Review Article

No Things But In Ideas: Doctor Williams and Mr. Pound

There is a kind of poem which sets up a subject, circles it, draws the moral juice out of it and moves with rhetorical lucubrations to a ponderous THEREFORE. William Carlos Williams spent most of his writing life fighting that poem; he hated tableaux, emblems, "well-made poems"; he wanted to keep his work open, the words cutting their own way like an engraver's line in a recalcitrant medium:

> As the cat
> climbed over
> the top of
>
> the jamcloset
> first the right
> forefoot
>
> carefully
> then the hind
> stepped down
>
> into the pit of
> the empty
> flowerpot

It is no accident here that even the syntax is ambiguous, for to round the poem off with a main verb would be to trap oneself again in the linguistic cage.

Some commentators have been misled by all this, and Williams himself is not without some blame. His own dicta—particularly the arcane "No ideas but in things"—have been taken all too seriously. In the present volume* even such a perceptive critic as Kenneth Burke seems to have swallowed the idea (it is important to note that it is an *idea*) far too unquestionably, though his essay does contain some characteristically excellent observations. Ivor Winters, though, in the full blaze of his arrogance, concludes his recent postscript to an earlier essay with this

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* *William Carlos Williams: A Collection of Critical Essays.* Edited by J. Hillis Miller. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, [Scarborough, Ont.: Prentice-Hall of Canada], 1966. Pp. 182. $3.95 (paper, $1.95).

assertion: "To say that Williams was anti-intellectual would be almost an exaggeration: he did not know what the intellect was. He was a foolish and ignorant man, but at moments a fine stylist."

Now, Williams was neither ignorant nor foolish. More than one point needs to be made. It *is* true that Williams is a poet of narrow range. He was interested almost solely in the exact registration of immediate experience. But he brought to his art an unusual patience; he made of it a number of poems which have every sign of authenticity and permanence; and the corollary is that when he leaves his small clearing he wanders into difficulties. Kenneth Burke observes that Williams is a poet "of the glimpse". That is good; and it would help to explain the comparative failure of those poems where he tries for a longer look. *Paterson* for instance is an anthology of "glimpses" linked by much that is tedious. Williams simply lacked the stamina, and maybe the interest, for the long poem; even in *Asphodel, that Greeny Flower*, that fine, lengthy love-poem, there is a deal of wooliness.

But, if Williams is a poet of fine consideration and local vibration, this does not mean that he is some kind of brainless litmus paper wandering around Rutherford, New Jersey, drinking in new "experience". The fine essay by Louis L. Martz puts an end to that fatuous notion by concentrating on the creative intelligence evident in a number of Williams' poems. For Martz shows, by implication, that critics have failed to distinguish between the *experience-in-itself* and the *experience-in-the-poem*. I submit that what Williams wanted was a kind of analogue. The poem in its language—its "dance", if you like—should mime the freshness, the colour, the exact mood of the experience. This is not a new idea, but it is also not the sign of an "ignorant and foolish man". The notion "no ideas etc." is bunk, really. What ideas are there in the pad I am writing on? And Williams himself saw the logical outcome of that theory. In *This Florida*: *1924*, he writes "And we thought to escape rime / by imitation of the senseless / unarrangement of wild things— / the stupidest rime of all."

But once again, in quoting this, Mr. Winters demonstrates his learned ignorance, for the important theory is contained not in what Williams *says* about his poetry but in the poems themselves. Let us thank Bacchus and other wild deities that he did not take himself too seriously in the lines above. Imagine the disaster of his adopting any of Mr. Winters' schemes!

Much has been said about red wheelbarrows in this context. And at the risk of being otiose perhaps one could just add that surely the whole meaning of that poem is not that so much depends on the wheelbarrow itself, but on the kind of experience the poem embodies and the kind of poem that can be written about it. Putting it another way: Williams is indicating that we must keep ourselves alive to the changing particularities of experience and not make a screen of generalizations between the world and ourselves. But so long as poems are made of

words (by no means a simple-minded proposition these days) the *things* will be in the *words.* You cannot escape that.

The better essays in this rich collection examine various facets of Williams' work: Roy Harvey Pearce, Wallace Stevens, and Marianne Moore are all quick, and highly readable; Robert Lowell is charming but peripheral; Thom Gunn is stolid and a bit condescending for a comparative youngster. One of the best remarks is at the end of Karl Shapiro's study of *Philomena Andronica*: "The poet's emotions, ideas, and sensations are selected and tranquilized in the eye; then distributed on paper as ideographs, and finally arranged, as an artist arranges the elements in a picture. The surface tension of this poetry is so great that it seems impossible for submerged material to break through, or for the reader to see down through the exterior". It is good to read that, after Mr. Winters! But, once again, it is Pound who has the most authority, and the way he relates Williams to a whole literary tradition, as well as to a human situation, is shrewdly observant.

Williams' growth as a poet and his relation to the Imagists is also one of the most interesting sections of K. L. Goodwin's recent study of Pound himself.* He makes out a convincing case that Williams had already discovered his natural mode before he met Pound very early in the century—and Pound's subsequent influence on him, in spite of his bullying and his bombast, was really a series of minor deflections. Williams stood firm, listened respectfully to Pound's hints, but regarded him with a certain scornful admiration.

In this excellent book the chapters on Pound's relation to Yeats and Eliot are particularly well documented. The literary scene in London from 1900-1917 is a very complex one, and Mr. Goodwin goes catfoot through much of the relevant evidence and makes some very judicious points. He evidently underestimates the importance of T. E. Hulme in twentieth-century poetics—not so much Hulme in himself as the fact that he combined the two violently opposed doctrines which have been the basis of modern aesthetics. These were an irrationality which, in Hulme, came from his teacher Bergson, and the trenchant neo-classicism of his Principle of Discontinuity, his "impersonality" and his advocacy of "small, dry things". As has been pointed out by Vivas, Krieger, and others, Eliot's notion of the objective correlative contains the same contradiction as Hulme's—as do, taken in all, Pound's chief doctrines. Pound does not seem to realize the critical difficulties of his position, and this is all to the good, because, paradoxically, it allows him to be the most wide-ranging and useful critic of his era.

