

**Oral History Interview with Kenneth Butler**  
**Conducted by Angela Baker, August 12, 1993**  
Transcription by Curtis Dray, February 23, 2000

KB: ...and she's got a good sense of humour. She said, "I thought I was going to be picked up."

AB: Ok. Well, let's start off with your full name, just for the record.

KB: Oh, you've got the tape on.

AB: Yep, I got the tape on.

KB: Oh, good. That's an interesting looking microphone.

AB: It picks up very well.

KB: My name is Kenneth Walter Joseph Butler.

AB: And your date and place of birth?

KB: Halifax, about 7:30 in the evening, February 1<sup>st</sup>, 1929. Jubilee Road, 133, opposite St. Thomas Aquinas School.

AB: So, what years did you attend St. Mary's?

KB: St. Mary's from about 1947 to 1950.

AB: So, did you att...

KB: Excuse me, I've got to think about that a bit. If I graduated in '50, take off 4 so that...

AB: 46.

KB: That's 46 and another 3 for high school so it must have been around about 1943. So it was during the war and you started in grade 9, 10, 11...there was no grade 12 in those days. Then you went in freshman, first year, and science was a four-year course. But if you took science in engineering courses, then you graduated with your engineering certificate after the third year and you got to go to the graduation twice; your third year and then your fourth year. After your third year, you could go to Nova Scotia Tech for various types of engineering: civil, mechanic, electrical, etc. So, if you stayed on got your degree that was four years. So you got a science degree in engineering subjects.

AB: Is that what you did?

KB: Yes.

AB: Ok. So at the time it was the Jesuits at the []?

KB: The Jesuits had taken over a few years before. It had been the Christian Brothers prior.

AB: And, what were they like as educators?

KB: As educators? Well, I think it was fun for a boy who had been educated by women at St. Thomas Aquinas or the Catholic schools in Halifax because it was a divided school system. It was public but there was Catholic and there was so-called non-Catholic, or Protestant, whatever way you wanted to put it. So, when we arrived at St. Mary's, now you had men who were teaching you. Some of them were pretty hard compared to what we were experiencing with nice ladies and nuns. Nevertheless, it was new and interesting.

AB: What was their approach to teaching?

KB: Tougher than the women, of course. And, there was always an emphasis on Latin, which was a pain for somebody who was interested in sciences. Anyhow, we took it and it was good for us. French...we didn't get a lot of these things because they weren't practical languages for us. We got a lot of history out of Latin believe it or not. Then we had mathematics, algebra and geometry and trigonometry and then as we got into university we had differential and integral calculus, which was part of the engineering.

AB: So, how would you describe the workload?

KB: The workload? There was probably much to do if you were a serious student and that's a very interesting question when we talk about serious students. We were young fellows, just at the point of puberty...just after puberty and the testosterone was flowing and girls were very important in your thoughts. You never get very much chance to go out with girls but it was a major distraction for you. I think today if you had girls in the classroom, under those circumstances, the boys would totally be distracted. There was something that I wanted to explain to you on that. So, the girls never came to the university. Once a year perhaps there would be some girls come. I don't think they ever had a freshman dance or anything at the university. That would be too much of a disruption because of it being a boy's school only. The building was quite small. One of the things I remember in particular was, there was a terrible rough old door. It must have been about 3 and a half feet wide and about 8 feet tall, heavy as anything and it was balanced by huge metal weight and that was the entrance door into the side of the school and that's where all the students went in. So, when that thing opened, you better get in quick because if that thing came at you and hit you – I never heard of anyone getting hit –

but it was a cruel type door. If you were late, there was a Dean of discipline, a Father Hank McCarthy, who was a great old pussy cat, but he'd make a lot of noise and he might hit somebody on the hand if they were 20 minutes late for no reason but it was just fun. So, discipline was not harsh. It was...you knew who the professors were who could be awkward. They were usually people that were incomp...well, perhaps not so much inc...I wouldn't like to say incompetent but they certainly didn't feel competent about themselves. Not so much the Jesuits but there was a few lay people there that really didn't have any confidence in themselves as to the subjects they were teaching. I won't mention their names. They were my personal opinions.

