

# *The* SEA GULL



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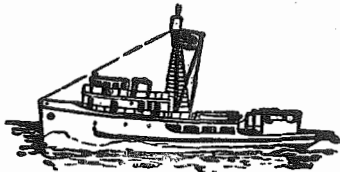
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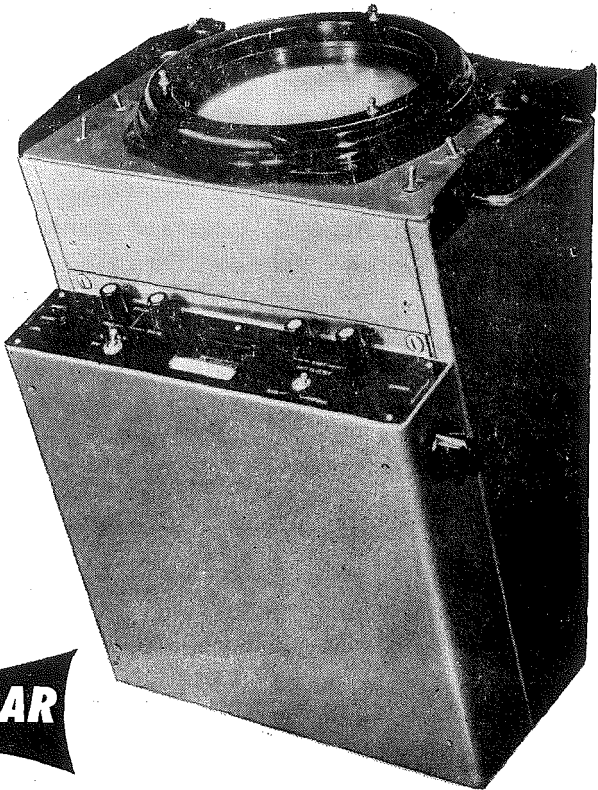
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to the UNDERGRADUATES don't stop now, you too have an important place in the world of tomorrow.

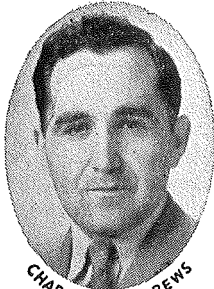
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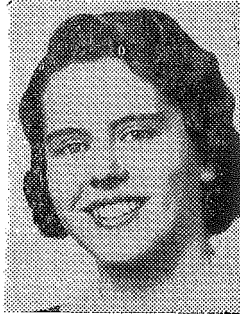
## JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

## MESSAGES FROM THE OFFICERS

Another decade has begun  
And once again, with work  
and fun  
We editors present to you —  
A Sea Gull.

We are very glad to have  
had the opportunity of being  
co-editors this year. The ex-  
perience, we feel, has proved  
invaluable for both of us.

**Rosalie Beck  
Judith Crouse**



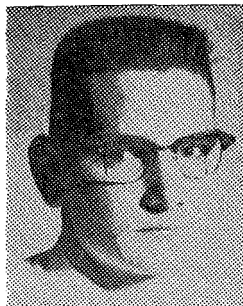
It has certainly been a privilege to serve as  
President of the Students' Council this year. I  
have gained valuable experience through it and  
have discovered there is much more to a school  
than books and study.

**Judith Crouse**

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

I would like to thank the students, and my  
advisors for their cooperation.

**Geraldine May**



We wish to thank the  
Teachers, the businessmen,  
and our assistants for their  
support. We have enjoyed our  
work on the 1960 edition of  
the Sea Gull. We shall leave  
the Academy having benefit-  
ed by our experience.

**Graham Creighton  
Lawrence Saunders**

Time marches on! Year after year new faces appear in our school and others, after years of study, are preparing to leave. We hope that their time was well spent.

Everyone in these days suffers under the feeling of being pressed for time. We do not seem to catch up with things as we used to do. Much of this feeling is due to procrastination, the habit of needlessly putting off things to which we should attend. This is a serious problem because procrastination does more than almost any other habit to deprive us of satisfaction, success and happiness.

Duty is not merely to do the thing we ought to do, but to do it when we should, whether we feel like it or not. When we make ourselves responsible for doing a job, making a plan, or directing others, we are duty and honour bound to do it at the time promised or expected. This is probably one of the most valuable results of education.

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

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# "The Sea Gull"

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**VOL. 26 LUNENBURG, N. S., JUNE, 1960 NO. 26**

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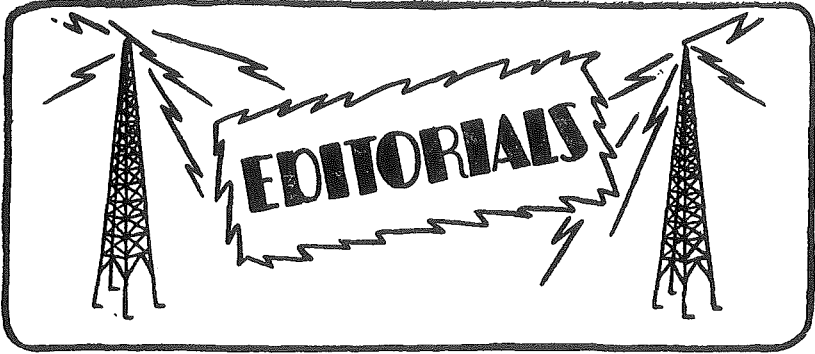
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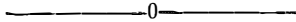
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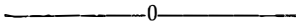


This 1960 edition of the Sea Gull is dedicated to one of the best-known and most highly esteemed of our citizens - Mrs. B. G. Oxner. The pupils with whom she has worked are legion. It is largely due to her influence that Lunenburg has achieved the reputation of being a "musical town." To us, her name is synonymous with music. Even in youth, music was her ruling passion, and no entertainment was complete without her warm contralto voice. Her talent soon found an outlet in the well-known mixed quartet. From here she turned to directing church choirs and teaching music in the school. Although, in addition to these duties, she now had the care of a home and family, she found time to instruct pupils privately.

As the years went by, her sphere of activities widened. No drama group would think of going on the stage without having rehearsed at least once for Mrs. Oxner. The annual Operetta is an exhibition of her skill in both drama and music. Indeed it seems today, that there are very few musical activities in which Mrs. Oxner does not play the leading role. So this year it is with great pleasure that we dedicate our magazine to Mrs. B. G. Oxner - our town's Mrs. Music.



One of the highlights of our activities during the school year, is the annual Christmas Operetta. This year's performance, "Gilbert and Sullivan Revue," was again enjoyed by a large audience. The operetta, more musical than most, made greater demands on the members of the cast, but they proved equal to the task.



Again this year, the Academy has excelled in the field of sports. The soccer team came second in the local School League. The basketball season is not yet over, but so far this team too, rates second. In hockey, although the record here is less outstanding, it still does credit to the school. However, it is the curling team that has carried off most of the honors. The boys struggled through "the" snowstorm to the Nova Scotia Headmasters' play-offs in Sydney, where they were almost runners-up. We all rejoice in their good fortune.



This fall the schoolhouse presented a shining aspect to returning students. The new coat of paint did wonders for our "castle on the hill." Another addition to the school this year, was a collection from the Anderson museum. This is a boon to all biology students. Many citizens again showed their interest in the school by donating books to our extensive library.

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We, of the Grade XII class, must this year leave the school which has been for so long a part of our lives. New experiences are in the offing, and new challenges are awaiting us. Work and fun have been happily mingled in this, our last year, and although we look eagerly to the future, the past will not be left without some regret. To those following us, we can only wish the same hard work and good times we have enjoyed. Whatever fate may hold for us in the future, we are certain that our years at the Academy will always hold a prominent place in our memories.

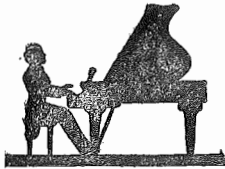
Rosalie Beck '60  
Judith Crouse '60  
Co-editors.

*This Issue of*

# "The Sea Gull"

*is dedicated to*

Mrs. B. G. Oxner "Mrs. Music"



Whose life has been associated with Choir and School music.

"The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more."

Wordsworth.

## MRS. MUSIC – MRS. B. G. OXNER

by Judith Crouse '60, Sheila Conrad '61

On the twelfth of May 1937, Westminster Abbey was the scene of a vivid and colorful ceremony, the coronation of King George VI. High overhead, in a huge improvised choir loft stood a figure dressed in a long white choir gown. This was none other than Mrs. B. G. Oxner, Lunenburg's Mrs. Music.

Born at Young's Landing on December 22, 1900, Mrs. Oxner, perhaps better known as "Pearl" to her friends and relatives, was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Young. As a child she displayed an extremely keen interest in music. One of her favorite pastimes consisted of playing a make-believe organ, rudely constructed of moss and stones. At the age of eight she started piano lessons. Three years later, she and her family left their home to settle in Woburn, Massachusetts. Although they remained in the States only one year, the musical training in the schools provided a grounding for her singing career. After returning to her former home, Mrs. Oxner completed high school at the old Lunenburg Academy. Then she entered Mount Allison University, where she furthered her education by taking courses in business and music.

During the latter years of the first World War, Mrs. Oxner made full use of both her commercial and vocal talents. She worked for three years as a stenographer at Power Brothers, while participating in various mixed concerts and musical programs in her leisure time.

In 1920, under the skillful direction of Roy Metzler, she played a leading role in the well-known opera, "The Chimes of Normandy." Throughout the years she appeared in other musicales such as "Fra Diablo" and "Pirates of Penzance." As a popular contralto soloist, Mrs. Oxner was often invited to sing at church anniversaries, concerts and many other forms of entertainment in the musical field.

Soon romance entered her life and in 1921, she married Mr. B. G. Oxner. Although Mrs. Oxner now assumed the role of housewife and mother, she nevertheless, did not lay aside her former musical activities. She has two daughters, Isabelle, Mrs. Martin Eisenhauer and Diane, Mrs. James MacDonald. Both girls are opera singers who seem to have inherited their mother's musical ability.



MRS. B. G. OXNER

Among the older folk in Lunenburg, who doesn't remember the famous Mixed Quartette. The group included Mrs. G. O. Baker, Mrs. B. G. Oxner, Mr. Ray Silver and the late Mr. W. A. Whynacht. They were very popular for about eight years, not only at home but throughout Nova Scotia as well. Singing at such important occasions as the opening of the Pines Hotel, Digby, and the Capitol Theatre in Halifax, as well as at the Public Gardens, anniversaries and concerts, they rendered not only simple music but difficult selections as well. For a time they received excellent training under the leadership of Festyn Davis, director of the Welsh singers who were touring Canada.

Mrs. Oxner formed and for eight years directed the Male Choir. They distinguished themselves in the Halifax Music Festivals, winning the prized silver cup for three successive years. In 1939, as a part of the United Glee Clubs of America, the Male Choir attended the World Fair held in New York. Along with eighty-seven other groups, they presented two concerts on the Fair Grounds as well as a mass sing-song. Mrs. Oxner had the distinction of being the only female director attending the Fair. The Male Choir was honoured when asked to sing on a program broadcast from the deck of the *Bluenose*, on an international network, to the American vessel, *Gertrude L. Thebaud*. Besides their outstanding appearances, the group sang at local engagements, too.

Since 1936, Mrs. Oxner has been the faithful choir director of Central United Church, during which time she has made two national radio broadcasts. In 1944, she extended her leadership to the Lutheran choir, which she directed seven years. Besides this work, she has, for the past twenty-four years, trained individual singers, many of whom have won scholarships in music festivals.

Perhaps one of Mrs. Oxner's most exciting experiences occurred in the year 1937. In the spring she, one of twenty-four carefully chosen Canadians, journeyed to London in order to sing in the Coronation Choir. You can imagine the excitement and anticipation of such an eventful trip. Only fifteen of the group crossed the Atlantic together. These (Mrs. Oxner included) practised faithfully for two hours every morning under the skillful direction of Ruth MacDonald. When they reached England, not only their spirits but their voices were in tune for the Coronation. Arriving in London on May 9, the group were comfortably settled in special hotels and then hurried to mass rehearsals of the many choir members. In spite of a busy schedule, there was still time for Mrs. Oxner and her companions to view London during the height of all the coronation festivities.

Three days later, sharply at eight o'clock in the morning, the four hundred voice chorus, neatly clad in snow-white robes, filed into Westminster Abbey. In order to sustain their appetites during the seven long hours ahead of them, they had brought along their lunches. From her seat high in the choir loft, Mrs. Oxner could view that entire colorful ceremony.

However, Mrs. Oxner's stay in England did not end with the Coronation of King George VI. She was soon caught up in a greater whirl of events. Her mornings were usually filled with practise for a special radio concert, to be broadcast to the entire Commonwealth. Nevertheless she still found time for sight-seeing and one afternoon, along with several friends, she toured the

beautiful estate of Lady Astor. Mrs. Oxner also had tea at the home of Hon. Vincent Massey, then Canadian Ambassador to London. Finally the night of the concert, for which they had practised so long, arrived. The broadcast was a complete success and to celebrate, the British Broadcasting Corporation held a dinner to honour the participants. On the following day, Mrs. Oxner sailed for home, bringing back with her a host of fine memories.

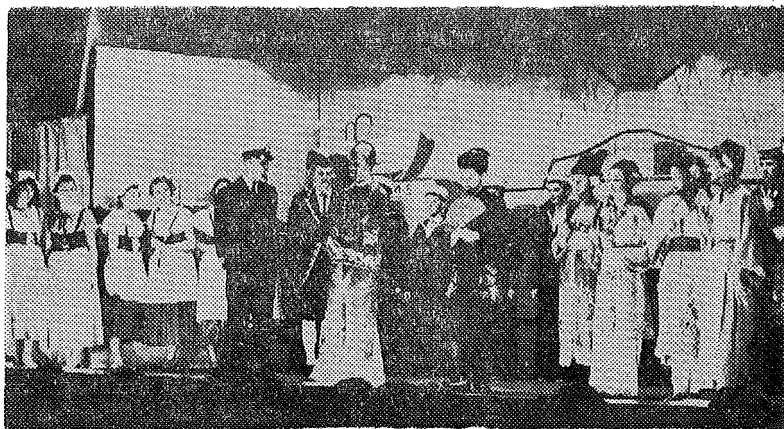
In the autumn of that year Mrs. Oxner was invited to take part in one of the famous Vesper services of Dolly Morrow in Boston. The program was a very elaborate one, for her host wore a beautiful gold dress and played a matching gold organ. Mrs. Oxner, dressed in her coronation gown, was proudly escorted up the aisle by two Royal Canadian Mounted Policemen while the orchestra played the well-known piece "Land of Hope and Glory." After singing several musical selections, Mrs. Oxner told of her exciting experiences on the Coronation trip, to an audience of almost fifteen hundred people. How nervous she must have been!

The following year, 1938, Mrs. Oxner began to teach music in Lunenburg Academy, thus beginning the school's Choral Club. About this time she also assumed leadership of school operettas. Following this, as a member of the Music Teachers' Association, she, with the help of Mr. D. H. Collins, inaugurated the Federation of School Festivals in Lunenburg County.

In addition to music, she was interested in developing adult talent in musical operas. To do this, the Lunenburg Musical and Dramatic Society was formed. It presented various musical numbers including "Hearts and Blossoms" and "The Marriage of Nanette." Mrs. Oxner also organized the Little Theatre Group which has been in existence since 1950.

Besides music and dramatics, Mrs. Oxner finds time for gardening and cooking, her two favorite hobbies.

Thus, as you can see, Mrs. Oxner has been engaged in many musical activities throughout the years. We think that she certainly deserves the title, Mrs. Music, and we would like to wish her every success and happiness in the future.



**OPERETTA 1959**  
**Gilbert and Sullivan Revues**

## OPERETTAS GALORE



### CAST — GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REVUES

by Joanne Knickle '61, Janet Knickle '62

The Lunenburg Academy has long been noted for its operettas. It has been and still is, very fortunate in having "Mrs. Music" (Mrs. B. G. Oxner) as the director, a role which she has filled since the operettas started in 1938.

The words, "Take one, camera, action," are familiar to the people taking part in the operetta about the middle of November when "the buzz" begins. The students who are chosen for parts in the operetta by Mrs. Oxner, are selected on the basis of suitability for the part and their singing voices.

The many operettas, twenty in number, have been as different as night and day—ranging from comedies to tragedies. Only two of the twenty operettas presented were repeated. They were Betty-Lou and Sailor Maids.

Mrs. Mary Dauphinee, our dependable artist for the past three years, has provided beautiful backgrounds thus supplying the operettas with a magnificent scenery. Only those who have seen these back-drops can appreciate Mrs. Dauphinee's contribution. Many of the sceneries used in earlier years were painted by Mr. Harry Brown who had given them to his nephew Mr. Billy King. He in turn gave them to Mr. Oxner and to the Academy.

Although the operettas have been successful, they would not have been had it not been for those behind the scenes—the Teachers and students who gave their talents in costuming, make-up, and lighting.

In the fall of 1937 Mr. Cyril O'Brien (now a Doctor of Music) organized competition in Halifax in conjunction with the Exhibition. He asked Mr. Collins to enter a group. Our supervisor conferred with Mrs. Oxner about the matter. That was the beginning of the Beethoven Choral Club which has been the core of the operetta casts.

No one, except those who have taken part in the operettas, know the great amount of work and patience that is required to put on such a pro-

duction. Mrs. B. G. Oxner deserves credit for the patience and hard work which she exhibits to present the operettas. Indeed she deserves the title, "Mrs. Music".

The operettas from 1938-1959 are as follows:

The Frost King's Daughter, The Romance of Cinderella, Betty Lou, Hearts and Blossoms, The Sun Bonnet Girl, The Beauty Contest, The Ghost of Lollypop Bay, The Wild Rose, Waltz Time, Marrying Marion, She's One of the Boys, Hearts and Gowns, Mississippi Melody, Sailor Maids, Sweet Anne Page, Miss Starlight, The Skywayman, Gilbert and Sullivan Review.

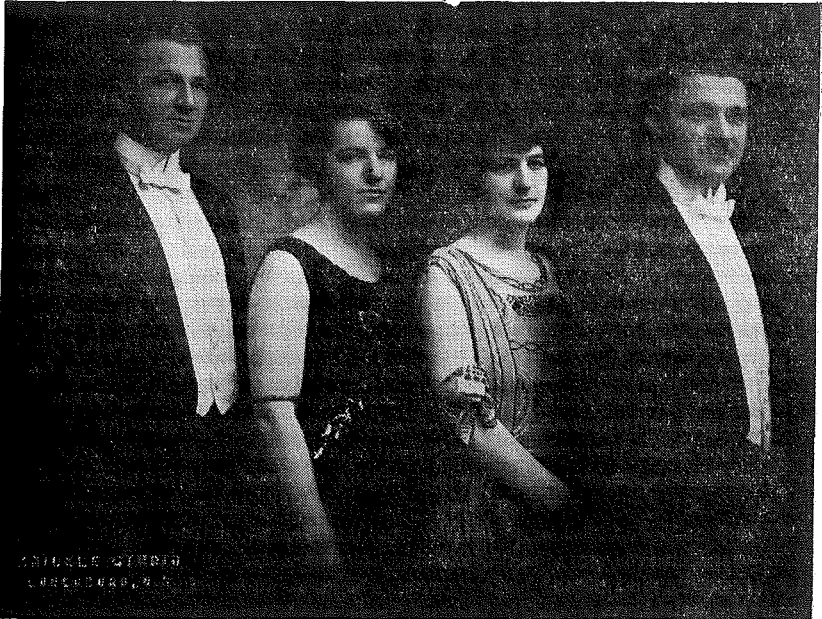
The accompanists from 1938-1959 are as follows:

Miss Frances Jennings, Miss Betty Feener, Miss Shirley Crouse, Miss Janet Zinck, Miss Nancy Zinck, Miss Shirley Lohnes, Mr. Frank Falkenham, Miss Melissa O'Connor, Miss Mary Lee Naas.

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## THE LUNENBURG MIXED QUARTETTE

by Judy Tanner '63, Alice Conrad '61

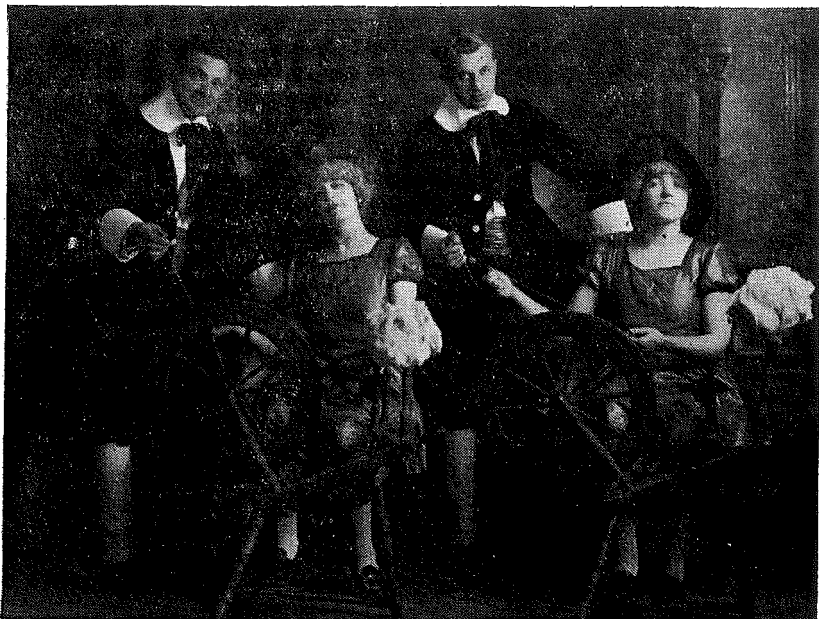


The people of Lunenburg have always enjoyed music and are fortunate in possessing much musical talent. Singing classes, church choirs and operettas are some of the musical activities enjoyed by both young and old. Therefore, it is not surprising to learn that when the Italian operetta "Fra Diavolo" was put on, it was enjoyed to a great extent by all those who took

part. Because of their interest in music, the four leading characters of the operetta formed a mixed quartette. This was the famous Lunenburg Mixed Quartette organized in 1923.

Singing in the group were Mrs. B. G. Oxner, contralto; Mrs. G. O. Baker, soprano; Mr. G. Ray Silver, tenor; and the late Mr. W. A. Whynacht, bass. Mrs. W. A. Whynacht was the accompanist. Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Oxner, both natives of Lunenburg, attended Mount Allison Conservatory of Music. Mr. Silver, although born in Lunenburg, spent part of his life in Boston where he studied music. The fourth member of the quartette, Mr. Whynacht, as well as being one of Nova Scotia's outstanding baritones, was also interested in band work. Mrs. Whynacht, the accompanist, received her training at the Halifax Conservatory of Music.

Their first performance was given over the Canadian National Radio Station in Moncton. Comments on their performance of Petrie's Cantata, "The Greatest Love," were received from places as far as Miami, Florida. The Quartette performed at the opening of the New Pines Hotel, Digby. At the first concert from the stage of the Capitol Theatre, Lunenburg, they sang a number of favorite songs. Another important appearance was at a huge benefit concert held by the Halifax Herald, at the Halifax Public Gardens.



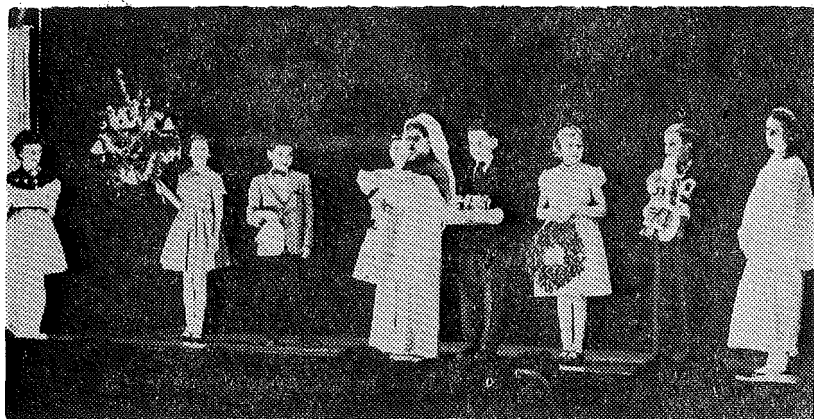
At the annual Berwick Camp Meetings, the Quartette was the feature attraction for several years. It also appeared at numerous Anniversary Services at churches and at dinner concerts in hotels. At the Empire-wide broadcast of the official swearing in ceremonies of Lord Bessborough, Governor-General of Canada, the ladies of the Quartette were included in a group of singers which represented the Maritime Provinces.



Such recognition was achieved only by assiduous work. Hour after hour the Quartette practiced, to achieve the standard of excellence for which they were noted. Often the Quartette rehearsed every night for engagements which were two or three months away. Before work began, however, Mr. Whynacht regaled the group with a half hour or so of riotous fun and laughter.

As far as outside coaching was concerned, the group received none except on one occasion, from Mr. Feston Davies, the highly trained conductor of the Welsh Choir. Through their own efforts, the Quartette mastered such well-known works as Spinning Wheel Quartette from Martha, Quartette from Rigoletto, Le Miserere from II Trovatore and Sextet from Lucia de Lammermoor, for their concerts, many of which were in costume. They sang many kinds of selections, ranging from excerpts, taken from light opera to musical comedies and standard concert numbers.

The Lunenburg Mixed Quartette continued to be in demand by the public for nearly ten years. Gradually new interests arose and because of the pressure of other activities, it was disbanded. Mrs. Baker became director of the Junior Choir of Central United Church and The Lunenburg Glee Club. She is now a resident of Lancaster, N. B. Mrs. Oxner organized the Lunenburg Men's Choir and subsequently became leader of the Central United Church Choir. She continues to do invaluable work as director of the Lunenburg Academy Beethoven Choral Club, several singing classes and the yearly eperettas. For many years the late Mr. William Whynacht was director of the choir of St. John's Anglican Church, Lunenburg. Mr. Silver has retired from musical activities and business.



#### COMMON SCHOOL CHRISTMAS CONCERT

J. Campbell, G. Eisenhauer, J. McDuff, P. Fraser, J. May, G. Hall, M. Keddy,  
J. MacPherson, K. Johnson.

# THE CARILLON

by Linda Cantelope, Elizabeth Pyke '61

"O Almighty God; the Fountain of all Goodness; we thank Thee that Thou didst put it into the heart of thy servant to present unto Thy Holy House this gift.

"We now dedicate these Bells to thy Service and grant O Lord that they may ever be a tuneful voice o'er land and sea to call thy people unto Thee, Through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen."

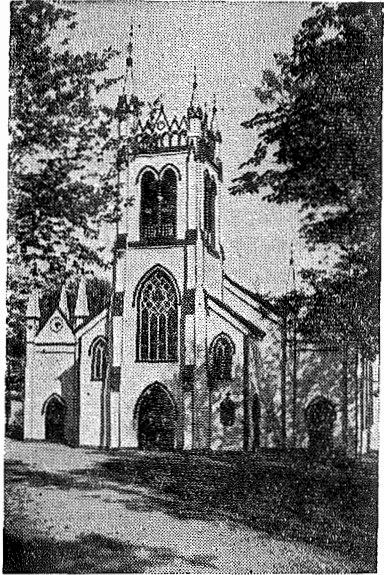
So intoned the Venerable James Albert Kaulbach, D.D., Archdeacon of Nova Scotia, at the dedication service in historic St. John's Anglican Church, Lunenburg, Sunday morning, November 16th, 1902, at the inauguration of the Chime of ten bells presented to the Church by his brother, Lieut. Col. C. E. Kaulbach, M.P.

That the Chime of St. John's is outstanding in tone and rank is generally conceded, not only by the residents of Lunenburg but by the many from all parts of the world who visit St. John's each year.

The bells were manufactured by Meneely & Company, proprietors of the Meneely Bell Foundry of West Troy, New York. A set of tuned bells struck with hammers to produce music is considered a Chime, and this accurately describes the wonderful bells of St. John's. The bells are attuned to the diatonic scale of F and range from F to the G above the octave, include the diminished or Flat 7th, E flat bell, making the set of ten. Many would suppose that only tunes in F or B flat can be played on this chime, but this is not the case. By transposing the scale of any tune into F or B flat, the tune can be played upon this chime provided it does not go beyond the compass of the ten bells.

The bells range in weight from 500 to 2,000 pounds and are all in a fixed position. The manner of playing them is unique, yet very simple and perfect. A playing stand contains as many levers as there are bells, each lever bearing the note of its respective bell and connected by rods and chains over a carefully adjusted series of pulleys. A quick downward stroke of the lever and the note sounds out from the tower above.

An unusual coincidence regarding the St. John's Chime is that during the fifty-seven years since the dedication, only a few men have played the bells, all happily members of St. John's congregation: The late Alfred Morash served from 1902 to 1905; the late John T. Arenburg from 1905 to 1942, followed faithfully and capably by his son J. Lewis Arenburg who plays for all



regular church services, funerals, weddings, on holidays and certain other special occasions. Edson Tanner has taken up the art and helps out occasionally.

Years ago the tenor bell was used as a fire alarm for the town. As a fire bell the whole 2000 pound bell swung. This practise was discontinued because the vibrations shook the tower too much and would eventually have caused some damage.

Each bell of the Chime bears the inscription: "Presented by Lieut. Col. C. E. Kaulbach, M.P., 1902. Gloria in Excelsis Deo" and on the tenor or largest bell is the additional inscription, "Lord may this bell forever be a tuneful voice o'er land and sea to call Thy people unto Thee."

Most Lunenburg people are apt to take the Chime for granted, but visitors and strangers are reminded more than anything else of the pastoral quietness of this small town and community as a whole, since the music under certain wind and weather conditions may be heard ten miles from this fishing port.



**LUNENBURG ACADEMY**

# THE OLD SINGING SCHOOL

by Judy Crouse '60

It was a clear, mild evening in the Spring of the early 1800's. The sun was shedding its last, warm, fading rays on the group of young people chattering and laughing gaily as they walked down the road. Perhaps one old woman, watching them through parted curtains, said to her friend, "Those young ones certainly enjoy their singing." And so they did. Those singing lessons, or the "Singing School", as it was called, was considered one of the greatest events of that time.

The singing classes were held at Heckman's Island, Martin's Brook and the Kissing Bridge, as well as at Lunenburg. Twice a week, all those who were interested, would gather at those places to receive instruction. The classes lasted practically all evening—from about seven-thirty to ten p.m.

This Singing School usually began on the first snowy days after the New Year. A quarter consisted of twenty-four lessons and with two lessons a week, it generally ran on into the first few days of April. It was a wonderful outlet for the energies of the young people, whose normal activities were mostly snowbound, and it was at the same time, both entertaining and educational. Of course there was a fee; but those of you who complain about the regulation cost of one dollar per lesson, today, will be interested in knowing that, then, the price was one dollar per person for the entire season!

One of the earliest instructors of these classes was Mr. Isaiah Westhaver. This man thought nothing of walking the long miles to Heckman's Island on those snowy evenings, to teach the group of singers gathered there. He always had with him his favorite books, "The Gospel Choir" and "The Vocalist", from which he taught. It seems that each teacher had his favorites. Some of the older citizens of Lunenburg, may remember a later teacher, Mr. Joseph Selig. And remembering him, they will probably recall, too, the hymnbook he particularly preferred, "The Dulcimer".

Unlike singing teachers of today, these instructors taught entirely by the do-re-me-fa method. All the music was sung by note until the tune was thoroughly familiar; only then were the words substituted. No musical instrument was used. The instructor pitched the tune and the class followed, completely unaccompanied. Anyone who has tried singing in this way will readily realize what level of ability these classes reached.

