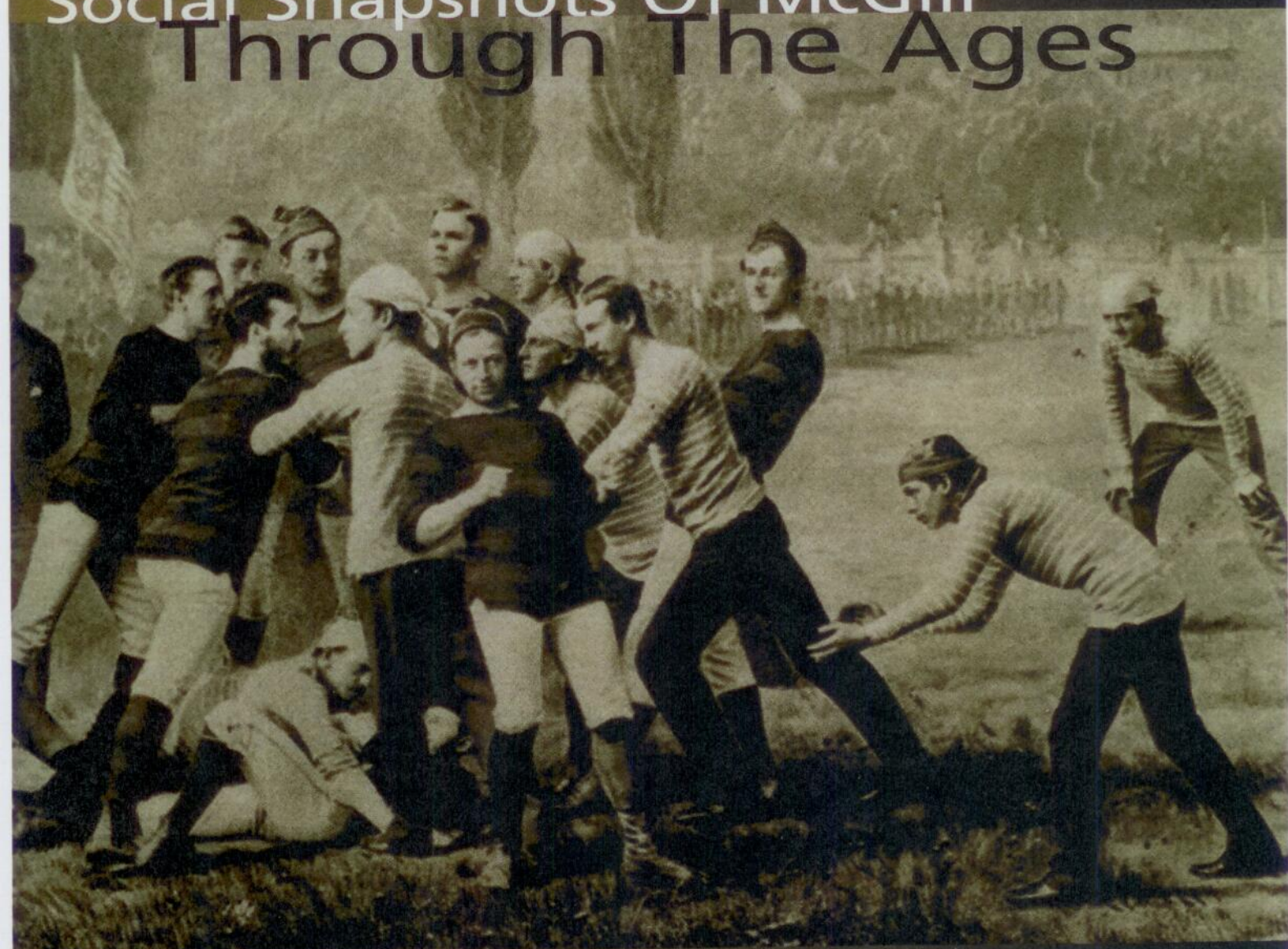


IV.

Social Snapshots Of McGill Through The Ages



Harvard v. McGill rugby game, 1874 (MUA)



Les activités sociales

"The First Football Game"

(Adapted from "The First Intercollegiate Rugby Games Played in North America", *Old McGill*, 1931)

The Harvard-McGill rugby series of 1874 that spawned the North American game of football is a well-chronicled historical event, but the contribution made by McGill Law students has not been properly spotlighted. In the spring of 1874 Harvard expressed grave dissatisfaction with the rugby rules under which her teams were playing and contacted McGill about playing an exhibition match with revamped rules. Meanwhile, the same idea had occurred to three McGill men, including Duncan Ewan Bowie, *B.C.L.* '73, and R. W. Huntington, *B.C.L.* '75. The trio often discussed the possibility of challenging the Americans but no steps were taken to do so. In the spring of 1874, however, a "formal but courteous" challenge was sent to Harvard, and arrangements were completed for a two-game series at Harvard in the spring followed by a return match in Montreal in the fall.

The rules of rugby as played in different North American jurisdictions were constantly in flux. Harvard, for instance, played a game noticeably different than that of McGill, who still followed the original English rules. Harvard's "pursuit rule" meant that a player could run with the ball only as long as another player chose to pursue him; when the would-be tackler decided to stop the pursuit, the other player was required to kick, pass or throw the ball.

The first game of the series was played at four in the afternoon, before two hundred and fifty spectators. Of the ten McGill players, six were law students.

"The Origins of Ice Hockey"

(adapted from the 1998-1999 *McGill Redmen Hockey Program*)

The genesis of ice hockey is still a matter of some controversy, although a McGill Law graduate is widely credited with being the Father of Hockey. James George Aylwin Creighton, *B.C.L. '80*, studied at Dalhousie University and was employed in Montreal as an engineer for several years before enrolling in the McGill Faculty of Law in 1877. Four years prior, Creighton had drafted rules for ice hockey after he and a small group of friends attempted to play lacrosse on skates in the Victoria Rink.

On March 3, 1875, two informal teams composed mainly of McGill students played in the world's first indoor game of ice hockey. The game again took place in Victoria Rink, and was divided into two halves, with nine men playing on each team. Creighton was captain of one

team, while Fred Torrance, *B.A. '78*, was captain of the other. Nearly two years later, in January of 1877, McGill students officially formed an ice hockey club and played the first of three contests with the Montreal Victorias. The first game, played on January 31, 1877, was won by McGill by a score of 2-1. The second game, on March 19, 1877, was a 1-0 loss, but McGill emerged victorious in the third game. Among the law students participating was McGill's team president, Archibald Dunbar Taylor, *B.A. '74, B.C.L. '78*; the team captain, Harry Abbott, *B.C.L. '78*; and William W. Redpath, *B.A. '79, B.C.L. '81*.

The first published account of a McGill hockey game appeared in the *McGill University Gazette*, of April 1, 1877, which read as follows:



McGill Hockey Club,
1881 (MUA)

On Monday afternoon, the [McGill University] Hockey Club had their return match with the Montreal [Victorias] Club, whom they had before beaten. The game began at 4:30, only six of the Montrealers being upon the ice [including James G.A.] Creighton (captain), *B.C.L. '80*The College team [included] Harry Abbott (captain), *B.C.L. '78*, and William W. Redpath, *B.A. '79, B.C.L. '81*.

After about ten minutes play, [the Victorias Club] took a long shot at goal, which bounced off one of our men's sticks, and went over...in [the] nets for McGill....The game soon recommenced, and from that time till the end of the match neither party secured any advantage. The Montrealers thus won by one to nothing. Although their captain had beforehand protested against any infringement of the rules, they began by playing off-side, their captain especially distinguishing himself.

The play throughout was very rough on both sides....This second match of the Hockey Club is their first defeat; the College, therefore, contrary to some predictions, need not be ashamed to own them.

The Faculty of Law may therefore lay claim to having had a fundamental role in the evolution of Canada's unofficial national sport through the contributions of James Creighton and a handful of other spirited McGill Law students.

