

HARVEY DOES THE TOWN



... Views the City



... Visits Schools



... Welcomed by Mayor



... Meets the Law

Final
Exams
Schedule
Page 9

Saint Mary's JOURNAL

"The Voice
of
the
Students"

Vol. 20

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, APRIL 22, 1955

No. 8

Murray Shakes Halifax With Harvey Stunts and Shows

A swarm of school children, a special visit by the Mayor, a TV MC talking to himself . . . all this and more as Ed Murray and his crew set about making sure that everyone and his dog knew that "HARVEY" was coming. There is no doubt that this was the greatest feat of advertising that has ever been staged in connection with any Saint Mary's Project and it is rumored that a host of advertising agencies are hot on the heels of the man that made Liberace famous at Saint Mary's.

Let's take a look at some of the "HARVEY" plugs:

Everywhere you went in this fair city you were confronted with brilliant red and white posters proclaiming the coming of our furry friend. And, of course, there has been the usual ad in the daily newspaper. But these rabid fans of the six-foot-one-and-a-half rabbit did not stop there.

Visitors to our venerable institution were confronted by a six-foot replica of the elusive hero, of the play, and on this sign were 8 x 10 photos of the stars of the production. Downstairs, a special "HARVEY" bulletin board was set up to keep students aware of the doings of the friend of Elwood P. Dowd. Hundreds of cars flash the news that Harvey is coming via Bumper signs.

And then the fun began. With Carl Hunt dressed in a six-foot rabbit costume and seated in the back of a flashing yellow convertible, the Harvey parade was underway. First on tap was a visit to Barrington St. Not since a noted jeweller showered the street with dollar bills has this venerable thoroughfare seen such commotion as was caused when our six-foot rabbit came strolling along looking in the store windows. The parade continued along Barrington St. to City Hall where "HARVEY" — who by now was becoming a by-word in the city — was officially welcomed by His Worship Mayor Richard A. Donahoe.

The next stop on Harvey's itinerary was the "Angus L. Macdonald Bridge" and Harvey had his two cents worth to add to the official opening of this great edifice.

Having visited hundreds of school children, Harvey's next stop was the Art's Ball, or, as it was officially named, The Harvey Hop. Harvey really took over there. The programmes, besides featuring a picture of Harvey and his buddy Joe (by Murray Napier) College and the name (Harvey Hop), carried a full

page ad on the inside back cover. And of course there were the special "HARVEY" placemats in purple and yellow, and flashing a giant picture of the sometimes invisible hare. One feature which really caught the eye were the "Harvey" containers filled with candy. The Bunny Hop was, of course, led by the chief of bunnies and the irrepressible hare crowned the King and Queen of the ball.

The climax of the whole affair was the personal appearance of Harvey and Elwood on TV Gazette. Besides showing the features of Harvey's wanderings on film (including shots taken at the Hop) MC's Max Ferguson and Rube Hornstein interviewed the irrepressible hare and his sidekick Dan MacDonald. By the time the programme ended all four were gaily munching on carrots supplied by Harvey.

So all in all Messrs. Murray, Hunt, MacDonald, Napier and Company have done a job beyond reproach. And so the JOURNAL joins with all their fellow students in saying "very well done".

Students Direct, Produce Harvey

For the first time in the history of the University, a dramatic production was both produced and directed by students. Jim Britten was the director and Gerry Conrad the producer, when the Playshop re-produced Harvey.

We would also like to acknowledge the co-operation of The Sacred Heart Convent who supplied the furniture and properties; The Halifax Infirmary who supplied the uniforms; and Cossar Limited which supplied the very welcome new sound equipment.

A word of thanks is due also to Rod Bowie, who handled the sound



HARVEY AND FRIEND

Dan MacDonald (above) again drew the raves of the critics for his portrayal of Elwood P. Dowd in the playshop presentation of "Harvey".

The above shot was taken when the elusive hare made one of his few visible appearances at the College.

Harvey Hop Social And T. V. Success

From behind the blaring horn of Don Warner, the burning TV lights, and the frantic beat of the mambo or bunny hop emerged one of the most successful formals of the current college season. It goes almost without saying that this was a special feat for the Arts Society, whose dances are usually quiet but enjoyable.

This year's honor of King and Queen of the Ball went to Don Cable, an SMU grad and his escort, the very ravishing Faye Trider. They were crowned by the special guest . . . Harvey.

The appearance of Harvey and the CBHT television ensemble supplied a very unusual setting. Of course this temporarily upset the habit which all young men seem to have of crowding into the dark corners of the ballroom. We weren't aware that we had so many hams at the university, you should have seen them practically crowd the cameraman off the floor.

and lighting, and to Carl Hunt and Doug Haney, who took care of the costumes.

Special mention to Carol Mielke, who did a superb job of scenery designing. So well did she do her task that she received special mention from the critic of the local daily.

Much praise was heard concerning the programme. Jim Sawler (Comm. III) was placed in charge of producing the programme and brought forth the finest edition that we have seen in years. Replete with cover, it was well set up, containing a brief history of the playshop and pen sketches of the entire cast.

Saint Mary's JOURNAL

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JOURNAL STAFF 1954-55



Pictured above are the members of this year's Journal staff. Bottom (left to right) Bob O'Connell, Vic Cleyle, Fred Vaughn, Lorne Hemphill. Top: Harry Chapman, Max Beaton, Bernie Sheehan, Jim Sawler, Joe Pelerine and Bob Davies. Missing when picture was taken were Graham Walker, John Haley, Allison Toner, John Garceau and Murray Napier.

Journal 1954-55

This is the eighth and final issue of the Journal for the year 1954-55. With this issue we conclude 20 years of Journal publications. That is, 20 years of Journals as you know it today. (Saint Mary's has had some sort of a paper for over 45 years.)

With all due respect to past Journal staffs we feel safe in saying that this has been one of the most successful years that this paper has experienced. Every month we have printed 800 Journals. They are sent out to most universities across Canada; to most high schools in Nova Scotia; to all of last year's graduates; to all the Priests in the diocese and of course, to all the students of Saint Mary's University and High School. This year more people have read the Journal than any other year. And these people have had more to read because we have had more pages than any other Journal staff.

On the campus most of the students have a definite opinion concerning the Journal, as witnessed by the numerous letters and comments the staff has received. This is in contrast to past years when the feeling of indifference has often been experienced.

This year well over 20 writers, not including the Journal staff, have had their contributions printed. We have printed 17 cartoons which have contributed in no small way to the Journal's popularity. All in all this year's staff has been most active and enthusiastic. Most of this year's staff will be back next year and because of that they have made some very definite plans, plans which we hope to put into effect next year.

The staff has already made plans to have the Journal published every two weeks next year. That means a larger staff, however, with the success we have had this year we are sure that the added members will not be hard to find.

We have plans for a freshmen edition, which will be published September 1st. This Journal will carry all the information the new student should know. There are also some rather indefinite plans for a monthly or bi-monthly magazine.

We close this editorial with a very sincere "thank you" to all those that have made this year's Journal a success.

From the Journal editors goes out a very sincere wish also, for success in the exams and a very pleasant summer.

For the Third Time

- Putting out a newspaper is fun,
But it's no picnic.
- If we print jokes people say we are silly.
- If we don't they say that we are too serious.
- If we clip things from other papers,
We are too lazy to write them ourselves.
- If we don't we are too fond of own stuff.
- If we don't print contributions,
We don't appreciate true genius.
- If we do, the page is filled with junk.
- So, like as not some one will say
That we swiped this from some other paper—
We did.

LET'S BURN SOME BOOKS

They did it in Hitler's Germany, and this was a bad thing.

They tried to do it in British Columbia, and this was a bad thing too.

We are going to do it in Halifax, only this is a good thing!

The difference is this: in the case of Hitler and British Columbia they tried to burn books because they preached philosophies that those in authority considered heretical. We are going to do it because we want to rid the district of those books that advocate and encourage the perversion of something that is essentially good. And that is why what we are doing is a good thing.

First of all, if you're one of those people who can look at a dirty picture or enjoy dirty literature without a dangerous reaction of the emotions, then this article is not really for you. We mean it for those healthy people who have normal emotions . . . emotions which according to nature become aroused in certain situations.

All Catholics will admit that there is a natural affinity between the sexes. It has been implanted by God for very good reasons. Unfortunately, however, certain publishers have found it eminently profitable to play on these emotions by taking a perverted advantage of them. But to say that you are not susceptible to this filth is to say that you are not ordinary.

But this is not a wholesale effect because the disturbance of the normal emotions through abnormal means is a perversion, and therefore sinful. Unfortunately this sin is too widespread today and it is only through a vigilant and energetic program on the part of all Christians that this semi-legalized and highly-organized sin can be curbed.

If you don't like reading, you can get picture books that would knock the eye out, or if you have a "literary" bent, you can get novels or "true stories" that would have somewhat the same effect. With many, or most, of these books the problem is simple: agitate to do away with them. They can be banned from publication without loss of our freedom of speech and thought as some people claim, and could be banned if Christians of all belief grouped together in a concerted drive to do away with them.

The problem becomes much more difficult in borderline cases. There are books that are not harmful to normal adults but would have an unhealthy influence on children or adults whose moral structure is in precarious equilibrium. Or the stage shows. Take "The Moon is Blue" for instance. I heard it was condemned in some circles, yet I was advised to see it by a friend who said it was quite funny. You may get a healthy appreciation of art from looking at Venus deMilo—someone else might admire the lines and have his emotions aroused.

No. Our target is the destruction of filth and the careful scrutiny of adult reading matter so that we may rid the market of unhealthy literature without becoming prudes or secret policemen.

Let's make the drive a success. Let's start something that will snowball until it's a success . . . but let's be careful, too.

On and Off the Campus



"There will be weeping and gnashing of teeth"

(see page 9)

Well, fellows this is the last of the Jotter. Most of you dimbulbs will be glad to see me go. I honestly didn't mean all those bad things I've said about you, but at times you got me so mad that I couldn't help myself. I imagine the people who are looking for me the most are "Choo Choo", Don Currie and Johnny Martin who have made terrific copy all year. Sounds as if I'm apologizing doesn't it? Well, I suppose I am, but boys . . . lest we forget I've got one last bit of dirty work to do and it's the nastiest, the lousiest, the rottenest thing I've written yet. Let's start with a favored group . . . the Boarders.

THE WASHINGTON STORY: A very important member of the faculty said, and I quote, "The results of our final examinations will inevitably lead to radical changes in United States economic foreign policy."

TCH! TCH! TCH! I finally found Nurse Flinn's treasure map to romance and "X" marks the spot. (Keep your eyes on the society page for further developments).

BY THE WAY . . . Did you know that Dan MacDonald is his favorite actor, and that Ray Craig was the most surprised man after the A.A.A. elections. Did you also know that Jack Hayes is now singing the Halifax Infirmary Blues or has he been vaccinated against the wrath of two love-starved nurses?

FAMOUS LAST WORDS: The day before the A.A.A. elections. I heard Bill Bailly say this to Jack Buckley, "Jack, boy, I don't want you giving me too many orders next year when I'm president."