The crowning event of the entire season was a concert. Long practice was put into this program which featured not only class singing, but also dialogues, duets and special numbers. These concerts gave the pupils a chance to show their relatives and friends the hard work they had been doing all year.

Eventually, as almost always happens in such cases, interest in the classes dwindled. In 1896 the last of the classes was held. Their influence is still felt in Lunenburg County in a tradition of music.

## CHORAL CLUB THROUGH THE YEARS



by Elizabeth Pyke, Dorothy Wentzell '61

You have all heard of Mrs. B. G. Oxner, a prominent figure in our town. Mrs. Oxner is known for her many activities, not the least of which is her work with the Academy Choral Club.

The Choral Club was first started in 1938 when Dr. Cyril O'Brian came to Lunenburg to arouse interest for a choral group. Dr. O'Brian spoke to Mr. D. H. Collins who in turn suggested they speak to Mrs. Oxner. Mrs. Oxner agreed to organize and direct a group which she named Beethoven Choral Society. This started with twenty to thirty members and has grown, through the years, to an average of ninety members. About twenty years ago, this group competed against the Armdale Chorus and won. This is just one of the many competitions in which the choral group was successful.

Almost from the beginning the Choral Club put on operettas which were directed by Mrs. Oxner. These operettas ranged from comedies to dramas. Some years, instead of operettas, she put on cantatas. The people in these performances, as well as the pianists, were taken from the Choral Clubs. Some of these pianists were Frances Jennings; Shirley Crouse; Billy Feener; Frank Falkenham; Janet, and Nancy Zinck, Melissa O'Connor and the present one, Mary Lee Naas. The Clubs were usually made up of girls, although boys did take part some years. For instance, in 1955 there was a Boys' Choral group.

The Choral Club has taken part in many school festivals on the South Shore in the past years. The group has always been given praise at these festivals. Usually it is an all girl group although sometimes a mixed chorus was entered in these competitions. The Choral Club sang two part, three part, and when boys participated, four part selections.

About three years ago, the Choral Club recorded a number of selections for the annual March of Dimes program over radio station C.K.B.W. These selections were played a number of times and were enjoyed by all.

Although this Choral Club started with a few members, it has now grown to quite a size and is still growing. Each year Mrs. Oxner finds new talent for her operettas; and, each year, the high standards the group have attained are kept by the Beethoven Choral Society.



## MY UNCLE HENRY

by Rosalie Beck '60

There are some bachelors who readily admit their lot is a sad one; there are others who secretly agree — but very secretly; and there are still others who were obviously predestined to be bachelors from the cradle, never having so much as realized the existence of the opposite sex. It was to this latter category (alas) that my uncle, Henry Hemp, belonged. He did not hate women, he had just forgotten about them.

Uncle Henry was a farmer, and a model of industry and fussiness (which often passes for industry). If his neighbour, in repairing his fences, should accidentally get a bit of loose ground on the wrong side of the fence, you could be sure that before the day was over, Uncle Henry would have carefully repaired this serious damage to his property. His tall, thin figure went through every day, every week, every year, systematically. There was a never-changing rhythm to his life which the seasons impose on the lives of most farmers, but in his case it seemed that it was he who imposed the regularity on the seasons. It gave one a feeling of security to know that, come what might, next year at exactly the same time and in precisely the same place, Uncle Henry would be doing the very same thing he was this year.

It was a Sunday afternoon toward the end of summer, when Uncle Henry made what was probably the most startling announcement I had ever heard. He was leaning against the door-casing of the sitting room placidly smoking his pipe when he said, "Vell, I'm goin' to git married." I laughed. Of course it was a joke, although Uncle Henry usually didn't crack jokes. Finally, when he made me understand he was serious, I could only say one word — "Who?"

"Miss Flora Finley. We're gittin' married next week." This was even more of a shock. Miss Finley suited Uncle Henry in age, certainly, but she could put the magic letters B. A. after her name, and my Uncle had never so much as seen the inside of a High School. She had come to board in the country only that summer, during her vacation from her job as private secretary to a prominent city businessman, saying that she loved "the simple, quiet, unaffected life." In this time we had learned little about her, but the things we had learned did not point to a life of harmony with Uncle Henry. For one thing, she was a stickler for grammar, and grammar as you probably know by now, was not my uncle's strong point. Also, she herself was very set in her ways, and they were certainly not the ways of Uncle Henry.

How Cupid ensnared these two peculiar people at such a late time in their lives, I cannot and will not attempt to explain. Uncle Henry was never

one to talk of his feelings, and my own ingenuity fails me when I try to imagine the story behind this strange love affair.

However, soon after the announcement, Miss Finley (or Mrs. Hemp, as she now must be called) became a permanent addition to Uncle Henry's household. After the first shock of seeing her there wore off, I began to take stock of the changes in the place. And changes there were, certainly! The plain oilcloth covering on the kitchen table was changed to a white and red cloth one. The chairs were upholstered in bright gaudy material, and the curtains were made to match. For one who loved "the simple, quiet, unaffected life" her tastes in furnishings were certainly strange.

But the change in the house was nothing compared to the change in Uncle Henry. He had always been quiet, but now he was like one stricken dumb. Perhaps this was because on the rare occasions when he did open his mouth, Flora and her grammar book were ready and waiting to correct him. He spent as much time outdoors as possible and tended his farm with a devotion that would have won over the most hard-hearted wife. However, Flora did have some influence over him, for one evening I saw him wearing a new pair of slippers. You might not consider this remarkable, unless you knew that they had been given to him five years before, to replace a pair that were in shreds then.

Things went on in this way, until, one day in late October, the breaking point for both of them was reached. When I entered the house, I saw that Flora was patiently washing the cream separator with the air of a martyr. Uncle Henry was sitting nearby and seemed to be studying something very diligently. On looking over his shoulder, I saw that it was a grammar, and he was mouthing the principal parts of the verbs.

An ominous silence hung over the house. You could feel the tension crackling in the air; and I was just on the point of making my escape when Flora spoke in a voice that burned with suppressed resentment.

"What! You're not still at the first page of verbs! Really Henry you might at least pretend you have learned something by turning the pages now and then."

"Land shakes," he replied with just as much resentment, "vat do you vant, a hushband or a dictionary?"

Flora turned very red, but evaded the question and instead wailed, "Just think of what you've said, Henry — 'husband), 'vant', 'shakes'. How can you be so terrible!"

Uncle Henry stood up, and in one short sentence expressed the feelings that had been building up for so many months. "You talk the vay you wanna, an' I'll talk the vay I wanna!"

Flora burst into tears and screamed something about a B. A. lowering and sacrificing herself, washing cream separators, and about ingratitude. The next day she was gone.

Uncle Henry continued to live and farm as though she had been nothing more than a passing dream; and indeed she now seems to have been nothing more than that to me. And so, in this changing world it seems that there is one thing that no one can change — my Uncle Henry.

# THE ROCKING CHAIR

by Judith Crouse '60

It was just a simple child's rocking chair. The once shiny, varnished, brown wood was chipped and scarred. Time had also faded the pink-and-blue figured coverlet. The chair was empty now.

Once, happiness had been its environment. Love had rocked in that chair. For truly, love, if it can be anything material, was that little touseled blonde head, those happy blue eyes, and that quick innocent smile. How those eyes would watch big brother as he read his magazine, as he toyed with his pencil while figuring out his math problems. Mother and father laughed to see her try to imitate his long confident stride in walking. But most of all they noticed how she loved to sit and rock while he read to her, those fascinating tales of fairy-land where animals talked, candy grew on trees, and one never had to go to bed. Certainly, love lived in this house.

Then the radios and newspapers blared that awful news that was to eventually fill every heart with a chill colder and more terrifying than death itself. War! It had been expected and prophesied for some time, but who believed it. "Of course there's a war," says the next-door neighbor, "it serves those people right over there. They're always fooling with fire; now they'll get burned . . . . Who me? Why should it bother me? It's not my battle."

People wouldn't believe. Big brother, however, was a man now and he did believe. The army needed him. His little laughing sister now bore a proud smile. "My brother's going to be a hero," and she rocked back and forth gaily with the thought.

Of course the parents cried when he left; but the letters came almost regularly every week. That one bright spot in their lives kept the family together. They would gather around the rocking chair in the sunroom and laugh at brother's clumsy attempts at making his bed, his K. P. duty and his crazy round of pals. How funny he must have looked when he got his first army hair-cut! Yes, those days were happy ones, when father's voice rang out, "Letter today."

But as it came to so many other families at that time, so too, came to them that dreadful news, "Son missing in action." The rocking chair was still now, waiting for happiness to return. It never came back to that home. The father, his heart broken for his son, died. Mother and daughter tried to keep the house but finally they left.

The rocking chair, alone, remained.



# ONE LITTLE MAID

by Linda Cantelope '61

In Tokyo, Japan, is the splendid shrine and statue of Shinto. All the structures are hallowed by time, worship, tradition, and enfolded in ancient quietness.

Delicate pink cherry blossoms overshadow the garden paths; bronze and stone lanterns brighten the seclusion. A deep-toned bell stirs the silence from time to time like a stone dropped into a quiet pool. Near the main temple, curious pine trees stand, one of which has been trained on a trellis, to take the shape of an open fan. In the temple court is a beautiful bronze lotus-flower fountain. Water gurgles musically; perfume is in the breeze!

The real center of interest is the Shrine of Shinto. Many times I have gazed at the sharp sunlight, lying brightly on the slanting angles of its roofs. Entering the hall, to the left are flowers, storks, elephants' heads, fantastic animals — all elaborately carved.

Suddenly a nobly proportioned gilded figure looms ahead. It is Shinto sitting on a mass of crystal rice sprouts. His priceless emerald eyes balance his square smile. At the side of the statue is an incense burner and a priest tapping on a drum with a steady monotonous hand, repeating the sacred name "Shinto" in an unchanging voice.

To the right is the tea-room where the ceremony of making and serving tea is performed. I, Kappa Chang, am the obedient and devoted maiden who pours tea for the priests every day at three o'clock. I wear a scarlet kimono gilded with golden dragons, belted at the waist with black velvet quilting. Snake skin sandals hide my toes and, fashioned high on my head, black hair is twisted in a pine cone shape and decorated with red berries. My youthful pride is delighted with my lovely appearance.

Still this is a haunting existence for a lively sixteen year old. I must tell the unfortunate story of my life.

My father, Densin Chang, owned two rice fields and a miserable hovel near Tokyo. The cluster of our shacks was so fragile that the walls were translucent and at night, from a distance, they looked like a cluster of lanterns. The space of only two rooms in our house, depressed me. There was no furniture beyond a set of drawers. The larder of rice, oranges, and dried water buffalo, hung in baskets from the ceiling. The damp beds were piled against the firebox to kill the dampness.

Mother and I did the washing in a warm water stream that flows through the rice fields. I hated the heavy smell of its muck in the spring; in the season when the tender, yellow rice shoots, like water babies, nudged off their muddy coolie caps and peeked above the water. Then I had to wear a raised, wooden sandal to lift me above the mud.

Even on wash day, infants were not left at home but were carried on our backs. My smiling brothers and sisters accepted the simplest conditions of living without a murmur. Cheerfulness was a habit. It is not true Japanese babies never cry, anymore than it is true that in Japan flowers have no perfume, but crying was rarely heard in our home. My smiling brothers and sisters were taught to be patient. I found it more difficult.

My parents promised, "Someday we will all visit the Shrine of Shinto."

"Many yens from the rice crop harvest will buy new kimonos."

I thought, "Oh, parents, what shallow promises. Planting rice is a poor way to make a living."

I was young, ambitious and hated the dampness and isolation of the rice fields. Our homelife was too simple. No, that was not glamorous enough for Kappa, so as soon as my work was done I hurried to Peter Tom's house in Tokyo City. I loved being in his house. There was a clatter of sandals on the living room floor, a sound of wooden screens being pushed back to let in the morning sun, the soft swish of long pink feather dusters and the hiss of escaping steam from the kettle.

Peter Tom and I became firm friends and he taught me to read English. We spent many contented hours fishing in his row boat on the mirrored harbor of Tokyo. I was so happy!

One evening when the sunset was the color of all the sunsets you can combine, we wandered hand in hand through the city. We were all alone to dream, as young people will, with the opportunity of getting thoroughly lost. It was a delicious novelty compared with my dull life on the rice fields. Peter Tom was very concerned with my education because I lacked schooling. He told me tales of Tokyo.

"This city has a population of three million people and is the merging of fifteen fishing villages. As an industrial center, it is one of the most valuable in the world. You can walk fifteen miles in one direction and ten or twelve in the other without getting out of town."

I hurried to catch up with him as he hailed a rickshaw man. We jostled along in the big wicker chair till we reached the district of small shops. Business was practically conducted on the street, indeed the street became one continuous shop, separated into divisions of fruit, toys, china, curios and lanterns.

Suddenly a roar of aeroplane propellor engines was heard overhead. Enemy Americans. Instinctively Peter Tom pulled me from the middle of the street.

"Fall flat against the store foundation," yelled Peter Tom.

A confusion of hot, flying bullets pelted the street! Peter lay dead and bleeding as the dust settled on the street.

Tokyo had to struggle for survival during the Second World War. I had to struggle without my parents. How terrified I was. I fled to the Shrine of Shinto. This was built by the people of Japan because they had strong faith in the national worship of Shinto. Shintoism is a mixture of nature worship and ancestor worship. To the Japanese, the dead are as real as the living. Departed ancestors are supposed to watch over their descendants, rejoice in their prosperity and find satisfaction in their prayers and offerings. These "ghosts" gave prophecies and advice to their living families. At the Shrine I could live in contact with my dead family and beloved Peter.

After tea, I spent the warm autumn afternoon by the fountain softly singing to my pet sparrow. My song faded. Peter Tom's voice moved in the pine boughs.

"You were unhappy in the rice fields; I helped you to escape. Now you are sad again at the Shrine; follow my advice. Save many yens. Then take your riches, dear Kappa, and leave Japan forever. You do not have an Oriental heart."

As the copper sun lantern set in the dark violet hills, a haunting wind teased my kimono skirts. The priests were studying in their cubicles. I moved quietly into the statue room.

"The emerald eyes; how blue-green and deep they smoulder through the dead, dusty air. Shinto forgive me."

I fled and . . . . .

Flying with muffled engines, the American planes made a surprise attack on the industrial center of Tokyo City. The Shrine was hit! It collapsed violently.

A Christian monk sat faithfully by my side in the war shelter.

"Die, die, I must die," I begged.

Quietly he calmed me with his kind voice.

In the months I remained an invalid in that Tokyo war shelter, he read to me from the Holy Bible and explained the Christian religion. I finally found happiness. It was in the Shrine of God; in salvation through faith. Even the seclusion of the Japanese garden paths, of cold bronze and stone, can be brightened by this Christian lantern.

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## THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE

by Jackie Manthorne '64

The old lighthouse on the island had not been used for over twenty-five years. The undergrowth of bushes and trees had grown around it, and there was some rumor that it was haunted by the ghost of the last person living there, a bearded hermit by the name of Skebble Sharks.

Thoughts of this raced through my mind as Joan and I walked along the old path, which wound and twisted its way through the dense under-growth.

"Are you afraid?" I asked her.

"No," she answered, rather uncertain. "Are you?"

"Not if you aren't," I answered.

We came abruptly to a small clearing, and a small log cabin.

"I thought no one had lived on this island," said Joan, in a bewildered voice.

"No one does. This was the old man's house. He didn't live in the lighthouse," I answered.

We worked our way cautiously around the cabin to the path.

"Won't we ever get there? You know, I think it was awfully silly of us to accept the dare," she said.

"We can't turn back. We're almost there. Just to the other side of the hill," I answered.

We walked on in silence, and we came to the top of the hill.

"There it is. See!" I said, as I pointed out a tall, grey lighthouse, which was covered with moss, and surrounded with long grass and trees.

We paused and looked for a few seconds, then scampered down over the hill.

"Here we are. Shall we go in?" said Joan, as she stood peering into the slightly opened door.

"Yeah," I answered. "You can go first."

"Uh, uh. You go first," she answered.

Cautiously I opened the door, which gave a long squeak that sounded like a cat in agony.

We proceeded to look around, and after my eyes got accustomed to the dark, I could plainly see a table and two chairs, and a window, covered with rotted half-on, half-off boards.

Then I noticed the stairs.

"Look over there," I whispered, as I pointed to the stairs. "Let's go up."

"Why are you whispering?" asked Joan, who was also speaking in a whisper.

"For the same reason you are," I answered back.

We started up the stairs, which squeaked and moaned as if they were protesting our being there. Just as I reached the second floor (which was no larger than a cubby-hole), and I could see the stairs leading upwards, we suddenly heard a low moaning which sounded as if it came from the floors up higher.

"W-w-what w-was th-that?" stammered Joan. "L-let's g-g-get o-o-out of h-h-here," she said as, the sounds increased.

"Y-you d-d-don't b-b-believe in g-ghosts, d-do y-y-you?" I asked.

"N-no, d-do y-you?"

"Of c-course not. Now r-remember. Did you tell anyone else about coming here?"

"No, no one. Why?"

"Now, think. Who were the only ones who knew that we were coming here."

"The . . . . the boys," she said in astonishment.

"Right. Now we are going to have some fun. First, make like you're running down the stairs and they'll think that we ran away."

This we proceeded to do.

"Now . . .," I started but ended abruptly.

In the distance we could hear the laughter of the boys, which echoed through the place.

"We will have some fun," I continued.

I started to make low, moaning sounds and Joan joined in. We found some old chains which she began to rattle. The laughter stopped suddenly and in a moment we heard stamping on the

"Here they come," I whispered. "Hide somewhere."

Joan hid in a dark corner and I scrambled behind an old chest.

Just as we got hidden, the three boys who had dared us to enter the haunted lighthouse, came running down the stairs. I could hardly suppress my laughter, as they flashed by and were soon out of the place. We broke out in hysterical laughter, and as soon as I could control myself, I wiped the tears from my eyes.

"We had better get home. I think that there will be a storm any time. Hear the waves against the rocks?"

We were soon off the island, rowing in my father's punt. The waves were very strong and choppy by that time, but soon we were home. Strangely enough, we were never bothered by any more dares, at least from the three boys. I wonder why?

## OLD HARRY'S VISIT

by Marilyn Lohnes '60

"How do you do! Allow me to introduce myself. I am old Harry, alias the Old Boy. But you can call me Harry. Wait! Don't run away! Come sit on this nice tombstone and keep me company. I had to come up for a breath of fresh air. It is so hot down there I'm always glad to get out of my long, red . . . . Oh! Excuse me! I forgot about the ladies. But really, they are dreadfully hot and scratchy too. I don't see why they have to be made of red wool.

"Of course before coming topside, I had to be presentable. I disinfected myself very carefully from all smell of brimstone. I tied my tail up in a knot and tucked it in my trousers. After gargling with hydrochloric acid to remove the last touch of sulphurous breath, I pulled my black fedora over my horns. I was all ready — that is, except for my feet. If you look through legends about me, you will find I am always having difficulty with my feet. Since the stores don't carry my size, I just have to turn down my trouser cuffs.

"The reason for my visit is a business affair. The accommodations down below are really becoming crowded. The stokers have barely enough room left to tend the fires. I thought I could in some way slow down the traffic to my back door. I have in mind one character in particular — a Mr. Penfold Sharps.

"It seems that some years ago, he was in a deep-sea mishap. The ship sank and Mr. Sharps was caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. Well, at that time Davy Jones didn't have any use for a bad egg and I certainly didn't want him, so Penfold was set back on dry land.

"I hear he has become progressively worse, so out of the goodness of my heart I have decided to relieve the world of his obnoxious person. Maybe if people see what characters come to me, they will give up trying to be so bad and go in the opposite direction. I'll describe him so you'll see how true my words are.

"People always look at him as if he were some curio unearthed from the tomb of Nebuchadnezzar. He generally wears a brown hat with a daredevil slouch, a brown bow tie with white spots, a bright pink shirt and a natty brown-striped suit. Penfold's hair is long and oily and his fingernails are polished. He has a frail moustache turned up on the ends and slightly waxed. On his feet he wears a pair of green suede shoes with red rubber soles.

"Penfold succeeds, in his dress, in looking like either some retired pirate or a villain from the silent movies. The total effect, however, is that he resembles a dressed-up sheep. You feel if a dog barked at Penfold he might suddenly drop on his hands and knees and scuttle off with a 'baa.'

"I always have the feeling that in some curious manner, he has lost his way in life, because he doesn't know what he is meant to be. I'll fix that. Mr. Sharps will make an excellent coal carrier.

"Well, by my horns, here he comes now, on his way to the nightly card game with the 'boys'. I must go now; can't let business suffer for pleasure. By the way, if you ever want to get in touch with me the phone number is H - 000 - 00.

"Well, so nice to have met you. Good-bye."

## HEADING HOME

by Betty Ann Levy '62

As the darkness began to descend on the ocean, the last of the dories arrived at the vessel "Sunrise." Cheers rose as the captain said, "Up with the sails boys, were aheadin' home." These were the words they were waiting for. Soon they would be in port and home with their families.

As the Sunrise headed in, the crew sat happily about, playing cards and telling jokes and stories. They were the same old jokes and the same old stories told every trip but they sounded just as good as ever.

"Well," says Old Sam Blower, "you boys all know I ain't one to blow me own horn, but I bet none of you had no adventure like the one I had in the middle of the Pacific, when I was a lad sailin' on the Bluebell. Now boys, that was before we had them there engines to move the ship and we was movin' with the current and the wind. The wind had died down to where we had no choice but to drift with the current.

After a breath old Sam continued "now, this here current was no ordinary little current. No, sir, she was so strong when we went by a reef, it picked up a boulder the size of this here boat and carried her right along. Well, when we seen we was a-gettin' too close to this here island, we dropped a anchor but like I said, this here was quite a current. Well, sir, here we was in the middle of the Pacific with no wind and a mighty strong current and we was a-headed straight for this here island."

Old Sam looked around and said, "now, I was just a lad an' I must admit a little 'fraid. I was standin' there on the deck waiting' for to run ashore on the rocks, when all of a sudden I seen one of these here monstrous whales like you hear tell of, swimming against the current. Now this gave me an idea. I ups with a piece of rope we used to tie up wit' and fastened it a ring-bolt. Then I jumps into that cold Pacific water, below zero mind you, and swims after this here whale. Well, its hard to believe but after a struggle, I got the rope tied to this tail. He gived a turn and headed out to the ocean, pullin' us right along. By this time the wind was up agin and we jus' sailed right on home."

Laughter arose as the story finished and Jim Carter said, "Leave it to Old Sam to think up a whopper."

"Well," says Old Sam, "I know it's kinds hard ta believe but all da same it's true."

Just then the captain came in and said, "Boys, we'll be in by two hours if there ain't no trouble. We've a mighty nne trip aboard here, so what ya all say if we celebrate."

"A right fine idea," says Jim. "What ya say Old Sam tells us another whopper of his."

His suggestion was met by cheers and the stories were still rolling strong when the Sunrise docked.

"It's been a mighty good trip boys," says the captain, "but we can't get lazy on the job, so be here eight sharp tomorrow morning. Good-bye me lads."

## THE SILENT FRONT

by Graham Creighton '60

Two young officers squatted quietly together in a corner of their dugout. They tried to warm themselves by shivering under their trench coats. It was a blustering, cold, March day in 1915, in a tiny section of Northern France. These two comrades said not a word but sat silent and motionless, except for that vibrating motion inspired by the sub-freezing temperature.

There was good reason for this calm. These two boys, along with many others, had been through an extra hectic week of heavy German shelling. The German heavy artillery had been constantly hammering away, trying to find a weak link, or make one, in the chain of Allied trenches.

The war, now in its second year, had settled down to the bitter and sluggish trench warfare. This consisted of the slow grinding and pounding away at enemy trenches. Many lives were lost, and much blood spilled over gains of perhaps only a few hundred yards. No-Man's Land was scattered with the bodies of those who did not return to the old; or make it safely to the new line of defence, after the fierce bayonet fights.

Not a tree or shrub of any shape or form was to be seen in the area. On scanning the horizon, one's eyes gazed only upon a desolate and sickening sight of the lacerated and wounded earth. If someone strange to the front were to suddenly drop into the middle of No-Man's Land, he might think himself on the face of the moon. For all around he would see a plain landscape unlike anything worldly, with great craters where the German "pigs" (a heavy shell about the size of a wash boiler) had landed.

The only clues would be the torn bodies, battered helmets and broken rifles, all remnants of soldiers once smartly garbed in battle dress.

George and Alex, however, had been toughened and hardened by the war and heavy shelling alone would not have a great effect on them. There was considerably more to it than this. The stalemate that existed was not apt to last too much longer. Sooner or later, and it would probably be sooner, the Jerries would attempt a breakthrough. Thus it was, that the higher Allied command decided on a number of thrusts to prevent a breakthrough. This type of warfare was obsolete, for small thrusts could not penetrate to big guns and force the Jerries to change their batteries. This task could only be accomplished by one massive attack on the enemy lines. The higher command, however, lacking sufficient reserves, decided on the former plan of attack.

So it was that our pair were chosen as officers, to lead their small machine-gun batteries forward, and to establish a salient in enemy territory. All the men knew what kind of a show this would be and none of them relished the thought of it. George and Alex were in charge of several simultaneous attacks, but their objectives were two key positions. Both of the young lieutenants realized that even if they reached their objective, they would be cannon fodder for the Jerries, who would be able to shell heavily from three sides. The men of the army had a name for such an offensive operation as this. Usually well over fifty percent of the participants ended their exist-

ence in these skirmishes. Casualties very often ran as high as ninety per cent.

Alex. and George knew the end was near, and realized that they would never see each other again. Thus we find them in the strange mood as they sat together, not a word being uttered. Not a word was necessary for their thoughts spoke louder than words. They were ready to die and if they could kill a few Germans on the way to a lonely grave, that was all for the better.

Finally, as zero-hour drew sombrely nearer, the comrades rose to leave for their men. They were glancing at one another for the last time, when a messenger came bounding into the dugout and drew out from his case a sealed dispatch. Alex. removed the seal and routinely scanned the sheet. Gradually a thin smile spread across his tanned, grimy face. He passed the letter to George, who noticed two words which stood out in bold black type, "Operation Cancelled." Two roughened hands strengthened by the bucking Emma Gees, clasped tightly, and the comrades departed, deeply mindful of the fact that they had been spared to fight again.

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## THE MISSING BUTTON

by Dianne Lohnes '62

There lay the body — cold, white and bony — with a pool of red blood around the head. The big house seemed vacant, as it had been for many years, while the wind whistled through the trees and the moon cast shadows on the dark grounds. No one saw the thin figure slip away into the night.

Minnie Thornton, a snooty as well as nosey old maid, passed by late from work that night. Nothing but her great curiosity made her look over the high stone wall. The shock of her life awaited her. She let out a scream which could be heard blocks away and clutched her face with her thin fingers. Minnie had found the body. Down the street like a frightened hen she ran, shouting, "Police! Police!"

"There goes that silly, old Miss Thornton," thought the neighbours as they watched her race along, headlong into a speeding car.

Next, Minnie Thornton saw white-robed people. "God be praised," she gasped, "I'm in Heaven."

"What was that?" asked a nurse.

Then it all came back. The horrible scene of the man under the bush. She wanted to get up and run but they were holding her. Minnie spilled the story in seconds but no one believed her. They looked at her as though she were hopelessly insane. What could she do?

Hours later an inspector called at the hospital room. Again the story was told. "We'll check on it," was all the inspector had to say.

"That crazy Miss Thornton thinks a murder has been committed on the Marrack property on Oak Street," relayed the tall, firm inspector to two policemen. "Go and check on it."

Sure enough, there lay the body on the exact spot. Who was the poor unfortunate? He seemed to be a stranger. In a town as small as Hillcrest, everyone knew everyone else, but no one knew this small gentleman who had obviously been murdered. This was a real case for the police now — a mur-



der but no motive, no clues and no identification. The grounds were examined. Not an inch was left untouched. Then a button was found. This was the break they had been waiting for.

The button wasn't large or expensive looking, but there was something distinguishing about it. It was made of wood with the carved initials G. C. After thinking for some time the inspector came up with the name — George Cline, who managed the bank. But this would not prove anyone guilty of murder. There had to be more proof — much more.

Inspector Grogan paid a call on Mr. Cline. He was dignified with a sly look about him. "Leaving town?" asked Inspector Grogan suspiciously.

"Er . . . . why . . . . er, yes," replied George Cline nervously. "For a few days . . . . on business."

"That's a nice coat you've got there," said the inspector. "I see there's a button missing. Too bad. I guess you didn't know that one exactly matching those on your coat was found near the scene of that mysterious murder."

There! It was spilled. What would George Cline do? Would he admit it, or try to worm out of it? There was a short silence. Then Cline jumped up, made a desperate last dash through the doorway. A waiting officer grabbed him. It was the end.

"Why would you do such a thing?" asked the inspector.

"I stole money from the bank. He was the only one who knew and was blackmailing me. It seemed the only resort," was the reply.

The case was solved. Minnie Thornton no longer was the laugh of the town. On learning of the story, she smiled and then said seriously, "This reminds me of a proverb I once learned — 'As you make your bed, so shall you lie.' "

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## THE FALLEN KNIFE

by Marion Whynacht '63

The cold wind lashed and tore at the walls and windows, while the driving rain beat the wooden shutters until they could hardly remain in their crudely-cut grooves. Inside the lonely cabin, the cozy fire in the hearth made dancing shadows on the warm log walls and floor. The cabin consisted of one room with a large wooden table in the center, surrounded by old chairs piled deep with woven mats and homespun blankets. Along the walls were home-made cupboards and benches, and patchwood quilts.

Mary put down her knitting to throw a careful glance at the old cradle before the fireplace. A tiny chubby fist bobbed out from the blankets, and a small head turned sleepily to the side. In the corner by the big bed lay little Anna, her soft arm around the new doll they had just bought for her fourth birthday.

"Night mama," crooned the sweet voice through the bars of the crib. Mary went over and kissed her, and said a silent prayer over her blonde head. It was a relief to her mind to see them both safe in bed asleep. It gave her a little less to worry about. Looking up at the stone chimney, she saw the empty space of her husband's rifle. Staring into the fire, she thought it must be about three hours since Jean had left the cabin.

"Don't worry," he had told her, "I shan't be too long and I'll be safer 'n being in grandaddy's lap."

Of course she had laughed at the time, but it was no joke. Her husband off on a wild stormy night, hunting some escaped prisoner with a dozen other men in the woods, and she, home alone, with the nearest neighbour half a mile back on the trail leading through brush and swamp.

Sitting by the large table, she rested her weary head in her hands. She began to remember . . . . . Supper had just gotten over and as she had tidied baby Lou for his bed, Jean had romped on the mat-covered floor with little Anna. Mary smiled as they laughed together, and wished that Anna would always retain her father's likeness.

Her thoughts were disturbed by a hearty knock on the door. That was Big, fat Louie Wrench, panting and drenched with rain. He had come to tell Jean that he wanted him to help hunt for an escaped prisoner.

Now Mary could no longer bear to think of Jean out in the storm on such a dangerous mission. She busied herself with her knitting but found it very difficult to concentrate on her work. Remembering how hard Jean had worked on his whittling before supper, she put down her knitting and brought the wood pieces out on the table. She had always marvelled at his skill in this; and had often tried it herself, but usually ended up with a handful of cuts. Picking up a piece of wood she absent-mindedly began to carve, remembering some of the instructions Jean had given her. Then walking over to the wood-box beside the fireplace, she began to chop in earnest, hoping to surprise Jean when he returned home.

