

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL FETE PLANNED

ST. MARY'S JOURNAL



AGE QUOD AGIS

VOL. I

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No. 3

SAINT MARY'S LOSE OUT IN FINAL

PLANS FOR FESTIVAL NEARING COMPLETION

On Wednesday, April 22nd, a variety Entertainment that will be the proud achievement of a group of students who have sacrificed many hours of their leisure, will be presented in the College Auditorium.

This entertainment will be, it is hoped, a pleasing innovation in the entertainments of St. Mary's College. As the title suggests, "Variety" will be the keynote of the whole performance.

The opening number, an Overture, operatic in mode and especially arranged by Mr. Hopewell, will be played by the College Orchestra, composed of twelve pieces. This Overture will provide the proper musical atmosphere for the programme to follow, and, with its gay allegretto movement still ringing in our ears, we shall await with keen anticipation the beginning of an entertainment which promises to be remarkably good.

The concert in general will consist of orchestra selections; part singing by the St. Mary's Glee Club; three quartets harmoniously rendered by M. Ney, G. Renner, S. Shannon and R. Faulkner; two mirth-provoking comedies that will act as a pleasing contrast to a program chiefly musical; the ever popular Hawaiian number which will surpass past performances; the Sailor Novelty which will consist of three part singing, the Sailors' Hornpipe, and a tap dance number danced to the still popular tune, "Don't Give Up the Ship".

The most colorful item of the programme will be a diminutive Japanese Operetta. Typical Japanese scenery, dazzling costumes and Oriental music will waltz us in spirit to the Far East, to the land of mys-

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Commerce Society Holds "At Home"

The highlight of the Commerce Society's activities for the past month, was the 'At Home' held on the night of February 24th, at the home of Mr. Gerald Sullivan. It is customary for Delta Lambda Kappa to have an annual affair of this nature, when the members of the Society and their friends meet at the home of one of the members and spend an enjoyable and informal evening.

Mr. Sullivan and his able committee, are deserving of high praise for the splendid arrangements and the pleasant atmosphere which they prepared and placed at the disposal of the members of the society on this occasion. The Commerce Crest never appeared to better advantage than it did on the night of the 'At Home', and the souvenir cards were received with enthusiasm. In all, it was an unqualified success and our hats are off to Messrs. Sullivan, Davidson and Flynn.

The President, executive, and members of the Society, are deeply indebted to Mrs. Sullivan for her generosity and hospitality.

Rev. Father Laba Pays First Visit

During the latter part of February, the students of the College had the pleasure of listening to a short address by Rev. Father Laba, of St. Joseph's Parish. Father Laba, who graduated in 1931 from St. Mary's, and was ordained to the priesthood in June of last year, visited the College and addressed the student body for the first time since his ordination.

His address, which was given during a meeting of the Mission Crusade Society, dealt, appropriately enough, with the value of missionary work in general. Father Laba spoke briefly, but in his few, well-chosen words he made clear that the work of missionaries in any country was of great value and not to be treated lightly. The speaker related an experience of his own to show just why missionary work was so essential.

It is a custom, long since introduced, that any student who graduates from St. Mary's and is later ordained to the priesthood, has the privilege of granting a half-holiday to the student body. Father Laba did not forget to take advantage of this custom and the half-holiday was granted a week later.

Keen Rivalry In Freshman Debates

With the arrival of the Debating season, the English Class of Freshmen Arts has been holding weekly debates under the capable direction of Rev. Brother Lannon.

On Thursday, February 20th, the weekly debates commenced, and the class was treated to the best debate of the current season. The subject under discussion was, "Resolved That Military Training Should Be Abolished in all Schools and Colleges." The affirmative was upheld by Edward Coolen, Herbert Mulcahy, Gerald Renner and James Bates (captain). The negative was composed of John Burke, Dermot O'Keefe, George Meagher and Robert Faulkner. The negative was awarded the decision almost unanimously.

The second debate was held on Thursday, February 27th. Although the subject was very debatable, the discussion itself was far below the quality of its predecessor. The topic was "Resolved that Italy is justified in making war upon Ethiopia." As in the preceding debate, the negative was again almost unanimously judged the winner. George Mackay was the outstanding debater of the day. The affirmative comprised Howard Trainor, Jack Reardon, Jack Cary and Owen Quinn (captain). The negative was upheld by Frank McNeil, Allan Sabean, George Mackay and Bernard Tolson, (captain).

The third debate, held on Thursday, March 5th, proved to be more closely contested than the other two. The subject of this debate was, "Resolved that a large standing army is a menace to peace." After two evenly balanced teams argued in no uncertain terms, the judges returned the verdict in favour of the negative. Gerald Sullivan, with a most convincing personality, was easily the outstanding debater.

music as a form of expression and a necessary part of an education."

Our representative thanked Mr. Bishop profusely and carried away a new thought—that it is the individual who benefits from participation in college theatricals, or as Mr. Bishop summed it up "You may be alone on the stage or one of a chorus of forty, but from both appearances comes confidence."

Debating Series In Full Swing

Since the last issue of the Journal, debates have played an important part in the life of the class. Interesting topics, such as Ethiopia and Italy, Military Training in Colleges, and Armament, have been discussed, pro and con, with several of the speakers who took part being outstanding.

The best debaters to date are: Gerald Scallion, James Bates, Dermot O'Keefe, George Mackay, and Robert Faulkner. But one debate remains on the schedule, and at the conclusion of this, the six best debaters will be brought together for the finals. The Freshman representatives will then be chosen to try for the Senior debating medal.

Two Freshman hockey teams have had a series of games with the Seniors. One, under the direction of Ed. Coolen and Bernie Tolson, have dropped two close games, while the other, a supposedly mediocre team, forced the Seniors to a draw decision in their only encounter.

The pin committee, headed by John Floyd, is going ahead in its work of purchasing the Society pin.

On Monday, February 17th, the members of the class and their friends gathered at the home of one of the members for a very enjoyable evening.

The Freshman class wishes to extend its sincerest sympathy to Brian O'Connell in his recent sad bereavement.

Important Meeting Is Well Attended

On the evening of February 26th, a meeting of Tau Gamma Sigma was held in the Sophomore lecture room.

The meeting was especially significant as it was held in order to accommodate the postgraduate members, the majority of whom are unable to attend the afternoon meetings. In the absence of the president, Mr. Peter O'Hearn, Mr. William Mackey, B. A., acted as chairman for the evening.

