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# The McGill Fortnightly Review

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### EDITORIAL

WILL the desire to display the University before the public never cease? The conception of student activities now prevalent at McGill seems to involve each society in at least one public performance per year. No longer are mandolin players, members of the band and other "artists" content with the mere enjoyment of their particular activity within the University; no, they must compete with the professional world, and go down into the city to show the amazed populace just what clever people the McGill students really are. The latest example of this urge to publicity occurred on "McGill University Night," when no less than one hundred undergraduates took part in a radio broadcasting entertainment. The "delighted fans," with ears glued to their instruments in order to hear the "college boys," were given such treats as "By the Watermelon Vine" by the Band, "Breezing along with the Breeze" by the Mandolin Club, a short history of McGill by a member of the Band, and a talk on Intercollegiate Athletics by Coach Shaughnessy, — the whole introduced by the inevitable McGill yell.

Sheer rubbish, the whole performance. And because rubbish, harmful therefore to McGill; no University will ever conquer by that sort of stooping. But the supreme piece of rubbish — to give it the mildest name possible — was afforded by the talk on Athletics by Coach Shaughnessy. "Take that coon-skin coat off your son," he told the public on behalf of McGill, "and put him in moléskin breeches. Let him learn to prefer the odour of clean fresh air and the honest perspiration of the gridiron to the subtle perfumes of the dance halls. Let him learn to enjoy the plaudits of the spectators, earned by his own efforts against strong opposition, to the jazz music of the modern orchestra."

With Mr. Shaughnessy's desire to get more football

players we have no quarrel, for we understand he is the professional coach of the senior football team. But we should like to know on what authority he thus lectures the public in the name of the University, and why his ideas on athletics, couched in dance-hall language, should be put forward as McGill's. "The plaudits of the spectators," have we not already too much of that motive in our big athletic spectacles? So too one realizes the dangers of athleticism when Mr. Shaughnessy pats the professors on the back for not plucking a student because he turns out for the football team, and for being willing to give the football squad extra lessons to make up for lectures that have been lost through practices; "as a result," he remarks frankly, "the players have a feeling of respect and affection for their tutors that could not be secured in any other way." Is that to be the relationship between sport and learning at McGill — a "we'll-like-you-if-you-don't-bother-us attitude"? If so, the sooner we retire from intercollegiate athletics the better it will be for higher education in Canada.

\* \* \*

HAVING waited long and patiently, and with some misgivings, for *The McGill Martlet*, we were a little surprised to find ourselves depicted in one of its cartoons as joining in the general shout of welcome upon its arrival. It is not our habit to welcome new activities at McGill until we are satisfied that they fill a real want and fill it really well. The first number of the *Martlet*, in our opinion, deserves welcome on neither of these grounds.

The plea of the editors, that McGill has been in need of a humorous publication for a long time as a medium for displaying the talent of our "artists and comic-writers on the campus," is one which we consider not proven. The *Daily*, although primarily a newspaper, does unquestionably provide an adequate outlet for the type of humour with which the *Martlet* evidently intends

to fill its columns. The exchange jokes in the *Martlet* are no better than those in the *Daily*; the two anecdotes by Mr. Shaughnessy entitled *Reminiscences*, Mr. Genest's *Interview with Stephen Leacock* and Mr. Packard's *Critic Critturs* would not look in the least out of place on the second page of the *Daily*, which generally includes articles of equal merit. The cartoonists, it is true, might not find a home were it not for the *Martlet*; but is their work, as seen in this first number, a justification for a new magazine? Dr. Leacock's article on *Colleges and Humour* might very well have come to us. No, it is impossible to believe that the *Martlet* will come as a relief to overflowing "artists." It is much more likely to become a burden to lean editors.

However one could forgive this overlapping readily enough if only the *Martlet* were humorous. Of genuine humour one can scarcely have too much; certainly a little of it is necessary to the well-being of a University. But these common or garden chestnuts, which can be found in any magazine or newspaper in this country — why need they be published at McGill? Dancing and kissing and cars — these have become more boring than the French triangle; yet they saturate the *Martlet*. Do these represent the "high standard of thought" which the editors promise us? Of all the jokes in this issue, about five refer to college life, none to McGill. There is some attempted verse on the senior's gowns (which no school magazine would stoop to print) but outside of that — nothing but the name of Dr. Leacock to remind us that this is not the *Dakota Dogwash* or the *Tennessee Tit-Bits*. Frankly, we are not amused.

The only joke to be found in these forty unhappy pages is that the editors had not the wit to see themselves and their paper completely satirized in Dr. Leacock's article. And to think that this is going across Canada, bearing the name McGill . . . . .

### Sermon

STRIPLINGS all of you,  
Listen to me:  
I would not have you do,  
But be.