My favorites in the university was Father Buck O'Donnell and he and I were always kibitzing back and forth because he didn't teach us...the engineers. But, he decided to coach me and I won the radio speaking contest in 1949, the first and perhaps the only engineer that ever won that. And I was runner-up for the platform speaking and the radio speaking contests the following year and Father O'Donnell, who ran the program said, 'damn it, you won both of them.' So, that was it.

AB: What other activities went on at the school?

KB: Well, there was one time I remember that they had all the students come out on the campus... The campus is where St. Patrick's School is now on Quinpool Road at Windsor. We thought it was a big field and it had rocks like any other field. The grass wasn't great because that was where the boys played football and baseball and those little sort of gravel or ash running track around it. The priests would walk around. They had to say their [berivery] once a day. So you'd see them walking around in their black outfits around and around. It was a terrible imposition for the priest. You know you probably had to spend an hour or two reading this a day. So, anyway, we were all put out there...maybe there was 300 students...and you had to pick up rocks so the football players weren't going to fall down and get hurt. They had a little difficult time imposing this upon us. I think we would have picks rocks more happily if it'd been volunteer. But it seemed to be imposed upon us. But I remember that activity. I personally used to plough the sidewalk in the last year I was going to university with a little garden tractor. The university, of course, as you and I talked about once before had a double handball court that was made of wood, no doubt constructed by the Christian Brothers some years before and the side wall of that was the orphanage. And if your ball went over, probably you didn't get it back. The Orphs would get it. The old building was brick. It had a little cross, if I recall, up on one of the chimneys and it was always said that there was something hidden behind that brick cross. Nobody did say if anyone checked it when they tore the building down. There was a library, probably inadequate but it didn't really matter to us. We seldom researched things. We were not terribly serious students and the few things we had to research, it was adequate for us.

AB: Any clubs or associations?

KB: There were certain clubs with the Latin names but the engineers didn't get so involved with that. A few of the Arts students did. There was quite a bit of debating. There was the M.I.D.L. debates. I was involved with those and we were successful, another chap and I, against one of the New Brunswick teams. There was the Journal, which produced about, I think bi-weekly, a small sheet, which no doubt you've seen. The Journal was fun. There was always somebody who was called the Jotter and he was a bit like Frank Magazine. He would get something on someone and publish it. Nobody would know who did it but it was more in fun than anything else...good training for anyone. There was exams, of course, which weren't much fun. You had tests quite often but you had exams at least twice a year and those were all held in the Assembly Hall, which also substituted for a priest by the name of Father Finian, no doubt a Quebec Jesuit who was very dedicated to Jesuit martyrs, the Jesuits who came over in the 1700s and of course were martyred by the Iroquois. So, he had a little...I think it was a dresser and inside that was an altar and he had this dedicated as a shrine; I think it was Daniel or Brebeuf, which was kind of neat. There was a stage and interestingly enough in later years, in 1953, when the old university building was not being used by the university but that hall was being used by the Newman Club, which was the Catholic Association for the non-Catholic universities. So guys from a university that wasn't Catholic could go and meet Catholic girls at this club. So, the Mount St. Vincent girls would come in, the Convent Sacred Heart would come in and some from Dal, some from St. Mary's and so on. There was still no girls at St. Mary's in those days and one particular night, I went and met my wife Catherine who was going to Kings taking Social Work. So, a year later we got married and we're still married. We've had five kids. So...but coming back to activities, there was the sedulity and that was important. The Sedulity was the dedication to the Blessed Virgin Mary. So, on December the eighth every year there was always a holiday or any other times during the year there was a Catholic thing there would be a holiday but particularly December the eighth. We could come back and there was a movie and there was a big tray of hot dogs and pop...all you could eat. Probably two each. There would be various minor activities but for those days it wasn't bad, eh. I remember they showed King Kong one night and Father O'Donnell was running the projector because St. Mary's was fairly high-tech for those days. So they had a 16mm projector and you could rent films and King Kong took the top blouse off of the women – by the way, that woman is still living. She's from a small town in the U.S.A. – and poor Father O'Donnell saw this sorta strip tease happen...whether she took it all off or not, I don't know...but anyway, he tried to stop the projector but he missed and this was the big thrill, ya know. So, one time there was some girls came from one of the high schools or universities for something and they all sat in the hall and we sat on the other side and a university that doesn't have girls or a high school that doesn't have girls with guys have so much pent up enthusiasm for girls that it took at least three days for the building to settle down. Everyone was excited. The testosterone was flowing...we didn't even have that word in those days.

