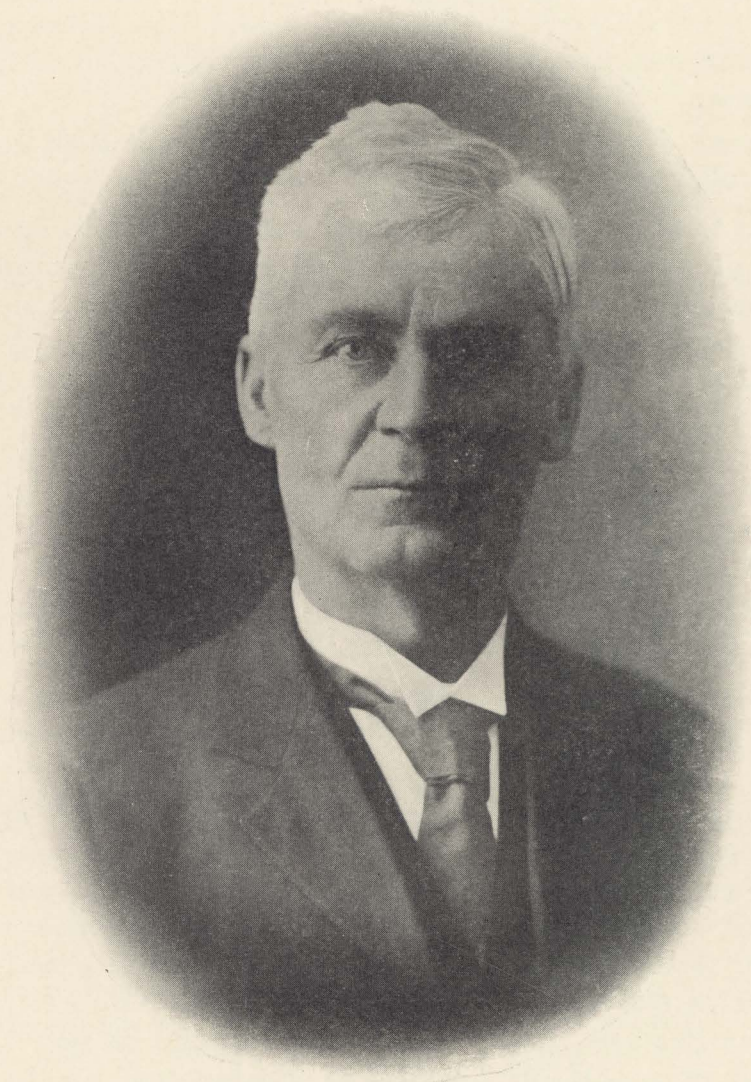


The Alumni News

New Vol. 3

Halifax, N. S., June, 1939

No. 1.



Richard C. Weldon, U.E.B.,
First Dean of Dalhousie

Dalhousie University, - - Halifax, Nova Scotia

DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY wants money! She has not appealed to the country since 1920 and that's a long time. Some must have wondered how she has managed to weather the dark days since then. The past years have been tough, with a financial collapse and the threats of a Hitler and a Mussolini to make them interesting. Only the faith of those running the institution, a portion of the alumni, private endowments, and individual contributions, have kept her head above water. Faith without works is dead. This time she is going over the top for all there is in it. Dalhousie needs support and the faith which has kept her going for nineteen years will assuredly make this Campaign a great success.

Her appeal for funds is based upon conditions that may be stated briefly as follows:

FIRST, the necessity for continuing the growth and development which has given Dalhousie world-wide distinction among institutions of learning.

SECONDLY, additional endowments to maintain tasks already undertaken.

- (a) for the Arts and Science Faculty,
- (b) for Libraries,
- (c) for the balancing of budgets in the Professional Schools,
- (d) for Scholarships,
- (e) for Extension Lectures.

THIRDLY, for buildings to house her equipment and students. Present facilities are overcrowded and there is yet no men's residence.

FOURTHLY, for the development of the Arts, and a building to house and properly care for the art collections and museums already possessed.

In former campaigns, Dalhousie did not reach every graduate. She now appeals to every last Dalhousian. Her need is imperative. The work she is doing must continue. Your support is essential. Every alumnus can give something, even if only the minimum of a dollar a month for ten years, or \$12 a year for that period,—the absolute minimum the university must have to fulfil her obligations. Send in your contribution, making it as substantial as you can, and share in assisting your old university in measuring up to her pressing responsibilities.

J. S. ROPER,
Campaign Secretary,
Dalhousie University,
Halifax, N. S.

The Alumni News

NEW VOL. III.

HALIFAX, JUNE, 1939

NO. 1

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Gordon K. Daley, Assistant Editor.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to THE ALUMNI NEWS, Dalhousie Gymnasium, Halifax, N. S. All inquiries regarding subscriptions, current and back numbers and other business matters should be addressed to the Secretary, Alumni Society at the above address.

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Assistant Campaign Secretary: Gordon K. Daley, B.Com., LL.B.
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ANOTHER Convocation has come and gone since the last issue of the NEWS. The long procession of more than two hundred graduates together with the several faculties and governors of the university was an imposing spectacle. The spacious gymnasium was crowded to the doors, a magnificent gathering. The proceedings moved with dignity and despatch, a more solemn proceeding than in the days some of us remember so vividly. There were fewer graduates in those days and each was met with some jolly little "rag" from the student chorus as red-faced he nervously waited for the pronouncement "with all the rights and privileges appertaining thereto". Some of us still remember the fog-horns which punctuated "Lord John's" pronouncements, and the bewildered little rooster that ran out and in between Governor Fraser's massive legs as he spoke to the Convocation in the old Academy of Music. O Temporal! O Mores!

A more palatial building now graces the site of the old Academy, and at Dalhousie far more spacious quarters on its own grounds house Convocation but even its capacity was sorely taxed. The ceremonies, carefully planned, marched forward in orderly solemnity without a moment's waste—a heartening and refreshing sight. Scholarship is still to the front as the long roll with its Honors and Distinction and Medals and Prizes bore witness.

The President's address was simple, concise and straight to the point. In a day when in some lands the university was no longer free, where learning was shackled and the university had lost

its place, he took heart of grace as he read of the universities in China, with their buildings and equipment bombed, picking up the fragments, trekking to the hills a thousand miles away, there keeping scholarship alive. The buildings gone, the university remained.

It was that which lived in Dalhousie. Times and buildings changed, the university lived on. For a hundred years it had carried on the ideals of its founders.—Then for the first time at a Convocation Dalhousie heard its President make a direct appeal for funds.

And this Dalhousie makes without apology. Her work speaks for itself. Her graduates have made their place in the world among their fellows. A new generation crowds her doors and taxes her capacity. Rooms are crowded to the limit. Up three flights of stairs in an attic you may find one class; every nook and corner has been put into service. She has no space to house her museums, and valuable material perforce must lie stored in garrets and cellars.

Cramped for room Dalhousie is stretching herself like a young giant. To serve her present children she must have room, and to measure up to her responsibilities and opportunities she must have still more room. She has the grounds, beautiful grounds, but neither the buildings, the equipment nor the money. A Campaign Committee has been formed. The call is going out to all Dalhousie's sons and daughters and friends of learning. As their fathers did yesterday, so will their sons to-day provide for those who follow. "Each according to his ability"—and Dalhousie will march.

The First Law Dean

LIKE so many great educators of the past and present, Richard Chapman Weldon, first Dean of the Law School, was the product of the farm.

There is something about the wholesome atmosphere of country life that breeds a steadiness of character not so often found in the youth of the towns and cities. The comparative solitude of the country village, with no demoralizing outside distractions, perhaps forces the boy to look within himself for inspiration. In any event hard out-of-door work, plain, wholesome food, and the absence of temptations of urban life tend to produce men of virile bodies and healthy minds. Dr. Weldon had these and more. He was of exceptionally large stature, but there was never at any time a superfluous ounce of flesh on his body. When, at the time when most Dalhousians had known him, his hair had turned grey, he was a strikingly handsome and distinguished figure. Commensurate with his large physique were the proportions of his splendid brain, but greater by far than all was the nobility of his character.

It is impossible for the writer to speak much of Dr. Weldon without frequent mention of another prominent personage so well remembered by the graduates of the Law School. Richard Weldon and Benjamin Russell were closely associated in their early training, their later life work, their pleasures and their mutual admiration and affection, for more than sixty years.

Weldon and Russell met at Mount Allison for the first time at a very early age. Weldon, a shy, gawky lad from the hinterlands of New Brunswick, afterwards confessed that he was over-awed by the self assurance of the little lad from the big metropolis, (Dartmouth in the Eighteen Fifties) who possessed a patent pencil sharpener and knew exactly how to use it. A friendship sprang up between the two which was to last without interruption until Dr. Weldon's death in 1925.