Suddenly there was a bang on her door and it flew open, followed by ravaging gusts of wind and rain, and in the doorway stood a huge man! Terrified, Mary dropped her implements in the wood box, and silently groped for a chair to support her faint body. The man slammed the door shut and threw down his wet hat and cape. He stood there across the room, a rifle in his hand, staring wildly at Mary. She realized that he must be the escaped prisoner for whom her husband was looking. Quickly looking around, the man noticed the children and paced quickly over to little Anna's bed and bent his head over the sleeping child. Mary could see his hand tighten on the gun and held her breath. "Please," she whispered pleadingly.

He turned swiftly and walked toward her. "Lady," he said, "I need food and money which I intend to get from you. Then I will hide in these woods until it is safe for me to leave. I must have no witnesses."

Mary knew he meant to kill her, but went about getting his food. While moving about she noticed a gleam coming from the wood box and slowly she formed a daring plan for her life. As the man looked about for money, she lured him towards the wood box so his back was facing it. In a crying hysteria she lunged herself at him, knocking him backward until his huge back rested on the wood box. All was silent except for her crazy breathing, broken by sobs of relief and shock. Pushing herself away from him, she wept wearily on the stone chimney. The man never got up; he was dead!

Later she explained to her husband that the gleam in the box was the knife that she had dropped when whittling. When she was fixing the fire with the logs, she managed to place the knife between the logs so that it pointed upward. The knife pierced the man's back and killed him!

# THOUGHTS OF THE DEPARTED

by Ann-Marie Gray '61

For months I had been trying to get in contact with my departed wife through use of the spirit world. I had been to every quack fortune teller, mystic and medium on this side of the world, as well as having visited some in Europe and Asia. Those who had not been fakes had not been able to contact my wife's spirit.

The reason for my somewhat frantic search was a cool million dollars in gems left me by my dead wife. The only catch was that Viola had died before she had been able to tell me the whereabouts of the fortune. As my money was running out, I could only afford to make one more attempt to obtain the diamonds. My last hope was a certain Professor Zombeï, a medium in New York, who claimed he heard my wife's spirit talking to him. By hanging around the Zodiac, a club for those interested and involved in the supernatural, I was finally able to make an appointment to visit the so-called professor.

Early one evening, I arrived at the address the professor had given me. In front of me was a shabby, dirty building with sagging steps and a partly open door, leading into Heaven only knew what.

I rang the rusty door bell and waited until I heard someone coming along the corridor. The someone turned out to be a tall, thin man of no distinguishable age, dressed all in black, with his skin entirely drained of color. The contrast between his dark clothes and white flesh was indeed startling. A simple word "Come" was said and I followed him down the damp, musty hall lit only by a rather ingenious sort of light which consisted of two candles stuck in the empty eye sockets of a skull. At the end of the hall my "friendly" companion stopped, and pointing to a door uttered "enter" whereupon he vanished among the shadows.

I cautiously opened the door and entered a large, high-ceilinged room, bare, except for a round table and two chairs, and lit by a single candle placed on the table. At the table, sat the Professor, apparently lost in contact with the spirit-world, for he seemed not to notice me and remained immovable except for his lips which uttered strange chants. Suddenly, with a shiver and a groan, he came back to this world and motioned me to be seated and to join hands with him. I sat beside him and as he took my hand shivers ran through me, for the hand that held mine was as icy as the hand of death. I bowed my head and closed my eyes as the Professor tried to make contact with the spirits. Peeking up from under my eyebrows I saw the muscles of his face contract as he concentrated with all his force.

All at once a whistling breeze filled the room, blowing out the candle and leaving us in utter darkness. I gasped with fear and apprehension as the Professor said that the spirits were moving among us. From somewhere behind us came a faint wailing, which kept increasing in volume until it seemed that a thousand tormented souls were crying out for freedom and peace. The wailing continued until it seemed my nerves would break under the shrill sound. From the ceiling an eerie, greyish light radiated over the entire room. Suddenly the Professor arose and cried my wife's name as a mother

might cry to a disobedient child. Abruptly the noise stopped and I heard my wife's voice call out to me.

"Robert" she called "Robert."

I rose to my feet. "Viola, the gems, where are the gems?"

"In the cellar under the coal pile. Go get them Robert. Go get your fortune. You deserve it. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Peals of bitter, hysterical laughter rocked the room and then died away, leaving a marked silence. I rose to my feet in a kind of shocked stupor. Professor Zombie was slumped over the table, exhausted from his effort. I threw several bills on the table and left hastily, glad to get away.

Upon reaching home, I grabbed a shovel and started removing the coal. As I shovelled, I thought how clever I was, how I had poisoned Viola and she had never even suspected that I had wanted to get rid of her so that the fortune would be mine. All mine! How I had hated her nagging and eternal stinginess.

The hole was getting bigger now. Funny but it was almost as big as a grave. I must be getting feverish from all the excitement to think such things.

Soon the treasure would be mine. My heart! The doctor had warned me too much effort and excitement would be fatal. The pain .....  
Falling ....., The hole ....., My grave .....



FIRST LADY-IN-WAITING—E. COGSWELL  
QUEEN OF THE SEA—PATRICIA SMITH - 1959  
SECOND LADY-IN-WAITING—R. MacINTYRE

# THE DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL ROOM

by Alice Conrad, Sheila Conrad '61

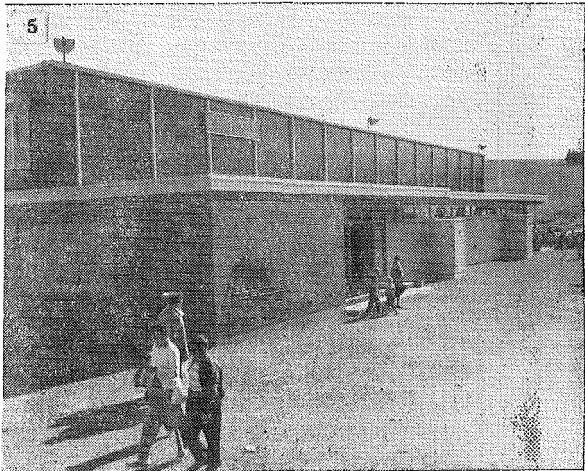
As the heavy glass door swings shut behind us, we find ourselves inside the new Fisheries Building. Pausing at the threshold, our gaze travels about the anteroom, noticing first the doors of the gymnasium, the steps leading to the second story; and finally a small, rather inconspicuous door to the left. The door is ornamented with a small wooden cross, and a tiny half-model of the Buénose. Between these are the words, "In Memory of the Fishermen and Vessels Lost from the Lunenburg Fleet."

Intrigued by this, we enter the room, immediately feeling the peace and tranquility of its atmosphere. We see that an eighteen foot mural, depicting the Sea of Galilee in a great storm, covers the east wall. In the fishing boat Christ is the dominant figure, surrounded by fearful Apostles, some kneeling, others clinging to the sweeps. Great storm clouds mass above, while on the far shore are seen the blue hills.

Far out on the sea other boats are caught in the storm. Mountainous waves painted in tones of blue and sea-green lash the wooden boats and foaming spray runs over the side. One point which many of us overlook is the area of calm near the Master's outstretched hand, showing that the storm is lessening. Breaking through the darkened sky, shafts of sunlight illuminate the somber tones of the sail and mast as well as the forms in the boat.

In order to blend with the surrounding walls, the seascape and distant shore are partly subdued. Even the general color is modified to emphasize the dramatic person of Christ — the only figure in white robes. Beneath this beautiful picture is the following Bible passage: "And He arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea 'Peace be still'. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." Truly, no words could express the meaning of the painting any clearer.

A colorful stained-glass window occupies the north wall of the room. This depicts a cross-section of the ocean, using mingled shades of rose and blue in the sky, orange fishing boats, and dark hues of blue and green down through the ocean layers. At the very bottom bronze-colored glass represents the sandy ocean floor.



The Honor Roll, on another wall is a record of the men lost at sea from the Lunenburg fleet. Their names done by hand, were applied directly to the birch panel, and the black color of the letters proves a striking contrast to the pale background. In the center of this wall, panels are arranged so that they form a huge cross.

Another interesting feature is the pictorial map showing the exact locations of the many vessels lost at sea. Red and black circles are used to distinguish between those vessels lost with all hands and those which slipped to a watery grave without total loss of life. This chart is surrounded by oil vignettes showing scenes from the lives of the fishermen at home and at sea. On either side are flanked narrow panels listing the names of the vessels lost.

The walls of birch plywood have been finished in tones of driftwood gray; the floor a golden shade; and the ceiling an off-white color.

All this work was carefully supervised and completed under the skilful direction of Mr. Joseph Purcell, N.S.A., and Mrs. Purcell. It seems only fitting that Mr. Purcell, the very talented artist who painted the beautiful mural and the historical chart, should be a resident of Lunenburg. Besides this he made the color visual for the manufacturers of the stained-glass window, and also selected the finishing materials suitable for the walls, ceiling and floor. Mrs. Purcell painted the Honor Roll and various biblical inscriptions, a tedious task requiring a great amount of patience and skill.

Much research had to be done before the six hundred names of men and one hundred names of vessels which comprise the Honor Roll could be painted. Mrs. Purcell dug into the old records of the annual Memorial Services, collected others chiefly from the memory of Mr. Moyle Smith, from family Bibles and from letters received from former Lunenburg citizens in answer to appeals published in the Progress-Enterprise. The Bureau of Wrecks at Ottawa helped to verify the locations for the Historical Chart. However there are probably many names still missing from the Honor Roll but it is hoped that these may yet be secured in the future.

On June 7, 1959 the Fishermen's Memorial Room was officially dedicated and opened by the Honorable Robert L. Stanfield, Premier of Nova Scotia. Mayor R. G. A. Wood presided at the hour-long ceremony and the church choirs which combined under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner, sang the anthem "O God Beneath Thy Guiding Hand." Mr. Roy Whynacht, convenor of the committee in charge of the Memorial Room, outlined its origin and development. It seems that the idea was partly the result of the International Dory Races held each year at Lunenburg and Gloucester. Those from Lunenburg who have visited Gloucester were impressed by the cast bronze statue erected there in memory of the men lost from the Gloucester fleet. Since the new Community Center Building would soon be built, it was thought that a memorial should be dedicated to the men lost from the Lunenburg fleet. Thus, with the aid of funds contributed by the Nova Scotia Government, the Memorial Room became a reality.

We feel that this Memorial Room is both a grim reminder of tragedy and death, but yet a splendid tribute to those fishermen from Lunenburg County who sailed the blue waters of the ocean, never to return.

# MY FIRST MOVIE

by Gary Upham '64

Was it really me, in the center of the exciting scene?

There are few boys who have not, one time or another, imagined themselves before the cameras, surrounded by all the glamour which is associated with the movie-industry; but very few of them see this dream come true. However last summer, much to my surprise, I had this once-in-a-lifetime experience.

The National Film Board of Canada proposed to produce a twenty minute film in colour, about a trip on a fishing schooner, as seen through the eyes of a young boy who ships aboard. The film was directed by Mr. Grant Crabtree and filmed by a motion picture cameraman with many years of experience.

Near the close of the school term, several boys were selected from our school by the School-Staff; and when Mr. Crabtree came and interviewed each one of us at our homes I was the one thought most suitable for the part of acting as the Stowaway, the title role.

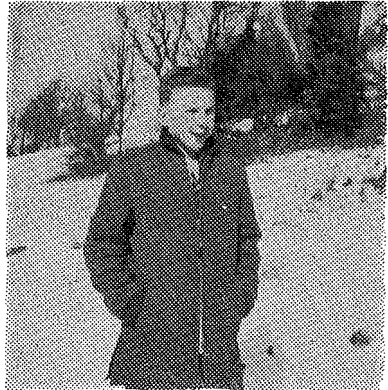
After I was selected, we first went in search of suitable fishing clothes, including yellow oilskins, rubber gloves and a black souwester.

Soon the cameraman and light man arrived in Lunenburg and filming began. Bright lights were erected in the Bluenose Lodge where some scenes were taken of me getting out of bed and sneaking down the stairs with my rubber boots and a knapsack on my back, trying to make a get-a-way without being seen. Other scenes were taken on the streets of Lunenburg and Riverport. In between the filming I helped with the lights and cameras.

However, a great deal of the filming had to be done at sea on a schooner, so arrangements were made to meet the schooner, Jean Francais, skippered by Captain Amos Crouse at Long Harbour, Newfoundland.

On the morning of August 6, we made a flight to St. John's from Halifax. The flight proved very interesting to me for it was my first trip in the air. At 3:00 p.m. we arrived at St. John's. The weather was somewhat damp compared with the fine weather at Halifax.

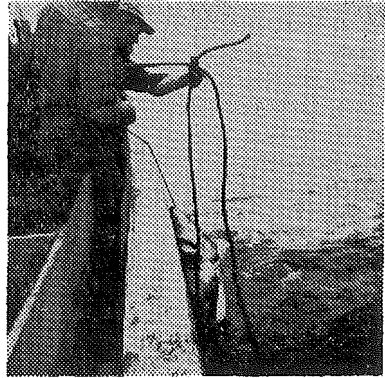
Soon we were settled in a hotel at St. John's. Most of the people I found very kind and helpful during my stay on the island. The first evening was spent preparing for the sea cruise ahead. The next morning we were briefly shown about the city by the manager of the Film Board on the island. Later, we were driven to Long Harbour, about ninety miles away. At Long



GARY UPHAM.

Harbour we were delighted to see the Jean Français, on which we spent the following two weeks. That evening as we headed out of the harbor for the southern part of the Grand Banks I felt that the dreams of a lifetime had, for me, come true.

In the morning when I awoke, about 7:00 a.m., I was surprised to find that the water had changed to a turquoise blue and was very pretty. The day was spent setting up the cameras and taking shots of the schooner speeding through the water with all its sails hoisted. The crew consisting of twenty-four men were also delighted to be taking part in the movie. In one scene the crew were shown catching a large shark by lowering a codfish head, tied to a piece of rope, into the water through a heavy rope noose. When the shark came to the surface the cod head was moved slowly through the water toward the noose. When the shark went through the noose the crew pulled vigorously to get it on deck and it was quite exciting to watch.



A few days were spent taking film of my dorymate and myself out in a dory, rowing and hauling in the trawls. Other shots were taken of me cutting bait with the crew, tumbling about on a deck filled with codfish, and hiding in a cupboard in the kitchen when I boarded the boat.

The two closing days were spent travelling to port, a distance of two hundred miles, which took about twenty-three hours. The last day I felt very happy, and yet slightly sad to leave the captain and his crew who were so kind to me and very helpful in the filming.

The weather was fairly warm when we reached the docks of St. John's. That night we all enjoyed a nice, warm, needed bath and afterwards felt much fresher. The last day before we flew home was spent roaming about the city.

The final day came and I was anxious to see my parents and friends. We were all packed at 5.30 p.m. and were on a plane headed for home. In about three hours we landed at Shearwater where I met my parents and said good-bye to Mr. Crabtree and Mr. Gander who helped me so much to enjoy the wonderful once-in-a-lifetime experience I had.



## THE NEW LEGION HALL

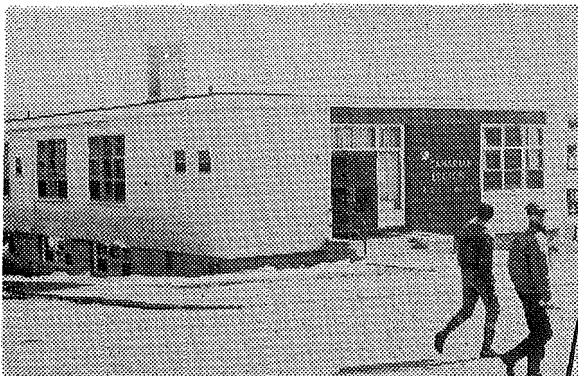
by Margaret Young '63, John Manuel '61

In September, 1957, after serving the Legion as a meeting place for years, the old Legion Hall was completely destroyed by fire. Soon after this, temporary quarters were established in the Briny Deep Fisheries Co. building, while plans and financing methods were being considered for a new, modern building.

The architects who were hired to design the new Legion Hall were Downy, Baker, and Ahern. They submitted three designs for consideration and after having decided on one, the Legion called tenders on May 6, 1959. E. E. Conrad and Sons tender was accepted. The subcontractors hired were as follows: Powers Bros. Ltd. — plumbing and heating; LaHave Electric, Bridgewater — electrical work; Boehner Woodworkers Ltd., West LaHave — exterior and interior finish work; and Elliot MacDonald — plastering.

Construction was begun on the new building on May 20, 1959, and was completed in January 1960. The total cost was around \$53,000. Since the insurance on the former building amounted to only \$33,000, \$20,000 more had to be obtained. \$12,000 of this was raised by Legion members and the other \$8,000 was borrowed.

The new building, which is 64' x 40' in size, has a main floor and a basement. The largest room on the first floor is the lounge. This room is 30' x 30' in size and has the canteen and kitchen adjoining it for convenient counter-service. The other rooms on the main floor are: the games room, executive office, ladies auxiliary room, two wash rooms, and a coat room. All these rooms have tiled floors and acoustic-tiled ceilings. The main room in the basement is the auditorium which, besides other things, will be used for dancing. A storage room, furnace room, and two wash rooms are also located on this floor. The floors here are of polished concrete which makes an excellent dancing surface. The building is completely heated by hot water. Ruscoe steel windows and birch-finish wood are other modern features used throughout the building.



Our Branch No. 23 of the Canadian Legion, as well as the town, can well be proud of this fine, modern addition to Lunenburg.

# 1959 UNITED NATIONS SUMMER SCHOOL

by Marilyn Lohnes '60

The brilliant morning sunshine streamed through the windows to illuminate the lofty room. At the front of the room stood a gentleman addressing an eager audience of young men and women.

The time was July 7, 1959; the place, Tweedie Hall, Mount Allison University, Sackville. The gentleman was Mr. Martin Duckworth, Director of the United Nations Summer School. His attentive audience was over one hundred students from Eastern Canada — all members of the United Nations Summer School.

The sixth annual session of the U. N. Summer School was held at Mt. Allison from July 7 to 11. In addition to the students from Eastern Canada, there were several from Northern United States and the West Indies, bringing the group to one hundred fifty strong — a record number.

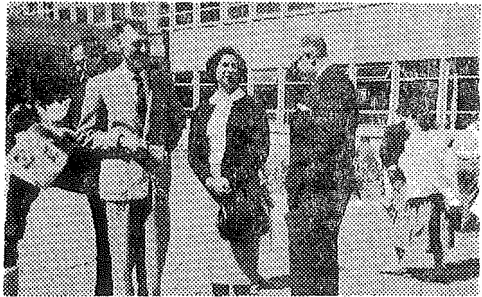
Not only the students came from different parts of North America, but also the members of the staff. Mr. Garth Greenslade was originally a native of Great Britain, as was Mr. Robert Kennedy. From Springfield, Mass. came Professor W. Whitelaw. One of the most interesting of the lecturers was Miss Aida Gindy, the Egyptian representative in the Department of Economics and Social Affairs, U. N. Secretariat.

The other staff members and special guests were: Mr. Ernest Carter, Hudson, P. Q.; Prof. W. Cunningham, Director of the 1958 U. N. Summer School; Mr. John Hadwen, First Secretary of the Permanent Mission of Canada to the U.N.; Prof. Alexander Laidlaw, Sackville; Mr. Robert McCleave, Canadian delegate for U.N.E.S.C.O. and Mr. Heath Macquarrie, M.P. for Queen's P. E. I.

After the students were welcomed by Mr. Duckworth on Tuesday morning, they were introduced to the tentative programme. The mornings were given over to lectures by the various guest speakers in the Physics Auditorium, followed by such interesting films as: *The Tale of Two Cities* — the tragic story of the two Japanese cities, victims of the American hydrogen bomb in World War II; *Good Neighbours* — the role of the U. N. in fostering good relations among the nations of the world and U. N. E. S. C. O. — a documentary story of the disease-ridden children of the Middle East.

The afternoons were occupied by short lectures, given by the staff members, after which the students separated into eleven discussion groups. The air often became static when discussing such controversial topics as the control of outer space, the Berlin crisis and could World War II have been prevented? Perhaps the most argumentative subject was the admission of the Communist Chinese Government into the United Nations.

Although the staff members kept the discussions running smoothly, they



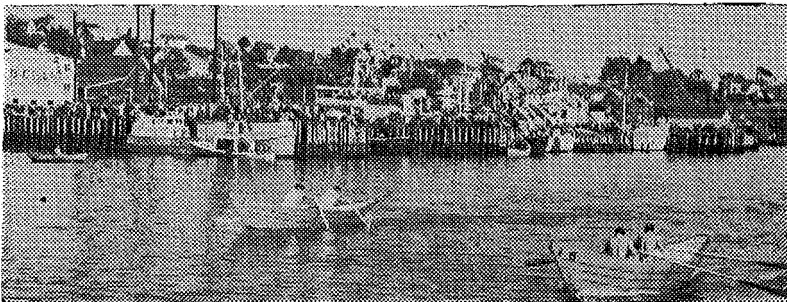
in no way attempted to provide the answers, but gave the students free rein. The opinions were as varied as the colors of the rainbow. While discussing the different problems, the students soon gained an insight into the problems facing the U. N. It was evident that the U. N. or a similar organization was essential for the well-being of the whole world. The object of these groups was not so much to secure final answers, as it was to give a full awareness and understanding of the world's problems.

Following the old adage, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," ample time was provided for recreation. The latter part of the afternoon was occupied with various sports. Tennis and softball were the favorite activities. The evenings were taken up with dancing, which lasted until 10:45 p. m. At 11 o'clock the lights were turned out.

Wednesday's schedule included a visit to C.B.A., the relay station which beams programmes throughout the world. On Thursday afternoon, three busses took the students on an inspection tour of the Chignecto Isthmus. The two points of interest were Fort Beausejour, an ancient French stronghold, and Fort Gasperau, of which only a few earthworks remain. A box supper was eaten at Paturel's Beach, where the cool ocean water afforded a relief from the summer heat.

The highlight of the week was the Model General Assembly held on Friday evening. Each of the discussion groups represented a principal country in the U. N. Assembly. For days the group had been studying the attitudes and policies of the countries which they represented. Hours of research went into preparing suitable arguments, pro or con, for the topic to be discussed — Should a permanent United Nations police force be created? The debating was fast and furious until it was moved that a final decision should be postponed pending further examination of the issue.

The school, although much work was involved, was also a source of much pleasure, Saturday, July 11, the closing day for all, was a day of departing from new-found friends. However, everyone drew compensation from the fact that the U. N. Summer School allowed them to make new acquaintances. It also provided them with valuable knowledge — Knowledge that could be applied to their communities to facilitate the success of projects such as the Hallowe'en "Shell Out" for U. N. I. C. E. F.



1959 INTERNATIONAL DORY RACE

# THE 1959 NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES EXHIBITION

by Marilyn Lohnes '60, Heather Thompson '63

Bright lights and carnival music issued forth from the site of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition. The day was Tuesday, the year 1959, as once more the Exhibition got under way. At 7:30 p.m. the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Major-General E. C. Plow, officially declared the forty-first Lunenburg Exhibition to be under way. Other noted dignitaries were present at the opening to deliver their greetings.

Following the official opening, the chief attraction of the evening began, the selection of Miss Lunenburg. The judges, after careful deliberation, eliminated the hopefuls one after another. At last the title of Miss Lunenburg fell to the radiant and lovely young lady, Donna Ling, a grade XII student at the Academy.

Wednesday arrived with the usual sunny weather. Lunenburg was in fine attire for the occasion was Parade Day. Crowds in a festive mood gathered at every vantage point to witness the spectacle.



FISHERIES PARADE — GRADES X & XI

At two p.m. the parade started from the Academy grounds—its marshalling point. With the bands and the armed services leading the way through the flag trimmed streets, the long parade gradually wound its way along the route. Commercial floats, gaily costumed children, decorated cars and various organizational floats all helped to make the 1959 parade one of the finest in the history of the Exhibition.

For the remainder of the afternoon, various forms of entertainment took place both inside and outside the buildings, to please the thousands of people. At 6:35 p.m. the ever-popular Sunset Ceremony was performed by the men from H.M.C.S. Cornwallis. Preceding this was a precision drill by the Wrens. These impressive and colorful spectacles were one of the main outdoor attractions of the Exhibition.

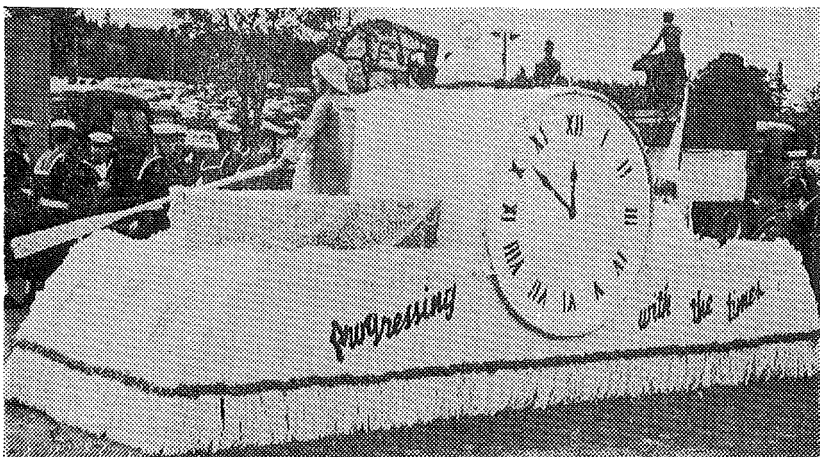
At eight o'clock came the much awaited preliminary judging of the

Princesses. No final decision was to be made then, since they appeared in their street clothes, mainly to allow the crowd to pick its favorites. Following the preliminary judging was the extremely popular Don Messer Show. Mr. Messer, with his foot-stomping music, was a great attraction throughout the Exhibition.

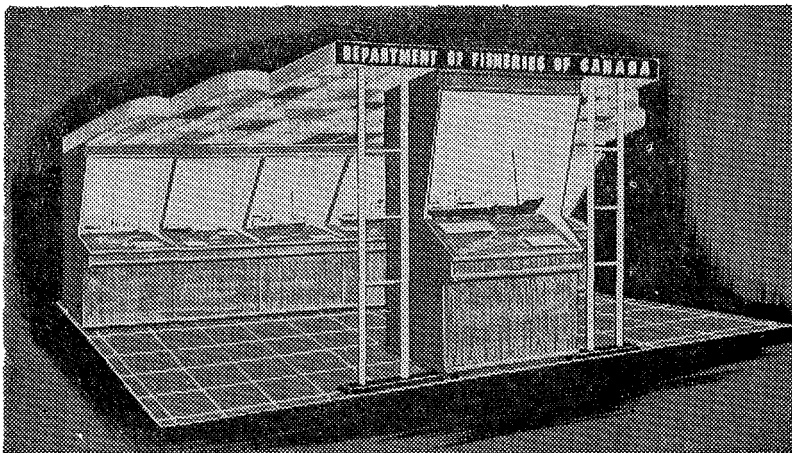
The Water Sports on Thursday proved to be the biggest and most exciting held for a number of years. The activity commenced at 9:00 a.m.

Perhaps the most exciting events of the afternoon were the Double Dory Races in which all Canadian fishermen could participate. The largest entry in the history of the Fisheries Exhibition forced the Junior Double Dory races to be run in two heats. Leonard and Gordon Eisnor, two brothers, emerged victorious.

The Senior Double Dory Race was very close. The combined strength



FISHERMEN'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL FLOAT



DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES

and know-how of Cyril Ernst and David Creaser brought them to the finish as the victors.

The highlight of the day was the selection of the Queen of the Sea. The judges faced with so many beautiful competitors, deliberated for some time. After the suspense in the crowd became almost unbearable, they made their decision. Miss Patricia Smith of Woodlawn, a beautiful, dark, young lady, captured the title and the people's hearts. The ladies-in-waiting were Miss Elizabeth Cogswell of Berwick and Miss Ruth MacIntyre of Wolfville.

On Friday the crowd-catching event was the International double Dory race. It was felt in some quarters that perhaps this year the United States might capture the title. Fortunately this proved not so, as the two



**INDUSTRIAL ARTS EXHIBIT**



**EXHIBITION — COOKERY SCHOOL**

powerful oarsmen from Lunenburg, Ernst and Creaser, easily crossed the finish line many lengths in front of the Gloucester team. At 8:30 p.m. in the evening, the Coronation, enriched by years of custom and pageantry, took place. Although the night was misty, the entire end of the ball field was packed with spectators eager to witness the crowning of the Queen of the Sea.

On Saturday afternoon, the last day of the festivities, at 2:30 p.m. the yearly Children's Parade commenced. Like a fragment of fairyland the colourful tricycles, carts and individuals paraded around the ball diamond. The prizes were presented by Miss Smith. The forty-first Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition was brought officially to a close by an appropriate programme at ten o'clock, after which there was a singsong enjoyed by young and old.

In addition to these, many other forms of entertainment were presented by the Bill Lynch Show, as in previous years offering pleasure in various ways. The side-show entertainment, rides, booths where souvenirs could be obtained, games of chance, and refreshment-stands made the Exhibition more exciting for everyone. This year Ray Calder enhanced the various events with his delightful mastery of the electric organ. As before, the usual radio programs throughout the week originated from the Exhibition but as a feature attraction, on Friday night, the Don Messer Show was beamed across Canada from the new Fisheries Building. This year too the Memorial Room, a fitting tribute to six hundred fishermen lost at sea, was opened for viewing by the public. Well over 100 exhibitors from Canada,



**CUTTING DRY FISH**

the United States and England were on hand displaying their wares in the four buildings on the grounds.

As was the custom of previous years, the Fishermen's Memorial Service was held on Sunday at Jubilee Square, in memory of those who were lost at sea during the last year. Following this service the people proceeded to the waterfront where another service was held. The wreaths which were laid were later taken to sea by the first ship leaving port. These five memorable days of excitement and gaiety were brought to a fitting close.

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## OUR MORTUARY

by Anna Smith '60, Carolyn Tanner '61

Although the Baptist movement began in Lunenburg in 1812, it was not until 1884 that the Baptists succeeded in building their own Church. For several years this Church, situated on the top of Doughnut Hill, served as a meeting place for the Baptists. The Church, however, was soon forced to close, because there were not enough members to support the Minister.

The Church remained empty for several years. In June 1928, Mr. Charles Sweeney bought the building. After a few minor alterations, it was converted into a funeral home. Mr. Sweeney's son, Dana, took over the business after his father retired, and he, in turn, did considerable remodelling, and is now using the building for the same purpose.

The Parlour itself is ideally situated for its purpose. It is located in the centre of town, and close to Hillcrest Cemetery. Inside it is modestly but very nicely furnished. The large Church room was converted into several rooms, consisting of an office, a hall, and two or three other rooms. Upstairs, there is a large display room where people can view the various merchandise and choose exactly what they want.

The Funeral Home serves the public from Lunenburg and many of the rural districts surrounding the Town. It is certainly necessary and plays a closing role in the lives of many people.

Mr. Dana Sweeney has proved how ably suited he is to run the business. For some time he was interested in the hotel business, and owner of the Boscawen Manor for several years.

Mr. Sweeney's interests extend to another field. He has opened several antique shops, having them in Lunenburg, Mahone Bay and Halifax.

Several years after taking over the management of the Funeral Home from his father, Mr. Sweeney sold the Boscawen Manor, and concentrated on his antique business and the management of the Funeral Home.

Mr. J. G. Annis has been an able assistant to Mr. Sweeney in running the Funeral Home since 1944.