(Never mind "Uncle B", you'll be looking after Jack all summer).

CONGRATULATIONS PAT, RAY, JOHN: During the dark, sombre days of the retreat they really found the LIGHT (house).

NAVIGATOR TO PILOT: You can come out of the clouds now Doug, the Arts Ball is over for another year. Thanks a lot Pete and committee for what I thought was the 'Ball of the Year'. You proved that Artsmen could give more than their blood.

ARE YOU TUNED IN: Word has been received from the big city that Murray Napier will leave for his long awaited operation immediately after the completion of the College year (we all wish success to a swell guy).

DEAR JOHN: We write this paragraph with a tear in our beer. The Editors and Staff of the JOURNAL express sincerest sympathy to Pat MacDonald, Fred Vaughan and Tom Muise (you guys not only can't hold a girl, but I hope you realize you're giving SMU a bad name).

THE KLAN OF THE KLUUELESS KLUCKS: I often wonder who the Engineers are? Where they are all day? What they are doing and why they don't like us? (I thought I saw two of them at the Arts Ball, which might suggest that Engineers are Engineers first and Santamarians second).

POST MORTEM: Everyone went WACKY during a recent election.

I was lucky to overhear Vic Cleyle's gracious words of resignation. "I'll get on that Student Council somehow."

WHATTA DOG: I was talking to a big wheel (Bernie Sheehan) and he doesn't know whether he'll go to Tech, M.I.T., or come back to S.M.U. for a B.Sc. The chances are we ordinary slobbs will have him again, providing the University sets up the course he has prescribed.

CORN SPELT H-A-M: The things some people will do to get on television. I thought I'd see Billy Reid dancing with Zsa-Zsa on the screen. At the Arts Ball I'm sure he was asked to step before the camera for a shot of his Pepsodent smile. I looked and I looked but I couldn't find Bill anywhere. I was looking forward to it so much!

HARVEY CAME. Well, in case you didn't know it that dumb bunny who played the part of Harvey was Carl Hunt. As soon as they let him loose he headed straight for the Nova Scotia L. C. in true "bunny" fashion. And just think being invited to appear on TV. But it didn't take the television men long to recognize true talent. They wouldn't show his face nor let him say a word.

Your friend and mine,
THE JOTTER.

—J.P.

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24 HOUR SERVICE
DAY
NIGHT

TO CONFER HONORARY DEGREES; NOTED SCIENTIST TO SPEAK

Dr. David Keys, Atomic Scientist To Speak At Alumni Dinner

On Wednesday evening, May 18, Dr. David Arnold Keys, head of the National Research Council of the Chalk River Atomic Power Development in Ontario, will address the Alumni at their annual banquet, which will be held this year at the Nova Scotian Hotel.

Dr. Keys received his B.A. at the University of Toronto in 1915. He was a Fellow in 1915-16 and received his M.A. in the latter year. He was a Whiting Fellow at Harvard in 1916-17. In 1918 he received his A.M. and in 1920 his Ph.D. In 1920-21 he was a Sheldon Traveling Fellow and in 1922 he gained his B.A. and Ph.D. from Cambridge University. He received an Honorable Doctorate of Science from both McMaster and McGill in 1947.

Dr. Keys has had a great deal of experience in the teaching field. He was an Austen Teaching Fellow at Harvard in 1920; assistant demonstrator at the Cavendish Laboratories at Cambridge in 1921-22; assistant Professor of Physics at McGill from 1922-26 and Associate Professor at the same University from 1926-29; and a Professor at MacDonald University from 1929-41.



DR DAVID KEYS

During the war he served on several Defence Research Boards. Today he is President in Charge of the Atomic Power Development in Ontario.

It is fortunate that Saint Mary's Alumni Association will have the pleasure of hearing such an outstanding scholar, educator and scientist.

Honorary degrees of Doctor of Laws will be conferred on three outstanding Nova Scotians at our convocation ceremonies this year; they are:

Most Reverend A. B. Leverman, Bishop of Saint John, N. B. John Patrick Martin, Dartmouth, historian and retired school teacher.

D. G. E. Wilson, Halifax, Dean of Arts and Sciences at Dalhousie University.

His Excellency Most Reverend A. B. Leverman was born and received his early education in St. John's, Newfoundland, and after his parents returned to this city he continued studies at College Street and Saint Mary's Schools. He graduated from Saint Mary's College and after studying at Holy Heart Seminary was ordained in 1932. After serving several appointments in city parishes, he was named Auxiliary to Archbishop McNally, and was elected to a seat on our University Senate in 1949. He was appointed Bishop of Saint John in 1953.

JOHN P. MARTIN

After graduating with a Bachelor of Arts Degree from Dalhousie University, Mr. Martin became Vice-Principal of St. Patrick's High School and subsequently was named principal at Alexander McKay. He suffered tuberculosis in 1926, but returned to St. Patrick's eight years later until his retirement in 1948.

Saint Mary's To Honor Three With Honorary Degrees



JOHN P. MARTIN

Students and fellow teachers will remember him as a man who took no fooling in class, but was a great friend of his students in off hours. There are many stories of how Mr. Martin spent a good deal of his spare time organizing sporting activities at his schools.

Although he had previously written short works concerning local historical events, it was with his retirement that he undertook his greatest work: a nearly-completed two-volume history of Dartmouth.

D. G. E. WILSON

D. George E. Wilson is a native of Perth, Ontario, and a graduate of Queen's University (M.A.) He received a Doctorate in Philosophy at Harvard where he taught for some time.

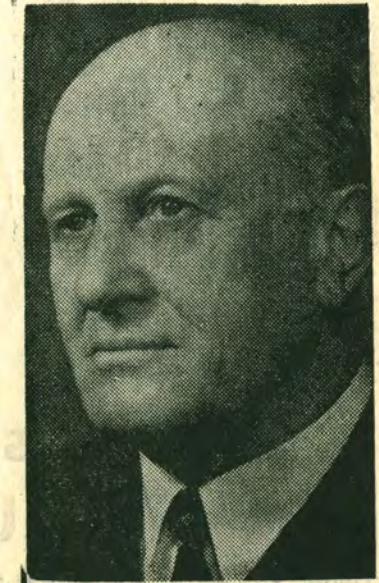
Dr. Wilson came to Dalhousie in 1919 as Assistant Professor of History and soon became head of the department and George Munroe Professor of History. He was made Dean of Arts and Sciences in 1945 and in 1950 became a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. A year later he received a Doctorate of Laws from Queens.

He is past president of the Nova Scotia Historical Society and the Canadian Historical Association Robert Baldwin."

Dr. Wilson has served many years on the Board of Directors of the Halifax Ladies College and the Conservatory of Music.



MOST REV. A. B. LEVERMAN



D. G. E. WILSON



JACK HAYES

The office of the Dean has an Valedictorian at this year's graduation exercises. An Arts student, Jack attended both Saint Mary's University and High School. As president of the Debating Society, he served on this year's Student Council. He has been an MIDL debater for the past two years and last summer attended the WUSC Summer Seminar in Europe.

CONVOCATION ACTIVITIES

To Take Place Between May 12 and May 19

Thursday, May 12
Graduation Prom at the Nova Scotian Hotel.

Friday, May 13
Meeting of the Senate at the University.

Saturday, May 14
10:00 a.m. Announcement of Graduates at the University.

Sunday, May 15
3:00 p.m. Baccalaureate Service in the University Chapel. Academic Procession.

Conferring of the hoods. Pontifical Benediction by His Berry, D.D., Chancellor of the University.

Baccalaureate Sermon: Most

Rev. A. B. Leverman, D.D., Bishop of Saint John.

4:00 p.m. Reception and tea in honor of the graduates of 1955 under the patronage of Saint Mary's Ladies' Auxiliary.

Wednesday, May 18
7:00 p.m. Alumni Banquet at the Nova Scotian Hotel.

Guest Speaker: Dr. David Keys, Head of Chalk River Atomic Power Development.

Thursday, May 19
8:30 p.m. Convocation at Saint Patrick's High School Auditorium. Dr. George E. Wilson, Dean of Arts and Science, Dalhousie University.

Alumni BANQUET

Wednesday
MAY 18

7:00 p.m.
Nova Scotian Hotel

HUGHES - OWENS

Engineering and
Drawing Supplies
Artists' Material
Optical Instruments

165 Hollis Street
Halifax, Nova Scotia

The Editors and Staff of The Journal
Congratulate the Class of '55 and wish
Them Every Success.

Graduation Ball Set For May 12

Word has been received from the President of the Students' Council, Mr. John Martin, to the effect that the Graduation Ball will be held on Scotian Hotel. Tickets will be \$3.00 per couple and there will be no advance sale; all tickets will be sold at the door.

Once again Don Warner and his orchestra will be the major attraction and CBC Television will be the major distraction.

This will be the last official social function of the academic year, all students are urged to be present.

Two all Engineers: If at first you don't succeed, you're running about average.

Two Engineers at the University of Alberta were fined \$10. each for stealing the ballot box used in an Arts-Science election.

Be Well Dressed For All
College Functions
SEE

MORRIS GOLDBERG
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For the Best in Men's
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10% Discount to Students

