

# HALIFAX

Green jutland of the Empire,  
That means so much to me.  
A jewel Cornwallis was to sire;  
A fortress raised to face the sea.

Born of desperation,  
Balanced with New France.  
She proved her destination;  
By thrusting forth her lance.

Time has served thee well,  
And you it twice as much.  
Many a tale your streets could tell;  
For history was yours to clutch.

Free port of England,  
Through two world wars.  
To all she would stand;  
And still her heart soars.

Nursed by royalty,  
Raised on pride.  
Her life is the sea;  
The spirit of which will never die.

This peninsula of endless green,  
Crowned by an emerald hill.  
Presently keeping a peaceful beam;  
But ever ready to greet the beat of the drill.

Oh, noble spirit of the North,  
Blessed city of my birth.  
Mist of greatness breaking forth;  
Seeming always, center of the Earth.

Allan Doyle 12-B



..... *More Literary Contributions* .....

*A Tribute To Our Flag.*

An artist took his brush in hand  
For a centennial painting of our land.  
He did majestic mountains, his picture passing fair,  
But farmer friends remarked to him:  
    We'd hate to farm up there!  
That's it, he thought, a wheatfield like  
    a billowing sea of gold!  
But a merchant pricked that dream apart --  
    And when the grain is sold?  
The artist sat right down to think!  
Skyscrapers tall and grand?  
But still how many miles are unmarred by the human hand?  
He couldn't fancy winter scenes of  
    shimmering snow and ice,  
So vivid are our lakes and parks -- a summer paradise!  
He wandered to his window overlooking  
    rooftop high,  
And clearly saw silhouetted against the evening sky,  
The emblem of our country in simple beauty bright,  
Reflecting all its glory in the glow of  
    moon light,  
The pure uncluttered maple leaf and stripes,  
    from shore to shore.  
Then he loved and understood our flag as he  
    never had before.

Maddonna M. Marryatt  
12A

A DIVER GETS THE LAST LAUGH

While diving in the ocean  
About a mile from land  
I come upon a sunken ship  
Half buried in the sand.

Around it swam a million fish  
Well, eight or nine or ten  
I went up quickly for some air  
Then down I dived again.

The fish it seemed were laughing  
Because I loved to share  
They knew I was in another world  
Which I must leave for air.

They swam around and taunted me  
They surely had their fun  
I knew the last laugh would be mine  
For I had brought my gun.

Chris Gough 11-A

# Literary

## CENTENNIAL CANADA



One hundred years ago, a nation was born,  
The start of a new life, the dawn of a new morn;  
-- Canada, the wonderful birth of a God-given land  
And the people forming the invincible hand;  
The people who fought with their hearts singing free  
Uttered a curse to the wild land, saying, "We'll yet tame thee".  
Then came the strong men, who built gold from dust.  
They built this land for the future and now we must  
Make their dreams our dreams, and strive to make them true,  
And say in our hearts, "O Canada, we pledge ourselves to you".  
We are proud of this our country with its wild untamed north,  
Into mountains, storms, and strife, we thrust ourselves forth,  
To plan, create and re-create this land,  
Using our wits and spirit to guide our strong hands.  
This is our country -- from the rocky coasts of Newfoundland  
Across the golden prairies to Vancouver Island,  
And all that is in between -- this is our pride,  
The people who make this land what it is and knows it's not so wide.  
It's not the government, nor the resources, nor the industries that  
make us live again and again,  
But the people who lift their heads with pride and say,  
"I'm free and I'm Canadian".

Rex Roberts 10-A

## *MAN'S DELUSION?*

What is this chaos, this entity we call life?  
Where man has not the propensity to understand the strife.  
Ostensible he walks, the brave combateer,  
To what end -- he knows not where.  
His walk is a line of opposite tensions;  
Of a left or a right there is no mention.  
Though tension left, may be the wrong,  
Tension right counteracts the draw  
'Till to that end we draw quite near  
With no keen insights and nothing but fear.

Mr. F. Boyd

## CENTENNIAL "67"

Happy Birthday Canada!  
The people ring out the cry,  
While politicians and economists  
Just greet it with a sigh.

Our country and its people  
Are now in such a state  
And knowing all these problems  
How can we celebrate?

The increasing cost of living  
Has already reached the sky  
With women forming boycotts  
And trying to find out why.

Our years of revolution  
Have brought us voting right  
But when the polls are open  
There's no one near the site.

A minority of French Canadians  
Are trying to break away,  
While the Canadian Federal Government  
Strives to make them stay.

Our red-skinned people westward  
Are treated quite unjust,  
But they are only lacking  
'cause we fail to give them trust.

These things grow in importance  
With the exploding population.  
But we should stop a moment  
To pay tribute to "Our Nation".

Linda Martin 11

## A SOLDIER

He crawls thru muck, sand and brier  
Half aware of blood and fire  
The target of the enemy  
A subject of democracy.

He is but young, yet over nite  
Turns to a man, he learns to fight.  
Driven to a country of hate and pain  
Of communism's vast domain.

A spit of fire from a Halaster gun,  
He's scared and yet he cannot run.  
His ears are pierced by some anguished cry  
He prays "Oh God don't let me die".

All around grotesque forms lay  
Once human now deaths turned to clay.  
His blood turns cold as he sets eyes  
Upon his best friend as he dies.

"Run kid run", the commanders' yell  
And he runs through the man made hell.  
Into a trench cut in the ground  
While his army cuts the enemy down.