# CENTRE CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL

by Elward Crouse '61, Vernon Dominix '62

Centre Consolidated School is situated at Centre, on the Bridgewater-Lunenburg highway, next to the Lunenburg county jail. This school was built in 1958 and opened on Tuesday, December 2, by the Hon. Robert L. Stanfield.

The building is a two-storey structure divided into three lavatories. The elementary wing, consists of six classrooms, lavatories, supply-room, and a large utility room. On the second floor of the elementary wing, there are eight classrooms, lavatories and a library.

The elementary classrooms are very pleasant. These rooms are equipped with fluorescent lights and wall to wall tile on the floors. Students enjoy the comforts of the new seats which can be moved about freely. Large windows provide ample sunshine and light. Also in the Elementary wing is a large play room where the young students may enjoy games etc.

When one enters the school through the main entrance, he steps into a large lobby. From there he enters a large and beautiful auditorium - gymnasium. This is the recreation centre of the school. Here basketball, volleyball, badminton and other games are played. Calisthenics are also carried on.

At the back of the auditorium are two counters which open into a modern kitchen. Adjacent to the gymnasium are the boys' and girls' locker rooms, shower rooms, gym. store room and the Physical Education office. In the gym. at the far end, is a large stage equipped with curtains.

Also located in the centre wing are two Teachers' rooms. These are comfortably furnished and provide a pleasant resting place for tired feet. The Principal's office and other offices are to the right of the main lobby. A canteen, operated by the students, is located to the left of the main lobby.

The final wing belongs to the High School. On the ground floor are six classrooms, janitor's supply room, and lavatories. A very fine library is also located on this floor. Although it is far from being complete, the library is a pleasant place to study and read.

The second floor of the High School wing also contains six classrooms, a janitor's supply room, lavatories and two sick rooms. These rooms have comfortable couches and first aid supplies. The High School rooms are equipped with box seats, tile floors and modern lights. These rooms are also very pleasant.

We have been dwelling on the school itself. Now let us look at some of the other things connected with it.

The number of students presently enrolled at the school is eight hundred and eighty-seven, taken from about twenty-six different districts in Lunenburg County. Fourteen buses are kept busy carrying the students to and from school. Also kept very active, is a staff of thirty-one teachers. The students eat at the school and engage in sports after lunch.

Extra-curricular activities include 4-H clubs, dancing groups, air cadets, and choirs. Music is taught as a subject up to grade 9. The students have a drama club which is entering the South Shore Drama Festival. They

also have a sharp debating team entering the South Shore Debating League.

A Students' Council is organized and looks after all parties and sports affairs. Red Cross is held in the individual classrooms but not in the High School. As yet there is no student body organized but plans for this are being made.

A vigorous sports programme is also engaged in. Teams are made up in the school and they play each other at noon hour. As many as two hundred take part in these inter-class sports. The school engages in Headmasters' competition. This year Centre had a fine soccer team and has greatly improved in basketball. Sports on the whole hold a place of high interest among the students at Centre. Outside is a large soccer field roughly 100 yards square and playground equipment for the younger pupils. Physical Education is taught from primary to Grade XII. This helps to build strong, healthy bodies.

Centre is equipped with a modern P. A. system, having a speaker in every room. This is maintained so that the principal can talk to all rooms at once. An adequate fire alarm is also employed, with numerous fire exits. A modern heating system consisting of three coal-fed furnaces is enjoyed by all. The task of cleaning the building is left to the three Janitors, one for each wing, who are employed full time. They start work at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and end about 1 o'clock, depending on the condition of the school. Each night one room has its floors waxed and polished.

The main advantages of this very fine school are: (1) The rural students are now getting a chance for better education. (2) Each teacher has his or her own class and the students travel as a body from one room to the other. This means that the teachers can concentrate on that one class, whereas before they may have had the inconvenience of having several grades in one room.

On the whole, modern, pleasant classrooms, a good teaching staff and all the conveniences of modern education make Centre Consolidated School an ideal place for any boy or girl wishing the advantages of a good education.

We would like to thank Mr. MacPherson, the Principal of the school, for his co-operation in helping to make this article possible.



**QUEEN OF HEARTS - 1960 — VALENTINE DANCE**

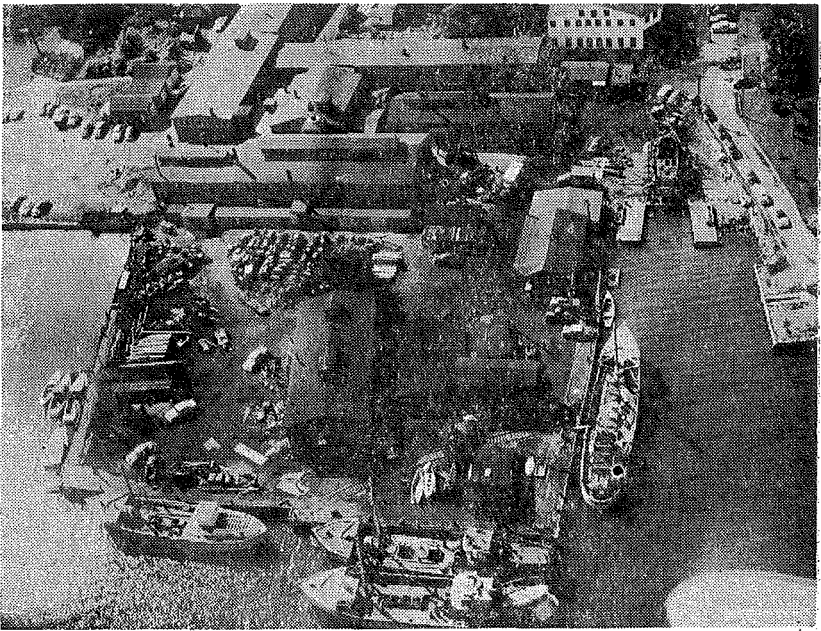
**D. Rhuland, S. Lohnes, J. Crouse, The Queen - Dorothy Wentzell,  
M. Falkenham, A. Dares**

# CHANGES AT THE LUNENBURG FOUNDRY

by Robert Corkum. Ronald Corkum '60

The Lunenburg Foundry Co. Ltd., located at the head of Lunenburg harbour, was founded in 1890. The name was changed in 1953 to the Lunenburg Foundry and Engineering Co. Ltd. Since its founding the company has made many marked advances which enabled them to carry on work in many diversified fields. Here are some of the changes that have taken place more recently and those that are still going on.

The firm is now equipped to build, and has built, steel vessels. A new 80 h.p. diesel engine, called the Senator, has been developed for fishing boats. Electrical equipment has been obtained which enables more electrical work to be done on ships. Also as part of their progress the Lunenburg Foundry has



some exceptionally big lathes which enable much heavier work to be done.

Superior equipment has been obtained for the purpose of metallizing and spot welding, which as a result leaves the Foundry well-equipped to do work in these fields. Work is now being carried on in the development of hydraulic winches and lifts. A notable advancement has taken place in the moulding room. The latter has been enlarged, and the manufacture of goods from here can now be carried on at a much quicker pace.

In the field of stoves and air conditioning units, the Lunenburg Foundry has developed new models of high efficiency and of increasing popularity. The Foundry's trained staff of workers in this line are always striving to manufacture a better model. They are improving the capacity of furnaces, and

have developed a new one that is more efficient, lighter in weight and less expensive. An open hearth Franklin stove is being produced and is becoming popular all over Canada. The Lunenburg Foundry has a complete line of galley stoves for burning oil and also solid fuel. It is one of the last companies to produce a complete line of this type of stove.

To meet the needs of the fishing industry, new products are being manufactured and installed by the Foundry, on deep-sea fishing boats. The Lunenburg Foundry has a complete stock of heavy shaftings for draggers. These heavy shafts are essential to stand the strain of deep-sea fishing. The company is now building a steel superstructure on a wooden dragger. This steel superstructure and pilot house is stronger, lighter in weight and will give more room. In other phases of its marine activities, the plant is now making brass bells for buoys off the coast. It is doing work in the production of brass castings for the Royal Canadian Navy at Halifax.

Today the facilities and trained workmen of the Lunenburg Foundry stand ready to give efficient service to any ships that require it. The various activities of the Lunenburg Foundry show the attempts made by this company to work for the benefit of the town of Lunenburg with its seafaring traditions.

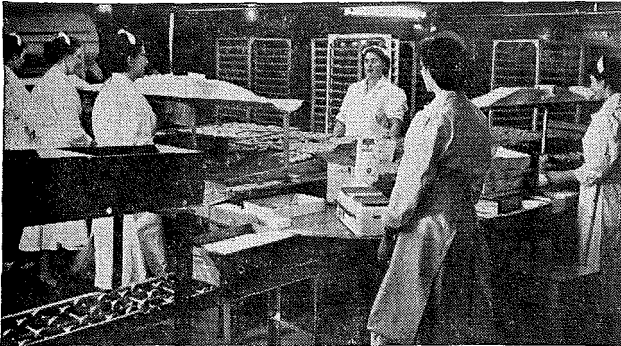
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## CHANGES AT LUNENBURG SEA PRODUCTS

by Beverley Bower, '60., Glenn Conrad '62

The parent company of the present-day Lunenburg Sea Products was W. C. Smith and Company. They were producers and exporters of salt fish, whereas Lunenburg Sea Products was set up for processing fresh and frozen fish.

At first the fish were just cut into fresh fillets. Then smoked fish were made. Next to be introduced was frozen fish. This was to be one of their better methods of preparing fish. All of the exporting of Lunenburg Sea



Products is done to the United States, in the form of either fresh or frozen fish.

At first all the filleting was done by hand but this was improved by the introduction of German machinery, which speeded up the process. Quite a

bit of filleting is still done by hand but not to as great an extent as at first. The machine filleting not only speeds up processing but it also makes for a better yield than hand filleting.

The change from individual shore fishing with small boats, every day, to long-line fishing was developed by groups of shore fishermen. Some of these men have banded together to get long-line boats or draggers and fish as groups rather than individually.

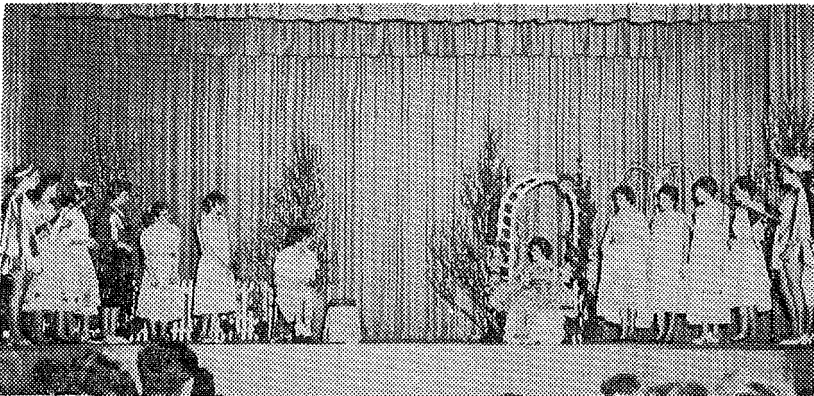
The Department of Fisheries has made available the right to pack fish as government inspected, by the firm bringing its plant up to certain government qualifications. The fish are graded, and the sanitary condition of the plant and workers is kept up to a certain standard by frequent inspection.

Expansion is the main change in this plant, for at first they were just a small industry dealing with fresh fish, and now they have expanded to almost all phases of processing fish. One example of the change in the handling of fish is in the herring industry. Herring was first used for bait alone. Then came the making of kippers and soon the industry of pickled herring was discovered. It is now a very important means of processing herring for consumption by the public. Formerly, all kippers were cleaned by hand. Now they are cleaned by revolving brushes, which makes the process much faster.

Another addition to the Lunenburg Sea Products is the fish meal industry. Originally cuttings and offal from the fish were made into fish meal by cooking. Later on, machinery was installed to extract fish oil (by pressing the fish) and to make meal from residue.

Fish, being made into pre-cooked items was then started. However, no pre-cooked items are exported to the United States and is therefore all Canadian consumed. The main reason for this is because of high duties. Fish sticks are the main pre-cooked item produced but scallops and "fish and chips" were started and are produced in fairly large quantities. This is quickly becoming one of the simplest ways of processing fish.

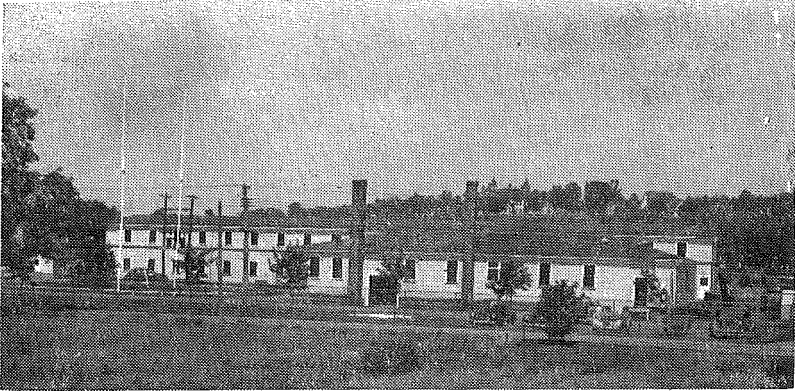
The Lunenburg Sea Products is one of Lunenburg's most stable industries. Upon this one industry rests the welfare of many men and women of this town. The firm is recognized all over Canada and the United States as a producer of some of the best fish ever marketed.



1959 FASHION SHOW — QUEEN OF BEAUTY

# ADDITIONS TO THE ATLANTIC BRIDGE COMPANY

by Derrill Hynick, Peter Winters '61



One of Lunenburg's newest and most progressive firms, the Atlantic Bridge Co., has in recent years added substantially to its assets here with the erection of a new building, and the addition of several lines of manufacturing new to this area.

Favourable market conditions have enabled the Atlantic Bridge Co. to go forward in the production of food processing equipment, structural steel, fibreglass, as well as other endeavours. The production of food processing equipment, the manufacture of restaurant equipment, equipment for canning and meat processing plants, has added new challenges and has made more money available to be spent in this area by wage-earners working for the "A.B.C." The increased demand for more space in the structural steel division has led to the construction of a modern aluminum building, the most notable feature of advancement by this firm.

The introduction of a fibreglass shop to the Atlantic Bridge Co. has also helped increase business. The four years they have been experimenting in the fibreglass field, has resulted in production of fibreglass cabs for construction equipment, boats, ducts, pipes and tanks.

Away from Lunenburg, the Atlantic Bridge Co. did much construction work both within and away from our province. They undertook large jobs in Newfoundland and on the Labrador coast, designed and did all plumbing, heating and mechanical installation for the new "Scotties" Potato Chip Plant near Kentville. Other jobs were carried out for Graves Ltd., Scotian Gold Ltd., and Moirs Ltd., prominent Nova Scotia firms. Presently, they are designing a meat canning plant for the Puritan Cannery (Atlantic Ltd.) in Halifax, to be built in 1960. Most of their products are sold in Canada, largely in the Atlantic provinces and Quebec, but some have been sent as far as the Soviet Union.

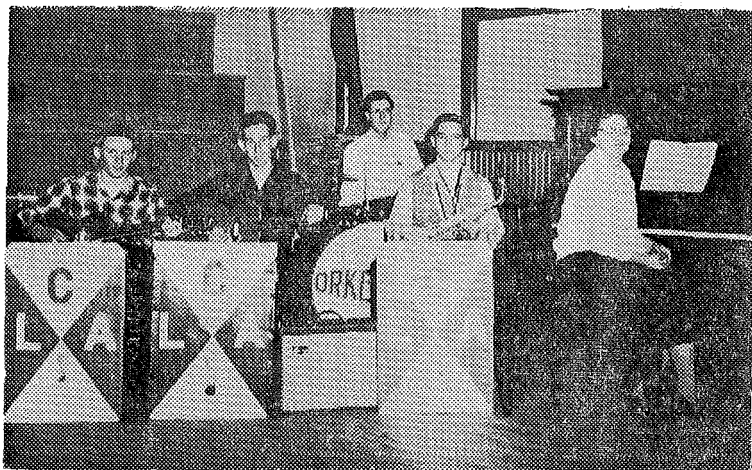
A percentage of the growth of the Atlantic Bridge was due directly to the influence of the fishing industry in our own port as well as elsewhere.

Office expansion took over the room previously used for sheet metal work

and in a chain reaction, the steel shop gave increased stock room space, and the stock room gave room for electronic equipment. The second floor of the machine shop building is now used for fibreglass work. This shuffle of departmental arrangements was aimed mainly at gaining more space for enlargement of fibreglass installations. In their new electronics department they do work on radar, fish-finders and all other marine electrical equipment.

The new building mentioned previously, met the structural steel requirements. The building made of aluminum, is a double bay type and was financed through Industrial Estates Ltd. It is a hundred by a hundred and twenty yards and consists of two bays, each sixty by a hundred. One bay is used for the construction of food processing equipment made of aluminum and stainless steel, the other is used for structural steel work. The equipment in this section is the most modern and efficient found in the immediate area. The building has a complete sprinkler system. The steel shop has also been supplied with modern equipment in recent years.

In its short history the Atlantic Bridge has made good use of "Camp Norway" as it was known during the war. The Company now employs from eighty to one hundred workers and shows the spirit of progress, determination and ambition. I'm sure it has the support and admiration of many Lunenburgers who are looking to the future.

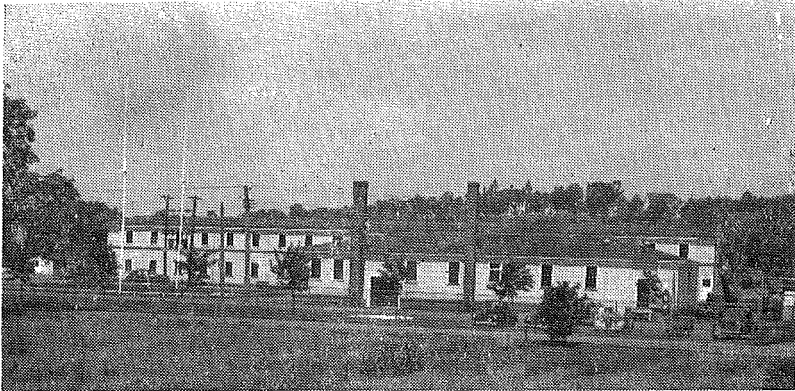


**SCHOOL ORCHESTRA**

**D. Hynick, P. Winters, G. Creighton, G. Knickle, K. Conrad**

# ADDITIONS TO THE ATLANTIC BRIDGE COMPANY

by Derrill Hynick, Peter Winters '61



One of Lunenburg's newest and most progressive firms, the Atlantic Bridge Co., has in recent years added substantially to its assets here with the erection of a new building, and the addition of several lines of manufacturing new to this area.

Favourable market conditions have enabled the Atlantic Bridge Co. to go forward in the production of food processing equipment, structural steel, fibreglass, as well as other endeavours. The production of food processing equipment, the manufacture of restaurant equipment, equipment for canning and meat processing plants, has added new challenges and has made more money available to be spent in this area by wage-earners working for the "A.B.C." The increased demand for more space in the structural steel division has led to the construction of a modern aluminum building, the most notable feature of advancement by this firm.

The introduction of a fibreglass shop to the Atlantic Bridge Co. has also helped increase business. The four years they have been experimenting in the fibreglass field, has resulted in production of fibreglass cabs for construction equipment, boats, ducts, pipes and tanks.

Away from Lunenburg, the Atlantic Bridge Co. did much construction work both within and away from our province. They undertook large jobs in Newfoundland and on the Labrador coast, designed and did all plumbing, heating and mechanical installation for the new "Scotties" Potato Chip Plant near Kentville. Other jobs were carried out for Graves Ltd., Scotian Gold Ltd., and Moirs Ltd., prominent Nova Scotia firms. Presently, they are designing a meat canning plant for the Puritan Cannery (Atlantic Ltd.) in Halifax, to be built in 1960. Most of their products are sold in Canada, largely in the Atlantic provinces and Quebec, but some have been sent as far as the Soviet Union.

A percentage of the growth of the Atlantic Bridge was due directly to the influence of the fishing industry in our own port as well as elsewhere.

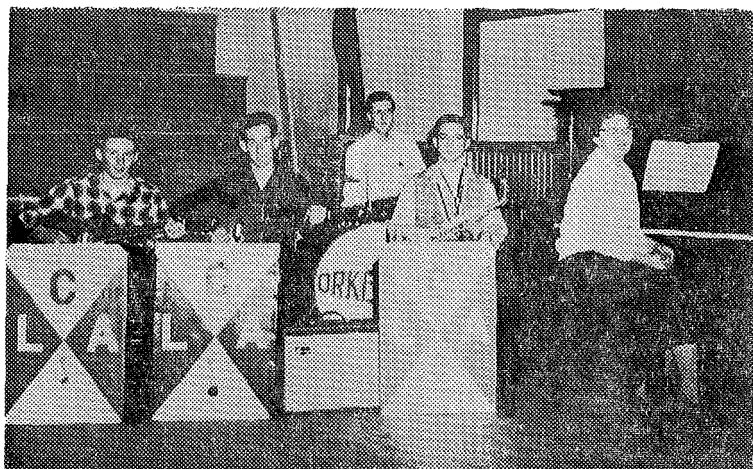
Office expansion took over the room previously used for sheet metal work



and in a chain reaction, the steel shop gave increased stock room space, and the stock room gave room for electronic equipment. The second floor of the machine shop building is now used for fibreglass work. This shuffle of departmental arrangements was aimed mainly at gaining more space for enlargement of fibreglass installations. In their new electronics department they do work on radar, fish-finders and all other marine electrical equipment.

The new building mentioned previously, met the structural steel requirements. The building made of aluminum, is a double bay type and was financed through Industrial Estates Ltd. It is a hundred by a hundred and twenty yards and consists of two bays, each sixty by a hundred. One bay is used for the construction of food processing equipment made of aluminum and stainless steel, the other is used for structural steel work. The equipment in this section is the most modern and efficient found in the immediate area. The building has a complete sprinkler system. The steel shop has also been supplied with modern equipment in recent years.

In its short history the Atlantic Bridge has made good use of "Camp Norway" as it was known during the war. The Company now employs from eighty to one hundred workers and shows the spirit of progress, determination and ambition. I'm sure it has the support and admiration of many Lunenburgers who are looking to the future.



**SCHOOL ORCHESTRA**

**D. Hynick, P. Winters, G. Creighton, G. Knickle, K. Conrad**

# DELEGATE'S REPORT TO INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS CONVENTION

by Gerald Randall '61

This summer I had the privilege, along with five others from Nova Scotia, to attend the Junior Red Cross International Study Centre at Toronto University, Toronto, Ontario, from the eleventh to the twenty-second of August. I had learned before that there would be a large number of foreign delegates attending the Study Centre from all over the world, and I was looking forward to meeting them very much.

My first chance for this came when one of the delegates from Germany, Gunther Riem, was my guest from the first till the tenth of August. We established, in those ten days, a lifelong friendship.

Then the day came to leave Lunenburg and travel to Toronto. We went from Halifax by way of the "Ocean Limited" and arrived in Toronto in the late afternoon of the eleventh. When we stepped off the train, there were Red Cross Officials to meet us, and then we saw our foreign guests.

How excited I was at that moment I can never express. For me to be there in Toronto with so many people from the four corners of the earth, — well, it seemed like a wonderful dream.

We were then taken to the University and went about our business of registering, receiving literature, and then a room key was given to us. This was to be my home for the next twelve days. Our first night was spent in a "Get Acquainted Party," one of the Study Centre's recreational highlights.

The second day came quickly, as were all the others that followed. We gathered in Convocation Hall and our Directors spoke to us quite informally. At lunch we were the guests of the City of Toronto at the King Edward Hotel, and in the evening the Study Centre was officially opened by Canada's Prime Minister, Mr. Diefenbaker. After the singing of the Queen, we all had the pleasure of meeting the Prime Minister and his wife.

From here, each day we had a plenary session in the mornings which consisted of speakers speaking on such things as the Geneva Conventions, the League of Red Cross Societies, etc. Then we broke into discussion groups and discussed what we had learned. Also, during the next few days we had a demonstration of a Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic, many plays and short performances on Red Cross Work, parties, and more speeches. These days went slowly and were very tiring, because they were the period of the Study Centre during which we were to complete all formal sessions, and hear the guest speakers from Europe.

But on Sunday, August 16th, all this was put aside, and in the afternoon we visited dairy farms and had a large barbeque cook-out supper. We all had a tremendous time and were very sorry when it ended.

On Tuesday, August 18th, we visited several institutions. I visited a home for incurable children, and it made me feel so good to know that we were making those little children happy. In the evening, we had a large talent show with probably the largest group of international entertainers in North America.

Then the big day came. Wednesday, August 19th, was the day we went

to Niágara Falls. We loaded six busses early in the morning, and when we arrived, quite tired but excited, we were fascinated by it's great beauty and size. We then toured the Ontario Hydro Commission and had a box lunch at Queenston Heights. The busses were loaded again and we headed for Stratford. Here we were the guests of the Canada Council at the Shakespearean play "As You Like It." This was very interesting and we enjoyed it very much.

On Thursday we were given a Reception by the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario in the parliament buildings. We visited the Legislative Chamber and Premier Leslie Frost gave an address on Canadian Government. This was extremely interesting.

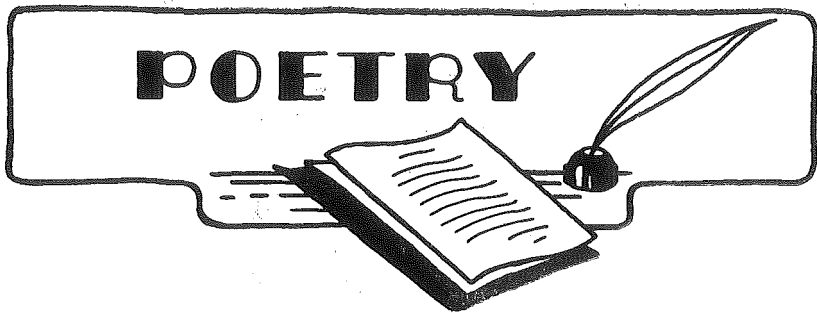
On Friday, August 21st, we were the guests of the Toronto Rotary Club at a Luncheon at the Royal York Hotel. Because we enjoyed the dinner so much, we entertained the Rotarians with a talent show. This was another highlight of the Study Centre.

But now the date was August 22nd and this was our last day in Toronto. This was a sad day because we had the thought of departure in our minds, and that was the last thing we wanted to do. On this evening, we had our Banquet with all the farewell speeches, after which followed our closing ceremony. When this ended, the job came to say good-by to all our wonderful friends, and as the tears rolled down our faces, we embraced each other in a way that only true friends do.

Thus the Study Centre ended. We went away both happy and sad and all mixed up for a short time afterwards. But because we had fought for a common thing, because we had lived together as brothers and sisters, because we were true friends, now, we knew, that wherever we go in the world today, we would have a friend somewhere to go to. With this thought in mind, we head home, dreaming of the past twelve days and laughing and crying together as memories of those days came into our minds.

Now you ask "What did I get out of the Study Centre?" Well I got some of the most wonderful friends any person could ever ask for. I got a lot of experience in meeting people, speaking and other things connected with Red Cross Work, and then the question arises "What have I got now?" First of all, I have lots of ideas for Red Cross Projects. Secondly, I have personal memories, memories that time can never erase from my mind, memories of the largest Red Cross Study Centre ever to be held in the world and the most wonderful twelve days of my life.





## CHEMICALS

by Beverley Bower '60

Many chemicals are used in labs today;  
A few have bad odors. a few are okay.  
We make many things that prove many laws  
And in our work you can find many flaws.  
While mixing different chemicals, one must be cautious  
For the addition of wrong ones could make things obnoxious.  
If you are trying to make a chemical corrosive,  
Try not to add anything to make it explosive.  
If anything like this ever happens to you  
Try to find something, the action to subdue.  
I'm telling you this to try to help you along,  
So that when you're in lab. you won't do these things wrong.

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## THE NEW YEAR

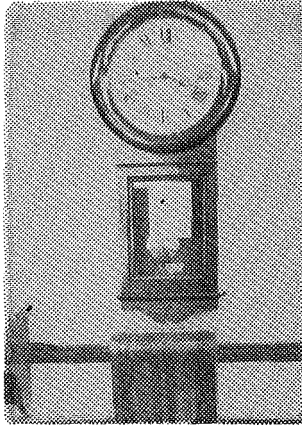
by Nancy Gail Dauphinee '65

A grand new year has just begun,  
I hope 'twill be a happy one;  
I'll strive to love, and work, and play,  
And do my best from day to day.

I know not what the future holds,  
I'll find out as the year unfolds;  
There will be some storms and sunshine too,  
And lots of fun the whole year through.

First days, then weeks, then months go by,  
Time absolutely seems to fly;  
Then one day this New Year too,  
Will be the old instead of new.

## THE GRADE ELEVEN CLOCK



by Linda Cantelope '61

I'm a most excellent student and a big wheel in our room;  
The long year round my perfect time is accurate as the moon.  
Here, in a mahogany house, I live high on the wall,  
From this noble place above the blackboard I sure don't want to fall.

"Please," Mr. Knickle, "dust my cogged wheels, pin my one spring coil  
Steady the voice of my gold pendulum with a dab of thick oil."  
I've not failed in Grade XI yet and I want my works to go,  
And for me, an I.Q. of twelve isn't particularly low.

Through the drowsy hours I gain and lose my friends,  
The hopeful stare and regretful glare a hungry student sends.  
"Hurry, hurry, it's five to twelve schoolmaster  
The fault's not mine if Mother's meal is just a burnt disaster."

There are times that make me happy, like school starting in the fall,  
When I hear the happy herd thunder through the hall,  
There are times that make me sad; sad enough to sigh,  
It's a dark day before the Christmas recess when I must say good-bye.

Time waits for no man, not even for me.  
So many classes say farewell and flee,  
Like the centuries I too, one day will be replaced  
By a super clock with an elegant atomic face.

Tick Tock.

## WHITE BIRDS

by Ann-Marie Gray '61

Up in the sky above us  
A-wheeling and so high  
We hear a mournful calling —  
The sea gulls lonely cry.

Its widespread wings when open  
Are white as driven snow;  
They follow ever after  
Where the fishermen do go.

When days are dull and foggy,  
They swoop low o'er the land;  
When days are bright and sunny  
They head for warm, white sand.

I often stop and wonder  
Just what our town would be  
If we should ever lose  
Those white birds of the sea.

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## THE VANISHING SCHOONER

by Graham Creighton '60

Remember that sight we once could view,  
The proudest of schooners traversing the blue;  
Beating their way to the Newfoundland banks,  
The canvas taut and straining the hanks.  
Close-hauled and by the wind, they made their way  
The decks all damp with the chill morning spray;  
Topsides all refitted with the darkest hue  
Gleaming in the light which sparkled anew;  
Loaded with salt, vitals, dories and men  
Who toil on the deep with an irresistible yen,  
We all feel the same thing to a certain degree,  
That is those who live near or follow the sea.  
Yes Sir Indeed it was a sight to behold  
And one to be cherished by young and old.  
In our snug little harbor remains of the past  
But two naked veterans to which we hold fast.

# IS THE PLURAL OF SINGULAR, SINGULARS OR PLURAL?

by Judith Crouse '60

"Parlez-vous francais?" If you don't, you should  
Then the curse of the plural which has always stood  
in your way, would be banished.

Take a word in English, say the word "anyone."  
Is the plural simply formed; is it easily done  
by adding "s"? No, of course not!

If the singular "this" has the plural form "these,"  
Does that simple word "kiss" have a strange form "kese"  
as its plural! It seems it should.

And what about "mice"? Since its singular is "mouse,"  
Then is the word "kice" the right plural form of "house,"  
or is it something else?