In addition to his chapters on Yeats and Eliot, Mr. Goodwin reveals the vast range of Pound's practical influence in literary matters on both sides of the Atlantic, and again he is full of valuable information. He shows by citing many

***The Influence of Ezra Pound*. By K. L. Goodwin. Oxford: Oxford University Press [Don Mills: Oxford University Press], 1967. Pp. 230. $7.00.

passages that, besides Williams, he influenced important figures such as Cummings, Macleish, Marianne Moore, and Hart Crane—as well as a host of minor writers. The only quibble that can be made against this part of the book is that Mr. Goodwin has not given sufficient attention to the importance of Pound's doctrines for poets of the 1950s and 1960s, both in England and in America, but particularly in America. The relation between Pound's fundamental teachings and the whole Projective and Objectivist movements are more complex and far-reaching than Mr. Goodwin seems to allow. Pound has never been more highly regarded than he is at this moment. And that makes a span of vital influence of about 64 years.

York University KEITH HARRISON

Book Reviews

Red October: The Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. By ROBERT V. DANIELS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons [Toronto: Saunders of Toronto], 1967. Pp. xiv, 269. $8.75.

The Bolshevik seizure of power in 1917 was certainly one of the major events of the twentieth century. One would be inclined to rate its importance even higher than that, were it not that history so frequently confounds predictions. Nevertheless, the rise of Russian Communism has influenced almost every other political or social activity for the past fifty years, and there is no evidence that it will not continue to do so for the foreseeable future. In *Red October,* Professor Daniels, who is Chairman of the History Department at the University of Vermont, tells the story of the overthrow of the Provisional Government and attempts an analysis of the *coup d'état.*

The story, of course, is not a new one. Trotsky, Sukhanov, Melgunov, Reed, Kerensky, and Deutscher have been among those who have previously dealt with the October Revolution, attempting to record what happened, to explain it and assess its significance. Daniels has done an outstanding job in ferreting out the truth of what actually happened, and it seems probable that his work in this respect will require little correction in the future, even although he was unable to obtain access to the most important Soviet documents on the revolution which are kept in the Central Party Archive and are closed to non-Communist foreigners. However, his careful evaluation of available sources carries conviction as to the facts themselves. If the book has a fault as descriptive history, indeed, it is that it is almost too full of facts, that the details sometimes tend to obscure the grand outline of events.

Professor Daniels' main contribution to the analytical history of the October Revolution is his thesis that the entire uprising was in a sense accidental, that it happened only as a reaction to Kerensky's ill-conceived closure of a Bolshevik newspaper on the morning of October 24, and that Lenin, rather than Trotsky, was the moving spirit behind the Bolshevik seizure of power. To arrive at this conclusion it is necessary to dismiss as falsification, or errors of interpretation, both the evidence of Trotsky himself and of Bolshevik historians writing immediately after the October Revolution. Even Stalin, a year after the uprising, wrote: "All the work of the practical organization of the insurrection proceeded under the immediate direction of the chairman of the Petrograd Soviet, Comrade Trotsky. It can be said with assurance that for the quick shift of the garrison to the side of the soviet and the bold insurrectionary work of the MRC the party is indebted first and mainly to Comrade Trotsky". Professor Daniels admits, moreover, that "the entire party shared Stalin's accolade at the time". This view was certainly shared by Lenin, who always spoke generously of Trotsky's contribution. Soviet historians, of course, have since revised this interpretation of the events of October, as they have revised so much of Communist history. They now go so far as to list the quotation given above as another example of Stalin's errors—the over-estimation of Trotsky! But Professor Daniels is at his least convincing when he accepts this judgment.

Directorate of History D. J. GOODSPEED
Canadian Forces Headquarters, Ottawa

Science in Utopia: A Mighty Design. By NELL EURICH. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press [Toronto: Saunders of Toronto], 1967. Pp. x, 332. $7.95.

Man has always had his Islands of the Blest, his Elysian Fields, his Garden of Eden, his Golden Age. Perhaps, the author suggests, we cannot live without such dreams. Certainly, like dreams of other kinds, their effects extend to the waking world. They serve as "a flash of perfection ahead, enticing man to strive for it, to improve his way of life" (p. 6). Hence the author insists that the study of science in utopias is more than a matter of literary curiosity.

The author (who is Dean of the Faculty and Professor of English at Vassar College) brings to her work an extensive knowledge of anthropology, history, and literature, but its value does not depend upon this knowledge alone. This is a work of speculative thought at its best; leading ideas in the history of philosophy and science are handled with ease. The book abounds in fresh ideas, and in familiar ideas shown in a new light. One feels that even if the author's insights are not supported by the so-called facts, they ought to be.

The history of utopian ideas is traced from King Gilgamesh's "pilgrimage to the land of heart's desire", two thousand years before the appearance of Homer's heroes, to Huxley's *Brave New World.* This study shows that the earliest descriptive imagery chosen, especially for the views of a blessed state, remains a "literary heritage common to all people". Perhaps, the author speculates, there is this similarity of expression because the human mind is limited in the choice of words when describing the perfect.

It does not follow, of course, that utopias resemble one another in all other respects. While all primitive utopias, and many later ones, arose in a religious context, modern utopias have been inspired by science; while some, like the Elysian Fields, are located beyond "the earth's rim", or in "heaven", others, for example the Messianic age of Isaiah, were expected on the known earth; and, finally, while most utopias are visions of the future, others lament the loss of the Golden Age.

The main part of the work is devoted to a study of science in utopia, with special emphasis on seventeenth-century utopias. It begins with a look at the Renaissance, "a time of many models, new ideas, and change", and takes us through the utopias of Thomas More, Johann Andreae, Francis Bacon, Campanella, Cowley, and many others. The thread on which Mrs. Eurich's brilliant analyses hang is the "promise of science". We still wonder, she remarks, why the world visualized by seventeenth-century writers does not seem quite as perfect to us as they thought it would be.

The modern utopia describes "the automatic life of man in a mechanistic world". The stage was set by seventeenth-century utopians, and the curtains drawn by George Orwell and Aldous Huxley, "leaving man controlled in the darkness of his own creation" (p. 102). What went wrong with the vision of science in utopia? Among the many observations in answer to this question, the author points out that insistence on the so-called scientific method, i.e. on observation by the senses, rendered moral and religious questions suspect; and that the utopians, as ardent publicists bent on removing older doctrines, found themselves in sharp opposition to the church, thus further widening the gulf between science and matters of faith. However we explain the change that took place between Bacon's *New Atlantis* and Huxley's *Brave New World,* it is Mrs. Eurich's thesis that for nearly three centuries "we have developed material goods and the means for making man's life less arduous, more pleasant and healthful" (p. 272). It may be, she concludes, that this goal is insufficient for the wondrous creature that man is.

It is a mark of the author's own humanity, so evident throughout, that she ends her study with this quotation from Oscar Wilde's "The Soul of Man under Socialism": "A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at, for it leaves out the one country at which Humanity is always landing.

