

Get your sea legs on the schooner Theresa E. Connor and talk with "old salts" that fished the North Atlantic. Gently touch starfish and other marine creatures in the aquarium's fantastic viewing tank.

The aquarium is home to many species of fish, including 25 White Fish that are on the verge of extinction. No North Atlantic museum would be complete without salmon, trout and lobster. There is an open tank where one can gently touch the fish and watch them cavort in water that is held at 55° to prevent spawning.

Most fascinating were the halibut and flounder that have unique life cycles. Flounder or flukes are flatfish that live in ocean waters of the Northern Atlantic and waters along the east coast of the United States and Canada, and the Pacific Ocean.

While flounders have both eyes situated on one side of the head, flukes are not born this way. Their life involves metamorphosis. During metamorphosis, one eye migrates to the other side of the body so that both eyes are situated on the upward-facing side of its body. After metamorphosis, flounder lie on one side on the ocean floor; either the left or right side might face upward depending on the species. Flounder sizes typically vary from five to fifteen inches, though they sometimes grow as large as three feet in length. Their breadth is about one-half of their length. Flounder are ambush predators and their feeding ground is the soft mud of the sea bottom, near bridge piles, docks, and other bottom incumbrances; they are sometimes found on bass grounds as well. Their diet consists mainly of fish spawn, crustaceans, polychaetes and small fish.

A halibut is a type of flatfish from the family of the righteye flounders (Pleuronectidae). The Halibut is the largest of all flat fish, with an average weight of about 25 lb - 30 lb, but they can grow to be as much as 600 lbs. The Halibut is blackish-grey on the top side and off-white on the underbelly side. When the Halibut is born the eyes are on both sides of its head so it has to swim like a salmon. After about 6 months; one eye will rotate to the other side of its head, making it look more like the flounder. This happens at the same time that the stationary eyed side begins to develop a blackish-grey pigment while the other side remains white. This disguises a halibut from above (blending with the ocean floor) and from below (blending into the light from the sky).

Larry said, "I will never again eat halibut or flounder. They are just too ugly." They are odd looking creatures, lying still and quiet on the bottom where they are difficult to spot, blending in well with the sandy ocean floor. And to even further increase their invisibility, they flip sand over their bodies. Larry will eat a giant bug-like lobster, but will pass on flatfish that looks like giant paramecium, complete with the surrounding cilia. Oh, well,

**Cape Sable**



he will never know what he is missing because he will not take the smallest bite of anything new or different.

Out on the dock, we boarded, first the Cape Sable, a side trawler. It was named after Cape Sable Island, a small island located at the southernmost point in Nova Scotia. Trawler means any vessel that pulls a bag net through the water. There are many types of trawlers varying in size from open boats, powered by outboard engines to huge factory ships, which can fish in the most distant waters. Two requirements are common to all trawlers. One is the need for towing power and the other for winch or mechanical hauling system. The distinguishing feature of all side trawlers is the two steel gallows frames, one place aft and one forward on the starboard side. The starboard otter door is hauled up to the forward gallow and port otter is hauled up to the aft gallow block. Larry and I took turns at the helm of Cape Sable while the ship gently rocked and the tide lapped against its hull. Everything was so compact with little room to maneuver. The Captain's cabin was comfortable and spacious, compared to the rest of the boat.

### Schooner

A schooner is a type of sailing vessel characterized by the use of fore-and-aft sails on two or more masts. Schooners were first used by the Dutch in the 16th or 17th century,

### Theresa E. Connor



and further developed in North America from the time of the American Revolution. A dory is a small, narrow, flatbottom fishing boat. Nested stacks of dories were frequently carried on the decks of fishing schooners out to the fishing grounds, where they were then

deployed to lay longlines or tend nets. Sometimes the dorymen rowed a couple of miles from the schooner to fish. They packed along a mast and boom wrapped in a small sail, a couple of barrels of fresh water, bailing scoops and foghorn and spare tholepins - the wooden pegs to hold the oars. And they took anchors and fish-forks and kerosene lanterns and a pole with a target flag. Still, with all the precautions, it was common for the schooner to spend hours searching in the fog, blowing the horn, and listening for the answering blast from a stray dory.

