

G. Lewis.

The Leaflet

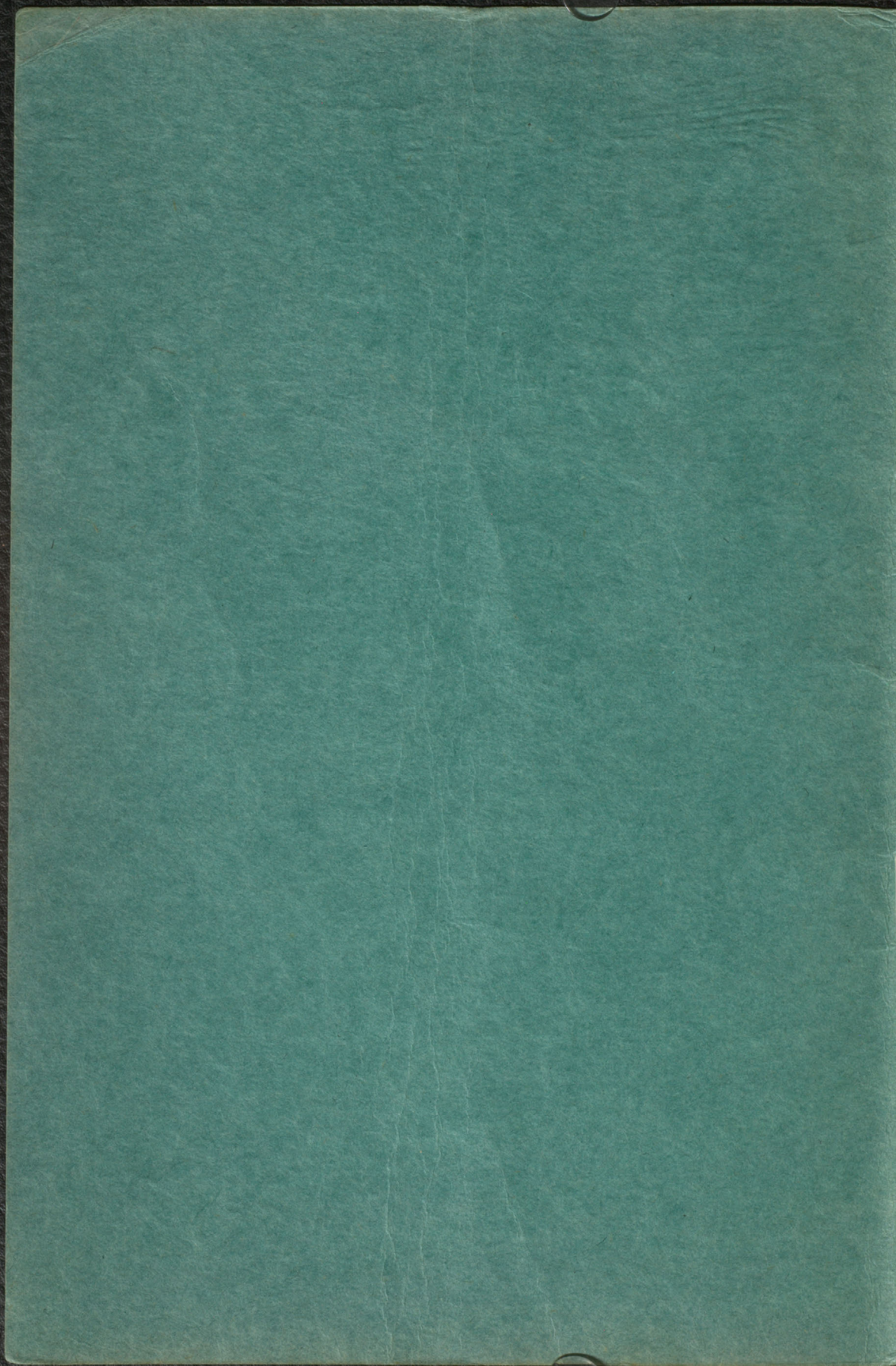
(No. 14)

Issued by

**The Canadian Association
of
Reading Clubs**

Montreal

May 1949



"A Country Lover"
reviewed by Deyreth Lewis.

**The Canadian Association
of
Reading Clubs**

Montreal

May 1949

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THE CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF READING CLUBS

HONORARY PRESIDENT

Mrs. Jessie A. Lewin, 30 Holton Ave. FI. 8920

COUNCIL 1949-50

PRESIDENT

Mrs. Robert Rowan, 785 St. Clare Rd. DE. 5421

VICE-PRESIDENT

Mrs. C. E. Woolgar, 4381 Madison Ave. WA. 2487

SECRETARY

Mrs. Eric Hanson, 2405 Madison Ave. DE. 6157

TREASURER

Mrs. L. M. Hyland, 796 Upper Lansdowne Ave. EL. 4145

COUNCIL MEMBERS

Mrs. J. D. McRaeEL. 9643

Mrs. Colin Anderson AT. 3483

Miss Edna Browne BY. 4479

CALENDAR

- First Meeting of the season Fees should be paid
(Local Club Members .50c, Out-of-town and Associates .35c)
- Mid-Winter 1950 Oral Competition
- March 15th, 1950 Entries for prose and poetry
Competition should be in the hands of the Secretary.
- April 10th, 1950 Programmes for coming season with
new club officers listed should be sent to the Secretary,
also any contributions under By-Law III.
- April 14th End of Fiscal Year
- April 1950 Annual Meeting
- June 1st, 1950 Distribution of Leaflet

NOTICES

A course of six lectures in Public Speaking will be offered during next season if a sufficient number of applications are made to the Secretary before October. The charge will be the same as in the recent courses in writing which have been offered at \$2.50 per person, for six lessons. Those interested would facilitate the arrangements by sending in their names early.

Our lecturer, Miss Margaret Sutherland, who has taken courses at McGill in this particular line of instruction, is already known to many of us through her former classes for this Association. Even the most proficient of the pupils gained much from her lessons and we hope the attempt to place the opportunity again before our members will meet with an adequate response. Applications should be made to the Convener of the Public Speaking Course, Mrs. J. D. McRae, 342 Grosvenor Ave., EL. 9643.

Extra copies of the Leaflet may be had from the Secretary for 35c apiece.

Members or clubs wishing to print articles in the Leaflet may do so at an approximate cost of \$3.00 per page.

The Nominations Committee Chairman for next season will be Mrs. G. W. Cox, 353 Grosvenor Ave.

WESTMOUNT READING CLUB

Pres.: Mrs. J. V. O'Brien, 4690 Grosvenor Ave.

Sec.-Treas.: Mrs. W. Mitham, 331 Clarke Ave., Apt. 35.

PRACTICAL USE OF PSYCHOLOGY

Date	Subject	Speaker
Nov. 8th	"Psychology for the Millions" (A. P. Sperling)	Mrs. Paul Kuhring
Dec. 6th	"Life is for Living" (Dr. D. Ewen Cameron)	To be allotted
Jan. 10th	"Release from Nervous Tension" (Dr. D. H. Fink) Tensions of everyday life and how to cope with them	Mrs. J. V. O'Brien
Feb. 14th	"Peace of Mind" (Rabbi Jacob Liebman)	Mrs. R. M. McCombe
Mar. 14th	Recognition of Man's Potentials, "Escape from Freedom" (Eric Fromm)	Mrs. M. A. Jamieson
April 11th	"Man for Himself" (Eric Fromm)	Mrs. Walter Mitham



1936 READING CLUB

Pres.: Mrs. Geo. Dingle, 54 Thornhill Ave. WI. 5395
Vice-Pres.: Miss E. Shanley, 196 Chemin de Tours Ile Bigras
Sec.-Treas.: Mrs. W. F. Knowles, 5534 Trans-Island Ave. AT. 5311

PERSONAL HIGHLIGHTS

Original episodes in the lives of the speakers

Date and Hostess	Subject	Speaker
October Mrs. F. W. Baridon	Municipal Village Musical Personality	Miss E. Shanley Mrs. Hanson
November Mrs. G. Dingle	My Visit to Eng- land and the Con- tinent 1930	Mrs. K. Holmden Mrs. W. S. Forster
December Mrs. W. F. Knowles	Old Fashioned Family Xmas Trip to Bermuda	Mrs. H. O. Weber Mrs. Arthur Clift
January Mrs. K. Holmden	Pioneer Experience England in War Time	Mrs. Geo. Dingle Mrs. Walker
February Mrs. H. O. Weber	The Chilean Huaso A Colonial in London	Mrs. R. Rowan Mrs. Woolgar
March Mrs. K. Ainley	Annual Meeting	
April Mrs. R. Rowan	Lindisfarne Holidaying in the North of England	Mrs. K. Ainley Mrs. W. F. Knowles



MOUNT PLEASANT READING CLUB

Pres.: Mrs. R. Robertson, 111 King's Road, Valois, P.Q.
Pte. Claire 2227

Sec.-Treas.: Miss Diana Cox, 353 Grosvenor Ave. DE.1889

Date	Subject	Hostess
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SOME OF THE ARTS

October 14th	Music	Mrs. G. Parkes
November 11th	Art	Mrs. R. Sims
December 9th	Music	Mrs. T. Burge
January 12th	Art	Mrs. G. Muir
February 10th	Music	Miss H. Thompson
March 10th	Business Meeting	Mrs. G. Windsor
April 14th	Ballet	Miss D. Cox



CARLYLE READING CLUB

Pres.: Mrs. B. H. Steeves, 666 Victoria Ave. DE. 2871
 Vice-Pres.: Mrs. G. Glass, 2162 Sherbrooke St. W. WI. 4480
 Sec.: Mrs. C. McMichael, 19 Wolsely Ave. WA. 3558
 Librarian: Mrs. J. C. Antliff, 3791 Marlowe Ave. EL. 4262

RIVERS OF THE WORLD

(History and a book reviewed which has the river as
background)

Date and Hostess	Subject	Speaker
October Miss M. Greaves	Ganges History Book Review	Mrs. F. A. Hanly Mrs. C. McMichael
November Mrs. F. Quane	Danube Rhine	Miss M. Greaves Mrs. K. Doig
December Mrs. Glass	Yangtze-Kiang	Mrs. Moulton Mrs. Crerar
January	Open Meeting	
February Mrs. Hanly	St. Lawrence Book Review	Mrs. Glass Mrs. Greaves
March Mrs. McMichael	MacKenzie Mississippi	Mrs. Steeves Mrs. Quane
April Mrs. H. Greaves	Nile Euphrates	Mrs. Antliff Mrs. Drummond
May Mrs. V. Moulton	Thames Avon	Mrs. Crerar Mrs. Glass

June
Mrs. Doig

Each member will give a two minute talk, reviewing the main historic facts about the river she has already covered.

THIRTY-SEVEN READING CLUB

Pres.: Mrs. Hyland, 696 Upper Lansdowne Ave. EL. 4415

Sec.: Mrs. Walter Johnson, 3787 Cote de Neiges Rd. FI. 1975

OUTSTANDING CANADIAN PERSONALITIES

in the following subjects:

Date and Hostess	Subject	Speaker
October 26th Mrs. Stevens	Music Review	Mrs. Skelton Miss Lewis
November 30th Mrs. Weldon	Art Review	Mrs. Johnson Miss Sutherland
January 25th Mrs. MacDougall	Literature Review	Mrs. Hyland Mrs. Stevens
February 22nd Mrs. Johnson	Science Review	Mrs. Weldon Mrs. MacCallum
March 29th Mrs. Connelly	Medicine Annual Meeting	Mrs. MacNeill
April 26th Mrs. Hyland	Sport	Mrs. Connelly



GROSVENOR READING GROUP

Pres.: Mrs. Frank Smallwood, 4975 Hampton Ave. EL. 2488

Sec.: Miss Alice Reed, 415 Argyle Ave. Westmount DE. 3348

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

Date and Hostess	Subject	Speaker
October 20th Mrs. Wallace	Chippendale	Miss Edna Browne
November 17 Mrs. Smallwood	Tapestries & Rugs	Miss Reed
December 15th Mrs. Drummond	Jacobean Period Sheraton	Mrs. Wallace Mrs. Cox
January 19th Mrs. McMurtry	China & Glass	Mrs. Drummond
February 16th Miss Reed	Georgian Period Early Canadian	Miss Craven Mrs. Smallwood
March 16th Mrs. Cox	Annual Meeting	
April 21st Miss Brown and Miss Arter	Early American	Mrs. McMurtry

DISCUSSION CLUB

Pres.: Mrs. J. B. Francis, 4835 Grosvenor Ave. DE. 8816

Sec.: Mrs. D. L. Gales, 486 Mountain Ave. WL 4734

A book is purchased by each member and passed around. Members will discuss these books at meetings. When there is no paper an article of interest or short story is read.

Date and Hostess	Subject	Speaker
September 23rd Mrs. Anderson	Mexican China	Mrs. Douglas
October 21st Mrs. Bourne	Minton	Mrs. Willis
November 18th Mrs. Calder	Limoges	Mrs. Gales
December 16th Mrs. Case	Crown Derby	Mrs. Scharfe
January 13th Mrs. Douglas	Coalport	Mrs. Francis
January 27th Mrs. Francis	Sevres	Mrs. Tweedy
February 10th Mrs. Gales	Spode	Mrs. Pepall
March 10th Mrs. Pepall	Sheraton Furniture	Mrs. Bourne
March 24th Mrs. Scharfe	Duncan Phyfe	Mrs. Case
April 7th Mrs. Tweedy	Chippendale	Mrs. Windsor
May 5th Mrs. Willis	Hall-marked Silver	Mrs. Anderson
June 2nd Mrs. Windsor	Jensen	Mrs. Calder

FOUNDERS CLUB

Pres.: Mrs. A. H. Ewing, 47 Holton Ave. FI. 6823
Vice-Pres.: Mrs. H. Wilson, 3500 Atwater Ave. WE. 6865
Sec.: Miss Gertrude Matthews, 439 Grosvenor Ave. EL. 0232

BIOGRAPHIES

Date and Hostess	Subject	Speaker
October Miss Matthews	Tavlov (Scientist)	Miss Carr-Harris
November Mrs. Ewing	Empress Elisabeth of Austria and Cousin Ludwig of Bavaria	Mrs. Roberts Mrs. Lewin
January Mrs. Wilson	Queen Marie of Roumania And Cousin Kaiser Wilhelm	Mrs. Wilson Miss Drysdale
February Miss Carr-Harris	Queen Victoria and Cousin Queen Mary	Mrs. Hood Mrs. Ewing
March Mrs. Hood	Marie Antoinette Annual Meeting	Miss G. Matthews

Meetings to be held on the fourth Friday of the month.