So, activities...hockey, of course. Everyone went to the university and high school hockey and football games in the fall of the year. There was one chap, I may have told you this the other day, his name was Joe Levins and he was a Jewish guy and he was going to Queen Elizabeth and Joe was kind of a fat sort of guy and he brought on all kinds of remarks from the St. Mary's students when he was going to Queen Elizabeth. He was playing Center, or Snap. The following year, he came over to take freshman at St. Mary's and, my God, 'it was Joe, what a great guy' and he was playing Center for us and if you wanted to get any time off, the Jesuits were particularly sympathetic to Jewish people. If there was a Jewish student, he'd get away with murder. If you wanted a half-day off just ask Joe Levinston to talk to the Dean and say we had something we'd like to do and you'd get the day off. But let a Catholic try and he was dead. So, there was prejudice but prejudice in favour of the opposite. So Joe, later, became a war correspondent and he was going up a hill in Korea and he couldn't quite make the hill so he backed up and we backed up and he drove over a landmine and he was killed.

During university days, there was a few students who died of leukemia. There was a chap who was about 5 years older than me, Delysle Ingles, he died, very bright guy. There was also a Miller boy who's father ran Miller piano, Dr. Miller who used to be...recently was the deputy minister of health...his brother died of leukemia. You'll see these people in these books. There wasn't a lot of deaths. There was a priest. I think his name was Fad Mullaley(Patrick Malone?). He died when he was president. So, there was a day off and we all went down to the basilica for the funeral. The bishop would come on occasion - Bishop McNally. He was fairly pompous. And at that time, they were starting to build the new St. Mary's College. The building was built of stone. The stone came from the old Gasworks, which originally had been the Dominion Penitentiary near Point Pleasant Park. Interestingly, my grandfather, John Flynn, had been the Governor of the prison at the time it was closed around 1880. They transferred all the prisoners to Dorchester. That's when Dorchester opened. But it was kinda interesting about 1877, on St. Patrick's Night...no doubt everyone was having a drink. The prisoners broke out of their compound and broke into my grandfather's living accommodations and he was injured and later he was crippled. He died about 1907 in North End Halifax.

So, coming back to St. Mary's... We were very proud of being Santamarians. We were, I suppose, looked down upon by Dalhousie simply by the scale that we were a smaller university and of course we did not offer post-graduate courses, so we were simply offering bachelor courses and we were partly a high school. When I graduated in 1950, I was vice-president of the graduating class. I think a veteran was a...by the name of Ingles...I think it was Ingles...he was the president and of course it wouldn't be very important to him. I haven't seen him since but I did bring a get together for our twenty-fifth in 1975 and I phoned around to get the people together and it was a total graduating class in 1950 of approximately 25 students in all the faculties and the faculties were Engineering, Engineering Science, Arts, Commerce and Journalism.

AB: Journalism.