Aboard the dory schooner, Theresa E. Connor and touring one end to other, I was amazed at how small it really was. Captain's cabin was so small in comparison to the one aboard Cape Sable and was in much closer proximity to the crew. The berths were little more

than tiny cells, barely large enough the lay down in. It must have taken a bit of practice to accommodate for the swaying of the ship at sea and not bang your head on the overhead bunk. And the galley left much to be desired, just a small open area with little more than a wood burning stove and chopping block. It is easy to understand how seamen had to be a hardy lot to spend weeks or months on the capricious sea in such cramped quarters and poor working conditions.

Although the *Bluenose II* was not open for tours, she is probably the most famous schooner in North America, and the pride of Canada. Lunenburg is her home harbour. *Bluenose* was a celebrated racing ship. The name "bluenose" originated as a nick-name for Nova Scotians. Designed by William Roué and built by Smith and Rhuland, *Bluenose* was launched at Lunenburg, Nova Scotia on March 26, 1921, as both a working cod-fishing schooner and a racing ship. This was in response to the defeat of the Nova Scotian Fishing Schooner *Delawana* by the Gloucester Fishing Schooner *Esperanto* in 1920. After a season fishing on the Grand Banks, *Bluenose* defeated *Elsie* (out of Gloucester, Massachusetts), returning the trophy to Nova Scotia. During the next 17 years of racing, no challenger, American or Canadian, could wrest the International Fishermen's Trophy from her.

Fishing schooners became obsolete after World War II, and despite efforts to keep her in Nova Scotia, the undefeated *Bluenose* was sold to work as a freighter in the West Indies. She foundered on a Haitian reef on January 28, 1946.

*Bluenose*, under full sail, is portrayed on the 1929 Canadian postage stamp as well as on two other stamps issued in 1982 and 1999 and also appears on the current Nova Scotia licence plate. The depiction of a generic schooner on the Canadian dime has for years been commonly known as the *Bluenose*. In 2002, the government of Canada declared the depiction on the dime to be the *Bluenose*.



**Bluenose II**

Her daughter ship, *Bluenose II*, was launched at Lunenburg on July 24, 1963, built to original plans by many of the same workers. She cost \$300,000 to build and was financed by the Oland Family as a marketing tool for their brewery operations in Halifax and Saint John. Her popularity led to her being sold to the government of Nova Scotia which in turn gave possession of the ship to the Bluenose II Preservation Trust. The trust's

mandate was to restore the aging and poorly maintained ship to full operational status and to operate her for the people of Nova Scotia. Over the winter of 1994-95 the trust restored the ship's hull, leading to her being recommissioned in May 1995. The trust maintained and operated Bluenose II until March 31 2005, when the government of Nova Scotia placed the vessel under the management of the Lunenburg Marine Museum Society.

The *Bluenose II* serves as a goodwill ambassador, tourist attraction in Lunenburg, and symbol of the province. During the summer, she visits ports all around Nova Scotia and

frequently sails to other ports on the eastern seaboard. In honour of her predecessor, *Bluenose II* does not officially race.



**Peggys Cove**

Words cannot adequately describe the stark beauty of this wild and rugged rocky crag created by the Ice Age. More than 400 million years ago, in the Devonian Period, the plate tectonics movement of the earth's crust allowed molten material to bubble up from the earth's interior.

This formed the rocks we see today and are part of the Great Nova Scotia batholith. The unique landscape of Peggy's Cove and surrounding areas was subsequently carved by the migration of glaciers and the ocean tides. About 20,000 years ago, an ice ridge moved south from Canada's Arctic region covering much of North America. Along with the ebb and flow of the glaciers, the ice ridge eventually melted and shifted and in the process scooped away and scoured large sections of rock, vegetation, and topsoil. As melted land glaciers flowed back to the oceans the changing tidal flows and rising sea levels filled the scarred areas with water, forming coves and inlets. Large boulders composed of 415-million-year-old Devonian granite, called glacial erratics, were lifted by the ice and carried for long distances before being deposited upon the landscape as the ice receded, leaving rugged barrens. The movement of the glacial ice and rocks left scouring marks in the bedrock that can still be seen today.

**Twyla Woodring  
Larry Power**



Peggys Cove (2001 population: approx. 50) is a small rural community located on the eastern shore of St. Margarets Bay. Peggy's Cove has a classic red-and-white lighthouse still operated by the Canadian Coast Guard, and is situated on an extensive granite

outcrop at Peggy's Point, immediately south of the village and its cove. This lighthouse is one of the most-photographed structures in Atlantic Canada and one of the most

**Twyla Woodring  
Larry Power**



recognizable lighthouses in the world. Visitors may explore the granite outcrop on Peggys Point around the lighthouse; despite numerous signs warning of unpredictable surf (including one on a bronze plaque on the lighthouse itself), several incautious visitors each year are swept off the rocks by wind and waves. Sou'Wester Restaurant also issues a warning on its placemat—"The ocean and rocks are treacherous. Injury and death has befallen visitors to Peggys Cove. Please savour the sea from a distance.