Much business was accomplished during the meeting. Messrs. James Hammond, Gerard R. Carroll, and J. Richard Murphy were selected as delegates from Tau Gamma to the Joint Banquet Committee. It was decided to hold a banquet shortly after the Easter vacation. This function will in no way interfere with the Joint Banquet. Messrs. Arthur P. Clancey, B.A., Eric J. Mollaley, B.A., and Wilfrid T. Coolen were chosen to act as a committee to arrange for the banquet, at which will take place the annual meeting and election of officers for 1936-37.

At 9 o'clock, the meeting adjourned to the Refectory, where refreshments were served. Following refreshments, the meeting started off with fresh vigour. After a long and wordy debate as to how the society's standing could be improved to even a greater degree than now prevails, it was decided to elect a committee to investigate and to present a report at an early date. The personnel of the committee is as follows: Mr. Francis L. Corcoran, an undergraduate member, chairman, and Messrs. Ignatius Webb and Eric J. Mollaley, postgraduates.

The meeting concluded at 10.30 p.m., and was voted by all present the most interesting of the year. In future, all regular meetings will be held at night.

COLLEGIANS WIN CITY, LOSE PROVINCIAL TITLE

After decisively defeating Tech 6-0 in the sudden death city title match, St. Mary's Intercollegiate hockey squad moved into Antigonish to meet the strong St. F. X. aggregation in the semi-final of the provincial playdowns, on Feb. 25th. The Saints proved no match for the strong Xaverian squad, and came out on the short end of a 9-3 score. The White-shirted St. F. X. boys, at home on Antigonish ice, outskated the Santamarians early in the first period and piled up a three goal lead.

Plans Formulated For Joint Banquet

Once again plans are being formulated by a representative committee of the four college societies for a Joint Banquet to be held at the end of the academic year. This event proved to be quite a success last year, and it is hoped that such a social function filling an important role in what may be tentatively called, Graduation festivities, should not only become an annual affair, but that each effort should be a definite improvement on its predecessor.

It behooves each and every student of the University section of S.M.C. (and, of course, every past student of the four societies), to interest himself in this function. 'Chinese Isolation' has its advantages (for China), but it is high time that there be a greater mixture of Town and Gown at St. Mary's.

The Committee looks forward to no small amount of co-operation from the student body, for which, in return, a highly entertaining evening is assured. Good luck to the enterprising organizers.

Both teams hit a faster pace in the second frame, and St. Mary's repeatedly tried to open up, but were held in check by the dazzling speed and consistent back-checking of the Xaverian forwards. Mitchell marked up two more before Cowan put the Maroon squad on the scoreboards with a clean shot from the blue-line. Topsyhee netted the sixth counter for the champions, when he slapped in Kerr's rebound late in the period. Foley and Lovett retaliated, however, beating MacLean on a combination play.

Fotts opened the scoring in the third period, combining with O'Flaherty and Mitchell. Jim Lovett then batted the puck out of a scramble, to score the Haligonians' final goal. With a few minutes of play remaining, Kerr scored on Topsyhee's rebound, and O'Flaherty again scored on a solo effort, bringing the Xaverian total up to nine goals just as the game ended.

St. F. X.: Goal, MacLean; defense, Harquail, Anderson; forwards, Mitchell, Potts, O'Flaherty, Kerr, Topsyhee, Macdonald.

St. Mary's: Goal, Bowser; defense, Foley, Coolen; forwards, Dickie, Bulley, Hopewell, Kline, Cowan, Flynn, Lovett. Referee: Don MacDougall, New Glasgow.

Through the Eyes of Another

With plans for the post-Lenten Dramatic and Musical Festival nearing completion it appeared obvious that our monthly interview should have to do with theatrical activities in the college. And believing that everything comes to him that waits, our rambling reporter, seeking a well-informed subject waited patiently in the Capitol Theatre lobby until its genial manager, Mr. Leonard Bishop returned from lunch. Mr. Bishop received our bothersome representative most graciously and agreed to answer any questions within his power.

"Mr. Bishop, we began "do you consider college dramatic and glee club participation beneficial to a student?"

"Not beneficial" corrected Mr. Bishop "necessary."

"What do you mean?" we asked the quiet spoken manager.

"Well," explained Mr. Bishop, "public appearance can't help but inspire confidence; any form of self-expression, or otherwise, has that effect, and building confidence is an essential part of modern education."

"Have these activities any other effect?" our representative queried.

"They are wonderful producers of talent," replied Mr. Bishop, warming to his topic. "Some individuals are unaware of their talents and active participation in these types of performances awaken them to their own possibilities. I have," continued Mr. Bishop "in the absence of regular performers, been forced to call on orchestra members or outsiders to 'fill in' during a presentation, and the talent uncovered under these circumstances is sometimes

amazing. We never know what we can do until we try, you know, and it's just possible that some of our finest performers remain in obscurity through lack of opportunity to determine their talents."

"Do you consider college dramatics as training for a professional career?"

"Yes, but only insofar as they inspire the necessary confidence and denote the presence of talent."

"Aren't the acting ranks hopelessly overcrowded," our man desired to know. Mr. Bishop did not like that question.

"Unquestionably there are large numbers of actors and actresses, but the number of good actors is still negligible. Real ability is still at a premium and is never wasted except through lack of ambition on the part of the individual."

"What about its recreational value," we pursued, determined not to permit Mr. Bishop to return to his work until all available information was forthcoming.

"Well", offered our victim, "If we gain its value by its constructiveness, and I think that is the proper measurement, then undoubtedly it has a decided recreational value."

"Then judging by your opinions, sir, you are firmly convinced of the necessity of all forms of theatrical expression in the college."

"I am, just as firmly as I am convinced that the motion picture is an essential part of the life of an average individual, and since that conviction grew from extensive observations of sacrifices made at the box-office, it adds considerable emphasis to my convictions regarding the necessity of dramatics and

ALUMNI NOTES

The Alumni card party on Wednesday, the 19th of February, was a huge success. I suppose it is no longer news, but history. However, for the advantage of those who found it impossible to attend, a brief review of the night's activities will not be out of place.

The attendance of eighty-five was good, but far from satisfactory. Considering that a good percentage of those attending were present students, it leaves the members of the Alumni open to criticism for their lack of active interest. There are hundreds of St. Mary's ex-students who are still faithful to their Alma Mater in spirit, but when it comes to actual physical presence a great number of these are back sliders. It's another case of "the flesh being willing" but the attendance being weak. Some four hundred and fifty notices were sent out fully a week before our last card party and, sad to say, the response was not nearly what it should have been.

