CLASSICAL STUDIES
AT
THE UNIVERSITY OF
BRITISH COLUMBIA
1915 - 1975

A Brief History

With the Memoirs of Alumni
from Five Generations

Written and Compiled by
Robert B. Todd
FOREWORD

I am pleased to introduce this account of the study of Greek and Roman antiquity at the University of British Columbia (U.B.C.) during our institution's first six decades. It is an engaging tale, told with the help of alumni whose memories have added depth and zest to the narrative. The story ends in the mid-1970s, as U.B.C. was beginning an unprecedented phase of expansion and intensified professional activity. The history of Classics here during the past quarter-century remains to be written, but we confidently take as much pride in our more recent achievements as we do in those of our predecessors whose careers are described in this history. We particularly welcome the challenge of continuing our contribution to the University in the Department of Classical, Near Eastern and Religious Studies (CNERS), created in 1995 by the merger of the Departments of Classics and of Religious Studies. The task of facing this collaborative future can only be aided by reflecting on our past, and this history will allow us to do so in an informed and constructive manner.

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and Religious Studies: U.B.C.
March 2001

Philip Harding, the second Head of CNERS, has taught at U.B.C. since 1968. A specialist in Greek law, oratory and historiography, he has continued the late Malcolm McGregor's engagement with Athenian political history and Greek epigraphy.
Credit: A.A. Barrett
The U.B.C. Campus 1915-75

(There is more information on U.B.C.'s history at http://www.library.ubc.ca/specialcollections/ubc_archifacts.htm)

U.B.C. 1915-25
The Arts Building at the Fairview Campus, with adjacent "shacks," home to a student population that grew from 379 to 1,406.
Credit: U.B.C. Archives (1.7.1955)

U.B.C. 1925-38
The Arts Building on the Point Grey Campus (now the Mathematics Building); by 1938 there were nearly 5,000 full-time students on campus.
Credit: U.B.C. Archives (1.3.1949)

U.B.C. by 1975
The Buchanan Building (1938), home to today's Faculty of Arts. By 1975 the full-time student body numbered just over 25,000.
Credit: U.B.C. Archives (4.1.1949)
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Phillip Harding encouraged and supported this project from its inception, while Dr. Alan Tully, Dean of Arts, kindly arranged a subvention for publication. The alumni, whose memoirs have ensured that my narrative could be set against the experience of student life, must be warmly thanked for their input. Special Collections at the U.B.C. Library, and the U.B.C. Archives, made this project possible through their resources and staff. Christopher Hives, University Archivist, was of particular help with photographic material. Finally, Michael J. Griffin (U.B.C. Arts ’04), our Departmental Webmaster, provided indispensable assistance in the preparation of both the electronic and printed versions of this history.

Additional information on Classics at U.B.C. in the 1920s is contained in the recently published booklet: Homer Armstrong Thompson (1906-2000) and the University of British Columbia: A Memorial Tribute (Vancouver 2001). Also, the website of the Department of Classical, Near Eastern and Religious Studies has a section devoted to history at http://www.cnrs.ubc.ca/history.htm.

Robert B. Todd
March 2001

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CONTENTS

Foreword by Phillip E. Harding ......................................................... 1

PART ONE
CLASSICAL STUDIES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA 1913-75: A BRIEF HISTORY

The Founders: 1915-36 .................................................................. 5
In Transition: 1936-49 .................................................................. 16
Interregnum: 1949-54 ................................................................. 19
The McGregor Era Begins: 1954-60 ............................................. 22
McGregor’s Legacy: 1960-75 ......................................................... 27

PART TWO
MEMOIRS OF ALUMNI FROM FIVE GENERATIONS

From Fairview to Point Grey: 1923-27
Day Walker Gee (B.A. 1927; M.A. 1943) ........................................ 30
Reminiscences of a Well-Rounded Man: 1926-31
Malcolm McGregor (B.A. 1930; M.A. 1931) .................................. 32
From Peace to War: 1937-41
Douglas Todd (B.A. 1941) ............................................................. 40
Pax Logana: 1951-54
Peter L. Smith (B.A. 1953) ............................................................ 44
“Shadowy Mountains and Sounding Sea”: 1958-60
Father Owen Lee (Ph.D. 1960) ....................................................... 51

Acknowledgements ..................................................................... 58


**TWO DEPARTMENTS SIXTY YEARS APART**

The Founders (1923)


Credit: CNERS Archives

Eventually, Orpheus was to become something of a personal symbol: the famous Attic frieze depicting his loss of Eurydice graced the cover of my first book, on Horace's Odes; my book on Virgil's Georgics bore the title Virgil as Orpheus; my latest book, on opera, bears the subtitle From Orpheus to Ariadne. All three of them drew on the dissertation I wrote at U.B.C.

As the years passed Professor Riddelhouse continued to write me, always careful to address me as "Dr. Lee." A man of many religious, and parareligious, interests, he was never able to call me "Father," nor did I ever ask it of him. Professors Grant and Guthrie died in 1967 and 1972 respectively, but I sometimes saw Professor Elliot in Toronto and at meetings of various classical associations, where we spoke less of Beazley's work on red and black figure Attic vases than of matters operatic. He was by then president of the University of Prince Edward Island.

Professor McGregor lost his beautiful wife Marguerite, of whom I have the most glowing memories, in early 1989 while he was in his own last illness. I was happy to be able to tell him, by letter, that I would remember him and his Marguerite at the site of ancient Troy, which I was determined to see at last that summer. His daughter Heather told me later that my words had touched him. Certainly I hoped, when I stood on the hill of Hisarlik and looked out across the "sounding sea" towards Virgil's Tenedos, surveying the "windy plain," where Homer's noblest Trojan of them all met his death, that my remembering Professor McGregor on that site may have compensated him for the disappointment I was to him three decades before.

Of all those who taught Classics at U.B.C. from 1958 to 1960 I remember best that fiercely intelligent, sturdy, swaggering Scots-Canadian, who was whole-heartedly dedicated to education, and who loved the Classics with all his soul.
could do independent work and document it satisfactorily. All the same, I knew he was disappointed in me.

As mine was the first dissertation in Arts ever presented to U.B.C.’s Faculty of Arts and Sciences (a separate Faculty of Arts was created in 1964), and as it touched on literature, philosophy, art, music, and other matters, auditors from many departments were in attendance at its defence on September 21, 1960, in the Buchanan Building. I remember making my opening statement seated at a desk, and then being told (I’m not sure now by whom) that I was expected to remain standing throughout the defence. That had probably been demanded of previous doctoral candidates, all of whom had written dissertations on scientific subjects requiring demonstration. But it was something of an imposition for me: shortly before the defence I had injured a leg climbing down the bluff at Newton Wynd to swim in English Bay, and I was still walking on crutches. Several faculty members apologized afterwards for the imposed condition. But I was supported in the course of the defence by enthusiastic responses from the poet Earle Birney of the Department of English, and his interventions silenced the occasional hostile question directed at me by members of some departments, especially Music, who thought I was encroaching on their respective turf.

The defence was successful, the typed dissertation was accepted the next morning by the intimidating lady librarian (that was the toughest of all), and, as I recall, that same day I boarded a plane for Toronto, where I was already a week late for my new teaching duties at St. Michael’s College. Dean (later President) Walter Gage had told me, when he formally announced my doctoral status, that doctor meant “teacher,” and that the University of British Columbia expected me to take my teaching seriously. I did.

I was not able, immersed as I was in teaching at Toronto, to attend the congregation at U.B.C. that granted me my degree, and, as it turned out, I did not return to Vancouver for almost forty years. In the meantime I put the skills I had learned at U.B.C. to good use, teaching and writing on the Classics in Toronto, Houston, Chicago, Berkeley, and Rome. I became something of an expert at teaching Roman comedy, eliciting “laughs by the carload” from my Plautus and Terence classes. Catullus and Horace were my special interests at first, but eventually I found myself teaching about the Trojan War year in and year out. Homer and Virgil became my life. Ironically, Tacitus, the first classical author I read complete, was to be the only writer I never taught in the original language.

PART ONE

CLASSICAL STUDIES AT
THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA 1915-75
A BRIEF HISTORY

The Founders: 1915-36

The University of British Columbia officially opened in the fall of 1915, but not until the end of the First World War did its work begin in earnest, on a modest temporary campus on the Fairview slopes beside the Vancouver General Hospital. During its first two decades, the study of Latin and Greek and of classical antiquity was principally in the hands of three men. This is their story.

Students and faculty assembled outside the Arts Building at Fairview in the early 1920s. Some of the temporary “shacks” are visible in the background.

Credit: UBC Archives (1/1/1975)

Genius Loci

Lemuel Fergus Robertson (1878-1956) is the eldest, and a major pioneer of higher education in British Columbia. Born in Prince Edward Island, he grew up on a farm, holding his home, if legend is to be believed, in one hand, while milking a cow with the other. His undergraduate degree was from McGill, where he studied with the Ciceronian scholar and university principal, William (later Sir William) Peterson (1856-1921), under whom he later (1902) took an M.A.

He first came to Vancouver in 1899 to teach at the Vancouver College, a high school that by 1906 he had helped evolve into the McGill University College of British Columbia, an institution that, like Victoria College, offered courses for the first two years of a McGill degree. Here Robertson, J.C. Shaw (the college Principal), R.C. Macnaghten, and Arthur Boak (later a distinguished ancient historian at the University of
Faculty of McGill University College of B.C. 1908-09. Lemuel Robertson and Arthur Bock are third and fourth from the left in the back row. Credit: U.B.C. Archives (t/1884)

Michigan at different times formed the Classics contingent.

"Lemmie" Robertson was a pivotal administrative figure, serving as Registrar of the College, and Secretary of the Faculty and the Senate, in addition to being the Assistant Secretary of the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning of British Columbia, the executive body that oversaw the development of higher education in the province. He also found time to act as Secretary-Treasurer of the Vancouver chapter of the Archaeological Institute of America in the years immediately preceding World War I.