We urge extreme caution." The lighthouse now houses a Canada Post office. During the summer months it serves as the village post office from where postcards and letters may be mailed. Each piece of mail receives a special cancellation mark in the shape of the lighthouse.

"While the sea may scoff at you,  
The fog may aggravate you,  
The salt air exhaust you,  
The wind ruffle you,  
And the rocks puzzle you,  
The fog comes and goes at will.  
Don't begrudge it.  
Wish instead that you were as free!"

Nearing Peggys Cove, I caught glimpse of the Atlantic Ocean and became excited. "Now that's my Atlantic, the Atlantic I remember at Atlantic City, New Jersey when I was eight-years-old." There were large white-capped waves crashing along the rocky beach. Up until now, I was disappointed, just small whitewater rippling waves, not must bigger than the ones on a lake on a windy day.



It was difficult not to wish for a bright, sunny day. The fog was so thick that it could not be penetrated a few yards from the shore. Larry and I stood on the rocks while the surf pounded and creamed in long white lines along the rocky, sandy beach one after another; and with wind came the briny and salty breath of sea. The lighthouse, though visible, was partially concealed by an ephemeral steel gray curtain. There is something sad and forlorn about a lone lighthouse standing guard and shining its beacon out into the darkness of night to guide a lone vessel into safe harbor and Peggys Cove was no

exception. She stands sentinel on the monochromatic barren rocks as the exhilarating waves roar and thunder, tentacles of water swiftly inching over the granite outcrop and quickly flowing back out to sea, as the undulating saltwater spray reaches up, carrying our prayers heavenward in humble homage to the Creator whose spirit is in all things harmonious with the natural order. And I thought to myself, what a wonderful world.

All too soon we left Peggys Cove and the boiling surf behind, heading to Halifax and the last few days of our trip, hoping to get there in time to see that evening's World Indoor Lacrosse game, but a turn of events would prevent our going.

Upon arrival in at ViaRail in Halifax, I sent Larry into the Westin hotel, right next and connected with the train station, thinking it would be nice to be so close to our departure point. The clerk quoted \$159. Not wanting to spend that much, I decided to look around



and see if we could find something cheaper. A couple of hours later, tired, disgusted and hungry, I went back to the Westin. Larry's version—Twyla barged into the Westin like John Candy in *Uncle Buck* (my pet name for Twyla when she gets that certain attitude) when he confronted the school principal, Mrs. Melanoma Face. She told them in no uncertain terms, "I don't need a double. I just want a bed and a shower." She got the room for \$109, and was asked if she had stay at Westin before. "No, I don't think so."

But apparently she had, because they had her address and phone number in the computer.



**Halifax  
Harbour**



Our room was beautiful with all the amenities, including Westin's signature product, the Heavenly Bed and Heavenly Shower. From the huge window, there was an excellent view of the harbour and lighthouse situated on a small island.

After we took everything out of the SUV, we filled her up, ready to say a sad farewell to our trusted companion for the past nine days. Since Hertz Rental at ViaRail was closed

for the weekend and it turn out, closed Monday for Victoria Day, the agent had told us to return it to the Ramada Inn, and thus becoming the only event to mar this trip.

The Ramada is located in Dartmouth and must be accessed via several back streets, though it is just off Highway 101. Larry has an unerring sense of direction but, he is not a very good navigator, and can get lost on his way to the bathroom. I knew I should not have listened when he told me to turn at the exit to some park with the same name as the street we were looking for. By then darkness had settled in right along with a pea-soup fog and rain. Due to my OCD, (obsessive-compulsive disorder) I refused to give up. After backtracking, I finally found the Ramada only to be told they had no Hertz Rental there. Larry said, "I wouldn't want to be that guy if you caught up with him tonight." He's right—I would not have been very nice.

"Okay, then I'll just take it back to ViaRail and leave it right where I had gotten it in the first place and settle up with the jerk on Monday. By now the fog is so thick and the rain so heavy, you couldn't see exit signs until you were right on them. So, we did even more backtracking. At one point, Larry asked directions and was told to turn left which I was almost dead certain was the wrong way, but took it anyway. After more backtracking, I turned right and sure enough—a few blocks, a quarter of a tank of gas and three hours later, we're back at the Westin.

