

OBITER DICTA

Certain recent events have brought to a head the question of the attitude of the undergraduates toward the faculty. Anyone who has observed University life during the last few years must have been aware that the question has been largely an open question. There is no explicit regulation laid down in the University Calendar with regard to it. There is no established canon of conduct among the students with regard to it. Some students take off their hats to the professors; others write skits on them in *The Varsity*, and arraign them in the public prints. Which is the correct attitude? Is the student to adopt toward the professor the attitude of the schoolboy toward his master, or the attitude of one citizen toward another? Is the University to be bureaucratic, or democratic? Are the undergraduates in this enlightened University to be like the peasants of Russia, until a month ago, denied free speech, denied representation in the matter of government, and lorded over by a despotic bureaucracy; or are they to be granted all the reforms in the cahier of Count Witte? These are questions that, like Banquo's ghost, will not down; and it is time that a *modus vivendi* was arrived at.

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The spectacle the other day of the second year School men rushing Principal Galbraith, snatching a camera he had confiscated, and hissing and hooting him liberally when he attempted to take down the names of the offenders, was eloquent of the attitude of at least some of the undergraduates toward the faculty. There may have been some justification for the conduct of the students; there doubtless was. But it must be said frankly that such conduct is impossible. It is subversive of all discipline. It is criminal in the eyes of the civil law, and ought to be punished as such.

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Last year the "Bob" at Victoria College—that demure institution—went to such lengths in ridiculing the professors that it was seriously considered whether it should be allowed to take place this year. Of late years, the Mock Parliament has developed a tendency to make fun of some members of the faculty. The famous "Charon" skit in *The Varsity* of last year contained some very hard hits at two or three professors. And so on. Are these little skits and gentle satires improper, as coming from undergraduates? Do students offend the proprieties in perpetrating them? The Senior hesitates to decide. Certainly it is an impossible situation to have undergraduates slinging mud (metaphorically) at the professors, or ridiculing them in such a manner as to undermine their influence and usefulness. But probably the question is merely one of common, every-day propriety. A London journalist, editor of a great daily, once said that he had always made it a rule never to say anything about any man that would make himself uncomfortable were he to meet that man at a dinner table the next night. If the undergraduates were to regulate their conduct toward the faculty by some such rule, there would doubtless be less trouble around the University.

At the same time, the Discipline Committee of the University Council, with its apparently unlimited discretionary powers, is a little too much like a council of Russian bureaucrats to be altogether acceptable to healthy Canadians. The autocratic principle is galling to any one of any spirit at all. It is an anomaly in this country and in this century. And it is infamous that freedom of the press, that free speech, should be denied to this reputable journal, as if it were a Socialist organ in Berlin or St. Petersburg. For any writer in *The Varsity*—even the youthful Senior himself, as he pens these scathing lines—is liable to be haled before the ogres of the arbitrary and tyrannic Discipline Committee, and obliged to relinquish so many crinkling dollar bills.

The Senior.

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CAPTAIN CASEY BALDWIN

Awake ye old grey Norman towers
And hearken to the song
Of the seething, swaying multitude
Who gaily march along!
Why all this boisterous merriment
Making noise of battle tame?
This is the day of the championship
And "Casey's" last game.

The players in their uniform
Are out upon the field
The ball's in play, the lines work hard,
Their scrimmage will not yield
The students from the bleachers
Shout loud the hero's name,
For "Casey" had his men in shape
In his last game.

When things looked hard for Varsity
And all the bunch felt sore,
Who was it made the final run,
That tallied up the score?
It was the man we eulogize
And loudly we proclaim
That "Casey" won the championship
In his last game.

In after years we may have teams
To which we'll point with pride
Although we're in the business world
And grown some dignified.
And football up at Varsity
Will flourish just the same,
But we'll never see another one
Like "Casey's" last game.

And when football is o'er for us
And we are old and grey
E'en yet shall we remember
That great and glorious day.
Our very hearts will thrill with glee
At "Casey" Baldwin's name
When we are cashing in our checks
At our last game.

Brac. Carlo.

Toronto, Nov. 25th, 1905.