Robertson was the Classics department’s senior member when U.B.C. opened in 1915, and he became Professor and Head in 1920. He held office through the years at Fairview (1915-25), and for sixteen years after the move to Point Grey, and to the Arts Building (now Mathematics), which was the home of the humanities until the move to the Buchanan Building in 1958. Tall and of formidable bearing, Robertson was, despite his high-pitched voice, a natural leader and a commanding administrator. He served as Director of the Summer Session, and was a member of the Senate from 1915-25. In the citation for his honorary degree in 1942 he was dubbed “a lively and benevolent campus spirit, a genius loci.”

Robertson’s generally avuncular manner could take on a sharp edge. Hugh Keenleyside, a Fairview graduate and future diplomat, recalled him as “a sensitive classical scholar who apparently derived great pleasure from yielding to the temptation to throw classroom bars in my direction.” Philip Akrigg, an undergraduate in the mid-1930s and a future U.B.C. Professor of English, found Robertson’s appearance that of “a sanctimonious Pickwick with a red nose,” but did remember him once deceiving an uninstructed translation of Horace and threatening to render the poem in a way that would “show that I wasn’t always sixty.”

Robertson always wore a red tie, and was said to require from his students the worship of two great liberals: Marcus Tullius Cicero and William Lyon Mackenzie King. Fifty years later Malcolm McGregor recalled reading Cicero’s letters with him as “one of the lasting experiences of my academic life.” However, Robertson denied his students other potentially lasting experiences by keeping Ovid’s erotic poems off the syllabus for several decades.

His only son, Norman Alexander Robertson (1904-68), Classics Club’s Professor McGregor was saddened, but not surprised, when I told him at the end of that first year at U.B.C., that I wanted to write a dissertation not on Athenian constitutional history, but on a literary topic. I was considering an examination of the whole Western tradition of the myth of Orpheus. He had serious doubts about the subject’s being "academically appropriate." I was nonetheless able to point out that I would be following a precedent set by W.B. Stanford in his pioneering book, *The Ulysses Theme* (1954), and that Indians had recently given its blessing to a similar dissertation on the tradition of the myth of Teiresias. Professor McGregor somewhat ruefully conceded that a dissertation on such a subject might be "proper," and assigned me Geoffrey Riddelough as my mentor for the future.

Meanwhile I passed the requisite exams in French and German, and on the Harvard-plus Reading List. That left the fall of my second year to dispatch the examinations in my special field (Greek Music) and special author (Lucertina), and the dreaded oral comprehensive. (When, at the last-moment ordeal, I volunteered too much information on the things I knew something about—parabasis, krypteia, enharmonic quarter tones—the examiners would quickly shift to something I didn’t know about—leczisternium, euthemerizing, and strangely enough, apocryphal gospels in Greek.)

The U.B.C. library at that time was generally well supplied with the necessary materials for a graduate student in Classics, but not for my fast-growing subject, and I had been told in no uncertain times by a dictatorial lady librarian that as a graduate student I also had “no special privileges.” Fortunately, through the summer of 1959 I had amassed, in the libraries of distant Toronto, a wealth of material on Orpheus. I plunged into *medias res* with the dissertation, beginning with what was to be its central section, that on Orpheus and the origins of opera, and I found that completing the rest of it was a matter of only six or seven weeks. Orpheus, from the first mention of him in a fragment of Ibycus to his then-contemporary appearances in the works of Jean Cocteau and Tennessee Williams, was a figure that meant many things to many ages in Western culture.

There was much to say, and in my room at St. Mark’s, overlooking a vista that strongly evoked Homer’s “shadowy mountains and sounding sea.” I found that the dissertation almost wrote itself. I was able to make a short trip to Berkeley’s splendid Bancroft Library to follow every lead I’d found in Vancouver, as far as I could. I was also busy pastorally, giving regular conferences at three convents and doing weekend parish work at such far-flung places as Squamish and Woodfibre, Comox and Cumberland. Some members of the department regarded these activities as unusual for a doctoral candidate, and I suppose they were.

Professor McGregor, no longer the formidable man I had first met, thought my quick progress with the dissertation “quite acceptable”: a dissertation was not intended to be a candidate’s *magnus opus*, but only a demonstration that he

In 1959-60 the U.B.C. Main Library was expanding with the construction of a south wing. Credit: U.B.C. Archives (1/1/370)
soon prefer mountainous Vancouver to my native (and depressingly flat) Detroit. It was, he said, a landscape in which his favourite Athenian, Thucydides, might have felt at home. He hoped that I would carry on the monumental work in Greek Epigraphy he had begun at the University of Michigan, continued at Cincinnati, and brought to fruition at the University of British Columbia.

He also decided that, even after first-class standing in a four-year Honour Course in Classics at the University of Toronto, and after gaining an M.A. with honours from that same institution, I could still profit from taking two undergraduate courses at U.B.C. that Toronto could not have bettered — one of them (Herodotus) taught by him, and the other (Classical Archaeology) taught, and expertly I must say, by him and his promising assistant, C.W.J. Eliot. Professor Eliot (I could not then, and cannot to this day, call him by his more familiar name “Willy”) was himself pursuing a Ph.D. in Classics, and at the very University of Toronto I had just left. I suspected that there might be some animus in U.B.C.’s Classics Department against the more venerable but, at the time, less venturesome assemblage of scholars back East.

It was certainly clear from the start that Classics at U.B.C. was determined to make the training of its first doctoral candidate something of an event. Professors McGregor and Eliot lost no time in assigning me nothing less than the Harvard Reading List, and in supplementing it with much additional material: dialogues of Plato and speeches of Aeschines that weren’t expected of Harvard candidates, and the complete plays of Terence. (I’ve always suspected that this last assignment was given me because I had said rather unwisely that “there wasn’t a ‘laugh in a carload’” in Roman Comedy.) I must have looked glum when I left McGregor’s office that day.

But reading my way through the Oxford Book of Greek Verse with Geoffrey B. Riddleborough was a great pleasure. Toronto hadn’t given me much lyric poetry to read, and the poorly Professor Riddleborough was a man who, however exusive, wanted and perhaps needed someone with whom to talk about the poetry he loved. If I was less enthusiastic about reading all of Tacitus’ Histories with Patrick Guthrie, it might have been because I was beginning to feel that literature, not history, was going to be my concern when the time came to write the dissertation. Then again, it might have been because of the truly terrible coffee Professor Guthrie and I drank in his office on rainy days while reading of the deadly doings of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius.

I was always sorry that the only professor along the Classics corridor in the Buchanan Building with whom I never had an opportunity to read was the gentlemanly W. Leonard Grant, a true man of letters, and that the beloved Colonel Harry Logan was by then retired. Both men were, however, to become sources of strength to me when, in my second year at U.B.C., the time came for writing the dissertation.

President in 1921-22 and Rhodes Scholar at Balliol College in 1923, was a pioneer member of the Department of External Affairs who became a candidate of his father’s political hero, Mackenzie King, and served as High Commissioner to Britain and Ambassador to the United States. Among Robertson’s enduring legacies was the Classics Club. It was first established in the 1920-21 session, and maintained an almost unbroken history until the early 1990s. It usually met at professors’ houses, and afforded an opportunity for students as well as faculty to offer papers, and to address subjects of general interest.

A Gentle Humanist

Harry Tremaine Logan (1887-1971), Robertson’s student at the Vancouver High School and the McGill University College, was born in Londonderry, Nova Scotia, the son of the Rev. Dr. John Logan, a Presbyterian minister. He completed his Classics degree at McGill in 1909, and went on to St. John’s College, Oxford as British Columbia’s Rhodes Scholar — a just reward for his combination of intellectual and athletic abilities.

At Oxford he did not emulate his McGill predecessor, H.J. Rose (1883-1961), whose academic prowess carried him to an Oxford fellowship at the age of twenty-four. Logan did, however, gain a “blue” in lacrosse (i.e., he represented Oxford against Cambridge), while graduating in “Greats” (Literae Humaniores) some distance behind a future scholar of distinction, the epigrapher, Theodore Wade-Gery (1888-1972). A quarter-century later one of Logan’s students, and his successor as departmental Head, Malcolm McGregor, would collaborate with Wade-Gery on a major epigraphical publication.

While at Oxford, Logan reportedly came to know T.E. Lawrence ("Lawrence of Arabia") (1888-1935), whom in later years he fondly recalled as “Ned.” More importantly, he met his future wife Gwyneth Nesta Lilian Ruthven Murray (1888-1979), youngest daughter of Sir James Augustus Henry Murray (1837-1915), the first editor of the Oxford English Dictionary. She had graduated in Mathematics from Cambridge (Girton College) in the days before that university officially awarded degrees to women. They were married in 1915, when Harry Logan was en route to the front line.

Logan’s years at Oxford (1909-11) belong to the last phase of the gilded age immortalized in Max Beerbohm’s Zuleika Dobson, a milieu far removed from that of a Rhodes Scholar from Western Canada, possessed of a religious background and a social conscience. While at Oxford Logan met Kingsley Ogilvie Fairbrige (1885-1924), an intense Southern Rhodesian with a plan for establishing farm schools throughout the British Empire for orphans from the mother country. Some years later Logan spent over a decade away from U.B.C. furthering this enterprise.

"The Colonel." Harry Logan’s portrait in the Classics Reading Room shows him in uniform.

Credit: U.B.C. Archives (1.y/87a)
After Oxford, he studied theology at Edinburgh and McGill, but, instead of following his father's bootsteps into the ministry, returned to teach Classics along with Lennell Robertson at the McGill College in Vancouver. At the outbreak of war in 1914 he joined the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders, and later transferred to the Canadian Machine Gun Corps, the history of which he wrote before returning to U.B.C. in 1920. He ended the war with a Military Cross, mentions in despatches, and the rank of Major, later raised to Lieutenant-Colonel. He was in later years always known as "Colonel Logan," or "the Colonel."

