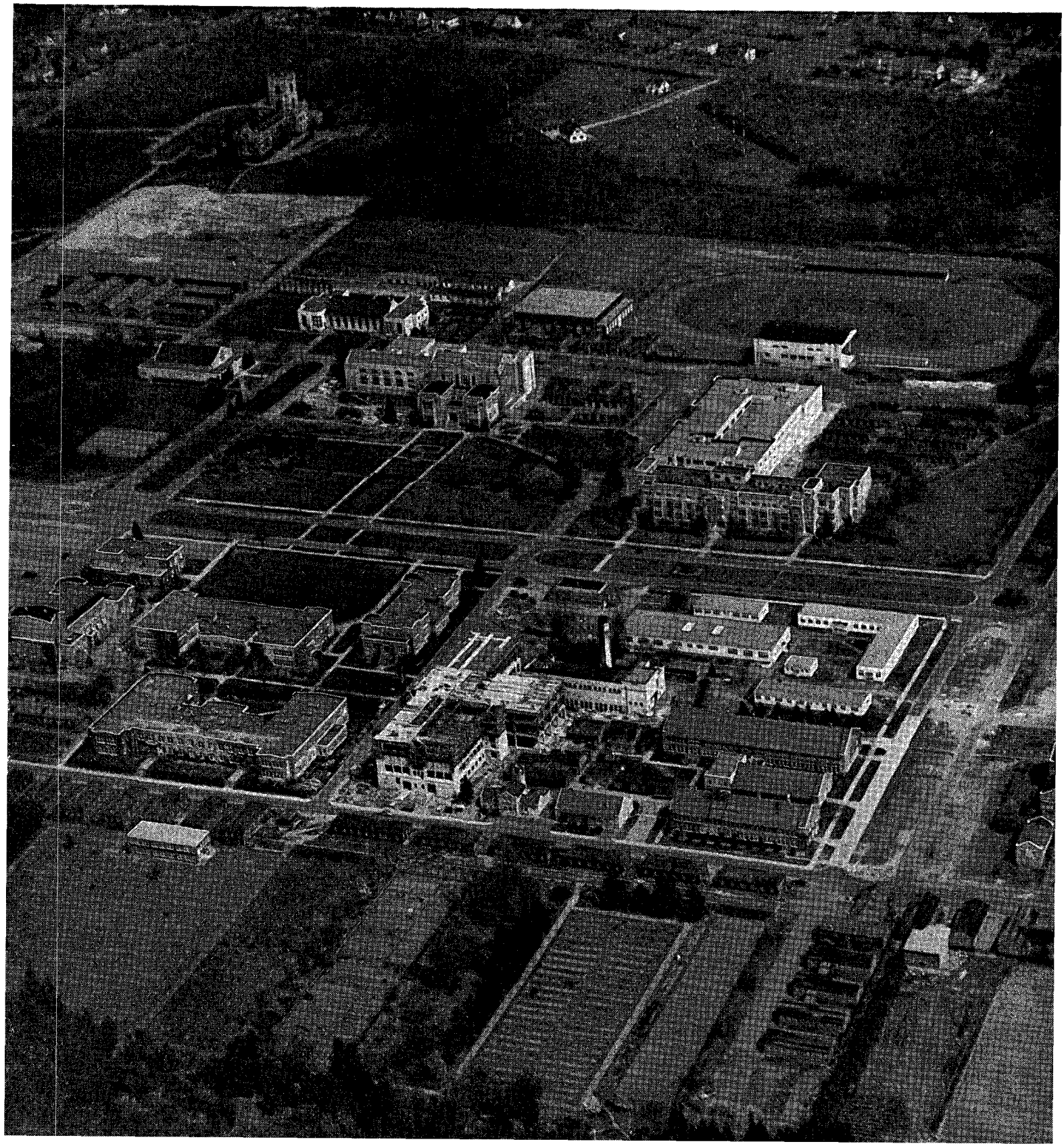
Vancouver, B.C. JUNE, 1948

The Graduate CHRONICLE

Published by the University of British Columbia Alumni Association



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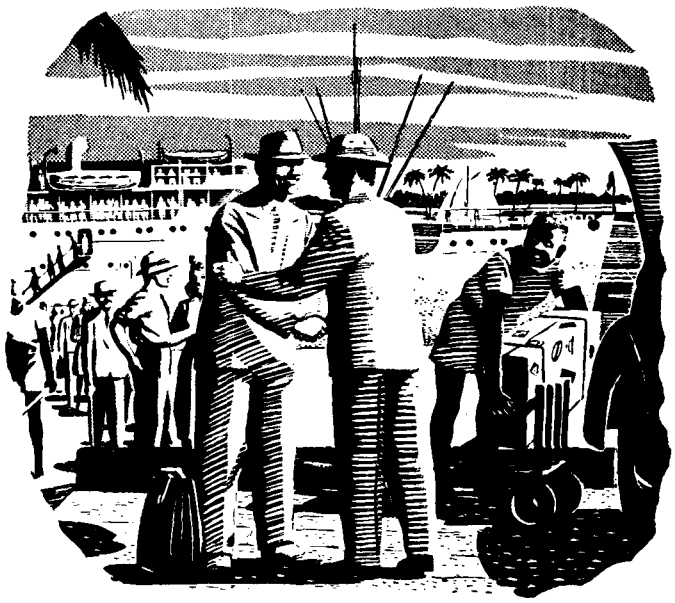

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ALUMNI

Dear Sir:

It is feared that the Department of Education intends further reduction of academic requirements for University Entrance. The proposed two-year minimum foreign language requirement should be of interest to all U.B.C. graduates. Readers would be wise to ponder the following questions:

1. Why should U.B.C. not set its own entrance requirements, independent of Junior Matriculation standards?

2. Enquiries reveal that at least three years of foreign language study are required for admittance to any first-class Canadian university (with the major exception of the Faculty of Agriculture in two universities). Why should our students be put in an inferior position in applying for entrance to other Canadian institutions?

3. Since the high schools already have the privilege of graduating students by presentation of High School Graduation certificates, in what way would retention of University Entrance standards discriminate against those unsuited to further academic work? It is true that President Truman's commission on Higher Education would advocate a university degree within the reach of everyone. But is it undemocratic to suggest that a student has a right only to as good an education as he can be given, and is capable of receiving? I would agree with President Smith of the University of Toronto who maintains that entrance requirements should be stiffened, and that while there should be equality of opportunity for those who have ability to pursue higher education, "higher education is not necessarily an inalianable right for every boy and girl." He reaffirms that "higher standards for getting into and for staying in university are essentially in the national interest."

4. Why do we not work towards establishment of vocational schools and technical institutes for those wishing to specialize in such fields, rather than reducing the general educational background of students entering U.B.C.?

5. How can U.B.C. expect to maintain the quality of its graduates and remain a first-class institution by the adoption of such a policy of reduction of standards?

6. What will your own U.B.C. degree be worth after a few years of reduced entrance requirements?

Surely these are questions which should be considered immediately by all graduates: and **Now** is the time to act. Yours very truly,

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LETTERS

3050 Procter Avenue,
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Editor,
Graduate Chronicle.
Dear Sir:

My attention has been called (by myself) to Stu Keate's interesting memoir in your last issue. In correcting one of your writers he has himself erred on two or three small points. Allow me to observe . . . in the most delicate manner in the world . . . just to hint . . . that he's as crazy as ten pounds of Irish bedbugs.

The fact that **The Ubyssey** once (**once,** not "always") called my show by a name of its own does not mean that this was the correct name of the show. Far from it. Anything but. Au contraire. **The Ubyssey** can't even name itself. The nickname it used for our show was used, for one year only, by Christie Fletcher to annoy me personally, or so he begged me to believe. Not that it matters.

It is untrue that all our four shows contained pep talks. Our whole object was to make our shows as nearly pointless as possible, and we usually succeeded. Certainly, the Rugby Club (of which I was never a member) **imagined** Ted Clark and I were trying to sell tickets for them, but we children of darkness were wiser in our generation than those children of light, and for us the show was the thing. Oddly enough, this policy sold more tickets than pep talks ever did. At one meeting we sold 1000 tickets. I don't think the house held many more people than that.

No limerick ever appeared in our script. I've heard limericks tried on the stage only once and the effect was terrible. I've written limericks only once (The Royal Canadian Artillery, for the use of), and they were terrible in another sense.

About cluttering up a revue with orchestral numbers from the stage. We thought the students could hear orchestras at any other pep meeting, if that would soothe them, and we wanted to avoid sameness. We also wanted no flagging in pace . . . nothing would have killed the pace quicker. We wanted an hour or more of laughter. Of course, some of the orchestras from town were really pretty funny, at that, and so were their admirerers, but you can't work irony too deep in a good-natured little show. It would be rather rude. Besides, it is apt to misfire.

Well, I am glad somebody remembers those shows incorrectly. In that way they may seem better than they really were. Perhaps my subconscious is helping me that way too. My conscious tendency is to blush and say "We were very, very young." But Old Man Subconscious, bless his serious-minded little heart, tells me "Those were the days!" And with all this talk about the shows, I begin to think he's right, until I look at the one surviving script and start blushing again. I am glad, on the whole, that the other three scripts were stolen by members of **The Ubyssey** staff, performing their duty as self-denying servants of the public press.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID BROCK, Arts '30.

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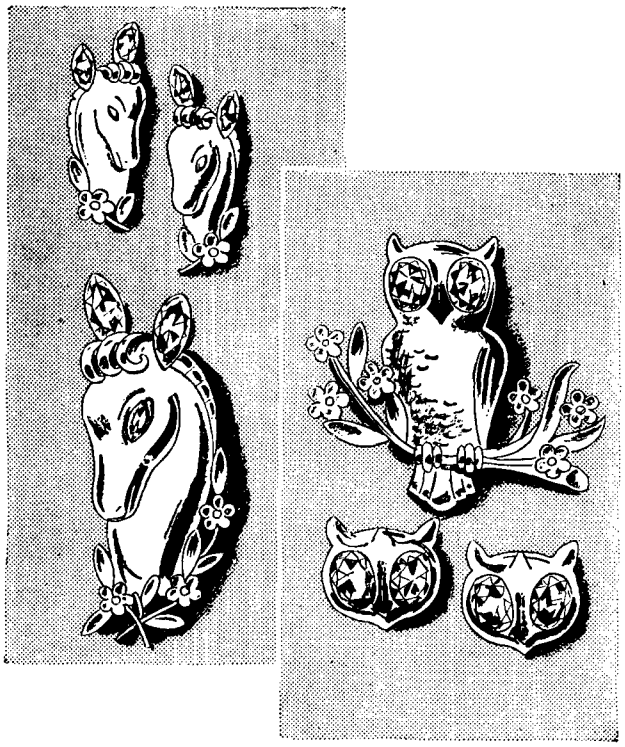

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This story is based on an actual case . . .

I'd be further ahead today if...

Ralph Franklin was talking the other day to one of our people — about business, about people, about his successes and failures. Of course, Ralph Franklin isn't his real name.

You'd say he was a successful business man . . . his income runs around $7,000 a year and his business is growing steadily.

Franklin is one of our more progressive customers and we like doing business with him because he is never content to rest on what his firm is producing . . . he is always trying to find a better way of doing a job for his customers, for his employees and for himself.

Lately, he has been trying to negotiate the purchase of another business firm and he's been finding the financial and legal problems which it is involving pretty complicated. He has discussed them with us, with other financial men and with lawyers. He hasn't got things entirely sorted out yet, but we believe he will manage it eventually, and we are going to do all we can to help him to bring off his deal successfully.