"Arts v. Law"

(*McGill Outlook*, December 8, 1898)

The day of the battle broke dull and cheerless. There was already three inches of snow on the ground, and the man that makes the weather said there would be more, but as usual there wasn't. Everything had been prepared. Already Law had put the score of the match into the newspaper office as 13 to 2 in favour of themselves. The match was scheduled for three o'clock, so about half-past three the players began to arrive. As Arts was in to win or die, and from the weight of the Law men, it looked as if it were to be the latter, they sat down to have an *ante-mortum* picture taken, and then, realizing the voodoo, they got Law to do the same to annul it. At last the teams lined up, and then Law was seen to have the advantage, for they appeared to have fifteen captains to Arts' one. The referee yelled (he didn't have a whistle); [Percival] Molson, *B.A. '01*, of Arts, kicked off, and the greatest football match of the season had begun. The thousands of spectators of assorted sexes watched the course of the ball, and then as [Henri] Baby, *B.C.L. '00*, stretched forth his hands to heaven, and immediately dropped the pigskin, the Arts crowd yelled an awful yell. Suddenly a Law man missed a pass; the Arts' fast wings dribbled the ball, and when the snow cleared away Arts had one point. Then the play began again, and it was so fast that no one could follow it, not even the referee. The men were above rules. Who knew what offside meant? Who cared for the five-yard rule? No one; scrimmage after scrimmage followed...and the air was filled with cries of Law ball, Arts' ball, free kick Law, get off my face, let go my leg and several other expressions unpublishable. Only once was a signal given, when [Edmund A.] Burke, *B.C.L. '00*, good at the war cry, yelled 27, 46, 32, and then threw the ball out of touch. Arts secured it, and gained ten yards. Law did not try any other signals. Law appeared to think they had an easy thing, for one man carefully took off his boots during the game while another smoked a cigarette. Towards the end of the game Law's weight got the ball down to the Arts' line, and the ball was kicked over. The man who had money on Arts looked sick, but just then a gentleman named [Cyrus J.] MacMillan, *B.A. '00*, who was playing fullback, grabbed the ball as a boy grabs an apple out of the grocer's barrel when he isn't looking, and with the speed of a trolley car going down Windsor Hill when the brakes won't work, he dashed off, and eluding the Law men, like a streak of forked lightning, he tore down the field and placed the ball between the Law goals. Then time was called, and Arts had won by five to nothing, leaving Law with nothing but a moral victory.

"Snoeshoe Party"

(*McGill Outlook*, March 3, 1899)

On Friday, the 24th of February last, the students of the Law Faculty were invited to a students' snowshoe party given by Professor [Archibald] McGoun, *B.A. '76, B.C.L. '78, M.A. '89*. Unfortunately snow was a minus quantity; the programme was therefore changed into a climb up the mountain side to "Dunaven", where a dance and supper waited the climbers. The night was a glorious one; the moon was clear and the stars shone brightly. "Dunaven", the home of Professor McGoun, occupies an elevated and commanding position near the summit, on the south western slope of the smaller mountain. The position is excellent and the view beautiful.... Arriving at "Dunaven", the guests were received by Mrs. McGoun, who proved herself a most delightful hostess, and together with Professor McGoun was untiring in her efforts to bring out the bashful student and in seeing that no one was overlooked or neglected. The student who could not dance was certainly a heartsore on that occasion, as there were fifteen items on the programme, each one of which was carried out [with] the enjoyment and zest increasing with each number....The manner in which Mr. McGoun danced the Highland *schottische* and *reel* was a revelation to those of the boys who were not thoroughly alive to the Scottish descent of our Professor. The students are grateful to Professor McGoun for a most enjoyable evening, and above all appreciate the good feeling shown by him towards them on all occasions. They trust that these happy relations may always continue.

"Presentation to W.E. McIver, B.C.L. '99"

(*McGill Outlook*, November 29, 1900)

The Students in Law will not soon forget the lecture of Tuesday last. W.E. McIver, B.C.L. '99, who returned from South Africa...was welcomed by Dean Walton, LL.D. '15, on behalf of the Law students, and presented with a traveling bag as a material expression of their regard for him and for the work he did for the First Continent....Dean Walton, in a characteristically neat speech, told McIver how glad we were that he upheld the name of Old McGill in South Africa. The Dean touched on the Imperial significance of the Canadian contingents and the high appreciation the action of the colonies had met with in England....He trusted that, as McIver has returned to enjoy the blessings of peace, he would be willing to exchange his knapsack for the less glorious, but perhaps, more immediately useful traveling bag which the students wished him to accept.

Then McIver thanked us. Have you ever been thanked by a person with a slight Scottish accent whose words have an under-current of Scottish humour? If you have not, then an experience awaits you. His words were simple, but they brought vividly before us the different pictures that he had described. Story after story he told, now a humorous incident, now one that showed the horrors of war. The story that affected us most was that of Captain Towse, of the Gordon Highlanders....This was the Captain who avenged Maegersfonstein, who held a *kopje* with twenty-four men for four hours against a large force of Boers, and that, too, after a Boer bullet had destroyed both eyes. Propped up in the shelter of a rock he directed the movements of his men, cautioning them to prevent a flank movement, till the Boers were driven from their position. Of the twenty-four men only two were unwounded, while Captain Towse lost his sight beyond hope of recovery....

...Professor R[obert] C. Smith, B.C.L. '81, D.C.L. '14, in a few words spoke of the great pleasure he had in being present at the lecture just delivered [and stated that]...[t]he experience gained by our returned friend in South Africa would be invaluable to a young lawyer. A man who could exist on half a pound of mealie meal and two biscuits per day was peculiarly well fitted to survive the first few years of professional life. As the Professor of Commercial Law...pointed out, McIver had run many *risks*, and was justly entitled to the *premium* now presented to him....We should all feel proud that the Law Faculty had such a graduate who could fight gallantly for his Queen and then tell of his adventures as entertainingly as McIver had done. The meeting ended with the singing of the National Anthem, and we all adjourned to bounce our soldier laddie in good Canadian style.

"The Law Dinner"

(*McGill Outlook*, January 27, 1904)

The students of the Faculty of Law are to be congratulated on the very fine banquet they held at the Place Viger Hotel last Thursday night. It was easy to tell that there would be something doing as soon as one caught sight of the Menu Card. This was most original, taking the form of a legal document tied with the College colours...[with] *McGill Law Students*, Plaintiffs v. *The Care & Worry Co.*, Defendants....

When the business part of the programme was over Mr. [Michael A.] Phelan, B.C.L. '04, rose to propose the toast to the King. This was duly honoured as McGill students always do. Mr. [Charles A.] Pope, B.C.L. '05, then proposed the toast "Canada". He made a very witty and eloquent speech, which was much appreciated by all present. He rather startled the banqueters by advertising annexation, but brought the people around to his view before finishing. He thought that if the United States wished to come in with us that we might perhaps make room for them.



(*Old McGill*, 1906)

Mr. F[rederick] D. Monk, B.C.L. '77, M.P., responded to this toast in his usual able manner. He spoke of the gatherings the Law students used to have when he was an undergraduate of McGill. The revellers then went down to some oyster-schooner and filled up there. Mr. Monk advised all the students to cultivate a broad national spirit. He could see marked improvements in Canada in this respect but there was still much to be desired, he thought. Another great need was an improvement and reform of our education regarding Canada. The chairman then called on Mr. [William W.H.] Kerr, B.C.L. '72, to propose "Our Alma Mater". Mr. Kerr pointed out in an eloquent way the great name the University has made in all parts of the world. Recent additions were still to be made in the departments of Railways and Music, showing that we are still advancing.

Principal [Sir William] Peterson in replying to his toast expressed his great pleasure at being able to be present at this students' dinner. He then told of two requests he had received for McGill [g]raduates. The Chinese Government wanted an engineer and the British Government at Cairo was in need of a man to fill a chair in Civil Law. These offers, he thought, were a great tribute to the fame of Old McGill.

"Our Professors" was the next toast on the list. This was proposed by Mr. W[illiam] P. Ogilvie, *B.C.L. '04*. He showed how essential the profession was to every other form of civilization. He then paid a tribute to their popular Dean, who is the friend of all law students from their entrance to the graduating time. Dean [Frederick P.] Walton, *LL.D. '15*, was given a magnificent reception when he rose to respond to this toast. He spoke of the great influence and power wielded by the law students although they were so small in numbers. In athletics it was necessary to lay restraints on the number of law students entering. In sports one of their members had broken three records in about as many minutes[;] in order that students of the other faculties might stand some chance they had decided that Law should enter [only] one man....

"Class History of Law '14"

(excerpted from *Old McGill, 1914*)

This little history would be incomplete without mentioning the impromptu mock trial held on the first day of the month of November in the year Nineteen Hundred and Twelve at four o'clock of the afternoon. Mr. "Nixie" [Edmund F.] Newcombe, *B.A. '11, B.C.L. '13*, was indicted under section 109 of the *Criminal Code* for inciting Indians, before the Honourable Justice Dan P. Gilmour, *B.A. '11, B.C.L. '13*. The firm of [E. Stuart] McDougall, *B.A. '07, B.C.L. '13*, and [Aubrey Huntingdon] Elder, *B.A. '10, B.C.L. '13*, defended the prisoner while Mr. Adrian Knatchbull Hugessen, *K.C.*, conducted the prosecution. As the prisoner was unwilling to approach the dock it necessitated the Clerk of the Court in the person of Mr. [Henry Robert] Mulvena, *B.C.L. '12*, to use physical force in producing the accused. Constable [Shirley] Dixon, *B.A. '11, B.C.L. '14*, who made the arrest, was the first witness called, [and] told the court what a suspicious character the accused was. Several witnesses were called to testify as to the condition of the prisoner on the night of the arrest. In spite of the eloquent speeches made by counsel for the accused the learned judges found the prisoner guilty of the charge, but reserved sentence for a future sitting.

