



summer 1961

the
trinity
review

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the
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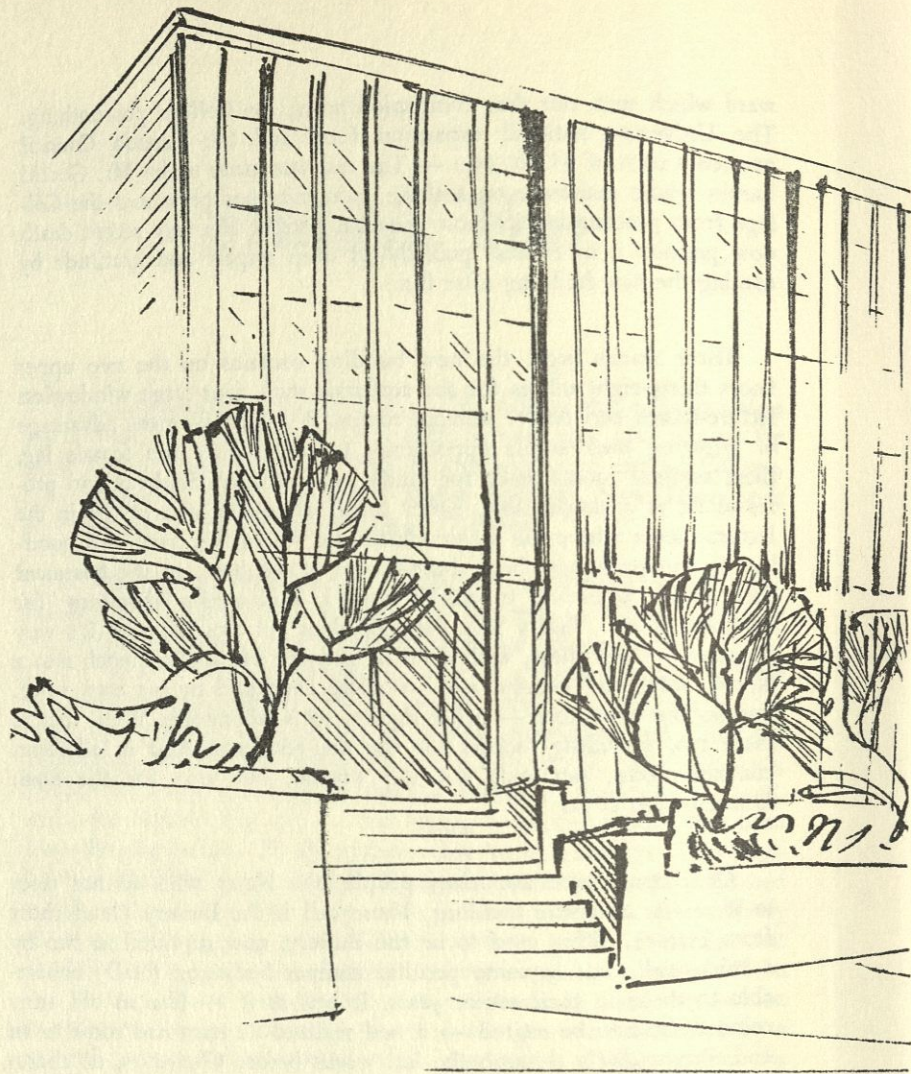
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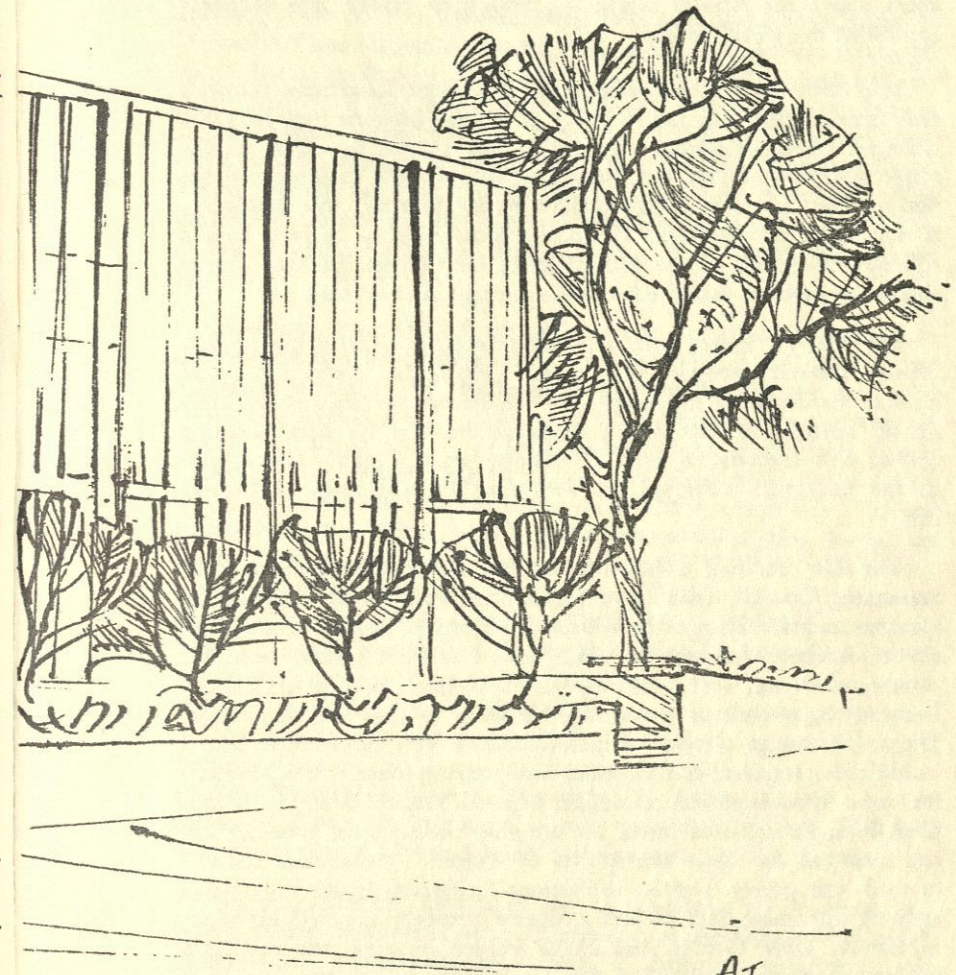
ART: Andrew Till, Kady Macdonald, Marne Ward

CONVOCATION



inside too. The Dean, Harry confides, may be seen at five-thirty furtively watering the greenery. The lounge area is graced by a rather magnificent fire-place with a copper hood on which stands finely the College crest. The middle is furnished with round tables and modernistic womb-chairs. The landscaping completed since the end of exams, has improved the locale of the building — but any edifice facing the horror of Devonshire House is almost doomed to ignominy. Fortunately the south facade with its emphasis on the vertical saves the building from this fate.

Now for other developments in the College physique. The addition to the Senior Common Room, started last summer, Harry describes as looking faceless — from the outside — deliberately so, because



there is every intention of building on to it further residence accommodation to complete the quad. Inside, however, there is a large plush room at the disposal of the staff and on rare occasions available to student groups. Beneath this there are locker-rooms for the football team and also storage space. One complication, Harry tells me with relish. Footballers needing a shower must flee almost denuded across a passageway often frequented by women. With these developments goes the metamorphosis of the south wing of the main building. Lecture-rooms are being turned into double- and single-room residence while the Angel's Roost undergoes renovations. Meanwhile, the rooms once inhabited by the faculty — on those Himalayan

floors above the Rhodes Room — have been turned into residence and called the Devil's Roost.

It is obvious what is happening to the College. Its activity, formerly centralized in one building, is being diversified between two. How the character of the College will change, we cannot say. One of the major problems is that the distinction between the resident and the non-resident, so conveniently bridged in the past by close proximity, is now only too apparent. The decentralization may, in fact, have a schizophrenic effect on the personality of the College: perhaps a more significant problem than the inevitable increase in enrolment.

But Harry's bored with all this reflection. (That's his trouble. Serious abstract thought repels him. Despite his social sense and ideal of participation in College activity, he has no truck with "intellectual" speculation. His milieu is the public life; for him, anything outside this compulsive habit is meaningless.) Alright, Harry, give us the facts and we'll get on with the Unchangeables of College life.