And when Humanity lands there, it looks out, and, seeing a better country, sets sail. Progress is the realization of Utopias."

Mount Allison University C. F. POOLE

Flaubert: The Making of the Master. By ENID STARKIE. London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson [Toronto: Ryerson Press], 1967. Pp. xvii, 403. $11.50.

Just what do you want to know about Flaubert? That he smoked twenty pipes a day, worshipped his mother, who prevented him from loving anyone else—except perhaps Elise Schlesinger, with whom he fell in love when he was fourteen and she was a young matron of twenty-six? That he rescued a young English girl from a burning house in Trouville, wept copiously at George Sand's funeral, had passionate and ambivalent relationship with many men friends, caught syphilis from a Maronite during a journey to the Near East?

The answers to these questions, and many more, you will find in Professor Starkie's biography. As her lives of Rimbaud and Baudelaire have led us to expect, she has been indefatigable and patient in her accumulation of detail, and humbly and unaggressively corrective of the many mistakes of her predecessors. She has investigated much unpublished correspondence, the 4,000-page manuscript of *Madame Bovary,* and much ancillary material. She shows that Flaubert's life did not lack the spice of adventure, movement, and excitement, and there are good reasons for knowing about Flaubert the man.

Flaubert has claims on our attention as the author of what used to be regarded as one of the greatest novels ever written in any language. During the past few decades, he has fallen into disfavour because his work did not seem to be involved enough with contemporary problems, or at any rate helpful in propounding solutions to them: this criticism is Sartre's in that famous—or notorious—phrase in *Situations* in which he declared that he held Flaubert and the Goncourts responsible for the repression which followed the Commune "because they did nothing to prevent it". In an age which has begun to have less jejeune ideas about the relationship between the art of fiction and that of politics, readers and critics are likely to turn again to Flaubert with renewed interest.

Here Professor Starkie is a less happy guide. Her book is focussed on the life of Flaubert until the publication of *Madame Bovary*. Art for him, she tells us, was a means of communicating his own passionate experience; he wrote with great pain and difficulty, whether his subjects were provincial frustrations or the exotic oriental past. Like Mallarmé, he thought that the purpose of life was to turn everything into literature and that every experience—including love, friendship, and pleasure—had to be sacrificed to this end.

But this is, after all, a picture with which we are familiar; and we are likely to be less impressed by Flaubert's five-year dedicated stint on the writing of *Madame Bovary* when we remember Joyce's sixteen-year marathon on *Finnegans Wake.* Balzac has been depicted in monk's robes, and the monastic vocation of the artist is a cliché of biography. What we would like to know now is how *Madame Bovary* appears in the light of modern criticism and modern experiments in novel technique. Professor Starkie must be aware of these developments, but she never seems to make much use of them. As a biographer, her work is illuminating; but for a critical evaluation of Flaubert, we shall still have to look elsewhere.

Brooklyn Center, Long Island University GABRIEL GERSH

The Retreat from Moscow. By R. F. DELDERFIELD. London: Hodder and Stoughton [Toronto: Musson Book Company], 1967. Pp. 256. $7.75.

Certain periods of history—and especially of military history—have an extraordinary glamour which is felt generation after generation, attracting as devoted students even those who would not so much as glance at the chronicles of any other epoch. The American Civil War has long exercised this fascination; the war in the air between 1914 and 1918 belongs to the genre; but no period can compare in popular appeal to that of the Napoleonic Wars.

There is good reason for this, since scarcely anywhere else can be found the same world-shaking boldness in the outline of events or the same sense that, as Goethe said, the epic has a hidden significance that we can recognize but not comprehend. Thus, no matter what the blasé may mutter about another book on the subject of Napoleon, the myriad buffs will welcome R. F. Delderfield's new book, *The Retreat from Moscow.*

It is, of its type, a good book—and let no one read undue significance into that qualifying phrase. Delderfield does not produce anything new for his readers—it would be little short of amazing if he could, in view of the existing literature on the subject—but he tells a fascinating story well and accurately. And for this he deserves our thanks to at least as great an extent as do those earnest young historians who annually produce expensive and badly written books of scholarship on such subjects as "A Record of the Women's Guild in Chatham, New Brunswick, between July and August 1841". Perhaps, for some tastes, Delderfield is too ready to excuse the Emperor's abandonment of his army in Russia, but these differences of opinion about old wars need generate little heat today.

Most readers will enjoy this book and will be gripped again by the empty stillness of Moscow with the first few smoke wisps of the fires rising in the autumn

air, by the horror of the great retreat, by the heroism of the French rearguard, and by Ney "shouting for the guns to unlimber/And hold the Beresina bridge by night."

Directorate of History D. J. GOODSPEED
Canadian Forces Headquarters, Ottawa

The Tradition of Smollett. By ROBERT GIDDINGS. London: Methuen [Toronto: Methuen Publications], 1967. Pp. 215. $7.50 (U.S.), 42s (U.K.).

When the young David Copperfield was "reading as if for life", the fictional diet that was most enjoyable and most life-giving to his imagination was provided by the novels of Tobias Smollett. This very appeal creates a major problem in Smollett criticism. Smollett's strengths are of no mean kind, and they recommend themselves at once to the adult reader as well as to the child; but they do not require much elucidation. His imaginative vitality, his power in evoking physical experience, the affection that invents lovable eccentrics like Commodore Trunnion and Matthew Bramble as well as the spleen that exposes a brute like Captain Oakum, and above all that density of texture whereby, within a page or two, he can create situation, a social milieu, a physical world of sights and smells and pains and pleasures, slapstick comedy, satirical exposure and even a subtle sense of human motivation: all this is so obvious that the critic can have little to say about it. It would be like trying to explain a joke. His works do not lend themselves, as those of Dickens do, to symbolic interpretation, or, like Fielding's, to technical analysis: although the critics who enjoy the intricacies of point of view may praise the epistolary narration of *Humphry Clinker,* they seem to find the more vital and characteristic early novels, *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle,* technically rather primitive.

Criticism of Smollett is therefore somewhat limited. His critics have tended to concentrate on one aspect at a time—the parallels between the events of his life and his fiction, the satirical element, or the system of contemporary ideas incorporated in the novels; but all these approaches, with their historical emphasis, fasten on what is extrinsic to the novels themselves, as works of art.

