

the black sheep

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ten cents

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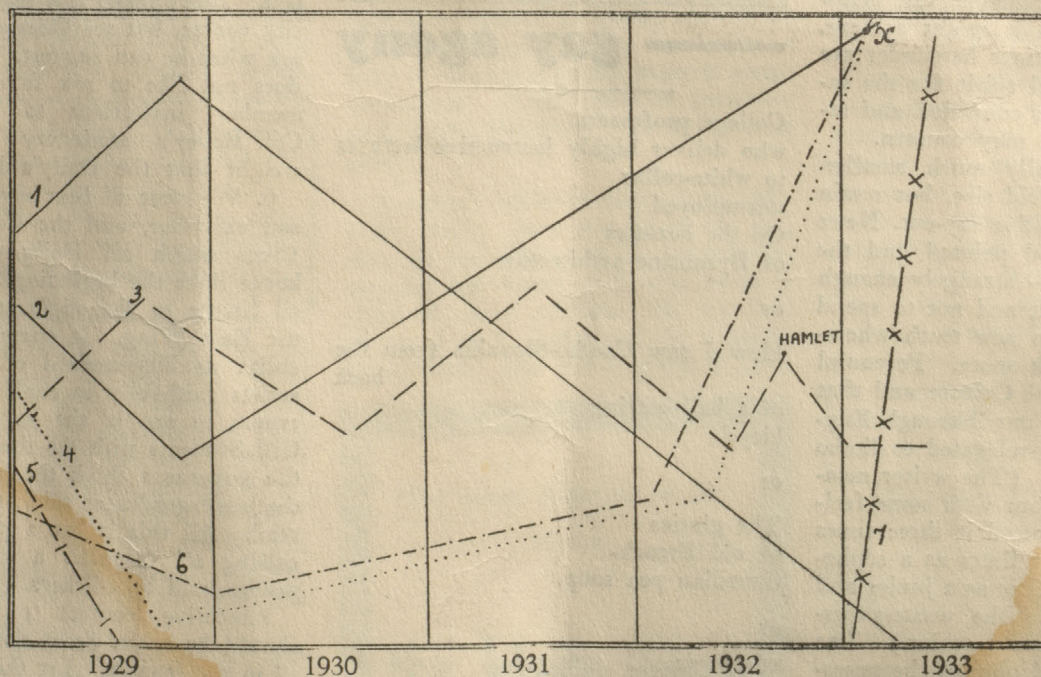
— **ante porcos . . .** There really is no need of an editorial; but, as it is hallowed tradition to have one in a magazine, especially in its first number, and as we are firm adherents of all tradition, we hereby satisfy the demands of propriety.

This magazine will express, because it can not be helped, the temporary likes and dislikes of the editorial board, modified by the desire to be as objective as possible under the circumstances.

We have no ulterior motive in view. Specifically, we have no intention of waking anybody from the slumber of the innocent and ignorant. We believe that the everyday happenings in any sphere, in this our era, be they local or not, afford enough material for the sardonic amusement and edification of those who care to take an unobstructed view of them.

We are lovers of the paradox, and this is the age of equivocal statements and events. May providence protect us from indignation, varbosity, split infinitives, the higher education, all reverent gentlemen, the Canadian Authors' Association and infectious epidemics; and may righteousness guide all the days of our existence. Selah.

a technocratic survey of the basic industries of montreal



(1) The stock-market (2) Femmes Gallantes (3) M.R.T. (4) Oxford Group Movement (5) Academic Freedom (6) Spiritualism (7) The Black Sheep.

NOTE:— Research is proceeding into the significance, if any, of the intersection of the above graphs, especially as regards the question of technological unemployment. Detailed charts may be obtained on application at the minimal cost of fifteen cents, or its equivalent in foreign exchange, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

the black sheep energy survey

thus shalt thou do

"THE MCGILL DAILY is not a seed catalogue," said T. H. Harris, years ago. But, as Mr. Harris will also admit, neither is it a newspaper, despite the fact that its editors have done their best for twenty-two years to foist that view upon the body politic. They have gone to the mat time and again with printers, Students' Councils, infantile reporters and hostile criticism; but there seems to be a malignant twist in the works somewhere, for try as they may, the Daily remains in effect little more than a notice-board running a fever and suffering consequent delusions of grandeur.

