The Graduate Chronicle

of the Association
the University of British Columbia

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Mrs. A. M. Menzies
West 40th Avenue
Vancouver 13, B. C.
A. M. McLay
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THE ALUMNI ELECT KEN BECKETT

OVER 200 ATTENDED THE ANNUAL MEETING

SURPLUS $277

KENNETH M. BECKETT, retiring secretary, was elected president of the Alumni Association to succeed Milton Owen at the annual meeting in Hudson's Bay Co. dining room on October 21. There was an attendance of more than 200 members.

Other members of the executive include: Miss Ardy Beaumont, vice-president; Miss Alice Daniels of New Westminster, secretary; Fred Bolton, treasurer; Edgar N. Brown, editor of publications; Bert Smith, records secretary; W. O. Banfield, auditor.

Mr. Owen's annual report stressed the increasing measure of cooperation between the University administration, undergraduate body and alumni. The executive, he said, had been particularly concerned with attempting to alleviate overcrowding on the campus and he expressed the hope that a building program would be laid down this year.

On motion of Tom Watney, retiring treasurer, it was agreed to set aside one-half of the current surplus, amounting to $277, and one-half of future income from life membership fees for a capital trust fund, to be disbursed by vote of annual meetings.

Dr. W. Ivor Jennings of the University of London, visiting professor of economics and government, was the principal speaker. He was introduced by President L. S. Klinck. Carson McGuire, president of the Alma Mater Society, spoke briefly and welcomed all graduates to a dance in the Hotel Vancouver as guests of the student body after the dinner.

STUDENT DIRECTORY

A long-felt want on the university campus is provided for this year with the initial appearance of a Student Directory. A complete file of names, addresses, and telephone numbers is included in this useful little book, available for sale at the Students' Council Office for 10c.

PRESIDENT

KENNETH M. BECKETT
At the annual meeting of the Alumni Associatoin in October, Ken Beckett, the retiring secretary, was elected president to succeed Milton Owen.

THE ALUMNI ANNUAL REUNION BALL

The executive wishes to announce that plans are under way for the Alumni Annual Reunion Dance. It is to be held on Monday, Boxing Day, December 26th at the Commodore Cabaret and dancing will start at 9 p.m.

A committee consisting of Mr. Bruce Robinson, Mrs. Kenneth Ingledew and Miss Gwen Pym are assisting the executive in the arrangements. Some rather novel entertainment is being prepared by Ian Douglas, which along with yell-leading by Tommy Berto, and a possible Alouette by Art Lord, will lend an informal touch to the supper intermission.

Tickets may be obtained from any member of the executive or committee, or from the treasurer at the door. We expect to have a large crowd and as Tuesday will be a holiday for many lucky people—a real celebration will be in order!

TWO NEW BUILDINGS MAY BE CONSTRUCTED ON UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

PREVENTATIVE MEDICINE AND BROCK MEMORIAL UNION STRUCTURES ARE PLANNED

COST IS OVER $425,000

TENTATIVE plans for construction of two new buildings on the University campus were announced last week. If, as is hoped, they are built within the next year, the acute overcrowding which has gravely hampered the institution will be considerably relieved.

First, Hon. John Hart introduced and the Legislature passed a bill authorizing a building loan of $350,000, if and when the Lieutenant-Goernor-in-Council decides to proceed with it. Hon. G. M. Weir, in an earlier statement, announced the money would be devoted to construction of the first unit of a department of preventative medicine.

Second, construction of a $75,000 Brock Memorial Union Building was regarded as assured when the Board of Governors consented to petition the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council for permission to allocate $2,500 annually out of the University budget to retire a ten-year $25,000 bond issue to be floated on the credit of the Alma Mater Society.

The preventative medicine building would provide increased classroom and laboratory space for the departments of biology, bacteriology, zoology and chemistry, as well as providing a new headquarters for the Provincial Board of Health in Vancouver. No detailed plans or specifications are yet available.

The Union Building, which has been planned as a memorial to the late Dean and Mrs. R. W. Brock for more than three years, may yet strike a snag if the Board of Governors refuses permission for a Class B type of structure, which is reinforced concrete exterior and a wood interior. Cost of a Class A structure would be prohibitive.

Approximately $81,000 will be available if the $25,000 bond issue is successfully floated. Students have pledged themselves to raise an additional $15,000 on their credit, about $10,000 has been collected by women workers for the furnishings fund, and smaller amounts have been raised by alumni, faculty and other groups.

It will be located on the East Mall, north of the stadium and not far from the gymnasium. Paving and beautifying of the mall at an estimated cost of $40,000 is expected to be undertaken by the Provincial Government.

TO ALL ALUMNI

Annual fees of one dollar (life membership is ten dollars) for 1939 are now due and payable to the treasurer. Please remit as soon as possible.

The Alumni Association is apparently launched on a new program of expansion and vitality. It promises to be more powerful, more valuable to the university, and more beneficial to members than ever before. Ambitious plans are being formulated and some of these will be announced in the March issue of the Chronicle.

But, if fees are not paid, the executive and the active volunteers will be hamstrung. The Chronicle, for one thing, will be forced to discontinue publication. This appeal must not go unanswered.

Please remit by cash or cheque to the treasurer, Fred Bolton, 1065 West Pender Street, Vancouver, B.C.; or to the president, Kenneth M. Beckett, 800 Hall Building, Vancouver, B.C.

MORE UP-COUNTRY WORK FEATURED IN NEW EXTENSION PLANS

TRAVELLING SCHOOLS FOR FARM YOUTH HAVE BEEN EIGHT WEEKS ON ROAD

Through its increasing progress this year in a new direction, U.B.C. establishes a closer, more helpful contact with rural British Columbia than it has heretofore been able to do. An expanded program of lectures, group-study, craft and educational training which reaches from the campus on Pt. Grey to Vancouver Island, the lower mainland, upper country, and the north, is now in full swing as organized and directed by the department of University Extension.

New features and new methods distinguish the 1938-39 Extension program, under the direction of Dr. Gordon Shrum. Most interesting of them all is the educational chautauqua at present stationed in Woodpecker, with additional classes nearby in Prince George. Mr. Kenneth Caple and his staff have set up a teaching plant to draw unemployed young people from rural areas for instruction in a dozen useful fields of study. General farming, modern homemaking, general education and recreation are the three main lines of subjects taught. The program is a part of the Dominion Provincial Youth Training Plan, operated in B.C. by the Extension Department and the Provincial Department of Agriculture.

Mr. Caple, a U.B.C. grad (Aggie '26) came down this year from Summerland for the new work in Extension. The staff of five includes, in fact, three alumni: Mr. Caple, Miss Kathleen Milligan, and A. J. Rennie, expert on soils.

Over an eight-weeks period, they have moved in car and trailer from Hazelmere to Prince George, with additional schools at Southbank, Telkwa, and Vanderhoof. In the new year, their route will likely be extended to include Kamloops, Salmon Arm, Armstrong, Vernon, Penticton, Oliver and Okanagan Falls, contingent upon the completion of plans at present under way.

Men's courses include soils, field crops, livestock, farm mechanics, farm accounting, horticulture, dairying, poultry and marketing. Women's include nutrition, clothing, health, handicrafts, poultry, horticulture, farm accounting and marketing. The age group is from 16 to 30, and the instruction of course free.

Another feature of the Extension program which brings the University into close touch with scattered districts in the province is the Drama Course organized by Miss Dorothy Somerset. Director of the undergraduate Players' Club with conspicuous success for the past five years, she has also organized the Drama School of the Air, a popular broadcast feature, and the Summer School Theatre this year, whose chef d'oeuvre was the stately "Trojan Women" presented in August.