When the number of students and guests was subtracted from the number of those attending our last get-together, it left us with only fifty actual Alumni members. This, as you can see, is not in the least satisfactory. It means in actual figures that approximately 11 1/9 percent of the Alumni attended. Considering that we hold only a few meetings in the run of a year, it borders on lukewarmness on the part of the members. Wake up, fellow members! Realize that you are one of a body which could exercise a tremendous amount of power and influence for the good of St. Mary's, and remember also, that in unity and numbers there is strength.

It is possible that only a small

number of the Alumni will see this paper and so it is up to you, kind subscribers, to keep your friends, who have been slipping away, on their toes, and at our next gathering, whenever it may be, let us have 100 percent attendance instead of 11 1/9 percent.

The original intention was to give a brief resume of the evening's fun, but look what it developed into. To get back to our former subject, then. The entertainment began with the showing of some real "old timers." One wonders how one looked at such nonsense and took it seriously only a few short years ago. We thank Mr. Cragg for providing us with one of the outstanding features of the evening.

Card games were then organized. Auction and Contract Bridge were played as well as straight forty-fives. The latter culminated in a very exciting play-off, which had a large gallery, as quiet and still as it is possible for a group of men to be, until the final card was played.

Refreshments were then served, after which prizes were presented. There was a big prize list consisting of some fifteen handsome awards in all. The Door Prize, a box of apples, was won by Jim Ternan of Bedford, who also won the door prize last year. A motion has been put before the executive in an endeavor to bar Jim from any further competition.

As a wind-up, "Tick" Fennell of the High School Department, and "Marty" Ney of the College entertained with songs and clever tap-dancing. Thus ended a very enjoyable evening.

We wish to thank once again all

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St. Mary's Journal



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SAINT PATRICK

Two days ago, the feast of one of the great saints of the Church was celebrated, the feast of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. To a great many, "St. Patrick's Day" is just a day when people wear shamrocks, and to others, it is simply a holiday. In many places we see pictures of St. Patrick driving the snakes out of Ireland, or possibly being presented with a shamrock; but seldom do we see any, depicting scenes of his life, when, acting as the emissary of Pope St. Celestine, over fifteen hundred years ago, he labored for many years and finally succeeded in bringing the Faith to Ireland.

Perhaps even a brief perusal of the life and work of this great saint, may make us recollect that "St. Patrick's Day" should mean more to us than just a time for wearing shamrocks.

EASTER

Before the next issue of the Journal is published, Easter will have come and gone: Easter, which for some of us means a few days rest, and for others, a number of examinations to write. In general, this is the season of joy, for it was on Easter morning, almost two thousand years ago, that Our Lord rose from the dead.

During the time between Easter and Pentecost, some fifty days, the services of the Church are of an altogether joyous character, and the chants appointed, continually recall Our Lord's triumph over death,—the pledge of the eternal happiness He has assured us, if we remain faithful to His teaching.

THE JOINT BANQUET

Elsewhere in this paper may be found an article, setting forth the merits of the Joint Societies' Banquet that is to be held at the closing of the scholastic year, in the latter part of May. These banquets, the first of which was held last year, are functions that should be enthusiastically supported by all the members of the respective societies.

Last year's banquet was a great success, as we all know, and there is no reason why this year should not see the greatest get-together of St. Mary's students ever held. It is only once a year that such an event is held, and surely it is not expecting too much of the students to ask them to put their shoulders to the wheel, and arrange a fitting close to the year of study.

During the three terms, each society has its own activities and social functions, and, at the end, with a little closer co-operation on the part of the executives, this one affair of the combined societies can be successfully run off.

A MENACING SHADOW

As we approach the season of Easter, the season in which joy reigns supreme, it is with profound sadness and regret that we see war clouds gathering on the horizon. It is not, as should be the case, among barbarian nations, especially, that fighting takes place, but rather among those countries who choose to refer to themselves as "civilized".

Even today, Italy and Ethiopia are at death grips with each other, and all for no other reason than the well worn one of "over population." Although we may feel comparatively safe since both combatant nations are a good distance from us, still, in 1914 when Germany started on the rampage, we also felt fairly safe, but we know now, that what we thought was safety, was only an illusion.

Only a short time ago, we read that Germany's soldiers had again entered and occupied the Rhineland, in violation of all existing treaties. With the world in its present condition, Germany knows it will not be molested. In the Far East, Russia and Japan are snapping at each other, only awaiting the word that will send them into action.

Already, interested nations are spreading propaganda; and, as a result, we begin to hear stories of atrocities that are intended to stir us up. If instead of spending too much time reading such literature, we were to read again "All Quiet On The Western Front", and see for ourselves the real selfishness behind these wars, and the really trivial causes that are advanced by statesmen greedy for money, perhaps then, we could more easily turn a deaf ear to such propaganda. For if observers are to be believed, we are not far removed from another world war.

I wonder if those men, who so freely start their "sabre rattling", have ever visited hospitals and looked down on a broken figure on a bed; or have they ever considered how many of the country's youth will be like that, if another war breaks out? Generally, such men are the kind who never take part in a battle themselves, but who only read about them in books, and then try to describe to returned men the horrors of war.

If all disputes were to be submitted to the Pope, as arbitrator, there would be an end of wars; but this would not suit those who profit so enormously from the conflict. While such men are with us, we can never hope to shut out entirely the growling of the dogs of war.

The staff of the Journal joins with the rest of the student body in extending their deepest sympathy to Brian O'Connell in the loss he has sustained, and to Joe Murphy, whose father died recently.

Music Hath Charms

We don't profess to know all about music, and about the only reasons behind this flurry is to start an argument, put some pep in this "ould orchestry", or to hear someone sing "Murder in the Moonlight". I suppose I could fill up space by leaving a blank column and calling it an article on "Silence", but that would be the height of laziness. If we did know all about music, why spend our adolescence within the walls of a hall of learning when we could go out into the world and lead one of those stupendous, colossal jazz-bands? (You guessed it, we are a local chap). But seriously, here's the rub, "Is jazz Music?" "We know it is a hackneyed argument, and has been debated often by great geniuses, but it is not finished, for we have yet to state our opinion. One sure-fire test of anything worthwhile is time. "Time tells everything". Especially is this true of music. Where are the jazz tunes of a few years back,—yes, we even say, just one year ago? Gone. They are covered with the dust of non-use and tarnished with the epithet of "stale". The only time the "ancients" may be heard is on an anniversary program and then, only a few of the most popular, and even these are discarded within the next cycle. Why? Recently, I heard an eminent professor remark that it is useless to argue with a man who answers his own questions—so that keeps us safe. But, coming back to the point, the main element of the present craze is syncopated rhythm. This, when it persists as it does persist, throughout the vast majority of modern musical brainwaves, becomes tiresome and boring. Not that they are all chaff, because some of the tunes have real beauty, but most of them could be called "Chant of the Jungle" You know the piece. In all syncope, one can almost see the savages doing a Sun Dance.