"You know," said Franklin, as we finished our talk, "I'd be further ahead today if I had got to know bankers and lawyers better when I began business 20 years ago and had realized earlier how much they can help a chap . . . help him avoid pitfalls — make more use of his opportunities.

"For instance — once I thought you bankers were just interested in keeping my money on deposit and collecting my drafts. Now—well . . . you're my financial counsellors. You've given me so many good suggestions since I've got to know you better."

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Published in Vancouver, British Columbia, and authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

COVER PICTURE

This issue's cover is an aerial view of the campus, taken from a Harvard aircraft, of No. 442 Fighter Squadron (Aux.), by Bob Steiner, U.B.C. student and member of 442. In the lower center is shown the unfinished new Applied Science building while top centre is the newly completed Physics building.

Summer Fashions

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For the Record . . .

So much is happening at the University of British Columbia and so many of its graduates are doing exciting things and attaining interesting jobs that the old bogey of the **Chronicle** editor—getting enough copy—has given way to an even more difficult task of trying to sift out the most important and interesting stories that tumble into this office between issues. . . .

It's got to the point where **Bob Elson** doesn't get a mention in these pages even though he's just been appointed managing editor of **Fortune** magazine . . . but then **Bob** has a habit of winning so many important posts, that, what is unusual in others is only ordinary in him. . . .

We thought the story of **Dr. Jim Pyle,** first appearing in the Vancouver Sun, was a natural for the Chronicle and so with that paper's permission and the author's, it appears on Page 9 of this issue. . . .

The three-page feature on staff retirements was a necessity . . . the whole tone of our University was largely set by the people retiring and the University owes them a great deal for their invaluable intellectual contributions to our Alma Mater . . . personally your editor will never forget his interview with **Dean Buchanan** just before joining up and the tremendous insight he had into the workings of a young undergraduate's mind . . . there are countless stories of his kindliness and also of the others, **Dr. Sedgewick, Dr. Clark, Dr. MacInnes** and **Mr. MacLucas. . . .**

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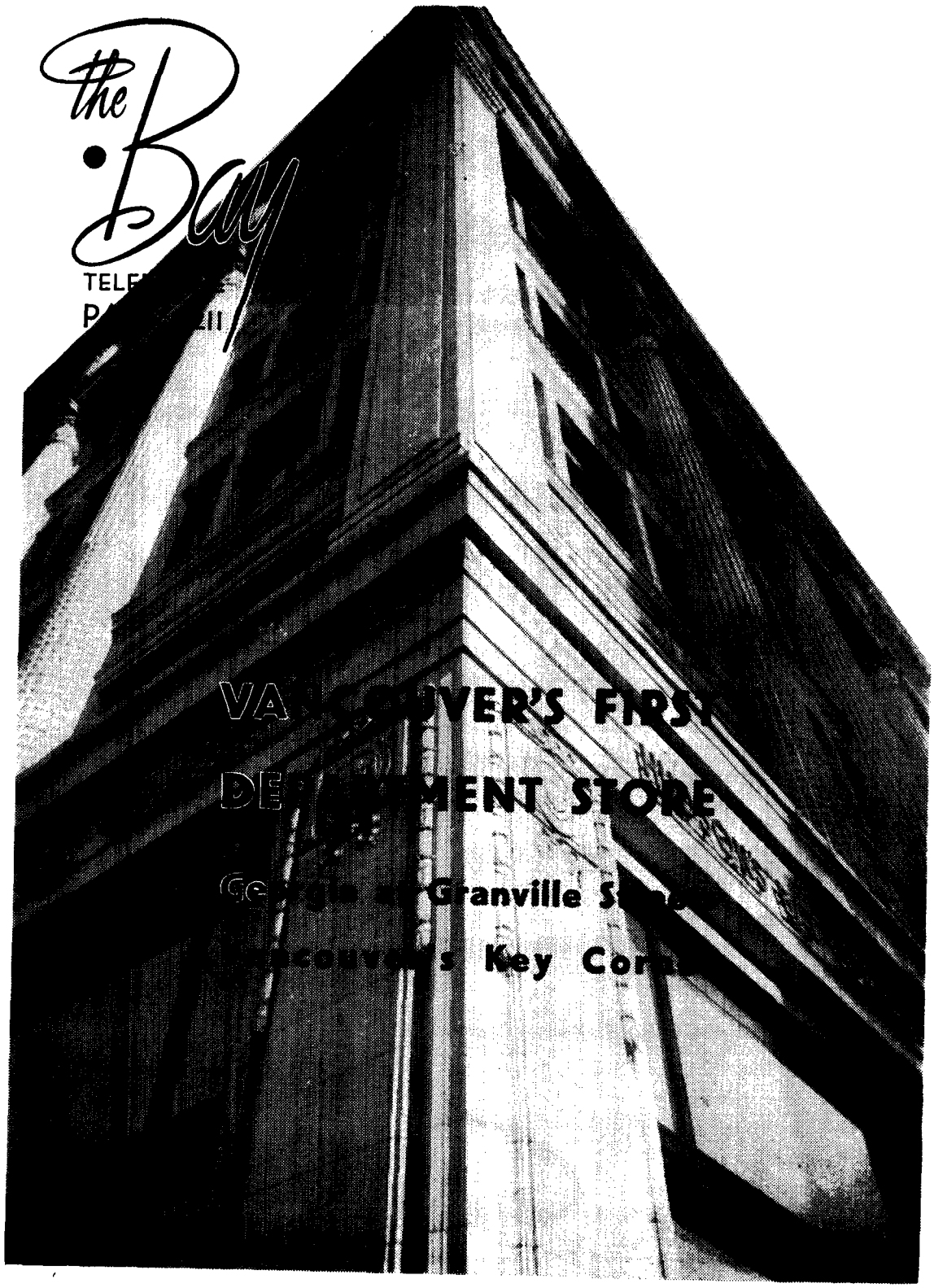

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Dr. Jim Pyle U. S. Magazine Hero

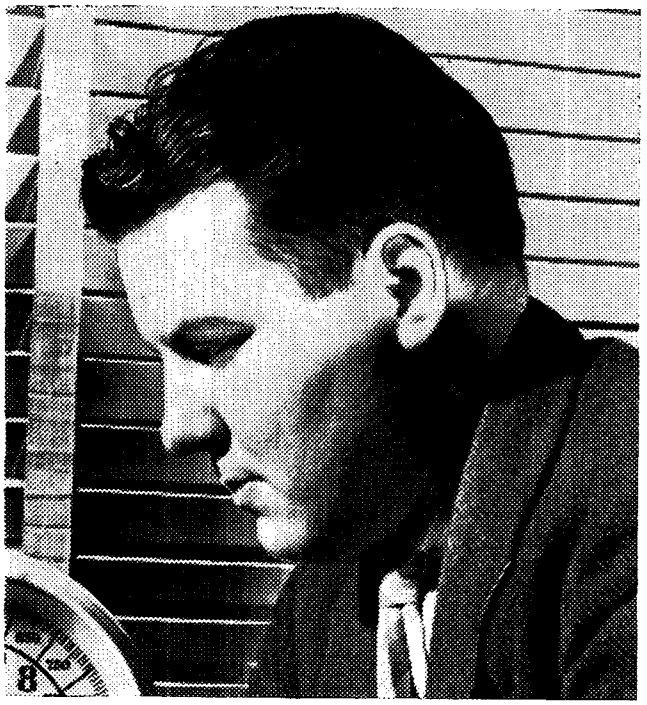
RIVALS "KING OF THE MOUNTED"

By LEONARD L. KNOTT
(Reprinted by Permission of the Writer and the Vancouver Sun)

Mounted police, fur trappers and war pilots are no longer the only Canadians known to American boys. A 33-year-old Canadian scientist, born in Calgary, educated at University of British Columbia and at McGill, has been selected as the hero of the Number One success story in an adventure magazine for teen agers published by General Electric Company at Schenectady, N.Y., the biggest electrical company in the world.

The magazine is distributed every other month to the teen age sons and daughters of all company employees, to stimulate an interest in electricity as a career. And the success story which features the first issue is the story of Dr. James (Jim) Pyle, former B. C. English rugby star who became one of the youngest laboratory directors in America.

Supervising the work of an entire staff of chemists and engineers in the plastics laboratories in Pittsfield, Mass., Jim is also consultant on the U.S. Government's Manhattan project, where the atomic bomb was born and where work is currently being done in the field of atomic energy, engineering and research.



OUTSTANDING SCIENTIST

Virtually unknown in Canada, Jim Pyle, Canadian, is the magazine idol of close to 100,000 American boys. Still in his early 30's, he is on the verge of becoming one of the outstanding scientists in the United States. His Canadian recipe for success, according to his magazine biographer, is a balanced combination of sport and study, plus the ability, or good fortune, to select instructors who are authorities in their line.

Jim Pyle was born in Calgary but spent his early years in London while his father was fighting in France in the Canadian Army. Scarcely five years old, he already had a well-developed curiosity bump and was one day rescued with difficulty by his mother as he stood out in the street watching a German Zeppelin which was giving Londoners a preview of the blitz that was to come more than 20 years later. After the war the Pyles returned to Canada and headed for Vancouver.

During the next few years the Pyles covered the province pretty thoroughly ,settling for varied periods of time in one town or another all the way from Vancouver to Prince Rupert. Jim attended eight different schools and played on a variety of soccer and rugby teams.

In school Jim liked mathematics, science and history. He played all sports but his favorites were English rugby, soccer, baseball and lacrosse, in that order. After high school he headed for University of British Columbia, first, he says, because it was close to home, and second, because it had an excellent reputation in the scientific field.

He chose what for most students was the toughest course on the calendar, the honors course in chemistry, and breezed through with a total of 72 credits when only 60 were needed. With three more credits he would have won his Master's degree at the same time as his Bachelor's.

During his college days Jim had spent one full year on some of the chemistry that works in the flotation of ores. Armed with this get-rich knowledge one summer he headed for central British Columbia and began gold mining. He and some old-time miners pumped water from the Thompson River at the rate of 5000 gallons a minute, washing down the gold-bearing soil and gravel. This turned out to be a tough way to earn a living, however, and Jim gladly went back to college to get his doctor's degree. During this period he won a scholarship to McGill and headed east for Montreal.

One of the experts who did most to shape his pupil's future life was Dr. Hibbert, a world authority on cellulose and lignin. He directed Jim Pyle towards research in the field of plastics and that eventually led him to General Electric and Pittsfield, Mass.

In 1939 he began his industrial scientific career. He worked on a wide variety of projects and four years later, two weeks after celebrating his twenty-ninth birthday, he was appointed laboratory director, the youngest in the country.

During the war, as researcher and laboratory director, he helped turn out some 3000 different war jobs, including a rocket launcher which the American air force used to blast enemy armor. Today he is the husband of a former U.B.C. college classmate, the father of three sons, owner of a new house and an amateur carpenter. And he's one of the best known Canadians south of the border, rivalling King of the Royal Mounted.

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Retirements . . .

- DR. G. G. SEDGEWICK
- DR. GRACE MacINNES
- DR. DANIEL BUCHANAN
- DR. R. H. CLARK
- MR. ANGUS MacLUCAS

Dr. Garnet G. Sedgewick, one of the intellectual giants who pioneered the University of British Columbia and has helped make it one of the most respected institutions on the continent.

Five Well-Known U.B.C. Personnages Retire

Total 150 Years Service To U.B.C.