The Drama Courses are from 3 to 5 days, and cover problems of the local theatre group: organization, production, casting, scenery, voice, and movement. Courses have recently been given at Courtenay and Abbotsford. They are offered at nominal cost to groups of about 30. Supplementary to the course is Miss Somerset's catalogue of about 380 plays, which, along with children's plays and reference books, are available from the Extension Library to groups throughout the province.

Reading courses in specific topics, drawn up by an authority in each field, have been outlined for numbers of study groups up-country and elsewhere. Six courses have been arranged, in Economics, British Columbia History, Practical Psychology, History of the Theatre, and Modern Literature. These are divided under distinct topical headings for group discussion, and each one supplies as thorough an analysis of its subject as the intelligent lay group is likely to achieve. Extension Library service furnishes full background reading to each group registered with the Department.

In the Vancouver program, Evening Lectures occuy the largest place. Six comprehensive evening courses are currently in session. Professor Thorlief Larsen directs a new course in English Composition, which has become instantly popular. Mrs. John Creighton, wife of the new Associate in the English department, and herself an Old Grad (Sallee Murphy, Arts '23) is giving a series on contemporary English and continental Literature. Professor F. G. C. Wood has charge of a course in Playwriting, an innovation. The consistently useful lecture series covering General Botany, Amateur Gardening, and Poultry, are given by Professor John Davidson, Professors A. F. Barss, Howell Harris, and Frank Buck, and Professors E. A. Lloyd and Jacob Biely.

Other services always available from the department include the Extension Library, the complete Visual Instruction Service of Films, Slides, and Projectors, and Radio. Daily Broadcast of five-minute farm market reports from the University is scheduled tentatively to begin at five minutes before noon, Dec. 15, over CBR.

CONVENOR

MISS ARDY BEAUMONT

As vice-president of the Alumni Association, Miss Ardy Beaumont is chairman of the committee in charge of the Alumni Reunion Dance in the Commodore on Monday, December 26. Tickets may be obtained from any member of the executive or at the door.

EXPANSION OF U. B. C. BEING STUDIED

LAW, MEDICINE AND HOME ECONOMICS SUGGESTED

Expansion of the University of B. C. to include faculties of law, medicine, pharmacy and home economics is being canvassed by committees of the senate.

University authorities have stated they do not expect any immediate action, due to lack of funds, but in the face of persistent demands for facilities for advanced study here, they are laying the ground work for the new departments.

Senator J. W. deB. Farris, speaking to the Canadian Bar Association here last summer, predicted a faculty of law on the campus within a year or two. The University's chancellor, Dr. R. E. McKechnie, has long urged establishment of a school of medicine.

A department of home economics was agreed upon several years ago and was on the point of being set up when the project had to be abandoned because of lack of funds. Other groups have been campaigning for a department of pharmacy for some time.

Students Urge National Scholarships

Objective Is To Assist 1000 Students at $500 Each

University of B.C. students have agreed to support a national movement requesting the Dominion Government to provide $500,000 annually for scholarships in Canadian universities.

The Canadian Student Assembly, which has already presented a brief to the Rowell Royal Commission, will send a delegation to Parliament to press for national aid for deserving but needy students.

The initial objective is 1000 scholarships of $500 each. At the present time, the Dominion Government finances post-graduate work through fellowships offered by the National Research Council but has never accepted responsibility for matriculation or undergraduate students.

LAWYERS

Lawyers: when advising your clients regarding charitable bequests, remember to include the University of British Columbia.

"I went back to my old job the other day."

"Been out of work long?"

"Thirty-six years."

"Hadn't you forgotten how to do it?"

"I managed it all right."

"What is your line?"

"I'm a Coronation program seller."

ALUMNI MEMBERS

Contributions for the second issue of The Graduate Chronicle must be in the hands of the editor not later than March 1, 1939. If there are no contributions there will be no Chronicle.

Following is an outline of the requirements:

1. **Reports of branch meetings and activities.**
2. **General news of interest to university men and women.**
3. **Brevities, including births, deaths and marriages, and paragraphs of news of individual alumni.**
4. **Essays, poems, short stories.**
5. **Letters to the editor.**
6. **Humor.**

Send all contributions to the editor,

EDGAR N. BROWN,
The Daily Province,
Vancouver, B.C.

Two Alumni Shaped Trade Treaty

U. B. C. Graduates Played Prominent Part in Agreement

The Canada-U.S. Trade Treaty announced last month, an eight-months job whose relation to Canadian business and the Anglo-U.S. treaty completed at the same time make it the most important national commitment of the year, is the handiwork of three Canadians, two of whom have direct contacts with U.B.C.

Norman Robertson, L.D. Wilgress, and Hector McKinnon are the three men. "These three," says the Financial Post of Nov. 26, "are the real negotiators, the men behind but not in the headlines." They likewise negotiated the 1936 Canada-U.S. agreement and the subsequent revision of the Ottawa agreements.

Wilgress, who was brought up in Vancouver schools, attended the old McGill college in pre-U.B.C. days, moving on to McGill proper for his honors degree in economics.

Robertson, son of Prof. L. F. Robertson, head of the Classics department on the campus, was Rhodes scholar from U.B.C. in 1923, and lectured here for a year in Economics.

Hector McKinnon is the present Tariff Commissioner at Ottawa. Wilgress, who has served as trade surveyor in Mocow and Prague, and as commissioner in Hamburg, is director of Canada's Commercial Intelligence Service. Robertson has taken part in the Imperial trade negotiations of 1932, and the Canada-U.S. treaty of 1935. He has lectured two years in economics at Harvard, a lucrative interlude whence Mr. Bennett retrieved him for the Civil Service by violating the Canadian Civil Service Act. He has been to Geneva with Sir Robert Borden and with Hugh Guthrie. Last year he attended the Imperial Conference held in London after the Coronation. Now, as a first secretary in External Affairs, he was senior trade official of the Canadian mission at Washington, negotiating the present tripartite agreement.

"No man can escape the Government today."

"No, it either gives him all he has, or takes all he has!"

RHODES SCHOLAR

JACK DAVIS

Jack Davis, of Kamloops, who will graduate in chemical engineering next May, was elected Rhodes scholar for B.C. by the selection committee early in December. He is a member of Sigma Phi Delta fraternity.

He is a member of Students' Council as president of the Men's Undergraduate Society, a Big Block winner as member of the U.B.C. basketball team which won the Canadian championship in 1937, and a consistent winner of scholarships, from a matriculation scholarship to the Swan Memorial bursary for the past two years.

Fourteen applicants faced the selection committee, presided over by Lieutenant-Governor E. W. Hamber.

BOOKSTORE

A move of U.B.C. students to take over operation of the university bookstore and cafeteria was stalled recently by veto of the Board of Governors at their last meeting.

It had been proposed that the Alma Mater Society take over these two businesses on the campus as a means to provide student employment, and in addition to divert profits towards the proposed Union Building.

Numbers of U.S. universities operate their bookstores and diningrooms as student-labor enterprises, and it was this scheme that suggested itelf to the local Student' Council as an aid to raising funds.

B. C. CANCER CLINIC DIRECTED BY UNIVERSITY MEN

The British Columbia Cancer Institute, first clinic of its kind devoted to the treatment of cancer in Western Canada, is under direction of a professor, a former student and a graduate of the University of B.C.