Project no tomorrow,  
Treasure the now—  
The sum of all experience  
Sans why, sans how.

Whittle the universe  
Down to an I;  
Act, not rehearse;  
Affirm, not deny.

Take with your two hands  
What you desire  
Before the cold sands  
Quench your brave fire

And sully your loving  
Beyond hope of laving,  
Till what you are having  
Is worth but the leaving.

Vincent Starr

## Student Government at McGill

F. R. Scott

I

THE debate held recently by the Litarary and Debating Society upon the motion "Resolved that the Students' Council be abolished" was of more than passing interest. It revealed quite clearly, as did also the previous letters and editorials in the *Daily*, that a large body of opinion within McGill today is critical of what may be called our political framework, our constitution. The time is indeed ripe for a revision of our position in the light of present problems. A veritable revolution in the character of college politics has been effected within the last twenty years. Organised student activities have increased enormously since 1908, the year in which the principle of centralised control was adopted by the inauguration of the first Students' Council, and with every increase in activity has come a corresponding increase in centralisation and its attendant evils until today we have a small body of nine men responsible for the financial stability of some twenty clubs and societies, and handling anything up to \$75,000 per annum. Such a state of affairs is dangerous and undesirable on the face of it. It does not need to be attacked: rather it calls for an apology. This article is written in the belief that only by altering and amending our constitution to remedy obvious evils and to check unfortunate developments can student activities at McGill be placed upon a healthy, vigorous and rational basis.

The reasons for the adoption of centralised control in 1908 are not without their interest today. The following paragraphs are reprinted from the *Annual of 1910*; they indicate the attitude of the authorities and responsible students towards the then existing form of student organization.

The Students' Society of McGill University, better known in its executive committee the Students' Council, was called into existence by a vote of Corporation on April 27th 1908.

Likes most new forms of government its *raison d'être* was found in abuses. The students had been brought into disrepute with the public; their failure to meet their creditors in undergraduate enterprises, and their apparent acquiescence in the charges of vandalism which were periodically brought against them, rendered absolute the necessity of reform. The occurrences on Theatre Night of 1906 gave a decided impetus to the movement, for it was then made clear that some means must be adopted to protect the student body from the adverse criticism following the acts of an irresponsible few. A committee was appointed by the old Alma Mater Society to seek wherein the then prevailing régime was at fault and to propose a remedy.

The committee reported in favour of abolishing the Alma Mater Society. Its membership was so considerable there was no individual responsibility; it was too cumbersome for an executive, and had little or no prestige because another and less representative body administered the student finances. The committee proposed a small executive to transact all student affairs, and to act as a Court of Honour. . . . After two years labour by different committees, and some hesitation on the part of Corporation, the reforms were sanctioned and embodied in what is now the constitution of the Students' Society.

It will be seen from a reading of the above article that our present constitution was not drawn up with the aim of developing the best type of activity within the University, but simply in order to protect people outside the University from violence or financial loss occasioned by the undergraduates. It is submitted that these reasons are not in themselves a justification for any political system which, must always aim at something higher than the mere remedying of abuses.

## II

What is the present constitution of the Students' Society? Probably not one student in a hundred could answer the question. His ignorance cannot be taken as proof that the constitution is a good one; it merely shows that the majority take their government for granted. Yet the character of the political framework cannot fail to influence the character of those who live and work under it. For this reason the present student organization must be described. Though curious, it is fortunately not complicated. There is first the Students' Society, consisting of all male undergraduates who pay their universal fee. It has four officers, a President, Vice-President, a salaried Secretary-Treasurer and a Comptroller. It holds an annual meeting in October and a semi-annual meeting in March; outside of these two occasions it never meets, unless specially summoned for particular purposes. In theory it is the seat of sovereignty, the general legislative assembly of the student body.

The real authority, however, is wielded by a body of nine called the Students' Executive Council, elected outside the Students' Society meetings and holding office for one year. It occupies a position for which it would be difficult to find a parallel, unless we look to the Board of Directors of a joint stock company. It is vested with the entire executive authority of the Students' Society (thus making the four officers of that society a purely nominal body with no executive duties); yet it is not removable at the will of that society, nor, under the constitution, in any way responsible to it. A motion passed at a Students' Society meeting may make recommendations, but cannot give orders, to the Council. In serene and secure isolation, it meets whenever it sees fit to transact "such business as it is its duty to perform." This business, according to the clauses of the present constitution, covers nearly every branch of student activity. The Council wields, as has been said, the executive authority of a theoretical sovereign assembly with which it has no essential connection. It is the only recognised medium, outside of the Athletic Board, between the Students on the one hand and the University authorities and the general public on the other. It acts as a court before which any student may be called to account for a misdemeanour. The management and control of the Daily are in its hands through the Editor-in-Chief of the Daily, who sits on the Council. It also "manages and controls" the McGill Union and all matters pertaining thereto, as clubs, cafeteria, etc., through the President of the Union who is a member of the Council. It receives \$7.00 as a compulsory fee from each undergraduate, of which it keeps \$1.50 for itself and distributes the remainder to the organizations which should receive it. (\$3.00 to the Union, \$1.50 to the Daily and \$1.00 to the undergraduate society); all such bodies so receiving money from the Council must render it an annual account, and their books are open to its inspection and