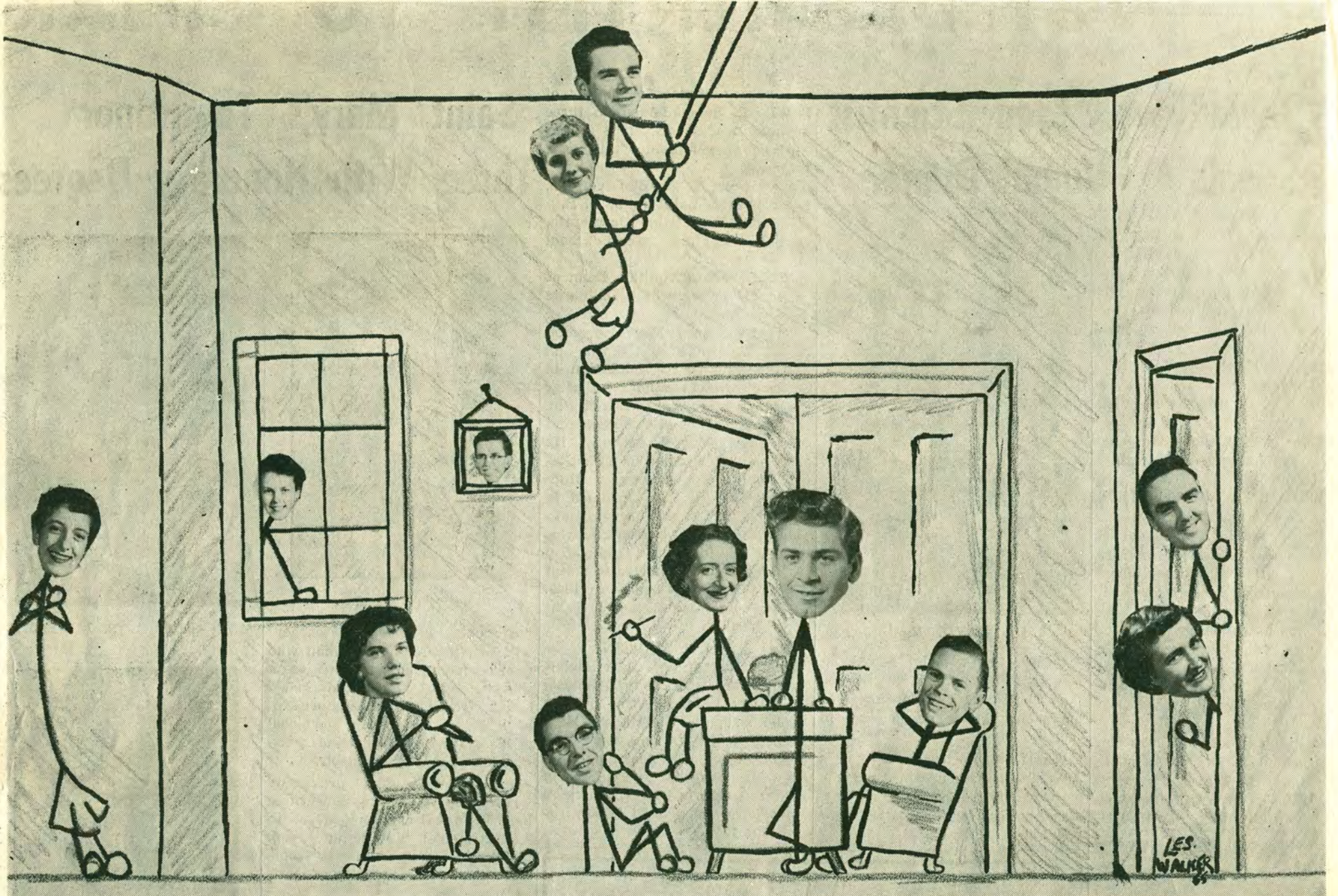
DRAWINGS

by
WALKER

CAST OF HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHS

by
GARCEAU



Harvey Praised By Critics and Us

(Editor's Note—Before there is a stampede for the JOURNAL room by those who wonder why we did not merely reprint the comments of the professional critics concerning "Harvey", we would like to inform all that the JOURNAL was requested by the President of the Playshop to send its own correspondent who would write his own opinions. Following is first, a resume of his remarks and second, a few quotes from the professionals.)

Once you say that a play has won the Pulitzer Prize, there are very few comments to be made. Filled with quiet and diversified humor, the story is, by now, well known. The action alternates between the library of the Dowd mansion and the reception room of Chumley's Rest. Elwood P. Dowd (Dan MacDonald), a 47-year-old man who is rather fond of his whiskey makes life uncomfortable for his family and friends by cavorting around town with a six-foot rabbit named Harvey. His sister tries to have him committed to an institution for the feeble-minded but is almost committed herself. After many a humorous situation, even the great Dr. Chumley sees the heretofore invisible Hare.

Dan MacDonald gave another outstanding performance. He blended facial expressions, actions and tone of voice almost flawlessly in his portrayal of the tipsy, good-hearted 'Elwood P.'. Florence Barter (as Veta Louise Simmons) rivaled MacDonald for best performance. She seemed completely at ease at all times and played the part of the unbelieving sister, who ends up convinced of Harvey's presence, with a mixture of feeling and humor.

Murray Napier as Dr. Chumley and Heather McEachern as Myrtle Mae, both gave convincing performances. Murray is an old hand, having played in both 'Stalag 17' and 'Journey's End'. Heather, a student at St. Pat's, performed in 'The Voice of the People' and shows great promise.

Although the actors projected their voices very well, the P.A. sys-

tem at times left much to be desired. On other occasions — notably when someone ruffled pages, moved books or hung up the phone — it boomed forth.

"... Mr. MacDonald interpreted his part with... friendly and companionable ease. Florence Barter... had a good understanding of the part with a pleasing sense of comedy... staging and sets were well arranged and showed taste. However the makeup might have been improved somewhat in the case of Dr. Chumley and Judge Gaffney..."

"... In addition to those already mentioned, others rounding out the cast successfully were Sylvia Lawrence, Elaine Connolly, Chris MacKinnon, Mike Fortier, Laurie Brean, Dorothy Barter, Bernie Murphy and Charlie Burke."

"... Having had an active year in which the level of acting has definitely improved and the group has come up with some fresh and lively ideas of its own, the curtain rings down with this enjoyable presentation of Harvey."

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Jim Britten, pictured above, graduates this year, after four active years at S.M.U. Jim is one of the most active students at Saint Mary's, for example, in the Playshop Jim has been active in both preparing for and taking actual roles in various Playshop productions. He was the Director of the latest show entitled "Harvey," presented on our stage the 14, 15 and 16 of this month. Behind the scenes Jim could be seen months ahead of the first performance of any play busily making ready for it. All this was done before and after classes and after work. With the added difficulty of holding down a full time job and attending evening classes Jim has found time to work not only in the Playshop but also in the Binding Room of the Library. By the way, Jim is married and has three children. The Journal says: "Hats off to Jim Britten."

We note that Holy Cross College featured the "Sauter-Finnigan Orchestra" at their recent prom and Boston College had Jane Morgan singing at theirs. Student authorities at Saint Mary's vetoed a CFCCS plan to bring in a 'name' band next year.

Summer Stock Company For Saint Mary's?

It has been suggested — from several corners now — that the SMU playshop take the lead in the formation of a summer stock company.

We on the Journal don't wish to go out on the limb to say whether the idea is workable or not, but if you will permit us a little day-dreaming, we foresee the day when students here will unite with members of the Alumni to form a top notch company.

Over the years there have been some very good actors, directors and technical men pass through these portals, and a very good summer company could be formed if these people could be brought together.

The idea of a summer company, we feel, is good for two reasons: first of all, summer stock is at a low ebb in the city; and second, undergraduates would have a time to do their stuff while there is a maximum of free time.

As we say, we don't know too much about the theatre, but the idea sounds good. It seems to us that a stage and a good play on the campus out back would have a tremendous drawing power in the city, and would be a wonderful chance for the student body here to take the lead in promoting something that would be of interest to the city in general.

Let's look into it anyway.

*"Bowl where the BETTER
Bowlers Bowl"*

**CONN & MARTEL'S
BOWLING ACADEMY**

Snooker and Billiards
Upstairs

BUCKINGHAM AT ARGYLE

Cast of Harvey

Shown above from left to right are Dorothy Barter, Heather MacEachern, Chris MacKinnon, Murray Napier (framed), Mike Fortier, Florence Barter, Dan MacDonald, Charlie Burke, Sylvia Lawrence, Laurie Brean, and hanging from the chandelier are Elaine Connolly and Bernie Murphy.

Journal Plans Freshman Issue

The Journal staff plans to take on a new venture. Next year, we hope, there will be a Journal awaiting the arrival of the Freshmen group. Why you ask? It's purpose will be to give the groping Frosh some idea of just what the University is like. We will answer some the standard questions such as "where do I get a locker?" "What are some of the rules and regulations at Saint Mary's, etc."

The main body of the paper will be built around a description of the activities of the various organizations and societies on the Campus. In this way we hope to interest the Freshmen in those activities and thus better the entire University.

No definite word has been given as yet but we plan to finance most of the issue with grants from the three societies and several other organizations.

Whether this venture is successful or not depends for a large part on the members of the different societies. The Journal staff is willing to return to school two weeks early in order to put out this special edition, but we feel that the societies should shoulder the financial responsibility.

"The Regis Brown and Gold" writes of a "medieval-type structure known as Carroll Hall. It is a hotel run on the 'Jesuit Plan'. It contains such luxuries as electric lights and heat (on occasion)."

A Look at the Common Room . . .

The Vulgar Chamber

by T. CAMPBELL

I'm Dundee—a cleanup man on the city vice squad—and this is my assistant, Bonnie. Someday I hope to make her Bonnie Dundee. On to the fact. Time: 11:50.

The chief was assigning us to the south end of town. He told us to clean up this joint down there. He handed Bonnie a gun—a spray gun. I said, "Swatter."

She went down in a limp heap, swatted. I apologized to the chief, "Fly swatter, sir. Not 'swat her'." The chief produced one—a deadly weapon. I tapped it against Bonnie's cheeks. She came to, blushing or bleeding, I don't know which. We were on our way. The time: 11:50:30.

We arrived at the den of vice. I pulled the CCM quietly to the curb and helped Bonnie off the handlebars. We cased the joint. Gothic architecture, clean, fresh-looking, prosperous—obviously a front. We took a look at the rear of the building. Yes, it was a front. Time 11:51.

As we went in the side door, I noticed a moat filled with jagged rocks and broken bottles. Probably where they threw welchers. We went down the stairs and into a smoggy hall. There was a bar. Bonnie sidled up to it and ordered a drink—the strongest in the house—Hire's. The bartender's mouth opened, disclosing a pair of bad tonsils, and he gasped:

"You would never drink that straight, lady, if you had read the contents. It got citronella."

"Simmer down, big boy, to a slow fry. How does a girl get to the Vugar Chamber?"

Big Boy's eyes were saucers, his pupils teacups, his corneal tea leaves, immersed in saffron pools of Orange Pekoe, as he gave her directions. He then added:

"No offence, lady, but the way you drink. It reminds me of my mother." His eyes had dropped and he was twiddling his thumbs embarrassedly. I saw we could trust him so I asked meaningfully:

"What's the score, Big Boy?"

His eyes brightened and he lowered his voice reverently as he said, "196-52 for the Knicks. First half over."

I had pumped him but the well had run dry. Bonnie and I turned toward the Vulgar Chamber. As we went down the hall we passed a joint with a slightly-less-than-neon sign reading "Borders Room—Keep out." The grim pair twiddling their mustaches outside the door must have been Border Guards. We came to the Vulgar Chamber, Time: 11:57.06.

As we went in the hackles on my neck rose. Bonnie's ponytail was standing straight up. I smelled danger or was it tuna-fish and onions? Over in one corner was a powder blue piano which was being done dirt by someone who obviously never had progressed beyond the scales in Miss Feeney's Liberace course. In the other corner the strained strains of "Hillbilly Heaven" were further strained by a young music lover who was beating out rhythm on the aerial.

The ping-pong table in the centre of the room looked like Vancouver Stadium during the British Empire Games. Some were racing around its surface, others were boxing and wrestling, and one valiant pair were nudging a game of chess along its weary way.

We sat down at one of the several tables that rimmed the room and peered through the haze. The place badly needed cleaning up. Its floors were littered with paper, pedestrians walked casually along the tables leaving their footprints in sandwiches, the tables themselves were sticky with the accumulated grime of leftover lunches, the air was rarefied if present at all.

The characters in the room would have been tough if they had not been so undernourished looking. Most of them were eating dried-up sandwiches washed down by a lysol derivative. One fellow in the corner had been ostracized. He was eating sardines.

Yes, Bonnie and I agreed the Vulgar Chamber was everything the chief had said it was and more. This was no place for two members of the vice squad. We tried to leave but there was a mustardy battle being waged in which the participants tossed their lunches at one another. Anybody leaving or entering invariably became a victim of an egg and catsup or codfish on rye sandwich.

