

The  
SEA GULL

LUNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK  
Animis Opibusque Parati 1970

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# "The Sea Gull"

**VOL. 35**

**LUNENBURG, N.S.**

**JUNE, 1970**

**NO. 35**

## **Board Of Editors**

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*Executive Editors:* Roy Gjelstad, Mary Strickland.

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**Teacher** — Mr. R. Lewis.

## **General Supervision**

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## THE SEA GULL

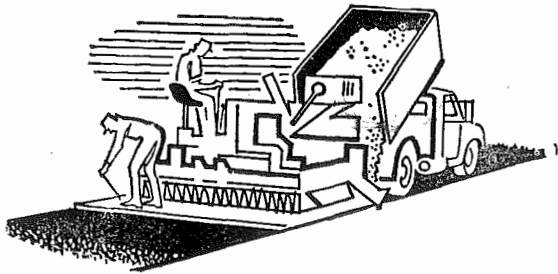
— Sharon Toms '71 —

The Sea Gull, be it bird or book  
Is surely worth a second look.  
The bird, a stately thing of grace  
Looming, diving, from place to place  
Its wings spread wide in graceful flight  
As it follows ships into the night;  
A thing of beauty on the shore  
Standing calm, afraid no more.  
The book, our high school pride and joy,  
The works and thoughts of girl and boy,  
The many hours of struggle and toil,  
The wracking of brains and tempers aboil,  
It speaks for many in the written word,  
Of trips abroad and stories heard.  
It covers home and distant lands,  
And is put together by eager hands.  
Both book and bird are called the same,  
And some may say, "What's in a name?"  
The bird, a lovely thing of grace,  
The book could stand in any place  
And not be scorned or tossed aside  
But read with thought and maybe pride.  
The Sea Gull, be it bird or book,  
Should certainly get a second look.

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CONGRATULATIONS to the 1970 Graduating Class.

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

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

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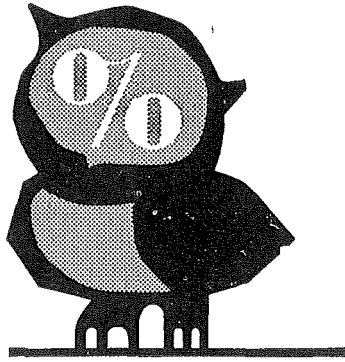
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# ***A Message from the School Board***

As we enter a new decade the rise of science is a most important factor of modern life, no student should be permitted to complete his education without understanding it. Otherwise, he will grow up still viewing science with mere primitive wonder and the childish glee that greets a new toy.

Adult education, too, should emphasize science and research to encourage the growth of a scientific mental attitude in the discussion and study of problems, to emphasize and explain the social repercussions of science, and to enable people to cope with new conditions.

We are attempting to keep our educational standards in the Lunenburg Schools at a high level so that our students may be better prepared for the changed thinking in today's modern education.

To the 1970 Graduates — Success and Good Luck in the future!

## **Board of School Commissioners**

### **Board Members**

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**Rev. John R. Cameron**

**Graham L. Knickle**

**Harold R. Cunningham**

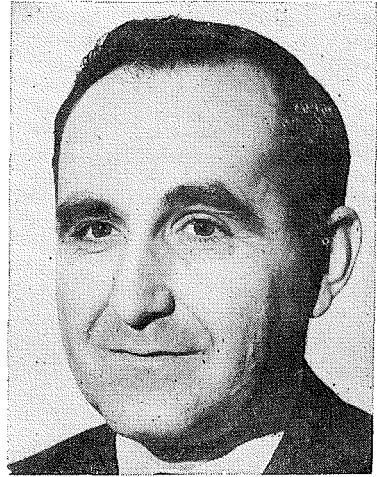
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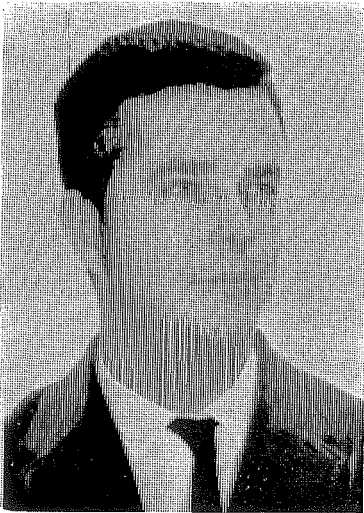
# *Junior-Senior High School Staff*



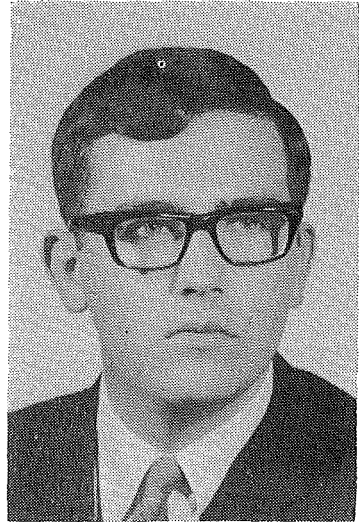
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Principal and Supervisor



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B.A., B.Ed., Vice-Principal



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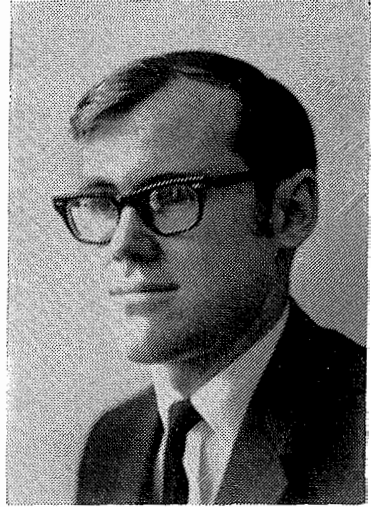


**Mr. John Rainforth**  
B.A., B.Ed.

# *Junior-Senior High School Staff*



**Mr. Andrew Stevens**  
B.A., B.Ed., M.Ed.



**Mr. Wayne Jewers**  
B.A., B.Ed.



**Mr. Kailash Garg**  
B.Sc., B.Ed., M.A., M.Ed.



**Mr. E. Gibson Bauld**  
B.A., B.Ed.

# *Junior-Senior High School Staff*



**Mrs. Katherine Mason**  
B.A., B.Ed.



**Mrs. Lucille Mosher**



**Mrs. Carolyn McAllister**



**Mr. Edward Pope**  
B.A., B.Ed.

# *Junior-Senior High School Staff*



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B.A., B.Ed.



**Mr. James Aulenback**  
B.A., B.Ed., Music Teacher

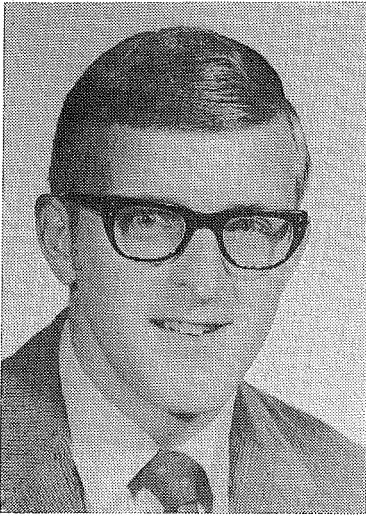


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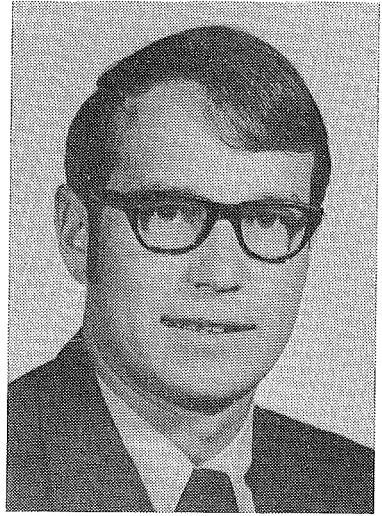


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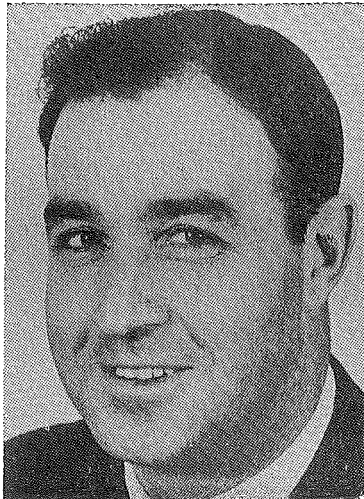
# *Junior-Senior High School Staff*



**Mr. Gerard McCarthy**  
B.Sc. (Phys. Ed.), Phys. Ed.



**Mr. Avery Bain**  
B.A., B.Ed., Guidance



**Mr. Gus Vickers**  
Director of Recreation



## MEET THE NEW TEACHERS

### MR. GERARD McCARTHY — Physical Education

Mr. McCarthy was born in a small village next to Port Hawkesbury in Cape Breton. He attended St. Peter's High School. After his graduation in 1965 he furthered his education by attending St. Francis Xavier. He spent a total of four years studying at the University. His first year he spent working for a B.A.; however, the last three years he devoted to Physical Education. For the past year, Mr. McCarthy has spent his time teaching Physical Education for grades 6-10 inclusive. Unfortunately, we are going to lose our new Phys. Ed. teacher for Mr. McCarthy is off to Alberta next year.

---

### MR. GARY CHAMBERLAIN — Home Room Grade 6B

Mr. Chamberlain's original home was in Valleyfield, P.Q. When his home later became our local First Peninsula, he attended Centre Consolidated High School. His graduation at Centre in 1963 ended the first phase of his education. Then he went on to Truro where he attended Nova Scotia Teachers College. After graduating from Teachers College in 1967, his teaching career began. He taught Grade 5 at Riverport up until June, 1969. In September, 1969, our Grade 6B class was lucky to be given Mr. Chamberlain as their teacher.

---

### MRS. EDWARD POPE — Home Room Grade 7A

Mrs. Pope was born in Massachusetts. She has travelled about somewhat, for she has attended several different schools in both the United States and Canada. However, her high school education was completed in 1965 by graduating from Bridgewater High School. Mrs. Pope continued her studies at Acadia University and achieved her B.A. and B.Ed. Mrs. Pope is not yet satisfied with her education and is, therefore, currently studying for her Master's Degree.

This year, Mrs. Pope was our part-time Librarian and she also taught Grade 7 English.

---

### MR. KAILASH GARG — Home Room Grade 12

Mr. Garg was born in Mathura, India. He studied for many years and by 1951 he had his B.Sc. He began teaching high school in the State of Rajasthan, India. He furthered his education in 1955-56 with a B.Ed. His Master's Degree in Psychology was achieved during 1956-58 at the Banaras Hindu University, Varanasi. Then, in September, 1958, he became a lecturer of Psychology at the K. M. College of Education, Bhiwani, Haryana. During the year 1963-64 he took a year's leave and joined Delhi University on a Government Scholarship for his M.Ed. Degree. He then went back to the same College and started again teaching Psychology and working as Vice-principal until 1967. In June, 1967, he left for London, U.K., where he taught Math and Science in the higher Secondary School, for about a year. In 1968 he came to Canada as an immigrant and taught in the Cornwallis District High School, Canning, for the year 1968-69.

Last September, Mr. Garg joined L.J.S.H.S. to teach Geometry, Physics and Trigonometry.

### **MR. EDWARD POPE — Home Room Grade 7B**

Mr. Pope's birthplace was Montreal, Quebec. He spent his schooling days in Montreal and graduated from High School in 1960. Mr. Pope left the province of Quebec to come to Nova Scotia where he attended Acadia University. His studies led to a successful B.Sc. and B.Ed. After leaving Acadia University, his career gave him the opportunity to travel around quite a bit. He has taught in Quebec and also worked in Quebec, Ontario, Alberta, British Columbia and the Yukon.

For the past year, Mr. Pope has been teaching Science in Grades 7, 8, 9 and 11. Unfortunately, Lunenburg High will not have the privilege of either Mr. or Mrs. Pope's teaching next year.

---

### **MR. AVERY BAIN — Guidance**

Mr. Bain was born in New Glasgow and lived there throughout his schooling years. He attended New Glasgow High School. His graduation year was 1964. Then Mr. Bain left New Glasgow and went to Acadia University to further his studies. A few years at Acadia and Mr. Bain graduated with a B.A. and B.Ed. Lunenburg Junior-Senior High School then welcomed him to the teaching staff as the Guidance Counsellor. He has also taught a course in Geography.

---

### **MR. ANDREW STEVENS — Home Room Grade 11A**

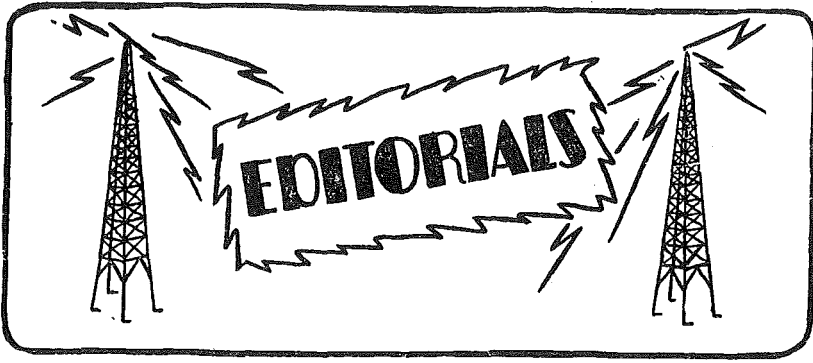
Mr. Stevens' home, for his school years, was Second Peninsula. For his first nine grades of school, he attended the Second Peninsula School. As Centre Consolidated School had been built in 1958, naturally Mr. Stevens travelled by bus to Centre. The year 1961 was his graduation year from high school. However, for Mr. Stevens, this was a mere beginning. He then attended Nova Scotia Teachers College for one year. He was then able to join the teaching profession which took him to Chester for the years 1962-64. Mr. Stevens' desire to study led him back to university. He spent a year at Dalhousie University and then four years at Acadia University. He graduated from Acadia University in 1969 with the following: B.A., B.Ed., and M.Ed. In the summer of 1969, Mr. Stevens taught at the University of Toronto.

Mr. Stevens thus having much experience and education came to our high school to teach the University Preparatory Courses in English for the Grades 9-12 inclusive.

---

### **MR. JAMES AULENBACH — Music**

Mr. Aulenbach received his elementary and secondary education in Lunenburg County, graduating from New Germany Rural High School in 1958. Upon completing courses at Nova Scotia Normal College, Mr. Aulenbach taught at Central Colchester High School before attending Acadia University. Here he began studies leading to an Arts Degree, majoring in Music, and transferred to the University of Toronto, where he graduated from the Royal Conservatory of Music with a Diploma in piano teaching. Again Mr. Aulenbach returned to Acadia University to complete his Degree, and is now teaching music, his first interest, in Grades Primary to eight in the Lunenburg Schools.



In this, the decade of change, education seems to be the slowest institution to get on the band wagon. In contrast, it is the institution that most needs change.

The idea of entering a classroom and listening to a teacher speak on a subject and then memorize facts is finally going out the window. This has happened slowly; in fact, it has been only in the last four years that we have stopped memorizing poems and our teacher's opinion on selections. Time was, that if you couldn't recite poetry or parrot off the teacher's reasons for your liking something, you often did not pass. Utterly ridiculous but true. The change from memory work to thinking was as hard for the teacher as it was for the students. The teacher had to learn to accept other's opinions and the student had to learn that wonderful revolutionary process of thinking.

The concept of total understanding is now being adopted by the school systems. Granted, memory work does have its place in Math, the addition, subtraction, multiplication and division tables; in Physics and Chemistry, the formulae; and in languages, verbs and idiomatic expressions; but understanding what will happen is more important than to know that it will happen.

The new concept is involving the students (up to grade 12, and including it to an extent) in getting to know not a textbook, but their surroundings, discovering what they can do, what they like and why they like it. The new concept allows the teacher to decide for himself how he will approach the course set out by the department of education and not worry that some one else is teaching the same thing with emphasis on something else. In English, there is a course that requires no memory work, and involves total understanding, but this is still only 50% of the final result. The other 50% is based on results in a Provincial Examination in English. In the other courses, the Department of Education sets examinations which account for 60 to 100% of the final mark. Text books are provided by the Department of Education and the Department prescribes the course requirements. Unfortunately, old texts are often kept too long and revised texts are very little improved.

The year 1970 has proved to be almost maddening for grade twelves across the province. As if to be prepared for the fate worse than death of writing Provincial exams were not bad enough, to put icing on the cake, the course has been changed three times for one subject.

If examinations are necessary, these should be local examinations constructed by teachers teaching the subjects to the classes to be examined. The old emphasis on memory work should be eliminated and questions should

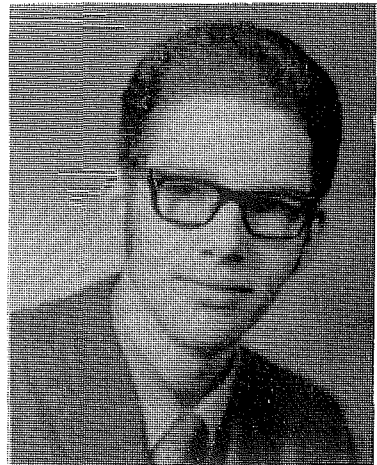
stress understanding and interpretation. The field of knowledge has become so vast that it is nonsense to pass a person who knows fact "X" (and that may be all he knows) and to fail another because he does not know that fact (which may be the only fact he does not know). The system MUST change some more.

In closing, let us point out changes in THE SEA GULL. Firstly, when you opened the book, you found on the second inside cover our Table of Contents. And our ad pages are numbered. Our pride this year is the literary section in which our students gave a bit of themselves for you to look at and possibly appreciate. Some of it is light and some of it is as deep as the soul itself. At the back you will find the table of advertisers and their page number so you can find what you are looking for quickly. (We'll never out do the yellow pages though).

We'd like to thank all those who have helped us in any way. The Executive Editors, the Business Managers, the Teaching Staff, and last, but not least, the students, for without them there could be no SEA GULL.

---

### MESSAGE FROM THE EDITORS



— Wendy Dauphinee '70, Charles Eisnor '70 —

Being editors of this magazine has provided us with lots to do every minute of the day. It has given us a touch of the responsibilities that lie ahead for us once we leave the warm protection of the school doors. This has been indeed a rewarding experience. We sincerely hope that this year's issue is as successful as in past years.

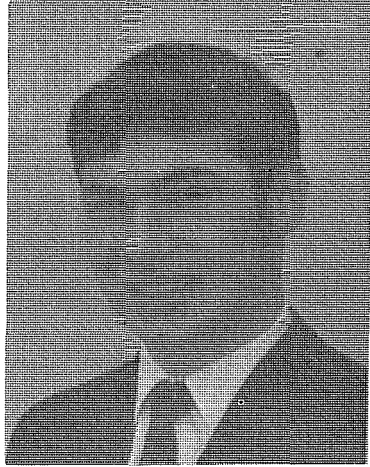
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### MESSAGE FROM THE EXECUTIVE EDITORS

— Mary Strickland '71, Roy Gjelstad '71 —

It has been a pleasure to serve as Executive Editors of this year's Sea Gull. We would like to thank all those who have in any way contributed to the production of the magazine.

## MESSAGE FROM THE CO-BUSINESS MANAGERS



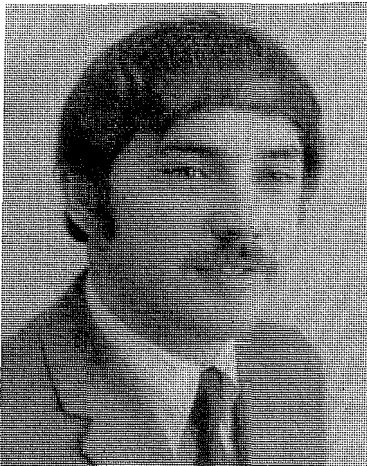
— John Crouse '70, Terry Falkenham '70 —

As Co-business Managers of the Sea Gull we would like to thank all those who helped in any way and to wish the publication success in the future.

---

## MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

— Marven Nodding '70 —



On behalf of the Students' Council, I'd like to thank Mr. Campbell, administrative staff, teachers and fellow students for their help and co-operation throughout the school year. I believe that this year, the Students' Council has accomplished more in the fields of self-government and student activities than in any previous year. To the other members of the Council, who made this successful year possible, I owe my deepest thanks and wish them the best of luck in coming years.

Peace.



## STUDENTS' COUNCIL SECRETARY'S REPORT

— Dale Keddy '70 —



One of the first steps taken by the Council this year was to create the new position of public relations man — a position which has been capably filled by Dave MacDonald.

It was also decided that there would be one dance a month, to be sponsored either by the Students' Council or the Athletic Council. This year, to meet the wishes of both students and teaching staff, our examinations were held before the Christmas Holidays. By doing this, most of the pre-Christmas events were eliminated and little time was lost as a result.

The annual magazine campaign turned out to be the most successful one ever held.

Another outstanding success was the Winter Carnival — a major Students' Council project.

Since January the Council has been working for a smoking area on the school grounds. Permission for such an area has been obtained with the only stipulation being that smokers must have parents' permission. A survey was carried out and the results revealed that there are 142 students in favour of a smoking area, 53 against, and 90 unexpressed opinions.

The Students' Council created a student police force made up of Carroll Randall, David Dares, Rickey Crouse, Bill Frittenburg, Linda Lohnes and Betty Stoddard to supervise the Halls and the Dances.

Other activities throughout the year include the collection of money for charity drives such as the Crippled Children's Fund, Unicef, and a Remembrance Day wreath.

The drafting of a school constitution is currently underway, headed by the Students' Council Vice-president, Tony Purcell, along with Jean Lace and Pat Walters. Mr. Rainforth is aiding these students in this difficult task. At its completion, the constitution will be presented to the student body at an assembly, probably sometime in May.

The activities of the Students' Council for the rest of the year will include the spring dance in April, elections in May, the "Miss CKBW" contest and preparations for graduation.

## MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE RED CROSS YOUTH

— Linda Lohnes '70 —



As President of Red Cross Youth this year, I have helped in arranging many important activities. Due to little enthusiasm in the school the projects were not overly successful. I feel that our Red Cross Council has done their best and am happy to have been President this year.

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## REPORT FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

— Lynne Eisenhauer '70 —



Last year the Athletic Association was dissolved and members of the Students' Council were appointed to look after the school's athletics. This year it was decided to set up a complete Association with the Chairman serving on the Council.

The Association was kept busy earlier in the year outfitting the various teams and discussing uniforms for future years. Also uniforms for the cheerleaders were finalized.

Winter Carnival, which was held at the end of January, kept the members on their toes. Various outside teams were asked to participate in the carnival against the home teams. Game schedules and floor-times had to be arranged and placed on the programme.

Some members of the Association were asked to serve on the Intramural Committee, therefore these two organizations are working closely together.

As the Athletic Association has no separate bank account (there is a joint account with the Students' Council), it works in close association with the Council in such affairs as the purchasing of uniforms and equipment and the renting of buses and the hiring of referees.

There are many sports teams at L.H.S. and there is much to do in "looking after" and financing them. This year our teams did very well, but there was not enough support by attendance at the games or by financial aid. Let's see if we cannot support these hard-playing teams with more enthusiasm next year!

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## INTRAMURAL COMMITTEE

— Lynne Eisenhauer '70 —



This year, a new Association, the Intramural Committee was set up to look after the intramural sports programme in school. This Committee works under the leadership of Mr. McCarthy.

The main objective of the intramural programme is to get as many people as possible to participate in sports for enjoyment and recreation. The students are divided into four houses with competitions held in each sport. Each house has a manager who is responsible for making sure that there are players to play at the given times and that there is time to participate in the various sports. These managers serve on the Committee.

The Committee, at the moment, is planning for a variety show to be held in April. The proceeds from this show will go towards an Awards Banquet in May. It is at this Banquet that awards will be presented to both varsity and intramural teams and players, for outstanding performances. Following the Banquet there will be a dance.

The Intramural Committee is responsible for making sure that the sports programme runs smoothly and efficiently. Charts are made to record the points acquired by the various houses. So many points are given to each house for placing first, second, and third in the competitions.

The intramural programme is a great way of bringing students together and having a much enjoyed recreational programme. The competition is stiff amongst the houses and it will be interesting to see which house accumulates the majority of points.

## DEDICATION

THIS ISSUE OF  
**"THE SEA GULL"**

IS DEDICATED TO  
THE MEMORY OF

*Hon. R. H. Winters*



Until the sudden death of the Honourable Robert H. Winters, it was planned that this issue of the Sea Gull should be dedicated to education and a number of articles on this subject were projected. As Mr. Winters was our most distinguished graduate and had been such a good friend of our schools, the editors decided instead to dedicate this issue to him. They feel that it is particularly fitting that the magazine should contain a number of articles on education, for education was one of Mr. Winters' abiding interests as evinced by his association with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, York University and the Nova Scotia Technical College.

The following tribute to Mr. Winters was composed by the former Supervisor of Lunenburg Schools, Mr. D. H. Collins, who remembers him with pride and affection.

## A MEMORIAL TO THE LATE HON. ROBERT HENRY WINTERS

by Donald H. Collins, Retired Supervisor of Lunenburg Schools

At a Laymen's Service, held in Central United Church in the early part of his life as a politician, Bob Winters was the speaker. Most of what he said on that occasion has been erased by waves of forgetfulness, except for one challenging philosophical statement in poetic form. It came from the pen of William Ernest Henley and reads as follows —

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishment the scroll;  
I am the Master of my fate:  
I am the Captain of my soul.

In my opinion, buttressed by forty-four years here, this can be applied with truth to our famous fishermen who ventured from our snug harbour with little more than a compass and a sextant. Bob's father was one of that famous breed whose hard life led him to the Grand Banks and elsewhere along the Atlantic Coast in search of cod and haddock. Captain Winters and his wife had the respect and love of a son who progressed far along the road upward to success.

The Honorable Minister embodied this same idea in his attitude toward education. He was a member of my first grade eleven class in Lunenburg in the school year 1926-27. I taught algebra and geometry to the entire class in which subjects young Bob and B. J. (Spike) Walters towered above the rest. They progressed so fast and so far that I conceived the idea of letting them go to the Library "to work on their own".

As far as education in the complete sense of the word was concerned, young Bob Winters never stopped nor turned back. He graduated from Mount Allison University with degrees in Science and Engineering. Then he advanced to M.I.T. (Massachusetts Institute of Technology) from which institution he graduated with distinction. Throughout his successful career, he returned frequently to Boston in his capacity as Chairman of the Senate.

His interest in education carved out a second life-stream for him as his ability to "get things done" was realized and appreciated in Canada. Not only could he re-organize tangled government ministries, such as Public Works, but that same energy and drive could be directed to the advantage of the youth of the nation.

Premier Robarts, Premier of Ontario, paid tribute to Bob's outstanding qualities by naming him Chancellor of York University while it was in the planning stage. He assisted in the building, and played an active part in its development as a University.

Nova Scotians would have been pleased with his role as Chancellor of the Nova Scotia Technical College to which he was recently appointed, had it not been for the intervention of death. The college was to have been divorced from the present set-up which would have given his unique qualities a broad base from which to operate in the transmutation of his leadership into real progress.

His name will live, however, for a long time in the Closing Exercises of the Lunenburg Junior-Senior High School where he had established two scholarships "in perpetuity". This was to commemorate the memory of his beloved son, Richard, and is named "The Richard Winters Memorial Scholar-

ships". No more fitting memorial could have been instituted by the late Hon. Minister and his wife, Eleanor.

Bob's drive and enthusiasms were evidenced in athletics in which he was a participant in High School. In those early years, hockey occupied the winter months and involved Bridgewater, Chester, Lunenburg, and occasionally Mahone Bay.

A trip to Chester was an epic of movement and toughness via rail along the South Shore Railway followed by an evening game in an open-air rink. An antidote for cramped dressing-rooms and rough ice was the hospitality of the Chester parents who housed the boys for one night.

The High School Baseball Championship eluded us in the final game with Saint Mary's, of Halifax. Our coach was Bertram Hirtle whom the boys admired for his skill in the sport. He could romp with them, and they called him by the familiar term "Bertie". In those rugged days, playoffs were sponsored by the Halifax Herald.

An extant picture of the team shows the following players dressed in the uniforms of the time, and borrowed in many cases from other teams in town. The players were —

Ormus Berringer	Walter Herman	Bernard Walters
Gwynne Burke	Wilson Himmelman	Gilbert Wamboldt
Victor Corkum	Bertram Hirtle (Coach)	Murray Sodero
Fred Dauphinee	William Silver	Robert Winters

Bob alternated with Bernard catching and at third base.

He also pitched a pretty good game.

The Hon. R. H. Winters was, in my opinion, a successful statesman whose career embraced the world both in politics and in business. His contributions to his beloved Canada were not inconsiderable.

After the famous Liberal Party defeat of 1957, he went into business as head of a huge complex in which he distinguished himself. The firms involved were Brinco (British Newfoundland Corporation), Rio Algom Mines Ltd., and Rio Tinto.

One shining and personal testimonial was his efforts in the Churchill Falls Power Development. While Newfoundland benefitted tremendously from its conception and stage-by-stage development, Bob left this gargantuan task to embark once more on a political career the extension of which was encouraged by the Rt. Hon. M. Pearson.

Peter Newman, feature article writer and presently a newspaper editor in Toronto, wrote an article for MacLean's magazine on the impact of the Hon. R. H. Winters on Canadian business and politics. Mr. Newman wrote asking me to give him a run-down of Bob's school-days, and to state my opinion of his future in Canadian politics should he decide to return. I wrote stating that Bob Winters had made and would make a further contribution, in my opinion, to the Canadian scene.

Bob's crowning jewel was his participation in the selection of a leader for the Federal Liberal Party in the year 1968. He was engaged in an inward struggle before he decided to run. Nothing in his entire career so became him as his actions when he suffered defeat after a heated and a close race. Many of us can recall the tall, striding figure smiling as he crossed the floor to congratulate Pierre Elliot Trudeau, now Prime Minister of Canada.

Lunenburg and Nova Scotia have not lost Bob Winters through the finality of death. His body lies in Hillcrest Cemetery on a broad slope that faces First Peninsula. He lies near his Mother and Father, and is thus reclaimed in a setting that cannot, at times, be excelled for its beauty.

## EDUCATION THEN AND NOW

### EDUCATION IN 1824

— Philip Daniels '70 —

Education today, made well established and smooth running by over a hundred years of history, is one of those things that is often taken for granted. It is as familiar to us as is the horseless carriage, and as with the horseless carriage, we often forget that just a few hundred years or so ago people did not enjoy such luxuries. In fact, most of the population couldn't even spell the word education. Of course there were schools of a sort and some teaching, but education now and then is about as far apart as the Mayflower is from the Queen Mary.

Let us take, for example, the County of Lunenburg. The year is 1824. At the request of the Lieutenant-Governor, three of Lunenburg's leading citizens have compiled a report on the state of education in the county. Things didn't look too bright.

With respect to schools, the county wasn't quite as richly furnished as it is today. The only well established school was the Grammar School in the town of Lunenburg. Lunenburg must certainly have been the seat of learning, as it was blessed with three other schools, run, as the reporter termed it, "by deserving females". Chester followed as a close second. It had two schools, one in which both sexes were taught. Other well-to-do towns were Mahone Bay, Sherbrook and Petite Riviere. They boasted one school each.