KB: There was an old man, he was very quiet. His name was Adam Kievitch. He taught something to the Arts students. Whatever it was, it would have to be desperately boring. We were very fortunate that we didn't have to have lectures from him because he didn't speak very good English. But he came from the area of Bosnia and that. He had a square face and I don't think he ever smiled. He looked sad. He obviously was separated from his family and he sort of stayed at the university like a crippled sparrow. I told you the story about...in around 1949 or '50, when a final exam was being held in the Assembly Hall and Adam Kievitch was sitting up on the stage at a chair and table and he wound up his Big Ben alarm clock and he said, "the exam, she will start." A chap by the name of Chuck Jones went up some time later and changed the setting of the alarm clock and of course we were all waiting for that to go off while the exam was going on. So, eventually it went off. Of course everyone was terribly amused and poor Adam Kievitch was trying to reach down around the side of his chair to try and shut off the alarm clock thinking he was in bed upstairs and finally he discovered he was in front of everyone. So he knocked off the bell on the alarm clock and he said, "the exam, she's over." And, of course, then they pointed out to him that the time...it was only about a half-hour that had passed and he apologized. I don't know if he reset the clock or not but we sure as heck never forgot that incident. There was also another fellow at that exam and he was taking I think Arts at the time and the only way he could possibly pass his exams was he had set up one of those high cast iron [raiders] of a filing cabinet. Somehow or another, he had some kind of an arrangement in there that he could select whatever information he needed to pass the exams. That particular day, the Jesuits and finally caught on to it and he was moved from that seat and I don't believe he passed the exams. Probably if he'd spent as much time studying as he did with his filing system, he probably would have passed with flying colours.

AB: You'd mentioned an incident about a Bromine spill?

KB: Yes. I believe it was Joe Levinson. Joe was taking freshman engineering...perhaps it was in the second year...and Bromine is...I think it's extracted from sea water – it probably is something like Iodine...and these are chemical that are no doubt were almost used in the household years ago like Iodine was and Creoline water and all those sorts of things. You don't hear of them today. But anyway, Bromine had a very strong smell and mucus would immediately come out of your nose and mouth. You just dripped. So anyway, Joe dropped this bottle of Bromine in the lab, the chem. lab upstairs, and the professor at the time, an awfully nice guy...I don't know whether or not he's still living or not...I had his name the other day, it's the same...

AB: Sabean? Al Sabean?

KB: Al Sabeen. Same name as the boys that were brought up by the wolf that founded Rome. So Al of course was a great guy and he wanted everyone out and he was trying to clear this mess up and we left and we were getting everyone out of the building and the odour was desperate. I was downstairs and I said I hadn't seen Professor Sabeen so I went back up. I had to pull him out the room. I don't know if he'd collapsed or if he was near collapsing. So, I remember that in particular because there was a corrosion stain on the metal ceiling...in those days the old ceilings were metal. You may have seen these fancy ceilings. They would be fastened up with nails and painted and they looked great until somebody would spill some water upstairs and they'd rust. They weren't galvanized. So there was always that stain. So you'd look and say, "that was where the Bromine was spilled."

AB: Ok. Could you discuss what the role of religion was in your days at St. Mary's?

KB: Yes. The role of religion was extremely important because when you went to St. Mary's in the high school as I'd mentioned to you earlier, you were awfully glad to go to St. Mary's because you didn't have to write the final exams, the provincials that you had in St. Pat's and Queen Elizabeth. Now, religion was important because the borders had to go to mass every morning or were supposed to go to mass every morning. I think mass was either six or seven o'clock in the morning and as a student on your own, living at home, which I was a day hop, living at home you went to mass of course every Sunday and you went to confession once a week at least and you always had the same sins, eh...usually something to do about thinking about girls or cursing...very minor ones. When Lent would come...I know I used to go to mass and communion before school every morning and Advent before Christmas you would go to mass and communion every morning. You were always encouraged to do those things <phone ringing.> There was always a religion class...<phone rings again>...for about half an hour or an hour and it was called...there was other fancier names...<phone rings again>...there was ethics and different things that these...excuse me a second <gets up to answer phone>

AB: [something about apologies]

KB: ...I thought my wife would get that but she...

<tape cuts off, then resumes>

AB: ...it seems to be quite a pattern. Ok, so could you say that again?