If there was room for a definitive book on Smollett's novels before Robert Giddings produced *The Tradition of Smollett,* unfortunately there still is. This time the approach is through the tradition of the picaresque, and it turns out to be as limiting as any of the other approaches. Giddings' tendency is to measure the success of each novel according to its conformity to the picaresque pattern: hence he manages to suggest that *Humphry Clinker* is "a wasted expedition" because it is not picaresque, and even that *Vanity Fair* is a failure because in it Thackeray tried and failed "to imitate a tradition he was not fully aware of". Giddings is at

his poor best when he is handling Smollett's novels individually. He is at his often disastrous worst when, in defining the "tradition", he is trying to give a broad view of literature, and talking about, for instance, "the upper class rough and tumble of *Beowulf* and *Child Rowland* [*sic*]". The writing is amateurish and the premises are muddled. It is ungracious to labour the point; but this is not only a bad book, it is a careless one. Misprints, in which we read of an "irremeadable gulf", "dissiminated" influence, and "Nocholas" Nickleby, continually catch the eye; and the frequent misquotation, and quotation of gobbets that do not make sense, do considerably less than justice to Smollett.

University of Alberta JULIET SUTTON

Canadian Books

Louis St. Laurent: Canadian. By DALE C. THOMSON. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1967. Pp. xii, 564. $9.50.

This book is an excellent addition to the small but steady stream of political biographies which Canadian writers have been producing in recent years, and its subject is the second Liberal Prime Minister to be studied by the author. Dale Thomson's first book, *Alexander Mackenzie, Clear Grit*, was an admirable work which rescued from obscurity an admirable man; his second, though Louis St. Laurent stands in far less need of rescuing, is one that should reduce the need to the vanishing point for a long time to come.

It is important to the reader of this book to know that Dale Thomson, now director of the Department of Political Science at the University of Montreal, was for five years Mr. St. Laurent's secretary while he was Prime Minister and then Leader of the Opposition, and thereafter ran as a Liberal candidate in the election of 1958. The resulting intimacy with both the party leader and the party has been of immense value to the writing of the book, for Dr. Thomson is able to enliven his writing with many personal glimpses and judgments which would otherwise have been denied him. At the same time, he is left open to the suggestion that he is partisan, and it must be conceded that there are passages in the book which lend credibility to the suggestion.

Part of the debacle of the pipeline debate of 1956, for example, (though that crisis depended entirely on the initiative of a government with a large majority) is attributed to "the readiness of some Opposition members to sacrifice the prestige of the presiding officers by appealing their decisions for partisan advantage". The debate of 1949 over the breaking of a law by a cabinet member, with the open

support of the Prime Minister, is not mentioned at all, though it was one of the most revealing episodes in Mr. St. Laurent's career.

This is not to say that the book is spoiled by partisanship. Whether, indeed, a contemporary political biography can be non-partisan and still worth reading is a question difficult to answer, for it is a fact that almost without exception our best studies have been made by partisans. What Dale Thomson has produced is a pleasant, convincing portrait of a most attractive man, who turned to public life with a deep reluctance and remained in it to serve with impressive distinction. Dr. Thomson writes well, and organizes complex materials skilfully; the tale is long, but interest never flags.

It is inevitable with a political biography that one should review not only the book but also the subject, and it must be said that the politician whose life is chronicled here is deserving of the capacities that the biographer has brought to his task. Dr. Thomson has little difficulty in establishing that in many major aspects of his job Mr. St. Laurent was an unusually gifted performer. He was a capable administrator, an able speaker both in Parliament and outside, and an adroit diplomat. The chapter on the Suez crisis of 1956, one of the best in the book, shows him deploying all his talents with a rare authority.

As a party politician—and this is an odd paradox in a man who successfully led a large party for a decade—St. Laurent is a good deal less striking. He boasted on one occasion of knowing nothing about certain brands of politics, and there is much in Dr. Thomson's study to suggest that his subject's ignorance of practical politics was rather wider, and more serious, than either subject or biographer seems to have suspected. There is almost nothing in the book about Mr. St. Laurent's relations with either the House of Commons or the Liberal party. He had little "feel" for either individual or parliamentary liberties, and repeatedly not merely found himself, but actually put himself, in testing situations that a more astute politician would have foreseen. The pipeline crisis of 1956 was probably the worst of these, and it is significant that Mr. St. Laurent not only permitted that crisis to develop as it did, but contributed to it.

It would be unfair to close a review on such a note. *Louis St. Laurent: Canadian* is a good book about a good man, and the book faithfully reflects the very human attributes of the man.

University of Saskatchewan NORMAN WARD

A Slice of Canada: Memoirs. By WATSON KIRKCONNELL. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1967. Pp. x, 393. $8.50.

Not to quarrel with a title that is, characteristically, at once modest and far-reaching, it may be suggested that this work (published by the University of Toronto

Press for Acadia University) represents several sides of the life of one man, a scholar and teacher with an interest in almost every aspect of life in Canada that should appeal to a sensitive and dedicated student.

The first impression is of variety and versatility, the second of tremendous productivity: the partial list of publications, "selected from approximately one thousand items and arranged according to relevant chapters", covers—among others—science, linguistics, original and translated verse, war, peace, social science, politics, and religion. Outstanding, of course, though much smaller in numbers than those in verse or on Communism, are the publications on Milton and the Humanities Research Council, on both of which Dr. Kirkconnell worked in close and fruitful association with his friend Arthur Woodhouse. The importance of these projects, by comparison with some of the lighter verse and translations—which appear at times to be aimed at statistical rather than literary achievement—or with the unremitting flogging of Communism, may raise the question whether the author has cast his net too wide. Kirkconnell himself muses wistfully on his wide range of literary and other activities, and wonders whether, if he "had not galloped off wildly in all directions [he] might perhaps have ridden down one of the foxes". A man must do what he is impelled to do. There is little doubt that the lighter exercises were valuable as rest and refreshment to the author and as entertainment to readers with no interest in scholarship or polemics, and to Kirkconnell, to whom Communism is not a dead, but a live, kicking, and vicious horse, the proudest of his many awards are doubtless those from "Freedom Fighters" and his proscriptions behind the Iron Curtain. Besides echoing that "in such matters it is doubtless futile to speculate", one may suggest that more than one fox has been ridden down in the wide fields of Milton scholarship, and that, to change the author's metaphor, the tree that he helped to plant when "Organizing the Humanities" will bear incalculable fruit, even if it is gathered in other men's baskets. Especially to those who know more of the modesty and self-denial of this gentle man of letters than he reveals directly in his book, there is an irony at once melancholy and inspiring in "The Milton Project". Kirkconnell has done much to provide young and energetic students with leisure, money, and human and mechanical assistance towards research of varying degrees of qualitative and quantitative value. Coming a generation or more too soon, he was himself obliged to work out massive and exacting projects of erudition under conditions of conscientious teaching and administrative responsibility, of less than adequate material equipment and financial resources, and of inadequate leisure, that would have deterred most of those who are indebted to him for conditions of comparative ease.

