

Seagull '76



ANIMIS OPIBUSQUE PARATI



Lunenburg

Jr. Sr. High

School

*"May the road rise to meet you.
May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
the rains fall soft upon your fields.
And until we meet again may
God hold you in the palm of His hand."*

---- An old Irish blessing

HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS
TO THE 1976 GRADUATING STUDENTS

THE LUNENBURG BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS

*Mr. Christopher Corkum
Mrs. Stanley Gibson*

*Mr. Benjamin Smith
Mayor Sherman Zwicker*

*Mr. D. A. Eisenhower, Chairman
Mr. B. J. Walters, Secretary*

"It was morning, and the new sun sparkled gold across the ripples of a gentle sea.

A mile from shore a fishing boat chummed the water, and the word for Breakfast flashed through the air, till a crowd of a thousand seagulls came to dodge and fight for bits of food. It was another busy day beginning.

But way off alone, out by himself beyond boat and shore, a seagull was practising. A hundred feet in the sky he lowered his webbed feet, lifted his beak, and strained to hold a painful hard twisting curve through his wings. The curve meant that he would fly slowly, and now he slowed until the wind was a whisper in his face, until the ocean stood still beneath him. He narrowed his eyes in fierce concentration, held his breath, forced one...single...more...inch...of...curve.... Then his feathers ruffled, he stalled and fell.

Seagulls, as you know, never falter, never stall. To stall in the air is for them disgrace and it is dishonour."

Excerpt from
Jonathan Livingston Seagull
by Richard Bach



Dedication

Rich in natural beauty and historic flavour, Lunenburg is rich too in the artists who have settled in the town and its environs. These artists perform a double service - they make our citizens aware of the beauty and uniqueness of our surroundings and they spread that awareness in places far removed from here. So the natural beauty and character of Lunenburg are given a wider currency and enhance the lives of those not blessed with our advantages. Nature and man have provided a stimulus but only the insight and skill of these artists can portray them on paper or canvas. This year we deem it fitting to dedicate our yearbook The Seagull to the artists of the Lunenburg area - the Purcells, the Olsons, Earl Bailly, Alan Franks and Jack Gray. We express the hope that many years of artistic success will be theirs.

Seagull "76"

Vol. 41

LUNENBURG, N.S.

No. 41



SEAGULL STAFF

Front Row: C.Ritcey (Business Manager), P.Baker (Editor),
D.Steeves (Editor), P.Zwicker (Business Manager).

Back Row: S.Zinck (Jr. Editor), H.Mills, D.Hutt (Jr. Editor),
P.Mosher, P.Conrad.

As the excerpt from Jonathan Livingston Seagull suggests, seagulls, whether it be bird or book, are prone to falter and stall. However, through the cooperation and perseverance of many, these obstacles and difficulties are generally overcome. The 1976 edition was no exception and the Seagull staff sincerely hopes that the impression each reader gains from this yearbook is in some form a favourable one.

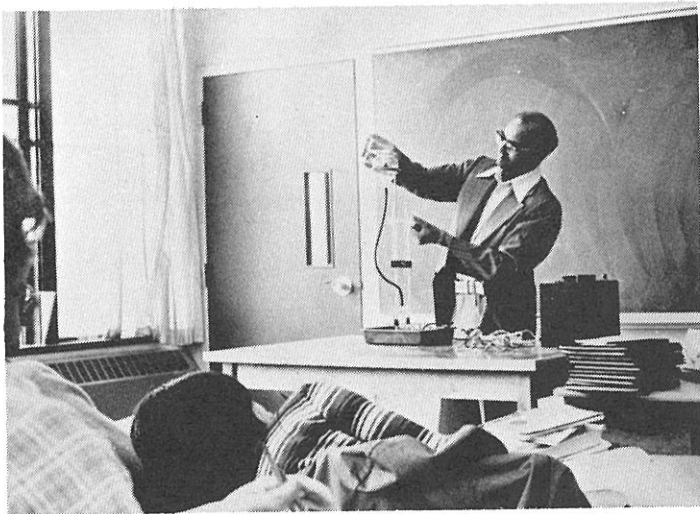
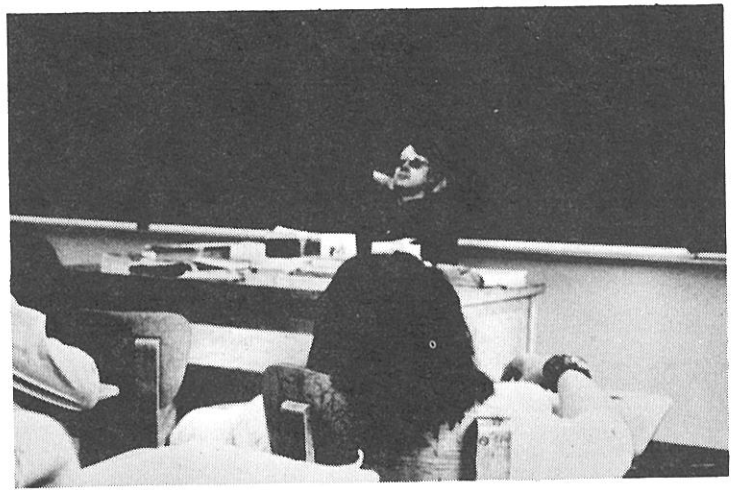
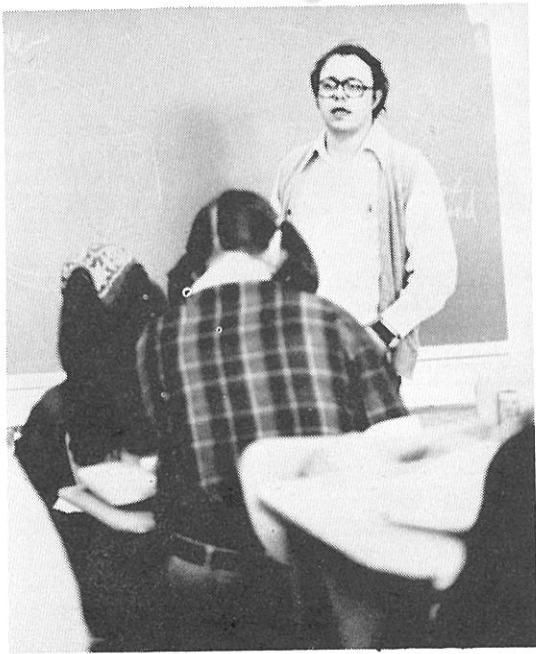
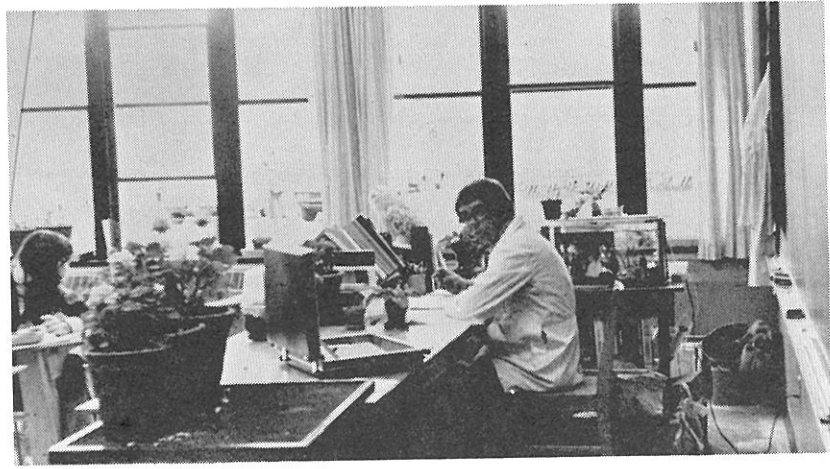
We would like to thank all persons who contributed to this yearbook in any way. Special recognition must go most deservedly to our photographers Wilf Eisnor, Terry Conrad and Robert Lewis and to our typist Audrey Wamboldt whose many hours of toil were key factors in the final outcome of this book.

To next year's editors we wish the best of luck.

The Seagull Staff

Cover Courtesy of Knickle's Gallery

Photo by: Wilf Eisnor



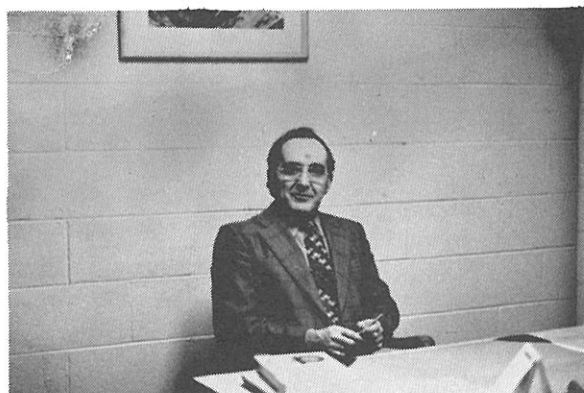
F A C U L T Y



1976 STAFF OF LUNENBURG JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL



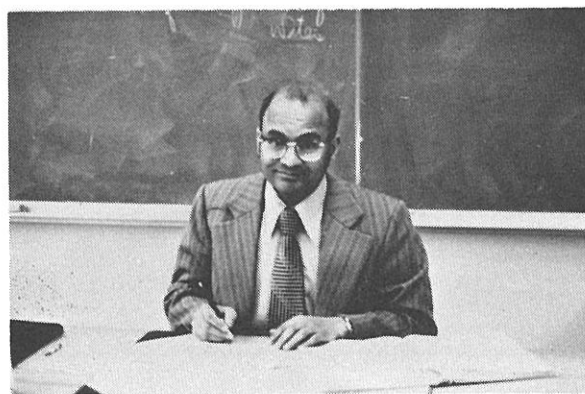
Mr. Robert Campbell
B.A., M.A., Dip.Ed.
Principal and Supervisor



Mr. Charles Andrews
B.A., B.Ed.



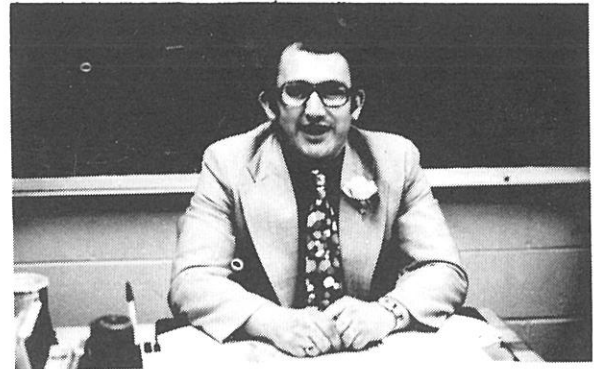
Mrs. Audrey Wamboldt
Secretary



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



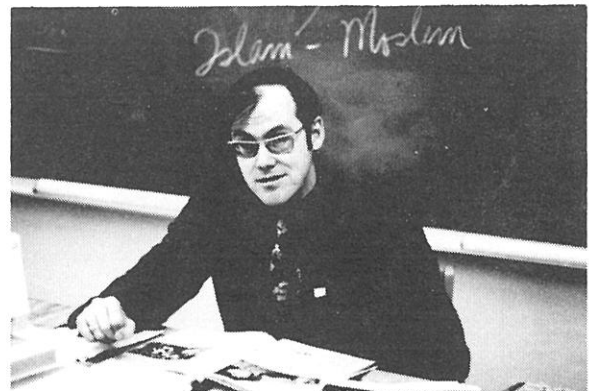
Mrs. Gail Hardiman



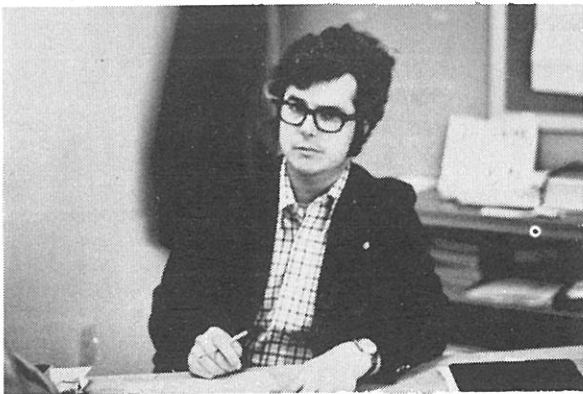
Mr. James Muise



Mrs. Lucille Mosher



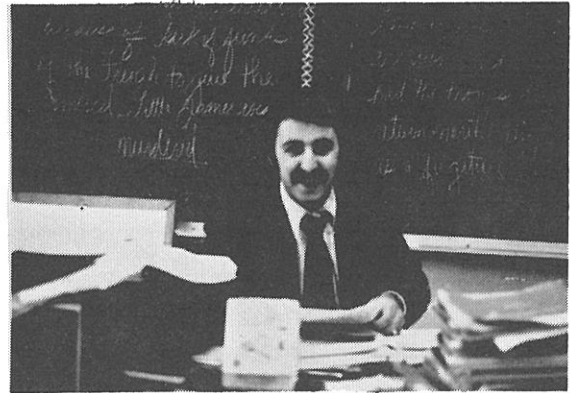
Mr. Wayne Jewers
B.A., B.Ed.



Mr. Robert Lewis
B.Sc., B.Ed.



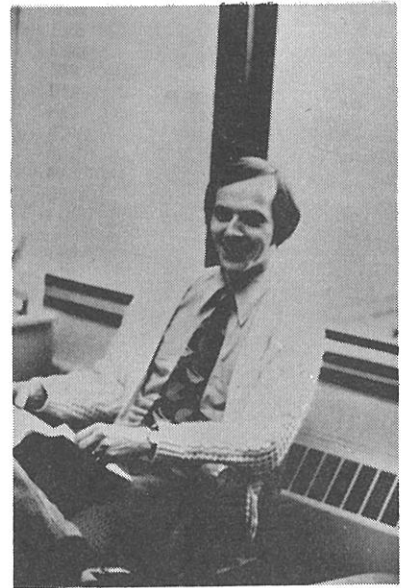
Mr. Paul Brison
B.A., B.Ed.



Mr. Hank Middleton
B.A., B.Ed.



Mr. Gary Chamberlain
B.A., B.Ed.



Mr. Gerald Goodine
B.Sc., B.Ed.



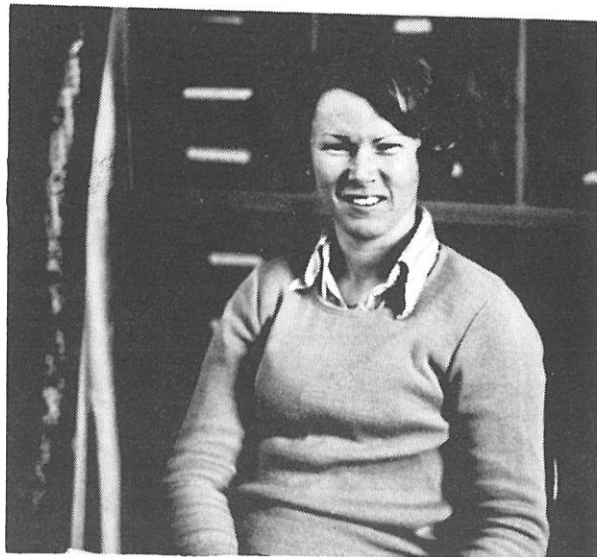
Mr. Brian Jobb
B.A., B.Ed.



Mrs. Carolyn McAllister



Mr. Brian Fogelson
B.M. (Ed.)



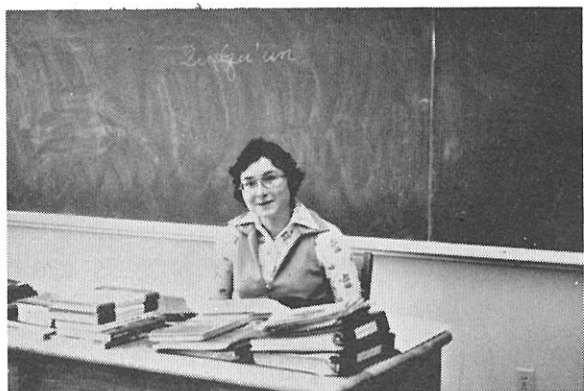
Miss Deby Helpard
B. Sc. (Home Economics)



Mrs. Anne Kelly
B.A., B.Ed.



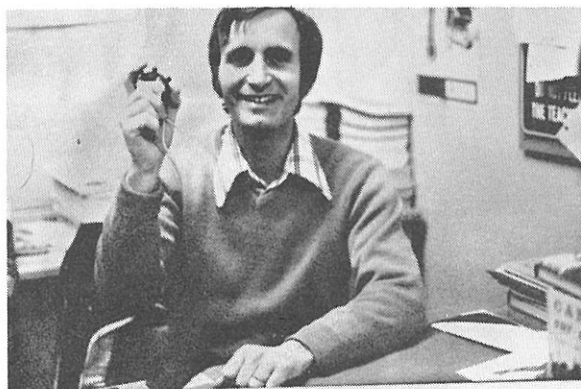
Mr. Philip Daniels
B. ED



Mrs. Sandra Hall
B.A., B.Ed.



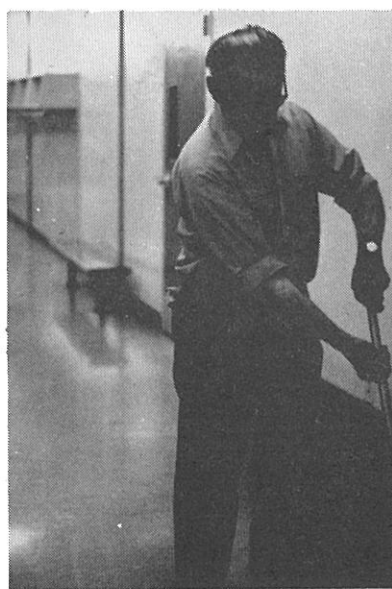
Miss Brenda Hoskin
B. P.E.



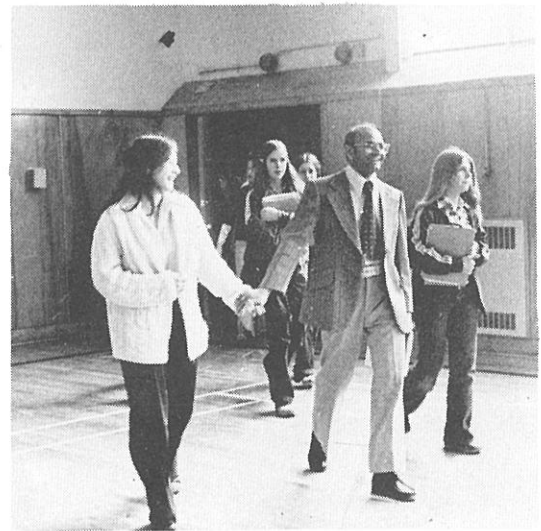
Mr. Bruce Smith
B. P.E.



Mr. Gardiner Allen
Maintenance

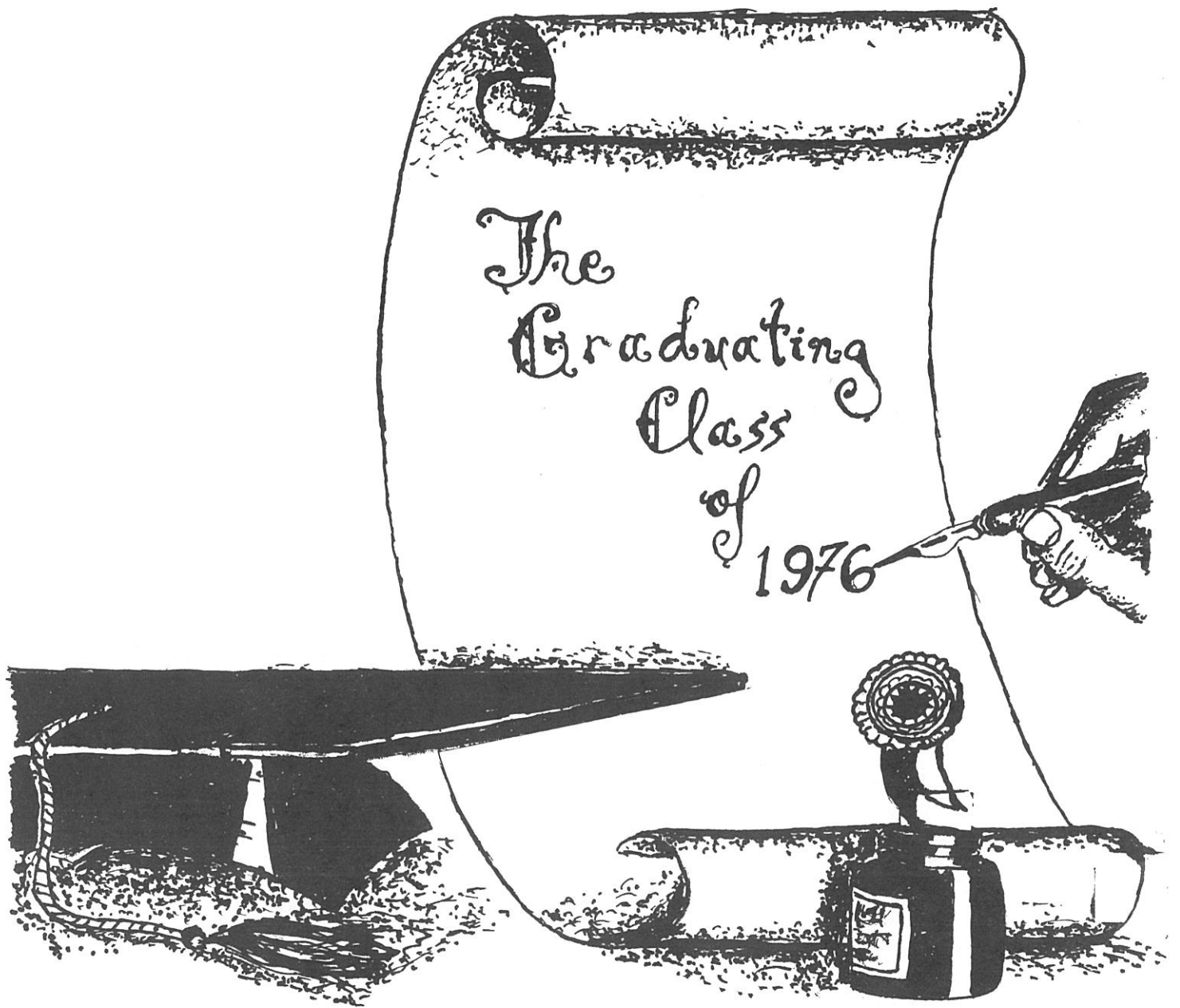


Mr. Wilfred Allen
Maintenance

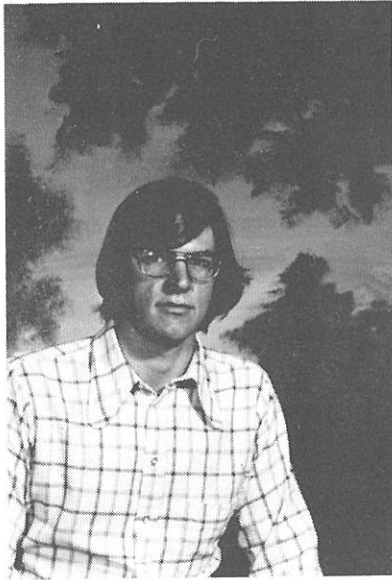


CAN YOU IMAGINE...

- Mr. Brison - with an afro?
- Mr. Jewers - representing Canada in Olympic skating?
- Mr. Chamberlain - terrified of biology specimens?
- Mrs. Hall - being loudmouthed, mean and nasty?
- Mr. Garg - with a Newfoundland accent, teaching French?
- Mr. Lewis - explaining how they get the caramel in the carmilk bars?
- Mr. Goodine - with a feminine voice?
- Miss Hoskins - without her adidas' suit?
- Mr. Jobb - being disorganized?
- Mr. Fogelson - as a ballerina?
- Mrs. McAllister - as a football coach?
- Mr. Campbell - a sports' announcer?
- Mr. Andrews - getting suspended for skipping?
- Mrs. Hardiman - streaking?
- Mrs. Kelly - an auctioneer?
- Mrs. Mosher - not being helpful and supportive to her students?
- Mr. Middleton - teaching driver education?
- Mrs. Wamboldt - being nasty?
- Miss Helpard - being forced to eat her students' cooking?
- Mr. Daniels - with anything but tennis or badminton on his mind?
- Mr. Muise - teaching the grade twelve class sex education?
- Mr. Smith - being 6'4" and 230 lbs.?



The
Graduating
Class
of
1976



Peter Earle Russell Baker

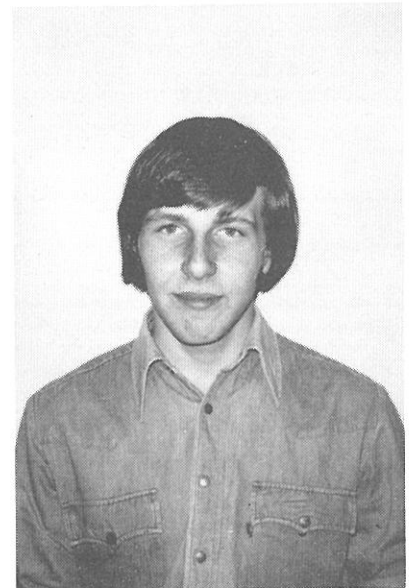
"Baker"

Peter was born in Lunenburg and has attended school in Lunenburg since Grade Primary. He has participated in many sports including soccer, hockey and track and field. Other activities include Senior Girls' hockey coach, member of the Dance Committee and Co-editor of the "Seagull". Next year he plans to attend Acadia University for a Bachelor of Science Degree.

Kendall John Black

"Nig"

Kendall has lived in Lunenburg all his life and began school at the Academy. His activities include hockey and intramural sports. His plans for the future are to attend Lunenburg Regional Vocational School to study auto mechanics.



Judy Donna Corkum

"Jude"

Born in Lunenburg, Judy has been with us since 1964. This year she was the Grade 12 Student Council representative. Her activities include typing, Manager of the Magazine Campaign and a member of the Dance Committee. Next year she plans to attend King's College to take a Bachelor of Arts Degree.

"There's something in the party hour,
Will chill the warmest heart,
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part."

I, Peter Baker, being of tested mind and injured body, leave to the High School Hockey Team a warm bench. To Peter Smith I leave the advice that he save his treasured autograph. To all the people who have had the mishap of being my acquaintance, I apologize for everything I did or didn't do. I think?



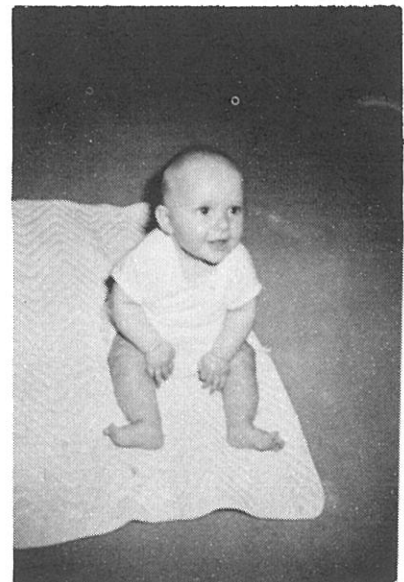
"Money is the heart of all men."

I, Kendall Black, being of no mind and sound body, leave my seat in the back of Mr. Brison's room to John Richards.

"I have hardly ever known a mathematician who was possible of reasoning."

Plato

I, Judy Corkum, being of distorted mind and body leave my ability to bring in excuses before I am absent to my sister in hopes that she can thoroughly astound her homeroom teacher as I did. Also, to future classes of Mr. Brison, my ability to answer all questions both positively and negatively.





Alan Stewart Covey

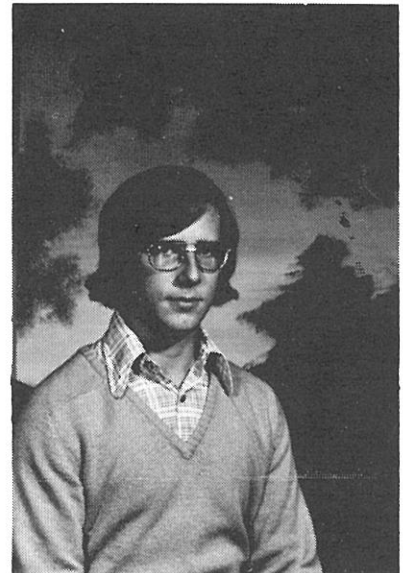
"Cove"

Alan was born in Montreal, but after having moved to Lunenburg in 1963, has been a member of our class since Grade Primary. Alan has been active in sports being a member of the soccer, hockey and intramural teams. He also has worked on the Christmas and Graduation Dance Committees. His future plans include attending Acadia University for a Bachelor of Arts degree.

Eric Allan Thomas Eisenhauer

"Eisner"

Eric is one of the original members of our class, having lived in Lunenburg all his life. Eric participated in many sports including hockey (Co-Captain) and soccer. Next year he plans to attend Dalhousie University studying for a Bachelor of Commerce degree.



Daphne Elaine Falkenham

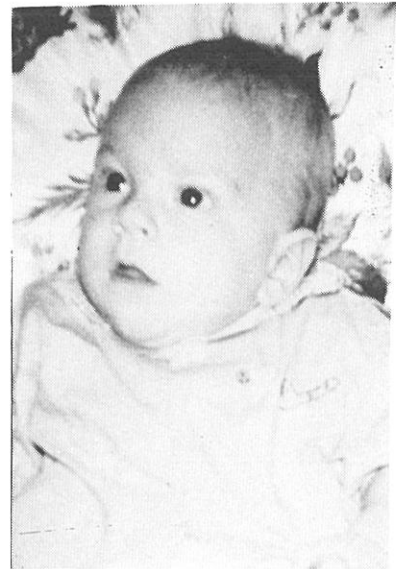
"Daph"

Daphne was born in Lunenburg and has been with us since Grade Primary. Daphne's school life has been an active one and her Grade 12 year was no exception. Besides being President of the Students' Council, she participated in many sports including soccer, volleyball and basketball. She was also a member of the School Band and actively attended the local Ranger group. Her future plans include studying for a Bachelor of Nursing degree at Dalhousie University.



"If you forget anything, how do you remember you forgot it."

I, Alan Covey, being of sound mind and body, leave to Ian Creaser the use of the finger and Bruce Smith the satisfaction that I'll never bother him in the Library again.



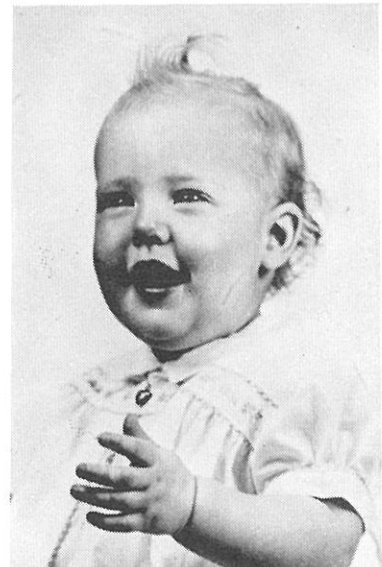
"If one loses his true identity,
Then one truly loses himself."

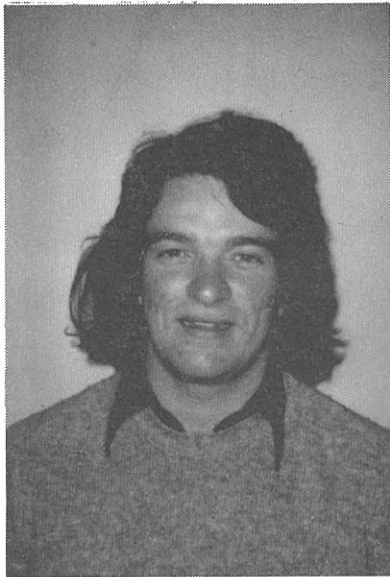
Since I came here with nothing, I am leaving here with nothing and I leave nothing to anyone who still continues to do nothing. This is the Last Will and Testament of Eric Eisenhower.

"For me there is only the travelling on paths that have heart, on any path that my have heart. There I travel, and the only worthwhile challenge is to traverse its full length. And there I travel, looking, looking, breathlessly."

-don Juan

I, Daphne Falkenham, being of perforated mind and ? body, leave to Susan Joy my worn out wrist sweat band that always seem to get left. To Mr. Lewis I leave very little unbroken lab equipment in hopes that the lunch "swapping" repay for all damages. To Becky Crouse I leave my storybook Rindercella and the Pransome Hince in hopes that her slopped dripper will bring many hiccuping laughs. To L.H.S. I leave only one more "Falkenham", namely Jayne, to whom I wish much success in areas where I had failed.





Joseph Hanrahan

"Joe"

Joe was born in Marystown, Newfoundland, but has attended Lunenburg schools since he moved to Lunenburg in 1963. His activities this year include membership in the Winter Carnival and Christmas Dance Committees. He also participated in many sports including soccer and various intramural sports. His plans for the future include attending Saint Mary's University for a Bachelor of Arts degree.

Kathleen Debra Hebb

"Hebbie"

Kathy was born in Lunenburg and has attended our school since Grade Primary. She has been an active participant in basketball, girls hockey and the Winter Carnival Committee. As for her future, she plans to attend Acadia University for a Bachelor of Arts degree.



Leslee Joan Himmelman

"Les"

Leslee was born in Halifax and moved to Lunenburg in 1970 where she joined our Grade 7 class. Her activities include membership on the Winter Carnival and Dance Committees. Next year she plans to study for a Bachelor of Education at Acadia University.



"The great source of pleasure is variety."

I, Joe Hanrahan, being of weak mind and body, leave to Tommy Francis my ability to laugh at "Newfie" jokes.



"Out of sight, out of mind"

I, Kathy Hebb, being of sound (?) mind and body leave to Janet Eisenhauer, my constant lateness in hopes that she may have better excuses than I did, also my alarm clock in hopes that it works better for her then it did for me; to Juliette Skinner, I leave - "Hey Psst, over here" in hopes that the rest of the basketball team can hear!

"One crow is sorrow
Until I break a mirror...
Then it's only a small problem in my life"

I, Leslee Himmelman, being of sound mind and body "leave".





Terry Roy Langille

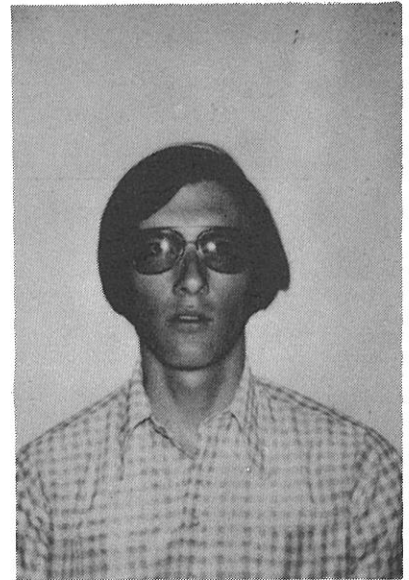
"Terry"

Terry has lived in Lunenburg all his life and began school at the Academy. This year he took the Driver Education Course and continued his outside interests in music and the Anglican Youth Group. He plans to return to school next year so he can improve his marks in preparation for an electronics course.

Kevin Robert Lohnes

"Lou"

Born in Lunenburg, Kevin has lived in Lunenburg all his life. His spare time this year has been limited due to the fact that he worked part time at Fulton's Drug Store. His other activities include badminton, cycling, coin collecting and pop machine maintenance. Next year he plans to attend Lunenburg Regional Vocational School for a course in carpentry.



Nancy Anne Maxner

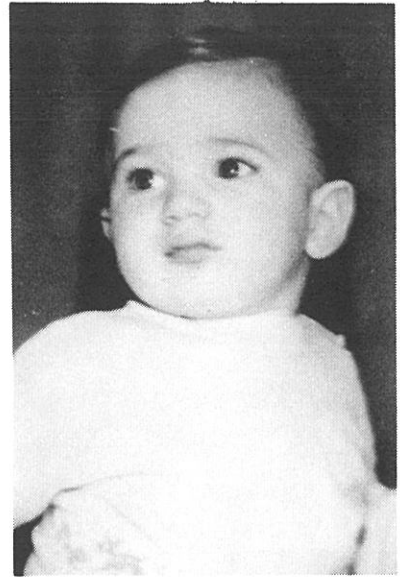
"Max"

Nancy has attended Lunenburg schools since Grade Primary. This year she has been a member of many committees including the Canteen, Christmas Dance, Winter Carnival and Graduation Dance Committees. She also participated in volleyball, girls hockey and worked as manager of the Senior Girls' Basketball Team. Nancy was also president of her H-C Church group. Her future plans include attending Dalhousie University for a Bachelor of Commerce degree.



"Why do it today, if I can wait 'till tomorrow."

I, Terry Langille, being of daydreaming mind and hairy body, leave to myself my seat in math class in hopes that I will do better there next year. To Dan Hutt my locker in the lab, hoping he will find more room in it than I did.



"If you can't find time to do it right, then how are you going to find time to do it over again."

I, Kevin Lohnes, being of pop machine mind and mechanical body, leave to Richard Byers my keys to the pop machine in hopes that he can adopt my unbelievable ability to fix the machine and contend with people who say they lost their money. Good luck, Richard.

"The Road goes ever on and on,
Down from the door where it began
Now far ahead the Road has gone
And I must follow, if I can."

- J.R.R. Tolkein

I, Nancy Maxner, being of genius mind and sound body, leave to Gary Miller my space in the parking lot because he will need it in order to run the back of town bus service. To Mr. Jewers, I leave a year's supply of Delicious apples unless he can find someone else to bum them from.





Henry Willoughby Mills

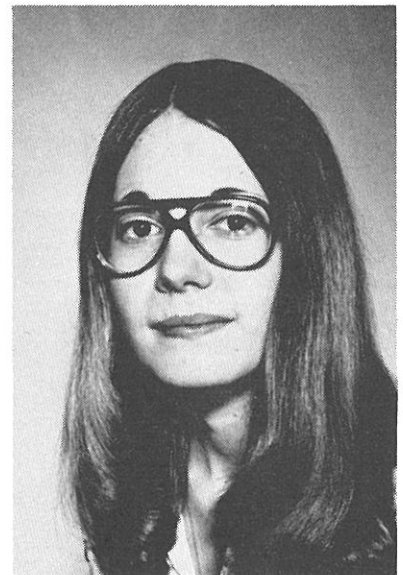
"Mills"

Henry was born in Lunenburg and has attended schools here since Grade Primary. He has been active in sports, participating in Soccer and Hockey. Henry was also a member of the Winter Carnival Committee. Next year he plans to study for a Bachelor of Business Administration at Acadia University.

Shirley Marlana Morrison

"Shirley"

Shirley was born in Sydney, Nova Scotia. She joined our class in Grade 4. Her plans for the future are, as yet undecided.



James Lee Mosher

"Jimmy"

Jimmy has lived in Lunenburg all his life and began his schooling at the Academy. He has been a member of the Winter Carnival and Christmas Dance Committees. His plans for the future are to attend Dalhousie University.



"Take heed the example of the walnut and the rubber ball: Under pressure it's best to be flexible, but under some circumstances, you're better off nuts."

I, Henry...Henry...Milkbone?...Millwheel?...Mills.... That's it...anyway, being sort of strange on two counts, leave my smoking papers to Mr. Andrews, six years late. To Mr. Lewis' alligator, I leave my album "Songs of the Bayou". To a rookie on the hockey team, I leave five years experience, in hopes that he can conceal it as well as I did.



"The whole world knows how often I've failed, but only God knows how hard I've tried."

I, Shirley Morrison, being of sound mind and body, leave my seat in Biology to Louise Sheaves in hopes that she learns to stand the smell of Formaldahyde.

"Only some of us can learn by other people's mistakes, the rest of us have to be the other people." - Levenson

I, Jim Mosher, being of sound mind and body leave to Sharon McLeod a large amount of Chemistry and Physics Lab Books in hopes that she can pass in Labs on time. To Donna Zinck I leave, hoping she will never catch up to me making me pay my canteen debt.





Philip Edward Mosher

"Mosher"

Philip was born in Lunenburg and started school at the Academy in Grade 1. He has participated in many sports including hockey, soccer and intramurals. Other activities include typing, "Seagull" and English publication staffs, Writers' Club, Dance and Winter Carnival Committees. Next year he plans to take a Bachelor of Science in Mineral Engineering at Mount Alison University.

Susan Rosabelle Mosher

"Susan"

Susan has lived in Lunenburg all her life and started her schooling at the Academy. She has been an active member on the Canteen and Winter Carnival Committees. She also took typing and was chairwoman of the Christmas Dance Committee. Her plans for the future include training at the Victoria General Hospital to become an X-Ray technician.



Catherine Elizabeth Munroe

"Cathy"

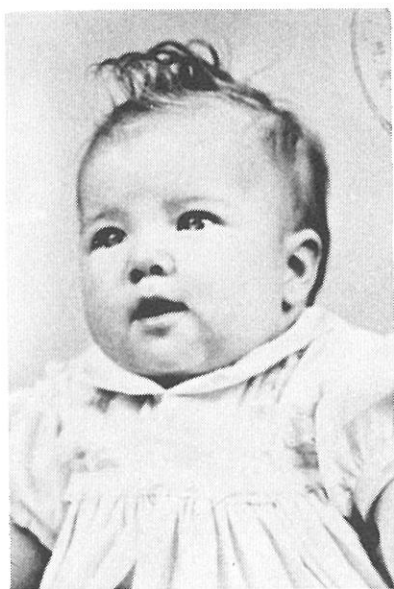
Cathy was born in Windsor, Nova Scotia, and joined our class in 1968. She was very active this year participating in the Christmas Dance, Graduation Dance and Winter Carnival Committees. Her other activities included Choral Club, typing and girls' hockey. Cath's future plans include attending Dalhousie University for a Bachelor of Arts degree.



"The self image is the key to human personality and behavior."

- Maxwell Multz

I, Philip Mosher, being of puck shattered nerves and body, leave Stephen Slack the opportunity to have someone else clean the crease. I also leave unfulfilled my promise to replace all pens, pencils, erasers, paper and assorted articles which I borrowed and promptly lost.

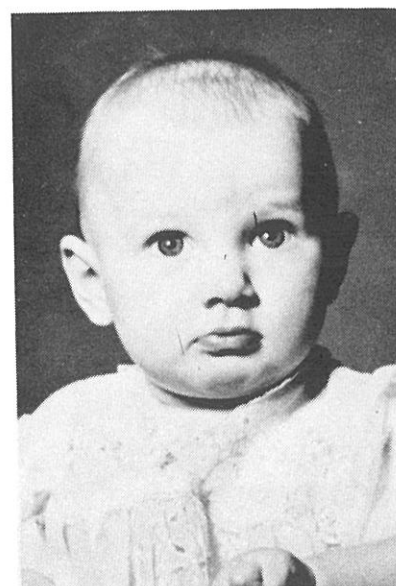


"Never do today what you can do tomorrow."

I, Susan Mosher, being of sound mind and body, leave a package of gum to anybody who can get as much use out of it as I did.

"With all its sham, drugery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy."

I, Cathy Munroe, being of sound mind and body, leave to Paul Smith "place" in which to eat his lunches. I leave to my brother Craig one hundred spit balls and an empty bic pen, which I have collected over the years. To Jerry Hanams, I leave his skates.





Paula Maria Parsons

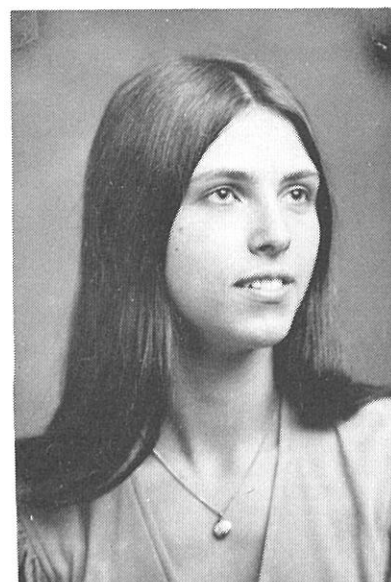
"Parsnip"

Born in Halifax, Paula moved to Lunenburg and joined our class in 1971. She has participated in curling, volleyball and track and field. Next year she plans to attend Lunenburg Regional Vocational School to take stenography and following that she hopes to enter the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Heather Ann Power

"Heather"

Heather was born in Lunenburg and after a few year's residence in Mahone Bay rejoined our class in Grade 11. She has participated in many sports including basketball, soccer, volleyball, bandminton and track and field. She was also active in typing and driver education. This year Heather was chosen Queen of the Winter Carnival. Her future plans include studying for a Bachelor of Science degree at Dalhousie University.



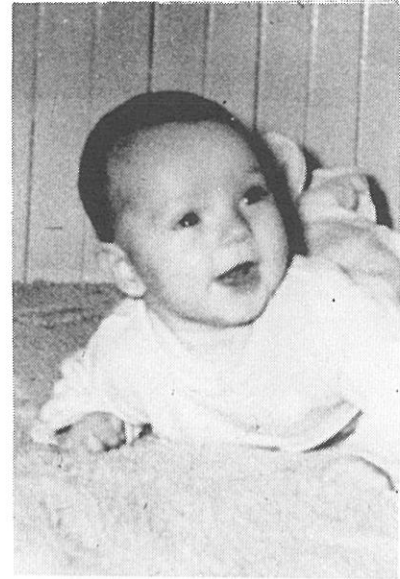
Christopher Howard Ritcey

"Ritz"

Chris was born in Lunenburg and has attended Lunenburg schools since Grade Primary. He has participated in many sports including hockey, track and field and intramurals. Other activities include Co-Business Manager of the Seagull, membership on the Winter Carnival and Christmas Dance Committees and he was the Chairman of the Graduation Dance Committee. Next year he plans to take Mechanical Engineering and branch off to Marine Engineering at Memorial University.

"Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be."

I, Paula Parsons, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave to my sisters Shelly and Cindy the long list of nicknames that I have acquired here at L.H.S.



"Be wise; soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise."

I, Heather Ann Power, being of sound mind and body, leave to my sister, Vandalea, to many headaches of hitting wrong keys in typing.

"'Tis far better to be a silent fool
Then to speak and be proven one."

"In my case, I spoke too soon."

I, Chris Ritcey, being of long body and narrow mind, leave to my brothers Mike and Tim, my assorted nicknames, from A-Z, in hopes that the names fit them better than they did me. Also, I leave to anyone who wants it, my ability in creating disasters in the laboratory and in Mr. Lewis' room without even trying. Finally, I leave to the students and teachers of L.H.S., memories of my deviltry and assorted rank odours which I unleashed upon them during my seven year's stopover.





Rosemary Jean Skinner

"Rosie"

Born in Lunenburg, Rosemary is one of the original members of our class. This year Rosemary was President of the Choral Club and First Lady-in-Waiting for the Winter Carnival Queen. She also was an active organizer on the Germany Overseas Trip Committee. Her future plans are to attend Lunenburg Regional Vocational School to take the CNA course.

Graham Charles Spencer

"Spencer"

Born in Lunenburg, Graham began his education at the Academy. His activities this year included working on the Winter Carnival and Graduation Dance Committees. Graham's free time was also taken up by his hobby of playing bass guitar and working part time at the Lunenburg Foundry. Next year he plans to study toward a University degree in either Arts or Sciences.



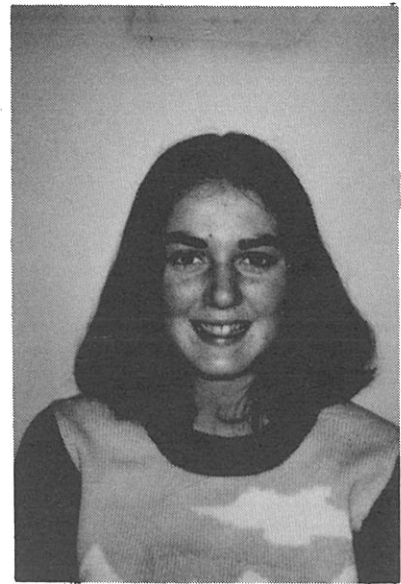
Ann-Marie Spindler

"Girt"

Ann-Marie was born in Lunenburg and has gone to Lunenburg schools since Grade Primary. She has participated in many sports including basketball, soccer, volleyball, intramurals and girls hockey (captain). Other activities were Co-Chairman of the Athletic Association, member of the Dance and Winter Carnival Committees as well as the Titanic's House Leage captain. Her plans for the future are to attend Dalhousie University to take a Bachelor of Physical Education degree.

"There may be said to be two classes of people in the world: those who constantly divide the people of the world into two classes and those who do not."
-Robert Bunchley

I, Rosemary Skinner, being of sound mind and body, leave to my sisters Juliette and Elizabeth my ability to charm teachers into extending the dates of assignments.



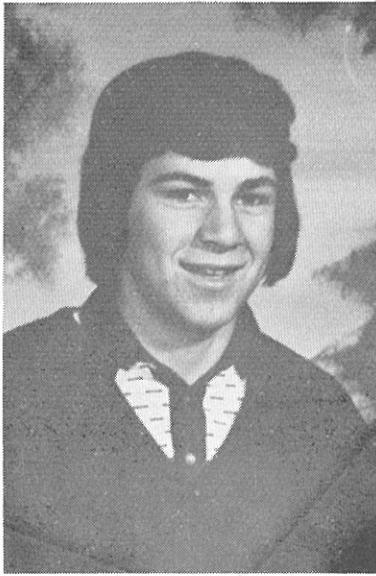
"Morning has broken...
And so has my alarm clock!!"

I, Graham Spencer, being of insane mind and body, leave my ability of eating 80% of my after recess food, without Mr. Jewers knowing, to anyone who thinks they can handle it. To Terry Langille, my vast array of scribblers (Math). To the teachers of Lunenburg Junior-Senior High I leave.

"If you love something,
Set it free.
If it returns
It is yours,
If it doesn't,
It never was."

I, Ann-Marie Spindler, being of sound mind and big face leave the following. To the "KID", 75¢, in hopes that he will never bum cigarettes again. To Sally Saunders, my amazingly fast ability on skates in hopes that she will be able to get the lead out faster than I could. To my brother, Tommy, the ability to get on Mr. Smith's nerves in hopes that he will carry on the tradition. To the "KID" my sailing ability, hoping that he will be able to find his way to the Island faster than me.





David Marshall Steeves

"Dave"

David was born in Boston, Massachusetts, moving to Lunenburg in 1972. This year David participated in many sports including soccer, hockey and track and field. His other activities include working on the Graduation Dance and Winter Carnival Committees. He was also a member of the Reach for the Top team and worked as Co-Editor of the 1976 "Seagull". Next year he plans to attend Mount Allison University studying for a Bachelor of Science degree.

Jane Elaine Tanner

"Jane"

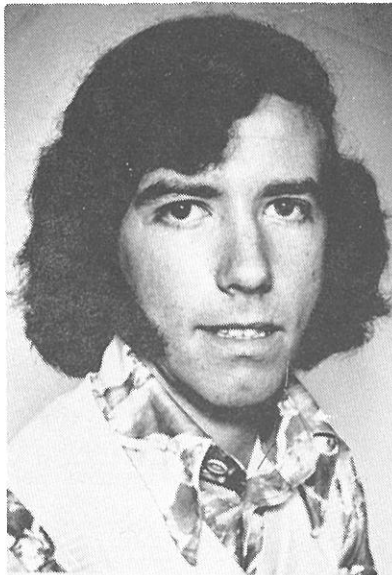
Jane was born in Lunenburg and attended Lunenburg schools since Grade Primary. She has been the Fire Prevention Queen '1975-76', a member of the Winter Carnival Committee and Secretary of the Students' Council. Her plans for the future are indefinite.



Michael Sherman Tanner

"Mike"

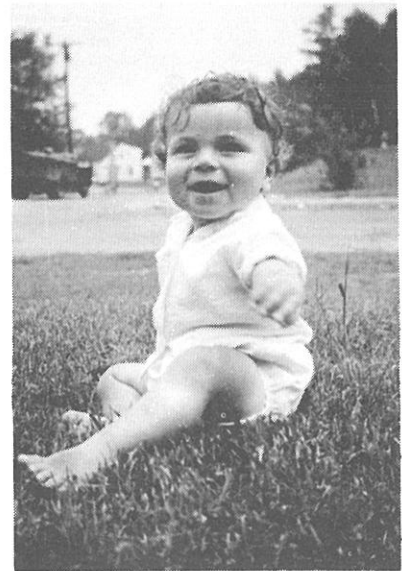
Michael was born in Lunenburg and has attended schools in Lunenburg since his Grade Primary year at the Academy. His plans for the future are to attend University, entering the Business Administration Program.



"Give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself."

- Robert L. Stevenson

I, David Steeves, being of dubious mind and body, leave to Alan Creaser the extremely invaluable knowledge of "spontaneous extemporization". To Mr. Garg, I depart taking with me many "glowing" memories, which fortunately defy description. Last and definitely least, I leave to all my fond and faithful adversaries the comforting knowledge that I "bury the hatchet" once and for all - where and when, however, remains to be seen.

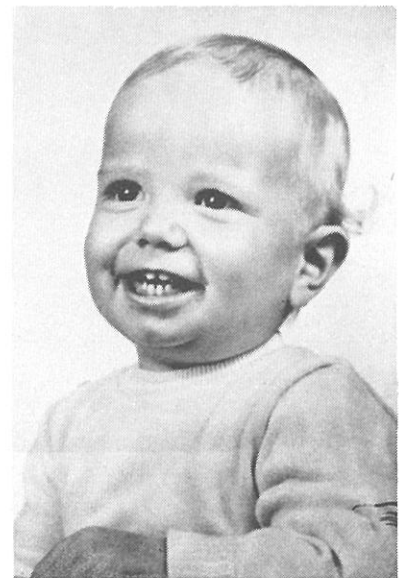


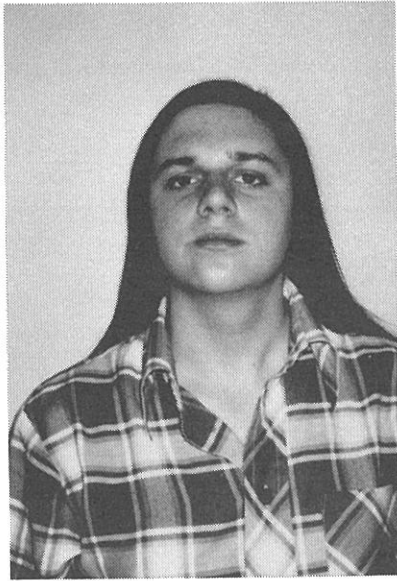
"A male is like an electric current - always following the path of least resistance."

I, Jane Tanner, being of evaporated mind and hardy body, leave to my brother, Peter, my personal lunch drawer in Mr. Lewis' desk and my tolerance of Mr. Brison's spasmodic outbursts during English classes.

"When the day is over and your work is done, prepare yourself for the day to come."

I, Michael Tanner, being of worn out mind and body, leave to Philip May and Peter Baker my ability to loaf around in lab classes and still manage to get the lab done. Also, to the next grade 12 class, I leave, to anyone who wants it, my inability to write English essays in hopes that they can keep my record of all time low marks.





Randolph Willis Tanner

"Randy"

Randy was born in Lunenburg and has attended Lunenburg schools since Grade Primary. His plans for the future are undecided. Good luck, Randy!

• Nancy Loretta Wilcox

"Nancy"

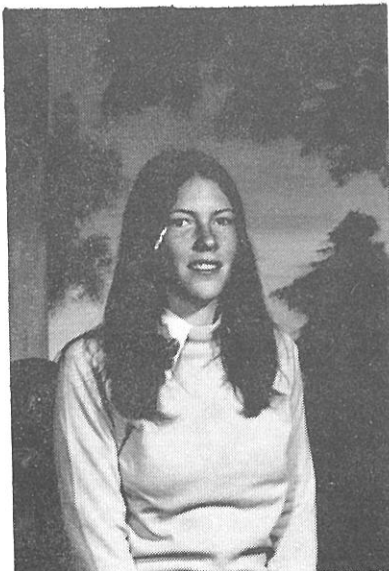
Nancy was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and moved to Lunenburg in 1960 where she started school in Grade Primary. She has participated in many activities including choral club, girls hockey, Canteen, Winter Carnival and Dance Committees. Her plans for the future are to attend Teachers College to study the Early Childhood Programme or to take her Bachelor of Arts degree at Acadia University.



Mary Lynn Wright

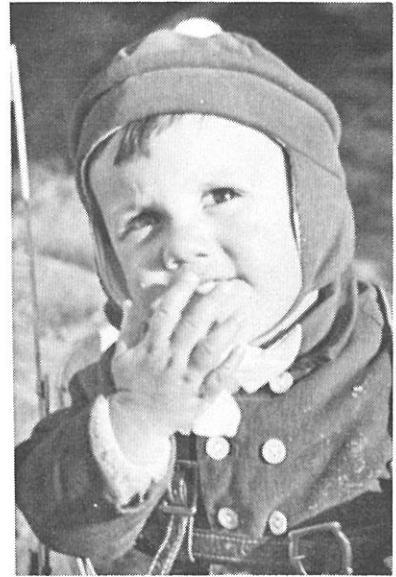
"Lynn"

Lynn was born in Berwick and lived in England until she moved to Lunenburg for her first two years of schooling. She then moved to Chester returning to Lunenburg joining our Grade 8 class. She has participated in a wide variety of activities ranging from editor of the literary magazine to badminton and volleyball. Next year she plans to attend Vocational School to take the CNA course and then possible take specialized training in Halifax.



"It is easy to say that something is right
but much harder to explain why."

I, Randy Tanner, being of unsound mind
and body, leave my books to anybody who
wants them."

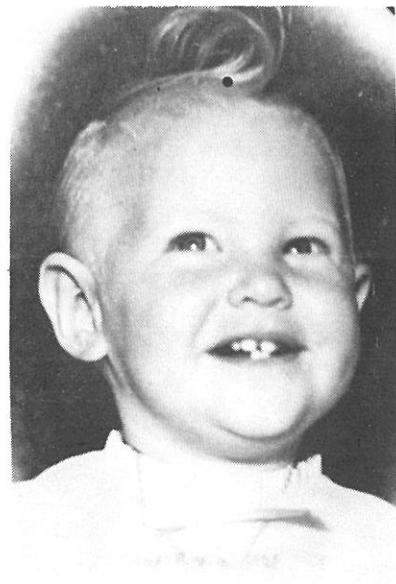


I only hope to have "the serenity to accept
the things I cannot change; the courage to
change the things I can; and the wisdom to
know the difference."

I, Nancy Wilcox, being of embarrassed mind and
sound body, leave my uncontrollable ability to
blush during the most awkward and inconvenient
situations to my brother, Bill, in hopes that
he can use it to a better advantage than I ever
did.

"Men, said the Devil,
Are good to their brothers:
They don't want to mend
Their own faults, but each other's."

I, Lynn Wright, being of sound mind and
body, leave to my brother, Stephen, my
parking space. To my sister, Ann, my
ability to hold my temper - no matter how
many English classes Mr. Brison spends
ridiculing women.





Peggy Anne Zinck

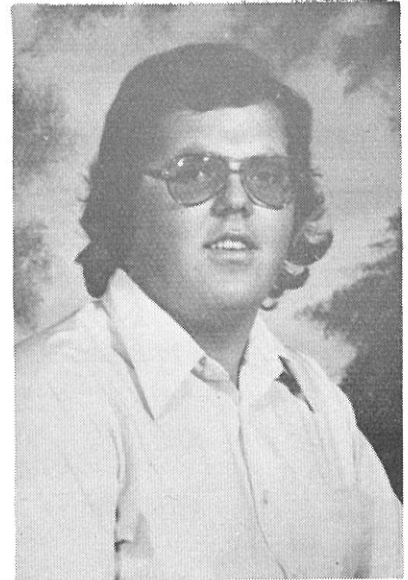
"Peggy"

Peggy was born in Lunenburg and has gone to Lunenburg schools since Grade Primary. This year she was Chairwoman of the Winter Carnival Committee and a member of the Canteen Committee. Her plans for the future are to take the CNA course at Vocational School and to specialize in obstetrics.

Peter Sherman Zwicker

"Herb"

Peter was born in Lunenburg and was one of the original members of our class, starting school in Grade Primary at the Academy. He has been the timekeeper for L.H.S. hockey games, a member of the Reach for the Top team and Co-Business Manager for the "Seagull". Next year his plans are to attend university for a Bachelor of Business Administration.



"'Unto Him that hath shall be given'-
which, being interpreted, meaneth
that the one who has a head will get
ahead."

I, Peggy Zinck, being of weak mind and rather
sound body, leave to the Chairman of next year's
Winter Carnival Committee a darn good supply
of aspirins!



"It is much easier to do something right than
to take the time to explain why you did it
wrong."

Longfellow

I, Peter Zwicker, being of sound mind and body,
leave to my sister, Lisa, my ability to do so
well in math. To Jim "Kid" Johnston, my seat
in the back of trig class in hopes he will learn
more than I did. To my little sister, Andrea,
the hope that she can get along with Mr. Garg
better than I did. To anyone, who is stupid
enough to want them, my scribblers, in hopes
they can make better use of them than I did.

NAME	PET LOVE	PET HATE	FAVOURITE SAYING	WILL PROBABLY BE
Peter B.	driving	Sunday afternoons and trees	"You're right!"	a permanent loser
Kendall B.	Bowling Alley and Export "A" cigarettes	eighth classes	"*#X°°?''"	the foundry mortician
Judy C.	R.R.	worms	"Oh my, what am I gonna do?"	a revolutionary
Alan C.	VW	VW with dents	"You'll lose, Nig!"	even slower
Eric E.	H.A.P.	breaking a hockey stick	"I know I'm lazy."	more useless than ever
Daphne F.	blood, sweat and tears; cream- sicles, Isabel Rose	records that skip	"What a riot."	a little bit of everything
Joe H.	holidays	watching people eat	"Going out for a smoke?"	convicted for bigamy
Kathy H.	Chante and hockey games	socks	"Hey, psst!"	late as usual
Leslee H.	schooners	turkeys	"Whateva!"	president of weight watchers
Terry L.	"jamming"	mornings	"Yes, for a while."	shot on sight
Kevin L.	pop machines	faulty pop machines and pennies	"I've got to check the machines first."	married to a pop machine
Nancy M.	music	a certain nick name	"That's not fair!"	a geezzer
Henry M.	MacDonald's	two classes in a row	"What, yeah."	the centre-fold for Cosmopolitan
Shirley M.	Ren	not having jeans to wear	"I bet."	lost in thin air
James M.	sailboats	30 M.P.H. zones	"I'm not mad°"	a casanova

NAME	PET LOVE	PET HATE	FAVOURITE SAYING	WILL PROBABLY BE
Philip M.	winning close hockey games	backpacking equip-ment to Monday morning hockey practice	"Listen, let's do it now so we don't have to worry about it later!"	illiterate and uneducated
Susan M.	chewing gum	doing homework	"Oh, is that right?"	a chauffeur
Cathy M.	long fingernails	broken fingernails	"You're joking."	a paranoid mani- curist.
Paula P.	ugliness	big egos	"What a man!"	hospitalized
Heather P.	E.A.T.E. and sports	getting mad	"You don't look sorry."	a loudspeaker
Chris. R.	creating rank odours	"Spaz"	"No, but you see!"	a Newfoundland golddigger
Rosemary S.	Harlequin Romances	horror movies	"What's that suppose to mean."	an opera singer
Graham S.	a certain 2 2/3 days of the week	Monday mornings	"Yeah, sure!"	a sadist
Anne-Marie S.	taking the trunk to hockey practice.	wearing socks and running the chocolate bar campaign	"Nothing's wrong."	mathematician
David S.	Germany (especially German B....)	Seagulls	"No, I never had nothin' to do with it!"	paranoid
Jane T.	eating giblets and relish during thunder storms	dirty public toilet seats	"I'll grease you down."	committed to the N.S.
Michael T.	not doing math homework	writing essays	"Far out!"	a tooth fairy
Randy T.	Export "A" cigarettes	Monday mornings	"Hurry up, Spencer!!"	a belly dancer
Nancy W.	chocolate chip cookies	diets	"Oh, I was so embarrassed!"	a communist
Lynn W.	summer	doctor's needles	"Well, I don't know."	a playboy bunny
Peggy Z.	U.N.B.	work	"Is that right!"	divorced
Peter Z.	jamming	trig. class	"fifty out of a hundred, I passed."	a professional student

THE MYSTERY OF THE NIGHT BEFORE

ON THE MORNING AFTER

Grade Twelve Prophecy

Conceived and written by Jane Tanner '76 and Chris Ritcey '76

In the midst of a storm, off the coast of Lignem Vitey, the world-famous luxury ocean-liner, "James Lee III", was floundering in heavy winds and high seas. Captain Terry Langille busied himself studying his radar and waiting anxiously for a reply to his frenzied S.O.S. signal. During this time he continuously cursed at himself for not having bought a Johnson C.B. set instead of the cheap Japanese job, a Jauna, which he had on board.

Meanwhile, two decks below, in the huge main dining-room, the ship's passengers were vomitting incessantly. Each person secretly wondered whether the rough storm, the wild cocktail party, or the last meal cooked by the chief chef, Nancy Maxner, had caused their condition.

The ship's owner, James Lee Mosher III, was riding out the storm in his aft quarters, entertaining his harem of thirty dirty women, of mixed nationalities. J.L. was rudely interrupted by the crackling of the ship's loud-speaker.

"Attention! Ah...would all passengers...ah...please return...ah...to their rooms...ah...ah...so that the...ah...debris on the dining-room floor...ah... can be sponged up. Would all passengers...ah...please refrain from making... ah...further mess in the ship's interior. Um...um...if in the case that you do have to...ah...um?...the captain suggests that you might go on deck and do it there. Ah...please hold onto hand-grips or you might be washed overboard. Thank you." This was babbled out in a seductive voice of the ship's announcer, Daphne Falkenham.

At this time, the ship's infirmary was in a state of utter confusion. Patients Nancy Wilcox and Susan Mosher were admitted with acute cases of stomach influenza and liver inflammation due to spending some of the storm hours locked in the liquor hold of the ship. They had been found by the well-known Soft-Drink-King, Kevin 'Lou' Lohnes, while on a midnight stroll on deck.

Dr. Dave Steeves conscientiously made his rounds, keeping head-nurse Peggy Zinck a-hopping with an occasional pinch and a 'come on, Peg!', while charming the female patients with his Websters Dictionary diction and low 'he-man' voice.

.

Late that night, the storm subsided and all passengers of the ship fell into either a heavy sleep or passed out. Two shadows quietly made their way down the hall towards J.L.'s cabin: the first shadow, tall, lanky and resembling a bean pole, belonged to that of Chris Ritcey, alias 'Spaz'; the second, tall, stocky, and frizzy-haired, was that of Alan 'Killer' Covey. Both were two-bit thugs, hired by world Capitalists to seek out and destroy James Lee Mosher III because of his increasing power and wealth.

Carefully picking the lock so as not to disturb the inhabitant, the shadowed figures entered the room. Thump! Boom! Crash! Bang!

"Dammit, son of a &&¢#)*@@!"

"You Spaz!"

"Sorry...slipped on a fruit!"

"Keep cool - keep cool; watch out for more fruits - must've been an orgy here tonight."

Slowly the pair made their way towards J.L.'s bedside, stepping gingerly over the clutter on the cabin floor. 'Killer' raised his brass-knuckled fist high in the air, ready to strike the unsuspecting victim, when suddenly 'Spaz' shrieked: "Wait! There's a knife in his t'roat!" The two conspirators ran from the room and down the hall, as their shriek had aroused passengers in neighbouring rooms. A crowd quickly gathered and in a minute the ship's corrupt cop, Peter Baker, was on the scene, questioning people left and right. Realizing that this was more than he wished to handle he asked the captain to call in outside help.

In the office of "The Three Stooges Detective Agency" the phone rang and Chief Detective Joe 'Newf the Goof' Hanrahan answered it in his sexy, Newfoundland-accented voice. After hearing the facts he herded together his associates: Randolph 'Powder Puff' Tanner and Kendall 'Nig' Black and headed toward the coast of Lignum Vitae.

As a dory from the James Lee III drew near the wharf, the coxswain and part-time slave-driver, Peter 'Herb' Zwicker could be heard bellowing indecent, four-letter words at his oarswomen. These oarswomen were a special task-force of slaves, who fell under the wit and charm of this romantic, 7-seas adventurer. The unfortunate girls were Cathy 'Muscles' Munroe, Jane 'Terrible' Tanner, Rosemary 'Rose' Skinner and Leslie 'Himmelwoman' Himmelman.

On the return leg of their trip, Herb was explaining to the Three Stooges, governmental cutbacks in the Population Growth Program and its adverse effect on the Baby Bonus Program.

On board the detectives narrowed down the suspects and the endless questioning began. Paula Parsons and Ann Marie Spindler were in the clear as both had been involved in a bar-room brawl and as a consequence were laid up in the infirmary with multiple broken bones and bruises. Their story was backed up by Judy Corkum, a bar-girl with a love for excitement and spirits. Philip Mosher, an upcoming geologist, was questioned but found to be innocent as he was in his room all night explaining to a neighbouring passenger Graham Spencer the relationship between geophysical aspects of crystalline formations and acoustical vibrations in the social environment. Shirley Morrison, an obese passenger destined for Trinidad and her lover, was also questioned. After three torturous hours of unending silence, the Three Stooges, by a one-to-two minority, decided that she was much too silent and stubborn to be a murderess.

The next evening, eighteen hours after the murder, all passengers and crew of the James Lee III gathered in the main dining-room; all had been questioned except eight. Henry Mills II and his boisterous fiance, Kathleen Hebb, were terribly annoyed at having been included in the cast of suspects. After all, why should anyone suspect them as Miss Hebb was the richest and Mr. Mills was the sexiest (quoted by Playgirl) in the world, so that neither J.L.'s money nor his harem were sought after. Lynne Wright, the sales lady of the small I.G.A. store on the liner was off the hook because she was stocking shelves and banging on a cash register all night. The baffled detectives scratched their heads while munching on leftovers from the dining-room. All of a sudden, in burst the ship's

first officer, Mike Tanner, with two hoodlums. At once, passengers in the dining-room began to shout accusations: "They're the ones! I saw them run out of J.L.'s room! Kill the bums! Hang the crooks!" The accused pair were pelted with rotten cheese sandwiches, pickles, tomatoes and spoiled boiled eggs. Falling to their knees, they pleaded their innocence and the tears started to flow. Weeping intensely, the dining-room floor soon became flooded with water and before too long, people were wading around in waist-deep water.

Meanwhile, with the added ballast of water, the ship slowly began to sink. Water gradually seeped onto the deck and funneled its way downward.

By now the water level had risen to the six foot level and people were swimming around. Escape was impossible and as panic reached a climax, two forms floated into the dining area on a roasting pan. It was the Maid Heather 'Hap' Power and her lover, J.L.'s butler, Eric Eisenhauer.

"We confess, we confess!!! They didn't kill him, we did!"

"He threatened to expose our intimate relationship and threatened to expose everything to my wife in Honnasheekshee."

"We did not like to kill him but our plan worked out so easy."

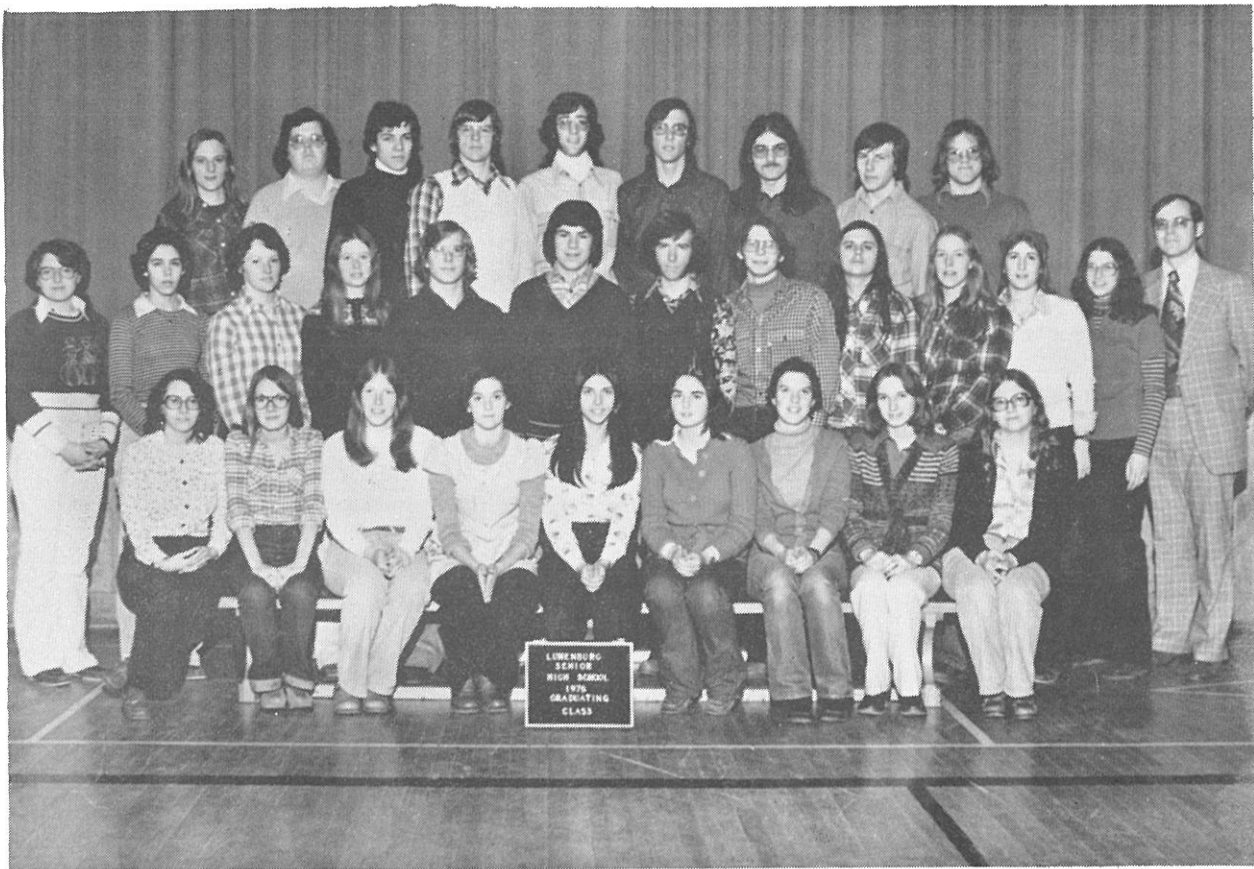
"I had all the angles" said Eric "and she had all the curves."

During the confession no one had noticed that the water level had risen. When they did, it was too late. Water now came gushing over the sides of the ship and she slowly began to go under. When the rescue craft arrived, two survivors were picked up out of a large roasting pan floating in the water. As they were hoisted up into a helicopter, one turned to the other and remarked "You know, crime really does pay!"

Authors' Note:

This article was written solely to entertain humorous people. Any embarrassing similarity relating to persons in real life, are intentional but not malicious. Any reproductions of this article, either in part or in whole, without the written permission or consent from the authors is a no-no.

1976 GRADUATING CLASS



- First Row: J.Corkum, S.Morrison, L.Wright, J.Tanner, H.A.Power, R.Skinner, N.Maxner, C.Munroe, S.Mosher.
- Second Row: A.M.Spindler, K.Hebb, P.Parsons, N.Wilcox, E.Eisenhauer, D.Steeves, M.Tanner, P.Mosher, R.Tanner, D.Falkenham, P.Zinck, L.Himmelman, Mr. W. Jewers.
- Third Row: S.Spencer, P.Zwicker, J.Mosher, P.Baker, C.Ritcey, K.Lohnes, T.Langille, K.Black, A.Covey. Missing: H.Mills, J.Hanrahan.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM THE GRADUATING CLASS OF '76

Life is but a task
to work the wonders of man
as God justifies. P.B

If we have religion
then we have something
to look forward to. K.B.

Budding flower waits,
plentiful rain won't help
unless roots are touched. J.C.

Life passes with time,
death comes with the end of life,
life is much too short. A.C.

To know who you are
and to see yourself just once
is only a dream. E.E.

Leaving my birthplace
both my heart and soul remain...
adjustments come hard. D.F.

Snow that melts in spring
reveals the naked flower
-colour explodes around us. J.H.

Our present ideals
are derived from our past deeds
-reflective mirrors. K.H.

My happiness is...
someone to think nice thoughts of,
my mind has a friend. L.H.

A flowered field,
a reflection from the heavens
soon dies, but lives on. T.L.

After disaster
all wishes are forgotten
for internal peace. K.L.

I climb the ladder
then finally at the top
life has just begun. N.M.

Though times may be hard
as in the cruelest season
fragile roots survive. H.M.

It falls all gently
on the morning grounds
glories of the dew. C.M.

Slow misty music
is the players only tune
when he is alone. S.M.

Snow falls from the sky
blanketing the streets with peace
while the children play. J.M.

With education
man develops in new ways
but follows old paths. P.M.

Whispering sounds in the night
make a noise just like
the moon sweeping the sky. S.M.

In the early morn
the song birds adorn the trees;
the earth lives again. P.P.

Ah, to have known fear,
one cannot ask for much more
than to have courage. H.A.P.

Strong winds running wild
form the beauty of white caps,
Atlantic Playground. C.R.

A lone flower stands
and looks around at its world
feeling like a king. R.S.

I do not yield
to the harvest of mass words
without stubbornness! G.S.

The sea holds the time
from the beginning of life
to the time of death. A.M.S.

Hope - the gift of God
to uplift the spiritless
and strengthen the soul. D.M.S.

Mud puddles are now
the watery playgrounds of
future scientists. J.T.

Up on the hill top
as the wind blows to the west
bright flowers blossom. M.T.

Mankind is living
the earth is developing, too,
but the light won't last. R.T.

Spilled upon the sand
the dreams of a thousand men...
each is a small stone. N.W.

Entering the world
all the bright lights burn his eyes
and the baby sobs. L.W.

The hands of a clock
grasp the hours of a life
as it starts to end. P.Z.

The time has come
to wish for what I chose
a life for new thought. P.Z.

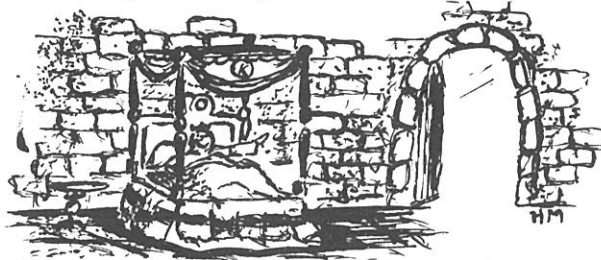
NOW, LISTEN, GRADE TWELVE...

by P.D.B.

As the scene opens, a middleaged and slightly balding man, wearing a familiar suit, and striking a familiar stance behind his podium, squints into the lights and smiles on the cue, "Action".

"My friends, I invite you to listen to this true story. I hope it will bring new meaning into your life, as it did mine."

The tired, dirty and dying old king propped himself up on his elbow and called "Henry" with all his strength. "Hen-ry!" until his once red locks shook. "Fool, go through the lands of Grey Rocks and find my errand boy, Henry."

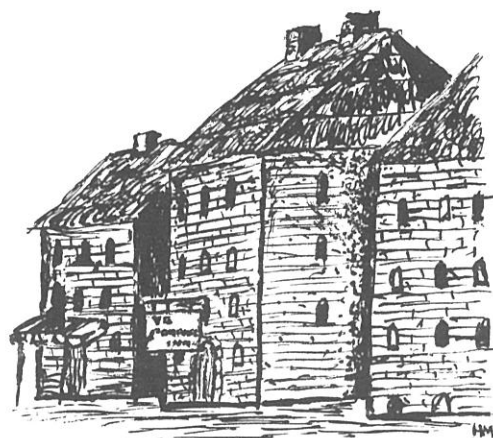


The King's fool, Flip, was a peculiar little old man with a most unusual pair of square legs! Accompanied by two lackies - ah, guards - Larry and Moe, Flip began a systematic search of all the local hangouts, Ye Bowling Lanes, Ye Poole Hall, and the Church. At the church, they were met by James, the sexton, and his assistant Morlee Hummelman, who really dug her job. The tall smooth talking sexton thought the law had finally heard of the coat he had borrowed from the King's Highway Construction Crewe, and thus conspired to confuse them with an assortment of original jokes. On leaving the premises, with little satisfaction, one guard was heard to say, "I know that ain't some crazy buddy in there."

Behind the red and yellow mask the faithful servant made his rounds, the press reporting he was everywhere. He stopped by the mill to talk to Flue, who had patented his coin dispensing Flour Power mill.

But not a word did he get from Blue, except a phrase he spoke to himself, "Say, who is that masked man, anyway?"

Alas, and hark, at the door of Ye Porpoise Inn A bunch of the boys were whooping it up, and playing a jagtime tune, when a slight and fair country lass peered through the peephole and said, "I'm Joan, Who sent you?"



Yes, there in a secret back room, guarded by his followers and friends, both of them, was the Valiant Prince Hal. Sir Ford Spaz was there, holding a winch on his knee. Some of the girls were heard to say, "It's worth more than that", and "I know, but that's not fair", or "Can we go now?"

There sat the good Prince Hal,
His Falstaff on his right,
and his nose within a book;
His eyes stared to God knows where,
As his pen began to write.
A gasp of silence filled the room.
"Pierre", said Hal, to his literary agent,
"Tell me sir, if it's within your power,
A rhyme for this poem, the last in the book,
To finish up, and get your 10%
A nice little bonus is yours
For a word that rhymes with GLDC."



To make a long story short, the Prince was persuaded, by the Fool, a court injunction,

several pretty ladies, and by a severely wrenched arm, to return to the King's bedside. A press release issued next morning by spokesperson, Duffy Finkenham, stated "The King is dead. Long live the King."

The Will was read by Uriah Steepes, the trusted family lawyer. Everyone was there, the daughters, sons, family friends, and yes, even the old family tutor, Priceson, who was sitting on the edge of his desk with his feet on one of the chairs. The Will read on:

To my oldest daughter, Pearl, I leave my best pair of work boots, and best of luck for the weekend. To my youngest daughter, Carnationary, I leave my personal copy of Lord of the Flies. To my onetime faithful friend, Hammarhead, I leave my autographed copy of How to Pick Up Girls. To my son with the number four birthmark on his forehead, I leave Howie Meeker's Hockey Secrets. To Henry goes the remainder of my estate, my throne near the window at the back of the room, and my ladies-in-waiting, in hopes he can make more use of them than I.

The following day found the young prince back at the Porpoise deep in his writing, and even more concerned with the rhyme. There were still illustrations to consider.

The moral of this little story is that there is a little bit of good in all of us, and some of us have just that, very little good in us.

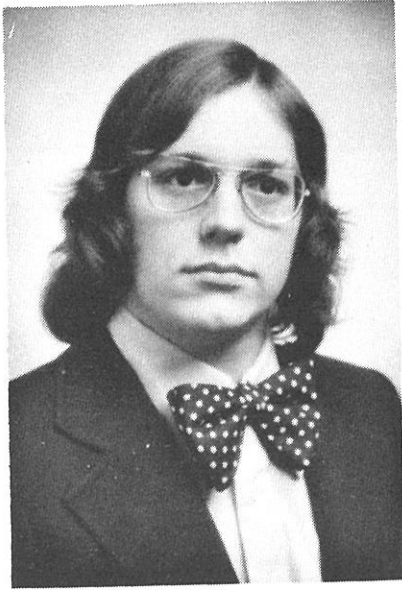
My friends, if this story has warmed your heart, if it has brought a ray of light to your life, and you would like a copy of my new book "Sins I Have Seen", send only \$5.00, \$8.50 for the illustrated edition, to First Middle Back West Centre, today. Included for a limited time, a personalized automatic electric bookmark.

Now, listen, Grade Twelve....!



CAN YOU IMAGINE...

Peter Baker	-	making sense?
Kendall Black	-	as the "All Canadian Boy"?
Judith Corkum	-	not disagreeing?
Alan Covey	-	driving sensibly?
Eric Eisenhauer	-	spitting at Heather?
Daphne Falkenham	-	friendless and unpopular?
Joe Hanrahan	-	teaching school?
Kathy Hebb	-	being energetic?
Leslee Himmelman	-	trying to put on weight?
Terry Langille	-	athlete of the year?
Kevin Lohnes	-	not being serious?
Nancy Maxner	-	thinking something is fair?
Henry Mills	-	as a blonde?
Shirley Morrison	-	yelling?
Jimmy Mosher	-	rowing in the dory races?
Philip Mosher	-	failing a test?
Susan Mosher	-	playing the part of the "jolly green giant"?
Cathy Munroe	-	without Paul?
Paula Parsons	-	with straight hair?
Heather Ann Power	-	being messy?
Chris Ritcey	-	short and fat?
Rosemary Skinner	-	remaining unemotional throughout an argument?
Graham Spencer	-	understanding something the first time?
Anne-Marie Spindler	-	wearing a pink and frilly dress?
David Steeves	-	without an excuse for everything?
Jane Tanner	-	laughing quietly?
Michael Tanner	-	being boisterous?
Randy Tanner	-	being mushy and romantic?
Nancy Wilcox	-	not being able to blush?
Lynn Wright	-	having perfect attendance?
Peggy Zinck	-	joining the convent forever?
Peter Zwicker	-	in the House of Commons?



VALEDICTORY '75

by Michael Baker '75

Tonight is the last time that we, the graduating class, will be High School students. It is both a time of sadness and of joy.

We are joyful at having finally reached our goal of graduating from High School. This goal, which seemed so distant in Elementary School, is now realized and yet, as with most goals, tonight is not all that we might have hoped. For tonight is

the beginning of our education and not the ending of it.

Education for some of us will be attendance at university or vocational schools, for others it will be work. Yet, whatever type of education we pursue our common bond lies in the fact that none of us will stop being educated.

The sorrow, that we feel sitting here on the stage tonight is the sorrow of a person who sees himself losing all his friends. This feeling, however unreasonable, can be justified by the fact that this is our last night together as a class.

Our class is very special to us because of the people it contains, and because of the good and sometimes bad times that we have shared.

There is no one among us who can forget the mysterious projectitis disease or the lectures. There are memories from which it is not possible to abstain.

As a class we did not always agree, and sometimes we would argue very strongly, but in the end we all remained friends. Our friendship and unity as a class cannot be explained in social terms, for we are a diverse group of individuals who come from many different backgrounds. The only explanation for the success of our class as a group is that we wanted to stay a whole class, with all of us as friends. Our friendships have been reinforced by the many projects that the class has undertaken while in High School. These projects were in many ways as important to our success in High School as any book.

I believe that in their hearts all the graduates feel that this class has been the only possible class for them. Indeed, I feel that in the minds of all the graduates there is a feeling of loss in the realization that they may never be as close to some of their friends again. Yet, High School has given to many of us, friendships which will last a lifetime, and for this we are glad.

There are two groups of people here tonight, who besides ourselves, should take pride in our graduating from High School. These two groups of people are the parents and the teachers of the graduating class.

These people indeed deserve to be proud, for it is they who have helped us when we needed help, reprimanded us when we deserved reprimanding, and above all else, it is they who gave us reassurance that our goal was attainable and worthwhile.

There is not enough thanks which can sufficiently express the debt that we owe to our teachers, for it is they who were given the responsibility of educating and shaping us. It is impossible to explain what patience and understanding this requires.

However, above all other people, the group which deserves the most credit and thanks for their help is the parents of the graduating class. From the day that we were born, these people have given us all the assistance that they could give us. This debt may never be repaid by words or actions for they have given us the two most valuable gifts in the world, life and knowledge.

The debt which we owe to our parents, teachers and indeed to the country that we live in can only be repaid by acting in a manner which will justify their faith in us.

They have given us the tools for success. They have given us knowledge and a foundation on which to build. It is up to us through the use of wisdom, compromise, compassion and logic to build a better world and to make our role in it meaningful.

It is in our hands that the future is entrusted. It is up to us to give Canadian society its shape. We must be ready to become active citizens who participate in the affairs of our country because it is only through our efforts that society will change for the better. Thus, as we sit here, we must contemplate the time when we will become the business, social, religious and political leaders of our country.

We must remember that there are many changes which will take a long time to be achieved and that these changes plus the needs of the future are our responsibilities.

In closing, I would like to say that this class, which has spent thirteen long years together has completed its formal High School education, however, the class still has the education of life ahead of it. We have been challenged by school in the past and we will be challenged by life in the future, but I believe that the graduating class of 1975 is up to the challenge.



1975 GRADUATING CLASS

Front Row: C.Corkum, P.Langille, E.Mosher, A.Johnston, V.Eisenhauer, A.Demone,
E.Ernst, K.Powers, P.Dominix, A.Hardiman, C.Shepherd, D.Vandine, R.Levy.

Second Row: H.Mills, P.MacDonald, P.Boulanger, R.Whynacht, M.Baker, M.Burke,
R.Rowlands, P.Haughn, Mr. W.Jewers.

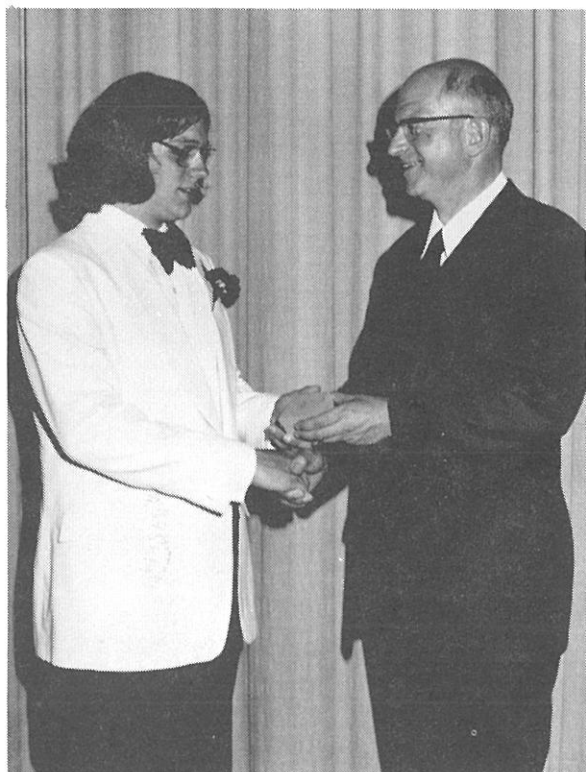
Back Row: P.Kinley, I.MacDonald, S.Zinck, D.Tanner, D.Creaser, D.Tanner, K.Hebb, D.Strickland



SILVER A'S 1975

Front Row: R.Levy, C.Corkum, A.Johnson.