KB: Ok, now we were talking about religion, weren't we? Now, religion was very important because, you know, you wouldn't go to Dalhousie. You wanted to first get your basic degrees in the Catholic University because you wouldn't be...it would sort of be turning your back on your religion. Well, then, following that, your children then went to St. Mary's. It wasn't necessarily in those days then

because this was now in the 60s and 70s and 80s and it wasn't because of religion but it was simply the fact that they were following their parent perhaps. But the university now had expanded and had bigger buildings, nicer facilities. At that point, the Jesuits were all gone but for a few token priest that might be there and education was being handled by the province and the federal government. So, I was on the board at St. Mary's when my son was also involved with...quite involved with the university...Mike, who's with the Federal Justice Department here and it was nice to know...it's a nice thing to have these roots but the roots are so different at St. Mary's. It's a different campus than when we were there, there are not the Jesuits, in other words the family ties are gone. But you can walk in the doors and you're a graduate and you've...having been back to St. Mary's a bit as a board member for a number of years, I did get feelings...keep feelings with the university and of course your children had gone there. So they were letting you know what the university was like.

So perhaps I should tell you that about 1949, when I was taking engineering, Professor Ryan, who was the Dean...who later became the Dean of Engineering... At that time, the Dean of Engineering was Father Burke-Gaffney, the very well known astronomer that the astrological part of the university's named after. He's an extremely interesting man...a lot of fun. Had a very sharp temper of course. But he was known to be a genius and by being a genius, you didn't seem to learn as much from him because the questions you'd ask him, you'd feel would be kinda mundane for such a bright person. But coming back to Mr. Ryan who is far from being a genius, he was our Dean of Engineering at a later date...he wasn't at that time...he took myself and another chap and we went down and we surveyed off the present campus of St. Mary's, the new campus, and the idea was that we were to survey it, stake it... It had been the part of the old Gorsebrook golf course and we were to split it in two: one half for St. Mary's and one half for Mount St. Vincent. It was pretty obvious to us students that the campus was too small for that and not too long afterward when the building was started around 1949, '50, it was now just going to be St. Mary's University. And that summer in 1950, I worked as an architectural draftsman for the contractor who was...I know the engineer I worked under was Pat Fleming and the company was known as Macdonald Construction and there was tremendous cost overruns. I remember there was a priest used to come in and get me to sit on chairs and he'd measure you so they could decide how high they had to put the bunks. So, it was pretty rinky-dink the way some of those Jesuits were deciding how they were going to put the furniture in the building because all you had to do was go to an architectural manual and all those measurements are there.

So that was...when the university was finished, the Catholics of the province of Nova Scotia had this tremendous debt and I think it was considered to be around 5 million dollars, which was a lot of money for those days. So if you take inflation into account that would probably be say 25 or...25 million say by today's standards which would be substantial. So the back of the building was not completed, as you know, with the stone. Now, where they got the stone to finish the rest of the



building, I don't know. All I know is that the front came from the Gasworks, which had been the Dominion Penitentiary.

AB: O.K. now there's a few other things.

KB: Do you want to talk about Gussy's?

AB: Oh yes. The social gathering.

KB: Yes that's right. Gussy's was a small restaurant underneath a small apartment building on the corner between Windsor Street and Robie Street on Quinpool Road on the North Side and it was a gathering place for people from QEH, St. Mary's, a few from St. Pat's and of course when you got into college at St. Mary's, you were older than the others and of course as a guy it was great because all the girls were interested in these big college Joes who were smoking pipes and trying to be glamorous as they could be. The interesting thing was the owner and operator of the restaurant was a William Russell who's son was also William Russell, or Bill, also called Gussy and Mrs. Russell of course and they ran the...it was called the Willow Tree Inn...that was probably the official name... And Mr. Russell always prided himself on having many barrels of Maraschino cherries down in the basement despite of the fact that the war was on. He hoarded this before the war and Bill was nicknamed Mickey Rooney and you'll see in some of the pictures that he did look a lot like Mickey Rooney did when Mickey was younger and Bill was a pretty bright guy...this was young Bill and he was the Jotter in 1950 at our graduation time. Bill decided to go off and become a Jesuit. So, Mrs. Russell...and this is quite interesting...Mrs. Russell was president of the Women's Auxiliary of St. Mary's and she was not a Catholic. She was a very good friend of the Jesuits. So anyway, Mrs. Russell later became a Catholic when Bill became a Jesuit priest. So all those people are dead. Bill died quite young...came out of the Jesuits later on, got married and he's dead now about 3 years and Mrs. Russell's gone and Mr. Russell had died some time before. So, that's where the parking garage is. But it was kind of a nice place to go. And Dalhousie had their place and I forget the name of their place. We never went there very often 'cause you were going off your neighbourhood territory. There's was on Spring Garden Road...yes, just at the foot of Coburg, where Coburg and Spring Garden join.