Music is the science of harmony, but the present noise is anything but pleasant to the ear. We refer to the worst of offenders, muted trumpets and saxophones. The former give their display ranging from owl-hoots to baby-wails. And the fog-horns we skip over with a shrug. However, we hurriedly state that the art of music cannot be blamed for the disturbances, but rather the "brains" behind the instruments. Well may the scribe have written that "a gentleman is a man who knows how to play the saxophone, but doesn't."

And there is another offspring of the jazz age—the crooner or blues-singer. We happily advocate war if all the crooners were to do the fighting. We recently heard one of them singing "Cling to me," and (as most of them do) she sounded as though she were in the death-grip of an octopus. Assuredly it was not music.

We hear the modern remark, "What classical crack wrote this?" Far be it from us to dote on the classics. Our musical sphere is the golden mien. When we hear of the classics being patronized, we are reminded of the remark passed at a band-concert which featured heavy music, "My, what a band, they had such marvellous uniforms."

If anyone thinks jazz is music,—well, we don't want to draw comparisons, but here's what an old colored mammy, ignorant of present day theology, gave as her idea of Heaven: "When I gets dem dazil'n' gospel shoes an' shakes my haid beneath dat crown o' stars, P's a-goin' to raise dis voice lak fine peals o' thunder an' showers o' rain, Yaas, Lord! An' won't all be dere to see me, but de world will hear me sing."

Engineers Elect Representatives

The Engineering Society held its regular monthly meeting on Wednesday, March 4th, with Pres. Jack Corcoran in the chair. Three members in the persons of Tom Walsh, Jim O'Leary and Doug. Kline, were elected to look after the Society's interest on the Joint Banquet committee. A lengthy discussion then ensued on the subject of the banquet, and, after finally balancing the pros and cons, it was moved and seconded that a vote of confidence and support be tendered to the Banquet committee.

The Engineering department takes this opportunity to congratulate the Intercollegiate team on their fine showing throughout the year, but feels it's a shame that more support wasn't given the boys, while at St. Francis Xavier, through the medium of telegrams.

May your humble scribe suggest that during this season, between hockey and baseball, when one's fancy turns to—, and spring-training camps way down south, an inter-class bowling league be established, to give us otherwise book worms a chance for physical expansion. Remember, this is only a suggestion.

The Engineering Society would like to convey their sympathy to the sports editor of this paper and his family, in their recent sad bereavement.

ALUMNI NOTES

(Continued from Page One)

who in any way helped in making our evening so enjoyable.

At the close of the College term last year, a Joint Societies' Banquet was held at the Nova Scotian for all members of the four societies, both past and present. Although it is as yet a long time off, we wish to state that all members of the Alumni who have been enrolled in the ranks of either the Tau Gamma Sigma, the Engineering Society, the Phi Phi Sigma, or the Delta Lambda Kappa, are welcome to attend. Further particulars will be given later.

PERSONALITIES

Those who were here in the High School back in 1928-30 will remember "Jid" Cunningham. We were talking to him at the recent smoker. He is looking fine and wants to be remembered to all the boys.

It was inevitable that we should meet Frank Finlay on Spring Garden Road, recently. Travel hasn't "broadened" him, although he is looking in the pink of condition. He tells us that if he and Frankie Foley had remained much longer in Italy, they would have had complete control of the Secret Service. Mussolini, jealous creature, had them ejected just in time to save his face.

Those who attended St. Mary's from 1914-20 will remember the golden tones of a certain young gentleman who used to sing at the closing exercises. That young gentleman was Mr. Harold Connolly, who was recently elected so overwhelmingly in the North of Halifax as Liberal Representative in the Legislature. Politics aside, we extend to him the warmest congratulations of everyone connected either in past or present with S.M.C., and we are proud to note that it marks an outstanding achievement of yet another member of our Alumni Society.

And now the time has come to say "Au Revoir"—to quote Ben Bernie, and with it the hope that all our friends will survive the rigours of the Lenten season.

TYPICAL TOPICS

(O'BRIEN WAUGH)

Nothing having been heard about the matter recently, it would appear that Mayor La Guardia is having a bit of a wait for that song which he ordered from Tin Pan Alley. Some time ago, the Mayor intimated that "The Sidewalks Of New York" has long since been played out, and suggested that some enterprising composer should supply its successor as the official song of New York City.

With prospects of a substantial reward if success were met in carrying out Mr. La Guardia's rather difficult assignment, the song writers were known to be haunting the keyboards in search of an inspiration. If something isn't produced in a hurry, there will be nothing left to do but open the annual spring frolic of the Amalgamated Street Cleaners' and Garbage Collectors' Union with the same old "East Side, West Side, tum te tum te tum."

It would be the height of something or other if "The Sidewalks of New York" and Al. Smith should both go out together. Both are institutions, and they are related as the victory song to the victor. Perhaps that is why the old song should go, for the once "Happy Warrior" is fighting rather desperately and with strange comrades-in-arms, these days. One thing is certain, it will be much easier to replace "The Sidewalks of New York," than to find another Al. Smith.

So the children don't like the children's hour. A great many people were wondering. A poll taken in New York recently, resulted in the 90 per cent of the boys and 80 per cent of the girls between the age of 11 and 16 years, registering a preference for adult entertainment. Comedians were the heavy favourites, and the most popular individual with the Minors turned out to be Eddie Cantor. The result clears up one mystery: we always knew that a sponsor wouldn't pay Cantor unless he appealed to some part of the population.

It is high time that some humanitarian institution protested the down-right cruelty which is permitted by Columbia University. A few years ago, technocratic Mr.

Howard Scott hied within his sanctum, in that university, to announce forthwith that the remuneration for work done on this old earth, would be according to the rate of energy expended in the doing thereof.