To outward appearances they were a strangely assorted pair. Weldon stood six feet two and a half inches in his sock feet, while Russell was only five feet plus, and not much plus. A little girl in Dartmouth one time had been warned by her parents that she would never grow unless she ate her crusts. Once as the pair walked by her window she gazed upon them with astonishment and indignation. "Mamma, Mamma," she called out, "Come here and see. The big man ate all the little man's crusts."

Apart from physical attributes these two men were extraordinarily alike, and strangely also, their lives in very many ways paralleled one another. After college they each took a turn at teaching

school. It is amusing to compare how each dealt with a similar problem. In those days in a country school it was no easy task to maintain discipline among the pupils, some of whom were strapping grown men. Russell achieved the desired result by calling the chief offenders before him, explaining that he knew perfectly well that any one of them could throw him out of the window if he felt so inclined, but he thought they would appear much more manly in the eyes of the girls if they showed they were not afraid to take a licking. They took it. Weldon had no need of speech making. He threw one big lunk right out the door. As fate decreed, the human missile was just in time to meet the School Inspector on his way in. The Inspector was evidently less concerned with his dignity than with the interests of discipline, because he upheld the teacher, and everything went smoothly from thence forward. Incidentally, Weldon's school became famous throughout the Province and attracted pupils from many other school sections.

To return to the parallel, when the Law School was established, fate so arranged matters that they were to work side by side until Dean Weldon's retirement. Both sat as members of two Parliaments in Ottawa, though at different times and on opposite sides of the House. In the case of each money was recognized as something necessarily to be obtained in moderate quantities, but really counted for very little in the plan of life. Dr. Weldon, it has been said, stood six feet two and a half in his sock feet. It is quite possible to believe that both would have preferred to stand in their sock feet most of the time, so little was their vanity in the matter of personal adornment.

Whereas it was Judge Russell's delight to build something with saw, hatchet and nails, Dr. Weldon's favorite recreation was pottering about his garden, but in younger days they frequently shared each other's hobby. History records one spring day when dressed more like tramps than respected citizens, they were doing some fork and hoe work in front of Dr. Weldon's house, when they were observed by a slightly short-sighted lady of the neighborhood. She knocked at the Weldon door and requested Mrs. Weldon to send "those two old men" over to her when they had finished the job.

When the Law School was commenced and Dr. Weldon was invited to become its Dean, there was no suitable lecture room and no place to house the books that had been gathered together. Weldon and Russell at their own expense bought a house on Morris Street, where with their own hands they

(Continued on page 5)

"BENNIE"

JUDGE RUSSELL, or "Bennie" as he was affectionately called, along with Dean Weldon fixed the tradition which has made the Law School the great institution which it has become. Year after year, from its beginning, he gave of his best, like Dean Weldon devoting part of his time to public service in the House of Commons. He had a fine analytic mind and delighted in chasing a point down to its ultimate. The stories clinging about his name are legion. One of them may not be so well known. It was this.

It was at the time when his book on Bills and Notes was in the press. The proof was coming to him in wads of thirty or forty pages at a time, and as a means of checking it, he used the proof in his classes, every paragraph going under dissection in the class-room. Each day he would hand out to each student more proof, which each had an opportunity to study preparatory to the coming discussion in the class-room.

One day there was a particularly long and abstruse paragraph which split the points up, one by one, analysing down to the last iota, very much like dividing the atoms of the molecule. One of the boys had given this paragraph very close study, but lost himself in the labyrinth and found himself after repeated efforts unable to follow the reasoning to its final conclusion. He began to doubt his own mental faculties and on the assembly of the class, at once brought it to the professor's notice.

"Bennie" took the paragraph, read it through rapidly, and evidently found himself equally at a loss.

Turning to the inquiring class, he said, "Gentlemen, that reminds me of a story. Once a celebrated theological professor wrote a learned and abstruse work on some theological subject. His book became a classic in the lecture room. It chanced that at one theological school, a student came upon a page which with all his study he could not understand.

Just at this time it chanced that the celebrated author came to that particular college to give a series of lectures. The student took time by the forelock, for now was his chance to get at the bottom of his difficulty. He took the book with its problem to the professor. The professor read through the long puzzling paragraph, then turned to the youth and said, 'Young man, when that was written, there were only two who understood what it meant—myself and God.' Then, after a significant pause, he added, 'Now, God only knows'".

That was the way Bennie taught, lighting up his lectures with a touch of humor, some telling bit of philosophy, something gained from his very wide reading, or something gleaned from his wide experience in public activities. With two such men as Dean Weldon and "Bennie" was it any wonder the lectures in the class-room were never dry, and

that so many from the old Dalhousie Law School imbibed an abiding interest in public affairs to which later they gave such distinguished service. The tradition was fixed which to-day is as bright as ever, evidenced by the long roll call of those whose names adorn the public records of the land.

THE FIRST LAW DEAN

(Continued from page 4)

built desks and shelves. They had hired a carpenter but he turned out to be, as they described him, a "beery individual" who was not of much real service, and who was kept on principally for his entertainment value. It seems that he had a peculiar way of cocking his head and screwing up his face when sighting to see if the shelves were level and plumb, which performance provided considerable amusement.

It was at the period of his first twenty years at the Law School that Dean Weldon was at his greatest. It is not necessary for the writer to recount to Dalhousians the great service he rendered Bench and Bar of this and all the other Provinces in his training of the talent sent forth from this famous institution. He was not alone in the work, but it has been truly said by his friend and colleague, "he was always there; the head, heart and soul of the institution, a learned and inspired lecturer, a wise counsellor and a constant friend". Nobody who passed through his hands can have failed to retain through life some imprint of that noble, gentle, kindly character.

The writer, though no relation of Dr. Weldon's, was privileged from childhood to think of him as and call him "Uncle Dick", and it was in the writer's childhood that he knew him best, for when the writer passed through Law School, Dr. Weldon was already showing signs of the weariness that overtook him and eventually resulted in his all too early death. From childhood until the end Dr. Weldon remained a man without guile, innocent of any of the wiles by which so many men have achieved success, unwilling to bow to any of the exigencies which might have given him greater prominence in the affairs of the Dominion. In Parliament his high regard for what he believed to be right compelled him to vote against his leader on the Manitoba school question, resulting in the desertion of his party leader in the ensuing election and his own consequent defeat. It has always seemed to the writer that his latter years were saddened and his end hastened, not because he had been defeated, but because of the sudden awakening to, and realization of, the stern realities of political life which all too often require of a man that he sacrifice principle for partizanship if he hopes ever to attain political power or preferment.

B. W. RUSSELL, K.C.

THE CONVOCATION

MORE than two hundred graduates of the Class of 1939 received degrees and diplomas from Dalhousie at the annual Convocation in the Gymnasium, which was crowded to capacity on May 16th, while eleven received the Master's degree in Arts and Science. What the late President Mackenzie used to call "Dalhousie weather" again graced the occasion as the long line of graduates marched in picturesque procession from the Arts building to the

Canadian General Hospital, First Canadian Expeditionary Force, September 1914-April 1916; Deputy Director, Medical Services, Canadian Contingents, London (despatches, C.M.G., 1914-15 Star, General Service and Victory Medals, Commander of the Order of Avis); Minister of Pensions and National Health, 1930-34; M.P., 1921-34.

The Honourable C. D. Howe, Minister of Transport, Ottawa, has family connections with the



Procession of 1939 Graduation Class.

packed auditorium. An orchestra, under the direction of Miss Margaret Kinsman, added materially to the occasion. The President's address is being published and will be sent to the graduates.

The degree of LL.D., *honoris causa*, was bestowed upon the five following who have given distinguished service to Canada.

Colonel the Honourable Murray MacLaren, Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick since 1935; educated at the University of New Brunswick, B.A., University of Edinburgh, M.D., C.M.; M.R.C.S., F.A.C.S.: Senior Consulting Surgeon, Saint John General Hospital; President, Canadian Medical Association, 1914; Officer Commanding No. 1

Honourable Joseph Howe, and Julia Ward Howe. Educated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, after teaching in that institution he was Professor of Civil Engineering at Dalhousie, 1908-1913. He supervised the construction of many large engineering works in the Dominion and elsewhere. Minister of Transport since 1935 he has done much to develop commercial aviation in Canada.