DALE READING CLUB

(Toronto)

Pres.: Mrs. W. M. Pope, 5 Lonsdale Rd., Toronto

Sec.: Mrs. J. B. Mason, 58 Summerhill Gardens, Toronto

SOME WORLD RELIGIONS

Date	Subject	Speaker
October	Buddhism Hinduism	Mrs. Marion Boyd Mrs. C. C. Calvin
November	Lamaism Confucianism	Mrs. S. H. Duff Mrs. D. L. McLaren
January	Mohammedanism The Jewish Religion	Mrs. R. T. E. Hicks-Lyne Mrs. J. O. L. Mason
February	The History of Religions in England The Reformation	Mrs. J. B. Mason Mrs. W. M. Pope

SOME FAMOUS QUEENS

March	Queen Anne	Guest Speaker
April	Catherine de Medici	Mrs. Seymour Hadwen
May	Wilhelmina of Holland	Mrs. A. M. Fallis

BRESLAY STUDY CLUB

Pres.: Mrs. Frank Drummond, 2068 Sherbrooke St. WI. 9133

Vice-Pres.: Mrs. D. Hincks, 2217 Dorchester St. WE. 2297

Sec.: Miss E. Murray, 1509 Sherbrooke St. W. FI. 0656

BIOGRAPHIES AND MEMORIES

Date and Hostess	Subject	Speaker
October Mrs. MacKenzie	Sir Francis Drake	Mrs. Hincks
November Mrs. Drummond	Katherine Mansfield Story of the Doll's House	Mrs. Cox Miss Murray
January Mrs. Lewin	U. E. Loyalists	Miss Carr-Harris
February Mrs. Eadie	L. M. Montgomery and Marshall Saunders	Mrs. Drummond
March The Misses Phair	New Brunswick Memories	Mrs. Colton
April Mrs. Colton	Jean Nicolet	Mrs. Lewin

Meetings to be held on the third Friday of the month.



WEREDALE PARK READING CLUB

Pres.: Mrs. E. E. Irwin, 4046 Hingston Ave. WA. 4832

Vice-Pres.: Mrs. M. C. Low, 4253 Dorchester St. W. WE. 5730

Sec.-Treas.: Mrs. A. Milton, 69 Columbia Ave. FI. 1625

AN ALL CANADIAN VARIETY

Date and Hostess	Subject	Speaker
October 13th Mrs. Anderson	Political Leaders George Drew Louis St. Laurent	Mrs. Milton Mrs. Boyd
November 10th Mrs. Floud	Completion of Canada Newfoundland	Mrs. Foster
December 8th Mrs. Irwin	Literary Highlights Dr. Drummond With Reading by Mazo de la Roche by	Mrs. Floud Mrs. Marshall Mrs. Standish
January 12th Mrs. Jones	Geographical Links The Yukon The Alaska Highway	Mrs. Low Mrs. Irwin
February 2nd Mrs. Offer	Natural Life Our Bird Sanctuaries	Miss Cox
March 9th Mrs. Stanton	Business Meeting	
April 13th Mrs. Boyd	Industrial Art Canadian Pottery	Mrs. Cox



EDGEHILL READING CLUB

Pres.: Miss Clare Gass, 1483 Closse St. WI. 5548
Sec.: Mrs. G. H. Carden, 4428 Harvard Ave. DE. 2931

CANADIAN CAPITAL CITIES

Date and Hostess	Subject	Speaker
October 12th Mrs. Smallwood	Charlottetown Halifax	Mrs. Bissett Mrs. Ashby
November 9th Mrs. Roussac	Fredericton St. Johns', Nfld.	Mrs. Clements Miss Gass
December 7th Mrs. Bissett	English Quebec French Quebec	Mrs. Murphy Miss Hewton
January 11th Mrs. Murphy	Toronto Ottawa	Mrs. Carden Mrs. Cox
February 8th Miss Gass	Winnipeg Regina	Mrs. Roussac Mrs. Perrott
March 8th Mrs. Ashby	Victoria N. W. T.	Mrs. Smallwood Miss Mousley



WINTER STUDY CLUB

Pres.: Miss Jean Robertson, 3424 Drummond St. PL.4513
Vice-Pres.: Mrs. J. D. McRae, 342 Grosvenor Ave. EL. 9643
Sec.: Miss Kay Ashby, 1468 Crescent St. MA, 3093

THE SHORT STORY

Date and Hostess	Subject	Speaker
October 7th Mrs. C. H. McGuire	Rudyard Kipling	Miss H. Shepherd
November 4th Miss K. Barry	O. Henry	Miss M. Mountford
December 2nd Mrs. J. D. McRae	Gabriel Roy	Mrs. J. I. Cooper
February 3rd Mrs. E. C. Wilkinson	Elizabeth Goudge	Miss M. Russell
March 3rd Miss K. Ashby	Gilbert Keith	Miss E. Payette
April 14th Mrs. Lewin	Annual Meeting	

A representative Short Story by the Author of the day will be read aloud by each speaker, the discussion period following.

ST. LAMBERT READING CLUB

Pres.: Mrs. F. T. Brown, 915 Victoria Ave., St. Lambert
 Sec.: Mrs. J. R. Hodge, 525 Notre Dame St., St. Lambert
 Treas.: Mrs. Wm. MacDougall, 25 Edison Ave., St. Lambert

Meetings are held the first Monday of every month. The co-hostesses of one meeting act as co-programme conveners of the next meeting.

Date and Hostess	Subject	Convenor
September	Book list chosen from submitted suggestions	
October		
Mrs. F. T. Brown Mrs. A. Kerr	Aptitude Tests	
November		
Mrs. H. L. Land Mrs. J. R. Hodge	"Book" Charades	Mrs. Brown Mrs. Kerr
December		
Mrs. Wm. MacDougall Mrs. C. Hayden	Cooking demonstration	Mrs. Land Mrs. Hodge
January		
Mrs. H. G. Letch Mrs. J. Machan	Impromptu Speeches (Two Minutes)	Mrs. MacDougall Mrs. Hayden
February		
Mrs. N. H. Duke Mrs. W. Pascoe	Fine Arts Quiz	Mrs. Letch Mrs. Machan
March		
Mrs. K. C. MacWha New member	2-minute speeches on "A Book Character" I liked	Mrs. Duke Mrs. Pascoe
April		
Social meeting to which husbands are invited and at which will be shown coloured lantern slides and movies of Bermuda.		

Extra meetings of the C. A. R. C. in February and April.

HOLTON READING CLUB

Pres.: Mrs. Lewin, 30 Holton Ave. FI. 8920

Sec.: Miss Carr-Harris, 4074 Tupper St. FI. 2979

FEATURES OF CANADIAN LIFE AND HISTORY

Date and Hostess	Subject	Speaker
October 16th	ART	
Mrs. Lewin	Emily Carr	Mrs. Kindersley
November 20th	NURSING	
Mrs. Kindersley	300 years of nursing	Miss May Matthews
January 16th	DRAMA	
Mrs. G. Carr-Harris	Theater in Canada	Mrs. Cadenhead
February 20th	HISTORY	
Mrs. Cadenhead	Early Montreal	Mrs. Capreol
March 20th	PIONEER WORK	
Mrs. Wallis	Hudson Bay Co.	Mrs. G. Carr-Harris

Meetings to be held on the third Monday of the month.



WAYFARERS CLUB

Pres.: Mrs. C. L. Bryson, 4152 Beaconsfield Ave. EL. 3229
Sec.: Mrs. C. A. Wilson, 4545 Kensington Ave. WA. 4893

GEOGRAPHICAL MOSAIC

Date and Hostess	Subject	Speaker
October Mrs. Rowan	Peruvian Sojourn	Mrs. G. A. Wilson
November Mrs. G. A. Wilson	Andalusian Memories	Mrs. R. Rowan
January Mrs. J. Murphy	Aboriginal Tribes of the Highlands of Orissa	Mrs. C. Bryson
February Mrs. Y. Heenan	A Trip down The Saguenay	Mrs. M. J. Murphy
March Mrs. C. L. Bryson	Annual Meeting	
April Mrs. R. Rowan	The Volcano Paracutin	Mrs. Heenan



ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Mrs. S. A. Beatrice Asbury .. Montreal, Quebec
 Mrs. P. C. Armstrong Westmount, "
 Mrs. M. Arter Hampstead, "
 Mrs. Vernon Barry Westmount, "
 Mrs. Henry Blachford North Hatley "
 Mrs. E. T. Bourke Westmount, "
 Mrs. Guy Bowden Flushing, Long Island, N.Y.
 Miss M. Brittain Montreal, Quebec
 Mrs. A. W. Cochrane Montreal, "
 Miss M. Cochrane Westmount, "
 Miss Constance Crombie Toronto, Ontario
 Mrs. H. M. Davidson Westmount, Quebec
 Miss Eleanor Davidson Montreal, "
 Mrs. F. A. Drought Aylmer East, Quebec
 Mrs. D. M. Farish Westmount, Quebec
 Mrs. Frith Westmount, "
 Mrs. F. Foulkes Stanstead "
 Miss Helen Gibson Grimsby, Ontario
 Mrs. E. T. R. Greaves Westmount, Quebec
 Miss Florence Greaves Westmount, "
 Mrs. Charles Harvie Montreal, "
 Mrs. L. St. J. Haskell Westmount, "
 Mrs. C. L. Henderson Montreal, "
 Miss Louise Heward Westmount, "
 Mrs. Gerald Hiam Westmount, "
 Mrs. H. C. Holbrook Westmount, "
 Mrs. T. A. Kirkham England
 Mrs. C. S. Lemesurier Westmount, Quebec
 Mrs. Lafoley Westmount, "
 Mrs. A. R. McBain Westmount, "
 Miss Elsie McDougall Montreal, "
 Miss MacSporran Montreal "
 Mrs. G. S. Mosely Town of Mt. Royal, Quebec
 Mrs. F. T. Manning Huntingon, Quebec
 Mrs. Gilbert Oliver Westmount, "
 Mrs. Norman Read Montreal, "
 Mrs. Hilliard Rorke Montreal, "
 Miss Vera Sandham Westmount, "
 Mrs. Sandilands Montreal, "
 Mrs. C. Skelton Montreal, "
 Mrs. Phillip Smith Town of Mt. Royal, Quebec
 Mrs. R. C. L. Sweeney Westmount, "
 Mrs. S. A. Stephens Montreal, "
 Mrs. Victor Thompson Grimsby, Ontario
 Miss Muriel Thompson Lynden, "
 Mrs. Geo. Porter Montreal, Quebec
 Mrs. H. C. Rowland Westmount, "
 Mrs. T. J. Tilley Montreal, "

RECOMMENDED BOOKS

FICTION

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| A Wreath of Roses
(Contemporary English Life) | Elizabeth Taylor |
| Bridie Steen
(Irish life) | Anne Crone |
| Cry, The Beloved Country
(The problem of the South African native) | Alan Paton |
| High Towers
(Historical romance dealing with the LeMoyne family). | Thomas B. Costain |
| King of the Bastards
(South African history) | Gertrude Millen |
| No Highway
(Adventure and Aeronautical Research) | Nevil Shute |
| Point of No Return
(Contemporary American life) | J. P. Marquand |
| Snare for Witches
(Early New England scene) | Elinor Chamberlain |
| The Big Fisherman
(Based on the life of St. Peter) | Lloyd C. Douglas |
| The Blue Field
(Rural England) | John Moore |
| The Golden Warrior
(The Saga of Harold, the last of the Saxons) | Hope Muntz |
| The Heat of the Day
(The problem of a woman who loved a traitor) | Elizabeth Bowen |
| The Jacaranda Tree
(A flight from Burma before the Japanese) | H. E. Bates |
| The Loved One
(Satire on California's funeral establishments) | Evelyn Waugh |
| The Running of the Tide
(New England in the last days of the sailing ships) | Esther Forbes |
| The Southern Cross
(The clash of Boer and English) | Brigid Knight |
| The Sky and The Forest
(An African chief clashes with the march of the Europeans) | C. S. Forester |
| There is No Armour
(English life in war time) | Howard Spring |
| The Bishop's Mantle | Agnes Turnbull |

RECOMMENDED BOOKS

NON-FICTION

- | | |
|--|---|
| Beau James
(The story of Jimmie Walker) | Gene Fowler |
| Cheaper by the Dozen
(Family reminiscences) | Frank G. Gilbreth Jr.
& Ernestine Bilbreth Carey |
| Crusade in Europe
(General Eisenhower's account of his campaigns) | Dwight D. Eisenhower |
| Education in a Divided World | Bryant Conant |
| England to Me
(Miss Hahn's impressions of English life) | Emily Hahn |
| Family Circle
(Reminiscences of the Skinner Family) | Cornelia Otis Skinner |
| From Day to Day
(Wartime prison camps) | Odd Nansen |
| Halifax, Warden of the North
(A history of the City of Halifax) | Thomas Raddall |
| Hitler and His Admirals
(The part played in the war by the German Navy) | Anthony Martienssen |
| Human Knowledge
(A Survey by the great English philosopher) | Bertrand Russell |
| Laughter in the Next Room
(A further account of the Sitwells) | Sir Osbert Sitwell |
| North African Prelude
(Outline of North African history) | Galbraith Welch |
| Psychology for the Millions | A. T. Sperling |
| Mirror for Man
(The problems facing the world) | Clyde Kluchhohn |
| The Gathering Storm | Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill |
| Their Finest Hour | Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill |
| The Lungfish, the Dodo & the Unicorn
(Natural history) | Willy Ley |
| The Mackenzie
(The story of the Mackenzie River) | Leslie Roberts |
| The Master of the Girl Pat
(The adventures of Dod Orsborne) | Dod Orsborne |
| The Plague & I
(Experiences as a T.B. patient) | Betty MacDonald |

REPORT OF THE ORAL COMPETITION

The tenth Oral competition of the Canadian Association of Reading Clubs was held in Channing Hall on Friday, February 25th, at 8 p.m.

Miss K. Barry (Winter Study Club) assisted by Mrs. Brown (St. Lambert Club) and Miss M. Russell (Winter Study Club) registered an attendance of 114 people.