With it all, Dr. Kirkconnell was, first and last, at heart a teacher. The desire to instruct and enlighten inspired all of his activities; when need arose he stepped into other men's shoes, without remission of his own immediate tasks, to teach classics, or economics, or—even as an overburdened university president—his

abiding love of English literature. His students are fortunate that in his years of retirement he is continuing to teach English at Acadia.

Dalhousie University C. L. BENNET

The Way In and the Way Out: Science and Religion Reconciled. By F. W. WATERS. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1967. Pp. x, 269. $4.75.

This book is for readers "who think seriously about the nature of things, and whose thinking is plagued by the notion that there is some kind of intrinsic opposition between the scientific and religious phases of life" (Preface). Professor Waters argues that the supposed conflict between science and religion rests on false conceptions of both, and especially on a misunderstanding of the nature of science.

In Part One ("The Way In)" he outlines the development of science from its Greek origins to the twentieth century. He shows, with admirable clarity, how men's expectations that science, by unlocking the secrets of nature and mind, would provide solutions to most of their problems gave way in the last hundred years to disappointment and fear. "We are confronted . . . with a materialistic, agnostic, and atheistic outlook for which the support of science has been claimed" (p. 99). This is the way into our predicament, into the "dark night" of science.

Here the author is speaking for the multitudes who misunderstand both the conclusions of science and the nature of religion: there is no dark night for those who have eyes to see. What others must see is that a true understanding of the "method" of science removes all opposition between science and religion.

Thus the aim of Part Two ("The Way Out") is to examine "some of the significant features of the scientific method" (p. 99). Although the chapter on method contains extraneous material—for example the thesis that science is a child of religion—it does clarify for the layman some important points: that scientists understand their theories as models, rather than as pictures of reality; that insofar as theories are pictures they are incomplete, since the conclusions of science can extend only so far as its method permits; and that by its method science is limited to making statements about what is observable (directly or indirectly) and measurable. All of these points have long been accepted by scientists and philosophers of science. Professor Waters does much, however, to make them intelligible to the general reader.

Yet he does not use his analysis of "method" to good effect. What the analysis shows is that science has nothing to say, that in principle it is prevented from having anything to say, for or against morals and religion. It is this conclusion alone that provides "the way out" for the religious man who feels threatened by the "dark night". And indeed the author looks to it for a resolution of

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the conflict. It is likely, however, that this solution will be lost on the very readers to whom it is offered; for the author, surprisingly, also adopts scientific arguments, in the manner of nineteenth-century writers, to refute or to question some conclusions of science. In other words, he adopts the very type of argument shown to be irrelevant by his earlier analysis.

In the chapter on "Evolution and the Doctrine of Man", for example, he plays into the hands of scientism by pointing out, with Thomas Huxley, that the concept of creation is "perfectly conceivable", and that in any case the evolutionary theory is "far from being the fully established and perfectly clear explanation that it is popularly supposed to be" (p. 209). This is, no doubt, true. But it is irrelevant. Worse still, it again sets the stage for a conflict between science and religion. Perhaps the introduction of this empirical or scientific argument at the very point where it seemed that the earlier analysis of method had rendered it meaningless is not an accident; for throughout the book it is difficult to avoid the feeling that Professor Waters is attempting to settle a conflict that is seen partly in nineteenth-century terms. Although the author does not depend on these empirical arguments for a resolution of the conflict, their introduction will almost certainly obscure the point, so well made in the earlier part of the book, that the "dark night" of science is a creation not of scientists, but of the misunderstanding of laymen.

The author points out that this book offers no new contribution to professional philosophers and theologians. General readers will find it interesting and enlightening.

Mount Allison University C. F. POOLE

Newfoundland: Island into Province. By ST. JOHN CHADWICK. London: Cambridge University Press [Toronto: Macmillan of Canada], 1967. Pp. xiv, 268. $8.95

Newfoundland is doubly fortunate for, to Gertrude Gunn's *Political History of Newfoundland, 1832-4,* published only a year ago, is now added a second book of very great merit. Whoever wants a panoramic view of the political and constitutional development of Newfoundland from its earliest days, presented by one who appreciates the idiosyncracies and weaknesses as well as the strength of Newfoundlanders, will find it in St. John Chadwick's book.

Chadwick has first-hand knowledge of what he writes. As secretary of a British parliamentary commission, he first sampled conditions on the Island in 1943. Two years later he returned as a British government expert to help the postwar constitutional convention with specialized knowledge. Finally, in 1966, as

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director of an agency called the Commonwealth Foundation, he again visited Newfoundland and found it "changed almost beyond recognition".

The author states that the theme of his book is "above all constitutional—from *res nullius* to effective occupation: from there to representative government and internal autonomy: on from the birth of an indigenous foreign policy to the unique surrender of Dominion Status; and through Government by Commission to the narrow sacrifice of nationhood". But let no one be daunted, for this is not constitutional history in any narrow sense. Rather it is an examination of the economic, social, and political factors which affected the government of the Island and caused it to take on a bewildering variety of governmental forms.

For example, the cod. It would "win no underwater beauty prize. Nor does [it] rate a high I.Q. . . . One expert records [it] as ready to swallow scissors, oil cans, old boots, locks and keys". But whatever its habits, it has profoundly affected the life of Newfoundland, and Chadwick's book makes clear how far-reaching its influence was.

Then there was Article XIII of the Treaty of Utrecht, which permitted French fishermen to catch and dry fish along much of Newfoundland's coast and which led the French government to demand that its administrative and jurisdictional writ should run on the island. It took years of negotiation (until 1904) and the making of frontier adjustments at British expense in Africa before the French finally took leave of Newfoundland. And throughout it all, "the colonial [i.e., the Newfoundland] mouse [broke] time and again through the netting of the Imperial lions and thrust discord or amity between their massive paws."

Chadwick shows, too, how much Newfoundland owes to Sir John Simon for pressing the colony's case in the Labrador dispute so vigorously before Viscount Cave, Viscount Haldane, and the other lords of the Judicial Committee. "What began as a wrangle over limited timber concessions finally endowed a small, one-commodity community with diversified sources of wealth and livelihood beyond even its wildest hopes."

