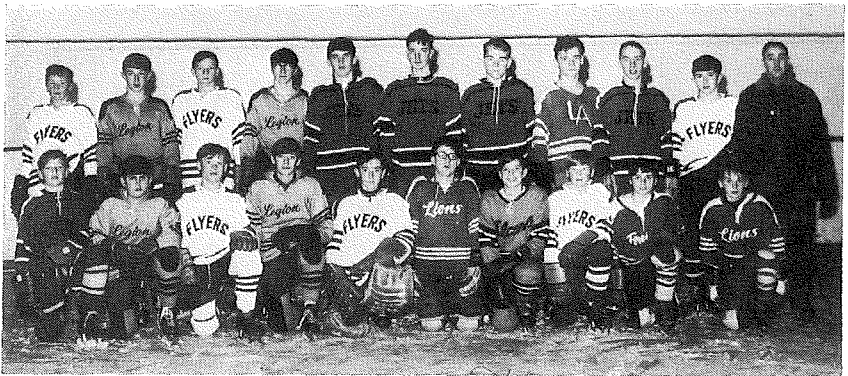




SENIOR BOYS HOCKEY

First Row (L. to R.) — M. Nodding, K. Vickers, B. Keirstead, W. Whynacht, J. Crouse, B. Frittenburg, D. Wentzell, J. MacDuff.

Second Row (L. to R.) — M. Knickle, T. Allen, R. Hannams, G. Joudrey, J. Anderson, J. Eisenhauer, J. Meisner, G. Hall, Mr. G. Vickers (Coach).



JUNIOR BOYS HOCKEY

First Row (L. to R.) — R. Johnson, M. Hebb, A. Savory, J. Gibbard, T. Conrad, B. Richards, G. Schmeisser, P. Lamb, C. Skinner, D. Parks.

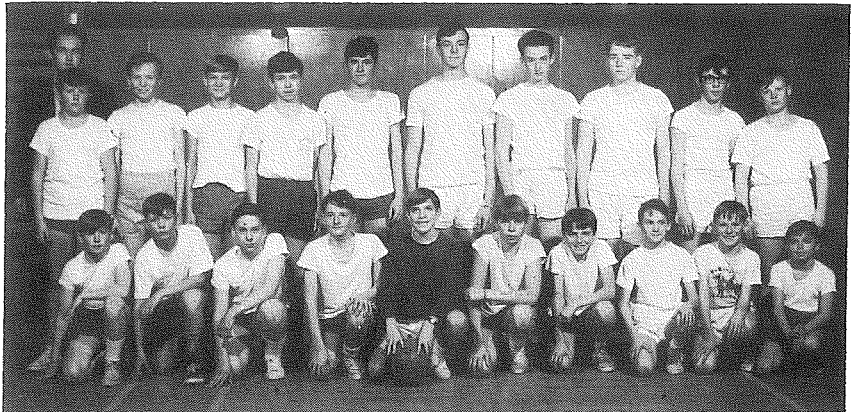
Second Row (L. to R.) — B. Keirstead, H. Demone, G. Fox, P. Burke, A. Allen, R. Crouse, D. Covey, T. Purcell, S. Byers, P. Powers, Mr. G. Vickers (Coach).



SENIOR BOYS SOCCER

First Row (L. to R.) — M. Nodding, J. Crouse, R. Hannams, T. Allen, B. Keirstead, W. Frittenburg, T. Hillier.

Second Row (L. to R.) — K. Vickers, A. Allen, G. Veinotte, P. Daniels, C. Randall, T. Falkenham, T. Purcell, Mr. R. Fisher (Coach).



JUNIOR BOYS SOCCER

First Row (L. to R.) — B. Hebb, O. Lace, R. Gjelstad, C. Baker, G. Schmeisser, D. Cook, C. Skinner, D. Parks, S. Purcell, A. Zinck.

Second Row (L. to R.) — R. Anderson, W. Keirstead, A. Richards, J. Powers, P. Morris, D. Dares, D. Tanner, D. Covey, R. Martin, A. Savory, Mr. M. Van der Toorn (Coach).



SENIOR BOYS BASKETBALL

First Row (L. to R.) — M. Nodding, T. Falkenham, A. Savory, T. Hanrahan, T. Hillier.

Second Row (L. to R.) — C. Eisnor, D. Thompson, C. Randall, G. Veinotte, P. Daniels, Mr. R. Fisher (Coach).



SENIOR GIRLS BASKETBALL

First Row (L. to R.) — B. Stewart, J. Hebb, J. Campbell, L. Eisenhauer, C. Langille, C. Pridham, P. Conrad, B. Burke, S. Crouse, B. Williams, P. Zinck.

Second Row (L. to R.) — S. Sheaves, Mr. Van der Toorn (Coach).



1967 OUTSTANDING ATHLETES

J. MacDuff, J. Demone, E. Crouse, W. Comstock, N. Crouse



JUNIOR GIRLS SOCCER

First Row (L. to R.) — B. Keizer, S. Tanner, C. Richards, W. Taylor, C. Savory, P. Corkum, V. Tanner, V. Orchard, J. Frittenburg, S. Maxner.

Second Row (L. to R.) — W. Conrad, S. Anderson, D. Kenney, N. Wilneff, C. Hannams, P. Falkenham, N. Lace, M. Gaulton, A. M. Baker, J. Frittenburg, S. Mitchell, Mrs. C. MacAllister (Coach).



JUNIOR GIRLS BASKETBALL

First Row (L. to R.) — P. Mills, L. Shepherd, B. Stoddard, C. Campbell, B. Hardiman.

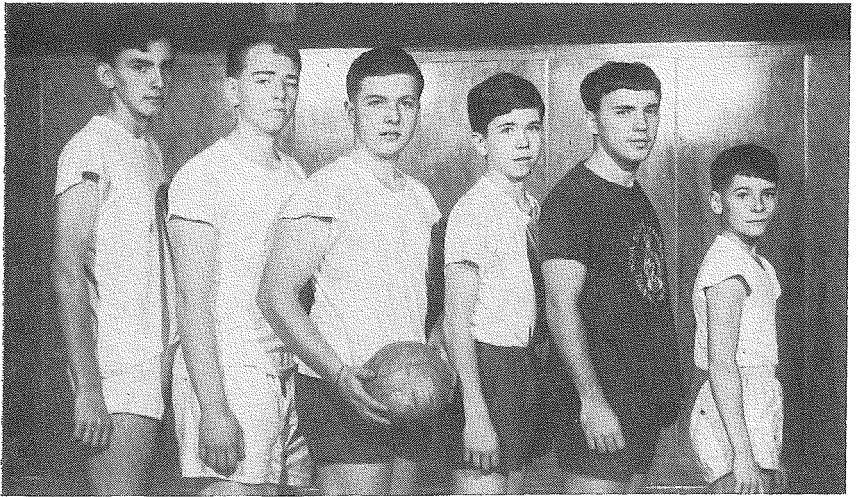
Second Row (L. to R.) — P. Falkenham, K. Kohler, S. Toms, S. Eisenhauer, L. Hebb, Mrs. C. MacAllister (Coach).