audit. Any other clubs or societies which affiliate themselves with the Council, and place their funds under its control, are called "special committees" of the Students' Society: in actual practice they are "special committees" of the Council only. There are now 16 different student activities, ranging from debating to rooting, which have placed themselves under the financial control of the Council. It is settled practice for these affiliated clubs to receive at the beginning of the year such monies as the Council may be induced to give them, and they turn in at the end of the year whatever profit or loss they may have made. Finally the Council constitutes a committee on student social functions, and all undergraduate bodies desiring to hold any entertainment in the Union or other University building must make application to this committee.

In addition to the Students' Society and the Students' Executive Council there is the Athletic Board which was created in 1923 to look after everything connected with University Athletics. Its formation removed from the Students' Council the whole burden of athletic control. As the present article does not pretend to discuss the question of athletics at McGill nothing further need be said in this regard; but it is important to note that the existence of the Board renders considerably easier the task of reform in other branches of student activity.

Even a cursory glance at our constitution makes it evident that we are living under a form of State Socialism. All the essential ingredients are here: the capital levy, a bureaucracy, nationalisation. It is amusing to reflect that in so unfailling a centre of conservatism as McGill every undergraduate forms part of and works through a socialist organization. The nationalisation of student activities, though not compulsory, is very nearly complete; all the major activities have become "special committees." The Students' Council forms a central committee of collection and distribution; if one club loses money through bad management, excessive activity or otherwise, the deficit is made up by taking the necessary amount from the pooled profits of the other societies. This is the principle for which the miners fought in the last strike in Great Britain, and for which they were called fools by our business men and traitors by our patriots. It is not contended that the miners were wrong — far from it. But it is contended that the defenders of the present system at McGill are wrong, because the same principles do not apply to both student activities and mining. The one is (or should be) an intellectual recreation for undergraduates, the other a means of subsistence for communities. The objects for which they both exist are not the same.

What is the end for which student activities exist? This question is fundamental, for he who would enquire about the best form of state, as the father of political science long ago informed us, ought first to determine which is the most desirable life. It is submitted that the end for which student activities exist is to teach the individual undergraduate responsibility and leadership, and to give him opportunities for self-expression and self-development which are not obtainable from his purely academic work. Individual development — that is the prime concern of extra-curricular activity as it is of education in general. That constitution is good, therefore, which permits of the attainment of this end, that one is bad which prevents or hampers its attainment. In other words, and speaking

in general terms, that constitution is good in which authority is widely distributed so that many individuals have a chance of exercising it; that one is bad in which the few only are entrusted with control. The aim of the constitution should be, not to foster activities quâ activities, but to leave room for as large a degree of individual development as possible.

The present constitution clearly does not achieve this. It is far too centralised. True, no society need become the ward of the central organisation unless it wants to, but the Council is a benevolent mother, and the bogey of financial difficulty is so easily dispelled by clutching at her apron strings that very few societies care to walk by themselves. Dependence and not independence is the inevitable consequence. A twofold evil results. On the one hand the executive of the dependent society is not quite free, for he who pays the piper calls the tune. It is divested of just that extra degree of responsibility which it ought to bear, and which ought to be a restraining influence on the extent of its activities. And on the other hand the Students' Council, being as it is the ultimate guarantor of innumerable liabilities, is compelled to judge all student activities by the amount of their profits. A fair balance sheet must be presented each year at all costs. So the commercial standards enter in, and a reliable money-making venture like the Red and White Revue becomes almost a necessity and is strongly backed, while a risky undertaking like the Players' Club can quite properly carry on with a small grant.

### III

There remains the final question: what form is the new constitution to take? The plan which follows is not intended to be a complete answer to the question, for a satisfactory solution could result only from the consultations of a committee of experts. It does, however, lay down certain general principles as a basis for reform.

It is admitted that some form of a central executive body is necessary. But we already have all that is needed in the now emasculated executive of the Students' Society. President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer and Comptroller — there is the nucleus of our central body. Restore to them the duties that properly belong to them. The Comptroller, at present appointed by the University on the recommendation of the Council, might profitably be replaced by an elected undergraduate. That would give us three student members and the salaried (?) Secretary-Treasurer. No more would be required for the performance of the small degree of work that would be left to them.