But most of all the book is valuable in portraying the steps that led to Newfoundland's becoming the tenth province of Canada. The colony's prosperity during the First World War did not continue far into the 1920s. Government revenues after 1918 failed to expand sufficiently to meet the growing demands for public services, especially as these services had to be provided to hundreds of outports scattered along six thousand miles of coast. Basically these were the factors that led first to the loss of Dominion status in 1934 and later to the entrance into Canada in 1949.

Chadwick chronicles these events in a delightful style which adds further to the excellence of the book. Because of his nostalgia for the earlier Newfoundland, he has some regrets that the old character has gone and "the septic tank at the bottom of the garden is a mere uneasy memory". Yet he concluded that, "despite

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the mainland invasion of the Island, despite political absorption, Newfoundland has too much of history, of rugged obstinacy, of native character ever to lose her true identity."

Dalhousie University J. M. BECK

The Modern Century. By NORTHROP FRYE. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1967. Pp. 123. $3.00.

The Modern Century is a collection of three lectures given at McMaster University in January, 1967, as the twelfth in the continuing series, the Whidden Lectures. Dr. Frye was chosen to be the Canadian Centennial lecturer, and the choice was a natural one since he is held in great respect as critic and scholar both in North America and abroad.

The audience may have expected the usual centennial harangue on Canadian inhibitions or on the achievement of Canadian sophistication during the past century. Dr. Frye's purpose is a more serious one that that. Although, on the surface, nationalism seems to be the great concern of our age, he sees 1967 as the world of post-nationalism. Here the uneasy wiping out of artificial lines, of arbitrary divisions among peoples, must give way to primary cultural facts of the Western world. We have come to a century when we are aware of presuppositions underlying behaviour; we are studying ourselves objectively; we are aware of our past; and we are attempting to control our future. Among us are active and conscious thinkers, passive and negative onlookers. Both thinkers and onlookers carry vast potentials, for both good and evil, for man.

In a brilliant opening lecture, Dr. Frye points out the dangers of our modern world. Activism and science, in the speeding-up of all acts, bring man to that panic of change where he feels that he has lost control over both his mind and his destiny. This can induce a state of anxiety in which man is ready to accept the voice of authority; to accept the voice of the State concerning his duty to society; to remove his trust in his critical judgment until he accepts the absurd, the extreme, and the rational as of equal validity; as a further extension, where the game of irony is played so cleverly that no one any longer is expected to take a statement literally; where, in the end, a state of apathy or a state of near-hysteria may result. Thus man is isolated, his self-respect is destroyed, his power as a thinking-human gone. A negative and passive attitude may have been induced in the most active, conscious, questioning mind. A sense of alienation, anxiety, and absurdity marks our world.

In the second and third lectures Dr. Frye sees the artist as the liberating force in society, forever opposed to the persuasive voice of the State, to false con-

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cepts of universal progress, to the bourgeois society of the contract, and to equally false commitments to the old Judaic-Christian myths. In the modern world of the modern century we are part of the powers and processes and movements of our world: our vision of society (if we are the new men) is conceived "as a mode of existence rather than simply as an environment.". In other words, where in the past our problem was to relate our economic structure to our political one, or our theological to our natural one, now our problem is how to relate our world of the imagination to our political structures.

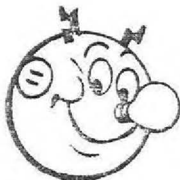
Dr. Frye is of the romantics, from Sidney to Earle Birney, who see the poet as the only one with understanding, the only one who is capable of watching man evolve the myths which explain what he is and how he must act. He reminds us that the modern ironic vision of literature is perpetually telling us that characters struggle to some act that is made too late; that self-awareness is paralysed by self-contempt; that consciousness is perverted from reality to illusion. This should not be so, Dr. Frye tells us.

Quite right. Dr. Frye is correct in pointing out that the Renaissance was the turning point in the view of man that assures us that he is capable of directing his destiny, and that the artist-creator-arranger is beyond any possible Creator. To this is added Blake's system of the human-divine. This is the dual area into which Dr. Frye continues to lead us. He wishes us to accept as leader of society the creative artist who resists repression but who is directed by intellectual forces that are neither moral nor rational. He wishes us to subscribe to a fully developed myth to guide society, a myth which has an emotional solution to the relation of man to man. At the same time, Dr. Frye assures us that "no improvement in the human situation can take place independently of the human will to improve" and that "confidence in automatic or impersonal improvement is always misplaced". Somewhere, in facing "myths", there is a problem that Dr. Frye refuses to face. If the world of imagination has nothing to do with what is moral and rational, why does Dr. Frye continue to ask men in society to face commitments to causes that may be right or wrong? Dr. Frye insists that the poet frees us to live in the only true world, the world of the imagination. He makes it clear that meaningful activity arises only from art. He needs, now, only to develop the other romantic corollary: that the only pleasurable activity resides in love. Yorkville is only a step from the University of Toronto.

The University of Winnipeg ALICE HAMILTON

Yankees At Louisbourg. By G. A. RAWLYK. Orono: University of Maine Press, 1967. Pp. xviii, 209. $2.50.

A small and almost forgotten port in the northeast coast of Cape Breton, Louisbourg is now very much in the public eye, partly because the Canadian government is



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rebuilding the old fortress with meticulous care as a national monument, and partly because recently a party of daring and ingenious skin-divers recovered a treasure of gold and silver coins from the wreck of the French warship *Chameau,* lost on the reefs outside Louisbourg more than two centuries ago.

The scatter of coins on the sea floor was symbolic. For nearly forty years France poured money on this rocky corner of the Nova Scotia coastline, and eventually lost it all. Professor Rawlyk's book offers the student and the casual reader a good readable account of the first siege of Louisbourg in 1745, when a throng of untrained New Englanders, aided by British warships and a good deal of luck, descended on the costly fortress and captured it. The luck included surprise, an inadequate and poorly-supplied garrison with little help from the French navy, and, chiefly, the fatuous design of the French engineers who built the place. Louisbourg had its main batteries and defences facing seaward, as if it were impossible for a hostile force to attack from the landward side. As Sir Winston Churchill said of Singapore, it was like building a battleship without a bottom.

Louisbourg was designed as a naval base with two purposes: to guard the sea approach to the St. Lawrence, and to menace the colonies of New England. On the commercial side it became the base of the French fishery on the Grand Banks, employing thousands of men, and a busy *entrepôt* for trade between Canada and the French West Indies. On top of all this, enterprising Yankee traders smuggled goods to and from Louisbourg, with a broad wink at the British Navigation Acts. Here they could bring New England timber, corn, and salted meat, and swap it for furs from Canada, or cheap rum and molasses, and even codfish from the Banks, salted and dried, at less cost than New England fishermen could catch and "make" it. Naturally in the course of these activities the alert Yankees observed the Louisbourg defences, marked their weaknesses, and noted the beaches to the west and east, not covered by Louisbourg's batteries, where troops and cannon might be landed.