Back Row: S.Zinck, P.Boulanger, M.Baker, P.Kinley.



QUEEN ELIZABETH MEDAL

Michael Baker - Presented by
Mr. Andrew Eisenhauer



GOVERNOR GENERAL'S MEDAL

Alison Johnston - Presented by
Mr. Andrew Eisenhauer



BIRK'S MEDAL

Peter Boulanger - Presented by
Mr. Andrew Eisenhauer



LEGION SCHOLARSHIP

Alison Johnston - Presented by
Mr. John Ross



MAYOR'S MEDAL

Michael Baker - Presented by
Mr. Sherman Zwicker



LUNENBURG JAYCEE SCHOLARSHIP

Valerie Eisenhauer - Presented by
Mr. Michael Kenney



BOSCAWEN CHAPTER I.O.D.E.

Peter Kinley - presented by
Mrs. Grace Kinley



BOSCAWEN CHAPTER I.O.D.E.

Cindy Corkum - Presented by
Mrs. Grace Kinley



LADIES AUXILIARY SCHOLARSHIP

Steven Zinck - Presented by
Mrs. Douglas Fraser



WOMEN'S INSTITUTE SCHOLARSHIP

Danny Creaser - Presented by Mrs.C.Tanner



ALEXANDRA REBEKAH SCHOLARSHIP

Alison Johnston - Presented by Mrs.A.Backman



L.T.GOVERNOR'S MEDAL

D.Falkenham - Presented by Mr.A.Eisenhauer

TEN YEARS AFTER

by Dan Hutt '77
Susan Zinck '77

As we look back on the past ten years and the events that occurred in those ten years, we see many fascinating changes. For the graduating class of ten years ago life has continued on at a rapid pace. A brief account of the past ten years will give people an idea of how the lives and activities of Lunenburg's 1966 high school graduates have changed.

ROBERT ADAIR For two years Robert attended Atlantic College in Wales as part of the "outward Bound Program". He then studied Architecture at Nova Scotia Technical College, although he did not complete the course. Lately, he has been working with "Heritage Trust", Halifax, which entails surveying and assessing of old buildings. Presently, Robert is studying Theatre at Dalhousie University and does stage work at the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. He is living in Halifax.

JAMES BETTS Upon graduation from L.H.S., 'Jimmy' attended Dalhousie University and graduated from there with a Bachelor of Science and a Masters degree in Mathematics. He married Maureen Ross of Lunenburg and is presently working for Imperial Oil Limited, Halifax and living in Dartmouth with his wife and three children.

MARSHA CLARKE After graduation, Marsha went to Kings College where she obtained her Bachelor of Education. She now teaches grade one in Bonavista, Newfoundland and is married to George Stead.

SANDRA CONRAD Sandra went to the Nova Scotia Teachers College for two years and then taught two years in Dartmouth. She then went to Dalhousie University for two years graduating in 1972 with her Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Education; she majored in English. Sandra is presently teaching High School English in Timberlea.

CAROLYN CROUSE Carolyn graduated in 1970 from Acadia University with a Bachelor of Science in Home Economics and a Bachelor of Education. For the next three years she taught Home Economics at Clayton Park Junior High School, Halifax. Carolyn married Robert William Fry in April, 1971. In 1973, Carolyn and Bill joined C.U.S.A. (Canadian University Students Overseas) and were sent to Zambia for two years where they both taught; Carolyn in a girls' secondary school and Bill in a technical school. Presently, Carolyn and Bill live in Kincardine, Ontario where Bill works with the Lumus Company of Canada.

ROBERT DANIELS Following graduation Robert attended the Nova Scotia Institute of Technology in Halifax where he took a two year Mechanical Technology course. In 1971 Robert married Elizabeth Crouse. Robert works at the Michelin Plant in New Glasgow.

DONNA M. FORBES Immediately following high school, Donna attended Nova Scotia Teachers College where she received her license in Home Economics. Donna taught in Chester for three years where she met and married Phillip White from Truro. Donna and her husband are presently living in Whitehorse, Yukon Territories.

DAVID FRALICK Upon leaving high school, David took an electronics course in Toronto. In 1972 he married Annette LaCroix. David now works with an electronics company in Halifax.

MICHAEL DE LA RONDE After high school, Michael spent a period of time on the oceanographic ship, Vema. Upon his return he worked at the Motor Vehicle Branch in Halifax. He then worked at the Bedford Institute of Oceanography. Michael now works for the Department of the Environment in Halifax. Michael married Susan Harnish in 1970. They have two children and reside in Halifax.

JEWEL GIBSON Upon leaving high school, Jewel worked in the Bank of Montreal in Lunenburg. In 1968, she married Dan Rahn. They then moved to Digby where Jewel worked in the Bank of Nova Scotia. Presently they reside in Prince George, British Columbia, where Jewel works as an assistant administrator at a Dental Clinic. They have one child, a six year old boy.

PATRICIA GRAVEN Following high school, Patricia went into nurses training in Halifax. She graduated in nursing at the Victoria General Hospital in Halifax. She then married Leslie Noll. Patricia and her husband now reside in Toronto, Ontario and they have two children.

RICHARD KNICKLE Richard attended Hants Regional Vocational School in Windsor where he took electrical construction after leaving high school. He returned to Lunenburg where he is employed as an electrician at National Sea Products. He is married to Davilyn Hancock.

SHEILA LACE Following high school, Sheila trained at Camp Hill Hospital in Halifax where she graduated as a nurses' assistant. She then worked at Victoria Public Hospital in Fredericton. Sheila married Peter Rudolph in 1968. They presently reside in Woodstock, New Brunswick and have three children, two boys and one girl.

NANCY LAMB After high school, Nancy attended Maritime Secretarial School, where she graduated as a legal secretary. Nancy is presently employed as a legal secretary by Lunenburg lawyer, Walton Cook. She has a commission to the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. She is married to Bruce Conrad and they presently reside in Bayport.

SHIRLEY LEVY Shirely attended the Nova Scotia College of Art in Halifax after graduating from high school. At the college she took fine arts and education and graduated in 1970. She is now teaching at Merrittan High School. Shirley is now living in St. Catherines, Ontario.

FLORENCE LOHNES Immediately following high school, Florence attended Dalhousie University where she graduated with a B.A. and a B.Ed. She taught in schools in Germany and England. Florence is presently working with a computer company in Montreal.

PATSY MEISNER After graduating from high school Patsy took on several odd jobs. Patsy married Freeman Spindler in 1972. She is presently employed at Atlantic Shipbuilding in Mahone Bay but resides in Lunenburg.

SHARON MEISNER Sharon started training for an R.N. at the Halifax Infirmary. However, due to illness she could not complete the course. She was then employed at the Harbour View Haven and the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital in Lunenburg. Four years ago she married Edward Honneyman and is presently living in the U.S.A. Sharon and Edward plan to move to Lunenburg in June.

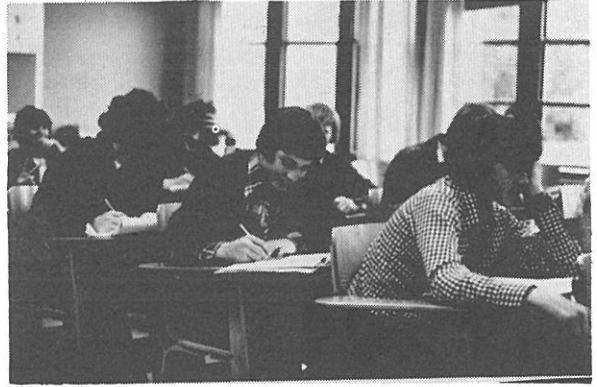
MARCIA POWERS Marcia attended Waterloo Lutheran University, Waterloo, Ontario for three years and received her Bachelor of Arts. She then went to the University of Toronto and received her Bachelor of Education. In the next few years, Marcia taught in Kapuskasing and St. Georges, Ontario; Chester Nova Scotia and then went back to Waterloo University for credits in social work. For the past two years, she has been going to Wilfred Laurier University (actually Waterloo University - they changed the name).

JANE RITCEY Jane attended Dalhousie University for four years and received her Bachelor of Physical Education, specializing in the area of elementary physical education. When she graduated in 1971, she received the Strathcona Award for highest standing in her class. While at Dal she spent a year as a Don at Sherriff Hall and was actively involved in Varsity Field Hockey. The following year Jane entered a graduate program in Health Education also at Dal. In the next two years she taught elementary physical education and junior high Health at Bridgewater. Presently Jane is working in the area of adaptive physical education at Bonny Lea Farm and is living in Chester. Jane has travelled across Canada and has been to Europe and the Western U.S.A.

RUSSELL SEABOYER Upon graduation, Russell took up an accounting position with Zwicker & Company Limited of Lunenburg. During the six years he worked here, Russell completed a two and a half year accounting course. In 1972 he accepted a job with ABCO of Lunenburg as paymaster and in 1975 he began employment with Powers Brothers Limited of Lunenburg in the accounting department of their Lunenburg office. Russell is presently living in Lunenburg.

JEROME TANNER Jerome attended Dalhousie University and received his Bachelor of Commerce degree. He is married to Elizabeth Young, R.N. and they have two children, Andrew and Lan. Presently, Jerome is working with Scott Maritime Pulp Limited, Abercranbie Paint, as accountant and he and his family live in Stellarton.

JAMES WENTZELL James attended the Nova Scotia Institute of Technology and graduated in 1968 with a diploma in Mechanical Technology. In 1972 he graduated from St. Mary's University with a Bachelor of Commerce Degree. James is now employed with H.R. Doane and Company, Chartered Accountants, in Kentville, N.S. He is married to Sue Miller of Lunenburg and they have one daughter, Christine, age two.



S T U D E N T S



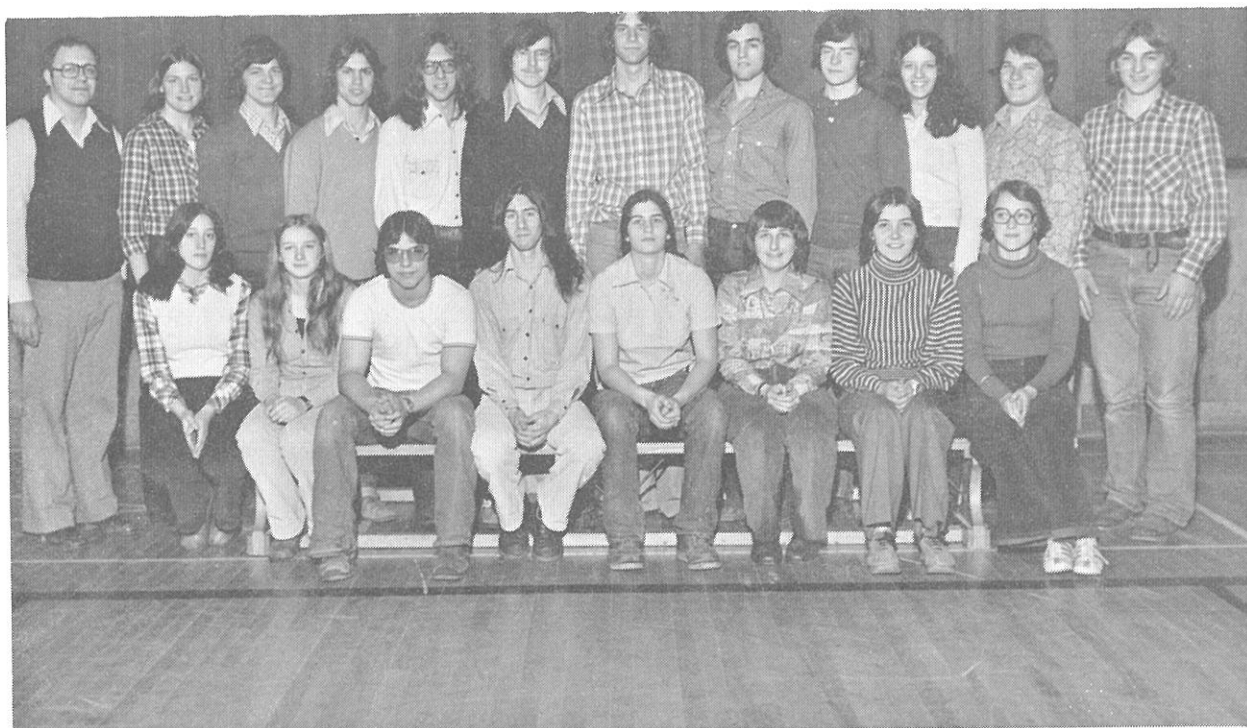


GRADE 11A

Front Row: S.Zinck, S.Silver, S.J.Nowe, A.Marnitz, H.Risser, L.Witherall, J.Saunders, S.Saunders.

Second Row: P.Smith, J.Eisenhauer, M.J.McDuff, D.Zinck, J.Kent, S.McLeod, B.Boudreau, Mr. K. Garg.

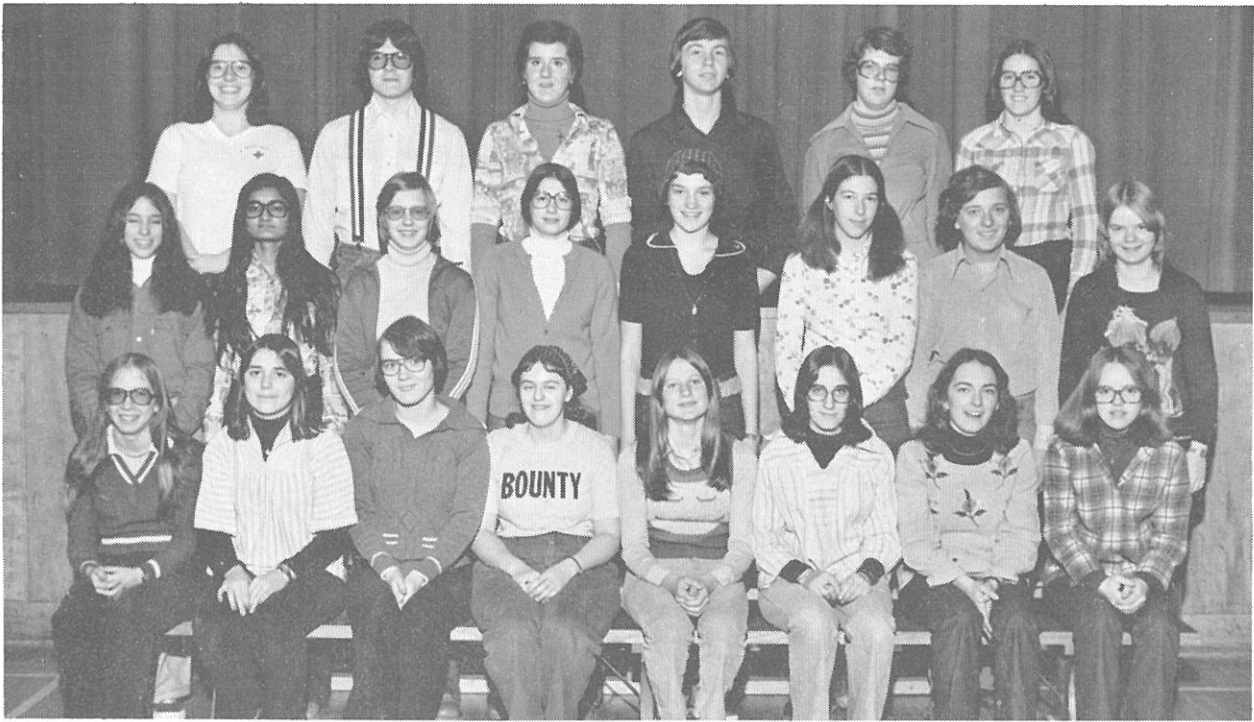
Back Row: J.Slack, K.Levy.



GRADE 11B

Front Row: D.Mosher, J.Perry, M.Kenney, C.Mosher, M.Knickle, G.Langille, P.Conrad, B.Crouse.

Back Row: Mr. Brison, V.Baker, A.Crouse, J.Johnston, D.Corkum, C.Scott, B.Gibson, D.Risser, D.Hutt, V.Power, G.Miller, R.Byers. Missing: S.Levy, D.Mason, D.Perry.



GRADE 10A

Front Row: M.Webb, V.Benteau, W.Nodding, S.Knickle, S.Spencer, W.Tanner, J.Collins, N.Perry.

Second Row: S.Mosher, A.Garg, D.Lohnes, M.Knickle, C.Hiltz, H.Beck, K.Cook, L.Brine.

Back Row: P.Wentzell, R.Backman, K.Greek, A.Crouse, L.Zwicker, J.Skinner

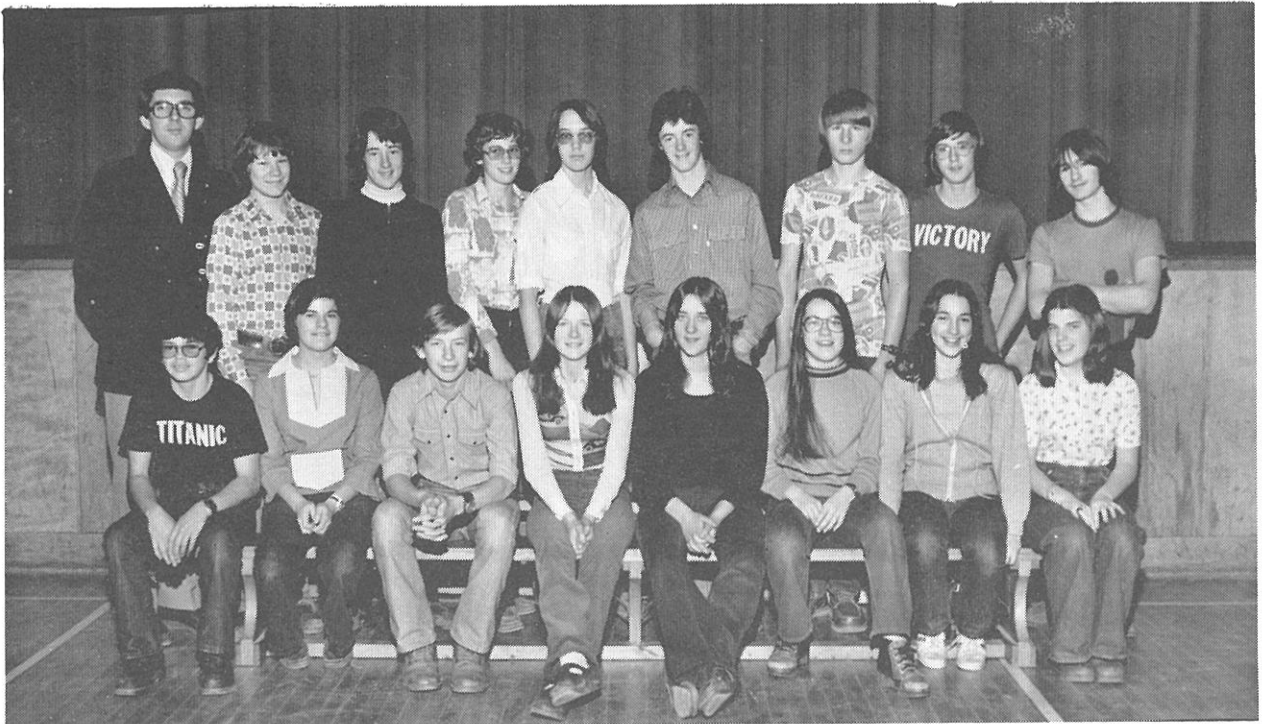


GRADE 10B

Front Row: J.Richards, M.Ritcey, S.Covey, P.Stewart, P.Kent, I.Creaser

Second Row: R.Romkey, M.Schmeisser, A.Rowlands, T.Fraelic, P.Smith, S.Saunders.

Back Row: C.Winterbourne, T.Purcell, L.Sheaves, P.May, P.Baker, C.Anderson, N.Bartlett. Missing: K.Grandy, C.Knickle, P.Ross, B.Rowlands, M.Silver, W.Tanner.



GRADE 9A

Front Row: K.Skinner, S.Hebb, L.Mosher, J.Schwartz, P.Whynacht, S.Boudreau, S.Zinck, B.Whynacht.

Back Row: Mr.Chamberlain, T.Francis, K.Rowlands, B.Nowe, D.Morrow, B.Wilcox, V.Ernst, S.Slack, K.Chisholm.

Missing: K.Corkum, J.Walters.

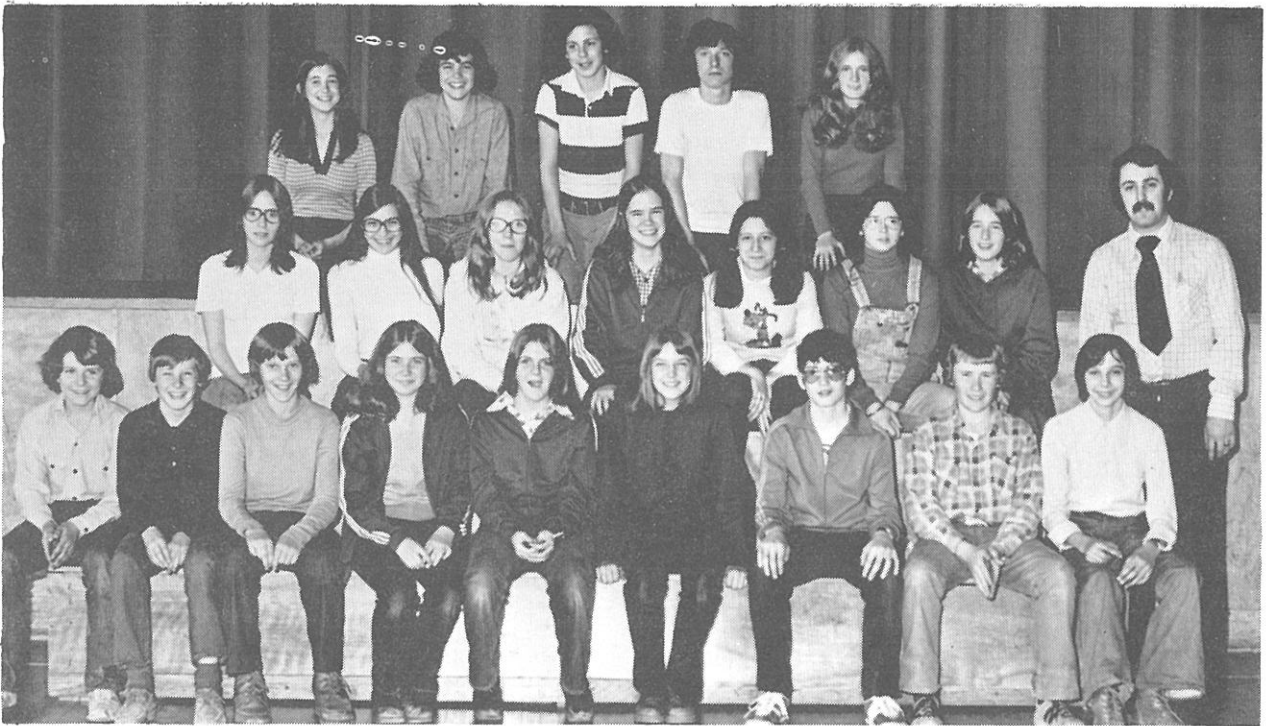


GRADE 9B

Front Row: M.Falkenham, D.Demone, C.Corkum, B.Chisholm, S.Wright, M.Demone, S.Hebb, C.Whynot.

Back Row: Mrs.Mosher, B.Chisholm, D.Hancock, M.Burns, M.Fox, R.Mitchell, C.Cyr, T.Eisenhauer, C.Knickle A.Holland, S.Feener.

Missing: W.Corkum, G.Winterbourne.



GRADE 8A

Front Row: J.Creaser, M.Demone, J.Mader, G.Strickland, A.Zwicker, S.Zinck, R.Stoodley, G.Seaboyer, K.Allen.

Second Row: L.Hancock, S.Boudreau, L.Hanams, J.Powers, M.Witherall, F.Knickle, S.Tanner, Mr. Middleton.

Back Row: M.Strawbridge, W.Feener, M. Corkum, D.Tanner, C.Saunders.
Missing - J.VanDine.

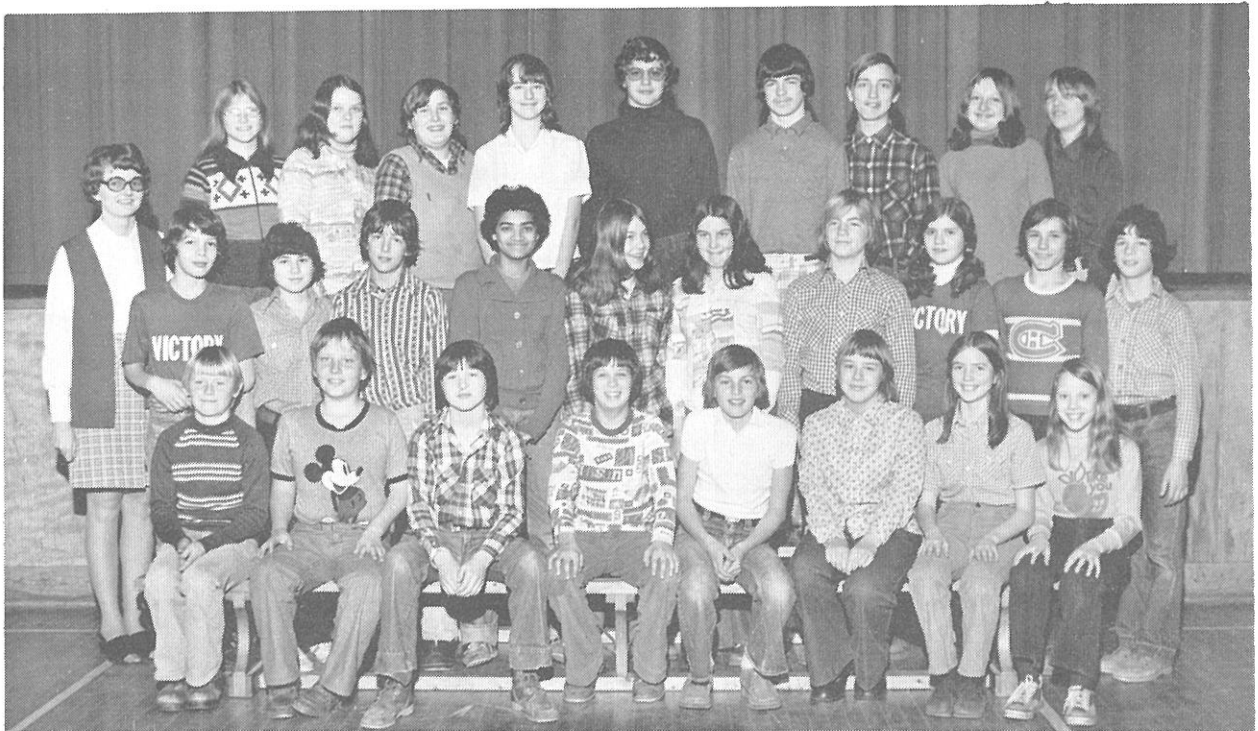


GRADE 8B

Front Row: G.Hannam, K.Corkum, W.Savory, K.Slack, N.Mason, A.Holland, P.VanDine, J.Warren.

Second Row: K.Jourdain, R.Backman, G.Stewart, K.Romkey, J.Pridham, J.Stoodley, J.Courtney, D.Shaw, Mr.Jobb.

Back Row: S.Parsons, C.Helpard, K.Oickle, C.Munroe, D.Perham, G.Sheaves.
Missing: Bruce Saunders, Betty Savory

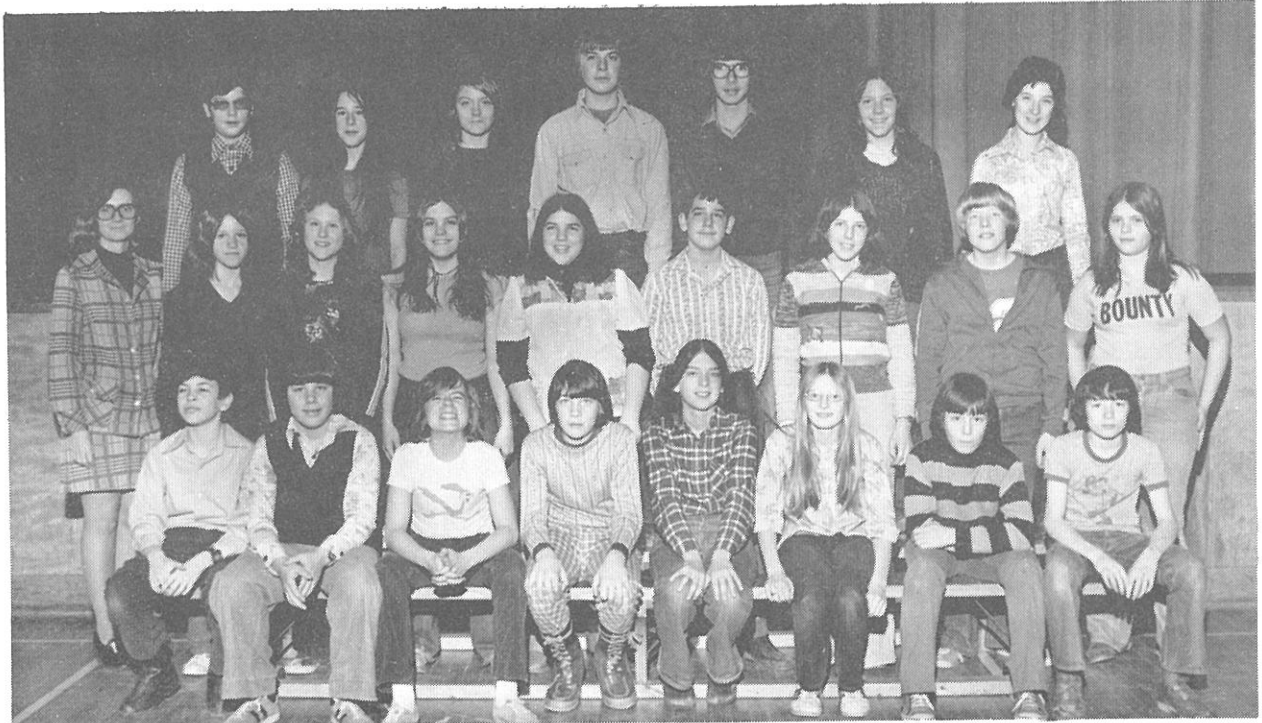


GRADE 7A

Front Row: K.May, E.Kinley, I.Kent, B.McLeod, T.Spindler, S.Meisner, E.Skinner, G.Mader.

Second Row: Mrs. McAllister, D.Ullock, J.Steeves, F.Lane, M.Marnitz, C.Black, W.Hancock, M.Knickle, S.Stoodley, W.Nodding, T.Ritcey.

Back Row: A.Wright, M.Mills, B.Cleveland, J.Tanner, P.Tanner, J.Richardson, J.Cleveland, C.Sawler, H.MacDonald. Missing: C.Childs, G.Rees

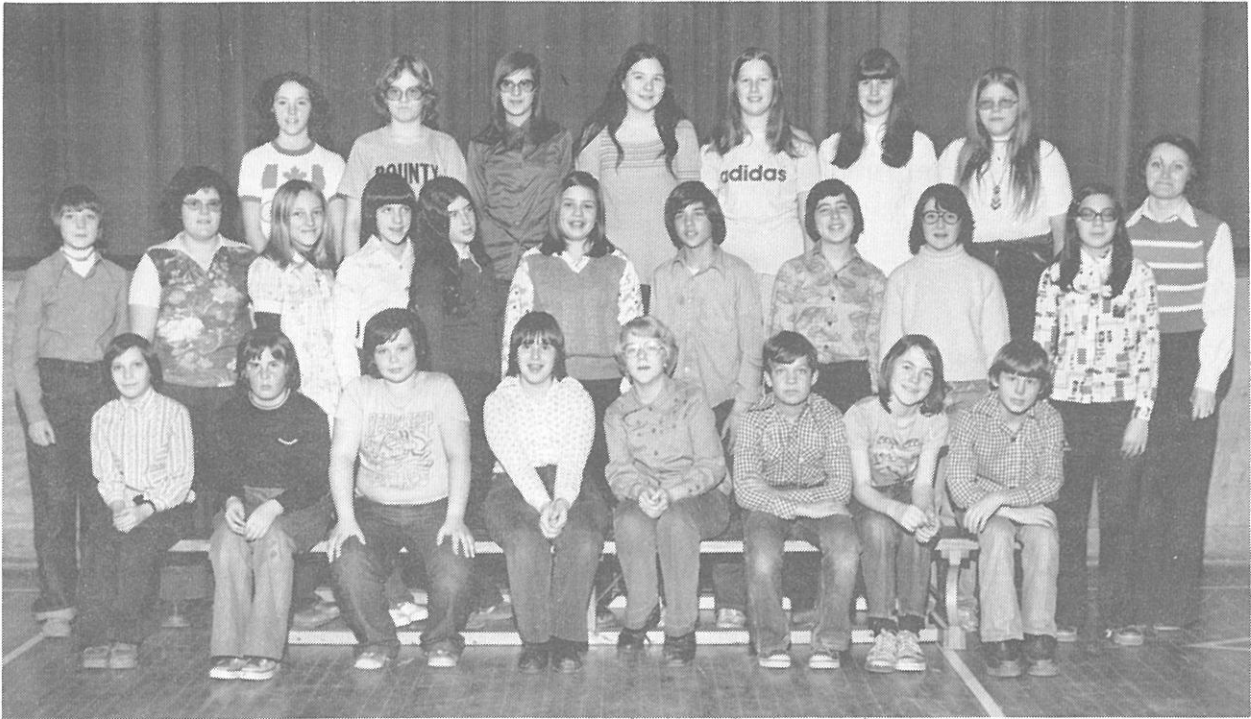


GRADE 7B

Front Row: G.Crouse, T.Dauphinee, S.Hebb, B.Langille, C.Collins, L.Bezanson, M.Savory, A.Rolands.

Second Row: Mrs. Kelly, V.Bartlett, D.Cook, N.MacDonald, S.Allen, W.Langille, J. Falkenham, M.Almeda, J.Morash.

Back Row: S.Lohnes, C.Ernst, J.Wilkie, B.Winters, T.Tanner, S.Lohnes, J.Hynick.



GRADE 6H

Front Row: D.Corkum, C.Crouse, T.Feener, V.Corkum, K.Beck, K.Ernst, G.Benteau, J.Cook.

Second Row: N.Follett, D.Tanner, J.Sawler, K.Melloy, J.Winterbourne, D.Emeneau, K.Strawbridge, C.Burns, A.Kent, M.Langille, Mrs.Hardiman.

Back Row: C.Parsons, B.Tanner, W.Cleveland, Y.Lohnes, M.Knickle, C.Baker, [N. Dauphinee.]

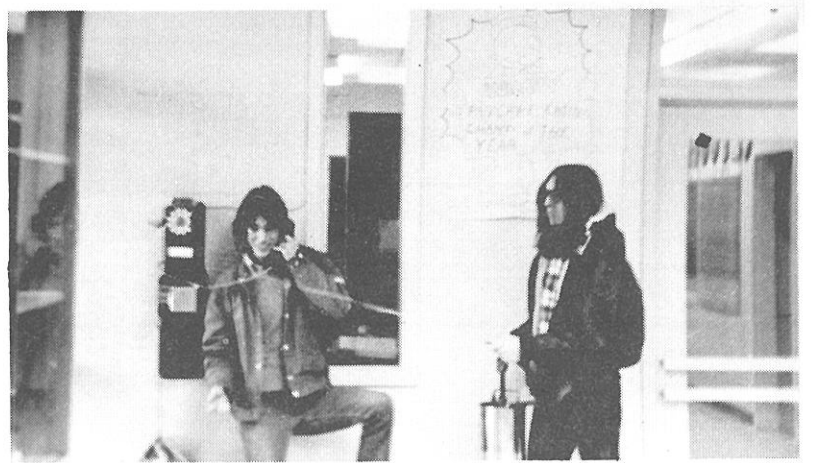
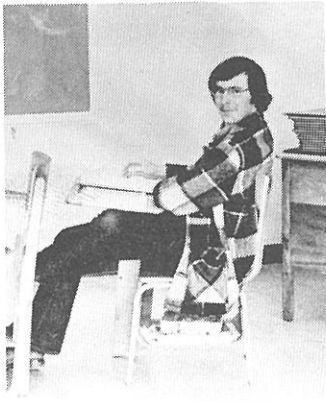


GRADE 6M

Front Row: K.Thorne, S.Passey, S.Perry, B.Slack, D.Parsons, B.Richards, S.Zinck, S.Hancock, A.Rowlands, D.Hancock.

Second Row: H.Tanner, T.Levy, J.Saunders, D.Clarke, N.Corkum, B.Hannam, L.Knickle, S.Boudreau, S.Richardson, Mr. Muise.

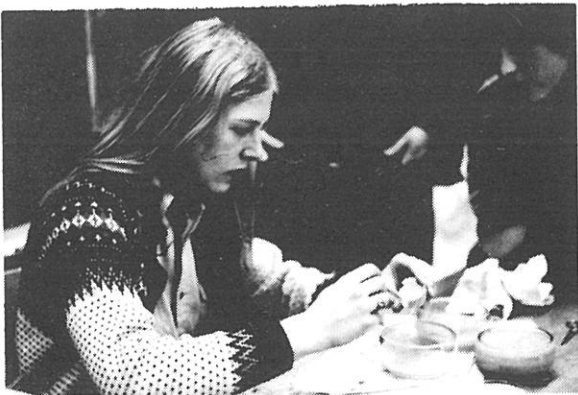
Back Row: A.Garg, D.Rowlands, J.Whynacht, R.Jourdain, J.Hutt, D.Knickle, W.Oickle, R.Romkey, J.Knickle.



S t u d e n t



A c t i v i t i e s





STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Front Row: A.Creaser, D.Hutt, D.Falkenahm (President), J.Slack.
Second Row: A.Zwicker, J.Saunders, A.Garg, J.Cook, R.Backman, J.Falkenham.
Back Row: S.Slack, M.Knickle, I.Creaser, L.Zwicker, A.Spindler, J.Tanner.

MESSAGE FROM THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

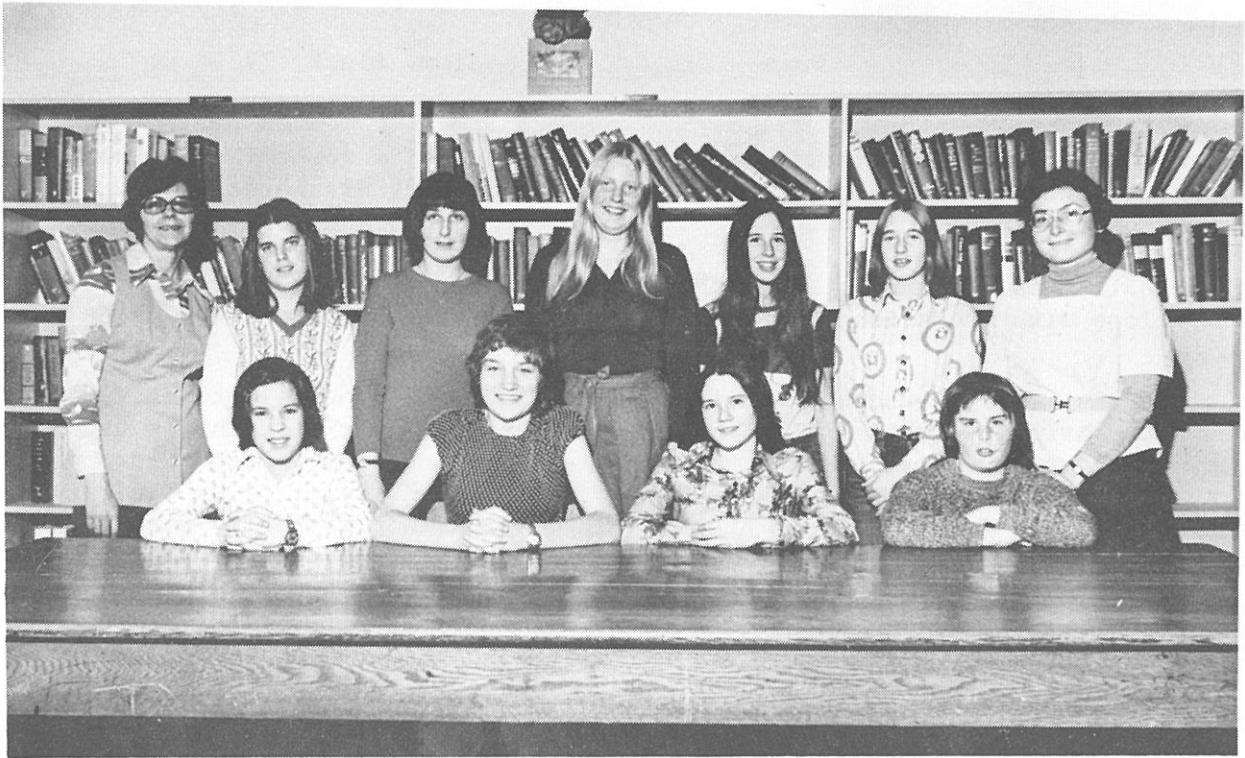
by Daphne Falkenham '76
and Dan Hutt '77

This year much more enthusiasm has been shown by the student body in the various activities sponsored by the student council. This helped in boosting both the attitude towards, and effectiveness of the programs undertaken.

The chocolate bar campaign held in February was especially successful. The three dances held throughout the year were well attended and enjoyed by all.

A rock-a-thon and magazine campaign were also held to raise funds for class trips, interscholastic sports and other student body activities. On Halloween the students collected over two hundred dollars for U.N.I.C.E.F.

In closing, we would like to thank Mr. R. H. Campbell, Supervisor; Mr. Charles Andrews, Student Council Advisor; Mrs. Audrey Wamboldt, Secretary; all the teachers and the students of L.H.S. for their support throughout the year.



RED CROSS YOUTH

Front Row: L.Knickle, C.Hiltz, R.Backman, C.Crouse.

Back Row: Mrs. L. Mosher, B.Whynacht, G.Langille, M.A.Fox, C.Ernst,
S.Tanner, Mrs. S. Hall.

RED CROSS YOUTH

by Claire Hiltz '78

Red Cross Youth started in September this year at Lunenburg High School. At the beginning of the year class representatives were not elected. However, by the time November came it was decided that this would be best.

The Red Cross year started with a food sale. October 15th two representatives were sent to the Red Cross Pageant in Bridgewater. The representatives were Linda Witherall who walked off with Miss Congeniality and Claire Hiltz who was crowned Queen.

Plans for this spring include sending one of our members to a leadership training workshop, a booksale and hopefully a bike-a-thon.

The Red Cross Youth would like to thank Mrs. Mosher and Mrs. Hall who help the group in all their undertakings.

WRITERS CLUB 1976

by Jimmy Slack '77

As a continuation of last year's writers club ventures to workshops in Halifax, several students under the direction of English teacher, Mr. Paul Brison, decided to carry on tradition for another year.

Beginning last fall students Philip Mosher, Chris Ritcey, Jane Tanner and Jimmy Slack, along with Mr. Brison, travelled to Halifax on Thursday nights about once a month.

The group was mainly involved in attending writing workshops held to aid writers through constructive criticism. Members took their own work, which was usually poetry or short stories, and read them to hear opinions from various viewpoints. The outcome hopefully resulted in new ideas, changes in style, or an attempt to reach their goals from different angles. Suggestions for marketing were also made.

Throughout the year six such workshops were held, all being part of the Nova Scotia Federation of Writers' program to expand Canadian writing.



WRITERS' CLUB

Front Row: P. Mosher, J. Tanner, C. Ritcey.
Back Row: J. Slack, Mr. P. Brison.



REACH FOR THE TOP TEAM

L-R: Mr. B. Jobb, D. Hutt, D. Steeves, J. Slack, P. Zwicker,
Mr. G. Chamberlain.

REACH FOR THE TOP

by Brian Jobb

One of the most exciting Reach For The Top competitions was drawn between the Lunenburg Junior-Senior High team of Dan Hutt, Jim Slack, David Steeves and Peter Zwicker and Thompson High School, North Sydney. The score remained very close until the final few minutes when Lunenburg edged ahead to win.

The taping of this emotional contest and a second game in Flight 5 took place at CBC Halifax in Late January. Preparations for these shows started in early October. Mr. Gary Chamberlain and Mr. Brian Jobb asked individuals and offered a general invitation to Grade 11 and 12 students to try-out. A well-balanced team was selected in attempting to repeat the triumph of the Lunenburg flight winners two years ago. A number of practices were held in order to orientate the competitors to the fast reaction and quick recall necessary to win.

Later that Sunday afternoon, the Lunenburg boys and the Sacred Heart girls of Halifax were ready to play another 30 minutes to determine who would compete in the flight final. Buoyed by their narrow victory over Thompson High, they were more relaxed and confident during the second game. Early, they managed a substantial lead but the Sacred Heart team turned the score. The small audience and contestants were charged with tenseness. Gradually the other team mastered the buzzers and the questions. They emerged the winners.

After winning the first, losing the second is always more upsetting. But considering Lunenburg is a small school, our representatives put forth a great effort. The element of chance is always prevalent in Reach For The Top. As one judge of the show always points out in the pre-game talk - on any day any one school can defeat another.

Unfortunately, it was not our day!