Part of the soul of the University of British Columbia will be missing when the Freshman class registers on the campus this fall. For retiring from positions at U.B.C. are five individuals who have gained recognition for the service they have given to our Alma Mater and for creating that intangible quality—call it spirit—which for 30 years has made our University a pleasant place to attend and remember.

High on the list of U.B.C. creators is Dr. Isabel MacInnes, head of the Department of German since 1946. Dr. MacInnes joined ths staff of the University 32 years ago—right from its earliest beginnings. She became an instructor in German at the old McGill University College and from the point of seniority has the longest association of anyone connected with the University.

Famous throughout the Dominion as a Shakespearian authority, Dr. G. G. Sedgewick leaves the University after 29 years. Dr. Sedgewick joined the University staff in 1918, three years after it opened, and with the exception of a short period of time spent winning his Ph.D. at Harvard and five years at St. Louis University, he has been with the University of B. C.

Regarded by the many undergraduates with tremendous affection is retiring Dean Daniel Buchanan, since 1928 Dean of Arts and Science. A witty speaker, Dean Buchanan has long been one of the most sought after speakers in Vancouver. During the war he gained added favor by his kindly, sympathetic treatment of young undergraduates anxious to "join up."

Dr. R. H. Clark came to the University in 1916 after a brilliant academic career had carried him to many scholarships and a period of teaching in the United States. He has been head of the Department of Chemistry since 1927 and that department's high standing has been largely credited to him.

Mr. Angus MacLucas joined the staff in 1926 and became bursar in 1934. There is not a graduate who doesn't remember the good-natured bursar and the easy way he had of extracting fees from recalcitrant undergraduates.

---

o Dr. G. G. Sedgewick

Though departments of English are very new things in the ancient world of universities, they now exert a greater influence on the average student than does any other department. And if the Head of the Department happens to be Doc Sedgewick, the influence is enormous. It is almost impossible to have passed through U.B.C. without acquiring something, directly or indirectly, consciously or not, from that ever-burning personality. Of how many professors, here or elsewhere, can we say that?

In its time, U.B.C. has possibly had a few men deeper in scholarship than Doc . . . in other departments. It has had one or too with a sharper wit, and one or two with a kindlier humour, perhaps. It has had one or two (not more) with broader interests, and perhaps knowing more about those interests than Doc knows about painting, music, rugby football, and all his other loves. Here and there we may have had a better speaker . . . who fooled us by refraining from speech. There may have been a more gifted teacher, and a better organizer. There may even have been, though it seems unlikely, a better showman (in the best sense of the word). But what is certain is this: no other professor, among a very memorable collection, could combine all these qualities as Doc Sedgewick did. No other remains quite so vividly in our memories.

The late Walter Raleigh said "If I am accused on Judgment Day of teaching literature, I shall plead that I never believed in it and that I maintained a wife and children." Doc maintained no wife (though he did maintain a most charming and colourful mother), and we fear he did believe in teaching literature. But during his bad quarter of an hour on that awful day, several thousands of us will testify that he gave us an enduring love for Shakespeare. And if that is not a complete defence, what is?

We must all have been amazed at the variety of students who developed an enthusiasm for Shakespeare . . . tough mugs who worked their way through college by bootlegging, flimsy-brained little coquettes, dried-up pedants, dapper-witted loungers, and all the rest. The merit was not all Shakespeare's. Shakespeare is taught everywhere, but seldom with such charm and universal effect. Nor was the merit all that of Kitteridge, Doc's teacher at Harvard, though Doc owed him a lot . . . as any man owes a lot to a world-famous scholar with whom he studies intimately. Those of us who heard both men lecture will agree that Doc added a good deal to what he learned at Harvard. Doc was livelier, warmer, funnier. He had more draught in his furnace, somehow. It is not a criticism but something of a compliment to say he had more popular appeal. Shakespeare himself has a terriffic popular appeal, if it is allowed to come through. Doc not only let it through, he coaxed it through very small holes into very unusual places. There has seldom been teaching with as little tedium, formality and unreality.

Just as his god Shakespeare loved youth and freshness, so did . . . and so does . . . Doc himself. So did Schubert, his other god. Inside and outside the lecture hall, Doc felt a friendship with his students. There must be times when he thinks (with

good reason) that he is still of their age. Nor did he ever despise a student for mere lack of cleverness. Like the dying Napoleon who was angered by his atheist surgeon, Doc could forgive shallow wits or even bad manners . . . dullness of heart was all he could not forgive.

It was this equality with youth and fondness for youth that sometimes led him to joke a little roughly, as an equal. Troops never forgive sarcasm from an officer, both because of public shame and because they cannot answer back. Doc never thought of himself as an officer, and was surprised when the occasional student was angry or hurt. He honestly thought we could answer back . . . as some of us did. One day a disgruntled student said "Who does he think he is? God's brother Archibald?" And another said, "No, he thinks he's Peter Pan. And by gum, he may be right." If he wasn't that rather sentimental little growth, P. Pan, at least he may have been Puck, a better Pan than Peter. Many hundreds of us forgave his jokes on the instant, and others soon after, which is a considerable tribute to Doc, not to our own virtue. And the men with a grudge against Doc are not those to whom he spoke most outrageously.

Few make the mistake of regarding Doc as a mere comedian . . . and what a comedian he is, to be sure! But also, few know how tender and delicate and serious he can be. The fact that he hides these qualities, to a certain extent, is itself a proof of his delicacy. For Doc to touch your heart, you must usually touch his first. And he commonly takes care that you don't, unless your troubles are very real ones. His common attitude is a good Pantagruelism, "which, as you know, is a certain Jollity of Mind, Pickled in the Scorn of Fortune." And what could be better? God knows it is all too rare these days.

Some professors are so busy publishing that they do not teach very much or pay much attention to running their departments. Doc's own Harvard makes this mistake at times. For the sake of glory, it says to its professors "Publish or be damned." Doc, on the whole, has preferred to side with the Duke, who said "Publish and be damned." He did more important work. Not only did he turn out a large supply of professors who do and will publish good stuff and bad . . . there is a heavy demand for both . . . but he gave the average undergrad a feeling of ownership in and understanding for our greatest possession. Which is what he was hired to do, a contract few fulfil, or can fulfil. All the same, one hopes that on his retirement a few more books will come out of Doc. They are inside him all right. One certainly cannot say that when he retires the rest is scilens (as his Boss liked to spell it). One also hopes that they will just be signed "Doc." We'd all know who it was. There are many doctors, but only one Doc.

---

o Dr. Grace MacInnes

"To walk with you, Herr Doktor, is both an honour and a privilege," said the young student Wagner to the learned Doctor Faust. For over thirty years this line has been read to students of German by Dr. Isabel MacInnes and this summer as she retires as Head of the German Department it takes on a new significance for many of us. To have walked with her as student and friend has been for thousands of students an honour, a privilege and a rare pleasure.

It is unnecessary to review the contribution which Dr. MacInnes has made to the spiritual and intellectual life of the University, for that is known to all graduates. We would like, however, to recall some of the scenes on that walk through the years which demonstrate our thoughts of her as a friend . . . the Sturm and Drang MacInnes descending like an avenging deity upon those who, especially in the Women's Locker Room of the old Arts Building, forgot that these were "halls of learning"; the Lieder MacInnes adding her pleasant soprano voice to the incidental music which accompanied the earnest work in the Red Cross Rooms; the Wandervogel MacInnes casting aside with abandon gown, record book and adjective declensions and eating Wieners (spelling, please!) on Class Picnics; the Goethean MacInnes; mentor and counsellor, giving advice both stern and sympathetic to those who sought it; the scholar in gown and hood, lending in the early days the only touch of das Ewig-Weibliche to academic processions.

More recent graduates will add other touches to the picture — especially the veterans who in two World Wars owed to Dr. MacInnes carefully knitted socks with faultless heels—her scrutiny did, we hear, overlook one or two romantic enclosures in the toe!—and warm sympathy and consideration for their problems as student veterans.

We, as graduates, express our thanks to her for her friendship, her counsel and for the high standard of scholarship which she represents. These are for us a source of both honour and profit. For her we wish many more years of fruitful activity and that moment of supreme satisfaction such as was Faust's when she looks back over her years of inspired service so generously and so impartially rendered.

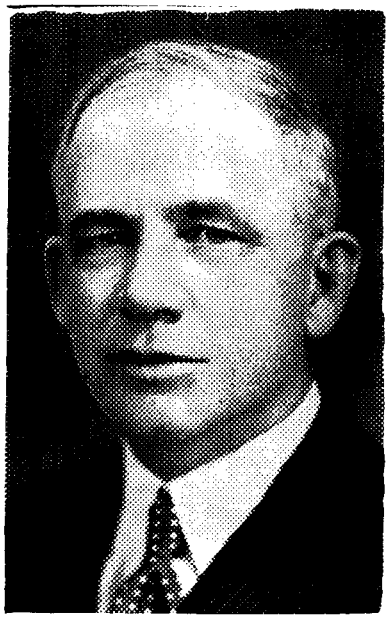
Dean Daniel Buchanan

The business of "deaning" must be nearly the most thankless job that a human being can undertake. At any rate, that's the general story told by deans. But Daniel Buchanan couldn't tell it even if he wanted to — which he doesn't. From the beginning of the quarter-century of his deanship to its end, he has managed to capture and hold the affection and gratitude of the whole University body — affection and gratitude so nearly unanimous that any lapse from them only justify the rule. As an artist in "deaning," he has made the job **look** pleasant and easy, and consequently he has often suffered the usual fate of the artist in that his pains have been taken all too lightly. Not everybody knows how hard it is to keep a dean's desk clear, to keep that flood-stream of undergraduate appointments running smoothly through his office, to keep a Faculty meeting good-tempered, to keep peace with people who have a bone in the teeth and a chip on the shoulder. For that matter, it is more than one man's job merely to get the monstrous U.B.C. calendar off by heart. Yet all this round of infernal pettiness has been made to seem pleasant and easy under the Buchanan touch. He never announced the terribly mounting blood-pressure which belied the appearance.

There were strict Puritans on the staff who sometimes complained that the Dean himself was "easy" (i.e. "an easy mark"), especially in cases which, they said, called for Justice rather than Mercy. But, in spite of the Puritans, Daniel Buchanan's temper and methods seemed to work out as good a harmony between those conflicting Virtues as humanity can arrive at. Under his steady and kindly eye, a student malefactor would plead guilty before the charge was even laid; and then Mercy and Justice, like lamb and lion, could lie down together in peace. Such an incident is characteristic of Daniel's "deaning" and of the results it obtained.

It isn't really an anti-climax to end with a reference to the Dean's stories, which issued from a never-failing reservoir and which were told with never-failing skill and zest. U.B.C. will miss them, as daily fare at least, and so will everybody in this city and province. For what British Columbian hasn't heard a Buchanan yarn and rejoiced in it? It always had a point which applied to the immediate situation: if that was difficult, the tension was resolved; it is was unduly solemn, the heaviness was relieved. In fact, story-telling was one of the arts which Dean Daniel employed as he acted in his proper and beneficent role among men: he was born, and he trained himself, to be a lubricator of life. No wonder the gratitude and the affection of thousands follow him as he retires from responsibility into years, we hope, of active but untroubled happiness.

Dr. R. H. Clark



Many graduates of the old university at Fairview will learn with regret and a certain realization of the passing of the years, that Dr. Robert H. Clark, Head of the Department of Chemistry, retires this summer.

The high esteem in which the graduates of this university are held is a result, in the final analysis, of the standard set by individual professors. That this high standard was consistently maintained by Dr. Clark is attested to by numbers of our graduates now eminent in the various fields of chemistry and chemica lengineering, who comment on the enthusiasm for chemistry first instilled in them by Dr. Clark.