The President, Mrs. Robert Rowan, opened the meeting at 8.10 p.m. by welcoming the guests and members and introducing the judges, Mrs. A. R. McBain of the Misses Edgar and Cramps' School, and Miss Katherine Trenholme of the staff of the McGill Library. The Co-ordinator of the evening, Mrs. J. D. McRae, then introduced the Convener of the Book Review Competition, Mrs. Colin Anderson (Discussion Club), who gave the rules governing this competition and introduced each speaker in the following order:

- A Country Lover Mrs. J. C. Antliff
By Helen Guiton (Carlyle Reading Club)
Therese Miss Mabel Brittain
By Francois Mauriac (Associate Member)
Sarah Binks Miss Edna Browne
By Paul G. Hiebert (Grosvenor Reading Group)
King Cotton Mrs. Frank Case
By Thomas Armstrong (Discussion Club)
High Towers Mrs. J. Martin Colton
By Thos. Costain (Breslay Study Club)
The Corner That Held Them.. Miss Diana Cox
Sylvia Townsend Warner .. (Mount Pleasant Club)
Tomorrow Will Be Better Mrs. L. M. Hyland
By Betty Smith (Thirty-Seven Club)
Kristli's Trees Mrs. H. L. Land
By Dr. Margaret Dunham . (St. Lambert Club)
A Country Lover Miss Gwyneth Lewis
By Helen Guiton (Thirty-Seven Club)
Boston Cook Book
Jubilee Edition Mrs. J. Donald McRae
By Fannie Farmer (Winter Study Club)
British Architects & Craftsmen Miss Eleanor Shanley
By Sacheverell Sitwell (1936 Reading Club)
Dr. Faustus Mrs. C. E. Woolgar
By Thomas Mann (1936 Reading Club)
Human Destiny Mrs. R. M. McCombe
By Lecomte du Nouy (Westmount Reading Club)

While the judges were making their decisions, an amusing and delightful skit entitled "Situations Vacant (Female)—: (With Malice to None)" was given by three members of the Discussion Club, namely, Mrs. M. C. Willis, Mrs. Ian Tweedie and Mrs. Munroe Bourne. Following this, Mrs. Leslie Skelton (of the Thirty-Seven Club), who was Convener of the Book Auction, with sparkling humour auctioned off most of the books which had been donated, realizing \$16.52.

The findings of the judges were given first by Mrs. McBain. She spoke in general terms of the reviews. All the speakers were extremely and embarrassingly good, Mrs. McBain said, and she was amazed at some of the entries in which monumental books had been worked in to five minute reviews. Quoting Sir Wilfred Laurier, she said, "There were three main factors in any speech, namely the Speaker, the Subject, and the Audience." This night the speakers had all been good and also the subjects. The audience had proved most sympathetic, encouraging and attentive. Touching on some of the reviews, Mrs. McBain said it was interesting to witness the courage of one speaker in pointing out the short-comings of a writer so widely acclaimed as Thomas Mann. Kristli's *Trees* was described as a charming review, both in voice and style, and the tie-up with some of our present day problems was interesting. The reviews bring to our attention that foreign novels are much appreciated.

Mrs. McBain said she had no idea a cook book could produce so much humour as well as recipes. The reviews which exceeded the time limit, she said, had to be eliminated only for that one reason, and that was a point to be watched in future.

Miss Trenholme then announced the winning reviews, explaining that they had been chosen as being in each case a proper review: some of the speakers she said, had run to pure narrative. The purpose of a review is to bring out the atmosphere as well as to give the general impression and evaluation of the subject. She said that the running had been very close indeed and she had been unprepared for the high calibre of the reviews heard from the various Clubs.

First place was given to Miss Diana Cox, (Mount Pleasant Club), for her review of "The Corner That Held Them," by Sylvia Townsend Warner. She had spoken clearly and distinctly and her review had been written in an unusual style, and had created the atmosphere of an unusual book.

"A Country Lover" by Helen Guiton, reviewed by Miss Gwyneth Lewis, (Thirty-Seven Club), was given second place. She said Miss Lewis gave a broad impression of the book and had caught the kind of atmosphere that had pervaded the story, and the speaker's voice was good.

"Third place went to "King Cotton" by Thomas Armstrong, reviewed by Mrs. Frank Case, (Discussion Club). It was described as well-proportioned and an example of neat handling of what must have been a very long and solid book.

"High Towers" by Thomas Costain, given by Mrs. Colton (Breslay Study Club), was very well done, and—honourable mention—could certainly be given to most of the remaining reviews.

A short Literary Quiz finished up the evening, and was conducted by Mrs. Frank Windsor and Mrs. J. B. Francis, both of the Discussion Club.

Refreshments donated by the members of the 1936 and the Breslay Study Clubs were served under the convenorship of Mrs. Arthur Clift of the 1936 Club.

Mrs. M. A. Jamieson (Westmount Club) thanked the judges and all who had contributed to the success of the evening.

The collection bowl at the door realized \$17.76, almost enough to cover the expenses of the hall, rental of chairs, mimeographing and postage on notices.

Respectfully submitted,

MARION McRAE, Co-ordinator.

WINNING REVIEW IN THE ORAL COMPETITION

THE CORNER THAT HELD THEM

by Sylvia Townsend Warner

Reviewed by Miss Diana Cox of the Mt. Pleasant Club.

In New York, October 1948, the Viking Press placed on the booksellers' shelves a fascinating novel by Sylvia Townsend Warner. It became a best seller and consequently, last month, Clarke Irwin's edition appeared in Montreal book stores price \$2.75.

Daughter of a Middlesex school master, Miss Warner first studied music and was part editor of ten volumes of "Tudor Church Music," then she turned to poetry, short stories, and finally novels, two of the latter being "Mr. Fortune's Maggot", and "Lolly Willowes."

"For neither did the corner that held them keep them from fear." Solomon, chapter 17, verse 4.

This fascinating novel is written around that era, which is so unfamiliar to most of this generation—the Middle Ages. Sigrid Undset's "Kristin Lavansdatter" has long stood out as a unique picture of that period but in "The Corner That Held Them" this book now has a rival.

This is no book of religious antagonism but just a human study of Catholic England from 1349 to 1382. The story takes place, but for a very few short wanderings, at Oby. What is Oby? A nobleman's wife dies and in her memory, he gives her lands to the church to be used as a nunnery. The first nuns are brought from afar, but soon neighbourhood sisters join them. For 310 pages we live in this nunnery apart from the world. Except for the odd passer-by, the traveller seeking lodging, or the local serf, the only outside influence is the yearly Visitation of the bishop.

In 1348 the Black Death reaches England and races across the land. Even Oby is affected. A wandering vagabond comes to its gates. Realizing that he has the plague, he feels no need of enlightening them, when they mistake him for a priest. Though no priest, he lives there till he dies an old man, performing priestly duties for his ladies.

At Oby there is death from the plague,—suicide from fear and madness,—murder for pride of appearances. The spire, revealing ambition, great perseverance and pride, falls but rears up again; the fish-pond, reflecting ambition, hiding a multitude of sins, dries up but fills again; the fine altar cloth, expressing ambition prickings of beauty and chatterings of pleasure, though stitched in sunshine is stolen by the simple-minded nun and hidden in darkness by the beggar; the holy vessels, displaying ambition, through fear of pillage and pilfering are buried for safety but lost forever in the dark dank earth.

The nuns themselves are personalities. I quote: "Swish-swish, shuffle-shuffle, yap-yap-yap from Adela's little dog. The bell ceased and the chanting began. It was loud and hearty, dominated by Dame Alice's oversweet soprano. Hearing it, Sir Ralph reflected that one could distinguish the changing moods of a convent by the way its nuns performed the unchanging chant of the office. In the days of the old prioress the singing had been elegant, reedy, almost unsubstantial like the notes of water-birds secluded in some distant mere. In the time of Prioress Johanna it had grown ragged and strident. Now the tone was full of saccharine, the cadences were reposed on as though they were cushions, and Dame Alice executed the ornaments exactly as she executed the marshmallow roses on her sweetmeats: a whisk, a twirl, a tapering and there you were."

One comes to know them through the loosely woven chronicles of the day by day living in Oby. Each prioress in turn brings her own desires and characteristics to the office,—austerity, laxity, frivolity, all join together to form a drama dark and deep, light and amusing, bright and lovely in turn, all are woven together to make a most remarkable book.

There is charm of modern style with strong active language, realism touched with idealism and dreaming, a great feeling of atmosphere, of natural beauty, storm and sunshine. It would be unfair to Oby to tell about Dame Alice, Dame Margaret, Dame Adela or any of the nuns, one must seek them and meet them in "The Corner that Held Them."

X
REVIEW WHICH TOOK SECOND PLACE IN THE BOOK
REVIEW COMPETITION

A COUNTRY LOVER

by Helen Guiton

Reviewed by Miss Gwyneth Lewis (Thirty-Seven Club)

With our newspapers running the gamut of all the present day horrors, it is a joy to pick up a book like "A Country Lover" by Helen Guiton, which gives us such a delightful glimpse into the lives of our French Canadian farmers and their families. This is Miss Guiton's first full-length novel.

Helen Guiton, now of Montreal, was born in Jersey, Channel Islands, of French Huguenot stock, one of her ancestors being Jean Guiton, Mayor of La Rochelle during the siege of 1628. She is well known in the educational field having been Editor of the Quebec Teachers' magazine for three years, and Associate Editor for seven. Apart from editorials, book reviews, poetry, etc., Miss Guiton had two short stories published in the Farmer's Advocate.

Society owes much to both Helen and her brother, the late Rev. Geoffrey Guiton of India, for their contribution to education, social service and religious teaching. Miss Guiton is at present Principal of Côte des Neiges School.

"A Country Lover" is a novel about 250 pages attractively illustrated by a young French Canadian artist Jean Simard and is edited by J. M. Dent & Sons.

In a simple and charming manner we are taken to a French Canadian village many miles north of Montreal, where we meet Jean Paul Lamarche, his family and his friends.

In this rugged part of the country the farmers live mostly in log cabins and their little church is just large enough for their own community. On special festivals when they want to

both worship God and see their friends they take the long drive in to St. Mathieu. There, the large stone church welcomes her sons and daughters from near and far.

As the story opens, Jean Paul is just a little boy with blue eyes and fair hair. Already his love for the woods with its tall pines and birch trees gleaming white in the sun, sets him apart from the other characters in this book.

His greatest ambition is to spend a whole night in these woods listening to the sounds that cannot be heard during the day. But as each evening comes, he hasn't got quite enough courage to go there all alone. He confides in his mother who says, "Wait, have patience till the evening shadows are not greater than your courage. The time will come." She smiles down at her little son with such understanding that he feels less ashamed of his fear.

His is a happy family. Jean-Guy, his father, a strong handsome man, works hard all day in the fields and his two older brothers Roger and Maurice, work there too. Jeanine, his mother, had suffered greatly when a sickness which had spread through the settlement had carried off her two little daughters. A third baby daughter had only lived a few weeks. Added to that her father had been struck by a falling tree and blinded while working in a lumber camp. It was hard not to be bitter but her husband's great love for her, the busy life which she led, and then finally the birth of little Jean-Paul, brought happiness back again.

In the long winter evenings the family gather around the stove and "Grandpere" tells them thrilling tales of the forest which he still loves in spite of his lost eyesight. After a wandering life that has taken him many miles from home, he is content to sit by the stove in winter and on the verandah in the warmer months where he can talk with those who pass by.

The different characters which come into the story are etched in with a fineness until the picture of the little mountain village seems complete. We read of their joys and sorrows and life goes on as it must, taking everything in its stride, good times and bad, happiness, frustration, treachery, courage and all that goes to make up life. We see Jean-Paul growing up with an ever deepening love for the woods in his heart. In them he spends what time he can spare from his work in the fields; now lying on his back, blue eyes gazing up at the slim birch trees and taller pines, other times fishing in the little stream which runs close by. Thus he learns much of nature's secrets about the birds and animals that make their home in the woods. Being a dreamer and fond of solitude,

Jean-Paul seems content to go on living in this happy care-free way, but inevitably things change and one must adapt oneself to new conditions. Parents grow old and cannot work so hard. They also expect their children to marry. Jeanine, long widowed, still works on the farm, but tires easily. It comes as quite a shock to Jean-Paul when she suggests his marriage. He doesn't feel ready to marry though there are several young women in the village who would not say "no" to him.

Unexpectedly love does enter his life. The wonderful happiness that comes to Jean-Paul we feel is too good to last, and we are right. It ends to become just a lovely dream, but who is there who would not grasp such happiness even though common sense tells us it might not work out. And so we find we cannot live forever on the mountain top. We are pulled back and must adjust ourselves to the plains and valleys, if need be, of every day living. Jean-Paul comes down from the heights of happiness but the Bon Dieu gives him another chance and he finds there is love still waiting for him below.

This story of a French boy who differs so much from those who live alongside of him, is told in such a way that it tugs at one's heartstrings. Perhaps we imagine that to live a useful and happy life one should know a little of the world and partake of its varied activities, but in "A Country Lover" we learn that it is not where we live but the qualities we bring to life that make for true happiness and a full life.

Third place in the Book Review Contest was given to Mrs. Frank Case of the Discussion Club who reviewed the following:

KING COTTON
By Thomas Armstrong

We have often heard it said that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, but how many people educated on this continent realize that the American Civil War was won for the Union in the Mill Towns of Lancashire? Yet it is on this historical fact that the author bases his story, supporting his conclusion by the words of no less an authority than Abraham Lincoln.

Kit Ormerod is a clerk in a Liverpool cotton brokerage house. He is sent on a trip to the United States and while visiting Southern plantations he learns a great deal more than a Liverpool office affords, about cotton and the maintenance of that industry; indeed of the whole basis of Southern economy, namely slave labour. Kit invites waves of indignation

from the white overseers by his dogged insistence upon the evil of slavery. Consequently, he learns many facts about which he has so far been in ignorance. His stand on abolition is unmoved but he is disturbed by the suggestion that England's cotton manufacturing industry is completely dependent upon the U. S. cotton supply. According to the Americans the main factor in cotton growing is labour; and the existence of a slave economy is the only way to maintain a great enough supply to meet the ever-growing demand. Upon his return to England Kit learns to his amazement that England does import 80% of her cotton from the U.S.; and realizes, that should blight, or any disaster hit these crops the famine would also hit the Lancashire industrial towns. His crusade to promote Empire grown cotton gains only cursory interest as does his plea for the abolition of slavery, but the author uses it as a prelude to the American Civil War and its subsequent tragedy to English mill workers. The setting of the story is laid in the mill town of Throselton against the background of the famous cotton famine caused by the Union blockade during the years 1862-64. In spite of the abject poverty which befell Lancashire, the people were almost to a man for the abolition of slavery. Had it not been for their influence, the political leaders of the day might easily have led England into war on the side of the South.