Something of his wartime experience can be gleaned from a letter he wrote to Lennell Robertson from the front in March 1917: "It's 5:10 a.m. I've just had breakfast. The situation is in a dug-out just above a mile away from the Boche. Isn't that a dramatic setting? . . . I read a line of Latin now and then as I have a copy of the Oxford Book of Latin Verse with me, actually my only literature at present, apart from maps and machine gun manuals."

At U.B.C. Logan drew on his Oxford training to become a beloved teacher of ancient history, ancient philosophy (Plato was his passion), and Latin literature. He delivered his lectures, Malcolm McGregor recalled, "quietly and grippingly, without rhetoric, but with a precise choice of diction and a skillful variation of tone to produce emphasis." He also served in numerous administrative roles: as a founder of the Faculty Association and of the Alma Mater Society, as a long-time member of the Senate (1930-48, 1954-60) and Board of Governors (1941-45), and at the end of his career (1949-54) as Head of the Classics Department. He continued teaching until 1967.

His most tangible legacy is Tsuum Est (1958), the centennial history of U.B.C. that still remains the best general account of its subject. This was a work of reminiscence as well as history, by one of the university's builders. Logan had joined the students in October 1922 in marching to Point Grey (in the "Great Trek") to demand an enlarged campus. Then as a U.B.C. Senator in 1931-32 he had resisted the financial assault of the provincial government, and when not merely the Faculty of Arts, but the university itself seemed threatened, he supported his Dean, Daniel Buchanan, in a dramatic vote of censure against President Klink. The Harvard Man

Otis Johnson Todd (1883-1957) was born in Garland, Pennsylvania, and came to U.B.C. in September 1918 with a summa cum laude Bachelor's degree (1906), and a doctorate (1914), both from Harvard. He taught from 1913-18 at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, but had been in the Pacific Northwest from 1906-12 when he had taught at Whitman College in Walla Walla, Washington. His doctorate was supervised by John Williams White (1849-1917), an authority on the language and metre of the comic poet Aristophanes, and was earned with a Latin dissertation on Aristophanes' treatment of time, published in Harvard Studies in Classical Philology in 1915.

Classics man," I was that graduate student, a newly ordained priest.

When I arrived in Vancouver in the fall of 1958, a Detroiter awed by my first glimpse of Pacific mountains and sea, I found that Father Henry Carr had made St. Mark's College a reality. It was a splendid new building on Chancellor Boulevard, built with funds raised by the Catholics of Vancouver, designed by architect Peter Thornton, and comprising a men's residence, a chapel, a library, a Newman Centre for social gatherings and educational events.

It also possessed a grand piano that was virtually at my own disposal. For while Classics was the academic field chosen for me by my Basilian superiors, music was always my chief delight, and I had in my memory, and under my fingers, a thousand or more songs by Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter, and their ilk. The students at the Centre, grouped around the piano in a spacious room that offered a spectacular view of Burrard Inlet, were happy to have me for their group. But I'm not sure that either Father Carr, or Professor McGregor, knew quite what to make of me.

In his office in the Buchanan Building, Malcolm McGregor (it seems so strange, even after forty years, to be calling him by his first name!) told me that I would
Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies there. In the fall of 1950 President MacKenzie invited the internationally respected edition to give a lecture at U.B.C. on “The Place of Mediaeval Studies in the History of Western Civilisation,” and that paved the way for Father Carr’s return when, the next year, he was finally relieved of his duties elsewhere and was free to come to U.B.C. on a permanent basis. An administrator of long experience, a Professor of Philosophy, originally trained in Classics in Toronto’s famed Honours Programme, Father Carr was by 1951 a diminutive, gravel-voiced man in his seventies, jery and full of zeal but far from well, already suffering from the effects of a debilitating and as yet undiagnosed case of diabetes.

How was he to found single-handedly a college in what was then thought a distant city where Catholics were a distinct minority, on a campus that, almost to a man, didn’t want him, in a Department of Philosophy that attempted to thwart his every purpose? As it turned out, it was the Department of Classics that came to his aid. Col. Harry Logan, then Head of the Department, offered him, with what Father Carr later called “unfailing and understanding kindness,” a lecturer’s appointment teaching Cicero, Juvenal and Beginner’s Greek.

It was a humble enough position, and it meant teaching subjects that Father Carr had not taught for some forty years. But there was more humbling to come: after his very first class Father Carr was told by a regretable President MacKenzie that the previous evening the Senate of the University, not all pleased that a Catholic priest was going to be lecturing on campus, insisted that Father Carr could not do so as long as he wore clerical dress. Father Carr, not one to be undone by such an obvious ploy, promptly borrowed a grey suit and a tie (a most unusual garb for a Catholic cleric at the time) and continued his new career.

His cause was soon taken up by the U.B.C. students, who, like students everywhere, were looking for a reason to oppose the administration: they thought it unconscionable that a distinguished Canadian academic should be so humiliated, should in effect be denied status and identity, by their university. The rumour of this soon spread to other campuses. It wasn’t long before Father Carr was teaching again in the hall he had worn in the classroom for over fifty years.

When the second semester came, President MacKenzie honoured him with a special luncheon at the Faculty Club, introducing him as “one of the very greatest teachers in Canada.” And within a decade U.B.C. had set up a Department of Religious Studies. As Colonel Logan put it in “The U.B.C. faculty and Senate arrived at a rational interpretation of the clause in the University Act of 1908,” and added: “One cannot but realise the importance of the role [Father Carr] played in the acceptance by the university of the concept that religion must be included within the area of curricular studies.”

Father Carr taught Classics, Philosophy and Religious Studies at U.B.C. for several years, all the while proceeding towards his dream of founding a Catholic college on the campus. He recruited two bright young Basilian priests from Toronto: James Hanahan to teach in the university’s Department of History, and Elliott Allen to teach, in the face of some opposition, in the Department of Philosophy.

I sang at Father Carr’s funeral. He died fall of years, with honorary doctorates from many universities. U.B.C., in conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws honoris causa, called him “a scholar of outstanding attainments, who throughout a lifetime devoted to the education of Canadian youth has been an inspiring and challenging teacher, a

Todd was rapidly promoted to Professor of Greek (1922), later changed to Professor of Classics (1932). He supported Leonard Robertson as Head in 1941, a year before he became the department’s first Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. Until Louis MacKay’s arrival in 1940, he was the only publishing scholar in the department, and one of the few major scholars in the humanities in the university. He and the Senecan scholar William Hardy Alexander (1878-1962) of the University of Alberta were the two major classical scholars in Western Canada in the interwar years, but, unlike Alexander and many contemporaries, Todd eschewed the publication of occasional pieces in journals like the Dalhousie Review, Queen’s Quarterly, or the University of Toronto Quarterly. His humanism was entirely scholarly in character.

In 1923 he contributed translations of Xenophon’s Apology and Symposium to the Loeb Edition, and throughout his career produced a steady stream of articles in major journals such as Classical Philology and Classical Quarterly. In 1932 he left an enduring monument when, after a year’s sabbatical at Harvard, he completed White’s lexicographical work by publishing with the Harvard Press his Index Aristophanum. He ranged widely over both Greek and Latin literature, from, for example, an analysis of the role of Zeus in the Prometheus Bound to a detailed explication of a section of Aristotle’s Politics. He was particularly devoted to Aristotle, and his heavily annotated copy of Immanuel Bekker’s definitive edition survives in the department. Peter Smith recalls reading the Politics with Todd in the early 1950s; Malcolm McGregor, by contrast, remembered Todd’s abandoning as “a completely hopeless task” an attempt to read the Poetics with him in the early 1930s. Homer Thompson recalled “a shy man, but very kind and considerate . . . fond of music, chiefly the violin.” McGregor emphasised the “sharp and

mischievous wit” that lay behind the “solemn and preoccupied mien.”

Between May and September 1923 Todd traveled around the Mediterranean, and saw most of the principal sites. His detailed diary survives, and is full of vignettes, none perhaps more memorable than his meeting in Crete on May 28 with the excavator of Knossos, Sir Arthur Evans and Duncan MacKenzie, and his lunch the next day at Evans’ house, after which Evans gave him a Middle Minoan pot.

Todd’s scholarship was firmly rooted in linguistic skills and close textual study, and, unusually for an American, it involved verse composition as a complement to his expertise in Greek and Latin metrics. Yet as early as the 1919-20 session we also find him offering Greek 4, a course on Greek literature entirely based on translations: “a survey of Greek literary history from Homer to Lucian, with reading and interpretation of selected works from the most important authors.” Todd drew on his earlier experience at Whitman College, and the preceptor of U.B.C.’s Greek 4 was Whitman’s Greek 4: “a rapid survey of classical Greek literature” open to “all
students of literature.” Such courses were commoner in the inter-war years in Western Canada than is generally realised. U.B.C. in fact also had courses in Greek and Roman history (frequently taught by Colonel Logan) that did not require knowledge of Greek and Latin.

Todd was a pioneer at U.B.C. in the development of what is today called “Continuing Education,” and as Secretary of the “Extension Committee” he defended the university’s mission in a radio broadcast (“The University in the Life of the Province”) in 1935, at the height of the Depression. He was also keen a sportsman as Harry Logan, with a particular interest in tennis (he won several faculty tournaments), and soccer (or “association football” as it was then known), which he discovered after coming to Canada. From 1947-49 he served as President of the Canadian Football Association. A sports field at U.B.C. now bears his name, for, as the memorial minute in the proceedings of the Senate (of which he was a member 1941-48) notes, “probably few university teachers in Canada, other than physical educationists, have contributed more to the development of amateur games, inside and outside the university.”

Team Players in a Different Age

These three men seem to have worked well together. Todd and Logan’s common interest in sports may have eliminated any friction created by Todd’s superior scholarly abilities, and Logan seems not to have minded working with his former teacher Lennard Robertson. All three were also devoted teachers. Logan and Todd, for example, both emphasised the importance of reading Latin and Greek aloud, Logan in particular having what one student still recalls as “a beautiful and elegant style.” Again, as we have seen, they were active servants of the university and the community. In the early 1920s, for example, they each addressed the Vancouver Institute, in those days exclusively dependent on local talent: Robertson on Cicero, and Wetan archaeology, Todd on Herodotus, and Logan on Nero.