An unestimated number of first-class college football players who were easily able to make about five in any examination in Higher Mathematics, if they remembered to spell their names correctly, were greatly heartened by Mr. Scott's academic pronouncement. Ah! but the disillusionment was cruel!

The latest discovery announced from the portals of Columbia, to a long-suffering world, has proved to be a failure more tragic than the others. Every man, woman and child with a tooth in their heads should arise and demand that the man who announced painless teeth filling with the "dentine desensitizer" should be hanged, drawn, quartered, keehauled and spread-eagled on his own dentist chair.

People who long since had been disillusioned as to painless extraction; people who had scurried hastily past dentists' offices for years in fear and trembling lest they should absentmindedly stroll into one, rushed for appointments just for the sheer novelty of having something done to them in a dentists' chair which wouldn't hurt. And it doesn't work, (grind your teeth, my friends), the desensitizer doesn't work!

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Social Credit
(SUBCONSCIOUSLY)

Last month I promised to write about peace for this issue. I am not permitted to do so. The Ed-in-chief says the subject is not seasonal. He says the rainy season doesn't begin until April. I told him I'd be busy in April. I have to get ready to plant a vegetable garden. He says that since the balmy season is just around the corner, I can write about Social Credit. That sounds like one of the Ed's cracks to me. I don't know anything about Social Credit. I don't know much about peace either. I know quite a bit about vegetable gardens. All the great intellectual movements have been begun in times of peace. Peace permits one to think. In times of war you either fight or make money. You haven't time to think. In times of peace it is difficult to make money. For some it is difficult to think. Social Credit is a product of peace. Vegetable gardens are also only possible when one has a lot of spare time. The seed catalogs are very promising this year. Social Credit also promises much. A Social Credit book doesn't print such pretty pictures as a seed catalog. Promises are easier to take when accompanied by pretty pictures. Promises are interesting things. They should never be made without thought. They are very like vegetable gardens. If vegetable gardens are made without thought, the lettuce gets in the way when the carrots are being weeded. Hitler

promised to stay out of the Rhineland. He didn't. Social Credit promised to end poverty. I wish it would. Poverty doesn't permit smoking a pleasant pipe in the vegetable garden after tea. In times of peace, one is supposed to be able to do that sort of thing. It is no end of a help to thinking. If Hitler did it, he would stay out of the Rhineland. I wonder if Major Douglas ever smokes a pipe in a vegetable garden, after tea. I am quite sure that Mr. Aberhart doesn't. I wonder what Major Douglas thinks of the C.O.T.C. He is both an economist and an army officer. He should know something about army matters. Mr. Aberhart doesn't know anything about army matters. I don't think he does. He is an evangelist. Army officers and evangelists are not very much like each other. Sometimes their language has something in common. I wonder what similarity there is between economists and evangelists. Sometimes their promises do have something in common. I once promised a man to stay out of his vegetable garden. I just love raw carrots. I didn't sign a Locarno treaty with him. I didn't stay out. If Hitler doesn't get out of the Rhineland, Major Douglas may have to concern himself with army matters. He won't be able to help Mr. Aberhart with Social Credit. Mr. Aberhart hopes Hitler will get out of the Rhineland. He needs help. Mr. Townsend's old age pension plan promises to produce the same result as Social Credit. Mr. Aberhart doesn't think much of it. Mr. Townsend doesn't think much of Social Credit either. Neither of them like bankers. They should like bankers. I do, because bankers usually plant such nice vegetable gardens. They like to watch things grow. They like to watch bank credit grow. Social Credit people don't. They would like to have the government grow the credit. In both cases the people supply the seeds. Bankers are peaceful people. They enjoy the kind of peace that made Ben Adhem bold. An angel woke him up. I never heard of an angel waking up a banker. If I don't wake up, the supply of the subconscious will exceed the demand. I won't promise to write about anything next month. To do that I would have to think.

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TROUPER

By BRIAN J. O'CONNELL

The old troupier picked his way carefully through the crowd in Scott's booking office and carefully smoothing his frayed astrakhan collar, approached the secretary's desk. "Good morning," he said, "is there . . ."

"No, I'm sorry," broke in the busy secretary, "there is no call for a character man."

"Thank you, perhaps tomorrow. You have my phone number?" he added importantly.

"Oh yes, we'll get in touch with you if anything turns up," promised the secretary, softening somewhat as she mentally calculated the number of times she had made these same replies to the shabby dignified little figure.

His daily rounds completed the old man placed his battered malacca cane under his left arm and with his worn suede gloves clutched in his free hand, swung jauntily out into the jostling mass of humanity that is Times Square at noon. He sniffed disdainfully as he passed the crowd of unemployed actors that always seems to blacken the front of the Palace Theatre. "Cheap tramps," he characterized them. They'd never get past four-a-day vaudeville. At least, he comforted himself he had been on top. Sure he'd been on top, and what had been the outcome? He'd made a botch of his entire life. His love of high living and fanfare had cost him the companionship of his devoted wife and that boy, of whom in his desultory fashion he'd been very proud. Let's see! It must be fourteen years since they'd left him; the boy would be twenty-eight now. He hoped that the boy had kept away from the stage and all that it demanded. But that was wasted anxiety, his mother would certainly see that the lad kept clear of the footlights.

The old man was pretty tired when he finally reached his dingy little rooming house. Age and a weak heart were beginning to exact their toll. Why, he generally had to rest two and three times getting up these rickety stairs.—Perhaps that was his own fault, too.

The old stager had hardly divested himself of his ancient theatrical finery and settled down to recuperate from his long futile drag, when a loud rapping on his door warned him of his hag-like landlady's presence outside his door. Carefully searching his mind for a new alibi as to why the rent was not forthcoming the old man answered the knock. "Yer wanted on the phone," the landlady informed him shortly.

The aging Thespian sighed, and laboriously descended the one flight of stairs to the hall-phone, picked up the receiver and said in accents slightly reminiscent of Shakespearean drama—

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PLANS FOR FESTIVAL

(Continued from Page One)

tery as it was in the days when the great Mikado held supreme sway over his many subjects, and was regarded by them as a person to whom divine honour should be paid. In this short sketch, we shall see a troubled Mandarin relating to his courtiers his strange dream that portends disaster to his dynasty. This dream, wherein the life of the Mandarin's son is threatened, becomes a reality, and the plot that unfolds itself in this very small operatic fragment is, considering brevity, sufficiently complete in development. However, the outstanding merits of this number lie not in the plot, but in the charm of the quaint mingling measures of the music and in the clever impersonation of the Japanese characters.