By now Larry and I are starving, and I wasn't going back out in the rain and fog. "We're having room service, and I don't care if it cost \$50," I stated. Well, two sandwiches, nachos and two colas later, my credit card was charged just over \$50 with tip.

The "Nova Scotian" opened its doors on June 23, 1930 with 130 rooms, five suites and the elegant Atlantic Ballroom added. The hotel was considered to be reminiscent of grand hotels seen all over the world, and one of a kind in Eastern Canada. The hotel grew in size in the mid 1950s, when additional rooms and suites added. Significant meeting space was also added and the now famous Commonwealth Ballroom, which has hosted royalty and dignitaries from all over the world. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II visited the hotel twice, once in the 50s and once in the 70s, and the late Diana, Princess of Wales hosted her only official Royal dinner on an Eastern Canadian tour at the hotel in the early 1980s. In April 1996, NewCastle Hotels of Shelton, CT, purchased the hotel. It was re-opened on August 6, 1996 as the Westin Nova Scotian.



**Chris Panos**

Twyla and I ran into Chris Panos in the hotel lobby of the Westin. He noticed my old leather Brooklin Redmen jacket. Chris was playing for Team USA in the World Indoor Box Lacrosse tournament and he mentioned that he used to play for the Brooklin Redmen. We did not recognize each other at first, but once we exchanged names, he

remembered me and asked me how my best friend Bernie Bernhart was making out. When Chris was playing summer lacrosse for the Redmen, he stayed down the street from Bernie at Ken Jackson's house and used to hang out with Ken's son, Trevor. Later that day, Chris, led Team USA to a bronze medal victory over Team England when he potted five goals.

Bright and early the next morning we are waiting on the corner for a cab to take us to the lacrosse games. Some guy starts talking about how he liked Larry's boots. Larry told him that they were bought in Texas. Then, somehow this guy goes off about blacks and using very foul language. Larry asked him to leave and finally threatened him to get him to go on. The last we saw of him, he was looking over his shoulder at us, and mouthing something we could not understand.

It felt great running into so many people I knew so far away from home in the arena in Halifax. Twyla and I met Steve McCarthy, coach of the Brooklin Merchants, as well as representative for Warrior, who gave us two passes to get into the two final medal lacrosse games. We also ran into Greg Williams, father of Shawn Williams; Gord Nash, father of goaltender Gee Nash; Ron McSpagdyen of the OLA office; Dean McLeod, commissioner of OLA junior A series; Linda Blogg, secretary for the OLA and OLA Hall of Fame; Chuck Miller, past president of the OLA; Dave Succamore, assistant president of the NLL players association; Sohen Gill, commissioner of the W.L.A. senior A series; as well as spotting John Doherty, present president of the OLA; Stan Cockerton, assistant president of the World Box Lacrosse Federation and also head of the OLA. Kevin and Trina Baldwin and Ron Pallister were also supposed to be there, but we did not run into them.



**Steve McCarthy**  
**Larry Power**



**Ron McSpagdyen**  
**Larry Power**



**Doug Luye**  
**Larry Power**



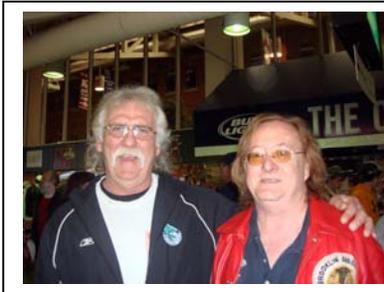
**Gord Nash**  
**Larry Power**



**Dean McLeod**  
**Larry Power**



**Sohen Gill**  
**Larry Power**



**Greg Williams  
Larry Power**



**Larry Power  
Calvin Curtis**



**Larry Power, Chuck  
Miller, Linda Blogg**

Lacrosse was invented by Native North Americans. Its name was *dehuntshigwa'es* in Onondaga ("men hit a rounded object"), *da-nah-wah'uwsdi* in Eastern Cherokee ("little war"), *Tewaarathon* in Mohawk language ("little brother of war"), and *baaga`adowe* in Ojibwe ("knocking about of balls"). The Algonquin tribes referred to the sport as "baggatway".