The Lit. has had a bizarre year. Its only permanence was the Permanent Council, with John Hutchinson and David Gray as the speakers and W. Thomas R. Wilson as secretary. Tom bore the brunt of the Institute's mutability. No sooner had he returned from the summer than he was forced by the academic mishaps of Ramsay Derry, Premier-elect of the spring elections, to organize an election. The results swept Gerald Wright, Ramsay's Vice, into office. But it would seem responsibility weighed heavy on the new Prime Minister; for some unaccountable reason he allowed Patrick Wooten to supplant him. Patrick was intent on bringing literacy back into the Lit. and arranged for Dave Humphries of Toronto's Bohemian Embassy to read beat poetry. Despite aspirations to elevate debating standards as well, the mere fact of his saturnine presence doomed his plans to failure. Dave Gordon and Hugh Paisley replaced him and with unseen resourcefulness pulled the Lit. dinner out of the fire. Blair Fraser, the guest speaker, gave an impressive tirade on the *clichés* that disease the North American mind when it considers the countries of Africa and Asia. Illustrating his argument with relevant and pointed anecdotes, Mr. Fraser deplored as noxious the hasty development of the so-called "neutral" countries, the term in itself a *cliché*. Of course, to summarize an informative twenty-minute speech in two sentences is to oversimplify — Harry, with deft prods, invites us to move on. One new feature of the dinner was the establishment of a table especially for the disestablished (*Ha!*), the ex-premiers. With one eye on this table, Mr. Pettigrew, proposing the toast to the Institute, expressed his glee at the dissolution of so many governments,

especially that of the member from Wooten — the monument to "Imperial Conservatism" — because he, himself, had once struggled vainly for a whole year as leader of the Opposition, to fell but one government. The way things went last year it was obvious the fellings of government would not stop with the Dinner. The Secretary once more had to organize an election: in which David Gordon retained his supremacy but lost Hugh Paisley for Chris Armstrong. The Permanent Council for the next year was elected at the same time — at last it was all over for Tom — and Gerry Wright was elected Speaker.

Now and again the Lit. accepts a public challenge to demonstrate the prowess and articulation of its members. This it did when it sent a team to debate at the Rochester Institute of Technology. Equipped to the hilt with cigarettos, gowns and aristocratic flavour, the team — Harry . . . thank you — of Bill Graham, John Hutchinson, David Gordon, Peter Wilson, Bob Anderson and Hugh Paisley was forced to debate in the negative on the motion "Cuba means well". Its opponent being St. Michael's College, the team excelled itself due largely to the impeccable wit and commonsense of Bill Graham, who took it upon himself to reply to a "moving and totally convincing" speech from the floor by a Cuban patriot. The former's rejoinder was a brilliant impromptu summary of all that had been said. In itself, however, it was apparently not devastating enough to woo the favour of an audience swayed by the Cuban's earnestness. A decision on the part of the speaker, no other than John Hutchison, assured Trinity's triumph when he ruled popular opinion invalid according to Parliamentary Statutes of George III's reign. A Trinity triumph, on the surface of things. In fact moral victory went to the student of R.I.T. who had mastered broken English and donned an Army uniform.

Harry relishes the activity of the Lit. It allows for involved participation. He therefore scorns a society such as the French Club which prohibits his attendance for reasons of linguistic difference, and accuses it of practising a form of discrimination (a nasty mind, indeed). Nevertheless, he keeps his ears open for some intelligible signs of what it does. Apparently the French Club opened its activities with a series of skits based on historical events, one a portrayal of Joan of Arc chasing the sheep whose bleatings she interpreted as "Voices". At another meeting, members read extracts of French poetry from La Fontaine to Appollinaire, and someone showed slides of Spain. The Annual Meeting, whatever that means, was held at Professor Roger's house, with homebrewed wine. More ambitiously, the Club joined with its U.C. counterpart to put on Anouilh's *L'Alouette* — more in the life of Joan! Discontent flowed when U.C. took the leading roles, but the production turned out to be successful. All these doings were

under the guidance of Larry Kerslake. No one knows who takes over next year, least of all the French Club.

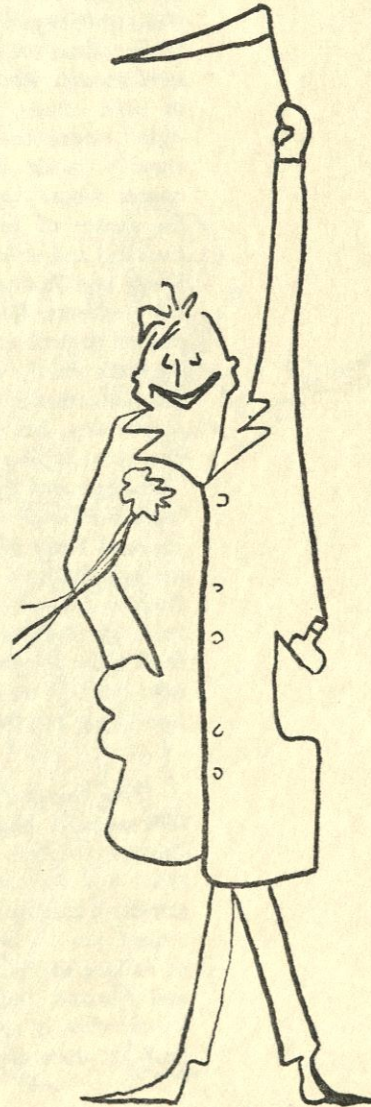
The Brett Club — Harry warns us to dissociate it from the Britt Club (cf. Saint Hilda's Year) — met three times this year. At the first, August Wiedmann gave a paper on the aesthetic theories of Plato and Aristotle, which led into a discussion of his own thesis. Professor Fackenheim occupied the next session, devoting it to a long paper he was later to deliver as part of the Saint Thomas Aquinas lecture series. The paper ("involved" and "out-of-the-way", Harry terms it. The dolt!) was a lucid explication of the philosophy of history, historicity. During the final meeting, Mr. Macomber talked about Heidegger and existentialism. And so ends the Brett Club (Because, miserably unintelligent, Harry cannot grasp the meaning of such concepts as "phenomenal realism" or "the original synthetic unity of apperception". *Extraordinary!*)

The success of the T.C.A.A. rests largely on what some restrained individuals refer to as its dance. Harry's not sure who organized the Athletic, but he says it was a wonderful party — as successful as the conversat, so blandly handled by John Hill. We don't wish to minimize the truly *athletic* achievements of the Association (Don William's dancing does qualify) but the hockey and football seasons were in the word of one member "miserable". Football was ravaged by injuries. Despite the efforts of players like Keith Acheson, Bob Hillary and Barry Yeats, the team could make no headway, though it played courageously. The hockey team had no such excuses. They won their first game against the champion Victoria team, but from then on were escalated down the intra-mural league. Happily, the lesser sports redeemed the association. The rugger team, with Paul Wilson supplying a skilful scrum-half, was triumphant. The soccer team just failed to recapture the trophy which they had won for the last two years. And Bill Parker, we understand, played well for the invincible squash team. Next year Charles Baillie and Chris Snyder head the Association with the intention of building a rink on the back campus. So that deals with that.

Astounding things have been going on in the Chapel this year. That secret society called the Chapel Board is a secret no more. Through a regular publication called the Chapel Bulletin, the Board revealed itself as a very-much-existent body, announcing Chapel functions, acclaiming the Anglican faith, and recording its intentions. Among plans for next year is a series of monthly Eucharists to be celebrated in the College Chapel with an open invitation to all University Anglicans. It was thought a closer liaison should exist between the congregations of St. Hilda's and Trinity. As a result of lengthy discussion, St. Hilda's

did away with its exclusive evensong in order to amalgamate its service with Trinity. If the business of the Board is to co-ordinate and supervise its ancillary groups, such as the Altar Guild or Sidesmen, it succeeded completely with the Missionary Society and its sale of second-hand books. Such classics as *Dead-Worm Boyd*, by Ivor Shot, the *Case of the Mysterious Surgeon* by A. Bortion, or *Perry Tries M. Poireau* by Agatha Gardner, were rescued from the unappreciative hands of the Faculty and sold for a dime. At Christmastide, the choir excelled itself with magnificent carol service. All these activities were overlooked by the board's secretary-treasurer, Michael Jackson, to whom much credit is due for consistently high attendance.