The editors have worked hard. There is no doubt about that. Some of them have gone so far as to adopt an attitude believed by many to facilitate newspaper work. They have learned to swear rather nicely, to drink beer for effect, to do without sleep and to criticise superciliously the admittedly lousy productions of the older gents who represent professional journalism in these parts. But with all their effort and all their atmosphere, the Daily remains far below the standard which it might achieve, and the few suggestions hereunder are offered in a helpful spirit for the information, guidance, education and attention of whom it may concern.

1. Make the Daily much smaller. Reduce it to a tabloid size, but retain the present conservative lay-out. News should be terse and pointed and the duty of an editor — strangely enough — should be to edit and not to spend his time hunting up new trash wherewith to fill blank space. Perennial speeches on Oriental Culture and that damnable Bicycle Tour Through England could then be relegated to limbo where they belong. (The writer mentions the Bicycle Tour with some feeling because he reported it three times as a freshman, four times as a sophomore, edited it six times as a junior and finally, threw it in the waste-paper-basket seven times as a senior.) The smaller space would obviate the necessity of printing sex questionnaires clipped from other papers, and would also reduce in direct proportion the probable number of errors.

2. Fire most of the women reporters. A good mating ground is not necessarily a good newspaper office. The present tendency to use campus organizations as matrimonial bureaux should

not be allowed to extend to the Daily; and the few good male reporters can type more accurately when there are no demure and utterly useless freshettes to be simpered at. The women who are any good, of course, should be retained. She could be made women's editor or something. But, seriously, the women ain't done right by our little Nell. In seven years of looking at Daily staffs in action, the writer remembers only three or four women able and willing to get right in there and work hard.

3. Fire most of the male reporters. As members of the Daily staff, unlike the Players' Club, tend to be of either one sex or the other; this along with suggestion 2, would go far towards curtailing the number of Daily workers — a consummation devoutly to be wished. For, a night editor with five good workers can turn out a far better paper than a night-editor harrassed by fifteen flirting and gossiping hangers-on.

4. Editors of the McGill Daily are usually soft-hearted idiots who will not fire members of their staff. There-

gay agony

College professors who deliver highly instructive lectures to white-collar unemployed
On the beauties of Byzantine architecture

or

How I saw Czecho-Slovakia from the back
of a ball-bearing bicycle

or

The glories of old French-Canadian pea soup.

or

Why Chinese civilization has lasted two million years
Deserve to be suspended from the cupola of the Arts Building in the most highly approved manner.

fore the only way to get suggestions 2 and 3 into operation is to introduce a competitive try-out for positions on the paper. At the start of the year all volunteers will be welcomed. They will be allowed to play with the typewriters, to read books on journalism and to study the little pamphlet which is got out by the editors. But they will most certainly not be allowed to get one single word into print. That part of the business will be handled by senior reporters who qualified the previous year. Now send out these recruits to cover anything and everything, make each of them file about ten thousand words of copy — enough to get a fair idea of what's what — then, about Christmas, announce who has "made the Daily." Make a position on the staff a real honour to be worked for. After Christmas let the new reporters handle the notice column and the less important stories. At the end of the year, let each of them have a few major assignments.

5. In connection with the probation of new reporters introduce some sort of systematized instruction in journalism. Don't make it a regular University course, but see Colonel Bovey and ask what he can suggest. (The Daily does not like to ask favours, but remember, invitations to speakers on Col. Bovey's stationery carry more weight than the Daily's letter-head.)

6. We must all bear our cross in this sad existence, and the Council is the Cross which all Daily editors have borne since the beginning. The Council listens to the slightest whisper of the East Wing. It operates on a peculiar double-standard of morals and assists faithfully in enabling the governors to supply the parents of McGill Students with the literature which the governors think the parents think the undergraduates think they want to read. All this is but a polite way of calling all Councils a sad group of prudes, and boot-lickers.

Executive control of the Daily should be taken from them and vested in the Society. Let the East Wing deal with the Daily directly and not through a group of flunkies. A conference or two with the Powers that Be will do more to keep Editors in check than any number of protests coming second-hand through a body which has long lost the respect of those whom it is supposed to censure.