We saw an open window and fought our way to it. It had probably been opened to air out the room, but all that the damp wind seemed to be blowing in was good, fresh dust. But we escaped. The time: 12:36.

The chief was relieved to see us. "None of our operatives ever lasted more than ten minutes in that room before. We were worried. How did you get out alive?"

"We were conditioned to the atmosphere before we ever went in, chief," I said. "I occasionally drop down to the Saw-Horse for a little chit-chat, etc., and Bonnie worked for a while at 'Moirs' candy factory. She also picked up her sweet complexion there, among other things."

I bent over my Underwood and began my report. The time: Dial 29.



MRS. ALICE BELL



MISS O. E. BRUCE



MISS F. M. MacISAAC

Ferry Tales

by The Captain

Well, here I am fellows, back from a much needed vacation. I'm ready to give you fellows another tale of the brave Santamarians that follow the sea. Maybe I should change the name of the column because of the new bridge but "Bridge Tales" just wouldn't sound right.

Ralph MacInnis says he spent a wonderful afternoon the other day when he walked across the bridge and threw pennies to the natives on shore. Never mind Ralph, if it wasn't for Halifax, where would we put the other end of the bridge?

I thought I'd take a few lines to answer a very important question that everyone keeps asking me. No, Ruth Pellerin, our pretty young switchboard operator, is NOT Joe's wife. They're not even related, just good friends. Now the question is, how good?

Steve Carew is in heavy competition with Jackie Gleason over who can lose weight the fastest. Ralph makes him walk to the boat from the College every day. Results after three weeks — Ralph lost 10 pounds and Steve stayed the same.

The Art's Ball provided an excellent opportunity for Dartmouth's vocal quintet to harmonize. Led by Jim Sawler, the golden throated soprano, they were sensational. They may not be prettier than Grace Boutilier, but they're louder.

Gerry McNeil made his TV debut recently. Since then he's been walking on clouds. Gerry may be our next Jackie Gleason (Haw, Haw, Haw)

Jack Gavin has moved from the wilds of Westphal to a new location in North Dartmouth. I wonder why he moved so close to the golf course? Anyway, he and Mr. Beazley should have quite a vacation.

THREE FOR THE SHOW: This summer, Picton, Ontario, may get a mention in History now that Beaton, Hemphill and Chapman are heading there. We hope the town can withstand Hemp with his smiling face, Max with his pleasant (?) disposition and Harry with his . . . ?

Speaking of summer, it's time I headed out to sea but before I leave I'd like to congratulate our Dartmouth graduates and remind the others to stay sober and pass your exams. Have a happy vacation and I'll see you next fall.

Nastily yours,
THE CAPTAIN.

Ladies To Receive Degrees

Four city teachers receive Bachelor of Arts Degrees from Saint Mary's University and adding fuel to the furnace of precedent is the fact that they are the first women to be graduated from this institution.

The four are: Mrs. Alice Bell, a teacher at the Central Armdale School; Miss O. E. Bruce, Cornwallis Junior High School; Miss F. M. MacIsaac, teacher at St. Patrick's Junior High; Mrs. Mary McNeil, city art teacher.

The editors of the Journal wish these trail-blazers every success in their future endeavours.



MRS. MARY McNEIL

In Condolence

The heaven's voice sings sweet like violins
Turned o'er a soundless sea. And my heart aches
To hear such beauty wasted. It begins
Perhaps too soft upon the air, and makes
No true alliance with the human soul;
For first impulse breeds love, sweet bird;
the mind—
The ingrate heart is slow with God's blessing:
Thy tender sonnets loll
Unheeded and neglected. 'Tis unkind
That peasant's peace should be the dream of Kings

There is no name for thee, immortal bird;
Thou art the emblem of a slighted lot.
Thine harmony is sweet and surely heard,
But nursed in man's proud ear is soon forgot.
Yet 'tis not through a superficial "art"
That makes true worth a sullied circumstances;
The fault lies in an all-too-lofty theme
From thy melodious heart
In tones of mystic sadness. Sweet romance
Is born of thee remote — an obscure dream.

Danny McCarron, Arts II.

G. B. Murphy

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**NAPIER'S BEST
"N.C."**



1954 Literary Award

At the risk of being accused of digging up a dead dog to cut its throat we're going through with this.

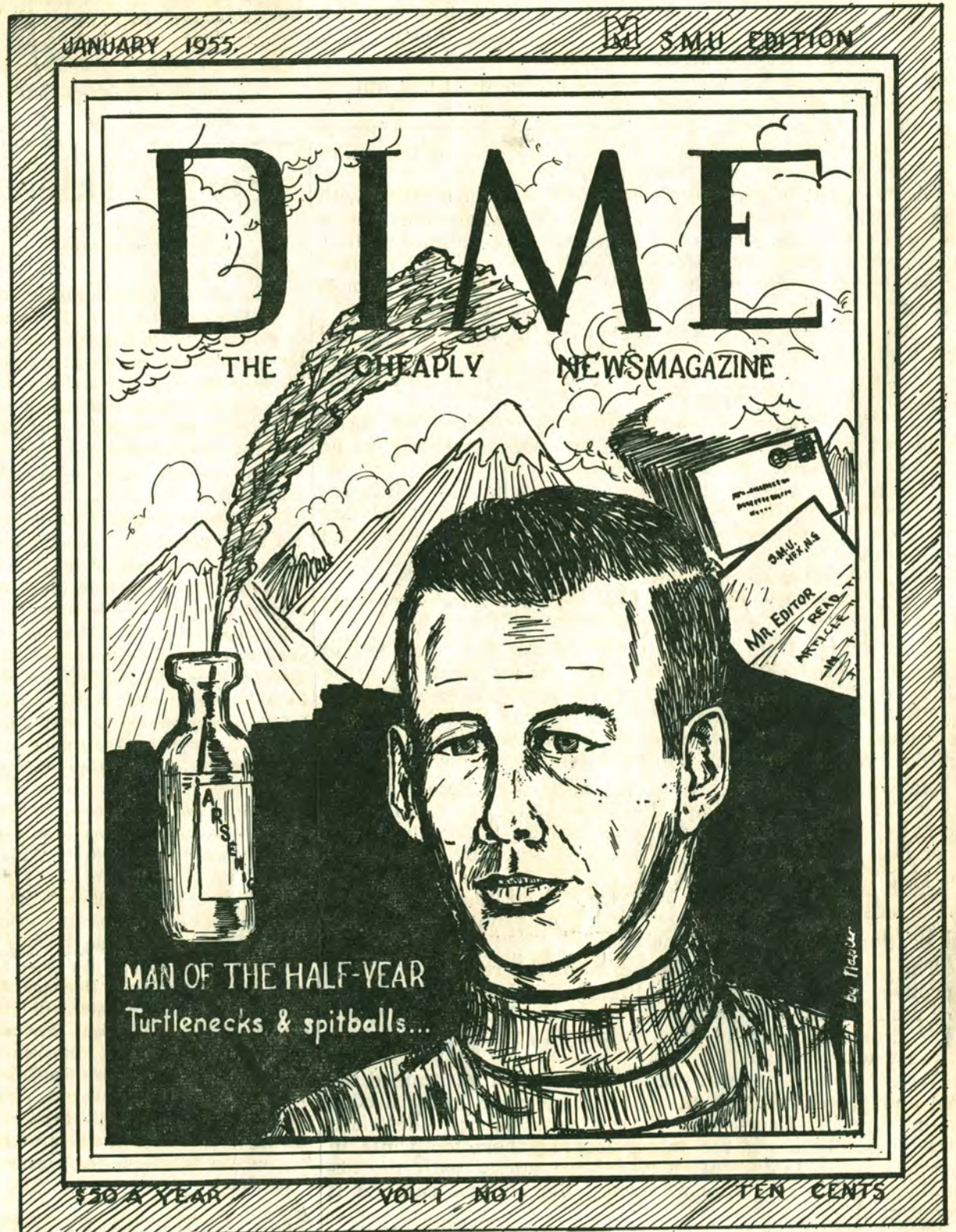
We canvassed the student body—or a good part of it at least—asking what they considered to be artist Napier's best cartoon of the season and people fell over each other in the rush to say that the one printed above was the best.

Your editors tend to agree with the choice as when a controversial article was written about a certain educational institution members of same were cautioned not to write us a blast so to insure that all opinions were covered we drew the cartoon ourselves.

Someone has said that like with Harvey, if you're happy (or in the know) you can see another figure in the drawing. We're not saying anything more because we like to go here.

CARTOONS

by
NAPIER



Man of The Half Year

Probably one of the best cartoons drawn by Napier was the one above. It was published on January 18, 1955, and was used in conjunction with an article naming Gerry McNeil, Man of the Half-Year. The choice of McNeil was made on the basis of the articles published in the Journal. The quill and the arsenic represent the articles in mention. The mountains speak for themselves.

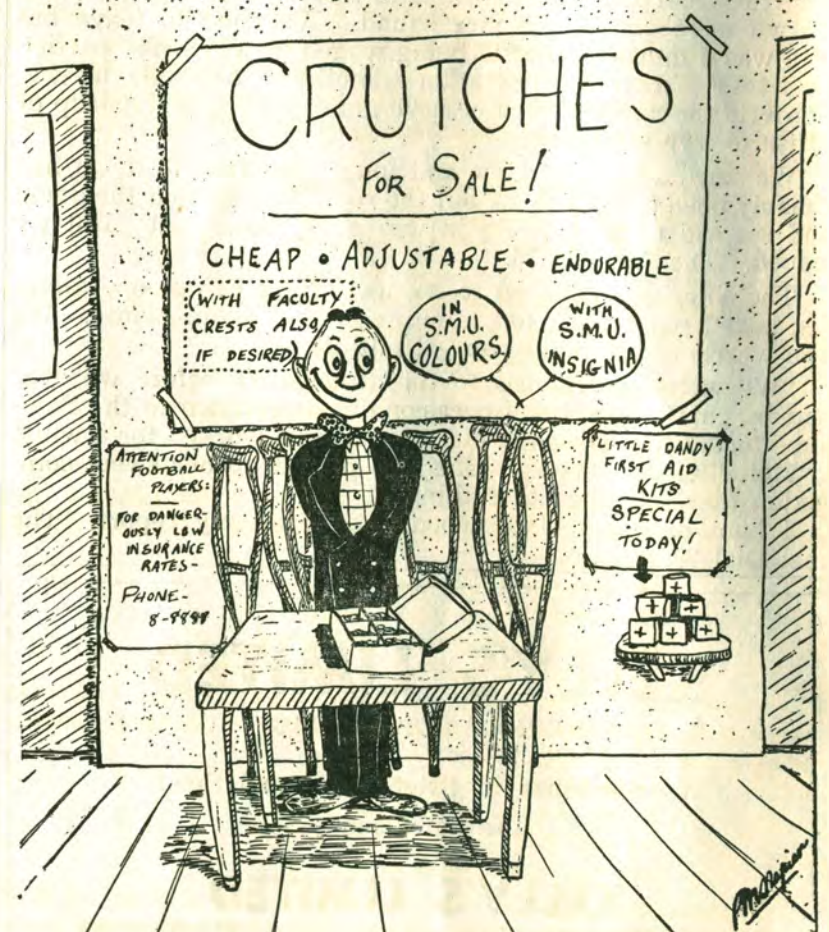
The First

Shown at right is the very first Napier cartoon ever printed. It was published in the Journal on November 14, 1952. Looking back through the Journal files we discovered that the cartoon was motivated by the number of injuries that had just occurred in the Inter-fac Football League. The editor did not discover until it was too late that Napier was just advertising for a small business he was setting up in the locker room. Seriously though there is quite a noticeable change in Napier's style, a change for the better.