For two years at least, as far back as Harry's meagre memory takes him, many had heard rumours of a production by the Senior Common-Room Players. The reported popularity of it, and the performance by Prof. Ruddock, were almost mythical, certainly invalid as a historical fact. But this year the Players gathered again. With production supervised by the T.C.D.S., they put on two performances at Hart House of that once controversial piece, *My Pardner*. On first hitting the American stage this play was regarded by some as the advent of mature drama, deeply moving and thrilling. To others it was the epitome of depravity — after all it did deal unashamedly with adultery and pregnancy. But for us and the Players it was melodrama through and through. Dr. Falle played the music-hall villain. Costumed in a tall hat and huge cloak which he swirled about him ominously, he invited brilliantly the hisses and boos of the audience. Dr. Schieder portrayed the wanton, decadent lover who — oh, dear — got the heroine in trouble, played well by Mrs. Earp. But the honours once again, if legend be true, went to Mr. Ruddock whose "mah parrdner" brought the house down at every utterance. It was he, the hero, whose business-partner had caused the shocking scandal and, according to the testimony of the villain, been caught red-handed in 'beating it' with the gold. At regular intervals he swore by his mother who had died in the room above his head upon the honesty of his friend. Naturally he was right. The villain was a columnist. But when he heard of the pregnancy, he nearly ran upstairs to die where his mother had passed away.



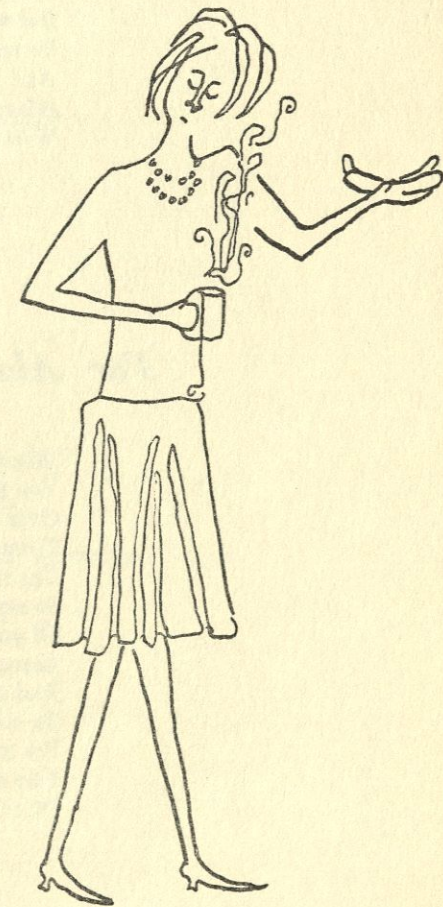
If Harry feels it was the funniest thing on earth, he could not have seen the Drama Society's production of *A Resounding Tinkle*. Do we hear a number of you groaning in objection? Of course this play was controversially received. The Society had every expectation of its being so. A comedy written by N. F. Simpson, a new dramatist on the English scene, the play attempted to synthesise all the subtleties and absurdities of humour, ranging from the farce of the *Goon Show* to the universal comedy of domestic life. Its object being to investigate the sources and forms of comedy, it proved a truly *theatrical* experience. The most unexpected persons applauded it, while others, a little too embedded in the message-drama tradition, tried to cull what meaning the play hadn't got. Harry found himself in both camps; he laughed raucously throughout but complains he didn't understand it. (Presumptuous creature — as if it's his to understand!) Jackie Burroughs and John Watts played the middle aged couple whose domestic quarrels concerning their pet elephant formed the centre of the action. Their performances, their coordination as husband and wife were appraised by critics as near professional. Ramsay Derry and Rodney Webb played a couple of Comedians with delightful freshness. Garrick Hagon, in the role of the Author, acted with a precise control and sense of timing. One actor whose appearance was only too brief, was Rodney Archer. As a technician who interrupts the performance to explain the possibilities of cutting creativity out of playwriting, he carried off a long and difficult speech hilariously, at one point falling of the stage with amazing *élan*. We could go on . . . This then was the main production, happily directed by Mr. Herbert Whittaker with sets — as were those of *My Pardner* — by Michael Joy and Kady Macdonald. Earlier in the year the Society had gained the adjudicator's praise in the Drama Festival, with Vals Echlin and Rodney Archer's scene from *Hamlet* and Ramsay Derry's directed scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. A final note . . . Vals Echlin regrettably leaves the Society. To her it owes the fine reputation it now has and we congratulate her on the Dale Award for her contribution to campus theatre.

First things last. The Review — the boor groaned! Why don't you take a walk, Harry? Anything, so long as you leave me *alone*. The Review, to start again, has tried to maintain a high standard of material and format and we feel has succeeded to a great extent. The standard and kind of material depends on what students write — a truism, yes — but too much criticism is levied at the Review because of failure to realize this point. Like the economic principle of supply and demand, the Review functions only on the premise that it publishes what is available, what is written by members of the student-body. It does not cater to a clique but publishes the best that Trinity

can produce. High quality contributions came in from Dick Howard, Doug Chambers, Joan Hawson, Mary Anderson and Bob Dinsmore, while Kady Macdonald's illustrations added much to the editor's lay-out. Each issue contained at least one non-fiction article, two of which stand out as unusually perceptive — Mr. Ian Drummond on Rostow and Galbraith and Michael Benton's *Hogarth and the Comic Spirit*. As a rule the meetings were dominated by Chris Gurney's financial jargon, except when one meeting was devoted to diminishing the size of the Board and making other constitutional changes. Besides roping in Dr. Robertson Davies and Michael John Nimchuck to lead discussions on the vagaries (whew!) of writing, that's all we did.

Our other "literary" medium, *Salterae*, is in a sad state of flux. We can only hope Dick Howard will improve what the Authorities have threatened with extinction.

The Board of Stewards, the pivotal body of student activity, has nothing to say for itself. We know Bill Graham and Ross Kreager were forceful as Head of Arts and Head of College respectively, and that Peter Howden and Al (Albert?) Ferguson replace them next year. Otherwise, we revel in the Board's reticence — Don Mathews did not even want to report the cake-fight his freshmen won. Harry, indeed proves himself finally incompetent, a social failure. Neither from hearsay nor from busy-ness has he discovered what the Board did, if anything. He scorns in us what is but the discreet withdrawal of the elite, mistaking it for self-assumed philanthropy. But we condemn his mental mediocrity and arrogant pretence to social integrity, failings which make him gross. And now all that is left for us to do is to find a place . . . yes: the Old Buttery, in that wall they're building . . . to entomb him. Forever. Thank God.



In No Watered Shoot

Eagle-aftering me love
Torn two ways my heart!
Gates of gold — your hair
Sea of sapphire — your eyes
Portals of pearl amethyst your lips over
Slim in your slenderness beside me.
Light from the mountains
To the tiger-night of my passion
Burning.

But who, Persephone, comes here
To tempt with his lewd lips?
And leaves me now to burn
Alone in the gray rain
With the flames of the spring's desire.

For Alanus de Insules

Where the remote Bahamas
You the great flood-farer
Over the waste weary
Towards the eschatological dawn-fire.
Christ-bearer of the dove's daring
Sweep past to the bright twelve-gold
Of your epic equestry.
Leave here the dolphic horseman
And the pearl visionary
Set sceptered in a gray sea waiting
For the next great Lucifer
Free flinging to the full fathom
Of ever Platonic desire.

DOUG CHAMBERS

Words To Music

this is a girl —
Rose Green Yellow —
walking towards you.
hem of music,
sleeves of sound,
— oh Rose Green Yellow —
a meadow
makes a miracle
and a girl
a dance in sifting air.
young reeds
wind-high,
roundels to her hair
in its whispering
winnowing
windowing
nesting
measuring
new music of sand.

MARY ANDERSON

This Is An Unexpectedly Oblique, Visceral

Virginia

Oh

St. Hilda's Year

Approach To

So I said to myself, to quote the poet, 'I must Chercher les Femmes' so I put down my football, pick up my yo yo and cut out, I mean like split to this pad across from my lookout on Devonshire.

I wave goodbye to my buddies, hanging from the Observatory. They give me the big wink but I, smooth-like, shuffle across Devonshire, casual, cool, cigarette dangling from my lips, my baseball cap tilted at the right angle, my yo yo still going, the T-shirt just the right shade of dirt — real Brando methodology-psychology.

All of a sudden, this chick comes sliding by me with this placard. She gives me the eye, a long sloe one but cool. I flex the muscle and toss a smile; she hands me a card, "Britt Club Members Only". So I pay the two dollars, grab the card and keep moving on up the stairs into Horsecart Hall.

Over the portal, big sign, red and black, "FRESHMEN". That's me. Then — bong! this Carmen-cutie with a big red rose moves to me — nice smile, small dawg-tag "Lisa B", but shy, you could feel it, like the Frenchies say "rapor". So I rapor. She hands me a tea. With leaves yet. I cream up, toss in sugar, plunk down on a sofa beside this other chick.