So you see that our language is very much confused.  
And that is why I ask if "singulards" is used  
as the plural form of "singular" or is it "plural"?

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## A WINTER NIGHT

by Linda Langille '65

I opened my window  
On a cold winter night,  
And there on the earth  
What a beautiful sight!

Snow fell like a blanket  
On the uneven ground;  
And it rounded the hills,  
Yet made not a sound.

And on the roofs of houses  
The icicles hung  
Like hundreds of diamonds  
On bracelets strung.

The moon then shone down  
On the new fallen snow;  
And the stars up above  
Gave a cheerful glow.

# FAIRYLAND

by Susan Hicking '65

Above the blue heavens, where no man can see,  
Lies an enchanting and wonderful land  
With mysterious people, like magical toys;  
To sum up, this place is quite grand!

The country is Fairyland, the people are elves,  
And sprites with a Fairy Queen too;  
Whose duty is to rule o'er this merry band,  
All known to be honest and true.

The isle of Fairyland is all quite unearthly,  
With its gay folk of miniature size;  
The country is covered with fields, meadows and dwarf trees,  
And each day there's a rainbow crowning the sky.

The small towns are made up of  
Castles of marble, surrounded by beautiful flowers,  
And gardens along each river of silver  
Which run through each courtyard and under each bower.

This place is truly a land all of splendor,  
And lasting happiness along with some glee,  
If you try hard, some night, you even may get there,  
On a gold magic carpet; you just wait and see.

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# THE BEATNIK

by Betty Ann Levy '62

The beatnik is a silly soul  
Who doesn't dig the rock and roll,  
But how he goes for that old jazz,  
He thinks it's got more than rock 'n' roll has.

He goes about in sloppy clothes,  
And man, it's work he really loathes;  
His bearded face is quite a sight,  
But he just doesn't see the light.

He doesn't care for the world around  
So where there's jazz he may be found;  
For education he cares none,  
But gosh, he surely must have fun.

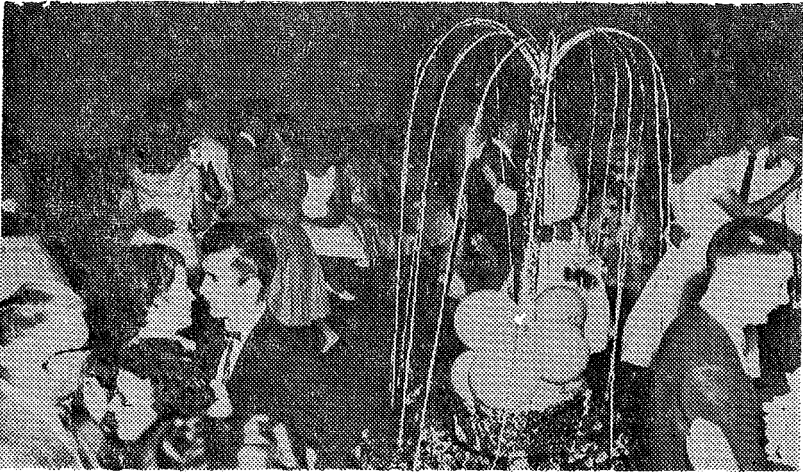


## SUCCESS OR FAILURE

by Ruth Dolores Dauphinee '63

When at night I lay my head  
Upon the pillow of my bed,  
I lie and think, "What will it be.  
And just what lies in store for me?"  
I thought I worked with eager zest  
I wonder if I did my best?  
Sometimes despondency and care  
Just seem to float and fill the air.

And then I think "Why should this be?  
I can take what is in store for me."  
New hope within my heart upbore  
Although I fail as heretofore  
I'll weary not but forward press  
And chase away that deep distress  
I'll thank my God for everything  
Then in my heart I'll always sing.



GRADUATING DANCE

# LUNENBURG TREES

by Linda Cantelope '61

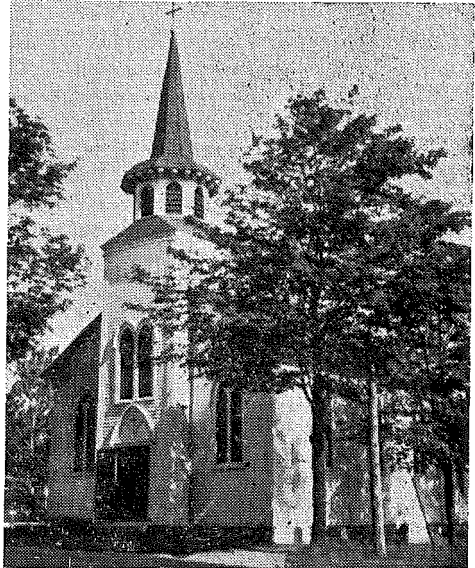
Tourists who drive through Lunenburg in the summertime, welcome the cool shade of the trees that overhang our streets. These beautiful trees are in the older parts of the town. In the newer section they have not been planted long enough to be very tall.

An aerial view of Lunenburg shows the town to be laid out like a small city. The truth is that the general plan is the same as the City of Halifax. The town slopes gently up from the sea, on a peninsula that runs its long arm out into the Atlantic. It was to be a compact town guarded by a stockade and nine blockhouses. Each settler was given a town lot, a garden lot, three hundred acres and a thirty acre lot. Over five hundred lots were drawn. The town was to be a rallying place in case of danger. The settlers had to live on surrounding farms. Soon the settlement became forty miles in extent.

We can see the results of this plan when we look down on the Lunenburg of today. Most of the forest is gone! Here and there are patches of woodland. The trees in the town have all been planted in rows along the streets or are shade and ornamental trees in yards. There are dense groupings of green around the centre of town, indicating a Churchyard or public square. Tall church spires rise near these patches of green. On both sides of the town, the cleared land runs down to the sparkling blue waters. Away on the surrounding peninsulas stand the edges of forest—dark and heavy green.

It is difficult to judge which of these, if any, stood two hundred years ago, when Lunenburg was founded. Many trees did as one can tell by their height and circumference. Trees have to be hardy to withstand the winter cold and the strong winds. All, continually, rake this peninsula. Our trees cannot be quite the same species that are found in a gentle climate such as we find in the inland towns and cities.

What trees do we have in town? They are the same as those found along the coast of this Seaside Province. However, we do have some special ones that stand out in our minds. These are the trees we played under when we were children; trees that were of romantic significance and trees that are historical landmarks.



Along the coast, the forest still stands scattered on the nearby hills. It is a mixture of evergreen and deciduous trees. There are paper-white Birches that stand tall and lacy against the Red Spruces. These Spruces are tall, dark and handsome and a boon to the woodsman looking for a source of pulpwood. The Balsam Fir trees are not plentiful as we all know, when looking for a Christmas Tree. They are conical in shape, and their nutty cones stand upright on their branches. A beautiful shade of green shows in the foliage of the Eastern Hemlock. These grow scattered on the hilltops and down the sides of ravines. Oh! there a tamarack is lonely in its yellow autumn color and in its light green of springtime. The Grey Birches and Poplars sway in the musical breezes. Maples, Red Oaks, White Oaks stand in groups. The Pines are not plentiful; we do not have clear stands of Pine forest. Pines we do have are mostly the Norway Pine and the Red Pine. These grow near the cleared edges of land and are protected by their hardy neighbors the Red Spruces. Along the pasture fences are the delicate flowers; pale and lovely; of the Indian Pear, the Choke Cherry, Wild Black Cherry and the Common Juniper. There are great quantities of alder berries on the half-cleared rocky pastures that border the sea.

The trees our ancestors planted along the streets and in the public squares were Norway Maples, Sugar Maples, Red Maples, the graceful American Elm, Ash trees, some Dogwood Mountain Ash, and a few Aspen trees. Many of these have been attacked by disease and had to be removed.

While walking through the Anglican Church Parade, on the way to school, we see the tall Elms, Maples, and Ash trees that beautify this historic Church. It is not strange that we almost wish the old trees could talk and that we could ask them to tell what they have seen. For years these have stood like sentinels. They have been protected from the winds by the houses that surround the square. Cool grasses grow at their feet and the music of the Church bells floats through their branches.

The majestic Chestnut trees that once stood near the old Post Office and the Eastern Trust Company had to be moved to make way for new buildings. These were tall with spreading branches. In the spring they were a heavenly garden of white sphere-like flowers, in the summer birds flitted through the coarse foliage and in the autumn children scampered at their feet to pick up the rich brown chestnuts. These trees were originally from south-western Asia and ancient Greece. Well over two hundred years the Chestnut trees followed the march of civilization from Europe to the new continent of America.

Remember vivacious Hurricane Hazel? One of the Chestnut trees, a gigantic one toppled over. It came down over the Post Office lawn with a tremendous crash! A section of the sidewalk was torn up by its deep roots and its mighty branches blocked the streets.

Twenty-five years ago the industrious boys in Lunenburg spent many happy hours flying kites on Apple Tree Hill. There were apple orchards on the common land from the Fountain to Miss Phyllis Westhaver's home. Every spring the wind swirled through the white petals and lifted the kites skyward. A brook gurgled through the orchards. Today the gutters on Brook Street are the only evidence of this little brook. Occasionally it mys-

teriously floods the basements of the new houses.

The brook disappeared, the apple trees became diseased, and the land was turned into pasture. Later when Lunenburg became incorporated it purchased the land for new building developments.

Grandmothers and Grandfathers remember when the "East-End", farthest Pelham Street and Garden Lots, were rich hay fields. The azure summer sky above and the ceaseless splash of the waves below provided the perfect spot for a willow to grow. It snuggled close to the bank below the hay fields. The great ship, the Mascot, used the willow to sight its bearings during a storm. There wasn't a lighthouse, so the stately willow saved the ship from being wrecked in Blue Rocks. The Mascot arrived safely in Lunenburg Harbor.

It is clearly evident all towns, including Lunenburg, need trees. I think this poem expresses why.

## TREES

by Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see  
A poem as lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,  
Who intimately lives with rain

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.



# WHERE I LIVED IN CALIFORNIA

by Aileen Mitchell '64

Some people think of California as a state where cowboys and Indians are to be found. Few pure blooded Indians remain. People still love to ride western style and raise beautiful horses.

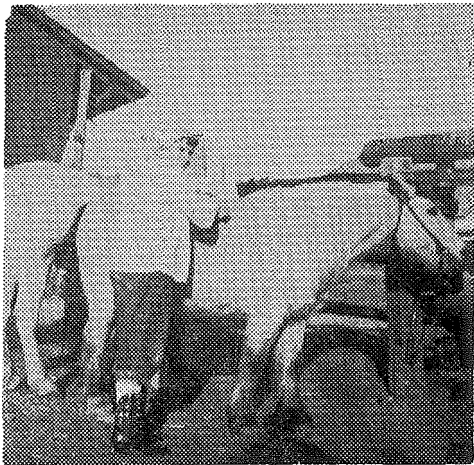
I lived near the Southern tip of California, twelve miles inland from the city of San Diego, and twenty-five miles from the Mexican border. San Diego has a large harbor which is used extensively by the Navy. Two other points of interest are the San Diego Zoo, and Convair, which builds missiles and jet planes.

The weather, except in the mountains, is warm. September is the hottest month when the temperature may reach one hundred and ten degrees, but in February it might drop to fifty degrees. They are lucky if it rains one week out of a year. Because of the warm weather, almost every home has a supply of its own fruit trees, such as avocado, orange, and lemon. Pepper and Eucalyptus trees growing wild, offer shade from the intense heat.

Instead of sleigh-coasting and tobogganing, one can go swimming or horseback-riding on Christmas Day. If not interested in these things one may visit Mexico; take a trip to the desert or to the mountains. In these varied places a person may sit in the heat of one hundred degrees or play in the snow. Scientific minded people may spend their Christmas looking at the stars in the Palamar Observatory.

The schools there are low, flat, ranch-style buildings, spreading over a large area and because of the tile roofs they have a Spanish look. Palm trees, flower gardens, cactus plants, desert flowers and green lawns surrounding the schools are watered each day by the school gardeners. All physical activities of the school such as softball, volleyball, basketball, archery, ping pong, tennis, shuffleboard and dancing are held out of doors. Unlike Canada a student graduates three times before reaching University age; once after each of grades six, eight, and twelve.

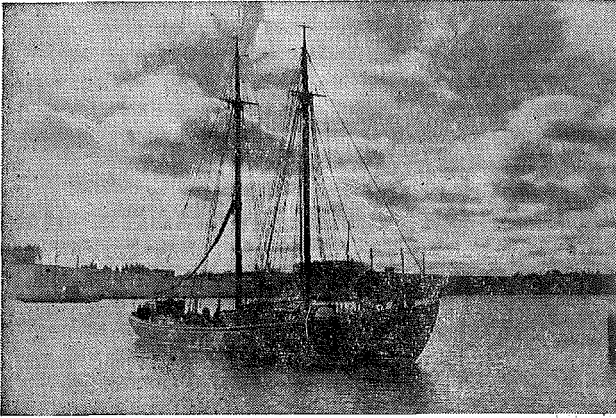
The homes of California, built of C. B. S. (cement, blocks, and stucco) are situated on the sides of hills and overlooking canyons. The mockingbird which sings during the night and the doves in the morning add joy and delight to the many homes.



## PICNICS AT SPINDLER'S COVE

by Glenda Smith, Lee DeMone '61

Picnics sponsored by the Oddfellows Lodge were quite common in Lunenburg about twenty-five years ago. The picnics took place once a year on Labour Day for the sole purpose of public entertainment.



This entertainment was held at Spindler's Cove, and started between nine-thirty and ten A. M. All those wishing to attend came to the wharf at this time. After collecting their belongings and paying fifty cents for their transportation, everyone boarded the vessel, which was usually towed by the steamboat, "Mascot," skippered by Captain George Naas.

A short trip brought the passengers to the breakwater at Spindler's Cove, from which they walked to the beach. Equipped with their lunch baskets and their swimming clothes, the crowds usually broke up into individual groups. They passed the morning pleasantly doing whatever they desired.

Around noon, a strong, sweet-smelling odor drew the people to a large table containing hot chowder prepared by the Oddfellows. The picnickers could also buy fruit or drink to go with their chowder or with their own individual lunches.

After dinner they would once again separate. Some of them would go swimming; some walked through the Ovens; others listened to the band which was in attendance; and others just preferred to sit. This was the way the majority spent their time.

Supper hour arrived soon, however, (much to the disappointment of most of the picnickers). Hot chocolate and chowder was again served by the members of the Lodge.

All too soon, it was time to pack up and return home. The time for this was governed by the tide so the vessel would not go aground.

Perhaps the most exciting experience occurred the last time a picnic was held. The trip was made on a three-master, the Frances Louise, captained

by the late Lorainne Bachman. On this particular day it was so fine that the people forgot to watch the tide and the Frances Louise went aground. Some waited for the tide to come in; others drove; and still others walked home. Although they usually tried to get away between seven and eight P. M., those who waited for the vessel arrived at the Lunenburg dock after midnight.

Everybody's picnic spirit returned on the way home. When someone started a singsong, everyone joined in, accompanied by the band. The singsong was followed by dancing and by the time the picnickers reached home, they were all in a joyous mood. The huge crowds, coming from all parts of Lunenburg County slowly drifted apart after the vessel docked at the wharf. Their happy memories remained with them as they returned home full of thoughts for the next year's picnic.

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## CELEBRATION AT KAULBACH'S HEAD

by Grethe Kristiansen, Mary Naas '61

For many years, Kaulbach's Head, situated on the southwest side of Lunenburg, had been regarded as a recreational centre for both young and old. From various points on Kaulbach's Head one can view the town of Lunenburg across the harbour, Battery Point, Cross Island. The Ovens and Feltzen South. The land itself has an abundant growth of spruce, evergreen and beech trees; also, a small apple orchard.

The first person to rightfully own this property was a retired army officer, Mr. Selig. He resided there and used the land for farming purposes. At that time the area was known as Selig's Head. Some years later the southern section of Selig's Head became known as the "Paffokoph." That name was German for Parson's Head, being named after Parson Moreau, the first rector of the Anglican Church.

Succeeding Mr. Selig as owner of the property was Lt. Col. Edwin Kaulbach. During his ownership, the land was used as a recreation place for all the citizens of Lunenburg. Trees and shrubs were planted there and long stone benches were brought from New Germany to provide eating facilities for the people. Three huge cannons mounted on stone blocks were an added attraction. Mr. Kaulbach also decorated the area by making an archway from the jaw of a whale.

With its scenic beauty and Mr. Kaulbach's added features, the property became popular with both young and old and was called "Cannon Gate Park." That name was chosen because a huge cannon was mounted near the entrance of the park.

Cannon Gate Park was a favorite gathering place for the citizens of Lunenburg on Sunday afternoons. Here the older folk of the town discussed news events of the day while the lovers — even then they had the spirit for expressing their feelings openly — carved their initials on the jaw of the whale. Sunday School picnics were held there annually.

Approximately fifty years ago, Kaulbach's Head was the centre of attraction for the holding of the Masonic Lodge Picnic. Gathering at the Post

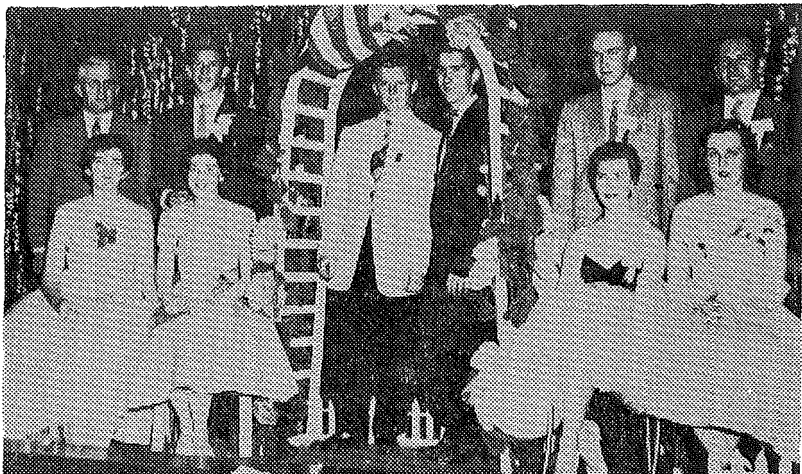
Office square, the Masons prepared for the march across the town. To the music of two bands, the procession paraded through the gaily trimmed streets to the fair hills beyond, at Cannon Gate Park.

After spending the entire day feasting and dancing to the music of the two bands and picture-taking, the festivities came to a close, marking the end of one of the greatest events in the history of the Masonic Lodge.

Soon after the passing of Mr. Edwin Kaulbach — one of the town's prominent citizens — the land became known as Kaulbach's Head in his memory. It was then given to a close relative and from that time on, Kaulbach's Head has been closed to the public. Now only memories remain with the older citizens of Lunenburg, about the many pleasant hours spent at this well-known picnic grounds.

Being passed down through the Kaulbach family, the land is now owned by Mr. Edwin Kaulbach, a direct descendant of Lt. Col. Edwin Kaulbach. The sloping hills, small ravine and group of towering trees provide hazards for the ardent members of the Lunenburg Golf Club to overcome.

While walking through the avenues of evergreen, the remains of the whale jaw and the huge cannon proudly mounted on the crest of the hill, bring back beloved memories of yesteryear and the gala festivities held at Kaulbach's Head.



#### GRADUATION DANCE

F. R.—M. O'Connor, C. Tanner, W. Skinner, P. Comstock, S. Cook, R. Lohnes.

R. R.—Principal Collins, D. Wilkie, M. Van der Toorn, E. Mason.



## TRAGEDIES ON THE FRONT HARBOUR — THE CHESLEYS

by Marion Whynacht '63, Joanne Knickle '61

Judge Samuel A. Chesley was a prominent citizen of our town during the early part of the twentieth century, and was a very well-educated man. Although Judge of Probate, he was usually addressed simply as "Judge." He and his family were members of the W. C. T. U. He was also a member of the Oddfellows' Lodge and Rebekah Lodge.

He had three children; Robert Annesley (Bob), Agnes Davison, and Mary, known as Polly. Agnes was a music teacher and had numerous pupils at Feltzen South. In order to get to her pupils, both she and Bob, who were fond of boating and sailing, used this pleasure as a means of transportation.

On October 8, 1895 they left about five p.m. for home, with a fresh wind which increased in force. Persons on shore noticed that the boat was laboring heavily, and then disappeared. It was evident that she had taken in water while running before the gale. Obviously, this had happened and the boat was swamped when Bob was apparently trying to clear the breakers of Head Shoal.

The people on the other shore began to grow anxious as the hours went by and there was no sign of them until at last the boat was found upended. Although they knew they were good swimmers, the watchers were frantic. Unfortunately both of the occupants were drowned, but later their bodies were recovered. The funeral services were attended by a large number of people, including the clergy and members of the different denominations; and the sympathy of the whole community and county was extended to the bereaved parents.

Polly Chesley, the younger of the children, was very clever and went to England to study, making several trips across the Atlantic Ocean. At one time the Judge was coming home with her from England, when he became ill and died, and was buried at sea. When Mary went to India, she became well-known throughout the whole country for her work as a disciple of Mohandas Ghandi. After many faithful years of hard work, Miss Chesley died there.

Robert Chesley had been engaged as assistant engineer and timekeeper in connection with the Lunenburg water-works. Agnes Chesley was a devoted teacher in the Methodist Sunday school, and active in Church work. Both were greatly missed.

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breast,  
And stars to set — but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

"Thou art where billows foam,  
Thou are where music melts upon the air;  
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,  
And the world calls us forth and thou art there.

"Some day the Master will explain  
The 'wherefore' of each grief and pain."

## LLOYD CROUSE, M. P.

by Ann-Marie Gray '61, Sharon Naas '62

Lloyd Crouse was born on Cossman's Hill in Lunenburg, on November 19, 1918. His parents are Kenneth Eleazer Crouse and Mary Bertha Crouse.

Mr. Crouse received his education at Lunenburg Academy and then went to work for the Purity Flour Mills as a salesman, in Western Nova Scotia. In 1940 he joined the R. C. A. F. where he served as a student pilot.

Upon leaving the Air Force, Mr. Crouse went to work in Halifax for the Quaker Oats Company Limited. He served as manager of the Halifax branch of this company for three and a half years.

In 1945 he helped form the Crouse Fisheries Limited, in association with Captain Walter Crouse and others from the town of Lunenburg. They built the dragger, Marion Crouse, which is still operating out of Lunenburg. In 1947 Mr. Crouse moved back to his home town and in 1954 helped incorporate a second company, the Viking Fisheries Limited. Another dragger, the David and Frances, was built, in association with Captain Edward Hansen. On March 13, 1956, a third company, the Atlas Fisheries Limited was incorporated, in association with Captain William Leary of Riverport. The dragger Linda Jane was built. Since the incorporations of these three companies, Mr. Crouse has been managing owner of the draggers and secretary-treasurer of the companies.

Also upon Mr. Crouse's return to Lunenburg, K. E. Crouse and Sons, Wholesale Grocers Limited, was incorporated, in association with his father and brother. From 1947 until he entered politics in 1957, Mr. Crouse was engaged as a salesman for this firm and travelled throughout Lunenburg County.

In the general election held on June 10, 1957, Mr. Crouse was first elected as Member of Parliament for Lunenburg-Queens. He was re-elected at the general election held on March 31 of the following year.

Being a member of the Lutheran Church, Mr. Crouse was Chairman of the Lutheran Youth Board from 1950-54. Since 1947, he has been a member of the Board of Governors of Waterloo College.

Mr. Crouse has taken an active part in the civic affairs of the town of Lunenburg. He was a member of the Lunenburg Town Council from 1950-52 and during those same years also served as member of the School Board. From 1947 until his election in 1957, he has been the past president of the



LLOYD CROUSE, M. P.

Canadian Legion, Branch 23, Lunenburg, and served on the Board of Trade Council.

Mr. Crouse has been on the Executive of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition since 1947 and served as Chairman and Master of Ceremonies of the entertainment committee for six years. He is a member of the Lunenburg Yacht Club, as well as the Rod and Gun Club and the Curling Club. In the summer, Mr. Crouse enjoys his favourite sports, fishing and boating, and in the winter, skiing and skating.

Married in 1942, Mr. Crouse and his wife have two children, a girl, Marilyn, and a boy, Stephen.

In regards to politics Mr. Crouse is very grateful for the opportunity given him to serve the people of Queens-Lunenburg. He feels it is an opportunity given to few in a lifetime and is a type of service that he finds most gratifying and interesting.



**CROWNING GRADUATION QUEEN — 1959**

**S. Cook, The Queen - G. May, Doctor R. G. A. Wood, J. Corkum**

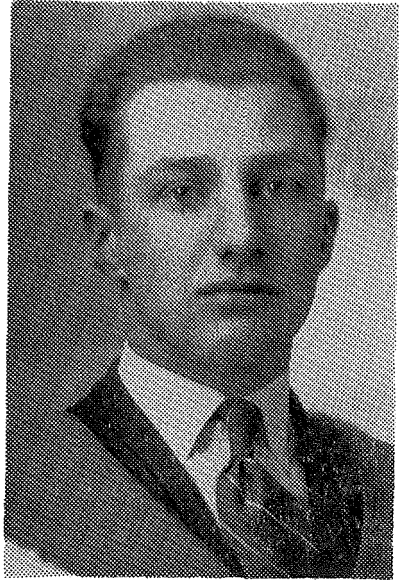
# THOMAS G. WALTERS

by Graham Creighton '60

Mr. Walters was born in Lunenburg, the son of Tom Walters, the Blacksmith. Thomas (Senior) was of Scottish, English and German ancestry and by extremely hard work established in the East End of town a successful business, which is now owned and operated by his grandson. Most of the iron work on the Lunenburg schooners was done by this firm and they built up a reputation for fine workmanship. His wife was of English stock. She raised a large family by industry and thrift. Mr. Walters has unbounded affection and admiration for his parents and the things they were able to accomplish, with practically no education and none of the material advantages we enjoy today.

Mr. Walters has many recollections of his teachers here at the Academy. Miss Laura Kaulback who was of the "old school," stands out among his memories of Common School. She was indeed of the "old school" and Mr. Walters says, "Thoughts of her and her educational methods always make me question some of our modern methods in education." His most vivid memory of High School was of Mr. Burgess McKittrick, and in describing him Mr. Walters says, "He was an outstanding educator, by any standards one wishes to apply." Miss Minnie Hewitt, impressed him, "in her quiet way as a most effective teacher." He also remembers Mr. McLeod and sister, who were at the Academy for several years.

Mr. Walters began his university training at Kings College (Windsor) in the fall of 1919, graduating with the degree of B. Sc. in 1923. He attended the College at the time of the great fire. In that year he took his first teaching position — quite by accident and through the efforts of Mr. Morris Maxner. It was to "help out" in a situation that had arisen in the school at Port Maitland, Yarmouth County. To his surprise Mr. Walters liked teaching very much and decided to make a career of it. After a turn at Normal College he took a position in Glace Bay High School, where he stayed for two years. He went to Glace Bay at the same time as Owen B. Smith, another former Lunenburger. Mr. Smith has stayed in Glace Bay and is now Supervisor of Schools. Mr. Walters liked the job and the place very much and states that he might be there yet, but he moved to the United States because of the desire for more education. He secured a posi-



THOMAS G. WALTERS

tion in Concord, New Hampshire, and started taking courses at the Harvard Graduate School of Education. Later on, he took a year off from teaching for more concentrated work at Harvard and was granted the degree of Master of Education (Ed. M.) He enjoyed Harvard very much, and took summer courses there for many years after he had his degree.

It was in Concord, N. H., that Mr. Walters met and married Miss Audrey Davis. "She was a most unusual person. Her fine mind and ability to organize and lead people made her a real power for good in our community. Contacts made at Harvard led to a position in Newton, Massachusetts, one of the very finest schools in the U. S. We seemed to have found our niche in Newton, and although there were offers of other positions, we stayed on and on — for twenty-six years. Mrs. Walters' sudden and untimely death in 1954 left a great void in our family, as well as in the Church and various community projects to which she gave so much of her time and energy."

Mr. Walters retired from Newton High School in 1956, but being a teacher through and through, immediately took a part-time teaching position in a very fine, private school. This year Mr. Walters is fulfilling a desire he has had since childhood — to see India and South East Asia, and while at it, is making the round the world circuit.

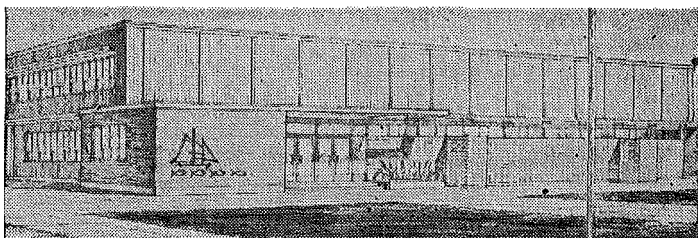
His personal interests and activities, other than teaching have centered in Freemasonry and the Episcopal Church, to both of which he has given much time and effort and from both of which he has derived values that are immeasurable.

"If I were to 'do it all over again,' I rather think I would follow essentially the same course, for I have thoroughly enjoyed my teaching. No other kind of work could possibly have given me the degree of satisfaction that I have had in seeing 'my boys' make good in College and after."

Thomas Walters was, to a great extent, self-educated and on one occasion sold maps in P. E. I. to obtain financial aid for his education. Although he is now retired, he still is extremely interested in education and has always had a warm regard for Lunenburg.

One of his great achievements was the writing of "Intermediate Algebra" a high school textbook. Sharing this task was Charles H. Mergendahl, and Mrs. Walters who did the typing.

We of the Sea Gull staff are indebted to Mr. Walters, who took time from the busy schedule of his world tour, to send us information regarding his life history from the other side of the globe (Bangkok, Thailand).



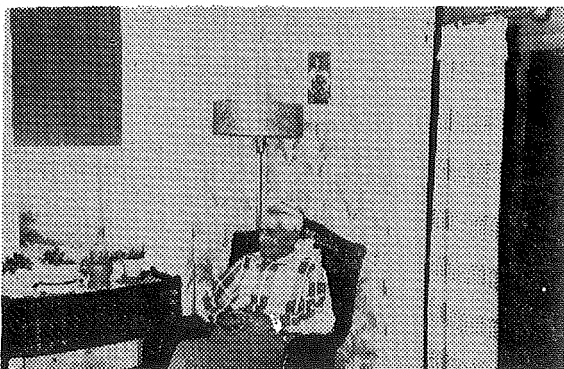
COMMUNITY CENTRE BUILDING

## MR. NORMAN J. WHYNACHT

by Lee DeMone, Nancy Morash '61

Norman J. Whynacht, a spry man for his seventy-odd years, has spent most of his life working for the good of our fair community. While he was still a boy, his father was lost at sea, so his younger days were spent working to help support his family.

When he first began to work, Mr. Whynacht went deep-sea and dory fishing, as his father had done before him. During this time, he was fortunate. He made a trip to the Grand Banks at the age of thirteen, when he first began fishing, and encountered no mishap whatsoever. Even later, when he was at sea for longer periods of time and throughout terrible storms, he escaped without injury.



MR. NORMAN J. WHYNACHT

Having already put in fifteen years as a fisherman, Mr. Whynacht took a job at the Foundry. His next two years were spent working there.

In 1902 Mr. Whynacht met a lovely young girl, Eva Spidle, and fell in love with her. In the same year, they were joined together in holy matrimony and now have three grown children — Theresa, Gilbert, and Hilda. Mr. and Mrs. Whynacht have seven grand-children and four great grand-children.

Later on, Mr. Whynacht began working for the town of Lunenburg, and established a notable record. He devoted thirty-five years of service to our town before he retired at the age of seventy-five.