The Students' Council, and all the centralisation and business efficiency that it stands for, may with advantage be relegated to limbo (defined in the O. E. D. as a "region on the border of hell where pre-Christian just men & unbaptized infants are confined.") The release of these nine trained executives should prove of great benefit to whichever student activities have the good fortune to absorb them.

Henceforth, all clubs and societies of every character are to stand on their own feet. If they cannot keep going, so much the better; they are obviously not wanted. Good riddance might thus be made of much bad rubbish. We need not fear that large debts will be incurred by independent clubs, and the University forced to pay them for the sake of McGill's good name; each club

will know that it must cut its suit according to its cloth. Individual students and Montreal merchants may be trusted to look after their own interests. At anyrate it is a small risk for the University to take for the welfare of the undergraduates at large.

In the independence of the various societies lies the chief benefit of the new scheme. Independence involves the spreading of responsibility, the training of more men. At present only a very few positions occupied by students involve any real responsibility, and those positions throw far too heavy a burden of work upon the men who are willing to fill them. Independence would act as an immediate check upon activities in general — an obvious advantage; it would also allow for the natural death of societies which had served their turn. It would permit the Daily once more to represent a point of view, perhaps even a body of opinion. It would tend to kill the 'big stunt', and to confine activities within reasonable limits. It would eliminate the commercial spirit, and enable us to restore the qualitative criterion. It might in time reduce the universal fee; students could then spend their money on whatever society they chose. It would destroy the student social state, and allow us to return to a condition of healthy individualism. If experience showed that some activities, essential to student welfare, had to be subsidized, as for example the Lit., this could be done by the central executive, but such assistance of course would be given very sparingly. The addition of a club's name to the subsidy list should involve an amendment to the constitution and a two-thirds majority vote at a Students' Society meeting.

The management of the Union presents some extra difficulties. It is almost impossible to make it run at a profit on a compulsory fee of only \$3.00. The University, it is suggested, should undertake either the entire financial control (there seems no reason why harassed students should spend hours of their time trying to manage so large and essential an institution) or else responsibility for whatever annual deficit may occur. If this cannot be done, the best solution would probably be to appropriate some money from the undergraduate societies, as was suggested last year.

It is an open question whether the central executive body would still need the entire fee of \$1.50 which at present goes to the Council. Probably it would have to remain, though much could be saved by dropping such luxuries as the Students' Directory and the Employment Bureau — legacies from a previous over-efficient Council.

Such in outline is the form that the new constitution should take. Decentralisation and autonomy must be its guiding principles. The Students' Society under this system would find itself with little to do. Its president would be still the official head of the student body. But its executive would not be another Students' Council, for it will have only a small amount of money to handle, no subordinate clubs to supervise, and, *mirabile dictu*, it will be directly responsible to the society whose authority it wields. The students themselves will then decide whether money is to be spent on this or that project — they will not have to wait till a balance sheet is presented at the end of the year to record their tardy praise or disapproval.

It is hoped that those interested in reform will express their views on the above proposals, in order that all shades of opinion may be heard.

“Loyalties”

March 5th & 7th 1927.

(By Our Special Correspondent)

THE Players' Club, actually performing in Moyses Hall, and before a large audience! Incredible! Yet so it was.

A final justification, if that were needed.

Loyalties — how they clash! Loyalty to one's race, one's host, one's club, one's old school, one's profession, one's wife, one's husband.

Loyalty — to McGill, to the drama, to the undergraduates, to the faculty, to the authorities, to freedom of speech, to one's original stand . . . . .

It is only the little loyalties that conflict.

A vastly interesting subject for a play. And quite the most praiseworthy performance ever staged by the McGill Players' Club.

The acting on the whole was distinctly good. The men outshone the ladies, but then *Loyalties* is decidedly a man's play. Miss Gertrude Lerner as *Mabel* was more effective in her acting than in her speaking, yet she carried off very creditably a part of a type that amateurs always find difficult. *Margaret Orme* (Mrs. K. F. Pinhey) might have been even more skittish, more irrepressible, for her comic relief was needed in greater measure. Mr. D. Denny was an excellent *de Levis*, proud, reserved, bitter; his performance could scarcely have been bettered. The other outstanding piece of acting was that of Mr. R. S. Eve, who contrived to make his two small parts give a very great deal of enjoyment to the audience. It is to be hoped that he will be let loose in a larger rôle next year. Mr. D. G. Massy-Beresford's interpretation of *Captain Dancy* was a possible one, though it failed to give that unfortunate youth the degree of recklessness and daring that one likes to attribute to him. Mr. C. G. G. Wainman and Mr. F. R. Terroux filled the parts of *General Canynge* and *Charles Winsor* with ease and dignity, and Messrs. J. Scott and H. E. Sise instilled the proper measure of personality into three minor characters.