The climax to a brilliant performance will be an Ensemble of Orchestra and Glee Club rendering the famous "Ciribiribin Waltz" of Pestalozza.

This brief account cannot adequately give you the impression that the witnessing of this performance itself will give. Every student of the College should be present at the performance, not merely because it is an act of loyalty to be present at such affairs, but because the show is well worth patronizing.

Read this last paragraph very slowly and carefully.

Tickets for this performance will be distributed shortly. With very few exceptions, every student should be able to dispose of at least two tickets. If this were done, then the concert would be a financial success. If the demand for tickets is sufficiently great, there will be the possibility of having the performance run two nights. Remember, this possibility rests entirely with you all. Do your bit for S. M. C. in this very practical way and you will enjoy the reflected glory of this new St. Mary's College success.

"Hello, you wished to speak to me?"

"Yeah," replied a nasal voice. "This is Silvers, come down to my office right away, I've got something for you," and the receiver clicked denoting the end of the conversation on Silvers part, and that was the only part that mattered to Silvers.

The old man winced at the idea of forcing tired limbs to carry him again uptown, but it was possibly work and he needed it and in less than an hour he arrived at his destination. He walked confidently into the office of George Silvers, producer, promoter and prominent figure in Manhattan theatrical life, and nodding to the seven or eight people, obviously of the stage fraternity, who were seated about the office, he presented himself to the cigar chewing Silvers.

The producer wasted no words but began immediately to outline the purpose of his call. "I'm in a spot Troupier," he began. "My play 'Son of His Father' has been playing for weeks to capacity houses, and today its character man was rushed to the hospital. He had a small but important part in the first scene and needs a worthy substitute. The situation calls for experience and ability to ad lib in a pinch, because the man will have to go on tonight with practically no rehearsal. Now we'll go through the scene a few times with you since everybody's here but Blythe, the leading man, and the rest is up to you."

With McKinley, the stage manager, reading Blythe's part, Silvers drove the cast for nearly two hours, then telling the old man to memorize his script, he dismissed them. Silvers didn't let them go anxiously, rather he dismissed them confidentially. He'd seen too much of the people behind the footlights to ex-

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High School Highlights

CLASS FUNCTION VOTED A SUCCESS

Well, another issue of the Journal has rolled out again, and here we are in the final stages of the second term. How time flies! Our little old Grade Ten is struggling along with the rest and trying to hold its own.

We held our annual "get-together" on February 24th. Everyone who was present admitted that they had "a swell time." Several of the boarders were a bit downcast when the ginger ale bottles were passed out opened for them. We wonder why?

Some very "instructive" slide pictures, giving the inside dope on some of our classmates, were to be one of the features of the banquet; but, owing to unforeseen difficulty in transporting the apparatus, they could not be had. Some of the boys seemed very much gayer after this news reached them.

Felix Quinn made a splendid model of the Isle of Capri or Devil's Island (I don't know which), from the material on hand. And we suggest he should go in for model building in a big way.

We hope you all have the utmost success in the threatening Easter exams, and until we meet here again, so-long.

pect that grand old troupier to let him down.

As the old fellow hurried homeward, fatigue overcome by excitement, his mind began automatically to dissect the poorly prepared role he was to enact that night.

He was to portray a once powerful political figure, who appeared only in the first scene. In fact it wasn't really a scene at all but more of a prologue. His health in the play is badly impaired and the family deem it necessary to send for the son, once the apple of his father's eye, but now in disgrace. The son returns and in a highly emotional climax he welcomes the son and passes on to him all his heavy responsibilities. The rest of the play, as the old man recalled, dealt with the youth's struggles to replace his father in the political life of the city. Well, the old man comforted himself, at least that scene gave him an opportunity for a restrained emotional display that might net him a few more characterizations—still, he was pretty old.

The old man's musings carried him again to his humble lodgings and with a thoroughness that had marked his work when his name was in lights, he locked himself in the poorly lighted room and attacked his script. The fact that he had not eaten never entered the old fellow's mind. He was back in harness and his mind had no place for incidentals.

The old troupier remained in his room until almost time, then permitting himself the luxury of a taxi made possible by Silvers' advance, he drove to the theatre. To the "Silver Playhouse" as Silvers grandly called his showplace.

The happiness of the old troupier mounted even higher when he was again backstage. He listened for the muffled hammerings of the stage carpenters and the "slap-slap" of the scenery going into place. He stopped for the thousandth time in his stage career to marvel at the dexterity of a veteran stagehand lacing flat scenery with the hanging guy-ropes. He sniffed in expectation of fresh scene paint and the softer odours of cosmetics that issued from the dressing-rooms and his wrinkled visage coarsened by years of makeup, broke into a delighted smile when the familiar odours reached his nostrils.

He ascertained from the stage manager where he was to dress and when the call-boy shouted — "Act one, on stage please," he was one of the first to descend from the dressing room tier.

The overture ended, the scene be-

NEW STAFF FOR MATRIC REVIEW

With the second term of the school year slowly but surely drawing to a close, Matriculation has commenced preparations for the 1936 issue of the "Matric Review."

At a meeting of the class society, part of the staff of the paper was elected, and the following were appointed to fill the various offices: R. Cartile, Editor-in-Chief; W. Theakston, Business Manager; W. Grant, Sports Editor; "Tick" Fennell, A. Floyd, Assistant Sports Editors; H. D. Callahan, Class Historian and Staff Artist; A. Barry and G. Aubey, Assistant Editors.

With this very capable editorial staff, ably assisted by the class as a body, the "Matric Review" promises to be as successful, if not more so, than previous issues.

There has been keen rivalry between the two Matric hockey teams. This has been increased now that these two teams have won the right to play off for the intermediate championship. Let us hope the better team wins.

GRADE NINERS HOLD BANQUET

Feb. 24th was the day chosen by the Grade-Niners for the theatre party awarded to them by the A.A. A. The picture, "The Tale of Two Cities", proved to be most interesting and enjoyable. Immediately after the picture, the class held a "banquet" at the Knights of Columbus Hall. It was a great success. Some of the boys enjoyed themselves playing billiards, while others played cards, etc.

After the supper, Mr. Lynch was nominated "master of ceremonies," and he called upon different members of the class to give vocal selections. Ed. MacDonald, coach of the Grade Nine hockey team, also helped make the evening a pleasant one.