Little Joe and Friend

The last issue of the Journal carried the above cartoon and it was judged a good example of Napier's ability to record the passing scene. By this time (March 18) "Little Joe" had already become an essential part of Napier's cartoons. The message in the drawing calls for longer canteen hours. As a drawing the cartoon was a success, however, as a drawing with a message it was a failure. (Canteen hours are still the same).



NAPIER'S FIRST

WRITERS CRAMP

by Murray Napier

I wanted to write. I had a story. I had all those elements that go to make up a masterpiece: suspense, humor, joy, sorrow, tragedy, pathos . . . it really would have been grand. But I didn't know how to write it. I sat at the typewriter in the Journal Room, trying to begin. I knew it would start when Mr. Morrison drove his car off the cliff into the cold, cold sea, but how to say it!!!

Then I looked around the room. They they were, all the noted writers on the Journal Staff. I had an idea. I'd get one of them to write it for me. Yes, that, I thought, would be a good idea. And naturally the first one I asked was Bob O'Connell. Bob, who is very shy about this sort of thing, sprang to the typewriter and began:

"I looked at the body of Mr. Morrison as it lay there on the beach, the red, red blood oozing from his head, his face twisted horribly, and covered with . . ."

No! No! I jumped on him before he could go any further. There was a wild look in his eyes but he finally quieted down. He went back to his chair. Everyone started being helpful from then on. I turned around to see Gerry McNeil sitting at the machine. He was going to try for me. The keys started clacking:

"When I saw the car go over the cliff, a sudden thought struck me and made me shudder: Had I forgotten to mail my T1? As the . . ."

Gerry was stronger than I expected, and it took me a while to get him back to his chair, thanking him all the way. By this time Lorne Hemphill had made the sprint to the keyboard. He had almost finished a page when I got there:

There wasn't anything too unusual about the narrative itself, but every three lines there were such subtitles as: "Car Goes Far: Big Jar" and "Big Smash As Saints Get New Man On Harp" . . .

Lorne made it hard for me to explain to him, when he began to cry, but the crisis was soon over and he, too sat in his chair. Panting, I returned to the typewriter to find Joe Pelrine rolling up his sleeves. I watched as he began:

"To begin with, let us say that there was an accident. All dispute of this fact would be a waste of time — in short — useless. All the laws of Logic and of Common Sense testify to the fact — let us be more emphatic — all History will . . ."

Stop! Stop! I tried to point out that I was trying to write a short story, that I didn't care if I proved anything. But Joe, who is a very sensitive soul, walked away without saying a word. By this time Dan McCarron was laboring over the keys:

"Oh, what vanity is life! For, with what desperation do we cling, while cruel Death does skulk about in the misty gloom. Such it was with the mortal Mr. Morrison. Oh, fie! Fie! . . ."

Please! Please! Danny was still mumbling to himself as I lead him across the room. I was worn out. There's an awful lot to this writing business. Then I heard the typewriter start up again. Vic Cleyle was energetically pecking on the instrument. I cleared away the pipe smoke and peered at the page:

"Mr. Morrison drove the car. The car was a Ford. He drove it over the cliff. The water was cold. So was Mr. Morrison. . . ."

Oh, well. Tennis, anyone?

Mythical Verse—

A DEFENCE

by GERRY McNEIL

It is said that we moderns don't appreciate poetry. The true explanation is that we simply don't understand it.

Take mystical verse, for example. It is apt to leave us bourgeois at a loss. However, if we delved below the surface of these pristine quatrains or decatrains, as the case may be, we would find in the digging a strong streak of realism.

"Where's the face one would meet in every place?" To many it seems impossible that Shelley could really have been serious when he wrote this line. But he was . . . he was. The following examples of what ultra-modern poets are doing nowadays and their explanations may lead you to a deeper understanding of Shelley's line. Then again they may not.

1. *Uriah Heep did weep, did weep.
For forty night he had no sleep,
For forty days he had no water,
For forty days he had no fodder.*

Explanation: Uriah Heep was an onion peeler on the night shift. He slept all day and had meals at night.

2. *I hang on a tree by my collar
Today I'm worth many a dollar
Though I'm not loud, I'm often checked.
And every spring I return in effect.*

Explanation: This is from an ode written on the opening of Baldwin's Clothing Department. It sublimely signifies a topcoat hanging on a coat-tree to which it has returned after winter storage, like a swallow to Capistrano.

3. *I huddle beneath a spire
Inside me there's a talk of fire.
But though I'm close to the grave
I'm not half as bad off as those whom I save.*

Explanation: Resembling in mood Gray's Elegy, this stanza paints a beautiful picture of a spired church in which a mission is being given . . . ("talk of fire").

4. *Arkie Crotti is high strung;
It isn't just his phone was rung.
His pal, Newkie, he put to sleep
And now the reward he will reap.*

Explanation: Arkie is being hanged for disposing of his friend, Newkie, the easy way. This symbolic quatrain epitomizes western justice. It is a classical example of . . . ? "One moment, dear reader . . . Now where did I put that handbook of hackneyed phrases for the amateur critic?"



TOM CHAISSON

Fresh from honors in the Halifax Music Festival, Artsman Tom Chaisson continued his brilliant young career this week when he presented his graduation recital at the School for the Blind.

Tom is the young man who can be heard at the piano when you're trying to do your English homework in the library, but when he swings from Prokofief to Bach it's quite enjoyable. Judging from all re-ports Tom must have swung to Prokofief to Bach at his recital, for those who took it in had nothing but praise for this sure-fingered musician from the Margaree Valley, Cape Breton.

Three movements from Beethoven's Sonata, Opus 57 opened the program which continued with Bal-lada in F minor by Chopin. One of the most beautiful and descriptive pieces on the program was Debussy's study in tones, "La Cathedrale Engloutie". He concluded his program with the first movement of Brahms second piano concerto.

Assisting Mr. Chaisson were Carol Feder, soprano and Gordon MacPherson of the staff of the Maritime

Debating Society Had Successful Year

The past year was, in many ways, one of the most successful in a long time for the Senior Debating Society. Although they did not win the championship, our M.I.D.L. team this year was not eliminated until the last night of the season. Vic Cleyle and Bernie Murphy defeated U.N.B. Law School by a unanimous decision in February. In November, Jack Hayes and Graham Walker won a split decision over Dalhousie while Max Beaton and Joe Pelrine lost by the same score at Saint Thomas.

On March 1 the second annual Student Parliament was held. This was the highlight of the year for the Debating Society. A great deal of work was put into this parliament and although it would not have been mistaken for the House of Commons in Ottawa, nevertheless parliamentary debate was carried on with some respect for procedure. The government was formed by the Liberals who received 62% of the total vote.

The Debating Society continued to sponsor the Public Speaking and Radio Speaking Contests this year. Doug Murray again won the Haliburton Medal for platform speaking while Pat McDonald won the radio speaking contest and the CHNS trophy.

On March 29 the election of officers for 1955-56 was held. Bernie Murphy was elected President for the coming year. Graham Walker will be vice-president and Yves Pinet will be secretary.

Conservatory of Music.
Mr. Chaisson studied under Adrien Bezdechi.



REV. DANIEL FOGARTY, S. J.

To Further Studies

Father Daniel Fogarty, S.J., of the University English staff, has been granted a year's leave to do further studies towards his doctorate degree at Columbia University in New York. Fr. Fogarty first came to Saint Mary's as a student in 1927 and worked on the staff of the Collegian. Since his return to Halifax as a teaching staff member he has been moderator of Student Publications three times for a total of seven years, in 1941 and again from 1947 to 1949 and finally from 1951 to the present. The staff of the Journal and Year Book wish him every success.

Letter To The Editor

Dear Mr. Editor:

I would like to express my general approval of the Journal this year. Each issue was a bit better than the last. However, I do have one complaint concerning the part of Lorne Hemphill's column (Sports Review) which dealt with basketball. It appeared to me that Mr. Hemphill insulted the basketball team for ending the season in fifth place. I feel that his statements were unjustified. It was obvious to all those who attended the games that the team did its best at all times.

I feel that Mr. Hemphill should apologize for his unfair remarks.

Yours very truly,
Doug Haney, Eng. 1,
Mgr. Basketball Team.

EDS NOTE: See Sports Review, page twelve.

The Canteen

by Les Walker

When you're thirsty and when you're dry
Ready to croak and maybe die . . .
Tongue burning and throat like parch
You grab a dime and on the march,
You head for something nice and cool
And then find out you're just a fool
'cause he's not there and not around
. . . you search the hall and then the ground . . .
no good . . . he's gone.

"Why", you say?, "Why" so soon
There's still ten minutes until noon.
But what's the use there's no avail
You might as well be in jail . . .
Hang you're head, walk away . . . maybe,
He'll be open sometime today.
Slowly down the hall you go
Feeling awful, awful — LOW.

Then you hear that hellish roar
"The canteen's open", and you soar
Down the hall, 'mid flying debris
"HEY FRANK, HEY FRANK, WAIT ON ME . . ."

Commerce Win Debating League

The Commerce Faculty Debating teams have taken top honors this year in the Senior Debating Society as their talkers compiled a record of three wins and one loss. The Shield thus passes from last year's winners, the Artsmen.

Jim Sawler and Don Flinn, upholding the affirmative of the resolution that 'the U.S. should adopt a cabinet form of government' defeated a Boarders' team comprised of two students from south of the border, John Haley and Ed Burke. This win assured Commerce that the Shield would rest safely in their hands for the next year.

Commercemen who debated for their Faculty in the past year are: Joe Pelrine, Lorne Hemphill, Dave Fenton, Jim Butler, Bob Davies, and Don Power, along with the aforementioned Jim Sawler and Don Flinn.

Saint Mary's Lose Major Thompson

Major H. Thompson, who for the past two years has been the RSO of the Saint Mary's Contingent, C.O.T.C., is leaving our midst for other fields.

The normal Army posting is for a duration of three years and when this time elapses a new posting is generally in the offing.

Where Major Thompson is to go is not for us to say, but wherever he goes, he goes with our best wishes. Major Thompson will be missed by the members of the Contingent, the Faculty and students of this University, the Journal staff, and by all those whom he was associated with during his stay in this area.

Blessed are they who go around in circles for they shall be called "wheels".

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TIME FOR A CHANGE

by HAROLD KANE

To the Duke of Kent, Commander in Chief of the British forces in North America time was of the utmost importance. He was a man whose life was regulated with military precision, and he saw to it that his garrison moved accordingly. To infuse a sense of punctuality in the people of Halifax he urged the construction of a public clock. For a century and a half the clock on Citadel Hill served as an encouragement to the punctual and a reproach to the tardy. However, in recent years the clock has been an encouragement to no one and a reproach to all—or Nova Scotians have not kept pace with the times.