The professional atmosphere of the time was quite relaxed. There were no grants to apply for, few conferences to attend. The Classical Association of Canada did not come into existence until 1945, and the meetings of the American Philological Association were too far away for a Vancouverite to attend, and probably too expensive to afford. Also, during the First World War the Archaeological Institute of America lost its once flourishing Vancouver chapter, and its many visiting lecturers. As for the Classical Association of the Pacific States, U.B.C. seems to have had no connection with this organisation until Todd became President of its Northern Section in 1939-40. He presided over its meeting at U.B.C. in December 1940, and in 1941 delivered a paper at Eugene, Oregon. He also gave papers to the Royal Society after he became a member, as did many Canadian scholars in the days before the proliferation of specialised journals.

Career progress was not directly contingent on publication, and both Robertson and Logan reached the rank of full professor on the strength of their teaching and administrative service. However, O. W. Todd’s productivity shows that geographical remoteness and limited facilities were no obstacle to a truly determined scholar working in Western Canada.

A Whimsical Supernumerary

Rev. Aubrey Neville St-John Mildmay (1865-1955) deserves note, for his ancillary contributions as a part-time “tutor” and “assistant” in the years 1917-24. His solid formation in the classical languages at Winchester College, where he was Head Boy, was reinforced by “Mods” and “Gears” at Oxford, where at New College he was a

“Shadowy Mountains and Sounding Sea”: 1958-60

by Father M. Owen Lee

Mark Owen Lee C.S.B. was a Toronto Classics undergraduate deliberately imported from Anglophone Canada’s Athens to initiate U.B.C.’s doctoral programme in Classics, and he succeeded to the extent that he completed his degree in a mere two years. But as he recounts in the second part of this memoir, the thesis that he produced was not exactly what Malcolm McGregor had envisioned.

I was the first Ph.D. candidate in the Faculty of Arts at the University of British Columbia, and thereby hangs a tale, which I hope may be briefly told, of two remarkable men: Father Henry Carr and Professor Malcolm McGregor.

Father Henry Carr

In the 1930s, even though religious denominations at U.B.C. were, as a result of the University Act of 1908, allowed to teach only their own ministerial candidates and forbidden by law from participating in the work of any of the university faculties, the Archdiocese of Vancouver hoped to establish a Catholic college on the U.B.C. campus. And as the community of priests to which I belong, the Basilians Fathers, had successfully established Catholic colleges on provincial campuses in other Canadian cities, the Archbishop of Vancouver (William Duke) sent out an invitation to our Superior General, Father Henry Carr, to explore the possibility of doing the same in Vancouver.

Father Carr promptly paid several visits to Vancouver, but his initial request was refused by the University, and no real progress was made until the late 1940s, after Norman MacKenzie had become President of U.B.C. MacKenzie had known Father Carr at the University of Toronto and respected his achievement as President of St. Michael’s College and co-founder, with Étienne Gibson, of the
Into Another League

During my undergraduate years there was no one individual who so dominated the U.B.C. Classics Department as did Malcolm McGregor a few years later. It was, as I have suggested, an effective and successful team effort. How well, then, did that team equip me for the future of my choice?

As I began to get my bearings in the high-powered world of the Ivy League, I developed some doubts about my state of preparedness for doctoral studies in Greek and Latin philology. By the prevailing mythology, Canadian students were thought to be somewhat further ahead, but I was not so sure. My languages were in fine shape. Some of my American classmates had read more than I, and could perhaps read faster, but their linguistic control was not nearly as solid—or so it appeared. People also seemed impressed by my skill in declaiming Latin (a priceless legacy from Colonel Logan), and by my facility in quoting classical texts from memory. However, I had been disinherited in the apparatus and methodology of research: I had never heard of Panay-Wisowa or L'Année Philologique, nor had I been warned about the crucial importance of German in the world of classical scholarship. Had it not been for my healthy exposure to the U.B.C. English Department, I would have felt seriously out of my depth as a literary classicist on a campus that was a horror of the New Criticism.

Was U.B.C., then, typical of the Anglo-Canadian classical tradition in placing almost all emphasis on the accurate reading of texts, at the cost of ignoring critical judgment? Even O.J. Todd, that great scholar whose background was pure Harvard, had seldom challenged me to ask really searching questions about the works we read together. Probably I am wrong to imply that the fault lay even partly with my teachers; it is far more likely that I was solely responsible for my own defects. And why should I be assuming that the raison d'être of the U.B.C. Classics Department was to prepare students for American graduate schools?

Eventually my anxieties and misgivings evaporated. I was soon able to improve my reading knowledge of German, and before long I had become only too well acquainted with all the important research tools. Through professors like Bernard Knox and Frank Brown, I was introduced to a new and dazzling world of ideas. Although it was virtually a flip of the coin that led me to choose Yale over Harvard, I knew it was the right choice, at that particular time, for someone of my interests and temperament. Once I had overcome my initial sense of inadequacy, my years in New Haven were among the happiest and most stimulating that I can remember.

Nel mezzo del cammin

In the Poetics (1450b26-27), Aristotle tells us that “a whole is that which has a beginning, a middle, and an end.” If my studies began at Victoria College and ended at Yale, my middle belonged to U.B.C. Those pivotal middle years, I firmly believe, were more important than any others in shaping my academic values, my scholarly priorities, and my ultimate goals. I could not be more pleased and satisfied with the classical education I received at that time.

While the classical languages, especially Latin, were popular as electives, few students took the demanding Honours Classics Programme, in fact only three between 1913 and 1930: James Duffey (1922), Homer Thompson (1925), and John Leslie Catterall (1926). All gained first-class standing, as did the first woman in this category, Grace Elizabeth Higham (1933). Such students, in addition to an intensive course of reading, were for many years also required to take a graduating examination on “Antiquities, Literature and History,” “Antiquities,” that is, art and archaeology, were not neglected in the department, even if they did not form part of the curriculum. O.J. Todd, as his travel diary attests, had a particular interest in this area, and often lectured on it informally.

But far commoner were joint honours degrees in Latin and another subject, such as French, or, as in the case of the Classics Club’s first President, Charles Augustus Preedy Clarke, English. These combinations often served as a preparation for careers in schoolteaching, and for many years Lennell Robinson offered a course on the methods of teaching Latin at the high-school level.

The Students’ Perspective

What did the students think? The credo that the Classics Club contributed to U.B.C.’s year-book in its inaugural year of 1920-21 shows a certain defensiveness, and a somewhat pretentious feeling that taking Classics involved resisting crass commercialism. Yet it also boldly emphasises (as their eminently respectable teachers undoubtedly did) the importance of linguistic study as the route to “intellectual and spiritual taste” — generic qualities that could be transferred to “practical things.” Or as Stephen Leacock more memorably formulated this rationale: “it is difficult to see why a horse-doctor must pass in Latin, but it is
not illogical when we realize that after mastering the intricacies of Latin grammar, the insides of a horse present no difficulties.

Let the students speak for themselves: The object of the Classics Club is the study of classical life, art and archaeology. Its active members are students of the third and fourth years who are old-fashioned enough to study Greek and Latin. At present there is a widespread tendency to set aside all subjects that have no direct economic value. But, because our language is so dependent upon Latin and Greek, to do away with them is to “discard the tree and live by its fruit,” for in proportion as word roots are ignored, a language loses precision and the power of expressing delicate shades of meaning. It has been said that the study of the classics will develop our language sense and produce intellectual and spiritual taste. And that this does not unfit one for practical things, the careers of Macandrew, Gladstone and others would show.

Four Alumni

In its first two decades the department produced three future classical scholars (two of whom later joined it and became long-serving members), as well as one future university President. The Student With only One Failing

Homer Armstrong Thompson (1906–2000), the most distinguished member of this quartet, came to U.B.C. from Rosedale, near Chilliwack, at the age of fifteen. Following his B.A. (1925) he was an Assistant in the department, and in 1927 took the first M.A. in Classics. As an undergraduate he was an active sportsman, and excelled as a member of the athletic relay team. He was also Business Manager of the Odyssey, and President of the Classics Club. The student yearbook noted “One and only failing – going to sleep in church.”

Thompson’s doctoral studies were at the University of Michigan, where he was undoubtedly attracted by its excellent programme in classical archaeology, and perhaps by the presence of the Canadian scholar, Arthur Edward Romilly Boak (1888-1962), a Roman historian, papyrologist, and, as we have seen, a former Instrucute at the McGill University College of B.C. The Ph.D. was quickly gained with a dissertation written under Boak’s supervision, The Transportation of Government Grain in Greece-Roman Egypt (1929). During the 1930s Thompson was involved with the excavation of the ancient Athenian Agora (marketplace), while also teaching at the University of Toronto, where he was Assistant Keeper at the Royal Ontario Museum.

In World War II he was seconded to British naval intelligence, and in November 1944 found himself in Athens as civil war broke out in the wake of the German withdrawal. After two more years in Toronto (1945-47), he joined the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, and served as Director of the Agora excavations from 1947 to 1968. His wife, Dorothy Burr Thompson (1900-2001), whom he met in Athens in the early 1930s, was a pioneer woman archaeologist, and a noted authority on terracotta figurines.

Thompson never forgot his days at U.B.C., nor the men who had so unfailingly taught him. As he wrote in the 1980s: “Each of these four – Roberton, Todd, Logan and Midlynn – had a very distinct personality, whether as a human being, scholar or teacher. The remarkably high overall quality of the department as so constituted was characteristic of U.B.C. already in those formative years. I count it a great privilege to have shared life with them at such an impressive age.” On Colonel Logan’s death, in honour of his former teacher, Professor Thompson presented U.B.C. with a copy of the fundamental modern edition of Plato, by Henricus Stephanus, published at Geneva in 1578.

excessively nice man, with a warm and cordial manner on social occasions. In his lecturing style, Dr. Guthrie had some memorable idiosyncrasies, including an odd way of delivering solemn pronouncements to the class while slicing the air with his right hand, he would lean forward confidentially, as if to share some profound revelation. He thus became a natural target for mimicry. “Funny enough [for so the spoof would always begin], old Empedocles was no choicer pedant.” Here, as in most cases, student imitation was a sign of affection far more than of disrespect.