The characters of the Ormerods and their friends are skillfully portrayed in all their stoutness and quaintness — everyone being occupied in some stage of the staple trade of the town. Though master craftsmen, their interests are by no means confined to their work. Music is a vital part of their lives and their interest in politics, literature and drama is keen. Kit's love story is sweet and dramatic, culminating in an elopement. His sisters, both attractive, provide much interest and suspense. Kit's friend Abel Nuttal is perhaps the most rugged and interesting of all the characters. He is an Engine Tenter by profession but his absorbing pastime of nature study provides some charming digressions and bits of information for one's general knowledge. His quiet and wise philosophical mind make him the centre of many an interesting discussion, and the natural reservoir of moral strength for his friends—particularly the Ormerods who make him one of their family. Abel does fix many problems—much more so than his sinister antithesis Alfred Binks. This intense young man with flowing hair and vocabulary is a religious leader and relative of the Ormerods. Instead of fortitude he supplies disquietude in their lives.

The author is meticulous in detail. His descriptions of the various backgrounds seem perhaps unnecessarily accurate and long, yet one feels the atmosphere of the whole book reminiscent of Dickens as the lanes, bridges, cottages and mills become familiar. It is this local colour and the poignancy of its historical facts that make it such a vivid book, and the skillful handling of the several interwoven stories keep interest high until the end.

One cannot help wondering if Mr. Armstrong in reminding us of the tragedy England once suffered is not drawing an analogy to the present day crisis—her dependence again on U. S. trade and the consequent crusade to exploit Africa and Australia for new wealth, and so distribute her eggs among several baskets.

Perhaps there is no such motive—perhaps the purpose of the book is summarized in the dedication. It is a partial quotation from a letter from Abraham Lincoln to the Workmen of Manchester.

“I know and deeply deplore the sufferings which the workingmen of Manchester are called to endure in this crisis. Under the circumstances I cannot but regard your decisive utterances upon the question as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country.”

COMMENTS OF THE JUDGE, MR. PAUL KUHRING, ON
THE WINNING ENTRY OF THE WRITTEN
COMPETITIONS.

(Six manuscripts were submitted).

“I have ranked the very short story “The Old Lady in the Airplane” first, because it has succeeded in a very difficult form. The pace is good, the ending well hidden until it comes abruptly, and I cannot see any defects to distinguish this tale from many such ‘short shorts’ found in magazines. Best of all, the material has been developed without padding in about six hundred words.”

THE OLD LADY AND THE AIRPLANE

By Helen Anderson (Discussion Club)

Old Mrs. Davenport leaned her head back against the cushions of the Pullman car seat. She took off her glasses and settled down to think about the Magazine story she had just finished. Johnny, the young Airforce Pilot was so like her brave grandson, Phil.

One hour more and dear Phil, so handsome in his flying uniform, would be at the station to meet her. Geographically, she was his closest relative and though nearly eighty, she was going to him so that his precious hours of leave should not be wasted in travelling.

The train was hurrying through open country. There were no trees, houses or even rising ground to relieve the flatness of the landscape. A good time to have a nap, she thought.

Suddenly Mrs. Davenport's eyes were caught by a moving object in the narrow limit of sky showing through her dusty window. "Why, there's a plane," she said to herself, her interest aroused. "There must be an airfield close by." She straightened up a little to watch. The plane seemed to be in manoeuvres. It flew straight up into the air, banked as it made a wide circle, then while her old heart beat faster, it dove headlong towards the earth. Mrs. Davenport involuntarily covered her eyes. When she looked again all was well. The pilot had taken his craft out of its dive beautifully and it was now flying along on an even keel. But wait, there it went again. Straight up into the sky and again the long breathtaking dive. Breathing rather too quickly, she watched fascinated. With a sigh of relief, she saw it emerge once more, streaking along within her narrow field of vision. Though it seemed so far away she fancied she could hear the drone of its engine.

How brave and skillful these youngsters are, she said to herself as she turned away from the window. Her heart was beating quite normally now and the warm air about her was making her eyelids heavy. "Just one more look," she murmured, "before I have my nap. I can tell Phil all about it."

This time the thing she saw made her grip the purse on her lap so tightly her knuckles went white.

"Dear Heaven, can no one help?" she whispered. The plane was crazily out of control. Up and down, suspended in

mid-air, over on its back, until with one long sickening plunge, it disappeared from sight.

She rose stiffly, her hand clutching her breast. Had no one seen the tragedy? There was no house near the crash, no men working in the fields. Desperately she turned to peer through the car. The other passengers, quite unaware, were dozing or reading. "This is terrible," whimpered the old lady, "he may be dying" and with a new realization, "It might even be Phil."

The strain of the past few minutes was too much. With a sigh Mrs. Davenport slipped back onto her seat unconscious.

Fortunately she came to quickly, and there was the nice coloured porter bending over her as he chafed her hands. He had given her a little brandy and the warm glow was reviving her. Remembering, she sat up groping for her glasses. The window! She leaned upon the sill with both hands, gazing intently.

Finally the still anxious porter heard a low old-lady chuckle, then a shaky little laugh. "I'm quite all right, now" she said, turning rather misty eyes to his kind dark face. "I'm quite all right now, thank you."

As he left her she could see him shaking his head as he muttered, "She sho caint hold much likker, the old gal, I wondah why she's travelling alone anyhaow."

For the last time Mrs. Davenport's eyes rested on the window. He was still there, the poor bumbling fly, trying fruitlessly to find a way out of his prison between the two panes of glass.

THE FOLLOWING ENTRY WAS PLACED SECOND BY
THE JUDGE OF THE WRITTEN COMPETITION

DOROTHY DUNCAN — CANADIAN AUTHORESS

By Mrs. Kathleen Glass (Carlyle Reading Club)

There is a well known saying, "A prophet is not without honour save in his own country," and this I think could be aptly applied to Canadian Authors, for my effort to find any extensive information on one was not very successful.

I remember however that last summer I had been introduced to Dorothy Duncan at a Corn Boil at North Hatley. This, and the fact that our neighbours out there are friends of the MacLennans, prompted me to phone her and request

an interview. She responded with an invitation to my husband and myself to visit them at their apartment with the result that I was able to obtain quite a lot of information which I am sure will be of interest to all who read her books.

Dorothy Duncan was born in New Jersey of Scotch English ancestry. She grew up in a small town north of Chicago and took a degree at North Western University. Although she still retains her American citizenship she is considered Canadian and won the Governor-General's Medal for her latest book, "Partner in Three Worlds". Her love of travel has led her to many places and she made many extended trips to Europe in the years just preceding the war. It was on her travels that she met Hugh MacLennan, a Nova Scotian whom she later married.

After spending the summer in the country Dorothy Duncan and her husband find it stimulating to return to Montreal. Her ideal of a perfect life for a writer is to spend six months of the year in town and six months in the country. At the moment she is recovering from more than a year of ill-health and has been forbidden by her doctor to do any writing at all. She visited him a short time ago. He asked her if she had any hobbies. Upon replying "I really haven't any, she was told to find one quickly. She then went out and bought lots of brushes and canvasses and started to dabble in oils. Her husband however will tell you that she is an expert gardener and plays a wonderful game of chess.

Some time ago Dorothy Duncan was interviewed by a young press reporter and found to her dismay that the only answers she could find to the questions fired at her were "Yes" and "No". In desperation the poor girl said, "What originally gave you the idea of writing?" Racking her brains for a suitable answer the authoress said, "I suppose the idea came to me when I was first married, I had very little to do and felt bored, so I started to write." The interview closed but on reading the result of it in the paper Dorothy Duncan felt the girl had had the best of it after all for she had written these words, "When Dorothy Duncan married Hugh MacLennan she started to write out of sheer boredom."

The truth is that being unable to join in any games or strenuous pastimes, Dorothy Duncan devoted her time to writing. When she first came to Montreal she spent one winter as editor of a fashion magazine known as "Style Comment." As a lecturer or public speaker she considers herself no success. It does not disturb her to stand up and speak to a group of people however large. But after doing this she feels

that there is no gain on either side. Also she confesses that she has a shattering memory and always has to read her papers.

Dorothy Duncan does not write as the mood takes her. It is always down to a deadline. She outlines her story, makes a contract, then works to keep it. Sometimes the writing will be done without a stop far into the night, then not for two or three months.

One book, "You Can Live in an Apartment" was written without a contract but she has never been very proud of it. This writer considers "Partners in Three Worlds" to be her best book. The outline was approved by a Czech friend about whom the story was written and a contract was made with her American publishers. On the day of publication only five copies were available in New York and since then only 5,000 copies have been sold in Canada, when it is estimated that the sale could easily have reached 20,000.

Before the book was finished this conservative publishing house received information which led them to believe that the central figure in the book was not authentic, with the result that only a sufficient number of copies to cover the cost of the advanced royalties were issued.

Her Toronto publishers, deciding to buy the book plates of the books which had been published found that there were only those of two books available for none had been made for "Partner in Three Worlds." So unless the Toronto publishers issue a cheap edition of this book it will go completely out of print.

Hugh MacLennan explaining that this is a publisher's way of killing a book if they feel so inclined, said it is a heartbreaking experience for an author of a fine piece of work such as this.

Both the MacLennans consider that THE great Canadian novel has not yet been written nor is it likely to be written for many years to come for the simple reason that Canadians as a nation have yet to find themselves.

A few years ago the people of Canada looked to London and England for a pattern to follow, now their eyes are fixed on Washington and the United States. Until they can look upon their own capital and country as a guide to existence they cannot be great. And only when this happens can we ever hope for THE great Canadian novel. They both maintain that to write solely for Canada would be a poor way to make a living in fact it could not be done.

While speaking of making a living Hugh MacLennan said that after he had written "Barometer rising" one of his small

pupils came to him and said "Gee Mr. MacLennan you must have lots of money now, all those books selling at \$2.50 a copy." "When I told him that all I got was just a small percentage of this his vision of my tremendous wealth quickly faded."

I asked Dorothy Duncan if she and her husband helped each other in their work. She started to say that they worked independently but he quickly intervened saying, "I don't help Dorothy, she helps me. My last book went to the publishers after she had gone through it for me and it was printed without a single alteration!" Then he added, "You can quote me as saying that she is one of the best editors in Canada."

Dorothy Duncan has no favourite author or school of authors. She reads a lot but only books that interest her and NEVER because a book is a best-seller, or because someone recommends it. She admitted that biographies, if they are good, are to her an infinite source of pleasure at the same time finding it regrettable that well-written biographies are not too numerous. One fact which she thinks may be of interest is that she has spent a lot of time in research on outlines for biographies of Lord Strathcona and Joseph Howe. Unfortunately it was found that there was no sale for them, the reason being that as Canadian subjects, Lord Strathcona or Howe are of little interest to Americans. Her advice to any would-be author is to write honestly without fear of saying anything as long as the writer believes in it. Her husband said that he as a Canadian worries too much about what people are going to think of this and that, while Dorothy Duncan as an American, does not think about it at all. This led to a discussion on his "Two Solitudes" and the various criticisms he had received from his readers. After the conversation Dorothy Duncan looked across at me, and then smiling at her husband, said "There, really is my favourite author."

I am sure that I am not alone in hoping that she will write many more books, especially after meeting her. For I feel that anything she writes will be real and sincere, something which is indeed precious and too often lacking in the world today.

Dorothy Duncan is a charming woman with a great personality and she fully approves of the New Look. "Being tall, she said, "I can wear my skirts as long and as full as I like and I just love it."

Certainly the MacLennans are an interesting couple. Incidentally they mix an excellent martini.

"ROSA, PAINTER OF ANIMALS"

By Miss Elizabeth Murray — (Breslay Study Club).

(Third Place).

A group of boys and girls were staring up a long flight of steps. They laughed and nudged each other, and some passers-by, following their eyes, gave a laugh too. Perhaps it *was* funny to see, in a big city like Paris, a boy climbing up the steps with a pet lamb across his shoulders.

He disappeared in a doorway, and if you had been inside, you would have seen him going up more stairs, till he came to the rooms on the top floor. His sister was watching for him, and she took the lamb with a gay laugh that suddenly changed to a troubled look.

"Those big sillies out on the street. . . ." she said quickly. "They were laughing at you."

"Who? Where?" Isidore asked, when he had got his breath. "Pooh! Let them laugh if they like," and he pulled her inside.

Their house was shabby and untidy. If the Mother had been alive, there might at least have been tidiness, but a year ago she had gone, and Rosa, at twelve years old, had not learned to keep a home neat. They were happy, for all that; the Father was out all day teaching painting, and the brothers painted too, to earn a living. No one could say yet, what Rosa would be doing. Meanwhile, she kept the lamb and drew pictures of it — funny enough, some of them were, and her brother carried it downstairs every day, to have grass and air in a field, and carried it up again.

They went into their Father's studio now, and Isidore put his hand in his pocket.

"This is pay-day", he said, and there was a jingling sound in his pocket. "Close our eyes, both of us!"

Rosa closed hers quickly and with delight; she knew what was coming. Isidore pulled some money out of his pocket, threw it into the air, and when it had fallen and rolled into far corners, they opened their eyes.

"Now," Isidore said, "the next time we have no money and need a dinner, we can look until we find some." It worked well, this little game of his, and only he and Rosa knew about it.

Several summers after this, in a great market-place in Paris, animals were brought to be sold to smaller markets and butchers. It was a place full of noise and confusion, of shouting from rough, loud-voiced men, mixed with the noises of all

the animals. In the midst of it all, on top of a bale of hay, a young girl sat drawing. Her pencils in one pocket, and her lunch in another, she stayed there making drawings of the animals, until it was almost dark. Then, sliding down the side of her high perch, she went home.

Her brother arrived just as she did, and they climbed the long flights of stairs together.

"I don't like your going to that market, Rosa," he said, "and if Father knew. . . ."

"Oh, I know," Rosa interrupted quickly, "he would be angry, but that is because he does not know what it is like. Truly, Isidore, you need not trouble about me. Although the men are rough, they are never rough to me, and there is a big, red-faced driver who has made himself my friend. He would not allow any of the others to be rude, and you should see his face when he looks at my drawings — he is so completely astonished!"