Howard Watson Matheson, Vice-President, Shawinigan Chemicals Limited, a native of Pictou County, graduated B.Sc. Dalhousie with Honours in Chemistry and Chemical Physics, and the University medal, 1910; M.Sc. and the Governor

General's medal for research, McGill University, 1911; research chemist for the DuPont de Nemours Company, he developed processes for the manufacture of various chemicals for the Shawinigan Water and Power Company; chief chemist for the Canadian Electric Products Company, member of the British Society of Chemical Industries, of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers, the American Chemical Society, and gold medalist of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia.

Dr. William Inglis Morse, historian and collector of manuscripts, born at Paradise, Nova Scotia; has had a life long interest in the early history of Nova Scotia, educated at Acadia University and Harvard, has written voluminously, his last work, *Acadiensia Nova* (two volumes, published London, 1935) was a collection of hitherto unknown and unpublished documents relating to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Maine. This work in the *Times Literary Supplement* was compared in value and interest with Hakluyt's *Voyages*. The Morse Collections of rare

of Birmingham (M.A., First Class Honours in History, and Gladstone prizeman 1917), Exeter College, Oxford (B. Litt., 1932). After teaching, as history master in English schools, was for a time Assistant Professor of History, Wooster College, Ohio; became Professor of History in King's College in 1923, and last year succeeded to the Presidency.



HON. C. D. HOWE, P.C., LL.D.,
Minister of Transport.

books, maps, and documents given to Acadia and Dalhousie Universities are well known to Canadian and American students of early history.

President A. Stanley Walker, Professor of History and President of King's College; educated at Manchester Grammar School, University of Leeds (M.A. with Honours in Classics, 1912), University



DR. W. INGLIS MORSE, LL.D.
HOWARD W. MATHESON, LL.D.

"Pretty Work" New York

The Chairman of the Board of Governors recently received a letter from the executive of the Dalhousie Club of New York, enclosing a cheque for \$1,700, being its first instalment of a principal amount which will endow a scholarship of \$200. The nature of the scholarship is to be settled later.

The present Chairman of the Dalhousie Club of New York is Ross McLeod, the Secretary Warren Publicover.

This is one of the scholarships contemplated by the Dalhousie Campaign Committee in its drive for funds. The Hector McInnes Memorial Scholarships is another outstanding example of what can be done in this regard.

As we used to say on the Campus, " 'Pretty Work' New York! "

Governors of Dalhousie Named

J. McG. Stewart, K.C., was reelected chairman of the Board of Governors of Dalhousie University at the annual meeting May 17. New governors recommended to the Governor-in-Council for appointment for six years were C. F. Mackenzie, nephew of the late Dr. A. S. Mackenzie, former president of the institution, Rex J. Moore, son of the late President A. H. Moore of King's College, Col. K. C. Laurie, Oakfield, S. R. Balcom, and E. Chesley Allen.

Recommended to Governor-in-Council for re-appointment for six years were Hon. J. C. Torey, H. P. Duchemin, K.C., Sydney, G. MacGregor Mitchell, and Major J. S. Roper, K.C.

Other officers re-elected were:

Vice Chairman, Dr. J. C. Webster, Shediac, N. B.

Treasurer, Hon. F. B. McCurdy, P.C.

Honorary Secretary, Major J. S. Roper, K.C.

Assistant Secretary, J. W. Godfrey, K.C.

The following recommendations of the Alumnae and Alumni Associations for governors, Miss M. Grace Wambolt, LL.B., Dr. J. R. Corston, Dr. J. V. Graham were approved.



S. R. BALCOM.



RECEPTION COMMITTEE

Dr. Carleton Stanley, Miss Muriel Woodbury, Mrs. H. A. MacDonald, Mrs. Carleton Stanley, Mr. T. H. Coffin, Dr. W. W. Woodbury.

CONVOCATION BALL

More than 300 graduates attended the Convocation Ball at the Lord Nelson Hotel, May 16th. This was the closing activity of the week of celebration which preceded convocation. The dance was staged by the Alumni Association. The picture alongside shows the reception committee. Needless to say all those present enjoyed themselves tremendously and the affair provided a fitting climax to college life.

The Old Red Building

'Twas Monday morn, the bell had rung
And Howard's sophs were free
And Horace's Odes were pitched aside
By the class of the Red Book "B".

The Juniors may stand
With the Seniors in a band

While Price and Tommy come running down the stairs
Lord John comes skipping from below, below, below,
Lord John comes skipping from below.

THERE must be a great many people on this continent who consider that it is impossible for any upright Dalhousian to forget the foregoing lines; and yet it is probable that to present students and recent graduates, or the majority of them, they would be as hard to reproduce as the song the Sirens sang or the third verse of "God Save the King." It all happened in the Old Red Building, and nowadays bright young things turn up their noses at the Red Building. The bricks are of the wrong colour, not artistic; it has floors that are badly worn; latterly it has had its head cut off for economic reasons.

I understand that to this day there is a Latin class that does get through with a portion of Horace's Odes at noon on Monday, and that the members of that class for the most part go on to a class in Sophomore English. I don't know whether that class is still in the habit of using Red Books. In our day we learned that the Red Book was the laboratory of the English class, and a most exacting laboratory it was. English, we may remark, is remarkable stuff. It is hard to find anybody who can't read and write; yet reading with appropriate expression and writing decently and even speaking intelligibly are among the highest and rarest of human achievements. Those who expended curses on the Romans dead and gone, and execrated even the genial Horace, frequently found deadlier enemies in Milton and Shakespeare.

There were other interests in the Red Building. Eben lectured at nine o'clock precisely, and stopped accurately at five minutes before ten at the stroke of the gong. I wonder if there is still a class in Chemistry at nine a.m. Eben had other chemistry classes and there is no doubt that they were accurate and interesting, but that class was a seminary in inductive logic. Any man who didn't learn to reason from Eben probably didn't learn to reason anywhere else; though Walter made it pretty hot for sluggards in his logic class. There was a lot of chemistry in Eben's class too, but only the professed chemists expected to remember that; the one thing nobody from any chemistry class never did was to forget Eben.

There were various physicists at different times, —Hebb, I think, and Dixon, and "Stan" himself.

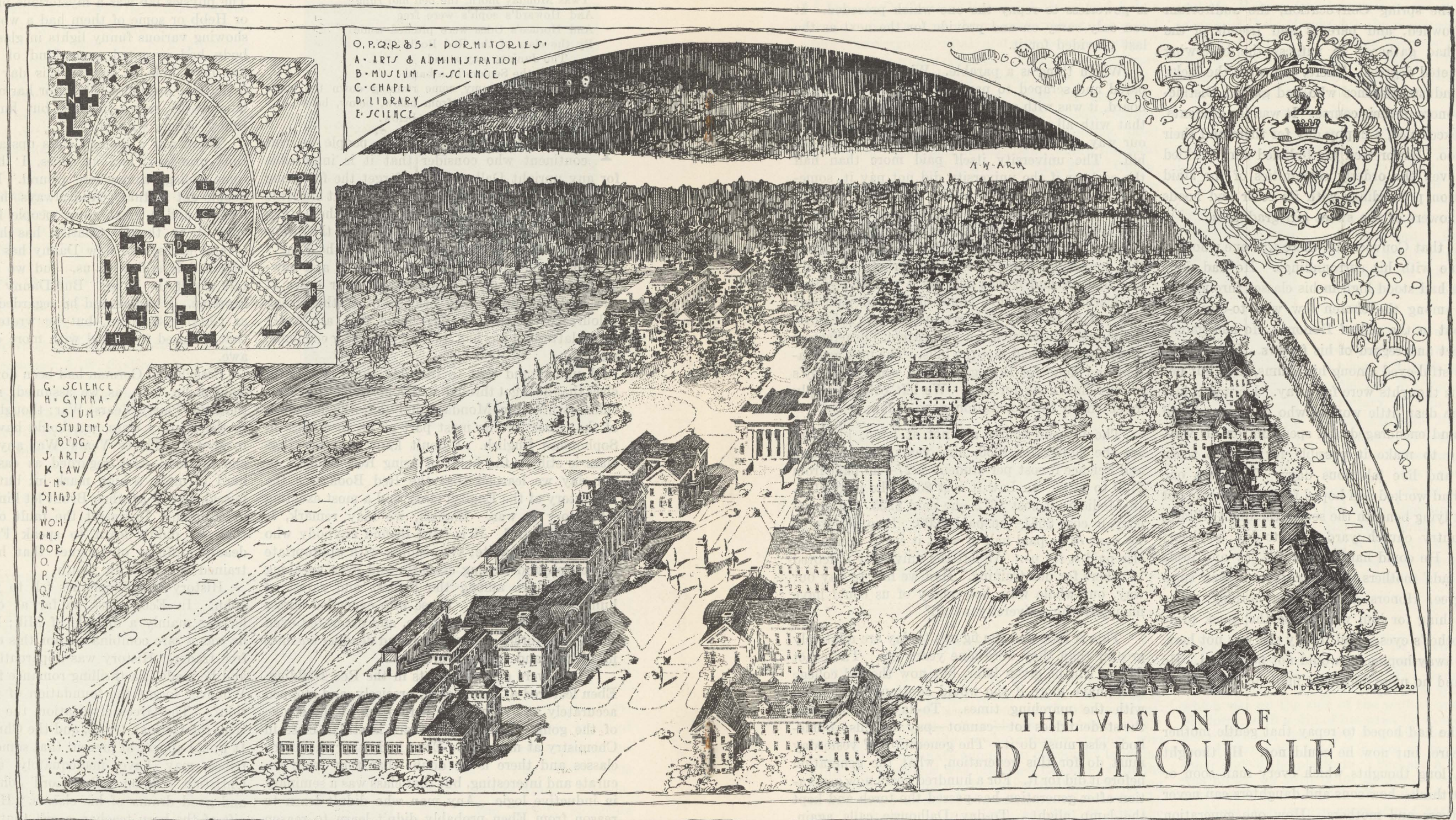
The physics lab was a mysterious place, and Dixon or Hebb or some of them had a wonderful trick of showing various funny lights in glass tubes—somebody had invented some kind of rays. Nobody has been able to say to this day whether these inventions are more helpful or harmful. Science in laboratories seems neutral, but human beings do funny things with it.