The last of the five was W. Leonard Grant, whom I did not meet until the fall of my senior year, on his return from sabbatical leave. We had much in common as fellow Victoria High School grads who had studied under G.F. Black, teacher also of Leonard’s wife Kathleen. Almost at once he became a great favourite of mine. I admired his deep learning, his modesty, his lively and energetic teaching style. He would eventually publish a major book on neo-Latin poetry, but his firm control of all Greek and Latin literature was what impressed me most.

I was registered for his course in Homeric Greek. Aware of my background at Victoria College, he would assign me two or three times the standard number of verses, and I gobbled them greedily. Even more rewarding, I think, was our class in advanced Latin composition. Having had the full treatment himself at Harvard, under E.K. Rand (1871-1945), Leonard initiated me into the mysteries of Latin verse composition. It was an experience that profoundly increased my love and appreciation of classical Latin poetry. I have since composed very little Latin verse, but the course gave me a far greater sensitivity to the nuances of verse rhythm, diction, and word order. I hope there will always be a few institutions that keep alive this precious, but fast disappearing, pedagogical art.

TA-ing at U.B.C.

When I finished my B.A. in 1933, I was still very young and unsure of my future goals. Harry Logan suggested that I stay on for another year, either to complete an M.A., or simply to prepare myself better for graduate school. It was wise advice, if only because it allowed me to relax and enjoy without pressure a year of further reading.

Colonel Logan had found the innumerable sum of $400 as a teaching assistantship, in exchange for which I was to instruct two sections of Latin 110. (At eight hours a week for twenty-five weeks, that worked out to $2 a contact hour, not counting preparation or marking time!) The teaching experience was an excellent trial by ordeal – though if I had been in Harry Logan’s shoes I would not have given a raw and immature 20-year-old full authority for even one academic course.

A fringe benefit of being a TA was that I got to rub shoulders with the Classics Department’s two distinguished part-time lecturers, Father Henry Carr and Dr. A.W. de Groot. Father Carr’s attirments are recalled in Father Lee’s memoir. Dr. de Groot was an astonishingly eminent Dutch classical scholar and linguist – another of President Norman MacKenzie’s wild recruiting coupes. I was overwhelmingly impressed that both these learned men were so self-effacing and so considerate. I decided that all world-famous scholars must be candidates for sainthood, a misapprehension that would soon be corrected when I arrived at Yale.
A Prof's Mind; a Puck's Imagination
Geoffrey Blundell Riddough (1900-78) (B.A. 1924) was born in England and educated at Penticton. He was a man of wide-ranging interests, with a preternatural facility with languages, and a profound addiction to punning. His yearbook noted that he combined "a prof's mind and a Puck's imagination." Riddough took an honours degree in Latin and English, specialising in Middle English and Anglo-Saxon, and won the Governor-General's gold medal. As President of the exclusive Letters Club, he delivered papers on Oliver Wendell Holmes and on the poets of the "Great War," and shortly after graduation brought out a volume of verse, Prophet's Man.

Riddough's subsequent career led to an M.A. at Berkeley (1925), research in Oxford and Paris in 1930-31 on medieval Christmas carols, and stints in the English department at Alberta, and in both the Classics and English departments at U.B.C. He finally became a Lecturer in Classics at his alma mater in 1937, where he took a second M.A. (1939) with a thesis entitled The Mercenaries of Ancient Carthage.

For his Ph.D. (1951) at Harvard he specialised in medieval studies, and for his dissertation edited the twelfth-century poet Joseph of Exeter's Bellum Tristianum. Though this edition remained unpublished, it formed the basis for an English translation by another scholar published in 1970. Riddough's engagement with medieval studies was maintained at U.B.C. by his former pupil, Betty Borgie, when in the early 1970s a Medieval Studies Programme was developed in the Faculty of Arts, and Classics contributed a crucial service course in Medieval Latin.

In their memoirs Peter Smith and Owen Lee vividly evoke this intriguing gentleman. But neither they, nor anyone else, can throw much light on Riddough's interest in psychical research. Like some celebrated twentieth-century classicists (A.W. Verrall, Gilbert Murray, and E.R. Dodds, for example), he was a member of the British Society for Psychical Research, which investigated all aspects of the paranormal. But only a few anecdotes (visits to a witch on the Isle of Man; expelling a maligent spirit from a Vancouver residence) indicate the scope of his activities in this area. Riddough was also, and perhaps surprisingly to those...
who knew him in later years as a reclusive professor, active in the late 1920s under the command of Colonel Logan in U.B.C.’s Canadian Officer Training Corps, where he showed considerable skill as a rifle shot.

The Scribe of the Papyrus
Malcolm Francis McGregor (1910-89) had come as a teenager to Vancouver from Beekhuisen, in Kent, where he had developed an early and enduring loyalty to the soccer team Crystal Palace. He left U.B.C. in 1931 with a B.A., an M.A. (his thesis, Rome and Germany, offering no indication of future interests), and impressive extra-curricular achievements: goalkeeper for the Varsity soccer team; Sports Editor of the Odyssey; and vaudeville in the pantomimes produced by the Society of Tights. In the latter all-male thespian freemasonry, he held, according to his yearbook, the title “Scribe of the Papyrus,” and as a member of the “Royal Egyptian Ballet,” starred as “a Hula girl, Druid, and Egyptian maniac” in the Society’s major annual production, the Annual Homecoming Ballet. The yearbook also reports that during his second year, and consistent with his theatrical transvestism, he won the “Muck-a-Muck Male Beauty Contest.”

After following Homer Thompson’s path to the University of Michigan (1931-33), McGregor moved to the University of Cincinnati, where he took his doctorate (1937) and joined the faculty in the exciting years in which Carl Blegen (1887-1971) was redefining the chronology of Troy. When his supervisor, Allen Brown West (1886-1936), died prematurely in an automobile accident, McGregor succeeded this “gifted polymath” (as he later recalled him) as collaborator with Theodore Wade-Gery and Benjamin Meritt in a monumental four-volume edition of the set of fifth-century B.C. inscriptions known as The Athenian Tribune Lists. McGregor we shall meet later on his return to U.B.C. as Head in 1954.

A Future University President
Charles Johnstone Armstrong (1911-94) will be the least well-known of these four alumni. A product of Victoria College, he took a first-class honours degree in Classics at U.B.C. in 1932, along with a precocious eighty-three-page graduating essay “Poet and Subject in the Pastoral Elegy.” In 1936 he emulated O.J. Todd by earning a Harvard doctorate with a dissertation composed in Latin, De Epiptasis Compositas apud Epicuros Latinius, a study of compound epithets in the Latin epic poetics “assembled by a careful perusal of the texts of all the epic poets from Livius Andronicus to Claudianus.” This impressive labour was, however, the prelude not to a scholarly but to an administrative career at several institutions. It culminated in the presidencies of the University of Nevada at Las Vegas (1958-67), and later that of the Dayton-Miami Valley Consortium (a group of eleven colleges and universities in Ohio).

Stressing Fundamentals
The alumni just surveyed all went to graduate school in the United States. In Canada Toronto’s doctoral programme was in its infancy in the 1930s, and anyway did not admit U.B.C. students without a qualifying year. U.B.C. classicists were usually better prepared in Latin and Greek than their American counterparts, since acquiring the trappings of scholarship through premature research was not the Canadian route to professionalism. Despite the U.B.C. department’s becoming more research-oriented in the 1970s, and despite the growth of courses based on translated material, these values have been maintained, and have been justified by results. Products of the department’s Honours Programme in the 1970s and 1980s, for example, now occupy

I did know in advance that O.J. Todd was a Harvard man who had published important books on Aristophanes and Xenophon, but my first introduction to him was in Latin 406: General View of Latin Poetry, taught mainly from the Oxford Book of Latin Verse. I loved every moment of that course, delighting in Dr. Todd’s quiet and magisterial control of his subject, along with his droll wit and congenial manner. His teaching style was not what you would call dynamic, but I found myself mesmerized by his intellect and vast learning. In deference to his advancing years, he usually lectured sitting down.

His age and this seated posture betrayed him once into committing the ultimate academic misdemeanour. Although I hate to snatch on one of my idols, I feel obliged to report that the maestro fell asleep while conducting one of his own lectures! This event reduced our class to shocked bewilderment. Luckily, the great man soon snapped back to attention, and continued as if nothing had happened. The mishap affected me deeply. Throughout my academic career, I dreaded that I might suffer a similar fate, and always resisted any temptation to sit down.

In the office that he then shared with Colonel Logan in the old Arts Building (now Mathematics), Dr. Todd gave me a Marcel de-terrestrial introduction to Greek drama. The tragedies we read together were thrilling, and Aristophanes’ Poetics was an eye-opener, but the most memorable experience was sharing his exuberant zeal for Aristophanes. He knew the comedies virtually by heart, and after all, he had compiled the definitive index. As we worked through the Birds, he would sometimes be chuckling so hard that further progress became impossible.

In 1953-54, when I took a year of postgraduate work at U.B.C., I would trudge regularly across campus to Dr. Todd’s home (at 1866 Wesbrook) in order to read Aristotle’s Politics under his tutelage. I felt sure this was a purely voluntary undertaking on his part, and considered myself enormously privileged to work so closely with a scholar of his stature. Once, appearing to be almost embarrassed by his own achievements, he presented me with a bundle of offprints on Greek and Latin literature, testimony to his astonishing versatility.

Because Harry T. Logan is such an enduring icon at U.B.C., there is no need for me to sing his praises. A British Columbia Rhodes Scholar and a decorated World War I hero, he was always addressed, or referred to, as “Colonel” Logan, and his mustachioed, well-groomed appearance was persuasively military. But a gentler, kinder, more softly spoken man would be hard to find. He and my father had been classmates at McGill, so I was soon taken under his protective wing. He kept hoping unrealistically that I would win a Rhodes Scholarship, though I tried to convince him that my athletic aptitude was abysmal.