"Class History of Law '24"

(excerpted from *Old McGill, 1925*)

[U]nder the persuasive influence of our class executive and after much argument in view of the indignities recently suffered, we were finally induced to banquet the sophomore year who, despite the disdain which they recently displayed for us, accepted with alacrity. The Place Viger Hotel was chosen and, needless to say, a good time was had by all. The speeches were good, the jokes weren't too bad, the food was excellent and the freshmen learnt for the first time what really fine fellows the sophomores were and possibly *vice versa*....

"Class History Law '35"

(excerpted from *Old McGill, 1935*)

The class has had to endure several rather rank injustices from the world in general. For example, the sneers of idle [U]niversity of M[ontreal] law students have been hard to take. The third year research essay on the Law of Trusts was no end of a task. A new *Dominion Companies Act* in 1934 ruined an excellent set of typewritten notes, causing considerable grief generally. The new *Maritime Shipping Act* of this year didn't help either. Also the bones have been rolling hard and badly for various members of Law '35 (excluding Miss [Cicely] Manley, *B.C.L. '37*) in the internecine contests which have made the Law Smoking Room famous along with Monte Carlo, Agua Caliente, and other spots where gamblers congregate. Like the fellas who lived by taking in one another's washing, various gamblers in the class avoided starvation by winning one another's lunch money daily. Other members of the class went in a bit for Wine, Women and Song (guttural accent on the last after several bottles of the first)....

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"Members of Law '30 Hold Traditional Get-Together"

(*McGill News*, Spring 1948)

The class of Law '30 was graduated on Friday the Thirteenth. For the eighteen subsequent years the members have made it a point to hold a reunion on every Friday the 13th.

The class of Law '30 was graduated on Friday the Thirteenth. For the eighteen subsequent years the members have made it a point to hold a reunion on every Friday the 13th. Except for the hazards attendant upon the immediate gathering, Law '30 has proven that there is nothing particularly unlucky about this sort of thing. Come what may, including a large-sized war, these Friday the 13th dinners were held. On February 13th, which fell on a Friday, members of the class foregathered at the University Club in Montreal, under the chairmanship of S. Boyd Millen, *B.A. '27, B.C.L. '30*. Nine members were present, in addition to the Editor of *The McGill News*, who was invited on the strict understanding that he wouldn't speak but, equally imperative, that he would see that a record of the gathering was placed in the Spring issue of "The News." Lawyers being what they are, the Editor is fulfilling his obligation herewith, but by no means completely. Present at the very pleasant dinner and ensuing exchange of stories and songs were the following: R.G.M. Gammell, *B.A. '27, B.C.L. '30*, Nathan Cotler, *B.C.L. '30*, Roland Sabourin, *B.C.L. '30*, Harry Grundy, *B.C.L. '30*, S. Boyd Millen, *B.C.L. '30*, Charles Wolfson, *B.A. '26, B.C.L. '30*, Samuel Godinsky, *B.A. '27, B.C.L. '30*, John V. Casgrain, *B.A. '27, B.C.L. '30*, and Matthew C. Holt, *B.C.L. '30*.

"Anarchist Club"

(*McGill News*, Spring 1951)

The latest club on the campus is the Anarchist Club which frankly announced its purpose was to "oppose all worth-while projects and make sure that student activities do not run smoothly".

While there was considerable publicity about the club when its organization meeting was held, general feeling is that it will be no more active (touch wood) than the Atheist Club was last year. To be a member of the Atheist Club, by the way, you had to sincerely believe that no such club existed.

The Anarchist Club was, apparently, the brain child of several law students.

Some of the projects and policies of the club, which were announced following the first meeting, were as follows:

1. An attempt would be made to get more "No Parking" signs on the campus.
2. Copies of Queen's, Western and Toronto songs and yells would be distributed to all McGill students at each football game.
3. Means would be sought to subdue college spirit.
4. A petition would be circulated opposing another petition which sought reduced tram fares for university students.



"Joe College" (*Old McGill*, 1945)

'Students Brief Duplessis'

by Peter Rehak, B.A. '59 (*The Daily*, February 27, 1961)

(special Fiftieth Anniversary issue featuring reprinted articles)

Six frozen students, their arms weighed down with briefcases and papers, huddled on the Quebec Parliament Buildings steps. They looked a little nervous as they posed for photographers and entered the ice-caked building.

The day was December 2, 1958, and the students were presidents of Quebec universities. They were going to meet the late Premier Maurice Duplessis to present a brief on university problems. Roy Heenan, B.A. '57, B.C.L. '60, represented McGill...For more than a year they had been trying to see Duplessis and present the brief which recommended the Quebec universities accept grants from the federal government and be given statutory grants by the province. But at 10 a.m. as the six entered the door marked "Prime Minister", veteran legislature reporters were taking bets on how many minutes it would take *Le Chef* to throw the students out. They came out a few minutes before noon.

Duplessis called a reporter into his office and told him that the meeting had been "cordial". That was all the information to come out of the two-hour meeting that day. A statement, which six students took several hours to prepare, and a subsequent question and answer session revealed little more. Only months later, when law student Heenan got over the shock and began to talk about it, did the incredible details come to light. It seemed the students hadn't even settled into their chairs when Duplessis started to tongue-lash them. They, he said, were not qualified to discuss problems of universities. Such things were up to administrators and principals. In a monologue, which took most of the two hours, Duplessis listed his government's education improvements such as loans to students and grants to universities. He warned the six not to make unfavorable comments to the press after the meeting. Waving a \$300,000 cheque which Sir George Williams College was to receive, he threatened to tear it up if anything was said to the press. "It was unbelievable", said Heenan afterwards. "The man was incredibly blunt about his powers and I didn't doubt for a minute he would really tear up the cheque."

While glancing around the room, Heenan said, he saw a dossier with each student's name on it. Incredible as it seemed at the time, Heenan's observation is partially supported by Pierre Laporte, legislature correspondent for Montreal's *Le Devoir*. In his book, "The True Fact of Duplessis", Mr. Laporte writes: "He (Duplessis) had a well-organized police. It is said he had secret files on every leading political, civic or church authority in the province." It can therefore be reasonably assumed that Duplessis asked his police to investigate each student he invited to the conference.



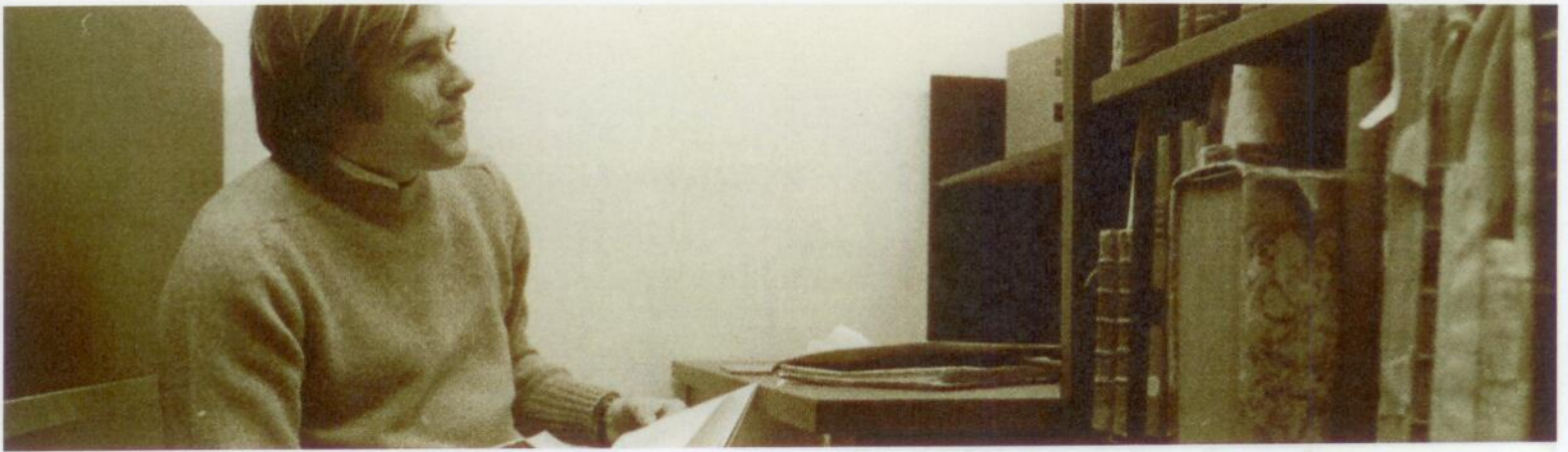
(Old McGill, 1965)

With Duplessis' death and the Liberal victory that followed, the universities got their money, but it may be years before Quebec gets another premier who will supply as much copy for *Daily* editorials as he did.