Students weren't quite as plentiful either. All nine schools in the county shared among them about two hundred and twenty-five students. This is a far cry from the teeming masses that tramp our hallowed halls of learning today. Of course there were more children in the county, but most played continuous 'hooky' because of their parents' "disinclination", "disability to clothe their children", or "disability to pay for a master".

Teachers of 1824 weren't so lucky either. One, the master at Mahone Bay, was very fortunate in receiving an allowance from the government. But alas! This allowance was removed and the poor master was left in the same boat as the others. Teachers of the day received payment only from parents who could afford to donate something for their services. Their paychecks often consisted of a bundle of clothing or a sack of potatoes.

On the whole, Lunenburg County was fortunate when it came to masters. The three male teachers reported on were all said to be "of a very good character". Hants County was not so lucky. It had a much greater variety of teachers. "Joseph Clark, of good morals and ability", was a good man to have on the staff. "I. Shay, master. Good morals, small ability" wasn't quite as good, but half good is better than all bad. "P. S. Coleman, master. Morals not good, ability good". He and I. Shay would have made a good pair. Finally there was "Richard England, master. Morals not good, ability small". I guess Hants County must have had the age old problem of a teacher shortage.

This brief glimpse of education in the County of Lunenburg in 1824 proves that they have come a long way along the path of achieving knowledge. The county left its educational Stone Age behind about one hundred years ago.

## EDUCATIONAL REFERENCES FROM THE DIARY OF ADOLPHUS GAETZ

— Susan Eisenhower '72 —

Adolphus Gaetz was born in May of 1804 in Germany. It was not until August, 1832, that Mr. Gaetz came to the Town of Lunenburg. In a short time he established himself as a dry goods merchant.

In August, 1833, he married Lucy, daughter of John Zwicker of Lunenburg. Mr. and Mrs. Gaetz had a family of six children and shortly he became a greatly respected citizen as well as a rising business man.

Other than his works in the business field he was a Sunday School teacher at St. John's Anglican Church. Mr. Gaetz also joined the second battalion of the Lunenburg Regiment of Militia. While a member, he quickly rose to the office of Lieutenant. Other duties were as juror and as a trustee of schools. Mr. Gaetz also held several positions in the County — County Treasurer, County Clerk of License, and Registrar of the Court of Probate for the County.

On April 12, 1873, Mr. Gaetz, after leading a very full and exciting life of 69 years, died of heart disease.

Mr. Gaetz kept a diary from May, 1855, to March, 1873, from which can be found many interesting facts about the town of Lunenburg and its surrounding area.

He seems to have been very much interested in education and within his diary can be found a number of interesting educational references.

He speaks of two different lectures on education both held at the Temperance Hall, one April 28, 1858, and the other September 14, 1864. The first speaker was Revd. Mr. Forester of Normal School and the second was T. H. Rand.

Mr. Gaetz also mentioned a meeting of the Commissioners and Trustees of Schools that was held on January 9, 1863, in order to introduce "a new and proper mode of teaching" with some introduction of Classics into Grammar School.

Throughout the diary, Mr. Gaetz tells of different parades in which school students participated — such as 111th Birthday Parade of Lunenburg, Dominion Day Parade and one to celebrate the marriage of the Prince of Wales.

In the Adolphus Gaetz diary there is mention of the planning and building stages of an Academy. On October 25, 1864, a meeting was held "of Rateable inhabitants" in the school house for the purpose of determining whether an Academy should be established in the town or not. Under a new Act passed by Legislature it was stated that an Academy should be built and supported by taxation. At that time the Assessors were appointed and Trustees elected.

Then on July 10, 1865, the old School House opposite the "Church" was sold at public Auction for the sum of £86, and it was bought by the Congregation of St. John's Episcopal Church, to be used as a Sunday School.

On July 14, 1865, the building to be used as the Academy was to be started, for the foundation stones were brought in.

One of his last references was to a "Veleocipede movement". Several members arrived from Halifax on April 8, 1869, in a packet. These three Veleocipedes held an open house inspection — the admittance for which was 12½ cents to all interested citizens. Mr. Gaetz says there were quite a number of people who showed an interest in "learning the art"!

In Adolphus Gaetz' time people thought about and took actions to improve education, the same as we try to do today!



## SCHOOL BUILDINGS OF LUNENBURG

### Early Schools

— Valerie Bezanson '71 —

With the passing of the Free School Act in 1834 the residents of the town of Lunenburg held a meeting. The subject of this meeting was to determine whether or not an Academy would be established. The decision was to build a school which would be supported by taxation.

F. W. George was appointed as Principal and preparations were begun for the building of a new school which would accommodate both county and public schools.

During the construction of the building, the children went to school in the old Temperance Hall, where they continued their regular school work until 1865, when the new school was completed.

In honour of the occasion, a Royal Salute was fired from Blockhouse Hill, by James Dowling, captain of the artillery company.

The school, now referred to as "The Old Academy", was situated on the parade square. It was a one-story building 50 x 90 feet with an ell 50 feet square. It contained four classrooms, which were enough for about two hundred students. Later, the school was remodelled and enlarged to eight or ten rooms.

On September 28, 1893, fire swept through the building. No one was injured but the school was totally destroyed.

Plans were then made for the construction of a new Academy, which is still in use. It was designed by H. H. Mott and cost approximately \$30,000. It was opened on November 7, 1895.

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## SCHOOL BUILDINGS OF LUNENBURG

### Lunenburg Academy

— Jean Lace '71 —

When the first Lunenburg Academy was destroyed by fire on September 28th, 1893, the students were forced to attend school under crowded conditions which were not very conducive to study. The Old Firemen's Hall, the Temperance Hall, and the Old Court House were the buildings provided for this purpose.

However, the school authorities, the teachers, and Mayor Watson Oxner had to plan for the future. Discussions were held in the Town Hall in regard to the location of a new school building. Mayor Oxner cast his vote in favour of the "Gallows Hill" as the site for the proposed building, and work was begun on the New Academy.

On November 7th, 1895, the new Lunenburg County Academy was officially opened, with an enrolment of 671 students. This school, which was built at a cost of \$30,000, was more advanced than many of the Public Schools functioning at that time.

The "Educational Review" of February, 1896, described the new Academy in this way — "The new school building is of wood, two storeys high, with a mansard roof and occupies one of the finest and most commanding sites in the Province, being visible for many miles around. The ground floor contains six large classrooms, with separate cloak rooms, etc. for boys and

girls. The second floor also contains six classrooms, cloak rooms, laboratory and library. There is a large assembly hall capable of seating over four hundred. The ceilings throughout are of white wood and beautifully panelled. The floors and wainscoting are of birch, while the rest of the interior is finished in ash and birch, giving to the whole a substantial and neat appearance.

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

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

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

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

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

The Principals of the Academy from its opening in 1895 to the present time have been as follows:

May 1890 — Jan. 1909	B. McKittrick
Jan. 1909 — June 1909	W. S. Brodie
Sept. 1909 — June 1918	B. McKittrick
Aug. 1918 — June 1920	R. S. McLeod
Aug. 1920 — June 1926	M. O. Maxner
Aug. 1926 — June 1967	D. H. Collins

Finally, a time came when people realized that space was becoming cramped and that facilities were not as modern as they could be. After much controversy, a new Junior-Senior High School was built on Tannery Road, and was officially opened on January 24, 1966.

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## SCHOOL BUILDINGS OF LUNENBURG

### The Present Lunenburg Junior-Senior High School

— R. H. Campbell, Corinne Himmelman '71 —

Although "the castle on the hill" for many persons is still "the" Lunenburg School, the present Junior-Senior High School has won the respect and pride of its own students.

This School is situated in a central location alongside the Community Centre Grounds. The Arts and Crafts building across the street houses Home Economics and Industrial Arts. Connected to the School by a covered walkway is the Community Centre Building, which serves as gymnasium and auditorium. Immediately adjacent to this, the Hockey rink and track and field offer excellent facilities for athletics. Thanks to the kindness of the

Lunenburg Curling Club, also located here, students of the school are able to participate in curling in the afternoons free of charge.

When the school was opened in January, 1966, visitors noted the wide corridors, the attractive classrooms, the large laboratory and the especially fine library. Since that time use of the school has revealed surprisingly few disadvantages, and deficiencies have been quickly corrected by an efficient and progressive school board. At the time of opening, not all of the rooms were needed but each year an additional room has been required until at the present time all rooms are in use and even a moderate increase in enrolment would require an extension to the building.

The present school is an L-shaped structure of two stories. The wing nearest the Community Centre houses the administrative offices and the locker rooms and physical education office on the ground floor, with library, guidance office, teachers rooms and sick bay above. The other wing is the classroom wing and contains the science laboratory. In addition, caretakers' rooms and storage rooms provide a reasonable amount of storage space.

Just as important as the building itself is the equipment it contains and since the school was opened in January, 1966, a considered plan has been followed in building up laboratory, audio-visual and library resources. The present library compares more than favourably with most schools in Nova Scotia irrespective of size of student body and we will soon possess most of the audio-visual equipment that a small school can expect to have. However, there are severe limitations on the program a small school can offer and the next logical step in the improvement of education for Lunenburg Senior High School students would be the construction of a County High School which would be large enough to offer a wide selection of courses tailored to meet individual needs.

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## GRADE 12 LOOKS AT EDUCATION

— Wendy Dauphinee '70, Charles Eisnor '70 —

Education in life is like the wheels on a car, at least in this day and age. Without the wheels on a car the car is useless; it is alive in the sense that it has an engine but it can't move along and make its life or engine worthwhile if it hasn't any wheels. Where can a living being go without education? — Nowhere! Or for the majority of people today, not very far. There are very few occupations available for people without some type of education. Education is not just in reference to the day to day attendance at a public school and then, perhaps, university. A secretary does not need to complete high school but then she must be trained for the secretarial field. That, is education, as well.

However, the students who have made it to Grade 12 have realized the value of education, otherwise they would not be there. For some the road has been a struggle and then too there are some who have seen the necessity of education just in time.

Grade 12 has seen many changes in education, just since the primary days. We have had a touch of the old methods of education and in the latter years the more modern methods began. Grade 12 likes the modern methods particularly the fact that there is more class involvement. The class must be involved or take part in order to create interest. Students must have a chance to form an opinion and express their own ideas. This helps develop

imagination and understanding. Of course, no matter what the field of study, there are facts that must be learned. However, there is always room for student discussion and not just the fact-stating, boring teacher to steal the whole show. Although student participation is better, Grade 12 can see more improvement before better changes to best.

Field trips are another valuable improvement in education. The text book, though it may contain hundreds of pages, does not paint a clear picture like reality. For example, a student of Physics may spend days or weeks studying an engine, the parts, the purpose of each part and how the engine works. This is great for a person who has great abilities of imagination but seeing a real engine in operation makes it so much more interesting and understandable. One so often states that you learn by experience and this is so true. Field trips give you this experience in learning. A child will be told to keep his hands away from fire, but not until he has experienced a burn, will he fully understand why hands must not get in fire. Then too, a student can't really completely understand the workings of an engine without the experience of actually seeing a genuine engine.

For the past few years there have been many debates over the importance of Provincial examinations. The overall feeling that Grade 12 has toward Provincials is quite negative. The Provincials compel you to follow the work required by the examining board, that is, if you want to pass. This means that one must stick to the book unless you're lucky enough to finish the course early. But, what happens to interested students who would like to learn more than what the book has to say? Well, they either do poorly on their other subjects or just have to stick to the dull book. Another point, Provincials do not always rate a student properly. There are always students who receive the wrong marks. For Grade 12, Provincials are just no good. College entrance exams would be an excellent substitute.

Modern education is gradually bringing in the non-graded system. Although Grade 12 has not had the opportunity of experiencing this new system, many of the students believe that the new system will prove to be worthwhile and successful. Students will be able to learn at their own rate, not according to the ability of the average student. The more intelligent student will not be slowed down by a less intelligent student. Many intelligent students become frustrated and lose interest because of other slow students. Yes, the non-graded system seems to be the answer to a number of educational problems.

Schools are too formal. In this modern age people are more relaxed and their ways of life in general are not nearly as formal as a few years ago. A formal classroom, with the "Yes sir" and "No ma'am" prevents the student from relaxing and learning with enjoyment. A student can still hold respect for a teacher without having to use a formal address. After all, a teacher is a human being too. A relaxed atmosphere in a school, most definitely make a student more at ease and eager to participate.

A final point in the huge field of education concerns specifically the education in the town of Lunenburg. Lunenburg, being a small town, naturally cannot provide a large school. This, however, makes it difficult for the students. A small school can only offer a limited number of courses. But what happens to students who are interested in a specific course that a small school cannot afford to offer? This student is just out of luck. The small school provides only a straight narrow path where you cannot diversify. It is impossible to "do your own thing". The Grade 12 class feels that by combining Lunenburg County High Schools a single large Senior High School

could be provided and the problem would be remedied. However, there will undoubtedly be several more Grade 12 classes before this comes to pass.

These are the most important ideas on education that the Grade 12 class have expressed to us. As experienced students, the Grade Twelves wish to pass on to younger students the following advice — "You can't live a good life without education, nor can you drive a car without wheels!"

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## THE NEXT STEP IN EDUCATION FOR LUNENBURG COUNTY

— R. H. Campbell, Supervisor of Schools —

Since World War II, great improvements in education have been made in this County. The one and two room schoolhouses have disappeared and today's students from the rural areas of our County enjoy the use of schools as modern as those located in the towns. There is also no doubt that the quality of education in general has improved at the same time. These changes have come about because of the desire for improvement which existed both at the local and the provincial level.

Now the point has been reached in our development where, to provide all the advantages of a modern education, a full co-ordination of effort and expenditure is required. This means a master plan to provide the following:

1. A plan for Senior High School facilities and program on one site to serve the whole County,
2. Another plan to use existing facilities, with modifications where necessary, to provide Junior High School and Elementary education for the County,
3. An overall plan for Supervisory, Guidance and Teaching personnel which will ensure efficient educational management of the system produced under plans 1 and 2.

Nova Scotia educators at all levels are agreed that establishment of a Comprehensive System of education is a must for our Province and informed members of the public also agree. Unfortunately, many people do not understand that the Comprehensive System consists of much more than the addition of General Courses to the regular offering and that to provide a truly Comprehensive System in Senior High School requires enrolments of eight hundred students or more in a single school. The basic idea of the Comprehensive System is to provide Courses tailored to individual talents and needs after those talents and needs have been identified. This would involve specialized staff and the latest developments in audio-visual media. These would simply be not economical in a small school.

Last year a detailed examination of the eight existing High Schools in the County revealed that none was large enough to offer the Comprehensive program or to have departments with department heads, flexible scheduling for students or really adequate subject promotion. None of the schools was over ten years old but all were traditional in type and lacked the flexibility taken for granted in modern high schools elsewhere. None had advanced audio-visual systems or fully equipped laboratories and libraries. It soon became clear that the logical solution was the building of a central Senior High School which would have a student body of approximately sixteen hundred students in Grades 10, 11 and 12. However, it seems that construction of such a school must wait upon School Board amalgamation. It would seem

advisable for our County to watch carefully the progress of amalgamation elsewhere so as to learn the pitfalls and profit by the mistakes that will inevitably occur.

Meanwhile a committee of Lunenburg County School Supervisors has studied the facilities and program required for a central high school of 1600 enrolment. The school they envisage would be flexible enough to accommodate groups of sizes from eight hundred down to five or six so as to suit the type of instruction or learning situation appropriate for each sized group. This school would be equipped with the latest audio-visual media and with adequate library and laboratory materials. It would attempt to create active learning situations instead of passive ones. Various new Courses would be introduced, designed to add interest and relevance to students' lives. It is the unanimous opinion of the School Supervisors that the above changes are necessary. For them the fundamental question is not "whether" but WHEN?

The next stage in their investigation, will involve the Supervisors in the preparation of a plan for items 2 and 3 above so that by the time these developments are possible a rather detailed plan will be ready for application.

## ARTICLES

### FAMILY NAMES IN LUNENBURG

— Roy Gjelstad '71 —

One of Lunenburg's links with the past and a part of its historical heritage are the surnames of its inhabitants, so many of which can be traced back to the first settlers in this part of Canada. In the Public Archives of Nova Scotia at Halifax there is preserved a list of one thousand, three hundred and thirteen German, Swiss, and French settlers who were provisioned here in 1757. These immigrants later settled in Lunenburg and the surrounding area and are the ancestors of most of the inhabitants of the County. Many names are still in existence today, while some have been changed in their spelling, and some have vanished altogether.

Glancing down the list, some familiar names stand out the same as if one were looking down the telephone directory. The name Tanner is prominent, as is Zinck. The family names of Acker, Beck, Berringer, Conrad, Cook, Eisenhauer, Ernst, Hatt, Herman, Hiltz and Himmelman have been passed on unchanged. Hubley, Lantz, Mason, Nass (or Naas or Nauss), Smeltzer, Schwartz, Selig, Smith, Spindler, Young and Zwicker as well have come down in their original form.

Many of the names of the original settlers have become changed through the years. In some cases, it is only a letter or two added or omitted. Thus Oxaner became Oxner, Wagener became Wagner, Meisiner became Meisner, Morasch became Morash, Schnear became Schnare or Snair, Rudolff became Rudolf, Schaufelberger became Schaffelburg or Shaffenburg, and Harnisch became Harnish. A "t" was attached to the end of the original names of Reinhard, Gerhard and Wambold, as an "l" was similarly added to Wentzel and Speidel. In the same way Hickman is now Heckman, Haun is Haughn, Mosman is Mossman, Boutellier is Boutilier, Langile is Langille, Brum is Bruhm, Ham is Hamm, Moser is Mosher, Bezanson is Bezanson, Lonis and Lones are now Lohnes, Gorkum is Corkum, Schup is Shupe, Knockle is now Knickle and perhaps Knock, Bachman is Backman, and Kedy is Keddy.

Many of the other surnames show clearly the marks of anglicization, as the English-speaking tongue struggled to pronounce and the English-thinking mind attempted to spell the names in their original German or French forms. Mehlman was changed to Mailman, Bauer to Bower, Bourgagne to Burgoyne, Kayser to Kaizer or Keizer, Reiser to Risser, Jeaudry to Joudrey, Baille to Bailly, Emonaud to Emeneau, Heison to Hyson, Westhoffer to Westhaver, Weinacht to Whynot, Reichard to Richards, Nau to Nowe, Falhenhahn to Falkenham, Wakker to Walker, Kraus to Crouse, Rehfus to Rafuse, Kolbach to Kaulback, and finally Moreau to Morrow.

Some present forms are so removed from their originals that not much more than a guess can be made at the relationships. Pollever is probably the original form of Boliver, as Thiel probably Deal, and Dare evolved to Daurie or Dorey and Dares. Meyer might have become Myra, Fogeler could have become Vogler, Seeberger could have changed to Seaboyer, Heisel to Heisler, and Arenberry to Arenburg.

This small article is not complete, yet it gives some insight into the ethnic background and the historical continuity of this area. Despite small changes, the people of Lunenburg County still carry with them in their names something both of their history and their heritage from their ancestors.

**TEN YEARS AFTER**  
**— Wendy Dauphinee '70 —**

Every year a different group of students graduates from the protective walls of the Lunenburg High School and go their separate ways into a world of an unknown future. Ten years ago, 1960, a group of fifteen students graduated from our old Academy and have had many experiences in that short ten years. Very briefly, I shall tell of the very interesting past ten years of the students.

**ROSALIE ERNA BECK** — After receiving a B.A. at Acadia, Rosalie studied German for six weeks at Montreal. After one year at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, she earned her Masters Degree. Then, she attended Girton College of Cambridge University, England, where three years of study gave her a Ph.D. Rosalie married Oliver Osmond, an Anglican minister, whose home is near London, England. They lived in England one year, and in September, 1968, they came to Willowdale, Toronto, where they still live. Rosalie has one son who was born December 25, 1968.

**BEVERLEY CARL BOWER** — Beverley worked at the Bank of Montreal, Lunenburg, for two years and was then transferred to Saint John, N.B., where he worked for one year. He was again transferred to Cornerbrook, Newfoundland. He left the bank in May, 1964, and went back to Saint John, N.B., to work at Burroughs Business Machines. Beverley married Linda MacAllister of Saint John, N.B., in September, 1964. They have three children, two boys and one girl. Beverley is now a senior Sales Representative with Burroughs Business Machines.

**KATHLEEN ELIZABETH CONRAD** — Kathleen received her B.A. at Waterloo University, Ontario. She then worked two years as a social worker at St. Catharines, Ontario, for the Children's Aid Society. For the past two years she has been working as a Counsellor for Canada Manpower. Kathleen married Mr. Blake MacKinley on August 3, 1965. They are still residing at St. Catharines, Ontario.

**ROBERT WILLIAM CORKUM** — Since Robert's graduation in 1960 he has been working at the National Sea Products Ltd. as stationary engineer. He is residing in Lunenburg and has so far remained a bachelor.

**RONALD HERBERT CORKUM** — Ronald worked in the stock room at the Atlantic Bridge Co. Ltd. until 1965. He then went to work with the Industrial Shipping, Mahone Bay, as purchasing agent. Ronald married Cheryl Ann Bower in 1964. They now have two children, both girls. At present, they are living in Lunenburg.

**JOHN GRAHAM CREIGHTON** — Following Graham's graduation from Lunenburg Academy he was employed as guide on the Bounty and was so keenly interested he seriously considered shipping as a crew member for her initial voyage. He was then persuaded to continue his education without interruption, so he entered the Premedical classes at Dalhousie University in September, 1960. He was employed during the summer vacations by the Department of Fisheries at Shediac and in following years by Atlantic Bridge Co. at Mahone Bay. The promise of a career in medicine was abruptly ended by a car accident in October, 1965.



JUDITH ANN CROUSE — Judy completed one year of studies at Mt. Allison University in 1961. The next four years she attended the Nova Scotia College of Arts in Halifax, receiving, in 1965, diplomas in poetry and weaving. She then worked at K. E. Crouse & Sons Ltd., Lunenburg. In August, 1966, she married Eric Tanner of Stonehurst. She is presently a part-time employee of Canadian Sacts Co. Ltd. of Toronto. They have a two-year old daughter and another child is expected in May. They are living in Lunenburg.

MARILYN DIANNE DOBER — After Marilyn's graduation in 1960 she became a Lab Technician. She married John McKee and now has two children; a boy and a girl. At present, they are residing in Dartmouth.

DIANE VIOLET LEVY — Diane received her R.N. by training at the V. G. in Halifax. She worked for three months at the V. G. and then came to Lunenburg. She is still working as the acting director of nursing at the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital. Diane was married to Gary Johnson in 1964. She plans to leave her work at the hospital as they are expecting to start a family in June.

RUBY DONNA LESLEY LING — After graduation, Donna trained at the Infirmary, Halifax, and graduated with highest honours. She worked two years at the Infirmary. In September, 1962, Donna married James Lohnes of Lunenburg. They have two children; a boy and a girl. They are now living in Kingston, Ontario.

MARILYN DALE LOHNES — Marilyn received her Bachelor of Arts Degree at Acadia University. She then began teaching Latin and German at Halifax West School where she is presently still teaching. Marilyn married Tony Orlic of Yugoslavia.

GERALDINE MIRIAM MAY — After graduation, Geraldine went to Bridgewater Commercial School where she took a secretarial course. Since then she has been working as a private secretary in the Attorney General's Department, Halifax.

SHEILA BERNICE NOWE — Sheila took a secretarial course at the Bridgewater Commercial School. After that, she worked at the Lunenburg Foundry Garage office. In May, 1964, Sheila married Alfred Lohnes of Lunenburg. At present, they are living in Dartmouth.

LAWRENCE ROBERT SAUNDERS — Lawrence joined the Royal Bank of Canada, Lunenburg, after graduating. He was later transferred to Sydney and then the Halifax branch. Recently he was transferred to Saint John's, Newfoundland, and is holding the position of Manager. Lawrence was married to Janet Jollimore in 1966. They have an infant son, John.

ANNA PATRICIA VIVIAN SMITH — Anna took a secretarial course at the Commercial School in Bridgewater. Following that, she worked at the Lunenburg Sea Products in the Lab as Assistant to F. Cyril Read. Anna was married to Captain Bernard Hannams in October, 1962. They now have five children and are still living in Lunenburg.

For these students, it is hard to believe that ten years have passed since their graduation. As one of the students stated, "Can it be possible that it has been ten years?" But, the answer is "Yes". Yes, a whole decade has passed and before you know it, the grads of 1970 will be saying the same thing.

## **ART TEXTILES (ACADIA) LIMITED**

— Miroslav Kaderka '71 —

We are a new Company established in Lunenburg last summer. The Company has great plans for the future. Our aim is to work hard and to make a worthwhile contribution to Lunenburg and to Canada. We are supplying the market with household and art decorative goods of our own designs.

At this time we have in operation three Souerer looms, which we obtained in Moncton, New Brunswick. On these looms we are weaving draperies, bedspreads, placemats, upholstery fabrics, scarves and other high quality products. Another three looms which we have are equipped with special mechanism called jacquard heads. On these looms we can weave any pattern or design or any picture you like. These looms are not yet in production but we are working on their setting up.

Every working day, eight employees are engaged in operating the looms and eight more work in the finishing room where the woven fabrics are inspected and packed. Every day we weave approximately 80-100 yards of fabric. Those 80-100 yards are made into bedspreads, draperies, placemats or just packed for stock.

The total staff of the Company consists of sixteen persons of whom twelve have been recruited from this County. Our Management consists of persons who came to Lunenburg from Czechoslovakia. Mr. Miroslav Kaderka is General Manager, and his wife, Mrs. Zdenka Kaderka, is in charge of the finishing room. Mr. Victor Botka assists in management and is in charge of maintenance and repairs, while his wife, Mrs. Jane Botka, supervises the weaving department.

Our assets at present are advanced skill in textiles, expert craftsmanship and quality. We hope to become the best textile producers in Canada.

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## **LUNENBURG HOME FOR SPECIAL CARE**

— Mary Strickland '71 —

On September 23, 1968, a representative of Metropolitan Projects Limited, Development Consultants, of Halifax, N.S., met with the Lunenburg Town Council and presented a proposal to construct a 104 bed Lunenburg Home for Special Care. The proposal was for the Town to incorporate a non-profit organization under the provisions of the Municipal Housing Corporations Act of the Province of Nova Scotia, and this organization would then construct and operate the Home for Special Care with no financial obligation to the Town.

The proposal was for an expenditure of approximately \$850,000.00 to be financed by a grant of \$104,000.00 from the Provincial Government, \$52,000.00 as tax rebates, \$5,000.00 donation, and the balance to be a 50-year loan from the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation. The yearly repayment of the loan and interest would be included in the cost of operation.

After further consideration and investigation by the Town Council, it was decided to accept the proposal and this was done at a Town Council Meeting held on December 27th, 1968.

The site for the construction of the Home had to be approved by Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation and the Provincial Department of

Health. Two proposed sites within the Town were presented by the Town Council and the Blockhouse Hill site was approved by the governmental bodies. Plans and specifications for the Home were then drawn up by Metropolitan Projects Ltd. and, after some changes, were finally approved by Town Council and all necessary governmental bodies.

With the turning of the first sod on September 2, 1969, by Mayor R. G. A. Wood, President of the Lunenburg Home for Special Care Corporation, this long awaited and much needed facility moved one step closer to reality. "Harbour View Haven" is scheduled to be completed by July, 1970.

In addition to fulfilling its primary purpose of providing adequate care for the aged and infirm, the Lunenburg Home for Special Care brings with it certain ancillary benefits to the community. The Home for Special Care will employ 40 people with an estimated annual payroll of \$125,000.00. Most of the daily supplies will be purchased in the Town and in this manner many thousands of dollars will flow into the local economy. In this way the community will enjoy an economic boom along with improvements of community services.

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## THE OVENS, ADOLPHUS GAETZ' DIARIES

— Tony Purcell '71 —

Adolphus Gaetz, a notable Lunenburg citizen and merchant, kept an excellent diary recording events in the social and business life of the town and its environs from the years 1855 to 1873. Consequently the story of the Ovens "gold rush" is available in some detail and accuracy from this source.

Mr. Gaetz first mentions a gold strike in Lunenburg County on June 28, 1861, when he records that gold had been discovered near Lunenburg and at Gold River. On June 3, 1861, gold was discovered at the Ovens. This is Mr. Gaetz's entry respecting the discovery:

"Gold diggings. Quite an excitement prevails in our town in consequence of Gold having been found near our doors. It having been stated by some knowing one that gold was likely to be obtained about the "Ovens", some two or three sailed across yesterday to make an inspection, without hopes however of making Gold discoveries. The result of their labours are some beautiful specimens of what all consider to be pure gold."

On July 18, 1861, Mr. Gaetz records a great increase in activity at the Ovens, "some were digging into the bowls of the earth with pick axe and shovel, others were hammering the quartz to powder, while others were blasting the tremendous rocks, all in search of the precious metal; several rough tents are erected, one for the purpose of supplying sundries to feed the inner man". Mr. Gaetz also ventures a rather optimistic opinion about the likely benefits of the gold strike "I have no hesitation in saying a "good time" will dawn on Lunenburg by discovery of these gold diggings".

On August 2, 1861, Mr. Gaetz recorded the arrival of several government men, the Provincial Secretary Joseph Howe, the Receiver General J. H. Anderson, and the Attorney-General Adams Archibald, for the purpose of settling disputes between the gold diggers. On August 6, 1861, Mr. Gaetz recorded the arrival of the steamer "Ospray" with workmen and materials bound for the Ovens.

As a result of the gold strike, Lunenburg was filled with gold diggers. Mr Gaetz recorded on August 8, 1861, that:

"The town this evening was filled with strangers bound for the Gold diggings at the "Ovens"; boarding houses and hotels were full to overflowing, numbers were obliged to pitch their tents on the common".

On August 12, 1861, Gaetz recorded the arrival of the steamer "Neptune" with 75 passengers bound for the Ovens, and the arrival of the Lunenburg packet with 104 passengers bound for the Ovens. On August 12, 1861, Mr. Gaetz noted the arrival of the War Steamer "Nimble", having on board the Governor, Earl Mulgrave and some of his council and also Admiral Milne. After inspecting the gold fields at the Ovens they returned to Halifax.

On August 31, 1861, Adolphus Gaetz recorded that there were upwards of 600 people at work at the Ovens, and that several shanties had been erected to feed and house the gold diggers. All activity at the Ovens ceased during the winter months and began with fresh vigor in the spring.

On March 11, 1862, a ship arrived in Lunenburg from Boston carrying a crushing machine and 20 passengers bound for the Ovens. On April 14, 1862, the schooner "Zion" arrived in Lunenburg with 20 passengers for the Ovens, and on April 16, 1862, another schooner the "Alma" arrived in Lunenburg with 16 passengers for the Ovens. In May, 1862, Mr. Gaetz records that:

"Emigrants are arriving daily to the Ovens gold fields. Today two vessels discharged the cargoes freight there; they were from the United States and brought a large number of passengers. Buildings are being put up in that locality in great numbers and the Ovens, which heretofore was only a barren, desolate place, is fast becoming a town".