Uncommonly wise and civilized, the much beloved Colonel Logan was a scholarly humanist of the old school. I derived great pleasure and profit from his courses in Virgil, Silver-Age Latin literature, and Plato’s Republic, despite his ever-increasing tendency to drift into anecdotal digression. (The stories were always charming and informative.) He was an ideal foil to O.J. Todd, and the two men provided living proof that good teachers are not cast from a single mould.

The three men who were then Associate Professors continued to teach at U.B.C. well into the 1960s, after Victoria College had been transferred onto the University of Victoria. Geoffrey Riddlehouse was a celebrated character at U.B.C. In the words of Horace (Serm. 2.7.86), we might describe him as arque rotundus, a familiar figure as he glided around campus with a faintly
the permissiveness of Fowler's Modern English Usage. One of Black's most
quixotic causes was a one-man assault on
his perceived misplacement of the word
"only": thus the vulgar expression "I only
have eyes for you" must always be
corrected to "I have eyes only for you."
Once I cheekily showed him a misplaced
"only" in a sentence by Robert Louis
Stevenson, a prose stylist I knew he
admired. He serenely replied: "Great
Homer sometimes nods."

Decades later, while reading well-
thumbed old books from the UVic
Library, I would occasionally spot
interlinear numbers neatly pencilled above
an offending "only" phrase – G.P. Black's
amendment for posterity of a grievous
fault in English word order. Though we
can easily smile at foibles like these, they
bespoke a crusader's zeal; and there was
no doubt that George Black could inflame
in bright students a passion for language and
literature.

Classics and English at U.B.C. 1951-53

And so I arrived at Point Grey, having
learned via the grapevine what to expect
of my U.B.C. professors. I was not
disappointed. Though my combined
honours programme resulted in a cruelly
heavy load, I was fortunate to discover in
the English Department such fine critical
mentors as Roy Daniels, Stanley Read,
and Philip Akrigg. Literary criticism was
not then a high priority of the U.B.C.
Classics Department; indeed, I cannot
remember being asked to write a single
term paper or critical essay in any of
my Greek or Latin classes. An exclusive
preoccupation with translation into
English may seem deplorable, but the
process did provide a solid and essential
grounding in philology. A corollary of this
approach was the snail's pace at which we
read our texts. Even in senior classes,
there was a general understanding that it
was unfair to cover more than one page
of prose or fifty lines of poetry in a single
class. It could be quite a shock to move
suddenly into a high-powered U.S.
graduate programme.

By the time I completed my B.A. I had
studied with all five regulars: Otn Todd
(former Head, then teaching part-time in
retirement); Colonel Harry Logan (current
Head, who had recently resumed his
professorial career after a thirteen-year
hiatus); and three associate professors,
Geoffrey Riddehough, Patrick Guthrie,
and Leonard Grant. One noteworthy
feature of this scholarly team was its
academic versatility: there was no
awareness (among students, at least) that
Professor A specialized in Greek and
Professor B in Latin, since they all taught
both languages with equal skill and
dedication. This observation occurs to me
only now in an era of intensive
professional specialization. At the time, I
assumed that all classists aspired to the
ideal state of bilingual and comprehensive
mastery.

established places in the Canadian
classical community.

While recent developments, both at the
undergraduate and graduate level, have
somewhat diminished the infatuation with
which a knowledge of Latin and Greek
was once imparted at U.B.C., the
department's commitment to effective
teaching in this area remains firm.

Classics on Campus

In the inter-war years Classics was a
widely respected subject because it was an
integral part of general education. Thus in
its early decades U.B.C. had a Head of
History, Walter Sage (1888-1963), who
had graduated from Toronto's Honours
Classics Programme, and a Head of
English, Garnett Sedgewick (1882-1949),
who as an undergraduate at Dalhousie had
taken a full Classics course along with
English. First-year English at U.B.C. in the
early years even included European
tragedies. Thus the founders of the U.B.C.
Classics department pursued a familiar
subject on a campus in which, as Malcolm
McGregor recalled, "the professors,
unsegregated by Departments, knew one
another." Such respect, allied to an active
generation by the Classics faculty in
campus life, created a status for the
department that far transcended its size
and enrolments. McGregor, as we shall
see, maintained something of that status in
the changing academic environment of the
1950s and 1960s, and so ensured that a
sizeable and effective Classics department
would continue into the next generation.

The tradition endured. 1977 saw four undergraduates win prizes in the Classical Association of Canada's Sight
Reading Competition. Left to right: Eric Coops, Nigel Kenedy, Mag Miller, and Lindsay Morine. All four have gone on
to academic careers.

Credit: CNER'S Archives
In Transition: 1936-49

In 1936 Colonel Logan began a thirteen-year absence from U.B.C., though he remained as a member of the Senate, and was on the Board of Governors in the early 1940s. He went first to Cowichan Station, near Duncan, on Vancouver Island, where he ran the Fairbridge Farm School (an enterprise fully described by Patrick Dunse in Social History for 1938). Then after the war he spent three years in England as Secretary of the international organisation of which this school was a part.

In the Colonel’s absence there were new appointments in Classics as U.B.C. benefitted from an economic upturn and a friendly provincial government. In 1937 Geoffrey Reidbeehou became a Lecturer, and between 1938 and 1943 the department had its first woman faculty member, Jean Auld, who had an undergraduate degree from Colorado and an M.A. from McGill. She had taught briefly as an Instructor in 1931-32, but when she returned for a longer stay (1938-43) she appears to have taught a new course, Greek Art and Literature. This combined Greek literature in translation with art and architecture, and used, in the words of the Calendar, “laminated slides and photographs from the Carnegie Collection,” i.e., donated, as much material was in U.B.C.’s early days, by the Carnegie Endowment. Only in the 1960s would such courses in art reappear and flourish in the department’s curriculum.

In 1937 Patrick Crichton Fraser (“Pat”) Guthrie (1912-72), born at Lac Achigan, Quebec, and educated at the University of Manitoba, joined the team, but he was soon absent on war service. His advanced studies had been in the burgeoning doctoral programme at the University of Toronto, where he specialised in Roman imperial history under an outstanding scholar, Charles Norris Cochrane. His dissertation, completed in 1949, was on the Roman vilicus, or “overseer.”

In 1940 the department could pride itself on fifty per cent of a Rhodes Scholar when Baul Robinson (first-class honours in Latin and French) attained the prestigious award. He took his Oxford degree after wartime service in intelligence, and then entered the Department of External Affairs, where he had a long and distinguished career. He was an excellent cricketer, and in the summer of 1939 had the remarkable batting average of 59.6 runs for a U.B.C. team that also included the formidable Malcolm McGregor.

The war brought many changes, as Douglas Todd’s memoir shows. Within the Classics department the major one was that Lenmuel Robertson retired in 1941, and was succeeded as Head by O.J. Todd. The next year Robertson received an honorary doctorate. Betsey Boige recalls that as late as her undergraduate years (1949-51) he would occasionally be invited back to the campus to give guest classes.

Professors Todd and Logan resumed upon G.P. Black’s practice of approaching Greek through Homer, but Victoria College enjoyed semi-autonomy in curriculum, and U.B.C. couldn’t argue with his results. In the 1930s, his text of choice was Clyde Phair’s Homeric Greek: A Book for Beginners; by the late 1940s he had switched to the recently published primer, Schoeler and Horringan’s A Reading Course in Homeric Greek (3 vols., 1947). He disapproved of that textbook’s erratic approach to philology, not to mention its jauntytual moralizing, and he provided us with copious lists of corrigenda et obliteranda. But how exciting it was to begin Greek with Odyssey Books 9 and 10! Our teacher’s zest for Homer was wildly contagious. As we learned our paradigms, we had to master both the Homeric forms and their Attic counterparts – a daunting principle, perhaps, but a natural introduction to Greek historical linguistics. During my summer “breath” between first and second year Greek, a quirky but practical assignment was to render chunks of the Homeric poetry into morphologically and syntactically correct Attic prose.

In Greek 200, after polishing off volume 1 of Schoeler and Horringan, I was required to study Plato’s Apology and Sophocles’ Antigone, in exhaustive detail, while wading through North and Hillard’s Greek Prose Composition and virtually memorizing Goodwin and Gulick’s Greek Grammar. I don’t recall feeling at all exploited or abused. Then, as now, my only reaction was a sense of joyous gratitude. One may begin to understand the secret of Victoria College’s perennial success.

G.P. Black was a glorious eccentric, whose pedantry was endearingly uncompromising. His unswerving faith in prescriptive English grammar went far beyond a disdain for split infinitives or an aversion he shared with Malcolm McGregor, who used to fulminate against
Pax Logan: 1951-54
by Peter Lawson Smith

Peter Smith was one of several outstanding U.B.C. classicists who spent the first two years of their undergraduate degree programmes at Victoria College. His memoir therefore appropriately includes an account of Classics at that institution, before he goes on to describe its condition at U.B.C. in the years immediately preceding Malcolm McGregor’s return – after which it would never be the same again.

I spent three happy years (1951-54) as a student on the U.B.C. campus at the end of the Harry Logan era, and returned for another year as a rookie instructor under Malcolm McGregor in 1955-56. How swiftly the whole tone of the Department had been transformed! Because I had not studied under Malcolm the Great, I shall limit my memoir to the previous regime, when Colonel Logan’s quiet leadership was bolstered by the presence of his still-conspicuous predecessor, the incomparable O.J. Todd.

In theory, I was a U.B.C. student for my entire undergraduate career, having completed two years (1949-51) at the affiliated Victoria College, then located on its idyllic Lansdowne Road campus in Victoria. But because this institution was an integral part of U.B.C. from 1920 to 1963, I shall begin with some remarks on its own strong classical tradition.