Altogether, an achievement, and McGill may now feel herself part of the Little Theatre movement in Canada.

The only jarring note, the only Red & White Revue touch, was afforded by the startling McGill blazers and the comic caps worn by the girls who were ushering. One shuddered . . . . .

\* \* \*

*Diamonds*

Did some immense and shallow-cruled sun  
Spend ponderous aeons  
In isolate labour  
Fashioning your bright hardness?

How well you look around that woman's neck!

T. T.

*The Slippery Years*

H. W. Johnston

ALAS! The Slippery Years. Well may you ask, O descendant of Postume, What befell, Peterson being Principal, ere the years fled by thus rapidly! When first in fear I entered the lamented halls of the Arts building, Freshmen petted not, either did they neck, yet they wore no badge of servitude. It was not necessary. They walked delicately, for then were the eyes of the Sophomores as sharp as their tongues and their memories as long as their arms. Tradition had it that Logic was compulsory, not for the edification of the Sophomores, but for the confounding of Freshmen, and woe betide the urchin whose voice was raised inauspiciously in the smoking room. If he commented upon the ephemeral usage of his day, he was taken to pieces by some second-year man from a stuffed horsehair settee in the Arts lounge.

Yes, we had a station in life in those days, and the Sophomores deigned not even to expound it but exacted suitable sanctions for our misdeeds. But for an ancient custom, now fallen into disuse, our lot had been hard. Happily for us, each Senior and Junior used to select one or more children to go with him, as *Marlowe* hath it, *qui mihi discipulus*, and thus instruct his chosen chelas in reverence due to the sacred cows and gurus of our time. We were taught to play on the scrub teams if found worthy, and to cheer mightily from the bleachers under one Gray Masson, a most pragmatical Miner with a truculent eye, a malevolent wit and lungs of fine brass. Grave were the perils in store for any student, not having attained the amatory privileges reserved for the Junior year, who ventured to “fuss.” One fine Saturday a certain stout lad, a Science graduate then in Architecture III and so not at all a Junior, appeared in the grand stand. Gray, inspecting the seats for such sinners at half time, trotted back to the fold with unholy glee. “One, two, three,” he sniggered, “Henery Peck! WHO is that you are with? Is she your Wife? Does she know that you DRINK? Oh, yes!” The welkin rang with the servile chorus of our mirth. Myself I recall but one such lapse. I went to a fancy dress ball in my freshman year, in a private house at that. All went well till midnight tinkled on the Westminster Chimes and off came my mask to a chorus of “Freshie, Freshie Freshie.” Yes, I left after supper.

There were few dances in those days, the Alma Mater, the Junior Dance (not Prom, please) and Convocation. The Plumbers' Ball was not in vogue. A Freshman had the same right of entrée as a skunk or — but I thank Heaven I have risen above prejudice whether racial, religious or prismatic. For Freshie was reserved the time honoured *Conversat*, with a label written by the august hand of Frank Common in the “Y” (we were more candid then, and proclaimed hypocritically in close harmony that we were McGill Y. M. C. A. in spite of all opinion to the contrary). Alas, how are the mighty fallen! for Frank Common now acts as midwife to corporations in their birththroes, and I feel sure accepts his fabulous honorariums (or should it be honoraria?) with averted face. Later on there were skating parties, the First year being herded with the Fourth for decency's sake. Not until See

ond Year were we permitted to meet our erstwhile tormentors in open rink. Last item of all, in these sacred rites, the mystic letters "S. H. H." It was all too short to "Ethel's" door. Sometimes I think the present Coed — why did our forbears abandon the high-sounding "Donalda" — is prettier. Past peradventure she understands more about exterior decorating, but the girls of my day were not less skilful. They knew that successful publicity is based on an appeal to the imagination.

We had our notions, too. The collegiate style was really collegiate then. There was Jack Hall's Pipe, stuck in one corner of his mouth while the other exuded pure vitriol for the unwary. Our collars, too! I found one, rummaging, "Crook Unlimited, 27/8". Think of it! Green hats of a weighty felt, or, for the luxurious, velours with a partridge feather. No pull-overs, either, but turtle necks with a true shaker stitch, and, for the luxuriant Sophomore, a shield with most unheraldic black martlets. The more martial of us bedizened ourselves with the then unfamiliar khaki of the C. O. T. C. under "Count" McKergow, who was reputed to deal in art magic and to have learned "Thermo" by unholy colloquy with the Evil One. No hint then of Gym-dodging, because the spirit of Tait MacKenzie had not yet made the *corpore sano* a prerequisite to the *mens sana*. Far from it. We had an Arts company under Harold Hemming, whose staff gorget patches were still unbudded, and a Science company under the genial, red-faced Helmer, doomed to fall amongst the first Canadian gunners at St. Julien. "No conscripts and no slackers!" was our motto, and the way of the unwilling was down and out. A cadet training gained me the unmerited grade of corporal, and to my horror I was bidden instruct my fellow neophytes in fixing that most horrible weapon, the Ross bayonet. Like the Lancashire lad, I "wopped an aht and popped un on e moozle"—but let us draw a veil over what followed.