The clinic, located at Eleventh Avenue and Heather Street, is equipped with 260 needles of radium, comprising one gram, and complete diagnostic and treatment facilities. The institute owns an additional two grams of radium, which will be fitted into a "bomb" for deep-therapy treatment as soon as funds are available.

Dr. Gordon Shrum, head of the department of physics and director of the department of extension, is honorary secretary of the institute. With Dr. B. J. Harrison, chief radiologist of the General Hospital, he travelled through Eastern Canada and the United States to study recent developments in cancer treatment before final plans for the clinic were approved.

As radium therapist, or chief operator of the clinic, the board of directors chose Dr. A. Maxwell Evans, who took his pre-medical work at U.B.C. and went from there to a brilliant career in radiology at McGill and Cambridge. He held a number of similar posts in English hospitals and clinics before returning to Vancouver last June.

Dr. J. A. MacMillan, one of the two part-time medical officers of the clinic, is a graduate of U.B.C. and has practiced medicine in Vancouver for several years.

FOUR FELLOWSHIPS FOR GRADUATES

The following four fellowships for graduate students have recently been announced by the University registrar:

(1) The Edward Goodrich Acheson gold medal and fellowship of $1000 for noteworthy original work in electrochemistry, electrometallurgy, electronics or electrothermics.

(2) The Edward Weston fellowship of $1000 in electrochemistry for postgraduate work.

Applications for the above awards should be made to Dr. Colin G. Fink, secretary of the Electrochemical Society, Columbia University, New York.

(3) A $1250 travelling scholarship open to women graduates, based on scholarship, character and promise. It is offered by the Confederation of University Women.

(4) A fellowship of $1500 open to women for a year of research, preferably in science, in some country other than the candidate's, is offered by the American Association of University Women.

8 Visitors On Summer Session Staff

Noted Professors Coming From Distant Colleges

EIGHT noted visiting professors and twenty-one from the faculty will comprise the staff of the University summer session in 1939 under direction of Prof. Lemuel Robertson.

Details of courses to be offered at the session will be included in the March Chronicle.

Following are the appointments: Botany, Dr. A. H. Hutchinson, Dr. Frank Dickson and Prof. John Davidson, U.B.C. Chemistry, Dr. R. H. Clark, Dr. William Ure, U.B.C. Classics, Prof. Lemuel Robertson, U.B.C. Economics and commerce, Prof. G. F. Drummond, U.B.C. Education, Dr. W. G. Black, U.B.C.; Dr. H. E. Smith, University of Alberta.

English———Prof. F. G. C. Wood, U.B.C., and Dr. Edward Chapman, University of Utah. Geology and geography, Dr. Gordon Davis, U.B.C., and Dr. Eric H. Faigle, Syracuse University.

History, Prof. F. H. Soward and Dr. Sylvia Thrupp, U.B.C. Mathematics, Dr. Ralph Hull and Prof. F. J. Brand, U.B.C., and Dr. R. L. Jeffery, Acadia University, and Dr. F. C. Leonard, chairman of the department of astronomy at University of California in Los Angeles.

Modern languages, Dr. D. O. Evans, Dr. Joyce Hallamore, Dr. Deborah, A. K. Aish and Dr. Joan Dangelzer, all of U.B.C. Philosophy and psychology, Dr. J. A. Irving, U.B.C.; Dr. Wilbur Long, Dr. Frank Davis, University of California at Los Angeles; Prof. J. A. Sharrard, University of Saskatchewan.

Physics, Dr. O. E. Anderson and Dr. A. M. Crooker, U.B.C.

"I have tried to understand modern music—but failed."—Sergei Rachmaninoff.

The following friends of the Alumni helped to make this issue of The Chronicle possible:

THE DAILY PROVINCE

CAPILANO BREWING CO.

ANONYMOUS

ANONYMOUS

GRADS . . . FAR and NEAR

From Ottawa

From Ottawa, Ross Tolmie, Arts '29, sends the following letter about alumni in the Dominion capital. Ross himself, an official in the income tax division, is president of the group. Miss Islay Johnson, of the department of agriculture, is secretary.

"The Ottawa group of U.B.C. grads has high hopes for the coming year," he writes. "They will welcome any advance notice of a visitor to Ottawa from U.B.C. or Vancouver who would be willing to meet an informal group of grads at a tea or luncheon and give them the latest news from out west. Last summer Dr. Klinck very kindly did this and the thirty odd grads who turned out to lunch on a few hours' notice were very grateful indeed."

Hugh and Katherine Keenlyside are the proud possessors of another girl—their third child. Hugh seems to spend as much time in Vancouver as he does in Ottawa, perhaps because he is the only man on the Government service that thoroughly understands the Oriental problem.

This year the U.B.C. grads in Ottawa plan to hold a dance in conjunction with the McGill grads. It's only fitting that the old association of the two Universities be recognized in this form of joint whoopee.

Henry Angus is almost a resident —in fact he's almost an institution of Ottawa. We wonder if the Government will let him go back to U.B.C. after he has finished the Commission report. We seem to remember a permanent "loan" of Dr. Carrothers to the B.C. Government.

Ab. Richards is poing down the home-stretch for his Ph. D. He is at Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y.

Bob Keyserlingk isn't a resident of Ottawa, but is he a resident of any city? Last news we had was that he was moving from Vancouver to Toronto—but last week we had a most delightful dinner at his house in Montreal West. He works for the British United Press, and contributes liberally to the support of our railroads.

Norman Robertson is back in Ottawa after nine months in Washington where he was closeted with American and British experts in the gargantuan task of drafting the Trade Treaty. For a reward Norman was given a write-up in the Financial Post when he returned and was called a "brain-truster."

James Gibson is a recent addition to the staff of the External Affairs Department. He makes the third U.B.C. grad on that staff: three out of nine secretaries is a pretty good batting average for U.B.C. At present he is on the Prime Minister's staff.

Louise (Morrison) Kerr announces the birth this month of a son. She and hubby John are busy receiving suggestions for names — but our guess is that they will choose "Aulay" for one of them.

Phyllis (Gregory) Turner is probably Canada's most valued lady civil servant. She is secretary to the Tariff Board, and as such she watches and guards such vital things as Canadian labour, Canadian business and your and my cost of living.

Ab. Whitely did such yeoman service for the Government in the Textile Inquiry that they voted him a handsome cash prize at the last session of Parliament. Now he is engaged in trust-busting under the Combines Investigation Act.

D'Arcy Marsh appears to have definitely abandoned journalism for radio broadcasting. He is with the C.B.C. at Toronto.

Bobby (Pound) Plaunt is almost a settled Ottawan, and lives on a nice quiet street in Rockcliffe, where she entertains Vancouver visitors very competently.

Ottawa alumni of the Department of Agriculture were pleased to see Dean Clement at the recent "Agricultural Outlook" Conference. The Dean found many of his former students attending the meeting.

APPOINTMENT

JAMES A. GIBSON

The most notable recent appointment for a graduate was the selection of James A. Gibson, Rhodes scholar for 1931, as assistant principal private secretary to the Prime Minister in the department of external affairs, Ottawa. Shortly before the appointment, he received his doctorate from Oxford University. He was a member of the faculty of the University last year.

Peggy Fox, Arts '38, to **Ken Ingledew.**

Mary A. DePencier, Arts '36, to **Allan Tatum** in August in Vancouver.

BIRTHS

To **Mr. and Mrs. Ken Campbell**, Commerce '32, (Mary Dooley, Arts '32), of Barkerville, in June in Vancouver, a son.