SENIOR GIRLS SOCCER

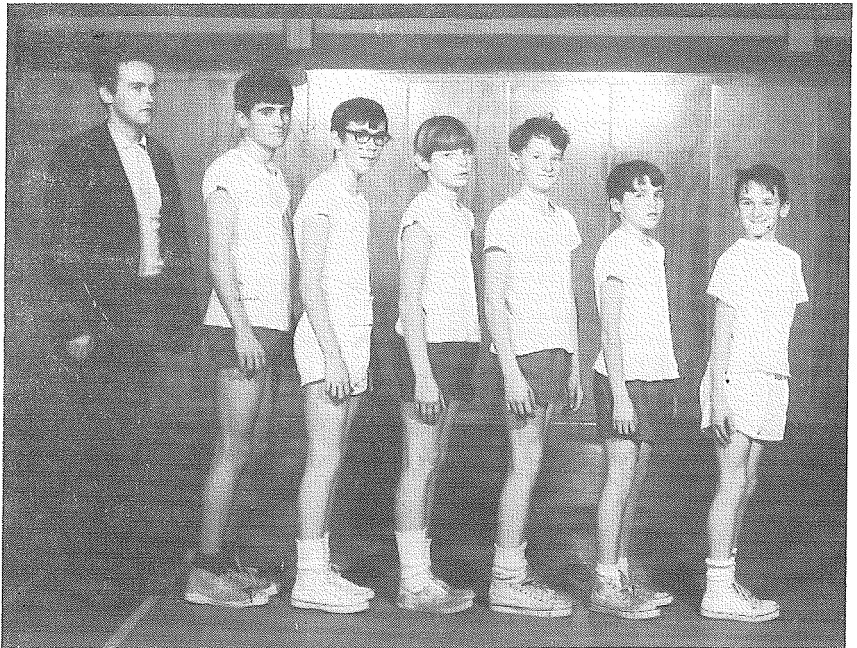
L. to R. — P. Zinck, M. Keddy, B. Hardiman, S. Sheaves, H. Black, C. Pridham, P. Conrad, S. Veinotte, C. Langille, B. Stoddard, M. Pridham, M. Rhuland, Mr. M. Van der Toorn (Coach).

Center: J. Campbell.



INTRAMURAL VOLLEYBALL

L. to R. — P. Daniels, D. Covey, J. Crouse, J. Powers, M. Nodding, T. Hillier.



JUNIOR BOYS CROSS COUNTRY

L. to R. — Mr. M. Van der Toorn (Coach), P. Morris, R. Martin, D. Cook, C. Baker, C. Skinner, D. Parks.

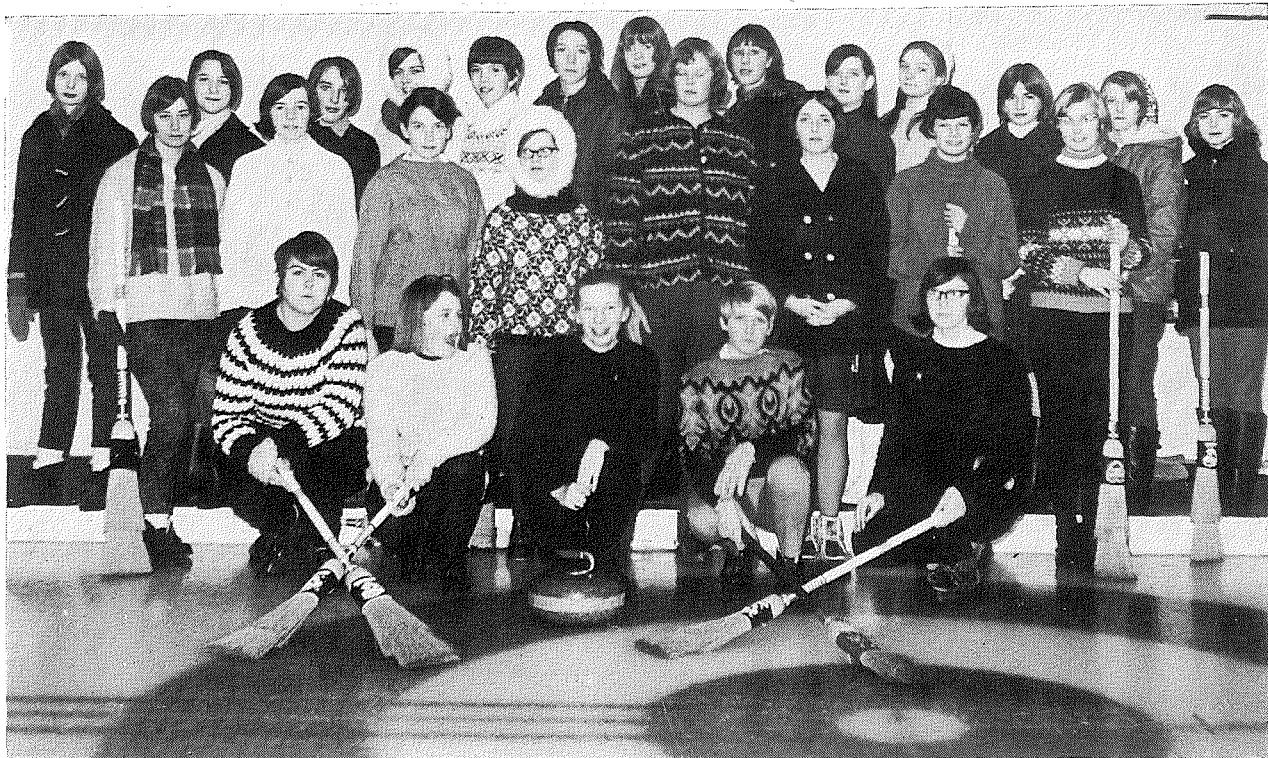


BOWLING

First Row (L. to R.) — C. Savory, L. Miller, H. Black, C. Richards.

Second Row (L. to R.) — G. Fox, A. Crouse, C. Randall, D. Wentzell.





**GIRLS
CURLING**

First Row (L. to R.) — L. Lohnes, M. Keddy, N. Haughn, W. Comstock, N. Crouse.

Second Row (L. to R.) — P. Mosher, V. Bezanson, G. Fox, P. Walters, B. Young, L. Dares, M. Dauphinee, J. Lace.

Third Row (L. to R.) — P. Corkum, J. Frittenburg, K. Langille, N. Lohnes, N. Powers, L. Zinck, C. Corkum, P. Cook, S. Anderson, N. Meisner, G. Winters, V. Orchard, S. Ritcey.



— Nancy Crouse '68 —

Monday:

Breakfast — Scraped crumbs from burnt toast.
Lunch — Weak tea, 1 bouillion cube, 1/2 cup diluted water.
Dinner — 1 pigeon thigh, 3 oz. prune juice (gargled only).