DRIVER EDUCATION

Front Row: Mr. B. Jobb (Instructor), G. Miller, K. Levy, M. Kenny, J. Johnson, D. Hutt, T. Langille, S. Zinck, A. Marnitz, S. J. Nowe, Mr. W. Jewers (Instructor).

Second Row: A. Creaser, A. Whynacht, D. Zinck, B. Crouse, J. Saunders, P. Conrad, P. Parsons, V. Power, H. A. Power, M. Knickle.

Back Row: J. Slack, S. MacLeod, J. Kent, V. Baker, J. Eisenhauer. Missing: B. Gibson, N. Hannams, J. Perry, S. Levy, D. Mosher, D. Corkum, R. Byers, M. Knickle, S. Scott, P. Smith, M. MacDuff, H. Risser.



TYPING

Front Row: C. Munroe, V. Benteau, J. Corkum, S. Mosher, W. Tanner, W. Nodding, M. Webb, J. Skinner. Second Row: P. Mosher, Mrs. P. Baker (Instructor), A. Whynacht.

Back Row: Mrs. A. Wamboldt (Instructor), S. Knickle, H. Beck, H. A. Power, S. J. Nowe, P. Wentzell, M. Knickle, S. Saunders.



CANTEEN COMMITTEE

Front Row: N.Maxner, J.Corkum, N.Wilcox, S.Mosher.

Back Row: K.Munroe, M.Knickle, A.Spindler, D.Zinck.



GRAD DANCE COMMITTEE

Front Row: N.Maxner, C.Munroe, C.Ritcey, S.Mosher, A.M.Spindler.

Back Row: P.Smith, P.Mosher, N.Wilcox, D.Steeves, P.Baker, J.Corkum, J.Mosher, A.Covey, D.Falkenham.

LUNENBURG JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL BAND

by Brian Fogelson

This year saw the establishment of a Junior-Senior High School Band. Thirty-three students have been practising in lesson classes since receiving their instruments in January. Some of our "Bandies" are learning to play the flute, clarinet, trumpet, saxophone, french horn, euphonium, drums and tuba. All are making good progress and an early fall concert is planned.



JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL BAND

First Row: M.DeMone, A.Garg, E.Skinner, M.Marnitz, J.Falkenham, A.Zwicker, V.Bartlett, S.Hebb, G.Crouse.

Second Row: Mr. B. Fogelson (Director), F.Knickle, J.Hynick, L.Zwicker, A.Marnitz, C.Munroe, J.VanDine, R.Skinner, D.Falkenham, J.Skinner, M.Corkum, M.Mills, S.Spencer, J.Whynacht.

LUNENBURG JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL CHORAL CLUBS

by Brian Fogelson

As in the past, Lunenburg has had both a Junior High and Senior High Choral Clubs. The Juniors, who have been working very hard, sang in the Christmas Concert. The Seniors also sang at Christmas and participated in the Music Festival where they earned good marks and won two of three classes. The grade six students also won this year's Junior Rose Bowl. Next year looks to be even better.

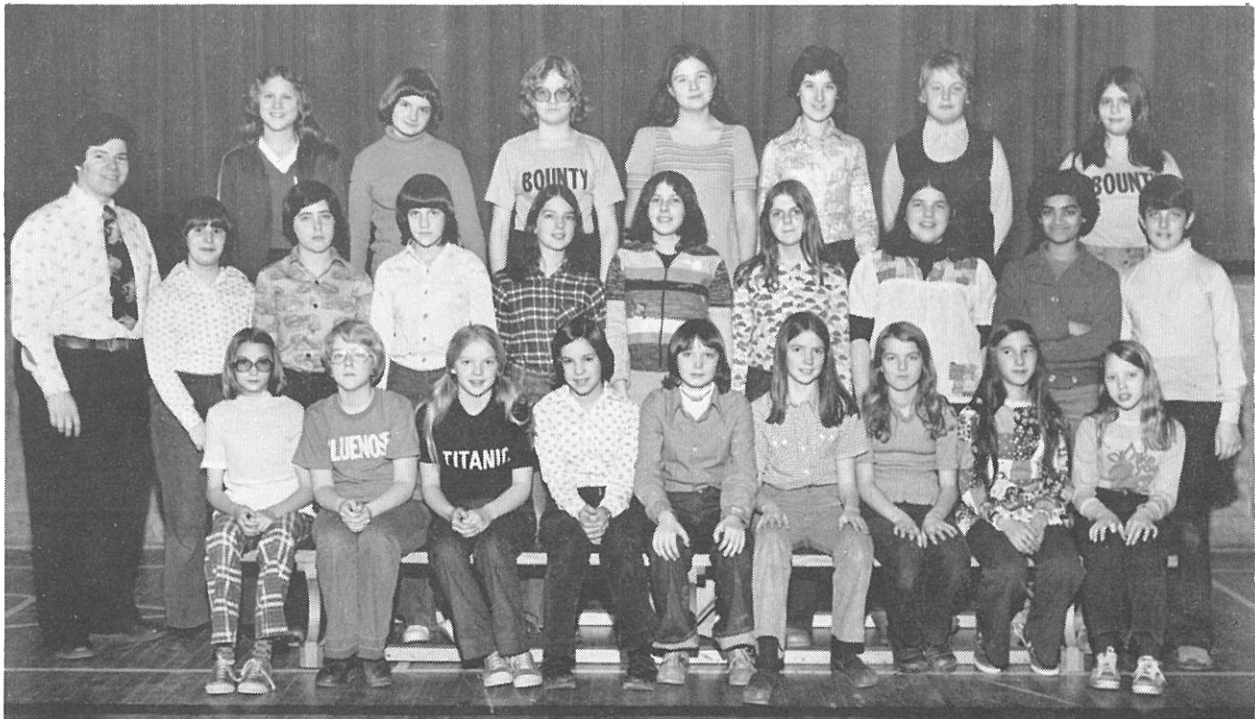


SENIOR HIGH CHORAL CLUB

First Row: N.Perry, W.Nodding, S.Spencer, A.Garg, C.Munroe, W.Tanner, S.Mosher, A.Whynacht.

Second Row: Mr.B.Fogelson (Director), D.L.Lohnes, S.J.Nowe, L.Zwicker, J.Skinner, P.Wentzel, M.Knickle, L.Witherall, L.Brine.

Third Row: J.Slack, B.Nowe, N.Willcox, D.Morrow, K.Greek, R.Skinner, A.Marnitz.



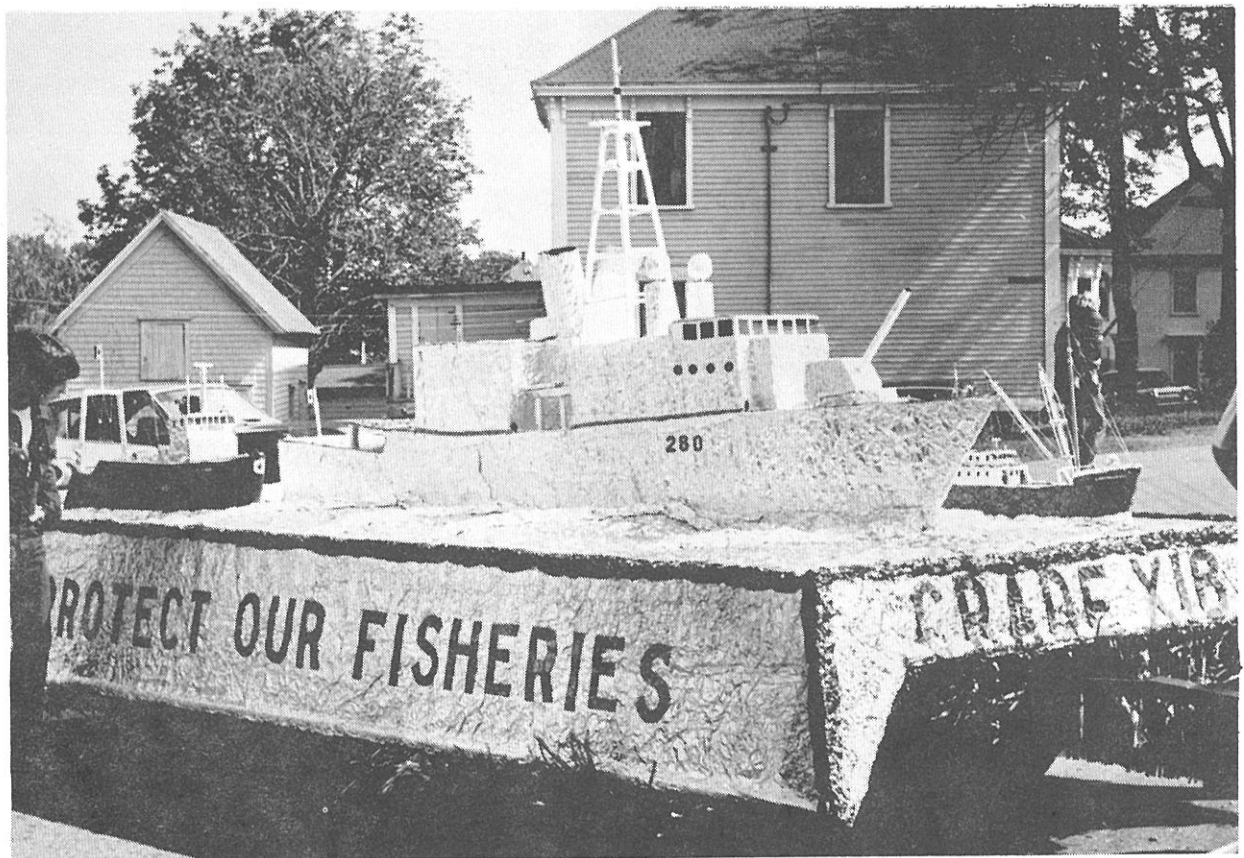
JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL CHORAL CLUB

Front Row: B.Slack, K.Beck, S.Perry, L.Knickle, N.Follett, E.Skinner, D.Parsons, B.Richards, G.Mader.

Second Row: Mr.B.Fogelson (Director), V.Corkum, C.Burns, K.Melloy, C.Collins, J.Falkenham, A.Zwicker, S.Allen, M.Marnitz, R.Jourdain.

Third Row: D.Cook, B.Hannam, B.Tanner, Y.Lohnes, J.Hynick, J.Hutt, J.Morash.

The Exhibition



Winter

Carnival



WINTER CARNIVAL - 1976

by Peggy Zinck '76

This year the theme of the Winter Carnival was Popeye. Our opening day, Wednesday, February 4, which was called "Popeye Day", went over very well despite the power failure that evening. The Winter Carnival was officially opened by Mr. Andrews who cut the ribbon with Jane Tanner as Master of Ceremonies. This was followed by a judging of Popeye character costumes. The winners were Kathy Slack and Barbie Richards, both of Junior High. Next on the agenda were two events which coincided with our Popeye theme and these were the Pancake Eating Contest which was won by Jamie Hutt for Junior High and Bill Gibson for Senior High and the Brutus vs. Popeye Arm Wrestling was won by Craig Munroe for Junior High. That evening there was a "Thirty-six Cent Coffee House" in the Parish Hall for Grades 6-9 and from 9:00 p.m.-12:00 p.m. A "Popeye Jig" was held for the Senior High with great difficulty because of the power failure. The Seniors entertained themselves by gathering around the candles to play cards while listening to someone who was trying to fill in with the piano while the stereo was not working.

Coronation Day came next and was begun by a "He Knows, She Knows" game between Craig Munroe and Sherry Zinck, Paula Parsons and Jimmy Grandy, Bill Boudreau and Joanne Saunders with Craig Munroe and Sherry Zinck winning the game. Following this was a basketball game between the Senior Girls' Basketball Team and the Teachers with the Teachers beating the pants off of the Senior Girls with a score of 38-2. That night the coronation of both the Junior and Senior Queens took place. This year it was done a bit differently by having each class vote on a girl to be their representative in the contest. The Junior High Princesses were: grade 6M - Heather Tanner, 7A - Carolyn Black, 7B - Denise Cook, 8A - Sharon Zinck, 9A - Beth Whynacht and 9B - Brenda Chisholm. The Junior High princesses each gave a short "Thank-You" speech after which Sharon Zinck was chosen 1976 Junior Winter Carnival Queen and crowned by last year's Junior Queen - Jennifer Collins. We were then entertained by the local folk group - Kasklapacka. The Senior High contest then proceeded with the princesses being: grade 10A - Veronica Benteau, 11A - Janet Eisenhauer, 11B - Becky Crouse, 12 - Rosemary Skinner and Heather Power. The Queen and her two attendants were then chosen after each candidate had made a short speech. Heather Power was chosen as our 1976 Winter Carnival Queen, Rosemary Skinner as the first attendant and Janet Eisenhauer as the second attendant. The Queen was crowned by Esther Ernst who was the 1975 Winter Carnival Queen. The difficult job of judging was very successfully handled by Dr. Murray McQuigge, Mrs. Barbara Wood and Mr. Ivan Cary. The Winter Carnival would like to thank Mrs. Kaye Mason who played the piano for the Coronation and also Peter Zwicker for chairing the program.

The third day, Winter Sports Day, began at 1:30 p.m. with a broomball game between the Senior Girls and the Teachers with the teachers winning 3-1. Following this was a hockey game between the Grade 12 boys and the girls which ended in a tie game 6-6. There was free skating for everyone from 3:30 - 4:30. At 6:30 the Senior Girls' Hockey Team played a hard fought game against Sir John A. MacDonald Girls' Hockey Team, but lost with a score of 12-0. Then the boys took on the Sir John A. MacDonald Boys' Hockey Team and lost 12-2. Following the

game there was a Coffee House held in the gym with the Duke Canyon Band playing. The last day of the Popeye Winter Carnival was the Grand Finale on Saturday, February 7, which began with the Junior Intramural Volleyball Tournament. Following this the Seniors had their Intramural Volleyball Tournament. Victory won the Volleyball Tournament for the Juniors and Titanic won the Tournament for the Seniors. Following the Tournament was a basketball game between the Sr. Girls and the Hockey Team. This was a very tight game with the girls winning 42-41. The closing event was the dance in the gymnasium featuring "Two Wheel Drive" which ended the Winter Carnival for 1976.

The Winter Carnival Committee would like to thank all who assisted in making the Winter Carnival a success.

Winter Carnival Committee:

Peggy Zinck (Chair lady)
Leslee Himmelman
Nancy Maxner
Nancy Wilcox
Kathy Hebb
Susan Mosher
Daphne Falkenham
Cathy Munroe
Jane Tanner
Patty Conrad

Anne-Marie Spindler
Jimmy Mosher
Jimmy Johnston
Joe Hanrahan
David Steeves
Chris Ritcey
Philip Mosher
Peter Zwicker
Peter Baker
Alan Creaser



WINTER CARNIVAL PAGEANT



Junior Winter Carnival Queen -
Sharon Zinck

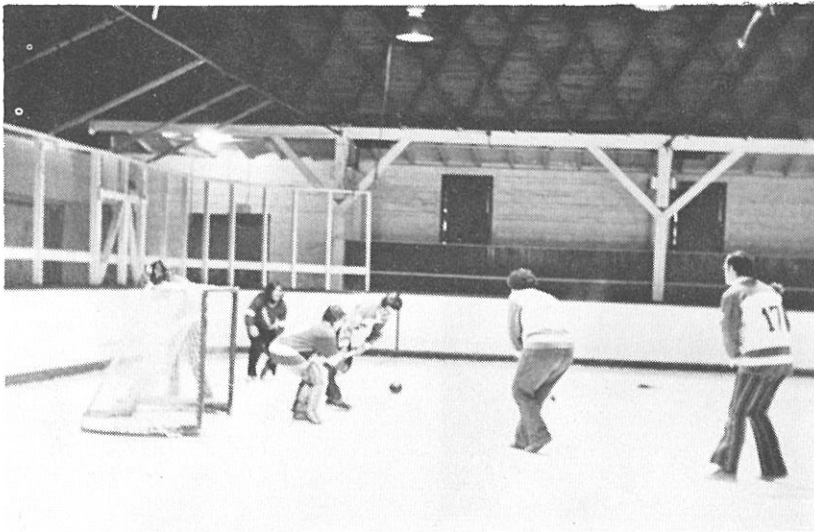


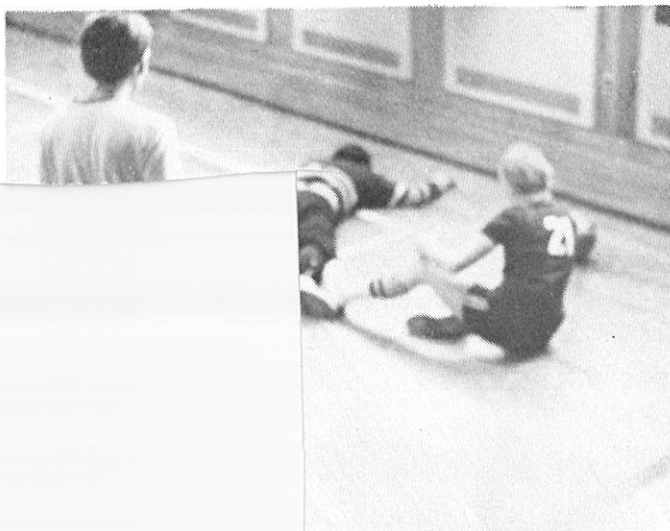
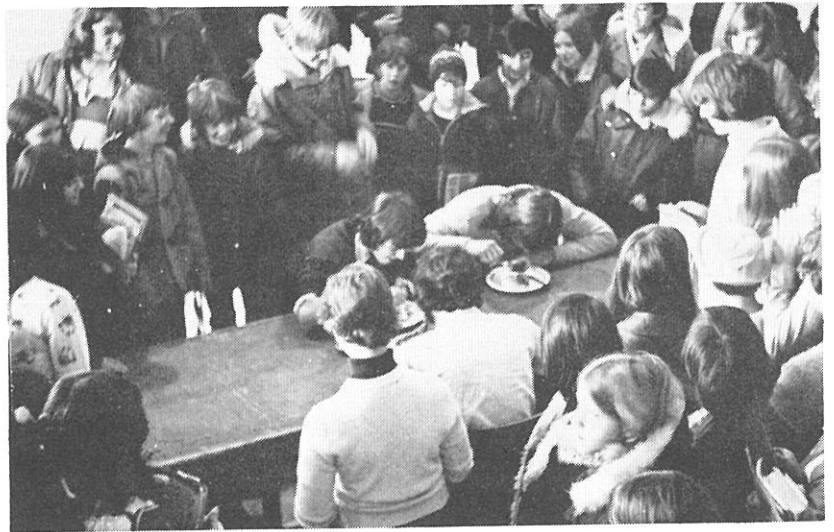
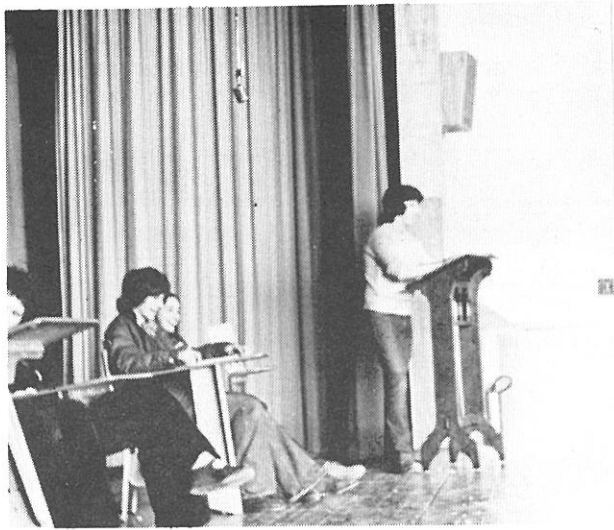
Senior Winter Carnival Queen -
Heather Ann Power



Senior Winter Carnival Queen and Princess;

Front Row: Heather Ann Power Second Row: Rosemary Skinner, First
Lady-in-Waiting; Janet Eisenhauer, Second Lady-in-Waiting; Esther Ernst.





SENIOR HIGH TRIP
TO
GERMANY '76

by Jim Slack '77

Back in June of last year, Cathy Munroe, Rosemary Skinner and Lynn Wright got together and decided to find out if anyone in Senior High was interested in an overseas trip. They went to Mr. Jewers and the first few meetings attracted a lot of students. After deciding on going to Germany to make the trip, committees were organized to get jobs for students to put in a common pot to help pay for the trip.



During the summer the students were hired by the town to count water outlets in people's homes and to look after the town's art gallery. Other jobs included mowing lawns, cleaning houses and cleaning yards.

In the fall students were hired to work at Scotia Trawler on Saturday mornings. They also sold holly for Christmas. By this time the Lunenburg group had contacted Centre School to ask interested students to join the group in order to have enough people to get group-rate airfare. Several students from Centre were interested and Mr. Ernst Achenback was also contacted as an interpreter and leader.

By March 10, students had realized that the work and planning was beginning to pay off as they boarded the plane. When they arrived in London at the end of the first leg of the trip, the students were as excited as a group who had lost seven hours and a night of sleep, could be. They changed planes and flew on to Hamburg, Germany. A bus picked them up at the airport and took them to the Luneburg Rathaus (town hall) where they were greeted by the mayor and hosts for the four day stay.

Gradually, the language and custom barriers were scaled and everyone found the stay in homes a great experience in itself.

While they were in Luneburg the group took a tour of the Volkswagon headquarters and factory in nearby Wolfsburg. The vast size and the witnessing of the entire assembly of a "Rabbit" was an experience none of them will forget.

For the rest of the stay in Luneburg were on their own with their host family to see the town and countryside.

When they had to leave on Monday morning, most of the group wished they had planned to stay longer. The train ride to Lubeck didn't last long and the group arrived in Lubeck at the Youth Hostel early enough to get organized and have a tour of the town hall and the magnificent St. Catherine's Church.

The following day was spent on two chartered buses that the group stayed with for

the duration of the trip. They arrived in Cologne and had to wait until morning to get some sightseeing and shopping done. A tour of the famous Cologne Cathedral which towers 201 meters into the sky was an outstanding event. The group stayed in Cologne another night and then bused on along the Rhine River Valley.

The drive along the river provided the touring students with a chance to see the castles, canal barges, vineyards and towns Germany is known for. The day's journey ended in Constance where the group spent three days.

During the stay in Constance they travelled to the snow covered Alps of Austria and the familiar hills of Switzerland.

The travellers continued to use the buses and spent the following day travelling to Heidelberg via Strasbourg, France. Lunch was spent in Strasbourg where the style of life seemed changed again and meals were different.

The group arrived at their two hotels in Heidelberg early enough to let some of the chaperones and students get a meal and have a short look at the town sights. The following day was spent on a tour of the BASF chemical factory which was even larger than the Volkswagon works in Wolfsburg. Tuesday was the final day to be spent in Heidelberg and a tour of the famous Heidelberg castle was arranged.

On Wednesday the buses carried the group to Hamburg for the night and a bus tour was organized to see the well known Hamburg harbour facilities as well as the other important streets and buildings of the city. The night was spent at a Youth Hostel where the many souvenirs were packed.

Thursday was spent on planes from Hamburg to London and from London to Halifax. Everyone enjoyed the stay in Germany but all were happy to touch ground in Halifax.

The trip was one of a lifetime and provided the students with knowledge of a text book country and people who seemed so far away. The experience of meeting people who speak a foreign language, eat different foods and have different customs was one that provided invaluable foresights into something that seemed unreachable.

Although the food was different, the people the group members encountered were generally the same as those in Canada, listening to the same music, having the same interests and living in much the same types of houses.

Although there were constant problems for the chaperones, the only disadvantages encountered were those of being tired of the travel and a flu epidemic which made most members feel "down" for a day or tow.

The trip proved a great success. It provided the students with some knowledge of "another world" and a good time which was well worth the money spent.

If classes in future plan similar trips, please support such a worthy educational project.





SENIOR HIGH TRIP TO GERMANY

Front Row: K.Lohnes, G.Miller, N.Maxner, K.Levy, A.Marnitz, K.Hebb, P.Zwicker, J.Slack, P.Baker, D.Steeves.

Second Row: Mr. W.Jewers, Mr.G.Chamberlain, A.Whynacht, D.Hutt, J.Kent, J.Saunders, P.Conrad, V.Power, H.Power, M.Knickle, A.Creaser, J.Hanrahan.

Back Row: Mr. B.Jobb, L.Wright, C.Munroe, R.Skinner, L.Himmelman, D.Zinck, V.Baker, S.MacLeod, J.Eisenhauer.



REFLECTIONS OF THE GERMANY TRIP

by Brian Jobb

Undoubtedly, the most memorable experiences were the eventful three and one half days in Lüneburg and its environs. Although many were apprehensive about staying with German families, the majority left wishing to remain. One day was spent visiting a Wolfsburg school and the giant Volkswagen Works. At the Ratsgymnasium, three programmes were provided which offered an opportunity to exchange ideas about education in our two areas.



Your first and last impression of the VW Works must be its immensity. Most realized the impossibility of capturing the production on film. A unique opportunity occurred on the return to Lüneburg that day - experiencing the West-East German border - the tall, cold, concrete observation towers, the shorter wooden ones, the mined area, the forboding signs, the five kilometre uninhabited zone, the uncomfortable feeling of a town divided by a border - half inhabited; half deserted.

Throughout the trip, the age of Germany was a constant reminder. Lübeck began in the thirteenth century. That city, one of a low profile whose skyline is pierced with seven spires, impressed one with its wealth; this former Hanseatic Member's prosperity can be seen in its richly-decorated Rathaus.

Usually Germans could boast of a pleasant spring. Since nothing is as variable as the weather, the group struggled with an indifferent March. The biting wind, the flakes of snow, and a short storm greeted us in northern Germany. These days were cloudy; only on the last part of our venture did the sunshine and warmth please us.

No visit to the Rhine city of Köln would be complete without the famous cathedral.

One must be amazed at the design of the architects and the construction skills of the workers. The air pollution of today's Köln is forcing a massive restoration of the outer stone.



Even though the Rhine Gorge would be most beautiful in summer, the spring traveller can find great interest in the Gorge. If castles hold a certain fascination, then this Rhine section must hold multi-fascinations. The vineyards abound on the terraced slopes. The many villages and towns nestle at the river's edge. The winding waterway is busy with barge traffic. The Gorge from Bonn to Mainz had enough interests to hold the attention of our travellers for the entire time.

Lake Constance was ideal for ranging even



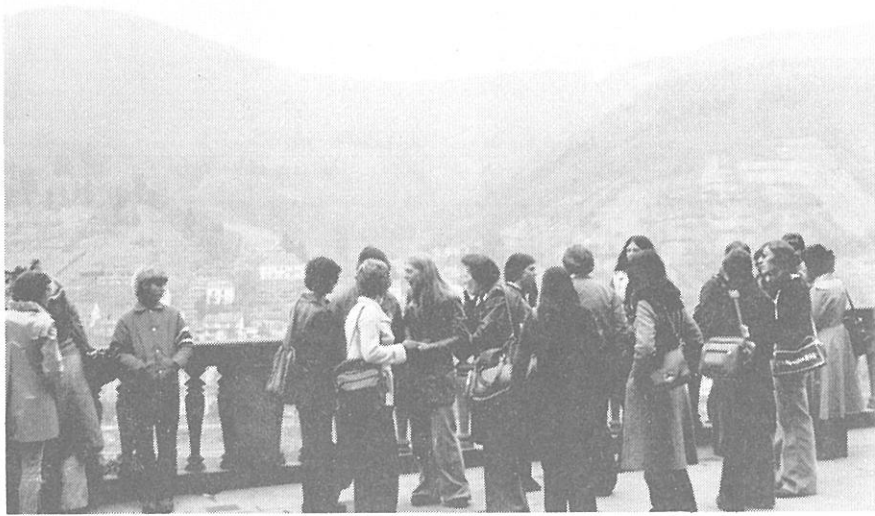
wider afield. On a short excursion to an Austrian valley, only accessible via Germany, we travelled through small villages and tall mountains. At the highest elevations, snow covered the ground; large, wet snow flakes filled the air. In Switzerland, the greenness, the orderliness and the tranquility of the country left a lasting impression. While travelling from Konstanz to Heidelberg, the group was bussed through the Black Forest - the

mountains, the dark, green spruce, the winding roads, the Black Forest homes all situated in that quiet rural setting. Lunenburgers could boast a few hours stay in France (Strasbourg). Comparisons were quickly drawn between many aspects of the French and German environments.

Heidelberg and surrounding area provided the last segment of the trip. The BASF Works (Ludwigshafen) is a huge chemical concern covering an area far larger than our town. The focal point of Heidelberg must be the castle. Overlooking the Neckar River, it has been destroyed during two wars and a fire which started by lightning. Even in destruction, it has a stately elegance and an intriguing story for the visitor.

Thirty years ago visitors to Germany would have had a different view. The tragedy of a world war left much of the country devastated. The majority of our people never knew this Germany. Today it is difficult to comprehend that this prosperous, hospitable people could have found themselves in that situation. So extensive a visit in the Federal Republic gave our group the complete view of now.





GRADE TEN PLAY PRESENTATIONS

by Sandra Spencer '78

In November, the students of both Grade 10A and 10B presented plays before the student body. The combined classes had been divided into four groups and each group had to select their own play. Finding a suitable play - one that met with each member's approval was no easy task.

The plays that were chosen by the four groups were "Sauce for the Goslings", "Feathertop", "There are More Things in Heaven" and "Whose Money?"

"Sauce for the Goslings"

A middle class family who attempts to keep their respectable reputation by trying to teach the children not to use slang expressions in public. The characters in this play were:

Father	-	Kevin Cook
Mother	-	Clair Hiltz
Son	-	Kevin Grandy
Daughter	-	Nancy Perry
Grandmother	-	Wendy Nodding
James Ward	-	Michael Silver
Maid	-	Cathy Winterbourne

The director of "Sauce for the Goslings" was Michelle Webb. Veronica Benteau and Tina Fraelic were in charge of costumes. Also, Ronald Bachman and Ian Creaser were in charge of set and props.

"Feathertop"

The setting of this play is 18th Century New England where superstition is prevalent and very much a part of the people's daily lives. A certain notorious witch takes a dislike towards Judge Gookin, a leading figure in the town. She decides to give him a taste of his own medicine by changing her scarecrow into a man of great importance. However, he falls in love with the Judge's daughter, thereby, disrupting his family and business life.

"Feathertop" was directed by Louise Sheaves. In charge of costumes were Tara Purcell, Mary Knickle and Sandra Spencer. Make-up was done by Cheryle Knickle. The characters of this play were:

Feathertop	-	Alan Crouse
Mother Rigby (witch)	-	Mary Knickle
Polly Gookin	-	Anjana Garg
Judge Gookin	-	Peter Smith
Bob Indicot	-	Sharon Knickle
Major Whitby	-	Michael Schmeisser
Graham Bell	-	Lynn Brine
Maids	-	Tara Purcell, Sandra Spencer

"There are More Things in Heaven"

An Indian legend is related by an old doctor. His belief in the truth of Indian legends is so strong that as he tells the story to some children, he actually experiences the legend and the children then become strong believers of this

legend. The director of this play was Brian Rowlands. Philip Steward was in charge of setting and in charge of the make-up was Nancy Bartlett. The people who acted in this play were:

Dr. Troyer	-	Alan Rowlands
Maggie	-	Juliette Skinner
Jean	-	Sylvia Mosher
Bill	-	John Richards
Sam	-	Peter Kent
Mickey	-	Jimmy Grandy

"Whose Money?"

A middle class family begins speculating what it would be like to have their Uncle's money. This play was under the direction of Jennifer Collins. The characters were:

Father	-	Scott Covey
Mother	-	Sally Saunders
Grace	-	Paula Wentzel
Aunt Em	-	Donna Lee Lohnes
Uncle Jim	-	Philip May

Presenting these plays made us realize just how much work goes into a production of a play. It is not only the actors who have to do their best to make the play a success but there is also a lot of work to be done behind the scenes such as costumes, sound effects, setting, make-up and direction. In spite of all the work involved, we all felt that it was a worthwhile project and one from which we all gained experience. Besides these benefits, working on and producing these plays proved to be a lot of fun.





United Nations

UN SEMINAR 1975

by Dan Hutt '76
Susan Joy Nowe '76

Thanks to the sponsorship of the Women's Institute and the Royal Canadian Legion, two delegates from Lunenburg Junior-Senior High School were sent to the twenty-second annual United Nations Seminar at Mount Alison University.

Programme Director for the Seminar, summed up the purposes of the U.N. Seminar as; firstly, to learn about the United Nations, secondly, to discover ways in which to support it and thirdly, to have fun doing so.

The two topics under discussion were the Middle East Crisis and International Women's Year. Our first speaker was Mr. Taha Omar from the Arab Information Centre in Ottawa who presented the Arab view of the Middle East crisis in a powerful but biased speech. The Israeli was then similarly presented by Dr. H. Levy from the University of New Brunswick in a more subtle presentation. The opposing natures of the two views presented by these two speakers left the eighty delegates with a basic question of "Who's telling the truth?"

The speakers for International Women's Year were Ms. Blanche Bourgeois from the Advisory Council on the Status of Women. She presented a detailed discussion on the national and international implications of International Women's Year. Also speaking were Ms. Joan Fraser, Ms. Donna Lane and Ms. Kathryn Logan from the Task Force on the Status of Women. These four women presented their views based on extensive research into the status of women in Canada and abroad and also the significance of International Women's Year.

All the lectures were followed by question periods and discussion groups which led up to, in the final day, a model U.N. General Assembly which gave insight into U.N. procedures. A hectic week was officially drawn to a conclusion with a banquet featuring the Honourable Alan MacEachen, Minister of External Affairs, as guest speaker.

To the Women's Institute and Branch No. 23 of the Royal Canadian Legion we would like to extend our thanks for sponsoring us. This Seminar proved to be an educational and fun week.

Nova Scotia Command

Leadership Training Program

- Donna Zinck '77



The Legion Leadership Training Program was held from June 29 to July 8, 1975, at Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. The Youth Development Program is sponsored by the Nova Scotia Command, Royal

Canadian Legion and its affiliated branches. The Legion Leadership Training Program exists for two primary purposes:

- (a) to provide opportunities through teaching, planning and conducting programmes whereby your personal leadership potential may be further developed,
- (b) to assist in developing some of the skills which will help you fulfill various leadership roles in your own school and/or community.

The camp was made up of a staff consisting of six counsellors and two chaperones, along with seventy-six campers from different parts of the province. Each of the campers were sponsored by a Legion Branch in their area. All campers resided in Chase Court and many buildings and parts of the Acadia University Campus were used for the camp. All the campers were divided into four groups, the blue boys, the green girls, the gold boys, and the red girls. Each group had a uniform of their designated color. The uniforms were rather ill-fitting, yet, we were to wear them wherever we went or whatever we did for the next ten days.

At first I had mixed feelings about going, mainly due to the fact that I didn't know anyone there. After the first couple days, however, one soon made many friends and became accustomed to the camp. Although the camp consisted of classes in different areas pertaining to leadership, the classes were made to be interesting and enjoyable and no one really minded having to attend them.

Classes of rhythmic, oral communication, thespian, probe and encounter, and recreational activities, made up the days' program. The program for each day was sometimes altered. For instance, we visited the Canadian Keyes Fibre Co. Mill, toured Grand Pre one afternoon and had a beach party later on in the week. Each group was responsible for doing volunteer work in the community. The green girls decided to clean the Wolfville Fire Department fire trucks. Two days before the camp was over, everyone went on a hike that took almost five hours and covered over ten miles.

The day began at 7:00 a.m. and although the evening program was usually finished by 10:00 p.m., we had sometime to ourselves before the lights were supposedly turned off. Many times we had to work to prepare for the next day and were often up until the 'wee hours' of the morning. By the time the ten days were up, we were all a

very tired but a knowledgeable group. One thing that everyone had to keep in mind throughout the camp was that once one thing was done, it could never be repeated. In this way everyone was able to get many different ideas and variations on how to do certain activities. By the end of the week, one found that there were many aspects of doing various things and different views on certain ideas.

All and all, the camp was a great opportunity and a very memorable experience. I would like to thank the Royal Canadian Legion, Branch No. 23 for sponsoring me at the camp and giving me the opportunity to take part in a very enjoyable and worthwhile ten days.

LUNENBURG SUMMER RECREATION PROGRAM

by Michael Baker '75

This summer a group of six Lunenburg youths received an Opportunities for Youth grant. The grant was used to establish a Summer Recreation Program. This program was centred on the Community Centre grounds and ran from June 30 to August 29, 1975.

The activities in the program were open to all children from Lunenburg and surrounding area between the ages of eight and fifteen years. The activities included: baseball, T-ball, softball, basketball, floor hockey, soccer, tennis, badminton, lacrosse and soccer-baseball. There were also a number of special events including scavenger hunts, puppet shows and a Track and Field Meet.

The goal of the program was to give the children of the area a source of recreation which would be healthy, entertaining and varied. These objectives seem to be valid for the program received a great deal of support from parents and local groups. However, the most gratifying show of support came from the approximately one hundred children who participated regularly.

The children were very happy to have some activities to participate in during the summer which they could go to on both rainy and sunny days. They especially enjoyed the Track and Field Meet, baseball league and soccer-baseball programs.

It is the feeling of those who participated in the instruction of the program that organized activities are very important for children in the summer for it gives them a chance to enjoy what might have been an otherwise unexciting period between school terms. As well, summer recreation allows children a chance to learn to be good sportsmen and to show team spirit.

The program would like to thank the Board of School Commissioners, Community Centre Commission, Lunenburg Tennis Club, Royal Bank of Canada and the Progress Enterprise. Special thanks should go to Mr. Bruce Smith, Mr. Gus Vickers and Mrs. Audrey Wamboldt.

The instructors in the program were:

Daphne Falkenham
Heather Powers
Peter Boulanger
Daniel Creaser
Stephen Zinck
Michael Baker.

LANGUAIDE '75

by Alison Johnston

This past summer six Grade Twelve students participated in an Opportunities for Youth (OFY) project. One member of the group introduced an interesting idea for an OFY program and immediately formulated and submitted the application to the Department of Manpower and Immigration.

Upon receiving word of the project's acceptance, the members of Languaide met together to discuss and establish definite plans for the operation of this summer program.

The main objective of Languaide was to teach conversational French to students of the grades four, five and six levels in the Lunenburg area. Since the students are not formally exposed to the French language until Grade six, it was felt that a program such as ours would benefit this age group by introducing the basics of this second language at an age when they tend to be very receptive. The informal instruction was to include: games, songs and skits intended to make this learning process interesting and enjoyable.

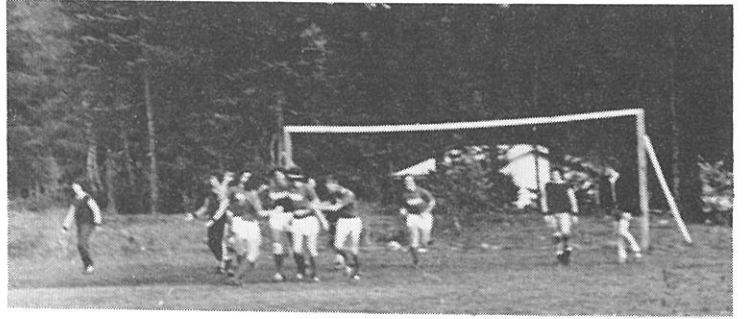
Languaide '75 began in July and continued for eight weeks. Each day consisted of a morning session, during which time classroom instruction was emphasized and an afternoon session, which involved outdoor recreational activities promoting communication in French through the use of the vocabulary introduced in the morning session.

Initially the program was intended to concentrate on the conversational aspect of the French language but as Languaide progressed, the necessity for both the conversational and grammatical aspects became apparent. We found that instruction was more beneficial if the student was presented with a vocabulary, orally at first and then allowed to observe the spelling of the words. The students were eventually subdivided into a number of groups, according to their capabilities of learning French. In this way, all students were given as much individual help as possible and were able to learn the language at their own speed.

Outdoor activities included such things as baseball games, scavenger and treasure hunts as well as singsongs. While classroom instruction divided the students into certain groups, the afternoon indoor and outdoor activities involved all of the students collectively. Songs and games were taught, which provided an opportunity for the students to speak French. The indoor activities consisted of word games, singsongs and skits. Several sessions were set aside for skits, which the children with the aid of their instructors formulated and presented to the remainder of the group. A special event was a performance by the Northern Ontario Travelling Children's Theatre which included both French and English songs and stories.

Trips were also organized to various areas of the province. A group trip to Grand Pre proved to be exciting and educational for the participating students. Here, a tour conducted by a French guide exposed the children to the French language along with a little Acadian history. Other trips were made to the Habitation and Forte Anne in the Annapolis Valley and to Fort Point Museum in LaHave.

Languaide '75 was, for the most part, successful in introducing the basics of a second language to the participating children which hopefully will be of great benefit to them in the future when they receive instruction in school. As for the six members who operated the project, valuable experience was gained in teaching and working with the children as well as in implementing a program of this type.



SPORTS





ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Front Row: P.Smith, A.M.Spindler, A.Creaser, H.Power.
Second Row: B.MacLeod, A.Kent.
Back Row: M.Burns, B.Nowe, D.Cook, C.Munroe.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION REPORT

As in the previous year, the Intramural program was run in the school. It consisted of four teams: Bluenose, Bounty, Titanic and Victory. These teams competed in various sports on a point system. The following is a list of Intramural winners:

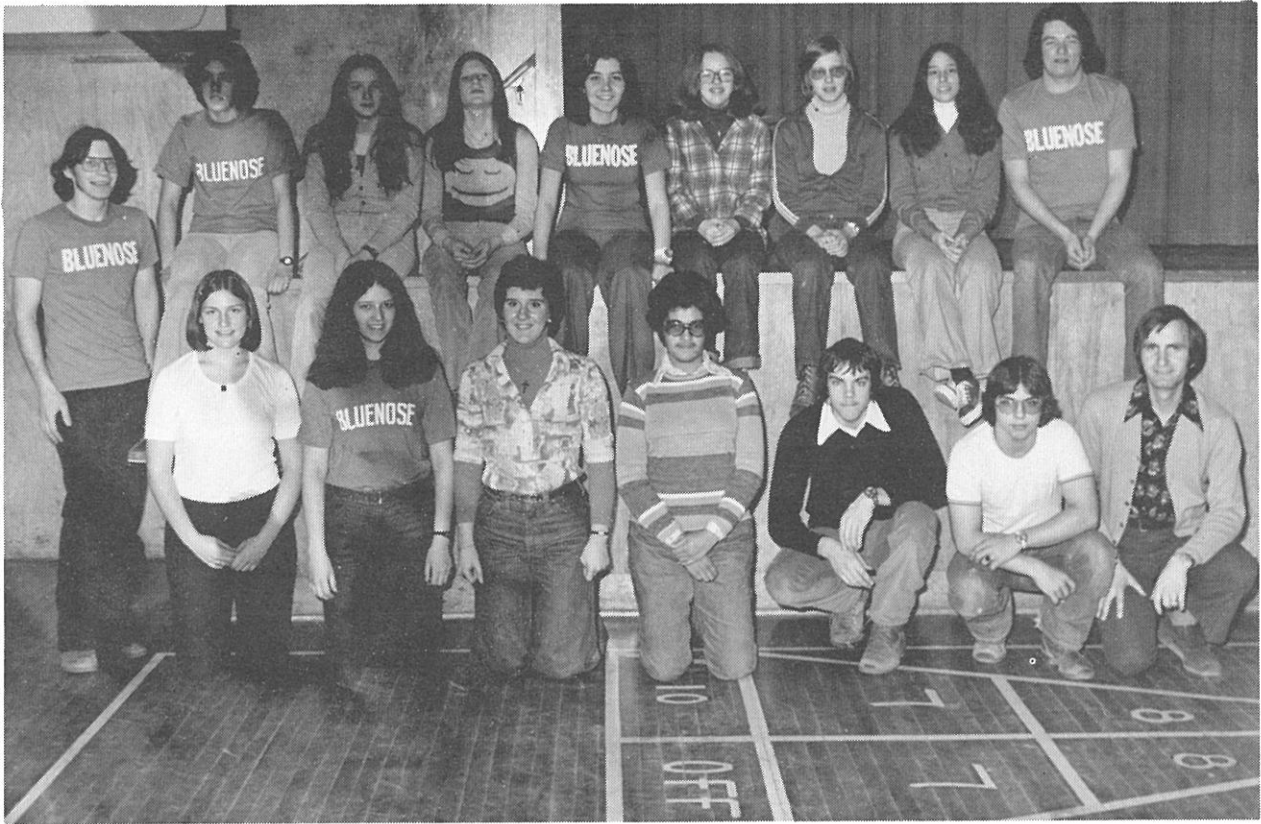
Junior Girls' Soccer	-	Titanic
Junior Boys' Basketball	-	Bluenose
Junior Boys' Volleyball	-	Victory
Co-ed Volleyball	-	Bounty
Junior Boys' Flagfootball	-	Victory
Senior Boys' Flagfootball	-	Victory
Junior Boys' Floor Hockey	-	not completed
Senior Boys' Floor Hockey	-	Victory

At the end of the year a survey was taken in the school to see what sports students would like to participate in. Also, representatives were chosen from each team to plan Athletic Association activities.

The annual Chocolate Bar Campaign was held in February to raise money for the Athletic Association. The campaign was a success and ended in May. This was the most successful Chocolate Bar Campaign in the history of the Athletic Association. The hard work of many students. The Athletic Association thanks all those who helped in any way.