Last year, at the request of the Provincial Government, Arthur D. Little, Inc. of Cambridge, Mass, submitted a report to Wilfred Dauphinee, Provincial Minister of Trade and Industry, analyzing business conditions in the province and pointing out why Nova Scotia has not kept pace with the times.

To understand why Nova Scotia has lagged behind you must look at the nature of her country and the nature of her people.

With the exception of the Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia is a rocky peninsula — 21,103 square miles of hard to cultivate terrain. Her winters and summers are short and her springs and autumns are long.

Her people are honest, hospitable, and conservative. In Cape Breton, where many consider themselves Cape Britoners before Nova Scotians, even the rub of centuries has failed to change much of the way of life. The casual tourist is apt to leave the province with the impression that Nova Scotians are a little set in their ways.

Nova Scotia is not competing successfully for her share of Canadian prosperity. Productivity is relative to population but in Nova Scotia productivity is below average and as a result the standard of living is below average. "Every dollar gained from production in Nova Scotia," the report says, "must be divided among twice as many people as a dollar gained from total Canadian production." As a result the province is a poor prospect for new industries.

Between 1941-50 provincial employment increased 12.8% and the value of industrial production nearly doubled from \$133,873,400 to \$255,887,500. These figures may sound impressive but by national standards they barely make ends meet. For the same period on a national level average employment practically doubled and industrial productivity tripled.

The report indicates that:
(1) There is a lack of cooperation between private interests and the provincial government.

(2) That the Nova Scotia businessman, lacking confidence in his province's future, is investing his money in other areas of Canada.

(3) That there is hardly an industry in the province that does not have a serious marketing problem, yet local businessmen make little effort to find out why.

To assist struggling industry in the province the report recommends that the Department of Trade and Industry put more emphasis on research in conservation of forests, mining rights, income problems, and the promotion of industrial opportunities.

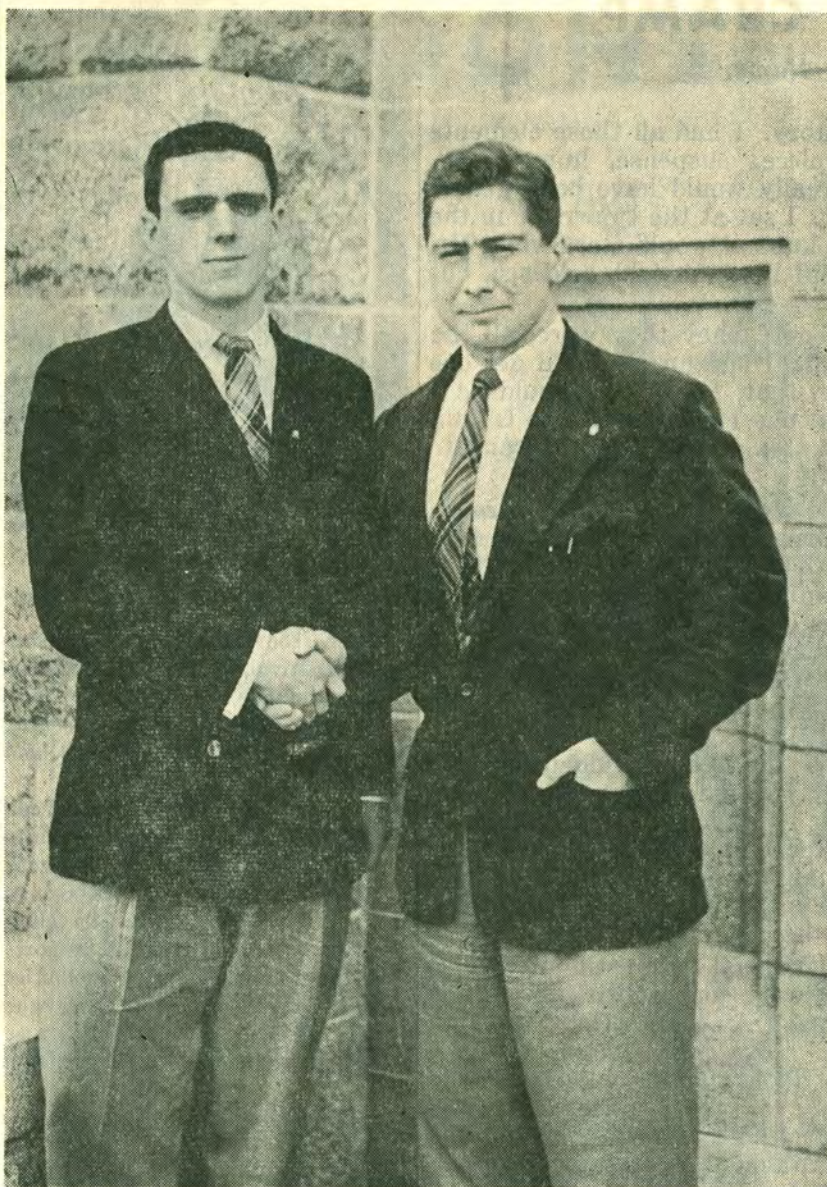
The report lists existing industries which are to expand and new industries which may find it profitable to locate in the province.

Among the industries listed for expansion are boatbuilding, plastic products, and paper boxes and bags.

New industries which might be attracted to the province are malt-ing plants for Maritime brewery industries, coated rubber fabrics, textile products, processed vegetable oils for the soap and paint industries, sporting goods, synthetic yarns and fabrics, plywood, aircraft parts and electrical supplies.

These industries will not be attracted to the province by the beautiful scenery. It is up to the Nova Scotia businessman to display his province's potentialities and to point out to industry the advantages of operations in Nova Scotia.

The clock on Citadel Hill is still ticking away the hours while Nova Scotia is marking time. The hour is late but there is still time.



Pat MacDonald and Doug Murray are shown above congratulating each other on their recent victories. Pat was the recipient of the CHNS Trophy for Radio speaking. Doug won the Haliburton Trophy for platform speaking. This is the third time in four years that he has performed this feat.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

I love the paper;
I think it's swell.
The day it comes out
I run pell mell
To get my copy
And read each line.
The stories and columns
I think are fine:

I laugh at the jokes,
I read all the ads,
I note all the news,
I take in the fads,
When I praise the paper
I scorn those who laugh.
I'm real loyal.
(I'm on the staff).

—The Cormount,
Marymount College

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NOTE: Courses will not be offered where registration includes less than ten students. Early enrolment is urged.

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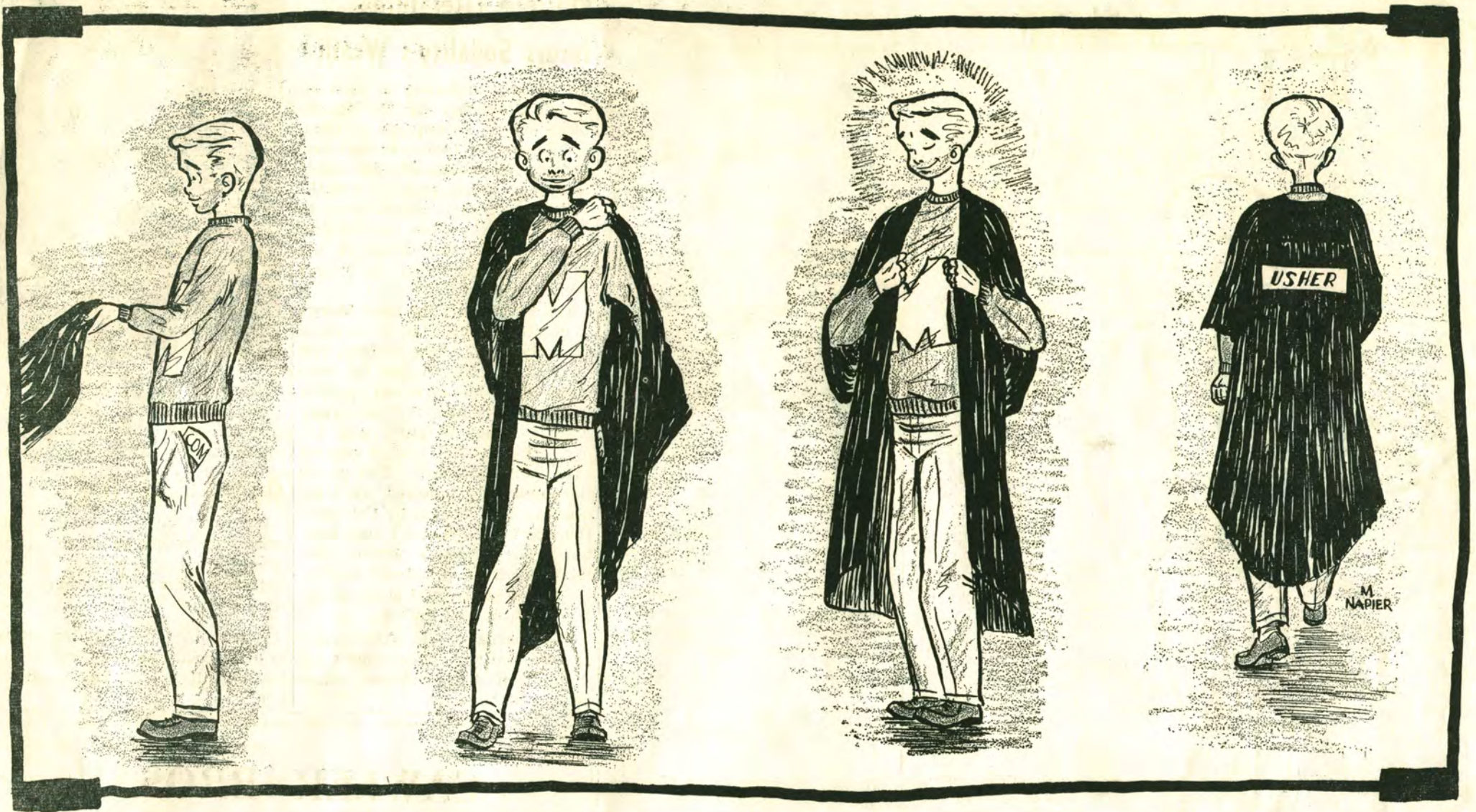
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LITTLE JOE

by NAPIER



**SCHEDULE FOR FINAL EXAMINATIONS
MAY 1955**

Tuesday, May 3—
A.M.—Descriptive Geometry B, Economics 3, Trigonometry, Accounting 1.
P.M.—Mechanics 2, Psychology, Math. 1C, English 4.

Wednesday, May 4—
A.M.—Algebra, Commercial Law, Descriptive Geometry A, History 4.
P.M.—Math. 4, English Comp. 2, English Comp. 3, Accounting 4.

Thursday May 5—
A.M.—Religion 2, 3, 4 and 5.
P.M.—English Lit. 3, Religion 1, Chemistry 2, Strength of Materials.