Tuesday:

Breakfast — Shredded egg shell skins.
Lunch — 1 doughnut hole (without sugar).
Dinner — Breathe deeply, passing delicatessen.

Wednesday:

Breakfast — Shredded egg shell skins.
Lunch — Navel from a navel orange.
Dinner — 2 eyes from an Irish potato (diced).

Thursday:

Breakfast — Boiled out stains of a tablecloth.
Lunch — 1/2 doz. poppy seeds.
Dinner — Bees knees and mosquito knuckles sautéd in vinegar.

Friday:

Breakfast — 2 lobster antennae.
Lunch — 1 doughnut hole (without sugar).
Dinner — 1 guppy fin.

Saturday:

Breakfast — one pickled humming bird tongue.
Lunch — Pickled ribs of tadpole.
Dinner — Aroma of empty custard pie plate.

Sunday:

Breakfast — 4 chopped banana seeds.
Lunch — Broiled butterfly liver.
Dinner — Fillet of soft crab claw.

TEST DAY

I love exams,
I think they're fun,
I never study;
I never fail one —
(I'm the teacher!)

* * * * *

Janet M.: Look, you have little
white things in your head that
bite!

Wayne W. (excited): What little
white things? Where?

Janet M.: Your teeth, of course.

* * * * *

Mrs. Whynacht: This salad tastes
awful. Are you sure you wash-
ed the lettuce carefully?

Student: Yes, Mrs. Whynacht. I
even used soap.

* * * * *

Newsboy: Extra! Extra! Read all
about it. Two men swindled!

Customer: Give me one. Say, there
isn't anything about two men
being swindled.

Newsboy: Extra! Extra! Read all
about it. Three men swindled!

* * * * *

Nancy H.: What is the only thing
you can break when you say its
name?

Debby W.: Silence.

* * * * *

Mr. Lewis, Teacher: Without oxy-
gen, human life would be im-
possible. This gas was discover-
ed in 1773.

John M.: Mr. Lewis, what did
people breathe before oxygen
was discovered?

* * * * *

GRADUATION DANCE

— Kim Conrad '68 —

Here comes Nancy Haughn,
Running over the lawn.
Over there is Debbie,
Taking a swing at Leppy.
While good old Nap,

Has Janis on his lap.
Down there is Millie,
Pickin' out a filly.
There is Schmise,
Throwin' a pair of dice.
While here sits Lynn,
Lookin' very dim.

Here comes Janet,
Far out as a planet.
There goes Nancy Crouse,
Chased by a mouse.
Oops, there goes Johanna,
Slipping on a banana!
Oh, where is Dan?

And his Honda movin' van.
There is Greg,
Choking on a fag.

Here Comes John,
Riding on a fawn.

There is Gretchen,
Sneaking to the kitchen.

But have no fear,
Bill is here.

Yellin' to MacDuff,
Stop smoking the "Stuff"!

* * * * *

TWIST THESE ON YOUR TONGUE

All the tongue-twisters here
have easy words. But try saying
them aloud a few times — quickly!

Sheep shouldn't sleep in a shack;
Sheep should sleep in a shed.

Cross crossings cautiously.

Six sick soldiers sighted seven
slowly sinking ships.

Toy boat.

She saved six slick, sleek, slim,
slender saplings.

Big black rubber baby buggy
bumpers.

Bill had a billboard. Bill also had a
board bill. The board bill bored Bill,
so Bill sold his billboard to pay for
his board bill.

Janis C.: Did you have fun with those siamese twins last night?

John A.: Well, yes and no.

* * * * *

Mr. Campbell: Did you hear about the three holes in the ground?

David B.: No.

Mr. Campbell: Well, well, well.

* * * * *

Don S.: What driver never gets arrested?

Jackie MacDuff: A screwdriver.

* * * * *

Undertaker: "Business is always dead, although I'm the last man in town who will ever let you down."

"Congratulate me, Pop," said the young man, "I'm in love with a girl."

"Son," observed his Dad, "you couldn't have made a better choice."

* * * * *

Danny W.: If you crossed a bean pole with a small tree, what would you have?

Greg W.: Twiggy.

* * * * *

What did the sock say to the shirt as they tumbled around in the washing machine?

"Meet me at the clothesline. That's where I hang out."

DAFFI-NITIONS

Optical Illusion — Looking intelligent when wearing glasses.

Mushroom — The distance between an Eskimo and his dog team.

Tax Collector — An income-poop!

Caterpillar — An upholstered worm.

Smart Duck — A wise quacker.

Skeleton — A stripper who went too far.

Dogfight — A sport where the participants shake tails and come out biting.

Detective — unmarked policeman.

Gossip — Ear pollution.

Diet — A lunch break.

T. V. PROGRAMS

Green Acres — the school grounds on a rainy day.

Mark of Zorro — those exam marks below 50.

After Four — and we are still in Lab.

Mr. Dress-up — Mr. Haley and his yellow ink-stained shirt.

Hogan's Heroes — Grade 11 boys.

Backtalk — and you won't be here long!

Mission Impossible — examtime.

Magistrate's Court — down at the office.

Bright and Early — 8:30 Senior Physies Lab.

Let's Go — the last bell just rang.

Romper Room — the gym at P.T. periods.

SONG TITLES

Tuin the Eskimo — would be quite content in Mr. Lewis' cold classroom.
Valerie — Present, sir.

The Letter — I wrote to your parents hasn't been answered yet.
Sitting on the Dock of the Bay — we threw our books in the water.
Apples, Peaches, Pumpkin Pie — somebody stole my lunch!
You Know What I Mean — Why must I explain that answer.

I Know A Place — where we can go to smoke.

Rapsody In The Rain — the half-day we got off 'cause it rained.

Hello, Hello — Glad to see you made it to class, John.

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band — Grade 12 in June.

Lucy in the Sky — Mrs. Mosher after Grade 11 English periods.

She's Leaving Home — she got her exam marks back!

Cat in the Window — "Milton Mouser" in Grade 12 Physics Lab.

Monday, Monday — Why does it come at the same time each week?

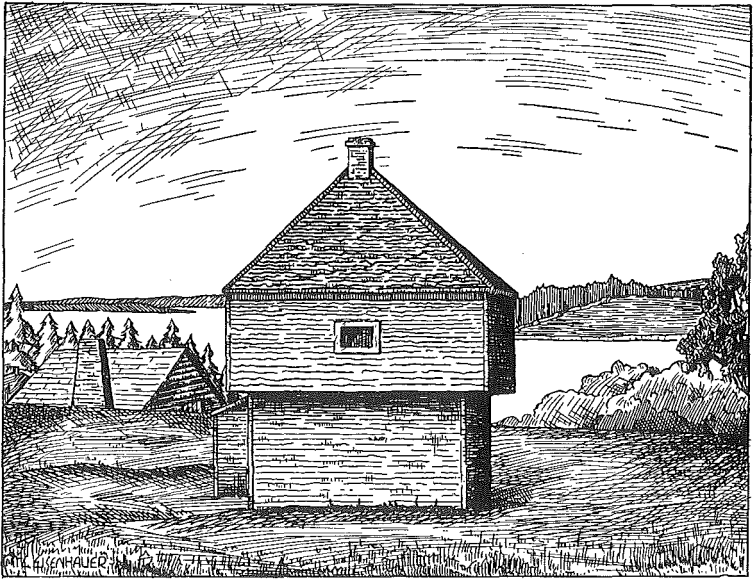
Magical Mystery Tour — Grade 11 at the Fish Plant.