I ask her her name, she sez Toddie. "That's hot," sez I, laughing lewdly. She gets up in a huff and puffs off muttering some ancient Anglo-gibberish.

So now I'm on the floor swinging with Lynn chick, tripping the light bombastic. She's a cutie. "What's this," sez I. "The french Shawtease", sez she, "and this is a Reception for you and me." So I tease her. We split, her on one side, me on the other, with our respectful sexes.

All of a sudden, Zowie! — this Alison in Wonderland-chick with the Charlie-Adams hair-do comes on to me, mumbling "lead

kindly lighthouse, my candle, it burns at both ends". We flop down on the floor. She discusses Kant. I cant. I get up and leave her in her mystical trance.

So now I've got one from Snildas-on-the Trinsies, name's Victoria Cross. We check out to this football game, me carrying the football, hopefully, the boyish gleam in my eye, she's carrying my yo yo. All of a sudden I see in front of decadent ol' U.C. these Red and Gold Amazons tackling these delicate black and red shapes that move like swift cats across the field. Like panthers!! They score one, two, three, four. Snildas lose again. V.C. and I split to the Buttery for a crying Blue. Four panthers slink in, snivling, blushing, and slump down beside us. I buy them a round. Linda Reid stands on top of the table and screams "NEXT YEAR" while the glass makes the pass-by to the fireplace.

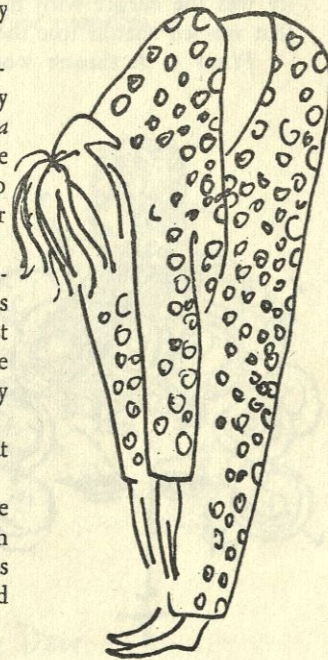
V.C. and me check out to a Saint-ly affair. Up in one of the pads on the other side of the Golden Palace (i.e. Mossie Waddington Kirkwood's new wing) I meet this wordy Wagnerian. What a brain!

We dig Modigliani prints, plaster ourselves with pilasters del Roma Maddonna y Brescia de Bruegal of Brandenburg (*circa 1869 Faure out of Pater*). We discuss: The German Tree of Life, Asti Spumante, Utrillo prints, par de deux sur les pointes, Kultur and Gogh.

I'm still gagging on the Berliner Ensemble when whammo — I find out she's the Lit Prez. (No, Man, not Lester) I bust out laughing until I'm zotted by V.C. She gives me a run-down on Ursula's party platform.

Plank 1. Traditional Nativity play at Christmas.

Plank 2. For secular dramaticae, the pagan years produce fourthly, in mime with narration, folktales, the tale of the Goos girl, of Mrs. Tittlemouse (starring the Head



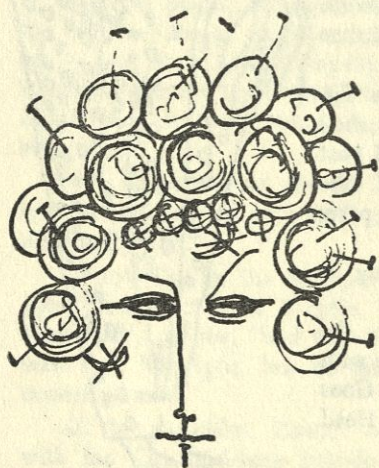
of St. Hildas, Lisa Balfour) and the Legend of the Wise and Foolish Virgins; thirdly, dramatically and vocally The Mad Hatter's Tea Party (stirring Gwyn Evans) and the tea party scene from *The Importance of Being Earnest*; secondly, a male-vitaminized dramatization of *The Waste Land* complete with clairvoyance and pub scene; firstly and finally, "the moral influence of the Jewish problem in the Middle Ages" via Prim Wake and Libby Leppard.

Plank 3. Debates with the college, with Vic and Trinity and debates outside of the university (U.C. of course!). But the *coup de grâce* and the finest exhibition of St. Hildas objectivity and femininity was the debate with the Engineers when it was resolved and won that women should lose the vote.

Plank 4. A theater workshop to teach the intelligensia technicalities. Mrs. Robertson Davies schooled young Hamlets and weary Matchmakers while the TCDS members nodded gravely at the Lit's enthusiasm.

Plank 5. Dr. Brieger of A & A department gave an illuminated lecture on Giotto despite the sighs and pencil chewings of the sophisticates present.

Plank 6. The Lit. Banquet, the *pièce de résistance* designed to capture the votes of the upper echelon of arts and crafts. Alison Cunningham described the "washing on the line" and so pointed out that culture-vultures must clean too. Dr. Banyani moved from this vantage point, and with refreshing scholarship spoke on satire, ranging from



Juvenal through Swift to A. P. Herbert.

Wow!

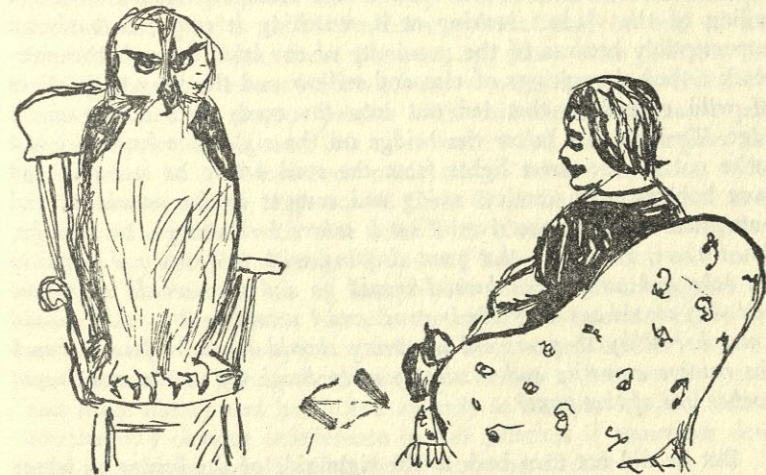
I go back to my Tower, brush up my Sidney, dig the poets 'non-beat', compare monads with molecules with Leibnitz with Spinoza. Like Newton, I was knocked on the noggin with the art's apple of knowledge. I ate it up. I dump my jacket, sweat shirt and boots, grab some new duds . . . I mean I acquire a fashionable wardrobe.

So I'm ready for the S.J.S. I waltz through the door and bang into a broa . . . I, I collide with Miss Echlin from Manhattan. Trauma, drama, this one comes on like an actress. She tinkles bells, cleans up fences, sews, stitches, writes notes, sweeps floors, runs errands, hustles people, gives talks, gets Dale Awards, then crys. Now, she's beyond the horizon.

The dance *does* go on. My fair lady, Diana Ede — flamingo, limbo mambo, tango — is covering it for the Varsity, Betty Lou Joynt taking photos, Bobbie Armstrong eating flash bulbs. Burned out, I leave the soirée.

My next rendezvous with the crazy cats of Snildas is me in costume, cosmetics, incognito. I'm sitting at the feet of the wise and wooly Father Episkopon, Jean Griffin. Talk, I've never heard such kooky kittens tell such tales. I slid down a rain pipe back to my tower.

Zen again. At least Man 'till next year when I drop bags and books in that airport-waiting-room and rewind propeller.



Meeting the Don.