There was a biology class upstairs, but no full time professor; and at times, I think, there was some geology somewhere around. Not very many people got at that. And always there was mathematics, and a great many people kept interfering with it or them. Charley has had his innings several times; and now Danny has gone. Murray Macneill is still with us, and we aren't going to talk about the living. But Danny in his way was supreme. I understand he regarded his chief work as Charley Sullivan, but he wrote several books that we used to regard with more or less ignorant awe.

French and German had been done by "Jimmy" from some time, as we assumed, not much later than the Thirty Years' War; though until we came to the History class, we should have been puzzled to give the Thirty Years' War any date. French and German were regarded as easy to pass and hard to make a high mark in; but sometimes we miscalculated, as when Brunt let himself be plucked in German. It wasn't the fault of the professor that we didn't learn to speak French, but the deadly stiffness of tongues that had never been trained to speak in youth.

History and Economics fell to the lot of Lord John. In Economics, so far as one remembers, he was mainly a disciple of Mill; but in addition he was a rare combination for this country, a Tory free trader. History was apparently his first love, and he made it a thrilling romance for his students. Whoever forgot the foundation of modern civilization? "The Greek civilization, the Roman civilization, the German tribes, and the Christian religion." It would appear at present that some of the German tribes may have inadequately assimilated the Christian religion. But Lord John made drama and good drama of his classes. He possessed the gift of the born teacher, a gift that normal schools cannot add although they may take it away; he made it all live. I daresay from the standpoint of the specialist he may not have been a great scholar, but from the standpoint of the Dalhousie student who went to his classes, and especially of the student who went to him in any real trouble, he was a great man. As the nineties and the early twentieth

(Continued on page 16)



This plan made in 1920, does not show the handsome group of buildings of King's College, nor the imposing Provincial Archives Building. Of the other buildings N (Shirreff Hall),

K (Law building now used for Arts), H (Gymnasium), D (MacDonald Memorial Library), E (Science Building) and the foundation of J (Arts Building) are already on the Campus.

WHO PAID THE BILL?

IT was the spring Convocation, the auditorium was crowded, and parents and friends of the students had gathered to witness the bestowing of the coveted degrees. There, too, were the lucky or more industrious ones who had gained Distinction or Honors in their course. It was the students' day par excellence, a happy day for them and their parents too. Suppressed joy bubbled and sparkled beneath even the orderly solemnities of the staid Convocation proceedings with its color and hoods and the flowers of the sweet girl graduates.

But at that Convocation there was one who was out-of-tune with his surroundings. He had done well. He had stood high in his classes throughout. He was among the chosen few who to-day were singled out in the roll of Honors. He had gained the respect and regard of his fellows. But now he moved wistful-eyed among his chums, in it but not of it. His thoughts were far away. He was thinking of the dear little woman who had nursed and cheered and encouraged and sped him on his way, sacrificing to make it possible for him to scorn delights and live laborious days. This was one day she had worked and hoped for, and she was not here, but lying beneath the sod in the quiet stillness of a country church yard. So to-day his heart was full. He could hardly bear the joy and pride of other lads' mothers in the capping of their sons. The degree, Honors and all was nothing. The greatest thing for him was to see the quick pride in his mother's eyes,—and to-day she was not here. He stole away hoping he would not be missed. He could stand no more and must fight his grim battle alone.

How he had hoped to repay that gentle mother for her care, but now he could not. He thought the long, long thoughts which every man soon or late must think—how sons and daughters can never repay fathers and mothers. How one generation cannot repay the last. How this generation must go on, doing for its children what the last generation did for it. He must do for his children what his mother had done for him, how they could never repay, but in turn must pass on to their children what he had done for them. It was the old problem—one generation can provide for the following, but

is powerless to repay the one which preceded. It can only carry on and provide for the next as the last provided for it.

Which thing is a parable. When years ago we pined and scraped to pay our fees and books and board, it was with astonishment we one day learned that with all our effort we had by no means paid our way. The fees we paid by no means met the bill. The university itself paid more than half the cost, or if the university did not pay it, somebody somewhere paid it to the university, and because they did, we were able to get the benefit. Not a single student in the entire university paid his way. Let it be said again, that to many a student that knowledge came like a thunderbolt. Nobody had told us, and it was only by a sort of accident we learned the truth. None of us had paid our way. Others who had graduated years before, individuals interested in education, benefactors great and small had met the bills. The past generation had done for that generation what this boy's mother had done for him. We left college deeply indebted to the generation gone before.

The present figures are not at hand, but here are the figures for 1930, nine years ago. In Arts and Science it cost per student \$227—he paid from \$120 to \$150. In Law it cost \$340—he paid \$175. In Medicine it cost \$672—he paid \$225. In Dentistry it cost \$661—he paid \$200. In other words we none of us paid half of what it cost. Somebody else paid it for us. We left the university indebted to others for our training. Had we had to pay our way, our whole way, how many of us could have managed the university at all?

This is 1939 and the figures to-day are relatively greater than they were nine years ago. The exact figures will be given later, but now the old college must have more if she would continue and march with the marching times. To-day as yesterday the student does not—cannot—pay the bills. Somebody else must do it. The generation of yesterday must do for this generation, what the generation before it did for it. For a hundred years now generation after generation has passed the torch and kept the lamp alight. To-day Dalhousie calls again. The responsibility and the privilege is to-day yours to heed and help, and when Dalhousians hear and understand and know, there can be but one response. The generation will pay its debt to the generation following as its fathers did before. Let each discharge his obligation and do for another what another did for him and Dalhousie will march and the mighty work she is doing, will be kept alive.

The Annual Dinner

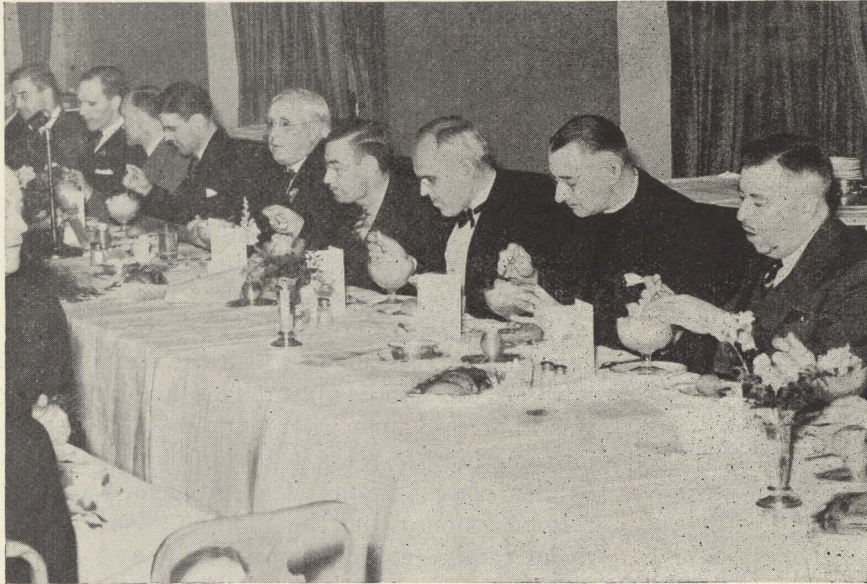
SEVERAL hundred fellow-Dalhousians heard the Hon. L. D. Currie, Minister of Mines and Labor for Nova Scotia, urge the re-examination of a social order "undergoing vital and shattering changes" in an address to the combined Alumni and Alumnae Associations in the Nova Scotian Hotel May 15th.