Bottle of Wine — "No that isn't a legitimate Chemistry project."

Light My Fire — my Bunsen Burner's gone out.

The Boat that I row — was made in Mechanical Science.

Never On Sunday — do I Study!



This small fort or blockhouse on Blockhouse Hill in Lunenburg was a well-known land mark for many years after the town was founded in 1753. It was manned by troops during the war of American Independence and again in the war of 1812. After the long year of peace, it fell into disrepair and was demolished.

Name	Pet Hate	Pet Love	Favorite Saying	We Predict
John Anderson	getting up in the morning	hockey	Please may I leave the room?	All-star hockey player
David Bartlett	studying	the black-smith shop	Sinch!	taxi driver
Johanna Blindheim	walking home for dinner	CKBW	Is that right?	CKBW announcer
Janis Campbell	Math	Sambo	That's not true!	Lady Godiva
Kim Conrad	classes	blowing up the Lab.!!!	a mad scientist
Bill Corkum	sisters	his little black book	Aw, come on!	professional Flower Child
Nancy Crouse	girls with blonde hair	stick shifts	It's a great life if you don't weaken.	A mother of ten children
Gretchen Eisenhauer	Physics	the family bus	No, but don't you think..	bus driver
Nancy Haughn	History classes	rainy days	Leave me alone!	a racing driver
Lynn Joudrey	diets	food	We learned that didn't we?	demonstrator for Metrecal
Jackie MacDuff	blushing	Bridgewater	chance	Playboy
Janet May	fat	beautiful clothes	Bonjour tout le monde!	fashion designer
John Meisner	walking	French classes	"Stoopid"	a replacement for Ringo
Donald Schmeisser	"No Smoking" signs	arguing	Is that right?	An agent for Export A
Danny Wentzell	school	being late for class	Hey Man!	golf-pro
Debra Wentzell	Mondays	boys and blue eyes	Did you think that was funny?	Playgirl
Greg Whynacht	heights	bowling alley	Who we got next period?	A bombardier
Wayne Whynacht	tall girls	erasers??	Sock it to... me.	A tall, dark, handsome actor

“A” CLASS PROPHECY — ’68

— Janis Campbell '68 and Debra Wentzell '68 —

Well, here we are, LOON-TV, standing by on our nationwide coverage of the final tour of Wayne Whynacht, our retiring prime minister. And this is your LOON reporter, Haf Crackt. On the scene at the starting point of the trip is our man on-the-spot man, Greg Whynacht — Take is away, Greg!

— Thanks Haf. Yes, here we are at the Lunenburg Community Centre, right outside the Hodad and the crowds are HUGE. Listen to that noise; thousands of frenzied school children are shouting — let me see — what is it they're shouting: “Here comes the judge?”

And now the famous couple are appearing — there they are, W.W. and his personal secretary, Janis Campbell. They are escorted and surrounded by some of the Cabinet. From here I can see Wait a minute, Miss Campbell's coming our way. Miss Campbell Miss Campbell

Good afternoon, Miss Campbell, I'm reporting for LOON-TV. Whynacht's the name, Greg Whynacht, class of '68.

Why yes, Gregory, of course, and how are you?

Fine thank you, Miss Campbell. I'm wondering if you can give us a bit of a brief about W.W.'s tour?

Certainly, Gregory, as you know W.W. will be travelling across the country, but, as is less well known, the main aim of the whole thing is to visit his favourite friends from the old days at LJSHS — the class of '68.

His first stop will be Big Puddle, N.S., where he'll visit the home for orphaned children that Lynn Joudrey *has* opened. She has a completely efficient school and even her own social work dept. Lynn herself is in charge of the latter. You must remember her. Yes! Lynn always was so concerned about her affairs and now she's one of the Big Puddle's most prominent citizens.

He will then continue on to Newfoundland by Air Napier where he will visit the founder and owner of that successful airline in his seaside resort in Blow-Me-Down Bay. While there they are expected to discuss Mr. Anderson's proposed purchase of Cape Breton Island for a landing field.

Do you remember Donald Schmeisser? Yes! Well, he is the head of a company that supplies oil and gasoline to Air Napier. He was supposed to meet W.W. in Blow-Me-Down Bay but one of his oil fields in Saudi Arabia sprang a leak and evidently swamped Jordan and is rapidly polluting the Red Sea. As you might imagine, they are having a bit of a problem stopping it. But I hear that Meisner and Eisenhauer Inc. have constructed a rather large plug which they are transporting across the Atlantic on a fleet of seven hundred Flying Juniors. I'm sure that those two great engineering minds will have the thing settled in at least two weeks, but perhaps they had better evacuate Africa.

Let me see, next on the agenda is a visit to Quebec where Nancy Crouse and Debbi Wentzell are busy teaching Dutch to the French Canadians. Ever since Canada became trilingual, they've been quite a problem up there. The prime minister has been very concerned.

Then on to Stratford, Ontario, where Daniel Allen Wellesly III (you'd probably remember him as Danny Wentzell) is starring in his own play "The Simple Life of the World's Best Actor". This play is reputed to be a very unusual one and with the prime minister's love of literature, it's a must. The scenery and costuming were designed by David Bartlett; he left his vice-president's post on the Playboy staff just for the occasion. The sets are said to be quite something — this would appeal to the prime minister's love of art.

We'll be meeting Janet May in Ontario, too. She retired from modelling after amassing a huge fortune and then bought the old Parliament buildings in Ottawa. W.W. always stops there on his way by, although it is a bit out of the way, now. I imagine the surroundings appeal to his love of history. Janet had David (Bartlett, that is) redecorate her new home in psychedelic colours, a bit out-of-date, but she always had a flair for such things.

Where are we now, Oh yes! Then on to Winnipeg to visit Bill Corkum. Bill was such a nice boy and he started off so well; he used to be known as the Prairie Preacher. However, something led him astray, a bottle or a woman is what the gossips say, and now he runs a chain of gambling casinos. Winnipeg is called "the Las Vegas of the North". But we're going there anyway; this appeals to the prime minister's love of sport.