IN THE NIGHT SEASON

DOUG CHAMBERS

As he turned out from the quiet side street into the main road leading in strings of pearled and jewelled automobile lights toward the carnival heart of the city, he paused for a moment to look back at the grey stone houses sitting spacious, blue-crystalled and silk-damasked, in wide expanses of early June lawns rolling in uneven and sudden outcroppings of forget-me-nots and English daisies towards the ravine of the river. The river went down, redeemed from its usual drainage-ditch appearance by the spring rains, behind the houses of the subdivision crossing under the imperious arches of the main road's viaduct and on towards the lake. He leaned over the railing of the viaduct looking at it, watching it move, here almost imperceptibly because of the proximity of the lake, through the now-black cathedral vaultings of elm and willow and the long snake lines of wild cucumbers that led out into the reedy flats at the rivers edge. Tied directly below the bridge on the right side he could just make out by the street lights from the road where he stood an old punt bobbing with careless swing and recover in the occasional and unmetrical swing of the river. *That is where I should go*, he thought, *down there, loosening that punt drifting with it down and out into the lake and away from here. I would go and they would not know and they would say only 'He is gone' and I would be free, why should I not be? Why 15 years old in spring should I not be free to break the routine as easily and as simply as to break the rotten and frayed anchor line of that punt?*

But he did not turn back to the right side of the bridge to where the road led down sloping and with sharp switchback to the firm edge beneath the bridge, but went on seemingly impelled by the breeze from the south-east that now from the gardens and the lawns of the houses that he had left brought the fragrance of lilac and honeysuckle

and lily of the valley rising with it, itself liberated after the rain of the early evening, rising from the unaccountable and diverse gardens like mist, impalpable and sweet, and past him in sudden billow and surprise taking him, his pace quickened, towards the neon signs that now orange and red and blue glowed and faded in uneven flashes on the far distant road. One sign in particular he noticed. It was a large red neon hand pointing to the store on which it hung and in the palm of which a white sign saying STOP HERE continually flickered on and off. He had been past the place hundreds of times before, he knew, coming to and from the city, but never before at this time of night and as it flickered now in the faint mist of the dark and tentative evening it took on a meaning at once sinister and inviting as if pointing to some unmarked and hitherto unnoticed entrance to the Inferno itself.

When he reached it he was not really surprised to find that it was only one of those myriad all-night hamburger joints — Frank's Hamburger House — Take-Outs A Specialty — and he went in not merely out of curiosity, but feeling as if some glandular and heretofore undiscovered magnet were drawing him, unwilling, but more non-willing, towards the central lodestone of the night's inexplicability. Two girls were leaning against the stand-up counter near the door talking in stereophonic giggles about the latest pyjama party of one of their friends. One of them, about his own age (they were probably both writing the same exams he was), was wearing a pair of faded blue jeans streaked in raucous patches with chartreuses and mauve paint and a sloppy pink blouse. The other wore a red and white print skirt that looked as if it had been made out of stewed tomatoes, with a white blouse, a blue High School Girls Choir blazer with crest and a cheap silk kerchief with pale blue lotus blossoms on it. They both slurped at large size chocolate sodas and noticed his entry only as the occasion for another fit of inexplicable and hysterical giggles. He passed down the counter towards the middle and several places past an obviously the worse for wear blue serge-suited businessman. The businessman was giving the counterboy a lesson in how to win friends and make money and he shifted uneasily in his seat for fear that the counterboy's obvious indifference to this priceless if somewhat dewy-eyed information should reflect the advice in his direction.

After what seemed an interminable time a charcoal-charred hamburger was dropped unceremoniously and greasy in front of him and he took it, uncomfortable now under the blue suit's opprobrium

and almost verbalized advice, quickly without relish or onion or any of the other things that sprawled in oozing and sloppy abandon down the half-ledge counter opposite the serving counter itself. He glanced at himself in passing at the mirror above the ledge disregarding the obviously disinterested interest with which the two girls regarded him, their voices suddenly whining down in buzz-saw decrescendo as he moved towards the door. And it was in this glance in the mirror, the reassurance of self-existence so elemental that only the subconscious registers the 'yes' to the continually repeated question, in the instantaneous and uncomprehended action that he first without realizing saw him. Him — the other man — leaning in wistful and almost somnolent gaze against the far end of the counter propped really between the counter and the wall staring now, seemingly for nothing better to do, after him as he walked out the door. Above him the sign flickered on and off as if not sure at what moment the final reprieve had been given and the dreary and inexhaustible routine of on and off could become pale luminescence and at last darkness.

Beside him as he quickened his pace in the now alerted and excited evening the cars streamed past in breathless invitation towards some as yet undiscovered secret that lay somewhere beyond the upward sloping hill and the park towards which seemingly without effort or movement even his feet now progressed with mechanical alacrity. Above the crest of the hill and beyond the park itself the eerie purple-green reflection of the city glowed and faded in the night sky like some illegible archangelic writing summoning without interest or concern the now increased stream of car lights towards some centre prop, some tent pole of the city's humming and excited carnival heart.

As he passed up the hill and beyond the last of the stores — the park beginning unceremoniously without border or demarcation from the cut-rate furniture store and the funeral parlour that flanked it — he smelled the first pollen of the poplars swept in sudden and irregular gust down the hill towards him by the demon hand of the night wind. Realizing the smell — recognizing the familiarity of the same, not fifteen springs but as many as he could remember, the scent of the poplar intertwined with term-end and first summer mystery of hot pavement barefooted — realizing this he became aware also, for the first time, of the other footsteps not really separate from his own but in some sense an echo to them, a replacement by the air, by the night

itself, of the displaced atmosphere that his own steps had caused. And he listened at first as he would look at his own face in a subway car window with a kind of recognition that is at once uncomprehension and subconscious awareness as if somehow, as in an exam, the face and the hand were mysteriously divorced from the same consciousness, and the mind within itself said 'How is he doing now?' or 'What is he writing?' Listening now, his own footsteps moving in the still unchanging and mechanical forward direction, he thought *I have come two and a half miles, a long way, two and a half miles and that distance to go back—five miles in all and I am already tired after the long walk and the slow climb here so that when I sit down on the bench in the park on the side of this rise and beneath that now visible and arching elm I shall be tired beyond the will to continue home again, I shall be tired beyond all will to resist the persistent urging of muscle and tissue to cease, to rest beyond all possibility of resting, waiting counting at first 1 to 25 then 25 to 50 and 50 to 75 and so on, making the false and useless discipline to arouse the once unstrung body to motion and fortitude and return without even the hope of seeing something new. Perhaps if I just relax just allow the directionless movements of motion and emotion in the night air they will carry me by some hitherto undiscovered telepathy to where I want to go effortless, flatulent, and buoyant on the felt but unseen pulse of the night.*

So that when he sat down on the bench beneath the elm that arched over in protective and secretive mother-cover and looked down the hill towards the road, towards the still streaming rosary bead of lights turned over, flicked past seemingly by some secretive hands hidden behind him in the darkness of the now still and brooding park. Looking down he realized for the first time that the footsteps at once in tune with and distinct from the wave and recover in his own mind were the footsteps of someone quite separate, a luminescent and mysterious someone who seemed to come up the hill towards him not toiling or with slow deliberation as he had done, but almost effortless as if walking on air or gliding on some hidden wire to rise towards him, the greyness of the cotton suit blending in with the still rising lilac mists of the earlier evening and the face suspended without emotion or even apparent awareness.

And it was not until the man sat down on the other end of the bench that he realized — wraith-like the form resolving and dissolving itself out of the evening as if it were, as the footsteps, projections of his own mind, the palpable yet intangible procreation of mystery and desire — realized that the man — the now immanent presence —

had been earlier in the hamburger joint, but so fixed there, so motionless almost a fixture or utilitarian part of it that he had not noticed him. The man sat — not with careless and teenage abandon as he had done but right knee carefully placed over left and right hand in turn carefully placed on top of left, turning sideways now and looking at him with bold and inscrutable gaze. He did not squirm or shift uneasily but sat now bolt upright watching the traffic pass up and down in steady but uneven progression and thinking *It is not that I do not know about this, can plead the excuse even to myself of innocence, of incognizance of what I know to be the now actuated turn or sequence of events. If I am trapped, if he takes me by sheer and irresistible force I will not be able for a moment to say 'But what do you mean?' for what I have willed here tonight — the possibility, the at once ever-present and impossible hope of escape, of sudden and magic metamorphosis into some unspeakable and bright magic world — is here, incarnate almost, the still and sudden burgeoning of the night's response.....*

So that when, at last, the man spoke the voice seemed not to come from him but from the sudden catalysis of the night itself in the presence of two component elements of strangeness and surprise, and he listened to it — listened as he would to the voice of the rain or the wind in summer leaves without answering without moving even as the voice, suspended with animation, fell like the pale cloud of dust behind an automobile in midsummer on a country road. Listening, rapt in a kind of fear and astonishment he did not notice him get up as quietly and imperceptibly as he had come and move towards the top of the rise, lit only from behind by the pale fade and glow of the purple and green city night sky, did not notice this until, when the man had reached the top of the rise and turned to beckon with small and listless wrist for him to follow, he turned and saw the motion and became aware for the first time of the reality sitting formidable and inflexionless within the spider framework of the dream. The man, seeing his turned head, beckoned once more with pale and ghostly urgency and command.

As he turned and walked down the hill towards the street and the still incessant flash of the automobile lights he looked back once and saw the figure still standing luminescent and transcendent against the continual beckoning lights of the city, the tops of the trees on the other side waving in careless abandon on the waft of the night air.