On June 8, 1862, Gaetz recorded the arrival of the Governor in one of Her Majesty's gun boats. After visiting the gold fields the Governor returned to Halifax. On August 13, 1862, Mr. Gaetz recorded the takeover of the gold fields at the Ovens by the government and on August 15, 1862, recorded the settlement between the owners of the gold fields and the government.

August 13, 1862 — "An arbitration was commenced yesterday between the proprietors of Land at the "Ovens" gold diggings, and the government. The facts of the case are these:- when gold was discovered at the "Ovens" the government seized all lands as were supposed to contain gold, with the full understanding that the proprietors should receive a certain value for each Lot of Land taken; an agreement was drawn up to that effect between the parties, and now the government refuse to pay the amount claimed by the owners, under the agreement; the government allege that the proprietors are putting a different construction on the agreement from what it should be, it is therefore left to arbitrators to decide. Yesterday and today the preliminaries were merely gone through. The Attorney General appears as Advocate for the government, and John W. Ritchie, Barrister from Halifax, for the land proprietors."

August 15, 1862 — "This evening the arbitrators closed their business, having made their award in favor of the Land proprietors, which will cost the government about Four thousand pounds."

This is the last entry in Mr. Gaetz's diary respecting the Ovens.

## DREDGING AT THE OVENS

— Daniel Boulanger '70 —

During the past summer this writer had the opportunity of working for the Matachewan Canadian Gold Company Ltd. This Company, as many readers might know, was dredging in the waters off the Ovens Park. The boss of the operation was Mr. Fred Libby, an American Geologist.

The dredge, the Sea Gold, was built in Mahone Bay during the winter by the men who worked on it. The digging end of the dredge is 57 feet in length with a rotating head, that loosens the material which is then drawn up with tons of water through an eight inch pipe. This is done by a suction pump run by the dredge's diesel engine. The materials and water are then thrown into three sluice boxes and the water washes the lighter materials along the boxes and out the end of the dredge. The heavy materials, of which gold is one, are collected in the bottom of the boxes by rails which are placed across the flow of the water.

The dredge was held afloat by two pontoons, which ran the length of the dredge, made up of five or six sections each. The dredge was held in place by four anchors with cables attached to four electric winches, one at each corner of the dredge; these made it possible for the dredge to move around in a certain area.

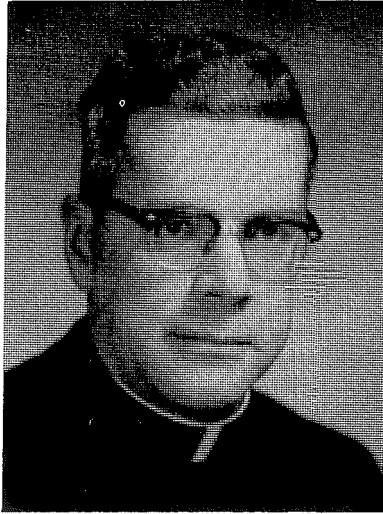
The engine on the dredge does not provide for the movement of the dredge so the dredge was moved by a tug called the General Page. Dredging was done mostly in the Ovens Cove near the point until September when the dredge was moved around to the Rose Bay side of the Park.

Many people during the summer asked me how the dredge was doing. Most of these people were surprised to hear that the dredge was only an experimental one and not concerned with the mining of gold as much as where the gold is in mineable quantities.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation filmed the dredge during the summer to be used in a documentary film on exploration in Canada which will be shown sometime this year.

To end this article I guess I should answer the question everyone asked this summer. Yes, Virginia, there is gold in the Ovens Park.

## BIOGRAPHIES



### BIOGRAPHY OF REVEREND J. GREGORY HEENAN — Julia Purcell '72 —

On February 9, 1928, a boy, J. Gregory Heenan, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Heenan of Halifax. He was one of six children, five boys and one girl.

Reverend Heenan received his formal education in the city of Halifax. He attended St. Patrick's Boys' School from grades one to twelve. Then he entered St. Mary's University, graduating in 1948 with a Bachelor of Arts degree. Besides his studies, he was interested in sports, playing interfaculty hockey and football. He also took part in public speaking and debating activities at St. Mary's.

In the fall of 1948 Father Heenan entered Holy Heart Seminary, of Halifax, to study Theology in preparation for the priesthood. In May, 1952, he was ordained to the priesthood.

On entering the priesthood, Father Heenan was assistant priest at St. Mary's Cathedral parish for eight years. Then he was transferred to St. Michael's parish in Spryfield and remained there for three years. In the summer of 1963 he was appointed as parish priest of the St. Joseph's parish in Bridgewater. The Bridgewater Parish includes half of Lunenburg County and has churches in Bridgewater, Lunenburg and Elmwood.

Clearly Father Heenan has little time for hobbies but does manage some golf in the summer and enjoys skating and bowling in the winter months.

Reverend Heenan is very fond of travelling and has made two journeys to Europe, where he visited various countries. He found the people of West Germany around Bavaria particularly interesting. Also, he was impressed by the culture of the older countries. Father Heenan is partly Irish so did not fail to mention the beauty of the Irish landscapes and the wonderful people of Ireland.

Father Heenan's opinion of the changing role of the clergy and the church is that the clergy and church has changed most in its involvement in the real life of a community. Now the church has become interested in the social problems which face any community; helping people with life in this world. Formerly clergy and church were involved mostly in spiritual matters and life which was centered around the church's activities. In its new role the church helps to answer the needs of the people in our society today while still fulfilling their spiritual needs.



**MR. WILFRED KINLEY RETIRES**  
— Mary Meisner '70, Liz Crouse '70 —

“Man, unlike any other thing  
Organic or inorganic in the universe,  
Grows beyond his work,  
Walks up the stairs of his concepts  
Emerges ahead of his accomplishments.”  
— John Steinbeck —

Wilfred Francis Kinley, son of Captain James Francis Kinley, Master Mariner, and Louisa A. Loye, was born on September 15, 1896.

Mr. Kinley received his primary education in Lunenburg schools. At the age of fourteen he worked in a drug store operated by his brother, John. Then, in 1913, he entered the Nova Scotia College of Pharmacy, which was at that time in affiliation with Dalhousie University, where he graduated as a Pharmaceutical Chemist.

On graduation in 1915, Mr. Kinley worked in one of the three stores of Kinley's Limited, Halifax. Then he returned to Lunenburg where he continued his work as a druggist. Some time later, he and his brother purchased a drug store in Bridgewater, where Mr. Kinley worked for six months.

In 1916, Mr. Kinley joined the Canadian Army Medical Corps as a Sergeant Dispenser. This job was concerned with the charge of the dispensary at Camp Hill Hospital. It was during this time that the Halifax explosion occurred and Mr. Kinley has many vivid memories of the dreadful disaster. In March, 1917, Mr. Kinley was assigned to the transport staff of the Canadian Army and proceeded overseas with the troops. He spent some time in England and returned to Halifax in August, where again he was assigned to Camp Hill Hospital.

Following his discharge, in 1919 Mr. Kinley went into partnership with his brother in the Lunenburg drug-store. Later, Wilfred and John Kinley bought a drug store in Liverpool but sold it shortly afterwards.

In 1925, Mr. Kinley married Roberta Backman, one of the few lady chemists in Nova Scotia at that time. They had two daughters, Anne, a Registered Nurse, and Kathryn, a Registered Medical Secretary at the Montreal General Hospital.

When his brother retired in 1934, Mr. Kinley took full charge of the Lunenburg business. Meanwhile, the Bridgewater store was retained up until 1960.

Over the years Mr. Kinley has held many offices. He has been first President of the Lunenburg Hospital Society, President of the Board of Trade, Worshipful Master of Masonic Lodge No. 4, High Priest of Royal Arch Masons, Grand Scribe of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Chapter of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, and President of the local Red Cross. Mr. Kinley has served on the provincial executive of the Red Cross and for some years as Chairman for Lunenburg County in the Red Cross and Salvation Army fund-raising campaigns. In addition, for seventeen years he was a member of the Board of Management for the local hospital. He is a Serving Brother with the St. John Ambulance Corps.

It is also interesting to note that Mr. Kinley was an Examiner in Pharmacy and Dispensing for the Nova Scotia Pharmaceutical Society. Mr. Kinley told us that he entered Pharmacy because it was the family business. Otherwise, he would have taken up engineering.

Mr. Kinley was Warden of St. John's Anglican Church of Lunenburg for two years. He spent many years as a member of the Vestry, during which time he was Chairman of the Anglican Advance Appeal for Lunenburg County, and Chairman of the University of Kings College Fund for St. John's Church.

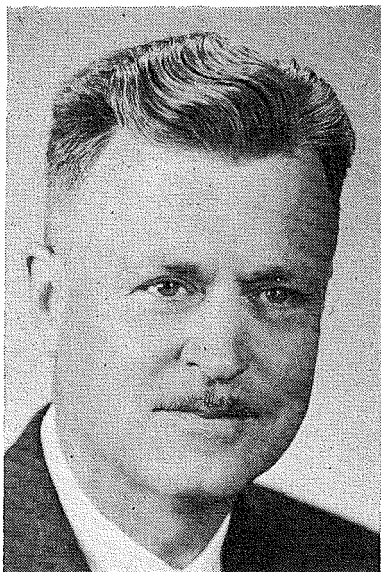
Why did Wilfred Kinley retire? Mr. Kinley retired because he had spent fifty years in the drug business and he wanted to see something of the world before he became too old to travel. Also, he found the drug business demanded much time and mental strain.

Now that Mr. Kinley is retired he plans to take up some of his old hobbies again, which include farming, navigation and reading. He has a great knowledge of geography and now he wants to explore some of the places he has read about, mainly Europe and the Far East. Possibly he will be visiting Japan to see Osaka '70. Mr. Kinley hopes to complete the family tree on both his mother's and father's sides.

Mr. Kinley has a great interest in politics. He feels that there was more "zimp" in politics years ago than today. "Everyone was up in arms when something happened years ago, but now people don't take much stock in what takes place", says Mr. Kinley.

To Mr. Wilfred Kinley, who has contributed so much to the community, we at L.J.S.H.S. wish good health and happiness in his retirement.





**MR. GROVER L. JEWETT**

— Nancy Lohnes '72, Peggy Falkenham '72 —

St. Stephen, New Brunswick, was the birthplace of Mr. Grover Jewett, presently the manager of the Lunenburg branch of the Bank of Montreal. As a boy, Mr. Jewett lived in the three Maritime Provinces at many points. To continue this gypsy life, he joined the Bank of Montreal at Grand Falls, New Brunswick. His first transfer was to Lunenburg in October, 1930, during the epic Fishermen's Race between the Bluenose and the G. L. Thebaud.

Later transfers over the Maritimes brought him finally to Hartland, New Brunswick, where he met and married Alice Keswick.

Then westward to Montreal for four years and next to Ontario for a similar period.

Surprisingly enough, their next move was twelve hundred miles eastward and back to Mahone Bay. Since then, with two boys Mac and Chris, and two girls, Alison and Janice in the family, their home has been in Lunenburg County, including Riverport and latterly Lunenburg.

Mr. Jewett's hobbies reflect a wide range of interests. He is an avid photographer and a hunting enthusiast. Other hobbies include bee keeping, sailing and woodworking.

We wish Mr. Jewett and his family all the best in the years to come.



**EDMUND R. SAUNDERS**  
— Jocelyn Zinck '72 —

The son of Mrs. Charles K. Saunders and the late Mr. Saunders, Berwick, N.S., Mr. Edmund R. Saunders was born October 26, 1918, in Berwick. He is the second oldest in a family of eight. After graduation from Berwick High School he remained on the family farm for several years before joining the Canadian Army in 1943.

On active service overseas he served one year in England with the 23rd Canadian General Hospital Unit and then with the 10th Field Dressing Station and other Medical Units of the occupation force in Germany for about one year returning to Canada in June, 1946, where he received his discharge. After discharge about August 1, 1946, Mr. Saunders attended Veteran's Training School at Pictou, N.S., for a period of nine months in order to complete entrance qualifications for Dalhousie University. After five years of studies he graduated in 1952 from Dalhousie University with a Bachelor of Laws Degree.

After graduation, Mr. Saunders married the former Reta W. Walker, R.N., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence K. Walker, Norton, N.B., and moved to Middleton, N.S., where he served a period of articleship with Hanson T. Dowell, Q.C.

After being admitted to the Bar in the spring of 1953, he moved to Bridgewater where he was associated with Arthur Thurlow, Q.C., until December, 1953, when he opened an office for the general practise of law in Lunenburg. In 1967 Mr. V. Blaine Allaby, B.A., L.L.B., joined Mr. Saunders as an associate.

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders have one daughter, Joanne Elizabeth, who is 10 years old and a Grade 5 student at Lunenburg Academy.



**ARCHIBALD BURKE**  
— Linda Lohnes '70 —

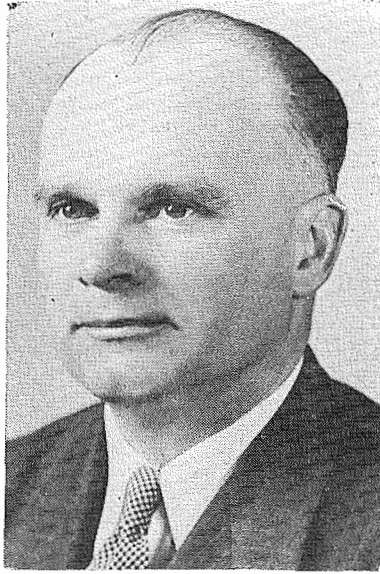
Mr. Burke was born November 24, 1919, at Inverness, Cape Breton, and received his education there. After he received his Grade XII, he began to work at many different jobs. Some of these jobs included Messenger in the House of Commons, Ottawa, and Clerical work with the British War Supply in Ottawa. His work in Ottawa gave him an opportunity to meet and see the notable people of those days in action.

In 1941, Mr. Burke joined the Canadian Army and in 1942 went overseas. He served in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. When he returned in 1945, he attended Saint Francis Xavier University to further his education by going into pre-law studies. Then Mr. Burke enrolled at Dalhousie University and graduated from the Law School. In 1950 he was admitted to the Bar.

In 1949, Mr. Burke married the former Jean Powers of Lunenburg. Deciding to live in Lunenburg, he set up his law practice in September, 1950. Being an ambitious and active person he belonged to various organizations in which he held offices. Some of these offices included Secretary and Deputy-District Governor of the Lions Club, Secretary of the Liberal Association and Secretary of the Legion. In 1963 he was a candidate for the federal constituency of Queens-Lunenburg and in 1967 was made Queen's Counsel.

The Burkes now have four children, Mary Ann, Beverly, Patrick and Michael. Mr. Burke took an active interest in such sports as hockey, baseball, and track and field until recent years. His sporting interests now include hunting, fishing and some golf.

The staff of the Sea Gull extends to Mr. Burke our best wishes for further success in his profession.



**CHARLES E. YOUNG**

— Lois Gibson '74, Marion Bauld '74 —

The elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel E. Young, Charles E. Young was born in Lunenburg in 1911. He graduated from Lunenburg County Academy in 1927 and because he would not go to college, his father enrolled him in the I.C.S. Course in Mechanical Engineering and made him study five nights per week for two years.

Lunenburg Foundry & Engineering employed Mr. Young as a Draughtsman and Machinist until 1934. He was also the Manager of the Foundry Garage from 1934 to 1937.

In 1937, the Foundry sent him to England where he worked with Petters Ltd., Diesel Engineers, whom the Foundry represented in the Maritimes.

During the year 1938, Grace M. Mason, who was born in Lunenburg but lived in Somerville, Massachusetts, was united in wedlock with Mr. Young. They have two sons, David 30 and Roy 24.

Until 1954, Mr. Young was Superintendent of the Foundry and during the war years the Marine Superintendent. Then he was appointed Manager of the Company when his father retired. Later he was appointed Vice-President. He is now Vice-President of Newtown Motors, Vice-President of Atlantic Heat & Electronics, Director of Lunenburg Foundry Garage, and also Director of Lunenburg Marine Railway Company.

In church affairs Mr. Young has played a leading part. A faithful attendant and Member of Central United Church, Mr. Young also is the Chairman of the Board of Trustees and Chairman of the Property Committee of this Church. He is untiring in his efforts on behalf of Central United.

As well as leading a very active business life, Mr. Young is involved in many worthwhile activities in our Town. He is an Honorary Member of the Lunenburg Fire Department and for forty years he was a Member of the

Lunenburg Band. For several years, Mr. Young was a Member of the Board of Management of the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital. In addition, he has always been a strong supporter of the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic; having given fifty-four donations, he holds a Fifty Donation Scroll. In the past, he has been Noble Grand of the I.O.O.F. Lodge and today he is a Member of Unity Masonic Lodge, a Member of the Lunenburg Board of Trade and an Associate of the Institute of Marine Engineers.

In spite of his many other activities, Mr. Young enjoys a day at the Golf Course, bowling, fishing and skating. Photography is his main hobby and he is a graduate in Professional Photography from the School of Modern Photography. When he took photos of the H.M.S. Bounty in 1960, for Metro Goldwyn Mayer, some of these pictures were used in the advertising program for the movie "Mutiny on the Bounty". Several of his photos of the Bounty and Bluenose II appeared in "National Geographic", "Yachting" and various newspapers and other periodicals.

Mr. Young continues his daily work schedule and his interest in community affairs.



**MR. LESLIE COMSTOCK**

— Anne Fraelic '73, Vicki Orchard '73 —

Lunenburg's only optometrist, Mr. Leslie Comstock, was a native of Berwick before coming here. His father was a dentist by profession and his mother a graduate of music from Acadia University. It was from his mother that Mr. Comstock gained his interest in music. After taking piano lessons for about ten years, he became interested in jazz and joined the school band.

On graduating from High School, Mr. Comstock took the Pre-medical

Course at Acadia and then moved to Massachusetts College in Boston where he specialized in Optometry. Upon graduation he set up practice in this profession at Berwick. This was interrupted by service in the Army. Shortly after returning to Berwick, Mr. Comstock visited Lunenburg where he saw the opportunities for an optometrist. He has practiced here ever since. At present Mr. Comstock is President of the Nova Scotia Optometric Association.

Mr. Comstock is married to the former Margaret Nichols, a B.A. and B.Ed. graduate of Mount Allison University and has four children, Jill, Wendy, Chris and Peter. Peter, having followed the same career as his father, is established at Dartmouth, and Chris is associated with his father as a dispensing optician. Wendy and Jill are both students in the Junior-Senior High School.

For a number of years, Mr. Comstock spent much of his spare time as a pianist. Many of the people in the County and even farther afield have danced to music played by orchestras of which he was the pianist. Of late years Mr. Comstock has given up orchestra work but he retains his interest in music.

Mr. Comstock has many other interests besides music. He is an active member of the local Lions Club and is always ready to support a good cause. He is intensely interested in sports. Besides following sports events here and elsewhere he is a keen curler and golfer and is Past President of both the Lunenburg Curling Club and the Bluenose Golf Club. His wife Margaret shares his interest in sports and also plays an active part in the work of Central United Church.

Best Wishes for the future!



**DR. D. BRUCE KEDDY**

— Lynne Eisenhower '70 —

In 1926, in Montreal, Donald Bruce Keddy first made his appearance. Nova Scotia first saw him in 1929 when he, with his family, moved to Dartmouth. There he attended Dartmouth High School and enjoyed sailing, hunting and fishing.

Upon graduation he attended Acadia University for two years. At the end of this time because of the War he became an Air Crew Trainee but the war ended before he was ready for Active Service. Then it was back to Acadia from which he graduated in 1946 with a B.Sc. This class of '46 made him their Life President. From Acadia he travelled to Dalhousie Medical School from which he graduated in 1951.

Dr. Keddy first practised in Mahone Bay. When asked why he chose to live in this area, he answered that it was because his ancestors lived here. Alexander Keddy, a Scottish soldier, owned the first sawmill in Lunenburg from which the lumber was used to construct the original Lunenburg settlers' homes. Alexander later moved to Kinburn, now Mahone Bay, and was a Member of the first Provincial Legislative Assembly.

While practising in Mahone Bay, Dr. Keddy served on the Town Council, the Board of Trade, and belonged to the Kiwanis Club.

From Mahone Bay, he moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where he studied surgery. But we soon saw him back in this area as a specialist in surgery and a resident.

Dr. Keddy belongs to the Nova Scotia and Canadian Medical Associations and the American Society of Abdominal Surgeons and is also on the Regional Standards Committee of South Shore hospitals. His hope is a community health centre in this area. He is an active member of the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital. The Legion and the Masonic Lodge have him as a member. Dr. Keddy also had the honour of being a Past-president of the Lunenburg-Queens Medical Society.

Interests outside of medicine include boating, farming, fishing and his family. Dr. Keddy married the former Leslie Ann Hayes of Halifax in 1950. They have six daughters — Dale 19, Martha 17, Heather 15, Anne 10, Jill 9, and Shelagh 7. He has a brother, David, who practises medicine in Mahone Bay, and two sisters who live in Quebec.

Recently Dr. Keddy was a guest on H.M.C.S. Bonaventure as she cruised south for the annual Maplespring exercise. During the course of the journey, he was called upon to perform an emergency operation for which he was made Honorary Surgeon Commander of the aircraft carrier.

We at L.J.S.H.S. wish Dr. Keddy all the best in the future.

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## JOSEPH PURCELL

— Paulette Mosher '70 —

In our town live individuals who by their unique gifts and particular profession or craft are enabled to give joy to others in a special way. Craftsmen, musicians, writers, artists, and other kind are privileged to share the products of their creative talents with those who work in other fields yet have in their outlook on life, a keen appreciation of beauty.

One of these, who in the pursuit of earning a living, can communicate with people through this art, is Joseph Purcell, N.S.A.

Born in Halifax in 1927, educated there and having studied at the Nova Scotia College of Art, Joe has been dedicated to painting since his earliest boyhood days. He has interpreted scenes and people in a realistic yet poetic way in this province, Quebec and New England.

At the age of seventeen his work was accepted to hang in the select Spring Show of the Montreal Society of Artists and since then Joe's paintings in oil and water-color have hung in countless shows, in private galleries and government and corporation sponsored exhibitions. His seascapes, farm scenes and religious paintings have hung in Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, New York and on world tour.

A scholarship and prize winner from the early days, as a teen-aged artist, his work appeared regularly at "one-man shows" in Montreal's Continental Galleries at which time the late Joseph Shima became a good friend and artistic advisor. Zwicker's Granville Gallery always brought to the public the various phases of Joe's art as it evolved over the years, and this continues to be so under new ownership.

Galleries change hands — owners die or move to London and adjusting to such changes might be distressing to some artists, as their artistic directors are often lively people who exert a strong influence on "their" artists. Joseph Purcell, however, has always had very real personal links with many of his patrons, unlike some "recluse" types who seem to paint in a self-imposed exile from people.

Private commissions from murals and paintings have always been a satisfying reason to keep seeking new approaches to painting the subjects he loves. Interesting friendships and associations all across Canada and the United States develop when an artist and buyer negotiate.

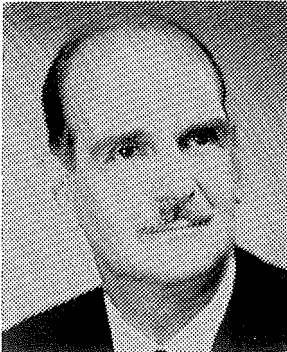
Projects for individuals and corporations range in size from miniature to dimensions of 8 ft. high x 60 ft. long. One such mural in Place Ville Marie, somewhat abstract in treatment, is readily recognizable as a fleet of Lunenburg Schooners.

His subjects are usually the unspoiled aspects of our countryside. Artists



daily see the same sights which most of us appreciate, but they view it with a greatly heightened awareness of form, colour, texture, and mood. Their absorption with capturing it as an art form, gives them a poetic vision of what might seem commonplace to a disinterested onlooker. A scintillating water color may result from a fragment of landscape that others would notice only vaguely in passing.

Joseph Purcell's work has an individual personal stamp that marks it unmistakably his own in an art world where artists are sometimes submerged in "isms", fads, transitory "schools" of painting.



**ALBERT J. A. TOMS**  
— Cathy Zinck '71 —

Barking, Essex, England, is the birthplace of Albert Toms, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Reginald Toms. He graduated from Eastbury Senior Boys School. From school, at the age of 17, he entered Bakelight Moulding and Plastics where he worked for a few months before enlisting in the Royal Air Force.

During his six years of service, Mr. Toms travelled the world in Bomber and Transport Command. In 1945 he instructed air crews for the Japanese campaign. Fifteen months later, after being demobilized, Mr. Toms entered the operation division of British European Airways. During this period he was married in England to Elaine Knickle, formerly of Lunenburg.

In 1951, Mr. and Mrs. Toms returned to Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. For two and one-half years he was employed in the office of the Lunenburg Foundry. From here he ventured on to Halifax where he was the assistant manager of the Casino and the manager of the Oxford Theatre. In 1957 he joined Wheeler Airlines at Great Whale River, Hudson Bay, as Station Manager. Two years later, Mr. Toms joined the Federal Civil Service in Bridgewater from which he was transferred to the Branch Office in Lunenburg of Manpower & Immigration where he is presently counsellor in charge.

In general, Mr. Toms is contributing greatly to our community. He is active as a senator of the International Junior Chamber of Commerce, member of the Board of Trade, the Legion, and the Queen of the Sea Committee for the last ten years. He is also one of our most active athletic team supporters.

Mr. Toms has one child — Sharon, a student in Grade 11.

We at L.J.S.H.S. wish Mr. Toms and his family every success in the future.



### **MRS. JANE GIBSON**

**— Nancy Himmelman '74, Bonnie McLeod '74 —**

Mrs. Jane Gibson, the daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. Thomas Himmelman, was born on August 8, 1929, in Rose Bay, Nova Scotia.

She moved to Lunenburg at an early age and was educated at the Lunenburg Academy. During her school years she took part in all school activities and was a member of the Nova Scotia Intermediate Basketball Championship Team. Mrs. Gibson graduated in 1946 and in the same year entered St. John General Hospital, St. John, New Brunswick, to train for a laboratory technician.

One of the memorable events in her life took place during her training in 1947 when she was chosen as the first Queen of the Sea at the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition. As a prize she was given trips to Montreal and Boston and was entertained royally in her home town.

In 1948, on completion of her Laboratory Course, she moved to Woodstock, N.B., to work as a Laboratory Technician at Fisher Memorial Hospital. She held that position for five years and during that time, in 1949, married Stanley Gibson of Woodstock.

In 1955, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson moved to Lunenburg where Mr. Gibson opened a retail clothing store, Stan's Dad & Lad Shop. They now have two children — Lois, fourteen, and Bill, eleven.

Mrs. Gibson is very active in both church and community. She was an active member of the Lunenburg Jaycettes and served as their President in 1957. In 1964 she co-chaired a citizen's committee in a campaign for the erection of our present Junior-Senior High School. She is a Member of Central United Church and the United Church Women in which she has served on several committees. She is very active in church choirs, being a Member of the Senior Choir and Director of the Junior Choir, organized during the ministry of the late Rev. N. Stuart MacDonald.

Mrs. Gibson is a Member of the Home & School and the Ladies Division of the Bluenose Golf Club. She enjoys skating, Saturday night curling and helps in the managing of a ladies' ready-to-wear store, Famous Town Ladies Shop, a family business.

Refinishing furniture is a favorite hobby, but family and Church work consume most of Mrs. Gibson's time. It is in working with the young people in her choir that she is given her greatest challenge.

We all wish Mrs. Gibson and her family success in future years.



**MISS RUTH HAMM**

— Anne Spencer '73, Judith VanDine '73 —

Miss Ruth Hamm is well known to many Lunenburg citizens as a fine, outstanding school teacher. She is a Lunenburger and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamm. She attended the Academy during her younger years and at the age of 17 went to Teachers College or Normal School in Truro. Then she spent a year teaching in the little Centre School where she taught miscellaneous grades up to Grade 8. The next two years were spent in teaching first at Brooklyn in Queens County and then at Riverport. The rest of her teaching years were spent here in Lunenburg where she saw many changes in the school curriculum and in the schools themselves.

Miss Hamm is an active Member of the Anglican Church and her teaching abilities extended to Sunday School where she taught for twenty-five years. Her many interests include gardening, oil painting, and reading. She also is active in many organizations.

In all, Miss Hamm taught school for forty-two years and during this time her warmth and understanding were encouraging factors to many of her students.



**MISS PAULINE MILDRED VEINOT**  
— Becky-lee Young '72 —

You're only as old as you feel! If this applies, Miss Pauline Veinot retired last year at about twenty.

Miss Veinot's early education was at Blockhouse. Normal (Teachers College) and Dalhousie Summer School completed the educational picture.

Her first position was at Indian Point, with Blandford, Windsor Road, Marriott's Cove, Chester and Lunenburg also receiving the benefits of her teaching.

This former teacher's one aim in life was teaching. When asked about this aim her reply was "I enjoyed teaching even when I grumbled". She chose grade six because "there was more variety and opportunities in teaching more than one subject".

Miss Veinot has always played an active part in organizations connected with education and youth. A strong believer in co-operation between home and school, she has been very active in the Home and School movement in Lunenburg County. When the Lunenburg County Council of this organization was formed about 1933, Miss Veinot was made a member and she has been on the executive ever since that time. In 1955, because of her work with youth, Miss Veinot was made a life member of the Diocesan Council of the Anglican Young People's Association.

Last year Miss Veinot retired after thirty-nine and a half years of teaching. The sixty-one year old former teacher is active in church work, attends St. James Anglican Church, Mahone Bay, and has been superintendent of the Blockhouse Sunday School for twenty-five years. Her retirement now gives her more time to pursue her many hobbies. Among these are sewing and gardening. Miss Veinot is also an accomplished painter. She really enjoys her retirement — in her own words, "I've retired from teaching but not from life!"

## STUDENT TRIPS

### THE UNITED NATIONS SEMINAR

— Patsy Walters '71, Roy Gjelstad '71 —

The theme of the Seminar was Human Rights at Home and Abroad. However, this could more accurately be expressed as Human Rights and Relations. The accent was not placed on such dull, stale topics as "Why Russia does not pay her dues?" but rather on relevant and vital problems of today's world.

The thinking of this was opened by Alan Borovoy from the Canadian Civil Liberties Association who dealt with the overall question of human rights in the structure of a society. This question evolved as an area of grey and not as black-white issues in which it was seen that some human rights must be violated to protect other human rights through justice or democratic principles.

Next, a college student, Debbie Lyons, spoke to us about Operation Crossroads Africa, through which she spent a summer building a school in Ghana. She communicated her strong impressions she gained there on racism saying that when she returned she hated the fact she was white.

Then we entered the main topic of the Seminar — the Arab-Israeli conflict — an immensely interesting and stimulating subject. It was presented in a most dynamic manner, with an eloquent Arab diplomat presenting his side's view on one day, and a powerful Israeli colonel presenting his country's stand the next. After the second day, we were totally confused not knowing who we thought was right, or where we stood. Although we knew the facts, such powerful emotional arguments that were presented could not be argued or rationalized away, that it was impossible to say if either side was correct.