Dr. Rawlyk's first two chapters cover the course of affairs which led to the 1745 attack, and the rest of the book deals with the siege itself, and with an excellent summary. The New Englanders carried out their landings and their siege works with rough-and-ready skill. There was very little hand-to-hand fighting, and the bloodshed on both sides was remarkably small. (Only 101 New Englanders were killed, and 53 French, in the actual fighting, although about 1200 of the conquerors died of disease in the twelve months afterwards.)

In the peace treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, the British government blandly or blindly handed Louisbourg back to France, without so much as a by-your-leave to the American colonists, and it all had to be done again in 1758, this time mainly by British regulars. However, the Yankee amateurs of 1745 had set a perfect pattern for the second and final conquest, and the British followed it

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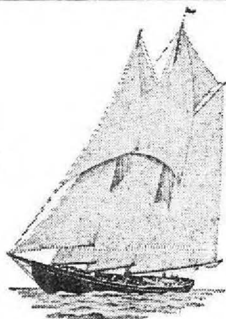

exactly. In the next year they went on to take Quebec, and by the end of 1760 the whole of French Canada was in their hands.

By that time something else was in the air. As Dr. Rawlyk's epilogue points out, their own capture of Louisbourg had given the New Englanders a supreme confidence in their military abilities vis-à-vis European soldiery. It was really the beginning of a road that led to Bunker Hill and finally to Yorktown.

Liverpool, Nova Scotia THOMAS H. RADDALL

Tower in Siloam. By PAUL HIEBERT. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1966. Pp. iii, 213.

Professor Hiebert is a teacher of science; he is also a person with strongly held religious convictions. Over the years he has tried to make his students aware of the limitations of science and arouse in them an interest in examining the claims of Christianity in the hope that they will find there (in Christianity) a point of view broad enough to include both modern science with its mechanistic, deterministic theories and also the concept of a God with a plan and a purpose for each individual. *Tower in Siloam* presents the arguments he has used for developing this point of view.

The first part of the book is concerned with an examination of the nature of science. It is argued that science is nothing but the activity of describing an observed course of events, and relating what went before to what comes after with the aid of a theory devised for just this purpose. Thus no science, physical, biological, psychological, or social, can claim to know the cause of anything—it just delineates a process. To say that the predictive powers of science are great is merely to say that its formulae are reliable, or that some scientists at least are good observers. If this statement sets the limits of science then there is no conflict with science in accepting as the cause of all events the will or purpose of a creator, God, nor indeed in assuming that God loves the thing He has created.

This thesis is developed with great clarity. Not many scientists would quarrel with Dr. Hiebert's account of the limitations of scientific activity, although many might feel that he had not stressed sufficiently certain aspects of science which have a relevance for religion quite apart from numbers and formulae. For example, the success of science is in large measure due to the creation of adequate concepts—one does not say correct concepts or even adequate for all time. Until an adequate concept is created by someone, the world of science is so complicated that no one can make sense of it. The introduction of an adequate concept brings understanding, illumination, a release from frustration, and this is shared by all whose training is sufficient to make them feel the need of these things. It would seem that an

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urgent task of religion is to provide a set of concepts that are adequate for some purpose or other, and if this be the case, then these concepts must bring illumination to minds that examine them with freedom from prejudice; furthermore, they must be of such a nature as to seem of compelling significance to all qualified examiners. That the great religions of the world have failed to provide such a set of concepts may or may not be the case—that they have created many concepts that are inadequate is beyond dispute.

In the latter part of the book, Dr. Hiebert presents a set of concepts—Christian in origin—which he is convinced are adequate (perhaps he would say they are more than adequate in the sense that they may be true for all time). They have to do with the nature and purpose of God, the person of Christ, the nature and fate of man, and so on. Their explanation is lucid, (and in the course of exposition so many wise observations are made that the book can be highly recommended) but whether the concepts are compelling beyond dispute is open to question. At times in history, the current religious concepts have been generally satisfactory to most people; but this is not the case today. Dr. Hiebert has presented a point of view that is satisfactory to him, and since it is carefully and ably presented it deserves serious attention.

Another aspect of science that relates its activities to those of religion lies in the fact that they both create models. A model is a good thing, an indispensable thing. It creates an image in the mind and the image creates a feeling that one has an insight into the nature of something outside the range of the five senses. The scientist has a model of the electron. He tells stories about its mass, its charge, its angular momentum, and so on, but as a matter of fact he never has had any direct experiences of an encounter with an electron. There seems to be no other way to make sense of many of the experiences that life brings. Whether one is trying to understand the person of Jesus or the phenomena caused by electricity, one must resort to the use of ideas, analogies, stories which while they are inadequate to do full justice to the thing in question yet provide a degree of insight. Dr. Hiebert seems to give the "models" of religion a status that elevates them to the level of absolute truth. Surely when Jesus calls God Father He is doing the same thing that the scientist does when he calls an electron a wave. In both cases there is an attempt to make sense of personal experience. Both statements suggest all sorts of ideas but both are probably equally wide of the mark.

Apart from theology, religion is concerned with how the life of man should be lived. Dr. Hiebert has many things to say about the nature of man and the kind of decision the religious person must make and the attitudes he must adopt. There is plenty of evidence that Dr. Hiebert speaks from first-hand knowledge and that he speaks with authority. This part of the book is of outstanding interest and importance.

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Three Centuries of Robinsons: The Story of a Family. By JULIA JARVIS. Toronto: Dora Hood's Book Room, 1967. Pp. viii, 198, illustrated. $12.00.

Canada's Confederation Centennial has brought forth many volumes devoted to various facets of Canadian life. One of the most delightful is *Three Centuries of Robinsons,* the special centennial project of Julia Jarvis, who has revised and expanded the privately printed pamphlet of 1953. Primarily intended for members of the Robinson family and to give a description of the collection of the Robinson papers deposited in the University of Toronto Library, it is a genealogy with a difference, for there are no long strings of the vital statistics that are so dull to anyone outside the family.