THE LODGER

*Rend the paper night;
Beneath the words the strong nails score and tear,
And the wind is full of fragments —
Hands in conversation idly plait and rip,
And the fragments form and fall against the wind—
A final pause — the fingers part good-bye . . .
Forgotten fragments tossed upon the wind.*

THE LODGER

"How many?" she asked, coming into their shabby flat two floors up.

"Eight." Her husband was reading the *Evening Standard*. She put the shopping in the tiny alcove of a kitchen and made some tea.

"He's out there in the park feeding the squirrels, as usual," the young man commented drily, turning to the soccer results.

"Well, I don't know how you tell the number he's taken. You're generally down at the pub when he goes out there." She put a mug of tea on the arm of his chair.

"The stalks are white."

"What?"

"They're white where he's taken the grapes."

She sat down at the large table and looked pensively at the cup she held in her hands.

"You make him look like a criminal the way you check up on him, counting the grapes like that."

"Now," he slapped down the paper, "you listen to me, Dor. The way that old bloke goes around the place you'd think he owns it. Comes here as a guest and starts taking over. I don't like it."

"He's at home here, isn't he?" she interjected.

"I'll say he is! Too much at home for my liking. Hangs around all day quietly enjoying himself, not getting out and looking for a job like he should be. He thinks he's a guest in a lordly palace. What's he doing instead? Taking our food and feeding the squirrels with it!"

"All he takes is old crusts —"

"And grapes, woman. This isn't a bloody vineyard!" He lifted the paper defiantly.

"Allan," she said timidly. "We're always having people in for a meal and things like that. You've never said they were any nuisance and we always try to treat them as guests. But you're not being very kind to them. After all, it was a blow to the old man losing his job like

JOHN WATTS

he did. You could see that when he told me about it. He swore at those little kids — he hated them for knocking his box over. He was sort of proud about selling his evening newspapers. When they knocked his box over, the papers got trampled on, the money was kicked along by the crowds going home. There wasn't anything he could do about it —"

"You forget I saw it happen." He threw out these words from behind his paper.

"No, I don't." She sipped her tea two or three times. "Anyway, he says he's going to get out and see his friends soon. They'll get him fixed up all right. And he promises to mend my Hoover — something you know you can't do. But it's hard for an old man to do all these things."

"Oh, don't be soft. He should've got a job long ago. He's been here nearly three weeks and you know damn well he hasn't left this room except to go to the park. I wish to hell I hadn't invited him."

"All the same, you ought to be nicer to him."

"Dor! All I ask is that he stops feeding my grapes to the squirrels. It's not often that we can buy grapes. They're a bit of a luxury and I like to have some around — I like to eat them *myself*." He got up and stamped past her.

"Where you going?"

"Where do you think." The door slammed.

"That's done it," she said aloud. Picking up the tea things and leaving them in the kitchen, she went to the sideboard, took a cigarette from a package and lit it. The fruit bowl glared at her.

"Allan! Allan!" He rushed in. "They're white!" He stared at her, then sank heavily in the armchair.

"I know, I told you. Didn't I?" He pushed the paper aside, flicked on the radio and shut his eyes.

She looked at the fruit-bowl a long time before sitting down. While

the radio spilled forth a summary of the news, she sat watching her husband until she spoke, her voice soft and hesitant.

"Allan." He looked up at her. Then smiling and with a slight nod, he beckoned to her.

"Come, birdie. Come perch on me." She leapt gaily from her chair and nestled into his lap and arms.

Over the jazz from the radio, they heard the old man's whistle, sporadic, disjointed, tuneless, as he climbed the two flights of stairs.

"He'll be here in a minute." She turned off the radio and went to the kitchen. "Tell him he's got to leave."

"Now, wait a minute."

"You're the man around here."

"You can't do that —"

"Allan! Tell him he's got to go." She slipped into the kitchen.

"Oh, Dor, for god's sake —" He stopped at the sound of water piling out of the kitchen taps.

"Nice in the park to-day." The old man took off his coat and scarf and carefully hung them up behind the door. "Very pleasant. Turning a bit chilly though, this time of year. It's my coat, you see — a hole or two here and there. Thought I'd get it fixed someday. Don't take the chilly weather too well at this time of year. Soon won't be able to go out there to the park at all — the weather's against me and the squirrels will be hibernating any day now."

"You're leaving soon," the young man said curtly. "You'll be getting your own place, I expect."

"Yes, when I can."

"When's that?"

"Soon." He pulled a chair out from under the table but instead of sitting down, went to the kitchen. "About that Hoover, Doris. Got an idea to fix it. Haven't had time to get hold of a screwdriver. But I carry this knife with me for defence. I was thinking it would work

as well."

"It's alright." She walked past him into the large room with a package of sandwiches and put them on the table. "My husband will fix it."

"He doesn't do that sort of thing, you told me."

"He'll manage."

"Thought I could try it though. Might work quite nicely." He sat down at the table and pulled out a squashed cigarette pack.

"I'm going." The young man took the sandwiches from the table, picked up his jacket and opened the door. Turning, he hooked a thumb in his trouser pocket and with a slow, deliberate movement swung the jacket over his shoulder. The old man was lighting a cigarette.

"And where, may I ask, do you reckon on staying?" he said caustically.

"When?"

"For the winter."

The old man touched the knife in his pocket.

"Here. I like it here."

The young man glanced at his wife but she was looking away. He let the jacket slip from his shoulder onto his arm, then left the room, pulling the door shut after him.

They sat in silence. The old man pulled out another cigarette, tapped it fussily and lit it. Inhaling deeply, he got up and went to the window, looking out over the park. "It's windy, blowing the leaves to the ground. No good going out there till the spring comes. It'll be warmer then, and I can get out and see my contacts too." He saw the window was open a little and he closed it before sitting down at the table again.

"Your knife," the young woman said finally, trailing her finger over the surface of the table. "It would work, wouldn't it?"



TWO POEMS

I drain time
charming the pants literally
off other people.
So that they'll
(a) like (b) desire (c) love
me so that I'll
know someone can.
If you would even begin to love me
all this could stop. My dearest lamb —

You can't. I know.
Isn't God in his heaven, though.
And isn't all right with the, etc.
Chaos budding, pain on wing:
Another cheery Spring.

I died last night.
But this morning starred in a minor
resurrection
accomplished by me and miracle drugs.
For I decided not to die.
I decided you would not kill me despite
your returns for my love: oh
the cool beauty the
warmed-up friendliness and the
aloofness and the flickering boredom.

These shall not kill me.
I wish I could kill you.

JAMIE CUNNINGHAM

CONVOCAATION

Annual reports are usually dreary efforts. This one will probably be so, too. So short, sharp and to the point. We hope.

The other day we were talking to Roger Kirkpatrick, 5T0, as he journeyed back to his Port Hope home with Ralph Yates. Mindful of the annual demands of the "Review", we asked Roger if he knew what Convocation is. "Darned if I know," said he, "except that I send in a cheque every thirteen months." (Clever. In twelve years, he'll be one year ahead.)

So, before the S.S. and the P. Report, perhaps a word about what the report is about — Convocation.

To start at the beginning, there is the Royal Charter of Trinity College, which begins:

"Victoria, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith. To all to whom these presents shall come.

"Greeting.

"Whereas by an Act passed by the Legislature of our Province of Canada, in the fifteenth year of our reign, entitled "An Act to Incorporate Trinity College . . ." and on it goes to incorporate the College. Then it reads:

". . . the Chancellor, Provost, and Professors of the said College, and all persons admitted therein to the Degree of Master of Arts, or to any Degree in Divinity, Law, or Medicine, and who from the time of such their admission to such Degree shall pay the annual sum of Twenty Shillings of sterling money for and towards the support and maintenance of the said College, shall be, and be deemed, taken, and reputed to be members of the Convocation of the said University, and as such members of the said Convocation, shall have, exercise and enjoy all such powers and privileges in regard to conferring Degrees, and in any other matters, as may be provided for by any rules, orders, or regulations of the said College Council, sanctioned and confirmed by the Lord Bishop or Bishops as aforesaid, so far as the same are capable of being had and enjoyed by virtue of these our Letters Patent, and consistently with the provisions thereof, and with the said Act of the Legislature of our Province of Canada."

So that is where it all started. ". . . In witness whereof, we have caused these our Letters to be made Patent.