To **Mr. and Mrs. Robert McDonald**, Arts '34, (Mollie Eakins, Arts '35), of New Westminster, in August, a son.

To **Mr. and Mrs. Dean Whittaker**, Science '34, (Tessie Sadlier-Brown), of Woodfibre, in Vancouver, in February, a daughter.

To **Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Candlish** (Margie Greig, Arts '28), of Pioneer, in January, a son.

To **Mr. and Mrs. David P. Todd**, Arts '34, in November in Vancouver, a daughter.

To **Mr. and Mrs. John Farris**, Arts '31 (Dorothy Colledge, Arts '32), in November in Vancouver, a son.

To **Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hoffmeister** (Donalda Strauss, Arts '27), in Vancouver, a daughter.

To **Mr. and Mrs. Laurie Todd**, Arts '35, (Jean Root), of Whitehorse, Y.T., in September, a son.

To **Mr. and Mrs. Earl Vance**, Arts '32, (Florence Joyce), in Vancouver in November, a daughter.

To **Mr. and Mrs. John R. Fournier**, Science '22, (Margaret Robson, Arts '21), of New Westminster, in May, a son.

To **Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pratt**, Arts '33, in May, a son.

To **Mr. and Mrs. James Osborne**, (Gertrude Grayson), in Vancouver, a son.

To **Mr. and Mrs. Stave Mellor** (Dorothy Patmore, Arts '31), in Vancouver in October, a son.

To **Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Shayler**, Science '35, in August, a son.

To **Mr. and Mrs. Jeckell Fairley**, Science '34, (Aubin Burridge, Arts '31), in Vancouver in May, a son.

To **Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Farquhar**, (Jean McIntosh, Arts '30), in Victoria in December, a son.

To **Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Taylor**, (Marion McLellan, Arts '31), in September in Vancouver, a son.

To **Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Hay**, Science '30, (Betty Mackenzie, Arts '30), of Regina, in November, a daughter.

MARRIAGES

Barbara Ashby, Arts '30, to **William Harvey**, Arts '31, in September.

Donalda Carson, Arts '36, to **David Oppenheimer** in September.

Marjorie Hobson, Arts '37, to **Malcolm Hardie**, in Hong Kong, in November.

Kathleen Taylor, Nursing '38, to **Meredith Saunders**, in June.

Elza Lovett, Arts '36, to **Alan Mayhew**, Arts 536, in Victoria in September. Residing in Vancouver.

Edward Merrett, Science '32, to **Marjorie Brown**, in October. Residing in Sault St. Marie.

Phyllis Campbell, Arts '31, to **Eric Alexander**, in August.

Marion Sangster, Arts '33, to **David D. Reeve**, Science '33, in September, in Sherbrooke, Quebec. Residing in Smooth Rock Falls, Ontario.

Rosemary Winslow, Arts '33, to **Donald McAllister**, in June.

Nan Quelch, Arts '36, to **Pat Burrough**, in June.

Verna Galloway, Arts '31, to **Geoffrey Trant**, Arts '32, last summer.

Ruth Brandon, Arts '37, to **Jack Viner**, in Noember.

Dorothy Marie Downing, Arts '30, to **George Dobson**, in May.

Muriel Goode, Arts '33, to **Robert Leeson**, Arts '35, in November.

Audrey L. Hughes, Arts '35, to **D. Edwin Nunn**, in June.

Cicely R. Hunt, Arts '31, to **E. L. Pierrot**, in November.

Milshie Petrak, Arts '30, to **Mary Malli**, in Ladysmith last December.

Fiona Sutherland, Arts '32, to **Richard Deane**, Science '33, and living in Trail.

Christine Millard, Arts '34, to **Dick Moore**, Science '33, in Vancouver.

Margaret Wilson, Arts '35, to **Philip** in Montreal.

Eric Johnson, Science '34, to **Anne** Dunn, in Wells, last summer.

Betty Wilson, Arts '33, to **Dr. L. S. Chipperfield**, in August in New Westminster. Residing in Coquitlam.

Allan Webster, Science '33, to **Edith Madill**, in June. Residing in New Westminster.

Hugh Godard, Science '36, to **Nina Foster** of Montreal, in Montreal in May. Residing in Eustis, Quebec.

Tom Brock, Science '36, to **Verna Robson**, in Vancouver a year ago. Residing in St. Lambert, Quebec.

Mabel Folkins, Arts '36, to **Homer Defieux**, this month.

Connie Harvey, Arts '37, to **Bruce L. Robinson**, Arts '36.

New Officers For Royal City Branch

NEW WESTMINSTER — Jack Streight was elected president of the New Westminster branch of the Alumni Association at the annual meeting recently. Other officers include: Judge F. W. Howay, honorary president; Arnold Armour, vice-president; Ian Douglas, corresponding secretary; Barbara Watts, recording secretary; Colin Cameron, treasurer.

Twenty-seven members attended a dinner meeting on November 23 in the Gingham Tea Shoppe. Dr. G. G. Sedgewick, the principal speaker, gave the members for the first time the point of view of the faculty and the board of governors regarding present conditions and student demands at the university.

PERSONALS

Peggy Daugherty, Arts '37, is teaching at Aspen Grove, near Merritt. She drives a horse to school and says it is more fun than a 1939 Packard.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fullerton, Arts '29 (**Althea Banfield**), spent last summer touring Europe. They returned via the Queen Mary, which they pronounced too large for comfort. Harold is a member of the high school teaching staff in Quesnelle.

Reginald Bolton, Science '32, is a chemist and inspector for the Dominion Government in the canned fish section in Vancouver.

Margaret Wilson, Arts '32, is teaching at Shalath, B.C.

Dr. and Mrs. Terence Holmes, Science '32 (**Irene Ramage,** Arts '32), are living with their small son, Martin, at Larder Lake, Ontario, where Terry is consulting geologist.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Buckland, Science '33, (**Helen Jackson,** Arts '33) are living on Vancouver Island,where Alf. has a roving commission as engineer for Bloedel, Stewart & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. James Beddall are spending Christmas in England. They recently built a fine new home in West Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stirling, Science '34 (**Margaret Little,** Arts '33), who have been living at Premier, have sailed for southern Rhodesia and expect to arrive about Christmas. Andy is a mining engineer.

Helen Reid, Arts '34, is teaching at Kimberley.

Mollie Little, Arts '36, is studying commercial art in London.

Zoe Brown-Clayton, Arts '37, arrived a week or so ago in London and is planning to live in England and Ireland for some time.

Isobel Harvey, Arts '18, now has one of the most responsible women's positions in B.C. She is superintendent of neglected children in the department of social welfare for the Provincial Government.

Dr. Allon Peebles, Arts '20 (Ph.D. from Columbia) is still chairman of the health insurance commission but there is no health insurance.

Tommy Peardon, Arts '21, who is lecturing in history at Columbia University, was home during the summer.

Avis Pumphrey, Arts '27, is back on the campus for social service.

Margaret Ecker, Arts '37, is a member of the society staff of The Daily Province. She returned this week from Calgary, where she worked on the Herald for three months as exchange writer.

James Sinclair, Science '28, Rhodes scholar and former school teacher, is secretary to Hon. W. J. Asselstine.

Grace Hope, Arts '27, has recently been appointed case supervisor of the family service department of the Episcopalian City Mission in Brooklyn, N.Y.

Audrey Phillips, Arts '37, is back on the campus after a year in London. She is rather in favor of going back to London.

Kenneth Grant, Arts '37, is a reporter on the staff of the Vancouver Sun. So is **Alan Morley,** Arts '36.