That night, three Canadian Indians in the group, gave an insight into the life and future of the Indian reserves. They made you aware of the attitudes and pressures caused by prejudice and discrimination toward the red man in Canada, and also of the conflict between government control of their lives, and their survival and progress as people.

They often talked about issues of human rights and discrimination which were made real to us by three men from Halifax: Marvin Schiff, human rights co-ordinator for Nova Scotia; Buddy Day, head of the Neighbourhood Centre Project; and Clyde Bishop, who opened our eyes to discrimination where we live, and exhorted us to action instead of apathy. The points were further emphasized in our discussion groups by Negro members of the Seminar who broke down some of our self-concepts and feelings of "Everything is alright in Nova Scotia", by saying things like: "You think there isn't discrimination here?" — "there is". "You think there couldn't be riots in Halifax?" — "if people don't wake up it's liable to be 'Burn, Baby, Burn'." "You think you're not prejudiced?" With uneasy feeling in our stomachs and bruised egos, we were forced to critically re-examine our own views and attitudes, and to begin to think toward a more positive realistic stand, now that we had had a glimpse of the way things really were.

The Seminar came to a climax with the General Assembly which gave us an insight into the actual political and diplomatic forces within the United Nations. A resolution was brought before the Assembly, amended and finally passed condemning Israel for aggression against the Arab world.

Following the Assembly, came a banquet, with speaker Sharon Cunningham, Information Officer for the Company of Young Canadians, who informed us of its purposes and projects and for some, changed the stony feelings we had gained on the challenge and need of change and social action into realistic plans. The banquet was followed by a semi-formal dance, and the Seminar concluded on Saturday morning with a review and evaluation.

Before closing, we (Patsy Walters, Roy Gjelstad and Charles Eisnor) would like to express our thanks to: the Royal Canadian Legion Branch No. 23, the I.O.D.E. and the Ladies Auxiliary of Lunenburg for making it possible for us to participate in this journey into understanding. This Seminar was not planned, nor did it prove to be a sterile intellectual exercise. It was an awaking and in many ways the end was to be the beginning. For some, what was found did not entirely change the course of their future plans, but no one came away without a changed view towards social problems, and dissatisfaction with stagnation and apathy.

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## FRENCH-ENGLISH STUDENT EXCHANGE

— Peggy Falkenham '72 —

Most students do not realize what they miss each summer by not going to Quebec on this exchange. When I went to Sherbrooke last July, I met so many wonderful people from all over Canada and I had such a fabulous time that I have never had any regrets about going. My exchange partner, Monique Breton, helped me a great deal for she spoke English quite well and made me feel very much at home.

Sherbrooke is a very large city and the people had a marvelous programme made up for the 300 exchange students. The English-speaking and French-speaking students always mixed together and got along very well with each other. Everywhere we went, both French and English songs could be heard. One day we invaded two university campuses: Université de Sherbrooke and Université Bishops. Another day we all got soaked when it started to rain just as we were going up a ski lift on Mount Orford. Several of us were interviewed by the daily newspaper, while a few others were on television. The people of Sherbrooke really wanted us to enjoy ourselves and we sure did.

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## FRENCH-ENGLISH EXCHANGE

— Corrine Himmelman '71, Lynne Shepherd '71 —

After much preparation and anticipation, seven girls left Lunenburg, for Quebec and two weeks of Quebec hospitality. Our departure date was July 2nd, 1969, and the two of us arrived in Mont Joli very late that night to continue on to Matane. We said good-bye to our five friends whom we would see two weeks and "much French" later.

We became part of our French families for our short stay in Matane. Our French partners showed us a wonderful time and we were very sorry when the time came for us to return home. Although we had our new friends along with us on the trip home it was hard to leave the families who treated us as one of their own.

We returned home July 17th and while our group was in Lunenburg, the Jaycees did a great deal for our enjoyment and we would like to thank them for doing so.

## FRENCH EXCHANGE VISIT

— Gail Fox '72 —

In July of last summer, I was selected to go to Quebec on a French exchange visit. After many forms and papers that had to be filled out I found myself going to Rimouski which is about 200 miles north-east of Quebec City on the Gaspé Peninsula. Pam Mills was also selected to go to Rimouski and so we were together in this large city.

During my two-week stay in Rimouski, I had a great time learning French customs and language. All our time was filled with swimming, dancing, shopping, visiting the "Park" and all the other interesting points in Rimouski. Rimouski has about 25,000 people and is a rather sprawling city.

My partner was very nice and so was her family. We travelled to Riviere de Loup and crossed the St. Lawrence to St. Simon on an hour and fifteen minute ferry ride. After reaching St. Simon, we drove up the Saguenay River to Lac St. Jean and visited various towns including Ste. Felicien Zoo and a Ghost Town. We then travelled down the river again and went to Quebec City. We visited all the historical points including The Quebec Aquarium and Quebec University. We returned home again to resume our exchange activities. After our two-week stay, we returned to Lunenburg with our partners and likewise had a schedule and our own time.

I think that the month of July went too fast but I guess all good things must end. I truly enjoyed my visit to Quebec and also enjoyed having my partner come to Lunenburg. I learned quite a bit more French than I already knew and how the French-Canadians actually live. I suggest strongly if any students have a chance to go on an exchange to take it for it is well worth it.

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## THE YOUNG VOYAGEUR PROGRAM FOR 1969

— Wendy Dauphinee '70 —

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia; yes, I have seen all these provinces. Last summer I spent August 2-19 travelling across our beautiful country. I will never be able to pay all the "thanks" I owe to our school for choosing me for such a wonderful opportunity. Before I tell about the trip itself, I shall briefly inform you, just what the Young Voyageur Program is.

For the purpose of celebrating Canada's Centennial Year, the Canadian Centennial Youth Travel Program was carried on for four years; 1964-1967. However, the Young Voyageur Program has been established on a permanent basis to replace this former program.

This educational travel project for young Canadians is a joint venture of the Department of the Secretary of State, acting for the Federal Government and the ten Provincial Governments and the administrations of the Northwest Territories and the Yukon. Each of these governments accepts part of the responsibility for the success of the program; these responsibilities are laid down in a formal Federal-Provincial Agreement.

The province or territory is responsible for selecting the students and escorts who participate, and dividing them into units of 24 students and 2 escorts. They also agree to brief all participants before they leave their home province, to provide adequate insurance for them, and to assemble units at points of departure. As hosts, the provinces agree to receive a number of units equal to the number they send out. For their guests they provide bil-

lets in the town or city which is being visited and arrange a seven-day program including three days free of group activities.

The Federal Government manages and co-ordinates the Young Voyageur Program at the national level. This involves planning the nation-wide moves, preparation of one-day visits to the National Capital area for groups passing through Ottawa. The Federal Government assumes all transportation costs from the unit's point of departure to destination and return. It also pays a per participant allowance to assist in defraying incidental expenses while travelling and towards the cost of receiving visiting students. Further, each participant is provided with informative literature, a travel bag, luggage stickers, name tag, and a song book.

The aims of the Young Voyageur Program are clear — to provide young Canadians with an opportunity to meet, to know, and to develop a closer understanding of Canadians living and working in regions other than their own, and to introduce them to the geography of Canada and to the political, educational, cultural and artistic achievements of another province.

Perhaps I had better state that the former information is generally adequate for most of the Voyageur trips. However, in the case of the Voyageur group of which I was a participant, putting it in straight-forward everyday language, someone "goofed". The only three means of identification; name tags, voyageur bags and Nova Scotia tams; luckily got mixed up in the mail. Yes, luckily, because there was extra excitement added to the trip. However, the Voyageurs all managed to meet each other safely on the train and we received our sources of identification later in the trip.

Twenty-four Voyageurs, a matter of minutes, a few miles and we were all friends. We were one extra-big, happy family under the guidance of "Mama" Fraser and "Papa" Sproule, our escorts.

The next four days we spent travelling across our country. We changed trains at Montreal, so we had some time to tour. Our guide, who loved to chat in French, gave us a very lovely walking tour of the area around Dorchester Street.

The most remembered highlights of the first phase of the trip was the "storm", the tracks "washed out". However, we had to change trains in Jasper and therefore had a train to catch. Several busloads of people were taken two hundred and fifty miles, during the night, to Jasper. By that time the train in Jasper was delayed seven hours. No sleep that night!

However, another day on the train and we arrived at our destination, Prince George.

Prince George, the "White Spruce Capital of the World", is located at the junction of the Nechako and Fraser Rivers in North Central British Columbia. With an economy based on the harvesting of its forests, Prince George has grown into a modern city approaching 30,000 in population, and is frequently referred to as "The Edmonton of B.C."

The day of arrival I spent getting acquainted with the family who provided me with Grade "A" hospitality.

Thursday, the first of our seven-day visit, we journeyed to Barkerville for a tour. Barkerville came into prominence due to the Englishman, Billy Barker, who struck a gold deposit on August 21, 1862. From this time on, Barkerville became the centre of the wildest, rip-snorting town that has ever existed on the face of the earth. Anything and everything was the order of the day. For a time their gold rewards were prolific, but like most good things — it came to an end. Barkerville died. In 1958 the Provincial Government decided they would initiate rebuilding plans for Barkerville to the



glory that it once knew. When the project was completed, Barkerville was once again on the map.

Friday was one of our free days which most of us spent shopping and learning to know the city. In the evening a party was held for us, at which we all had a great time.

The second free day, Saturday, I spent with the family with which I stayed. We visited a very interesting art gallery, toured the city and shopped for souvenirs. In the evening we went to very breath-taking stock-car races and a movie afterwards.

Sunday, the third and last free day, we "took it easy". About the only significant thing we did was "schmoo hunting". All I knew was that I was hunting for a very different and oddly shaped rock. Although I am not sure, I believe we were actually "schliere hunting". A schliere is an irregular, commonly not sharply bounded, portion differing in composition or texture from the general mass of rock. Unfortunately, we did not find any "schmoos" or "schlieres".

Monday, we were back to a busy schedule beginning at 8:30 a.m. We travelled, by bus, to "Endako Mines". At "Endako Mines", ore from the open-pit mine is pulverized in huge ore-crushers, and molybdenum is removed by a chemical flotation process. Molybdenum is an excellent additive to steel. After our tour we went to a lovely lake for a picnic. In the evening we had a dance in a cottage by the lake.

Tuesday was very much filled with activity. A dinner was held for us by the Rotary Club, at a place called "The Inn of the North". Immediately after a dinner a bus took us to Valderhews, which is a Radar Station situated on a very high mountain. I found it an extremely fascinating place. The remainder of the afternoon was spent at a shopping centre. That evening was our great Basketball game; Nova Scotia vs. British Columbia. We, Nova Scotians, were very proud because we won! To make the night complete many of us went bowling.

The seventh day, Wednesday, began at 9:00 a.m. with a two-hour bus tour around the city. Immediately after this, we toured Prince George's Pulp and Paper Mill. The bus then journeyed on to Fort George Park where we were provided with dinner. During the afternoon we toured the Vocational School and the Radio and TV Station. That night a going-away party was held for us.

Thursday, the day we left, was a sad day for us all. A few hours before our train left, they gave us one last tour which was of the Prince George Secondary Senior High School.

Friday was a rather special day for me, being my Birthday. The kids had baked a huge cake and bought a lovely gift for me. The cake was all gone by the time we arrived in Jasper. We had a ten-hour tour of Jasper Park. Besides the amazement of the beautiful scenery, we also had a breath-taking ride on a glacier in a snowmobile. This, to me, was a great way to celebrate my Birthday. But then the next thing I knew, I was presented with another Birthday cake by the guide we had on the tour of Jasper Park. The rest of the night on the train was filled with celebrations while we were filled with Birthday cake.

The next two days were spent, with many exciting moments, on the train.

On Monday we arrived at our country's capital, Ottawa. The ten hours spent there, began with a trip to the Centennial Building where we saw several slides. Next was our tour of Parliament House. While there, we watched the very colorful "Changing of the Guard". Right after this, we

toured the National Arts Centre. This, I thought, was an absolutely fabulous place. The remainder of the time we spent on a bus tour of the city and had an interesting tour of an art museum. This was a very brief look at Ottawa but it certainly left me with a good impression of it.

We were then sent back on the train, but two hours later we were in Montreal for our five-hour tour. This whole tour was spent on a bus driving around the city. Because of the thunder and lightning storm it rained heavily, so, nobody cared to leave the bus.

Back on the train and the next thing we knew we had arrived in Halifax. We, the twenty-four Voyageurs, had spent seventeen wonderful days together and then the time suddenly came to depart. It was truly a hard thing to face but somehow we managed to wade through the tears and go home to our families.

Believe me, I had a most wonderful and educational journey!

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## GRADE XI CLASS TRIP

— Dale Keddy '70 —

Bright and early on the morning of April 9, 1969, Grade XI of L.J.S.H.S. took to the highway and headed for Halifax — the annual class trip was underway. Outstanding among the teachers for their bravery were Mr. Haley and Mr. Rainforth who accompanied the class! The trip up was uneventful except for a small accident which occurred when two members of the class, Candy Corkum and Wendy Comstock, collectively tried to close a window. Evidently this combination of forces was too great as the window snapped viciously shut on their thumbs. Let this stand as a warning to all those who endeavor to open and shut windows on air-conditioned buses!

Upon reaching Halifax the first scheduled stop of the day was made at the building that houses the offices and printing press (what a monstrous machine!) of the Chronicle Herald. It was a fascinating tour impressing everyone with the display of the vast and efficient means of obtaining and passing along information to the public.

Next — a stop at Citadel Hill, that old and historic site which stimulates every imagination, no matter how familiar one is with the fort. After touring the museums, some of the group, spurred on by enthusiasm for adventure, took a somewhat precarious stroll around the battlements, thus obtaining an excellent view of Bedford Basin, Halifax Harbour, MacNab's Island, and the blue Atlantic beyond. Following this dizzying feat they crept down a flight or two of cold, wet steps to glimpse the unrestored section of the fort. It is said that from that very spot a network of tunnels extends from the hill to the harbour and whether or not the legend is true it was exciting to gaze into the black depths of the supposed entrances.

When the tour of Citadel Hill ended, it was lunchtime, and the group split up to wander in search of fare followed by an afternoon of shopping. Everyone, I am sure, put these few hours of grace to good and profitable use, for when the group formed again most members displayed a happy glow of satisfaction.

A trip to Neptune Theatre, where the group viewed "The Promise", provided the last scheduled event of the day — no not quite! The trip back to Lunenburg turned into a surprise birthday party for Bev Williams complete with a cake and a rousing chorus of "Happy Birthday". What happier ending could be made of such a successful day?

## THE GRADE 6B CLASS TRIP

— Esther Erns† '75 —

On a sunny and warm Friday, May 30, 1969, the Grade 6B Class, chaperoned by their teacher, Mr. James Muise, ventured to the town of Kentville, N.S. Several parents and relatives of the students gave of their time to help with transportation. We entertained ourselves mostly by singing songs and telling jokes. We studied about these places during the year and we therefore thought it would be a good idea to visit them.

The first museum we paid a visit to was Grand Pré, also known as the home of Evangeline. There we saw some farm tools that were used by the Acadians. We went into a little room where they had church services. Outdoors, there was a statue of Henry W. Longfellow who wrote poems about Evangeline. We also saw a statue of Evangeline. When you go to one side of her she is happy and young. When you go to the other side of her, she appears old and sad because she has lost her lover. Some of the trees at this place were originally planted by the Acadians.

The next place we visited was Windsor. We stopped at some picnic tables where we planned to eat lunch. Just as we were gathered around the tables the wind started to blow. So we ended up eating in the car. When the wind calmed down we went down by a lake where someone found a beaver's dam. Some of the girls didn't want to go because they were scared of snakes. We then started off for the Haliburton House. Coming up the driveway, we noticed the haunted pool where a piper was believed to have drowned. We went over to see the wishing well and then went into the museum. There is a portrait of Thomas Chandler Haliburton just as you come in the door. The keeper of the museum showed us the secret drawers in which Haliburton kept his secret copies of Sam Slick. In another room we saw cupboards filled with pretty dishes. From the ceiling hung the most beautiful chandelier. Next, we went to the bedrooms. They were all very large. Then we came to the room in which the clothes were kept. There were umbrellas, shawls, bonnets, dresses, wedding gowns, and shoes.

We then went to the cellar where the kitchen was. There was a big fireplace. By the fireplace were examples of what the bread was like. There were wooden spoons and bowls. We also saw a butter churn and below the steps there was a carriage. In it was a picture of the little baby that once owned this carriage. There was also a bathtub. After we came from the kitchen we thanked the keepers of the museum for showing us around.

The last place we visited was the Uniacke House in Mount Uniacke. Before we went inside we took a look at the beautiful trees and flowers of many kinds. On one of the tables in the museum there were many different kinds of jewelry. Against the wall were about six chairs on which the people said their morning prayers. We asked the woman why there were holes in each door. The reason for that was so the cats could get in each room to catch the mice. In each bedroom there was a pitcher and a glass which was used for water. Each bedspread had a beautiful design on it. In another room there were dresses, coats, shawls, wedding gowns, hats and shoes. When we were through visiting, we thanked the women and started on our way home.

After an enjoyable day the Grade 6B Class had to go home. We were wondering whether Mr. Muise would make us write a composition about the trip. We got home just before supper. Mr. Muise, the students and even the parents, enjoyed this trip very much.

## LITERATURE

### MAN'S SEASONS — Elizabeth Crouse '72 —

The seasons come and go. But the earth has only four seasons to live. God gave man only four seasons in which to prove the essence of his existence.

Spring starts off each new year. It's the season of hope and the promise of better things to come. Man's spring was when he was born. Something influenced him to rise above his fellow animals. But how long will he remain above them? The Incan civilization was like the flowers that come in spring, lovely and gentle. But the Conquistadors came and destroyed the Incas, like insects destroy flowers. All gone! A civilization of beautiful things was cast forever into oblivion.

Summer was a time of fire and passion. This time produced the era of the Golden Age. It gave the world Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth and Columbus. Louis XIV's court of intrigue, a time of velvets, satins, emeralds, diamonds and all other beautiful things that man enhanced.

Columbus discovered America and it was like being born all over again. America was a world untouched, a place where man could bring the best of everything to make it a paradise. But he didn't.

Late summer gave rise to the Civil War. The most glorious battle in Man's history. A war fought solely for freedom, to force white men to consider all other men as equals. But what would happen when that force was no longer exerted?

Summer never lasts forever and soon it was gone with fall following close behind. Fall fell like a black velvet curtain over a world God would never recognize. A world torn with every kind of evil imaginable. Black men were fighting white in an effort to win a freedom, mentally that had been lost in the fight for physical freedom. Red men were fighting white, because the whites were protecting other red men they wanted to exploit. It doesn't make sense — protecting some men while trying to kill others if they wouldn't obey the white "master".

Man's once beautiful world is now full of ugliness. Man's fault. He just can't resist destroying what he can't ever completely conquer. Some men sit around gorging themselves on food while others don't even have a crust of bread. "Every man for himself". "Unified we stand, divided we fall". Man coined both these phrases. It doesn't make sense.

Ah! Fall's almost over now. Then what comes? Winter in all its glory wearing a cold, dead face. Everything dies in winter and so must man. The earth must be coated in white peace until a new spring can appear. But must it? I think not. Not unless Man can forget his prejudices, his greed and learn to value things better than he can now.

What's it to be? A short winter and a fresh new spring? Or do we have a long cold winter and hope the next time an animal rises above all others, he keeps his standards and not only his intelligence above his fellow animals.

**THE CHOICE IS YOURS!**

## GOD

— Gail Fox '72 —

Where is He?  
Is He real?  
Is He there?  
And does He appeal?  
Is He there?  
I can't seem to reach Him.  
What about others,  
Is He reaching them?  
I'll extend my hand,  
But will God extend His?  
Something tells me  
This is some kind of quiz.  
Am I alone in this world?  
Or is God with me?  
Please, God, answer  
And I will pray to Thee.

---

## DIALOGUE

— Patsy Walters '71 —

- Hey man! Take a look at that!  
— What?  
--- The flower — isn't it beautiful?  
--- What's so great about a flower? Besides it's missing some petals.  
--- But it's part of nature like us and we're missing a few facts most of the time, right?  
— No comment.  
--- Hey! What's with you anyway? Where's your feeling for nature? Where's your soul?  
— I don't have any.  
--- How do you know?  
--- Well, I walked into life one day and someone decided to use me for an experiment so they slowly cut me open at the heart, and where it should have been was a sign saying "EVICTED".  
--- O.K. I'll buy that, but what should have been there?  
--- A yellow glob with "SOUL" in large black print with words like kind, generous or greedy to describe me!  
--- Seriously though, it it's not inside you then where is it?  
— Probably being trampled by someone's feet.  
--- Do you think there are many people like that? I mean . . .  
--- You mean walking around yet not really living? You just met one, didn't you?  
--- Now you get real! Listen, you're more than just a body with a brain! You've got feeling, humour, potential and because of all that you've got a great soul. Just give yourself time, food for thought and before you know . . .  
--- Say, let's go and grab a hamburger! I need all the soul food I can get, right?  
--- Yeah, brother, you've got it . . . (quietly to himself) . . . and so will everyone else, eventually.

## THE EVENING LIGHT

— Wendy Conrad '73 —

In the quiet of the evening . . . When the world is lulled to rest . . . I find wonderful contentment . . . For I put aside my quest . . . I forget the day now ended . . . And the things that came to be . . . For the magic of silence . . . Has taken hold of me . . . Worries leave my mental storehouse . . . Just like birds upon the wing . . . And deep inside my heart I find . . . A tender song to sing . . . As the great red ball of fire . . . Sinks into horizons blue . . . There is beauty sent from Heaven . . . That my eyes are blessed to view . . . I believe God made the evening . . . So that man could realize . . . The reason for his being here . . . Beneath tranquil skies . . . So whenever I am able . . . In the evening light I pray . . . To gain the strength I need to face . . . The cares that come with day.

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## BLACK MAN IS SECOND CLASS

— Mary Strickland '71 —

'Black man is second class'  
I don't know why it's so.

I am no better than he is, so  
Why can't he go to school with me,  
Or live in that house next to me,  
Instead of in the ghetto?

Can't he, too, become a great man  
Like Martin Luther King  
Or even Sammy, Louis or Bill?

'Black man is second class'  
I don't know why it's so.  
But then — I don't know  
What color God is.  
Do you?

---

## NO TITLE

— Charlie '70 —

The poet donned his mask  
And walked into the world  
of men.  
Single beings  
Making up a human race,  
Each one singly individual,  
Each one with a story all his own.  
The poet walked among them,  
Masked with cold impartiality,  
Machinelike, touched with logic  
As inhuman as his mask.

When he had seen all,  
He left the world  
To make a chronicle of all he saw —  
To write the truth.  
He wrote  
and,  
finishing,  
He went to doff his mask  
and found he could not take it off.

---

## AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE

— Kathy Richards '73 —

That was a night to remember. It had been raining all day and the pavement was damp and slippery. Everything was silent except for a few occasional raindrops which fell off a roof onto the pavement. My footsteps echoed on the pavement, making an eerie sound. I could hear the lonely sound of the fog-horn in the distance. The world around me seemed to be dead.

To break the loneliness, I took out my evening newspaper which I had bought a few minutes earlier at the newsstand. My eyes met the bold, black lettering of the headline, "Madman on the Loose". This didn't seem to help, so I put it away. Thoughts raced through my mind about this killer whom I had heard of on the TV. Suddenly I heard a patter of footsteps on the pavement behind me. I thought that it was my imagination, so I tried to erase it from my mind. Thoughts of the warm livingroom of my house just a few blocks away hastened my pace. Again, I heard the footsteps. Louder and louder they became until it seemed as though my pursuer was right at my heels. I could no longer stand the suspense, so I turned around and saw a figure looming in the darkness, coming towards me. I started to turn around when I heard him say something to me. "You forgot your change, sir", the newsboy said. I gave him a large tip and then hurried along my way, never to forget that night.

---

## A SIMPLE STORY ON A RAINY NIGHT

— Charlie '70 —

As the rain slaps the leafless trees  
And splatters, splashing on the pavement,  
Dashing off windshields of the cars  
Our hero of another world  
Walks along deserted streets  
Alone.  
The rain comes rapping, tapping, dashing down.  
Our hero walks alone.  
His hair is wet;  
His feet are wet;  
His clothes are soaked and heavy.  
He wears a pensive look,  
And walks alone.  
Alone,

Past flowers that had died five months ago,  
Past looming memories of the past  
That luster in the liquid silver air.  
Air that shows of tiny diamonds  
Near the street lights.  
The rain stops,  
But still it taps and splatters  
From the treetops to the roofs,  
Running down the gutters,  
Splashing on the sidewalks,  
Leaping up again,  
Then giving up the ghost  
As it rolls into the sewers.

The rain has stopped.  
Our hero walks alone.  
Brown grass rebukes him as he passes on.  
From a naked bulb  
Light rays are pulled and  
Broken up  
By water droplets clinging  
To the trees,  
Showing rainbows of all colors but green.  
Splishing, splashing,  
Our hero walks along, alone  
In wonder.  
Our hero walks along, alone,  
Then stops,  
Then walks again.  
Hearing the gentle strain of organ music  
Filtering to his ears  
He feels the rain begin again  
And keeps his time.  
And our tired, weary hero  
Stumbles, trips and falls,  
And no one helps him  
As he listens to the eternal rain.

---

## A WARM NIGHT FOR THE WEARY

— Richard Crouse '71 —

Walking through the town at this time of night is like strolling through a ghost town populated with sleeping ghosts. As I walked onward, a sudden thought increased my anxiety and sweat created by the humid, still night air swathed my body. As I pushed onward, my legs began to feel like rubber from the exertions of life during the day and I thought of the marvellous relief upon arriving at my destination; yet at the same time that hideous thought still dwelled within me, a thought that poisoned my very hope of relief.

I began to feel most uncomfortable. The heat of the night seemed to double as my whole body felt as if it were becoming sick from the heat, exertion and anxiety aroused by the possibility that the thought was a premo-



nition of reality.

I soon began to count the footsteps I took, every step bringing me closer to relief, closer to the feeling that it was finally over and closer to the realization of whether or not the haunting thought was merely the figment of a tired mind.

Finally I reached the foot of the hill where, halfway to the summit, lay my objective. I looked around for any sign of movement in the still night air; I saw no one, heard no one, I began to hope that anyone, unable to sleep as a result of the extreme heat, would not be looking out of a darkened window which might close off my view of them.

I wearily picked my way up the hill, beginning to feel increasingly anxious to end this ordeal. Coming to a stop in front of the house, I tried the front door in vain, for naturally, at this hour it was locked. Slipping through the shadows, I saw the rear door and felt it was only a remote chance that it might be open. Since it too was also locked, I felt around the sill for possibility of a key, finally stopping when my fingers felt the cruelty of an empty hook.

My anxiety increased almost to the point of panic. I moved quickly around the house trying the windows; none could be opened; I slowly became desperate.

At long last, my anxiety found reason to ease as I had found an unlocked window. Opening it slowly, sweating with the fear of noise, I moved noiselessly into the room and slowly, quietly closed the window behind me.

I moved slowly up the stairs, feeling that I had been born under the right star as it was a new house with carpets to muffle the noise and not an old house with floors that creaked with every move.

At the top of the stairs, I quickly moved around, checking all the rooms and not making the slightest noise. No one was in the house at all; it was deserted and I was alone and safe, standing there enjoying every second of the relief I had for so long awaited.

As I moved past the kitchen table I noticed the key that I had put there earlier so I would not forget to take it with me, and then I felt the slight growth of a smile.

I hurried upstairs, took a shower and stepped into my bed clothes, feeling very relieved and happy, for if my parents had been home and caught me coming in at this hour I would most surely have suffered indeed.

A fresh, cool breeze began to flood my room with comfort as I turned out the lights and slept.

---

## LAMENT

— Krisanne Langille '72 —

The wind whined  
Through the barren trees,  
Standing stark and bare  
Against a winter sky.

I closed my eyes;  
The winter that had been  
Was no more,  
And spring filled my senses  
With a mild euphoria  
That, for the moment, extinguished the fire  
Kept burning in my brain,

The fire that scourged the icy fingers of cold  
And kept my soul warm while my body shivered;  
Yes, my soul was . . .

And in my complacency I visualized  
Warmth, affection, kindness, beauty.  
I saw love for one brief moment.

A chill swept over me;  
I looked around;  
Light was vanishing;  
Turning to the bite of the wind,  
I faced the storm.

It was a winter day.

---

## THE EVIL CURSE

— Maria Eisenhauer '73 —

Jane's eyes fluttered open and she looked about her. Something had awakened her which had made her uneasy and nervous. It came again. That sound that had stealthily broken her dream, had turned it into a vicious nightmare — the sound of a far away drumming. She tried to regard it as nothing more than a woodpecker busily knocking at a tree, but it was too loud. She became nauseated and her hands trembled with a fear she had never possessed. It began to irritate her brain, numb her soul and then — it stopped.

She settled down in her bed once more, but suddenly she heard a scream. It was like the voice of Elizabeth, dear, sweet Elizabeth.

She was so pretty but a meddling, young woman. She had busied herself between two lovers, but she had paid. Jane saw to that. She had discarded the body down by the lake where Elizabeth would have a peaceful sleep under the enchanted water.

It came again only louder and shriller. Jane sat upright. A skinny, ghostly hand reached into her room from the open window. The hand came closer and closer, showing sand dug deeply into the nails and veins burst open leaving dry, cracked blood scarring the delicately formed hands.

Jane stumbled out of bed, ran down the winding stairway and out into the wild night. The scream continued and the sinister beat returned. A heavy mist lay mysteriously over the tall, faded grass, making it sparkle. The heat was tremendous and a wild, eerie wind blew angrily through the squabbling night.

The sounds were so near to her now that she was running through the tangled garden. There was a taunt queasiness in her stomach and the sweat that covered her ribs was chill. Her dark eyes glowed no longer with fear, but now they became a sea of madness. She joined the continuous, threatening scream with her own quivering voice, and her hands began to clap mechanically with the beating sound.

Now, hidden from the house by the thorn bushes, her senses were acutely aware of the incessant drone of the insects and sickening sweetness of lilacs. She became strangely different. The sharp pebbles digging a path in her little, bare feet did not bother her, and she was scarcely aware of the hard thumps of large, heavy feet cracking the dry, old twigs behind her. She became a ghost; a person in a different world.

She emerged from the bushes upon reaching the lake. She threw her

tousled head back and gave a crackling laugh which echoed and re-echoed. Her laughter became a sickening sound of heart-breaking sadness. Salty drops of water rippled down her cheeks. Her hands drew near her side. Her eyes focussed on the sturdy rowboat. She had used it two weeks ago with Elizabeth, a night like this one.

She edged the boat into the water where her red stained feet climbed aboard. It drifted out in the breaking waves. A male voice yelled, "come back", but she paid little attention. Nobody could stop her; she was in some trance, beyond any human help.