Victoria College 1949-51

Tiny though it was, Victoria College had long been a potent force in shaping the destiny of U.B.C. Way back in the McGill era it produced such future luminaries of the U.B.C. English department as F.G.C. “Freddie” Wood and Ira Dilworth, and in the next generation its graduates included the likes of my future Classics teacher, W. Leonard Geest, and William Robbins (also of U.B.C.’s English department). As a young mathematician instructor between 1927 and 1953, the mighty Walter Gage had energized the Victoria campus, and later maintained from his administrative heights at U.B.C. a superbly effective line of communication across the Strait of Georgia.

During my time in the 1950s, almost every upper-level undergraduate programme at U.B.C. was paced with Victorian alumni. When I arrived at Point Grey to begin a third-year combined honours course in English and Classics, four of the seven students in my English programme were new arrivals from Victoria College, and that September I became (if I am not mistaken) the sole registrant in Honours Classics.

Just two years earlier, I had been preceded from Victoria by classicalist Elizabeth (“Betsy”) Bryson (later Bongie) who earned U.B.C.’s Governor-General’s medal in the spring before my arrival. Between 1951 and 1960, no fewer than seven Victoria alumni won that annual award.

From 1929 to 1951, the lone Victoria College Classics professor was George P. Black, a native of Ireland, who was a gold medalist from the University of Manitoba.

A shy and introverted bachelor, he later astounded his friends with a blissfully successful retirement leap into marriage and fatherhood. He was a fanatically meticuolous grammarian and a stern taskmaster; but his austere approach was tempered with unfailing consideration and kindness. Once you got to know him, he

Louis MacKay Passes Through

Robertson’s position as the department’s senior Latinist was filled by a recruit from the University of Toronto, Louis Alexander MacKay (1901-82), a product of the Toronto Honour Classics Programme, and a Rhodes Scholar. He had taught at Toronto during the 1930s, specializing in the major Roman poets, while also publishing poetry and plays. He was associated with the progressive journal, the Canadian Forum, in which, often under the pseudonym John Selbach, he published literary essays on writers as diverse as Proust and Somerset Maugham. In 1945-46 MacKay held a Guggenheim Fellowship, and spent part of his sabbatical at Berkeley, where the department was headed by another Canadian progressive, and fellow contributor to the Canadian Forum, William Hardy Alexander, formerly of the University of Alberta. During this leave MacKay wrote the now forgotten monograph, The Wrath of Homer, and after its publication in 1948 left U.B.C. for Berkeley where he spent the rest of his career. His appointment is the shortest in the department’s history.

He may not have departed reluctantly to judge by his poem Downtown Vancouver (in his collection The Ill-Tempered Lover). Here he complained about “glum-flavored women,” and described the city as “this tight-lipped town, grim-woman’d and grim-girl’d.” Also in 1948, MacKay published in Queen’s Quarterly a pessimistic meditation on the future of Classics. Here this future President of the American Philological Association concluded that the Classics “with their insistence on individual human personality, and their preoccupation with problems of human freedom, are too explosive matter to be given free play in a well-ordered modern state.” He was fortunately to be proven wrong.

Alumni in the Back Lines

The war disrupted the academic careers of two alumni. Homer Thompson was drafted into naval intelligence, though he was able to combine his wartime duties and scholarly interests when in 1944 he returned to an Athens now in the midst of an incipient civil war. As he recalled in an article in the University of Toronto Quarterly for 1945-46: “I resolved to visit the Acropolis. A plateau of British Tommies garrisoned the ancient citadel; some were busily setting up a mortar in front of the Propylea; others were preparing their quarters for the night in the Acropolis Museum at the feet of a towering statue of Athena. In the lower city, rifle and machine-gun fire crackled, while here and there a column of smoke rose from a burning building. On the hilltop, however, all was serene and the contrast served only to heighten the dignity and the quality of eternity in the Periclean buildings.”
In Cincinnati meanwhile Malcolm McGregor was drafted into the less perilous theatre of the military educational service. He lectured on modern history to members of the U.S. Army Air Force, men with limited interest in the views of an Anglo-Canadian epigrapher on subjects such as the Congress of Vienna. In later years McGregor revisited this bizarre experience, using for himself the persona of “Marmaduke of Culdy University,” in an amusing talk given to a U.B.C. dining society. He recalled his resistance to having to lecture on unfamiliar subjects, and his frequent recourse to “more important” topics, such as “the British Empire” or “the value of Greek to a Liberal Education.”

After the War

During the war, the university’s enrolments were static at around 2,500. But they increased rapidly as servicemen returned after 1945. The Classics department was able to maintain a respectable complement with Guthrie’s return, and with the appointment in 1945 of another product of Toronto’s doctoral programme, William Leonard Grant (1914-67). The pamphlet for Grant’s doctoral oral examination shows that he was born at the royal residence of Balmoral Castle, Scotland, an intriguing fact on which surviving contemporaries are unable to enlarge. As with Bettye Rongie and Peter Smith in the 1940s, his undergraduate years were divided between Victoria College and U.B.C., where he graduated in 1936 with first-class honours in Classics and served as President of the Classics Club. An M.A. at Harvard in 1938 was followed in 1943 by a doctorate at Toronto earned for a dissertation (written under Charles Norris Cochrane) on Cicero’s Partitioiones Oratoriae. Grant specialised in neo-Latin poetry, and published prolifically in this area over the next twenty years, concentrating on the pastoral poetry of the Italian Renaissance. A book, Neo-Latin Literature and the Pastoral, appeared in 1965. He also maintained a departmental sub-culture by teaching some Latin verse composition.

In 1949 O.J. Todd retired and Colonel Logan returned from England to take over the headship for a brief interlude that would in many ways mark the divide between the collegial campus and a more professional environment – a transformation that would not leave the Department of Classics unaffected.

Lemuel Robertson. Lemuel, though a tall man, had a high-pitched voice. I can remember arriving late for one of his classes in which there was also a young lady from New Westminster. Lemuel screeched: “Todd,” – male students were addressed by their surnames in those days – “if someone from New Westminster can get here on time, surely you can when you live only a few hundred yards away!” I was also taught by Miss Jean Auld, who was briefly an Instructor in the department, and later handled the Latin correspondence course for the provincial government.

Two of U.B.C.’s legendary teachers in those days were in the English Department: Freddie Wood and Garnett Sedgwick. Wood taught me in English 1 and Sedgwick in English 2. My father had known Sedgwick at Harvard, and they both had offices on the same corridor on the second floor of the Arts Building. I remember being cheeky with Sedgwick on one occasion. He hailed me in theatrical style: “You, dragon’s blood, do you have a match?” I replied: “Do you have a cigarette?” He gave me one, and I then said: “I’ll have to get you a man from my father’s office.” Sedgwick later complained to my father about the impudent fellow he had for a son.

The war made a difference. Two of the players on my football team were of Japanese origin, and were deported from the coast to camps in the interior and beyond.

When the scare over Japanese submarines started, my father was conscripted as an A.R.P. warden. Although I was medically exempt from military service, I still had to do drill once a week. On Saturdays after classes there was also drill for students in the C.O.T.C. (The Canadian Officers Training Corps). I can remember Pat Guthrie and “Capt.” Geoffrey Riddeleough in uniform. My father thought that the war had a beneficial effect on students’ study habits.
conjunction καὶ, and would read out the references from John Williams White's index while Farber checked them against the text. But he never forced his scholarly interests on his children. He would occasionally say things like "Old Aristotle would approve," but he didn't expect that his brood would follow in his footsteps.

In January 1931 we moved to our house at 1866 Wesbrook on the U.B.C. Endowment Lands, and my father and I cut a path through the bushes from the house to the campus. In his study there was a fireplace with an inscription in capitals above it.

It was taken from Book 3 of the Iliad, where, just before his duel with Paris, Menelaus asks that Priam rather than his frivolous sons come forth to seal the pledges. As Menelaus says (at line 109), when an old man is present, he looks "both behind him and in front" (τοιούτο οὖν ἐπιβλέπειν; these were the words in the inscription) — my father's warning perhaps to his own sons.

When I became an undergraduate I had to take a Latin course with my father, and he found this a little embarrassing. He was generally uncomfortable teaching large groups, and much preferred reading with small classes. (As a shy and retiring individual, he also found the administrative duties of Head of the department a trial.) His teaching loads were always rather heavy, usually consisting of four courses a term.

Of course, I knew the other instructors in the department: Geoffrey Riddibrook (who taught in a gown), Pat Guthrie, and Logan, and his younger colleagues Riddibrook, Guthrie and Grant (all earning between $4000 and $6000), administered a curriculum that had come to include more courses in translation. In 1953-54 these were consolidated under the rubric Classical Studies, instead of being listed as adjuncts of Latin and Greek. Yet, as Peter Smith's memoir shows, the department maintained the traditions of close reading, careful translation, and extensive composition.

During the Colonel's time four young scholars, Geoffrey Archibald, Bettye Bryson (Bongie), Peter Lawson Smith, and Edwin Ramage, left for major American graduate schools. Bongie went to the University of Illinois, where, under the great Polish emigre scholar Alexander Tytun (1900-81), she wrote a doctoral dissertation of enduring value on the Byzantine reception of the manuscripts of Aeschylus. She later assisted Tytun in his major codicological publications. Ramage took the department's
first M.A. for six years in 1952 with a thesis on the sources for Virgil’s life, and went on to a doctorate at the University of Cincinnati, and a productive scholarly career in the United States at the University of Indiana. Archibald also studied at Cincinnati, and taught later at the University of Victoria. Smith recounts his time at U.B.C. in his memoir below.

Logan also helped revive the Classics Club, which had been in abeyance during the war. In the first year of its revival (1949) it was addressed by Homer Thompson who had returned to his alma mater to receive an honorary doctorate at the fall graduation. The Classics Club sponsored a lecture by him on the Odeon built in Athens in 15 B.C. by the Emperor Augustus’ son-in-law, Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa.

The next year the Club mounted a production of Euripides’ Alcestis, in an adapted translation, the forerunner of many future, though usually more informal, productions. It was staged in the Brock Hall Lounge (then the Student Union) on February 8, 1951, and starred Bettey Bongie as Pyrrha (the name supplied for Alcestis’ female slave), and Edwin Ramage as Heracles.