Eleanor Leach, Arts '34, **Bella Weiss,** Arts '35, **Ronald Grantham,** Arts '31 and **Joe Andrews,** are all teaching school in Ladysmith.

William Gibson, Arts '33, has studied medicine at Oxford, spent several months in Spain, and is now completing his medical work at McGill.

Ray Brunt, Arts '32, is in charge of library and guidance work in Nanaimo High School.

Russell Shaneman, Arts '31 and Comm. '32, is selling insurance in Vancouver. He holds the rank of major in the Army Service Corps.

Rev. and Mrs. James Dunn, Arts '31, (**Frances Robinson,** Arts '31), are busy as bees in the Canadian Presbyterian Mission in British Guiana. They were home on furlough during the summer.

James Inkster, Arts '35, is principal of Harewood High School, near Nanaimo.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Somerton, Science '32 (**Betty Creighton,** Arts '34), are living in Vancouver, where Tom teaches high school.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Sargent, Arts '30 (**Jean Fisher,** Arts '29), are living in Vancouver, where Hartley is district engineer and Jean is teaching advanced mathematics at the University.

Mrs. John H. Creighton (**Sally Murphy,** Arts '23), is back in Vancouver after several years in Toronto. She is conducting a highly popular course in modern literature for the University department of extension.

Dr. William Frank Emmons, Arts '18, is one of the very few U.B.C. graduates practicing medicine in Vancouver.

Ruth Cheeseman, Nursing '35, is doing public health nursing in Hawaii.

Betty White, Arts '37, is a social service worker for the Children's Aid Society in Vancouver.

Clare Brown, Arts '35, is secretary for the Student Christian Movement at the University of Toronto.

Jean Meredith, Arts '38, is attending Margaret Eaton School in Toronto on a scholarship.

Isabella Arthur, Arts '33, is completing her law course at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, this year.

Margaret Buchanan, Arts '35, is teaching in Trail High School.

Marnie McKee, Arts '35, has completed her training at Royal Victorian Hospital, Montreal, and is nursing at the Vancouver General Hospital.

Evelyn McGuire, Nursing '37, is with the Abbotsford - Matsqui - Sumas health service.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Taylor, Arts '34, (**Dorothy Barrow,** Arts '32), have returned to Vancouver after a year abroad, while Chris was exchange teacher in Scotland.

Stuart Keate, Arts '35, is on the staff of The Daily Province after two years of work with the Toronto Star.

Marion Casselman, Arts '32, is editor of the cooking pages for The Daily Province Modern Kitchen.

Beth Evans, Arts '37, has her first teaching position in North Vancouver High School.

May Peacock, Arts '36, is doing research work with the tuberculosis division of the Vancouver General Hospital.

Prof. W. O. Richmond, Science '29, is in the department of mechanical engineering U.B.C., after postgraduate work at the. Massachusetts Institute of Technology and teaching at the Case School of Engineering, Cleveland.

Mrs. O. K. S. Laugharne (**Grace Smith,** Arts '25), formerly in Osaka, Japan, is now living in London and delivered a speech at the Glasgow Exposition last summer.

Edmund Morrison, Arts '27, is teaching English at U.B.C. after several years on the faculty of the University of California.

John Slater, Arts '34, won a prize in the Irish Hospital Sweepstake last spring. But he was not as lucky as **Art Dawe,** who graduated in 1938, who won more than $400,000 in the same way several years ago.

Isabel Bews, Arts '32, was recently appointed dietician to Essondale Mental Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Lett, Arts '16, (**Evelyn Story,** Arts '17), are living quietly in Vancouver. Sherwood is a member of the board of governors and the senate of the University and a prominent barrister.

Charlotte Dill, Arts '34, is the only girl at the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club who sails her own boat and during the summer she won the snipe championship and several other trophies. **George Parsons,** Arts '32, an insurance man and another yachtsman, won a number of trophies in the same club with his boat.

Russell Baker, Arts '30 and Comm. '31, is assistant to **Arthur Lord,** Arts '21, in the city legal department. Art is city solicitor.

Joseph Chell, Arts '32, is principal of Lord Lister Junior High School.

Gordon Hilker, Arts '34, is an impressario in Vancouver and has been responsible for bringing many international musical and theatrical celebrities to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Evans, Science '31, (**Myra Lockhart,** Arts '31), moved this summer from Port Moody with their two children to Sarnia, Ontario.

Asenath and **Donna Leitch,** both of Nursing '37, are nursing sisters. Asenath is assistant superintendent at the General Hospital, Medicine Hat, where she teaches forty student nurses, while Donna is public health and school nurse in Vancouver.

T. Wentworth McGinn, Science '37, is in the assay office at the Premier Mine. He was home for his holidays in Vancouver in November.

Ross Tolmie, Arts '29 and a Rhodes scholar, is a barrister but is not practicing. He is in the income tax division of the Dominion Government at Ottawa.

Cecelia Long, Arts '32, is on the staff of the Toronto Star.

Neil Perry, B.A. '33, is in Victoria as assistant to Dr. W. A. Carrothers, economic advisor to the Provincial Government and a former professor of U.B.C. Neil is in charge of economic research and the statistical bureau.

Elizabeth (Beth) Abernethy, Arts '20, formerly assistant registrar of the University, is principal secretary to President L. S. Klinck.

Yvonne Brown, Arts '34, is in a divisional office of the General Hospital.

David Brock is in London, apparently enjoying himself. He does considerable freelance writing and has contributed several poems to Punch.

Dr. Deborah Aish, Arts '35, is back on the campus as instructor in the department of modern languages. She recently returned from the University of Paris, where she studied under a French Government scholarship. Her doctorate thesis, Metaphors in Mallarme, was published as a book in Paris and received extremely favorable reviews from the critics.

Alumni Players Produced Amusing Play

The Alumni Players, who have been cast together so often that they practically constitute a stock company, did well by their most recent production of "Personal Appearance" on December 2 and 3. Directed by Sidney Risk, late of London, Eng., the performance was crisp, robust and funny.

Dorothy McKelvie Fowler displayed her versatility in a highly-colored characterization that was the complete antithesis of her swooning Susie last year (Boy Meets Girl). Her languishing, malapropping, grandiloquent Carol Arden was a delight to eye and ear, and compared to distinct advantage with Mae West's portrayal in the screen version (Every Day's A Holiday).

Miss Alice Morrow and Mr. David McDonald, as a pair of rural heartthrobs, were likewise a joy to behold. Miss Morrow's moonstruck posturing and Mr. McDonald's quaint and wholesome bluffness, which made him look like a candied apple, were exactly in the spirit. Cyril Chave was an upright and faithful Tom Swift as the inventor, and Eileen Griffin drew full value from the meaty lines of her excellent character part (Aunt Kate). Other dependables in the cast were Wilmer Haggarty, Dorothy Mole Martin, Betty Buckland, J. O. C. Kirby, Nora Gibson, and William Buckingham.

Executive for the Alumni Players' Club this year is led by president David McDonald. Vice-President is Mrs. F. G. C. Wood; secretary, J. O. C. Kirby; treasurer, Dr. Eleanor Riggs; committee, Alfreda Thompson. Selection of the Alumni Spring Play will be made in another week.

An Historic Congregation

FOUR NOTED LEGALISTS HONORED DURING BAR CONVENTION

FOUR distinguished jurists, representing the bar of Canada, Great Britain and the United States, received honorary degrees of doctor of laws from Chancellor R. E. McKechnie at a special congregation during the annual meeting of the Canadian Bar Association in Vancouver last August.