Jane stood erect in the boat, her blond hair blowing in the wind. Her hands were folded on her breast as she threw her head back. She became a mad woman once more. Jane began to wave her arms toward the sky and her aged face looked from side to side swiftly. She chanted broken words to an unmusical tune.

"Stop" yelled the male voice. But it was too late. The boat tipped to one side, tossing the insane, ragged figure into the water. She was soon enveloped by the hungry deep.

The next day her body lay on the beach. A man looked sorrowfully down at the body. Her face was loose and calm. Her silky, wet hair hung softly around her shoulders. No one could hate her. She was too much in love to realize anybody's hurt or pain. It wasn't her fault.

Her evil curse had ended in a way no other heartbroken lover will ever experience. And that was what she had wanted.

---

## MOODS

— Susan Anderson '73 —

They came down softly,  
Fluttering without a sound  
In all their glory,  
To blanket the hard, cold ground.  
And then,  
In a moment of fury and anger,  
Down swooped the wind,  
Mercilessly grabbing them,  
Beating them,  
Pushing them  
Against obstacles  
Time and time again.  
But soon the wind, tiring of its fun,  
Died.  
Now the sun peeped through the clouds,  
Beaming with pride  
And laughing —  
Yes, laughing a roguish laugh,  
Teasing them,  
Tormenting them,  
Because he knew of his power,  
The power he had over them.  
But the sun's game ended  
For night-fall took over,  
And the moon shone  
In all its glory  
On the blanket that covered the hard, cold ground.

## TIME

— Sharon Ritcey '72 —

She comes quickly wearing a white coat.  
Then, as quickly as she came, she removes her coat,  
Only to unveil a beautiful gown of green.  
She runs through the meadows and rich, green valleys,  
The wind blowing through her green gown;  
But then through utter despair her gown becomes tattered and torn.  
It fades its bright green to colours quite unknown to her;  
But strangely the colours soon become appealing to her.  
Then as quickly as the colours changed, they are gone.  
She must have a garment, so again she wears her white coat.

---

## GRAY GULL

— Roy Gjelstad '71 —

The old bird seems to have  
Survived another year.  
Sick — half-feeble, half-crippled —  
She has outlived  
What should have been her life.

Now with dull gray eye  
And stooping gaze,  
She carries in weary dementia her  
Narrow tattered feathers  
Along the reeking harbor sludge.

Turning over the smooth shore stones,  
She works to  
Scrape enough mediocre morsels  
Of buried slime  
To fill her gut and move her lean body.

But now she wanders further  
From her element,  
Finding the land-people's charity,  
Becoming their pet,  
She eats their bread and walks their lawns.

And if she no longer can be a child of the sea,  
Then the children  
Are right who stone her degeneration,  
This presumptuous insult  
To the sea wind and the moving water.

For young are her offspring and their wings  
Hard and clean,  
And they can soar to the open horizon  
Their lives with the sea,  
Unshackled and ungelded by the land.

## THE MOOR

— Michael Tanner '73 —

He had to walk a black and dreary mile from where he left the car to actually reach the moor. Beneath the first stars of the evening, the night air was murky and dank — the weather seemed too hot for Mann's liking. Nothing was to stop him now — nothing stood in his way — at least he had thought so. He had driven miles out of his way and had now reached this wild and remote moor, due north of the city.

In the fine amber haze of the setting sun, Mann gazed out upon the desolate stretches of open space. Crickets chirped everywhere.

He shouldered his gun and ambled on over the moor.

An hour passed and he sat down, gasping for air, his mind confused and lost. He stared about. Hopelessly, there was no way out. And the night continued to blacken.

In the darkness, he had stumbled upon something. Mann was startled by it. The sickening odor — that nauseating stench persisted. It carried in the breeze of the night.

He faltered and fell flat upon his face. Sitting up, he groped for his fallen flashlight — only to make contact with something dead . . . and chillingly cold. It softened under his hands. He tore madly at the stuff — he ripped an icy clot from the thing and brought it up into full moonlight. The shocking truth lagged in his mind. He hurled the eye — he smashed it down upon the ground again and again.

He screamed like a madman from hell — he was sinking deep into the muck in the marsh. The thing continued to stare fixedly. The eye burned from the socket — it burned unmercifully into his stricken soul. The corpse was human.

The endless din of screaming crickets deafened Mann. They crawled — they jumped wildly about in a quickened, frenzied, almost mad state. Never before had Mann experienced such insane behavior. He crushed them away in hundreds; they leaped at him in thousands. It was impossible for him to wrench himself from the horrors of the moor.

He tore at the bushes; the stark horror was now exposed — the single eye madly gleaming — the crickets swarming about in hordes of unceasing thousands.

"Stop it! Stop it! STOP IT!!" he cried with insane madness. He flung himself down. It lay, scanty yards away, to the left . . . He could see vividly now the very condition of the decomposed carcass — its horror beyond all imagination. The gore coated flesh hung away from the skeleton in great flaps and he saw from where he stood something he could not believe . . . it breathed!

Man lunged away and ran. Bushes, leaning and overgrown, snagged him. He tore from their bonds. He halted abruptly, wheezing and stared out into the void. Twisting vines stretched to reach him. He jumped away!

The bushes behind him snapped — he whipped about. The sound dragged nearer until it was nearly upon him. He stumbled on and on . . . followed by the thing of the moor! He hurled ahead into the darkness and fell sprawling into the scrub, the scrub entangling him again.

Midnight. Mann somehow freed himself from that place; he had pulled himself from that hellish tangle of bush. Bleeding and torn, he crawled on until his car, shining in the distance, drew him. He staggered forward — an escape from this God-forbidden, hell-cast maze and away from those dam-

nable crickets!

The car slammed into the ditch. He climbed out — somewhat dazed. He ran for the door. Once inside, he locked, double locked, and bolted the door securely. What it was to be home again he thought, breathless and gasping. A far-fetched nightmare? Hardly. He stared down upon his tattered clothing and his bloody hands — a grim reminder of what he had experienced.

Once in bed, he fell almost immediately into a deep slumber of long uninterrupted sleep.

He awoke, startled. It was pitch dark — totally black. It was hot — sweltering hot. And there was this ringing in his ears. Wiping his brow, he sat up. The ringing grew continuously — slowly at first — but it grew into a distinct crick . . . louder, louder . . . yes, he could recognize it now. The CRICKETS!! Those damnable things! He rolled over, covering his ears, trying to hide from the distorted screams. He cursed. The din steadily increased in intensity — louder, louder, louder than ever before! They drove him out of his mind with their unceasing screams. A sickly crawling was at his feet — from the foot of his bed, a gnawing. He pulled away and cried out into the night, but his screams were lost in the increasing uproar.

It lulled now, dying almost to a dead silence. Breathlessly, he listened. A short pause, then . . . barely audible sounds drifted to his ears — sounds of footfalls. They fell softly . . . silently . . . cautiously. The footsteps mounted the stairs.

He focused his eyes in disbelief on the doorknob . . . it turned. Slowly, silently, but it turned! The door squeaked ajar. He screamed for the last time. Crickets swarmed over the corpse in humming thousands.

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**MADE IN JAPAN**  
**— Kendall Young '72 —**

I am a Machine.  
I am not THE Machine.

I am controlled.  
I do not control . . .

I am spoken for.  
I do not speak . . .

I am created.  
I am not born . . .

I am foreign.  
I am not perfect . . .

I am Man.  
I am a Machine.

## TURNED TABLES

— Brian Schmeisser '73 —

It was just an ordinary summer day in New York. There was only one man in the street, and he soon disappeared through the door of a bar. Silently, he walked up the stairs and into the main office where he saw two men: one, the size of a football player and the other, small with rat-like features.

The visitor heard a loud voice say, "Hey, Herky, who is it?" The voice came from a huge armchair behind the desk at the far end of the room.

"It's dat der fella ya sent for, boss", said the big man.

Then the brown leather chair swung around and the boss said, "Are you Harry Flint?"

"Righto, Mr. 'Arvey. 'Arry Flint, that's me."

"I thought your plane arrived tomorrow", said Mr. Harvey.

"Well, gov'nor, the bobbies were lookin' for me, they were, so I 'opped it over 'ere as soon as I could, I did."

"All right then, Weasel will give you all the necessary information."

"Come wit' me, Harry", said Weasel. "Herky, bring de file."

"Anything ya say, Weasel", replied Herky as he went into the next room.

"Ya know why you're here, eh bub?", asked Weasel.

"Sure gov'nor; to kill some bloomin' Italian."

"Dat's right and here's all dat we know about him," said Weasel, as he handed Flint the file.

"It'll take me a fortnight to learn 'is 'abits."

"Weasel, what's dis fortnight bit, huh?", asked Herky.

"It means two weeks, ya egghead!", yelled Weasel, slapping him on the face.

"But Weasel, de boss said Flint should be gone in a week", commented Herky while holding his jaw.

"All right then, I'll 'ave the bum killed and be gone by next Wednesday, I will", said Harry Flint.

"Meet me down at de bar for de money when you've did de job", Weasel added.

"Righto, gov'nor", said Flint as he disappeared through the door.

Four days later, Harry Flint entered the bar and there met Weasel who asked, "Is de job did?"

"Righto Weasel, I've killed the blooker, I 'ave. Neat and proper, I killed 'im. Now can I get my money from Mr. 'Arvey?"

"Yeah, sure, Harry. De boss telled me ta bring ya up to de office when ya done de job", said Weasel as he led Flint up the stairs.

"I suppose you want your money now, eh Flint?" asked Mr. Harvey.

"Righto, gov'nor, I want my money, I do", said Flint.

Just as he was about to open the safe, three men broke into the office and Herky quickly reached for his concealed gun but one of the intruders shot at him with deadly accuracy. As Herky fell into a lifeless heap on the floor, Flint prevented Weasel from escaping by knocking him out with his cane and the intruders covered Mr. Harvey with a machine gun.

"You dirty double-crossing ———!" Harvey began to yell.

"Quiet!" interrupted Luigi. Luigi was the man Flint was supposed to kill.

Luigi then turned to leave the room and said, "When I'm gone ya boys know what to do, eh?"

"Yeah boss", they answered.

After Luigi and Flint had left, the roar of a machine gun could be heard and Luigi's mugs ran out of the bar.

## I TOLD HIM I'D BREAK OUT

— John Powers '71 —

The fool didn't believe me, but I showed him the very next day.

My body was covered with big, ugly, purple blotches, the painful reminders of many a boring hour spent hopelessly stranded in another world, the most excruciating torture yet devised by mankind . . . trying to stay awake during French class. The doctor had warned me about my allergy to French. Yet I was enslaved in that sub-human ritual of the formidable "passe compose" and, worse still, the much feared and terribly hard to say "plus-que-parfait".

Can anyone question my extreme desire to escape. Why just the other day thousands of shouting students paraded through the principal's office, protesting our lack of freedom of speech. The demonstration began after a bearded male was severely beaten with mouldy pizza crusts by several over-paid teachers in a nearby phone booth. The police were called in to quell the riot that ensued and entered the scene with a big "hello kids".

That was the last straw. I had to break out of this menagerie. The next morning directly after "the nine o'clock news", I began to inch down the hall enroute to my escape. Suddenly, a detachment of the secret police went by on their way to classes. I shuddered as I hid behind the bulletin board, hesitated a moment, then continued my "incredible journey". I crept by the principal's office, stealing a wary glance inside as I passed. There he sat, feet on his desk with a beer in one hand and a ham sandwich in the other. I nearly writhed in disgust, but I doggedly pushed onward.

The escape hatch loomed closer and closer. I made it! Upon touching the door, the shriek of the alarm system made me freeze, but as soon as I heard the pounding footsteps of the prison guards drawing near, I broke loose, raced down the front steps and dove into the waiting getaway car. With a roar from the mighty Datsun, we were off in a cloud of dust, free at last!

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## THE BOOKWORM

— Janet Hebb '71 —

Day by day I go to school  
Only to emerge a total fool.  
How I wish I could learn  
How to be a good bookworm.

There are some who easily get  
All that's needed in Home Ec.,  
But for me I'll never learn  
How to be a good bookworm.

When I try to speak in French,  
I end up sitting on the bench.  
So what's the point in trying to learn  
How to be a good bookworm?

Now when it comes to taking Lit.,  
I'm sure it's time for me to quit!  
Now can't you see I'll never learn  
How to be a good bookworm.

When I started out with Math.,  
I sure got on a crooked path.  
Although my teachers said I'd learn,  
Here I'm still a poor bookworm.



## FRENCH

### — Terry Orchard '71 —

One, two, three, four,  
Here we go as before,  
Learning French from record flicks  
Till it leaves you very sick.  
One and all are quite agreed  
That we must from this be freed.  
But who will make the move to go?  
Don't ask me for I don't know.  
Some day soon, we'll graduate  
From this world of silicate.  
Then we'll all be out and single,  
But, by George, we'll be bilingual!

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## WAIT

### — Richard Hannams '71 —

January 24, an assignment due January 23, still no assignment prepared. So with a pen in hand and a mind as blank as paper, the assignment is attempted. With this rule in mind — the opening paragraph should be very interesting and should attract the reader's attention so that he wants to read further — you begin. This hasn't been achieved in the last hour. Result: Frustration. How much better Lead Zeplin sounds.

It is now nine-thirty, still no assignment prepared. Another attempt is made after dragging yourself away from the record player. Music and a possible idea is all running through your mind now. Will music get the better of your mind or will your idea dominate, that is the question. The idea comes up victorious but the music has not lost yet. You get two or three paragraphs written and the urge to read it over gets the better of you. After reading it over, a big X goes through it and the music takes over as number one in your mind now. You say to yourself, "I'll do it tomorrow during French class; I always write better under pressure".

More records go on the record player and the phone is possibly picked up to phone the girlfriend before going to watch television. This usually lasts for about one-half hour, never getting a word in edgewise of course. Accept defeat, just lie back and listen to both her and the record player.

It's now first period in the morning, French. The assignment is now on the desk; millions of ideas are going through your mind at once. There is only one problem: to sort them out and make something out of them. Finally, a brain storm. Quick get it down before it passes. This is passed in, written in beautiful style — that is as far as it looks on the paper and full of grammatical errors.

A couple of days later the teacher says his speech about the assignment and how it was handled. Your assignment is passed back to you and you tear to the last page to see your mark. Hurrah! a B+ and a long note at the end telling you how well you've planned this assignment and how it is the best you've written.

## "T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE EXAMS"

— Nan Lace '73 —

Tw'as the night before exams,  
And all through the house,  
Not a student was sleeping,  
No brains did they boast.  
The textbooks were thrown  
In a heap at their side,  
In hopes that next morning  
The teachers had died.  
With Mom in her curlers  
And Pop in his cap,  
They'd just settled down  
To a long needed nap.  
For they had crammed and pushed  
Enough knowledge for a year  
In the space of nine hours,  
Through Junior's bored ear.

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## THE LIGHT

— Susan Maxner '73 —

"There goes that blasted light again. Freeze everyone!"

Everyone froze.

Click. The light disappeared.

"O.K., you can relax."

A sigh of relief came from the other seven.

"Now maybe we can get back to our plans. Everyone gather 'round. I'll have to be quick because in exactly five minutes from now this deal is to come off. Everyone hear that?"

"Yes, sir", piped up male and female voices.

"All right, let's get started. We'll go over the routine once more. Buck, you —"

Click!

"Freeze!"

Click!

"Phew. That was a close one. O.K., now where was I? Oh yes — Buck. Now, I want you to keep the nurse busy. Think you can handle that?"

"Yes, sir", piped up Buck.

"Now, Elsie."

"Sir?"

"Yes. You are to knock the janitor out, grab his key, and unlock the door. Think you can handle that?"

"I — I guess so, sir. But . . ."

"But what?" was the impatient reply.

"But what shall I use?"

"Use for what?" This was said louder than necessary.

"To hit him on the head with."

"A piece of wood or your purse. He's usually half stoned anyway", he screamed.

"Yes sir", came the meek reply.

"Now, Al, Howard and Gary, you wait at the main door for Elsie, if she ever gets here. When she comes with the keys, she'll let us in. Then, Howard and Gary, you go to the basement and turn off the power. AND NO FUNNY STUFF!"

"Yes, sir", came the reply.

"Al, you take care of the telephone wires. Right?"

"Right, Chief."

"Now, Mugsie you come with me. We'll take care of the old lady."

"Yeah, boss", came the gruff reply. "You an' me."

"O.K. everyone. Let's rush up and get 'em!"

Click!

"Freeze!"

Click!

"Elsie, you got the keys."

"Yes, sir", came the timid reply.

"Have any trouble?"

"I guess not."

"You GUESS not?"

"Well, he was loaded — I mean drunk, sir, and I guess I just hit him over the head."

"O.K. Open the door."

"Yes, sir."

The key fumbled in the lock.

"Open it!"

"I'm trying sir."

"Hurry, you foolish kid, you're losing time!"

"I'm hurrying, sir."

"Honestly, if I didn't know that you kids were all my flesh and blood, I'd swear that all of you, especially Elsie, were against me."

Finally, the door was unlocked. The boss pushed roughly past Elsie.

"Let's go. Everyone knows what they're to do?"

"Yes, sir."

"No, sir." This came timidly from Elsie.

"Oh, no! You again. Well, you go with Al. I don't have to worry about any funny stuff from you."

Everybody spread out, the boss and Mugsy going to the old lady's room.

Silently, ever so silently, they rose upon her, with not even a creak of the floor boards. The boss got his knife poised and ready for action. It flashed evilly in the darkness. The knife rose slowly, slowly, the only sound being her breathing. It rose slowly and poised above her heart. Suddenly the light went on. The door opened.

"Look at our cream puffs", exclaimed an eager voice. "They're all good except for this one. It's caved in."

## TURN AND LOOK; LEARN AND DIE

— Cathy Campbell '72 —

I looked,  
But there was no one;  
I turned,  
The door looked like the sun.

Where should I go;  
Which way should I turn?  
God, please help me,  
Why can't I learn?

There's no one here;  
Am I all alone?  
Where is everybody;  
Do I have a home?

Time is quickly flying;  
I can feel it go  
There's no one here to help me  
This I'll always know.

Everything is changing;  
The bright light —  
Is it real, can I see . . .  
Now it's black as night.

The sun is going . . .  
There's someone here;  
My God I'm scared  
But there's nothing to fear.

Should I speak?  
I can't, I'm gonna cry.  
Someone please help me  
I want to die.

I've got to get out  
Just want some fresh air,  
What if someone sees me;  
Do I dare?

The window, that's it;  
That's what I'll do.  
Just lean out the window  
And my worries are through . . .

## EXPLOITS OF MARY MacDONALD

— Lois Gibson '74 —

The year was 1825 and I was inhabiting a small, airy garret above a wealthy man's mansion. My name was Mary MacDonald, I was fifteen years of age and I worked for a wealthy politician, Mr. Shaw.

My father owned a shabby croft about thirty miles north of Glasgow. Since there were ten children in our family my father was compelled to sell us at the age of twelve to wealthy men, as servants, errand runners or dish-washers. That is how I ended up at Mr. Shaw's.

About noon, news leaked in that Mr. Shaw's party was losing at the election. That afternoon the "Master" trudged home dragging his tired feet. Later that same evening I stood forlornly on a dark street corner. When Mr. Shaw had come home that afternoon he had paid me and the other servants and told us that he was sailing on the midnight tide to Italy. His party had lost the election and now it was not safe for him or any of us to stay in Glasgow. I knew it was not safe for me to stay in Scotland because all of Mr. Shaw's political enemies knew me. Then an enlightening thought popped into my head. Lately there had been a lot of talk about the land across the Atlantic; perhaps I could find a job and safety there. Common sense took over. "What about a passage fare?" All I knew is that I had to raise that money somehow; maybe I could find a job somewhere until I had the fare. The only problem was that the job would have to be out of town.

Creak! Creak! I wheeled about quickly. An old hay cart driven by a shrivelled old man, slowly jogged down the cobblestone pathway. As the cart continued on its way it carried a new passenger.

After a tiresome journey, I hopped off the squeaky old cart and thanked the silent driver. I was in a little village ten miles from Glasgow and it was now about ten o'clock the next morning. Looking about, my hungry glance caught a small eating shop. After a scanty breakfast, I inquired around the village about a job. Luck was with me, for I learned that there was a singing contest the following day and the prize was twenty pounds, which was just the amount I needed for the fare on the "Silk Lady", which was to sail in three days. The contest was a risk but Mr. Shaw's musical friends had always said that I had a good singing voice.

The next afternoon I happily went on my way to the wharf to book passage on the "Silk Lady". I had easily won the contest and I now had the twenty pounds. During the days until the boat sailed I bought what few things I could afford.

The morning on which the boat sailed dawned sunny and bright. Under full sail, the ship glided out of the sheltered port of Clydebank. Captain Douglas MacDonald, a youth of twenty, commanded the small, wooden vessel.

On the fifth day of our journey the welcomed sun did not reappear. Dark clouds began to cluster together. Rain fell heavily and steadily. The crew fought with the storm and begged it to release the ship. Down in the steerage people clung to their bunks to keep their balance. Feebly, the numerous sick called for water. Drinking water was precious and had to be used with great care. It might have to last for weeks on end, now that our ship had lost its course. Who was to say when we would reach land now! Wind and high seas lashed at our sides unceasingly for three days. On the fourth day since we had met the furious storm the sun started to timidly peek between the clouds. It got braver by the minute and by noon it was shining brightly. The Captain came and told us that we were off the southern coast of Ireland.

During the next twenty days we sailed through an unending amount of clear blue sea. Though the sea was clear, the ship was not. Scurvy was running wild in the over-crowded steerage. The passengers were not allowed on deck for fear a crew member might catch it and spread it throughout the rest of the crew. There were only the fortunate few who did not fall prey to the disease. I, myself, was stricken with it. After six days of misery, I began to recover slowly. This was because the Captain had been able to get some fruits and vegetables from a passing ship. Many passengers attended their own watery funerals during that voyage. When we had left Clydebank, there had been one hundred passengers in the small steerage; now there were but sixty people left.

On the twenty-first day after the storm we sighted land. That afternoon we dropped anchor in St. John's, Newfoundland. The next morning, after the holds had been loaded with supplies, we slipped out of St. John's harbour and began the last lap of our journey to Quebec.

After seven days of further travel we finally reached the St. Lawrence River. On the fourth day of our trip down the St. Lawrence, we reached Grosse Isle where they inspected all the ships before they entered Quebec to make sure there was no sickness carried into the city. Early the next morning we dropped anchor in Quebec harbour. In thirty-eight days we had come from Scotland to Quebec.

After spending three days in Quebec, I finally arranged to go to the Talbot Country. The boat in which I went to Montreal left the following morning. That night we docked on the river bank. Late the next afternoon we arrived at Montreal. After a hearty supper and a restful sleep we left Montreal. The carts in which we travelled were very uncomfortable. The roads were muddy and full of ruts, tree stumps and rocks. In the evening we arrived at Lachine. During the next two days I wandered about the town aimlessly, waiting for a flat-bottomed Durham boat to take me up river to Kingston. Finally, on the third day, I got passage on a Durham boat. The trip to Kingston was interesting but uneventful. It took us three days to reach the lake port, and each night we docked along the river bank.

In Kingston we boarded a lake ship. It was sturdier and safer than a Durham boat. After three days of travel we reached York where we received more supplies. Just as the sun was rising on the second day after leaving York, we sighted the port of Niagara. We travelled overland to avoid the falls and rapids of the Niagara River. In four days, after a tiresome journey in a wagon, we reached Lake Erie.

Our new lake boat travelled for five days till we finally reached our destination, Port Talbot. I had left home two months ago and I was finally here.

As soon as I reached Port Talbot we, the other settlers and myself, went to see the "Lake Erie Baron". Talbot talked to all of the settlers, family by family, through a small open window. He was abrupt with some of the settlers and pleasant to very few. When I came face to face with Talbot's stern face, I trembled. In a gruff voice he asked me where my husband or family were. Meekly, I replied that I was alone. He gave me a twenty acre grant which I had to clear and also I had to repair the road in front of my farm before the end of two years.

The next morning the settlers started off in groups to locate their own properties. I rode off in a wagon with a family from England who were my nearest neighbours, living four miles away. That night I slept in a small, drafty lean-to my neighbours had helped me build before they left.

In the morning three wagon loads of men, women and children rode up to my lean-to. They said they were here to help me build my cabin and to clear some of the land; and so began the "logging bee".

The men started to cut down trees, saw them up into logs of the right length and remove the bark. The log cabin was built in layers or tiers until the walls were the right height. Doors and windows were cut in its sides when the walls were completed. Into one side of each of the "end" logs a pair of deep rounded notches were chopped. Each notch was set back about a foot from the end. Then the two end logs and the two base logs were fitted in the form of a rectangle. If possible, a foundation of stones was laid.

The men fitted the logs close together, one layer at a time. When the logs had reached waist height, it was no longer possible to lift them into position from the ground. Then a skid-way or ramp of poles was placed against the wall, and two men standing on the wall, one at each end, could use ropes to roll the next log up into place. This took place until all the logs on each side were in position.

When the side walls had reached their full height, shorter and shorter logs were laid on the end walls of the house. A long beam, or ridge-pole was mounted between the peak at each end of the house. Then the opening for the door was sawn, and later a window or two would be added in the same fashion.

The roof rafters were cut from smaller logs. Each rafter was then fitted into place against the ridge pole. Sheets of birch bark, overlapped to carry rain water off the roof, were also used to cover the roof frame. Very often basswood logs were split and hollowed out, and then cupped together like a solid row of tiles along each slope of the roof.

The women and children unloaded food from the wagons and set up long tables. At noon and at suppertime the men all trooped to the tables to enjoy a hearty meal. The cabin was finished that evening and I thanked everybody heartily.

I had met a very nice boy at the "bee". His name was Tom O'Brien and he was seventeen. A month later we were married at the chapel in Port Talbot.

Tom and I made furniture for the cabin. Most of it was clumsy and not too well built but it was sturdy. Our crops had turned out alright but there had not been too much time or space to plant a large quantity.

We had a few pots to use on the open fireplace in the kitchen. Tom fashioned a few forks and spoons out of wood. With what little money we had we were able to buy two knives, an axe and a shovel.

Tom received an extra seventy acres of land after we had our twenty-acre farm for two years.

Life went on. It was always the same; work, work, work. We planted in the spring, weeded and hoed in the summer, and harvested the crops in the fall, storing our food for the lonely winter months. The pigs and chickens and our one cow always demanded attention. The only things that interrupted this dismal life were quilting and sewing bees, logging and stumping bees and barn raisings. There were barn dances and social evenings once in a while. Even though this life was full everyone was still happy and cheerful because hardships were reduced every year. The first three years were the hardest and then each year it grew a little easier. Tom and I finished our days on our farm.

## THE POET

— Maria Eisenhower '73 —

The sun poured in  
Through the open window,  
Exhibiting the figure  
Slouched over work.

The paper with phrases  
Displayed long hours  
Of concentration  
And time to be explored.

Papers were torn  
And erasers worn;  
Sweat rippled down  
His long, sought face.

On the floor lay papers  
Corrupted with anger;  
The poet frustrated  
With no satisfaction.

Thoughts written down  
Again and again,  
Never knowing  
When there will be an end.

Little does one know  
What the poet goes through,  
Only the finished poem  
Displays the poet's work.

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## DISSECTION OF LIFE

— June Fox '73 —

Life is love;  
To love is to live;  
No one shall ever live until  
he can love.

In the beginning man was  
given respiration.  
He merely existed.  
Years melted away into a  
hot whirlpool of digesting time.  
Man SURVIVED!  
He not only survived, he created.  
He molded his world into a  
utility, used only to fulfill for  
him his selfish needs.  
Man existed in selfish splendor.  
But did he ever really live?



To live is to have love;  
Peace is love;  
To love is to have peace.  
Time has passed and given  
    memories of unforgettable horror.  
Blood has stained and darkened  
    many hearts of love.  
Man is destroying himself:  
Wars,  
Pollution,  
Violence,  
Criticism . . .  
**HATE!**

But forget long ago ages of hate  
That can be yesterday!  
Understand your brother —  
Love your brother so you  
    may understand him.  
**FIND PEACE**  
**MAN MUST START LIVING!**

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**ONE LAST HOPE**  
— Anne Spencer '73 —

Help! Let us out!  
    You have to save  
        Myself and others —  
            From the destined GRAVE.

    Please, only help!  
        We're dying fast.  
    We meant no harm  
In the decades past.

Give aid to us;  
    It seems we're fated  
        To be swallowed up  
            In the mess we've created.

    Always WAR —  
        Never PEACE,  
    Help us, please,  
This will not cease.

Violence and HATRED  
    Are with us today.  
        For these crimes, God,  
            Must we pay?

## ABORTIONS

— Becky Lee Young '72 —

Vaporous trails of gas  
Streak across the dark curtain of the universe.  
But God spoke  
And man was created for better or worse.  
A God, I don't know whose,  
Yours or mine — all variations,  
Gave us life.  
Who gave you, a mere collection of atoms in a reactor  
The right  
To destroy this creation, to deny life to the unborn?  
Can't you hear  
The cries of the unborn struggling to be heard?  
Who gave you the right to say no to those screaming souls in Limbo?  
Who?

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## JOURNAL OF A NEW WORLD TRAVELER

— Marion Bauld '74 —

March 26th, 1819

Following a month's hesitation and careful consideration, I have finally made up my mind! I do not know how I will manage to raise it, but, if I must, I will beg and borrow, lie, cheat and steal to raise the money for the voyage to the New World. I must hurry and get it, for the ship sails at dawn on the third day of April for London, Ontario.

March 29th, 1819

I now have £17 of the £30 needed for the voyage. At the moment, I am reading a *Message to the Wayfarers* which tells me to bring the hard-to-get sugar and as much glass as possible. I guess the glass is for the windows of the house I will have in the New World.

April 1st, 1819

The voyage is only two days away now and I have all but a £1 of my fare. I have packed mostly all I need for the trip. All my money is safely put away. I must get lots of sleep too.

April 3rd, 1819

Our ship is called "The Happy Wanderer" and there are fifty-five passengers.

It is eleven o'clock and we are now nearing the end of the channel. I have one of about 30 upper bunks. Conditions are pitiful here: two lamps a day, one table the length from bow to stern on which I am writing, a few benches, hardly any food and if there is, it is hardly edible. This will continue for about 2 months.

April 7th, 1819

The person under my bunk has become sick with scurvy, along with about twenty others scattered throughout the steerage.

As always I am writing on the table.

Today happens to be Sunday; there was a simple service for the Pro-

testants and a mass service for the Catholics.

The meals, or should I say rations, are getting smaller and smaller and, not to mention, worse.

I have found a new pastime; playing cards! I did not think they would come in this handy when I put them under my hat!

April 10th, 1819

Day by day, the food, so called, is being lessened. Just this morning, they sent down a keg of vinegar to be mixed with water for us to drink!

Scurvy has struck three of us in the past two days and we have buried six at sea. Conditions are getting worse and we are not even half way across the Atlantic!

April 15th, 1819

Scurvy has done away with fourteen of us so far and two more have been struck. The food helpings are staying in their present size but by the dawn I would say there was a storm coming and we will be worse off than before, if that is possible.

April 19th, 1819

The storm has just passed us and we are now getting the strong tail winds. We rock gently up and down.