They both laughed, and Rosa carried her pictures to her own room; there, she picked out the one she thought the best, and put it in her Father's studio for him to see. He came in late, and she did not see him until the next morning. As he was going out, he put his hand on her head for a moment, saying:

"How old are you now, child? Eighteen? Surely it is not possible." He went out slowly and thoughtfully, with a picture tucked under his arm. He came home at night without the picture, but with an extraordinary light in his face. Looking for Rosa, he held up a slip of paper in front of her. Rosa read the printing on it, and took it over to the window to read it again.

"Is it true, father?" she asked, almost in a whisper. "My picture to be hung in the Salon?"

There were tears in her Father's eyes, as he went over and took her hand in both of his.

"You are on the way to be famous, Rosa," he said; then, to hide his misty eyes, he turned his head and said gaily: "Isidore, congratulate your sister. What is the boy doing?"

Over in the corner, Isidore was kneeling on the floor, feeling under the chairs, searching for something. Suddenly he stood up, brushing the dust from his knees. There were two pieces of money in his hand, and he held them up for Rosa to see, with a knowing grin.

"This is a time for a celebration," he said. "I'm going to buy a cake—a big one with the squashy filling Rosa likes," and he was off down the three flights of stairs.

... A good many years later, in the Forest of Fontainebleau, a high wrought-iron fence went around a large estate, where the artist-owner kept various animals to study and paint — even a pet lion, it was said. Far on the other side of the fence, a French maid-servant was running towards the studio where the artist was working.

"Madame! Madame!" she cried, out of breath with excitement, "the Empress is here!" And Rosa had barely time to slip on a black velvet coat over her painting clothes, when the Empress stood at the door. She came in smiling, with her hand out.

"I have brought you a gift from the Emperor, Rosa Bonheur," she said, "a little jewel," and she pinned the Cross of the Legion of Honour onto the velvet coat.

THE WAY HE'S MADE

By Grace M. Hanly — (Carlyle Club)

(Fourth Place)

Had the flushed and happy crowds at Taunton Fair that sweltering day in June, been able to penetrate to the dark thoughts and troubled heart of Reverend Robert Mitchell, they would not have passed him with such brief and casual greetings. Nor would they have munched so contentedly on their hot dogs and ice-cream cones, nor listened with such pleasure to the hoarse cries of hawkers, the shrill, piercing notes of steam organs and all the other clamorous and exciting noises that seem to go with the successful, small-town Fair.

But why should they notice anything unusual? The figure of "Young" Robert, as many of the old-timers still called their sixty-five year old shepherd of Old Kirk, was a most familiar sight at this annual affair. It had been largely due to the unbounded energy and driving force of old Timothy Mitchell that these white-washed buildings had first arisen away back in Victorian days. And, scarcely had a year passed since those days that some member of the Mitchell family had not proved his worth by carrying away a prize or two. It was "young" Robert's happy boast that although the distinguished, horse-racing Mitchell family had given to their country many gentlemen farmers, business men, soldiers and lawyers, even a pair of senators, it had produced only one clergyman. Certainly he was the only ordained clergyman in Canada to own and exhibit his own registered, thorough-bred race horse. This connection with the distinguished Mitchell family undoubtedly gave him influence over many. But, it was his genuine love of

good horse-flesh and pretty women combined with a sparkling wit and a real love for all human souls that endeared him to humble farmer and rich land-owner alike. His charge at nearby Belhampton was considered a difficult one. However, since "young" Robert had taken over, even such opposite types as dour, sour-faced Farmer MacDonald and expansive oil-baron and prize-winning cattle owner, John Wilson had been surprised to find that they could work together harmoniously for the good of Old Kirk. However, no one seemed to notice to-day that the great bulk of their Minister sagged a little in the heat. His eyes were troubled as the happy, excited crowds poured into the Grand Stand for the event of the day. With a weary sigh his eyes passed beyond the busy Fair Ground to the far horizon where the blue veil of the brooding haze foreshadowed the end of this grilling day and gave promise of the coming of cool night.

To tell the truth, the thoughts of the Reverend Robert Mitchell were far from blazing sun or cool June evenings. He was re-living the events that had led up to this day.

It had all begun one boisterous evening in April when he had strolled down to the old, stone bridge to see the River Bel in spate, raging and tearing to free itself from the icy chains of winter. There he had found pretty, blonde Barbara, Farmer MacDonald's city-bred daughter-in-law. She was tear-stained and half crazy with worry and was leaning far over the stream gazing with a horrid fascination at the spot where a cake of blue ice, half submerged, whirled and twisted in the swirling, muddy waters.

As adept as a skillful surgeon, it had not taken him long to probe to the hidden depths of trouble. Nor did it take long to transfer the load of worries from frail pink-clad to broad clerical shoulders. It had seemed then most fitting and right, in fact, almost a routine matter that he should promise to communicate with her delinquent brother Fred, in Montreal and that he should make himself responsible for the paltry missing sum of sixty dollars.

However, a country parson has little need of ready cash. At least that is what his board of managers and wealthy brothers seemed to think. And, moreover, how was he to know that the sum would rise from sixty to one hundred and sixty dollars? How was he to know that his loving, trusting, old wife would suddenly become suspicious and outspoken about his most innocent friendship with young Barbara? Or that Mrs. Brewer, wealthy donor of many good things at old Kirk, would without warning fall under the influence of a new,

religious movement in Chicago and feel uninterested in worthy causes in far away Belhampton? Then, next day in Montreal—Why, oh why? had Mr. Wilson met him that fatal day and handed over to him, and in cash two hundred dollars for the organ fund? Was the saving of young Barbara and her brother Fred, from the stern judgment of MacDonaldis, worth so much? Was it the curse of his sporting ancestors, the evil inheritance from generations of gambling Mitchells, or some weakness in his own make-up that forced him on, until he had taken the irrevocable step and sought out the disreputable book-maker. He had placed the money, John Wilson's money, on his own horse, Black Bess to be driven in the sulky race this afternoon by his son, Martin.

With something like a shudder he became conscious of his surroundings. Taking his spotless, white handkerchief from his pocket he mopped his dripping, red face, and passed it twice around between his neck and wilted, ministerial collar. Then trying to control his weary muscles he ploughed his way through the thickening crowd around the race track. How many times he had laughed and joked his way through this gay, wise-cracking mob and how happy he would be to-day to exchange this heavy, throbbing heart for the light unconcern of other years. Could he dare to breathe a word of prayer for the outcome of this trivial race? Too late! The horses are already out. They are trotting swiftly and smoothly towards him on their exhibition round. He catches a brief glimpse of shining Black Bess—a flashing smile from blue-eyed, wind-blown Martin. How like his mother he is, smiling and efficient, and yet, the blazing light in his blue eyes of generations of racing Mitchells. Poor Molly, what would she think were she ever to hear of this latest, wildest escapade of her aggravating, clerical spouse. He realizes now that he is risking on this race, something far more precious than the money. However, it is too late for regrets. After three false starts they're off.

There are only two that need be watched. There is John Wilson's sleek bay driven by his hard-bitten, old groom, a wily, Old-timer. The other is a graceful, long-legged, chestnut expertly handled by its owner, a grim and stubborn Scot who has more than once carried away the honours here. Martin is doing his best to crowd Black Bess in next to the fence but as he turns for the last round he knows only too well that he cannot hope to displace the inflexible Scot and already John Wilson's bay is drawing up and pressing him hard on the left. So, born gambler that he is, he gives gallant Bess her

head and the last spurt is on. The Scot and his chestnut are half a length ahead, young Martin and Wilson's groom abreast in second place. It is only in the last five seconds of that exciting two minutes and ten seconds that Bess, at last, with a final effort, plunges ahead and all is saved.

Dizzy, soaking wet, but strangely cold and very numb, unseeing, sick and yet rejoicing, old Mitchell turns aside to find that lousy, flea-bitten book maker, scum of all the earth, for it is he who holds alike his precious reputation and his soiled money in his greasy pocket. He is filled now with a humming, raging, pounding fury and can scarcely see or comprehend young Barbara as she clutches at him as he passes. She is all smiles and pretty animation as she tries to get it through his thick and aching head that—"All danger, dear Mr. Mitchell, is over. I've got the money. I sold my prize hens to Mr. Wilson, and, besides, I've won the cooking competition."

So, his sacrifice is merely silly?—But, more dizziness and real waves of sickness now. No matter—he must struggle on. It is only a matter of minutes now and the two hundred dollars will be safely back in the organ fund—But what is this? . . . a tight band around his chest . . . a smothering and enveloping blackness . . . "No, not this! Not yet! . . . But already he is down and kind friends are racing for Molly and the doctor.

When Mr. Mitchell opened his eyes that night, the far away blue mists of the afternoon had fulfilled their promise and the cool evening breeze was gently stirring the ruffles of the spotless muslin curtains at his bedroom window.

Almost before he had time to think back to the uncomfortable events of the past two months, he realized that the living room, the hall, even the lawn in front of the house was filled with the sounds of low, friendly voices. Apparently quite a number of people had gathered. Presently he was able to distinguish the low suave tones of Squire Wilson's voice half drowned in rich, fat chuckles, "Why, bless you, if I'd known it was for a horse race and not a noisy organ I'd have given the old sport twice the money." And in reply came Farmer MacDonald's broad Scotch. The fact that he used the Scottish dialect revealed that he was deeply moved—"Man, you wouldna have been riskin' yer money. Young Robert kens his horses. . ." The rest was lost, for just then, above the general hubbub rose Barbara's clear, young voice. . . "Oh, Mrs. Mitchell, wasn't it sweet of him to risk all that for Fred and me. . . Fred thinks he's such a sport, and as for Daddy MacDonald. . . did you see him running for the doctor? I never saw him travel so fast. . .no, nor look so anxious either."

Another pause filled with the general murmur of many sympathetic and happy voices. Then from somewhere out on the lawn rose the voice of Martin with just the suspicion of a break in its adolescent tones, "Gee, Dad must have known I'd win that race." But best of all came Molly's cool contralto, as cool and healing as the evening breeze after the heat of day. But there was a sigh in her voice and a touch of resignation too. "Well,—that's just Robert—and the way he's made."

POETRY COMPETITION

The Judge of this Competition was Mr. Robert Speir, M.A., of Selwyn House, whose comments were as follows:

"The best in my opinion is Autumn Mood by Edythe M. Cox. Perhaps its outstanding quality is the imaginative unity which is sustained throughout the poem.

"Second place has been given to the Sonnet "To a Parrot Tulip" by Christine L. Henderson. I felt that there was a deeper sincerity of feeling in this poem than in any of the others but not quite the same delicacy of language as in Autumn Mood, to which it comes a very close second."

AUTUMN MOOD

By Edythe M. Cox (Edgehill Club)

Through Springs' Andante, tremulous and pale,
And the soft warmth of Summer's Pastorale,
The year swings on to mellowed, perfumed hours,
Graced with the every hue of many flowers,
And lingers—hushed with August's lazy days,
Into September with its gentle haze.

But now a change of mood—as all around
One feels a soft reverberating sound —
A re-awakening. A muffled stir
Of innate forces in both land and air,
Breaking the spell of Summer's idle dream,
Marks the beginning of the Autumn Theme.

In this most glorious Passage of the year,
All elements unite — bringing to bear
Their loveliest and best — treasures unknown,
In gorgeousness of shade and depth of tone,
As from this faintest glimmering of power,
The Movement gains with every passing hour.

Depth, height and colour in its onward sweep
With now a quickening of pace — a forward leap —
A sharp arpeggio — a stab of flame —
As beauty massed on beauty without name,
Reaches a glory far beyond this sphere,
As Nature in her ecstasy lays bare
Her very soul.

THIS ENTRY WAS PLACED SECOND IN THE
POETRY COMPETITION

SONNET

To a Parrot Tulip

By Christine Henderson, Associate Member

Forth from the chilly bosom of the earth
Exotic child of Nature, thou dost spring
Swaying on slender stem, so gay a thing
In splendor of barbaric hues! Thy birth
In our cold northern clime seems marvellous,
—As t'were a gorgeous southern bird, astray,
Vivid and flame-like, sporting for a day
In pale and placid paths, adventurous!
And to thy radiant presence, who hast come
In bright, unheeding beauty's gracious guise,
We give our thanks, but wonder thou art dumb,—
No voice to match thy petals? Thou art wise,
Only a subtle fragrance speaks for thee
And deeper sets thy spell and mystery!

CONTRIBUTED UNDER BY-LAW III

AN OLD MISSION HOUSE BESIDE THE NEW MODERN
CHURCH AT BELOEIL AS SEEN FROM ST. HILAIRE

By S. A. Beatrice Asbury (Associate Member)

On distant side, beyond the river bank
I see it stand, in autumn's fading light,
And marching slowly, in a solemn rank
The spirits of our pioneers, in white,
I see come forth from old grey mission house,
Blest martyrs, victims of Iroquois band
Whose deeds have kept aflame a sacred light
Of reverence in this Canadian land.

On distant side, beyond the river bank
I see it stand, in modern fresh array,
The bells peal forth a joyous echoing,
And man responds in loyal love to pray.
And I on distant side, remembering,
See not the massive walls of new hewn stone,
Nor white spire's glitter in the lighted ray,
Enthroned, the old grey mission stands alone.

CONTRIBUTION UNDER BY-LAW III

"Kristli's Trees," by Mabel Dunham.

Reviewed by Mrs. H. L. Land, St. Lambert Reading Club

This is the story of Kristli, a little Mennonite boy with blue eyes and copper coloured hair. Something wonderful has happened to Kristli—when he went to bed one evening in May he was six years old and when he wakened the next morning he was seven. Even in a Mennonite family a birthday is a special day. The best part of Kristli's birthday is when he and his Doddy plant his tree.

On the day when Kristli was born, his Doddy had planted his first tree, and on each birthday since then, together they have planted another. Maple trees, planted on the flat land by Kristli's beautiful Conestoga River which runs through his Doddy's farm.

How Kristli loves that river — a mere creek during the dry summer months, an exciting place to skate and slide during the winter months, and a turbulent, rushing river in the spring, sweeping everything before it. But not Kristli's trees, for their roots have grown deep and strong. How Kristli loves his trees. Tender green things in the spring, blazing with brilliant scarlet in the autumn, and, in the winter when a storm covers them with sleet, sparkling in the sunshine as though a fairy had touched them.