"Social Events"

(*Faculty of Law Newsletter*, April 1966)

The Bal Thémis, sponsored by the Junior Bar of Montreal and the Faculties of Law at McGill and the University of Montreal, was held Friday, February 11, 1966 at the Mount Royal Hotel. Other student social functions included the Freshman Reception sponsored by the Law Undergraduates Society in early October, the Annual Stag on October 21, 1965, the Fall Informal which was held in November at the Ritz-Carlton, and the annual Law Banquet on March 2nd at the Windsor Hotel, at which the Right Honourable John Diefenbaker was guest speaker.



Ken Dryden, 1971 (MUA)

"Lawyer on Ice"

(excerpted from *McGill News*, March 1972)

The only serious difficulty [facing Ken Dryden, LL.B. '73] in mixing law and hockey comes at exam time. During last year's playoffs the situation became intolerable. Because the Canadiens were seclued in the Laurentians, Dryden was kept from attending the last classes before his exams. When he did manage to make it to the law library he was besieged by so many well-wishing students that studying was impossible.

Fortunately, the Law Faculty has a rule whereby a student who passes two-thirds of his courses is permitted to write the remainder as supplementals. Because he had already completed four first-term half courses, Dryden had to pass only one full course during playoffs in order to postpone his other exams. In August he wrote exams in three half-courses, receiving two B-pluses and a B....

Dryden's performance on the ice and in the classroom has brought McGill overwhelming publicity. However, it did place the University in a ticklish position last spring until Dryden uncovered the "two-thirds" rule. The law school could not make any exceptions for Dryden without ridiculing McGill's standards....On the other hand, if the University had been obliged to fail Dryden, it would have incurred the wrath of millions of hockey fans across the nation. When *Newsweek* juxtaposed the joy in Montreal over Dryden's Stanley Cup heroics against Law Dean [John Durnford, B.A. '49, B.C.L. '52]'s cool reminder to the goalie not to expect any special favours, even the Dean quite rightly noted that he appeared to be "an ogre"....

When Dryden first entered McGill Law School, a staff member, shocked at the number of classes he would be forced to miss, told him, "You can't be both a lawyer and a hockey player. You'll have to choose between the two". Whenever Dryden describes that incident, the statement brings an uncharacteristically strong reply which probably reveals the scholarly goaltender's future course: "The hell I can't!"

"Donut Masochism"

(*Quid Novi*, February 4, 1982)

A group of enthusiastic students gathered in the Moot Court on Tuesday to watch in awe while Allan Garber, LL.B. '84, and Stuart Wainberg, B.C.L. '83, LL.B. '83, each consumed 18 donuts in 30 minutes to tie for top honours in Phi Delta Phi's donut-eating contest. The contest was planned by the legal fraternity in order to raise money for the Cancer Society (a spokesman for Phi Delta Phi states that over \$500 was raised in total). The two winners employed drastically different strategies, leaving most of the audience unable to decide which was the most offensive. It appeared there was no contest from the beginning, Garber taking an early lead with 5 donuts in as many minutes and as many bites. He maintained only a slightly slower pace throughout the rest of the half-hour....Stuart Wainberg made an impressive entrance as Superman, but did not demonstrate any extraordinary eating capabilities in the opening minutes of the contest. In fact he was soon tearing apart his donut castles and donut men, a move taken by the audience as one of desperation and defeat....Several strategies were employed in the closing minutes of the contest as the exhausted participants mustered a final burst of energy towards a good cause. Wainberg, whose tally had been lower than most of the other contestants throughout the competition came out of nowhere, cramming the various donut shapes he had been creating into his already bulging mouth. Garber, whose chocolate-removing technique was said by many to be the key to his success began scraping furiously on donut 18. When time was called, Wainberg had also somehow managed to fit the required 18 into his mouth....The Cancer Society will undoubtedly be grateful for the efforts of Phi Delta Phi, the judges and the contestants. It should be noted that Wainberg was still chewing 30 minutes after the contest in order to abide by the rules. All participants are to be congratulated for their assistance in providing yet another demonstration of the talents hidden away amongst the McGill population.

I am haunted by this encounter.
I must know, I must understand.

"Soccer Slaughter"

(*Quid Novi*, November 9, 1983)

He was missing a shoe, and his right hand never stopped gingerly stroking a long ugly bruise on one trembling thigh. He never blinked; I can still see those glassy staring eyes, peering anxiously but never focusing. As we spoke he flinched repeatedly, always with a gasp, and non-sequiturs like "God, those feet!" and "Is that physically possible?" interrupted our conversation from beginning to end. I found him wandering along Dr. Penfield near the gym, late one Monday night, and stopped to ask him what was wrong—even at a distance, he was obviously not well.

"I used to be a soccer player", he said; "played in the McGill intramurals. It was great. My team was all number one megastar quality, like me, six feet tall and winged feet. We never lost." "What team was that?" I asked. He looked down. A finger picked at his shredded shorts. Two buses went by, roaring into the lonely night, and in the strange glow from their empty interiors I saw the whites of his eyes. "We're nothing!", he burst out, "nothing! They've destroyed the dream...." and he sagged sobbing into my arms. "Who?", I asked quietly. I couldn't hear his whispered response. "Who?"

"The Unconscionables...Mother of God, what a team—the law team, you know?" "No," I said, for I didn't. "You will", he said.

We talked then, for some fifteen minutes. It seems the law intramural soccer team, formerly Daze FC but now known as the Unconscionables, had turned intramural soccer on its head. After playing less than scintillating football for two years—in fact, after a record featuring victories only by default—this year they exploded. I met this broken man at the end of a week which had seen the first win of the year, and from his game the Unconscionables strode Thompson-wards with four majestic goals behind them, to his team's one.

"4-1?", I said, "isn't that the greatest point spread in amateur soccer anywhere since Budapest Metro beat the Baden-Boden Boomers in 1979?" "And they had three penalty goals", he said, "but yes, yes. And now we will go the way of the Boomers....O perdition!"

The story came out. His team had scored first, but the Unconchies had hardly slowed. After two hours of play...Andrew Cohen, *B.A. '82, B.C.L. '86, LL.B. '86*, got a pinpoint pass through to the forward Joe Tutino, *B.C.L. '86, LL.B. '86*, and it was a minute before the heretofore-respected goalkeeper realized where his reputation had gone. Tie game. But not for long, not long enough for the stability of the soccer world. Louis Beauregard, *B.C.L. '83*, gave the forces of law and order reason for confidence with that most *debonaire* form of goal, a breezy clip-shot over a wilting goalie.

"We still thought we had a chance, at that point," he said, with a bitter laugh. "But then the earth moved."

Boomed through the hapless goalie's legs from at least forty yards, Elliott Cooperstone's [*B.C.L. '85, LL.B. '85*] shot made it 3-1. The Unconscionables, whose fullbacks and eight-handed goalie Howard Better, *B.Sc. '83, M.Sc. '88*, were now playing poker and toasting the eager Liverpool and Italian National Scouts on the sidelines, completed the rout with a shot from Mr. Cohen that killed two opponents. "And the living shall envy the dead," whispered my interlocutor.

I am haunted by this encounter. I must know, I must understand. At 8:10 this Monday I shall be there, at Molson Stadium, to witness the last regular season Unconscionable Game. That I share a school with such men....

«Les Canada Law Games: Un amalgame de sports et de plaisirs»

par Cathie St-Germain (*Quid Novi*, February 19, 1986)

La semaine dernière se tenait à Kingston en Ontario une autre édition des Canada Law Games. Treize universités à travers le Canada y étaient représentées dans douze disciplines différentes (hockey, ballon-balais, basketball, soccer, ball hockey, volleyball, curling, waterpolo, triathlon, squash, darts et billiards). Encore une fois cette année, McGill était de la partie avec plus de soixante participants....Et bien sûr, l'humour étant toujours de la partie, on a pu découvrir, chemin faisant, les prouesses de "Spiderman"...qui ont créé un effet de surprise plutôt traumatisant lorsque l'autobus s'est mis à avancer tout seul, le conducteur n'étant pas à son bord!