Another pet hobby was the "Daily." The rag was young then, when we were all imps together, and to serve on its staff was an honour. No free movies then—there were none. The Fortnightly had come and gone, the Martlet had lingered a space, even the University Magazine had gone the way of all quarterlies. But the Daily! That we felt would never die! It was our paper; whether we scrawled "stories" in the Union (then not so shop-worn) or dropped into the Daily post-box the doomed offspring of our imagination, it was ours, and we read it from end to end. Woe be to him who split his infinitives or misplaced his epithets! Greater woe to him who aired views suited for the more transient medium of pipe smoke. An avenger, probably one's bench mate, or an office-holder would arise and rend the offender. None of your "don't shoot the pianist" wails of present-day officialdom, but red-hot scalding censure in the best vein of Hansard addressed to "your honorable correspondent whose intelligence is only equalled by his ignorance—" In my second year, an unhappy love of rhythm tempted me into verse, needless to add against the Freshmen. Twenty answers, one by the doughty T. J. K., and all in verse resulted. Asbestos not being adapted for journalism, the "Daily" declined to print more than four of the answers, but I recall being censured by half of my year for leaving any loopholes at all. *Tempora mutantur et nosque in illis.*

Electioneering was a different business then. Executives did not "sell" their clubs to the student body. The student body asked humbly to be admitted. Not to apply in your Freshman year rendered election doubtful in your second. He who would not when he might was deemed unworthy forever. The council, too, was a novelty. Years of deficits, of hand-to-mouth borrowings, and to be honest some rather unwholesome encounters with the police (even in my time I recall Laval visiting us and offering to fight the police any day we liked) led to the authorities none too gracefully shovelling off the worries upon our shoulders. It seems strange to find the change in these times. Well do I recall standing spellbound in the old Arts reading room, while "Art" Mathewson (now for his sins an Alderman declaimed forcibly if precariously from a sloping reading desk amid the crumpled ruins of the "Gazette," "Now you (censored) Freshies—" But it is time to draw the veil.

Football was in its heyday then and Shag was, well—Shag, by whom his satellites swore and at whom he in return swore most impartially. Strange is it not, that of the entire university few besides Shag and Old Tom Graydon still pursue unchanged their ways despite the vanished snows of yesteryear. "Dad" Lamb, one year ahead of me, dealt summarily by medical freshmen and executed vengeance on a Sophomore who dared to wear a moustache—reserved then with spats, canes and fussing for the junior year. The wretch was shaved as to the centre of his head. One half of his cranium was dyed red, the other a toxic green, and a shampoo of venerable eggs allowed to dry *in situ*.

We had demigods in those days, Dean Moyse who rendered "Alouette" at freshman rally or football smoker (no vicarious hospitality then, thank you!) and old "Trid" Davies, peace to his ashes! "Thumb's giving out, gentlemen. Gout, gentlemen, penalty of advancing years. No use gentlemen—see you next Thursday!" Thus "Trid," and so away to partake of that mystical "coffee" with which he was wont to while away tuition in his crammers' shop. "Polly" Lafleur was the idol of the literati: in those days there was no one to hamper theatricals or expose the dramatic nakedness of Honours English.

But alas, this is becoming an homeric catalogue of ships which have long since foundered, or hoisted admirals' bunting or been wafted into other channels where they now ride at anchor upon the pictured waters. Suffice it that for my sins I fell from the company of the angels and became a plumber. Not all at once, but gradually and by degrees, like Mr. Belloc's little boy and the lion. I delivered myself to "Bunty" MacLeod who began to make an engineer of me. We had a difference of opinion with some other Nordics at the time, so H. M. Government completed the job and I found to my bewilderment that "When you're a Sapper — You Sap!" When the last trench was filled in, I came back, to find things sadly altered, but that, O descendant of Postume, is another story. Perhaps some day I may be moved to tell it; in the meantime let us sing for old sake's sake.

*"Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus  
Post jucundam juventutem  
Post molestam senectutem  
Nos habebit humus."*

**Proud Cellist**

ARE there quiverings  
Of flesh and blood,  
Like taut strings  
And hollow wood

Stirring to fragile  
Form, that lingers  
Beneath my agile  
Bow and fingers?