A strict disciplinarian, but kindly and considerate in dealing with the difficulties of individual students, Dr. Clark's lectures were always followed with closest attention.

On the strictly social side, undergraduates will miss the annual parties which Dr. and Mrs. Clark gave in their charming home on Marine Drive. A prominent feature of these parties was the variety of games, all the way from table tennis to bridge, available for the entertainment of the guests. This love of games is characteristic of Dr. Clark, who is equally at home on the tennis court, on the golf course or at the bridge table.

Dr. Clark was born at Blyth, Ontario. He attended the Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ont., and the University of Toronto. He graduated with First Class Honours in Chemistry in 1905, receiving the Governor-General's Medal for highest standing in any Honour Course. In 1906 he received the M.A. Degree and was awarded the "1851 Exhibition Science Research Scholarship" for study abroad. This scholarship was renewed for three years. From 1906 to 1909 he studied under Professor Arthur Hantz at the University of Leipzig and received the degree of Ph.D. there in 1909.

In 1916 he came to the University of British Co-

(Continued on next page.)

THREE GRADS GIVEN HIGH POSTS AT U.B.C.

. . . PROF. GAGE

Three University of British Columbia graduates and a former R.C.A.F. group captain who received the Order of the British Empire for his wartime services, have been named to high posts on the U.B.C. staff in a list of appointments announced by University President Norman A. M. Mackenzie.

Appointed to Deanship at the university are: S. N. F. Chant, O.B.E., head of the department of philosophy and psychology, who will be dean of the faculty of arts and science, replacing Dean Daniel Buchanan; Prof. Walter H. Gage, assistant dean of the faculty of arts and science, who has been named dean of administrative and inter-faculty affairs, a new post co-ordinating duties not within the field of any one faculty.

To Head Departments

Named heads of U.B.C. departments are: Dr. J. Roy Daniells ,who will succeed Dr. G. G. Sedgewick, who is retiring as head of the department of English; Dr. Ralph D. James, who will replace Dean Buchanan as head of the department of mathematics.

Ontario-born Professor Chant received his B.A. and M.A. from the University of Toronto, where he was a professor of psychology from 1922 to 1945.

Prof. Gage, born in Vancouver and educated at Tecumseh, and John Oliver high school and U.B.C., will supervise in his new post prizes, scholarships, and bursaries for the university, take care of classroom and laboratory accommodation and co-ordinate timetables.

Born in England, Dr. J. Roy Daniells, new head of the department of English, received his education from Victoria High School, U.B.C., the University of Toronto and King's College, London.

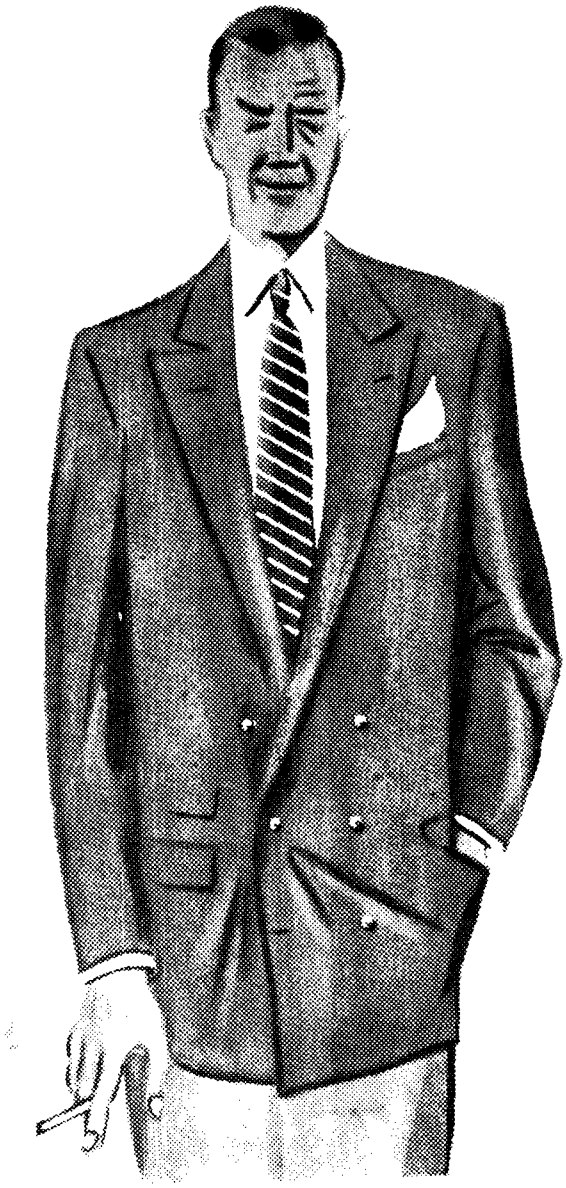
DR. R. H. CLARK

(Continued from previous page.)

lumbia and assisted in developing the Department of Chemistry during the earlier years of its formation, eventually becoming Head of the Department.

Dr. Clark is the author of some fifty papers in many fields of chemistry, but particularly in the fields of organic chemistry and physical chemistry. During the war he carried on much research for the Canadian Government, particularly in the field of explosives; most of this work, for security reasons, will probably never be published.

Dr. Clark is far too interested in the University to let mere retirement sever his connections with U.B.C. and it is hoped that as a professor emeritus he will see the ultimate development of the work he has so worthily begun.



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JABEZ

Dear Alums:

I graduated (M.A.) again the other day. As did 1600 other people, including the Governor-General (LL.D.), so I didn't stand out particularly. The Armouries was so full that hundreds of relatives and friends of the gallant 1600 were unable to get in. They seemed to feel that this was a hell of a note. The fact was, however, that once you got all the graduates and Faculty and commissionaires inside the Armouries, there was only room for a few hundred kinfolk and the odd pot of tulips.

The day was windy and wet, and everybody had trouble with his hood. There are only two ways of wearing a hood. You can either let the front band rest against your throat, giving the ceremony the fillip of slow strangulation, or you can drape it over your shoulders, so that as you romp up for your degree it falls around your ankles and sprawls you, grinning vacantly, in front of the Dean. If monks wore the hood it must have been as a form of penitence and somebody should have told them to cut it out.

In the Armouries they seated us very closely together, to save space and make sure that we would all rise as one man when necessary. Since the ceremony took two hours and a half, and since we could feel the muscles twitching in one another's thighs, we felt obliged to make conversation with our neighbour, even though we had nothing in common but alphabetical order. The gentleman on my left, I noted in my program, had written his thesis on "The Determination By Physical Means of Infestation in Fish."

"What's this about infestation in fish?" I asked politely.

"Worms," he replied politely.

After this high point, the excitement tapered off until our line rose as one man and proceeded to the platform for our degrees. Instead of the Chancellor rapping us on the nut with his mortar board as formerly, the men bowed and the women curtsied to him. We then continued across the platform to the Registrar, who handed us our diplomas. Approaching the Dean, who had already read off several girls' names for obviously male candidates, I was seized by the panicky fixation that I might curtsy to the Chancellor. Or bow to the Registrar, give my diploma to the Dean, and hit the Chancellor over the head. My hood suddenly felt as though it were full of papoose.

Reaching the Dean I waited dumbly, hoping he could find my name, since I had forgotten it and would require some time to look it up. He said it and I was off at a lope, nodding familiarly to the Chancellor, wrenching the diploma from the Registrar, and returning hot-faced and heaving to my seat. Nobody seemed aware that I had been anywhere, let alone through hell.

But I now have a diploma that says "Magistratum in Artium," and I'll bet **that** means something.

JABEZ.

POETRY AN

QUEBEC MAY

Now the snow is vanished clean,
Bo' jour, Pierre, ca va?
Skyward point the cedar billows,
Birches pinken, poplars green,
Magenta runs the sumach tine
Pouring down the hills like wine.
Yellow catkins on the willows,
Yellow calico on line.
'Allo, Marie, 'allo!

Even Telesphore is friskey,
Vieux Telesphore, hola!
Feels the blood in shank and hand,
Sees the creek brim brown as whiskey.
Last old snowbank dies by stack,
Last sick islee of ice on *lac.*
Racing on the springing land
Petite Jeanne in wake of Jacques.
Hi ya, Jeanne, Hi ya.

—Earle Birney.

Of the Tribe of Naphtali Were Sealed Ten Thousand Canadian Poets

Naphtali is a hind let loose,
He speaketh goodly words.
He speaketh similes and metaphors,
Which are the **geist** of poetry.
A metaphor is a sock in the puss,
A hack in the fork,
A pick-me-up, a throw-me-down,
A suddenly-met spectre.
But Naphtali doth more than metaphor
(If indeed any man can do more);
He selleth his old mistresses,
Embalmed in rhyme,
To **Vers du Canada**
(Which can mean either **Verse of Canada**
Or **Worms of Canada** . . . le mot juste).
Ah, but while he selleth his old mistresses
He doth not sell his old toe-nails.
He is not yet that efficient.
But he will be. Trust Naphtali.

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D NONSENSE

ON PARR, A PUNDIT

Parr weighs the evidence on all
Life's facts and theories, great and small;
Together he puts two and two
And there he is. For any of you
To weigh results obtained by Parr,
Just subtract four and there you are.

D. H. B.

THE QUIEN SABE-IST

The Positivist is extremely positive.
The Determinist is frightfully determined.
The Vitalist is vitality itself.
The Rationalist is stubbornly rational.
The Intuitionist is accurately intuitive.
The Materialist is solid.
The Energist abounds with energy . . .
In fact, they all do, all schools of philosophy,
And have forms of energy denied to me.
But I have a source of cheer denied to them:
I my self am NOT SO SURE about anything.
I do not know, and know I do not know.
And believe me, this is often
Not only the warmest of comforts
But practically the only thing
That keeps me going.
What is that, if not a form of energy?

D. H. B.

MEMOIRS

By "IXNAY"

When I joined the Players' Club as a freshman of sixteen, I was told that I was in for more fun than any one given barrel of monkeys, or even apes. First there was the autumn dance, always chosen for a good foggy night, to which you escorted a freshette you'd met the week before. You danced with her all evening because neither of you knew anyone else, and the Club's uncanny staffwork (in those days at least) took damn good care you didn't meet anyone else. You didn't know her any better when you drove her home through the fog. After this mad frolic, you settled down to try out for a part in one of four no-good little one-act plays . . . or no-act plays. (Yes, I know: it was the devil to select them. But it was also the devil to appear in them.) If you were lucky enough not to get a part, you were permitted to muck about backstage while everyone explained to you that you were just as vital a cog in the wheel of Art as any of the gifted little falsetto elocutionists out front. You were also permitted to listen while sophomores explained in a lofty, snobbish, and bullying manner that backstage we called a flat a "flat," a prop a "prop," and the fly-gallery the "fly-gallery." Nor was that all. On the Night itself you saw your name in print on every one of the ten programmes you awarded yourself; you studied hysteria in all its male and female

Continued on Page 27

1948 marks Spencer's 75th Anniversary year

David Spencer Limited was founded in Victoria, B.C., by David Spencer on January 4, 1873. "Victoria House," the original little pioneer store, had a total floor space of 1800 square feet. Today, the eight David Spencer Limited stores in Vancouver, Victoria, Nanaimo, New Westminster, Chilliwack, Courtenay, Duncan and Mission, cover approximately one and a half million feet of selling space. In seventy-five years, the one-room, one-man store has grown into one of the family institutions of British Columbia, with a total staff of over 3000.