Writing this, I think of the hard times ahead and wonder if they will be as bad as this.

April 23rd, 1819

Today is a Tuesday. The scurvy has lessened almost to nothing. The food supply is staying well balanced and, speaking of food, there was a welcome change in our diet. We were given cod today for lunch. Some of the men on the boat went fishing and brought a few in.

We are now at least one third of the way across the Atlantic and that is a welcome thought. How happy we will all be when we land and I wonder, thinking ahead, what it will look like in the New World.

April 30th, 1819

I am lying in my bunk dreaming: dreaming of what I think my little strip of land, "8 o'clock from Waterloo" (South West), my new home, will look like. This is all I will write before I start another game of "Solitaire".

May 3rd, 1819

It has been one month since I left and I am beginning to wonder why I did leave! But, getting right into the matter, there really was not much point in staying. There were, of course, the Napoleonic wars, and there was not much opportunity for jobs and there was all this land out here, just waiting and begging to be colonized so, all things considered, I am glad I am on my way. However, I never thought conditions would be this bad.

May 12th, 1819

It just so happens that on this Thursday in May, we are half way across the Atlantic and we have just finished a little celebration. We were all gathered around the table and we clinked water glasses. "Here is to the rest of our journey!"

May 16th, 1819

Conditions are better than they were a week ago or are they getting better because I am getting used to them?

At this point, everyone is excited because the voyage is almost over. On this trip I made a very good friend although I can never remember his name.

May 22nd, 1819

There is talk that we will be sighting land soon but I do not think so. You see, I am writing this in the afternoon and by the crude little position finder I have made, we are only three quarters of the way across.

May 26th, 1819

It is now almost two months since I left my friends. I wonder if I should write to them? They may not get my letter. I guess I will write to them and take a chance.

I am making this entry as a break between games of solitaire and cribbage.

Hopefully there are not many days left until we can land.

May 31st, 1819

"Land Ho!" Amongst all the excitement I am told that we are off the Newfoundland coast. Everyone starts shuffling their belongings and gathering their things together. Our water journey is not yet over though. We will have to land at Montreal for a sickness check-up.

June 4th, 1819

Saturday. We are well inside the St. Lawrence River and we are now docked in Montreal Harbour. There are four other ships ahead of us. Apparently three or four ships come in with every tide.

June 9th, 1819

Thursday. Have been checked over at Montreal and they have informed me that I have no disease. Good! That means I can leave right away, on the Kingston Road by stage coach for my little plot of land "8 o'clock from Waterloo". (Chosen because it is in a good spot close to the road.) The first thing I will do on the way over, is stop off at an Inn and have a decent and good meal since I still have some money left.

June 15th, 1819

I have finally reached my little plot of land and the first thing I will do is, with a little help from my already established neighbours, to build my log cabin.

#### BUILDING A LOG CABIN

June 20th, 1819

Back in the Old Country, I drew plans for my log cabin and I showed them to my helpers. They said that they could build that way.

With about twenty-five helpers, it will only take us a few days, three at the most. Meanwhile, I will have to stay with my new friend Thomas.

June 23rd, 1819

My new home is just about completed now. After seeing the plans, we made it twenty feet long and eight feet wide. The walls were made nine feet high. We cut straight logs and stripped the bark. Then, one of the men cut round notches in both ends of the logs so that they could be stacked. They were then put on the baselogs. (1) Using what they called a skidway, they were able to lift the logs over waist height. (2) When it was high enough, shorter and shorter logs were laid on and these logs had to be sawn at an angle so the edges would run up the side of the roof then the ridgepole was

mounted. (3) After this, the door and windows were cut. When this was done, the rafters were made and fitted. For the roof of my cabin, I had them make hollowed-out basswood logs as they suggested.

#### INSULATING

June 26th, 1819

Those panes of glass I brought with me sure came in handy for my windows. All I had to buy was some putty.

Finishing the rest of the cabin myself, I am making the rest of the floor and filling the crack with mortar.

#### FURNITURE

June 30th, 1819

I have just completed my latest piece of furniture; my kitchen table . . .

Besides this, I have made two chairs, a table, a bed and two shelves, not to mention a door.

1819-22

#### MY FIRST THREE YEARS

My first three years would be a mixture; a combination of sadness, happiness and misery. Sadness because I was longely, sadness because all my friends are in the old country and sadness because no one comes to visit me.

Happiness because I received a few letters from my friends in the Old Country (I guess my chance paid off). Happiness because the peddler came with his "imported merchandise" and happiness because another shipload of settlers came from the Old Country recently.

Misery because my faithful old horse called Peanuts died, misery because there was a poor harvest and I had to ride Lexington, my other horse, into town and finally because I had to walk a quarter of a mile to chop four trees for firewood.

The winter season did not seem as bad as they said it was at first but after about a month, it really got bad. At one time the snow was waist high and I could not get the door open! They tell me that it is not uncommon here!

In about the middle of the Winter, I ran out of wood and had to go out and get as much as I could carry and return for more until I had a good supply.

Once I had to break through the ice in the stream to get my water and they said it was too deep to freeze! I also had to go into town but had to turn back because my horse could not plough through such deep snows.

The following Spring I was invited to what they call a Barn Raising. Apparently, a barn raising is a time when people are gathered together in a community effort to raise buildings for one particular family. I was asked to bring tools and nails but not food as the women baked for the men and their families on such occasions.

Our buildings were all put up with such a community effort in a very short time.

And so it went. I spent my time planting my garden, looking after it and watching it grow. Once in a while, an exciting and important event arose but the days were pretty much the same the year around.

#### Bibliography

1. The Grade 8 History Book.
2. Pioneer Days.
3. The World Book (Encyclopedia).
4. My Own Knowledge.

## WHY

### — Bill Frittenburg '71 —

Why am I here? And what am I doing?  
How did I get here? And where am I going?  
Torn and confused by such important questions,  
Unable to produce answers in reality which have meaning,  
I enter into a flexible world which only I control.  
It's an unreal world, but it's mine!  
At least society can't take that from me.  
The years with them have scattered everything that had value.  
In this age of chemical and electronic commercialism, people try to be some-  
thing they're not, but I know it's only hurting themselves.  
They pray to the dollar and to themselves!  
They've lost all meaning and feeling of life.  
They've tasted Power, and loved it.  
It cures everything they say,  
But it doesn't cure the state of mind.  
You see power is an ugly word.  
It only exists in reality and not in a world of Peace and Love such as mine.  
Mine is not a real life, but then in some ways it is.  
At least it's peaceful.  
I can answer such questions now.  
It's not hard when you know how.  
When you know how to be yourself.

---

## EIGHT MILES HIGH

### — Charlie '70 —

The Smoke,  
It fell about us like a leaf,  
And music whined and whirled around us  
'Till it died,  
Red,  
    Cyan,  
        Magenta,  
            Green,  
All white in time.  
Our bodies escaped reality,  
And we were eight miles high!  
  
Words thundered across the universe;  
Color became sound:  
Sound became nothing.  
And we were eight miles high!  
  
The music whirled . . . higher, higher,  
Turned to light,  
Burst and died away.  
Numbers became infinity;  
People became nothing;  
The world spun away.  
And we were eight miles high!

We lay together,  
Side by side.  
I joined myself,  
Then you.

Infinity  
    became light;  
Light  
    became sound.  
I looked around;  
The smoke was gone;  
There were ashes on the floor.  
I held your hand.  
You were scared;  
I held you close to me.  
We knew our finite selves:

    Lean back . . .

        Remember . . .

When we  
    Were eight miles high!

---

## **DESTROY!**

— Pat Burke '72 —

Westward across the prairie,  
Field and flowing plain,  
The meadow lark is singing,  
Midst an oncoming rain.

The buffalo are grazing,  
The call of the wild crane,  
A hideous cry is heard,  
From a winding settler's train.

The pioneer builds his home,  
Beside a quiet river bed,  
No more will nature be at peace,  
Evil's come. Man has led.

The Indians are uprooted,  
Guns are in great demand,  
French vs. English vs. redman,  
. . . This is the beginning of the end.

The factory becomes widespread,  
Engulfing the mighty land,  
Man makes the move to the city,  
To have everything close at hand.

The world seems to be shrinking,  
Man has made quite a mess!  
As every day goes by, we come  
Closer to the state of nothingness.

Wars have racked our countries,  
Industry develops smog,  
Minors buck the establishment.  
Are we bumps on a log?

The smog laden substance called air,  
Surrounds the useless throng,  
Drugs — chemicals — war — prejudice — hunger.  
Where have we gone wrong?

---

**UNTITLED**

**— Krisanne Langille '72 —**

It came;  
    And with intense blows and clashes  
        It struck,  
But displayed not an alarming spectacle,  
And, soon, it passed  
    Like scavengers who flee  
    After cleaning the flesh from a carcass,  
It had gone, leaving only the beginning at the end.  
Oh, how well we all were warned!





**STUDENT'S COUNCIL**

Front Row (l. to r.): C. Shepherd, C. Eisnor, M. Nodding, T. Purcell, D. Keddy, L. Richards.

Standing (l. to r.): K. Langille, J. Oxner, P. Cook, B. MacLeod, D. MacDonald, G. Dares, J. Wood.



**ATHLETIC COMMITTEE**

Front Row (l. to r.): P. Corkum, B. Stoddard, K. Vickers, L. Eisenhauer, S. Zinck.

Back Row (l. to r.): B. Hebb, J. May, B. Keirstead, B. Atkinson, B. Forbes.



### **JUNIOR RED CROSS**

**Front Row (l. to r.): C. Mills, L. Shepherd, (Pres.) L. Lohnes, D. Wentzell, G. Creaser.**

**Standing (l. to r.): N. Mills, K. Hebb, M. Boudreau, S. Mitchell, A. Fraelic, C. Savory, C. Zinck, C. Powers.**



## **THE CAMERA CLUB**

**Front Row (l. to r.): Mr. J. Muise, L. Eisenhower, Mrs. R. Lewis, Charles Eisner.**

**Standing (l. to r.): Terry Conrad, Mr. R. Lewis, Mr. W. Jewers, D. Thompson, Mr. C. Andrews.**



### THE FIRST DRIVER EDUCATION CLASS

Front Row (l. to r.): Wendy Dauphinee, Randi Menssen, Lynn Eisenhauer, Penny Zinck, Diane Boulanger.

Standing (l. to r.): Mayor R.G.A. Wood, Mr. Joe Haley, Gregory Risser, Ronald Bailly, Chris Purcell, James Eisenhauer, Douglas Thompson, Danny Boulanger, Mr. Paul Demone (Lion's Club), Mr. Russell Sholds (Lunenburg Foundry Garage).



**GRADE XII GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE 1969**

Front Row (l. to r.): P. Zinck, V. Levy, S. Sheaves, D. Boulanger, P. Conrad,  
R. Menssen.

Standing (l. to r.): D. Boulanger, D. Hansen, C. Purcell, G. Joudrey, J. Eisenhauer,  
G. Cook, R. Bailly, G. Risser.





### **C. RAY LOHNES SCHOLARSHIP**

Shown is Miss Daphne Lordly, granddaughter of Mrs. C. Ray Lohnes, presenting the C. Ray Lohnes Scholarship to winner Chris Purcell.



### **DR. R.G.A. WOOD SCHOLARSHIP**

Shown is Dr. Wood presenting the Dr. R.G.A. Wood Scholarship to winner Suzanne Sheaves.



### **TEACHERS UNION SCHOLARSHIP**

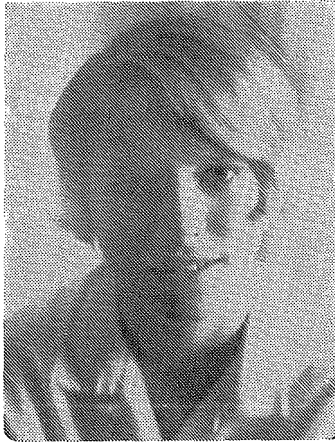
Shown is Mr. Harold Uhlman, Jr. presenting the Teachers Union Scholarship to winner Miss Penny Zinck.



### **SILVER A'S**

(l. to r.): Chris Purcell, Wendy Dauphinee, Ronald Bailly, Philip Daniels.





## VALEDICTORY

— Randi Menssen, 1969 —

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Speaker, honoured guests, parents, teachers, fellow students:

After thirteen years of watching other stiffly-starched graduates, we have finally made the walk to the top of the platform. Somehow, I thought it would look different, and I thought that perhaps I would feel, somehow, wiser.

Wisdom has not come to us yet, we are still very immature and child-like in our approach to life and the education we need to live it well. In our school years we have learned much, but not all of it was from our textbooks. That part of learning is useless unless it is supplemented by other lessons. The "other lessons" are hard to define, but, to begin, think of the problems and adjustments the average five-year-old has to make in his first years of school.

Most children are by nature self-centered. In the first seven years of school, children learn to get along with others. This alone involves all types of social life, group and individual participation, encounters with older and younger children, and with more grown-ups than the child, at age four, ever thought existed. Along with these, children learn discipline and respect for authority and for the rights of others.

Once a degree of maturity has been achieved, one begins the long search for self-awareness and self-identity, and begins to learn fully, and without reservation, all the knowledge offered, to absorb it, and to weigh its merits and values.

This is the stage we are going through now, and it involves the lessons of life as well as those of school. Most of the small details we learn now will be forgotten in a few years' time, but we will remember the theory behind our education — a preparation which will enable us to live wisely and choose well.

We will forget the details of what was taught, but we will remember the personalities of the teachers who helped shape our thought processes and helped to formulate our work habits. The most obvious evidence of this influence is the fact that almost half of the graduating class plan to enter

some facet of the educational field.

There are two provincial exams remaining, and Monday will be the last time we meet as a class. After thirteen years, this is hard to grasp. We will meet casually this summer, as usual, but next September most of us will begin to pursue different courses. We will realize at last that we are no longer a part of the high-school world, and that we have removed ourselves from that world by our own choice. We will realize that we are growing older, and not so very much wiser.

Wisdom and maturity will come later. The gap between high-school and university used to be wider than it is now, but high-school graduation still marks the close of a joyous, and, paradoxically, very sad time in our lives, and opens new vistas for us all.

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## **CAMERA CLUB PROGRESS**

**— Terry G. Conrad '72 —**

The Camera Club started off this year with high spirits these being in hopes of starting colour work. We began with regular weekly meetings, held in the school on Wednesday afternoons. This, however, did not suit all the members. After about two months of this, we started holding night classes which are still going on. Here, on their own, members go about preparing the meeting for the night; they might prepare a discussion or present a project, these all dealing with photography. So far everyone has played his part passing with flying colours.

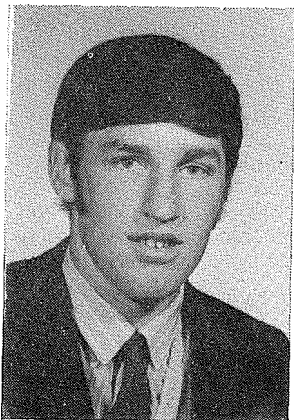
At the present the Camera Club can support no more members; it is filled with people who want to learn about the subject for later life. The members are: C. Eisnor, R. and A. Lewis, C. Andrews, D. Thompson, W. Jewers, J. Muise, D. Keddy, L. Eisenhower and T. Conrad.

Throughout the year we have been going on trip after trip to such places as the Keddy Farm, Indian Falls, and the surrounding area. Also this year, most of the pictures in this book have been taken by Camera Club members. New happenings include a ten-minute display of pictures on our yearly program of Hi-Society which we hope to do many more times in the future.

We'd like to extend our thanks for the assistance given us by Knickle's Studio, who assisted the Club in many ways and who took the Club's picture for us without charge.

## GRADE XII BIOGRAPHIES

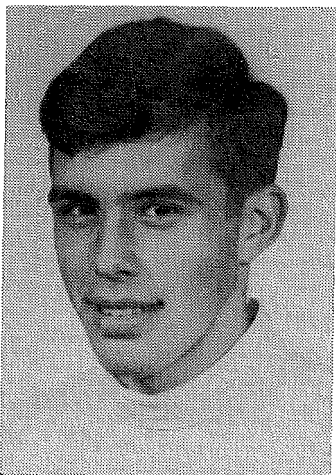
### TERRY JAMES PATRICK ALLEN — "T"



*There is no such thing as strong coffee;  
just weak people —*

After many, many years of training, "T" has become a "professional student". Aside from his 18 free periods a week, part-time work at the I.G.A. and trips to Acadia, he has been head of the Athletic Association, Intramural house manager and member of the hockey and soccer teams. Next year he hopes to be taking Phys. Ed. at Acadia.

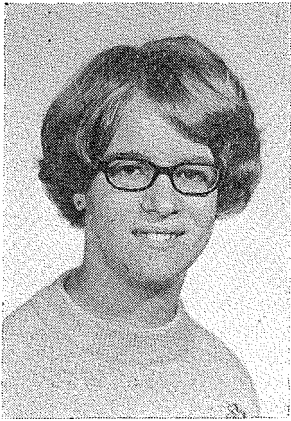
### DANIEL JOHN BOULANGER — "DANNY"



*I left the room in silent dignity,  
But caught my foot in the mat.*

Danny finally came to Lunenburg after jumping around these four provinces of Canada: Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Alberta. He entered Grade XII his first year and liked it so much he stayed for a second year. Danny participated in soccer, volleyball, curling and badminton. His plans are to take Civil Engineering at U.N.B.

## SHARON LOUISE CONRAD — "SHARON"



*School is a struggle, but essential to life.*

Sharon's schooling began at the old Academy. She was a student at Lunenburg up until 1967 when she decided to make a change and was off to Edgehill. However, after two years Sharon was back to her hometown for her graduation year. Sharon has been kept very busy with her schoolwork and Driver Education studies. Sharon would like to go on to N.S.T.C. next year.

## JOHN KENNETH CROUSE — "JOHN"



*When the buzzer goes,  
why hang around?*

John is included in the group of students whose education began by climbing the hill to the Academy. He is very sports minded and enjoyed such sports as soccer, golf, and goalie for the L.H.S. hockey team. This year John was the school Fire Chief as well as Co-business Manager of the Sea Gull. John's future is college and Physical Education.

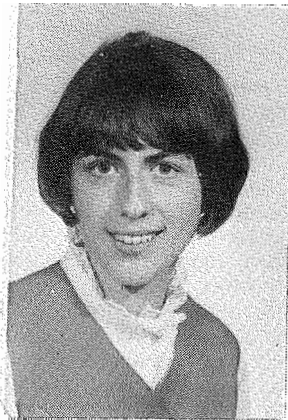
## PHILIP GARY DANIELS — "PHIL"



*Even greater than the love for Mother,  
Is the infinite, tenderest, passionate love  
Of one dead drunk for another.*

Phil is one of our original class members and with his intelligence had no problem in making it to graduation. He says he loves a game of tennis and for the past few years he has proven this to be true. Phil spends many hours at the tennis court, even in winter if the weather isn't too bad. He plans to attend Nova Scotia Teachers' College.

## WENDY ELIZABETH DAUPHINEE — "WENDY"



*Where there's a will, there's a way.*

Wendy had the will and therefore found her way to be a graduate of 1970. She is interested in music, enjoys majorettes, is a tenth year Girl Guide, and was a member of the Basketball team throughout high school. As an Editor of this year's Sea Gull, she has been kept very busy. Being a part-time cashier at the Dominion accounts for all her cheers for big "D". Next year Wendy will be "off" to Acadia.

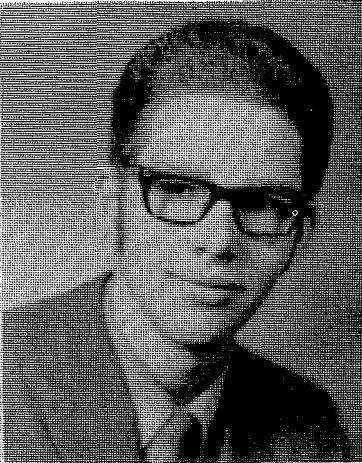
## LYNNE MARY EISENHAUER — "LYNNE"



*Money is the root of all evil;  
but I can't do without it.*

Lynne has been with us from the very beginning, trudging up the hill to the Academy. High School has kept her busy writing letters as past secretary of Students' Council, present secretary of the Athletic Association and secretary-treasurer of the Intramural Committee. She also belongs to the Senior Girls' Basketball team and the Camera Club. Outside of school, Lynne is co-captain of the Senior Bluenose Majorettes and drill-master at Sea Rangers. This summer will find Lynne back at the Saw Pit teaching swimming. Next year — B.A. in History at Acadia.

## CHARLES ROLAND EISNOR — "CHARLIE"



*"Have camera, will travel."*

Besides being one of the editors of the Sea Gull, Charles' interests take in writing poetry, and photography. He is an active member of the Camera Club, and has a part-time job at Knickle's Studio & Camera Shop. He was a member of the Reach for the Top Team and the Winter Carnival Committee. Charles was also the treasurer for this year's Students' Council. Other interests are Hi-C and pop music. Next year he hopes to begin studies at Acadia for a B.Sc., then a career in teaching school!! "If I don't like that", he says, "there's always photography."

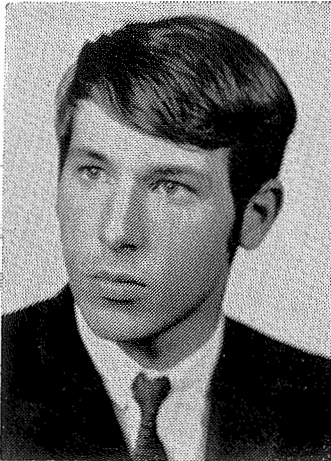
## TERRY GUY FALKENHAM — "FEATHERS"



*Man is a rope stretched between the animal and the superhuman — a rope across the abyss. That will be a noble purpose to have served. — Nietzsche*

Lunenburg welcomed Terry to the world September 26, 1952. Terry's main interests have shown up in the sports department. He was particularly active in soccer and basketball. This year he was a member of the new Judo Club. Terry's destiny is Commerce at St. Mary's University.

## DAVID FREDERICK HANSEN — "ED"



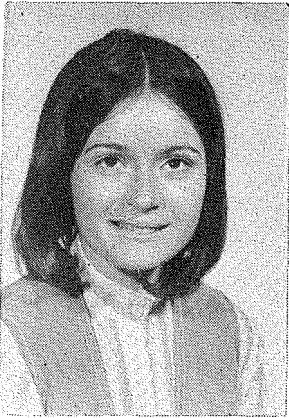
*Merrily, merrily, life goes on;  
Hoppity, hoppity, trip!*

David has been one of L.H.S.'s part-time students this year. He has an avid interest in sports and was captain of the hockey team and co-captain of the soccer team during the year. Next year he plans to attend Nova Scotia Teachers' College for Physical Education.

## DALE A. KEDDY — "DALE"

*Science is the virtue of fools.*

— Bacon



Throughout the past few years, Dale has by no means been a silent student. She has thrice served on the Students' Council including this year as the Secretary. She was also a member of the Reach for the Top team.

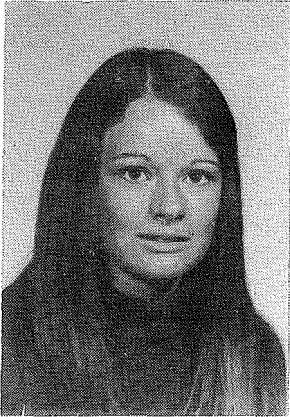
The title of 1968-69 Fire Prevention Queen led her to parades, banquets, a television appearance and participation in the Queen of the Sea Contest.

A certain "Lad" has occupied much of her time, for the little horse is a subject close to her heart; however, she has managed to find some spare time for sailing.

Dale is a member of the Camera Club and also enjoys sketching and good music. She plans to continue her education in the field of Arts.

## MARTHA JANE KEDDY — "SAM"

*Where there's a wind, there's a way.*



Martha has been with us for the last thirteen years. This year she was half-student in Grade 12. She played mate for our Girls' Curling Team that became N.S. Curling Champions, and curled for the Tupper Cup four years in a row. She was Secretary for Hi-C, and other great interests include sailing her own Minuett. After completing grade 12, she hopes to become a physical therapist.



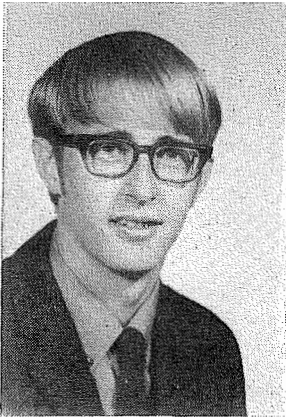
LINDA ANN LOHNES — "SARGE"



*If at first you don't succeed —  
keep talking!*

Sarge has been a well-known member of our class for thirteen years. She is the most talented student in the class with the gift of gab. In the sports category, her interests existed in both curling and swimming. Other than being the Sergeant of the class, she was also the Red Cross President. Sarge's interest for the future is nursing. Next year she will be at the V. G. in Halifax.

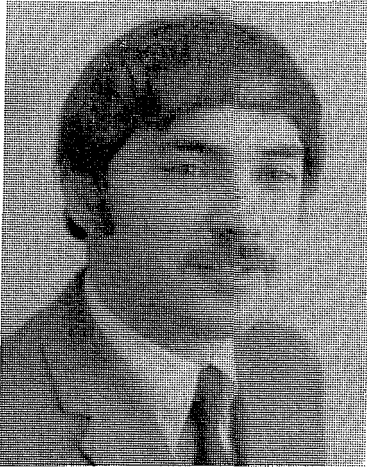
DAVID ARTHUR MacDONALD — "MAC"



*He smiles at many, but loves only one.*

David, originally from Cape Breton, also lived in Liverpool and Mahone Bay before coming to Lunenburg. Being very tired of school, he left for two years during which time he saw a lot of the world. David then saw value in education and came back to finish Grade XI and XII. David keeps himself busy with Students' Council and his part-time job at the Dominion. "Mac" has been accepted at Saint Mary's.

## MARVEN GEORGE NODDING — "HIPPIE"



*A friend of all and  
an acquaintance of one.*

Marven, after winning the Atlantic Outstanding Male Athlete of the Year in '67, turned his interest to the other side of school activities and became the first elected Students' Council President at L.H.S. for 1969-70. Still interested in sports, Marven managed to sneak in a soccer season and is a member of the newly formed Judo Club. Being interested in people, he plans to take a B.A. in Sociology at Saint Mary's University.

## BRIAN SOLLIE TANNER — "SOLLIE"

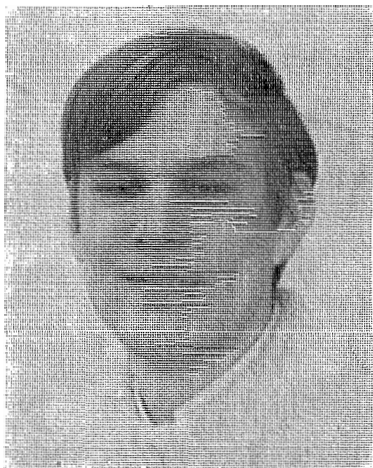


*Live while you have the chance.*

Although Brian has done some traveling during his six years with the Royal Canadian Sea Cadets, he has always attended school in Lunenburg. In the last few years he has acquired an intense interest in music and is at present the drummer for "Palabra", a local rock and roll group.

He is now studying piano in hopes that in two years or so he will have the qualifications to further his education in music at the Toronto Conservatory of Music and maybe later the Berkley School of Music in Boston.

## DOUGLAS STUART THOMPSON — "DOUG"



*Limousines have looks but I don't care  
My little jeep can get you there!*

Throughout school, Doug's teachers always say his spelling capabilities are outstanding! But his knowledge manages to cover up his spelling errors. During high school he has been a member of the Basketball Team. Sail boats in general catch Doug's interest. He spends a good deal of time with photography as a hobby. Of course Doug is a member of the Camera Club. He has summer employment at his father's shop. Doug's future interests are in mechanical engineering.

## GRANVILLE WALTER VEINOTTE — "CHIPPER"



*What doesn't have to be done, don't do!*

Chipper's schooling began at the steps of the old Academy and has continued to our new High School. He has been very much interested in soccer and basketball and was on the teams up until Grade XI. Since then music has been his first interest. This he shows by being one of the three members of the newly-formed band, "Palabra". Chipper's future goal is a career in electronics which he intends to study at N.S.I.T.

## GRADE 12 CLASS PROPHECY

— Linda Lohnes '70 —

"Just think, Dale, here it is 1990 and we finally made it. This planet of Lunenburg in the Styronous Galaxy is quite a something, isn't it? Back in '70 who would ever have thought that our teachers would give us this lovely planet on our graduation night and of all classes, OURS. Myself, I think Mr. Andrews was behind it all so he could finally get rid of us and have some peace. Speaking of the DEVIL, here he comes now. I hope his eye is better now because it didn't look too good after our long awaited fight on grad night."

"Oh yes, Sarge, I remember. How could I ever forget it? He had such a funny looking black eye we all broke down in fits of laughter. Look at him coming — it seems to me he is a bit black under the eye yet. Anyway they will soon be on board. You know these days I am nervous, flying as hostess on this plane or rocket or whatever it is, that Danny is piloting. I am sure that if it weren't for Feathers being navigator and co-pilot, you wouldn't get Sharon and me to take one step near this plane. Well you can call it exciting if nothing else. S'long Sarge, take care."

"Hi there Mr. Andrews and Mr. Lewis. How are you both these days? By the looks of things you haven't changed much. Where is Mr. Stevens? He was supposed to come too. Oh! Mac —"

"Hey! Mr. Stevens don't you know that this plane leaves at 9:00 and it's ten past now."

Puff. Puff. "Boy am I out of breath. The car broke down. I ran all the way."

"Likely story, Mr. Stevens. As official advisor to Marv, now Prime Minister of our planet, I will have to report you for this. It wasn't allowed in '70 and it isn't permitted now. Bye all."

"I neve - er . . ."

"Don't worry Mr. Stevens. Marv probably won't do anything this time but let's try and be on time in the future. O.K.? Just go through there and Dale and Sharon will tell you where to sit."

As we take off all the passengers wonder if they will ever return to earth after such a ride as . . .

"Here we are, safe and sound. How did you like the ride, Mr. Lewis?"

"Well one thing for sure — it wasn't dull."

"Step right this way, gentlemen, into the waiting limousine and from here we will tour this lovely little planet. The first place on our list is that of the Entertainment Capital under the able direction of Solly and Chipper. Today, they are reviewing some band from the Polopus Galaxy called the Black or Purple Room — something like that anyhow. We don't have a great deal of time but we will look in on them for just a minute or two. They are the greatest in their universe you know.

"All around here you can see the latest fashions from all the surrounding galaxies. None other than our own fashion minded Lynne is the head of this section of our planet. She is quite an expert on this sort of thing and we have all styles from every kind of culture from the farthest galaxy to the nearest planet. We all feel here on Lunenburg that this is quite an impressive display to any visitors we should have.

"T. is still as sportsminded as ever. Can we ever forget those hotheaded arguments between Marv and T. over hockey sticks in '70. Well things have

not changed much, for both of them are still at each other's throats about hockey. Just look over there, Marv against T. and David! Boy are they at it this time! For our own safety, we will move along now because when they start throwing things at each other I don't want to be within their range. It just isn't safe.