C.

W.A.B.

mcgill movement spreads like wild - fire



voices heard visions seen

"Blessed are the poor in brains; they do not need to inherit the earth. they possess it already"—after Cabell

THE spark has caught. The Oxford Group Movement, that admirable attempt at the infusion of true spiritual values into the callously materialistic minds of our present-day youth, has found echo in our midst. A group of students, awakened to the need of moral responsibility and the full consciousness of sin, have dedicated themselves to the task of spreading the gospel of personal repentance to the university body as a whole.

While agreeing in the main with the cardinal views of the Oxford Group, the local body looks with some disfavour upon a, to them, not wholly desirable trait of the Mother Organization. Reference is here made to the consciously or unconsciously restricted appeal of the Oxford Group to those more blest with this world's goods.

The Cambridge Gownsmen, naively asks whether the Oxford Group Movement is up-and-down, or to-and-fro. We can assure our anxious readers that the McGill Movement is definitely hither-and-thither.

The McGill Group believes that the abounding grace of the Infinite is poured on all alike whether they feast on honey and pheasants or greet the Lord with bread and salt." For is it not said, "every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth." It is for this reason that the McGill Movement prefers to remain independent in spiritual allegiance from the Parent Organization.

However, here as there — at McGill as at Oxford — the main emphasis is laid upon spiritual regeneration, the rebirth of the Soul, the Evolution of a New Life, the Rehabilitation of the Moral Self, and the Growth of a New Spiritual Integrity, the whole effected by the realization that as long as we remain unconscious of the Patina of sin which dulls the shining armour of our souls, we cannot

hope to possess that perfect peace which is vouchsafed to those who seek grace and rectitude. "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

For the contentment of the soul lies not in empty speculation and vain theorizing, nor in the so-called scientific thought, but in the progressive and soul-cleansing arrival at a oneness with the Spirit around us. It is the revivifying influence of the soul's complete identification with the Outer Consciousness which "bringeth Peace unto the mansions of the Master".

The soul-factor which capable of effecting this complete catharsis is the unrestricted confession of past sins and present doubts. "We must share our experiences" — Buchman.

It is gratifying to be able to state that a movement so young should already have gathered to its bosom a bevy of inquiring minds, eager to purge themselves of the mire of yesterday and to face tomorrow with unflinching gaze.

A former editor-in-chief of the McGill Daily, once steeped in sin, has, through the efforts of the movements, retraced his sinful path and swept it clean of moral rubbish. He has laid the word to his heart and the Unction to his soul. His life is given to good

works, his days to harassed humanity and his nights to prayer and communion with the spirit. It is a matter of enduring joy to him that he has discovered in the lowly hamlet of London, Ontario, a partner in prayer—a "sharer" in spirit—a most worthy woman.

"The thought came to me in a blinding flash of spiritual illumination," he says, "on the night of January 5th, I traced my way leisurely through the campus. On passing the Hollow I looked at the boxed-in fountain, and suddenly I saw, blazoned in letters of flame, the words "men" and "women", and in larger, soul-searing letters, "REPENT". And he adds solemnly, "I repented."

He is representative, but not unique. Many a sinner on the campus has manifested repentance and mended the way of his former life.

Weekly meetings are held in a hallowed place at which members of the movement share experience with one another and unburden their souls of the sins of the past seven days.

Let us now intone the ancient and honorable hymn:—

"The Lord giveth sense and the Lord taketh it away. Blessed be the name of the lord."

Note on the growth of the Moral Sense in the Universities to the South of us:—

Evanston, Ill., Jan. 17.—(CP) —A new wrinkle in the process of education is to be tried at Northwestern University. Some of the students are referring to it as the "dishonor" system.

If one student sees another cheating he will note the fact on the bottom of his examination paper.

The system will be tried in the Political Science classes of Prof. Lawrence D. Egbert.

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The worst magazine of the
Month

the black sheep

(We beat you to it boys)

the black sheep

An Independent Magazine

Published monthly by a group of graduates and undergraduates of McGill University, and intended primarily for articles of a critical or controversial nature.