To the members of the Athletic Association Co-Chairmen we wish them the best of luck in the future and thank them for their hard work and dedication to the Athletic Association and Chocolate Bar Campaign.

Alan Creaser '77
 Ann-Marie Spindler '76
 Co-Chairmen



BLUENOSE

Senior Intramural House



BLUENOSE

Junior Intramural House



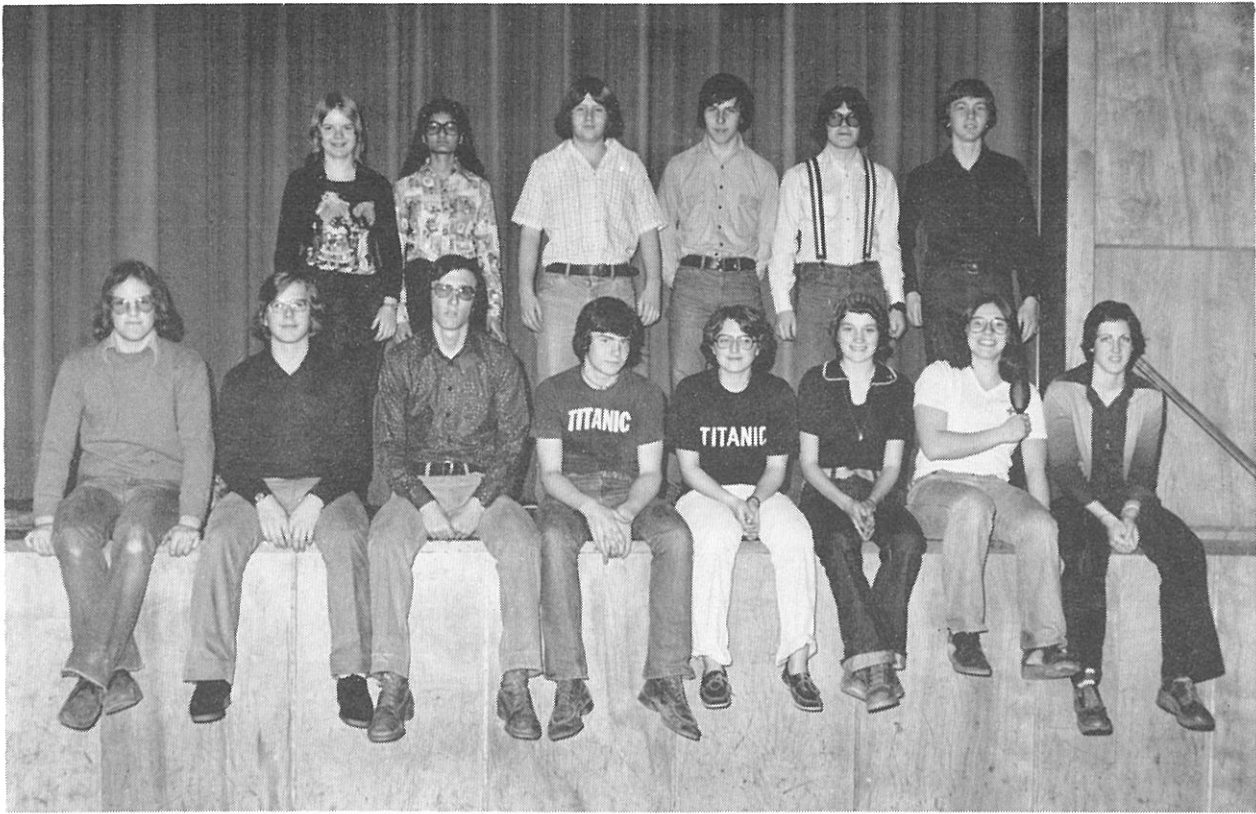
BOUNTY

Senior Intramural House



BOUNTY

Junior Intramural House



TITANIC

Senior Intramural House



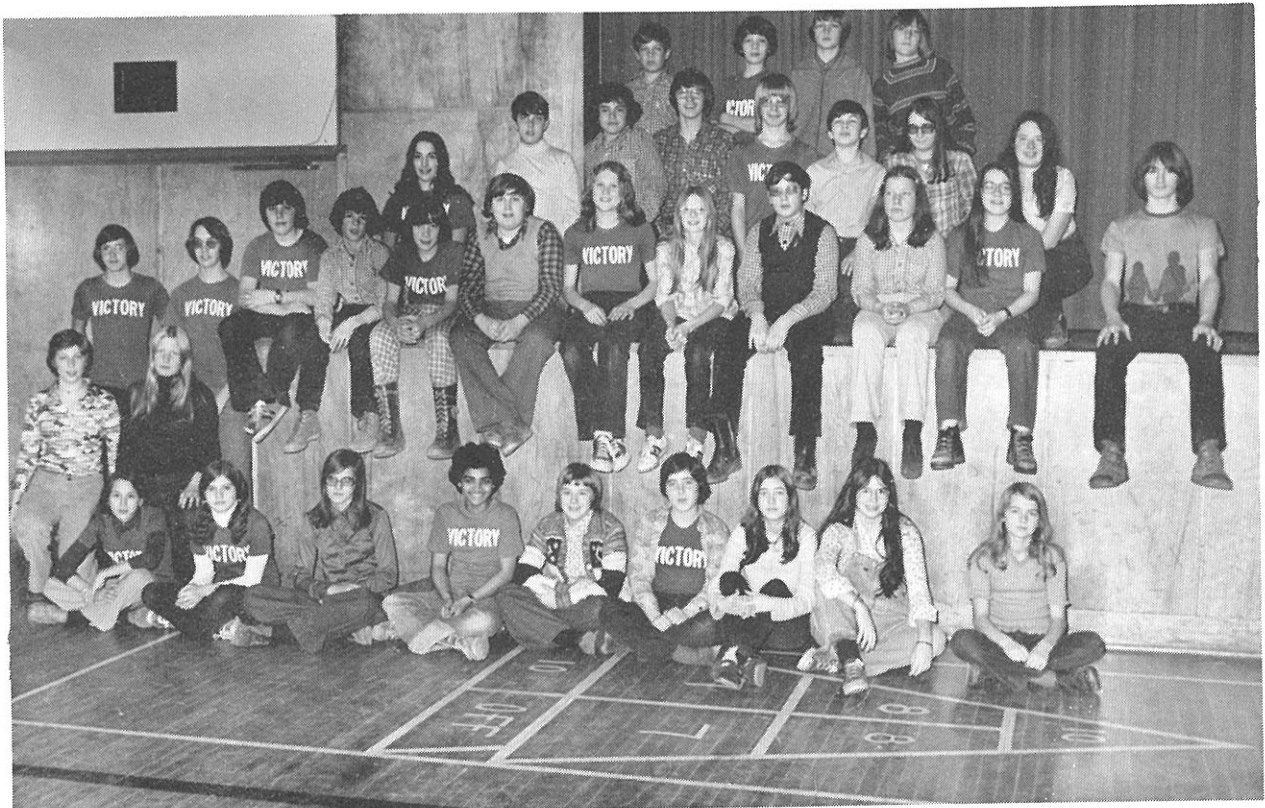
TITANIC

Junior Intramural House



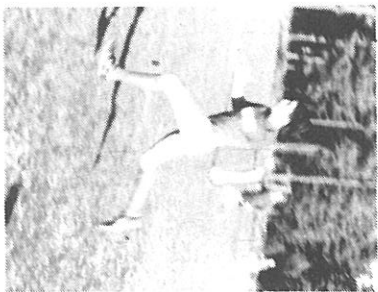
VICTORY

Senior Intramural House

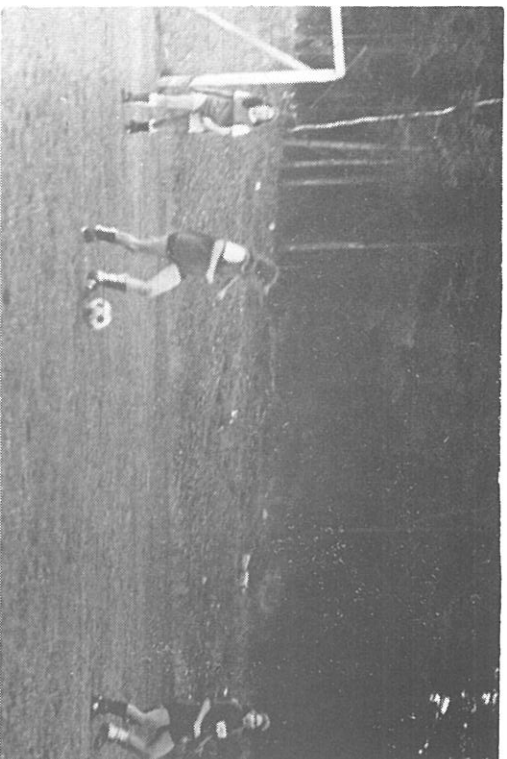
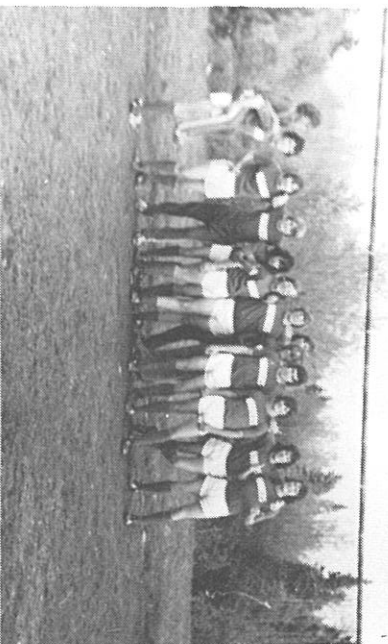


VICTORY

Junior Intramural House



S O C C E R

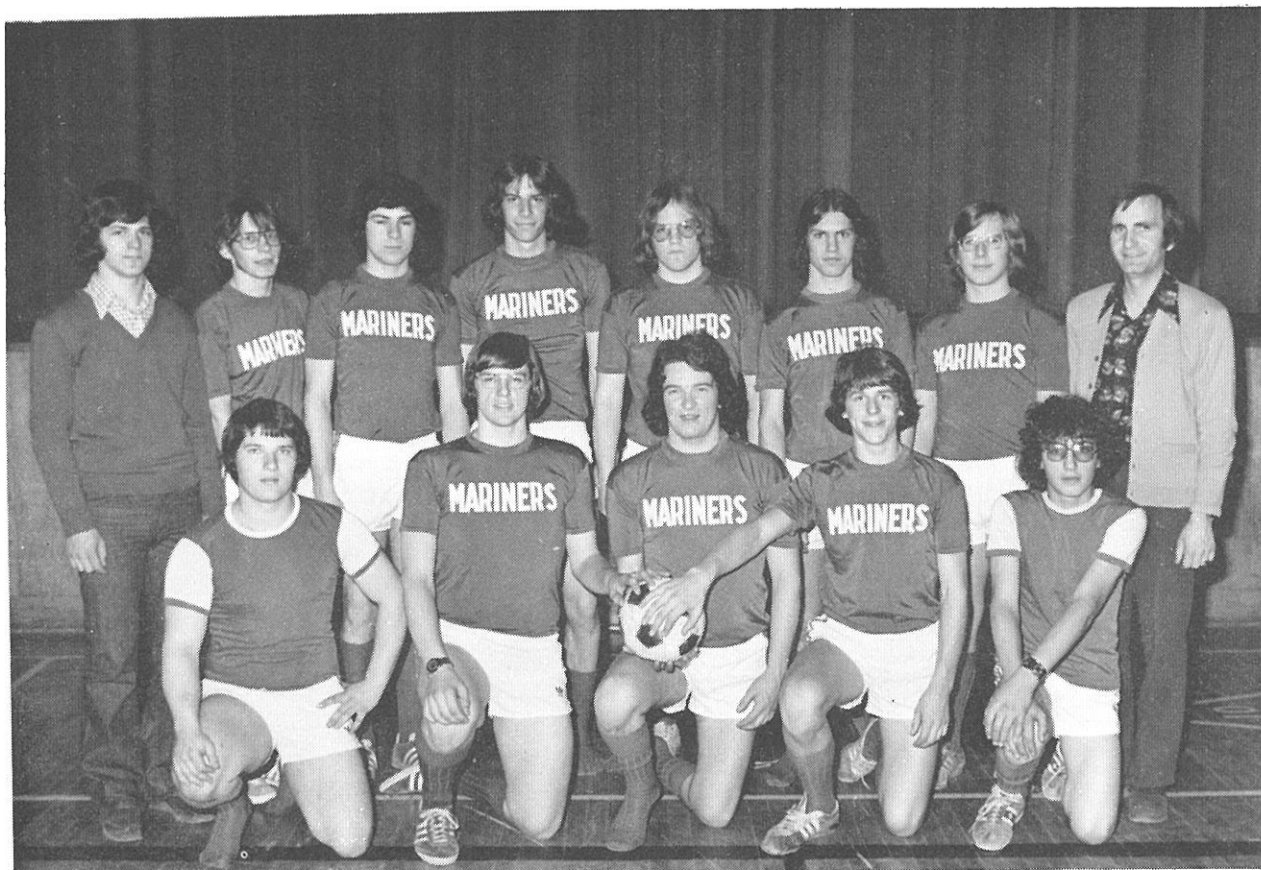


SENIOR BOYS' SOCCER

by Bruce Smith

This year's team captained by Joe Hanrahan compiled a record of two wins, six losses and two ties. Next year will be a rebuilding year for the team as we will be losing seven members through graduation. The leading scorer on the team was David Steeves with seven goals. The scores of this Season's games were:

New Ross	3	Lunenburg	3
Centre	7	Lunenburg	2
Chester	3	Lunenburg	0
Lunenburg	1	Hebbville	0
New Germany	2	Lunenburg	2
Centre	5	Lunenburg	0
Lunenburg	3	Hebbville	1
Chester	6	Lunenburg	0
New Ross	2	Lunenburg	1
New Germany	3	Lunenburg	1



SENIOR BOYS' SOCCER TEAM

Front Row: G. Miller, P. Baker, J. Hanrahan, I. Creaser, R. Romkey.

Back Row: A. Creaser, P. Mosher, D. Steeves, B. Gibson, A. Covey, J. Johnson, E. Eisenhauer, Mr. B. Smith.



JUNIOR BOYS SOCCER 1976

by Paul Brison

This has been a frustrating year for our Junior Boys' Soccer team. As there was no team the previous season, we gave away a great deal of experience, as well as size, to almost every team we played.

Our only goals of the season were scored by Bruce Langille and Craig Munroe. Craig was the team leader and the best player from either team in many of the games played.

The team did improve greatly as the year went on and should be much improved again next year when we finally are to have a home field again. It is hoped this will attract more grade sevens and eights.

We are most thankful to Centre who loaned their field for home games and to parents, teachers and coaches who drove us to the games.

New Ross	8	L.H.S.	0	Bridgewater	3	L.H.S.	0
Centre	8	L.H.S.	0	Centre	6	L.H.S.	0
L.H.S.	1	Bridgewater	0	Hebbsville	5	L.H.S.	0
Hebbsville	13	L.H.S.	0	New Ross	4	L.H.S.	1



JUNIOR BOYS' SOCCER TEAM

Front Row: S.Hebb, C.Munroe (Captain), M.Almeda, B.Winters, J.Pridham, W.Feener, P.VanDine.

Back Row: Mr. Brison (Coach), J.Steeves, B.McLeod, W.Nodding, B.Langille, F.Lane, T.Ritcey, J.Hannams, J.VanDine.

GIRLS' SOCCER

by Hank Middleton

It seems each year that the girls' high school soccer league of this county becomes smaller and smaller. This year there were only three senior high schools involved. If the present trend continues, soccer may be a thing of the past as far as female school athletics is concerned.

This year we narrowly missed becoming county champions, having perhaps the best team in three years. Undoubtedly the most efficient section of the team was the defence led by Paula Wentzell in goal. Offensively the team was able to score quite often but we suffered extensively from the "bunching" phenomenon, not to mention a couple of injuries and people missing games due to illness. Since most of our players will return next season the team is, of course, optimistic about their ability to win the championship. Let us hope that other schools will keep their teams in the league!

Game Scores

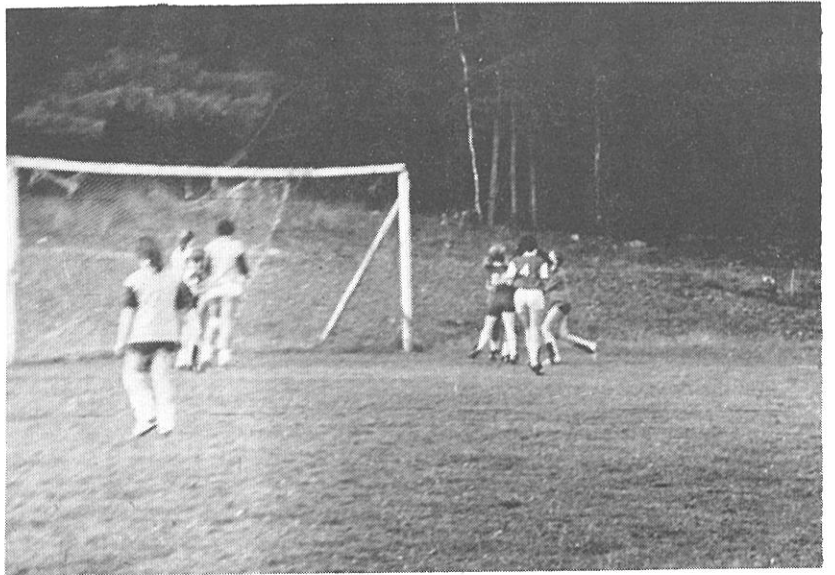
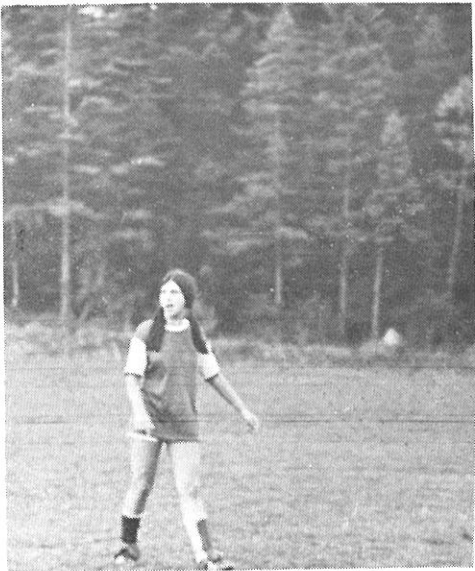
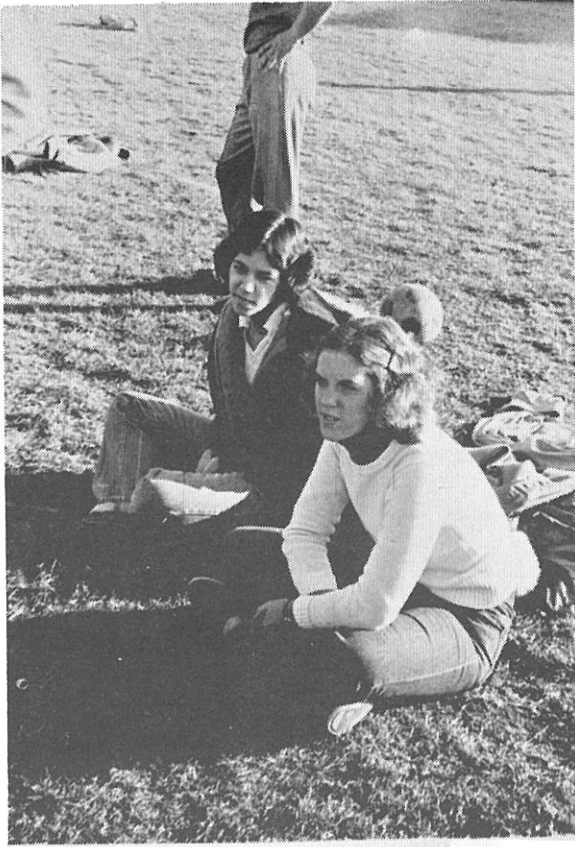
Lunenburg	3	New Germany	0
Lunenburg	2	Hebbville	2
Lunenburg	3	New Germany	2
Lunenburg	0	Hebbville	2



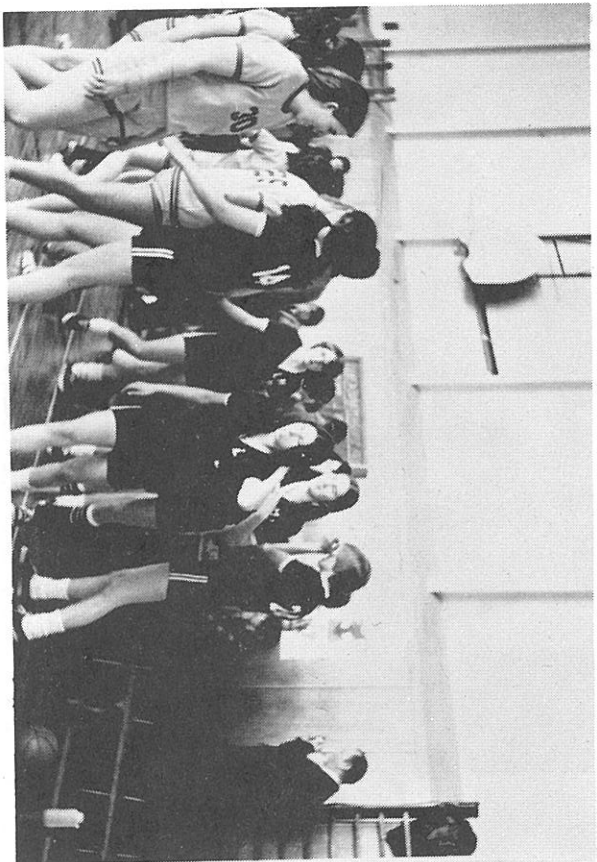
SENIOR GIRL'S SOCCER TEAM

Front Row: S.J.Nowe, P.Wentzell, J.Skinner, V.Power, D.Falkenham, H.Power

Back Row: M.Webb, S.Mosher, A.M. Spindler, A.Marnitz, C.Hiltz, J.Perry, M.Knickle, S.Spencer, N.Perry, H.Middleton (Coach).



BASKETBALL



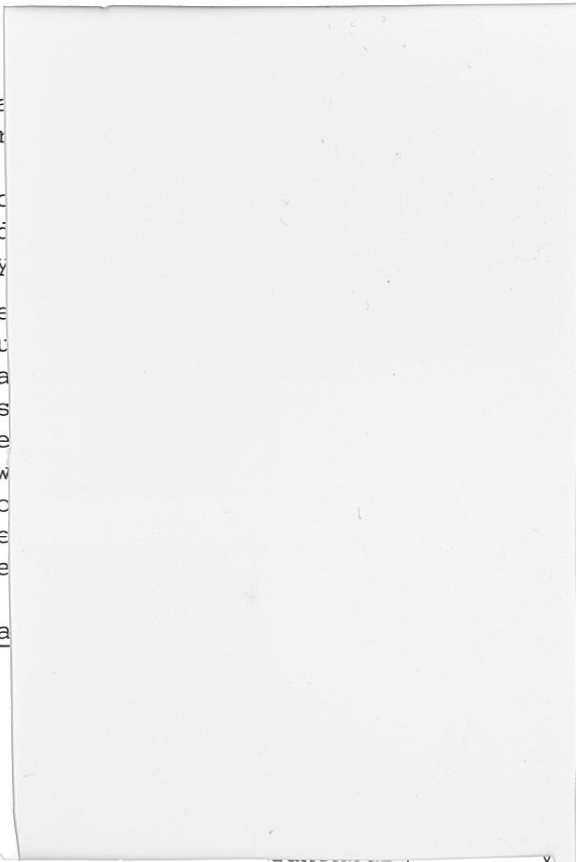
JUNIOR GIRLS FIELD HOCKEY 1976

By Brenda Lou Hoskin

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port at Lunenburg High School this
have fielded girls' soccer teams during
popularity of field hockey throughout
have begun to look more closely at
girls will have a longer playing season
ng soccer. For this reason L.H.S.
d comprised the Lunenburg County field

ned by Debbie Morrow and Bonita Nowe,
A great deal of time was spent learning
s of the sport. Needless to say the
at the top of their league but to improve
The girls learned quickly and faced each
on. Although they were not always able
nsively and during the season developed
end of the field. Bonita Nowe and
ith three and two respectively.

Lunenburg vs.

New Ross	0 - 2
Centre	0 - 2
Bridgewater	0 - 0
New Ross	1 - 2
Bridgewater	1 - 2
Centre	1 - 1
New Ross	2 - 3



JUNIOR GIRLS' FIELD HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row: M. Witherall, J. Falkenham, S. Zinck, D. Shaw, D. Morrow (Co-Captain), B. Nowe, S. Parsons, S. Zinck, D. Cook. Back Row: W. Savory, S. Hebb, G. Strickland, S. Boudreau, J. Stoodley, J. Powers, J. Courtney, A. Holland, B. Whynacht, C. Childs, R. Backman (Manager), B. Hoskin (Coach).

SENIOR GIRLS BASKETBALL

by Carolyn McAllister

The senior girls' basketball team had a very successful and rewarding season which culminated in their winning the Provincial "C" Championship Tournament. Interest was high this year as the early season practices were attended by as many as eighteen girls. A final cut was made with eight girls becoming members of the team. The starting five players consisted of Kathy Hebb, Vandalea Power, Heather Ann Power, Daphne Falkenham (captain) and Susan Joy Nowe. Juliette Skinner, Anne-Marie Spindler and Janet Eisenhauer added depth to the team as they very capably performed when called upon. The team was coached by Mrs. Carolyn McAllister assisted by Brenda-Lou Hoskin. Nancy Maxner was chosen manager and did an excellent job.

The Lunenburg County League Schedule started early in January. The seven schools in the league provided very strong competition for the team as three of the schools succeeded in playing in the Provincial "B" finals. The girls ended the schedule in a first place tie losing only one game. Many of games were well-played closely fought matches. One of the most exciting ones was played against Mahone Bay, the Provincial "B" winners. The girls were behind by three points and in the last minute of play put on a strong offensive drive scoring two baskets to win the game. The scores of the County league games are as follows:

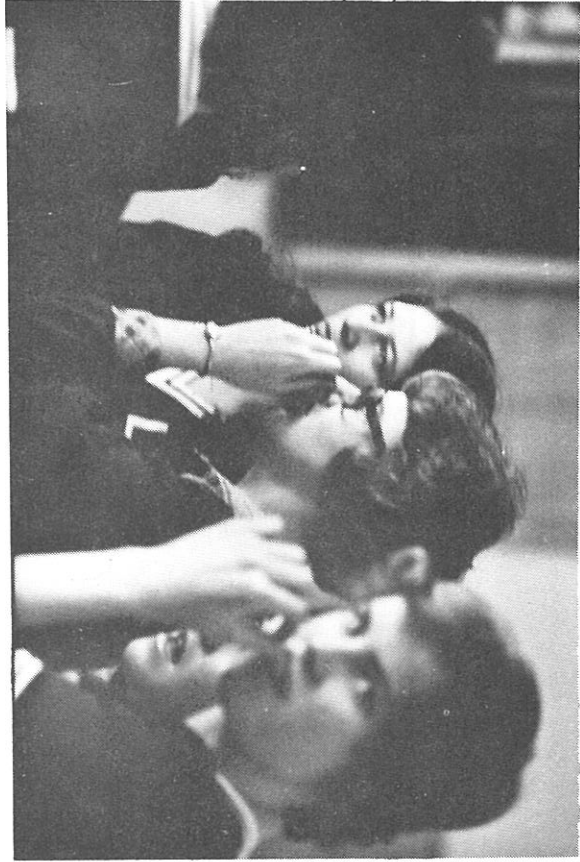
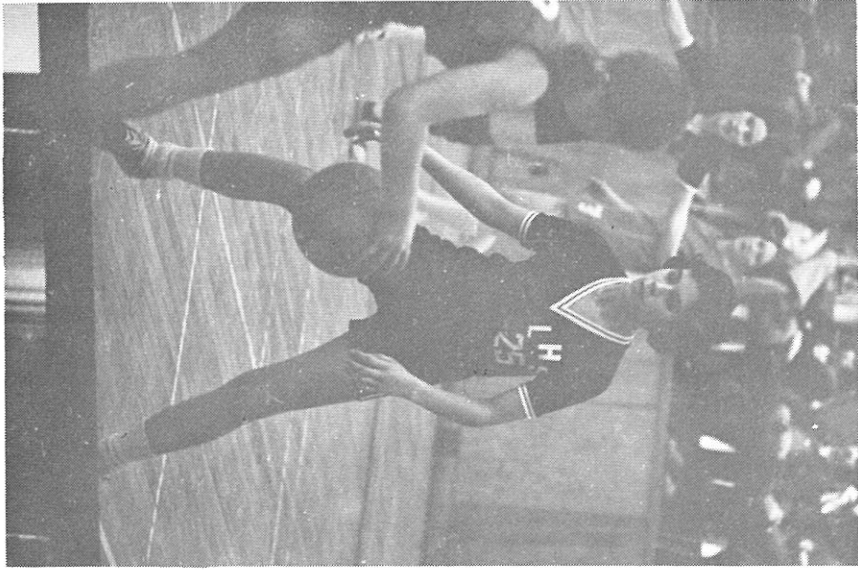
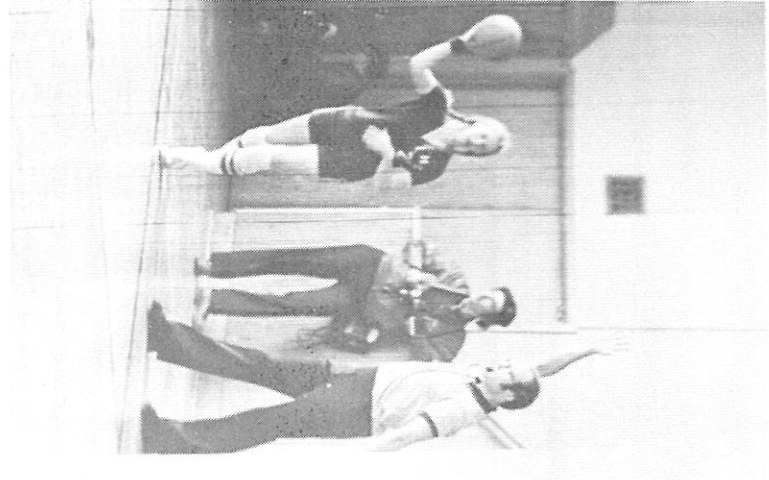
Lunenburg	38	Mahone Bay	37
Lunenburg	44	Bridgewater	19
Lunenburg	33	Vocational	24
Lunenburg	31	New Ross	39
Lunenburg	32	Centre	13
Lunenburg	50	Hebbsville	33
Lunenburg	52	New Germany	31

The girls had the honour of being invited to two invitational tournaments this season - one in Annapolis Royal and the other at Cornwallis District High School in Canning.

The teams competing in the tournament at Annapolis Royal were Lunenburg, Kings Vocational, Bridgetown and the host school. Lunenburg brought home the trophy after two decisive victories. Kathy Hebb was named first star of the tournament picking up 59 points in the two games while Heather Ann Power was named second star. The scores of the games are as follows:

Lunenburg	67	Kings Vocational	52
Lunenburg	65	Annapolis Royal	37

Lunenburg, Kings Vocational, West Kings and Cornwallis District High competed in the invitational tournament held at Canning. The girls won their first game but lost to Kings Vocational in the championship game. This was not a well-played game as five of the girls had returned from Germany only two days prior to the tournament and their weariness showed. Everyone, nevertheless, was aware of their presence as they established several new records and took home two trophies. The team scored most points in one game (45) and the most in a two-game total with 72. Vandalea Power set a rebound record of 20 in one game and a record 38 in two games. She also captured the foul-shooting contest with 15 out of 20. Kathy Hebb was second with 14 out of 20. Vandalea won the most valuable player award for her efforts. Susan Joy Nowe was chosen for the all-star team. Scores of the



games are as follows:

Lunenburg	45	West Kings	36
Lunenburg	27	Kings Vocational	30

Lunenburg represented the South Shore in the "C" Regional Tournament held in Lawrencetown. Winning this tournament gave us the honour of hosting the provincial finals the following week. Only three teams, Lunenburg, North Queens and Lawrencetown competed. Scores of the games were:

Lunenburg	59	North Queens	40
Lunenburg	42	Lawrencetown	36

A very exciting but busy week was spent preparing for the finals as arrangements had to be made with teams as far away as Margaree Forks. Other schools competing were Trenton, Edgehill and, of course, Lunenburg. Spectators were treated to some very exciting and well-played games as one was decided in the last few seconds of play while another went into overtime.

Lunenburg easily defeated Edgehill in the first game advancing to the championship game against Margaree Forks who narrowly defeated Trenton. The final game started slowly with many turnovers by both teams due, no doubt, to nervousness brought on by the pressures of such an important game. Lunenburg managed to maintain a lead throughout although Margaree Forks was not far behind at any time in the game. It was a very exciting moment for the girls and coaches when the final buzzer sounded assuring them of their first-ever championship victory.

Scores of Lunenburg's games were:

Lunenburg	45	Edgehill	18
Lunenburg	27	Margaree Forks	24

Six exhibition games were played throughout the season resulting in the following scores:

Lunenburg	28	Vocational	25
Lunenburg	33	Hebbsville	24
Lunenburg	30	Grads	20
Lunenburg	14	Teachers	34
Lunenburg	42	Boys' hockey team	41
Lunenburg	33	New Ross	52

The season ended with a commendable record of 21 wins and 4 losses. Unfortunately, the team loses four valuable members who will be graduating this year - Kathy Hebb, Daphne Falkenham, Heather Ann Power and Anne-Marie Spindler. However, with the remaining members and some good ball players coming up from the junior team, the senior team should be strong again next year.

- The top three rebounders this year were Vandalea Power, Daphne Falkenham and Susan Joy Nowe.

Individual total points scored for the season are as follows: Kathy Hebb - 282, Heather Ann Power - 245, Vandalea Power - 134, Susan Joy Nowe - 59, Juliette Skinner - 44, Daphne Falkenham - 35, Anne-Marie Spindler - 22, Janet Eisenhauer - 2.

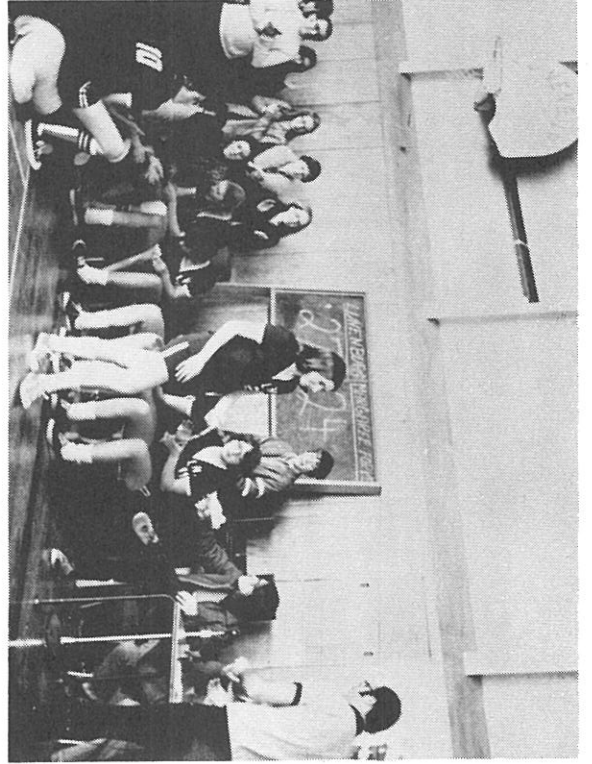
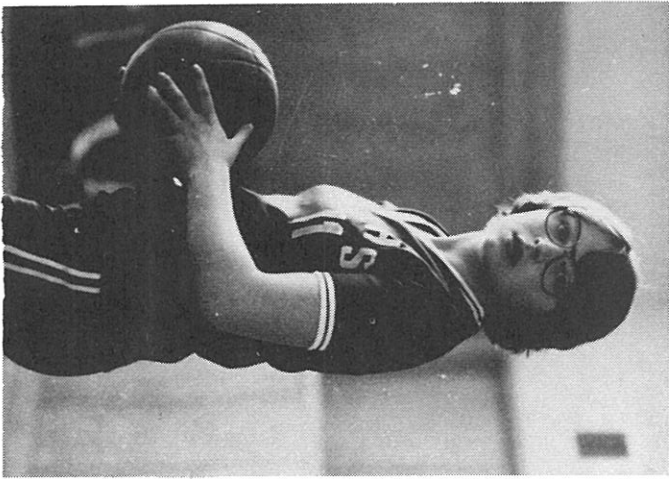
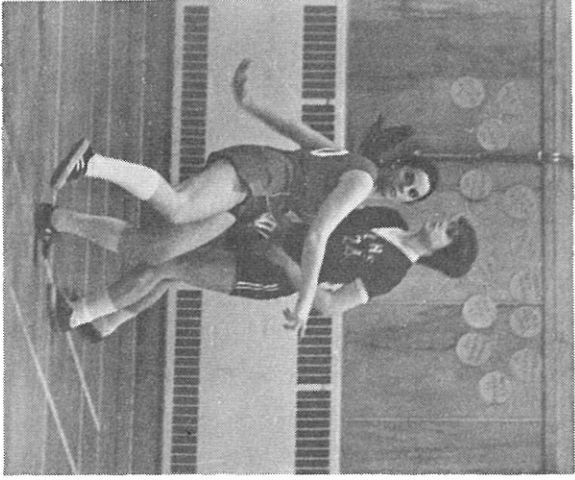
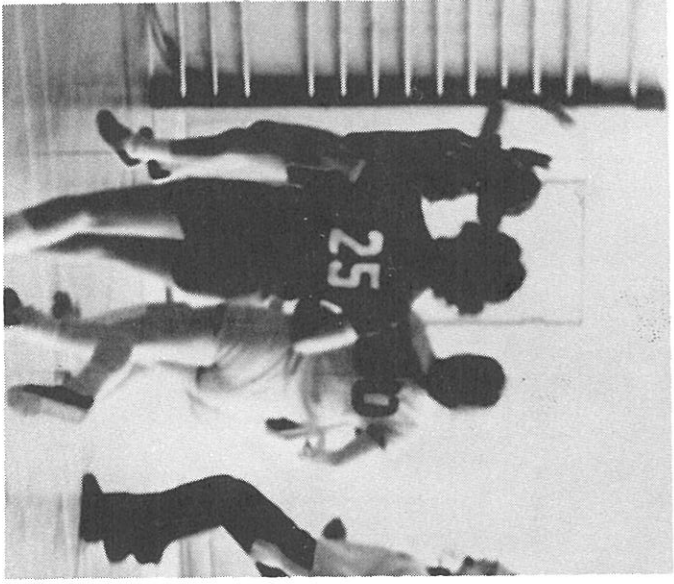


SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

L-R C. McAllister (Coach), Vandalea Power, Susan Joy Nowe, Heather Ann Power, Ann Marie Spindler, Juliette Skinner, Kathy Hebb, Janet Eisenhauer, B. Hoskin (Ass't. Coach).

Kneeling: Daphne Falkenham (Captain), Nancy Maxner (Manager).





JUNIOR GIRLS BASKETBALL 1976

by Brenda Lou Hoskins

The junior girls basketball team did not have an entirely bright season. The team got off to a slow start and did not really begin playing good ball until the middle of the season. The team's biggest weak point was their difficulty in playing together as a team. Illness also managed to take its toll, as it was not until the season was well underway that the entire team had the opportunity to practice together.

In comparing the second half of the season with the first, one could hardly imagine that it was the same team on the basketball court. The games were much closer. The team began to play together and by this time they had their zone worked out so that they proved to be very strong defensively. Offensively the team showed more hustle and united effort. The season ended with a 4-5 win-loss record, a respectable finish for the year. If the girls play with the same drive and team effort they displayed in the latter part of the season, next year should prove to be a good year for junior girls basketball!

<u>Season's Scores</u>		<u>Season's Points</u>			
Lunenburg	15	Mahone Bay	55	Bonita Nowe	34
New Ross	19	Lunenburg	12	Dianne Shaw	28
Lunenburg	28	Centre	6	Debbie Morrow	24
Mahone Bay	38	Lunenburg	11	Joanie Powers	18
Hebbville	25	Lunenburg	6	Sherry Zinck	18
Lunenburg	13	New Germany	12	Mary Anne Fox	17
Bridgewater	18	Lunenburg	14	Denise Cook	13
Lunenburg	34	Chester	18	Marlene Burns	11
Lunenburg	40	Chester	9	Cathy Saunders	6
				Sharon Zinck	<u>4</u>
				Total	<u>173</u>

JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

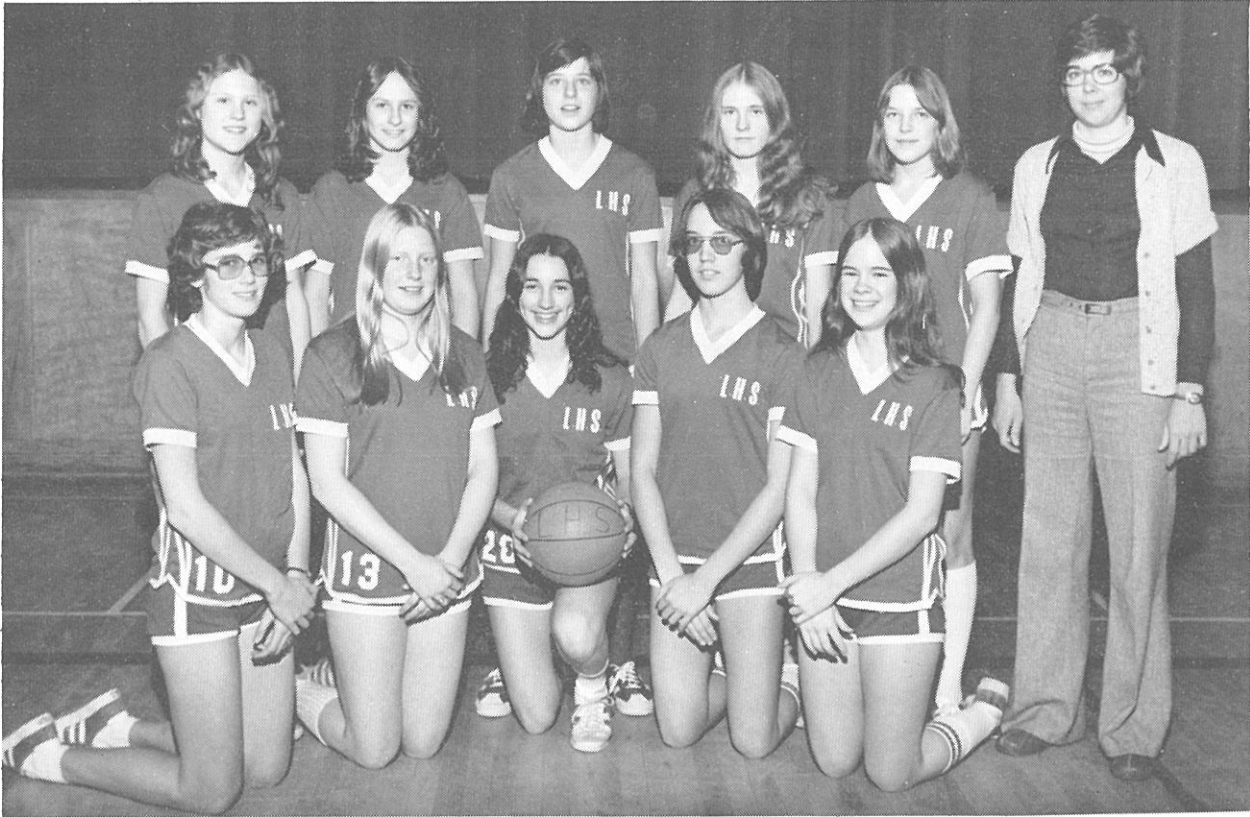
by Bruce Smith

In League play this year, the team compiled a record of 1 win and 5 losses.

Lunenburg	17	Mahone Bay	47
New Ross	47	Lunenburg	14
Hebbville	43	Lunenburg	15
Lunenburg	34	New Germany	16
Bridgewater	32	Lunenburg	4
Centre	40	Lunenburg	11

At an Invitational Tournament at New Germany, Lunenburg defeated New Germany 30 - 10; then lost in the championship game 34 - 19 to Bridgetown. Stephen Slack was selected for the All-Star Team.

Stephen Slack and Victor Ernst were high scorers for the year with 61 and 60 points respectively.



JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Kneeling: B.Nowe, M.A.Fox, S.Zinck (Captain), D.Morrow, J.Powers.

Standing: D.Cook, D.Shaw, M.Burns, C.Saunders, S.Zinck, B.Hoskin (Coach).