The Alumnae Association under the chairmanship of its retiring president Mrs. H. A. MacDonald, held its banquet in the tea-room adjoining, later moving into the main dining-room, where the joint gathering was presided over by Mr. T. H. Coffin, president of the Alumni Association. The gradua-

ting students were the guests of the Associations, and Mr. Robert Armstrong, B.A., LL.B., gracefully expressed their thanks for the courtesies extended.

Major Roper, Campaign Secretary, forcefully appealed on behalf of the campaign—his speech will be later published and distributed. The Hon. C. D. Howe, Federal Minister of Transport, who had unexpectedly arrived by 'plane, was called upon without notice, and made a short witty speech in defence of "Bad Government", incidentally paying high tribute to the institution on whose faculty he had formerly served. The speaker of the evening, the Hon. L. D. Currie, then delivered an eloquent address on "Economic Problems of 1939", warmly supporting the campaign for the university from which he had graduated in law.

President Stanley, Dr. Howard Matheson and President Walker of King's spoke briefly, while Mr. Warren Publicover, Secretary of the New York Club, brought its greetings, declaring that over seven hundred Dalhousians and their friends at that moment were holding a similar gathering at the Hotel Shelton, New York. Mr. Ray Smith led the singing of the old songs and the speeches were broadcast over CHNS, Halifax.



President Carleton Stanley.
Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, J.D., LL.D.
Hon. L. D. Currie, Minister of Labour.
Mr. T. H. Coffin.

Chief Justice Sir Joseph Chisholm.
Mayor Walter Mitchell.
Hon. C. D. Howe, P.C., LL.D.
President Stanley Walker, LL.D.
Major J. S. Roper, K.C.

NOT WITHOUT GUILF

Just at the turn of the century Professor Charles Macdonald, or "Charlie" as he was known among his students, had passed to his reward. In the early nineteen hundreds stories about Charlie were retailed ad infinitum. Possibly the one most widely current was his reply to the unlucky student who had been unfortunate enough to be caught laughing while the professor was launched full stretch in the explanation of some mathematical problem. Stopping in mid-career he asked the unhappy culprit what he was laughing at. In a lame attempt at wit, the youth replied, "At my own ignorance, sir." Swift as light came the devastating rejoinder, "Well, I must say, you have an inexhaustible source of amusement."

Charlie, to the never failing surprise of his students had an uncanny faculty of being able in a moment to get to the bottom of any disturbance in the class room; with his back turned to the class and busy at some problem on the blackboard, naming the offender without turning round and in doing so was invariably correct. How he did it,

nobody understood. When he died the secret seemed to be buried in his grave. He had, too, some quaint idiosyncrasies. For example, when he had finished doing some problem on the board, which was on the side of the wall at one end of the platform, with a flip of his wrist he would throw the piece of chalk backward over his shoulder, and it would invariably land in a box on his desk at the other end of the platform. Perhaps a bit of vanity was mixed up with it for he always received quiet applause from his class for the little feat.

More than twenty years after Charlie was in his grave, the whole was made clear. Professor Howard Murray, now too gone to join him, explained at a Dalhousie re-union how Charlie did it. He wore a particular kind of glasses, a portion of which, when his back was turned to the class served as a kind of mirror, so that he could see all that went on behind him. So while setting down his figures on the board, by lifting his eyes he was able to see just what was doing in his rear, could at once name the culprit, and puzzle the class with his prescience. The same explained the chalk going into the chalk-box.

THE PAST

(Professor C. L. Bennet, head of the Department of English, in March conducted an examination in his class English 10. There was but one question: "Write anything you wish in any way you wish on the subject The Past." At the end of the period he received essays, a short story, a one act play and the following poem.)

Time stood still, and I beheld
Not only the present but the past,
Wrought together beyond all-cleaving
in the carved body of that great pile
Westminster.

Mote-filled bands of sunlit colour streamed from
the dim-seen roof,
Patterning the feet-smoothed floor
with intricate traceries of living light,
So that I saw,—not groups of strident tourists
lightly fingering Shakespeare's plaque
or heedlessly standing on family brasses,—
But the slow, majestic sweep of Wolsey's gown,
The pomp, the glitter, and the scorn of Elizabeth,
Proud, in the midst of England's glory.
And I heard the ring of steel on stone,
The hurried whispers and the running feet,
As some unknown knight, choked with fear and
spent with exhaustion,
Sought sanctuary at the foot of the blazing altar,
Respite from terror, in the shadowy darkness of
the friendly night.

The great, the small, the humble, and the proud,
Now lie in silent stone around these walls,
Smiling and stiff in their ageless casts,
Yet at peace, so that the clash of our modern world
crumbles to nothingness in the face of so
much antiquity.

Above, bearing mute testimony that war
is the sublime confirmation of man's heritage,
Sword and arrow slashed—
Powder and cannon gashed—
Hang silken banners that trace the changing history
of Anglo-Saxon dominance.
Rags that bravely fluttered from Crecy's hill,
That spurred Richard Lion Hearted to storm the
Holy Land,
That marched to bloody civil war,
That conquered America, and crushed the grey,
creeping lines of death
in a mad, glad sacrifice to Europe's Minotaur.

Faith? Peace? Sanity?

The fountain still plays on in the Little Cloister,
The Norman abbots sleep in their sunken graves,

While the organ's muffled thunder vibrates in waves
of sound
that are sharpened and intensified by the high,
sweet notes
of the chant of the choir boys....
Gaudeamus.
Past, present, future, merge, are one, and fade away.
Nothing remains but the cold stone.
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, embalmed in eternity.
What more can man experience?

MARJORIE MACLEAN, B.A.'39

The daughter of the late Major W. L. Maclean, of No. 1, C.C.C.S.,
M.D.C.M. 1908, and his wife Alberta Boak Umlah, B.A. 1910.

THE OTHER GUY.

AT the Dalhousie Alumni banquet at the close
of the college year, President Walker of King's
in his own inimitable way told a little story apropos
of the campaign for funds being made by Dalhousie,
which points its own moral.

Some years ago when King's was making its
campaign as a result of which the stately buildings
now on the Studley campus came into being, it
was impressed upon one young lady that she must
do something to assist and she set twenty dollars
as her contribution. The problem was how to
raise the money, but she had one talent—she could
make candy—so she made candy and command-
eered a wee boy to take a basket of it, done up in
little bags to sell down the street.

The little fellow promptly commandeered another
wee playmate, and the two dividing the street
between them, went down on either side knocking
at every door. Boldly knocking at one door, when
the lady of the house opened it, he confronted her
with, "Please, miss, we are raising a million dollars
for the college. Won't you please buy a bag of
candy for ten cents?" When the lady produced
the ten cents and received the candy, she asked
sweetly, "And are you raising the whole million
dollars yourself?" "Gosh, no," was the instant
reply, "I've got another guy helping me on the
other side of the street." Needless to say the
President pointed out that when Dalhousie got
fairly started on her campaign she could command
the assistance of "the guy on the other side of the
street" and his services were at her disposal. Which
is in itself a parable of the happy relationship which
exists between Dalhousie and King's, and at the
same time the little tale may hearten some campaign
enthusiast on an off day, for "the guy on the other
side of the street" will be at it too.

A Great Dalhousian of the Past

PROFESSOR JOHN JOHNSON, (1835-1914)

Professor of Classics at Dalhousie University, (1863-1894)

IT is set forth in the minutes of a meeting of the Board of Governors of Dalhousie held on the nineteenth of October 1863, that John Johnson of Trinity College, Dublin, is appointed to the Chair of Classics of this University. Johnson was then twenty-eight years old and had graduated from that famous seat of learning in Ireland—a Double First in Classics and Mathematics. How he came then to this College, which was at that time being newly organized, how he thenceforward with high credit and distinction held the position of professor of Classics for thirty-one years and how he helped at that formative period of our history to establish and maintain a noble tradition of training and customs is known to all old Dalhousians and especially to those who came within the influence of his teaching.

He retired from active service at the University following the Convocation of the year 1894, and Howard Murray, an old student of his, resigning the principalship of the Halifax Academy was appointed his successor—the disciple taking over and carrying on the work of the master.

After his retirement he lived for the most part at Drummondville, Quebec, where he died on the 23rd day of December, 1914.