Oh dear! Pardon me, I left out one stop; that's in Windsor, Ontario. The P.M. insists on seeing Nancy Haughn there. Nancy is the head of General Motors now. They say she has a car to match every change of clothes, but I imagine that's just gossip too. I know this isn't very important but did you know that Nancy's wearing a poodle cut? She had her hair died black, got a frizzy perm, and had her head shaved except over her ears and a circle on her crown. Looks quite charming from what I hear.

W.W. will be stopping in the Rockies at the mountain retreat of Baloni Hashi (that's Himalayan for Jackie MacDuff). No one has seen him in civilization since he joined the sect forty years ago. From what I'm told he has spent his time trying to move the Empire State Building to California by using thought power.

I am demanding a visit to the west coast salon of designer Johanna Blindheim. It's not certain if Johanna herself will be there. At last report she was in the South American Andes purchasing pink llama wool for the latest in turtleneck skirts.

Then it will be on to the Northwest Territories where the eminent scientist, Kim Conrad, is experimenting with various ways of putting used minerals back in the ground. The authorities were rather worried that the earth's store would be exhausted and then this brilliant man devised a method that will ensure the safety of future generations. There is some difficulty about mixing the minerals to make mining exciting, but I'm sure he will be able to overcome it.

The tour will end in Whitehorse in the Yukon where we will step down and hand the office to I. C. Igloo, the famous Eskimo. My, they must be proud of that man — he's certainly come a long way. But don't you think that moving the capital from Lunenburg to Whitehorse is a bit much? I mean

really three thousand miles blah needs a personal secretary put in a word blah blah, blah

— Well folks, there you have it. That's the schedule for the national tour of our retiring prime minister. This is Haf Crackt saying: See you tomorrow afternoon, same time, same station, in Big Puddle, N.S.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the members of the class of '68, being of sound mind and body, bequeath to the following, the following, in hope that the following will appreciate the following:

I, Gregory Whynacht, leave my reserved seat in the furnace room to Gregory Hall, whose need for solitary meditation is as great as mine is.

I, Janet May, bequeath to Candy Corkum my front and centre seat in Mr. Haley's room with permission to borrow my psychedelic mini-skirt if she so desires.

I, David Bartlett, bequeath to Jimmy Eisenhower my chauffeur's licence so he will be able to avoid stretching his legs on his long walk to school.

I, Nancy Haughn, leave my laughing tears to Judy Tanner in the knowledge she will find someone to use them on.

I, John Anderson, being of greedy mind and body, am not leaving anything to anyone, as I'm taking it all with me.

I, Nancy Crouse, bequeath my curling thermal underwear to Wendy Comstock in the hope she may grow into it.

I, Danny Wentzell, bequeath my long, black eyelashes to Mr. Fisher — and may they catch in his glasses.

I, Debra Wentzell, am leaving everything (except Hector, my rabbit paw) because I don't want any reminders.

I, Kim Conrad, leave the Chemistry lab to Mr. Lewis with the sincere wish that he use it in peace.

I, Janis Campbell, leave my brain to anyone who will treat it kindly and fairly and not use it too much.

I, Wayne Whynacht, leave my year's supply of toothpaste to Gerald Joudrey so his smile may be as bright as mine is.

I, Johanna Blindheim, bequeath my name to anyone who can pronounce it.

I, Jackie MacDuff, leave my car to anyone who has a girlfriend in Bridge-water.

I, Gretchen Eisenhower, leave my glasses to Dale Keddy because I'm getting a new pair.

I, Bill Corkum, leave my blue eyes to Marvin Nodding because they're too daring for a minister.

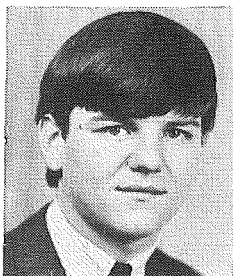
I, Lynn Joudrey, leave my concern to Patsy Conrad who can look as perplexed as I can.

I, Donnie Schmeisser, leave to Brian Richards my desire to argue with Mr. Haley on the condition that he wins just once.

I, John Meisner, leave my sister, Mary, to Paula Wentzell so neither will be lonely next year for lack of someone to bother.

GRADE XII BIOGRAPHIES

John Arthur Anderson — "Nappy"



"Genius is next to insanity — I guess I went too far!"

There's no better way to start than by extolling the talents of the captain of our hockey team: Nappy's performance has been nothing less than exceptional and has been recognized by his team mates, the competitors

and the spectators alike. His athletic ability is not limited and extends, in school sports, to soccer as well. John is one of our "undecideds" but when he does choose, application and perseverance will make him successful.

David Keith Bartlett — "Moth"



"He often sits and thinks — but mostly he just sits."

Quiet and attentive: perhaps this is the best description of our Moth. However, this side of his personality has not limited his sphere of activity, for this year he has been second stone on the curling team,

president of the Junior Red Cross, assistant business manager and a member of the Article Committee for the Sea Gull. In September David will leave his home town to take up Engineering at Acadia.

Johanna May Blindheim — "Honky"



"Whenever I feel like studying, I lie down until the feeling passes."

Johanna is our representative of the international scene. Her blond hair and blue eyes are indicative of the fact that she is of Norwegian descent although she was born and brought up in

Lunenburg. During her senior year she has spent her time as school editor for the Progress-Enterprise, reporter for CKBW and a prominent member of the soprano section of the Choral Club. Her plans for the immediate future include a career as a Nurse's Aid.

Janis Ann Campbell — "Janis"



"Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad; The rule
of three doth puzzle me,
And practice drives me mad."

Perhaps the busiest member of our senior class this year has been Janis. As captain of the senior girls' basketball team she has been kept jumping, and when she's not playing basketball, we usually find her on the soccer field. But besides being a promising athlete, Janis is a worthy scholar. She has participated in "Reach For The Top", Choral Club and has devoted much valuable time to the Sea Gull as one of its editors. Next year Janis intends to pursue her love of English and reading in an Arts Degree at Acadia University.

Kim David Conrad — "Kimbo Crockett"



"Eat, drink and be merry
— Why should the devil
have all the fun?"

Every high school should produce at least one mad scientist and we have found ours in Kim. If he could spend all his time in the Chemistry lab he probably would, but this year he took time out to participate in "Reach For The Top". What's in store for Kim? — A Science Degree, of course, and we wish him every success.

William Burton Freeman Corkum — "Billy"



"Blessed is he who sits on
a tack,
For he shall achieve great
heights."

Some people are a pleasant combination of brains, manners, and personality — of such a sort is Bill. Since his arrival here two years ago he has found time to be a good friend and classmate as well as President of the Students' Council, business manager of the Sea Gull, a curler and a participant on "Reach For The Top". Next year the Arts and Theology Departments will be blessed with Bill's presence.

Nancy Lee Crouse — "Ramper"

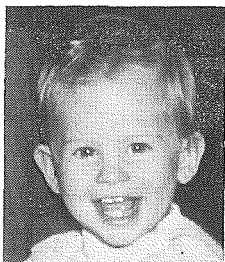


"Get behind me Satan —
It's my turn to lead the
way."