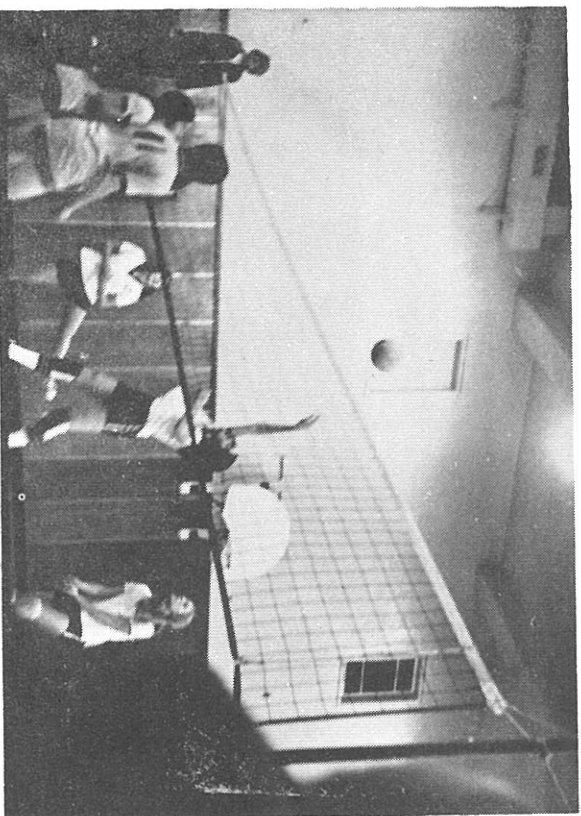
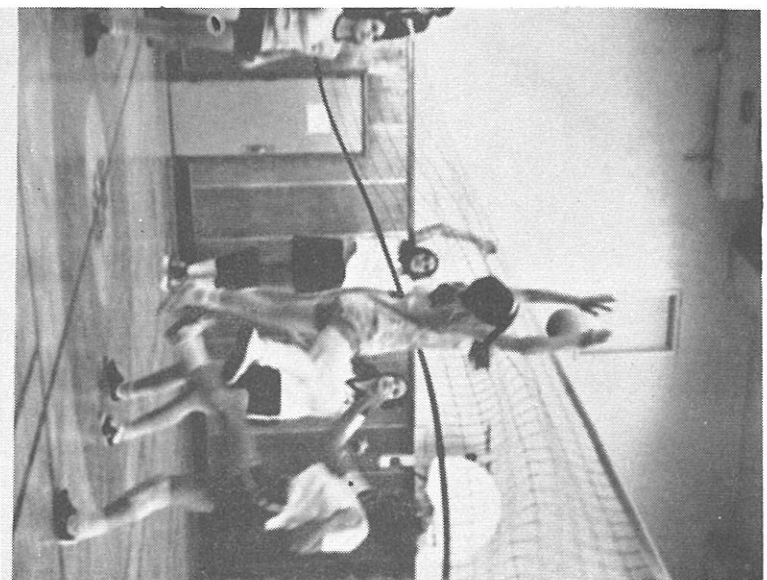
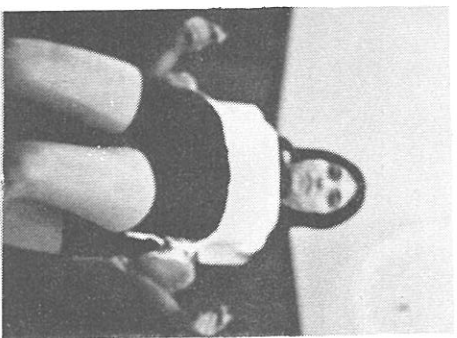
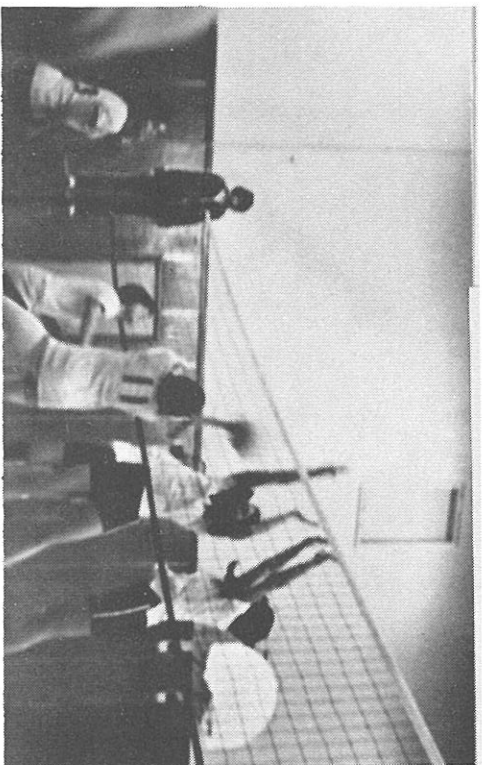


JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row: K.Chisholm, V.Ernst, J.VanDine, S.Slack, C.Cyr.

Back Row: Mr. Smith (Coach), K.Skinner, T.Eisenhauer, J.Creaser, Paul VanDine.

VOLLEYBALL





SENIOR GIRLS' "A" VOLLEYBALL TEAM

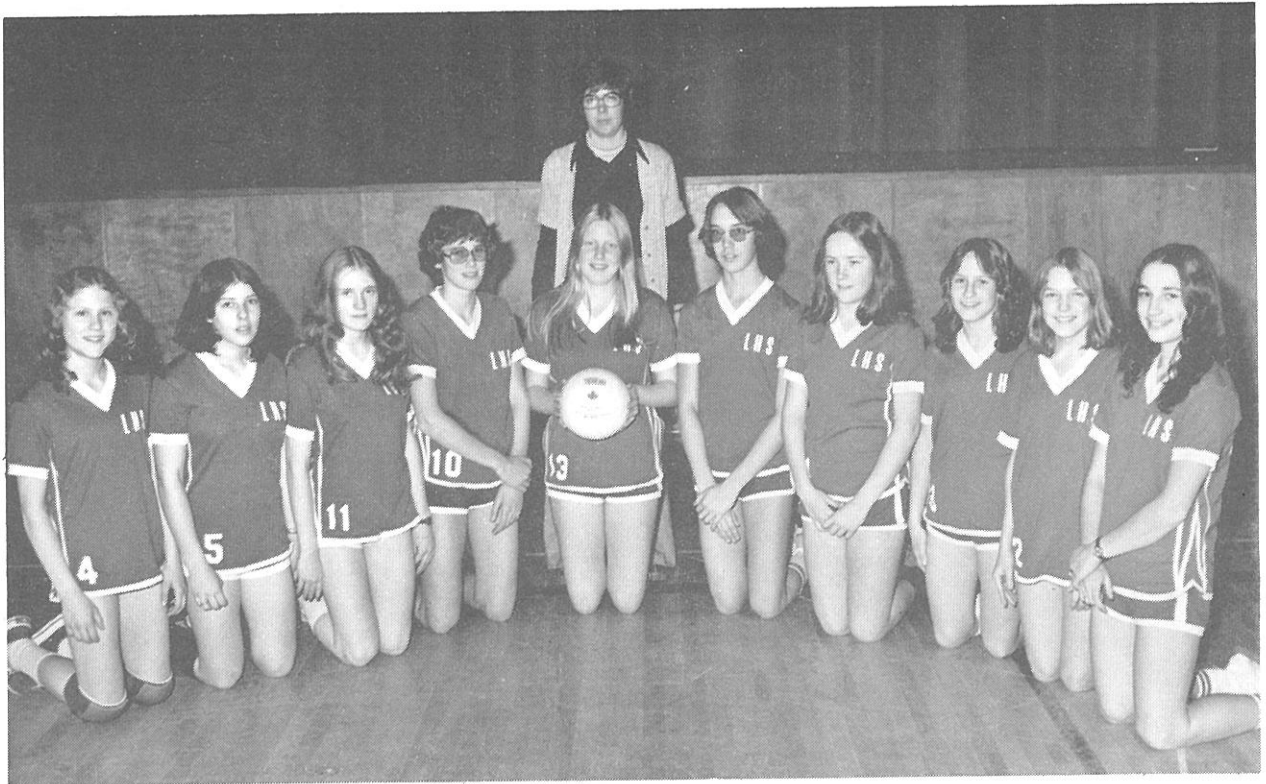
L-R: J.Skinner, J.Perry, S.J.Nowe, A.M.Spindler, H.A.Power, V.Power (Captain),
D.Falkenham, P.Wentzell, P.Conrad, D.L.Lohnes, D.Zinck, B.Hoskin (Coach).



SENIOR GIRLS' "B" VOLLEYBALL TEAM

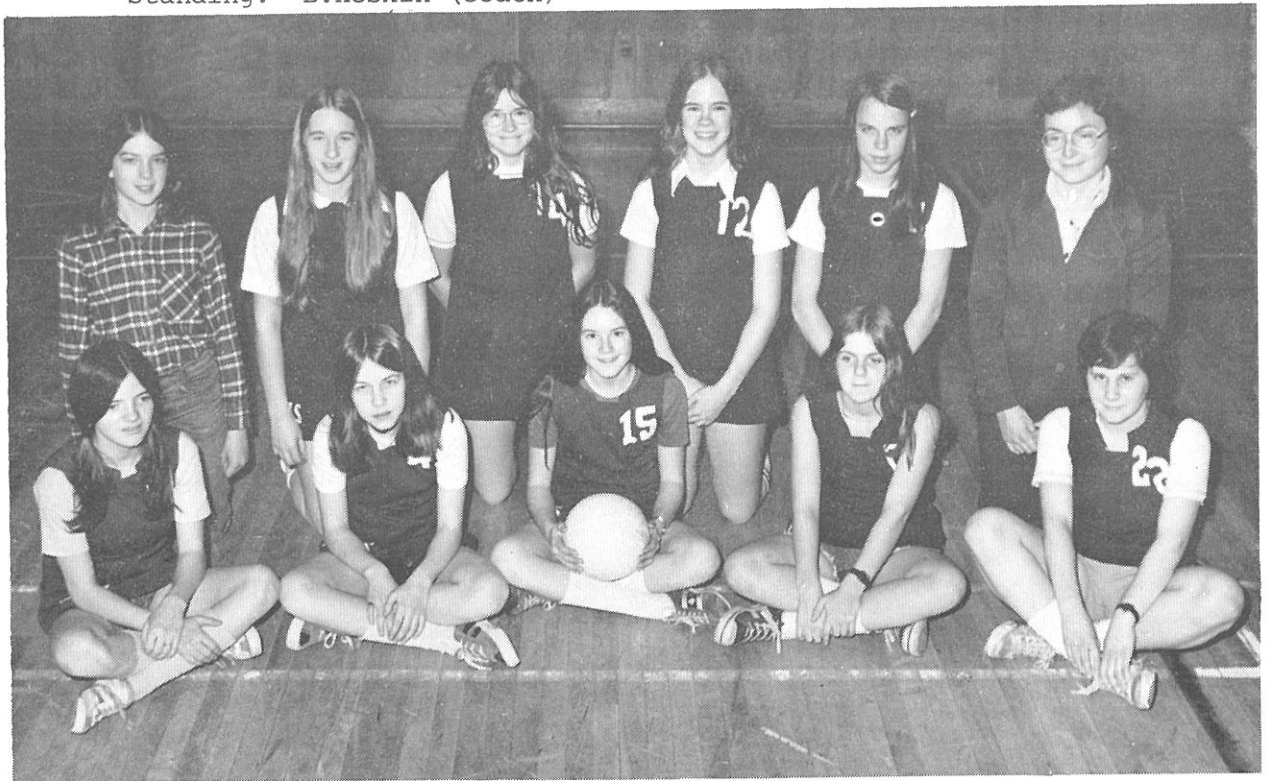
Front Row: M.Webb, N.Maxner (Captain), S.Spencer, M.Knickle, B.Hoskin (Coach),
N.Perry.

Back Row: C.Hiltz, L.Zwicker, L.Witherall, S.Mosher.



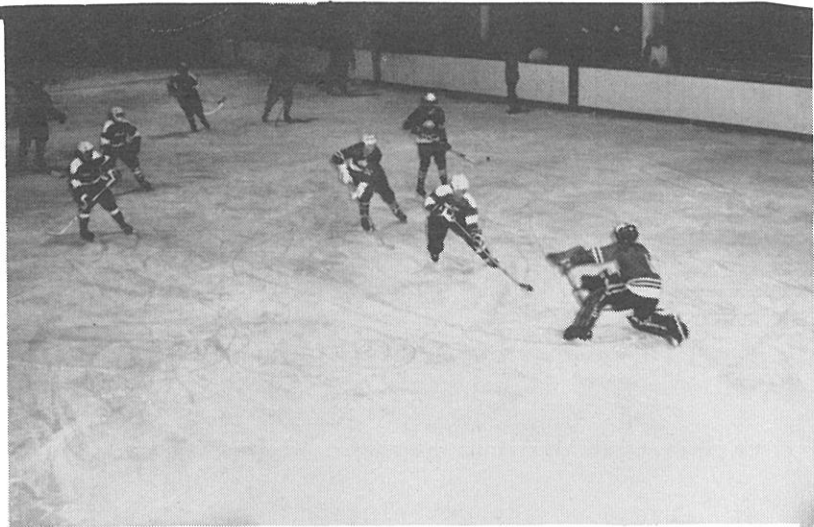
JUNIOR GIRLS' "A" VOLLEYBALL TEAM

L-R: D.Cook, J.Falkenah, C.Saunders, B.Nowe, M.A.Fox (Captain), Debbie Morrow, Shelly Parsons, Dianne Shaw, Sharon Zinck, Sherry Zinck.
 Standing: B.Hoskin (Coach)



JUNIOR GIRLS' "B" VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Sitting: C.Childs, C.Black, R.Backman, A.Zwicker, K.Jourdain.
Kneeling: C.Collins, S.Tanner, F.Knickle, J.Powers, J.Courtney
 Mrs. S. Hall (Coach).



H O C K E Y



LUNENBURG HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY 1975-76

by Gerry Goodine

The 1975-1976 hockey season saw the Lunenburg Mariners relatively unchanged from the previous year. This was to be the year for a strong team. The defending "C" champs therefore registered as a "B" school with hopes of great things... things that did not happen.

Highlights of the year included the return of the Silver Stick trophy to Lunenburg in an exciting final against defending champions Liverpool Warriors. The final score was 6-3. Lunenburg players captured a number of individual awards in the tournament:

Top Scorer	-	David Steeves
M.V.P.	-	Alan Creaser
All Star Forward	-	Alan Creaser
All Star Defence	-	Eric Eisenhauer
All Star Goaltender	-	Philip Mosher

The Mariners dominated the three team South Shore High School Hockey League with a final 4-1 win-loss record.

The Lunenburg hockey team, under rookie coach Gerry Goodine and Co-Coach Paul Brison, concluded the regular playing season with nine wins and nine losses in eighteen games.

Top scorer was Captain Dave Steeves with 66 points, while Eric Eisenhauer led all defencemen with 34 points.

Lunenburg High School put together its best effort of the year in losing out to Chester High School in the two game total goal Federation "B" playoffs. The Mariners went down to Chester for the first game and lost 6-4 in an exciting contest. Returning home for the second game, and down by two goals, Lunenburg got off to a shaky start. Chester pumped in two goals to take a commanding four goal advantage. The Mariners then attempted an amazing comeback that tied the total goal series at 8-8 at the end of regulation time. Chester then out-scored the home team 2-1 in overtime and eventually went on to capture the provincial title with relative ease.

Next year will be a rebuilding year as the team loses a number of players. Gone will be three good defencemen - Eric Eisenhauer, Henry Mills and Alan Covey; top scorer and team captain Dave Steeves; penalty killing specialist Chris Ritcey; starting goaltender Philip Mosher and hardworking Peter Baker. Good luck for the future, fellows!

A special thanks goes out to all the fans who supported this year's team.

HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY - 1976



Front Row: A.Covey, P.Mosher, Mr.G.Goodine (Coach), D.Steeves,
Mr. P. Brison (Ass't. Coach), S.Slack, G.Miller.

Second Row: J.Richards, I.Creaser, P.Baker, B.Gibson, C.Ritcey
H.Mills, R.Backman, E.Eisenhauer.

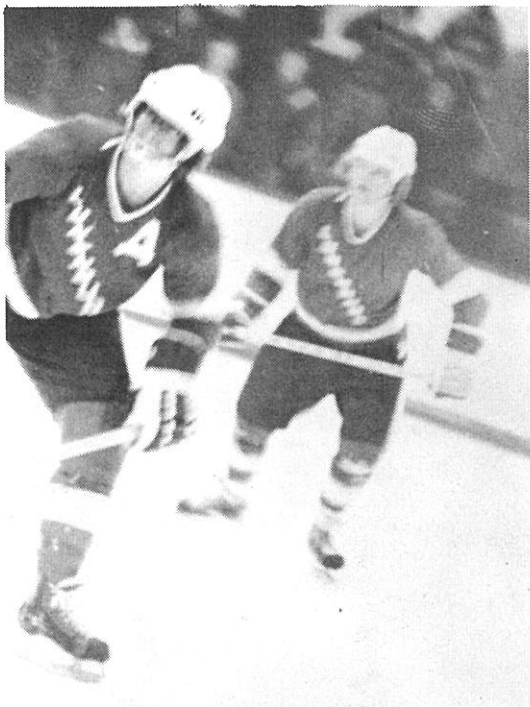
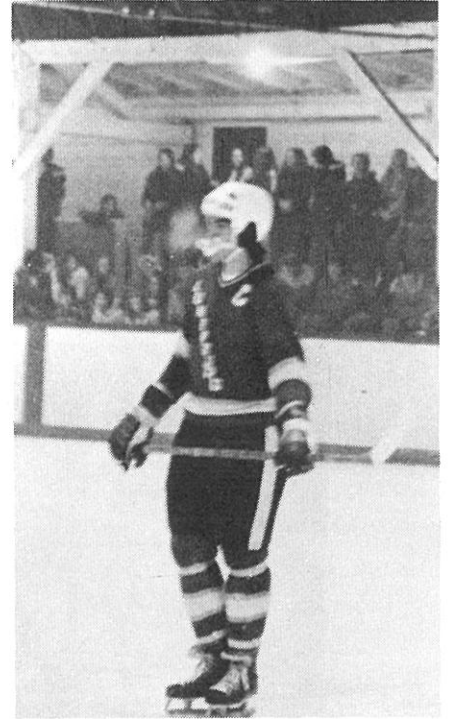
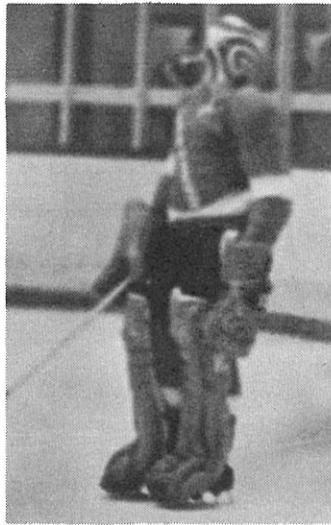
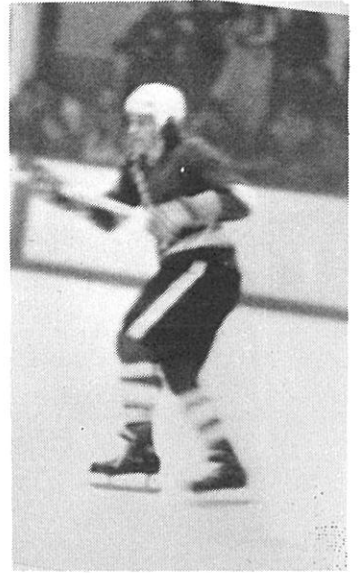
Back Row: S.Covey, P.Smith, P.Ross, J.Johnson, R.Levy, A.Creaser
Missing: P.Smith

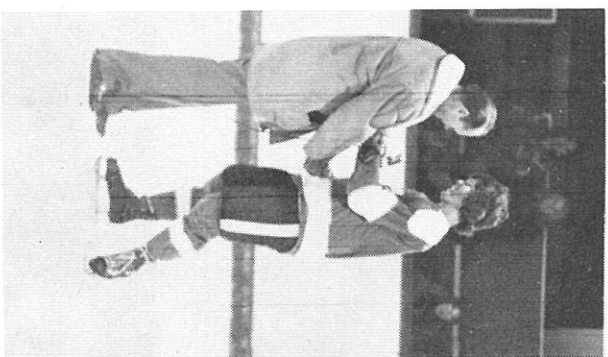
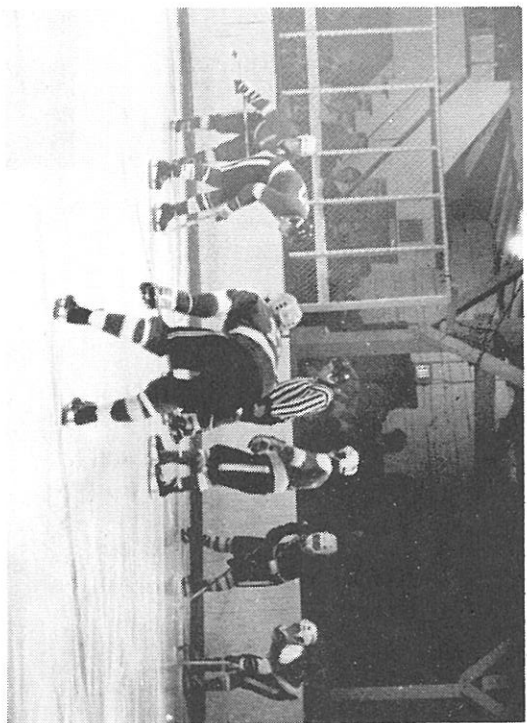


NAME OF PLAYER	PLAYED	GOALS	ASSISTS	POINTS	PLUS AND MINUS	PENALTIES IN MINUTES
BACKMAN, Ron	18	10	7	17	- 3	20
BAKER, Peter	14	1	5	6	0	8
COVEY, Scott	11	0	0	0	- 7	2
COVEY, Allan	19	1	3	4	+ 5	56
CREASER, Allan	18	22	22	44	+39	42
CREASER, Ian	18	4	12	16	+16	47
EISENHAUER, Eric	20	26	8	34	+19	42
GIBSON, Bill	13	4	6	10	- 8	41
WILCOX, Bill	5	0	0	0	- 9	0
LEVY, Keith	15	8	12	20	+18	8
MILLER, Gary	16	8	8	16	+ 3	23
MILLS, Henry	20	5	6	11	+17	91
RITCEY, Chris	17	7	7	14	+ 4	50
ROSS, Paul	17	1	2	3	- 2	4
SMITH, Paul	17	6	4	10	0	7
STEEVES, David	18	39	27	66	+40	32
SMITH, Peter	9	0	0	0	- 6	2
RICHARDS, John	9	1	2	3	- 5	0
MAY, Philip	2	0	0	0	0	0
KENT, Peter	1	0	0	0	0	0
MUNROE, Craig	1	0	0	0	- 1	0
SCHMEISSER, Mike	3	0	0	0	+ 3	0

GOALIES	GAMES PLAYED	GOALS ALLOWED	MINUTES PLAYED	AVERAGE
SLACK, Stephen)				
MOSHER, Philip)	20	120	1200	6.00
GRANDY, Jim)				

LET'S GO MARINERS
HOCKEY TEAM





BOYS "B" HOCKEY

by Paul Brison

This is the first year that Lunenburg has had a second hockey team. The need for the "B" team became apparent at the early practices when we were swamped by a large number of hockey players and only a few positions available on the "A" team. Since a large number of "A" team players graduate this year, the "B" team also provided a means of giving the boys a little more ice time to prepare for next year. Players who did well in practice or "B" games got a chance to play on the "A" team. The coaches, Mr. Brison and Mr. Goodine, were pleased to note that none of these "B" players looked out of place once they adjusted to the faster pace of the "A" games.

In addition, a number of players who would not otherwise have had the chance got to play for the school.

There was not a victory in hockey all year as great as the 9-4 victory over Centre's "A" team after losing to them previously by 9-4 and 10-4 scores.

Game Scores were as follows:

Centre	9	Lunenburg	4
Centre	9	Lunenburg	5
Lunenburg	9	Centre	4
Lunenburg	7	KCA	3
Lockport	5	Lunenburg	2
Lunenburg	10	Lockport	5

Thanks must go to the parents who helped us with transportation and moral support.

NAME OF PLAYER	<u>"B" STATS</u>			PENALTIES IN
	GOALS	ASSISTS	TOTAL POINTS	MINUTES
Knig Black	1	1	2	10
Bill Boudreau	-	1	1	4
Scott Covey	1	1	2	10
Kevin Corkum	-	1	1	4
Kevin Grandy	1	-	1	8
Jim Johnston	1	1	2	2
Peter Kent	1	1	2	23
Philip May	3	5	8	8
Craig Munroe	7	6	13	4
Dave Perry	3	1	4	-
John Richards	9	-	9	6
Robert Romkey	1	2	3	8
Alan Rowlands	-	5	5	2
Kevin Rowlands	1	2	3	6
Mike Schmeisser	2	2	4	8
Peter Smith	1	3	4	2
Bill Tanner	1	-	1	-
Bill Wilcox	5	3	8	14
<u>GOAL:</u> Peter Baker	Jim Grandy	Stephen Slack		

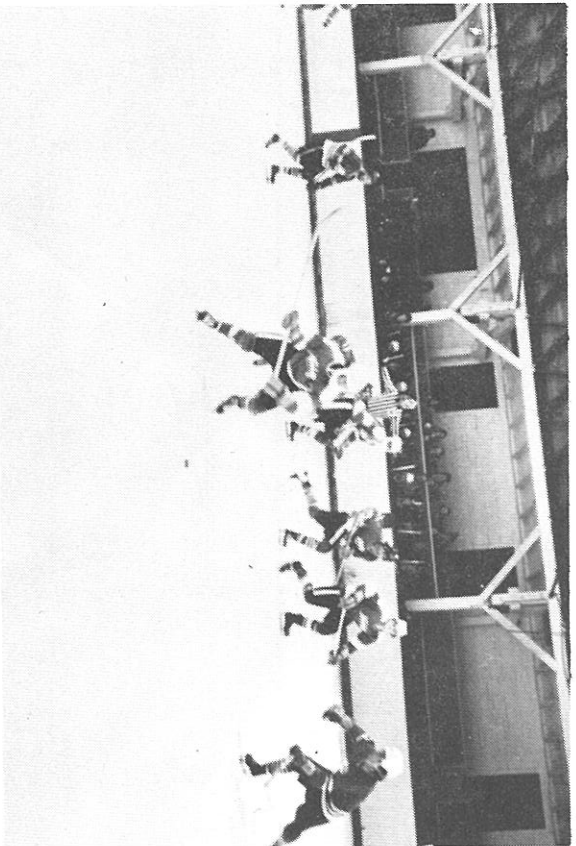


"B" BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row: M. Schmeisser, C. Munroe, J. Slack, B. Boudreau.

Second Row: P. Smith, J. Richards, S. Covey, R. Romkey.

Back Row: Mr. P. Brison (Coach), P. May.





GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row: J.Skinner, L.Zwicker, S.Mosher, P.Wentzell, A.M.Spindler, M.Knickle.

Second Row: K.Hebb, V.Baker, C.Munroe, S.Saunders, N.Maxner.

Back Row: P.Conrad P.Baker (Coach), S.McLeod. Missing: N.Wilcox, S.Spencer, M.Webb, M.Knickle.



BOYS CURLING 1976

by S. Saunders '77

After the graduation of Doug Tanner and the departure of Michael MacDonald for Newfoundland, this year's edition of the Lunenburg High School Curling Team was forced to look for new personnel.

The new talen was found in the persons of Bill Gibson and Bruce Saunders. To accommodate the new arrivals, Michael Kenney moved up from his old position of second to third, Scott Saunders retained his position as skip, Bruce Saunders became the lead and Bill Gibson the second.

For the new team, the competitive season began shortly after Christmas with the 4th Annual Mayflower Christmas Bonspiel. There the boys defeated, in order; Hebbville 5-4, New Glasgow 7-5, and Port Hawkesbury 6-4. This put them in the finals where they were to face David Leblanc of Dartmouth for the Championship. The championship game proved to be very close, going into the extra end where Leblanc was able to count with his last stone to win the match.

About a month later Nova Scotia schools entered into zone and regional qualifying rounds. Lunenburg won its zone championship by defeating Chester 12-3 and Bridgewater 8-7 and thus won a position in the western regional qualifying rounds in Yarmouth. (Bridgewater also won a position as runners-up)

In Yarmouth, Lunenburg won three straight games, the first against Middleton 8-4, the second 5-2 over West Kings and the third against old foe Bridgewater 9-1. This enabled Lunenburg (and later Bridgewater, who won the #2 position) to advance to the provincial finals at the Halifax Curling Club.

It is at this point that the good fortune the boys had enjoyed disappeared. Ice conditions in Halifax were very demanding and although the boys managed to last four games in the double-knockout competition, they never really succeeded in adjusting. It seemed that everytime they went on the ice they were involved in a battle with the ice rather than with the other team. This inability to adjust stems from the inexperience of the team as a whole and can only be overcome by more experience. Both the boys and the coaches agree that there is no comparison between their play at the beginning and the end of the season and if the improvement continues their chances for next year will grow everyday.



BOYS CURLING

Front Row: Mr. D. Burke, M.Kenney, S.Saunders, W.Gibson, B.Saunders, A.Crouse, Mr.R.H.Campbell. Back Row: C.Cyr, T.Eisenhauer, M.Almeda, D.Ullock, M.Corkum, T.Dauphinee.

GIRLS' CURLING 1976

by Ann Whynacht '77

This year the girls were quite busy going to a total of six bonspiels during the season. The first bonspiel was the Truro Youth Bonspiel which developed out of the Canada Games. There were zone playoffs in Bridgewater and both the teams made up of Ann Whynacht, Mary Jane MacDuff, Judy Kent, Margie Knickle and a junior team of Sally Saunders, Debbie Morrow, Kimberly Greek, Mary Demone and Marlene Burns made the provincial bonspiel in Truro. Paula Parsons' team of Joanne Saunders, Becky Crouse and Valerie Baker missed going to the Youth Bonspiel by one game. The Youth Bonspiel was held December 11-14, 1975.

The next bonspiel was the annual Mayflower Christmas Bonspiel held December 27 and 28. Three girls teams went consisting of Ann Whynacht, Mary Jane MacDuff, Judy Kent, Margie Knickle; Paula Parsons, Joanne Saunders, Becky Crouse, Valerie Baker and Sally Saunders, Debbie Morrow, Kimberly Greek and Marlene Burns.

Scores:	Lunenburg (Whynacht)	9	New Glasgow	2
	Lunenburg "	9	Dartmouth	2
	Lunenburg "	9	Chester	0
	Kentville	7	Lunenburg (Whynacht)	6
	(Championship game)			
	Lunenburg (Parsons)	1	St. Pat's	5
	Lunenburg "	5	Chester	3
	Lunenburg "	1	Dartmouth	9
	Lunenburg (Saunders)	6	Halifax West	5
	Lunenburg "	2	Q.E.H.	8
	Lunenburg "	7	St. Pat's	0
	Lunenburg "	12	Halifax West	6
	Lunenburg "	3	Q.E.H.	9
	(Consolation Game)			

Next on the girls' list were the Club Playoffs held to determine who would go from our club to the zone, regional and provincials.

Whynacht downed Parsons
 Saunders downed Whynacht
 Whynacht downed Parsons
 Saunders downed Whynacht

Sally Saunders earned the right to represent the club in the zone playoffs held the second week of February. In the first round robin there was a three way tie requiring a second round robin in which the two zone winners were Lunenburg and Bridgewater. These two teams went on to the Regionals held in Lunenburg, February 13 - 15.

Lunenburg	12	Annapolis	3
Lunenburg	2	Yarmouth	8
Lunenburg	5	Bridgewater	11

Yarmouth and Kentville came out on top in the Regionals and so earned the right to go to the Provincials in Halifax.

The last bonspiel was the Tupper Cup Bonspiel sponsored by Dr. Tupper of Lunenburg . This was held on March 28, 1976 in Lunenburg. Two girls' teams and two boys' teams represented Bridgewater and the same for Lunenburg with one girls' team and two boys teams from Liverpool. Lunenburg's teams: Sally Saunders, Margie Knickle Debbie Morrow, Mary Demone; Ann Whynacht, Judy Kent, Valerie Baker, Marlene Burns; Scott Saunders, Mike Kenney, Bill Gibson, Bruce Saunders; Allan Crouse, Tom Eisenhauer, Chris Cyr and Scott Corkum won all the games bringing the Cup back to Lunenburg for another year.

The girls wish to thank Mr. R. H. Campbell, Mr. & Mrs. D. Burke, Mrs. S. Hall and others who helped make this season successful.



GIRLS CURLING

Front Row: C.Knickle, G.Strickland, S.Hebb, M.Witherall, R.Backman, S.Zinck, A.Zwicker, J.Courtney.

Second Row: Mr.D.Burke, J.Saunders, A.Whynacht, B.Crouse, M.Burns, J.Powers, S.Parsons, M.Knickle, M.Demone, Mrs. Burke.

Back Row: B.Nowe, T.Fraelic, S.Saunders, J.Kent, V.Baker, K.Greek. D.Morrow.

BADMINTON 1976

by Philip Daniels

"Spring is sprung,
The Grass is riz,
I wonder where the Birdies is..?"

I don't know where they 'is' now, but this winter and spring they were flying about the courts of L.H.S.

Badminton this year consisted of two groups who played recreationally within the school and teams who played inter-scholastic events.

Recreationally, there was a grade 7 & 8 club and a club for grades nine and up. The 7 & 8 club held an in-school tournament with congratulations and trophies going to these persons:

Girls Singles	-	Denise Cook
Boys Singles	-	Paul VanDine
Girls Doubles	-	Diane Shaw & Denise Cook
Boys Doubles	-	Gary Benteau & Wade Nodding
Mixed Doubles	-	Denise Cook & Paul VanDine

Mixed Singles and Mixed-up Doubles were cancelled due to unpopular demand.

Inter-scholastically, the first meet was an under 14 Singles Round Robin meet at Chester. Five boys and five girls attended with Craig Munroe leading the squad by placing third in the tournament.

In March a dual meet was held with Center. The L.H.S. team consisted of:

Boys Singles	-	Brian McLeod
Girls Singles	-	Jane Falkenham
Boys Doubles	-	Wayne Feener & Subodh Passey
Mixed Doubles	-	Denise Cook & Paul VanDine
Boys Singles	-	Kenneth Skinner
Girls Singles	-	Joanie Powers
Boys Doubles	-	Kenneth Chisholm & Leon Mosher
Girls Doubles	-	Diane Shaw & Sharon Zinck
Boys Singles	-	Richard Byers
Girls Doubles	-	Sherry Zinck & Debby Morrow

Our under 14 Girls Singles, Boys Doubles and Mixed Doubles; under 16 Girls Doubles and under 19 Boys Singles were winners at this meet.

The last big event of the year was the under 19 County Championship at New Germany. L.H.S. was represented by the following team:

Girls Singles	-	Sherry Zinck
Boys Singles	-	Kevin Lohnes
Girls Doubles	-	Vandalea Power & Heather Ann Power
Boys Doubles	-	Jimmy Slack & Kenneth Skinner
Mixed Doubles	-	Bonita Nowe & Kenneth Chisholm



BADMINTON

First Row: R.Stoodley, V.Power, H.A.Power, B.Nowe, C.Munroe,
P.VanDine, J.Falkenham.

Second Row: L.Mosher, G.Seaboyer, A.Zwicker, G.Strickland,
D.Morrow, S.Zinck, S.Hebb, S.Zinck.

Back Row: R.Backman, C.Collins, J.Powers, K.Lohnes, D.Cook, D.Shaw.

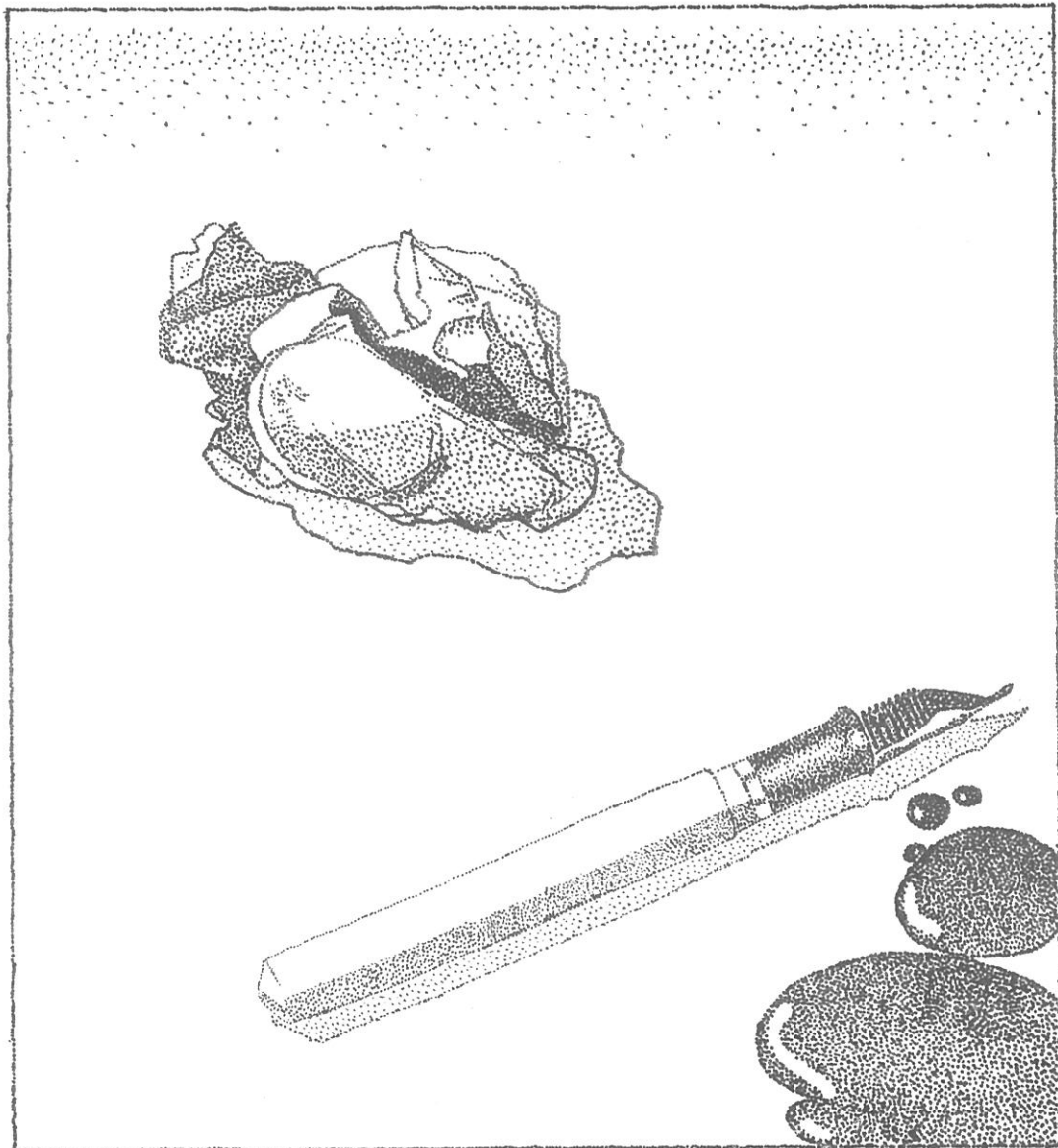


TRACK & FIELD

Front Row: N.Perry, H.Power, P.Wentzell, S.J.Nowe, J.Skinner, M.Knickle,
S.Zinck, V.Baker.

Back Row: P.Parsons, K.Greek, V.Power, D.Steeves, P.Baker, I.Creaser,
A.Creaser, Mr. Smith (Coach).

Literature



THE HAWK

by Frances Knickle '80

Waves relentlessly
Smashing
Against million year old rock
Swirling the Ocean
Creating a tornado
In the world living below
Up above
Like a bullet
He moves through the sky
Searching
Streak across the bleak universe
Proudly moving in all his glory
Waiting
For the foolish to wander into his trap
Eyes with the sight of a god.
To the west
A young breeze
Dares to test his strength
Dares to shoot him down.

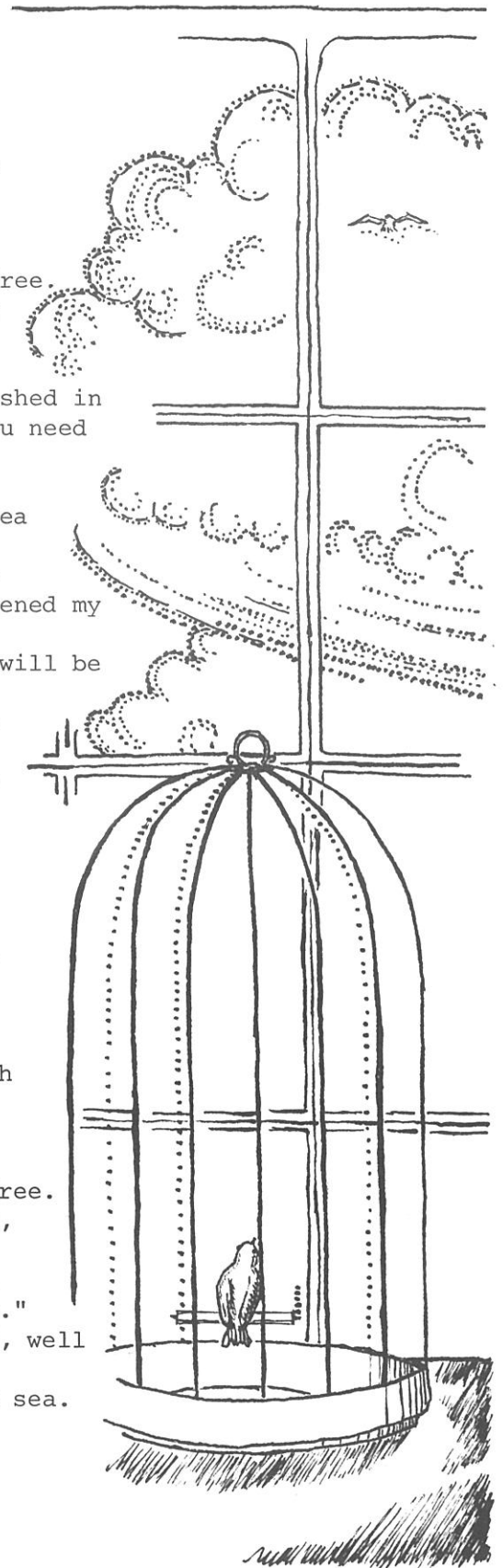
Fly across the sky
Race into the stars
Keep your spirit high
Never close your mind
They below never see your thoughts
They cannot even pick the wrong from right
But you
You
Can effortlessly speed up time
To part the universe in two
Never lose the meaning
Of knowing what to find.



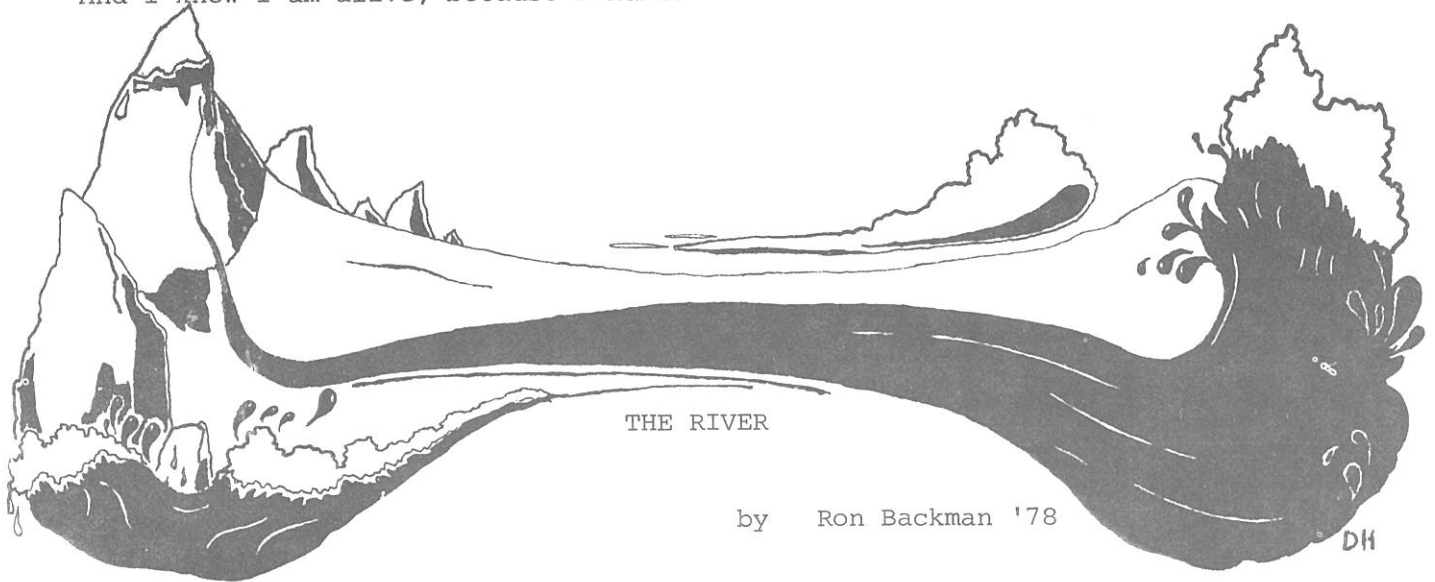
KINDRED SPIRITS

by Heather-Anne Risser '77

It was a warm, lazy summer's day
The first day they "met".
Outside the Mansion, the Sea Gull sat atop the rose
trellis;
Just inside the window, the small, Caged Bird sat
pensively staring out...
Two birds. Both, by the Law of Nature, were born free.
The tiny caged one, sensing soundly the urge of the
wild thing within him
Uttered a high-pitched cry, not unlike a scream.
At that moment, the gracious "Lady of the House" rushed in
"Oh! What is the matter with Mama's baby? Ah! You need
your vitaminized seeds,
So stupid of me!"
Then she looked out, her masked eyes beheld the Sea
Gull!
Her jewelled hands hit hard upon the window-pane:
"Be gone! Be gone! You dirty bird. You've frightened my
baby.
And think, oh! think of the state my rose-trellis will be
in now!"
She reached in the peep-hole of the cage to comfort
the Caged One.
Much, much, to her consternation, he nipped sharply
at the glittering gems on her hands
He tried to bite her!
The Sea Gull, head to one side, sat watching...
Until the jewelled hand, now made an angry
fist hit the window.
With an easy grace, he flew over her house, towards
the tranquil sea.
It was rough, blustery winter's day
the next day they "met".
Inside the Mansion, the Caged Bird sat alone, though
warm and fed.
Outside the window, the wild Sea Gull sat silently
staring in...
Two birds. Both, by the Law of Nature, were born free.
The cold Sea Gull, batt'ling the elements, is alone,
starving, almost dead.
The tiny Caged One looks. Again his senses stir...
But some sense tells him now "You could not survive."
Four bird eyes meet; the tiny creature is sheltered, well
fed.
The Sea Gull, foraging for sustenance, flies to the sea.
He shrinks beneath the storm!