This year—1948—marks the seventy-fifth year of "the big family store" service; a record of growth that has, we believe, been brought about by the confidence and approval of generation after generation of British Columbians in the traditional merchandising of quality goods that has been, and will continue to be, Spencer's policy.

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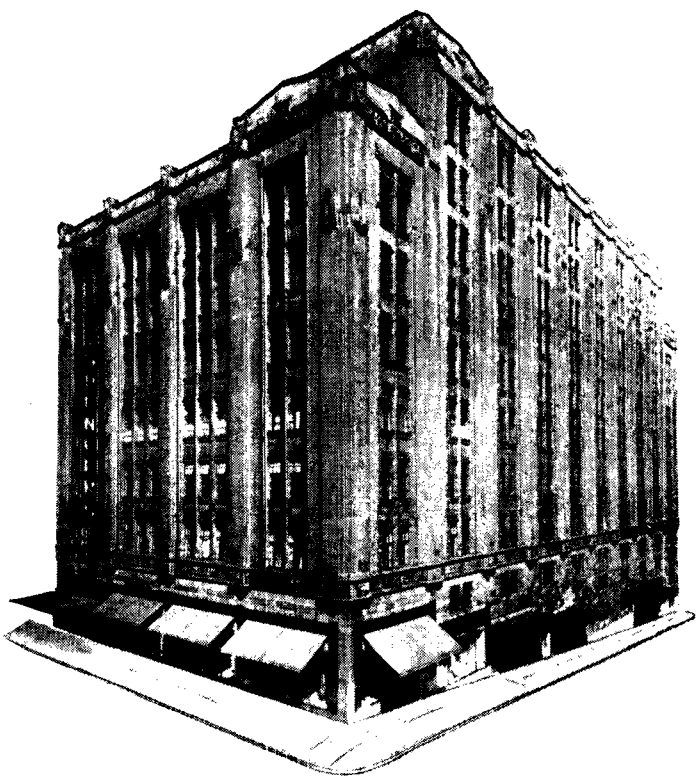
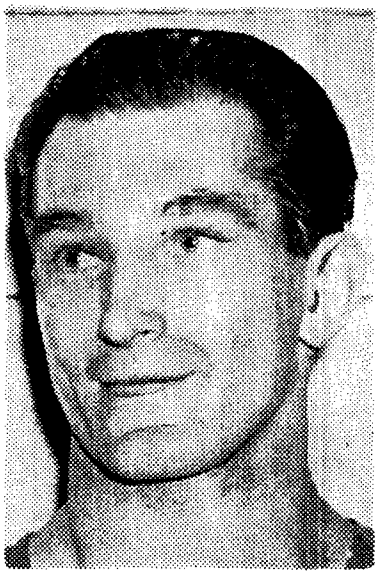


✶ SPORT By BILL DUNFORD



. . . HENDERSON

Thunderbirds, of the be-capped or be-wildered type, are flying high, speaking sportingly.

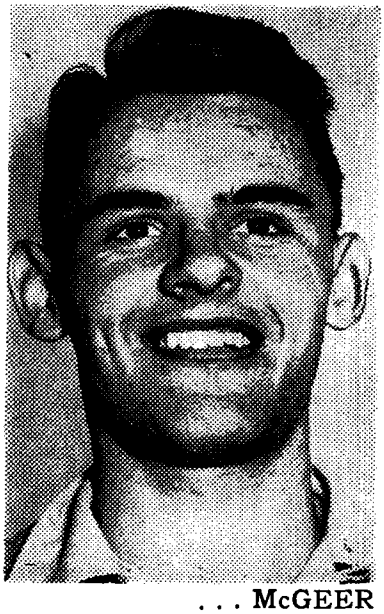
No matter how you look on that farce that was the Olympic basketball trials, the two best teams in Canada are the current Birds of **Bob Osborne** and the Clover Leaf ex-Birds of **Hunk Henderson.**

The dream of casaba followers hereabouts was a Canadian Olympic team made up from this all-B. C. lineup. But fate, hereinafter not referred to as the Pooba of Caba, Irwin, Dominion prexy, stepped in. However the B. C. Grads are still champions of Canada, and one of them, **Jack Pomfret,** may take in the London show. Certainly **Bob Osborne will be there,** as coach.

This is nothing new. Robert was there in 1936, with the combined Windsor Fords and Dominoes.

And the name of U.B.C. will be carried by seven members of this year's Thunderbirds, including high scoring **Pat McGeer,** who led the Pacific Conference scoring race.

That isn't all. Losers of that Olympic trip, the Clover Leafs are likely to carry the name of British Columbia and Clover Leaf (salmon-plug) to the Argentine. Buenos Aires will stage an invitation tournament in November and they've asked Canada to attend. Now much-travelled emmissaries of Canadian hooping, manhood and salmon (plug) after their Philippine jaunt and their cross-Canada junket, the Leafs are all for it. Probably the sponsors of this henceforth-emphasis-on-Grade (salmon packers, plug) will be glad to send them along again.



. . . McGEER

This isn't the only realm of athletic endeavour in which the name Thunderbird is making news. **Bob Osborne's** (that man is in again) track team just walked off with their second straight conference title. And they did it in no uncertain manner, setting three records and matching another.

That matching another, by the way, was the 9.8 mile turned in by **Chick Turner** of Varsity. This just adds to the gossip going around track and field these busy pre-Olympic days. They say Chick is just about the best bet in this territory. And this territory includes some lads who can pick them up and put them down but good.

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VANCOUVER - NEW WESTMINSTER

E. Henninger, 440, and **Doug Knott,** 880, with **Dave Blair** in the high jump, cracked Conference marks and cut themselves in on the Games business.

This track cleanup made British Columbia Conference kings, having already won the golf, tennis and swimming titles in the four-event schedule. Golfer **Bob Plommer** also won individual honours by winning the Conference title with low score of *70-72—142.*

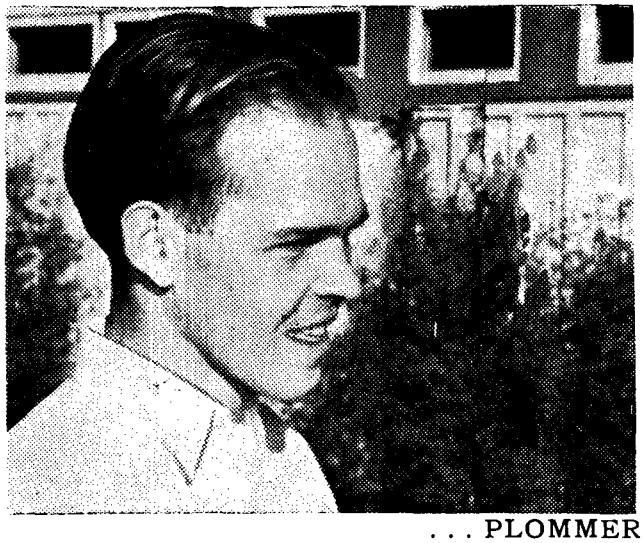
"Naturally we won, we always win everything," handyman **Johnny Owens** told a grad in answer to how the track team made out.

"And how's your football team?" came back **Ron Andrews,** listening in on the conversation. This stopped **Johnny** somewhat.

However, football paid its way for the first time in history last season. A negligible amount, it represented a large gain over earlier and formidable deficits.

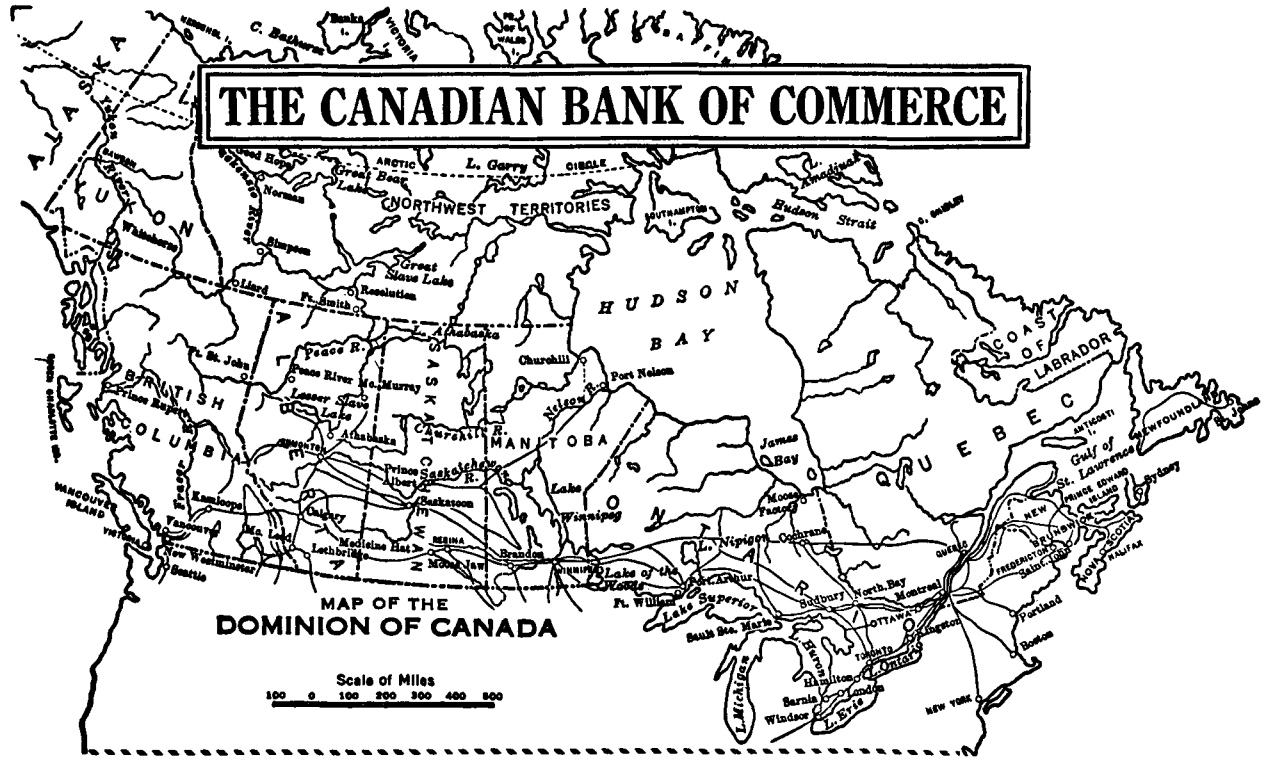
This year, the powers that hope figure on a better setup. They have offered the coaching role to **Gregory "Hardrock" Kabat** who is currently being his mum self over his plans. And the MADmen have named large basketballer **Ole Bakken** as full-time Graduate Manager of Athletics. He replaces **Luke Moyls** and it remains to be seen if the change is beneficial.

Somehow or another football with its color, American background and build-up, should go. At least there was much sighing in hopeful anticipation as the largest crowd ever to sit in on Varsity Stadium transferred the partial bowl into a reasonable facsimile of big time sport. This was at the High School Track show. It suggested a lovely autumn setting.



. . . PLOMMER

The **Messrs. Osborne, Pomfret** and **Bakken** now have the ball. U.B.C. has the athletes. Tuum Est, roughly translated for the occasion, means it's up to somebody.



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Northern California Holds Dinner Meeting

From DEWART LEWIS

The Northern California Branch held a spring dinner at the Durant Hotel in Berkeley on March 5, with attendance of slightly over forty.