After his retirement, he took an interest in a difficult but satisfying hobby, wood-carving. By devoting time to this art he cultivated a real talent for it. Upon seeing some of the finished products it can be honestly said that his work is remarkable and creates a lasting impression. He and his wife have been married for fifty-seven years and she shares his enthusiasm for his new-found hobby.

# DR. RAYFIELD G. A. WOOD - MAYOR

by Marian Falkenham '62, Paul Dober '61

"Surgery, calling Doctor Wood!" These are the opening words as the curtain goes up and the play begins. The name of our play is "The Life of Doctor Wood" and as one might have suspected, the leading role is played by one of Lunenburg's most prominent citizens—Dr. Rayfield G. A. Wood. The supporting cast consists of his wife, Barbara, and their four children, Frederick, Elizabeth, Jennifer, and Jeremy.

Dr. Wood, the son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Albert Wood, was born in Lunenburg and received his academic training at "the castle on the hill". Upon graduating from the Academy, he furthered his education by attending Dalhousie University, where he received a degree in Medicine. When the Bluenose was at the World's Fair in Chicago, Dr. Wood was present to see it and many of the people of Lunenburg. At this time he was taking a post-graduate course at St. Vincent's Charity Hospital. Returning to his home town, he hung up his shingle and began his professional life as a physician.

During the Second World War, he served overseas with the Canadian Army Medical Corps, obtaining the rank of Captain. Consequently Dr. Wood is a member of the Lunenburg Legion Branch No. 23. Previous in his enlistment he married Barbara Clennett of Halifax.

In 1945 he received his certificate in General Surgery from the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada.

Being a doctor very much interested in his work, Dr. Wood takes an active part in various medical societies. He has served as President of the Lunenburg-Queens Medical Society, President of the Medical Staff of the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital. Having a concern for children, Dr. Wood is Director of the Nova Scotia Society for Crippled Children and he is on the Committee of Crippled Children for the district. He has served as Director of Maritime Medical Care Incorporated and is a member of the Executive General Council of the Canadian Medical Association.

Dr. Wood is a staunch believer in comprehensive physical education and he sets a good example by being active in many sports. Not only playing in the sports of curling, golf and yachting, he has served in different clubs. Dr. Wood has been past President of the Bluenose Golf Club, the



**DR. RAYFIELD G. A. WOOD**  
Mayor

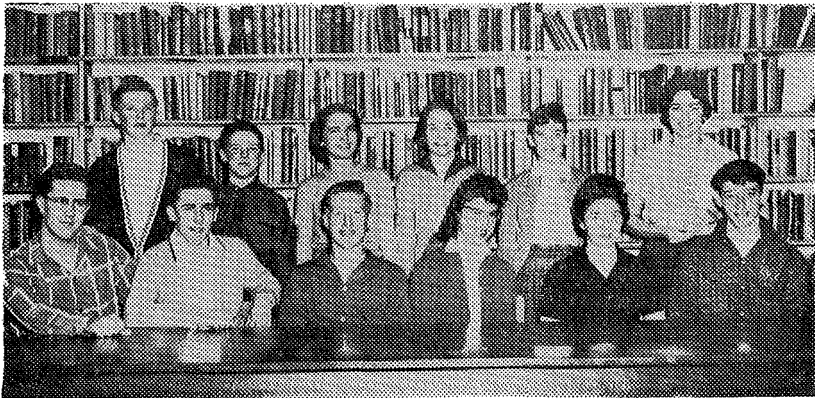
Lunenburg Hockey Club and the South Shore Hockey League. Being interested in baseball, he served as President of the Bluenose Softball Association of Nova Scotia.

As the scenes of the play change we can see that Dr. Wood is very prominent in the various lodges of the town and has held different offices in these. He is an active member of Unity Masonic Lodge No. 4, A.F. & A.M., and of the 32nd degree of the Ancient and Accepted Order of the Scottish Rite. Also, he is a charter member and the first President of the Lunenburg Lion's Club. Having much concern for children, he is in charge of the annual Easter Seal campaign. Dr. Wood is a Member of St. John's Anglican Church.

After taking such an active part in organizations and activities pertaining to his work, one would expect no more, but this remarkable man still has time to serve his town. He has served on the Town Council from 1947-1951, part of this time as Deputy Mayor. Dr. Wood was elected Mayor of Lunenburg in 1958 and re-elected by acclamation in 1960. Taking a deep interest in school, he is the Chairman of the School Board. Dr. Wood is an executive of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and was one of the original members of the Community Centre Commission.

As a change from his active life in the public eye, Dr. Wood takes great pride in his extensive rose garden. He is a firm believer in community betterment, civic improvement, welfare of children, academic training and post-graduate studies, which he himself continues.

As the curtain closes on a review of the busy life of Dr. R. G. A. Wood, one of Lunenburg's most prominent citizens, we see that he has been very successful throughout these past years and we wish him continued success.



#### STUDENTS COUNCIL EXECUTIVE

Front—G. Creighton, Treasurer R. Wentzell, W. Crouse, J. Crouse, President; L. Cantelope, Vice-President; C. Herman, Secretary.

Rear—G. Upham, C. Anderson, C. Anderson, J. Corkum, S. Lohnes, L. Langille, C. Mills.



## MR. FRED RHULAND

by Marilyn Dober '60, Betty Ann Levy '62

Mr. Fred Rhuland, a well-known native of Lunenburg, obtained his elementary and high school education at Lunenburg Academy. In order to further his learning, Mr. Rhuland attended Mount Allison University, from which he graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree. For the next two years, he attended Dalhousie University, obtaining a Bachelor of Commerce degree.

After receiving his education, Mr. Rhuland set out for Toronto, where he worked for eight years as a statistician for the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, one of North America's largest chain stores. During the war, he worked for two years at the Wartime Prices and Trade Board in Ottawa.

In 1943, when Mr. Rhuland's father retired, he and his brother, John, took over the firm of Smith and Rhuland. This firm had the honor of building the Bluenose, on which Mr. Rhuland sailed to the World's Fair at Chicago in 1933. Still occupied in this work he now oversees commercial work and the building of pleasure craft.

Mr. Rhuland married the former Margaret Keyes, whom he met while attending Mount Allison University. They have two children, Melissa and George, who both attend Lunenburg Academy.

He is an active citizen of this town and a member of many clubs and organizations. Mr. Rhuland is especially interested in the work of the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital, and has been chairman of the hospital board for the past four years. He is an elder of the United Church and a thirty-second degree Mason. He is a past president of the Yacht Club and a past president of the Board of Trade, of which he is still a member. He

was also a member of the Town Council for a number of years, during which time he was Deputy Mayor and Chairman of the School Board.

Although Mr. Rhuland's time is taken up with these many activities, he still finds time to participate in his favorite hobbies: boating, curling and yachting. Lunenburg is very fortunate in having a citizen who takes such an interest in the work of the community.



MR. FRED RHULAND

## MR. FRED BAILLY

by Marilyn Lohnes '60, Roy Young '63

The sun beamed down upon the picturesque French countryside of Arras. There, commanding a position visible from afar, stood an impressive monument. Its single column, slender like a minaret, reached toward Heaven.

It was July 26, 1936 — the day on which the Vimy Memorial was unveiled by King Edward VIII. This splendid monument paid tribute to the many thousands who so valiantly had given their lives two decades before, in World War I.

Witnessing this impressive ceremony were many Canadian veterans who had fought alongside their fallen comrades. Among this vast multitude were Mr. Fred Bailly and his wife, of Lunenburg. As a veteran of the 25th Battalion, Mr. Bailly, among many Canadian representatives, went to France to participate in the unveiling of the Vimy Memorial.

Fred Bailly, son of James and Etta Bailly, was born in Lunenburg on May 17, 1895. After attending Lunenburg Academy for twelve years, he graduated in 1913. He then entered the bakery business run by his father and uncle.

With the advent of World War I, like so many Canadians, Mr. Bailly felt it his duty to serve his country. He enlisted on March 21, 1916 in the 112th Battalion, which later went to England. Following the disbanding of the 112th, Mr. Bailly entered the Signal School. After completing the course, he joined the 25th Battalion as a signaller. In this capacity he was dispatched to France, where he participated in the intense and furious warfare. Mr. Bailly saw action in such famous French engagements as Passchendaele, Cambria, and Arras. When the tide of battle turned, the 2nd Division, of which the 25th Battalion was a part, proceeded

to the Rhine. Mr. Bailly was posted near Bonn until January 1919. At the end of the war the 25th Battalion was transferred to Belgium and from there to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where it was demobilized on May 15, 1919.

After the war Mr. Bailly worked with Zwicker and Company Limited. He served with this company until 1926, when he entered the Customs office as Customs Excise Clerk, continuing in this capacity for ten years. On May 14, 1936, he received the appointment of Collector of Customs and Registrar



MR. FRED BAILLY

of Shipping. It is this position he now maintains.

Besides his strenuous life as Custom Officer, Mr. Bailly is an active participant in Church activities. He was the treasurer of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church from 1921 up to the time of the church union. From 1925 to 1936 he held the position of secretary-treasurer of the United Church. He is now the recording steward and secretary of the Official Board.

Quite naturally, Mr. Bailly is a member of the Canadian Legion. From 1936 to the end of 1948, he was secretary-treasurer of the local branch of the Legion. He was chairman of the Poppy Committee until 1956.

As a member of Unity Masonic Lodge No. 4, Mr. Bailly has held several offices.

On January 14, 1927, he married Violet Bachman and has two daughters, Jane Margaret and Violet Phyllis. A factor of historical interest is that Jane Margaret was named after the first child born in Lunenburg, the day after its founding, June 7, 1753. This child was the daughter of George Frederick Bailly, Mr. Bailly's great, great grandfather. (Mr. George Frederick Bailly, a French citizen, sailed to Lunenburg with the group of original settlers. A shoemaker by trade, he also taught and preached to the French settlers. Mr. Bailly must have been an ambitious person, for he compiled three books, along with various other papers.)

Mr. Bailly now has in his possession, one of his ancestor's books, "The Life of John Bunyan," handwritten in handsome script on rag paper. This book is one of Mr. Bailly's most prized possessions.

In addition to his active life in the community, Mr. Bailly is an ardent gardener and handyman. Being a man of fine character and pleasing personality, he has always been a well-liked and respected citizen of Lunenburg.



#### JUNIOR RED CROSS EXECUTIVE

Front—S. Walters, P. Cornu, Vice-Pres.; M. Lohnes, Treasurer; G. May, President; S. Conrad, Secretary, M. Falkenham.

Rear—B. DeMone, R. Conrad, Roy Young, L. Falkenham, K. Wentzell, M. Whynacht.

## CAPTAIN K. P. IVERSEN

by Elizabeth Pyke, Linda Cantelope '61

Early in the First World War, the crew of the Wilfred M., under Captain Cyrus Parks, experienced a dangerous adventure. One day when the ship was near the equator, they saw an English vessel steaming toward them, accompanied by an unknown boat. The British flag was flying from the ship, so the Wilfred M. hoisted her Canadian flag. Suddenly, the other ship hoisted her German flag and cut across their bow.

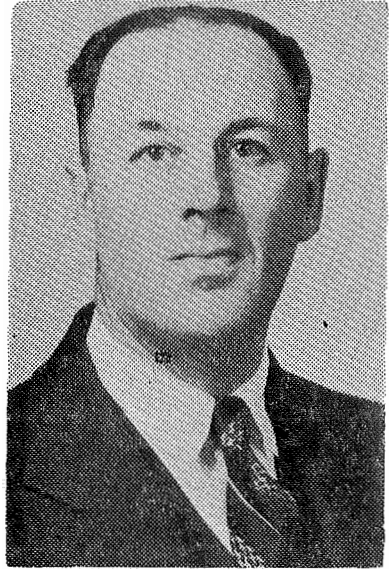
This was the dreaded German ship, the Brown Prince William. Captain Parks and his crew were then ordered to board the German ship. They had to obey, or be killed. The German ship rammed the Wilfred M. and sank her. A strong tide carried her wreckage to the shores of the West Indies and with it, the news of her destruction.

This news was then wired to the owner, Senator William Duff of Lunenburg. When it was received, people thought that everyone on board the ship had perished. In reality, though, Captain Parks and his crew were kept prisoners for seventy-two days, but were finally put ashore at Buenos Aires. Later the men learned that their danger had been greater than they had realized, for the Brown Prince William had been chased by British battleships. Had the German boat been fired upon by the battleships, all hope of escape for Captain Parks and his crew would have been gone.

One of the members of the crew of the Wilfred M. at the time of this adventure was Captain K. P. Iversen, a prominent captain of this town. He was born in Lunenburg, August 16, 1895, son of Captain and Mrs. Christian Iversen. After going to school at the Lunenburg Academy, he turned toward the sea in 1911 for his vocation.

After returning home from Buenos Aires and his exciting but dangerous adventure, Captain Iversen again took to the sea. It was in 1916 that he got his Master's ticket and became Captain of his own ship, the Mark A. Tobin. This vessel was originally built for fishing, but became a trading schooner which carried Nova Scotian salt to the West Indies and returned with molasses. The schooner survived fierce hurricanes and storms under Captain Iversen's capable guidance. He proved himself to be an excellent seaman.

This trading venture brought him other rewards. It was on one of his

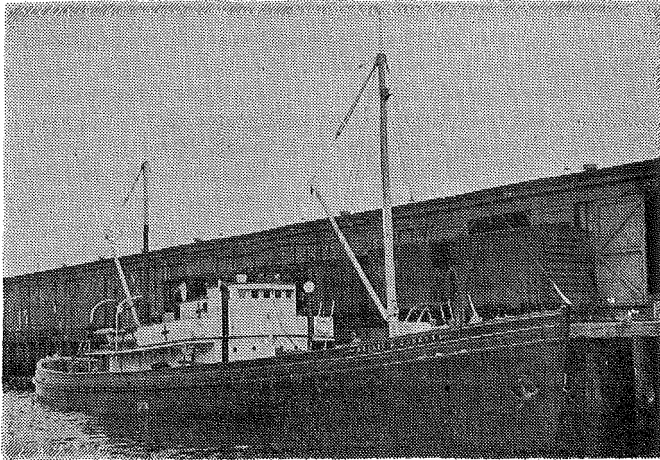


CAPTAIN K. P. IVERSEN

trips to England in 1919, that he met the English girl who become his wife. They now live in a charming bungalow overlooking our beautiful harbor. From her window she can see her husbands ship sail out to the sea beyond.

Captain Iversen now sails the Grenfell Mission ship, the Nellie B. Cluett. His connection with the Grenfell mission began in 1919. The founder of the missions, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, and Captain Iversen became personal friends. Our Captain carried supplies to the Mission Stations and the main hospitals at St. Anthony, Newfoundland, for thirty years, and still sails to Newfoundland every spring and summer.

In the spring when the ice of the North Atlantic breaks up, Captain Iversen has his ship ready for sea. This boat was built in Lunenburg in 1941, and is a rugged ship with a black hull and gleaming white decks, with a bright red cross painted on her sides. The Nellie B. is one hundred and forty-five feet long, and has a net weight of one hundred and forty-two tons. In her deep, wide holds, she carries the food and goods which supply the Missions.



**NELLIE B. CLUETT**

Captain Iversen has explained how his trips are carried on. First, he goes to Halifax to pick up supplies. The money for these comes from the International Grenfell Association. It is given by the American and English governments. After the orders for food are sent to Ottawa, they are distributed to different companies and then everything is shipped to Halifax to be picked up by the boats. The supplies consist of food for the people and their animals, medical supplies and lumber.

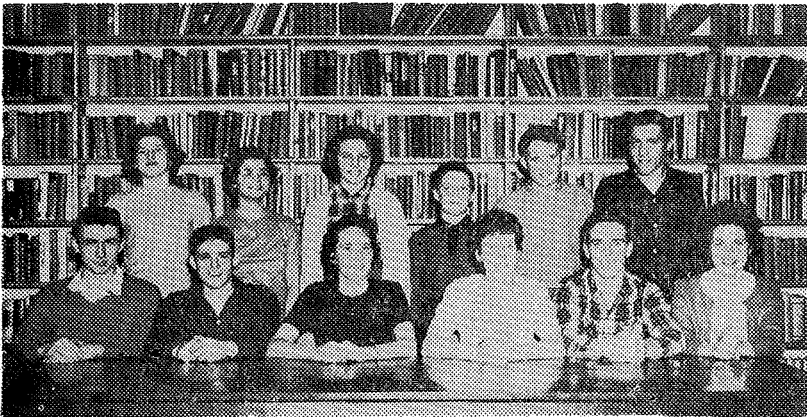
Usually it takes several days for Captain Iversen to reach the first of the Missions, but sometimes they are caught in the unpredictable ice of the Atlantic. On one such occasion, the planking collapsed under the pressure of the ice.

The Nellie B. continues these four-day trips from Halifax to the coast of Labrador until late December. Afterwards Captain Iversen comes home to

Lunenburg and the boat is put in the shipyard for refit. Then Captain Iversen is free to resume his family life, and romp once more with his beloved grandchildren.

The jolly Captain said the Grenfell Missions have been growing steadily during the past few years. The many hospitals and stations are manned by Government-appointed nurses and doctors, and by many volunteer medical students from the United States and Canada. Over the last thirty years, over thirteen hundred volunteer students have sailed for Labrador.

Captain Iversen looks forward to another spring when he sees the children run down from the rocky hills toward the wharf as the Nellie B. sails up the inlet. He finds a reward in his work, akin to that which Grenfell himself must have felt. To help eliminate the incredible hardships of these fisherfolk has been a joy to this man of the sea. He is mighty and strong in stature, with a calm and weather-beaten countenance that can face any storm to carry any cargo to the waiting people in the "Land of the Cod and Caribou." This is Captain K. P. Iversen, captain of the Nellie B. Cluett, and a man admired by everyone who knows him.



#### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE

Front—D. Morash; E. Crouse; A. Dares; D. Wentzell, B. Bowers;  
G. Smith.

Rear—J. Knickle; M. Campbell; C. Smith; C. Anderson; P. Chen-  
hall; G. Oickle.

## STANLEY THURLOW

by Lawrence Saunders '60, Judith Corkum '63

Mr. Stanley Thurlow was born in Lunenburg on June 22, 1890. From boyhood he showed interest in the arts, music, and painting. He made painting and decorating his life work, and most of the beautifully finished houses and churches in the town and vicinity are products of his talents and skills. He does some wood carving as well as oil painting as a hobby.

His ability as a sign-painter may be recognized if one would notice the signs entering and leaving Mahone Bay. Other examples of his work may be seen along the other highways and byways of our fair county. The charitable organizations of the town are aware of his generosity, and his talents are given freely in their behalf whenever time permits.

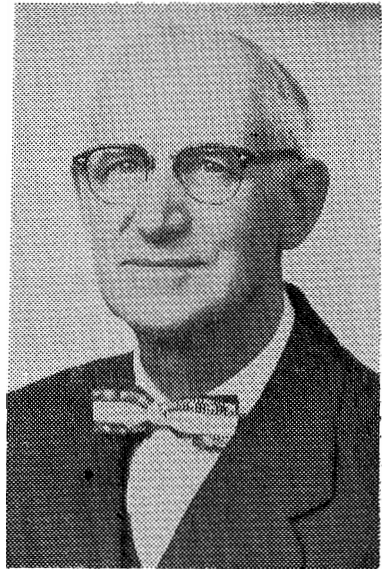
In 1910 he played in the band at the Mechanics Fair in Boston, and in 1911 he was present at the coronation of King George 5th and Queen Mary, as a member of the R. C. R. Band. He was presented with the coronation medals by the King, personally. During World War I, he was appointed leader of the 63rd Battalion band, stationed at Halifax. His scrap book contains many complimentary remarks, taken from city and local papers, on his ability as a musician and bandleader. His chosen instrument was the euphonium.

Mr. Thurlow later became leader of the 75th Regiment band, and some of the present bandmen received their training under his leadership.

Like most of the elder citizens of Lunenburg, Mr. Thurlow went to sea for a short time. He sailed on a freighter which carried lumber from Lunenburg to the West Indies and brought back molasses. He did not like the sea, however, and settled down to the life of a landlubber.

He has been keenly interested in Masonic life and became Worshipful Master of Unity Lodge A. F. and A. M. in 1926 and later became a 32nd degree Mason. In fact it is a passion with him. He is also a Past Grand of the Order of Oddfellows. He is a member of Central United Church, and each Sunday finds him in his place in the gallery, from which he can enjoy the music.

In 1925 he married Miss Lillian Davis of Shelburne, and they have two sons, Robert and Ronald, and one grandchild, Susan Jane. Now that the family has grown up, he and his wife are spending a few winters in sunny Florida.



MR. STANLEY THURLOW

## CAPTAIN WALTER CROUSE

by Ann-Marie Gray '61, Samuel Walters '62

On May 14, 1907 a future captain of the port of Lunenburg was born. This particular person was Walter Michael Crouse. He attended the old Newtown School and later went to Lunenburg Academy.

Captain Crouse started his career at sea in 1923, when he was deck-hand on the Marguerite Zinck, a schooner sailing out of Riverport. In 1925 Captain Crouse went on the Haligonian, a schooner built to race against the Bluenose. This was his first season dory fishing. Captain Crouse also went on such boats as the Cadet, Grace Boehner, and the Madeline Hebb.

In 1933 Captain Crouse had his first experience as a Skipper, when he was Master of the Hazel A. G., a small schooner which went salt and fresh fishing. In 1934 he became skipper of the Astrid W. which was lost in the summer of that same year. The cause of the boat's loss was an explosion in the air tanks, which damaged the broad side of the vessel. At that time the Astrid W. was situated about one hundred and fifty miles off Cape Scatari.

Fortunately the captain and all the crew were able to get away, in three dories, without any serious injuries. The men were at sea for over four days with soda biscuits and water as their only food. With the help of the dory sails and oars they finally arrived at Petit de Grat, having come over one hundred and seventy-five miles.

Captain Crouse was skipper of the Muriel Isabel from 1935-1946. During the war years, the vessel had numerous experiences with submarines and convoys. Submarines were sighted both night and day but it was impossible to tell if they were friend or foe and the vessels always avoided getting too near them. In the nights they often ran into convoys which would flash on their red and green running lights to warn the fishermen of their approach.

Since 1947 Captain Crouse has been skipper of the Marion Crouse which was built by the Crouse Fisheries Limited. The Marion Crouse has a crew of fifteen men and goes fresh fishing. His largest catch was two hundred thirty-seven thousand pounds of cod and haddock.

Captain Crouse and his wife, Marion, have three sons and one daughter.

We wish Captain Crouse the best of luck for continued success in the fishing industry of Lunenburg.



CAPTAIN WALTER CROUSE



## A MEMORABLE TRIP



by Graham Creighton '60

The people of Lunenburg will not easily forget the record storm which hit the town on February the third of this year. The storm will be especially remembered by four Academy boys and their Principal. It was on this very day that these "fearless" or perhaps "foolish five" set out for the Nova Scotia Headmasters' High School Curling Bonspiel, being held in Sydney.

Approximately 6 a.m. alarm clocks rang in at least four homes and four disheartened boys looked out upon a white nightmare. To add to their grief was the knowledge that a faithful coach and regular "lead" stone were ill. The situation seemed all but impossible, with most of the local snow removal equipment out of commission, and roads solidly blocked with numerous giant drifts.

Frantic phone calls were made but to no avail. At 2 p.m. in the afternoon, seven hours after the planned hour of departure, the boys had news that the highway had been cleared by a plow on its circuit to Bridgewater. They also knew that a train was scheduled to leave Bridgewater for Halifax, passing through Mahone Bay, at 3:00 o'clock. They still were without a coach, although they did have a good replacement for "lead" stone.

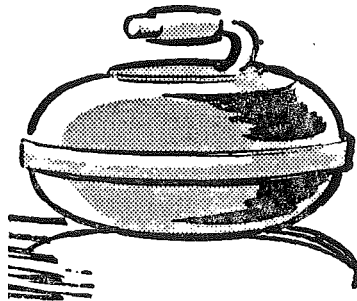
Mr. D. H. Collins, who usually comes through in the pinch, agreed to go along if they could find a way to Mahone Bay. As a last resort, a local garage was presented with the facts and the request to transport five individuals and baggage to Mahone. This, in view of the circumstances, must have sounded like a crazy scheme (which it most undoubtedly was). However, veteran driver "Wilfie" Allan was game to try. With difficulty, the seemingly small truck plowed its way up the clogged main street, only to be stopped by an enormous bank of snow at the town square. Three shovellers began hacking at the mound of heavy snow. Gradually it disappeared, and the shovellers' efforts helped them realize the hopelessness of their plight. On completion of the task, the trio glanced in the direction of "Apple Tree

Hill", where snow was drifting fast. Luckily however the plow had not passed too long before, and with crossed fingers the trio and the truck steamed up the hill, stopping here and there to take on three passengers.

The Cut Bridge loomed out of the white and once across it the storm seemed to increase. At the top of "Fritz's Hill" they could see absolutely nothing but blinding, driving whiteness. The group was now ready to turn back, if that was possible, when to our amazement a car emerged from the blanket and struggled alongside. A gentleman with a British accent remarked on the weather and said that if they were headed for Mahone Bay, the going would be relatively easy once the bottom of the hill was reached. Off they went again, for a wild, wet ride. Finally the truck had run the gauntlet and arrived in Mahone Bay at 3:30 (the train was to wait ½ hour).

Little did they realize that the journey was just beginning. They waited three hours for the train and then spent another seven hours going to Halifax. Going was extremely slow because of having to follow a plow which became derailed just outside Halifax. Finally around midnight, tired and hungry, the boys piled into the "sleeper" at Halifax, which had been delayed approximately four hours. Late the next morning they crossed "the Road to the Isle". At about 1 p.m. the team arrived at the Sydney Curling Club, having motored from North Sydney. The C.N.R. is to be congratulated for its operation under extreme difficulties. The quintette put away a meal and went immediately on the ice to defeat the boys from Truro 10 - 5. It was "tit-for-tat" as Truro came back in the final rounds of an exciting bonspiel to drown Lunenburg's final hopes.

Due to the arduous trip all the boys were tired but felt elated because they had beaten the storm. The four boys were split up in groups of two and billeted at private homes. Lunenburgers pride themselves on their hospitality but our Cape Breton hosts went out of their way to make the boys feel at home and left nothing undone to see that they enjoyed themselves to the full. The boys enjoyed a dance in the huge, new Sydney Academy, another in a "beatnik" atmosphere at the Y.M.C.A. and a banquet, served at the Curling Club. Departure time arrived all too soon and early Sunday morning the boys left for a merry trip to Halifax on the Railiner. The members of the team had an exciting and memorable time on a long and arduous trip, combined with keen and friendly competition on the ice, and topped off with the incomparable hospitality of Cape Breton.



## LADIES' PROVINCIAL CURLING BONSPIEL

by Rosalie Beck '60

"Sweep! Sweep!" The cries echoed along the ice, as more than two hundred Nova Scotian ladies from twenty-eight curling clubs competed for the Cunningham Rose Bowl at the Provincial Ladies' Bonspiel in Lunenburg last year.

This competition is always the highlight of the season for the lady curlers, but was held in Lunenburg only once before — in 1952. The winners receive the Cunningham Rose Bowl, while the runners-up get the Norah Ross Shield. Lunenburg has shone on several past occasions, having won the Rose Bowl twice, in 1952 and '54, and the Norah Ross Shield also twice, in 1950 and '57.

It is not often that our small town is called upon to accommodate so many visitors, but, with everyone concerned helping enthusiastically, this problem was overcome. The curlers were given a very hearty welcome upon their arrival on Monday, February 10. That night, after an exchange of greetings the draw was held with veteran curler, Spike Walters, in charge.

The next morning the Bonspiel was officially opened to the skirl of bagpipe music played by two pipers from the Aldershot Camp. A parade of curlers followed them around the ice. Mayor R. G. A. Wood then welcomed the ladies. Mrs. Mona Rhodenizer and Mr. Fred Spindler, presidents of the Lunenburg Clubs, also spoke a few words of welcome. Mr. D. E. Young then sent the first stone skimming down the lane while Captain Angus Walters held the broom. The Bonspiel had begun.

That evening a banquet was held for all the curlers. Cardboard curling stones served as place cards. One of our famous Lunenburg dishes, fish chowder, was served and was heartily enjoyed by all. Entertainment was provided by a quartet of Lunenburg curlers who, dressed in the apparel of the gay twenties, made music with the aid of kitchen utensils. Other groups were soon forcibly pressed to contribute songs of their own, and much merriment resulted.

Although the ladies undoubtedly had a good time, they curled hard too, and competition was very keen. A new system, adopted from Western Canada whereby each club could enter two teams, was being tried for the first time. This system, although more complicated than the old one, allowed each team to enjoy a minimum of four games. The larger number of teams made it necessary to hold more games at once than our rink can accommodate, and so for the first day some of the games were played at Bridgewater. The first two teams to be eliminated were those from Sydney Mines and Yarmouth. Others continued to drop by the wayside until finally only Halifax and Sydney were left. The Halifax team scored a victory over Sydney and was left the proud possessor of the Rose Bowl. Members of the victorious team were: R. Snow, H. Duffus, R. Lewis, M. Hatfield. As runners-up the Sydney team received the Norah Ross Shield. Their players were: E. Madden, J. Bowser, V. Monahan and E. Allen.

The Rose Bowl, filled with roses and the Shield were presented to these teams by Mrs. Rhodenizer in a brief ceremony on the final night.

Thus ended the 1959 Ladies' Curling Bonspiel. All the teams could not carry home the trophies, but all certainly took away many happy memories of the hospitality of our town, and of the enjoyable week they spent in it.

# 1958 - 59 "B" BOYS HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

by Glen Knickle '61, Donald Morash '62



For the first time in the history of the Lunenburg Academy, the school developed a championship hockey team. As a matter of fact, it was the first championship team since the 1951-52 boys' basketball championship. The school has had six Headmasters Championship teams in the past.

The team started the season in flying style by defeating the Flying Dutchmen to the surprise of almost everyone. It was the first time this team had ever been defeated. Two other games with the Dutchmen resulted in a defeat and a tie for the High School team.

Many years had passed since a Lunenburg team had succeeded in defeating our next door neighbours—Bridgewater. Last year, although in Class "A", Bridgewater was defeated in their three games with Lunenburg High.

Two games were played with the Halifax Monarchs, who were midget champions of Nova Scotia the past year, and had succeeded in regaining their title. Lunenburg suffered a defeat in their first game, but were victorious on the second attempt.

When play-off time arrived in early March, the boys were in fine shape, keen and ready. They also possessed a considerable amount of experience from their past games. Most of all they were confident, which was an important factor in their success. The team drew a bye in the first round and were in the semi-finals before playing.

In the semi-finals, the boys rivalled Kentville High, the past year's champions and also a highly rated team. In the first game played at Lunenburg, Kentville boys were edged by a score of 2-1. In the second game, played at Kentville, the game ended 4-3 in favour of Kentville thus creating a tie in the series. A ten minute overtime was played, but failed to break

the deadlock. In a sudden-death overtime, Lunenburg finished on top after a hard fought battle. This game alone was an example of the confidence and fight which the team possessed, for they were behind 3-0 at the end of the second period.

The championship game was a sudden death game played at Lunenburg with St. Joseph's High School, North Sydney. The Lunenburg boys were successful, and defeated St. Joseph's by a score of 6-1. Since Lunenburg Academy was in the middle of examinations it was impossible to travel to North Sydney.