In no woman  
Is love lent  
So beautiful an  
Instrument.

None so lovely  
In her moving,  
None so wholly  
Lost in loving.

A low note dying, and  
Yet not dead,  
Is a lover's hand  
Uncomforted.

A low note dying, and  
Sunk to rest  
Is a lover's hand  
Still, on a breast.

*Bernard March*

**Lucifus Enamoured**

*Leo Kennedy*

IN a niche of the wall beyond the Toy Shop counter stood a wooden effigy of the Virgin, with folded hands. The Toy Master filled daily a glass vase with flowers and fair water, and set it before the little feet; at dusk he brought a vigil light to dance eerily within a blue transparent jar. When grey and black shadows merged to purple, in all the crooked Toy Shop was no light but this wild suppliant in a blue shell, and the pure moonlight that on some nights sprawled on the floor. Stefan the Clown, sturdy gentleman, took no heed of these things, having concern only for his plump person and the Dutch Doll with yellow braids of hair. Karl and Topper, colonels of hussars and light foot respectively, had not mind above the parading of wooden regiments on shelves, and the ogling of wenches in doll houses. The Khan of all China sat in the long night as in the day, dreaming of far away gardens with sapphire lakes, and almond-blossoms falling in a scented shower about cherry-mouthed women who plucked upon stringed instruments and sang: "Ah, tee la so." The yellow-clad, yellow-faced Khan, because of desires that he might not satisfy was come to an end of his weariness: the small heart of him dry and shrunken as a pea, rattled if you shook him. That crimson and orange pagoda with brass bells and a blinking Buddha called to him faintly across the world. It was his ineffable tragedy that he could not hear. As the Woolen Elephant said of him, with a mind on other things: "Pooh, he is deaf and far too old."

Only Lucifus the Puppet had the shadow of a soul, and it was blue and shaped like a candle flame. Little

Lucifus knew nothing of this; he did not know that he was a Puppet and that things happened inside him, making him feel thus, or thus. He was not aware of being an extraordinary puppet in this respect. The stupid gaping monsters who regarded him in the day: tall monsters with little monsters holding to their hands: these crowed or screamed as the fit took them. Obedient to the hidden motions of the Toy Master who resembled these creatures but had sensibilities, Lucifus jogged his hands and flapped his legs and wagged his head right, left, and down, his controlling wires making a sharp click, click. Lucifus did not hate these people or even try to understand them: he jogged and flapped and wagged for their delectation when the need was — other than that he did not think of them at all. His soul was blue and shaped like a candle flame, and this no doubt brought him one night swaggering along the counter and through the stirring shadows to that statue of the Mother of God. Little Lucifus stooped and doffed his busby as he had seen the Toy Master doff his velvet cap. "Lady" said Lucifus: "it is a dear night, and presently there will be a moon."

He smiled a little. "What is that curious blue woman that dances before you at night, all night? I have remarked her with strange movings in my sawdust. It is as though, as though she were within me, dancing, dancing. She is very beautiful to dance at your quiet feet. Lady, not from a desire for private betterment do I do this, but because though I am a Puppet to dance for the world's pleasure and do not know what it is all about, yet do I know that you are holy and lovely and kind, and here is my all, a poor gift."

He thrust one painted hand within his breast and drew from there a small blue, moving thing, and laid it with little gaspings of his breath beside the candle; the moonlight being now come, dabbled his face to a chalky whiteness.

"O" said Lucifus: "O." And the wooden Virgin with eyes and mouth always tender, always kind, looked at him over her folded hands.

"O" gasped the Puppet: "it is a lie, Lady, I am like all the world. If there is no desire rampant there is one slumberous, and I am not better than anyone. And since the strange dancing is gone out of me I know that I would have it again, or rather the blue flickering woman who watches with you. She is a spiritual delight — but what is spiritual! — and loveliest of my world as you are loveliest of your place. She dances — and her dancing is a song that plays upon my poor emotions. She is warm light in all the dark of here, and even the moon's great kiss is cold and unsatisfying.

A faintness is upon me, and I would have you know too, that my name is a lie: I was earliest called little Adam and I suppose I am an allegory. But you are Mother of all the World, and for the gratification of my desire, Adam will speak fairer than Lucifus. O, Lady, your smile is always the same smile, and you, as I now see, the Mother of God: and that swift blue woman at your feet is the twin of my gift to you."