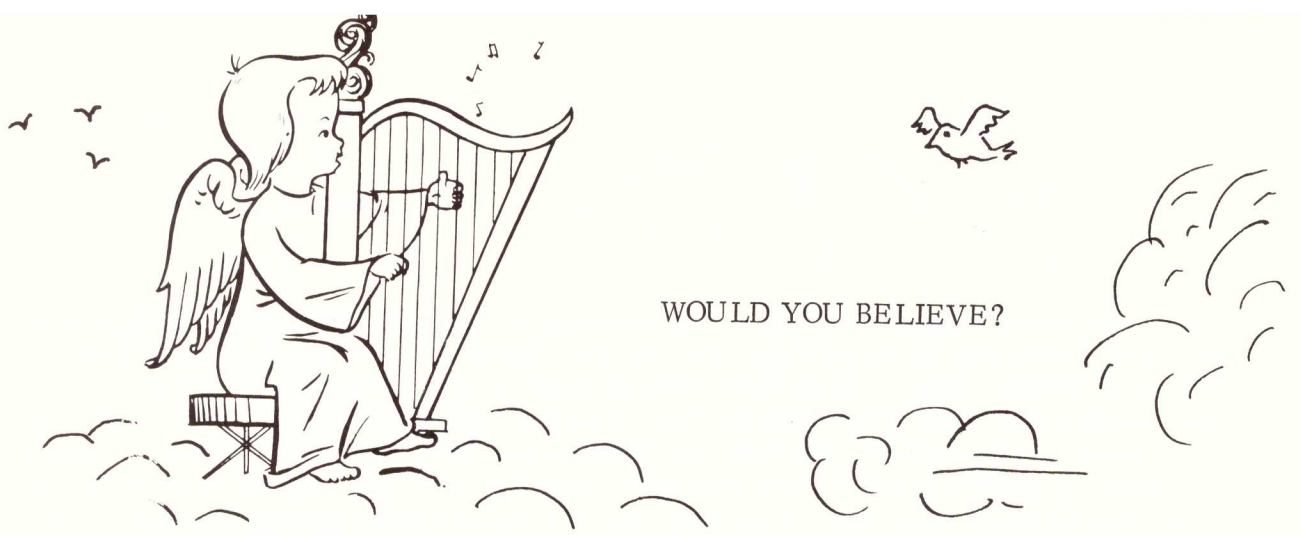
The firing ceases, he's now alone  
His thoughts are turned to those of home.  
Teardrops sting his youthful eyes  
He knows that this is where he'll die.

Ann-Dolores Wall

## DEATH

Death; It came a mist across the sky,  
Reaching, groping, grasping  
Beckoning no one but me --;  
Strayed, alone and failing,  
A beacon of grey light, guiding,  
Showing the way to eternal peace.  
Thru, the dark infathomable night  
At a slow unsteady gate  
Searching the absolute,  
Till the dark is engulfed;  
Trying to find my resting place.

Chris Gough 11-A



The year is 1980; the place, a cumulus nimbus cloud drifting at an altitude of 2,000 feet. Gazing at my book "How to Play a Harp and Still Keep Your Friends", my mind wandered back to my school days and I couldn't help wondering what had become of my friends. I was pulled back to reality by Mr. Wall when he nudged my halo with the end of his broom and told me to get off his cloud because my notes were cluttering the floor. Therefore, I secured my harp and halo and set off to find another cloud.

While flying low to avoid an airplane, I noticed some familiar landmarks, and my heart beat frantically when I realized that I was over my native town of Spryfield. Being inquisitive, I decided to look around, and not wishing to frighten anyone, as I was frightened last year when I saw the ghost of Walter White, I made myself invisible. The first people I came across were Reid and Gail strolling with their triplets, David, Leonard, and Don, all of whom were delivered by Morris Trager. They always did do things the hard way! They were standing in front of the famous and still popular -- for it had always been a favourite lunch spot for many -- Herring Cove Restaurant, and were chatting with Randy Morgan and Ian McDonald, who was still his happy-go-lucky chubby self. Randy looked very prosperous and distinguished in his spotted business suit -- he had always been one to follow the fashions. From their conversation I learned that Wayne Jamieson, Ian Vatcher, and Alan Doyle, were still bachelors, and that Chris Hanemann had just returned from a four-week holiday in Hawaii. They were interrupted by the jovial Rose-Marie Pierce and her chauffeur Brian VanSickle. She invited them to a reception at her house later that afternoon in honour of John Webb's latest literary success, "How Not to Write an Essay". After they were to be thrilled by hearing a few excerpts of his latest success, John had promised to hold a swinging party at the same place, for the convenience of the guests. It was only after a few minutes of concentration that I realized the significance of this. No one would be admitted into the house after John's readings, so therefore, anyone wanting to go to the party must attend the preceding reception. John always had been a sneaky fellow.

I had just made up my mind to go when I saw Bob Coghlan drive by in a Lincoln, surrounded by a police escort headed by Mike Hennebury. Since Bob and I had always been good friends, I followed them. They came to a halt in front of what I later discovered to be a war memorial. As it turned out, Danny Avery was now the Mayor of Spryfield and was given the honour of unveiling the monument which had been built in commemoration of all those brave, young volunteers from Spryfield who had lost their lives in the war still going on in Viet Nam. Among the dead were: Doug Scoville, Rod Fowler, Wally Cleveland, and George Gagne, all conscientious students as I recall?? I knew that I would be seeing them again in person after they had registered with John Beveridge, our chief registrar.