Blague à part, on a été accueilli à l'hôtel avec du "popcorn" et bien entendu la fête de bienvenue au "Whisker's", un club de nuit qui ferme ses portes à l'arrivée de la nuit....Les épreuves sportives avaient lieu du jeudi au samedi inclusivement, cette dernière journée étant surtout réservée aux semi-finales et finales.

Certains diront que notre performance aura été plutôt décevante étant donné les positions au classement final. Pourtant, il me semble difficile de maintenir cette opinion lorsque l'on considère notre performance globale ainsi que la participation des étudiant(e)s de McGill. Il suffit de mentionner l'équipe masculine de curling qui a figuré au premier plan, ainsi que les équipes de water-polo, darts, billiards et basketball féminin qui ont terminé parmi les quatre premières. Mais, encore bien plus que les résultats finaux, pour les représentants de McGill ce fût une expérience où l'on sentait s'entremêler des sentiments de fraternité et de coopération. Il était agréable de constater l'esprit d'équipe qui régnait au sein de la délégation «McGilloise», et devenait de plus en plus fort au fur et à mesure que les compétitions se corsaient. On pouvait aussi percevoir ce sentiment d'appartenance teinté de patriotisme qui ne faisait aucun doute: «tous et chacun étaient fiers de représenter McGill.» C'était, en fait, l'occasion pour les gens de se rapprocher et de se connaître davantage. Il semble que chacun avait décidé de miser sur la participation et l'esprit d'équipe....

"Trial by Jury"

(*Faculty of Law Newsletter*, Autumn 1991)

This year, the students, faculty, and staff staged a production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury* in the Moot Court Room. The two performances were sold out. The benefit performances raised over two thousand dollars for the Law Library. Among the performers were Professor Jane Glenn (The Other Woman), Professor Stephen Scott, B.A. '61, B.C.L. '66 (The Learned Judge), and Professors Ivan Vlastic, LL.M. '55, and Ronald Sklar (Jury). There were twenty-six students in the cast. *Trial by Jury* was repeated later at Skit Nite, the annual law student review....



Stephen Scott as
"The Learned Judge",
1991 (FLA)

"Laughing Club"

(Faculty of Law Notice Board,
November 13, 1998)

The next Laughing Club meeting will be at 4 p.m. on Thursday—before the coffee house. We will be meeting in the atrium but plan to do our laughing somewhere a little more public because our members seem to get great joy out of scaring passers-by. Everyone's invited!

"McGill Mooters Tops"

by Daniel McCabe, B.A. '89 (excerpted from the
McGill Reporter, April 8, 1999)

McGill Law students are running the risk of becoming very unpopular with their peers across the country. Almost every time they enter a major moot competition these days, they walk away with first prize. "I don't think this has happened to any Canadian law faculty before," says Dean of Law Stephen Toope, B.C.L. '83, LL.B. '83. "It's a spectacular performance." This semester, the Faculty's moot teams have put together a remarkable string of victories at national moot competitions:

Karen Ingleton, B.A. '96, B.C.L. III, Lydia Riva, LL.B. II, Nirari Sheeno, B.A. '97, B.C.L. II, and Alex Varela, LL.B. II, won the Gale Cup, a criminal law moot that focuses on the *Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms*. Varela was named the contest's best oralist.

Melissa Abramowitz, B.A. '96, LL.B. III, Leanne Bourassa, LL.B. III, Param-Preet Singh, B.C.L. III, and Dima Yared, B.C.L. III, placed first in the Wilson Moot, a competition that examines questions concerning disadvantaged groups and equality rights.

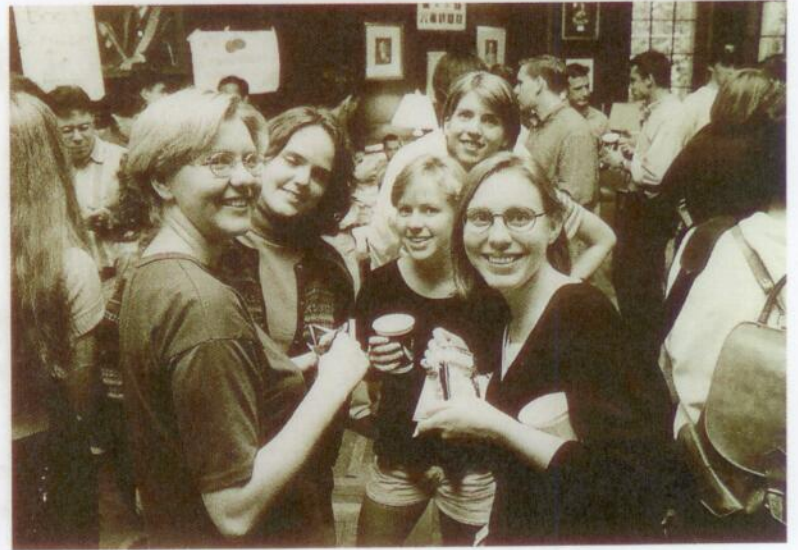
Ken Clark, Nat. IV, Robert Donato, B.A. '95, Nat. IV, Stephanie Lussier, Nat. IV, and Farha Silim, B.A. '97, B.C.L. II, earned the top prize at the Laskin Moot Competition, a bilingual moot concentrating on administrative law. Selim and Donato were named the second and third best pleaders, while Selim and Clark earned second prize for best pleading team and best factum.

Andrée Boisselle, Nat. IV, Nadia Lakhdari, Nat. IV, Marl Lessard, B.C.L. II, and Pierre-Hugue Verdier, B.C.L. II, scored first at the Rousseau, a French international law moot. Verdier and Lakhdari were named the contest's second and third best pleaders.

Angela Campbell, B.A. '95, Nat. IV, Frédérique Ruah, B.C.L. III, Damion Stodola, B.A. '97, B.C.L. II, and Dominic Thérien, B.C.L. III, tied with the *Université de Montréal* for first place at the T.É. Mignault competition on Quebec civil law.

Elodie Fleury, Nat. IV, Kathryn Khamisi, LL.B. II, Melanie Koszegi, B.A. '95, Nat. IV, and Mark Luz, B.A. '94, LL.B. II, won second place at the Jessup International Law Moot.

The work of some of these teams isn't done yet. As a result of their performances, the Gale...and Jessup squads will represent Canada at follow-up international competitions involving teams from around the world...[And it is worth mentioning that in May the Rousseau team returned from Geneva with another first place trophy, and an individual best pleader award for Nadia Lakhdari.]



Coffee House, 1997 (FLA)

We will be meeting in the atrium but plan to do our laughing somewhere a little more public because our members seem to get great joy out of scaring passers-by.

Songs of McGill's Faculty of Law

Les chansons de la

"O Canada"

by R. Stanley Weir, B.C.L. '91 (*The McGill University Song Book, 1921 edition*)

*O Canada! Our home, our native land,
True patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North strong and free:*

*And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! O Canada! O Canada!
We stand on guard for thee,
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.*

"Eliza"

by William McLennan, B.C.L. '80 (*excerpted from The McGill University Song Book, 1896 edition*)

*'Tis years ago since I came to McGill,
And 'twas all on account of Eliza,
And in spite of time I'm fixed here still
And the name of my girl's still Eliza.
I always wished for a high degree,
A D.C.L. or an LL.D.,
Whichever came first was the same to me
And precisely the same to Eliza.*

Chorus:

*Exactly the same, precisely the same,
Quite, quite the same to Eliza,
Whichever came first was the same to me
And precisely the same to Eliza.*

*I flattered myself I was formed for the Law,
Which delighted the charming Eliza,
I'd a fairish head and a strongish jaw,
As I often remarked to Eliza.
I attended the courts where Justice sits,
I stuck to my office and copied the writs,
And ground at the Code, till I muddled my wits—
And all on account of Eliza.*

Chorus:

*All on account, all on account, all on account of Eliza,
I ground at the Code till I muddled my wits,
And all on account of Eliza.*

*I found in time that the Law was dry,
Although approved by Eliza;
I found that before the Court I was shy,
Although not so with Eliza,
So I said—"My love, you must clearly see
I've a soul above a lawyer's fee,
Now what do you say to a real M.D.?"
"All right, my dear", said Eliza.*

Chorus:

*"All right, my dear, all right, my love, all right, my
Dear", said Eliza,
M.D. appears much higher than a B.
C.L. responded Eliza....*

Faculté de droit de McGill

"The Student of McGill"

by Robert D. McGibbon, B.A. '77, B.C.L. '79 (*McGill Gazette*, March 29, 1879)

[alternate version may be found in *The McGill University Song Book*, 1921 edition]

*The hero of my humble song
Was a student of McGill;
And down within the Law School
You may hear the story still—
He had no other aim in life
Than to pass his sessionals free,
And be sometimes in at the Enquête Room,
And sometimes out on a spree.*