EDITORS

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Ernest Carter, Managing Editor

Manuscripts may be handed personally to any member of the Board or mailed to Post Box 374, General Post Office, Montreal.

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regrets

The editors of the Black Sheep regret to announce that they have sold their souls to the McGill University Players Club for a five-dollar advertisement on the back page. The scathing article which we had prepared will be published in the next issue.

an' a' that

We have already been favoured with a Letter to the Editor. It is somewhat longish and we have taken the liberty of pruning it. We fear that the Gentleman is making game of us:—

Mr. Laurence MacGregor infers in the first paragraph that we will reject manuscripts showing either intellectuality or "pseudo-intellectuality".

He is right

He then proceeds to compliment us on our policy and mentions the fact that the McGill Daily has been doing its best to keep intellectuality away from the students for some years.

We thank him.

But a cloud still dulls his joy. How are we to be sure that intellectuality will not seep in through other channels, he asks. "We must remain first among the colleges in dullness, in ignorance and in sheer out-and-out boorishness."

We think him harsh.

Finally, he congratulates us on all former and future stupidities and "desires to remain forever in his present state of Holy Idiocy."

We have no objection.

poison portraits

editor — Overnight he rose to fame, from reporter to Associate Editor, to Sports Editor, to Editor-in-Chief of the most important campus institution — all this in little less than a year, something unprecedented in the long history of the McGill Daily.

Intensely ambitious, though he pretends to care little for glory or position, he has a knack of being always in the right spot at the right time — and always on the right side of the fence. His ingratiating manner, — reminiscent of the friendly pup — pot-bellied physique, and too hearty laugh often make him disliked by people who know him only casually — yet he has strength of character; the stubbornness of a mule when he thinks he is right, the thick hide of an alligator, immune to insult.

In his chosen profession, theology, he will rise far — some day he may be moderator of the Presbyterian Church — but he will not be an inhuman divine and the church would do well with more men of his type.

But what profiteth it a man to gain the whole world if he shall lose his soul in the process. He is more to be pitied than censured . . .

a dweller in neurotica

—Rat-faced, emaciated, his thin blond hair falling often across his eyes, our dweller in Neurotica is a specimen of student humanity that is rare at this university. Freud his idol, Kraft-Ebbing his god, this eighteen-year-old sophomore knows a few words of bad German, worse Cantonese worst Yiddish and proceeds to quote them at any opportunity. He will confess his sins at great length to any who care to hear. Any perversion mentioned in his hearing he claims to have performed, and his latest love is a bullfrog. All this of course in attempt to shock the staid collegians who surround him.

One of his little stunts after publicity as a invert was to attend a giant Student Society meeting, rouged, mascaraed, lip-sticked. It is only fair to say however that this make-up was not self-applied but put on carefully by some member of the Players' Club make-up crew.

An interesting psychological specimen — but what a bore . . .

—at last

"Hell is a tangible reality".

—Canon Alan P. Shatford

near genius — He nibbles at his tattered academic gown as his class, awed by the reputation of the man, leans forward to catch the gleanings of politico-economic wisdom that drop from his lips. Always more the humorist than the too-pedagogical economist, if his class is small his sprightly wit turns the lecture into an economic bull-session. And if his keen jabs arouse laughter, he is not above joining his humble, worshipping pupils in a laugh at the expense of Communism, American politics or the Radio Commission.

His shoulders hunch up. A broad grin spreads across his face. Heh-heh-heh-heh — his own laughter resounds long after the class has finished paying its respect to so noted a wit.

To argue with him is to fight a losing battle — for what ammunition is dull economic theory against a man who thinks for himself — and so quickly that he is ever three steps ahead of his opponent. His prodigious memory—he remembers nearly every book, article, abstract he has read — often saves him in any argument, for where an ordinary man will hesitate if the memory fails for an instant, he can always be dogmatic. Although his lectures are not a series of notes on any text-book, he is the true teacher, an inspiration to his students who want education and not superficial veneer.

Popular, famous, powerful. Yet what a tragedy to end one's life as the show piece of an institution for higher education . . .

C.

- on a classmate

She waddles on her fat, short legs—

A face far from delectable—

She wears an inane, placid look—

Of brains no sign detectable;

But all the fellows pay her court,

Because she is respectable.