Now Little Lucifus, or as he says, Adam, reeled in a great whirlpool of the Toy Shop as it seemed, and sprawled with his stuffed arms widecast. And in that trembling moment when the Soldiers, the Dutch Doll and Stefan, the Elephant, the Khan and all, tumbled in a kaleidoscope across his eyes, the flame in the blue jar sprang widely, wavered, and was extinguished, with a thin trickle of smoke where it had been. The soul of

the Puppet danced into the empty jar with a certain humble merriment, and the wooden Virgin smiled, smiled gravely.

\* \* \*

Now this is the last that I know of Little Lucifus called Adam.

## Twilight

By Edgar Stewart

AT set of sun the Traveller approached the top of the hill. He was wearied, for it had been a hot day and he had come far. He was dusty, too, for much of his journey had lain along high routes; and now, picking his way up a grassy track to where he could see the four lone pines capping the hill, he was inclined to entertain doubts. The Traveller was always of a contemplative mood, but now his contemplations had a shadowy tinge. He began to question the goodness of things, to ask himself why he was faring thus along his appointed road, to ponder upon the uselessness of endeavour and the relentless fulfilment of destiny.

Reaching the top he sat himself down, fatigued by the ascent, under the pines as they murmured their plaintive song wafted by the sunset breeze. The sun's rim was touching the western horizon as he gazed forth to refresh his soul with what he saw.

From his lofty seat the valley fell away in an irregular checker-board of greens and browns. On the opposite side the land again rose into sheep-pasturing downland, crowned at intervals with clumps of fir-trees. Down the valley meandered a winding stream; here and there a white road flashed, following its course up into the hills beyond. Up there the light had already failed, so that a deepening purple outline was all that was distinguishable. The Traveller's eyes dwelt lovingly on the valley, and well they might, for it was one of the loveliest in the whole Kingdom. Dotted along the road at varying intervals were farm houses and barns with their attendant cottages, bowered in old trees, and those gifted with excellent sight could discern the labourers returning thither from their work in the fields.

How peaceful this sunset world was! From the village out of sight on his right hand up to the looming hills on his left this valley seemed the haunt of perfect repose. The very sounds were sleepy, plaintive, calculated to fill the mind with the bittersweet of reminiscence. A faint lulling tinkle-tinkle came across from the sheep-folds on the opposite downs; down below the peewits on their last foraging flight uttered their melancholy call; overhead the four lone pines sighed. The scent of midsummer clover was all around the Traveller. He sighed.

His gaze strayed over the landscape, now attracted by the glare of a farm window reflecting the ruddy sunset, now roaming idly over copse and pasture, lush-meadow and orchard. Presently his eyes ceased wandering, becoming fixed on the vanishing purple hills. But he did not see these purple hills as they blended with the horizon and as the glare of red beyond them died. He was lost in thought, wrapped in the aching sweetness of it all.

Just as a draught of some old French wine removes for a time the worries of a busy world, so the content

of this scene flowed round the Traveller and imbued him with its repose. His mind had wandered back to far-off happy days, days of his youth.

The last gash of red was dissolving in the west, the evening mists had spread from the stream over the lush-meadows, and the first stars had begun to puncture the purple vault, when the Traveller sighed a deep sigh, took up his staff, and walked down a winding lane to the village inn where he could rest his limbs and refresh his body. And in his heart was that serenity which only those can know who live with Nature with no thought of the morrow.

## BOOKS

### ENOUGH ROPE

(By Dorothy Parker. New York, Boni & Liveright. \$2.00)

THESE verses are not poetry, but then they do not try to be. Mrs. Parker knows what is meant by the term "light verse;" she understands her limits and keeps well within them. Nobody who achieves this is ever displeasing. And "Enough Rope," though light, escapes being trivial. That vein of cheery sophistication which we have learnt to expect from modern America runs through these pages, so that although the subject is primarily, of course, love, the manner of treatment is refreshingly unsentimental.

\* \* \*

### Testament

IT is along the seamed and gnarled  
And long-dead river-beds  
I take my way—I, molten,  
Moulded, hardened into stone,  
Rifted with ripples, seamed with sand,  
Myself more sun-baked, sallow-seamed,  
With sand and little fine grey dust  
In eyes and mouth and matted hair,  
Than any god of the desert  
Brooding with unwinking eyes  
The cactus and the prickly pear.

Was it an old poet spoke of wells  
And green and grass and juicy trees?  
April has the sound of silver bells  
Or a certain misremembered voice  
Calling to me out of a child's heaven . . .

There is madness in that thought.

I'm for the desert and the desolation.  
I have kissed my hands to distant trees  
And to the girls with pitchers  
Waiting at the well,  
And I am set upon a pilgrimage  
Seeking a more difficult beauty  
Unheated by even the most faint mirage.

I am not I, but a generation  
Communicant with trickling sand  
And grey and yellow desert stone—  
The blood and body of our unknown god.

A.J.M. Smith