Curling, curling, curling!
Nancy will long be remem-
bered as the mate of the '67
Nova Scotia Girls' Curling
Championship team. This
year she skips her own team,
presides as co-president over

the Athletic Association and the Sea Ranger Crew, and serves as head of the Humour Committee of the Sea Gull. Next year will probably find her training for a position in the medical field.

Mary Gretchen Eisenhauer — "Gretch"



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

Is it possible that any girl
has ever loved sailing as
much as Gretch does? For-
tunately she is able to take
time off for studying, curl-
ing, and filling the position

of Secretary of the High School Red Cross. We lost Gretch last year for a term at Edg Hill and next we'll lose her again, this time, to Dalhousie's Science Department.

Nancy Louise Haughn — "Louisie Beep-Beep"



out his wings."

Thirteen grades of Lunen-
burg schools have watched
Nancy come and go — al-
ways very shyly and quietly,
but always with a smother-
ed grin. Experience gained
as the Treasurer of the Jun-
ior Red Cross, head of the
"Friendship is love with-

Special Features Committee for the Sea Gull, class reporter for the school newspaper and, of course, curling will be of great use to Nancy, if she continues on to King's County Vocational as she is thinking of doing.

Lynn Marion Joudrey — "Cooze"



"If you your lips would
keep from slips
Of five things have a care:
To whom you speak, of
whom you speak,
And how, and when and
where."

Lynn is one of our favorite classmates and though she wasn't born here, we consider her purely one of our own. Is it possible that blond hair and soprano voices go together? — if not it must be highly coincidental three of our loveliest blondes are also singing sopranos, and 'naturally' Lynn is one of them. Hopefully she will not forget her talent when she continues on to university and Social Work.

John Anderson MacDuff — "Jackie"



"I do not mind lying but
I hate inaccuracy."

There's never been an angel with black hair and in his thirteen years with us Jackie has proved no exception to the rule. Along with this side of his personality, he has devoted a great deal of time and energy to becoming one of the school's most promising young athletes, excelling particularly in curling, hockey and golf. Jackie's diligence paid off when he was appointed co-president of the Athletic Association. Next year — University.

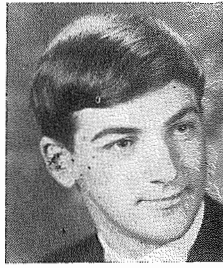
Janet Lillian May — "Lill"



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

Working and laughing — Janet is usually found turning out a merry combination of the two; posts on the Students' Council give her ample time to do so. After hours, participation runs along the lines of Choral Club, curling, Sea Rangers and a never ending interest in her fellow man. Next year? — next year will bring university and a start on a lifetime of teaching.

John Frederick Meisner — "Fred"



"Do you know, Mom, that I can actually write my name in the dust on the table?"

"Faith, John, surely there's nothing like education after all."

As Fred himself would put it, "I've spent ALL MY LIFE in Lunenburg Academy". Despite his rather relaxed attitude, he is a very active person, particularly in sports where he enjoys hockey, curling and sailing. As a matter of fact John spent last summer as a junior sailing instructor. Dalhousie and engineering are the next plots on his chart.

Donald Norman Schmeisser — "Schmeiss"



"Stay awake if necessary, Sleep if possible."

"Schmeiss" is not so care-free as the caption might leave one to believe. This year he has been kept hopping as forward on the hockey team and vice-president of the High School Red Cross. Next year he will be twice as busy when he heads for the Nova Scotia Institute of Technology. He's been a nice fellow to have along and he'll be missed when the inevitable break comes.

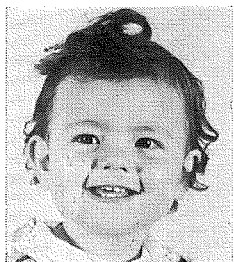
Daniel Allen Wentzell — "Danny"



"See the happy moron,
He doesn't give a damn,
I wish I were a moron,
Good Lord! Perhaps I am!"

Lunenburg will long be able to boast the many Athletic talents of Danny Wentzell. It is hoped that in college he will be able to continue to develop his skills in golf, hockey, curling and bowling. Danny joined us several years after our little group was formed but we consider him one of our own and as such, we wish him the very best for the future.

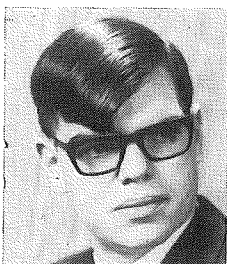
Debra Ann Wentzell — "Debby"



"I don't believe in love at first sight,
But I do believe in taking a second look."

Now it is time to praise the efforts of the second of the Sea Gull editors. Debby is one of our most promising students and when she travels to Acadia next year to study for a degree in Mathematics she will be carrying an excellent record with her. This past year she has been a member of the Choral Club, a participant on "Reach For The Top", our first Winter Carnival Queen, co-president of the Sea Rangers, and a very good comrade. May slide rules and Algebra be hers forever!

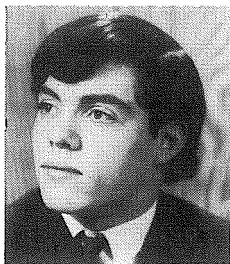
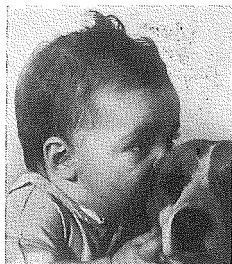
Gregory Harry Whynacht — "Guts"



"What is matter? — Never mind.
What is mind? — No matter."

Gregory earned his nickname thirteen short years ago when we all started out together. Since that time it has become much less appropriate — curling, bowling and tennis have caused definite changes. But he has always been a good classmate and we'll be sorry to see him go next year when he heads for the Air Force Division of the Canadian Armed Forces.

Wayne Murray Whynacht — "Leppy"



"I never resist temptation because I've found that things that are not fun do not tempt me."

Leppy came to Lunenburg "just after I finished getting born" and has been with us ever since. It isn't possible that there could be anyone who is better liked than Lep; he is a lot of fun and a very avid participant in bowling, curling and tennis. As the very good goalie of our senior boys' hockey team he deserves special mention. Next year he's off to train for a career in Mechanical Drafting at Hants Vocational.

