

# HER LETTER'S REPLY

By Gosh

*I'm sitting alone on the terrace,  
And the sun's getting over the trees  
That stud the big lawns of this palace  
And a Board meeting meets without me.  
And the cocktails at five I have bypassed,  
And the seat at the opera I've waived,  
With demands of Big Business forgotten  
I'm alone, with my fame, on the Bay.  
I'm writing to tell you I'm lonely,  
And as I do let me say  
That success isn't sweet like they tell you  
For it's taken me so far away  
From the times that we once knew together  
And how when the spring time was new  
There were barn dances down by the Ferry  
And History was heaven with you.  
Remember the night Joe's old father  
Was drowned in Perpetual Falls  
That was the night that you kissed me,  
That was the night of the call—  
The call that meant farewell and sorrow,  
And all of this fame and this gold  
That is worthless, for all that you brought me  
With the years, is now faded, and cold.*

# SNOBBERY

Snobbery is the inalienable infirmity of men. Nursed by false sense of self importance, it inflates the mind with an empty superiority that protracts itself by that annoying manifestation: a supercilious and arrogant sneer. There are many causes for this marvellous phenomenon. Perhaps you belong to a large city and view poorer districts as inferior by the magic of the irrational human mind. Or maybe you just have money and put this up as the wall of your distinction and exclusiveness. Let the cause be what it may all of you have one thing in common: a superlative degree of ignorance coupled with an inexhaustible reserve of subconscious inferiority within yourselves, which deficiency you seek to forget in the hollow structure of false pride.

Conceit, snobbery, and pride can be condoned, accepted and tolerated in cases where said qualities are justifiable. But in the majority of cases there is not a possibility of justification and it rests solely and pathetically on ignorance and a lack of human understanding as already inferred.

Whenever someone starts to boast in the "we are the greatest that ever was" line you may start off on the basic assumption that he does not know what he is talking

about. Disregarding the question of immaturity of mind, we can observe here that this boastfulness is what makes Americans so unpopular in most of the world. Human spirit naturally recoils against it. Because he is more fortunate than I, you ask, does this give him the right to place himself at a higher level than I? Of course the answer is no. But he does not see this and goes on with his nauseating display of arrogance.

The next thing to analyse is his most unchristian behaviour, lack of simple politeness and seemingly uncontrollable effort to impress you. Beneath it all lies a defection, inferiority and infirmity that needs to be submerged in all manifestations that are the direct antithesis of them. This is the type that dresses gaudily, buys cheap cars and dresses them with imitating gadgets of the more expensive, and, of course, talks as loudly. Behind this veneer of pretense they assume the position of gods, blinded by the cheap splendour of their own creative genius and thinking the eyes of the world can't see through the masquerade, whereas in fact, it is transparent. This is their way of making up for what they can not be but wish to be.

This is the ludicrous analysis of the snob. And what is more ludic-

# SWEET SINGER

At close of day, darkness.

Harper & Sons have recently come up with a publication of a book by Vincent Sheean on the life of that greatest of all American lyrical poets, Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Edna Millay, so all have discovered who have read her, was a woman of exceptional writing qualities. Her work is cloaked with a sadness and a deep melancholy that seems to reflect either a bottomless despair or an unmitigated loneliness. But if sorrow is her prevailing theme it is a sorrow of beauty for seldom has such literary perfection come from an American pen; seldom has such a delicate and profound feeling been put into words.

Witness the following sonnet extract:

Pity me not because the light of day  
At close of day no longer  
Walks the sky . . .

. . . or this from the same sonnet's use of metaphor:

This have I know always, love is no more  
That the wild blossom that the wind assails,  
Than the great tide that treads the shifting shore  
Strewing fresh wreckage gathered in the gales.

. . . or this, from What Lips My Lips Have Kissed:

. . . The rain is full of ghosts tonight  
That tap and sigh upon my window . . .

This silently sorrowful woman is ranked high in place of not only contemporary but past poets. It is this woman that Mr. Sheean met and knew and in his 'memoirs' discusses as a person in his treatise entitled *The Indigo Bunting*. As an analysis the book is next to valueless but as a portraiture of an author it is well done. Mr. Sheean well labelled his work 'memoirs' for it is little else than personal impressions. Perhaps he has spent too much time on mannerisms and too little on analysis. He refers to her store of knowledge and education but fails to explore their effect. However, as a word-painting of a great poetess, *Indigo* is well worth the reading.