The team consisted of David Tanner, Glen Knickle, Donald Morash, Vernon Dominix, Billie Cook, David Wilkie, Peter Comstock, Creighton Myra, Elward Crouse, Paul Crouse and James Eagar. The boys would like to extend their thanks to coach, Mr. Gus Vickers, who spent much time and effort in getting the boys organized. Much to his disappointment, he missed the final game which decided the championship.

Shortly after the championship was won, the team was invited to a Board of Trade banquet at the Bluenose Lodge. The president, Mr. Ray Schwartz, presented the team captain with a very beautiful plaque containing the Nova Scotian emblem, and the names of the players.

The team would like to thank their fellow students and citizens of the town who turned out and gave their support to the team. Now the 1958-59 "B" Boys Hockey banner hangs proudly beside the Academy bulletin board outside the library of the Academy.



#### HEADMASTERS SOCCER TEAM

1st Row—P. Winters, F. Wood, W. Nodding, S. Mitchell, B. Bowers, E. Crouse, D. Hynick.

2nd Row—Gus Vickers (coach); V. Dominix, G. Oickle, R. Crouse, D. Morash, G. Black, P. Crouse, D. Tanner.

# 1959 ACADIA RELAYS

by David Wilkie, '59



**Broad Jump—D. Wilkie**

1959 will go down in the history of the Acadia Relays as a year of great progress. It was marked, not only by the outstanding performances of its competitors, but also by being lengthened. For the first time, the Relays was made into a two day affair, thus allowing more athletes to compete and the spectators to see more events.

One can see that Track and Field Meets are progressing steadily in the province. There is also a great improvement in performances. With fine weather, a well-conditioned track, and very stiff competition, the '59 Relays will stand high in the record books. There were thirteen records altogether, one a Canadian mark, that were broken by the fine performances of the participants.

On the first day, all the track trials and four finals were decided. Saturday dealt with track and field finals, the presentation of medals, and a closing banquet.

The individual zone race was captured by a fine Western Valley team comprised of the best from Annapolis, Digby, and Yarmouth, with a grand total of 117 points. It was followed by two strong teams from Lunenburg

County (South Shore) and Halifax, which dented the score board 116 times, thus making the closest zone case in the history of the Relays. In the individual zone case, the Lunenburg County boys showed the way in the boys' section. Credit must be given to several boys, who made up the team from Lockeport. Without them, we would not have been able to take top honors in the boys' division, for our 99 points was closely followed by the boys from Colchester who racked up 98 points. The girls' section was won by the Valley lasses by seven points, as they edged out the Cumberland girls by a score of 50 to 43.

As far as the record slashing was concerned, the power-packed team from Halifax zone led the way by building up four through the fine performances of Pete Simmons, Malcolm Murray and their terrific relay teams. Halifax was closely followed by Colchester and Cumberland as they put their name in the record books three times. Cape Breton followed with two and South Shore and Valley each counted for one, while five equalizers were well distributed throughout all the zones.

The best performance was again shown by the speedster from Amherst, Jim Corbett. Jim broke and tied the same record in the two times he ran the event. The event was held formerly by a Lunenburg native, Fred Fox, who should be credited with much glory, as it took twenty-eight years for his record of 10.4 seconds to be broken in the A Class 100 yd. dash with 10.2 seconds.

The Halifax team led the way in relays as Q. E. H. boys set a new record in the 880 yd. relay, their time was 1:38:6, beating the old mark of 1:40:8 set in 1956. Dartmouth, in the trials, broke the existing record of 51.3 in the Boys' Class C Relay with a time of 49.7 seconds, and was closely followed by a freshman team from Centre, of the South Shore zone which also broke the then existing record with a clocking of 59.9 seconds. In the finals the Dartmouth quartet clocked in at 51.3 seconds to tie the record.

In the field events, records dropped everywhere along the roadside, as the most spectacular feats of the Relays were performed in this department. Phil Loomer, of Western Valley, because of gameness, leaped to an amazing height of 11 feet, 7 inches, in the Class A pole vault, to slash the old Canadian record of 11 feet, 6½ inches. Unfortunately, it will not be recognized, because the Meet was not under the authority of the A. A. U. of Canada. This boy deserves much credit as he had to step up a class in order to go in the pole vault since there is no such event in "B" Class.

Other records in the field events were set as Pete Simmons, Halifax, and Norm Atkinson, of Lockeport (South Shore), pushed the iron ball 49' 1½" and 43' 3" respectively to break the old mark of 42' 11" set by G. Hebb, of Bridgewater in 1936 in the A Class shot put.

In the B class shot put, an amazingly strong boy from Cape Breton, Cyril MacDonald, heaved the ball 46' 6" to break the 39' 11½" record set in 1958.

In the jump department, Dave Wilkie, of Lunenburg, leaped to a distance of 21 feet 2 inches to out-jump the record of 20' 1¾" set by Reg. Watkins by one foot and ¼ inch; this was in the Class "B" Broad Jump.

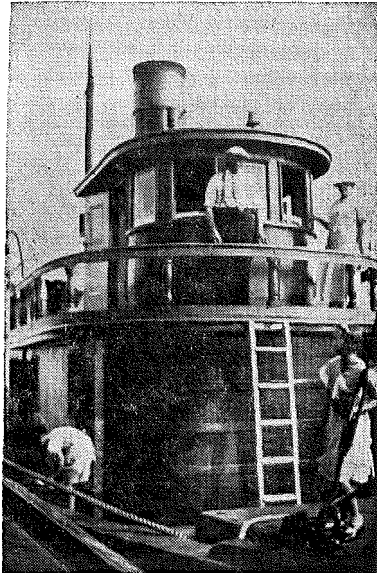
In the mile race all people love to watch, a great future is indicated

with strong competitors like Wayne Elliott, 16 year old, and Malcolm Murray, 14 years of age, as they ran the four cycles in grand times of 4:43:9 and 4:51:9 respectively, to beat the old mark of 4:53:7 made in 1957.

Following the 33rd annual running of the Acadia Relays, members of the N.S.A.A.U. of Canada named the 10 most promising Track and Field stars of the meet. Selecting an "all star" cast after the relays was something new. The local branch of the A.A.U. feels it will provide a stimulus to both those selected and those not named, to work for further proficiency in the sport.

Named as the ten stars of the meet were Phil Loomer (West Kings), Cyril MacDonald (North Sydney), Ester LeCain (Annapolis Royal), Charlie Ernst (Bridgewater), Malcolm Stewart (Middleton), Wayne Elliot (Truro), Effie Beferlo (Brookfield), David Wilkie (Lunenburg), and Jim Corbett (Amherst).

Although there was a small representation at the meet from Lunenburg Academy, the quality of the school athletes stood very high at the Relays. The four competitors from our school were Miss Janet Knickle, a very promising young girl Track and Field star, who captured honors in several events; Vernon Dominix, a boy of great potential in the shot put and discus; Donnie Morash, who has the talent to become one of Nova Scotia's promising 440 men; and David Wilkie, a promising Broad and Hop, Step and Jump man. These four athletes from the school proved that quality is better than quantity as they brought home four of the South Shore's seven medals.



**MARJORIE V**

Top—Mrs. Nelson Geldert, Captain  
Thomas Naas.



# 1959 VALEDICTORY

by Roxanna Lohnes '59

As we end our formal education at Lunenburg Academy, we picture ourselves as a new ship just about to be launched. Like that ship we are about to slip off the ways into the vast ocean of life which is filled with many shoals and foreign ports. We must strive as we go through life to become masters of our own fate.

As we sail forth with the fair breeze behind us, we will always look homeward with affection and pride to our builders and outfitters - the men and women who devoted their talent and patience to the thankless task of equipping us for greater things which are yet to come. To all those who helped in our building we say thank you.

We pray that as we go forth in the uncharted sea of life we may always strive to be a credit to our home town so that the people at home as well as our successors may point to us as examples. When we have reached our goal, we will always welcome an opportunity to return to our home port for a voyage or perhaps a refit. We will remember that it was from this great sea town that we started out on life's voyage.



Our introduction to a formal education began on a fine day in September when we entered a new stage in our lives - starting school. We went there a little timidly perhaps because we realized we would have to master difficult combinations such as one and one are two. Now that we have finished high school, we are expected to square (x plus y plus z) in our heads and visualize triangles floating in the air.

At that point in our lives we looked with respect and amazement to the students in Grade XII. To us as children it seemed as though we would never reach that plateau of learning. Tonight as we stand before you we realize that that plateau has been reached. Many scenes flash through our minds at this moment - some sad, some happy - but all very dear to each of us. Whatever we lose through life we will always retain our precious memories of the happy moments we spent together.

Shakespeare said that all the world is a stage and all the men and women merely players. Of the seven great parts that man must play we are embarking on the third. Let us hope that our ship will weather the other five until we have finally crossed the bar and anchored in a safe, secure port.

On this special night in our lives there flashes into my mind an editorial which appeared in a magazine. The editorial goes as follows: "If I were being graduated today I would want to rid my mind of the false assumption that the world owes me a living; rather would I go forth remembering that I owe the world a life. The supreme contribution that any individual can make is a life well lived, wholly devoted to God and giving itself in relationship of love to one's fellowmen.

"If I were being graduated today, I would want to be assured that God

has a specific plan for my life. And I would make every effort to find that plan, knowing that when I have found it I have discovered that which is God's highest glory and my highest good." I feel that that writing sums up every graduate's hope as he leaves the snug, secure home port.

We realize now how fortunate we were in having loving, understanding parents who gave us their affection and trust, and who never lost their faith in us through the long uncertain growing-up years. But above all the thing that was just as important as any of these was the feeling of fellowship and harmony that existed among us especially in our final year. Although we had occasional differences we managed to patch them up and to pull together so our small class could achieve what larger classes before us had achieved.

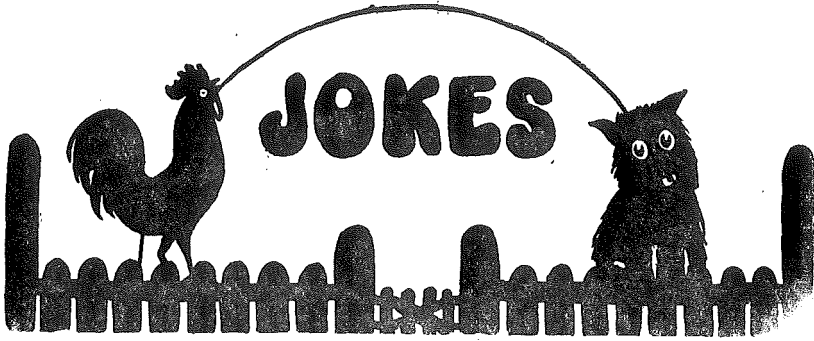
In closing I would like to leave this message with my fellow graduates and to future graduating classes:

"This above all -  
To thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

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**BOSCAWEN CHAPTER I.O.D.E. — BURSARY PRESENTATION  
Mrs. F. Homer Zwicker to Carolyn Tanner**



Frances B is removing nut bread from the oven in Home Economics. Mr. Collins: "If I put a quarter into this beaker of acid, will it dis-  
 Marion W.: What's that in the solve?"  
 pan?

Frances B.: It's nut bread.

George B.: "No, sir."

Marion W.: I know it's not bread, but what is it?

Mr. Collins: "What is your rea-  
 son for saying that?"

George B.: "Well sir, if it would dissolve, then you wouldn't put it in there."

Mr. Andrews: Charles, I'm sure that magnet you are playing with will help in the study of the Rhine River.

Mr. Campbell (in English Grade XI): "Say a word ten times and it will be yours."

Charles T.: Yes sir, it will draw everything out.

Cookie K.: "Keith, Keith, Keith ...."

The rain beat furiously on the Grade Twelve classroom windows, ran through the cracks and overflowed on the floor. Gust after gust of wind tore fiercely at the windowpanes, and it seemed that any moment they must yield to the fury of the gale. Terrified, the class clung to their little wooden benches and screamed, "Mr. Mason, please do something!"

Mr. Mason (in Grade XII Chemistry): "Now, sodium is one of our most active elements. What would happen if you tried to draw it into a wire under water?"

Sheila N.: "You'd have a live wire!"

Thoroughly alarmed, Mr. Mason darted over to the window, a piece of cloth in his hand, and tenderly wrapped the pencil sharpener, saying, "You wouldn't want your pencil sharpener to get wet, would you?"

First tonsil: "Gee, it's dark in here. I wonder where we are?"

Second tonsil: "It must be Capistrano. Here comes another swallow."

Mr. Andrews: "Byron, are you chewing gum?"

Leslie M.: "Elizabeth, did you hear about the cross-eyed professor?"

Byron T.: "No, Mr. Andrews."

Elizabeth P.: "No, what about him?"

Mr. A.: "Are you eating candy?"

Leslie M.: "He had trouble controlling his pupils."

Miss Westhaver: "Glen, your writing is improving."

Glen K.: "Thank you."

Miss Westhaver: "Yes, now I'm guessing at only half the words you write."

Byron T.: "No, Mr. Andrews."

Mr. A.: "Well, what are you doing?"

Byron T.: "I'm only soaking a prune to eat at recess."

Mr. Campbell (in Physics Lab): "Graham, what are you doing?"

Graham C.: "Nothing, just looking out the door."

Mr. Campbell: "Yes, and next you'll be telling me that you're afraid of fire, and just want to be sure where the nearest exit is."

Nancy M.: "It says here that Atlas held up the entire world."

Lee D.: "O my goodness, did he get away with it?"

Miss Langille (in Home Economics class): "What is the purpose of starch in baking powder?"

Judy T.: "That's what makes a cake stiff!"

Mr. Campbell: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Paul D.: "At the bottom."

Linda C.: "Why did Chris flood the floor at the basketball game last Friday?"

Dorothy W.: "Because the coach told him to go in as a sub."

Mr. Campbell, in History Class: "What were Eli Whitney's last words?"

Chris H. (rousing himself): "Keep your cotton picking hands off my gin."

Mr. Mason: "I'm putting you on your honor for this Chemistry test. Now take your places, three seats apart and in alternate rows."

Mr. Campbell: "Beverley, why are you sitting on Lawrence?"

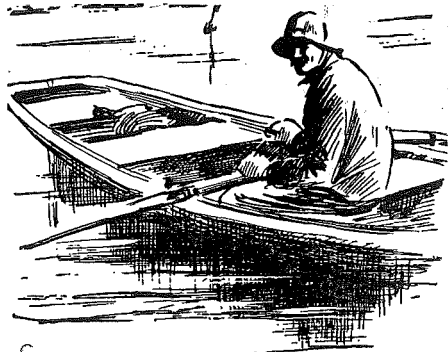
Bev. B.: "He socked me in the nose."

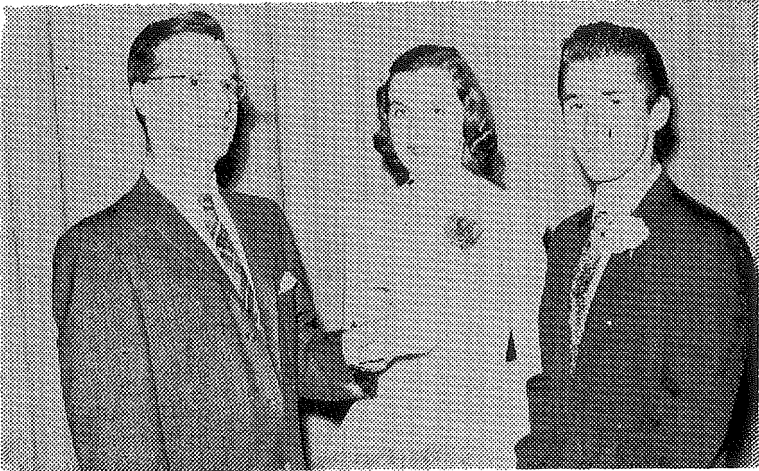
Mr. Campbell: "Didn't you ever hear of counting up to twenty when you're angry?"

Bev. B.: "Yes, but I'm just making sure he'll be here when I'm finished."

Miss Westhaver: "Christopher, can't you even do Grade XI arithmetic? Now, if you had bought six delicious apples from our new canteen and Peter asked you for one, how many would you have left?"

Chris: "Six!"





**RICHARD WINTERS SCHOLARSHIPS**

**Charles Winters to Roxanna Lohnes and Peter Comstock**



**KINSMEN CLUB SCHOLARSHIP**

**President John Cornu to Carolyn Tanner**

## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE 1960 GRADE XII CLASS

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

**Anna Smith**, with the noble aspiration of benefiting the rest of the school, wills her migraine headaches to Mr. Collins, with the hope that they will keep him out of school a bit more.

**Beverley Bower** wills his loaded dice to Mr. Campbell for use as paper-weights.

**Diane Levy** and **Judy Crouse** will all their dull pencils to Linda Cantelope and Dorothy Wentzell so that they, too, may hold daily conferences at the pencil sharpener.

**Lawrence Saunders** grudgingly bequeaths his argumentative ability to Sheldon Mossman for use in absentee excuses.

**Graham Creighton** wills his seat by the windows to Ann Marie Gray so that she may continue his intellectual exercise of watching the snow-plow clear the school grounds.

**Rosalie Beck** wills her original poetry to Chris Herman for use in his beatnik classes.

**Marilyn Lohnes** generously wills her shaggy dog haircut to Walt Disney for use in his next movie.

**Marilyn Dober**, with a thought to his welfare, wills her free periods to a certain member of the Grade XI class, so that he may further his study of pool.

**Sheila Nowe** wills her close affiliation with Acadia University to Linda Cantelope.

**Geraldine May** wills her blush to Grade XI's daring Romeo.

**Robert and Ronnie Corkum** will their curling-stones to Mr. Campbell, to use as ballast for his briefcase.

**Donna Ling** wills her poise and blond hair to Elvis Presley.

**Kathleen Conrad** wills her place in the school orchestra to Van Cliburn, with the hope that he will maintain the present standard.

**The Grade XII English class** wills "The Tempest" to the Home Ec teapot.

**Grade XII** enthusiastically wills its beloved home-room to next year's class, with the fervent hope that it will not be quite as damp and cold as it was this year occasionally on very stormy days.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

The day Lawrence S. stuffed all the Grade Twelve dictionaries into Rosalie B.'s Campbell-case?

The look on Beverley B.'s face after the explosion in Chem Lab?

When Grade XII's "wild boar" escaped on Parade Day?

The political storm in Grade XII following the hanging of the portraits of Sir Wilfred Laurier and Sir John A. Macdonald?

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## CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Graham C. and Geraldine M. without a daily argument?

Marilyn D. and Anna S. coming to school at the same time?

Sheidon M. having perfect attendance?

Kashleen C. without her giggle?

Lee D. in a pair of size 10 rubber boots?

Graham C. enjoying an attack of laryngitis?

Derrill H. not muttering to himself?

Diane L. without her "Colgate" smile?

Elward C. without something belonging to Linda C.?

Ann-Marie G. not trying to eat at school?

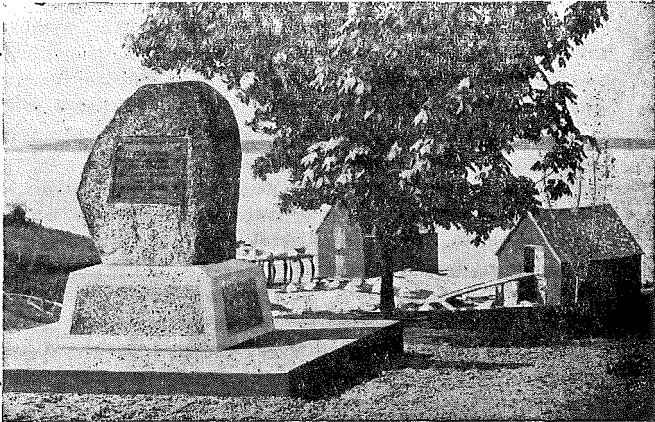
Cordell L. unable to talk?

Billy H. without his afternoon lunch?

Marilyn C. walking to school?

Mr. Mason giving everyone ten points?

Betty Ann L. admitting she could do something?



**Monument commemorating landing of First Settlers at Rous' Brook, June 7th, 1753**

## CLASS PROPHECY

by Rosalie Beck, Judith Crouse '60

"Rosalie!"

"Judith!"

The two names rang out simultaneously as we eyed each other on that most glorious of all New York streets, recently dedicated to the heroes and heroines (sung and unsung) of the 1960 Grade XII class, and named — Lunenburg Avenue!! I is here that all the illustrious students of this class have the shops and offices of their numerous and excellent occupations.

After the first enthusiastic salutations were dispensed with, we agreed that nothing could possibly afford us more pleasure than a leisurely stroll through this celebrated avenue. Guarding the entrance of the street stood a rather dilapidated worn-out building.

"I say, Rosalie, what's that sign? 'Home for Helpless, Homeless Husbands'."

"Why Judith, don't you know? That belongs to our old friend Kathleen. She's started a new branch in social work. Kathleen always was interested in the problems of others and this provides an ideal chance to combine business with pleasure."

With this auspicious beginning, we eagerly rushed on to see what other noble works of charity were included on this street.

When we turned our eyes on the impressive building across the road, the reason for the construction of the Home became immediately evident. Flashing neon signs proclaimed:

"Beverly Bower  
Loans at 100% Interest  
Pool, any hour — day or night  
Gambling downstairs."

We attempted to enter the place, but the rank odor of tobacco forced us to withdraw and we caught only a glimpse of Beverly talking vigorously as he stuffed money into the cash register.

The next object to catch our sight on this outstanding street, was indeed astounding to both of us. A ship under full sail?? Cautiously we pushed open the small gate and proceeded through the billowing mass of . . . why, baby diapers! There, with twelve little Lohnes' trailing after her apron-strings, stood Sheila, "frazzled and frattered." Unfortunately, she too, couldn't talk very long, due to circumstances beyond her control.

Across the street from this tiny house was a brilliant white building of imposing tyle. A hospital — with "Graham Creighton, M.D." plastered above the main entrance. Attached to the right wing of this was a shabby black shed. This also bore an inscription — "Graham Creighton, Mortician." Apparently, the combination is very profitable, at least in his case. And, as we looked, there was Graham, himself, with a very precise stop-watch in his hand. Just as he was about to stop it in a rage, a flying figure in white, Geraldine May, dashed past him into the hospital. As Graham, too, disappeared from the doorway, we heard him roar, "A sixteenth of a second late again!!"

When we entered the next building, which was small but neat, a dead hush surrounded us and we were not surprised to see behind the counter,



Bobby Corkum. In a soft voice he whispered to us that he had taken up the profession of selling silence to help all the nervous wrecks of this mad age. Phonographs were noiselessly playing records of silence, and he had advanced far enough in the business to have his own radio station broadcasting silence.

Next to this modest shop was a huge establishment as highly glamorized as the other was plain. A shadow kept passing and repassing in front of the door. Curious, we entered to find Lawrence Saunders, nervously puffing on a cigar, and pacing across the back of a huge auditorium. On the stage, looking magnificent in her new brunette hairdo, was our former Miss Lunenburg, Donna Ling. We gathered that Lawrence had gone into the play-producing business, with Donna as his brightest star.

As we turned to go, we heard Lawrence call to one of the understudies, "Don't forget to place my bet on 'Droopydraws.'" Wondering what he meant, we followed the understudy across the street and Voila! — a huge race track with Marilyn Lohnes gaily dashing around on Droopydraws. The fences, too, attracted our attention. They seemed to be covered with works of artistic calibre. Apparently Marilyn's miserliness had moved her to pursue her other hobby on the free wood rather than on paper. As we left, we too, put ten cents on Droopydraws.

Suddenly a terrific clangour struck our ears. We saw a huge factory. Inside all was hustle and bustle. Midget Marilyn D. was frantically dashing around meeting order deadlines for her smashing new invention, "Expresso Dash" — canned speed. And there in the adjacent testing room was Anna Smith. She was doing her duty for mankind. Out of the numerous other applicants, Marilyn had chosen her to see if this new manufactured speed really worked. We were delighted to see that at least two of our friends had devoted their talents to bettering the lot of all those unfortunates of the class of '60 who never could get anywhere on time.

"There is a tavern in the town, in the town." Strains of music were drifting out of the building across the way. A splashy sign announced "Ronald Corkum's Wood Alcohol Brewery and Tavern." By this time our corns, for which modern science had as yet found no cure, were beginning to ache, so we decided to go in. We were quite surprised to see there, another of our classmates, Diane Levy. Diane, bearing olive branches and attended by a flock of doves, was engaged in dispensing peace to pacify the intoxicated occupants.

We had finally come to the end of this exhilarating spectacle and so we turned a little reluctantly to our own small shop, which we occupied jointly, at the very end of this illustrious avenue.

"Well Judith, I guess I'll have to go back to enduring the nerve-racking tapping of your little hammer as you fashion your toys for the children of the world."

"Don't forget to shut the door. That quoting and singing and typewriter clacking is beginning to agitate my inner mind."

So we both went back to our respective occupations. And the final impression of any traveller who happened along this street was the confused clicking of a typewriter and hammer intermingled with the stirring strains of the "Hallelujah Chorus" and rising over it all —

"Oh wild West Wind, thou breath of autumn's being . . . . ."

## “A” CLASS BIOGRAPHIES



**Rosalie Erna Beck**  
“Rosy”

“Excelsior - Ever higher.”  
Rosalie started with six other Grade XII students, thirteen years ago. Always a top student, she has been active in many ways - parts in Operettas, magazine and sales. She is Co-editor of the Sea Gull. Acadia University is her target.



**Beverley Carl Bower**  
“Bev”

“As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.”

“Bev” shipped aboard in Grade I from Middleton. This year is his second term on the Athletic Association, and he is doing a fine job as Co-President. An easy guy to get along with, he is always in the thick of mischief, and also top scorer on the Academy Basketball team. Normal College next year.



**Kathleen Elizabeth Conrad**  
“Kay”

“Don’t put off till tomorrow,  
what you can do today.”

Kay has been in every room of the Academy as a student. With a keen interest in music, she was a natural for various operetta casts. She was invaluable this year as the orchestra pianist. She plans to attend Waterloo College next year to prepare for Social Service Work.



**Robert William Corkum**  
“Bobby”

“Men of few words are the  
best men.”

Robert has tested many seats in the Academy. This year he is our Fire Marshall. Next year he plans to attend Acadia University where he will take a course in science.



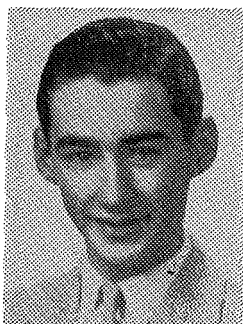


**Ronald Herbert Corkum**  
"Ronnie"

"He is what he is. What better report?

A man, a student, and a good sport."

Ronnie came to us in Grade X from Eastern Points. Beside teasing the girls, Ronnie has proven himself a capable student. This year was a member of the Academy curling team. He is thinking seriously of a banking career.



**John Graham Creighton**  
"Doc"

"Cede nullis — Yield to none."

"Doc," has been with us since the beginning. A participant in many school activities, he was treasurer of the Students' Council; mate on the curling team; co-business manager of this magazine; and played the role of Captain Corcoran in his fourth operetta.

Next year? Pre-med at Dalhousie.



**Judith Anne Crouse**

"Laugh to the world; think to yourself."

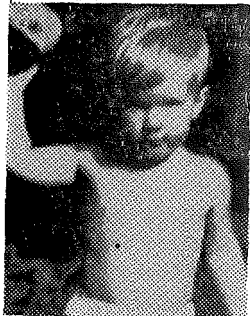
Judy has received her education at Lunenburg Academy, and has always been one of the top students. This year she has proved her abilities as President of the Students' Council and Co-editor of the Sea Gull. Plans for the future? - College.



**Marilyn Dianne Dober**

"Joys are not the property of the rich alone—."

Marilyn joined us in Grade V. from Centre. She has taken an active part in various school activities. At present, her interest lies in teaching. She plans to attend Mount St. Vincent next year.





**Diane Violet Levy**  
 "Blessed are the peace-makers."

Diane has been a constant companion. She has been faithful to Choral Club and badminton. Last summer she attended the United Nations summer school at Mount Allison University. R. N. Training at the Children's Hospital in Halifax for her.



**Ruby Donna Lesley Ling**  
 "Donna"

"Are you feeling sick?" Donna joined our little group in grade nine and since then she has been very active in athletics. This year she is co-president of the Athletic Association, and captain of the girls' basketball team. Donna is well known to Lunenburgers as "Miss Lunenburg 1959." Next year she plans to train for nursing.



**Marilyn Dale Lohnes**  
 "Although she really likes some fun,  
 Her lessons hard are always done."

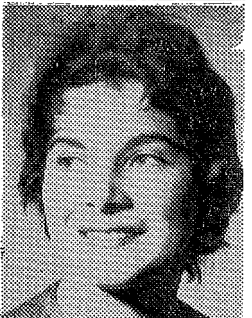
Marilyn, one of the top scholars of the class, was treasurer of the Red Cross and head of the Biography committee for the Sea Gull this year. Marilyn devotes much of her leisure time to reading and painting. Next year she plans to attend Acadia University.



**Geraldine Miriam May**  
 "Gerry"

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

"Gerry" has been here a long time. She has always been a conscientious worker. Is the President of the Red Cross and takes an active part in curling and Choral Club. She intends to be a nurse.





**Sheila Bernice Nowe**  
 "Though she be but little,  
 She is fierce."

Sheila has been climbing the ladder of education at the Academy since primary days. She has been a member of the Choral Club and is Chief Newspaper Reporter this year. Sheila plans to attend the Bridgewater Commercial School.



**Lawrence Robert Saunders**  
 "Sanders"

"I'll tell the world."

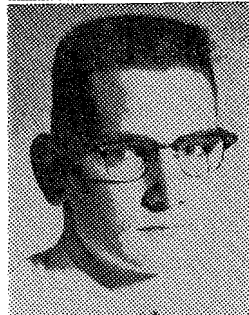
Lawrence joined the class in 1954, hailing from Mahone Bay. We will all remember him for his wit and humor. This year he is Co-Business Manager of the Sea Gull. He has always taken a keen interest in photography. Lawrence plans to take up banking for a career.



**Anna Patricia Vivian Smith**  
 "Why the hurry, why the haste?"

It was the tortoise who won the race."

Anna has been with us since Primary. Always interested in music, she has taken part in a number of operettas. Following grade 12, Anna plans to attend commercial school in Bridgewater. She also plans to continue with her singing lessons.