AB: About your fellow students, what type of family background were they from generally?

KB: That's interesting. You know, when I left St. Thomas Aquinas of course, a lot of my classmates came along: Jeff Flynn, my cousin, and I had some other cousins, Flynn boys, in other grades. We were all pretty good academically but as you got older you got more distracted by girls. Your grades went down. But they were all basically middle-class people. There was some that had come, as I told you, from Herring Cove Road. This was kind of a phenomenon that I've noticed personally that the pilots must have made a fair bit of money before the war and particularly

during the war, piloting the ships out of the harbour. There was the Hayes'...Bishop Hayes is part of that family group. There was the Ladders and many, many names that ring bells at Herring Cove. So, they move their children in the city. A lot of them had moved back because of the nice environment of Herring Cove and they improvement in transportation and they bought homes in West End Halifax. So you saw them at St. Thomas Aquinas and they followed in turn over to St. Mary's. Now, prior to the war, or mainly during the war, people in Halifax were quite concerned about bombing and bombardment so there was also the fear that you know you had to stay in university or else you were in the military if you were of age. So a lot of the guys went to university and as long as they kept their grades and they were a member of the C.O.T.C., the Canadian Officer Training Corps. But on graduation, if they didn't do post-graduate work, they immediately went into the military. Now one chap went into the military: Eddie Arab. And there's a little park over off Coburg Road...Chebucto Road, I think it's called Eddie Arab Park and you immediately became 'leftenant'...lieutenant in the military in the U.S. and he was leading his platoon of...I think it was about twenty men and he just stepped up and he was shot and killed. So, if you didn't keep your grades up, you were gone into the military. So a lot of fellas didn't want to go into the military, they wanted to get their grades so if they went into the military, they wanted to go in on their own terms as officers. So there was a C.O.T.C. room in the university where they had a full-time Sergeant Major and of course he administered...he had all the guns and all the armaments and things and the C.O.T.C. students had their own uniforms and there was little white thing on their wide hat that indicated that they were C.O.T.C. as opposed to regular military. We in the high school...I think we had a choice if we wanted to could join the Cadets. So if you joined the Cadets, they issued you with a uniform except for your boots. Well this was great. You were a Cadet. So it was fun. And then the C.O.T.C. went to camp in the summer. We didn't get that privilege. I think I had mentioned to you that the university students in Engineering went to camp for a survey camp, a survey and geology camp, in your third year, which was a lot of fun. You were there with tech students and you were there for approximately three weeks with wonderful food and doing your engineering thing and you got to see some girls but they weren't too interested in you in Truro. There's something else I'm forgetting. I'm trying to think of what it was. My particular hobby or sport was hunting, as you can see in this room. My family of course spent a lot of time in Mount Uniacke. My father had been an immigrant from Lebanon and I guess he brought with him a desire to hunt. My mother was a local Irish, French-Acadian girl of the name Flynn from the North End Halifax who were fiercely loyal to the Irish side of the family. So, of course, when St. Patrick's Day came, everyone wore green even if they were Black.

AB: About your fellow students as well.

KB: Their backgrounds, yeah, you asked me that.