The brief speeches of the four recipients were each distinctive contributions to the literature of the University and they are reproduced below through the courtesy of President L. S. Klinck, who made them available.

Following are the addresses substantially as given before a noted audience:

RT. HON. SIR LYMAN DUFF
Chief Justice of Canada

"I desire in my first sentence to tender to you, Sir, and the University of British Columbia, my most sincere thanks for the distinction which you have been pleased to confer upon me this afternoon, and for his friendly expressions, all too kind to my old friend Judge Howay.

"A famous man whom I hod the honor—it was truly an honor—to number among my friends (it was Lord Haldane), used to insist in conversation that every true university exists for two great purposes: The first of these purposes is the encouragement, and the actual pursuit of the higher learning; of the study of those profound things, life, thought, science, existence itself, of every page of the wide book of knowledge; the study of these deep things for their own sake; and this, because it is of the dignity of man to know. The other is to send forth a constant stream of those who, by discipline and culture, are qualified to live the worthy life; whose conduct as citizens and as men may be colored, inspired and directed by the conceptions, and ideals, the habits of thought and of conduct, that have germinated and grown, or have been nourished and strengthened during the days of their academic sojourn.

"It is a commonplace to say that society is strengthened and enriched by the presence in it of large numbers of those who are characterized by the habits of mind which it is the special business of the university to foster. That, I am afraid, is a rather well-known theme, but it can scarcely, perhaps, be repeated too often that, from this point of view, the special aim of the university is, not to store the mind of the undergraduate with facts, but to train him in certain mental habits.

"The good fairy, imagined in Macaulay's dream, who bent over his natal cradle, after the queens of power and fashion had passed disdainfully by—the good fairy, the glorious lady with the eyes of light and laurels clustering round her lofty brow, granted him, as the sovereign gift, the world of thought, the world of dreams. "Mine all the past, and all the future mine." But I am inclined to think that the sovereign gift from the university, upon those capable of receiving it, would be really a gift of a different order. The key to real knowledge, as well as to temporal happiness, is, I believe, disclosed to us in the phrase of that great man, Bossuet: "Le bon sens est proprement le maitre de la vie humaine." 'Le bon sens' is, I believe, the essential object of education in its broadest conception.

"Mr. Chancellor, I hope you will permit me to repeat the acknowledgement of my sense of the great honor I have today received at your hands, and to express also the hope —nay, the confident expectation, that this university, the centre of intellectual activity, in British Columbia, will go on from strength to strength."

VISCOUNT FINLAY OF NAIRN
Judge of the High Court of Justice

"It is not easy to express how deeply I feel the honor which you have just conferred upon me. To anyone it must be a proud privilege to receive a degree from this young Univesity of the West. May I say that to a Scotsman such an honor must make a very special appeal? On such an occasion as this I cannot but remember how profoundly the history of Scotland has been affected by the devotion of her people to the ideal of education. Through many stormy centuries the banner of a humane culture was upheld by the devoted labors of the masters in the old Parochial School of Scotland and by the interest of the parents and the pupils. I am proud of the part the Scots have played in the world and not least am I proud of the part they have played in B.C. I am proud that so small a country should have made so great a name in history. And I believe that of the many causes of the greatness of Scotland none has been more potent than the Scottish system of education.

"I am confident that before your University of the West there lies a great future. Bishop Berkely, one of the most eminent English philosophers of the 18th century, held the faith that the movement of civilization is a movement from East to West and the same idea is expressed in a famous line in Tennyson's "Locksley Hall": 'Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day.'

"I rejoice that you have such beautiful buildings the forerunners, I doubt not, of other fair buildings to arise on this glorious site. The universities I know best are those of Oxford and Cambridge—Oxford, as Mathew Arnold in a celebrated passage said: 'Steeped in sentiment as she lies spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age.'

"Cambridge, with the immortal beauty of that line of Colleges along the Backs, by own University where I was once an obscure undergraduate at that great college Trinity, the college of Bacon and Newton. It is indeed difficult to estimate how much the English people owe to the fact that so many of the great centres of education in England are places of singular beauty—Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, Winchester.

"Reflections such as these, speaking as I do in a place as beautiful as this, might carry me far. I refrain, and I conclude by assuring you that as long as I live I shall remember with deep pride the honor you have done me today."

SENATOR J. W. deB. FARRIS
Past President, Canadian Bar Association

"I am deeply appreciative of the honor done me by the University in conferring upon me the degree of Doctor of Laws Honoris Causa. I am sure the members of the Canadian Bar Association are appreciative of the honor done me as the president. To be the recipient of this degree is a great honor coming from any university of standing. There are particular reasons why I am gratified to receive the degree from the University of British Columbia.

"My personal contact with this university has been close. My four children are graduates. For twenty-five years my wife has been a member of the Senate or of the Board of Governors, or of both. However, my relationship has not been entirely vicarious. From 1917 to 1922 I was a member of the Government of this Province. At that time the university was located at its temporary quarters in Fairview. There was a strong feeling in those days against the continuance of the university. The present Prime Minister was then Minister of Lands. He and I were colleagues. It is no secret that if it had not been for the fight made by him and myself for the university, other influences might have prevailed and the university might not have been here today. I am proud of any part I have had in the work of perpetuating this institution, and I am indeed gratified in now finding myself brought more intimately within its academic walls.

Then in the second place, I am proud to receive this deree because in so short a time the University of British Columbia has become a great educational institution.

"There is not to my knowledge a more inspiring site for a university in all the world than this campus at Point Grey. The world today is in many ways an ugly place. The students of this college go forth into this ugly world with a love of beauty and sense of peace and glory which will influence their lives in all the years to come.

"Then, too, this University has attained an academic standing of the highest order. Its professors are recognized as scholars by other universities and its students are received on a basis of equality in the fraternity of higher education. One thing this University has lacked. It has lacked the background of tradition and an ivy mantled. past. But it has the great freedom of youth. It is greater to make history than it is to read history. Here in this new city, in these inspiring surroundings, the professors and the young men and women of the University of Brish Columbia are creating traditions for the generations to come. They are conscious of a boundless opportunity and their pulses quicken with the spirit of adventure. It is a great privilege to share in this adventure and for my share I thank you with feelings of deepest appreciation."

ARTHUR T. VANDERBILT
Past President American Bar Association

"This beautiful site, this splendid young University of the West, this distinguished company, and the spirit that prompted this Convocation call to my mind the lines of Kipling:

'Hallowed river, most gracious treees,
chapel beyond compare,
Here be gentlemen tired of the seas
—take them into your care.
Far have they come, much have they
braved. Give them their hour of
play
While the hidden things their hands
have saved work for them day by
day.'

As one of the gentlemen tired of the seas, may I be permitted to express my sincere appreciation of the honor you have done me in welcoming me to this haven of light and learning. Not only have you adopted me, but you have clothed me in a coat of many colors, which I can but hope will not arouse the envy of my more drably clad brethren of the American Bar.

"The trail of destiny westward across the continent may be traced by noting on the map the colleges that were founded as the restless pioneers pushed onward. At first our

(Continued on Page 7)

THE CLIMBERS

A Story

BY ARTHUR MAYSE

I got Red located, Bill. He's up in the Anglo-American with a mickey of rum.

I told him, 'You'd better lay off before you start seeing things,' an' he said, 'You can't see things where there's nothing to see.'

Then he takes another drink and asks me, 'Or can you?' An' gives me an odd look.