Chorus:

*That student of McGill,
That student of McGill,
That rusty, musty, dusty, fusty
Student of McGill.*

*When first he came to grind up Law
He was a Freshman green,
He'd never been to town before
No vices had he seen:
But evil communications
Our catechisms say,
Are rather apt to lead our minds
From virtue's paths away.—Chorus.*

*This student wandered out one night
Some Me-di-cals to see,
And with those self same Medicals
He got in a roaring spree;
And the bobbies straight did run them in
Though the next day they got free,
By paying ten dollars and thirty-one cents
To the City Treasurie.—Chorus.*

*This student never went to court
And his lectures didn't attend:
So the Dean informed the wayward lad:—
"You will have your ways to mend
For quoad this, and quoad that
We will vou rusticate,
So ponder it o'er my dear young man
Before it grows too late."—Chorus.*

*So the student took these words to heart,
And determined to repent,
On the World, the Flesh and the Arch-Enemy,
His money no longer spent:
But purchased a Code and a Pothier, too,
And ground them up so well
That he took his degree at the end of the year,
And later, his D.C.L.—Chorus.*

"A Health to Old McGill"

by Russ Wood Huntington, B.C.L. '75 (*The McGill University Song Book*, 1896 edition)

*The lights around the festal board,
On glass and silver quiver;
The gen-erous wine is freely poured,
The toast awaits the giver;
So here's a health to old McGill,
With feelings proud and tender,
Each a brimming bumper fill,
And loving homage render.*

Chorus:

*Another toast before we part,
Another bumper fill boys,
A toast that comes from every heart,
A health to old McGill, boys.*

*For what more fitting than that we,
The night before we sever,
Met here once more in company,
To part, perchance, for ever;
Should, ere we go our several ways,
The tie again acknowledge,
That binds, with links of happy days,
Us to our dear old college?—Chorus.*

*Though of each man, the future fate
Be past our divination,
For some the laurel wreath may wait,
For some a humbler station;
Yet each to each we still are bound
By ties time cannot sever;
So, as the wine-cup circles round,
McGill! McGill! Forever!—Chorus.*

"See Us We Are McGill"

("Fight Song" from *Law Games*, Halifax 1997)

*See us, we're McGill
We're the school that's on the hill
That's right, we're on top
And you're not.*

*Sherbrooke and Laval
Credit them for some morale,
Osgoode, Queen's, and Dal
Très banal.*

*Alberta, U. of T.
Manitoba, U.B.C.
Windsor, École de P.
In your dreams.*

*Moncton and Ottawa
Try to learn some real law,
'Cause McGill is way too tough
So kiss off, so kiss off, so-kiss-off!*

«Les deux avocats»

par Eugène Lafleur, B.A. '77, B.C.L. '80, D.C.L. '00, LL.D. '21

(sur l'air de «Brigadier») (*The McGill University Song Book*, édition de 1921)

Deux avocats avant l'audience
Causaient pour abrégier le temps:
L'un, conseiller plein d'expérience,
L'autre, bachelier de vingt ans.
Le premier dit:—"Jeune confrère,
Pour les procès le temps est bon."

Refrain:

Conseiller, mon savant confrère
Conseiller, vous avez raison.

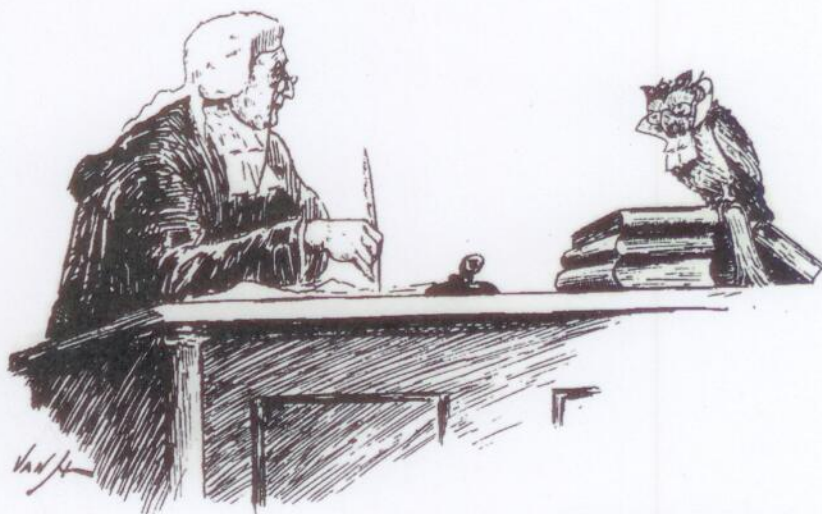
"Ah! C'est une noble science
Distinguer le mal et le bien;
Faire éloquemment la défense
De la veuve et de l'orphelin.
Ou bien d'une riche héritière
Procurer la séparation."—Refrain.

"Écoutes, si tu veux entendre
De tout succès les conditions,
Il faut savoir comment s'y prendre
Pour accrocher les successions.
Tu verras la morale austère
Qui distingue la profession."—Refrain.

"Il me souvient de ma jeunesse,
La gloire seule me tentait;
La plus exigeante maîtresse,
Thémis, alors me gouvernait.
Mais qui désire être prospère
Doit surtout adorer Mammon."—Refrain.

"Prends donc pour ta grande maxime
De ne rien faire sans argent;
Défends le plus horrible crime,
Mais fais toujours payer comptant.
Car l'argent c'est ce qu'on révère,
Du juge jusqu'au marmiton."—Refrain.

Le conseiller parlait encore
Quand tout-à-coup le juge entra:
L'huissier cria d'un ton sonore:
"Oyez, Oyez!" et cetera,
Mais malgré cette voix sévère
On entendit un faible son:—Refrain.



(Old McGill, 1909)

"A Professor's Lot"

by William McLennan, B.C.L. '80

(Sung to "The Policemen's Chorus", from *The Pirates of Penzance*) (*The McGill University Song Book*, 1921 edition)

When we see a lazy student overworking,
When he only talks of "Honors in the Call,"
In our breast a grave suspicion is a-lurking,
And we feel it's mostly gammon* after all.
If you want to raise the whirlwind, only tax him
With what he most improperly calls "fun,"
And then you'll feel the full force of the maxim—
"A Professor's lot is not a happy one."

Chorus:

When any cribbing duty's to be done,
A Professor's lot is not a happy one.

When he's finished with his wild and foolish courses,
Some say the hardest studies he'll affect,
And seek the stream Pierian at its sources,
But we hardly think the statement is correct.

And as for "overpressure," all that croaking
Is the greatest fraud that's underneath the sun,
And they all make with their wooden-headed joking
A Professor's lot a most unhappy one.—Chorus.

Still, bless their hearts! We don't bear any malice,
And, when they're playing foot-ball on the 'grig,'
We say, "Well, Old McGill is not a palace,
And we'd sooner have a student than a 'prig,'"
In the holidays from May until September,
When we 'loaf' and take it easy in the sun,
Who would or could at such a time remember
A Professor's lot is not a happy one.—Chorus.

* [Editor's note: "gammon" being a slang expression meaning "talk intended to deceive"]

"Farewell Song"

by William McLennan, B.C.L. '80 (*The McGill University Song Book*, 1921 edition)

No time nor chance can ever
Bedim the love we bear;
No space our hearts can sever
Nor chill our loving care.

Chorus:

Good-bye, good-bye, to Old McGill,
A long farewell to Old McGill.

Should Fortune, so beguiling,
Lead us o'er land and sea
We'll coax her into smiling
Whene'er she looks on Thee.—Chorus.

When Fate's keen blast is blowing
And withered lie our bays,
Our hearts shall still be glowing
In the light of College days.—Chorus.