I have before me now a copy of the *Dalhousie Gazette* of the date Jan. 22, 1915, which contains an appropriate and warm tribute to the character and abilities of this noted scholar who had just passed from among us. This contribution is not signed but from internal evidence I can confidently set it down as coming from the pen of Dr. Mac-Meehan—a firm friend of his older colleague for a quarter of a century. From this article and from other documents and from my own memory of my old teacher and friend I have written this short sketch of the man and his work for the alumni of the present day and generation.

I see him clearly to-day in my mind's eye as he sat at his desk in the old classroom on the east side of the Forrest Building well-nigh fifty years ago. The room was seated with chairs and had long common desks rising theatre-wise from the front to the back of the room—an arrangement which gave his keen eye an easy control over every student, but he would have had that by any arrangement. I see him hitching up his gown over his left shoulder with his right hand like a sailor hitching up his trousers. He had lost his left arm in his early years and it is typical of the reserve with which

he hedged himself around that nobody knew how he had lost it.

On the right of his desk was a door opening into a smaller room where he met his more advanced students and it is as we knew him there that I remember him best. On Fridays we gave him a Greek or Latin version of a piece of English prose. These he read on the next Saturday forenoon returning them with comments on the Monday—always *then*, for care and punctuality were strong features of his character. I have many memorials of him belonging to this time, some of them of too intimate a nature for mention here. One of them is a Latin version of a piece of English prose which, as he told me, when he bade me wait behind the others for a minute or two, he had read with some degree of satisfaction. On another occasion, when I had used a word of somewhat doubtful ancestry he said, "may such words and I be better strangers in the future". They were. Being an Irishman his ready wit was sometimes biting as well as genial. To a former student, who said to him, "You didn't make a classical scholar of *me*". "No," he replied, "I never professed to work miracles."

He had no use for a showy appearance of acquaintance with Greek or Latin literature not based on a sound basis of knowledge of the accidence and syntax of these languages. At the end of a term, to a student who had a zeal not according to knowledge, and who asked him what Latin he should read during the summer vacation, he said, "What *you* had better read is your Latin Grammar".

He was noted for the extreme accuracy and justice with which he estimated the work of his students on their examination papers, dividing one man's work from another's even by the fraction of a point.

He loved to be outdoors in the intervals of his work—an untiring walker, a skilful skater, and an enthusiastic lover of the game of Rugby football.

In 1900 Dalhousie bestowed upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

In 1907 on the occasion of a visit he was making to Halifax some of his old students gave him a little dinner at the Halifax Club. He spoke to us on that occasion in words never to be forgotten, and that was the nearest he ever came to making a "public address". I saw him once after that when he was passing through Halifax on his way to Bermuda seeking an improvement in health.

In March 1914 he was invited to lay the corner-

stone of the Macdonald Memorial Library, but his failing health would not allow him to come. In a letter sent at that time he speaks of the "heart-breaking" task of having to write declining the honour.

I shall close by quoting the concluding words of the tribute paid to him by Dr. MacMechan, to which I have already referred.

"Fine in intellect, fine in courage, fine in courtesy, proud, reserved, sincere, Johnson has passed away, leaving none like himself behind. He had no small share in founding the Dalhousie tradition, and in setting the Dalhousie standard. Without child of his own, Dalhousie had a son's place in his heart. Dalhousie must remember him if all others forget."

J. W. LOGAN,

A LITTLE KNOWN WORK

Some of us while in our teens, the great reading time of youth, living in the retired countryside, had a mighty thirst for knowledge but books were hard to come by. Later on when we had access to books in plenty, the time to read was limited. We always regretted those long winter evenings when had we had the books we could have done reading which would have helped so much. They were years of precious time lost or partly lost. Throughout the Maritimes many are in the same case today.

Dalhousie has been doing a rapidly expanding work among those about which little is generally known. She is bringing the benefit of the best from the library to the quiet village and the distant countryside in the three provinces. It all began some years ago when Judge Patterson of New Glasgow endowed the Patterson Travelling Library in memory of his revered father.

It works in this way. A group in a town or village or some retired country spot desire books, and good books. They simply write in asking for them and the books are sent. They are sent in a box holding about thirty volumes. The box itself is so made, that when the lid is removed, and the box stood on end, it is found divided into shelves and there are the books in the bookcase easy of access. The selection of books is carefully made. They include among them the latest books, science, biography, fiction, history, etc., etc. There are books in each selection of interest to practically every type of mind. Should a certain book be desired, every effort is made to meet the demand.

In this way some of the best and latest books are made available so that those using the library have access to books which would otherwise be impossible to them. It is all done without charge, except for the cost of shipping and returning the books. When one selection is returned, another is sent to replace it, and so on, the community in this way being given access to the best obtainable.

Beginning in a small way, the travelling library has come more and more into demand, until today it is being widely used, serving a need which otherwise would not be met and performing a service to the out-of-the-way community which is beyond estimation. Dalhousians old and young who believe in worth while reading, will be glad to know that this service is being used so extensively, testifying to the need it is filling, and its increasing use in

itself a witness to the serious-mindedness of Maritime folk who want something really worth while to "read, mark well, and inwardly digest." This is a bit of work which has gone on so quietly that many are unaware of it. Its use is extending year by year, rendering a valuable service which deserves to be better known.

ALUMNI SURVEY TRIP

Dr. H. G. Grant, Dean of Medicine, and Gordon K. Daley, B.Com., LL.B. Assistant Campaign Secretary, are making a survey trip of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island with a view to reorganizing and revitalizing the respective alumni clubs preparatory to the financial campaign.

Their itinerary includes:

Moncton.....	Monday.....	May 29th.
Sussex.....	Tuesday.....	May 30th.
Saint John.....	Tuesday.....	May 30th.
	Wednesday.....	May 31st.
Saint Andrews.....	Wednesday.....	May 31st.
	Thursday.....	June 1st.
Saint Stephen.....	Thursday.....	June 1st.
Fredericton.....	Thursday.....	June 1st.
	Friday.....	June 2nd.
Woodstock.....	Saturday.....	June 3rd.
Perth.....	Saturday.....	June 3rd.
Grand Falls.....	Saturday.....	June 3rd.
Edmundston.....	Saturday.....	June 3rd.
Campbellton.....	Monday.....	June 5th.
Bathurst.....	Monday.....	June 5th.
Newcastle.....	Monday.....	June 5th.
Richibucto.....	Tuesday.....	June 6th.
Buctouche.....	Tuesday.....	June 6th.
Rexton.....	Tuesday.....	June 6th.
Shediac.....	Tuesday.....	June 6th.
Charlottetown.....	Thursday.....	June 8th.
	Friday.....	June 9th.
Summerside.....	Saturday.....	June 10th.

THE OLD RED BUILDING

(Continued from page 9)

century recede into the mists of antiquity one sees no reason to change that verdict. He was a sound man. He didn't pretend to know what he didn't know; he attracted students after the first rows were over; and no man was ever so full of love for and pride in Dalhousie.

Reminiscences run on intolerably. Who can forget the athletes of those days, when the Dalhousie football team was never licked? There was no gymnasium worth mention. But most of us were healthy people; exercise, after all, is mainly for semi-invalids who are trying to get well. They never thought of football as exercise. It was a combination of patriotism and religion. And those games can't be forgotten when the air was crisp and the evening shades were closing in and the big team of tigers woke up in the second half and smeared the opposing score under and out of sight. One shouldn't crow about it even now; but it is a satisfaction whatever dictators and demons may do to reflect that the past is secure. Those good times can't not have happened.

A. N. TIQUE.

PERSONALS

Dr. Leon Kavalier (D.D.S. 1934) is practising at Little Neck, N. Y.

A letter recently received from Dr. Harry V. Morris and Mrs. Morris (Phyllis Elaine Tapp) both of whom are former Dalhousie students says—"Please send our ALUMNI NEWS to this new address, instead of to London, as we are very anxious to hear news of Dalhousie when we are so far away from home." They are now living at Lahore, in the Punjab, where Captain Morris is attached to the Indian Military Hospital in the cantonment. When in London, he was elected a member of the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine and led the class of the Indian Medical Service at the Royal Army Medical College at Millbank, winning also the medal in Entomology.

Alan Robertson Johnston, (B.Sc. 1932) is employed as a chemist with the Purity Factories, Ltd., at St. John's, Newfoundland.

Dr. Cyril Joseph Byrne (Med. 1930-34) is now practising in Somerville, Mass.

Hazel M. Fuller (B.A. 1930) writes from her home in Kaslo, B. C. that she has been teaching in the schools of British Columbia since her graduation. "For the past four years I have been in the High School at Oliver, B. C. in the Okanagan Valley, fifteen miles from the Washington boundary—a town noted for its cantaloupes and peaches. I planned to attend the Reunion last summer, but in the end was unable to go. During my years here I have met a fair number of people who have been connected with Dalhousie. One of these, Mr. Fulton, just this year retired from the staff of the Vernon High School." (This is Clarence Fulton, B.A. 1899).