AB: Yeah

KB: They were all sort of...basically middle-class. Their parents probably didn't have a high school education. My father went to grade 8. He was an immigrant. Very bright man and quite successful in business but grade 8 would have been about as far as he would have gone. My mother, I assume, probably would have been around grade 8 at St. Pat's as well. That's St. Pat's School down on Brunswick Street. And of course the explosion took place in 1917 and her brothers and sisters were injured. Her brothers were injured and her father was injured and I suppose this had an impact on how far you went in school. There was 9 kids in the family and her father sold PEI potatoes. It was called Black & Flynn and it was a wharf and so in later years as I understand it there was a little bootleg going on down there. But prior to his death in around 1923, they had sold or traded Nova Scotia timber for PEI potatoes. But the other interesting thing about the sea was that my mother's grandfather was the captain of a [bar canteen] that sailed out of Pictou and their names were Bavin, which was French-Canadian and he married a Walsh from Waterford, Ireland and their daughters and so on intermarried into families in Antigonish and they would trade up and down the sea coast of North America and one of the sons got bitten by a dog in Cuba...one of the islands of Cuba and he was brought home in around 1890 back to Pictou in a keg of rum, the same as Napoleon was brought back from Waterloo. And he was buried up there...I don't think anyone's found the rum. So part of that family then ended up in New York and Philadelphia so all the Irish and French-Acadians are scattered along the North East coast of North America. You'd probably find relatives right down the coast if you investigated.

AB: So you had borders at the school at the time?

KB: Yes, there were borders there and you were award at the time. There were some from Newfoundland, very few from the city, you know. I suppose if the parents wanted them to go in the university or the high school and board and no doubt they have strong feelings for the university because they actually spent time there. Now, I assume they slept in one room...I think that was the way it was set up. Now the priests had an area where they stayed. They had their rooms wherever they stayed and that was out of bounds to the students and there was a name for that and it just slips my mind... There's a name for that sort of thing where [] people aren't suppose to go.

AB: Well, those are about the areas that I wanted to cover unless you can think of anything else you'd like to add?

KB: There was something else. Oh yes, and when the war ended. V.E. day. That was 1945 and of course we were students then and of course Barrington Street was wrecked and there was rum and there was all kinds of things all over the place and debauchery. But part of that...there was also times when ships would sink by torpedo in Herring Cove so there'd be contraband in the city. There would be military ration kits and there were tractors and all sorts of things. Some properties

were sold through people who were salvaging them and others of course, it was contraband. Gasoline was very scarce in those days of course and you had gasoline-rationing coupons. Probably only had 5 or 10 gallons for an ordinary car for the year. You know, if you had a truck you got more. So students were into this at home. The ones that would have been from Herring Cove would have had all that contraband. Now there was the people that came from Dartmouth. They could say that they were late because the ferry was late or they missed the ferry and quite a few of those people came from down in the Cole Harbour area. So there was the Dartmouth students, there was the Halifax students and there was the borders. That was sort of the various divisions. I spoke to a chap by the name of Tom Barry the other day and he was extremely interested. I didn't realize that people who had gone to St. Mary's around the time that I was there are fiercely loyal to the memories and they all have little anecdotes. But one story that I told you, I must repeat was the time in the Roarum, which was the building outside that we talked about which was rebuilt by my fathers company, Butler Brothers, around about 1945 and it was a rink and it relied solely on natural air to freeze it and they kept the sun off it but the ice didn't stay very well. There wasn't very many places to sit and watch the game. You just sorta stood around and watched it. During the breaks in the morning, the recess, students would go out and...this probably would have been high school or maybe freshman...but David Janigan, who's now quite well known as a doctor in the city...what is the name of that person who works with the dead people?

AB: Coroner?

KB: He was the coroner...very well known for it. David was a dark chap...I don't know what his racial origin was but he was a real character, very bright. And David was on this great [causer], rope, hanging from the beams or the trusses and he had a little fella by the name of Fred Cable was sitting on his lap with Janigan holding himself together at the bottom on a knot and I was swinging 'em and Janigan was saying "Higher. Higher" and snap, the rope broke and Janigan went down with Fred on top of him and his leg was broken. So we never saw Janigan again. This may have been as I say grade 11 or freshman and he lost a year over it but yet...

<Tape ends...interview not resumed.>