The wind, the snow, all battering his proud frame, bent
it.
His stately neck trembled, as he sought shelter
amongst the rocks
" 'Tis life, 'tis life", he told himself. "Hold on tonight;
'tis night."
At last the long night, with its tempest, its terror,
gave way to the breaking dawn.
Hurt, scarred, the Sea Gull flew to the wharf's edge.
Again, his resilient neck held proudly like a thoroughbred.
He looked upon the town.
Still alone, he began to preen his battle-scarred coat.
Softly, to himself, he uttered small cries.
I think he said "I have weathered a crisis, but I am still
free.
And I know I am alive, because I hurt!"



Somewhere far up in the mountains the sun shines down between the tall spruce and pines, melting the winter's snow. A sparkling trickle of water seeps along the ground, and joins other similar trickles, to form a tiny rivulet. The rivulet flows along a clear-cut depression until it tumbles over a small bank and into a gurgling brook.

The bubbling brook runs merrily along like a happy, playful child. It is never still; the further it goes, the longer and stronger it gets, just like a child in life. The brook is home for many an animal, including the beaver and his dam. The brook is not stopped though, it finds its way through, around or over Mr. Beaver's dam and continues on its way.

These small brooks are numerous; and after flowing so merrily along for several miles, all the time gaining in size and force, they burst triumphant from their restricting banks and plunge headlong into the river.

The river winds and twists through the roughest country, furnishing a way of travel and a means of resources for many, from the Indians of long ago, up to modern man.

The river, like the brook, starts high in the mountains, and pushes its way forward, leaping, bounding, dashing madly against its restraining banks.

The river flows on and on, now it's calm and crystal clear, now snow white with foam. It rounds a sharp bend and, like a racing car when it fails to make the corner, the water smashes against the high walls of rock; then falls limply back to be swept on again. Then the river flows smoothly for a distance, as if tired and lags back to gain its breath and velocity. As if in answer to your thoughts, the river slips through a winding gorge and bursts out upon the narrow rapids, where it dashes against the protruding rocks as if angered by their presence in its path.

But the river is not killed by the rapids. It picks itself up and continues on its merry way through the countryside, until it reaches its finale and flows into the sea.

NIGHT

The night's cool air is creeping upon you,
The moon is rising and the stars are shining,
You can hear the cuckoo bird's sweet coo,
And see the heavens with red and gold lining.

Ah, the night is a strange place to be,
So quiet and cool and alive,
With so many things to do and to see,
Even the fish come up to breathe and then to dive.

We sleep soundly throughout the night,
Never thinking of nature's sounds!
Till we awaken with morning's light,
Still not knowing that the night's values are measured in pounds!

Night is a time of peace,
Night is a time full of thought,
To think of tomorrow, or heaven's peace,
But most of all, night is a precious time,
 a time which cannot be bought.

Night is a time to be shared with a loved one,
So let's watch the heaven's red and gold lining,
And think about things we might have done,
While watching the stars and moon shining.

STORM WARNINGS

by Donna Mason '77

As I look out the window the sky darkens and the wind is flowing through the tree tops making each branch crack as it bends. It starts to rain. Each drop that falls moistens the leaves on the trees. The flowers in the garden reach up towards the sky to drink the water which mother nature allows for them.

As I look deep into the forest I can remember that terrible day when I was eleven years old, twenty years ago.

It was a day much like today. The wind was breezing up, the trees bent and swayed and the stream splashed and bubbled as it roared by the house. Leaves began to blow off the trees and Pa just went out to close the barn doors.

"I feel there's gonna be a big storm tonight, so we better make sure all the shutters are locked."

"Pa, will you still be going into town tonight?" I asked. "Yes, I'm afraid you and John will have to stay home with Ma while Stan and I go. Ma is sick and I got to get her some medicine while I'm in town. Anyway, someone has to stay home with her."

Stan was sixteen years old and home for the summer from school. John was my younger brother and was seven. Stan had to go away to school because we didn't have a school nearby. Ma had been sick for two weeks now and she wasn't getting any better.

Pa had been gone about an hour. John was playing with his gun and I was doing my homework from the mail. The wind has really breezed up and its really raining hard. Every so often there is a crack of thunder. Each time John hides his head under a pillow. The thunder is almost constant and even though I'm afraid I try to remember how Ma used to say it was just someone bowling and I should try to keep score. The cows in the barn are restless and the hens are squawking nervously.

A branch just broke off the big tree outside the house and broke a window upstairs. Lightning flashed brightly and I heard Mama calling. Even though I'm only young the sweat is pouring off me like crazy. John is crying. I grab him by the hand and lead him up the stairs to Mama's room. She is moaning loudly now and I hear her gasping for air. "Oh, if Papa or Stan were home. They would not be so afraid." Another bolt of lightning and a loud crack. It has hit something. That sound rang through my ears. I ran to the window to see. The barn was on fire. I heard Ma moaning and John crying. The wind roared and the flames swept high. I knew I had to go out and let the animals out. I ran quickly back down the stairs. Grabbing my jacket, hat and putting on my boots I ran out the door.

I ran for all I was worth mainly because of my fear of the storm and the thought of the poor animals in the barn. When I reached the barn I pulled hard on the doors but they wouldn't open. My hands trembled as I heard the horses and cows trying to escape the smoke and heat from the fire. I found a stick and pried the plank from the door. I ran in the building, my eyes burning as if they were being ripped from my head. The cows were already on their way out and I unhitched each horse and chased them out with me running close behind. They ran frantically in all directions.

I ran back up to the house, frightened, tired and soggy right to the bone. Ma was crying for me now and John was in a corner with a pillow over his head and crying.

I ran back up to the house, frightened, tired and soggy right to the bone. Ma was crying for me now and John was in a corner with a pillow over his head and crying. After taking my hat, coat and boots off, I grabbed his hand once more and started up to tell Ma what had happened.

I was frightened not knowing what to expect when I entered Ma's room. I told John to stay outside until I told him to come in. My hand on the door knob, I turned it gently. Ma screamed in agony as I walked in and she sat upright in bed. It frightened me and I couldn't move a muscle. Everything inside me froze. I felt nothing but my heart beating as if it would come out of my chest any moment.

She sat there in her white gown. Her yellow hair was in long braids, her face was white with lines all over it. Her green eyes were deep in her head and opened wide. She stared into the air for a few moments, the perspiration rolling down her temples. She fell back with a thump. I jumped and called John. He came into the room. Ma screamed again and then there was silence. John was crying again. I knew something was wrong.

The wind died down and the rain ceased. I could not even hear any thunder or lightning. I went over and touched Ma's hand. It was cold and I backed off quickly. Her eyes were still open but it didn't seem as if she was breathing. I knew what had happened. Ma was dead! Realizing this I ran down the stairs crying. John, also crying, and came running after me.

"She has left us, hasn't she, Mary?" Why did she do that? What will Pa say?"

I sat on the couch still trembling and looked out the window. "Oh John, I guess Pa will understand. Ma was sick and God has taken her home." I started to cry hard. "If Pa and Stan were only home."

I must have cried myself to sleep or something because when I woke up Stan was standing over me and Pa was sitting on the chair, crying. "Let's go and let Pa alone. We'll have to go and get the doctor."

"Bang!" I jumped. That was the shutter upstairs. I must have been day-dreaming. Boy, has the wind ever breezed up and its raining hard now.

Ma has been gone for twenty years now and it seems like yesterday.



A REALIZATION

by Vandalea Power

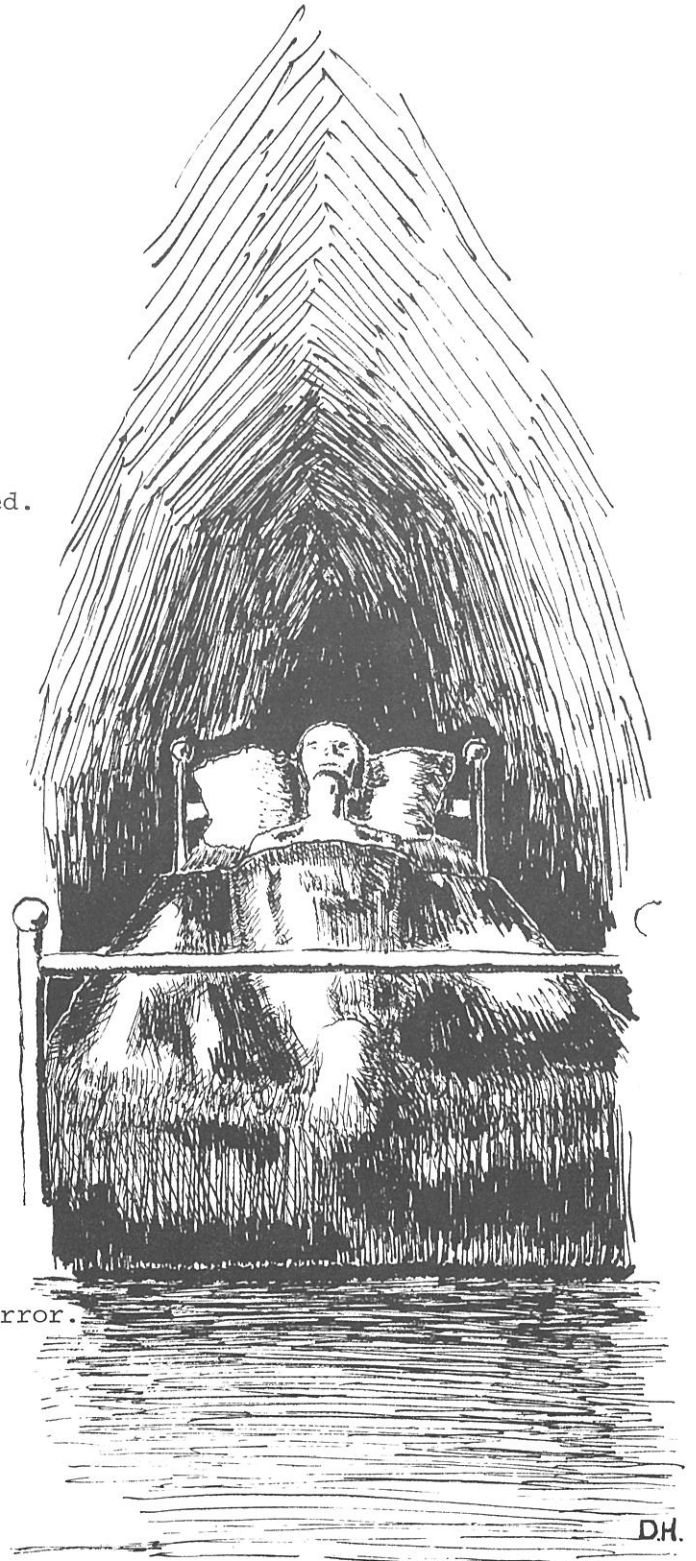
Cries could be heard
from a little house just over the hill.
They were not mournful cries,
but cries of fear.
A realization that death was near.

She had lived her life
for the most part, surrounded by people.
But now there were none,
as her friends had all died,
And the more she thought, the more she cried.

She looked in a mirror,
with red tear stained eyes,
Was there any beauty there?
No, what was there? no less:
No less than a worn, pale face, yearning
for love and cheerfulness.

Her heart was lured beyond this place,
adventuring back to her joyful youth.
There was still a burning in her soul,
a smouldering fire, a truth of old,
A terrible feeling that turned her cold.

She knew what it was,
as the feeling grew nearer.
But wait, it wasn't of hate, darkness or terror.
It was a joy, a wonderful feeling.
Death, now, had a whole new meaning.



FATE

by Rosemary Skinner

He took her hand in his.
Close and tight he held it,
As if it were his dearest possession.
Their love flowed in each other.
It was love that kept them as one.
It owned much fulness and warmth.

Together they shared life's troubles,
Together they shared their pain,
But the pain she held was her own
And he could not control it.

Happiness was barred by sadness
Her love was all he had
During the short time he knew her,
She comforted and healed his pain.
Now she was in time of healing,
And all he could offer was love.

He knelt down close beside her,
And stroked her dripping brow.
She smiled,
He lost his mind
She cannot die, not now
But in her, life was fading,
And love was still aglow.

She died that dark, grey morning
Her fate a needless deed.
He could not bear the pain
His love was lost, but how?
He loved her, now she's gone,
Yet in that dismal room,
Her love continued on.

He kept that love,
He cherished it
The love he lost was found!
But happiness for him was gone,
And on fate's line he stood.
His love a burning ember,
Lived in him until death.

EXCUSE ME!

by Paula Parsons

Don't look at me that way.
I know you're talking about me.
Please stop it!
I can feel you staring at me.
You're not perfect
But you think you are.
Why say things about me,
You don't even know me.
You just don't like my face
I can't help the way I look.
I was born with this face and
There is nothing you or I can do about it.
So why don't you try to like me.
If you knew me and didn't like me
It would be different
But you didn't give me a chance
Please!
Give me a chance.
You might even like me.
No!
Wait a minute
I don't know if I want
To associate with you, someone like you
Nothing I have is good enough for you
No I don't think I want to
Because you're so perfect and I'm
Just dirt on the ground.
Excuse me for even trying to communicate
With you
Because you're perfect.



INDIVIDUALITY

by Tara Purcell '78

Individuality is a part of human existence which stems from two main factors: environment and heredity. These factors create a great disparity of life styles, talents, abilities, wants, needs and personalities.

Differences in physical endowments is a very important fact of individuality. People may be muscular, hence, direct energies to athletics; ugly people may become introverted; good looking people extroverts. Others may have physical and intellectual strength and may choose mainly academic persuit. An individual's ugliness may make he or she strive to prove themselves.

These individuals, with their varied endowments, find themselves in varied environments so that their home and even municipal background will cause them to grow up in markedly different ways. A person's race, culture, creed, advantages or disadvantages, love or lack of it, poverty or wealth are moulding factors in one's development.

One of the effects of individuality is enrichment of society by individuals. Some people are moderately individualistic, others are highly individualistic. Among those that are highly individual, some fall into the roles of leaders, geniuses or near geniuses in their walks of life. There are others who vary so much that they find themselves in the role of being a destructive person, unwilling or unable to live with the general normalities accepted by most people. The Judicial system tries to protect the dignity and safety of the individuals imposing some restraint for the common good.

Urban crowding, tax system, bureaucracy, crime and the general complexity of life tend to reduce the opportunity for individual expression. Individual repression is a fact for many citizens of a totalitarian state.

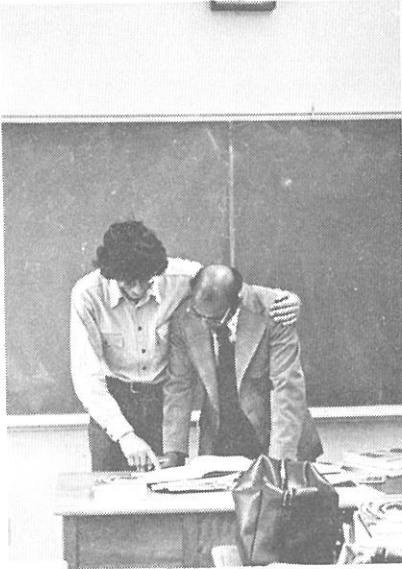
Looking to Reget's Thesaurus for a catalogue of terms expressing the range of difference in people the following are found: exceptional, eccentric, abnormal, unique, curious, odd, extraordinary, monstrous, unorthodox and unparalleled.

"Had I to carve an inscription on my tombstone I would ask for no other than 'The Individual'."

Soren Kiekegaard

"You and I know there is a correlation between the creative and the screwball. So we must suffer the screwball gladly."

Kingman Brewster, Jr.



TEACHERS: A STUDENT'S VIEW

by Jane Tanner '76

The new grade six class crowded into their classroom, pudgy girls with skinny legs and boys with crew-cuts and big ears. They were not like the other classes, on that first day of September. Everyone waited nervously in their desks, awaiting the sound of the buzzer and the first glimpse of their high-school teacher, rumoured to be a man! Suddenly, Mr. Muise galloped into the room and waves of relief flowed over the class as he was not what they expected at all: where was the teacher, stern and serious, ready to teach from the lines of the book? Instead, he was

just the opposite and had a sense of humour, too!

Months passed. The once rowdy, 'baby' group had changed since leaving the Elementary and joining Junior High School. Not so much due to the new school and its surroundings, but because of the teachers and their attitudes, the new students had become subdued, mature in out-look and in actions. Also, a sense of humour had been acquired.

I was among that changed group, six years ago. Now that I am in my last year of school, it is my turn to look back at the way things were then and how things are now.

The fact that you are treated as an adult, first surprised me upon joining the school. Then, as well as now, the teachers treated you as an equal, giving you the chance to be regarded as a mature person and requiring a little respect in return, as is expected in any such relationship, whether in school or at work. You are allowed as much freedom as any student in any school and the opportunity to prove yourself as an adult, an individual on the same level as the faculty, is waiting for whenever you are ready.

In the usual activities outside of the school, the trend for students and teachers to get together is fairly strong. The teachers allow you to become closer to them and to eliminate the concept of teachers as being 'cold teaching machines'. You see them as people, with feelings, emotions and varied interests. The teachers of my school take part in our activities, often more eager to support the school than the students themselves.

A problem with teachers showing favoritism may occur from time to time. I have not seen this happen to such a degree that it affected my ability in school. If indeed, a particular teacher seems to display extra attention and privileges to a student, you must look at the problem with a broad mind. Teachers are just people. A certain student may appeal to a teacher because of some character trait, just as a student may have a favourite teacher. However, if this does affect a pupil's marks and is not a simple case of envy, the teacher should try to curb his or her feelings and be equal to all.

When speaking of relations between teachers and students, the question about treatment in the way of abuse often arises. I can honestly say that I have never seen a student actually abused, such as being pushed and/or struck. Any deliberate embarrassing or slight shoving of a student always seems to be an angry response

to that student having provoked the situation. After all, one can surely understand that a teacher who is meek and mild cannot cope with everyday classroom happenings.

In attempting to have good relations with the members of the faculty, there are two rules which I follow. The foremost is to be conscientious of my position and not disturb the work of others or myself. However humour is essential to the class atmosphere and individual and thus should fall into the appropriate place and not be totally eliminated in the formation of the serious mood required for teaching. The second is to respect the teachers. In return for these courtesies I expect to be treated fairly and in a forthright manner. When these conditions are met both the studies and relationships are rewarding.

In life, if everyone could be ready to at least try to see the other person's view-point, many problems would be solved and opinions would not be so extreme. If differences are seen through an open mind and students are not so quick to find some one other than themselves to blame, the good relationship between teachers and students can continue in the Lunenburg Junior-Senior High School.

ON PASSING IN A LATE ESSAY

by Mary Knickle '78

And there sits predatorial Gargoyle,
Long black shining nails,
Ready to shed my blood.
Large visage and beady eyes,
Alert in the discordant classroom.
He stands and bellows senseless vibrations,
Marking white impressions of impetuous students,
Provoking them into a remorseful frenzy,
While reciting a maze of structures, verses, and abstract
ideas.
Rising I am cognizant of the obsidian glare.
Stepping forward toward the immense globule
I deposit my late essay.
But curdling silence blankets the room,
And with a hint of disapproval,
He speaks in a sober voice,
"Just don't let it happen again."

TEACHER! TEACHER!

by PDB

I stand at the front of the room, at the door,
and survey the confusion: very cliché.
On another day, feeling more up to it,
I would have slammed the door shut, and scowled.
Thus warned that I was in a terrible mood,
these captives would behave, to escape the whip.
Today it is easier to suffer the noise.
After a whole week of disrupted classes,
keeping order would take Marshal Dillon,
I reckon.
I make my way to my desk, counting heads
"...twenty-seven, twenty-eight..."
I know the game, but play along.
"Who'se absent?" "I am." "I mean in body."
I think horrible thoughts,
like "hell!" and "damn!"
By now everyone is fully aware
that we aren't going to do anything this class.
I yell "Quiet!" to wake the dead,
but know it is useless
The absentees are just recorded
when out of the din a figure approaches.
I realize at once that it's a girl.
Experience tells me this is one of those times
when we are supposed to talk
man to man, or something.
I shrug, and sit on the corner of the desk.
Try to be casual but concerned.
It is an act today; I can't concentrate
in a noise like this.
I'm afraid I don't get the point of her questions,
my mind is wandering when...
when I am interrupted and saved by a cheer.
Two of my students have succeeded
in stapling a live fly, by the wings,
to the bulletin board.
Where is the damn bell when you need it, anyway?
They all have their coats on
and are standing, ready to leave.
I dismiss the young thing
who has been questioning me to no end;
this isn't my normal, patient self.
"Class! Don't forget your books for tomorrow!"
Who do I think I'm kidding?
I smile as they leave the room,
and even joke with one of the guys
over a secret he thought I didn't know.
Smile: tomorrow is Friday.

ONCE UPON A TEACHER

BY Jim Muise

I can still recall my grade one teacher in that small two-room country school mainly because she went out with the principal of that same school. In those days a young, single teacher was certainly the most interesting item of conversation, particularly since she frequented the principal's domicile. (Actually, they both boarded with the same landlady.)

People in that small community constantly gossiped about those two teachers and their dating habits; and of course everyone wondered if they would soon be united in holy matrimony.

People ranked the teacher in the community second only to the minister and both were expected to be the epitome of moral fiber and sound citizenship.

Today, teachers are no longer the exalted demi-gods of days gone by but are now looked upon by many as money mongers who rarely know the meaning of professionalism or dedication.

Teachers themselves are often confused about the image which they either should portray or are expected to portray. Trying to live up to standards of conduct which have existed for the past one hundred years and are still very dominant in the minds of many is to say the least exhausting and confusing. Some teachers would like to be considered as paragons of virtue and true trend-setters of wholesome, moral living. The problem with this philosophy is that each teacher, being a human being, unfortunately has those horrible human failings. The new "do your thing" pace-setters in the teaching ranks would like all teachers to appear in class dressed in faded patch-worked jeans, unshaven and preferably slightly unclean. Somewhere between these two black and white zones lies the grey zone of the effective modern teacher.

Students are more precise in their definition of the effective teacher. To them, a concerned, approachable and friendly person who is knowledgeable about his or her subject matter, fits their definition closely. They want a teacher who isn't afraid to be human and make mistakes; who can admit failings and errors, but who will take a stand on issues of mutual concern. When asked why they preferred a friendly teacher, their answers were that this type of person was more approachable and therefore more effective.

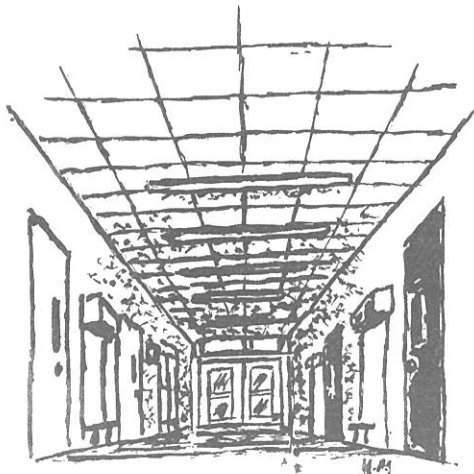
Most teachers today are more concerned with being friendly open people rather than being verbal encyclopedias. In future, teachers will be asked to expand upon the idea of being educational counsellors rather than mobile textbooks.

THE RETURN

by Susan Joy Nowe '77

I walk alone down
that dark corridor.
The sound of my footsteps
echoes back and forth
in endless repetition;

The light,
reflecting through the doorway
at the end of this,
seemingly endless tunnel;
throws a light tinge
on the tiled floor
below my feet. Halting,
all sound evades my ears
except for,
one, quiet,
almost non-existing hum;



Books line the shelves idly,
while the occasional
hat and scarf, lie carelessly
discarded, on the pale chipped shelves
by some student who
has escaped the learned walls
of this brick frame;

And yet
I feel at home
never wanting to leave
the quiet serenity of this moment,
this place
this time.

It can not last.

Tomorrow,
the now quiet corridors
will vibrate
with the sounds of hundreds
of loud, laughing students.

Will no one notice how
the treasured serenity
has been broken?

Who will tell?

I will not.

By then I will have gone.

WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

Anonymous

What are we doing here,
On earth to dwell for years to come,
The big bright red balloon
Held in the sky like a puppet on a string.
The moon - is there a man up there?
Many have travelled there
But for what purpose?
Yes, for what purpose are we here
Scientists inventing test-tube babies,
Government driving the prices up.
Where will this end?

What are we doing here,
The small houses down there
and the fluffy clouds up above.
People looking so busy doing what?
Doing nothing like the small ants
carrying their eggs
To another hill and half of them
being mutilated by large feet.
Players on the ice fighting
for a small black thing - for what?
What is our purpose?



SURVIVAL

by Sandra Spencer '78

We enter this world
As free souls
Knowing nothing
Of life's goals.

And as we grow
We become aware
Of the needs of mankind
Which we must share.

As life rolls on
We take our place
In a world of struggle
Of supremacy of race.

Only we ourselves
Can pattern our lives,
And our acts will determine
If the world will survive.

UNDERSTANDING

BY Heather Ann Power '76

As I looked down over the wind-swept barren fields,
I thought of what once used to be.
Seeing in my mind's eye, as I strolled slowly through these
barren lands
The people, the houses, the lush fields that once had been
And were all destroyed due to the plight of mankind.
And as I stood there looking at the red, dry, dead soil
I felt sorrow, hatred and pity for the whole human race.
Sorrow for the people who died,
Believing they were losing their lives for good,
righteousness and the salvation of man.
Hatred for the unfeeling, cruel, maniacs who controlled,
Letting themselves be ruled by their own insanity,
passion and greed.
Pity for the world who has a choice, but fails to
comprehend what must be done.
The world is unwilling to forget its differences.
It is unwilling to open the door to where life can be
enjoyed
And all can reap the rewards of material existence,
treasures of purposeful existence and the
comforts and joys of peace and truth.
Feeling down-trodden and sad,
I swiftly turned and strided from the fields
Thinking of the mistakes and sorrows of the past,
And the hopes and aspirations of the present for the future
That can be accomplished only through peace,
understanding and unity
With one's self and each other.

BLUEBERRY SKIES

by Frances Knickle '80

Half empty sugar bowls and marmalade jars,
And ashtrays stocked full with the butts of cigars,
Three cans beer spilt all over the floor,
Someone's thrown cherries at my bedroom door,
You can hear them downstairs with their rum and water,
And hot coffee mugs made from the wheel of a potter,
Oh yes, I simply adore your new shag rug!
Somebody trips and stains it with a beer filled mug.

Though black are my thoughts
And sad are my eyes
Behind my drawn curtains
Are Blueberry Skies
Where mocking bird clocks hang from old apple trees
And brown teddybears steal honey from sugar-sweet bees
And upon the softly filled strawberry moat
Sits the seven flavored soda pop ice-cream float
With candycane music and macaroon eyes
Oh, life is wonderful in Blueberry Skies.

Don't bother me dear my head's quite sore
But wife I do think the Smith's are really a bore
Clean up this mess, cripes, where's my paper?
Washing the floors, I'm the newtown waiter
Put away the teacups, hang up the guitar
Stack all the dishes, close up the bar
Peanut butter on bread really does the best
As the orange-red sun sets in the west
Though black are my thoughts
And sad are my eyes
Behind my drawn curtains
Are Blueberry Skies.

So I open the curtain and then the oak door
And a light will shine that never shone before
And ride on the cream covered pumpkin pie ferry
And drink deeply the wine from the red chokecherry
Where out of his cocoon comes the pink butterfly
In the cotton candy land of Blueberry Skies
And joyfully leave all my troubles behind
To escape into the back of my candy filled mind.

Though black are my thoughts
And sad are my eyes
Behind my drawn curtains
Are Blueberry Skies.

THE CLIMB

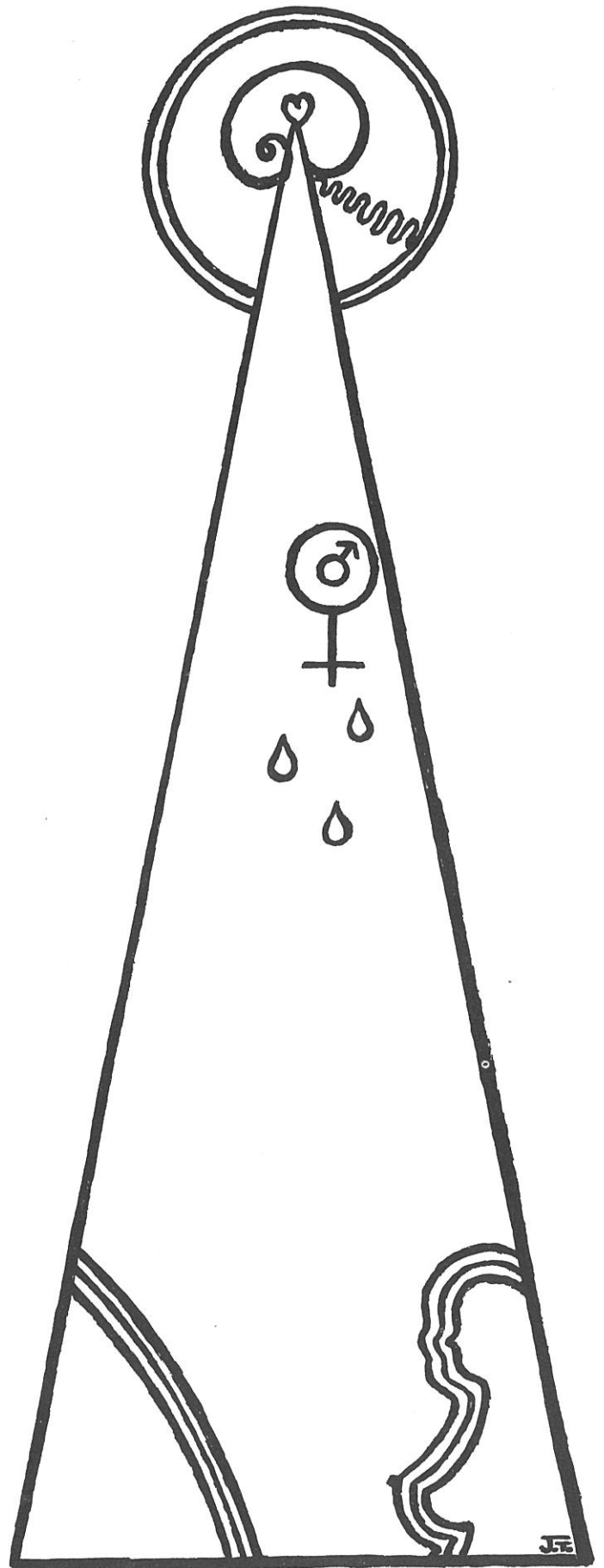
by Susan Joy Nowe

The goal lies at the top of the mountain
that is treacherous and unclimbed.
Its existence tantalizes our pride,
And our mothers scorn us
And our paradox dream
Of climbing its great heights.

To reach our goal
We must mould together for strength
And set out at a determined
But careful pace.

The mountain will be cruel.
It will combine its pride
Prejudice and discrimination
against us.
We must be strong,
Though tears will fall and
Our hopes dim.

The last climb will be the hardest.
But upon reaching the summit,
Our heart will glow with the
Realization of our success.
Then turning and looking back,
Let's pray that in obtaining equality,
We haven't left our womanhood behind.



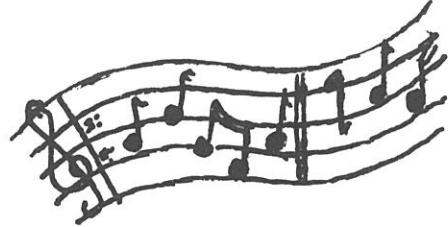
CHANGING MINDS

by Beth Whynacht '79

The radio blares in your ears,
The music sings a song of love,
Slowly your eyes are filled with tears,
Memories fill your mind.

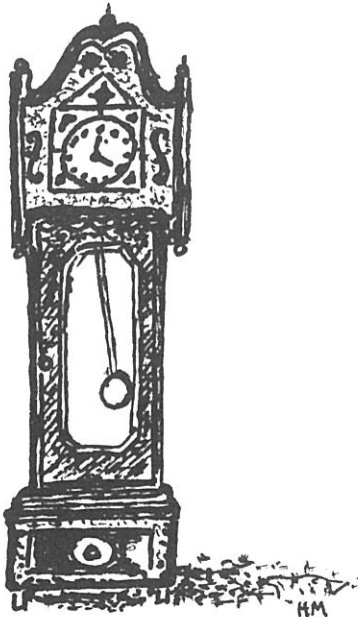
The thoughts of years gone by,
The good, the bad,
The fun you've had,
Is it worth all you've been through?

You wonder if you can get by,
If the world will wait for you,
Then the music changes beat,
Words of wisdom fill your ears,
Suddenly your thoughts have disappeared.



WATCHING TIME

by Mary Jane MacDuff '77



Watching Time,
pass slowly by
Like a small drip of water
filling a barrel.
Never reaching the top
But steadily dripping
Never getting anywhere
But ever stopping.
Like the passing of time,
time reflected in each passing
drop.

Watching time,
trying to stop it when things go right
trying to make it pass when things
go wrong
Constant, never constant passing
slowly by
Unnoticed, it will continue unchanged
even after I am gone.

TO THE END

by Debbie Morrow '79

A living babe is full of life
The second he enters this earth,
He squirms, he gasps, and then he cries
And this we say is Birth.

The babe grows up into a child
Whose fantasy is Youth,
And as these blessed years go by
He yearns to know all truth.

Childhood is just a memory now,
The first chapter of his past,
A new frontier has captured his mind
And he strives to make it last.

The day has come, his thoughts have fled,
The end has grasped his breath,
He's sleeping now and very still
And this we say is Death.



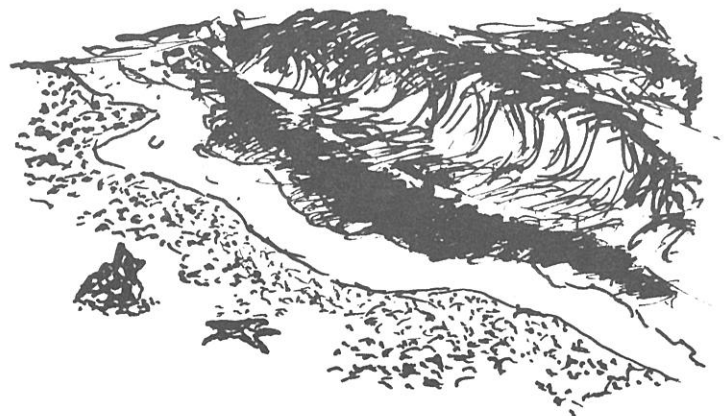
PROGRESSION

Dale Risser '77

I see the waves. Flowing
softly towards the shore.
But as I watch, the
waves begin to grow,
and the wind begins
to blow, making more
waves and larger ones.

These waves are like
the lines of life,
that grow on the
faces of people
with each passing day.

But as the storm dies
the waves become small ripples
on the surface.
And they die off
like the old people
with their hands
scarred with age.



HM

LOST MEMORIES

by Daphne Falkenham '76

The sun began to appear just above the horizon as Jeremiah peered out the frosted window. His shabby duffle bag lay on the rocking chair, his oilskins on the floor beneath it.

Jeremiah's thoughts trailed to supper the previous night. The children asked many questions and he knew they did not understand why it was necessary that he be gone more than a month at a time.

Memories of Thanksgiving filled his mind as Jeremiah remembered the many relatives he had invited for the occasion. Following the meal the men sat in the living room, filled their pipes and told yarns of past experiences while the women busied themselves about the kitchen. What a perfectly joyous day, Jeremiah thought admiringly, remembering that this would be his last trip 'til spring.

A slow smile broke on his face as he received memories of all the great winters he spent with the family and, Christmas ---he always dressed as Santa, sneaking out of the house only to return and fill the stockings. Each year the children seemed more amazed at the appearance of St. Nick.

Jeremiah's thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of the chimes from the clock in the hall. Upon hearing these, he slung his duffle bag over his back and picked up the oilskins.

Without delay, Jeremiah stole a quick glance at his present surroundings and went out the door into the early mist.

When he arrived at the dock most of the crew were there, many saying "goodbyes" to relatives and others talking loudly to each other attempting to rid themselves of their drowsiness.

The sun made her full appearance as a bright glare on the water as the schooner hoisted her sails leaving the small port far in the distance.

The Grand Banks was her destination; three to four days would take her there.

It seemed to be a beautiful day as the dories were lowered into the water. Their black numbers were quite noticeable against the yellow-orange background.

As the men separated into their groups, Jeremiah stared at his number four on his dory. How small the dory seemed riding the waves next to the schooner. He and his dorymate entered the small boat and checked the gear it contained.

The dories each went to a section of the sea surrounding the schooner, to set their trawls. As Jeremiah flung the baited hooks into the dark waters, he remembered the many profitable catches he and his mate had and how proud he felt when their dory would approach the mother ship holding more fish than ever thought possible.

When the dories were filled with fish the crews would bring their load to the

schooner.

Jeremiah whistled as he and his dorymate hooked the flapping fish into the boat. They did fairly well this morning and gave four sharp blows from the special horn they had to let the mother ship know that their dory was ready to return.

In a few short hours the men would repeat this task; riding the waves, setting the lines and waiting.

Jeremiah shivered as he blew his warm breath on his hands which were numb from being dipped in the icy water. The thought of this being his last trip seemed to revive him.

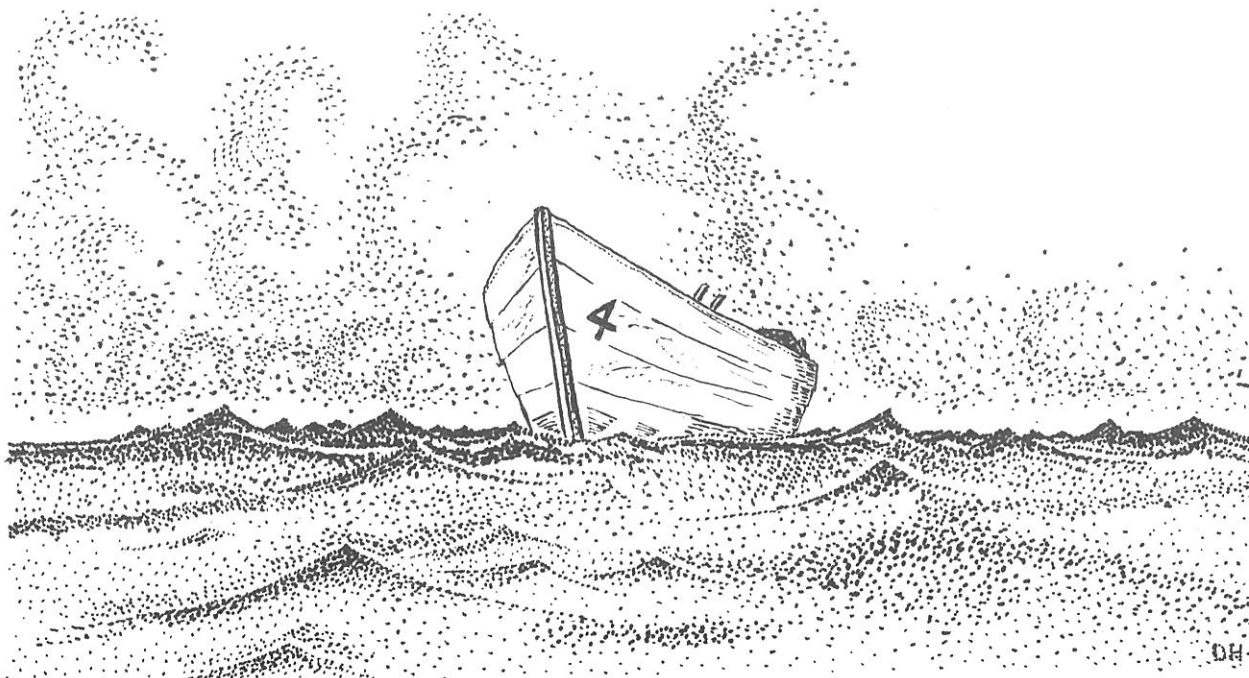
He heard faintly two long blows from the mother ship and recognized it as the fog warning.

The fog wrapped itself around the small boats and separated them from each other. The schooner blew again and waited, the men on board awaiting for the answering blows.

One long blow indicated dory number one was on her way back.

The ship waited, two long blows were heard, then three. There was a long wait for the signal blows of dory number four, but they never came.

The disappearance was a mystery; no one knew whether it was the sudden gale and fog or the great load of fish that caused the dory to vanish.



THE STORM

by Alison Marnitz '77

She walks around so calm
Sun in her eyes
On her hair

Why are her eyes wet?
her dress floats on
the breeze
of her walk

She is running now
no more sun
for her
She cries for the leaves
blowing

Her dress doesn't float
as she runs
It is pulling her
Where she doesn't want to go



The storm is
at full force

Destruction
her
name.

CHANNEL SIX

by Bill Gibson '77

The sky opened with light and the sound of thunder echoed throughout the forest. The rain pounded heavily on the trees like the sound of a rapid machine gun. The forest was deserted, the only sounds were those of the storm. Then from the distance there came the sound of hurried footsteps. It was the sound of a human.

In the darkness the figure was at first indistinct but as it came closer it could be seen that this person was a beautiful young lady who looked to be in her early twenties. Her hair was soaking wet and her clothes were muddy. She leaned against a tree, trying to catch her breath. Why was she in the woods this late in the night in the middle of the storm - it was a mystery.

She was shivering with cold, her eyes were filled with fear and she jumped with every sound of the forest and the storm.

A large crack sounded as the light from the sky stung an enormous tree halfway up the shaft. The top of the tree smashed to the ground, not very far from the girl. Startled, she turned and ran deeper into the forest never looking back. Her footing on the wet forest floor was poor and she tripped, hitting her head on a large root.

Lying still beneath a large spruce, her body soaked and her forehead bloodied, her mind flashed back to a few hours earlier.

The rains had just begun and the sky cracked with thunder. She had gotten out of the car along with her boyfriend and run towards an old house. An old lady had answered the door and he explained his car had stopped and he asked to use her phone.

The old lady seemed very nice and invited them both in. She had gone into the parlour with the old lady as her boyfriend went to use the phone. She looked around the large room noticing the antiques. Although the old lady was very kind, the house gave her scary feelings. Resting comfortably in a big chair, she nervously looked across the hall where her boyfriend was using the phone.

She then heard a squeak, which got louder and louder. Then into her picture, there was a huge knight who lifted a huge axe back over his head and then slung it towards her boyfriend. She screamed and ran out of the house.

I said to myself, this is very stupid and a waste of time. Quickly I got out of my chair and turned to Channel six and watched Archie Bunker.

PLANET OSTEEFLE

by - Kathy Jourdain '80

When Jason Wentworth woke up on Tuesday morning at seven fifteen, he felt a strange sensation, like he wasn't really there. Then he remembered - he was in space! After five years away from earth he was finally headed home.

Five years ago Jason had left earth on an expedition to find life on other planets. He had built his own spaceship and had insisted upon taking full responsibility for anything that might happen to him.

A lot of people had tried to discourage him by telling him that he was crazy; because there couldn't possibly be life on other planets. But Jason believed that people like that were ignorant to believe that they were the only intelligent beings in the universe. The people who believed in Jason encouraged him and helped him in every way they could.

Jason took ten years to build his spaceship. He took a lot of care in putting it together, and anything he didn't put in personally, he watched over like a mother hen.

The spaceship hadn't been very large because everything except the computer system was compact. A newly discovered form of fuel, far advanced for the twenty-first century, had been used in the craft. Very little had been needed for at least twenty years and the supply had never been fully used. He had capsules which, when hit by a spark, exploded into several litres of water. His food was in capsule form as well. All the nutrients he could possibly need were contained in those capsules. Lastly, he had a complex computer system to pick up signals from other planets. And, in case any other planets weren't as far advanced as Earth, he had a two-way radio.

As Jason thought about his spaceship he remembered how the Osteeflians had contacted him....

After almost a year in space without any success, Jason was starting to get discouraged. Then his radio picked up some static. At first he thought there was some outside interference, but then he realized that someone was trying to talk to him.

"Hello?" Jason called into the speaker, "Hello?"