He was later presented with a pair of gloves, in token of the appreciation of the Grade Niners for his excellent coaching of the Grade Nine hockey team. Rev. Brother Lyons was presented with a fountain pen, as an expression of the hockey team's sincere gratitude for his management.

It is hoped by all, that more class functions of such calibre will be held in the near future.

gan and the old man lounged well back in the wings, listening to the actors, anxiously awaiting his cue. The voice of Blythe impressed him—it showed training. He didn't object so much playing in support of a youth when the youth sounded so much like an actor and a troupier.

"When will I see Dad?" The old man started. The next line was his cue. Tightening his bathrobe he climbed into the wheelchair to be pushed onstage by the actress nurse. Once on the stage, the old man blinked two or three times to accustom his eyes to the white glare of the interior scene. Then he turned towards Blythe, who in this world of make believe was his son and there the action of the play ceased. The old troupier gazed in silence and bewilderment. There could be no mistake, the face had matured but the features were the same, besides one doesn't mistake one's own son. His son an actor, a leading man, a troupier! The old man simply sat and gaped. The stage manager swore softly. "He doesn't remember a line."

Then from the lips of the old Thespian there poured a torrent of words. Words of praise, of happiness, of admonition and not a single line of it in the script.

Cast and audience alike remained spellbound while the old man registered beautifully every emotion capable of expression.

The stage manager rapturously clutched the edge of the switchboard and crooned, "A troupier," he said, "a troupier."

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HIGH SCHOOL HAS THREE ON SQUAD

An all-star aggregation composed of players chosen from the various teams composing the city Senior High School loop, defeated the champion Bloomfielders 5-4 in a post season game at the Forum. St. Mary's had three representatives on the victorious all-stars. Dud Chisholm, Senior High defenceman was chosen for the rearguard, while Aust. Floyd and Mickey Palmer garnered places with the forwards. Palmer was outstanding, turning in some smooth pivot play besides counting for two of the all-star's goals.

Class League Is Most Popular

Great interest has been shown this year in the Intermediate Interclass Hockey League. The brand of hockey doled out this year has been exceptionally good, with no end of excitement and critical moments. How close the competition actually was, is shown in the outcome. From this group of athletes, many were of High School calibre, and for these we predict that they will soar high in "Canada's winter pastime". The league was composed of four teams, Grade IX, Grade X, Matric A. and Matric B. Competition between the first year students and the two Matrics, was very close, with very little to choose between them. At the conclusion of the schedule, Matric B led by ten (10) points which entitles them to the bye in the playoffs; Matric A were second with nine (9) points, and grade nine third with five (5) points. The finals began with Grade nine playing Matric A for the right to meet Matric B for the pins. After a closely contested two game "total goal" affair at the Forum, Matric A emerged with the "win" tucked under their arm, by a score of 11-8. The two Matrics then played off in a sudden death tilt at the Forum for the championship. Matric A won, after a closely contested match.

Outstanding players for Grade IX were: Tom Power, aggressive forward; Gerald Kearns, goal tender, who measured up to the standard set by his predecessors, Edgar Johnson and Leo Woods; and Boris Bochoff, speedy centre man. Starring for Grade X were Flemming and Vaughan. Outstanding for Matric A were B. Bulley, star defense man; B. Grant, a worthy successor of his two famous brothers, Chris and Joe; Leo Green, elusive centre man. From Matric B, we find outstanding the goal-tending of Joe Munn, the defense work of Alex Rossiter, and the offensive and defensive tactics of Jim Reardon, R. Cartile, and "Tick" Fennell.

On the whole, this was the best league run off this year at St. Mary's, and ample proof of this statement is the large following the teams have had throughout the year. The Intermediate League and the

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"Five Survivors" Beat Kingsmen

With the high scoring line of Ney, Farrell and Bowser broken, the St. Mary's Intermediate hoopers turned in a fine display of determination and rugged cage play, to defeat Kings 30-19 at the Dal Gym on February 25.

The Saints had only five players present, three regulars and two subs and accomplished a remarkable feat. Their only rest was that gained by alternating between guard and forward positions.

The Windsor Street team were brilliant at the outset, but naturally enough soon tired and the last period produced some ragged play.

The utterly exhausted condition of the Maroon and White was responsible for considerable fouling and overguarding. By mutual agreement it was decided to permit two shots on personal fouls exceeding four, and allow the offender to remain in play. This permitted Grant of St. Mary's who had collected four personals to remain in the game and thus keep the Saints at full strength.

Grant and Foohey shared top honours for the Saints, each netting 10 points. Ney, usual high scorer was closely covered, and missing the team work of Farrell and Bowser, was held to six points.

The Santamarians scored as follows:—Grant 10, Foohey 10, Ney 6, Dyer 2, Stephenson 2.

Grade Nine Squad Loses In Playoff

Proving no match for the superior speed and greater weight of the Chebucto squad, St. Mary's Grade Nine lost out in a two game total goal series for the supremacy of the local Grade Nine circuit.

In the first game, despite all efforts of the Saints, the Chebucto squad drove home three goals, Woods, Mont and Innes each counting for the red-shirted squad. The Saints' "minute but mighty" second line turned in some sterling play, but proved no match for the superior speed of the Chebucto boys.

In the second game the Chebucto team again triumphed, defeating the Maroon squad by a 4-1 count. Goalie Leo Woods was the bulwark of the Saints' defence, since the Saints' squad played entirely offensive hockey, with five men almost constantly up the ice. Captain Herb Carroll netted the only Maroon score of the series late in the second period, saving his team from a second shut-out.

The Grade-Niners played excellent hockey throughout the year, and their defeat by the heavy, rugged and fast-skating Chebucto team does not reflect unfavourably on their year's performance. Rev. Brother Lyons and Ed. MacDonald are to be congratulated on the excellent leadership that carried such a light team into a playoff berth. The Grade Nine entry was composed of the following players:

Goal, Woods; defence, Mahoney, and Power; forwards, Parker, Ward, Martin, Edgar, H. Carroll (cap.), Fleming and K. Carroll.

school in general owe Rev. Brother Lynam a debt of gratitude for his efforts in keeping ice in the "Rorum".

STUDENT COMPETES IN CHAMPIONSHIPS

For the first time in the history of St. Mary's, a student competed in the Maritime amateur wrestling championships under the college name. Bernie Tolson, Arts student, wrestling in the Bantam-weight division succeeded in gaining a place in the finals. Bernie lost out in the final round on a decision, neither wrestler being able to throw his opponent. This student has the congratulations of the student body, not only for his splendid showing, but also for taking the Maroon and White farther along in the world of sport.