Jean de Brébeuf wanted to enter the priesthood from an early age, but his health was so bad there were doubts he could make it. His posting as a missionary to frontier Canada at age 32, however, was a literal god-send. He spent the rest of his life there, and the harsh and hearty climate so agreed with him that the Natives, surprised at his endurance, called him *Echon*, which meant *load bearer*, and his massive size made them think twice about sharing a canoe with him for fear it would sink. Saint John (Jean de Brébeuf) was martyred in 1649, tortured to death by the Iroquois. By 1650, the Huron nation was exterminated, and the laboriously built mission was abandoned. But it proved to be "one of the triumphant failures that are commonplace in the Church's history."

The origins date back hundreds of years. Lacrosse is America's oldest game. The game became known to Europeans when a French Jesuit Missionary, Jean de Brébeuf, saw the Iroquois Natives play it in 1636. He called it *Ala crosse* because (as some believe) the stick reminded him of the Bishop's crozier, but the term *crosse* is a general word in French for any type of bat or stick used in a ball game. The name *lacrosse* is simply a reflection of this term, and perhaps a shortening for a phrase such as "le jeu de la crosse" (the game of the stick).

Early players concentrated on first injuring their opponents with their sticks, and then moving easily to the goal. Games could be played on a pitch over a mile wide and sometimes lasted for days. Often players were gravely injured or even killed. Early balls were made out of the heads of the enemy, deerskin, clay, stone, and sometimes wood. Lacrosse has played a significant role in the community and religious life of tribes across the continent for many years. Early lacrosse was characterized by deep spiritual involvement, befitting the spirit of combat in which it was undertaken. Those who took part did so in the role of warriors, with the goal of bringing glory and honor to themselves and their tribes, and as a religious ritual. The game was said to be played "for the pleasure of the Creator."

Lacrosse has witnessed great modifications since its origins in the 15th century, but many aspects of the sport remain the same. In the Native North American version, each team consisted of about 100 to 1,000 men on a field that stretched from about 500 yards to a couple of miles long. These lacrosse games lasted from sun up to sun down for two to three days. These games were played to settle inter-tribal disputes, to toughen young braves in preparation for future combat and to give thanks to the Creator.

In the 1840s the first games of Lacrosse were played between the townsfolk and the Native People. Lacrosse has been known as Canada's National Game since 1859. It was officially named as Canada's National Summer Sport in 1994.

In 1931, an indoor version of the game, box lacrosse, was introduced in Canada. It quickly became, and remains, the dominant form of the sport in Canada, and is played professionally in both Canada and the United States. Lord Minto, Governor General of Canada, donated to the CLA a silver cup to be the symbol of lacrosse supremacy in the country. Sir Donald Mann, chief architect of the Canadian Northern Railway, donated a solid gold cup for the senior amateur championship of Canada. Both of these trophies remain the pinnacle of success in Canadian Lacrosse. The "Mann" Cup is the Senior A Box championship trophy and the "Minto" Cup is the Junior A Box championship trophy.

International competition in lacrosse dates back to the 19th century when a Canadian team played the Iroquois. In fact, lacrosse was contested as a full medal sport at the 1904 and 1908 Olympics. In 1904, two Canadian teams challenged a local team from St. Louis, with the Shamrock Lacrosse Team of Winnipeg winning the gold medal. The Canadian victory in 1904 was the first ever medal for the country in Olympic competition. Lacrosse was also a demonstration sport at the Olympics in 1928, 1932 and 1948.

Written by Larry Power, "In 1932, the Atlantic City Americans played 12 games against several teams winning them all and represented the US in the Olympics in Los Angeles. Not much is know as to whether this was an actual league or not. The only reason I'd even heard about them was because Judy 'Punch' Garlow's scrapbook had game summaries for 9 of these 12 games. Included in the victories were 2 wins over Montreal Canadians, who had been winners of the International Pro Lacrosse League in 1931 and a victory over Toronto Tecumseh's members of that league in 1932.

Here is what I could recover:

1. Atlantic City Americans 14, Montreal Canadians 6 - July 29, 1932
2. Atlantic City Americans 15, Montreal Canadians 5
3. Atlantic City Americans 16, New York Giants 10
4. Atlantic City Americans 13, Buffalo Bandits 3
5. Atlantic City Americans 21, Buffalo Bandits 11 - Aug 5, 1932
6. Atlantic City Americans 17, Toronto Tecumsehs 12 - Aug 13, 1932
7. No stats available
8. No stats available