"Witness Ourselves, at our Palace at Westminster, the Sixteenth day of July, in the sixteenth year of our reign,

*By Her Majesty's Command,
Edmunds."*

Some changes have been wrought since the above was proclaimed in 1852. Today, there are many more members than those Charter members noted in the foregoing. This has been possible through the wise provision in the Charter which allows "the College Council" to provide for "any other matters" by "rules, orders, or regulations" of their own choosing. Among these are "The Statutes and Regulations of Trinity College" which are revised and up-dated as conditions dictate. Chapter VIII of these spells out the details and basic framework of a Convocation much expanded in numbers from those suggested in the Charter. And Chapter VIII permits Convocation, in turn, to "make regulations for governing its proceedings . . ." and so on. Then the final piece of documentary evidence of the existence of Convocation is the "Constitution and Regulations of the Convocation of Trinity College," which are presently being revised. (Naturally!)

Who are members of Convocation? Basically, the Charter Members, plus any who have been registered in the College, either as an undergraduate student, graduate student, or as a resident. This, bless 'em, includes the Saints.

A few years ago, a special category of member was created, "Associate Members." These are those who, though not eligible for full membership, contribute to the funds of Convocation. (Which, says Chapter VIII, shall be "forthwith paid to the Bursar"!)

What Convocation does is succinctly put in Chapter VIII — "carry out all the activities and duties which would otherwise be entrusted to a Graduate or Alumni Association."

The central body of Convocation is the Executive Committee comprising some 17 members. Actually, the main-spring of all, organizationally speaking, is the Office of Convocation, presided over by our Executive Secretary, George Shepherd (4T8) and Mrs. Wendell P. Lawson (V.C. grad. However . . .). That is where things like the "Bulletin" and other notices, letters, etc., are prepared, addresses maintained, and 1001 things looked after. The office, maintained by Convocation, is our official H.Q.

fused with "Corporation", which is essentially Trinity's Board of Governors. (Convocation elects members to Corporation, but that's another long story . . .)

Now, the S.S. and the P. Report:

1. John Goodwin (5T7), as Chairman of the "50's and 60's Dance", organized a merry and successful evening in November.

2. The Office of Convocation purchased new addressograph and associated equipment. (So now, PLEASE let's have changes of address!)
3. Pat Vernon (4T9) found himself trapped into the position of Chairman of the Constitution Revision Committee. While the committee is loaded with talent, it has been an awful job. Still is.
4. The Executive Committee made a small presentation of books to the library in memory of the late Prof. W. A. Kirkwood, whose association with Convocation extended over a 20-year period.
5. Convocation was host to the graduates of 6T1, their families and friends, in the June Graduation Dinner. Special guests were ten graduates of 50 years ago, 1T1.
6. During the year, meetings of year representatives in connection with the annual Living Endowment appeal were held under the Vice-Chairman of Convocation's leadership, Jasper Moore (3T3).
7. The success of these meetings can be judged from the tremendous response of \$65,833.01 during the year ending June 30, 1961. (At time of writing, July 10th, \$2,509 has already been received for '61-'62.)
8. John Goodwin, rapidly gaining a reputation as organizer par excellence of festive occasions, headed the Spring Reunion activities. More merriment.
9. Of considerable significance to the future of Convocation is the acquisition of new duties by Executive Secretary George Shepherd, who has become Bursar. This prompted a radical reorganization of the functions of members of the Executive Committee, each of whom has accepted the prospect of considerable work in all the 1001 previously mentioned details.

Patterned after the organization of the Executive Committee of Corporation, the Executive Committee of Convocation has been split into sub-committees, each responsible for certain functions, and each headed by a chairman with power to add from beyond the Executive Committee. These are, for next year:

Year Organization Committee

- Chairman — Jasper Moore (3T3)
(Vice-Chairman of Convocation)
Member — Dave Higginbottom (4T8).

Responsible for the organization of Year Representatives and Group Conveners, and for the Living Endowment solicitation programme.

Publications Committee

- Chairman — Robin Fraser (5T2)
Member — Oliver Chappell (3T8)

Responsible for all publications of Convocation (presently primarily the "Bulletin"), content, format, number and overall policy recommendations.

Programme Committee

- Chairman — not yet appointed by this Committee
Members — Hilda Macmorine (3T8)
Jack Stennett (4T8)
Harold Cranfield (3T2)
John Goodwin (5T7)

Responsible for the overall programme of events (described as "organizational, social and intellectual"!), innovations and the creation and implementation of new and varied activities.

Constitution Revisions Committee

- Chairman — Pat Vernon (4T9)
Members — Robin Fraser (5T2)
Don Scroggie (5T1)
Betty Dashwood (5T2)
Bill Greer (4T7)

Responsible for revisions to Convocation's Constitution and Regulations, with particular emphasis on the delineation and inter-relationship of constituent groups within Convocation.

Nominations Committee

- Chairman — Don Scroggie (5T1)
Members — Bob Gray (3T1)
Betty Dashwood (5T2)
George Shepherd (ex-officio)

Theological Education and Sunday Committee

The Provost and John Patterson-Smyth

10. Many members of Convocation availed themselves of opportunities to go through the new buildings and view renovations and alterations that have been constantly changing the face of the College. "I worn't like the old days"

So this has been an active year in many ways. And exciting, as we watch Trinity move ahead both in physical plant and in academic prowess: the first, one sees; the second, one feels. To those who have not visited the College in recent years, great changes await your eye. Do drop in to the Office of Convocation. Mrs. Lawson can help you get caught up on the whereabouts and doings of just about anyone who has ever attended the College. She is there to welcome you, while she keeps Convocation's administration humming at our H.Q.

Next year is shaping up as one of great challenges, yet great expectations. If this past year is any indication, all will be successfully met. This can confidently be predicted because members of Convocation have in the past played such a large part in Trinity's present. I see no reason why this should change.

C. I. P. Tate
Chairman of Convocation

SUSTAINING MEMBERS OF CONVOCATION

The following are Sustaining Members of Convocation and as such are eligible for election to the Corporation of the College as Sustaining Members:

ENDOWING MEMBERS

J. H. A'Court	'37	*Gerald R. Larkin	Assoc.
Prof. C. A. Ashley		Mrs. Wilmot Matthews	Assoc.
B. S. Connolly	'09	Mrs. Britton Osler	'08
		*Deceased	

ASSOCIATES

Anthony Adamson	Charles L. Gundy
C. J. F. Beny	Senator A. C. Hardy
L. C. Bonnycastle	Prof. R. K. Hicks
W. H. Bosley	K. M. Hunter
Miss A. L. Brock	J. George Johnston
Miss M. G. Brock	F. I. Ker
Charles E. Bull	R. A. Laidlaw
Mrs. A. B. Cayley	John L. McCarthy
Donald A. Davidson	Mrs. Hedley C. Macklem
Mrs. G. R. Deacon	Harold E. Manning
H. B. Dean	Graham Morrow
H. M. Dignam	John S. Proctor
T. G. Drew-Brook	Mrs. Campbell Reaves
Mrs. E. E. Fairweather	H. L. Rous
Mrs. J. B. Fotheringham	Arthur L. Scace
W. P. Freyseng	H. B. Scandrett
D. H. Gibson	Norman Seagram
Mrs. A. E. Gooderham	H. R. Stephenson
Duncan L. Gordon	W. P. Walker
Col. H. D. Lockhart Gordon	A. M. Wilson
Allan R. Graydon	Dr. E. N. Wright

NEW ASSOCIATE SUSTAINING MEMBERS

D. S. Beatty	J. Page Wadsworth
D'Arcy B. Dingle	C. W. Young
F. Ronald Graham	

CORPORATIONS

Dominion Securities Corporation	Spruce Falls Power & Paper
Messrs. George & Moorhouse,	Co. Ltd.
Architects	

BIRTHS

ARMSTRONG: At Toronto, on May 30, 1961, to Mr. Gordon V. Armstrong '46 and Mrs. Armstrong, a daughter.

BEAR: At Toronto, on May 27, 1961, to Mr. and Mrs. Ross Bear (Eleanor Watts '54), a daughter.

BEATTY: At Toronto, on June 8, 1961, to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Beatty (Diane Malcolm '55), a daughter.

BROWNLIE: At Toronto, on May 22, 1961, to Mr. John D. Brownlie '57 and Mrs. Brownlie (Joan Ferguson '57), a son.

BUTLER: At Toronto, on May 6, 1961, to Mr. and Mrs. Robin Butler (Mary Arnoldi '50), a son.

CLEMENTS: At Toronto, on May 18, 1961, to Mr. and Mrs. John B. Clements (Mary Louise Edmonds '53), a daughter.