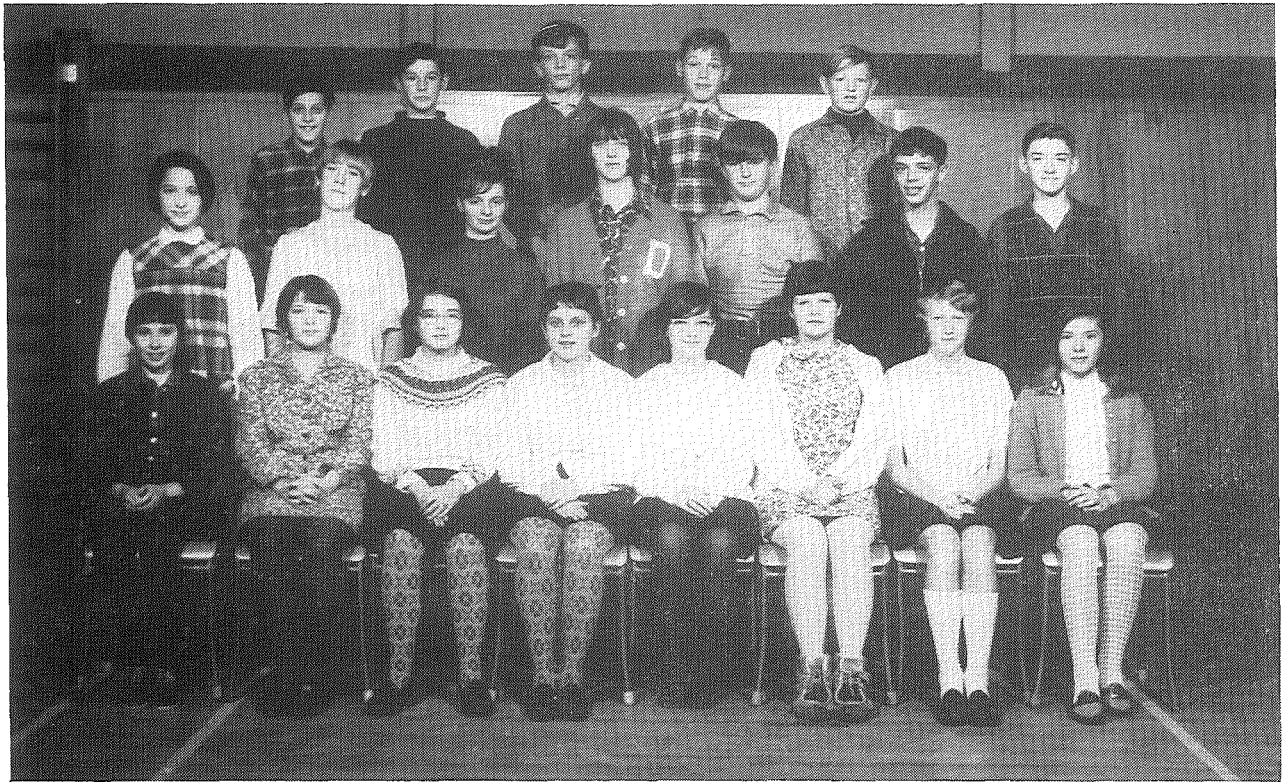


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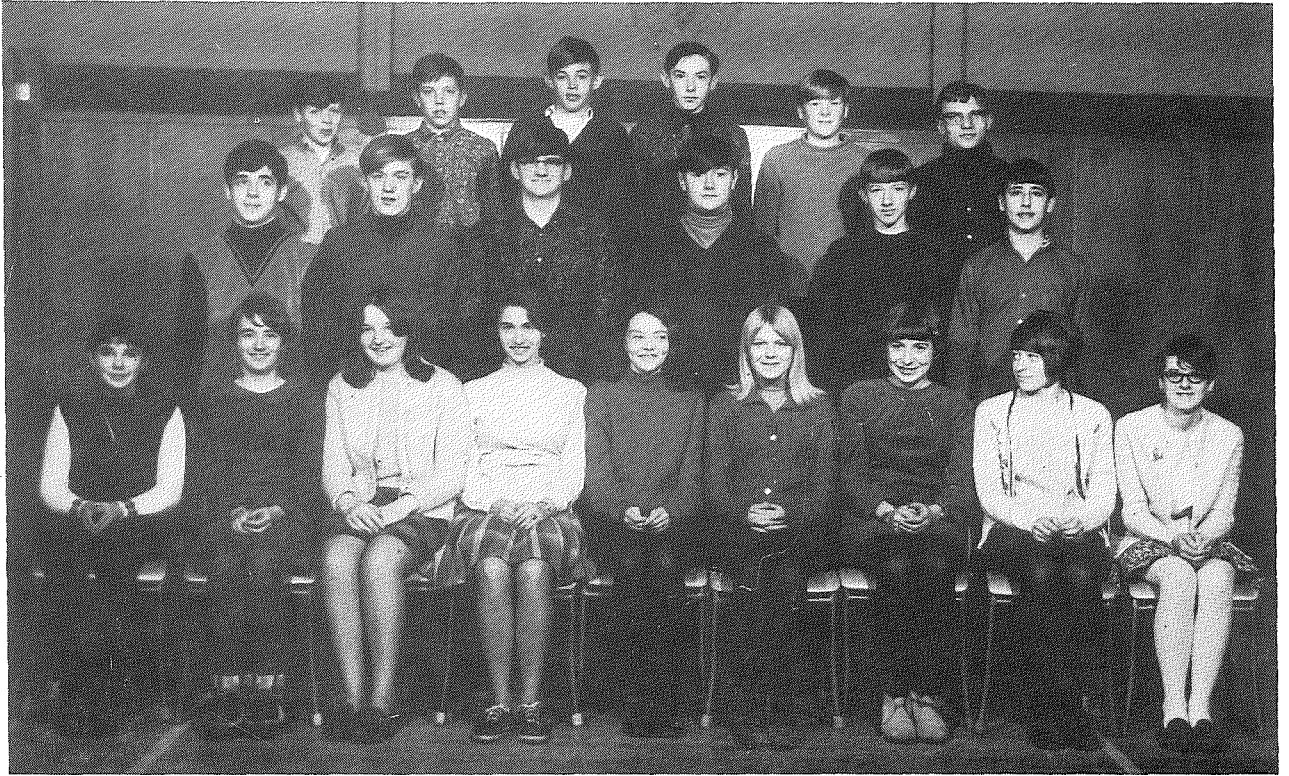
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GRADE 11