As they plant this, his eighth tree, his Doddy tells him to care for it—to water it, and watch for caterpillars, for caring for a tree is like bringing up a little boy. So badly do Mommy and Doddy want Kristli to remain on the farm and not go away to the big city, — like Elizabeth and Pete. They had gone there to school and not come back. Elizabeth had left off her long black skirts and her plain black bonnet. Lovely Elizabeth, with her flashing dimples and her big white hat with the red cherries on it. The best nurse in the hospital, says the smiling young doctor who stays close by her side. And Pete, with his shiny black car—forty-nine miles an

hour they went, until Mommy and Doddy cried out in alarm. How Kristli wished they might have gone fifty!

Already Kristli knows that he will never leave his farm, his beautiful river, and his lovely trees, for even now his roots have grown so deep into the soil that nothing can disturb them.

He loves his sister Lovina—a happy laughing girl, who makes a game even of picking peas; who tells such wonderful stories — even stories from the Bible are exciting when Lovina tells them. Samantha, his oldest sister, plain inside as well as outside, frowns upon such nonsense. It is the diabolical that makes Lovina so flight headed. Poor Kristli, the diabolical to him is such a miserable creature, who sits on his shoulder and makes it so attractive to do wrong. Like when his cousin Mannie from the city comes to visit him for three-four days. Why they even stole money from groszgrozdoddy to go to the circus.

Groszgrozdoddy Kristli loves almost more than anyone else in the world. Groszgrozdoddy is blind with his eyes, but he can see with his ears, his hands, and best of all he can see backwards. Wonderful stories he tells of the first Mennonite settlers who came from Switzerland three hundred years ago, brought out by the British William Penn, who promised them freedom of religion and exemption from military service. They settled in Pennsylvania and later, when Pennsylvania was no longer under British rule, a band led by groszgrozdoddy's groszgrozdoddy crossed into Canada in the huge covered conestoga wagons, hacking their homes out of the dense bushland just north of Kitchener and Waterloo, where today we find a settlement of happy contented people, with prosperous productive farms so well cared for.

Mabel Dunham, the author of this book, recently given her degree of Doctor of Literature, and at present lecturer in Library Science at Waterloo College, has spent most of her sixty-four years in Ontario. United Empire Loyalist stock on her father's side and Pennsylvania Dutch on her mother's side, she has always been deeply interested in the problems of the minority groups in Canada.

Coming into this country at the present time are thousands of people from other countries. It is interesting to note that the fifty thousandth was represented by an eight-year-old Latvian girl who was presented with Tavener's book on Canadians birds by immigration officials.

We want these children from other lands to grow up in a friendly, happy atmosphere, with their roots so deeply embedded in good Canadian soil that, like Kristli's, nothing can

disturb them. So much does this depend on their associations with the Canadian children with whom they will come in contact, and how better to educate Canadian children to accept the difference in dress, in customs, in speech, and in religion, than by reading to them and explaining to them such books as "Kristli's Trees."

CONTRIBUTED UNDER BY-LAW III.

BRITISH ARCHITECTS AND CRAFTSMEN

By Sacheverall Sitwell

Reviewed by Miss Eleanor Shanly of the 1936 Reading Club.

I have chosen "British Architects and Craftsmen" by Sacheverall Sitwell, who fell in love with architecture in Italy at the age of ten. He is now an authority on Europe's architectural art and its attendant crafts, come at last to the British Isles, to discover treasure untold but little known, neglected and commercially despoiled treasure, so that in war, the hand of destruction seemed but little less destructive in peace.

To Sitwell architecture is history. It can console and inspire as can no other art save music.

In his "Survey of taste, design, and style, during two centuries — 1600-1830"—a master in his own craft has limned against its European background, with a touch of humour and a spice of gossip, — his poetic pride in, and understanding of, Britain's genius in building, second in glory only to that of the written word.

From Tudor renaissance — light and airy as its madrigals,—there is a rise to the golden age of craftsmanship where Christopher Wren, greatest of all greats in use of colour and in versatility, disputes laurels with Italy's Bernini; a gentle decline past Kent, — master in Palladian, — past Adams "greatest for those things for which we know him least."

The end comes in a time so like 1944, "Full of terror and intoxication, with great events pending."

A time of the Regency's Reform Club, United Services and Athenaeum, and probably, the last good buildings.

From the hunting friezes in Bess of Hardwick's Hall, where Mary of Scotland's needlepoint now moulders, to Temple Newsom's Chinese wall-paper, with its extra birds painted on to please Victoria. On this long pilgrimage in the Kingdom of Beauty are the notable of all the crafts, even to landscape gardeners and engravers of tradesmen's cards. Here too there is many a servant of other muses, with perchance a mere proprietor or his letter-writing guest.

It is the author's thesis that each period of architecture came late to England, to linger on after its continental decay. Stylish extravagant edifices aped the best in Europe. As the influence of the grand spread to the lesser, from the cities to the market towns, native talent transmuted the pattern into a purely indigenous artistic achievement equalling, often indeed transcending its model. Where genius in architecture has flourished it may come again.

British Architecture and Craftsmen with its 200 pages and 200 illustrations, drawings, and photographs, is a Blenheim of a book. To a kingdom rising numbed and exhausted from the ashes of war, it must be bringing comfort and stimulus. For myself, the pudding has "taste, design and style," though I but borrowed from Sitwell the heirloom silver spoon.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

In making a short review of the past season, it is very gratifying to find that this Association of Reading Clubs is maintaining its membership, and thereby showing that it is fulfilling its role of pleasant and satisfying entertainment for all of us who belong to it.

The Oral Competition had the largest attendance yet recorded, 114 members were registered, but as 120 chairs were filled, it appears certain that some of the more agile amongst us must have slipped past the watchful eyes of our registrars undetected. Perhaps we are getting rather used to a high standard of reviews; we expected them to be good, and were not disappointed; few of us I am sure would have relished the task of the judges in picking the winners. A very interesting feature of this Oral Competition was the fact that every Club in the Association was actively represented in the running of this event. We met with nothing but wholehearted and enthusiastic response from all who were asked to assist, and the result of this cooperation was a very entertaining evening for us all.

I would like to take this opportunity of congratulating the winners of the various Competitions, Miss Diana Cox, Miss Gwynneth Lewis, and Mrs. Case, who were judged 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, respectively in the Book Reviews, and Mrs. Colin Anderson, Mrs. G. Glass, Miss Elizabeth Murray, and Mrs. Hanly, in the Written Competitions; the honours in the poetry section going to Mrs. G. W. Cox and Mrs. Henderson.

The subjects chosen for the programmes of the various Clubs this season have been most diversified, covering a wide

field, such as, "Women" — always a fascinating topic! — social, political, and geographical subjects, biographies and book reviews. The information thus gained from these interesting papers must surely entitle us to the status of "Readers" and we should not incur the disapproval of Dr. Samuel Johnson who declared that "Those who do not read, can have nothing to think, and little to say."

The Association is very grateful to Mrs. McBain who conducted a series of lectures on writing which were very well attended, and who also acted as judge of the Book Reviews. This coming season, a course in Public Speaking will be given by Miss Margaret Sutherland. Many members have expressed an interest in this, and I feel sure the classes will prove to be very popular.

I would like to express the thanks of the Association to all who have given so generously of their time, to the members of the Council, and to our excellent Co-ordinator and Conveners, and we would like them to know that we appreciate the many hours of work and telephoning which they have put in on behalf of the Association.

Much to our regret, the Reader's Guild was disbanded during the season, we hope that they have not dropped out for good, but will re-organize again in the near future. However, this loss was mitigated by the formation of a new Club, which will be known as The Wayfarers'. They are very recently formed and so far have only five members, but under the leadership of their President, Mrs. Bryson, I am sure they will increase in numbers, and we hope to hear from them at our next Oral Competition.

We were sorry to have to accept the resignation of a member of the Council, Mrs. Hibbert Troop, who is returning to England. In her place, the Council appointed Mrs. J. D. McRae who most ably filled this vacancy for the remainder of the season.

In closing, I feel I am certainly expressing the sentiments of the Council and of the whole Association, when I say that we are indeed happy that Mrs. Lewin has graciously accepted the position of Honorary President of the Canadian Association of Reading Clubs. As its Founder, and its guiding spirit, she has worked unceasingly since its inception, and it is to her that we are indebted in no small measure for the many hours of interesting and educational relaxation we have found in our Reading Clubs.

LUCY ROWAN,
President,
Canadian Association of Reading Clubs.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Madam Chairman and Fellow-Members

The object of this organization is to provide a means for an interchange of ideas among the associated clubs. In looking over the activities of the past year we may see listed quite a range of opportunities for achieving this object all of which goes to show that the mind and heart of the general body have not been dormant.

Apart from the Associated Clubs fulfilling their own aims they have been presented with chances of co-operating in other enterprises which have offered a very good medium for an interchange of ideas.

There was a meeting on Dec. 3rd, to which representatives of every club were invited to come to discuss the Oral Competition. This meeting was attended by twenty-two members. They outlined a general plan for this our foremost event of the season. The Oral Competition is duly reported on by the Co-ordinator of the evening's programme under separate title.

A course of lectures as announced in last year's Leaflet and so popular as to have had to be repeated after the New Year, is also reported on by the Convener of the Written Competitions and appended hereto.

Our lecturer, Mrs. McBain, very kindly acceded to a request from the Convener of the Written Competitions to give a little informal talk to any club secretaries and their colleagues who were interested in the instruction, on the subject of writing reports. This was attended by fifteen members. A few general principles were confirmed and some anecdotes and instances of success and non-success, were quoted, by which one could see that flights of fancy should be restricted where it is essential to enumerate facts first.

A letter was sent to Mrs. McBain in appreciation of the interest she has taken in us in more ways than one and particularly in giving so unstintingly of her time.

Other letters sent out included one to Miss Katherine Trenholme for so kindly assisting in the judging of the Book Reviews.

A letter was received from Mrs. Troop, one of the Council members, informing us of her expected permanent departure from Montreal and tendering her resignation accordingly. The letter was read with regret, and the name of Mrs. McRae was subsequently chosen to replace the name of Mrs. Troop on the Council according to the provision in our By-Laws.

A letter was received from the Carlyle Reading Club suggesting changes in our nominating and election system. The Council gave intensive consideration to this subject particularly studying the book "How to Conduct Public Meetings in Canada" by Helen Gregory MacGill, which is the authority by which we are governed. On March 1st a letter was sent to every club secretary in an endeavour to make clear the two procedures which appear to be commonly used in choosing executive committees, viz: 1) The pre-arranged Slate method; 2) The election by ballot method with nominations sent in by members. Each Secretary was asked to register the opinion of her club as to whether we should retain the procedure for which our Constitution provides or whether a change requiring an alteration in the structure of our general set-up would be preferred. The response was thus:

The club which initiated the idea, the Carlyle Club, favoured a change. Twelve clubs sent letters emphasizing opposition to a change, some of them going into reasons why a change was not desirable. Two clubs did not reply. As the letter sent out stated that if no reply were received it would be taken to mean approval of the present system, we assume that the two clubs referred to intend their silence to indicate a wish to abide by the present Constitution. Therefore while there is one voice for a change, there seems to be a preponderating voice against it.

A letter of thanks was sent to Mr. Paul Kuhring for giving his valuable time and judgment in pronouncing on our written competitions.

Our thanks also were expressed in a letter to Mr. Robert Speirs, M.A., who likewise earned our appreciative thanks for the service thus so graciously rendered to us.

There have been five Council Meetings during the season. There have been three sets of mimeographed notices distributed.

One club, The Readers Guild, has been obliged to disband which is a loss of no small consequence as the leader Mrs. Grimson, was one of our active and interested members last year. But we also have one new club to announce and welcome, namely the Wayfarers Club introduced by Mrs. Rowan.

The total membership now stands at 232, a slightly higher figure than at this time last year. Of these 48 are Associate Members.

Respectfully submitted,

JESSIE A. LEWIN,
Secretary.

REPORT OF WRITTEN COMPETITIONS CONVENER

Madam Chairman, and Fellow-members:

Despite evidence of success crowning our efforts to arouse interest in the written competitions, the number of prose and poetry entries this year ran fairly close to last year's results.

Mr. Paul Kuhring again kindly acted as our judge in the prose entries which numbered six, the winning ones being printed.

Nine examples of verse were received in the poetry competition. Upon these Mr. Robert Speirs, M.A., Master of Selwyn House, has passed judgment and the winning ones are printed.

In accordance with the plan proposed at the close of last year a series of six lectures upon writing given by Mrs. A. R. McBain, was organized by the Convener of the Written Competitions.

The opening lecture took place on October 21st at the home of Mrs. Grimson of the Reader's Guild. Fourteen members took advantage of this series, representing six clubs.

At the Representative Meeting in December requests were received for a further course of lectures under the same leadership to be arranged following the Christmas interval. These were held on Wednesday afternoons fortnightly and thirteen members enjoyed them at the various members' homes. Nine clubs were represented with one Associate Member. Thus twenty-six people drawn from twelve clubs heard these talks by Mrs. McBain. Reports indicate that the lecturer won the affectionate admiration of her hearers. Personal charm, whimsical humour and a sympathetic approach combine to make her an ideal teacher. The Association at large has been stimulated by contact with her informed mind and her excellent advice.

It is strongly hoped that much good may result from Mrs. McBain's gentle criticism and that our standard of writing will continue to show improvement both in quantity and quality.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY HANSON,
Convener of Written Competitions.

MINUTES OF ANNUAL MEETING 1949

On Friday, April 29th the 14th Annual Meeting was held at Channing Hall. The President opened the meeting at 8.15 p.m. Mrs. Mitham reported an attendance of 47 including one Associate Member.

MOVED BY Mrs. Leslie Skelton, SECONDED BY Mrs. Geo. Dingle that the minutes of the last meeting be taken as read. Carried.

The President announced that the Chairman of the Nominations Committee was unable to be present. Mrs. Skelton would act in her place. Mrs. Skelton read the report of the Nominations Committee.

The President asked the Meeting if a suggestion to appoint Mrs. Lewin as Honorary President would meet with approval. MOVED BY Mrs. Skelton, SECONDED BY Miss Gwyneth Lewis, that such an appointment be made. Carried.

Reports were read from the Treasurer, Secretary, Convener of Written Competitions, and Co-Ordinator of the Oral Competition. The adoption was MOVED BY Miss Elizabeth Murray, SECONDED BY Mrs. Eadie and carried.