Von Dubno

through a glass coming darkly

The nicest thing about college students is that some day they will leave college. A university — not as the schoolmen conceived it but as the grace of a Fundamentalist god and the pious shekels of tobacco magnates, pork-packers, brewers and distillers have made it — may best be described as a protective chrysalis with specially fitted and patented exits and entrances.

Those gay little creatures whom nature shelters in a cocoon until they burst in glory on a withering world have no such exits and entrances. A chrysalis harbors one being — it is his world and he is very king in it.

In like manner is dear old 'Varsity a world to those it shelters; an elaborate synthesis of a Spenglerian heaven and a Hans Andersen earth, the whole topped with a roof of bottle-green glass to shut out harmful rays from eyes little used to vision . . . everything as it should be.

Except for those damned exits and entrances.

It is obvious that what becomes a little man does not become a big man; to carry the idea further, the lares and penates, the mores and the sophomores of this diminutive world, this university are right and proper in their own environment, (albeit a little painful to outsiders) but in the great big world outside, the world of rotary clubs and five year plans and unemployment and contraception and screen sermons on the prevention of syphilis, they are just to utterly utter.

Obviously, then, the great trouble besetting the present-day college man is that while he is still attending collitch (in other words, before his education has properly begun) he must make and does make frequent contacts with that outside world he has learned to misunderstand but not to evaluate.

From his home, his associates, his summer vacation the college man acquires a set of manners and a series of outlooks which clash and jangle inharmoniously with those views, those politics and that sophistication which is proper to him.

His ideas become hopelessly confused (the student brain not having yet reached the stage when such contrapuntal adjustments of outlook are

possible) and in the clash between 'varsity politics and national politics and world politics, fraternity snobbery and social snobbery, student rotarianism and the same sort of bestiality in its larger application, the pedantry of professors and the more amorphous culture of genuine humanity . . . with all this dissonance of words and thoughts is it any wonder that the usual student sometimes strikes his elders as a hopeless and immutable ass?

What remedy, pray? Possibly a return to that monastic simplicity (if not celibacy) which flourished in those days when knowledge was a burning light and the name of clerk held holy.

Oxford and Cambridge cloister their students. They frequently emerge from the cloister as men. Conversely

—ALOYSIUS HEARNE

The next issue of the Black Sheep will contain:

1. An article suggesting a plan for the reformation of the Students' Executive Council by the Black Sheep.

2. An article suggesting a plan for the reformation of the Black Sheep by the Students' Executive Council.

3. A primer for young freshettes about to join the Players' Club by one who has suffered . . .

4. A primer for young freshettes about to suffer by a member of the Players' Club . . .

5. No more Poison Portraits . . .

6. An article on sex in Hindustani —so we won't get hell . . .

The editors hereby solemnly swear and promise to preserve the low literary standard to which they hope to accustom the student body; failing which they shall exile themselves voluntarily to the darkest recesses of the Union Basement.

seduction in the stacks

Inspiration is no virgin, she's been seduced before.
She's been deceived ten thousand times.

And here is one case more.

On a doleful day a Rhymster, quite frantic in the stacks,
Was searching for a poet in his native country's racks
And wormed his way from tome to tome. There was no need to lie;
His Canada had no poet!

On that instant came a sigh,
And Inspiration, all in tears, soft sidled up, and he
Straightway was begged to help her in a sad misery.

But he was abashed and asked her the reason for her tears.
She said she had vainly waited these last two hundred years

On these his reputed poets. She had good cause to mourn:
They thought their muse asexual, their off-spring died still-born.
Inspiration (he saw at once) was still a stunning girl
With luscious lips alluring red, and breast-cleft white as pearl,
And eyes so soft with weeping. He pitied her in fashion;
This woman, scorned so many years, well deserved compassion.
And now she had turned wanton . . .

The Rhymster, desperate,
Saw the chance to sell himself for his country's benefit.
Perhaps the Rhymster was too keen when Inspiration wove
Her supple arms around him to lead off to the alcove . . .

But alack, and alackaday, the bastard brain-child, born,
Was seen right soon as monstrous and ripped to death in scorn!

(In this tale of waywardness we have no good intent
To prove Inspiration sterile, but poets impotent.)