Maybe you better go up an' see if you can snap him out of it. Me, I can't do a thing with him.

No, I'm not drunk, Bill; just making up for a few I missed while I was away. Sure, the bonus was swell. Everything was swell. It isn't anything like that.

Pour yourself a drink and I'll tell you. . . .

I didn't mention the diary in my story, because Seamus Burke, the wild Irish logger who took me into the Tantalus country, burned it after we'd read it.

"Look you, Red Martin," he tells me, "you are my friend and all, but you will not be giving this to your long-nosed editor."

No offence, Bill. But he was right. I'd hate to think of our subscribers reading Inglis' last words among their brats of a Sunday morning. Well, Seamus held the notebook in the flame of the primus stove until it charred to his fingers.

We found that diary where Inglis had made his high camp at the head of a glacier under the west ridge, tucked into the pillow-pocket of his sleeping bag.

That was on the day we left Icefall Point.

I remember how we started, in the dark, from Icefall. I'd hear Seamus rustling ahead of me through the heather, then he'd top a rise and stand out black against the stars, striding up and over and into the night again, until we came to the cairn Inglis had raised on the hogback when his girl got killed.

We stopped to investigate it. Found a brass cylinder with a screw cap, maybe the one in which they'd figured on leaving their record of a first ascent.

We opened it, at least I did, over Seamus' protests. Only a yellowed scrap of paper inside.

"Until I come," it said, and then "My darling," and that was all.

The girl isn't buried there, by the way. The climber did the only thing a man could do—wrapped her in a tarp and lowered her into a crevasse somewhere under Tantalus. The ice moves slowly. She's safe up there for all of a hundred years.

We had a cigarette by the cairn, looking cross-glacier to the peaks of Tantalus. Then we roped down a scree slope to the ice.

Can't remember much about the next few hours. Just Seamus moving ahead of me with the sag of the rope between us, and the point dropping lower and lower in the south, and the big, godawful mountain coming no closer.

But I do remember the ice-sloughs. The sloughs, and the storm that cracked down on us from Terror Gap when we'd crossed them.

We reached the bottom of Tantalus Bowl and the first slough at noon. You'd have laughed to see us fording those ponds, Bill, but with ice-soup shrivelling my shanks I didn't feel like laughing. My feet get cold now when I think of it! Hand me the bottle.

It's the sun does it, beating on the sides of the bowl. In the centre, where there aren't many crevasses, the runoff collects in pools. The first was small, maybe as wide as from here across the street. But Seamus howled like a wolf when the water licked over his boot-tops, and me, it took my breath away.

Between that pond and the main one we saw the first clouds. They came drifting over Terror Gap, white puffs no larger than your hat. I had too many immediate troubles to pay them much heed, but Seamus shook his head when he saw them and began to stretch those long legs of his.

The next slough was a quarter-mile across and took us dam' near to our necks before it shallowed. We were so numb from it we could hardly keep moving, and a wind that came from all directions at once whooped right through us.

Seamus cocked his head toward the gap. His lips were blue from cold. What with his snow-goggles and the grease-paint on his face he didn't look human.

"There is a word in Antrim that once before the end o' thet world a man will give birth to a child," says Seamus, "and by the griping in my belly I am for thinking that man is myself. And yonder comes the end of the world, Red Martin, and the devil riding it home!"

He pointed with his ice-axe. Away in the northwest, Terror Gap was a drawknife with a peak at either end for handle and an edge of ice. Clouds were curling across it in long black shavings. The three peaks of Tantalus were blanketed, and mist was rolling down the glaciers toward us.

"Musha," says Seamus, "this is the way it comes! You will be taking your foot into your hand, long man, or there will be two more dead under the mountain."

We began to climb again, working up the farther slope of the bowl. The sun had gone coppery and was glaring down on us. The ice began to give off its fetid smell. Sure, like a morgue without the formaldehyde. Ice rots like anything else when it's a few thousand years old.

Ahead of us, Tantalus Glacier poured over a 2000-foot icefall. I know now we should have picked a different route, but the icefall seemed a straight lead to the peaks. It was deathly quiet. The ice crackled under our boots, and the glacier rot clawed at our breath.

Then the sun went out and the storm broke and the seracs began to boom in the icefall over us. The snow drove at us so hard we were half blinded. We hacked our way up with the ice crashing around us, not knowing whether the next leaning column wouldn't spread us thin.

Seamus kept me going. He was clean gey, howling into the storm—dragging me along at his tail. I hadn't any recollection of topping the icefall. But all at once there was snow underfoot and we were staggering up a tilted snowfield toward a ridge shaped like a shark's fin.

Snow over ice is a wicked combination. The stuff on that hanging glacier was so soft we wallowed hip-deep at every step. One time Seamus dropped out of sight without even a yell, as if a hand had grabbed his legs from below. The rope yanked me forward on my face—my axe was under me, though, and it gripped. Soon the strain eased off, and I could hear Seamus tap-tapping under the ice. After a spell his hat poked out of the crevasse and he jacked himself clear.

We lengthened our rope and kept plugging, hoping to God we wouldn't run into a crevasse wide enough to gulp the two of us together.

The storm was thickening and we were just about all in. But the shark-fin ridge was close, and in its lee we saw a strange thing. A tent, small as the shelters kids rig up for play, with the snow whirling over it. By a break of luck we'd happened on Inglis' high camp.

We managed a stumbling run. Fumbled the knots of the flap and crawled through. There wasn't much in the tent. A rolled-up sleeping bag and a rucksack, with a primus beside it. We worked over the primus till we got it going, and melted snow for tea.

It wasn't until hours later that we took stock—we were too ehausted to be curious. Seamus figured the sleeping bag would be warmer than his ragged blanket, so he began to unroll it, and the notebook slithered between his knees.

We huddled in our baks with a candle-stub for light and the storm yammering outside, and read what Inglis had written, alone there, weeks ago.

I've handled some strange documents. None stranger than the record of this man Inglis, who'd returned for another shot at the mountain that killed his wife.

Not that it started out strangely. First few days it just dealt with incidents of his trip in from the salt chuck. How a grizzly raided his camp in the spruce. How the ice had receded fifty feet from the glacier tongue in the years since he'd last come this way. How he'd gone alone up the glacier, sleeping one night in the lee of a boulder on the medial moraine with the homeless wind crying over his head.

The woman was first mentioned after he'd made base camp on Icefall Point under the cairn and was waiting for settled weather before he tackled the peak.

"I thought never to return to this mountain," he'd written, "but it has been calling me from one year to another. I am neither glad nor sorry. It was something I was compelled to do. Now I know why. Something of her remains in this place, and tonight I feel her nearness."

Next day no mention of her, but on the next, this:

"I know beyond doubt that you are with me here."

Terry, we were watching a man go crazy. As we passed from day to day we saw the sorrow that had been part of him for seven years change to a happiness that glowed in his pencil scribble.

Seamus read on, with the fey look on his long Irish mug. The chills

(Continued on Page 8)

AN HISTORIC CONGREGATION

(Continued from Page 6)

colleges served the indispensable function of educating our youth, particularly for the learned professions. They kept the torch of civilization burning. Judged by modern standards, the best of them were primitive institutions with meagre equipment and slender resources, but judged by the men they produced they need fear no comparisons. The necessities of the time developed great teachers. It was with such an establishment in mind that President Garfield remarked that his notion of an ideal college was Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other.