## GRADE XII 1950-1960

### 1950:

MAX BYREIS  
RONALD CONRAD  
LYNN CORKUM  
FLORENCE FEENER  
JOAN FRALICK  
GEORGE GREEK  
DONALD HIMMELMAN  
SHIRLEY LOHNES

CHARLES MOSSMAN  
MONA NAAS  
JOY NODDING  
RICHARD POTTER  
JANET ZINCK  
JOLENE REINHARDT  
ELIZABETH SMITH  
ROBERT SAMPSON

### 1951:

RALPH NOWE  
GORDON PRINCE  
JEAN RITCEY  
MADELYN SARTY  
ANNE SHOLDS  
NEIL WENTZELL  
MARVYN SCHNARE  
GWEN WILNEFF  
BARBARA BECK

DAVID BECK  
JEFFREY COOK  
LUCILLE ERNST  
FRANK GILLMORE  
BARBARA HIRTLE  
KATHRYN KINLEY  
DONALD MARSHALL  
SHERMAN ZINCK

### 1952:

DIANNE TOWNSEND  
MARION ZINCK  
GEORGE ANSTY  
LUCILLE BECK  
ROBERT CLEVELAND

RONALD CROUSE  
ELAINE DEALE  
MERILYN DEMONE  
RONALD O. LEVY  
DAVID LOHNES

### 1953:

PAULINE COOKE  
BETTY DAUPHINEE  
CHARLOTTE HECKMAN  
SHEILA HELLSTROM  
ROY WENTZELL  
ERNEST ZINCK  
MARINA ZINCK  
VIRGINIA ZINCK

DOROTHY LOHNES  
SANDARA ANN ROMKEY  
ENID TANNER  
PATRICIA TOBIN  
RICHARD BAILLY  
JAMES BALD  
GILBERT BERRINGER  
BARBARA COOKE

### 1954:

BARBARA FALKENHAM  
JANICE HAUGHN  
ANNETTE HEBB  
MARK KNICKLE  
DAVID COLLINS

MARGUERITE CONRAD  
JANET CROUSE  
ERIC EISENHAUER  
DOREEN KNOCK  
ROBERT KNOCK  
ERIC LEVY

1955:

ERIC ARTHUR CROUSE  
ANN ELIZABETH CROUSE  
KENNETH CREASER  
CAROL MAXINE BEYREIS  
BRUCE WENTZELL  
CHARLES UHLMAN  
JACQUELINE TOBIN  
MARY TITUS  
SANDRA CORKUM  
DAVID MOSSMAN

LEENDERT VAN DER ZWAN  
NANCY LEA ZINCK  
YVONNE YOUNG  
ANITA LOHNES  
MARY LOU LANGILLE  
IRENE KNOCK  
BRUCE RUSSELL HILTZ  
EBEN STEVENS  
VERNON NAUSS  
JEAN MURPHY

1956:

CHARLOTTE BAKER  
ANDREW BALD  
WEBSTER CREASER  
GERALD HAINES  
ARTHUR DAUPHINEE  
MARGARET DEAL  
GLEN GELDERT  
JAAP HULSTEIN

JOHN LEARY  
RITA LOHNES  
JANE ROMKEY  
MURRAY STEVENS  
ROBERT STEVENS  
ROCHELLE WINAUT  
GLENDA HALL

1957:

JOHN MORASH  
GERALD WILE  
ALFRED LOHNES  
GILBERT DARES  
BERNARD TANNER  
BETTY FRALICK  
DAVID YOUNG  
GORDON CROUSE  
JEAN NAUSS  
KEITH CROUSE

NORMAN KNOCK  
LYNN ERNST  
ROBERT SPINDLER  
BRENDA TANNER  
DAVID CORKUM  
MICHAEL O'CONNOR  
ANDREW TANNER  
LINDA ERNST  
KEVIN CROUSE

1958:

ANNIE MAE BACKMAN  
ARTHUR GRAHAM BAILLY  
KATHLEEN BAKER  
DAVID BYERS  
JOYCE BUCKMASTER  
SYLVIA BUCKMASTER  
RICK CHENHALL  
CAROLYN CORKUM  
SHARON CLARKE  
MARILYN YOUNG

ANNE COOK  
ANTHONY COOK  
CAROLYN DOREY  
ELLIS HIRTLE  
LOREN KNICKLE  
THOMAS MASON  
FRANCES NAUSS  
GAIL STRUM  
BENNIE VAUGHN

**1959:**

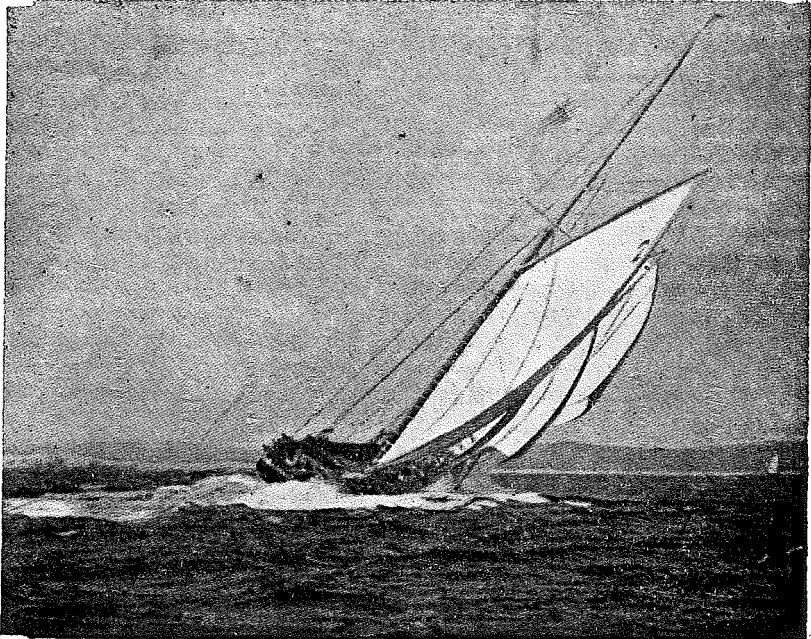
ROXANNA LOHNES  
EVERETT MASON  
MELISSA O'CONNOR  
WINSTON SKINNER  
LILLIAN CLUETT  
MICHAEL VAN DER TOORN

PETER LESLIE COMSTOCK  
SHIRLEY COOK  
WILLIAM (BILLY) COOK  
CAROLYN TANNER  
DAVID WILKIE

**1960:**

GERALDINE MAY  
JUDITH CROUSE  
LAWRENCE SAUNDERS  
RONALD CORKUM  
MARILYN LOHNES  
DONNA LING  
BEVERELY BOWER  
ANNA SMITH

ROSALIE BECK  
KATHLEEN CONRAD  
ROBERT CORKUM  
SHEILA NOWE  
MARILYN DOBER  
DIANE LEVY  
GRAHAM CREIGHTON



**BLUENOSE**





### GRADE VIII

1st Row—D. Manuel, S. Tanner, J. Manthorne, I. Mensssen, M. Brushett, S. Lohnes, L. Zinck, J. Spindler, M. Hubley, S. Levy, E. O'Brien, D. Levy.

2nd Row—P. Whynacht, L. Falkenham, J. Whyhacht, C. Johnson, B. Feener, B. Bower, J. Joudrey, C. Smith, S. Grandy, Janet Anderson, S. Keeping, Jane Anderson, A. Mitchell, J. Winters.

3rd Row—P. Eagar, R. MacDuff, E. Fralick, W. Pyke, G. Upham, R. Conrad, R. Black, D. Conrad, W. Hall, C. Wood, P. Rognerud, C. Comstock, F. Himmelman, S. Mitchell, W. Nodding.



### GRADE IX

1st Row—P. Lohnes, M. Young, J. Corkum, H. Cornu, A. Dares, H. Thompson, J. Tanner, M. Whynacht, R. Dauphinee, D. Whynacht.

2nd Row—R. Greek, R. Levy, J. Creighton, C. Levy, W. Crouse, W. Cook, R. Young, L. Tanner, E. Young.

3rd Row—W. Hillier, W. Thurlow, D. Whynacht, R. Young, C. Thurlow, R. Folvik, G. Oiekle, R. Strowbridge, D. Afford, B. Tanner, P. Rudolf.



- GRADE X

1st Row—M. Crouse, J. Knickle, E. Hardiman, H. Bailly, M. Falkenham, C. Mills, S. Naas, M. Whynacht, D. Lohnes, B. Levy.

2nd Row—R. Wentzell, V. Dominix, G. Conrad, R. Saunders, D. Morash, P. Crouse, R. Crouse, G. Tanner.

3rd Row—W. Woundy, D. Tanner, F. Wood, C. Van der Toorn, D. Whynacht, S. Walters, C. Gaulton, A. Rudolf, J. Eagar.



### GRADE XI

1st Row—R. Hynick, J. Knickle, D. Wentzell, L. Cantelope, S. Haughn, G. Levy, C. Tanner, A. Gray, J. MacDuff.

2nd Row—K. Tanner, S. Conrad, A. Conrad, G. Kristiansen, M. Naas, E. Pyke, G. Smith, N. Morash, L. Demone, P. Dober.

3rd Row—E. Crouse, C. Myra, D. Hynick, P. Winters, G. Black, L. Mason, C. Cantelope, C. Herman, P. Cornu, G. Knickle, J. Manuel, H. Corkum.



### HEADMASTERS S.H.S. GIRLS BASKETBALL

Front—D. Whynacht, J. Knickle, L. Falkenham, N. Morash, C. Tanner, M. Whynacht, L. Cantelope, L. DeMone, B. Levy.

Rear—Gus Vickers, (coach); G. Smith, G. Levy, M. Falkenham, E. Pyke, D. Ling, S. Haughn, D. Wentzell, J. MacDuff, A. Backman (coach).



### J.H.S. GIRLS BASKETBALL TEAM

1st Row—S. Conrad, T. Sodero, S. Lace, M. Campbell, J. Demone, D. Richards, K. Berringer, S. Silver, E. Forbes.

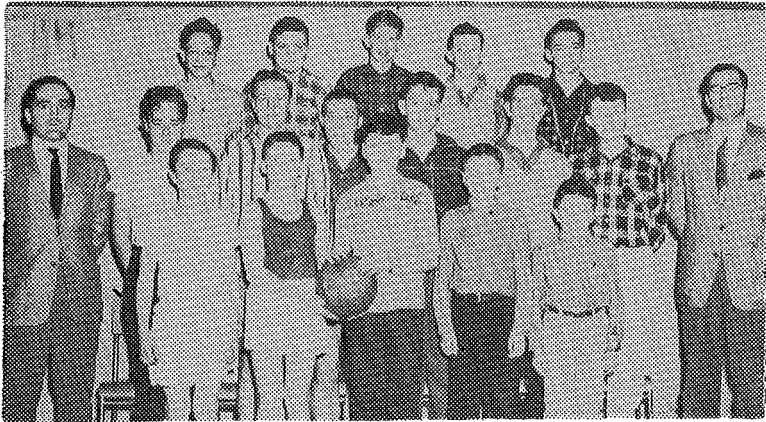
2nd Row—L. Dares, B. MacKenzie, S. Hicking, J. Johnson, J. Manthorne, J. Anderson, J. Spindler, C. Smith, D. Forbes, Gus Vickers (coach).

3rd Row—S. Tanner, E. O'Brien, L. Langille, J. Tanner, C. Bower, S. Lohnes, K. Wentzell, P. Cook, L. Zinck, S. Oickle.



### HEADMASTERS BASKETBALL TEAM

Front—A. Rudolf, V. Dominix, S. Mitchell, D. Whynacht.  
 Rear—Ian Campbell (coach); G. Knickle, C. Herman, D. Morash,  
 B. Bower.



### J.H.S. BOYS BASKETBALL

1st Row—B. Demone, C. Anderson, C. Cooke, Lorraine Cook, La-  
 verne Cook.  
 2nd Row—C. Andrews, (teacher); C. Corkum, R. Folvick, G. Oickle,  
 R. Conrad, R. Strowbridge, D. Afford, D. Meisner (Coach)  
 3rd Row—B. Hillier P. Langille, M. de la Ronde, F. Acker, G.  
 Whynacht.



**S.H.S. GIRL CURLERS**



**BOY CURLERS**

**Coaches: Frank Lohnes, Dougald Burke, D. H. Collins.**



### HEADMASTERS HOCKEY TEAM

Front—D. Tanner, V. Dominix, S. Mitchell, C. Myra, P. Crouse, C. Comstock, J. Gaulton.

Rear—Gus Vickers (coach); E. Crouse, W. Nodding, F. Himmelman, R. Crouse, G. Black, G. Knickle, D. Morash, J. Eagar, W. Mason, (Manager).



### J.H.S. BOYS HOCKEY TEAM

Front—D. Beck, E. Fralick, W. Oxner, G. Upham, C. Wood, W. Thurlow, D. Manuel, P. Eagar.

Rear—Gus Vickers, (coach); W. Crouse, G. Oickle, R. Conrad, B. Pyke, C. Thurlow, C. Van der Toorn, P. Rudolf, R. Young, B. Tanner, R. MacDuff, E. Eisnor (Teacher).



## LIST OF ADVERTISERS 1960

- Acadian Supplies  
 Acadia Construction Co., Ltd.  
 Adams & Knickle, Ltd.  
 Adams Shoe Store  
 Atlantic Bridge Co., Ltd.  
 Bailly's Limited  
 Ben's Limited  
 Beck, R. H.  
 Bluenose Lodge  
 Bluenose Motors Limited  
 Boliver's Grocery  
 Boscawen Manor  
 Briny Deep Fisheries Ltd.  
 Byers, Fred N.  
 Creaser's Service Station  
 Capitol Theatre  
 Corkum, Gilbert  
 Crouse, C. E.  
 Crouse, F. O. & Co., Ltd.  
 Crouse, K. E. & Sons, Ltd.  
 Crouse, Ivan B.  
 Crouse's Radio & T. V.  
 Decca Radar Limited  
 Dauphinee, A. & Sons  
 Eastern Trust Co., Ltd.  
 Emenéau's Grocery  
 Falkenham, Harry  
 Farmer's Limited  
 Frittenburg's Children's Wear  
 Frittenburg's Jewellery  
 Fulton, H. S.  
 Great Grimsby Co., Limited  
 Haines, C. E.  
 Halifax Chronicle Herald  
 Hall's Grocery  
 Haughn, Winburne  
 Hawley's Grocery  
 Hebb, E. H.  
 Hebb, L. L.  
 Hillside Hotel  
 Himmelman's Jewellery  
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 Imperial Oil Ltd.  
 Industrial Shipping Co., Ltd.  
 Irving Oil Ltd.  
 Kerr's Restaurant  
 Kinley's Drug Co., Ltd.  
 Knickle's Studio  
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 Lohnes' Appliance Store  
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 Co., Ltd.  
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- Mustad Fish Hooks  
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 Miller, D. C.  
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 Frank M. O'Neal  
 Oxner, B. G.  
 Park's Meat Market  
 Park Service Station  
 Phinney's Limited  
 Powers Brothers Limited  
 Progress-Enterprise Limited  
 Quality Poultry  
 Rafuse & Eisenhauer Limited  
 Ritcey Bros. (Fisheries) Limited  
 C. D. Ritcey & Sons Limited  
 Rudolf's  
 Schwartz, L. C. B.  
 Seven-Up (Bridgewater)  
 G. W. Silver Co., Ltd.  
 Superior Ice Cream Co.  
 Ven Rez Products  
 Simpson's-Sears Ltd.  
 Smith & Rhuland  
 South Shore Sales & Service  
 Stan's Dad & Lad Shop  
 Steadman's Stores  
 Strachan's Grocery  
 Thurlow, S. L.  
 Steel & Engines Products Ltd.  
 Webber's General Store  
 Wong's Cafe  
 Whynacht's Home Furnishings  
 Zwicker Bros. Limited  
 Zwicker & Co., Limited  
 Zwicker, C. H. R.  
 Zwicker, W. A. & Co., Ltd

### EDUCATIONAL:

- Acadia University  
 Board of School Commissioners  
 Bridgewater Commercial School  
 Dalhousie University  
 Mount Allison University  
 N. S. Agricultural College  
 Nova Scotia Technical College  
 Nova Scotia Normal College  
 Queen's University  
 Army (Tri-Service)

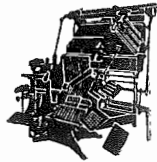
### PROFESSIONAL:

- Dr. N. B. Anderson  
 Dr. D. C. Cantelope and  
 Dr. J. R. Buchanan  
 A. Burke  
 Dr. F. L. Comstock  
 Dr. H. A. Creighton and  
 Dr. D. B. Keddy  
 Dr. W. A. Hewat  
 Dr. Herman Nelson  
 E. R. Saunders  
 R. C. Sterne  
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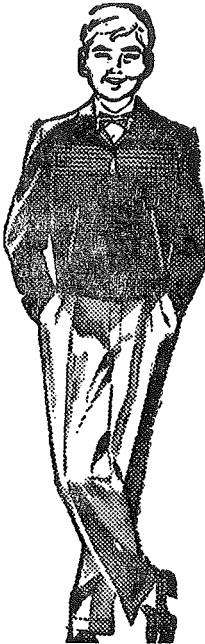
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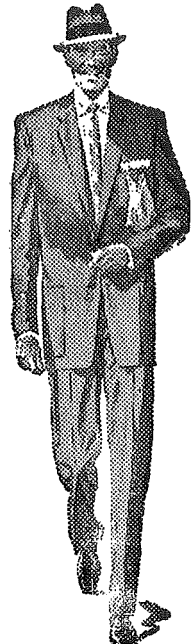


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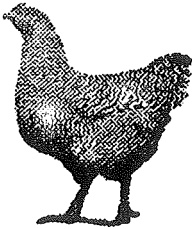
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SEA GULL

**Boliver's Grocery**

**Kerr's Restaurant**

Meals, Lunches, Fish and  
Chips served at all hours.

A Good Place to Eat

Phone 305

LUNENBURG — N. S.

Compliments of . . .

**Lunenburg  
Cleaners**

Located on Lincoln St.

Phone 565

The undersigned wishes the  
school every success in their  
work, now and in the future.

**Louis C. B. Schwartz**

Dealer in

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and  
Slippers

Continuous rates throughout  
the year

P. O. Box 34

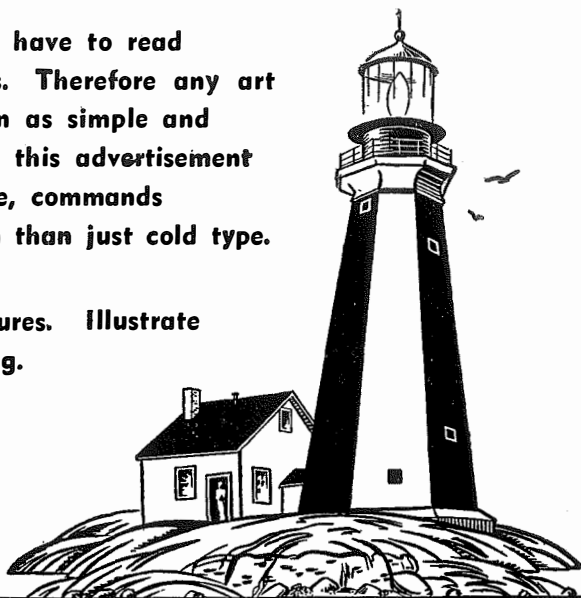


**it has always seemed  
to us . . .**

**that the first function of any advertisement  
is to get itself read.**

**People do not have to read  
advertisements. Therefore any art  
or device, even as simple and  
inexpensive as this advertisement  
was to prepare, commands  
more attention than just cold type.**

**Use more pictures. Illustrate  
your advertising.**



**MARITIME PHOTO-ENGRAVERS Ltd.**

**Herald Building**

**Halifax, Canada**

COMPLIMENTS OF  
**CREASER'S SERVICE STATION**  
SNAIR'S CROSSING

Irving Oil Products — Accessories — General Repairs  
Body and Fender Repairs — Washing and Greasing — Tires  
Dealers In  
Chrysler — Plymouth — Fargo Trucks  
Phone 8522

CONGRATULATIONS TO SEA GULL FROM . . .

**E. H. HEBB, MEN'S WEAR**

MEN'S FINE SHIRTS — PYJAMAS

HATS, CAPS, ETC.

P. O. BOX 226      LUNENBURG, N. S.      PHONE 8100

**FRITTENBURG'S CHILDREN WEAR**

EXCLUSIVE IN TOTS AND TEEN'S WEAR

BOYS—Trousers, Shirts, Shorts, Blazers, Swimming  
Trunks, T-Shirts, Etc.

GIRLS—Dresses, Jeans, Pedal Pushers, Sweaters  
Bathing Suits, T-Shirts, Etc.

MAKE A POINT TO VISIT THE STORE AND SEE  
THIS COMPLETE LINE OF GOODS

MAKE SURE YOU GET THE BEST  
BE ONE OF OUR REGULAR DAILY CUSTOMERS

**Milk - Cream - Chocolate Milk**  
and

**“Bluenose” Brand Cottage Cheese**

PHONE 2121

**LUNENBURG DAIRY LTD.**

ARE YOUR FAMILY, PROPERTY AND CAR

FULLY COVERED BY INSURANCE?

IF NOT, SEE

**C. E. HAINES**

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT

EASTERN TRUST BUILDING

LUNENBURG, N. S.

PHONE:—Office 8779

Residence 355

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**H. B. STRACHAN**

**LONDON LIFE**

INSURANCE COMPANY

PHONE 8712

LUNENBURG, N. S.

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**RUDOLF'S**

HOUSE FURNISHINGS. DRY GOODS, MILLINERY,  
LADIES' WEAR

We congratulate the Pupils of Lunenburg  
Academy on their splendid magazine.

## **KNICKLE'S STUDIO**

**JOHN E. KNICKLE**

Portraits Taken Day and Night

Developing and Printing for Amateurs

Enlargements Made and Oil Colored

We stock a Large Assortment of

**MARINE AND LOCAL VIEWS FOR SALE**

**PHONE 385**

**P. O. BOX 489**

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Phone 8727

Box 669

228 Lincoln St.

**LUNENBURG, N. S.**

## **HARRY D. FALKENHAM**

**INSURANCE**

**LIFE, FIRE, AUTOMOBILE, ETC.**

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## **FRITTENBURG'S JEWELLERS**

For the Finest in

**DIAMONDS, WATCHES and CLOCKS**

**CHINA and GIFTS for all occasions**

**PHONE 613**

**LUNENBURG, N. S.**

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**BEST WISHES TO THE GRADUATES AND  
STUDENTS OF LUNENBURG ACADEMY**

## **STEADMAN 5c to \$1.00 STORE**

**SPECIALISTS IN VARIETY MERCHANDISE**

Lincoln Street

**LUNENBURG, NOVA SCOTIA**

**L. M. WEBBER & SON**

STORE

Lunenburg — Bridgewater  
Highway

Phone 8729

**HAWLEY'S GROCERY**

Groceries, Soft Drinks, Tobacco, Confectioneries,  
Cigarettes, Meats

Men's and Boys' Dress Shoes, Rubber Boots, Lumberman's  
Rubbers, Overall Dungaries, Pants and Shirts

PHONE 8233

FIRST PENINSULA

LUNENBURG, N. S.

**PARKE'S MEAT MARKET**

SUPPLY OF

FRESH AND SMOKED MEATS, GROCERIES  
VEGETABLES, CANTEEN SUPPLIES

PHONE 671

FIRST SOUTH

"WE PAINT ANYTHING WORTH PAINTING"

**STANLEY L. THURLOW**

PAINTER & DECORATOR

FOR HIGH STYLING AND TOP QUALITY  
LOOK TO

**G. W. SILVER CO., LTD.**

LADIES' TEENAGE and CHILDREN'S FASHIONED  
DRESSES and COATS

PHONE 341

LUNENBURG, N. S.

COMPLIMENTS OF

**O. MUSTAD & SON, OSLO,**  
NORWAY

MANUFACTURERS OF KEY BRAND FISH HOOKS

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE

1960 GRADUATES AND GOOD LUCK IN

YOUR CHOSEN CAREERS

**INDUSTRIAL SHIPPING CO. LTD.**

MAHONE BAY, N. S.

**BEN'S**

**HOLSUM**

BUTTERMILK BREAD

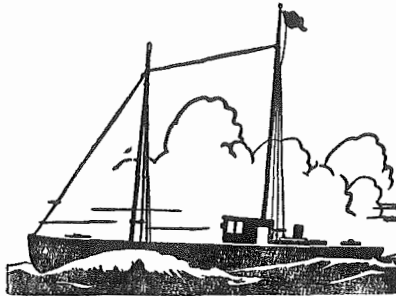


For toast so bright 'n right to  
start the day.

# Producers and Processors of High Liner Sea Foods

Fresh, Frozen, Cooked and Smoked.

Processed under Government Supervision.



Make sure that every seafood product you buy carries the Canada Inspected Seal. It is your guarantee of Government approved quality.

**LUNENBURG SEA PRODUCTS LTD.**



IF IT IS SOMETHING FOR YOUR OFFICE  
WE HAVE IT

**FRANK M. O'NEIL & CO., LTD.**

Complete Office Outfitters

152 Granville St.

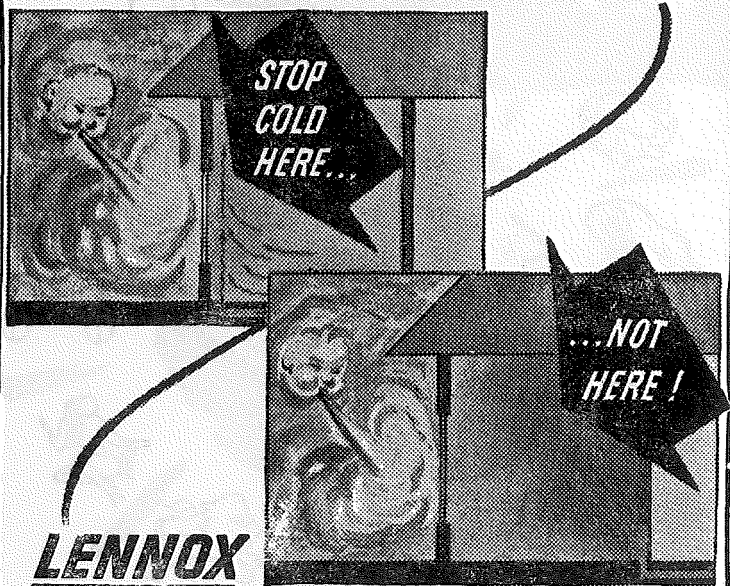
HALIFAX, N. S.

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*Autographs*

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# STOP COLD...BEFORE IT ENTERS YOUR HOME!



**LENNOX**

## *Perima-flo Heating*

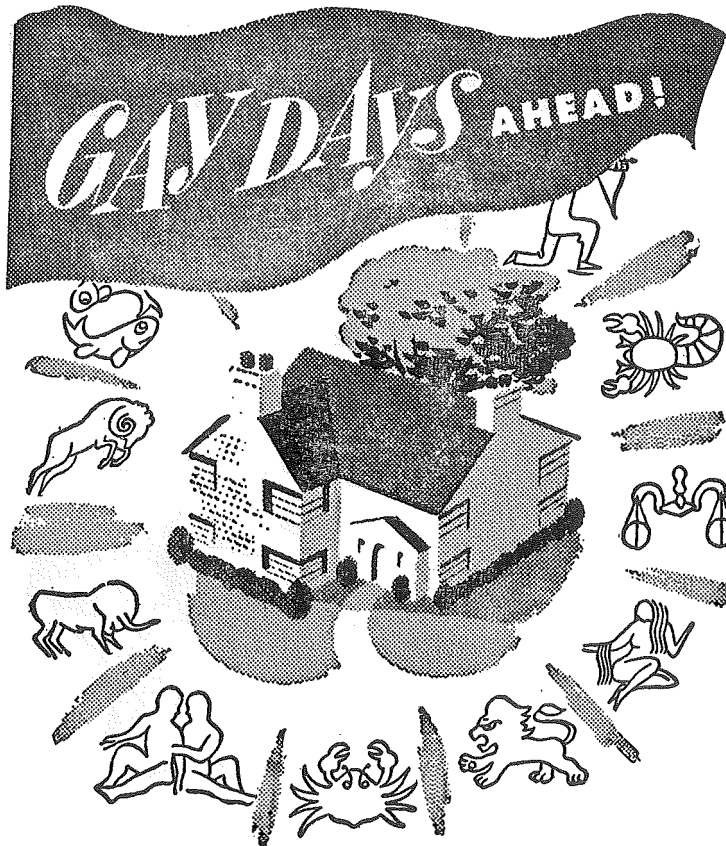
Yes, cold is stopped *before* it gets inside when a Lennox Perima-flo Heating System is guarding your comfort. Slim air diffusers in the floor put a curtain of warm, clean air over cold windows and walls. Drafts can't start. Floors stay warm. No other heating system can match Lennox Perima-flo for true indoor comfort. Ideal for any type of home . . . old or new.

### **Powers Bros. Ltd.**

LUNENBURG  
"YOUR LENNOX

NOVA SCOTIA  
COMFORT CRAFTSMAN"

Call us today! We are YOUR CERTIFIED LENNOX DEALER



Make your days colourful with  
B-H Paints. Beautify and  
protect your home —  
inside and out.

**POWERS BROS. Ltd.**

LUNENBURG

NOVA SCOTIA

“YOUR B-H HEADQUARTERS”

# SMOOTH SAILING

to the

**Graduating Class of 1959 - 1960**



May the years ahead be filled with richest  
endeavour and success to all.

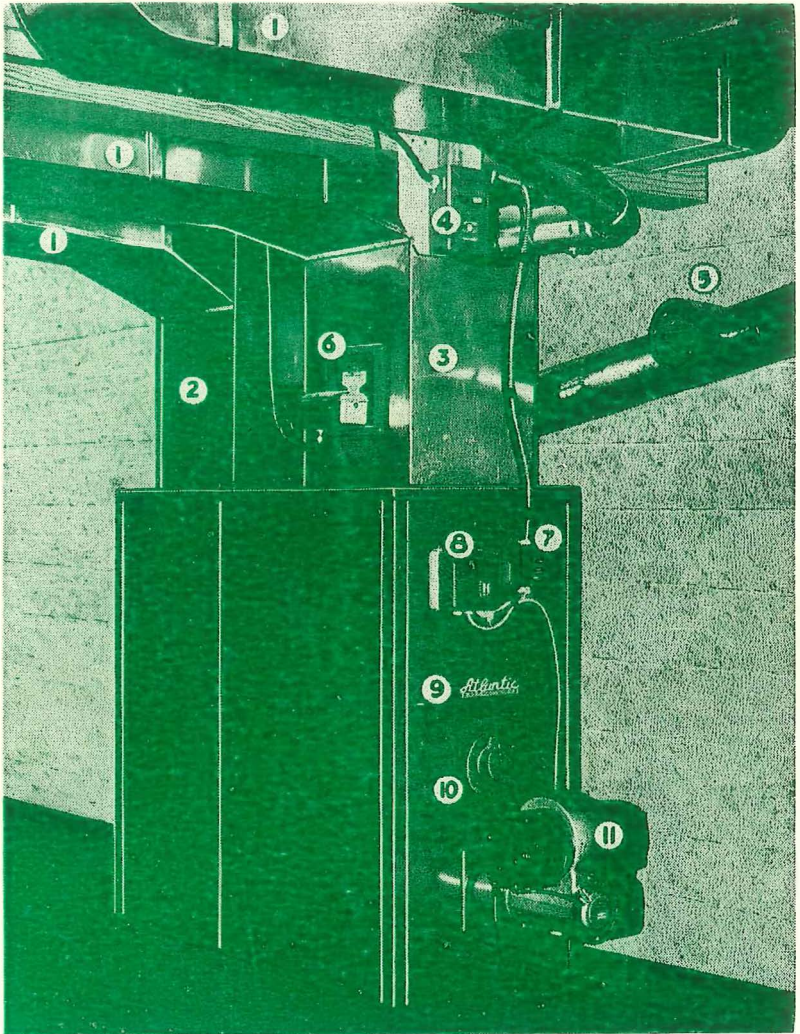
COMPLIMENTS OF

**SMITH & RHULAND LTD.**

LUNENBURG

—

NOVA SCOTIA



## WINTER AIR CONDITIONING UNIT, featuring:

1. Aluminum trunk lines; 2. Return air plenum; 3. Warm air plenum; 4. Square-D switch in accordance with recommendations of Board of Insurance Underwriters; 5. Automatic draft control;
6. Automatic humidifier; 7. Combination high-limit control and fan control; 8. Protector relay safeguarding from defects or variations in the power supply; 9. ATLANTIC your assurance of maximum indoor comfort at minimum cost; 10. Inspection port and pressure relief; 11. Oil burner.

For up-to-date air conditioning, get recommendations and prices from  
**LUNENBURG FOUNDRY & ENGINEERING Ltd.**  
 Charter members National Heating & Air Conditioning Association