Preliminary to the main meeting, approval was given to the following slate of officers:

Chairman, **Dr. Percy Barr, '24**; First Vice-Chairman, **Mr. Harold Offord, '23**; Second Vice-Chairman, **Miss Margaret Coope, '30**; Secretary-Treasurer, **Mr. Lester McLennan, '22**; Programs and Arrangements, **Mr. Al Drennan, '23**; Membership and Publicity, **Mr. Dewart Lewis, '22**; Campus Representative, **Mr. Harry English, '45.**

A simple set of by-laws was also approved for future guidance of the officers.

The chairman of the evening was **Percy Barr.** The dinner, a dignified affair, was preceded by the singing of "America" and "O Canada" with **Mrs. Gordon Betram** furnishing the piano accompaniment.

In his opening remarks, Percy Barr conveyed to the gathering the greetings of **Dr. Robert G. Sproule,** President of the University of California, and then introduced the guests of honor.

First speaker was **Dr. Jerzy Neyman,** Director of the Statistical Laboratory at U.C., who was introduced as a representative of the British Universities, whose fond regard and respect for British institutions well qualified him as a representative. He claimed a number of graduate friends distributed throughout Canada, and as far as U.B.C. was concerned, he said that he could never quite forgive one of its graduates for marrying one of his star feminine pupils nor for doing it in such an oblique manner.

The second speaker was **Dean A. R. Davis** of the College of Letters and Science on the U.C. Campus, who was accompanied by **Mrs. Davis.** He stated that, during a recent trip to Florida, he had spent much time getting or keeping Percy Barr out of trouble and this was also one of his perennial activities on the campus. He was well acquainted with British Columbia and U.B.C. ,and said that the record of U.B.C.'s graduates at U.C. was excellent and that the University of California wants more students like those that have come from British Columbia.

The chairman of the organizing committee **(Messrs. Barr, English and McLennan)** of the branch reviewed the work of the committee during the past year, including a membership survey; cooperation with the parent group in Vancouver and the visit of **Darrell Braidwood** and **Frank Turner** to San Francisco for the A.A.C. meeting in July; the raising of a treasury fund; the election of officers, and the arrangement of several dinners.

Messrs. H. E. Bramstocn-Cook and **John Kask** were elected charter members of the branch.

In addition to the forty odd present at the meeting, an equal number of alumni sent regrets at not being able to attend because of sickness, travel, location, etc. Replies came from New York, Florida, Vancouver, Seattle and Los Angeles.

The next meeting is planned for November.

Sidelights on the U.C.-U.B.C. Rugby Game, March 20, 1948

Many U. B. C. alumni turned out for the British Columbia-California rugby game on March 20. Perfect weather and brilliant playing combined to make the occasion a great success. These games cement good relationships between the universities, and Cal.'s Ed. Welch declared that the U.B.C. boys are a grand bunch.

KAMLOOPS

President, **Mrs. W. Pendry (nee Margaret Deas)**; Vice-President, **Mr. Tom Willis**; Recording Secretary, **Mr. R. K. Bell**; Corresponding Secretary, **Mrs. D. H. Ross**; Treasurer, **Miss Evelyn Bradley**; Press Representative, **Mr. J. D. Howard**; Chairman Membership Committee, **Miss Ruth Harrison**; Chairman Program Committee, **Mr. W. Pendry**; Chairman Social Committee, **Miss J. M. Dawson.**

Tom Willis, M.S.A. '47, has been recently appointed superintendent of the new Dominion Range Experimental Station at Kamloops, B. C. Tom is Vice-President of the Kamloops Branch of the Alumni Association.

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BRANCHES

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The second meeting of the Southern California Branch of the Alumni Association of the University of British Columbia, took the form of a dinner and discussion session. It was held at the Mona Lisa Restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles on Saturday, April 24, 1948. Twenty-seven attended, including graduates and their husbands, wives, parents and friends. And our distinguished guests, the Canadian Trade Commissioner and his wife, **Major and Mrs. Victor E. Duclos.**

A tentative set of by-laws, modelled after those adopted by our Northern California partners, was submitted to the group for discussion.

Next came the election of officers. The newly-adopted by-laws call for seven. A motion was carried to appoint as officers for the coming year, all those who served on the organizing committee. The six members of this committee were then elected to the various offices. A seventh, nominated from the floor, was elected to the remaining spot. The roster wound up as follows:

Chairman: Lionel Stevenson, Arts '22.

First Vice-Chairman: Lillian Locklin Nicholas, Arts '23.

Second Vice-Chairman: Fred L. Hartley, Sc. '39.

Secretary-Treasurer: Edith McSweyn, Arts '29.

Publicity and Membership: Arnold M. Ames, Sc. '37.

Programs and Arrangements: Guy Corfield, Sc. '24.

Campus Representative: Fernand E. Deloume, Arts '40.

"SEDGEWICK SESSION"

Following the business of the meeting, the evening's agenda turned to self-introduction. By way of a little variety the chairman suggested that each graduate in announcing himself, should tell some highlight of his university life which remains particularly in his memory. This proved most entertaining. It proved there are at least two things of lasting interest in Point Grey—**Dr. Sedgewick** and the rest of the University. This was a great night for both. But it will perhaps be affectionately remembered by many of those present as the **Sedgewick Session.**

Here's a list of those present: Major Victor E. Duclos, McGill 1914, and Mrs. Duclos; Lionel Stevenson, Arts '22, and his mother, Mrs. Mabel Stevenson; Rena V. Grant, Arts '20; C. Ralph Follick, Ex. '27; Margaret (Hurry) Follick, Arts '27; Fred L. Hartley, Sc. '39; Dwight O. "Bud" Miller; Patsy (Lafon) Miller, Arts '38; Henry Norman Cross, Arts '24; Jean (Hood) Cross, Arts '31; Edith L. McSweyn, Arts '29; Guy Corfield, Sc. '24; Mrs. Guy Corfield; Clymene (Wickie) Wilmarth, Arts '38; Belle (McGauley) Cusack, Arts '30; Maxine M. M. McSweyn, Arts '27; Ivan A. Lopatin, M.A. '29; Mrs. Ivan A. Lopatin; Marjorie Griffin, Arts '36; Fernand E. Deloume, Arts '40; Arnold M. Ames, Sc. '37; Mrs. Arnold M. Ames; Lillian (Locklin) Nicholas, Arts '23; Audrey (Reifel) Gourlay, Arts '41; Albert Charles Lake, Arts '38.

OTTAWA

NORA E. BOYD

On March 23 we had an annual meeting of the Alumni group here. This took the form of a dinner meeting at the Rideau Club at which **Dr. George Davidson** was the guest speaker and gave us a most interesting and informative talk on the United Nations. **Dr. Shrum** was in Ottawa at the time and we were very glad that he was able to attend the dinner and give us an up-to-date picture of some of the activities on the campus. We also had election for the new executive. **Bill Barton** is the new 1948-1949 president;**Nora Boyd,** first vice-president; **Ab**

Continued on Page 29

Valuable Guide...

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. . . MARY McLEOD

Mary McLeod, one of Hollywood's most dependable young actresses, came home to Vancouver on an actress' version of a Cook's tour . . . she played "Rosalie" in a production of Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan" before hometown audiences at the International Cinema. . . . **Mary** also understudies **Cornelius Otis Skinner's** part of Lady Windermere.

Since 1942 one of the nebulae of Hollywood films, **Mary McLeod** is no newcomer to the stage. . . . She first trod the boards in 1936 as a member of the U.B.C. Players' Club and throughout her undergraduate days was seen as "Portia" in **Ira Dilworth's** production of "The Merchant of Venice," as "Anne Bronte" in "The Brontes" and in leading roles in "The Curtain Rises" and "Pride and Prejudice." . . . She left U.B.C. in 1940 to teach school but by 1942 was in Hollwood and has steadily climbed up the ladder of cinema recognition since. . . . She will shortly be seen in the Hollywood film, "The Mating of Millie."

The cost of living will hit the University undergrads with an added whack this coming fall. . . . University authorities have announced that students will face an all-round increase of $25.00 per term in fees this September. . . . Degree courses will now shape up this way: **Arts and Science $205; Social Work $190; Teacher Training $202; Applied Science $255; Nursing and Public Health $205; Agriculture $205; Law $255; Occupational Course (Agriculture) $112.**

U.B.C.'s student past-president **Grant Livingstone** is wondering whether or not it would be better to buy a horse. . . . Livingstone twice last month was forced to force-land in U.B.C.'s Aero Club single engine Piper super-cruiser while enroute (1) to Pacific Students' Presidents' Association conference at **Tempe, Arizona,** and (2) to Dominion Convention of Canadian Legion in **Saskatoon.**

The first time former Pathfinder pilot **Jim Harty,** D.F.C., of U.B.C., brought **Livingstone** and U.B.C. Alma Mater Society President, **Dave Brousson** down safely on the highway south of **Medford, Oregon,** and later pilot **Fred Nesbitt,** a former R.C.A.F. pilot with service in Burma and India, was forced to bring **Livingstone, Ray Dewar** and the Piper down in a swamp between **Cranbrook** and **Princeton.** . . .

APPOINTMENTS:

Lloyd F. Detwiller, 30-year-old statistician with the provincial department of finance, last month was named head of the B. C. government's new retail sales tax division. . . . **Detwiller** was a brilliant graduate and prior to joining the finance department was a lecturer at U.B.C. on economics and statistics. . . . He relinquished a teaching fellowship at the University of California to join the R.C.A.F. and was well known to undergrads of the 1936-40 era as a member of the Varsity basketball team and was a member of the Dominion championship club of 1936.

Wong Wen-Hao, 59-year-old scientist, who is an honorary graduate (1933) of the University of British Columbia, has been confirmed by the Chinese Legislative Yuan, as Premier of China . . . **Wong** is a recipient of an honorary U.B.C. Science degree.

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CONVOCATION ELECTS FOUR NEW SENATORS

Senate elections this year resulted in the return of eleven incumbent members to the Senate and the apparance of four new men.

The successful new Senators are Dr. Russell Earle Foerster, Nanaimo; Edmund Davie Fulton, M.P., of Kamloops; Dr. William Kaye Lamb, Vancouver, and Richard Claxton Palmer of Summerland. The strength of the alumni branches was revealed in that three of the new senators come from outside places.

The eleven candidates returned to the Senate were Kenneth Caple, Mrs. Sally Creighton, Dr. Albert "Dal" Grauer, Sherwood Lett, Arthur Lord, Dr. Dorothy Mawdsley, Dr. Walter Sage, Dr. Austin Schinbein, Dr. Frank Turnbull, Dr. Harry Warren, Dr. Charles Wright.

Dr. Foerster, newly-elected, is Director of Pacific Biological Station at Nanaimo; Davie Fulton is M.P. for Kamloops and a former Rhodes Scholar; Dr. Kaye Lamb is Librarian, University of B. C., and Richard Palmer is Superintendent of Dominion Experimental Station at Summerland.

1600 GRADUATES AT U.B.C.

Graduation ceremonies at the University of B.C. had the semblance of an army maneouver this spring as 1600 graduates received their degrees—and the man who gave the Convocation Address knew how to handle the situation for he was Viscount Alexander of Tunis—Governor-General of Canada.

Speaking to the large graduating class and another 1500 friends and relatives who jammed every corner of the Armories, Viscount Alexander said that University education is more important than ever before, because now foreign ideologies—masquerading under the name of democracy — are threatening the western concept of freedom.

Viscount Alexander earlier had received the honorary degree of doctor of laws from U.B.C. Chancellor Eric W. Hamber.

Dr. George M. Weir, former B. C. Education minister, and Arnold D. P. Heeney, clerk of the Privy Council, Ottawa, also received honorary LL.D. degrees.