"As some of our colleges grew to be universities, they assumed two new functions—the advancement of learning and its dissemination to the public generally. To the responsibilities of teaching were thus added research, university extension work and, more recently, the publications of the university press. The gain to society therefrom cannot be overestimated. But these advantages must never be sought at the expense of that intimate personal relationship between teacher and student which is the **sine qua non** of all real education.

"The mere physical presence of youth intent at work and play is a sight to quicken the bloodstream. Why should it not be a function of the University of the twentieth century to encourage leadership in young and old alike? Why should not our colleges and universities everywhere be a forum for the interchange of thought and inspiration between the leaders of today and the leaders of tomorrow?

"For admission into your mystic circle of youth, of optimism, of idealism, of courage for the future, your adopted son, not too proud, I hope, of his coat of many colors, is indeed deeply grateful."

The Graduate Chronicle

A quarterly journal owned by and devoted to the interests of The Alumni Association of The University of British Columbia.

EDITOR: EDGAR N. BROWN
ASSISTANT EDITORS: JAMES BEVERIDGE
MRS. DORIS BARTON ROSS

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1938

Editorials

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

THE name has been retained but nearly everything else about the old Chronicle has gone. It is frankly an experiment. Instead of being an annual, the new Chronicle will be a quarterly and later, it is hoped, a monthly. Instead of being a magazine, it will be more of a newspaper, though some magazine features will be retained. Instead of being distributed only to paid-up members, the first few issues will be mailed free to all listed members of the Alumni Association.

If the experiment is successful, the Chronicle will be the medium by which the amorphous, potentially powerful association will be fused into an effective force and a vital organism. It is not that now. It is a scattering of light without focus because it has no voice.

The experiment will depend primarily on the measure of interest and cooperation which it receives. The editors will expect voluntary literary contributions. They will expect a response to appeals. They will expect all members of the association to approach prospective advertisers. And they will expect that the request for payment of annual fees of one dollar will be loyally met.

It may be a forlorn hope. But there are more than 4,500 graduates on the rolls of the University and a majority of them are in British Columbia. They all retain, in varying degrees, a fondness for Alma Mater. In late years, Alma Mater has sorely needed the support of an organized minority of her friends and she had not received it. In the next five years, according to all indications, she will need it more. It will be the function of this paper to make articulate, politically and socially, the convictions of a considerable volume of opinion. It will strive to advance the welfare of the University and of the Alumni Association, and to provide something of interest to all graduates.

Tuum est. Do you remember?

HON. MR. WEIR

THE record of Dr. G. M. Weir since he became minister of education and provincial secretary in 1933 has been an impressive one, particularly so in regard to the University. The increase in the appropriation of from $250,000 to $410,000 for the forthcoming fiscal year is one very tangible achievement for which he is to be congratulated. Certain changes he introduced in connection with appointments to the board of governors have been valuable in liberalizing that body. His fearless appointment of brilliant young graduates to administrative posts in the social services has been highly important in recognizing the value of such graduates in government work.

Apart altogether from politics, apart even from his effect on the University, Dr. Weir's record commands the respect of thinking persons everywhere in the province. Perhaps the best indication of this occurred in the Legislature a year or so ago, when Mrs. Dorothy Steeves, M.L.A., herself a brilliant university woman, wistfully invited him to cross the floor and join the C.C.F.

DORMITORIES

Scheduled construction of a students' Union Building on the campus next year calls to mind the question of dormitories and their value to a growing university.

Two distinct advantages in the establishment of dormitories at U.B.C. are these: First, it would attract a large proportion of up-country students who are already faced with sufficient inducement to move Eastward to Alberta or Saskatchewan; second, it would supply the one function whose lack does much to impair the real value of any university. Community of interest, of feeling, of understanding, can arise only when students are in close daily contact.

The day-school atmosphere which characterizes any institution without student residences is a factor which consistently endangers concerted, enthusiastic student policy. U.B.C.'s progress in student administration is rather a credit to her undergraduate leaders than to any unified college feeling. With residences on the campus, a whole new attitude towards the college is created—one whereby the institution has everything to gain.

SENATE ELECTIONS

ALL alumni should bear in mind that fifteen members of Senate will be elected by convocation in the spring. Since the Alumni Association represents about 90 per cent of the membership of convocation—the balance being made up of members of faculty and surviving members of the first convocation—graduates have a direct interest in the elections.

Of the retiring fifteen senators, all of whom, of course, are eligible for re-election, six are graduates of the University of B.C. It is possible that the proportion may be increased for the forthcoming term. Opportunities for making nominations will be given in the usual way and ballots will be distributed by mail.

LAMENT

By RONALD GRANTHAM

These high hopes —
like tall ships outward bound
with a brave spread of sail,
deaf to the minute sound
of fatally busy worms,
scornful of lurking storms
or the boisterous gale.

These dead dreams —
like rotted hulls
bleaching upon the shore,
white as the circling gulls
they will taunt no more.

THE CLIMBERS

(*Continued from Page 7*)

chased up and down my spine, and it wasn't the mountain cold.

Sure, Inglis went crazy. He was crazy when he left Icefall, crazy when he set out, a man alone, to cross Tantalus Bowl. Because to his way of thinking, he wasn't crossing it alone. . . .

"We broke camp today and took to the ice. Sheila led—she was always more skilful than I at glacier work."

When we read that, we knew his mind had cracked clean across.

His last words, Terry, written in the high camp the night before he came to the mountain:

"She has no fear of Tantalus. Left alone, I would accept what we learned on our first attempt: that it will never be climbed. But she will not have us turn back. I fear this mountain, more than any peak in Himalaya, in the Alps or the Andes, but with her on the rope all will be well. This time, she tells me, we will make the ascent."

That was all. It was then that Seamus took the book from me and burned it.

"God save the man," he said. "God and Mary pity him then, and her, the poor children. But perhaps, as he says, he has found her, and all is well."

It was a night and two days before the sky blew clear. At noon of the second day we closed the tent as we'd found it and set out on the last lap. Angled around the ridge and struck the snowfield between it and the mountain, with the spires of Tantalus lifting through the mist.

The slope grew steeper, and the mist fell away. It rolled down the long vertical faces of black rock until the mountain stood clear. No crevasses, but new snow made it tough going. Then in the late afternoon the snowfield ran between dark wings of rock and ended sharp in a bergschrund under the middle spire.

Life had no place in that hollow. The shadow of the spire stretched across it, and I fought a panicky feeling as I looked up. The sweep of the mountain, the sheer rush of that black pitch, made my stomach turn over.

So I watched Seamus' back until he stopped dead in his tracks, and fumbled his hat off in a slow gesture.

We'd found all that was left of the climber.

We dug him out of the snow. He must have been far up the spire when the mountain tossed him off. His body was smashed to flinders, but his face when we turned him over wore a kind of icy peace.

I'd brought a tarp in my rucksack. I was kneeling by Seamus, unbuckling the flap, when his fingers bit into my shoulder and dragged me to my feet.

He was staring at the summit. His eyes were wide and his mouth was drawn open. It was the look he'd had when we bucked the storm, when we read the diary, but intensified.

He swung his ice-axe at the crest. Damn if I could see anything. Just black rock no man could climb, with the sky dark blue above it.

"There!" he said, and his voice was almost a whisper, ". . . And themselves like the young gods of heaven. . . ."

I stared at nothing while the hair crinkled on the back of my neck. Black rock and dazzling sky. But nothing between.

Seamus let his arm fall to his side. He turned to me like a man waking from deep sleep.

"Let us bury our dead," says he, "and be taking ourselves out of this place."

Don't ask me what he saw. Myself, I saw nothing. Give me another drink.