Friday, May 6—
A.M.—Latin Lit. 3, Philosophy 4, English Lit. 2.
P.M.—History 2, Math. 2, Physics 3, Sociology.

Saturday, May 7—
A.M.—Mechanics 1, Cost Accounting, Biology 2, English 1

Monday, May 9—
A.M.—Economics 1, Physics 2, Latin 4, Accounting 2, Chemistry 4.
P.M.—Chemistry 1, Economics 2, Survey 2.

Tuesday, May 10—
A.M.—Ethics, French 1, Survey 1.
P.M.—Political Science 2, Physics 1, Math. 3.

Wednesday, May 11—
A.M.—French 2, Chemistry 6, Geology, Latin 3 Comp., Latin 1 Comp.
P.M.—Epistemology, Taxation, Engineering Problems, French 3.

Thursday, May 12—
A.M.—Latin 2, Accounting 3.
P.M.—Chemistry 13, Latin Lit. 1, Political Science 1.

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Jack Buckley (above) is the recently elected Student Council President. A member of the Saint Mary's unit of the UNTD, Jack carries on the trend which has seen the last six councils headed by members of one or the other service groups. As Prefect of the Sodality this year, Jack served on this year's council. Under the zealous leadership of Mr. Buckley, Saint Mary's seems headed for another banner year.

Obscene Literature Incurs Sodality's Wrath

Currently underway at both St. Mary's University and the Halifax Infirmary is a campaign to clean up the obscene literature that now clutters our newsstands. The whole campaign arose from a S.M.U.-Infirmary Social which goes to prove that even when the Sodality is engaged in the things of the world they still keep their eyes peeled on Heaven.

Jim Flinn heads the Saint Mary's Committee which also includes Jack Hayes, Graham Walker, and John Haley. They began the campaign with an array of posters urging the students to do away with obscene literature and reminding them that "God is reading over your shoulder." The poster campaign was followed by talks over the P.A. system by Pat MacDonald, Vic Cleyle, and Max Beaton. The speakers urged their fellow students to actively support the campaign by, first of all, cleaning up their own reading.

The Journal would like to compliment Jim and his committee for a job well done and one which needed to be done.



Reverend P. G. Malone, S.J., Dean of Studies at Saint Mary's has returned from Washington where he attended the annual conference of the Jesuit Education Association.

Father Malone also went to Atlantic City where he sat in on the International conference of the Catholic Business Education Association.

He attended this latter meeting in his capacity as President of the Maritime Region of this organization.

Daffynitions

In true Webster style I have collected definitions of various faculties; no offense intended to anyone in particular, they read:

An engineer is a man who Knows a great deal about very little, And who goes along learning more and more about Less and less until finally he knows practically Everything about nothing.

An Artsman, on the other hand, is a Man who knows very little about many things And keeps learning less and less about More and more, until he knows Practically nothing about everything.

A Commerceman starts out knowing Everything about nothing, but ends Up knowing nothing about anything, due to His association with Engineers and Artsmen.

SAWLER BROS.

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Just Setten and The Place Was Rocking

by Bob O'Connell

Once upon a Saturday night I had the misfortune, to accept a baby sitting job. It was one of those particular nights when there just didn't seem to be anything to occupy my fun seeking soul, so when it was suggested that I sit with the Jones' little boy, I very glibly accepted. Little did I know . . .

Reporting to the abode of the Jones' promptly at eight, the smiling parents introduced me to their little cherube. He stood there with such a sophisticated air that I couldn't help but extend my hand in greeting. Upon perceiving my outstretched hand the little fellow quickly sunk his teeth into it. My resultant scream of pain seemed to frighten the little chap and he ran to his mother, who began to sooth him as if he was going to die from some poison he had received as the result of biting my hand. I stood there nursing my crippled paw watching this tender scene until, unable to stand it any longer. I suggested that perhaps I had better leave to obtain some medical aid. Mrs. Jones quickly assured me that I wasn't in any danger and that my hand wasn't badly hurt; now was it? I wanted to scream yes it was, and perhaps I had better get an anti-rabies shot as quickly as possible, not being able to do this however, without offending the good woman, I merely assured her that perhaps the pain wasn't too bad and that I could stand it. (All the time I was telling her this, I was looking at the little monster; somehow or other I got the same feeling I am sure the Christians got just before they were thrown to the lions.) The Joneses then left to go on their merry way after assuring me that I shouldn't have any trouble since all the other sitters they had, had found that little Joseph, (for such was the vile little creature's name,) was very easy to manage. The thought entered my mind, that if all the other sitters had found little Joe so easy to manage, just where were they, this particular Saturday night?

However, these thoughts were quickly dismissed in the light of the departure of the parents. Joe and I stood there eyeing one another as do the wrestlers on Saturday night TV. It was a cold and foreboding silence that pervaded that room. It was my suggestion that perhaps we should watch TV. To this little Joe merely made a face that mirrored the disgust he felt for that medium. Television he replied, was for people without any imagination. This I felt was an unnecessary attack upon my intelligence. What I asked what his idea of a Saturday night's fun was he replied that he could think much better on a full stomach. He thought that two, (since his mother always gave him two,) slices of bread, peanut butter and jam, would do very nicely. Once he had received these delicacies he seemed quite contented to sit and watch the thing that he had proclaimed people without imagination watched. (He must have worked on the theory that an active imagination would spoil the taste of the food.) Picking up a magazine I sat down in what appeared to be the most comfortable chair in the room, only to rise again with a horrible groan of regret. I ask you have you ever sat down on a piece of bread, peanut butter and jam included? Little Joe, upon perceiving my consternation, threatened that should I attempt to retaliate for this misdemeanor, he would scream as if I was trying to murder him, and that he would tell the neighbors when they arrived that I was a stranger who had broken into the house and had attacked him. Perceiving that such actions on his part would probably result in a lynching scene I, having no desire to dangle on the end of a rope, agreed that it was perhaps best if I did not attempt any punishment. Instead I suggested that perhaps he was now tired and would like to go to bed. This suggestion was met with the reply that not only was he not tired and not going to bed, but that heaven help me if I should try to put him there. However, after a struggle, the details of which are too terrible to mention here, I did manage to get him into his



"Harvey" (Carl Hunt), is shown above shaking hands with Jacques Fortin at the recent Harvey Hop. To Harvey's left is Dan MacDonald—his faithful companion throughout his travels in the city. The scene is being captured for posterity by a photographer from CBHT. (Photo by Davies)

tiny cot. His last remarks as I left his room hinted of dark and dire events that would befall me should I be so foolish as to fall asleep. He also mentioned the fates of the baby-sitters before me. Apparently little Joe specialized in the mistreatment of baby-sitters. (Well, everyone has to have a hobby I suppose.) However, it was with some misgivings that I settled back to read my magazine.

Apparently I must have been exhausted from the activities of the evening up to that point, for I dropped off to sleep. I awoke with a start upon hearing Joe's gleeful laugh to find myself firmly tied into the chair, with Little Joe chortling happily as he tied the last knot. He told me that I had been given a fair warning and that now I was out of his way and he could enjoy himself. He must have had this night planned out some time in advance, for he appeared to know just what he wanted to do. He first disappeared into the kitchen and came back, (thank God I thought he might have decide to play cowboys and indians, and had gone to get the matches with which he would burn the poor captured cowboy, me, at the stake,) with more bread, peanut butter and jam. This, he proceeded to stuff himself with, as well as spread liberal amounts of the jam over the carpet. After this he felt that he needed a little refreshment, and that his father's liquor cabinet was about the best to seek this refreshment. (Gads he was bad enough sober, what would he be loaded to the gills?) I used every argument I could think of to assure him that alcohol would only make him sick. He pondered this and decided that maybe he wouldn't start to drink for another year or so. After much thought he decided that the next thing he would do would be to play barber. I was to be the lucky recipient of little Joe's first haircut. My screams of protest only served to strengthen Joe's purpose, and after he had gotten scissors and his father's electric razor he set about my haircut. Never had a person been so close to scalping before, and yet had not been scalped. Yet, when little Joe finished his work I wished he had scalped me. Bald! Bald as a cue ball with a shave. Joe's parents walked in as I was telling him what I would do to him if I happened to get out of the bonds with which he had tied me. They untied me, assuring me that this was not language to be used in front of a child. Mrs. Jones went to little Joe, who was now sobing hysterically and proclaiming the horrible mistreatment he had received at my hands. I collected my money, assured the Jones when they suggested that I might sit for them again, that I would rather sit with a dozen nice friendly Mau Mau.

When I think now of that night I still shake and babble queerly to myself and I have seen little Joe only once since that fateful night, and it looked to me as if he was tying a can to the tail of a cat. At any rate I avoided him as I just couldn't possibly stand to hear his joyful laughter when he saw my still somewhat bald head.

NO COMMENT

I hate all kinds of beer,
I hate its ugly crown,
I hate the stuff so much
I can hardly get it down.

I hate the yellow color,
I hate the whitish foam,
If I did hate it any more
I wouldn't take it home.

I hate the acid taste of it;
It nearly makes me sick.
This surely is the reason
I drink it down so quick.
But when I think about the price
I quickly give a cheer;
I stand right up and lonely yell,
"I'll have a glass of beer."

—The Spectrum,
Univ. of Buffalo.



(By The Watchdog)

It doesn't seem possible but the year is almost over. All that is left is the studying and the exams. And speaking of studying where do you suppose we'll get the light bulbs for those long nights of studying? Oh, well, maybe we can find some candles, or better still if we ask really nice, maybe the Dean will come through. However, in spite of the fact that it's hard to get a light bulb, this year has been one of the best, and why shouldn't it have been. It would have been impossible to find a nicer bunch of fellows and all in all it would have been kind of hard to find a better prefect. With most of the students coming back next year, and presumably the same can be said for the Prefect, we can all look forward to another banner year, starting next September.

* * *

CRIB NOTES

Just to prove that miracles never cease, LIPPY showed up at a formal dance . . . Now that the snow banks have completely melted away BERNIE MURPHY finds it ever more difficult than usual to keep his car on the streets and off the sidewalks . . . What Boarder went to supper recently with 150 nurses? . . . Judging from JOHN HALEY'S example, more of the boys should invite their sisters down for the dances . . . Speaking of Balls, DOUG HANEY went into the import business himself, however, she obviously wasn't his sister.

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CAKES & BREAD



by Lorne Hemphill

ENGINEERS DOMINATE SPORT SCENE

Of the three Inter-Fac sports played this year the Engineers walked off as top dogs in two, while the Artsmen were victorious in one. Commerce failed to win a championship in Inter-Fac play this year. Engineers took both the football and hockey crowns and came close to taking the basketball title only to have a determined Arts team spoil their chances. Another Inter-Fac sport is in the offing. Several enthusiasts are forming a round-robin softball series to be played between the three faculties. The field will be ready once it is rolled and this venture will be swinging into full steam. Commerce hope to take at least one sport title this year and the softball league may be their chance.

TRACK MEET SCHEDULED FOR MAY 14

The annual Maritime Inter-Collegiate Track Meet is scheduled to be held at Acadia University starting May 14. There is a notice to this effect on the A.A.A. board in the basement. Those wishing to represent the University are asked to sign their names to this list so that adequate plans can be made for the meet. Those interested are asked to sign it within the next few days.