"Sakikoba, sakikoba," a voice called back.

"I don't understand what you're saying," Jason said.

"Bofisopa Kollyeap pinefo."

"What are you saying?" Jason asked, slightly exasperated.

"Lofonapee, lofonapee!"

There was silence at the other end of the radio. Jason's fertile imagination began to work; "Maybe they don't think I'm friendly, and maybe they'll send up warships, and...."

Jason's thoughts were interrupted by a voice on the radio. A voice speaking English! "Are you a friend or an enemy?"

Jason was so startled, he didn't say anything, so the question was repeated.

"I'm a friend." Jason replied.

"Why are you here?" he was asked. So Jason told the voice about his thoughts on space and his hope to find life on other planets. The listener seemed satisfied with Jason's answer and gave him landing instructions.

As Jason landed on Osteefle several men came out of a building to greet him. All, but one man, were tall. The shorter man was the one who greeted Jason.

"I'm Blair Hemmingway," he said as he extended his hand.

Jason took it as he replied, "I'm Jason Wentworth, and I'm not exactly sure of where I am!"

"You, my dear man, are on Osteefle," Blair said. Then he asked, "You don't happen to be from Earth do you?" His blue eyes had a serious look that clashed with his unruly blond hair.

"Yes," Jason answered. "Yes I am. How'd you know?"

"I, too, came from Earth." Blair replied. "Probably not as willingly as you, but I'm here now."

"Yeh," Jason said. "Uh, how'd you get here?...and when?"

"Good questions," Blair pointed out. "I was about fifteen when this spaceship landed near my home. I was always interested in strange things and my curiosity lured me on board. The next thing I knew, I was whizzing through space and I finally ended up here."

During this brief conversation Blair had led Jason into one of the buildings while the other men examined the strange space ship.

"Do you know the language?" Jason asked Blair.

"After twenty-eight years I'd be pretty dumb if I didn't" was the reply. "During the first few years I learned Osteeflian customs and languages. For example, you don't see any kids around and there's a very good reason. When the children are born they are taken to schools, where, as soon as they can walk and talk, they are trained in the ways of the planet. Each person is trained in some specific duty which they will perform when they become of age...Jason, tell me about Earth and all that has happened during the last twenty-eight years."

Jason ran his fingers through his dark brown hair; his green cat-eyes took on a look of remembrance.

"That's a big order, Blair," Jason said, "but I'll do the best I can."

"The thing I remember most is the war. That was in 2025, about four years after you disappeared. It lasted about five years. With the new types of bombs and all, the world was barely able to stay alive. Population was reduced a full three-fourths. After the war it took quite a few years before everything got back in full swing because everything had to be rebuilt. People had to collect parts of their shattered lives. I was orphaned by the war...."

"Who won?" Blair cut in.

"Nobody, really. It seems as though people finally realized what they were doing.

"There are all sorts of new plants and animals; some of them quite funny to look at. What scientists won't cross breed probably doesn't exist. They've tried everything.

"Knowledge about space has increased, but still too many people don't believe in life on other planets."

"But obviously you do," Blair smiled.

"I sure do," Jason replied laughingly. "Especially now."

"Who supplied your aircraft?" Blair asked.

"I did," Jason answered. "I built it myself. At least almost. I've had experience before. Building rockets, that is. The ones that were sent to Mars and Venus. I took the knowledge I'd gained there, plus a lot that I learned from books and my colleagues, and used it when building my spaceship.

"When it was finished, and I was sure it would go, I plotted a course. I looked for the smallest star I could find and plotted a course towards it. When I started out I could figure out what I didn't already know about my ship. Then I had to get special clearance. It took several months to get it but I finally did. When I got it, I said goodbye to several people - some wishing me luck, others telling me that I was a fool, and then I left."

"Tell me about this planet, Blair. What did you call it?" Jason asked.

Blair smiled, "I called it Osteefle, Planet Osteefle. It's not quite as big as Earth but it doesn't matter because there are only about a half million people. This place, here, is the only populated place on Osteefle. Of course, there may be a hermit or two.

"Osteeflians like nature and simplicity more than they like learning about space. That's why they contacted you with a two-way radio.

"Unlike Earth, there is no snow here and it only rains once or twice a year. There are no oceans or any water above ground. The water supply comes from underground rivers and an occasional underground lake. There are a few caves with rivers running through but nothing out in the open. Much to my amazement the water never runs out or even gets low.

"There are other things, but if you stay here long enough you will find them out for yourself." Blair finished.

"This planet intrigues me." Jason made one of his hasty decisions. "I think I'll stay here for a while. I need evidence to convince people on Earth that there really is life on other planets."

Blair was pleased with Jason's decision and helped in his studies about Osteeflians as much as possible. Jason learned a lot of the Osteeflian language, as well as most of their customs. He kept notes and gathered as much material about Osteefle as he could.

Finally, he decided he had enough material to convince Earth that there was life on other planets. He wanted to go home. Since the Osteeflians had taken his spaceship apart they donated one of their own.

"You're sure you won't go with me, Blair?" Jason asked, as he prepared to leave.

"I couldn't make Earth my home after these many years. If I was younger it would be a different story but...." Blair shrugged his shoulders.

"I understand" Jason said. "Well...Goodbye, Blair. I probably won't ever see you again."

Blair nodded, "No, I guess not. Good luck and goodbye."

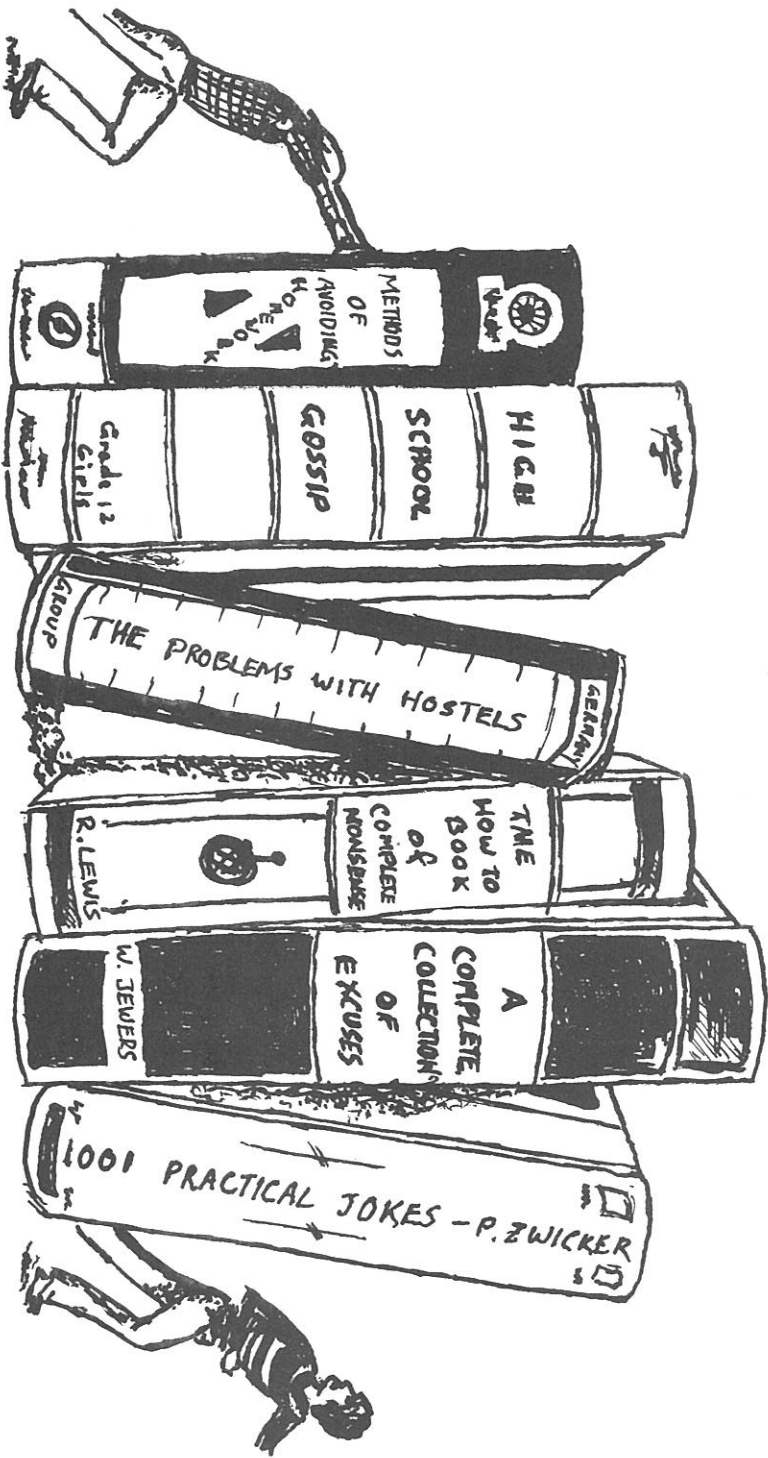
Jason thought, "Yes, that was the last time I saw Blair. But I have more than enough information about Osteefle. Earth will have to believe me."

But Jason could never share these secrets with Earth, because exactly after one month in space, his spaceship collided with a meteorite. It exploded into a gigantic mass of flames, shooting through space.

THE LHS LIBRARY
OF EXTREMELY THIN BOOKS



THE LHS LIBRARY OF EXTREMELY THICK BOOKS



The

Artists

of

Junenburg

EARL BAILLY

by Nancy Wilcox '76

It was in 1903 that Evern Earl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bailly of Lunenburg. When he was barely three he contracted infantile paralysis in an epidemic which was sweeping through Lunenburg. When the disease left Mr. Bailly's body, his arms and legs remained useless. He would never walk again and his arms would always be crippled. Earl Bailly was to spend the rest of his life in a wheel chair.



Even though he was paralyzed from the shoulders down, Earl wanted to do something. Like any child, he tried drawing the familiar things around him. This was done by holding the pencil between his teeth. These drawings were in pencil and in pen and ink. When he was nine or ten years old he started to paint in water colours. In all his undertakings, Mr. Bailly was encouraged by his mother, and today he gives her much of the credit for what he has accomplished.

In the beginning, Earl did his paintings inside. Later he was encouraged to go outside and try to paint more life-like pictures. Artists who came to Lunenburg often went to see the boy. They offered their criticisms as well as their encouragement and praises. Earl gave up painting things such as sunsets, in favour of marine and coastal scenes.

It was among the tourist artists that the subject of oil painting first came up. The majority said it would be impossible for Mr. Bailly to paint in oils. They were wrong for today many of his paintings are oils.

Oil painting required a different technique from water painting and he had to have a special apparatus put on his wheel chair. This included a special rack for the brushes so he wouldn't get paint in his mouth. All the oils were sent from Montreal as they could not be purchased in Lunenburg. Earl's brother, Don, squeezes the paint out for him and Earl mixes it himself. The paintings speak for themselves.

Mr. Bailly's first exhibition was held in Halifax, N.S. Here he studied with Stanley Royle. In 1931 he studied art under the direction of George P. Ennis in Maine on one of his first trips. Earl Bailly also made several trips to New York for further instructions. He was most influenced by Helen Berry of Philadelphia and painted with her for several years. All his pictures were acclaimed for their artistic value, quite aside from the unique way in which they were painted.

Because he was crippled, travelling presented a problem. Someone had to go along and this fell to his brother, Don. Don became his faithful companion. Together, the two of them have made several trips to Florida. Here Mr. Bailly displayed many of his paintings at Palm Beach at the Society of Fine Arts. Since that time they have done considerable travelling. This includes travelling extensively over Canada, parts of the U.S.A. and Spain. In the future Mr. Bailly plans to travel more of Nova Scotia. At present he has no plans for any trips of great duration.

Mr. Bailly continues to paint and improve his pictures. His paintings are chiefly marine, landscapes and ships. He likes best to paint Lunenburg, Blue Rocks and Peggy's Cove.

Besides oil painting, Earl also makes linoleum blocks. He puts the chisel in his mouth and in this manner cuts the linoleum blocks. But while he has made some fine ones, he admits it is tiring work.

Mr. Bailly has received several honorary degrees, one at St. Francis Xavier and an honorary doctorate from Warrenburg, N.Y.

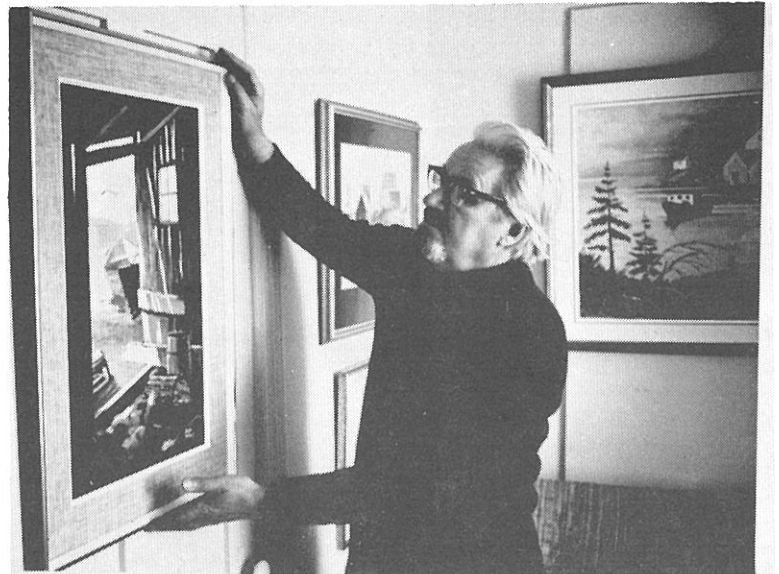
Mr. Earl Bailly, despite his handicap, has many hobbies. A few of them include music, sailing, travelling and reading. Earl Bailly is a fine Canadian artist, largely self-taught; a noble citizen, and a man of great perseverance and courage.



ALAN FRANKS

by Susan Silver '77

Alan Franks is one of the noted artists from the Lunenburg area. A Canadian, of Polish descent, now living in Blue Rocks, Mr. Franks says that he has been painting all his life, and plans to continue his work. In addition to his painting, Mr. Franks has designed costumes and settings for theatre in England and Italy. He is both a traditional and experimental artist. He works in oils as well as in watercolours, and has done six murals (4' x 8') in Toronto, Ontario.



Mr. Franks is a member of the International Artists Guild, Watercolor Society in London, England. He has been art instructor at the Swansea Art Club in Toronto, and in many other art societies. Mr. Franks' work has been exhibited in Europe and the U.S.A. In Europe he has had shows in Poland, Italy and England. In London his work has been shown at galleries such as Artists of Chelsea and Chenil and by the Federation of British Artists and Britain in Watercolor shows. In Canada, in addition to one-man shows in the Sobot Gallery, W-W Gallery, Toronto, and Koyman's Gallery, Ottawa, he also participated in many group shows. His work has been shown in the United States at Provincetown, Cape Cod and Fairview Gallery, Washington. His paintings are in many private collections, such as those of the Duke of Argyll, Senator Hazen Argue and many other collectors.

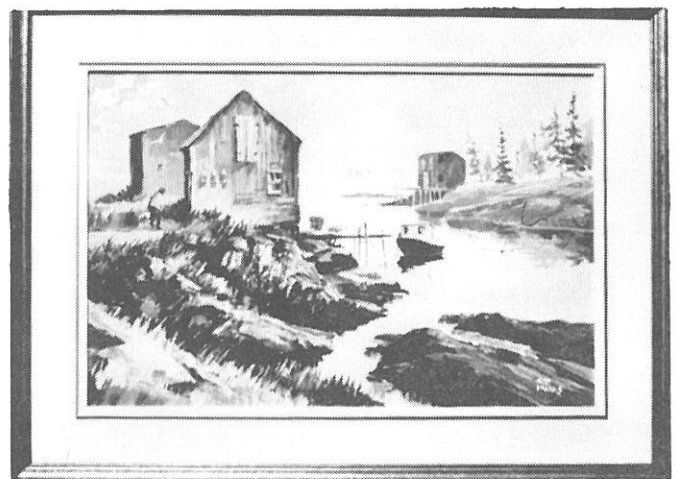
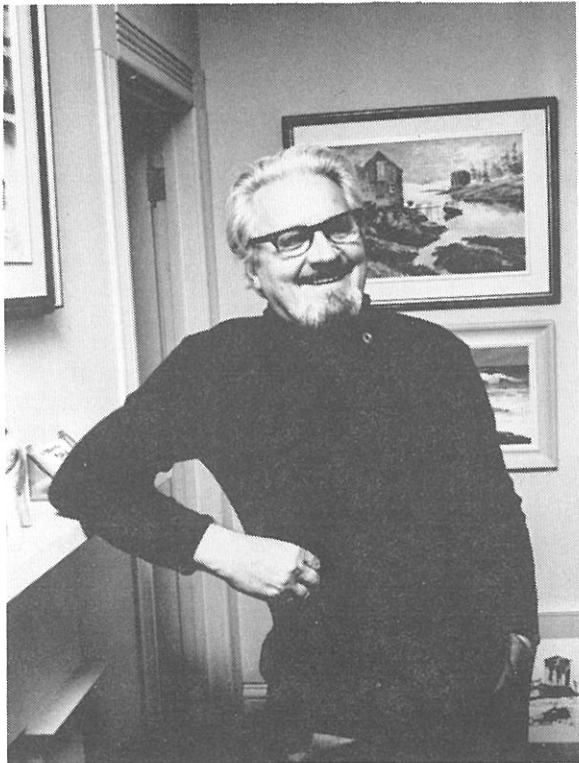
A typical scene, painted by Mr. Franks, illustrates the life of the Nova Scotia fishermen, the fishing villages and the rolling countryside of Cape Breton. Alan Franks paints the fishermen and the sea because he wants this way of life to be remembered. Although the Maritime scene is Mr. Franks' favourite, he paints other types of scenes as well.

Occasionally he has travelled to Cape Breton to paint the scenic beauty of the autumn. Mr. Franks says that this impression of a scene or figure determines what the painting will be like.

When asked why he moved to Blue Rocks and what motivated his painting Mr. Franks replied "After teaching painting for a number of years in Ontario, I decided to leave the monotonous and drab city life and move to Nova Scotia. From now on my subject matter is the sea. I suppose what fascinates me most about the sea is the starkness and simplicity of the ever changing moods and patterns. I also

like the lifestyle of the fishermen and that cheerful humour which is their own. Only fishermen and artists seem free to sit with nature for hours unchallenged. Interpreting from within, as well as what my eyes see; conveying an ideas as well as a sense of belonging; creating a mood; these are the things I try to achieve in my paintings. To create a sense of truth in a work of art means simply bringing the viewer into the painting. Interpreting a particular subject so that the viewer feels comfortable and possibly reminiscent. The experience of a work of art starts outside the frame and winds its way in. Very often people are asking me how long it takes to paint a picture and the answer is this, 'Painting a seascape isn't so difficult, it's only when you try to paint a good one that you are liable to run into trouble.'

Mr. Franks is presently living at Blue Rocks, where he exhibits his paintings in his own studio gallery. He says that he is very happy with his life and profession and his plans for the future are to continue the work he likes.



JACK GRAY

by Heather-Anne Risser
'77



Note: When I contacted Mr. Gray for a personal interview he was unable to grant one as he was working day and night to complete paintings for an upcoming exhibition in the U.S.A.; therefore part of the information contained in this article came from an article published recently by the Chronicle-Herald.

The small community of Stonehurst, Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia may not do much to stimulate a cool, scientific mind. This quiet, unspoiled beauty has, however, done much to stimulate the

imagination of many a sensitive, artistic mind. For instance, it is at this particular spot on the globe where the Halifax-born artist, Mr. Jack Gray, has made his home. Mr. Gray is a well known marine artist, dedicated to his work. From an early age he was fascinated by boats, and spent most of his free time at the waterfront in Halifax watching the boats. This was obviously not just a passing fancy of his youth; Mr. Gray's love for ships and the sea has lasted for over forty years.

From his first one-man art show at the age of twenty, Mr. Gray's works have become increasingly popular. Now his shows are often sold out within the first 15 minutes and is thought by many to be North America's foremost marine artist.

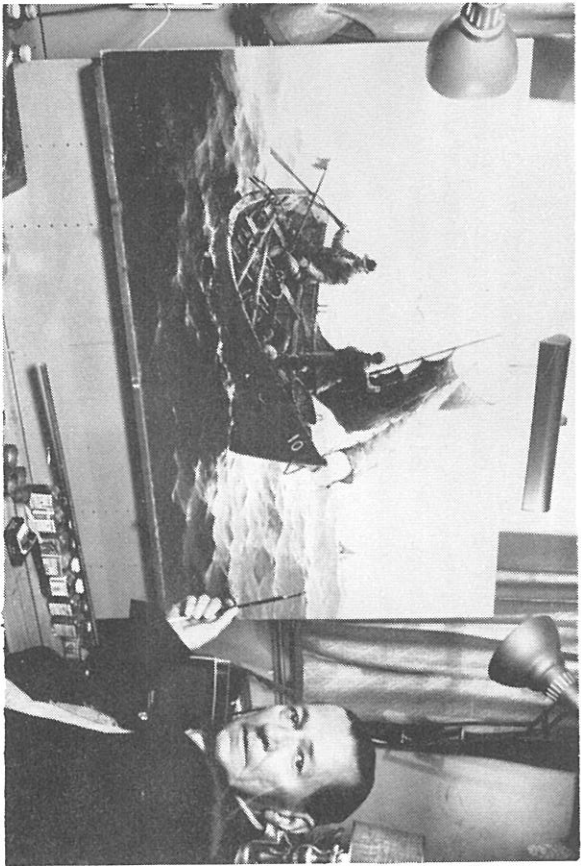
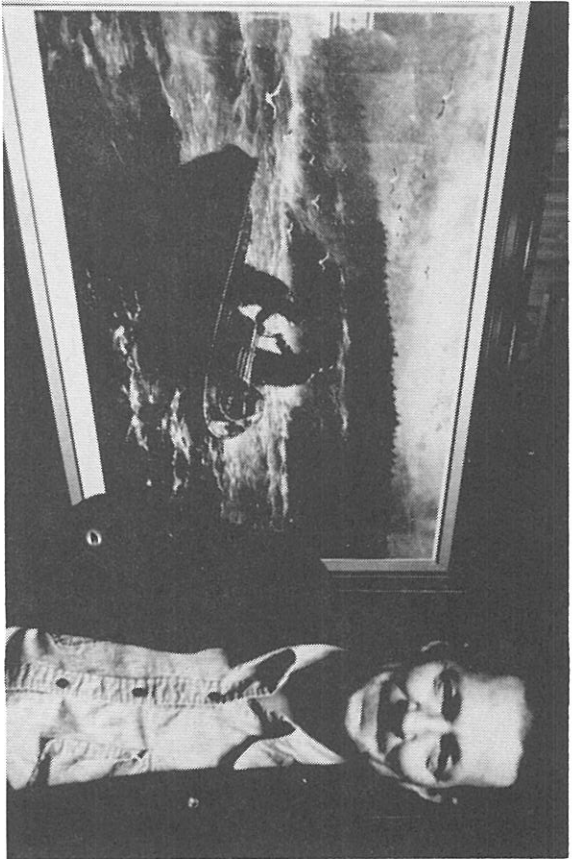
Mr. Gray attended classes at both the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design and the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. Instead of drawing still life and portraits, however, he drew ships, the time spent in those places trained him, the pictures were drawn from memory.

Today, most of Mr. Gray's paintings are of the sea and many collectors have more than one of his paintings. Recently a project in Holland was completed. Mr. Gray's "East Ironbound Winter" was lithographed and five hundred copies were made, after which the plates were destroyed by Mr. Gray. The reason for the copies is that many people like his paintings but cannot afford an original as most paintings are usually within the five figure range.

Mr. Gray intends to continue painting pictures of wooden boats, even though they are fast disappearing. This is true talent personified. Even with our modern ships and technologies, Mr. Gray's canvases will keep very much alive the days of wooden ships and iron men.

There could be no greater testimonial to the Artist's genius than the compliment given by the late Capt. Angus Walters when he viewed a painting of the Bluenose by Mr. Gray and said, "It looks more like Bluenose than Bluenose."

To Mr. Gray we offer our very best wishes for his continued success and happiness.



THE OLSONS

by Susan Mosher '76



Lunenburg has been very fortunate over the years in having many talented artists recognize the artistic possibilities in and around Lunenburg. Some have made this area their permanent home. Among these are a very talented family, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Olson and their two daughters, Carol and Lorraine, who live in Lunenburg and have a studio in Blue Rocks.

Mr. Olson received a B.S. degree from Tufts University and also an M.S. and Ph.D. from the University of Maryland. After receiving his degrees he worked at the Chesapeake Biological Laboratory at Solomon's Island as an oceanographer for three years. Following this he served in the war. He took part in activities from North Africa to Southern France as a line officer with the Eighth

Amphibious Force in the Mediterranean. The rest of the war saw him as a biophysicist in the Naval Medical Research Institute.

While studying art at the Corcoran School of Fine Arts, Washington, D.C., Mrs. Olson worked at medical illustrating. Later, she studied advanced oil painting with the late George T. Hamilton of the Phillips Gallery and water colour with Eliot O'Hara of Washington, D.C. She attended the Artist's Colony in Rockport, Massachusetts for one summer studying marine painting under Stanley Woodward. She was associated with Spectrum Gallery, Washington, D.C., exhibited in museums and galleries there including the Corcoran Gallery of Fine Art and the Smithsonian Institute. Her works are in many private collections including the Canadian Embassy in Washington, D.C.

In 1973, the Olsons moved to Lunenburg from Washington, D.C., when Mr. Olson retired from his profession of a research scientist at National Institute of Health. Previously they would come down in the summers to their gallery which used to be the old Weaver Grocery Store in Blue Rocks. After moving here they opened a studio upstairs and kept the gallery in the front room and are open all summer for the tourists.

Mr. Olson is of Swedish descent while Mrs. Olson is of Norwegian. Since the scenery around Lunenburg seemed to resemble Norway and Sweden they decided to move here. Also, they found a town to be less impersonal than a city and they found Lunenburg to be very appealing for their art work.

Mr. Olson's main interest, since retiring, lies in pictorial photography of the area. He processes his own color prints in his dark room at their home. Although his main interest is photography he does find time to paint a little, mostly marine landscape.

After Mrs. Olson was married and looking after her two daughters, she turned to water colours and oils. She likes to paint Lunenburg architecture, the Lunenburg waterfront and vessels and the way of life of the fishermen. Mrs. Olson says she likes to paint outside all year round especially during the fall and winter.

Rembrandt, the French Impressionists and Turner greatly influenced Mrs. Olson in

her painting. The color of Turner's and the French Impressionists' paintings greatly influenced her. The French Impressionists first successfully put complementary colours in their shadows and this was a great revelation to her. Her favourite painting is "The Boating Party" by Renoir. Mr. Olson was influenced by the work of United States Photographers Ansel Adams and Aubrey Bodine and he gives no particular person credit for his work but rather to the technical background during his work in researching.

Lorraine, the oldest daughter, went to the Maryland Institute of Fine Arts in Baltimore, Maryland, and also the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design in Halifax. Presently she is involved in pen and ink drawings, print making and painting. Lorraine admires Vincent Van Gogh and claims she was greatly influenced by her high school art teacher. She is dedicated to preserving the Lunenburg heritage and helped to research and illustrate a brochure for the Heritage Society.

Carol, the younger daughter, has recently joined the family enterprise and is taking up art as a career also. She enjoys drawing, cartooning, painting and silk screening. She admires da Vinci and the French Impressionists. One of her many ambitions is to create a comic strip of her own.

The Olsons feel that their family exhibits and their immigration to Nova Scotia from the States are just a few of the outstanding events in their lives. They frequently take field trips looking for new material for their work.

Presently Mrs. Olson teaches an Adult Continuing Education Class in art which she finds very rewarding. Mr. Olson is restoring a double ender fishing boat into a sailing boat. Because of his interest in Lunenburg heritage, Mr. Olson is doing recordings for the Heritage Society and also the National Archives in Ottawa. For these recordings he interviews some of the older people of the town and finds out about the history of Lunenburg.

In the future the Olsons plan to continue painting. Next summer, they hope to use the boat Mr. Olson is restoring in finding more subjects for their work. They also plan to continue their contribution to the work of preserving the heritage of Lunenburg. In this they are setting a fine example for those of us who were born and raised in the town.



JOSEPH AND TELA PURCELL

by Jimmy Slack '77



The best known artist couple in Nova Scotia and probably much further afield are Joseph and Tela Purcell. Presently they are very busy and deeply involved in painting.

Mr. Purcell was born in Halifax and received his training at the Nova Scotia College of Art. He painted from his earliest childhood and exhibited in important shows and private and public galleries in Halifax, Montreal and Quebec in his youth. At age eighteen he had already completed his first large murals in the Hotel Nova Scotian. Later, at twenty three, he placed second in a national competition in O'Keefe's Art Awards and later chose to paint Halifax for the Seagram's Collection "Cities of

Canada" which toured the world. His paintings in oil and water colour have hung in many one-man shows throughout the world.

Tela was given private art lessons on Saturday mornings in Mount Saint Vincent at age seven. During this time she learned many of the basic points in drawing and painting. When she was ten she attended children's art classes on Saturday and Thursday afternoons at the Nova Scotia College of Art. Later while in junior high school Tela attended High School art classes and received scholarships to continue on throughout high school. Later she received a full time scholarship which enabled her to attend the Nova Scotia College of Art. She then attended Dalhousie University to further her academic studies. After being hired summers to tint photographs, Tela proceeded to paint landscapes. At first she worked in many mediums such as oils, pastels, pen drawings and water colours. Her young family became a going concern and she found water colours cleaner so that they are used almost exclusively. In the future, Tela hopes to return to more oils.

Today, Joseph's murals in oil appear in many public buildings such as Place Ville Marie in Montreal, the Silver Dart in Baddeck, the Lord Nelson Hotel, the Roy Building and the Dartmouth Heritage Museum in Halifax and Dartmouth, and in the Fishermen's Memorial Room in Lunenburg.

Tela owes a debt of thanks to Sister Rosalie, her first teacher, Donald Holden and Bruce Hunter, whom she thanks very much. She also thanks the Sisters of Charity for the experience they provided, like experiencing the compiling of the "Seagull". Tela would also like to mention her mother, father and rest of her family for encouraging her.

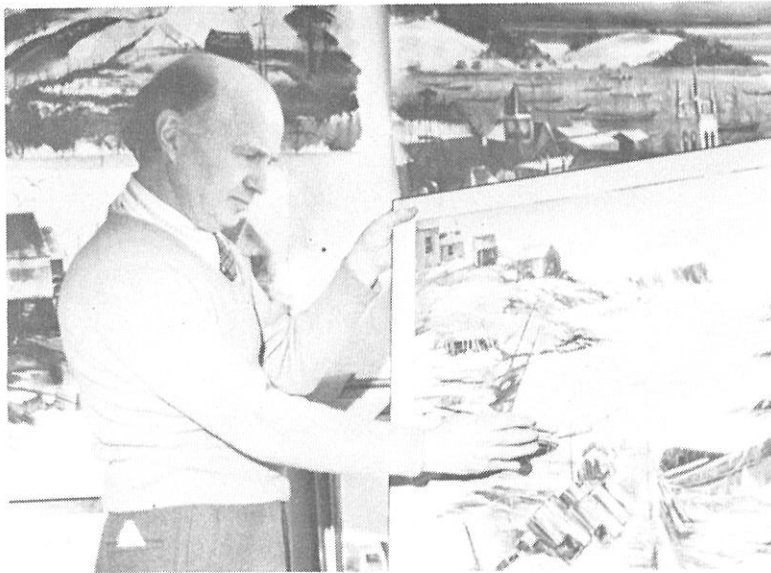
Tela says she enjoys doing many types of scenes but always likes to create a mood such as suggestions of chilly weather, or early morning. She also enjoys painting real things, in true detail. The atmosphere here in Lunenburg has been helpful in providing subjects such as houses, the harbour, the sea and hills which are

constantly taking on new appearances. The plant life in Blue Rocks, and wildlife and shorelines are especially interesting. Even her daughter Tara's cats, rabbit, flowers and antique bottles provide interesting subjects.

Tela's favourite artists include Albecht Durer, many of the French Impressionists, Andrew Wyth, Tom Thompson and J.C.H. MacDonald who have left a lasting impression on her.

Some of the most exciting points in Tela's life are a trip to New York City, Boston and Philadelphia to see masterpieces by famous artists such as Van Gogh, Cezanne, Whistler, Winslow Homer, Gainsborough and many others; the births of her five children; and their move to Lunenburg. Joseph's accomplishments in art have also provided high points. Her hobbies are growing flowers, connecting bits and pieces of anything, collecting antiques - anything visually interesting.

Today, the couple's art is on display and for sale in their studio on Lincoln Street here in Lunenburg. Each year their work is also in display in many art exhibitions and at the Lunenburg Fisheries Exhibition where the demanding but rewarding work seems to be enjoyed along with other local art and handicrafts.

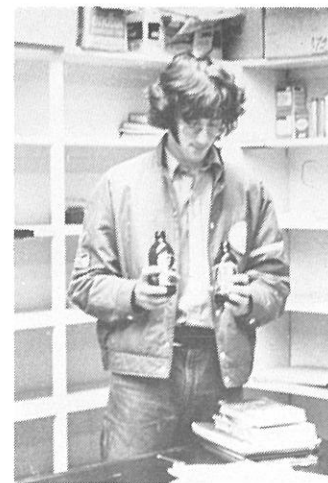
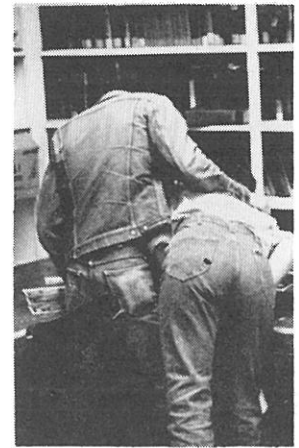


SONG TITLES

- LYIN' EYES - Peter Zwicker pleading innocence
- TAKE IT TO THE LIMIT - "once more and you're out"
- PEACEFUL EASY FEELING - after exams
- EVIL WAYS - surprise quiz
- NO MORE MR. NICE GUY - Mr. Brison five minutes after class starts
- HIGH FLYIN' BIRD - Bill Gibson
- LISTEN TO THE MUSIC - facing Mr. Andrews for skipping
- NATURAL THINGS - school gossip
- KILLER QUEEN - Mrs. Kelly
- WASTED DAYS AND
WASTED NIGHTS - Monday through Friday
- PICK UP THE PIECES - after Lab class
- NEVER SAY GOODBYE - failed again
- BILLION DOLLAR BABIES - Mr. Jewers' and Mr. Goodine's newborns
- COULD IT BE MAGIC - or did I graduate
- ONE OF THESE NIGHTS - I'm going to do some homework
- JIVE TALKIN' - with Mr. Lewis and his new math

MOVIES

- THE WAY WE WERE - the night before the morning after
- JAWS - canteen rush at recess
- ONE FLEW OVER THE
CUCKOO'S NEST - and landed on Mr. Garg's head
- EARTHQUAKE - Mr. Andrews clearing the halls
- WHAT'S UP DOC? - am I sick enough to stay home
- DR. DOOLITTLE - Mr. Fogelson and his band
- TOWERING INFERNO - chemistry lab
- PLANET OF THE APES - lobby during free class
- VANISHING POINT - 3:15 Friday afternoons
- EXORCIST - teachers extracting excuses
- YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN - Bill Gibson at 9:00 Monday mornings
- HARRY AND TONTO - Mr. Middleton and his mustache
- ECHOES OF A SUMMER - day dreaming in classes
- GONE WITH THE WIND - test papers
- THE STING - getting caught marking on the desks
- WALKING TALL - Mr. Muise with his platform shoes







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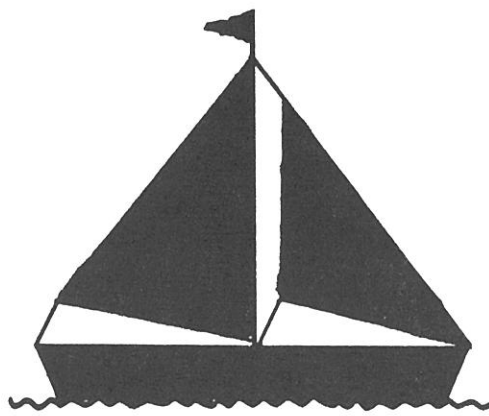
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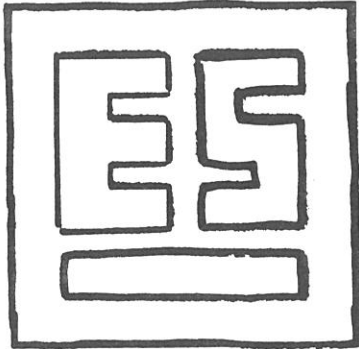
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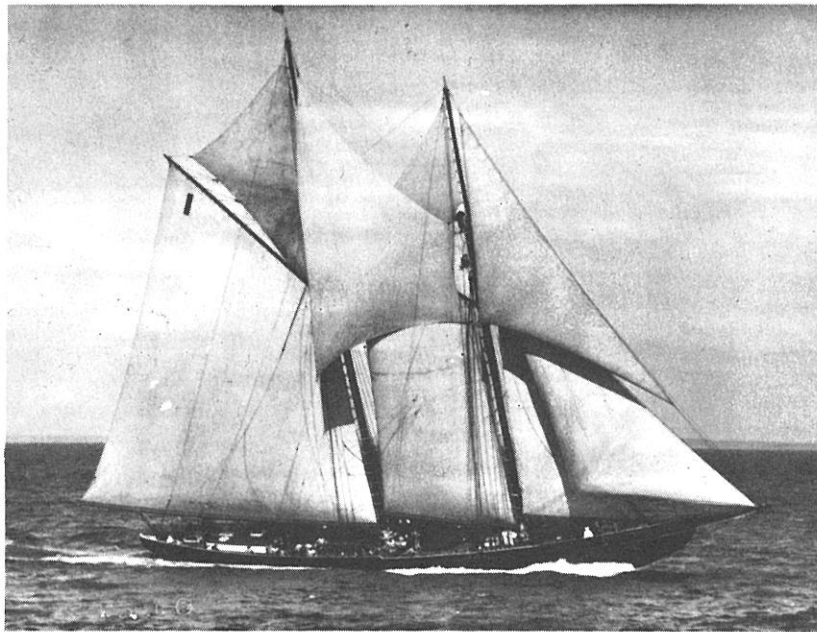
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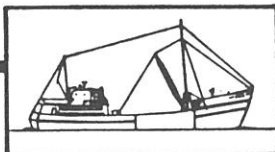
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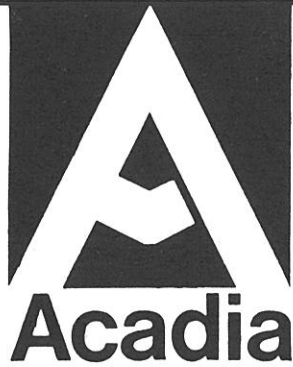
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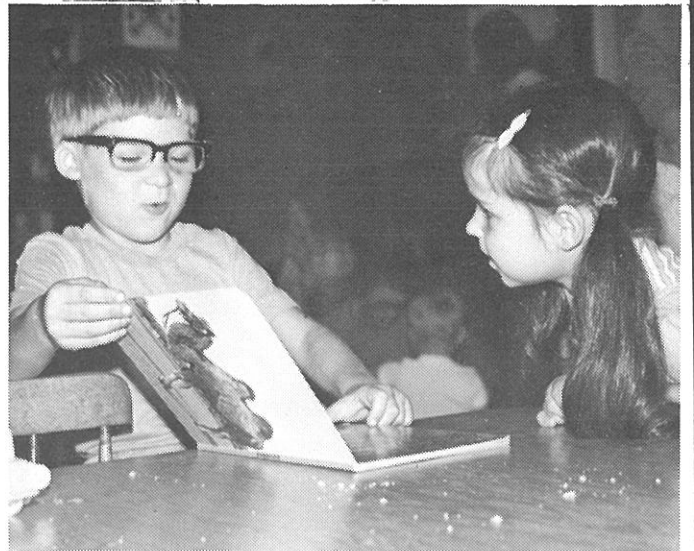
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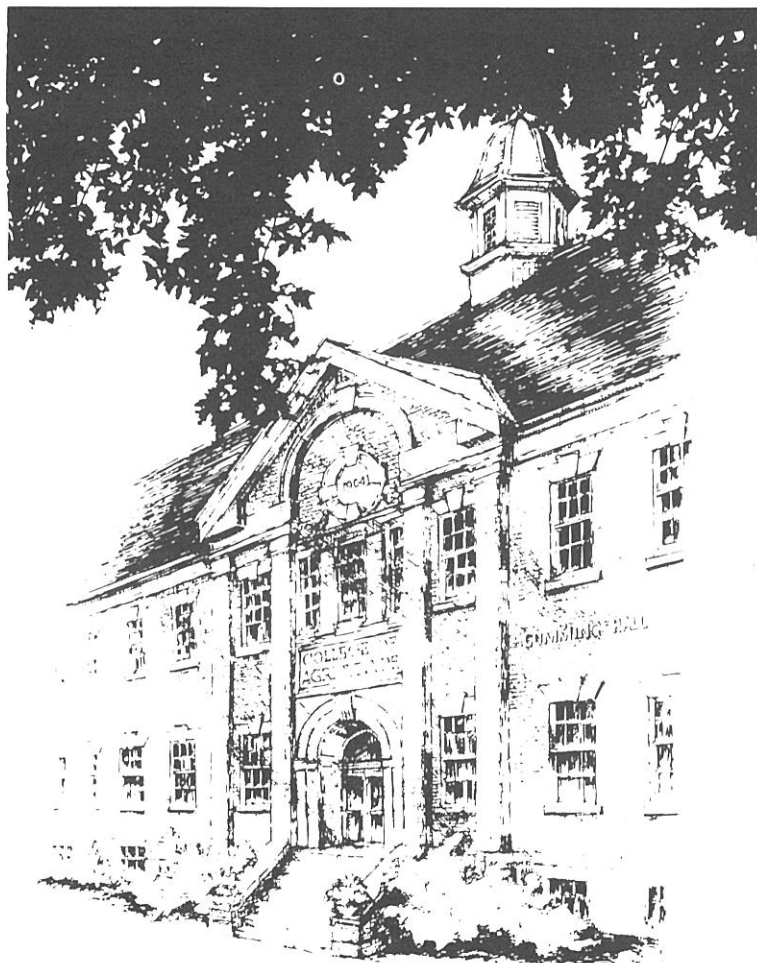
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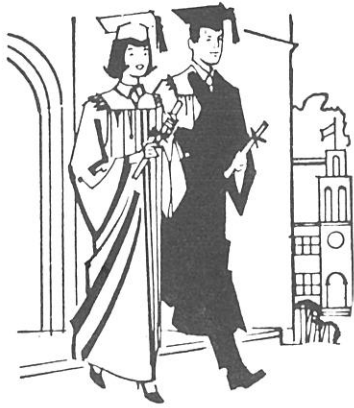
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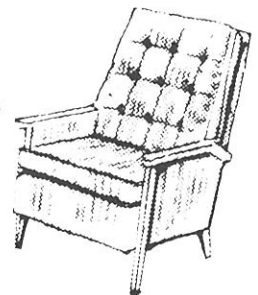
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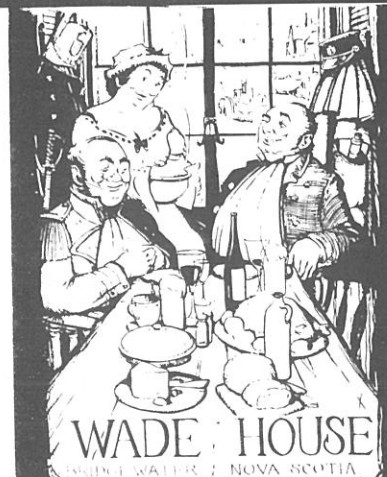
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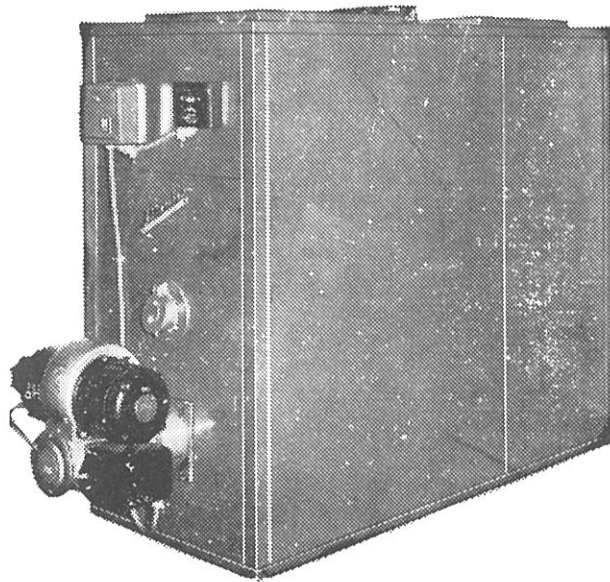
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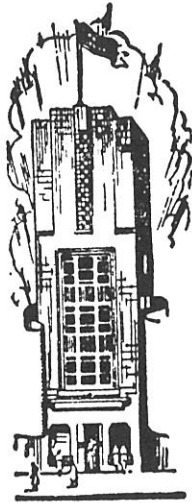
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