Dean Daniel Buchanan attended the graduation ceremonies as retiring Dean of Arts and Science. It was his last time to attend as other than a spectator and when he was honoured with an honorary degree of doctor of science, the whole armories shook with applause for the Dean who has long held a spot in the affections of all U.B.C. undergraduates.

Top student at U.B.C. this year's graduating class was Elizabeth May Charnley, who had the distinction of receiving the Governor-General's medal directly from the G.-G. himself.

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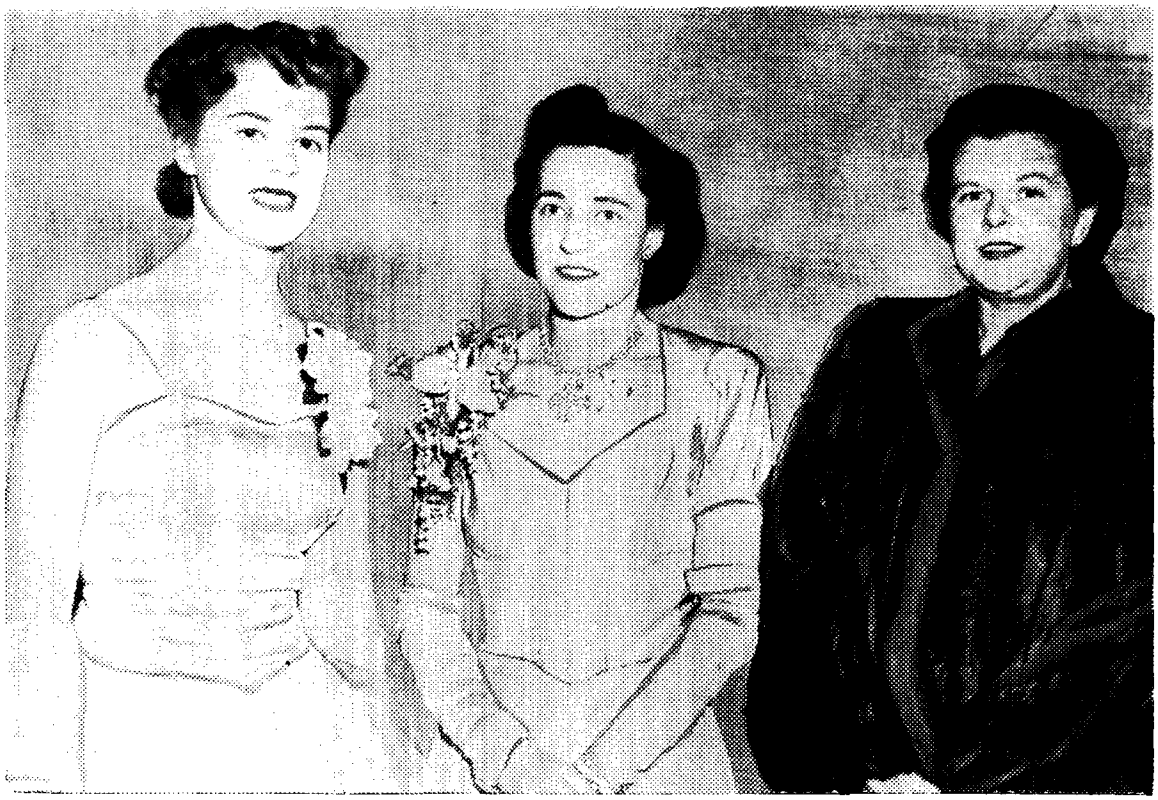
★ WOMEN ★



Margaret Stokeland, second girl in the history of U.B.C. to win degree of Chemical engineering, with Lady Alexander and Mrs. H. F. G. Letson at the Convocation Dance.

By MARY FALLIS

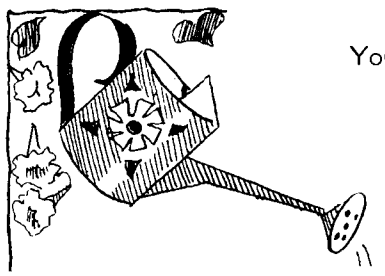
Dr. MacInnes has been honoured by several groups ,faculty, club and student associates through the years. We have learned of the outstanding role she has played on our campus as the first woman lecturer, then professor and eventually department head, and also as the Acting Dean of Women in U.B.C.'s early days when she organized the Women's Undergraduate Society. Early Past Presidents of W.U.S. have been among those to congratulate her at this time.

We would like to take advantage of our editorial position to add to our tribute to those who are retiring this year. And we are going to be unashamedly partial in our choice. In our youth we were exposed to the influence of three unforgettable teachers and we have memories of which we are unduly fond.

Freshman German . . . the discipline of German grammar . . . rule by rule . . . exercise by exercise . . . the thorough demands upon Artsman and Scienceman alike . . . and then suddenly the wonder of **Dr. MacInnes** reading a German lyric poem . . . Roslein, roslein, roslein rot . . . Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten . . . the sheer beauty of the sound of those melodious lines, and the world of Goethe and Heine opening before an unsuspecting young Anglo-Saxon.

Then we could write a **Sedgewick Saga** . . . that nose tweaking dear to the heart of the freshman . . . . English 2c, a course once given for prospective honour students and those with a special interest in English . . . one hour a week and **no** credit . . . and we worked at that course, caught up in the movements of the nineteenth century, the sweep and ferment of ideas . . .

A wanderer is man from his birth
He was born in a ship
On the breast of the river of time . . .
The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full . . .



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Years later someone told us he was an authority on Arnold . . . we must have known. Then Dr. Sedgewick's Seminary as we called it. . . . The English Seminar always had so many serious young ladies present . . . Chaucer . . . hmmm . . . The Canterbury Tales . . . tchk . . . tchk . . . tchk . . . A Good Wif was ther, of biside Bath . . . essays due . . . and those formidable Honours Exams . . . **no** course, and **no** credit . . . the kindly ordeal of an oral. . . .

Then Teacher's English and lines made memorable . . . Housman's "Brooks too broad for leaping" Othello's "Put Out the Light" . . . and Hardy's world of "The Dynasts."

Years later in Toronto, as the Alexander Lecturer, we heard him speak to a distinguished group of scholars and their students . . . five lectures on Dramatic Irony in Sophocles, scholarly and difficult . . . proud then to be an old student of his.

Then book reviews over CBR . . . the familiar voice . . . the old note of raillery. . . .

Delightful brief encounters year by year, and the sense of exultation that once we got the last word in an argument . . . though we didn't ever get the last word . . . tut . . . tut . . . tut . . . tut.

It was as a freshman, too, that we first met "the Dean" . . . 20 years ago come fall . . . the whole student body packed into the auditorium . . . the official opening ceremony, and a kindly man who held the interest of 2000 restless students after an hour of speeches . . . some words about stars . . . some equation I think . . . something about success being 99 per cent hard work ("perspiration," quote) . . . and some instructions about our student life, clear enough to follow . . . through the years, **our** Dean, an official, but a friend inside administration . . . graduation, and that famous speech about cutting his hair . . . and the pledge of our tenth hundred thousandth to U.B.C. . . . how glad we are to hear of the scholarship that is to bear his name. . . .

Silver Anniversary: Amongst the special celebrations at graduation this spring was the dinner at which the University Nurses marked the twenty-

Continued on Page 28

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FRANKLY SPEAKING — By FRANK TURNER

It is time we ceased being "academic" in our discussion of political and social philosophies; it is time for positive, continuous individual thought and action to promote an ever-better Canadian way of life. Democracy has never been static, it always has been and always should be dynamic.

We should realize, as well, that the dignity of the individual in a free Society will remain only if we, as individuals, show the necessary initiative and enterprise in our everyday living. Fredom and responsibility go hand in hand.

In a negative way, we have been exercising our "rights" for quite a time. Most of us have been guilty of not voting, not attending political meetings, not interesting ourselves in education and educational problems, not offering constructive suggestions to those in authority, and not attending our own churches. Many of us have slipped into the habit of using the word "they" when referring to "our" governments.

If our "social consciousness" has been lost in the economic shuffle of this industrial age, then surely it is time to put the cards on the table and sort out the human values involved in this game of living. We could be "too long" still when chaos comes.

Alumni who achieved prominence in the fields of business and industry, in the learned and skilled professions and trades, in education, and in other fields of human endeavour have definite responsibilities. Those of our number who occupy positions of leadership in the economic sense should be expected to be among the leaders in the community.

Perhaps we should remember that "letting George do it" brought a Nazi Germany, a Mussolini Italy, yes and a "democratic" Czechoslovakia. The "price of freedom is eternal vigilance."

ALUMNOTES . . .

Dr. **Hugh L. Keenleyside** (B.A. '20), Deputy Minister of Mines and Resources, delivered a series of lectures at the University under sponsorship of the Vancouver Canadian Club, and found time for a small, informal get-together with a few '20 classmates. Included in the intimate group were Lawyer **A. (Al) Swencisky)** (Permanent President of the Class), Lawyer **Janet Gilley** of New Westminster (Permanent Class First Vice-President), Northern Construction's **Noel Lambert,** U.B.C. Librarian **Dr. Kaye Lamb,** Alumni President **Dick Bibbs,** and several others. . . . . Title of **"Most Unique Graduate of the Year"** goes to **Margaret Stokkeland.** Marg became the second girl to graduate from U.B.C. in Chemical Engineering. The first, **Mrs. H. D. Wellis (now Rona Hatt),** graduated twenty-six years before and now resides in Victoria. . . . Best wishes to **F. S. (Van) Perry** (B.A. '46) who resigned his position as U.B.C.'s Information Officer to return to the Editorial Staff of the Vancouver Province ,and to last year's U.B.C. Radio Society President **Ernie Perrault** (B.A. '48), Van's successor in the U.B.C. post. . . . Good luck to **Morris (Morrie) Belkin** (B.A. '44), printer of the Daily Ubyssey, 10th and Sasamat. . . . Heartfelt thanks to **Bob Hunter** (B.A. '23) of Restmore for giving your Alumni Office a complete file of Alumni (plus a cabinet!) who were recorded during Bob's tenure of office as Hon. Secretary of the Alumni. . . . John Oliver Principal and former Inter-High Athletic Association Secretary **F. M. (Mel) Wallace** (B.A. '23) smiled broadly while watching his "kids" win their third successive Inter-High track title. More than 8,000 jammed U.B.C. Stadium for that gala day. . . . **Keith** and **Barbara (nee Beney) Middleton** (Arts '38) are now residing on the North Shore. They have three boys, with the eldest a potential class of '70 freshman! . . . After a lengthy sojourn in the East, the **Carl Hands** (B.A.Sc. '39) finally arrived back on the West Coast. Carl has a position with the new Pulp Company in Port Alberni. . . . Latest of the Alumni Executive to "up and marry" was **Barbara Kelsberg** (B.A. '46). The lucky man? **Ted Kirkpatrick, A.M.S. President in '46-'47.** The very best to you both. . . . Good luck to **Peter Watkinson** (B.Comm. '47) in his new secretarial position with the Vancouver Board of Trade. . . . Alumni office spring visitors included **Kamloops Branch President Mrs. Wilf (nee Marg. Deas) Pendray** (B.A. '39) and husband **Wilf** (B.S.A. '38).

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MEMOIRS — Continued from Page 17

forms (though you did not know at that time that the desire to perform in public at all is a form of hysteria); and you studied the finest form of painting, which is making up a youth of eighteen about to play a man of fifty to look as if he was really ninety-five.