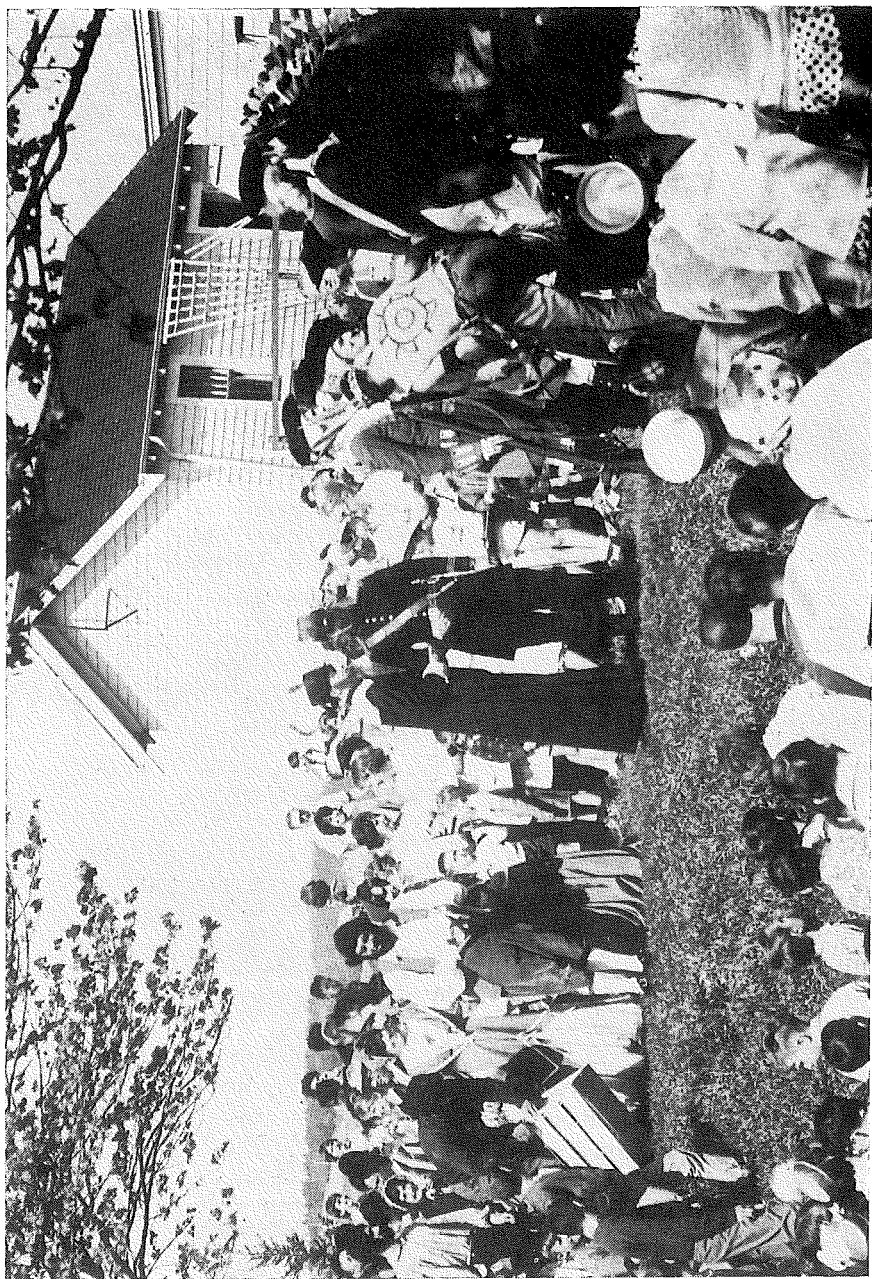


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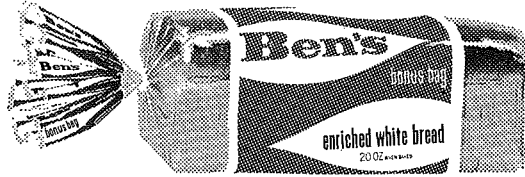
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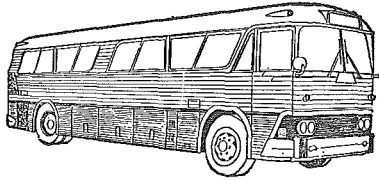
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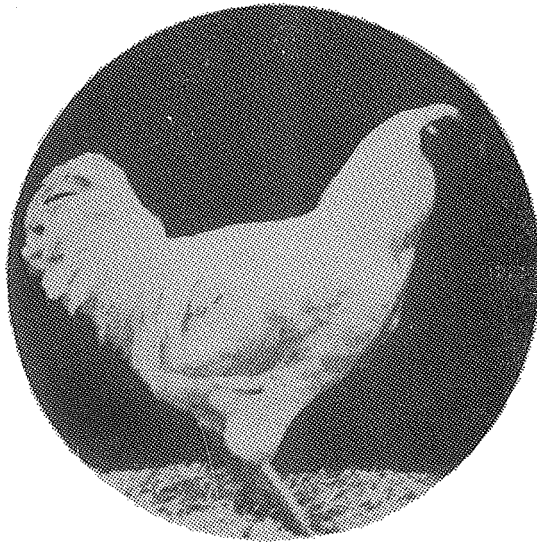
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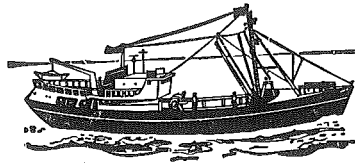
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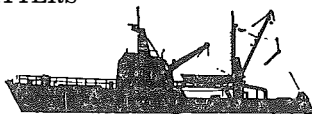
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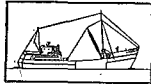
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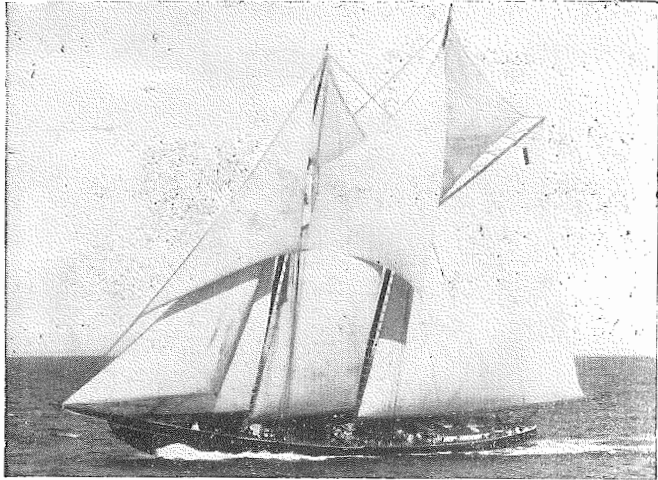
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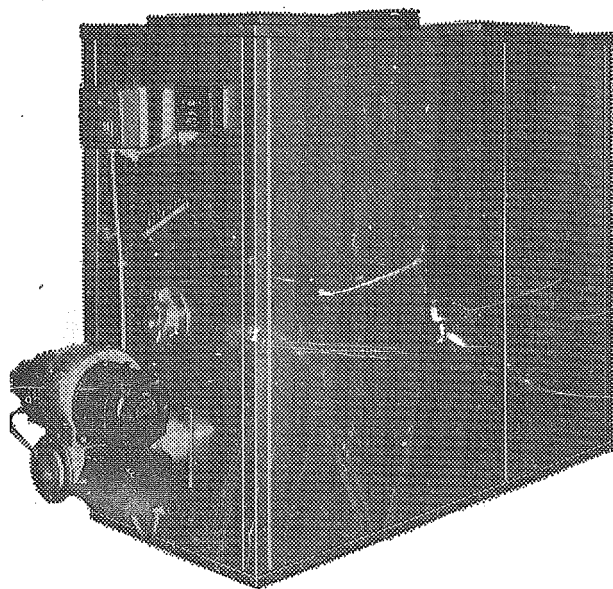
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