Brief reports were read from each of the 16 Associated Clubs, adopted, and seconded by Mrs. Mitham and carried. Mrs. Lewin acknowledged with appreciation the courteous gesture of the Meeting in appointing her as Honorary President.

The President's Address was given. Mrs. Skelton called the roll of the 30 appointed delegates. All were present.

MOVED BY Mrs. Hyland, SECONDED BY Mrs. Eadie that the fee remain the same. Carried.

The President said that a course in Public Speaking under Miss Margaret Sutherland would be arranged next season if a sufficient number of applications came in, and that Mrs. McRae would be the convener of the classes. Mrs. Paul Kuhring took the chair for the elections. She read aloud the qualifications of each candidate. There was but one name presented for each of the first four offices and seven for the three Council members, Mrs. Skelton conducted the balloting after which Mrs. Kuhring announced that the slate read thus: Pres., Mrs. R. Rowan, Vice-Pres., Mrs. C. Woolgar, Treas., Mrs. Hyland, Sec. Mrs. E. Hanson. Council Members. Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. MacRae, Miss Edna Browne. MOVED BY Miss Diana Cox, SECONDED BY Mrs. Eadie, that the Secretary be asked to cast a ballot for this slate. Carried. Mrs. Colton moved a vote of thanks to the retiring officers. Mrs. Rowan adjourned the Meeting. Respectfully submitted, Jessie A. Lewin, Sec.

CONSTITUTION

Art. I: NAME. The name of this organization shall be the Canadian Association of Reading Clubs.

Art. II: OBJECT. The object of the Association shall be to provide a means for the interchange of ideas among the Associated Clubs.

Art. III: MEMBERSHIP. (Sec. 1) Any reading Club of not less than 5 members whose object is to carry out a pre-arranged programme of reading and study and which holds at least 5 meetings a year may join the Association and each member of an Associated Club shall be a member of the Association. (Sec. 2) Any individual person who is not a member of an Associated Club may become an Associate Member of the Association.

Art. IV: OFFICERS. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, all resident in the district of Montreal and 3 other officers who may be members of any associated club. These officers acting together shall be known as the Council and shall be elected at the Annual Meeting.

Art. V: MEETINGS. (Sec. 1) The Annual Meeting of the Association shall be held in Montreal in April notice of which together with agenda shall be sent to each associated Club and Associate member three weeks beforehand. This Meeting shall be open to all Members and Associate Members. (Sec. 2) A Special Meeting of the Association may be called at the discretion of the Council or at the request of not less than three Associated Clubs.

Art. VI: AMENDMENT. This Constitution may be amended at any Annual or Special Meeting of the Association provided that notice of the proposed amendment has been given to each Associated Club a least three months in advance of the meeting and the amendment is carried by a two-thirds vote.

BY-LAWS

Art. I: MEMBERSHIP. (Sec. 1) An Associated Club may obtain membership in the Association by applying to and being accepted by the Council. (Sec. 2) Associate Membership may be obtained through the sponsorship of a member or on approval of the Council. Associate Members shall have no voting privileges but may participate in all other activities of the Association.

Art. II: NOMINATIONS, ELECTION AND DUTIES OF OFFICERS. (Sec. 1) Previous to the Annual Meeting the Council shall appoint a Committee to receive nominations for officers of the Council, **obtain the consent** of the nominee to stand for election and present the nominations to the Annual Meeting. Nominations may also be made from the floor. (Sec. 2) Each Associated Club may send one delegate for every 5 members or may appoint a member or members of any associated Club to act as proxy for its delegate or delegates to vote at annual or special meetings of the Association. Voting shall be restricted to duly appointed delegates or their proxies. (Sec. 3) The elected officers shall take office after the publication of the Leaflet and shall hold office for 1 year. (Sec. 4) Should a vacancy occur in the Council between Annual Meetings the Council shall have the power to appoint a substitute. (Sec. 5) The Council shall administer the affairs of the Association and shall meet at the call of the President. (Sec. 6) In addition to the usual duties the President shall be responsible for the issuing and punctual appearance of the Leaflet and the Secretary for the prompt distribution of the same to every member and associate member of the Association.

Art. III LEAFLET. (Sec. 1) The chief means of interchanging ideas among the clubs shall be through the medium of an Annual Leaflet which shall be issued in May and ready for distribution by June 1st. This Leaflet shall contain the programmes for the following season of all the Associated Clubs. Any additional matter approved by the Council may also be included. (Sec. 2.) Each Associated Club shall be required to send in a copy of its next season's programme to the Secretary of the Association by April 10th. (Sec. 3) Any Associated Club, member or Associate Member may submit to the Council for insertion in the Leaflet any contributions to which they are prepared to meet the extra expense. All contributions to be printed in the Leaflet should be in the hands of the Secretary by April 10. (Sec. 4) The President may appoint an assistant to act as editor of the Leaflet.

Art. IV: FEES. There shall be an annual per capita membership fee to be fixed each year at the Annual Meeting. Membership whenever taken out is valid only until the end of the fiscal year. The fiscal year shall end on the 14th day of April in each year. Fees are payable at the beginning of the fiscal year or when membership is taken out. The Secretaries of the Associated Clubs shall be required to send the fees together with the names, addresses and telephone numbers to the Treasurer of the Association not later than January 15th.

Art. V: QUORUM. In the meetings of the Association one third of the total delegates appointed by the Clubs shall constitute a quorum. In the meetings of the Council three members shall constitute a quorum.

Art. VI: AUTHORITY. The rules in "How to Conduct Public Meetings in Canada" by Helen Gregory MacGill shall govern this organization in all cases in which they are not inconsistent with the Constitution and by-laws of this Association.

Art. VII: AMENDMENT. These By-laws may be amended at any Special or Annual Meeting of the Association by a two-third vote provided that notice of the proposed amendment has been given three months in advance.

PAST PRESIDENTS

Mrs. Jessie Lewin	1936-37 and 1937-38
Mrs. G. Warburton Cox	1938-39 and 1939-40
Mrs. J. W. Weldon	1940-41 and 1941-42
Mrs. Mostyn Lewis	1942-43 and 1943-44
Mrs. Leslie Skelton	1944-45 and 1945-46
Miss Janet M. Doxsey	1946-47 to January 1948
Mrs. G. Warburton Cox	January to April 1948
Mrs. Robert Rowan	1948-49

EXPENDITURES	RECEIPTS
Printing of Leaflet	Total receipts to date
Postage of Leaflet	Balance in Bank
Balance in Bank	Total

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
 CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF READING CLUBS
 Fiscal year ending April 14th, 1949

RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURES	
Balance brought forward	\$133.83	Printing Leaflet 1948	\$140.11
Bank Interest70	Hall Rent, Annual Meeting 1948	3.00
Fees (2) 1947-4870	Expenses — Oral Competition, 1949.	9.00
Fees (173 Local) 1948-49	86.50	Postage, Stationery, Mimeographing ...	16.80
Fees (11 Out-of-town) 1948-49	3.85	Balance in Bank....	152.03
Fees (47 Associates) 1948-49	16.45		
Contributions under By-law III	8.00		
Donations	13.00		
Sale of Leaflets	1.25		
Collection Annual Meeting 1948	7.54		
Book Auction 1948 ...	14.84		
Collection Oral Comp. 1949	17.76		
Book Auction 1949 ...	16.52		
	<u>\$320.94</u>		<u>\$320.94</u>

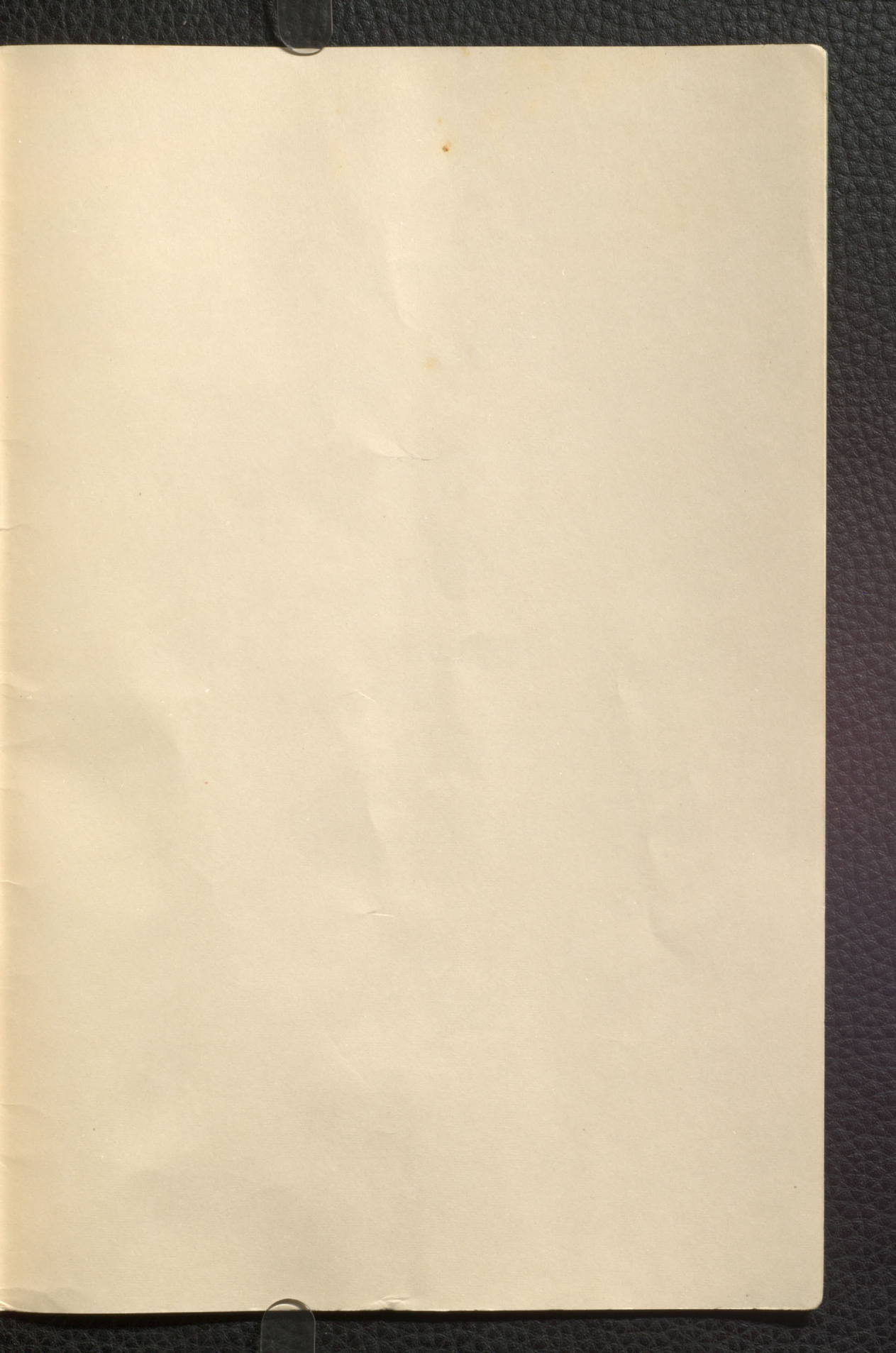
(Signed) LESLEY CRERAR
Treasurer.

Montreal, 29th April, 1949.

SUPPLEMENTARY STATEMENT

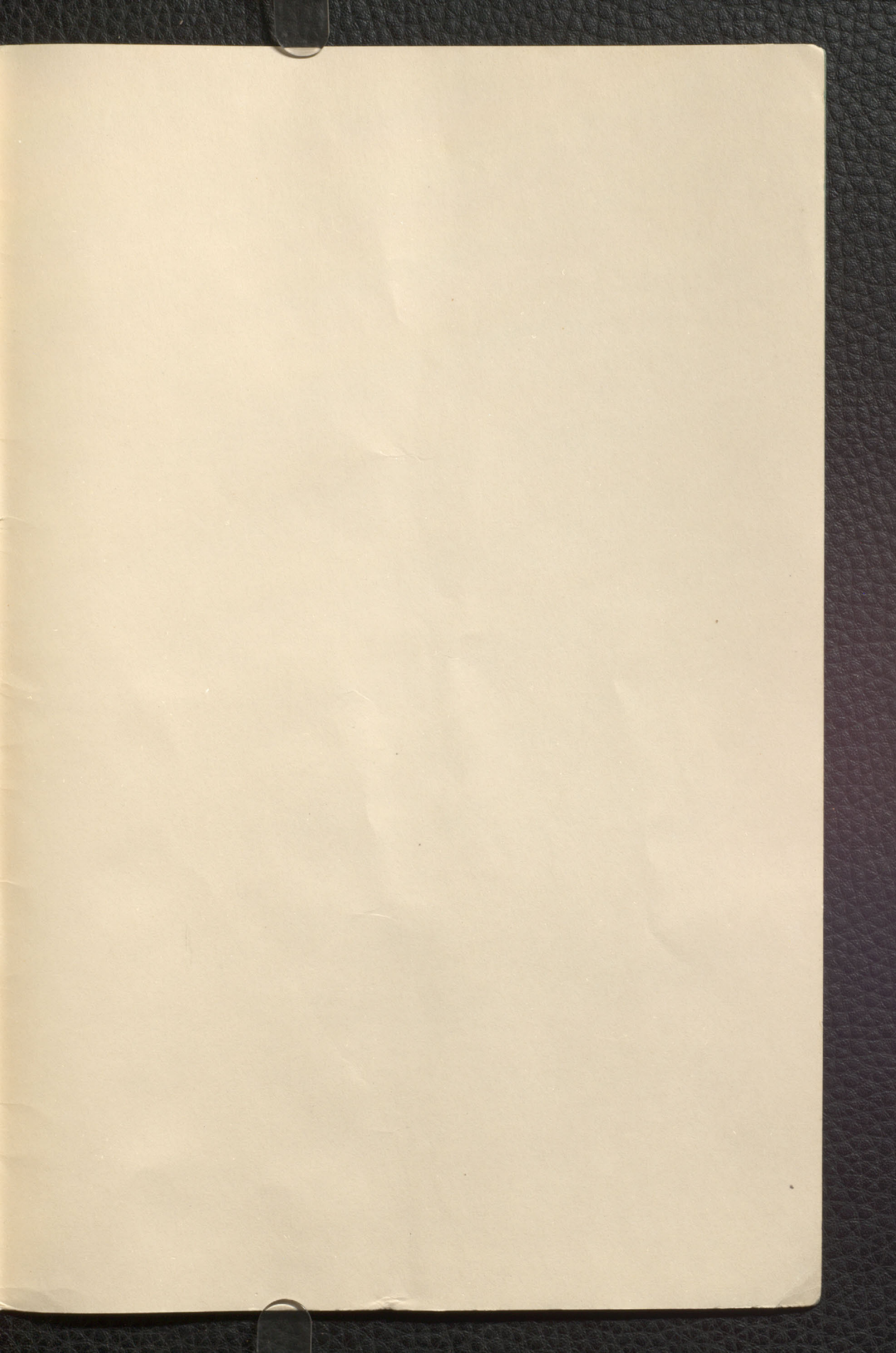
(As at 16th May — 1949)