Richard Frederick B. Campbell (B.A. 1916) is the head of a contracting firm in Wilmette, Ill.

Charlotta F. Johnson, (B.A. 1926) was recently married and is now Mrs. Reginald L. Harrison, of 5 Prospect Place, New York. Her mother, Mrs. G. S. Johnson (Charlotte A. Hobrecker, Arts 1891-92) is a member of the staff at the Pratt Library, Brooklyn.

Dr. Sydney C. Lefkovic (B. Sc. 1933, M.D., C.M. 1937) is practising in Newark, N. J.

Dr. Leon Robert Lieberman, (D.D.S. 1932) is practising in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Donald Gore, (A. & Sci. 1931-32) is now advertising writer for the General Electric X-ray Corporation, Chicago, Ill.

Kenneth Donald Kornreich, (B. Sc. 1937) is attending the Baltimore School of Dentistry of Maryland University at Baltimore.

Harvey B. C. Dixon (Pharm. 1914-15) formerly of Sackville, N. B. is now curator of the Historic Site Estate of Fort Beausejour, Aulac, N. B.

John Chester Benny, (B. Sc. 1934) is employed in the Research Laboratory of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, Montreal.

Kathleen Grant (Arts 1931-34) maintains a studio of painting and crafts in New Glasgow. She is a graduate of the N. S. College of Art and a former student of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Frank Harold Hawboldt (Dip. of Eng. 1932) is employed with the Hawboldt Gas Engines Company, Chester, N. S.

Charles Donald Davison (Eng. 1928-29) formerly of Bridgewater, who took a Bachelor of Architecture degree at

McGill, is now employed as resident engineer for the firm of Alexander Gibb and Associates of London.

Dr. Robert Burnell Eaton (M.D., C.M. 1932) who received his F.R.C.S. from Edinburgh, is now practising in Amherst.

Rev. Thomas Nelson Mitchell (B.A. 1934) who spent the past two years in the West, is now incumbent of the United Church at Aspen, Guysboro' County, N. S.

Harold R. Chisholm (Law 1928-29) is the Town Clerk and Treasurer, and also Stipendiary Magistrate for the town of Antigonish.

Joyce M. Sircom (Arts 1935-37) has recently returned from a year's visit at the home of Hervey W. Jones, (B.A. 1912) in Johannesburg, South Africa. Mr. Jones has had a very successful career in South Africa, where he moved from Halifax about six years ago. Joyce returned to Halifax via Egypt, Italy, Spain and England.

Norman Bain Gillies (B. Sc. 1937) is now doing post graduate work in geology at McGill.

Dr. Joseph Houle (D.D.S. 1936) who has been practising in Drummondville, P. Q. will leave for Milan, Italy, in the autumn. Dr. Houle possesses an exceptionally fine tenor voice, and will devote himself whilst in Italy to the study of singing.

Mrs. B. L. Howie (Jessie H. Higson, B.A. 1917) who for some years lived in Tantalton, Saskatchewan, is now living in Winnipeg.

Stanley J. Carew (B. Sc. and Dip. of Eng. 1936) is now on the staff of the Dominion Steel and Coal Company at Wabana Mines, Newfoundland.

Evelyn C. Gesner, (B.A. 1937, M.A. 1938) now Mrs. Lloyd S. Hawboldt, is living in Fredericton, N. B.

Mildred Irene Grant, (B.A. 1930) is on the staff of the Mothers' Allowances and Child Welfare Department in Halifax.

Phyllis L. Brown, (B.A. 1932) formerly of Bermuda, a graduate of the Toronto General Hospital, is now attached to the Public Hospital at Lamont, Alta.

Sidney E. Gunn, (B.A. 1905) is assistant professor at Boston University School of Business Administration, Boston, Mass.

Louis J. F. Davis (B. Sc. 1937) is on the staff of the John Inglis Co. Ltd., Toronto.

Frederick Hart Malone (Eng. 1921-25) is at present the second Master and Science teacher at the Antigua Grammar School, St. John's, Antigua.

Roderick Edmund Doering (Arts, 1929-30 King's) is assistant superintendent at the Nonsuch School for Boys, Nonsuch Island, St. George's, Bermuda.

Margaret Crane Kindle (Arts 1934-35) is now the wife of Professor Daniel O'Connell of City College, New York, and has an infant son, born in February last.

Dr. Albert Elliott Hetherington (Med. 1920-22) is practising medicine in New York City.

Mrs. A. R. Stacey (Helen Weldon, Arts 1908-10) has moved from Burnaby, B. C. to Hinton, Alta.

Arthur Jack Levine (B. Sc. 1936) is pursuing an M. Sc. course in chemical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge.

Thomas Asquith House (Arts 1930-32) holds a responsible position with the Customs Department, Government of Newfoundland, at St. John's.

Dr. Theodore Martin (M.D., C.M. 1935) is practising at his home in Paterson, N. J. He is married to Ethel Hanna Jackson (B.A. 1933).

Joseph Gordon Howell, (B. Sc. 1933) is now acting-secretary for Agriculture and Rural Reconstruction, Commission of Government, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Inez A. Irvine, (B.A. 1930) is employed with the Canadian General Electric Company, Calgary.

Archibald David Kent (Dip. of Eng. 1922) is employed with the Republic Steel Corporation in Youngstown, Ohio.

Dr. Cameron St. C. Guild (M.D., C.M. 1925) is associated with the National Tuberculosis Association, 50 W 50th St. New York. He holds a doctorate in Public Health from Yale University.

Dr. John A. Glorioso (M.D., C.M. 1937) is completing a term as Resident Physician at St. Rita's Hospital, in Lima, Ohio. After July 1st., he will engage in private practice in that city.

Vera Facey, (B. Sc. 1936, King's) is doing graduate work in Botany at the University of Toronto.

Harry Gerald Herman (B. Com. 1934) is in Toronto in the employ of A. E. Eames and Co.

Arthur Joseph Hayes (Law 1932-33. B.C.L. U.N.B.) is now employed as legal adviser by the State of Oklahoma at Bartlesville, Okla.

Ernest Redmond Buckler (B.A. 1929) lives in Bridgewater, where he divides his time between writing and farming.

Two brothers, Dr. John Robert Brophy (Med. 1921-23) and Dr. James Wilfred Brophy (Dent. 1922-23) who came to Dalhousie from Brisbane, Australia, are now settled in Philadelphia, where they practise the professions of medicine and dentistry respectively.

A note from Dr. C. W. Bliss of Amherst, tells of the recent activities of his son, John Donald McQueen Bliss (Arts 1924-26 King's). "He joined the Royal Canadian Police Force in 1935, and was stationed for more than a year in Vancouver, where he went through the riots which occurred there about three years ago. Since July 1937, he has been stationed at Port Radium, on Great Bear Lake, N.W.T., and will be there until July, 1940. He has charge of Motor boats, scows, and dog teams. Two mines here employ two hundred men, who mine the ore which is carried by planes to Port Hope, Ontario, where the radium is extracted. During the winter, he and another hunter shot nineteen cariboo, and caught six tons of fish as food for the dogs. In his last letter dated February 23, he was well, was enjoying twelve hours of daylight, and a temperature of 15° below zero."

Word was received in the Alumni Office recently from Donald F. Campbell, (B.A. 1890) who practises as a consulting actuary in Chicago, Ill.

Daniel C. MacPherson, (B.A. 1932) is studying Theology in Westminster Theological Seminary, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

Dalhousians of her time will well remember Mrs. Kuno Linneborn, formerly Hazel M. White, (B. A. 1921) the only girl who ever took engineering at Dalhousie. She and her husband recently left Montreal to make their home in Prague, the former capital of the lost state of Czecho-Slovakia.

Dr. Walter Moodie Pfeiffer (B. Sc. 1929) is now practising at Port Daniel Centre, P.Q.

Newton Richard Boronow (Arts 1931-33) formerly of Montreal, had been living in London for the past five years, where he is active on the stage. He plays under the name of Richard Newton, and lives at 18 Hans Crescent, S.W.1.

Dr. Ansell Ross C. Hayden (M.D., C.M. 1925) is practising at Little London, Jamaica, B.W.I.

Dr. Clement John Egan (D.D.S. 1938) is practising at Dryden, Ontario.

Doris Lavinia French (B.A. 1933) is a teacher of the United Church, at Buchan's, Newfoundland.

Mrs. Roy Leslie Guy (Doris Pugsley, B.A. 1934) is now living in New Haven, Connecticut.