Such people, no matter in what way they choose to create their own artificial exterior of snobbishness or for what cause, are rarely to be listened to or answered. Their aspect, their words, are noisy but empty. They don't know of what they speak and every word rests on the lie that they have created for themselves and as such is emotional and not logical. Let the snob go his own way in the perpetual bliss of his ignorance, but as for us, let us never admit so blatantly to the world that we are in reality inferior or deficient in one thing or another.

# SOUTH OF THE BORDER (A. C. P.)

## BREAKDOWN IN MORAL VALUES . . .

A student ring at Washington University has been breaking into campus buildings and offices with a master key to get examination data. All locks have now been changed.

Five students have been dismissed and the University is guarding its papers with renewed vigor. A student survey indicates that cheating is "fairly widespread" in all classes.

Declared Chancellor Arthur H. Compton: "Discussion in university circles throughout the country indicates that student insecurity over the draft and world conditions has led to a decline and breakdown in student behaviour and has increased cheating."

Washington University was spotlighted a few weeks ago when it refused admission to a Negro girl. The University, said authorities, did not want to risk placing itself "outside the community." But WU's Student Life pointed out that St. Louis University has removed racial barriers without losing community prestige.

In an editorial on Washington University, *The Nation* commented, "A University that will not admit qualified students to all departments . . . is hardly in a position to lecture students on a 'breakdown' in moral values."

"As long as the university locks out Negroes, it has little reason to complain if a few students appropriate the master key which unlocks the answers to examination questions."

## SCARRED CHEEK AND THE HONOR ROLL . . .

The United Press reports that duelling on German Campuses is again being practiced. The scarred cheek is a mark of honor.

Fraternity men have been ordered by their alumni officers to practice duelling secretly once a week in case of possible challenges. In two cases, where fraternities have disobeyed their elders, they have lost their houses.

The sport was banned by occupational authorities, because it was thought to promote German militarism and nationalism. But the ban is being increasingly evaded.

## NIGHT LIFE . . .

The Orange and White, University of Tennessee, feels the system of campusing coeds who are late getting back to the dormitory is a bit stiff.

Any girl who is one to five minutes late gets campused one night. If a girl is more than 15 minutes late, she is campused a whole week. The Orange and White suggests that the administration look into the matter and make some changes.

## ANIMAL, VEGETABLE OR MINERAL? . . .

(The following editorial is reprinted from the *Daily Kansan*, University of Kansas).

Is the multiple-choice quiz a fair way to evaluate a student's knowledge?

Multiple-choice quizzes have their advantages from the viewpoint of both teacher and student. Undoubtedly, they are easier to grade. It is even possible to slough off this tedious job on a machine.

Most students will agree, we think, that such an examination requires more knowledge of facts but less correlation of them. And where wrong answers are not subtracted from the final score, guesswork is often the decisive factor.

Is this right? A student can perhaps pass a quiz or a course on guesswork, but after graduation nobody is going to stand around with three alternatives for him to pick from.

Essay quizzes are criticized for giving a break to the student with writing ability who can "sling the bull." But multiple-choice quizzes seem just as partial to the student who has a good memory for isolated facts, although he often has no idea how these facts fit together.

It looks as if the essay quiz, while not ideal, still gives the teacher a good idea of what the student is getting out of his course. And it helps the student put the facts bumping around in his head to some use.

Shouldn't learning be more than filling in little circles with a black pencil?

## INSIDE THE STUDENT . . .

Arthur G. Phillips, associate professor of English at the University of Miami, Fla., recently wrote a guest editorial for the *Miami Hurricane*, in which he made the following observations about the species Freshman and Sophomore:

1. Freshmen believe that all of their professors are smart; Sophomores believe that one or two of their professors are smart—the ones that gives them A's.
2. Freshmen are in college to get an education! sophomores are in college because their fathers refuse to pay their fare to Las Vegas.
3. Freshman aren't dry behind the ears; sophomores are always dry.
4. A freshman will take a wooden nickel; a sophomore will take a wooden nickel too, and five minutes later put it in the slot machine.
5. Freshmen write home once a week; sophomores write whenever they're broke.
6. A male freshman is looking for a girl like his mother; this is also true of the sophomore, if his mother happens to be Jane Russell.
7. A freshman believes the way to get good grades is to study hard; the sophomore has decided that a better way is to sit next to someone who studies hard.
8. A freshman's ambition is to get into "Who's Who;" a sophomore just wants to get called before the Kefauver committee.
9. Freshmen suspect that professor's aren't human; sophomores know it.
10. Freshmen kiss their dates goodbye; sophomores kiss them hello.

Concludes the professor: "Everybody loves a freshman. What makes life so disillusioning to a professor is the thought that this year's freshmen will be next year's sophomores. Sic transit gloria mundi."



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