R. M. H.

the fourth estate — yah!

I am a fugitive from the editorial columns of the local daily press.

Before we go further, Mr. Editor, may I take just a second of your time to point with pride to my sturdy ancestors? There is good blood in the family somewhere; without it I should never, never have been able to get through the task you assigned me — that of reviewing Montreal newspaper editorials. Reflect, Mr. Editor—three papers a day for twenty-eight days! Consider the thing as a feat of endurance! A Sahara of words, a dense fog of heaped-up platitudes, economic fustian, pious Christian cant, entrenched triviality, — Tripe. And that is why I am a fugitive.

Let us consider first the Montreal Daily Star. To this paper five things are sacred: namely The Canadian Chartered Banks, The Oxford Group Movement, R. B. Bennett, the Conservative Party and the British Connection. On the other hand, Russia, the Barter Scheme, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation and any movement "tending to undermine our well-tried institutions" are anathema, and go to the pillory at least once a week.

On January 5th the Star devoted a whole page to local holy men who proceeded to endorse the Oxford Movement in much the same way as a moron might endorse liver-pills. The Oxford racket is sweeping the country. Poor old Oxford!

If the thing goes much further a time will come in this brave, free land when we shall be subjected without recourse to the torments of any fool who suffers from attacks of spinning in the head and feels "guided" to essay a little high-powered proselytizing during the seizures. Let me initiate you into an open secret. When the Buchman mob came to town the owners of the Star went down in a heap, like grain before hail. Lord Atholstan; his daughter,—The Hon. Mrs. B. M. Hallward, and Mr. B. M. Hallward, Vice-President of the paper, were all affected and henceforward readers of the Star can be assured of hearing all about the Group.

Then take the Banks. Each Bank has a meeting; and each meeting has an editorial. A general-manager looks formidable and says "to keep the economic machine going we must buy and sell." The statement is hailed as a

pearl of wisdom. "A splendid grasp of the country's problems", says the Star. The banks are still paying about 10% dividends and, of course, the Star worships anything that pays 10% — especially if it pays 10% and uses the Star's advertising columns.

The Gazette, as nearly as I can make out from the editorial columns, is owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The C.P.R. is closely akin to the Deity and the Deity has his office next door to that of Mr. Bennett in Ottawa — Bennett being a sort of tubby archangel of high standing. The Gazette is a trifle more difficult to read than the Star and perhaps a trifle more stupid. This is a very difficult point, however, and I would not like to be dogmatic.

Do these papers really labour in the common weal? Most certainly! They practically support the country and comprise the only defense of the Canadian Workingman against the encroachments of foreigners. The Barter Scheme is nasty because it brings our Canadian workmen into competition with low-paid Russian hired-help. That, of course, is very bad, especially since our men are starving even now. But there are other good and sufficient reasons why Canadian workmen should not be put to work — principally some Ottawa conference or other. But its all very complicated in the Gazette, and I ain't never been to college so I suppose I shall never understand what its all about.

cf. page 7

—drahma et al

WE HAVE a season in Montreal . . . of course we have . . . every city has . . . there are concerts, and theatres, and films . . . dancing? No . . . nothing since Escudero last spring . . . but we have an orchestra . . .

Snobs, snobs, snobs . . . nineteenth of an audience here showing off to the other oneth that *it* is intellectual and does love music . . . oh dear old Brahms . . . after all nothing like him . . . this is a great town . . . non-stop acrobatics of the Don Cos-sack variety . . . at botton dear reader the MRT and the orchestra are all right . . . it's Montreal that's wrong . . . art has to be put over in this town . . . it has to be connived, talked, ballyhooded, radioed, socialized, lionized . . . and then people will go . . . and they will go to be seen there . . . not to hear the artist . . . as for criticism . . . who said criticism? Pompous Powell, embryonic Edel, Tom Archer . . . and D. M. de C. Legate . . . (no adjectives) . . . Didn't they have to lionize Petri for a week before Montreal would go to his concert?