Alan Brown Sprague (LL.B. 1937) is with the law firm of Cameron & Cameron, Belleville, Ont.

Dr. Alice Evelyn Thorne (M.D., C.M. 1925) is now Mrs. Wade of Port Kels, B.C.

Howard F. Prat, (B.A. 1935 King's Dip. of Educ. 1936) formerly a master at King's Collegiate School, Windsor, N. S., is now on the staff of St. Alban's School, Washington, D. C.

Rev. Harold Kendall Wright (B.A. 1936) is the minister of the United Church at Lacadena, Saskatchewan.

Elsie Alexandra MacLachlan (B. Sc. 1931) is a chemistry technician at the Children's Hospital, Boston, Mass.

William Stuart MacNutt (B.A. 1930) is teaching at the Collegiate School, Rothesay, N. B.

Alexander Frank Torrie (B. Sc. 1937) is a second year medical student at Edinburgh University.

Marion Isabel Ross (B.A. 1937) is employed in the office of the Windram Manufacturing Company, South Boston, Mass.

Dr. David Edward Rodger, (Med. 1928-30) has begun practice in Welwyn Garden City, Herts, England. He received his M.R.C.P. (England) in 1938.

Maynard Wyman Brown (B.A. 1922) is manager of District Engineering, Westinghouse Electric Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Howard H. Williamson, (B. Sc. and Dip. of Eng. 1934) is employed with the Falconbridge Nickel Company, Falconbridge, Ont.

Ellis Maxwell MacLeod, (B.A. 1926) is on the staff of the Royal Bank, Toronto.

Malcolm MacKenzie (Arts 1930-32) is at Crapaud P.E.I., where he has been supervisor of schools since 1935. He has been attending the summer schools conducted by Mt. Allison University and will receive his B.A. degree this spring. He hopes to return to Dalhousie for post graduate work in history.

Miss Lillian V. MacKenzie (Arts 1923-24) of Truro, is a nurse on the staff of the Groote Schuur Hospital, Capetown, South Africa.

Information has been received recently at the Alumni Office concerning the Seaman family of Charlottetown, all of whom attended Dalhousie.

Lily Hamilton Seaman, (B.A. 1909) is a teacher of English, Latin and Greek at Prince of Wales' College, Charlottetown. Bessie Margaret Seaman (B.A. 1924), a graduate of the

Montreal General Hospital Training School for nurses, is with the Westchester Cancer Committee at Bronxville, N. Y. Atholl Wendall Seaman, (B.A. 1907, M.A. 1909) is the principal of Westmount School, Montreal. Alfred Tennyson Seaman (Arts 1912-13) who served overseas, received his degree in Arts from McGill after the war, and was with the Exhibition Committee in London for some years. He was later transferred to Ottawa, and is now in charge of the Canadian exhibit at the New York World's Fair.

Dr. Rupert F. Seaman (Med. 1910-11) is chief surgeon at the Polyclinic in Charlottetown, and also practises privately as a surgeon in that city.

B. Gordon Elkin (Eng. 1930-33) is on the staff of the National Steel Car Company, of Toronto, and lives in Weston, Ont.

Dr. Fred I. Schwartzberg, (M.D., C.M. 1932) has taken and passed the orthopaedic examinations given by the American Board of Orthopaedic Surgery at Memphis, Tenn. in January. Dr. Schwartzberg, now a diplomate of the Board, is a specialist in Orthopaedic Surgery and is practising in Paterson, New Jersey. He is also on the staff of the Hospital for Joint Diseases in New York City.

R. Beverley Harrison, (B. Sc. 1935) who has been in charge of the Montague Gold Mines, has accepted a post with the Ariston Mines on the West Africa Gold Coast.

The wedding of Isabel Jean Fraser (B.A. 1936) and Milton Grant Musgrave (B. Com. 1936) took place at the bride's home in Sydney on March 7th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. L. B. Campbell (B.A. 1915). After a motor trip to the New England States, Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave returned to Moncton where they will live.

Margaret Alice Hall, (Dip. of Pharm. 1938) was married recently to Thomas Oliver Mourse of Montreal, at St. Paul's Church, Halifax. After a visit to Montreal, they left for Bathurst, N. B. where Mr. Mourse is engaged with the Ogilvie Flour Mills.

Dr. Fred Laurence Moore, (M.D., C.M. 1924) who for some years has been the highly successful director of Public Health at Blountville, Sullivan County, Tennessee, has resigned that post to accept the position of professor of Preventive Medicine at the Long Island College of Medicine, New York. The members of his Board accepted Dr. Moore's resignation with the deepest regret—"Dr. Moore has been an integral part of the county government and has conducted his department in such a manner that the county has been placed at the least possible expense, and at the same time received benefits scarcely equalled in any other section of the country. His accomplishments have been too numerous to mention and his staff has done a great job in its work of preventive medicine."

Dr. Moore is a native of Economy, N. S., a veteran of the War, and received his public health training at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, and at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

Rev. Roy Phillips (A. & Law 1921-25 King's) who has been for several years assistant to the rector of Christ Church, Dartmouth, will shortly take over charge of the Anglican parish at Mahone Bay. Mr. Phillips' marriage took place quietly at King's College Chapel on April 11th.

At the annual convocation of Pine Hill Divinity College, held on April 11th., Rev. William Wallace McNairn (B.A. 1895, M.A. 1897) was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, Rev. W. E. Aitken of Edmundston, N. B. (B.A.

1921), Rev. R. D. Green of Deer Lake, Newfoundland (B.A. 1936), Rev. W. G. MacDonald of North Forechu, C.B. (B.A. 1936), Rev. K. G. Sullivan of Canning (B.A. 1933, M.A. 1934), received degrees of Bachelor of Divinity, and three Dalhousians graduated into the United Church ministry,—George Neil Gillis, (B.A. 1937), with honours, Albert Walter Osborne (B.A. 1937) of Norwich, England, William Stuart MacLeod (B.A. 1936, M.A. 1937) with honours.

The death occurred at his home in Stellarton on April 15th. of Dr. George Watson Whitman, (M.D., C.M. 1903) aged 62. Dr. Whitman was educated in the schools of Dartmouth, and at Dalhousie Medical College. He served overseas for three years as the medical officer of the 85th. battalion, and on his return began practice in Stellarton succeeding the late Dr. Elliott. In 1919 he was elected Mayor by acclamation and held that post for five years. In 1925 he was a candidate for the Legislature, and for fourteen years was a major in the Pictou County Highlanders. He was greatly beloved throughout the country and will be deeply mourned by his people.

A letter has recently been received from J. Campbell MacDonald, B.A. 1905, B.E. 1917, sending in his subscriptions to the News and also the *Dalhousie Review*. Mr. MacDonald, on February 1st. of this year, was appointed one of the three Commissioners in a Public Utilities Commission recently organized in British Columbia, with headquarters in the Central Building, Victoria, B. C.

The United Churchman of March 1st., states at a recent meeting of the Official Board of St. George's Church, Bermuda, the following resolution was passed: "The Rev. E. W. Forbes, M.A., B.D., will have completed his term of three years at the St. George's Circuit, Bermuda, and will be leaving us in June. Mr. Forbes has had a very successful pastorate here, and we wish him every success in his new field."

(This is our Rev. Edgar William Forbes, (B.A. 1893, M.A. 1897), who wrote us recently renewing his subscription to the News, and saying how much he enjoyed the sketch of "Lord John" in the last issue. "It brought back the old days with a vengeance.")

We regret that space does not admit of more than a mention of a long and most interesting letter from the Rev. Dr. Henry Dickie who now lives in Toronto, where he is enjoying the fruits of a long and distinguished career in the Church. He says "I was in Nova Scotia last summer during most of the month of June, but unfortunately my engagements did not permit me to remain for the Dalhousie Reunion." Dr. Dickie has just completed an autobiography for the benefit of his family and friends, his health is still good, and he lives a busy and useful life. He is a member of a real Dalhousie family; sons of the third generation are now attending the university, and at least a dozen of the descendants of his parents have been students here.

The death took place very unexpectedly on May 17th., at the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, of Dr. John Hames Macdonald, M.D., C.M. 1910. Born in St. John's, Newfoundland, his parents removed when he was a child to Pine Tree, Pictou County, where he was brought up. Entering Dalhousie Medical College from the Pictou County schools, he graduated in 1910 with his medical degree, and returned to New Glasgow to practise, remaining there until his death. Dr. Macdonald was associated with the Aberdeen Hospital, New Glasgow, for thirty years; he was loved and respected throughout the town and countryside, and was held in the highest esteem by a host of friends who deeply mourn his passing.



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