"This place is what we call Captain David Centre dedicated to him for doing his best for our hockey team way back there in '70. It has come to him only after many strained muscles and stitches on his chin. He finally consented to take it easy and raise his family. How easy it is I just don't know because with twenty-five children you cannot have too much peace and quiet. There are his children and his lovely wife now.

"Guess what we have here? None other than the mansions of John and Doug. These two prominent classmates have made quite a name for themselves. Doug is considered one of the greater photographers in three galaxies and has decorated our whole planet with some of his finest photos. John, as you can see by watching him over there, is the superb architect who has designed all our beautiful buildings on the planet. He is now planning to reconstruct a Community Centre something like the one back in Lunenburg. It really doesn't fit in with the rest of our buildings but it will be a sentimental touch. We all agreed that it might be nice and it would lend a bit of the old school days to our planet.

"Well we have been making pretty good time as it is but as you must realize we have four other places to see so we must hurry along now.

"To see Wendy at this time of day may be impossible but we will try. This is the villa set aside for receiving dignitaries. She is sure to be here as I understand that we have some important visitors from Neighbouring planets. She arranges for the food and the activities for the while they are here. She's a great organizer ever since she managed the arrangements of the graduation. I hope she isn't too busy to see us.

"Now we have to go on two long rides to see two other of your old students.

"Who else would live way out here in the wilderness but Philip? All through school he was the one to sit quietly in a corner and say little. As you can see he hasn't changed a bit. Nevertheless, it seems his greatest contact with the rest of our planet is John. He is still up to his old tricks of sneaking over to see Philip. Then Philip will give him a little help with his designing as he would sometimes help him in school.

Over here on the far side of the planet we find none other than Woodworm as he was known to us all. We all agreed unanimously that for our own safety Woodworm and his experiments had better be kept on this side of our planet. How can we ever forget the day his simple experiment in Chem. Lab blew up. What a MESS that was. Surely you remember that, Mr. Lewis. Well, ever since then his experiments have become more and more violent. How he ever manages to live through all that none of us can ever figure out. So, for reasons beyond my control, we will take a look at his place through these field glasses I have brought with me for the sooner we are away from here the better I will like it.

"This is the last stop we make before you all leave. It is none other than my own special medical centre. It was designed by John and built just three years after we graduated in '70. I cordially invite any one of you to come to me personally if you are ever in need of medical services. Hey where are you three going! Come back!! Puff, puff . . . I was only joking!"

## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT — GRADE 12

- TERRY ALLEN** — I, Terry Allen, being of sound body but not mind, leave my sneeze to anyone who can make Mary S. jump higher out of her seat.
- DANNY BOULANGER** — I, Daniel Boulanger, leave to any poor unfortunate sap who has more than 15 free periods the job of looking for lazy teachers. Also to anyone who tries to play more than 5 sports at once, the ability to make the teachers think that you have your homework done.
- SHARON CONRAD** — I, Sharon Conrad, bequeath my writing to anyone who can read it.
- JOHN CROUSE** — I, John Crouse, leave to Terry Conrad my well-used goalie equipment and good luck in L.H.S. hockey.
- PHILIP DANIELS** — I, Philip Daniels, bequeath to Roy G. the job of being lab assistant to Mr. Garg, with the hope that he will be able to have better success with the equipment than I did!
- WENDY DAUPHINEE** — I, Wendy Dauphinee, bequeath my position as guard on the Basketball Team to anyone who is taller than I am. To Mary S. I leave all the joys and headaches of being editor of the Sea Gull.
- LYNNE EISENHAUER** — I, Lynne Eisenhauer, bequeath to Liz Lane, the job of looking after the Basketball Team's Bulldog, with the hopes that she will not mind that cross-eyed look first thing every morning. To anyone who likes the taste of stamps and envelopes, I leave the job of being secretary of the Athletic Association.
- CHARLES EISNOR** — I, Charles Eisnor, leave to Terry Conrad, the job of taking group pictures for the Sea Gull. To the next treasurer of the Students' Council, I leave its debt and lots of luck in obtaining a better deal with MacKenzie Bus Lines and obtaining readers for the morning Bible readings.
- TERRY FALKENHAM** — I, Terry Falkenham, bequeath to John M., the ability to appear quiet and shy but sly on the side with the hope that he will be able to get away with it as well as I have.
- DAVID HANSEN** — I, David Hansen, leave my favourite seat on the hall bench to Henry DeMone, hoping that he will use it as wisely as I did.
- DALE KEDDY** — I, Dale Keddy, bequeath to my successor as Secretary of the Students' Council, my ability to create worry and headaches for the Students' Council treasurer!
- MARTHA KEDDY** — I, Martha Keddy, leave to Jill Comstock the quick ability to make "if looks could kill" faces at enemy spectators who play psychological warfare games at a curling bonspiel.

LINDA LOHNES — I, Linda Lohnes, hopefully of sound mind and body do leave my ability to change a subject in class to Janet H., hoping she will use it whenever she finds time to attend a class between her free periods. To Lynne S., I leave my gift of gab to get her out of Mr. Andrews' clutches for being late. Hope she has better luck than I had. To Valerie B., I leave my seat in French class hoping she will not need it as I did. To Lynn H., I leave my pinching fingers in hopes that she will use them as often and as effectively as I did.

DAVID MacDONALD — I, David, MacDonald, being of frail body and feeble mind, leave to Danny Tanner my newly-acquired ability to drive below the speed limits so that he will not have to walk for six months as I did.

MARVEN NODDING — I, Marven Nodding, leave my love of growing a moustache to anyone who is capable of growing one. To Billy F., I leave the habit of eating carrots at recess and dinnertime in the hope that he will not turn out to be a March Hare. I bequeath my job as President of the Students' Council to anyone who is insane enough to take it. I leave to anyone the ability to stay and last out 17 good years of school and come out sane. That's it!

SOLLIE TANNER — I, Sollie Tanner, bequeath to Joey C. my broken drum sticks.

DOUGLAS THOMPSON — I, Doug Thompson, leave to all photographers, all my exposed film.

GRANVILLE VEINOTTE — I, Chipper Veinotte, leave to anyone the ability to fall asleep in class with his eyes open, so that he will not get caught or accused of not paying attention.

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## GRADE 11 GENERAL BIOGRAPHIES

### **Andrew Michael Allen — "Nigg"**

Andy was born in Lunenburg on December 1st, 1952. He has enjoyed school and been an added enjoyment to the joke world of our class. We wish him a good time for future years.

### **Leo Wilson Boucher — "Boo"**

Leo was born in Kentville on September 13, 1950. He joined us in Grade 9 and has been with us ever since. Next year he plans to attend Lunenburg Regional Vocational School, and later a trip through Europe after his studies are finished.

### **Heather Ann Crouse — "Heather"**

Heather started out school as a student aiming high and looking for a future. When asked what she planned to do — "I don't know!" was the reply. Well, Heather still has another year of school to make up her mind. Good luck, Heather!

### **Darlene Claire Forbes — "Darlene"**

Darlene was born on March 23, 1952. Since the age of five she has been travelling to and fro from Lunenburg's school. We wish her a lot of luck next year at Success Business College in Truro.

### **Gary Thomas Fox — "Foxye"**

Gary was born in Bridgewater on August 11, 1951, and received his education at Lunenburg High. Gary took part on the soccer field for a few years. His plans for the future are to join the R.C.M.P. Good luck!

### **Barbara Mary Francis — "Barb"**

Barb was born in Hermitage, Newfoundland, on June 25, 1952. She joined us in Grade 10. Next year Barb plans to go to Lunenburg Regional Vocational School for Business Education. Then she wants a job.

### **Bonnie Marie Hardiman — "Bean"**

Born in Bridgewater on January 30, 1952, Bonnie has attended Lunenburg Academy since Primary. She was active in Soccer, Basketball and talking during her school years. Next year she plans to take a Business Education Course in Halifax. We wish her success.

### **James Thomas Hillier — "Tiddle"**

Tommy has been here from the start. He is always causing a disturbance. Tommy's greatest accomplishment thus far is playing Senior Basketball. He plans to go to Halifax Vocational School after this year.

### **Lucille Emily Keeping — "Ruby"**

Lucille was born in Lunenburg on June 13, 1953. She is a quiet one and well liked by everyone. Next year Lucille plans to attend Lunenburg Regional Vocational to take a course in Business Education.

### **Richard Blair Keirstead — "Blair"**

Blair arrived here in Grade 1 from Moncton, N.B. He has been active in sports, playing Senior Soccer, Hockey and intramural Bowling. First he plans to take a one year Business Administration Course at L.R.V.S. The next step is still undecided.

### **Michael Rayburn William Knickle — "Mike"**

Mike has been a very competitive student throughout his school years. His top sports have been Bowling and Hockey. Mike plans to attend Vocational School next fall to study Electronics. Good luck!

### **Jane Ellen Oxner — "Jane"**

Born in 1953 in Lunenburg, Jane has been with us for twelve years. This year she has been kept hopping as a member of the Students' Council. Next year she will be twice as busy, when she heads for Dartmouth Vocational for a CNA course. We wish her the very best for the future.

### **John Thomas Pentony, Jr. — "Little John"**

John, born in Southampton, England, has always attended the Lunenburg Schools, towering over everyone from the first grade onward. John has excelled himself in Bowling and Curling because of his great height — 6 feet 5 inches. He is planning to become a radio announcer in the near future. We all hope that he is successful and we are looking forward to hearing his voice over the radio waves.

### **Linda Elizabeth Richards — "Linda"**

Linda was born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, on May 22, 1952. She joined us in Grade 9. Linda plans on going to Lunenburg R.V.S. for a course in Business Education after which she hopes to attend N.S.I.T. for a Dental Assistant Course.

### **Dale Whyman Selig — "Dale"**

Dale is always joking and adds a comical atmosphere to the Class. He plans to enter the Nova Scotia College of Arts and Design. He seems the cool type and we wish him a lot of luck for the future.



**David Joel Selig — "Slick"**

David was born on March 22, 1952, in the little town of Bridgewater. He has received his entire education at the Lunenburg Schools. Next year, for better or for worse, David plans to try out his skills on the Vema. After which the N.S.C.A.D. will be blessed with his presence. We all wish him the best.

**Betty Jean Stoddard — "Betty"**

Betty was born in Lunenburg on September 15, 1953. Although small in size, she always gave a lot of herself when it came to schoolwork and sports. Betty, now in her last year at Lunenburg Academy, plans to continue her education at Kings Regional Vocational School in Kentville. Good luck.

**Cheryl Ann Tanner — "Pussy"**

Cheryl, being born in the Lunenburg Hospital on August 14, 1953, was able to start Primary with us. With her blond hair, she became noted for talking on any subject in any class! Kings Regional Vocational School will profit from her company next year.

**Albert Alan Warren — "Albert"**

Albert was born in Ramea, Newfoundland, and joined us in Grade 8. He has been a quiet fellow in class with his mind drifting to the pool room whenever possible. Good luck on your future plans.

**David George Wilneff — "Willie"**

Dave was born in Bridgewater on September 15, 1951, and attended Lunenburg for his education. In the years to come he plans to become a professional musician. This will include attending a College of Music to get a degree in the subject.

**Catherine Dianne Zinck — "Cathy"**

Born in 1952, in Bridgewater, Cathy has been with us for the last ten years. Next year she plans to attend Grade 12 at Centre. Following that, Cathy's plans include a CNA course at either Kentville or Dartmouth.

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**LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE GRADE 11 GENERAL**

Our minds we cannot vouch for,  
Our bodies though are sound;  
And so before we leave this school  
What we bequeath below is found.

I, Andy Allen, leave my mind? to the biology lab and hope that they can do something with it.

I, Leo Boucher, leave my long hair and ability to play with words to con people to whoever can cope with it and I hope they have more success than I.

I, Darlene Forbes, bequeath my scribblers to anyone who wants to spend time in decoding them.

I, Bonnie Hardiman, leave my beautiful legs to Susan Boulanger and my charm to catch greasers to Wendy Allen if and when she needs it.

I, Barb Francis, leave my Math ability to anyone who wants it.

I, Gary Fox, having nothing, leave nothing.

I, Tommy Hillier, leave my card playing abilities and debts to Carroll Randall.

I, Lucy Keeping, leave my flatness to Susan Mitchell.

I, David Selig, leave my modesty, quietness and musical talent to whoever wants to take over.

I, Cheryl Tanner, leave my skill of chewing gum in Mr. Bauld's class, and getting caught, to anyone who has a lot of gum to waste.

I, Blair Kierstead, leave my ability to find trouble to Billy Richards, in hopes he doesn't get caught as often as I have.

I, Michael Knickle, don't leave anything that might be favourable in case I have to return.

I, John Pentony Jr., leave to Aubrey Z. my advice on how to tall up — "Don't eat cornflakes!"

I, Linda Richards, leave my front seat in Mr. Bauld's class to anyone who is sucker enough to have it.

I, Dale Selig, leave my impersonations of James Mason and John Wayne to anyone who can take them up.

I, Heather Crouse, bequeath to anyone who can afford it, the tanks of gas it takes to drive back and forth to school.

I, Betty Stoddard, leave my basketball uniform to anyone who can keep up with it.

I, Dave Wilneff, leave my ability to turn off the establishment to anyone, in hopes that they can do a freakier job than I.

I, Jane Oxner, leave my isolated seat in Mr. Bauld's room to anyone who talks as much as I.

I, Cathy Zinck, leave my freckles to anyone who can wear them better than I.

I, Albert Warren, leave a cigarette in hopes that someone will smoke it behind Mr. Andrews' back.

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## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

(A digest of the school year 1969-70 by  
Sharon Conrad '70 and Sharon Toms '71)

School commenced on 2nd September 1969 with the usual moans and groans, and the issuing of all books, etc.

Oh summer, summer, where did you go,

And what's in store we'd like to know.

What joys or sorrow will come this year

To all the students gathered here —

Once all the books were issued and classrooms discovered, the first real event of the schedule was the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition. This allotted several holidays in our favour, and as usual a great deal of fun was had in the Parade.

With the Exhibition out of the way, we settled down to school business. One of the main things was to select class representatives for the Students' Council, Red Cross and other organizations within the school.

The Students' Council consists of Marven Nodding, President, Charles Eisor, Treasurer, Dale Keddy, Secretary, Terry Allen, Athletic Association, and Linda Lohnes was elected President of the Red Cross.

O willing workers now to toil  
Keep tempers even, not a boil  
Events if worthy of your grace  
Will certainly arise for you to face —

Again this year Mrs. Mason instituted the Choral Club, and a Camera Club was started by Mr. Lewis.

October proved to be both a busy and an interesting month. There was the crowning of our Fire Prevention Queen, Pamela Mills. Driver Education classes started under the capable direction of Mr. Rainforth; sixteen students took part. School pictures were taken, our magazine campaign started and turned out to be most successful, with our goal of \$2000.00 being reached. Our Hallowe'en Dance was held 23rd October, with the Matthew Hill Band in attendance.

October came and somehow went  
Before our energies were spent  
We still had strength to carry on  
Cause only two short months had gone —

November rolled in, and for some it was a fairly busy month. The annual Teachers' Institute was held on November 18th and this holiday broke up the month. Activities included the taping of High Society and Reach for the Top. Everyone enjoyed High Society, but Reach for the Top was a disappointment as our team was defeated in the first round. On 8th November we had a Dance with the Matthew Hill Band again in attendance.

December could be called the "black month". This was the first year exams were held in this month. December the 12th was the start of this dark period of school history! When this week of suffering was over, we had the Christmas Dance. The Christmas Concert was a success, thanks to the Elementary School Teachers and Mr. Aulenbach.

The new year started once again with January. Strange how this month always starts the year! This was the month of our Winter Carnival. Sports dominated, and mostly everyone participated in some way or other. Everyone appeared to enjoy the proceedings but there was a noticeable lack of participation of the teachers and parents this year. Jean Lace was selected as our Carnival Queen with, Wendy Dauphinee — 1st Lady-in-waiting and Debby Wentzell — 2nd Lady-in-waiting. Our curlers missed the Carnival, but they were all in Sydney upholding our tradition of good curling. Our girls are to be congratulated as they came back Nova Scotia Champions.

One good thing almost developed from the Carnival Week, and this was the forming of a Girls' Hockey Team. Mr. Bain gave them one practice session but something always interfered and no other games transpired. Hope this will continue next year, as it seems a good idea. Before you know it there will be new nicknames for some of the girls, such as Puck-hog, Sieve, Flash, Killer, etc.

Jan. 26th, a number of students went to Bridgewater to see the French play, Bon Voyage.

February was a busy month in the sports field. In Basketball our Junior girls were first in the Consolation Tournament and the Seniors were fifth in the County Championships. Many of our students took part in the Co-ed Parliament. A Valentine's Dance was held with the Melody Fair entertaining us. Grades 10, 11 and 12 attended a performance at the Neptune Theatre in Halifax.

March saw everyone busy in preparing the Sea Gull. All kinds of pictures were being taken, articles were written by the dozens, and from all indications this could bring out one of the best issues of the Sea Gull to date.

The Tupper Cup was played for in Lunenburg this year and once again the Lunenburg curlers were successful in winning this Trophy.

Chocolate bars were sold in an attempt to cut down the cost of the Graduation Dance.

For the rest of the year there will still be lots of activity in the sports field and it is a certainty that lots of studying will take place in an effort to pass the June exams.

Another year has come and gone,  
We've all got one year older.  
Some of us had hopes, and shone,  
And some of us got bolder!

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## CHRISTMAS CONCERT

### — Lynne Shepherd '71 —

The past year's Christmas Concert took place on Tuesday evening, December 9th, the matinee performance having been given the previous day. Unfortunately, through the lack of a play director, the Senior High School students were unable to take their usual place in the Concert — this being the play performed in the latter part of the Concert. So, the entire presentation was given to the talents of the Elementary School and in return the audience received an excellent performance and a refreshing evening's entertainment.

The welcoming message was delivered by Kevin Campbell, followed by a short recitation — "Not too Little to Help" by Atracta Rowlands and Randy Romkey. Several short exercises performed by the primary grades, including a choral reading, two choruses and rhythm bands, concluded the primary portion of the Concert.

Gwen Mader's recitation of "Very Little", and three exercises, "After All", "What Have You Brought" and "Not For Me", performed by Grade 1A, were followed by a combined chorus and rhythm band of both Grade 1A and Grade 1B.

Grade 1B presented the exercises "What Is Christmas", "Confessions" and "Good Night" as well as a short recitation "Christmas Conduct" by Timmy Dauphinee.

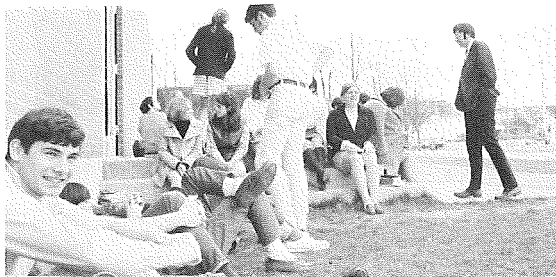
From Grade 2 to Grade 5, a chorus was presented by each grade.

The highlight of the evening was an adaptation of Humperdink's "Hansel and Gretel". This delightful musical was performed by students from Grades 2-5 inclusive. The young actors and actresses did an excellent job and deserve a lot of credit for their hard work.

The main cast is as follows:

Peter, a broommaker	— Scott Saunders
Gertrude, his wife	— Susan Joy Nowe
Hansel, their son	— Peter Parks
Gretel, their daughter	— Juliette Skinner
Witch, who eats little children	— Bill Gibson

The Concert was a great success and the long hours of practice and preparation proved more than worth the effort. Special thanks go to Mr. Aulenbach, the teachers and all the mothers who made the Concert possible.



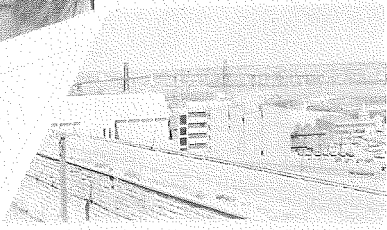
I wonder where the bus is.



HERE WE Go!



I bid



SCOTIA SQUARE, HALIFAX



Right!



All that information

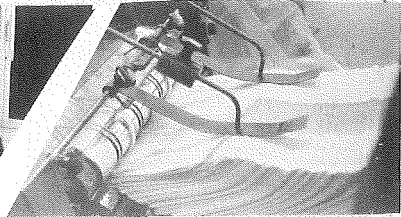
comes out



I'M SO TIRED



I'M NOT

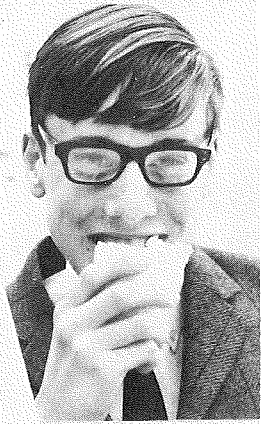
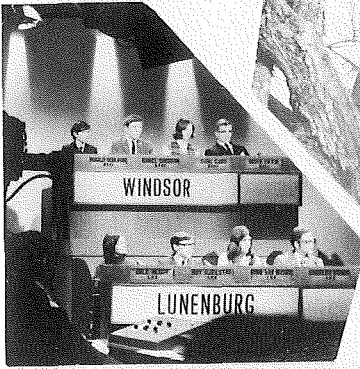


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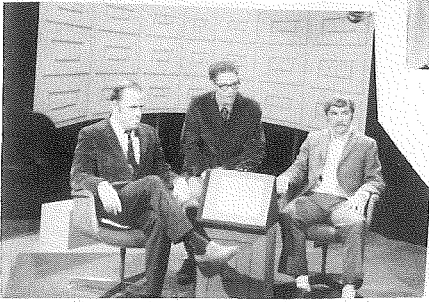
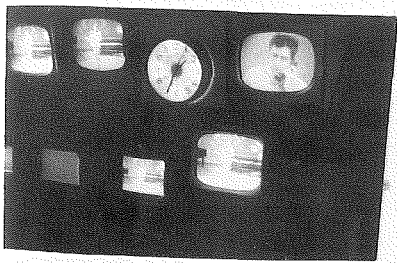


HOME AGAIN.













### GRADE 7A

Front Row (l. to r.): S. Lane, S. Smith, A. Demone, A. Johnston, C. Shepherd, P. Langille, N. Melloy, S. Randall, D. VanDine.

Second Row (l. to r.): C. Corkum, E. Mosher, C. Scarfe, A. Hardiman, L. Lace, M. Baker, P. Boulanger, D. Tanner, K. Powers, V. Eisenhauer, P. Dominix.

Third Row (l. to r.): I. Cameron, D. Creaser, I. MacDonald, K. Oickle, H. Mills, R. Whynacht, R. Rowlands, K. Hebb, D. Strickland, S. Zinck, P. Kinley.



## **GRADE 7B**

**Front Row (l. to r.): R. Levy, A. Boucher, B. Hynick, K. Wilneff, M. Knickle, E. Ernst, J. Parks.**

**Second Row (l. to r.): B. Forbes, G. Creaser, D. Frittenburg, D. Morris, E. Skinner, L. Richards, D. Hancock, J. Demone.**

**Third Row (l. to r.): G. Nowe, H. Sawler, B. Richards, D. Broome, R. Wilneff, P. Haughn, M. Perry.**



### GRADE 8A

Front Row (l. to r.): M. Walters, R. Savory, P. Rudolf, R. Ross, V. Haughn, M. Bauld, N. Walters.

Second Row (l. to r.): W. Kidson, M. Boudreau, A. Nauss, A. Himmelman, B. McLeod, L. Gibson, M. Piercey, D. Cunningham, A. Sheaves.

Third Row (l. to r.): S. Savory, S. Covey, B. Hebb, H. VanTassel, S. Purcell, D. Zinck, P. Demone, S. Feener.



**GRADE 8B**

Front Row (l. to r.): K. Mills, D. Winters, J. Frittenburg, D. Croft, C. Boucher, D. Selig, A. Conrad.

Second Row (l. to r.): D. Parks, P. Mason, G. Dares, L. Black, R. Cluett, V. Tanner, D. Tanner, D. Tanner, A. Zinck.

Third Row (l. to r.): B. Risser, M. Risser, R. Martin, D. Knickle, C. Baker, R. Anderson, G. Herman.



### **GRADE 9A**

**Front Row (l. to r.): K. Hall, P. Corkum, K. Richards, C. Winters, J. VanDine, A. Spencer, V. Orchard, W. Taylor, M. Allen.**

**Second Row (l. to r.): M. Eisenhauer, J. Comstock, N. Lace, J. Fox, S. Anderson, C. Wynot, A. Fraelic, S. Maxner.**

**Third Row (l. to r.): J. Wood, W. Mosher, M. Tanner, A. Thompson, J. Cunningham, K. Falkenham, B. Schmeisser.**



**GRADE 9B**

Front Row (l. to r.): J. Frittenburg, S. Tanner, S. Hancock, C. Savory, D. Richards, M. Dauphinee.

Second Row (l. to r.): W. Hebb, F. Kristensen, J. Osmond, R. Rees, N. Wilneff, S. Miller.

Third Row (l. to r.): F. Pridham, K. Boucher, W. Whynacht, S. Allen, R. Pentony, C. Tanner, B. Atkinson.





### GRADE 10A

Front Row (l. to r.): F. Pentony, D. Wentzell, B. Daigle, S. Ritcey, G. Winters, G. Fox, N. Lohnes, J. Purcell, K. Langille, L. Lane.

Second Row (l. to r.): M. Gaulton, M. Meisner, L. Hebb, L. Zinck, D. Corkum, S. Eisenhauer, N. Powers, E. Crouse, P. Falkenham, C. Campbell, S. Veinot.

Third Row (l. to r.): H. Francis, R. Ernst, D. Croft, T. Hanrahan, T. Conrad, H. Demone, P. Parks, C. Tanner, P. Burke, M. Hebb, A. Richards, O. Lace.



### **GRADE 10 GENERAL**

Front Row (l. to r.): B. Hynick, E. Morrison, P. Cook, D. Boutcher, J. Zinck, S. Dares, T. Bezanson.

Second Row (l. to r.): S. Mitchell, P. Lamb, J. May, G. Nauss, R. Cluett, J. Hinckley, K. Hannams, A.M. Baker.





### **GRADE 11 UNIVERSITY PREPARATORY**

Front Row (l. to r.): M. Strickland, C. Langille, J. Lace, P. Mills, V. Bezanson, L. Dares, W. Comstock, P. Walters.

Second Row (l. to r.): M. Kaderka, R. Gjelstad, B. Keirstead, J. Hebb, C. Corkum, S. Toms, C. Himmelman, T. Orchard, C. Berg, B. Frittenburg.

Third Row (l. to r.): G. Schmeisser, J. Powers, A. Savory, D. Covey, D. Dares, R. Crouse, J. Morrow, R. Hannams, T. Purcell, D. Tanner.



### **GRADE 11 GENERAL**

**Front Row (l. to r.): T. Hillier, C. Zinck, L. Richards, B. Francis, B. Hardiman, B. Stoddard, L. Keeping, J. Oxner, C. Tanner.**

**Back Row (l. to r.): L. Bouche, B. Keirstead, D. Selig, G. Fox, A. Allen, J. Pentony, M. Knickle, D. Selig, A. Warren.**



## THE FLYERS

— Orlando Lace '72 —

Lunenburg High School has a good team;  
 We give some and take some;  
 It shows we aren't mean.  
 We have a school spirit that's hard to beat,  
 That's why our team is really neat.  
 At Wolfville we creamed 'em,  
 Western Shore the same,  
 But what happened in Bridgewater?  
 We lost the game!  
 Next stop is Sydney,  
 Our coach's hometown,  
 Come on Flyers,  
 Don't let him down!

## GIRLS' SPORTS

— Janet Hebb '71 —

### SOCCER

This year's sports began with the organizing of both a Junior and Senior Girls' Soccer Team. The Senior Team was entered in the Lunenburg County Girls' Soccer League. The girls played several close games and lost most of their games by only one or two goals. The scores of the League games were:

Lunenburg 2	New Germany 3
Lunenburg 2	Mahone Bay 0
Lunenburg 0	Centre 1
Lunenburg 0	Centre 1
Lunenburg 1	Bridgewater 3
Lunenburg 1	Centre 2

Since most of the players come from Grades 10 and 11, and will be back next year, the team should put on a much better showing with this year's added experience.

In the Junior Girls' Division the Lunenburg team was entered in two tournaments. In the first one played at Centre they placed second with 2

wins and 2 losses. The results of these games were:

Lunenburg 2	Bridgewater 3
Lunenburg 1	Centre 0
Lunenburg 0	Bridgewater 1
Lunenburg 3	Centre 1

The second tournament was held at New Ross and our girls were victorious defeating Hebbville 3-0, and New Ross 1-0.

## BASKETBALL

The basketball season began in November and both the Junior and Senior Teams did quite well.

The Senior Girls placed second in the South Shore Federation Zone. They were victorious in the opening games of their series defeating Centre 42-16 and Mahone Bay 42-19. From here they entered a two game total point series with New Ross and although they put up a strong battle, they were defeated in both games of the series. The result of the first game was 28-17 and the second 40-26 to give New Ross the series 67-44.

The girls also were entered in the Lunenburg County High School League. They finished the season with a 4 win and 4 loss record for the fifth place finish in the nine team league. The scores of these games were as follows:

Lunenburg 59	Mahone Bay 29
Lunenburg 45	L'burg Regional Vocational 23
Lunenburg 23	New Germany 28
Lunenburg 28	Centre 30
Lunenburg 18	New Ross 27
Lunenburg 38	Bridgewater 20
Lunenburg 33	Chester 3
Lunenburg 39	Hebbville 52

The team played quite a few exhibition games during the year including a week-end trip. The results of these games were:

Lunenburg 39	L'burg Regional Vocational 29
Lunenburg 30	L'burg Regional Vocational 15
Lunenburg 41	Mount St. Vincent 17
Lunenburg 36	North Queens 29
Lunenburg 56	North Queens 48
Sr. Girls 20	Boys Hockey Team 20
Week-end: Lunenburg 66	N.S. Teachers College Jr. Varsity 56

Lunenburg 31	Onslow 30
Lunenburg 30	Mount St. Vincent 35

The top four scorers for the team and their total points for the year are as follows:

Janet Hebb	234
Bev Burke	128
Betty Stoddard	101
Lynne Hebb	58

The Junior Girls, who were also entered in the County league, ended the season in second place with a 5 win and two loss record. Unfortunately, they were defeated in the first game of the Championship Tournament by a very close margin and placed third. The scores of the league schedule were:

Lunenburg 36	Mahone Bay 12
Lunenburg 37	New Germany 4
Lunenburg 22	Centre 2
Lunenburg 20	New Ross 23
Lunenburg 18	Bridgewater 20
Lunenburg 53	Chester 10
Lunenburg 22	Hebville 14

The results of these games show the very strong defense exhibited by the girls during the season. The two losses the team suffered in league schedule were both very close games. The scores of the Championship games were:

Lunenburg 11	Centre 13
Lunenburg 17	Hebville 15

The girls played only one exhibition game during the season, defeating Cornwallis 16-14. The two top scorers for the team during the season and their total points are:

Carolyn Savory	92
Marilyn Dauphinee	77

---

## CURLING

The Girls' Curling Team had a very successful season. They won the South Shore Federation play-offs by defeating Bridgewater 14-4 and 9-3. This gave them the best two out of three series two games straight.