Well there was the MRT Hamlet to start off the new year . . . first there was ballyhoo . . . heaps of it . . . we tried to be erudite . . . quartos of 1603, folios, the 1603 clarified . . . clarified if you please by the 1604 . . . young Hamlets . . . and then the MRT staged Hamlet . . . Romeo Duncannon spoke his

lines all too trippingly i'the tongue . . . would that he had listened to his own advice to the players . . . society was there . . . Canada was saved for the drammer . . . thank God the MRT have a Workshop . . .

Egon Petri . . . Enesco . . . two great artists . . . Petri with tremendous volume and strength played as few have played here . . . some were skeptical . . . they had never heard such volume . . . they wanted Iturbi tinkling we suppose . . . and Enesco . . . dear old Enesco . . . why did you choose Beethoven? . . . didn't you know he's Clarke's aversion . . . so indecent of you not to have chosen Brahms or Holst or . . . But the limping orchestra didn't dampen your fine musicianship . . . !

Thank God for the films . . . and Hollywood is improving. The worst picture of the month: Strange Interlude with dear Norma and Clark (oh not the one you think!) trying their best to speak Eugene's sacred lines . . . The best picture of the month . . . I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang . . . they may have chain gains in Georgia but we have prison riots in Canada . . .

Ces gens-la . . . *ils n'ont pas de l'esprit* . . . pomposity, verbosity, shallow aestheticism, insincerity, chatter, clubs, conniving committees trying to sell art to a non-art public . . . stake struck amateurs . . . the real thing, the real thing?

By Lafcadio Le Gentil

with pen in hand

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Dear Maggie, or rather Nona:

I suppose, Maggie, that I may be allowed to call you Nona, a cognomen which to my mind at least, more nearly symbolises the purity of our relationship than your true praenomen—a relationship which is neither physical nor mental nor moral, a relationship of such fragile spirituality as to approach a nullity. When in the course of history has such a love as this been known before?

A truly perfect love would be a truly nihilated one. Even abstractions have their carnal connotations, so that even a Kantian love based on only one assumption could by no means be perfect. The proposition '*Cogito, ergo sum*', is in itself a sufficient demonstration by analogy to prove my theorem, for the very "am-ness" of a person is redolent of carnality. This amorology is of course based on the vegetarian postulate that the essence of love is a carnality. But even the robustest erotology demands no more than assumption.

If, then, Nona, our love is such as to demand no communication, either physical, mental, or moral, why, you may ask (perhaps even surreptitiously adding 'the hell'), why the hell then, you may ask, am I writing to you? Why, especially, am I indulging in these perisprastic verborosities?

The verborosities, Nona, are due to those vasodilatory conflicts between conviction and convention which we call embarrassment, accounts of which retail for one dollar in the New York Daily Mirror. The letter itself is due to intellectual esurience.

As your friends are doubtless aware, I owe you a dollar. As my friends are aware, I once lent you a book. This is an epistolary attempt to get back the book without paying you the dollar. As the facts now stand I have not the dollar which I owe you, but you have the book which you owe me. I have not read my book, and while of course I realize that neither have you spent your dollar, I can only appeal to your sense of justice.

'To know all about women,' says St. Cyr, 'a man needs only the Bible, Rabelais, Shakespeare, and Gray's Anatomy.' The first, second, and fourth, will give him all the particulars in

which women resemble one another, while the third will help him differentiate the individual sticks in the fardel. While this has no relationship to the matter in hand, that is, the book, which while it is in yours, should be in my hand, still, no one is out of pocket for my having made the observation.

As it behooves me, Nona, to depart at this point and bewash myself preparatory to my diurnal nocturnation, I will now close. If you will send me the book by parcel post, our love will be able to continue its happy progress towards nihilation and consequent perfection. If you will not, I shall be forced to sate my empyrean hungers by rupturing the continuity of your windowpanes and abstracting my book by manual prehension, perhaps meanwhile interrupting the blandishments of your new lover at some stragetically critical point.

Hoping that we shall attain our nirvanas together at some early Mahayuga of the present Kalpa,

I remain,

Your adoring co-believer in the quidditas of nihility.