COUTTS: At Toronto, on June 17, 1961, to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas R. Coutts (Mary Ellen Spooner '52), a daughter.

CRABTREE: At Montreal, on May 8, 1961, to Mr. Peter A. Crabtree '54 and Mrs. Crabtree, a daughter.

DOWD: At Toronto, on June 19, 1961, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Dowd (Veronica Szasz '59), a daughter.

FALCONER: At Toronto, on May 22, 1961, to Mr. Donald W. Falconer '45 and Mrs. Falconer (Elsie Bongard '54), a daughter.

FIERHELLER: At Ottawa, on June 4, 1961, to Mr. George A. Fierheller '55 and Mrs. Fierheller, a daughter.

GREEN: Reverend E. E. Green '50 and Mrs. Green (Joy Clegg '50) announce the arrival of a chosen daughter, born October 11, 1960.

GREENE: At Edmonton, Alta., on June 7, 1961, to The Reverend Canon R. S. H. Greene '49 and Mrs. Greene, a son.

GREEY: At Toronto, on May 9, 1961, to Mr. and Mrs. David Greey (Mary Matthews '51), a daughter.

HART: At Toronto, on May 25, 1961, to Mr. Ronald R. Hart '50 and Mrs. Hart, a daughter.

HOWEY: At Toronto, on June 10, 1961, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Howey (Frances Elizabeth Scott '49), a daughter.

HYDE: At Edmonton, Alta. on May 26, 1961, to Dr. and Mrs. Harry A. Hyde (Elizabeth Tupper '54), a daughter.

LAWSON: At Toronto, on June 7, 1961, to Mr. F. Alan Lawson '50 and Mrs. Lawson, a son.

LeBEL: At Washington, D.C., on May 21, 1961, to Dr. and Mrs. J. E. LeBel (Marion C. Cross '53), a daughter.

LECH: At Peterborough, on May 26, 1961, to Mr. and Mrs. William C. Lech (Beth McIlroy '49), a son.

LEON: At Toronto, on June 14, 1961, to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Leon (Elizabeth Belton '45), a daughter.

MACDONALD: At Toronto, on May 21, 1961, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Ian Macdonald (Dorothy Vernon '60), a son.

McMURTRY: At Toronto, on May 15, 1961, to Mr. and Mrs. William R. McMurry (Diane Smith '60), a son.

MORSON: At Toronto, on June 2, 1961, to Mr. Alan E. Morson '57 and Mrs. Morson (Florence Middleton '57), a son.

MUNDY: At Creston, B.C., on May 15, 1961, to The Reverend William B. Mundy '54 Div. and Mrs. Mundy, a son.

NORMAND: At Toronto, on May 24, 1961, to Mr. and Mrs. Alistair Normand (Margaret Hunter '46), a daughter.

RAWLINSON: At Toronto, on May 8, 1961, to Dr. William S. Rawlinson '44 and Mrs. Rawlinson, a son.

REED: At Buffalo, N.Y., on May 22, 1961, to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas N. Reed (Jane-Anne Dalton '59), a daughter.

WOOD: At Toronto, on May 2, 1961, to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald M. Wood (Geraldine Ruth Wickett '47), a son.

MARRIAGES

- BARNES-VAREY:** On June 21, 1961, in Trinity College Chapel, Beverley Varey, R.N., to The Reverend Ronald Leslie Barnes '56, Div. '60.
BLACK-SALMOND: On June 17, 1961, in St. Philip's Church, Toronto, Adrienne Honor Salmond, to George Alexander Black '53.
BROWN-PATERSON: On June 17, 1961, in Rosedale United Church, Mariana Clare Paterson '60, to Dr. David Brown.
COX-BROUGHALL: On June 21, 1961, in Grace Church-on-the-Hill, Mary Andrea Broughall '63 to Norman Armacost Cox.
GOODFELLOW-HOME: On June 10, 1961, in Appleby College Chapel, Patricia Katharine Anne Home, to James Morten Goodfellow '57.
HARRISON-DUNLOP: On June 12, 1961, in Trinity College Chapel, Mary Isabel Macdonald Dunlop '50, to Joseph Louis Harrison.
HUGHES-REED: On June 17, 1961, in Trinity College Chapel, Anne Avery Margaret Reed, to Thomas Alan Hughes '61.
KIDDELL-NORRIS: On June 23, 1961, in Trinity College Chapel, Natalie Norris, to The Reverend James A. Kiddell Div. '61.
NEUDOERFFER-BARRETT: On May 26, 1961, in Trinity College Chapel, Norma Cecilia Barrett '61, to Thomas S. Neudoerffer.
O'FLYNN-NORTHRUP: On June 6, 1961, in St. Andrew's Church, Trail, B.C., Barbara Jean Northrup, to The Reverend Peter Norman O'Flynn '58.
PORTER-RANDALL: On June 3, 1961, in Trinity College Chapel, Catherine Vaughan Randall, to The Reverend Arnold Murray Porter '57, Div. '61.
SMITH-WATSON: On June 17, 1961, in Trinity College Chapel, Charmian Jane Watson '61, to Stephen Clifford Smith '61.
SOSNKOWSKI-LATTMAN: On May 27, 1961, in Trinity College Chapel, Veronica Lattman '61, to Peter Alexander Sosnkowski.
WOODMAN-PAPPAS: On June 17, 1961, at North Bay, Ontario, Elizabeth Pappas '61, to Donald Charles Woodman '61.

DEATHS

- BOWDEN-TAYLOR:** At St. Catharines, on May 13, 1961, The Reverend Edgar Hugh Bowden-Taylor '12.
BUTTERFIELD: At Guelph, Ontario, on June 14, 1961, John Egerton Claydon Butterfield, husband of Jean Pantou '17.
DOERR: At Kitchener, on April 19, 1961, Ralph B. Doerr, father of Douglas S. Doerr '46.
FISHER: At Burlington, on June 11, 1961, Mrs. Paul A. Fisher (Eveline Jane Newham '16).
HARRISON: At Toronto, on June 12, 1961, Gladys Sutherland Harrison, mother of Mrs. Thomas A. M. Barnett (Mary Harrison '39) and Mrs. Raymond H. C. Cross (Margaret Harrison '42).
HAZELL: At Hamilton, on June 1, 1961, Florence Evelyn Hazell, wife of William Hazell '15.
HUDSON: At Toronto, on May 25, 1961, Constance Mary Hudson '43, sister of Adrian S. Hudson '30.
KELLEY: At Montreal, P.Q., on May 16, 1961, The Reverend Canon Arthur Reading Kelley '03, D.D. '54, brother of G. M. Kelley, Q.C. Corporation of Trinity College and J. Douglas Kelley '11.
LAIDLAW: At Toronto, on April 20, 1961, Julia Cayley Laidlaw, mother of Robert G. N. Laidlaw '38 and Roderick W. L. Laidlaw '44.
MORRIS: At Grimsby, on May 8, 1961, Mrs. J. S. Morris (Katharine Talbot '99), mother of David T. Morris '25 and Miss Mary S. Morris '33, sister of Mrs. A. R. Wheeler (Marion Talbot '01) and Miss Constance Talbot '18.



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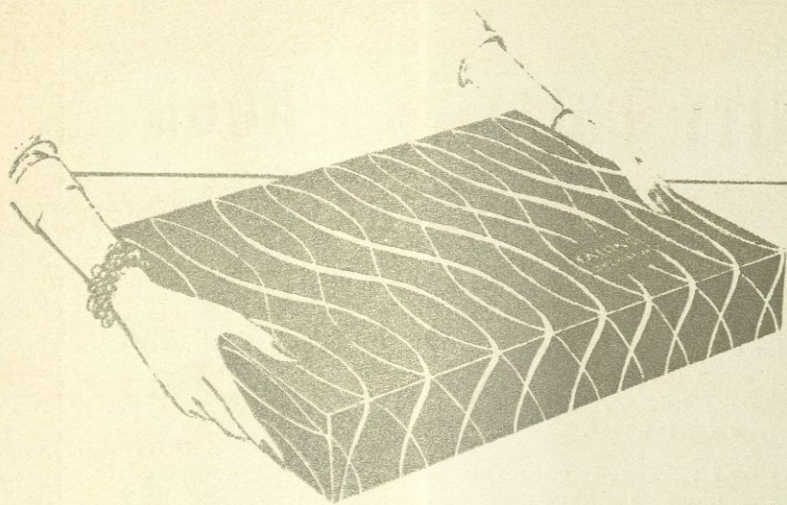
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