

Editor,

McGill Daily,

Dear Sir:—

Accidentally perusing your diurnal concoction of pasteurized news and morenic musings which ordinarily is quite beneath my notice I perceived on page 2 as violent an outcrop of chronic puritanitis as has not gladdened my eye since the saintly ward in a chariot of fire.

in a chariot of fire.

Both the writers pro and con the erection in

our midst of the American gift have, begging your pardon Mr. Editor, an extremely asinine conception of sculpture. They have the unpardonable audacity to regard this petrographic monstrosity as a statue, a piece of sculpture. Mr. Editor my blood boils at the mere remembrance of it, and that petrified graduate arts '11 sees even through his maiden spectacles something indecent and suggestive about this mid-Victorian mantlepiece.

A replica of the fountain could with advantage be used as a fruit bowl in a cafeteria window providing the manager is an extremely unaesthetic person. Anyone who particularly thirsts for the blood of our modern masters of sculpture has only to bring Epstein, Maillol or Mestrovic to the McGill campus and I am sure that two minutes after beholding this masterpiece of the stonemason's art they will collapse with an acute attack of agina pectoris.

Dadaistically yours,
Transition.

The Editor,

McGill Daily,

Dear Sir:—

The green of McGill Campus is too beautiful and too valuable (in a great

gray city) to waste its space in commemoration of anyone or anything outside our own history and our own artists.

Our dead or living heroes, modelled by our own sculptors, are more worthy a permanent place in the grounds than the finest sculpture from a friendly nation.

While France honours Tait MacKenzie with his bronze group of runners in her Luxumbourg gardens in Paris, no such group ornaments his University!

There are boys in this city who attend a school named for Guy Drummond, they do not know why it is so named, no sculpture nor Memorial Day perpetuates the fact that he, and many other McGill men, gave their lives for these children.

There were years that we can remember when the sod of McGill was trampled into dust by the feet of men who gave up their University career to go to France, and who did not return, it would be more fitting to remember THEM with sculpture, the McGill halfback who lost an arm and a leg, the law student whose letters were published in the London "Observer" while his cousin lived in Quebec, these are the names to whom we might live to realise their dreams, to them I would gladly see the campus give its space, art her contribution.

We have no right to leave MEANINGLESS statues to the future students, of our University,

Yours sincerely,

Marguerite Strathy.