The name of Robinson is usually associated with the Loyalist Colonel Beverley Robinson of the Loyal American Regiment and Sir John Beverley Robinson, member of the Family Compact and Chief Justice of Upper Canada. Here we have a fascinating account of the outstanding men from six generations of an exceptional family which emigrated to North America from Cleasby in Yorkshire in 1666 and contributed to public life in Virginia, New York, New Brunswick, and Ontario: John Robinson, Ambassador to Sweden, Plenipotentiary at the Treaty of Utrecht and Queen Anne's Bishop of London; his elder brother, Christopher, who emigrated to Virginia and died as secretary of the colony; Christopher of the Queen's Rangers; Peter, founder of Peterborough; and Sir John Beverley, the ablest exponent of Toryism in Upper Canada, whose correspondence with his tutor, Bishop John Strachan and with his future wife, Emma Walker, gives insight into his character and supplements the official life by his son, Sir Charles Walker Robinson, who collected these papers.

Miss Jarvis has a gift for diverting incidents which make these biographies human; for instance, John Robinson (1704-1766), Speaker of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, was warmly attached to the Crown and interrupted Patrick Henry's famous speech "Give me liberty or give me death", with horrified cries of "Treason! Treason!". His brother Beverley raised the Loyal American Regiment to fight for the King and lost his wife's inheritance of 60,000 acres along the Hudson River. His wife was one of only three women who were thought important enough to be "attainted of treason" in their own names so that the Philipse estate could be seized by the rebels.

Beverley Robinson the younger was one of the three young men who stole the Royal Arms from Trinity Church in New York, from which they were smuggled in a mattress to New Brunswick by the Rev. Samuel Peters and eventually placed in Trinity Church at Saint John. Like so many other Loyalists, young Beverley settled first at Shelburne and after the decline of that town moved on to New Brunswick to make a new home for himself in the wilderness. None of his

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children remained in the province; indeed his second son, Morris, became "the founder of life insurance in North America".

John Robinson (1761-1828) settled in New Brunswick on half-pay, became a successful business man, Speaker of the House, and Mayor of Saint John. It is a pity that there is no more about this New Brunswick branch of the family, but they do not seem to have been such energetic letter writers as the others. Christopher visited his New Brunswick relations in 1847, extending his trip to call on the famous author, Judge T. C. Haliburton, at Windsor.

One of the Robinsons who enjoyed a distinguished career in the British Army was Sir Frederick Philipse Robinson who joined his father's corps when he was fourteen and remained in the British Army for seventy-five years! The quotations from his autobiography offer tantalizing glimpses of warfare in the American Revolution, of garrison duty in Britain and service in the Peninsular War under Wellington, of the inefficiency of army department heads during the War of 1812, of the attack on Plattsburg under Sir George Prevost, and of service in the West Indies where his wife and three of his children died.

This is far more than a family chronicle. Miss Jarvis has skilfully created the atmosphere of northern Europe in the time of Queen Anne, of Virginia in the reign of Charles II and the American Revolution, and of the days of settlement and of the Durham Report in New Brunswick and Upper Canada. In 1967 it is good to be reminded of some of the outstanding achievements of a family which influenced Canadian life in the past century.

Public Archives of Nova Scotia PHYLLIS R. BLAKELEY

Founded Upon A Rock: Historic Buildings in Halifax and Vicinity Standing in 1967. Halifax: The Heritage Trust of Nova Scotia, 1967. Pp. 119. $2.75.

In its own unpretentious but memorable way, Halifax is a city—one of a small number around the world—that has a character of its own. In its profile from the harbour, in its crowded downtown streets, and in its wooded environs, there are many buildings of both historical and architectural interest. Too often ignored or neglected in the past, many of these monuments of a century or two of history have been in danger of falling to the bulldozer or the swinging ball and chain of the developer, or the wrecker. Not all can be expected to survive, nor are all changes for the worse. But to preserve the memories of those that will go, and to ensure continuing respect for those that can remain, the Heritage Trust of Nova Scotia has brought a decade of quiet work to a climax in its own centennial project. This is a book of brief letterpress descriptions facing some seventy-odd excellent photographs which show most of the best but by no means all of the inter-

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esting older buildings in and around the capital city. There is variety of material—wood, brick, and stone both hard and "free"; of style—colonial, Georgian, gothic, and Greek revival, with "some of the finest . . . Adam architecture to be found on this continent"; of design—a round church, an "octagon" house of wood and an octagonal prison of stone, a house (an extreme example of many constructed to fit the exigencies of early street planning) "five-sided and one block wide"; of purpose—including churches, banks, warehouses, a school which was originally a theatre, and a brewery. Civil government provides the finest examples in Government House and Province House, but the greatest single contribution, as befits the history and geography of Halifax, has come from the need for defence. Outstanding are the Citadel and the Martello Tower, both memorials to the father of Queen Victoria—Edward, Duke of Kent—of whose lighter interests we are reminded by the "rotunda" at Prince's Lodge and by the Old Town Clock; but there are also Artillery Park, Admiralty House, and the Ordnance Yard. Since the book went to press, one of the buildings it shows has already been demolished, and some others are likely to follow.

The work is a joint effort of a Centennial Book Committee, whose labours have been unusually modest, co-operative, and productive. It seems proper, however, to mention the work of the chairmen of two sub-committees—Barbara Smith as editor of descriptions from many reporters, and Margaret Martin, whose own pictures set the standard for the amateur and professional photographs that have succeeded in combining accurate representation with illustrative art. The first printing of two thousand copies was sold out in ten days and a second in three weeks. A third is forthcoming.

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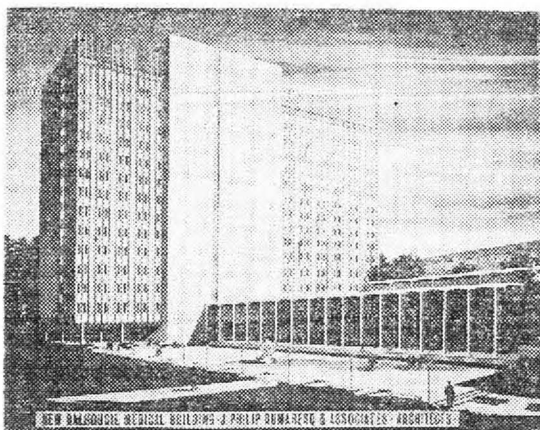
DALHOUSIE MEDICAL SCHOOL

1868 ———— 1968

CENTENNIAL



—The Sir Charles Tupper Medical Building, a Canada Centennial Project.

Sept.

11

12

13

REMEMBER THE DATES

Dalhousie's Faculty of Medicine will celebrate its 100th anniversary this year. On September 11, 12 and 13, there will be Centennial celebrations, including:

- SCIENTIFIC SESSIONS OF INTERNATIONAL STATURE
- SOCIAL EVENTS
- ALUMNI REUNIONS