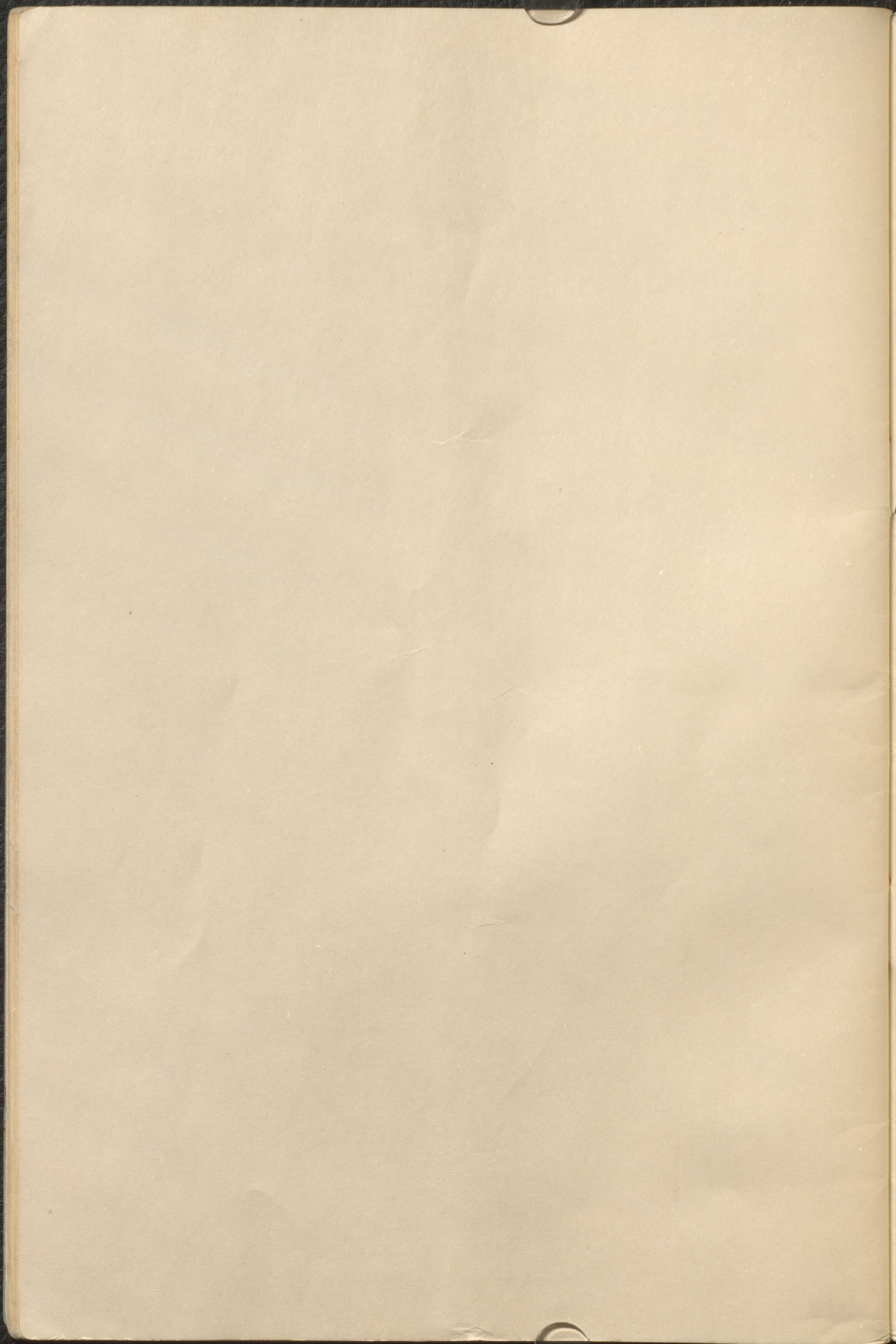
RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURES	
B/d.	\$152.03	Printing of Leaflet ..	\$179.82
Total receipts to date..	31.40	Postage of Leaflet .	3.61
	<u>\$183.43</u>	Balance in Bank ..	<u> </u>
		Total	\$183.43

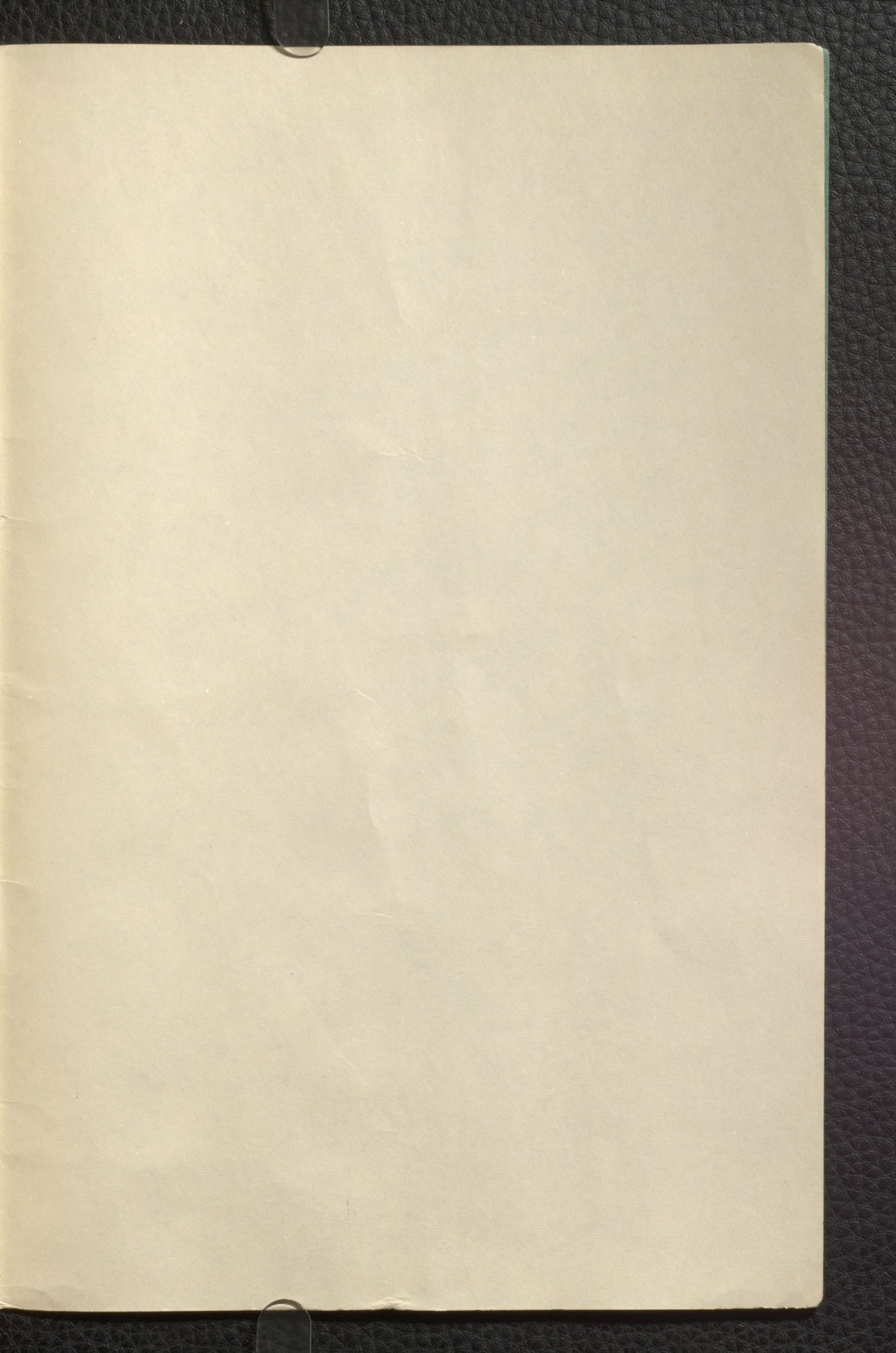


FINANCIAL STATEMENT
 CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF WRITERS
 Fiscal year ending April 14th 1948

REVENUES	EXPENDITURES
Income brought over	Printing Ledger
1947-48	1947
1948-49	1948
1949-50	1949
1950-51	1950
1951-52	1951
1952-53	1952
1953-54	1953
1954-55	1954
1955-56	1955
1956-57	1956
1957-58	1957
1958-59	1958
1959-60	1959
1960-61	1960
1961-62	1961
1962-63	1962
1963-64	1963
1964-65	1964
1965-66	1965
1966-67	1966
1967-68	1967
1968-69	1968
1969-70	1969
1970-71	1970
1971-72	1971
1972-73	1972
1973-74	1973
1974-75	1974
1975-76	1975
1976-77	1976
1977-78	1977
1978-79	1978
1979-80	1979
1980-81	1980
1981-82	1981
1982-83	1982
1983-84	1983
1984-85	1984
1985-86	1985
1986-87	1986
1987-88	1987
1988-89	1988
1989-90	1989
1990-91	1990
1991-92	1991
1992-93	1992
1993-94	1993
1994-95	1994
1995-96	1995
1996-97	1996
1997-98	1997
1998-99	1998
1999-00	1999
2000-01	2000
2001-02	2001
2002-03	2002
2003-04	2003
2004-05	2004
2005-06	2005
2006-07	2006
2007-08	2007
2008-09	2008
2009-10	2009
2010-11	2010
2011-12	2011
2012-13	2012
2013-14	2013
2014-15	2014
2015-16	2015
2016-17	2016
2017-18	2017
2018-19	2018
2019-20	2019
2020-21	2020
2021-22	2021
2022-23	2022
2023-24	2023
2024-25	2024
2025-26	2025
2026-27	2026
2027-28	2027
2028-29	2028
2029-30	2029
2030-31	2030
2031-32	2031
2032-33	2032
2033-34	2033
2034-35	2034
2035-36	2035
2036-37	2036
2037-38	2037
2038-39	2038
2039-40	2039
2040-41	2040
2041-42	2041
2042-43	2042
2043-44	2043
2044-45	2044
2045-46	2045
2046-47	2046
2047-48	2047
2048-49	2048
2049-50	2049
2050-51	2050
2051-52	2051
2052-53	2052
2053-54	2053
2054-55	2054
2055-56	2055
2056-57	2056
2057-58	2057
2058-59	2058
2059-60	2059
2060-61	2060
2061-62	2061
2062-63	2062
2063-64	2063
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2065-66	2065
2066-67	2066
2067-68	2067
2068-69	2068
2069-70	2069
2070-71	2070
2071-72	2071
2072-73	2072
2073-74	2073
2074-75	2074
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2086-87	2086
2087-88	2087
2088-89	2088
2089-90	2089
2090-91	2090
2091-92	2091
2092-93	2092
2093-94	2093
2094-95	2094
2095-96	2095
2096-97	2096
2097-98	2097
2098-99	2098
2099-00	2099
2100-01	2100
2101-02	2101
2102-03	2102
2103-04	2103
2104-05	2104
2105-06	2105
2106-07	2106
2107-08	2107
2108-09	2108
2109-10	2109
2110-11	2110
2111-12	2111
2112-13	2112
2113-14	2113
2114-15	2114
2115-16	2115
2116-17	2116
2117-18	2117
2118-19	2118
2119-20	2119
2120-21	2120
2121-22	2121
2122-23	2122
2123-24	2123
2124-25	2124
2125-26	2125
2126-27	2126
2127-28	2127
2128-29	2128
2129-30	2129
2130-31	2130
2131-32	2131
2132-33	2132
2133-34	2133
2134-35	2134
2135-36	2135
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2138-39	2138
2139-40	2139
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2141-42	2141
2142-43	2142
2143-44	2143
2144-45	2144
2145-46	2145
2146-47	2146
2147-48	2147
2148-49	2148
2149-50	2149
2150-51	2150
2151-52	2151
2152-53	2152
2153-54	2153
2154-55	2154
2155-56	2155
2156-57	2156
2157-58	2157
2158-59	2158
2159-60	2159
2160-61	2160
2161-62	2161
2162-63	2162
2163-64	2163
2164-65	2164
2165-66	2165
2166-67	2166
2167-68	2167
2168-69	2168
2169-70	2169
2170-71	2170
2171-72	2171
2172-73	2172
2173-74	2173
2174-75	2174
2175-76	2175
2176-77	2176
2177-78	2177
2178-79	2178
2179-80	2179
2180-81	2180
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2182-83	2182
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2184-85	2184
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2189-90	2189
2190-91	2190
2191-92	2191
2192-93	2192
2193-94	2193
2194-95	2194
2195-96	2195
2196-97	2196
2197-98	2197
2198-99	2198
2199-00	2199
2200-01	2200
2201-02	2201
2202-03	2202
2203-04	2203
2204-05	2204
2205-06	2205
2206-07	2206
2207-08	2207
2208-09	2208
2209-10	2209
2210-11	2210
2211-12	2211
2212-13	2212
2213-14	2213
2214-15	2214
2215-16	2215
2216-17	2216
2217-18	2217
2218-19	2218
2219-20	2219
2220-21	2220
2221-22	2221
2222-23	2222
2223-24	2223
2224-25	2224
2225-26	2225
2226-27	2226
2227-28	2227
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2234-35	2234
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2238-39	2238
2239-40	2239
2240-41	2240
2241-42	2241
2242-43	2242
2243-44	2243
2244-45	2244
2245-46	2245
2246-47	2246
2247-48	2247
2248-49	2248
2249-50	2249
2250-51	2250
2251-52	2251
2252-53	2252
2253-54	2253
2254-55	2254
2255-56	2255
2256-57	2256
2257-58	2257
2258-59	2258
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2352-53	







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