Ethiopians Take Boarders' League

Led by the high-scoring Jacques Hebert, the Ethiopians ploughed through a heavy schedule to take this season's edition of that famous college hockey circuit—the Senior Boarders' League.

Marked throughout the year by improved play and less rough tactics, the four team league offered a twelve game schedule that was successfully completed on the best ice resident students have enjoyed for a long time.

Using the customary five-man team that the small rink calls for, twenty resident students were able to engage in the function of the league. The students participating in the league, represented many widely scattered points, and though relationships became somewhat strained on two separate occasions, strict supervision prevented any possible international crisis.

Successfully holding their own in the regular schedule, the Ethiopians drew the bye, thus forcing the "Spud Pealers" and the "City Slickers" to play off for the privilege of meeting the Ethiopians in the finals. Playing a three game series, total goals to count, the "Spud Pealers" turned the "City Slickers" by a total count of 18-15 goals. The potato men were unsuccessful, however, in the finals and suffered defeat at the hands of the Ethiopians, who, in closely contested matches, captured the Boarders' league.

The league as a whole, resulted in less injuries than in former years, Cecil Cooper being practically the only sufferer. Cecil received a broken nose and leg gash, both of which combined to keep him pretty well out of the play.

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Basketeers Bow To Dal Quintet

Meeting Dalhousie for the last time in their season's schedule, St. Mary's Intermediates suffered a 49-39 setback at the Dalhousie Gym on February 30th.

The Dal boys, profiting from past experience, marked Ney, Farrell and Bowser closely, and the Saints were slow in starting. Stewart was outstanding for the Cubs in the first half, scoring 15 points, and at the middle mark the score stood 33-11 for the Cubs.

In the second half the Saints broke free from the close coverage, and with the first line, assisted by Phil Hanley, playing heads-up basketball, came within three points of the Dalhousie lead. Big Bob Baird, Dal center, put an end to the St. Mary's advance with a solo scoring attack and the game ended 49-39 for the Black and Gold.

Bob Baird was high man, netting 21 points while Farrell counted for 15 for the Maroon squad. Phil Hanley of the Saints turned in a brilliant game at guard as well as adding 10 points to the Windsor St. score.

The Saints scored as follows: Farrell 15, Bowser 9, Ney 4, Hanley 10, Grant 1, Dyer, Foohey, Foley.

Jacques Hebert, diminutive little French ace from Quebec, turned in perhaps the best league performance. His speed and all round ability brought him first place in the scoring columns.

Ed. Small gained top ranking among the goalies, turning in brilliant goal tending during the season while his colleague Marty "Red Light" Ney attained the distinction of being the most scored on goalie. To George Haddad, Magdalen Island's representative, goes the unique distinction of leading the penalty-getters.

The league, generally, was better from every angle, than it has been for some years. Under the direct supervision of Rev. Brother Lynam, the residents enjoyed excellent ice and an improved brand of hockey, since the Reverend Brother by his constant presence and unflagging interest, kept penalties and rough play at the minimum, thus eliminating most of the injuries. Resident students are most enthusiastic about the league and its results, and are unstinting in their praise of Rev. Brother Lynam, to whose direction they attribute its success.

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OBSERVATORY HILL

(By BRIAN O'CONNELL)

We open this edition of the "Hill" with a grand salute to the "Five Survivors" of the St. Mary's Intermediate hoop squad. With some of the big guns of the Maroon offense away in Antigonish, the Saints, composed of three regulars and two subs, turned back a full strength Kings' team 30-19. We are fully aware that the Kingsmen are a weak hoop aggregation, but even then, the playing of an entire cage contest without relief, and emerging victorious, is no mean feat. So if you're a backslapper by nature, save five for Clary Grant, Joe Foohey, Marty Ney, Harold Dyer and George Stephenson.

Once upon a time most of the college feuds could be traced to some hockey game in the college rink. Within its walls some pretty rough hockey has been played, and some grand fights began and ended, but as far as the recently completed Senior Boarders' league is concerned, "them days is gone forever." This year saw a successful and exciting circuit completed with practically no injury or displays of pugilism, and yet the league provided the same interest as in former years. Inquiring among the resident students we found the answer: Rev. Brother Lynam. The Brother provided the boys with an excellent playing surface and his personal supervision, combined with a dislike of rough tactics, carried the league to new heights.

Making their annual stand against St. F. X., St. Mary's came out on the short end. There is no complaint however, all freely admitted the superiority of the Xaverians who dazzled the Saints with their speed and brilliant offensive work. We did, however, hear it stated "that the Xaverians looked stunning but obscure in their close-waisted white uniforms—against a background of white boards."

We unofficially interviewed Frankie Finlay in Eaton's lobby some weeks ago and in his own inimitable way, Frank gave us considerable information about European hockey. Frank states definitely that the brand of hockey on the other side is superior to our Senior B. Commenting on the ability of the players, Frank says that their forward play is proficient enough but none of the native born players have any idea how to avoid a check, with the result that they are taking terrific body punishment from Canadian trained players. We inquired about the hospitality accorded the Canadian players and the former Intercollegiate star told us that during his stay in Europe, the reception was marvelous. Just what it will be like since "Butch" Gilroy went berserk, our alumnus wouldn't even hazard a guess.

We wish to acknowledge the kind assistance of Frank Corcoran and Graham Dyer in the supplying of material for this department during our absence. Frank provided information about the Boarders' league and Graham attended to the Interclass hockey.

Also I wish to acknowledge, personally, the kindness of students and Faculty during the time of my loss. Acting for myself and my family, I desire to express my gratitude for your prayers, Masses and countless kindly acts.

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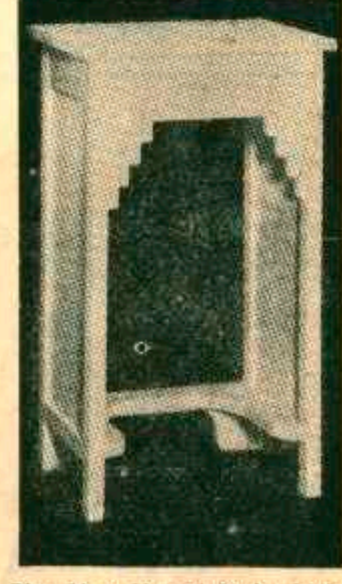
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