"At McGill"

by Theodore J. Kelly, student in the Law Class of 1917 (*The McGill University Song Book*, 1921 edition)

*The sun shines ever brighter at McGill
While lectures seem the lightest at McGill
The cranky Profs are fewest, their methods are newest,
They teach you what is truest at McGill.*

*The campus is the grandest at McGill
Officials are the blandest at McGill
The players are the keenest, they play the game the cleanest,
The Freshmen are the greenest at McGill.*

*The co-eds' eyes are softest at McGill
They really smile the ofttest at McGill
Their blood is of the bluest, their little hearts beat truest,
And plain girls are the fewest at McGill.*

*The teams are winners ever at McGill
For they are vanquished never at McGill
The boys are all the fliest, e'en when exams are nighest,
But they come out the highest at McGill.*

*The Doctors tower proudest at McGill
The Lawyers thunder loudest at McGill
Their friendship is the strongest, their friendship lasts the longest,
But wrong is always wrongest at McGill.*

"The Keepers of the Law"

(sung to the tune of "The Robber's Chorus")
(processional song of law students at convocation,
The McGill University Song Book, 1921 edition)

*We are the keepers of the Law,
And we do everyone we can,
We rest our case on every flaw
That lurks in every plan.
You'll find that costs untold
We collect from every man
How ever crafty, wise or bold
That seeks to shun the can.*

"The Law Dinner"

(Old McGill, 1906)

The hands of the clock at No. 0 Police Station were pointing to twelve. It was Thursday night, the 22nd of December, 1904. The guardians of our peace and property had settled themselves to sleep, secure in the conviction that, with Saturday left behind them and Christmas looming before them, the population would have neither cash nor inclination for booze and window-breaking. Constable De Konnick sat with his chair tilted in the warmest corner, his helmet on his knees, his gorget thrown open, and his mouth wide open, playing a minor accompaniment to the puissant snore of Corporal Picard, who had stretched his two hundred and seventy pounds on a bench nearby, while the Lieutenant from the armchair in front of the station desk occasionally contributed a nasal voluntary.

All at once they were startled by sundry stamping and scraping of feet on the doorway. They sat up, each endeavouring to convert the vacuity of a sleep-ridden countenance into the watchful and intelligent expression required by the regulations. The door flew open and the Captain of the post blew in, the storm-centre of a minor blizzard. At his sight the subordinates sighed with relief, and snuggled down into their former attitudes to resume the interrupted nap. But the commander was in a communicative mood:

"Tis little sleep yo'll get this night, byes," he said as he determined small avalanches from his coat-collar, cap, moustache and eye-brows.

"Pourquoi ça?" queried the Lieutenant.

"Them McGillers are out to-night."

"Hein," gasped de Konnick.

"D—," growled Picard.

"Hi was tole dey all go 'ome for de vacances," objected the Lieutenant.

"Well, there's enough left to paint the town rid." The Captain perched himself on the radiator. "Here's how I got on to th' game. I was down to th' Place Viger Hotel—on business. There I see me frin' Paul Latour, him as used to be on the Foorce before they discharged him because his chist was too wake. He was wearin a dickie 'n a spiketail coat, an' rustling the grub into th' big dining-hall. 'Hello,' I says, 'working overtime,' I says. 'Yes,' he says. 'Big banquit,' he says. 'Who's it tu?' I say. 'Th' McGill men,' he says. 'They're havin' their third round iv Barsac,' he says. 'An' some's takin' Seagram in water-glasses,' he says. 'Glory be, thim must be th' Medicoes,' I says. 'Sure, I dinnaw,' he says, 'but there's the highth of quality in with thim,' he says. 'Can I see the animals fadin'?' says I. 'Come to th' dure,' he says, 'an' slip behin' th' screen whin I go in with th' frappé,' he says. 'An' me in plain clothes. An' I did. Glory be! Whin I got in whom d'ye think I seen? Th' whole Coort iv Revision, sittin' at th' head iv the table, th' quorum bein' Judge Davidson, an' Judge Robidoux, an' Judge Doherty—a good mon thot! An' there was lashins iv lahyers, an' notaries, an' sich. An' foreinst thim the mos uproarious set iv la-ads I niver did see before. They was very jolly. 'Bob,' they'd say, 'Bob, give's a spitch,' they says. An up wud git up a mon ould enough to be their father, an' give thim th' soft con. An! interruptin,' Glory be! Judge, an' Profissor, an' lahyer, they all was hickled outragious. Says I to meself: 'I wish this was the Raycorder's Court. Ye'd ahl get eight days,' I says. 'For contimpt of Court,' I says. Well, they drank to th' King, an' to Canady, an' to th' Binch, an' th' Bar,—and th' Bars rather, I shud think,—an' th' Varsity, an' all th' public toasts, with some privit ones between. Whin I slipt out some of th' la-ads were looking for th' programs, under th' table. Get your battons riddy. There'll be sumpshus rows this night."

The Lieutenant shook his head mournfully. "Dose are de law students," he said. "Dey know just enough about de law to go against it and not get caught. If ye' haul dem in, and de Recordeur he says, 'Costs or eight days' dey certioaree his jugement and carry it to de *Conseil Privé*."



(Old McGill, 1921)

The Lieutenant shook his head mournfully.

"Dose are de law students," he said.

"Dey know just enough about de law to go against it and not get caught."

"Thot's true enough," sighed the Captain, and Picard swore softly. Suddenly a cry broke the night air. 'Whot's that, in Hiven's name?'

"Les McGill, capitaine! You hear de yell: Ree! Rah! McGill! Down wid de police!"

Sure enough it was the old battle-cry. De Konnick loosened his baton in its frog. Picard grasped his revolver. The Captain grabbed the poker. And all three crowded to the window. Two Arts students were corkscrewing their way home from a pink tea in the Eastern part of the town. The "foorce" heaved a sigh of relief.

"Byes," said the Captain with a wink. "Let's go out and get battered and bruised in th' service. The right Raycorder is on the Binch to-morra!"

"The Triumph of *My Fur Lady*"

by Brian Macdonald, B.A. '54, James Domville, B.A. '54, B.C.L. '57, Timothy Porteous, B.A. '54, B.C.L. '57, Donald MacSween, B.A. '56, B.C.L. '61, Erik Wang, B.A. '54, B.C.L. '57 (excerpted from *The McGill You Knew*). Other McGill Law cast members were: Harry Garber, B.A. '51, B.C.L. '57, James K. Hugessen, B.C.L. '57, Lionel Segal, B.A. '56, B.C.L. '59, and Douglas Robertson, B.A. '58, B.C.L. '62.

My Fur Lady was unmistakably a child of her time. In the post-Massey Report era of the 1950s, Canadian nationalists were preoccupied with the search for our cultural identity. Now and then, the search took on extreme forms which cried out for satirical comment. What better forum than McGill's annual revue? Yet, as late as 1956, the Red and White Revue was still stuck in an American rut. As the *Daily* pointed out: "this year's Revue contained no comment on Canadian topics. It would be more satisfying to hold the mirror up to ourselves. A university should not only wear the cap and gown, it should also wear the cap and bells."

The editorialist was Tim Porteous. Two years earlier Erik Wang, in collaboration with Donald MacSween and Tim, had founded the *Fig Leaf*, a campus humour magazine which concentrated on Canadian satire. In a way *Fur Lady* was a projection of the *Fig Leaf* onto the musical stage. Not only were some of the gags left over from the magazine, but also most of the staff. One such was Jim Domville, a veteran Red and White rehearsal pianist, with a long-suppressed urge to produce and compose his own show. He had no difficulty in securing a commitment from Tim, Erik and Donald to write the show and was sufficiently adroit at campus politics to manoeuvre himself into the producer's chair for 1957.

So in the carefree spring of 1956, between and often during law lectures (you should forgive us, Dean Meredith), the four of us began to line up our targets: the smug majority of St. Laurent Liberals in the House of Commons and their pensioners in the Senate ("Uncle Lou, Uncle Lou, tells us what to do...and Howe!")—the hollow pretensions of our national defence ("Our mock navy can deal with any mock Russian submarines which come mocking about")—the Anglophone cultural bureaucracy ("Canadiaaahna")—Westmount's pseudo-aristocracy ("Society gets higher every year")—puritanical censorship in Quebec ("No single girls in double beds—snip!")—academic life at McGill ("Next week is work week")—and social life on campus ("No one could be keener on Victorian demeanour than the girls in Dr. Roscoe's care").

Our slender plot line was an Eskimo adaptation of the Kelly-Rainier romance which had saved Monaco from absorption into France. Aurora, Princess of Mukluko, comes to Canada in search of a husband since, failing dynastic succession, her principality reverts to Canada. Two acts, twelve scenes, fifteen songs and a thousand rewrites later, she ends up in the arms of the Governor General. As for that unfortunate title, it seemed at the time an appropriately cheeky gesture to misappropriate the name of Broadway's reigning hit....

In the fall of 1956 long evenings were spent with Brian [Macdonald] and his wife Olivia in their coach-house garret on Lorne Crescent reworking the urgent but formless raw material into playable theatre—a requirement the writers had overlooked. Brian brought the matter forcefully to their attention and succeeded in fusing his satirically self-assured but theatrically inexperienced partners into a creative team.

After 10 sold out weeks in Montreal

Opens July 22nd
for two weeks
at the Avon Theatre
Stratford, Ont.

Matines 3:00 p.m.
Evenings 8:30 p.m.
Prices \$3.00 - \$2.50 - \$1.75

MY FUR LADY

Presented by
The Graduates' Society
of
McGill University

A Canadian Musical Satire
Directed by
BRIAN & OLIVIA MACDONALD

Poster advertising Stratford performances, 1957 (MUA)

My Fur Lady
was unmistakably
a child
of her time.