JUSTIN

W.A.B.

from page 6

The Herald is another Atholstan paper and although its news columns are not quite so utterly utter as the Star's, yet the editorial page is even more ridiculous. At the beginning of the month there was an item headed, "Ah, the Joy of Work." Not even in the McGill Daily have I beheld such a piece of tripe. The writer went on to say how we are much happier when engaged in work. How tiresome it is, how degrading it is and how positively immoral it is to try to avoid the world's work. On the same page William R. Hearst's International News Service placed the unemployment figures for the United States at 6,250,000. Ah, yes, the Joy of Work.

In general, then, we may say that Montreal Newspaper editorials are unreadable, stupid, frequently inaccurate, prejudiced, devoted to the interests, lacking in imagination, lacking in humor and showing a smug hypocrisy in the weekly pious religious splurge to be found in the Star.

Incidentally, I do not think that the editorials in the Montreal newspapers are very good.

the vultures

*Vultures circle the smoky air; their beaks are primed for gore,—
Vultures that smirk as the bodies fall, vultures that lust for more;
Their wings are loud; their hearts are proud;
They scream in fierce delight;
Blood their food in the day-time,—blood their drink in the night.*

* * *

*Vultures whisper to royal broods of the glory that war-fare brings;
Vultures seduce the serried slaves to follow their blood-stained kings.
As armies flee they swoop in glee,
— The field of carnage reeks—
Glory? Why 'tis the glorious stain, the dripping stain on their beaks.*

* * *

*"Sweet and fitting", the vultures shriek, "for your native land to die".
Sweet and fitting the meal is spread where the tasty corpses lie.
Then the vultures feed in vicious greed;
Their glutted stomachs swell.
Ah! Shredded flesh is rare delight for the singing-birds of Hell*

* * *

*"Country and King" the vultures cry, for the vultures fain would eat.
And the cruel stare of their gem-like eyes has never known defeat.
They seize in calm the Victor's palm
That the dotting Fortunes give,
And feed in peace on the patriot hordes who died that they might live.*

ANON.

a modest proposal

The Editor,

The Black Sheep,

Dear Sir:

I have, since my early youth been a profound admirer of our great and flourishing native literature. I have watched the unavailing, the bitter attacks of insidious modernism on our literary citadel: and my heart has rejoiced time and again when I perceived with what fortitude and self-sacrificing bravery the keepers of our national pen withstood the ravages of post-war esthetics. And, I say it with pride, Canada is now the only country in the world which has adhered to the glorious romantic tradition and has not succumbed to the squalid, immoral and degradingly realistic theories of art.

Alas and alack, there have appeared awful portents on the horizon. Literary communism is abroad in the land. It is because of this growing menace that I propose, sir, the establishment of a Canadian Academy, purely literary in character, which would, with the voice of authority anathematize the enemy within the gates.

The Academy, as I propose it, will consist of forty life-members to be known as Academicians. These shall be selected from among the writers of Canada without distinction as to sex, creed, race, colour, size or shape. There shall also be provision made for twenty foreign corresponding members: the whole to be self-perpetuating. The initial steps in the formation of the Academy should, in mine humble opinion, be taken by those giants of Canadian letters, Ralph Connor, Frank Packard, S. Morgan Powell, Charles G. D. Roberts and Grace Blackburn. The literary fate of Canada may be safely placed in the hands of this committee, which will fill the remaining places with a select band of native immortals.

As foreign corresponding members I would, in all humility, propose Ethel M. Dell and Wilhelmina Stitch (England); Edgar A. Guest, Tiffany Thayer and Zane Gray (U.S.); Viki Baum (Germany) and other representatives of the same high literary standard from The Dominions Beyond the Seas.

Ah, what ineffable joy it will be to behold the duly constituted upholders of our culture march, four abreast, at the head of the St. Jean Baptiste parade on the twenty-fourth of June each and every year. Lemon and purple are their uniforms; they all hold pens, being expert in writ: they walk erect, proud, confident and unashamed, truly the Lions of the Prairies.

And on their standard shall it be inscribed in letters a foot high, C.A.P. P. (Canadian Academy of Pen-Pushers.)

I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

An Humble Disciple

Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Ph. D. in the Department of Anthropology: the thesis, "The Speeches of Famous Canadian Politicians" translated from the original Tripe into English with variorum notes and annotations; together with a short biography and explanatory foot-notes.

No sex, boys; this the end of the road!

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