RAY CRAIG NEW A.A.A. PREXY

The student body of Saint Mary's last week picked Ray Craig as the man to lead them into the Athletic field. Ray won over his only rival Bill Bailly in a closely contested polling. The students of Saint Mary's are getting a man who has proven himself in the past year as an able and active member of the A.A.A. Congratulations Ray and good luck in your endeavors of next year.

APOLOGY TO THE HOOPSTERS

In the last issue of the Journal I was unfair to our Inter-Collegiate Basketball team and several people have pointed this out to me. I literally gave them the roast because they had fared badly. This was not intentional on my part and I would like to apologize to the team and the coach. The team had a rough year, ending up in second last place, yet this Inter-Collegiate League is a tough league for any team when you consider the competition. Most of the other teams in the league boasted good players with lots of experience. Our team had good players but lacked sufficient experience to cope with that of the others. They lost but no one can say that they did not give their all. On more than one occasion they made it rough for the other side, so rough in fact that they beat some of the top teams. The only team who came out with a clean slate against our boys was the powerful "X" squad which eventually took all the marbles in Maritime Inter-Collegiate Basketball competition. Once again, sorry, fellows.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

The Saint Mary's puck chasers ended up in a tie for third and last place and at the same time had five players in the "big ten" in the scoring race. The two top men were wearers of the maroon and white, Tom Hartley and "Ducky" Scarfe. Many probably wonder how come? Well, even I can't answer that one. The showing made was a notable one and will be even more so next year with many good players expected to come to Saint Mary's in the fall. The team had fight, spirit and top scorers and at times looked like world beaters. Then came the slag which usually beat them. Always the team would bounce ahead and then for a whole period they would slow down and boom, before you knew it they were behind. Like the basketball team they had the stuff but the stuff the other teams displayed was at times a bit better. More experience, bench strength and recruits are in the offing for next season, things we need and things we expect to get.

TENNIS AND BADMINTON — A ROUGH GO

Dave Fenton put much effort into the coaching and managing of the tennis and badminton teams but the outcomes were disastrous. The other universities were far better in every respect. The big trouble lies in not that the representatives were poor players but that we had not the reserve of high calibre players to call upon. The other universities' players were experienced competitors and many men were available to be called upon. With a large student enrollment at Saint Mary's the picture would have been much brighter. This leads us to the saying "look to the future."

SWEEP, SWEEP, SWEEP

Saint Mary's team of curlers made a creditable showing at the annual Inter-Collegiate Bonspiel recently as they ended up in third place. King's College ran off with the title for the second consecutive year but at the same time our men made a battle out of it and at time it looked as though they might just pull an upset. The Saints surprised everyone when they took the measure of the top teams but ironically enough their main defeats came at the hands of the weaker teams. They are pressure curlers and show their stuff when the heat is on. The team will be intact for next year which is encouraging news.

Arts Capture Hoop-Loop

Lead by John Mercier and Omar Fagan the Arts Basket entry in the Inter-Fac Hoop Loop stopped Engineers' bid in their quest for the league crown by taking a two-game total points series 77-75.

The first game in the series was taken by the Latin Scholars with a 7-point margin. The final score read 42-35. Big John Mercier was the difference in the first game as he managed to hit the basket for 17 points. Terry Burns and Wayne Burke were the big guns for Engineers, each having 9 points.

The second game was played on the same lines as the first but the outcome was different as Engineers came out on top. John Mercier was checked more closely and was held to only 6 points. Terry Burns and Wayne Burke were again top men for the Chemists with 11 and 13 points respectively. Omar Fagan took over as top man for Arts with 12 points. The final score, 40-35 for Engineers.

Statistics (Two-Game Total)
ARTS — Roach 12; Mercier 23; Burke 10; Flinn 7; Fagan 15; LeBlanc 10 — 77.

ENGINEERS — Mansour 2; MacKiKnonn 17; Burns 20; Burke 22; Roberts 3; MacDonald 11 — 75.



John Driscoll

For the first time in the history of the bowling league the Commerce Debits have won the League Championship and it is the first time in four years that any Commerce Bowlers have won the championship. Trophies and prizes were awarded to the following:

- Commerce "Debits" for winning the League Championship.
 - Engineering "Slide Rules" for winning the consolation series.
 - High Average, Tom Muise.
 - High Single, Gordon Latter and Emmett Berrigan.
 - High Double, Tom Muise.
- A meeting of the league in the near future will conclude one of the most successful Bowling seasons ever held by the University.

STAR OF THE WEEK

The final "Star of the Week" award went to Basil Martin, coach of the Engineers' Inter-Fac Hockey Team. Why did a non-player receive the award? Many people do not realize that 'Baz' gave up working to coach the Engineers and thus lost quite a bit of money. The A.A.A. felt that any man who showed so much interest in his Faculty team and, therefore, promoted Inter-Fac competition at this University, then it was only fitting that the sacrifice made by 'Baz' should not go unnoticed. A well deserved award.

MIAU CONFERENCE

Nothing which went on at MIAU conference at Sackville was of any consequence to Saint Mary's with the exception that Father O'Donnell was re-elected President of the Union by acclamation — a popular choice. Several items which we did want to go through could not because adequate notice was not given. Therefore, notice of motion was made at the meeting so that these points could be either accepted or rejected at next year's meeting.

PIGSKIN SEASON A HAPPY ONE

In this column all you have read about in the line of Inter-Collegiate sports was losses or the failure to win. You may think that all has been lost, but not so. Saint Mary's had the greatest gridiron season in her history. Engineers won the football title in Inter-Fac competition, which was no surprise. The High School team restored the trophy from their league to the halls from which it had been missing since 1948 as they completely outclassed the QEH squad in the finals. The great and powerful Saint Mary's Junior team brought the first major Football title to the University, in a series played against Shearwater. The final games will not too soon be forgotten as the maroon and white won two exciting games played on a rain and mud soaked field. The team picked up eleven points in the last five minutes of play to eke out a close one-point victory over a startled Navy team. The fans went wild and players let out shrieks of joy. This was short-lived as Navy protested and it was upheld. The last game was played on a field soaked with rain and turned muddy by the sharp cleats of the contestants. The University rooters were out in force and held on through the rainy weather to see a determined, hard driving, ever plugging Saint Mary's team waltz through a thoroughly beaten Shearwater team and emerge as victors with a 10-0 win. A championship is a joy to behold and it is on this happy note that I leave you for this year.



RAY CRAIG
New A.A.A. President

A.A.A. Makes Awards

On Tuesday, April 19 the A.A.A. held its annual award day. Fourteen men were recipients of the highest athletic award which can be given at University, the Athletic "M".

Those who received their "M"s were David Fenton, Don Currie, Fred Gallagher, Don Gillis, John Haley, Ed Burke, Jules Boudreau, Doug Murray, Robert Mansour, Jack Sark, Ron LeBlanc, Vic Mahar, Paul Doucette and Lorne Hemphill.

Special commendation was given to those men who contributed much to the success of Athletics but for whom there is no awards available. These men are John Driscoll, Kevin Cleary, Louis Dian, Bill MacDonald, Ed Young, Doug Haney, Frank Murphy, John MacKinnon, Don Smith, Joey Johnson, Frank Baldwin and the referees of the Inter-Fac Leagues; Paul Baxter, Don Fultz, Bernie Kirk and Jim Delaney. The Nu-Way Dry Cleaners were also mentioned for their contributions.

The Engineers' and Arts' Inter-Fac teams were congratulated on winning league championships. Ray Craig was congratulated on his winning the A.A.A. elections and was wished every success for next year.

Tom Hartlet was the recipient of a special award. This award was donated by the A.A.A. and given to Tommy, who won the Intercollegiate Hockey scoring championship.

Engineers Win Title

The Engineers entry in the Inter-Fac Hockey League swept through the playoffs without a loss as they downed Arts and then Commerce, in that order, to retain the championship won by them last year. Engineers, surprisingly enough, ended in last place in the regular league schedule but in the playoffs they showed a complete reversal of form.

In the semi-final round with Arts, Engineers took the round 8-4 in the two-game-total-points series. The first game was a nip-and-tuck battle with the score moving back and forth. The second game was all Engineers as they won handily thus eliminating Arts and placing them on the sidelines until next year. The scores of the games were 4-3 and 4-1.

Commerce skated on the ice in the first game of the finals with an easy air of pre-meditated victory. This feeling was short lived as Commerce, top team in regular league play, fell under the onslaught of the determined Engineers. The score, 10-2 was a marked upset or better still an upheaval.

The second game was vastly different as Commerce showed a little of their old smoothness and drive but, nevertheless, Engineers again emerged victorious coming out on top 6-5 and taking a 2-out-of-3 final in straight games.

The victory, although sweet, was marred for the Engineers as their spark plug Harold Haley, was badly injured in the final game as he suffered a broken arm after tangling with the Commerce goal post. We hope Harold's arm heals rapidly so that he can again be a bright star for Engineers in next year's play.

Summaries (Semi-Final)
First Game

- First Period:**
1. Eng.—Sheehan (Pheeny)
- Second Period:**
2. Arts—Fagan, (Osborne, Craig)
3. Eng.—Leach (Sheehan)
4. Arts—Flinn (LeBlanc)
5. Arts—Randall (Osborne)
Penalties—Reid
- Third period:**
6. Eng.—Haley (Unassisted)
7. Eng.—Haley (Unassisted)
Penalties—Pheeny, Reid

Second Game

- First Period:**
No Scoring
Penalties—Reid
- Second Period:**
1. Eng.—Burke (Unassisted)
2. Arts—Clarke (Unassisted)
Penalties—Currie
- Third Period:**
3. Eng.—Burke (Leach)
4. Eng.—Downie (Unassisted)
5. Eng.—Haley (Unassisted)
Penalties—Reid

FINALS

First Game

- First Period:**
1. Eng.—Leach (Reid)
2. Eng.—Reid (Unassisted)
3. Eng.—Downie (Unassisted)
4. Comm.—Butler (Unassisted)
5. Eng.—Haley (Reid)
No penalties
- Second Period:**
6. Eng.—Currie (Sheehan)
7. Eng.—Haley (Burke, Leach)
Penalty—Hanlon
- Third Period:**
8. Eng.—Downie (Unassisted)
9. Comm.—Hanlon (Muise)
10. Eng.—Burke (Haley)
11. Eng.—Burke (Leach)
12. Eng.—Downie (Sheehan)

FINAL GAME

- First Period:**
1. Eng.—Currie (Unassisted)
2. Eng.—Haley (Burke)
3. Eng.—Haley (Leach)
4. Eng.—Burke (Reid)
Penalty—Hanlon
- Second Period:**
5. Comm.—Hanlon (Muise)
6. Comm.—Flinn (Davies)
7. Eng.—Leach (Haley)
8. Com.—Butler (Muise)
No penalties
- Third Period:**
9. Eng.—Downie (Unassisted)
10. Comm.—Butler (Muise)
11. Comm.—Hanlon (Unassisted)
Penalty—Chapman