In December Brian cast the show and went into rehearsal on the strength of a script that still needed plenty of work—nobody knew how to bring the show, or even Act I, to a close. By mid-January some sixty students were engaged in a hectic schedule of rehearsals, while another sixty or so were busily typing and reproducing thousands of pages of script, preparing the sets, costumes, lighting, properties and make-up, publicizing the show, selling tickets, and cleaning up after script meetings in the producer's Pine Avenue apartment.

In addition to producing the show, Jim was writing most of the music and playing it, along with Judy Logan, as one of the rehearsal pianists. When a want ad in the *Daily* for an experienced lyricist brought no response, Tim gave himself a crash course in lyric writing. Galt MacDermot and Harry Garber contributed additional music and Roy Wolvin, *B.Com. '48*, wrote both words and music for a couple of songs. Two very particular contributions came from Ed Assaly, who wrote out arrangements and orchestrations as fast as our composers could hum the melodies, and Gordon Webber, *B.S.A. '31*, Professor of Design in the School of Architecture, who designed a brilliantly original Canadian flag and...worked through the night, with help from a small team urged on by the inexhaustible Sheila McCormack, to paint it as our first-act curtain.

February 7, 1957—Opening night! Everyone was too swept up in the hectic business of getting the show on stage to worry about audience reaction. The finale had been rewritten, reorchestrated and restaged between the dress rehearsal on the previous evening and curtain time. Student revue audiences are understandably apprehensive about what they may be subjected to, but there was a perceptible life in the house from the moment when Ann Golden, *L.Mus. '58*, and Jim Hugessen launched into "Teach me how to think Canadian." When the final curtain fell, it was with a sense of relief that we found that the show had been favourably received....The most welcome and unexpected tribute of the evening came from the Dean of Women, Dr. Muriel Roscoe, *B.L.S. '49*, who at the close of the show granted unlimited leave to all the RVC girls in the company.

....
...The *Daily's* prediction that it would be soon "as difficult to reserve seats for this show as for *My Fair Lady*" proved accurate, even after the original run of seven performances had been extended to eleven. Box office receipts exceeded expenses by \$2,500—a windfall for the Student Society. Brian's instinct for the commercial was aroused. He convinced the rest of us to form "Quince Productions" and bring the show back to Moyse Hall following spring exams for a commercial run. As self-generated summer employment for the cast, it was an Opportunities for Youth project ahead of its time.

To finance pre-production expenses, we invited the Graduates' Society, through its Executive Secretary, Lorne Gales, *B.A. '32, B.C.L. '35, LL.D. '79*, to back the run. The President of the Society, D.W. Ambridge, *B.S.C. '23*, put the matter to the annual meeting. "I want an expression of opinion," said Ambridge, a man of some experience in dealing with shareholders, "but I don't want a decision!" Longer on financial responsibility than theatrical courage, the Society declined. But Lorne was never a man to take democracy lying down. With the support of Ambridge ("If it goes wrong we'll hang it on your neck!"), Lorne organized a discreet cabal which, by means still classified, managed to commit the Society to a \$4,000 guarantee against loss in return for a share of profits—"to be negotiated". (As it turned out, ticket revenue outran expenses, so that no call was ever made on the guarantee. The Moyse Hall run was capitalized from advance sales—an effective if somewhat fraudulent procedure. The Society eventually received \$4,000 as its share of the profits and Lorne Gales became *My Fur Lady's* strongest supporter).

The Dean of Arts, under pressure from the Principal under pressure from Lorne Gales, sceptically granted permission for the use of Moyse Hall, which we then had to air-condition at our own expense. The original cast and supporting company of one hundred and twenty was pared down to around forty...Each member of the company was paid thirty dollars—later forty dollars—per week....


On June 7 the show was competing with the federal election for an audience. As election results came in they were relayed to the audience by the Governor General, who dictated them to his secretary. By the end of the evening the Liberals had been defeated, John Diefenbaker was Prime Minister, and the audience thought it was all a joke. The target of the Parliament song which closed Act I had been the huge Liberal majority. Overnight the scene had to be rewritten and restaged and the "Uncle Lou" chorus became "Honest John, Honest John, show us right from wrong."

As our original plan for twelve performances extended itself to forty-two sell-outs and the second original cast recording began returning royalties, Brian's commercial virus became infectious.... June 29—Opening night on the road!...When the curtain rose for the second call, the cast was horror-struck—the audience was leaving its seats. As the curtains went up for the fifth call, however, dismay gave way to astonishment. *The Lady* was receiving a standing ovation....When the curtain finally came down after the twelfth call those members of the cast not weeping were either talking to themselves or staring blankly at the back of the curtain. It was an extraordinary moment for a group of undergraduates who had innocently signed up six months earlier for the annual student revue....The run lasted forty performances in Stratford—more, by the way, then Shakespeare had managed with any of his material!

It was now time for another stroke of luck in *Fur Lady's* amazing string. The Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto was about to open its fiftieth season and was looking for something Canadian...[and we were] promptly booked into the Alex for three weeks....The show sold out both evenings and matinees, thus breaking the previous box office record held by the Royal Ballet.

And so to Ottawa, where we played to a potentially dangerous critic: Governor General Vincent Massey had ordered seats for opening night. In a panic our Ottawa sponsors begged us to delete all references to him for that performance. Of course we demurred and of course Jim was somewhat less than calm as he sat beside His Excellency, particularly when the green ink on the program cover began to bleed all over the vice-regal hands....After the final curtain the company waited apprehensively backstage to meet the real "G.G." *Fur Lady* became "Official Canadiana" when he congratulated his stage counterpart on his performance and added: "I learned a great deal about how to do the job."

As a result of Jim's determination, his ability to make any given mistake only once, and his knack of sleeping while taking a bath, *My Fur Lady* ultimately played 402 performances in 82 centres from Charlottetown to Victoria, was seen by an audience of over 400,000 and realized gross revenues in excess of \$900,000. When the final curtain came down in Vancouver on August 3, 1958, 18 months after it first went up, some 500 people had been involved with *the Lady* at one time or another, and she had established a record (which still stands) for the longest run of an original Canadian production....



McGill Society of Boston
presents Extracts from
McGILL'S SMASH-HIT CANADIAN MUSICAL SATIRE
*My Fur Lady**
(Courtesy of Quince Productions)
Seen and hailed by Canadians from Coast to Coast

Place : **Little Theatre, M.I.T.**
(Massachusetts Ave. and Memorial Drive. Enter on Memorial Drive.)

Date : **Saturday, March 7th, 1959**

Time : **Reception — 6:30 p.m.**
Dinner — 7:00 p.m.
"My Fur Lady" — Following dinner

Price : **\$4.00 per person**


Dress : **Informal**

Space is limited to 225 persons.
Please make reservations by completing form at foot of page.

Members of the original cast of McGill students who will perform are :

★ John MacLeod	★ James Hugessen
★ Gerry Williams	★ Elizabeth Heseltine
★ Liane Marshall	★ Ann Golden
★ Wilfred Hastings	★ James Domville

(*This is one of the annual Red and White Revue student productions and bears no relation whatever to the successful Broadway musical hit "My Fair Lady")



**McGill Society of Boston poster,
1959 (MUA)**

Lyrics From *My Fur Lady*

Paroles de «MY FUR LADY»

(réimprimées à partir de *McGill News*, 1957)

"Canadiana"

*Though a stranger to our shores
Unaccustomed to our mores
Might think our behaviour was odd,
In Canada of course
We're an intellectual force—
We're the Culturality Squad.*

*We're commissioned a lot
From Alexander Brott
We gave Davie Dunton his start,
We're the chaps who serve the tea
At the National Gallery
And we peddle chunks of Eskimo Art.*

"The 'So-Glad-You-Could-Pay-For-Me-Dad' Waltz"

*My Daddy was too busy making money
To spend his time on family affairs
He never bounced me on his knee
But bounced the market frequently
And now we've joined the ranks of millionaires.*

*The Financial Times, not nursery rhymes,
He could quote from memory.
Not raising kids but raising bids
Took all his energy.
But now that I am coming out
I know that he's my friend
For what a father does not earn
His daughter cannot spend.*

"The Royal Victoria Rag"

*No-one could be keener
On Victorian demeanor
Than the girls in Dr. Roscoe's care.
But when you hear that beat
At five five five Sherbrooke Street
Inhibitions and traditions disappear.*

"Society Gets Higher Every Year"

*They call it high society
Have you ever wondered why?
It's that state of insobriety
They mean when they say high.
And sociologically speaking, the facts are very clear
Society gets higher every year.*