Well, all this Art and Beauty and Self-expression was just about too exciting for flesh and blood to stand. Something had to snap, and it was usually your marks in the Christmas exams. But I was told by several kindly old gentlemen of twenty that this autumnal ritual was nothing, merely nothing. It might have whipped me up into what I thought was a frenzy of joy, but just wait till the Spring Play, that's all. Just wait. If you get a part in the Spring Play you not only become a great man in the main current of the drama, but you get a free trip round the scenic beauties of our fair province. In those days the spring tour really was a tour, too. It played over twenty towns and got as far east as Revelstoke and Fernie, most years. The joys of the tour defied description. The gay camaraderie! The carefree hours spent unpacking trunks and packing them again! The hanging gardens of Trail! The brass bedsteads in the hotels, with knobs that really unscrew! The meals! (I don't know what kind of hungry homes these poor harlotry players came from, but the thought of those meals always made them cry with pleasure.) The wax flowers in the hotel at Grand Forks! The rivers full of water! The mountains bumping right up out of the ground like that! The station platforms, right beside the train and yet never getting hit! The publicity!

I got pretty drunk on this kind of talk, naturally, and I tried out in great excitement. And since the part I tried for was an excited part, I got it. The character I played was an excited simpleton, and I played him to a standstill. Everyone said it was the finest acting in the play. At least, Jimmy Butterfield said it, just to disagree with anyone who happened to be standing around. I got right into the spirit of the part and flunked my April exams, not just with supps., but outright.

And then the tour began. Yes, dammit, it began, but it took its own time about ending, for several trifling reasons and one big one. I didn't mind the trifles. Anyone can stand mere tedium, even when it involves compulsory insomnia, quarrels, frantic rushing, lack of privacy, and all the rest. I didn't mind the few bits of scenery we had to visit, and I didn't mind missing all the rest of the scenery either. I didn't mind being four years younger than anyone else in the cast, or being teased for my shyness, not even when I was taken (as a joke on myself) into a bar in Revelstoke. It wasn't a beer parlor, but a real bar, huge and majestic. It said "Bank of Montreal" on the windows, but I think there was a mistake somewhere; perhaps the label

Continued on Next Page

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MEMOIRS —— Continued from Previous Page

was just a hangover (if I may so express myself) from some previous tenant. No drinking was allowed on the tour, but to tease me about my youth was a good execuse for any drink, so the boys asked me what I'd have. Never having had a drink in my life before, it was immaterial to me. (Happy state!) I said a gin fizz would fit my mood, and I swallowed it like a man. I swallowed the next like a seven-foot man, and the third like an eight-foot man. The joke was on the boys, especially when they found nobody could push me round for the next three or four hours. But not every town had such a bank, and I reverted to being pushed.

I didn't mind the young ladies of the party resenting my shyness as some brutal insult to their charms instead of the compliment it was.

No, all I minded was Fleurange, a Belgian girl who teased me a little worse than any. Having been slighted by a little sixteen-year-old boy who didn't matter a hoot to her, Fleurange resolved to embarrass him quite literally to death. And she nearly succeeded. Her only mistake was in giving me too large an overdose. At a party after the show, she told the chaperon she had a headache and would like me . . . little boy me . . . to take her back to the hotel. The chaperon knew that my strength was as the strength of ten because my heart was very small and in the wrong place, so she graciously gave consent. She even thought, poor soul, it would do me good to be left alone with a lady, I being far too scared of them. So I took Fleurange home, back to her room. She asked me to step inside for a chat. I had had too much of Fleurange's chat already, but I was afraid to say no. Then Fleurange locked the door, whipped off most of her outer garments, and flung herself in very Belgian manner upon the bed, saying she was quite, quite exhausted. She didn't look exhausted at all. It was I who looked exhausted. "I'm getting out of here," I said, and unlocked the door and ran. And ran and ran, all the miles to my own room, which I locked tight. If it seems a dirty trick to report (in the simplest terms) this little joke of a lady's, let me point out that I was the victim, and as such have certain rights too. My manly terror was mainly from the fact that the other ladies would be back from the party at any moment; the party had shown distinct signs of crumbling to pieces when we left. And it was for their return that Fleurange hoped to keep me. They would have pounded on the locked door, and have finally been admitted after much confused delay, and they would have found me dead on the carpet, with a deep blush covering the whole of my still quivering corpse. Only by being a little too abrupt had Fleurange ruined her own plan.

When the tour ended, the chaperon took it upon herself to visit my mother, to suggest that my cloistered education be chopped open a little to admit a few women. She felt I didn't see **enough** women. Little did the poor wretch know. I had seen enough women to last me three years, when I next tried out for a spring play. By that time I was old enough to emulate Leacock's sailors, who

"By conscientious smoking and drinking
Had saved themselves from the horror of thinking."

WOMEN —— Continued from Page 25

fifth year since the B.A.Sc. was first awarded to women. Graduates of that first class were Mrs. Don Farris (**Marian Fisher**), Mrs. F. G. C. Wood (**Beatrice Johnson**) and **Mrs. Margaret Carr.**

Congratulations: to **Florence Mulloy,** '34, this year's winner of the Ferguson Memorial Award, presented each year to the teacher judged to have made an outstanding contribution to education in Vancouver. To **Joy Coghill,** who won special mention for her performance at the Dominion Drama Festival . . . and to **Katharine Marcuse,** M.A. '43, whose radio program, "Magic Adventures," a C.B.C. children's show, won first place in an All American Program Rating.

Good Wishes: to **Betty Buckland,** '31, now Mrs. Frederick Cresswell of Alexandria, Virginia. She will be greatly missed by the Alumni and Players' Clubs, whom she has served with distinction for many years. . . .

Women's Residences: The following Alumna are active members of a committee which is giving serious study to the question of residences: **Mrs. John Creighton, Mrs. Kenneth Caple, Mrs. Ted Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Lavell Leeson, Mrs. Sherwood Lett, Mrs. Arthur Lord, Mrs. Kim Nicholls, Mrs. Jack Parker, Mrs. Maurice Sleightholme, Molly Bardsley, Marjorie Leeming, Florence Mulloy, Dr. Dorothy Mawdsley** and **Mary Fallis.** It is the hope of this group that it will be possible for the University to plan some further dormitory accommodation for out-of-town students in the near future.

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BRANCHES —— Continued from Page 21

Whiteley, second vice-president, and **David Pettapiece,** secretary-treasurer. David's address is Apartment 1, 125 Sussex Street, Ottawa. All correspondence should now be addressed to him.

REGINA

Regina will be the next city to have its own Alumni Branch.

A group of ex-U.B.C. students residing in the capital city of Saskatchewan are making plans for organization and they expect to get started in the fall.

Active in discussions are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parkinson, Ken Horton, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Dakin (Pat Drope), Dr. M. Ritchie, Jack Harvey, Gordon Gillespie, S. Roddan and H. Christie.

Other University alumni living in Regina include Alvin E. Ogilvie, W. Y. Angley, Rex L. Brown, A. E. Chard, D. A. Fraser, J. N. Goode, Miss G. James, Arthur L. Platt, Miss M. Warren, George Tamaki, Mrs. J. H. Rule, J. M. Quigley, Miss Frances Munroe.

All Regina residents interested are urged to write Mr. Frank Turner, Alumni secretary, University of British Columbia, of their present address so they can be notified of the organization meeting in September.

CLASS OF '23 REUNION

The Class of '23 revisited the campus on Saturday, June 12, for its silver anniversary reunion. The program included a reception and dinner in the Faculty Club followed by a dance in the Brock.

An energetic committee under the chairmanship of Joe Brown made the arrangements and an entertaining evening was enjoyed. The Committee comprised: Program, Aubrey F. Roberts, Mrs. J. Creighton, R. E. Walker, H. C. Gunning; Reception: Hunter C .Lewis, Mel Wallace, Mrs. H. F. Angus, George Cross, Mrs. F. A. Sheppard; Finance: T. E. H. Ellis, Hugo Ray, Keith Shaw, L. B. Stacey, E. E. Gregg, Doug Rae; Decorations: Mrs. R. E. Walker, Phil Stroyan, Mrs. Lavell Leeson; Tickets: Theo Berry, Mrs. Keith Shaw, Rex Cameron, Arthur P. Dawe, Neil MacCallum; Publicity: Hugh MacCallum.

The Chancellor and Mrs. Hamber, Dr. and Mrs. MacKenzie, Dr. and Mrs. L. S. Klinck were head table guests at the dinner.

Dr. A. E. Richards of Ottawa, president of the Students' Council in 1923, who had planned to attend, sent word that parliamentary duties did not permit him to be present.

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Jack William Merryfield to Shirley Ferguson.
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Kingsley F. Harris to Juanita Goodman.
Gerald Leigh Spencer to Elizabeth Harrison.
John Boyd Huyck to Jean Henrietta Brodie.
Thomas Arthur Fee to Emma Sylvia Pearson.
Donald Smith to Margaret Ferguson Strachan.
Gilbert Martin Josephson to Frances Ellison.
Patrick Bennett to Dorothy Anne Meyer.
Jack Stepler to Yvonne Isobel Logan.
Hugh John Gordon to Patricia Campbell.
Donald Lyle to Jean Balfour Porter.
Edward T. Kirkpatrick to Barbara Kelsberg.
David Michael Goldie to Lorraine Conway.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. John Berry (Vivian MacKenzie) a daughter.
To Capt. and Mrs. J. Stephen Barrett (Marian Bricker) a daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sleightholme (Jean Salter) a daughter.
To Wing Cmdr. and Mrs. Charles A. Willis (Ellis McLeod), a son.
To Mr. and Mrs. Neil Primrose, a daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Boroughs, a son.
To Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Evans (Lorna Carson), a daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. A. T. R. Campbell (Midge Greenwood), a son.
To Mr. and Mrs. Paul King, a son.
To Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hedley, a daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. John Mennnie (Nordia Richardson), a son.
To Mr. and Mrs. John E. MacDonald, a son.
To Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Barlow, a son.
To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bushell (Donna Moorhouse), a son.
To Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Allen (Molly Shone), a son.
To Mr. and Mrs. Milton Harrell, a daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Macarthur (Helen Wright), a daughter.
To Rev. and Mrs. D. A. Ford, a son.
To Mr. and Mrs. Len McLellan, a daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. George Rush, a son.

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CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES

British Columbia has never been slow to recognize the importance of higher education. Indeed, it has occupied for many years a position in the very forefront of educational development and may point with pride to its achievements in that field.

We congratulate the Graduates from the University of British Columbia on their appreciation of the value of higher education, on their realization of the part which it plays in our present-day economy, and on the seriousness with which they have applied themselves to bring their years of study to fruition, so that they may present themselves at doors to which Education is the key.

The University of British Columbia stands high among scholastic institutions. To have graduated from that University is in itself a warm recommendation.

Business and industrial leaders are of one mind—that this is the age of specialized knowledge, that the worthwhile posts in the business and industrial world will go to those whose minds are trained and disciplined, whose perceptions have been quickened to grasp the intricacies of the new techniques.

Again—CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES. May all Good Fortune attend you.

THE DEPARTMENT OF TRADE AND INDUSTRY
Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.

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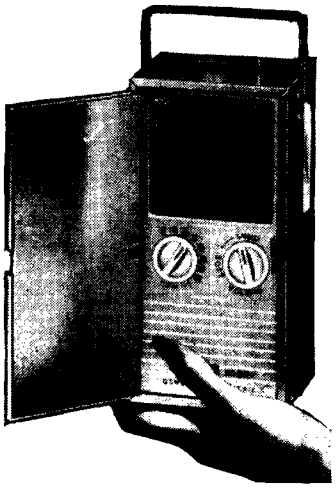

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