From here they went on to the Western Zone Play-offs which consisted of a Round Robin competition. The teams participating were Lunenburg, Yarmouth, West Kings and Middleton. The scores of these games were as follows:

Lunenburg 5	West Kings 6
Lunenburg 12	Middleton 4
Lunenburg 7	Middleton 2
Lunenburg 12	Middleton 4
Lunenburg 12	West Kings 4

So after a slow start, the Lunenburg team came back from their first game loss to win the Zone Play-offs and gain a berth in the Provincial Play-offs at Sydney.

The team travelled to Sydney to the Provincial Championships on the week-end of Feb. 5th and 6th. The teams entered in the competition were the winners of the other zone play-offs in the province and consisted of Truro, Sydney, Lunenburg and Halifax. The tournament was Round-robin and the Lunenburg rink won it in three games by defeating Halifax 8-7, Truro 15-2, and Sydney 14-3. The girls curled well throughout the competitions and brought home with them a well-deserved provincial championship. The team consisted of Wendy Comstock — Skip; Martha Keddy — Mate; Gail Fox — Second; and Louise Dares — Lead.

During the season, the girls curled a few exhibition games. The results of these games were:

Lunenburg 12	Bridgewater 3
Lunenburg 9	Bridgewater 7
Lunenburg 11	Bridgewater 4
Lunenburg 9	Bridgewater 5
Lunenburg 8	Bridgewater 7

For the fourth consecutive year, the Lunenburg teams have succeeded in retaining the Tupper Cup. Participating in the competition were boys' and girls' teams from Bridgewater, Liverpool and Lunenburg. The Lunenburg teams won the trophy with 7 wins and 1 tie. The scores in the girls' games were as follows:

A Team Lunenburg	15	Bridgewater	2
A Team Lunenburg	10	Liverpool	5
B Team Lunenburg	9	Bridgewater	5
B Team Lunenburg	8	Liverpool	6

---

## BOWLING

Once again last Fall, bowling was offered as an intramural sport. In the Senior Girls' Division, the Bowlmores came out on top of the competition. The team consisted of Jill Comstock, Pam Mills and Corinne Himmelman. Top average of the season, was taken by Flossie Petrony with a 93, and season's high single and high triple were both captured by Barbara Daigle with a 119 single and 324 triple.

In the Junior Division, the finalists were:

1st — Swift Rollers

2nd — Happy Gang

The season's high single was taken by Kathy Hebb with a 91, and the high triple was captured by Valerie Eisenhauer with a 250. The top average was held by Ellen Skinner with a 79.

## HOCKEY

During the Winter Carnival, a girls' hockey team was organized and the girls played a game against Hebbville. The Hebbville team was victorious by a score of 6-1. Due to lack of practice and experience our girls had a difficult time getting an attack organized but hope to do better in the next meeting.

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## INTRAMURALS

This year, intramural houses were organized and the competitions included Basketball, Basketball Golf, Free Throws, Badminton, Volleyball, Bowling, Golf, Ping Pong, Chess and Checker Tournaments, etc. These intramural activities have been successful in creating an interest especially among those students who do not participate at the team level.



### SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Front Row (l. to r.): E. Lane, L. Shepherd, L. Eisenhauer, J. Hebb, B. Burke, C. Campbell, L. Hebb.

Standing (l. to r.): C. Himmelman (Manager), D. Wentzell, B. Stoddard, S. Eisenhauer, P. Falkenham, P. Mills, W. Dauphinee, B. Daigle, Mrs. C. McAllister.



## **JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL**

**Front Row (l. to r.): N. Walters, V. Eisenhauer, D. Cunningham, M. Dauphinee, C. Mills, A. Sheaves.**

**Standing (l. to r.): J. Hebb (Coach), C. Powers, W. Taylor, N. Himmelman, C. Hall, C. Savory, C. Winters.**





### JUNIOR GIRLS' SOCCER

Front Row (l. to r.): D. Richards, M. Dauphinee, W. Taylor, W. Conrad, J. Frittenburg, J. Frittenburg.

Standing (l. to r.): Mr. A. Bain (Coach), D. Kenney, C. Savory, N. Lace, L. Black, C. Richards, S. Covey.



### **SENIOR GIRLS' SOCCER**

**Front Row (l. to r.): K. Langille, A. Baker, D. Wentzell, G. Fox, N. Lohnes, E. Lane.**

**Standing (l. to r.): C. Himmelman, B. Stoddard, M. Meisner, N. Powers, S. Eisenhauer, P. Falkenham, P. Mills, L. Hebb, J. Purcell, Mr. G. McCarthy.**



**CURLING CHAMPIONS (NOVA SCOTIA ATHLETIC  
FEDERATION)**

(l. to r.): Skip — Wendy Comstock; Mate — Martha Keddy;  
Coach — Mr. Dougald Burke; Second — Gail Fox;  
Lead — Louise Dares.



## **GIRLS' CURLING**

**Front Row (l. to r.): M. Strickland, V. Bezanson, M. Keddy, L. Dares, G. Fox, W. Comstock, P. Mosher, J. Lace.**

**Second Row (l. to r.): V. Haughn, S. Maxner, A. Spencer, V. Orchard, J. Comstock, P. Corkum, J. VanDine, C. Richards.**

**Standing (l. to r.): Mr. D. Burke, Mr. R. Zinck, M. Meisner, D. Kenney, L. Zinck, B.L. Young, N. Powers, P. Kinley, S. Covey, Mr. R. Campbell.**



### CANTEEN COMMITTEE

Front Row (l. to r.): L. Shepherd, N. Lohnes, P. Walters, K. Langille, P. Mills.

Back Row (l. to r.): G. Fox, P. Falkenham, S. Eisenhauer, C. Himmelman,  
V. Bezanson, J. Lace, Mr. G. McCarthy.



### **INTRAMURAL SPORTS' COMMITTEE**

**Front Row (l. to r.): S. Zinck, B. Stoddard, K. Vickers, L. Eisenhauer, B. Forbes, B. Atkinson.**

**Second Row (l. to r.): N. Lohnes, D. Wentzell, B. Burke, H. DeMone, C. Randall, P. Falkenham, P. Corkum, Mr. G. McCarthy.**





### **JUNIOR BOYS' SOCCER**

Front Row (l. to r.): J. Demone, W. Mosher, M. Boulanger, R. Martin, S. Purcell, D. Parks.

Second Row (l. to r.): Mr. W. Jewers, Gary Dares, R. Anderson, B. Richards, K. Falkenham, B. Forbes, J. Wood, I. Cameron.



### **SENIOR BOYS' SOCCER**

**Front Row (l. to r.): B. Alinard, B. Frittenburg, D. Hansen, M. Nodding, S. Crouse, B. Keirstead.**

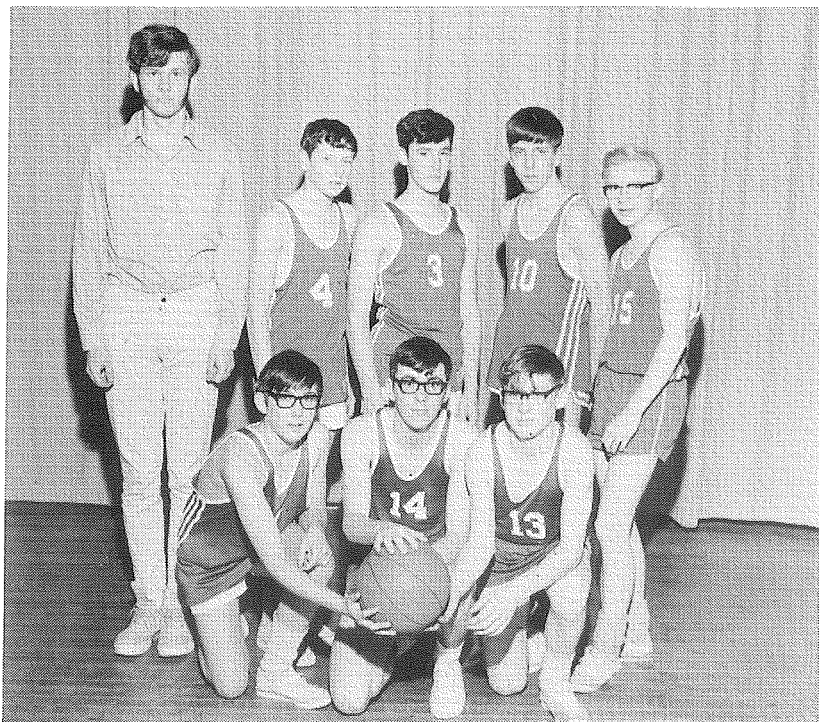
**Standing (l. to r.): Mr. T. Pope, T. Purcell, T. Falkenham, A. Allen, C. Randall, R. Hannams, K. Vickers, T. Hillier.**





### SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

Left to Right: B. Keirstead, J. Powers, T. Falkenham, C. Randall, A. Savory,  
T. Hillier.



## **JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL**

**Front Row (l. to r.): W. Mosher, R. Martin, S. Purcell,**

**Standing (l. to r.): C. Randall (Coach), R. Ernst, F. Pridham,  
D. Croft, D. Tanner.**



## **BOYS' CURLING**

**Front Row (l. to r.): J. Morrow, R. Crouse, D. Dares, D. Tanner.**

**Standing (l. to r.): Mr. D. Burke (Coach), G. Schmeisser, J. Powers, C. Berg, D Covey, T. Orchard, R. Gjelstad, Mr. R. Zinck (Ass't. coach).**



**LUNENBURG HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM**

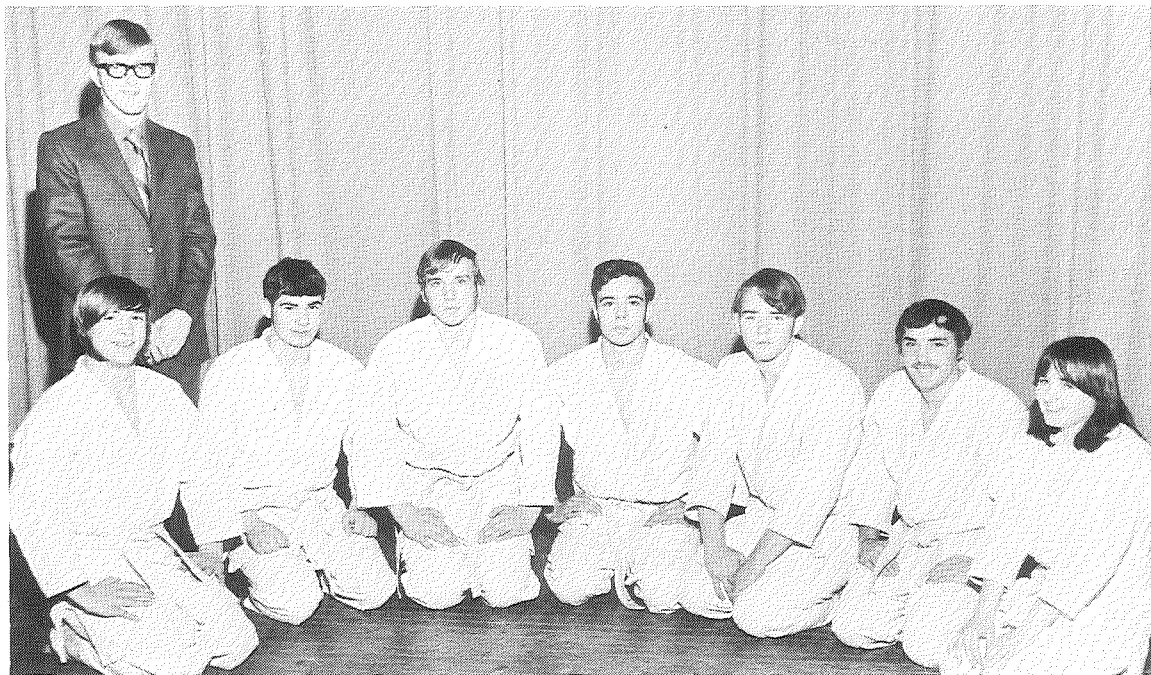
**Front Row (l. to r.): B. Forbes, B. Keirstead, T. Conrad, J. Crouse, D. Hansen, B. Richards.**

**Back Row (l. to r.): D. Parks, B. Frittenburg, R. Hannams, M. Knickle, A. Allen, T. Purcell, H. Demone, T. Allen, Mr. A. Bain (Coach).**



### SENIOR BOYS' VOLLEYBALL

Left to Right: A. Savory, B. Keirstead, R. Hannams, C. Randall, K. Vickers, J. Powers, Mr. G. McCarthy.



**JUDO CLUB**

Mr. G. McCarthy, B. Frittenburg, T. Falkenham, R. Hannams, D. Dares, D. Covey,  
M. Nodding, D. Wentzell.

## BOYS' SPORTS AT L.H.S.

— Bill Keirstead '71 —

### SOCCER

The boys' varsity sports season opened with the senior boys' soccer team entering the Lunenburg County High School Soccer League. With an accent on teamwork, the team built up a record of 1 win, 3 losses and one tie in league competition. Their losses were usually close and the team should be congratulated for their performance. Some of the scores were:

Lunenburg 2	Mahone Bay 0
Lunenburg 0	Chester 2
Lunenburg 3	Centre 4
Lunenburg 2	Centre 3

A junior boys' soccer team was put together this season and performed very well. They had a good balanced team and scored some impressive victories.

---

### VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball was started at L.H.S. during the past season due to the hard work of Mr. Gerard McCarthy. A senior boys' team was formed, and it being everybody's first year in varsity volleyball they ran into some inconsistency. The team did though, turn in some encouraging performances and should play much better next year with the added experience. Results of some tournaments were:

Lunenburg 9	Bridgetown 15
Lunenburg 6	Bridgetown 15
Lunenburg 0	Barrington 15
Lunenburg 6	Barrington 15
Lunenburg 9	North Queens 15
Lunenburg 8	North Queens 15
Lunenburg 4	New Ross 15
Lunenburg 5	New Ross 15
Lunenburg 10	New Ross 15
Lunenburg 15	New Ross 12
Lunenburg 15	New Ross 4

---

### HOCKEY

The senior boys' hockey team entered the South Shore high school hockey league this winter with high hopes of taking first place. Playing against teams from Chester High, Bridgewater High and Lunenburg Regional School, a failure to defeat the eventual winners, Chester, prevented them from reaching their goal.

In Federation Playoffs with Bridgewater, they seemed to run out of steam and were eliminated in 3 straight games.

Record —	8 wins	10 losses	1 tie
Games —	Lunenburg 8	L.R.V.S. 4	
	Lunenburg 4	Westville 0	
	Lunenburg 1	New Glasgow 11	
	Lunenburg 6	Bridgewater 4	
	Lunenburg 3	Chester 3	
	Lunenburg 8	Chester 3	

Federation —

Lunenburg 0	Bridgewater 4
Lunenburg 5	Bridgewater 6
Lunenburg 1	Bridgewater 5

**BASKETBALL**

The senior boys' basketball team entered the Lunenburg County "B" league with a young but hustling club. The club only managed fifth place out of a six team league, but many of their losses were extremely close. The club suffered mostly from lack of players, carrying only eight or less all season, and a lack of fan support. Some of the scores in their games were:

Lunenburg 49	Mahone Bay 51
Lunenburg 32	Mahone Bay 34
Lunenburg 29	Centre "B" 32
Lunenburg 40	Bridgewater "B" 25
Lunenburg 41	Bridgewater "B" 15
Lunenburg 30	Caledonia 41
Lunenburg 42	L.R.V.S. 49

Junior boys' basketball was revived at L.H.S. during the past winter. The team was given quite a rough re-entry into the league by most of the teams but the team never gave up. They did manage to win some games toward the end of the season to give them some consolation for earlier losses.

Junior boys' basketball scores:

Lunenburg 78	Mahone Bay "B" 22
Lunenburg 49	Centre "C" 17
Lunenburg 28	Centre "B" 17

**CURLING**

The boys' curling team this year was, for the most part, a success. After a disappointing loss in their Federation playdowns, they proceeded to go the rest of the season with only one loss. They helped the curling teams win the Tupper Cup by winning 3 and tying one against Liverpool and Bridgewater teams. Their one loss came in the closing bonspiel, which, with Dougald Burke, their coach, skipping them, they finished second.

A great many thanks to Mr. Dougald Burke for his valuable help and guidance.

Total Record	13 wins	5 losses	1 tie
Exhibition Record	8 wins	0 losses	

**BOWLING**

The fall bowling season saw many players' averages fall, but still the competition was keen. Blair Keirstead had the high average at 97 and also captained the winning team. Tommy Hillier, Art Savory and Ricky Crouse rounded out the winning team.





Linda Richards: Why . . . Your cough seems to be better today.  
 Betty Stoddard: Well, it should be, I've been practicing all night!

\* \* \* \* \*

Douglas Covey: What shall I do, I have water on the knee?  
 Tommy Hillier: Wear pumps!

\* \* \* \* \*

Pam Mills: All that I am, I owe to my mother.  
 Blair Keirstead: Well, why don't you send her 30 cents and pay up the bill?

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Mason: When I was a young girl, I thought nothing of a ten-mile walk.  
 Sharon Conrad: Well, I don't think so much of it myself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Doug Thompson: Does the water always come through the roof like this?  
 Mr. Stevens: No — only when it rains.

\* \* \* \* \*

Billy Frittenburg: Does Bev know much about cars?  
 Andy Allen: Naw. She thinks you cool the motor by stripping the gears.

\* \* \* \* \*

Allen Richards: What would you do if a sudden storm sprang up on the star-board?

Paul Parks: Throw out an anchor, I suppose.  
 Allen: What would you do if another sprang up?  
 Paul: Throw out another anchor.  
 Allen: And if another terrific storm sprang forward, what would you do?  
 Paul: Throw out another anchor!  
 Allen: Hold on now! Where are you getting all your anchors?  
 Paul: I guess from the same place you're getting all your storms!

\* \* \* \* \*

Tom Hanrahan: I don't know how to answer this question.  
 Sue Eisenhauer: What's it say?  
 Tom: It says, "Who was your mother before she was married?" Heck, I didn't have any mother before she was married.

\* \* \* \* \*

Barb Daigle: Why didn't they play cards on Noah's Ark?  
 Sandy Veinot: Why?  
 Barb: Because Noah sat on the deck.

\* \* \* \* \*

Martha Keddy: All extremely bright men are conceited.  
 David Hansen: Oh come on now. That isn't true. I'm not!

Jill Comstock: Well . . . how are your marks?

Susan Anderson: They're under water.

Jill: What do you mean, under water?

Susan: Below C level.

\* \* \* \* \*

Richard Hannams: What's the difference between a sigh, a car, and a donkey?

Lynn Hebb: I give up.

Richard: Well, a sigh is "Oh dear". A car is too dear.

Lynn: And what's a donkey?

Richard: You dear!

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Bain: That's a queer pair of socks you have on Marven; one red and the other green.

Marven Nodding: Yeah. And the funny thing about it is that I've got another pair at home exactly like this one.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Bauld: Who was the smallest man in History?

Dale Keddy: The sailor who went to sleep on his watch, of course.

\* \* \* \* \*

Terry Falkenham: Do you know that every time I breathe, a man dies?

Philip Daniels: Why don't you use a little mouth wash now and then?

\* \* \* \* \*

Billy Keirstead: How's John on the high jump? Any good?

Arthur Savory: Naw. He can hardly clear his own throat.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. McCarthy: (Phys. Ed. Class) — Every man on his back. Legs up in the air! Now pretend that you're riding a bicycle. Faster! Faster!

Orlando Lace: (being very tired, stopped).

Mr. McCarthy: Hey Orlando — What's the idea?

Orlando: Who me? I'm just coasting down a hill.

\* \* \* \* \*

Madonna Gaulton: She says she can date anybody she pleases.

Cathy Campbell: Too bad she doesn't please anybody.

\* \* \* \* \*

John Crouse: I always do my hardest work before breakfast.

Cathy Risser: What's that?

John: Getting up.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Rainforth: Come now. Define capital for us.

Gary Schmeisser: Well, capital's the money the other fellow has.

Mr. Rainforth: Good? Now what's labour?

Gary: Trying to get any of it away from him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Mosher: Did you write this poem yourself?

Marilyn Dauphinee: Every line of it.

Mrs. Mosher: Then I'm very pleased to meet you, Edgar Allen Poe. I thought you were dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Andrews (to Linda Lohnes who is 15 minutes late for school): You should have been here at nine o'clock.

Linda: Why? What happened?

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Mattinson: What is the best thing to put into cakes?

Jocelyn Zinck: Your teeth.

Terry Allen: What is the difference between a postage stamp and a woman?

Janet Hebb: Gee, I don't know.

Terry: One is a mail fee and the other is a female.

\* \* \* \* \*

Krisanne Langille: If a carrot and a cabbage ran a race, which would win?

Peggy Falkenham: Beats me, I don't know.

Krisanne: The cabbage, because it's a head.

\* \* \* \* \*

Karl Falkenham: Why do kids have to go to school?

Mr. Campbell: Because school will not come to them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lynne Eisenhower: You shouldn't go swimming on a full stomach.

Sollie Tanner: Oh, I swim on my back.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bev Burke: Why do they give girls' names to hurricanes?

Pat Walters: Because they're not "him-icanes".

\* \* \* \* \*

Paulette Mosher: Would you be angry at me for something I didn't do?

Mr. Lewis: Why, I don't see how I could.

Paulette: Well, I didn't do my assignment for today.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wendy Dauphinee: Did you know that it takes three sheep to make one sweater?

Chipper Veinotte: No, I didn't even know they could knit.

\* \* \* \* \*

Andrew Thompson: Do you think I'll ever be able to do anything with my voice?

Mr. Aulenbach: Well, it might come in handy in case of fire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Charles Eisnor: What do you think of those long TV commercials?

Danny Boulanger: I'm in favour of them. It's the only chance I get to do my homework.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Garg: In this formula for the parabola is it 2p or -2p?

David MacDonald: 2p or not 2p. That is the question!

---

### CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Terry Allen, a top student in Mathematics?

Danny Boulanger, deciding that sports are a waste of time?

Sharon Conrad, loving every subject in school?

John Crouse, not knowing what hockey is?

Philip Daniels, failing all his exams?

Wendy Dauphinee, enjoying the sight of blood?

Lynne Eisenhower, without something to talk about?

Charles Eisnor, throwing all his camera equipment in the garbage?

Terry Falkenham, walking to school every day?

David Hansen, wearing a grass skirt?

Dale Keddy, having perfect attendance?

Linda Lohnes, forgetting how to laugh?

David MacDonald, not opening any windows?

Marven Nodding, without a moustache and wearing a black suit, black tie and white shirt?

Sollie Tanner, with a brush-cut?

Douglas Thompson, wanting to grow taller?

Chipper Veinotte, a very sophisticated young gentleman?

## GRADE 11 GENERAL

Name	Pet Hate	Pet Love	Favourite Saying	We Predict
Andrew A.	driving around in back seat	a green Rambler	I'm going to have-atch-you	a white man
Leo B.	Mavericks	whoever comes along!	What a drag!	Narc
Heather C.	pills	her cat	Is that so?	Grade 12
Darlene F.	school	food	Good Lord	twiggy
Gary F.	teachers	Linda S.	What ya drinking?	lumper
Barbara F.	Thursday p.m.	walking	So what?	scientist
Bonnie H.	greaser	70/swinger	Ding-a-ling	a freak
Tommy H.	people leaning on my shoulders	finding girls shorter than myself	Going up to Ray's	a tall wife
Lucille K.	white wash	cheeseburgers	Ain't too baggie	?
Blair K.	school	girls	Who's she?	taxi driver
Michael K.	shaving	to help others	Oh crow!	short circuit
Jane O.	to hurry	Maitland	You're kidding!	Nightingale
John P.	Sundays	radio	What?	midget
Linda R.	boys crossing their legs	Terry	Is that right?	Hell driver
Dale S.	getting out of bed	colorful pictures, blue clothes	It'll never happen	playboy
David S.	haircuts	playing guitars and shooting pool	Never give a sucker an even break	another Rembrandt
Betty S.	no gym	Ponhook	I don't understand	reporter
Cheryl T.	D.D.	Alfie	Oh, my God . . .	playgirl
Albert W.	getting up in the morning	pool room	Got a smoke?	agent for Export A
David W.	the establishment	pussy-rat-axe	What a down	Narcotics Division
Cathy Z.	arriving on time for school	Bengy	Huh?	sergeant

## GRADE 12

Name	Pet Hate	Pet Love	Favourite Saying	Will probably be
Terry A.	999 lb. defenceman	my boots	Alright ya bunch of turkeys!	Ed. Allen's replacement
Danny B.	inactivity	sports, sports and more sports	Wish there was something to do	far away next year
Sharon C.	swearing	??	No?!	still studying
John C.	goals	hockey	That wasn't in!!	N.H.L. goaltender
Philip D.	9 a.m.	a soggy tennis ball	No sweat!	Woodworm
Wendy D.	making decisions	Dominion pay envelopes	Oh gravy train!?	anything BUT a nurse
Lynne E.	week-days	Feener	Well - 1 - 1 - 1?	lady drummer
Charles E.	dense negatives and French verbs	cameras and poetry	Sure . . .	Photographer for Playboy
Terry F.	morning devotions in the school	free periods	Don't ask me.	chicken plucker
David H.	no women	women	Must go look at the women!	dog catcher
Dale K.	hate	corn	You're kidding!	Mr. Benson's private secretary 'cuz that's where it's all at, baby!
Martha K.	farms	"minuet"	Hard to Lee!	capsized
Linda L.	green Vauxhalls and roadrunners	pinching	I'll break your face!	Brain Surgeon
David M.	gold bond stamps	Brenda	More Canadians shop at Dominion!	assassinated
Marven N.	life	life	Ya think?	happy
Sollie T.	grease	music	What a drag!	A failure
Douglas T.	cars	4-wheel drive Jeeps	I don't know!	grease monkey
Chipper V.	hair haters	records	Got a smoke?	another great medium

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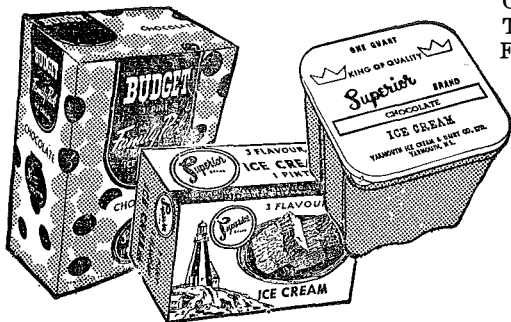
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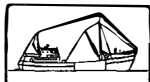
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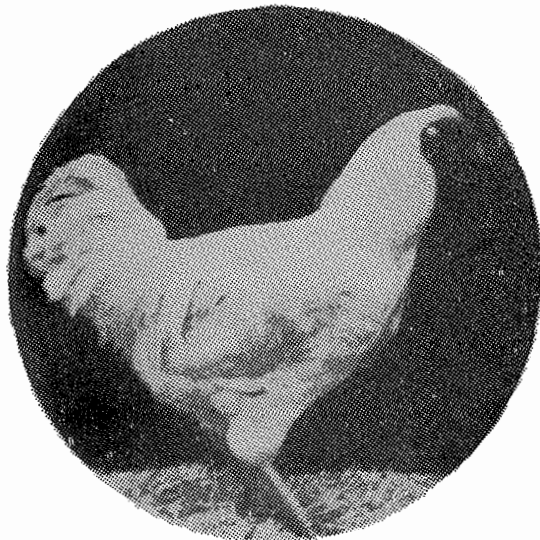
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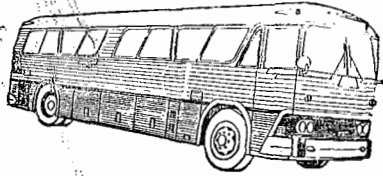
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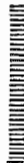
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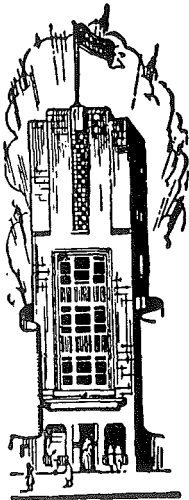
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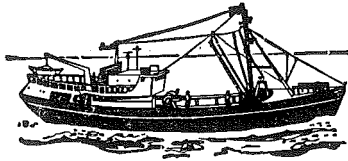
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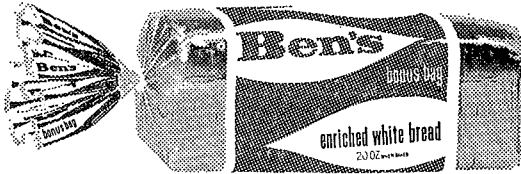
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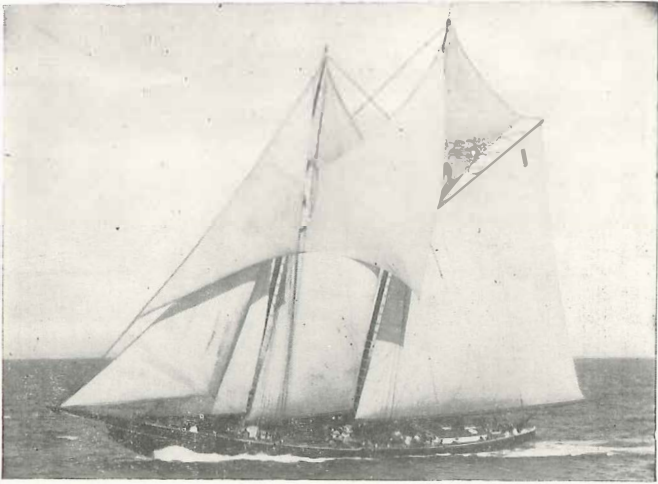
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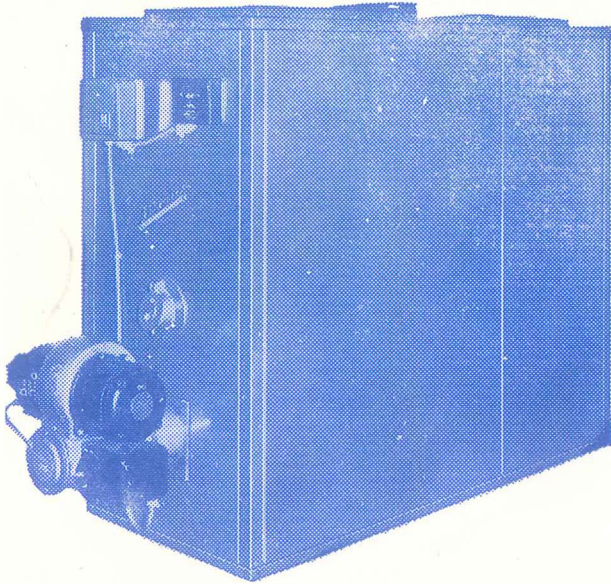
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