The Club’s thespian high-point was reached much later, when in successive years (1982-83) it presented in the original Sophocles’ Philoctetes and Oedipus Tyrannus.

A Sartorial Span

In Logan’s third year there was some controversy over the appointment to the department of a distinguished Basilian administrator and founder of Toronto’s Pontifical Institute, Father Henry Carr (1888-1963). He had been sent to Vancouver in his retirement to found a Catholic college (St. Mark’s) on the U.B.C. campus as a substitute for an independent sectarian university. In his memoir below Father Carr’s fellow would culminate in his becoming the President of the Dominion Football Association. One of his prize students, Malcolm McGregor, excelled in that sport as a goalkeeper. I can see Malcolm now, yelling at his full-backs in one game to protect him from a demon striker.

In 1923 Father made an extended trip to Europe, and went on to Egypt and Palestine (as it then was). I have kept his detailed diary, and would like to transcribe it one day. He took the boat Giuseppe Verdi from Boston at the end of April, visited Sicily first, then Greece, then went on to Crete, where he met Sir Arthur Evans. On May 28 he had lunch with Evans in his house near the Palace of Minos, took a steamer, and then joined the great man for tea followed by a tour of the site. As a parting gift Evans gave Father a cup from the Middle Minoan period which I have now donated to U.B.C. I gather that it will be the first piece of Minoan pottery in the collection at the Museum of Anthropology.

On his way back he spent time in the libraries at Paris and Oxford, and inspected papyri at the British Museum. He was always reading a Greek text during his travels, though he also recorded oddities around him in painstaking detail. Here’s an interesting entry from May 11: “Sighted the region around Carthage this morning. Shortly before that a small bird, called by someone an Italian sparrow, flew abroad almost exhausted and was caught and put in a basket by an Italian woman. Just before dinner two old ladies from the 3rd class, a thin one 73, a stout one 69, dined. When the stout one got tired she would go running with a toy cap-pistol. Out of sight of land most of the time. No boats. Finished [Aristotle’s] ‘Politics’ and re-read Demosthenes 1st Phillippic and 1st Olynthiac.”

In the late 1920s my father was busy on his index to the plays of Aristophanes, and all the children pitched in to help him. I think that I was assigned the
From Peace to War: 1937-41

Memories of Douglas Todd

Douglas Todd is the sixth child and fifth son of Professor O.J. Todd. He was educated at University Hill High School, and took an honours degree in Latin and French at U.B.C. in 1941. He subsequently taught his subjects at several high schools in British Columbia, and now lives in retirement in West Vancouver.

I was born in April 1918 in Northfield, Minnesota, where my father taught for three years at Carleton College between getting his doctorate at Harvard and coming to U.B.C. He was unhappy working at this sectarian college, and when someone at Harvard drew his attention to the opening at the new university in Vancouver he decided to return to the Pacific Northwest (he had previously taught at Whitman College, in Walla Walla). Although Father loved Harvard and its magnificent library, and would have liked to have been closer to it, he remained loyal to U.B.C., even turning down a job offered him in 1923 at Bowdoin College, Maine, at a salary of $4000.

My earliest memories are of the Fairview campus, where my father had an office in one of the wooden "shacks," and my eldest brother played rugby where Vancouver City Hall stands today. We lived not far away on 19th Avenue. I can recall Audrey Mildmay singing at our house. She was then just the daughter of my father's whimsical colleague, Aubrey Mildmay (later Sir Aubrey when he inherited the title), but became famous in England in the 1930s as the first prima donna of the Glyndebourne Opera Festival.

In his first year at U.B.C. my father discovered what would become a lifelong passion: football, which he always refused to call "soccer," and persisted in distinguishing from "American football" which he jokingly called "armball." He just happened to see a game in progress at the Cambie Street grounds one day as he was riding by on a streetcar. He got off to watch, and so began the love affair that politically unwise, decision was rescinded. In the late 1950s Father Carr taught in the Programme for Religious Studies, where he was an Honorary Lecturer when in 1961-62 it achieved departmental status. A new era

The gentle ethos of the Logan years is captured vividly in the memoir below by Peter Smith (Emeritus Professor of Classics, University of Victoria) who graduated in 1953 in Classics and English. As Professor Smith notes, within a few years "the whole tone of the U.B.C. Department had been transformed," thanks to a man whom he rightly dubs "Malcolm the Great," a towering figure who will dominate the remainder of this history.
The McGregor Era Begins: 1954-60

The 1950s were marked by transition as well as transformation. Two of the department's three founders, Lennard Robinson and O.J. Todd, died, although the third, Harry Logan, served until 1967 as a "Special Lecturer" (in more senses than one), and in 1965 became the second Classics Head to receive an honorary degree from U.B.C. And in 1954 Logan was succeeded by Malcolm McGregor, no stranger to U.B.C. Not only had he graduated there, but his family ties, and opportunities to play his beloved cricket, had often drawn him back to British Columbia in the intervening years.

The year 1954 was memorable in Vancouver for a particularly exciting British Empire Games. But that year, along with Theodore Wadd-Grey and Benjamin Meritt, Malcolm McGregor was victor ludorum in another sphere, when he won the American Philological Association's Goodwin Medal for his contribution to The Athenian Tribune Lists. As Harvard's great ancient historian Ernst Badian wrote in Classical World in 1990: "Malcolm McGregor was the youngest of the scholarly giants who gave us this work – the only work by English-speaking scholars (and, fittingly, produced by citizens of three English-speaking countries in collaboration) worthy to be put beside the great tradition of German scholarship. If rumour is to be believed, McGregor was not the least active in its composition."

The Tribute Lists might have been the prelude to further scholarly success, but, by returning to his alma mater, McGregor had committed himself to a more difficult goal: the maintenance of a Classics department in an academic environment that was starting to emphasise the importance of research. In 1954 U.B.C.'s Faculty of Graduate Studies was just four years old, and no doctorate had yet been awarded in the humanities. Within six

Sports Reporter

The Pub, the office of the Ulysses, provided headquarters for aspiring journalists and writers, as well as, secretly, for the Society of Thoth. The Pub comprised one room in the northeast corner of the Auditorium. The premises are now called the Offices of the Summer Session. Here I toiled for five years, eventually reaching the chair of Sports Editor, which I occupied for two years. This incumbency allowed me to give front-page space to the exciting activities of the Football Club, at the expense, to be sure, of a semi-weekly battle with the Senior Editors. I was most successful when the Editor-in-Chief was a Rugby man, I made a deal. Football and Rugby would alternate as the featured story.

You should not be thinking of the present Ulysses as a parallel. We were fully literate, the Editor insisted on rigorous proofreading; and coverage of the University's activities, especially sport, was comprehensive. Our vocabulary did not require the assistance of obscenities, coarseness, and trite colloquialisms. Nor did we split infinitives or use "like" as a conjunction. In the Pub, hammering away at one of the two battered typewriters amid rauscous disorders, I produced the final copy of my thesis.

In my final year, the Editor-in-Chief, Ron Grantham, was a serious and totally upright man, not wild enough for membership in the Society of Thoth, who, once having made a decision, could not be budged. That year the Ulysses conducted an editorial campaign, in which I participated prominently, directed against the Dean of Women to lift the ban on women smoking in public. As a result, we were satisfyingly unpopular by the time the provincial budget came down. The President of the University, Leonard Sylvanus Klink, alarmed by earlier comments, ordered the Editor to refrain from criticism of our benefactors in Victoria. The immediate response was a vigorous editorial written by the courageous Ron Grantham denouncing a parsimonious and anti-intellectual Government. In those utopian days authority did not hesitate: the President suspended the Editor from the University and banned the Ulysses. There was no appeal from this non-negotiable edict.
Out of the Classroom and on to the Stage

My many non-academic recreations included membership in the Society of Thoth, a secret organization that imposed an awesome and terrifying ceremony of initiation and practiced an arcane ritual. I can say no more, since members swore to keep their oaths of secrecy until the iron should float (classical influences were often at work). I mention the Society of Thoth because my membership led to my thespian career.

Each year Homecoming was celebrated by a Theatre-Night in the Auditorium when the various classes and societies contributed numbers to the long show. In my day the epic pantomime produced by the Society of Thoth won a scintillating acclaim. The Society, I should have observed, banned women from its mysteries but allowed a selected number of camp-followers to make costumes, apply make-up, and attend its more licentious functions.

I began in a humble way, as a Hawaiian dancing girl, and the reviewers ignored my performance. Harry Logan did not. He visited the dressing-room to shake my hand and it took him three days to remove the paint from his hands. As Robertson gazed at my face the following week he made it clear that my activity had been un-Ciceronian.

Our next vehicle was Antony and Cleopatra, with Hinie Koshevoi, the Keeper of the Bakshishh, starring as Antony, and one who is today [1975] a well-known judge in the role of Cleopatra. I had been typecast — I think that is the professional jargon — as an Egyptian dancing girl. Logan did not shake my hand. This time my unprehearsed stage-business — you see, I remember the vocabulary — brought deafening applause. Toward the close, as the dancers responded violently to the eastern music, my left attachment slipped its moorings and landed on the trumpet-player's instrument. So impressed were the critics by our moving interpretation that we were invited to join the vaudeville show at the Fantages Theatre on Hastings Street the following week. We accepted.

Finally, I reached stardom: I played the lead in Helen of Troy. Now, I am a modest man and I must not yield to boastful temptation. I shall report merely that I was sensational. Never had the audience viewed such spectacular realism. Of course, we of the theatre have our own secrets and, after so many years, it will do no harm to reveal the lengths to which a seasoned actor will go to achieve perfection.

As Troy burned, Helen was to stand at the walls tearing her long and beautiful and blonde hair. The walls were high and Helen was to balance on top of a rather degenerate ladder that was to be held in place by a high-ranking member of the Society, the Torturer-in-Chief, who is now Professor of Economics at a well-known university. In rehearsal all went well, although no zenith of emotion was reached. On Homecoming Night, however, the holder of the ladder, unhearsed, had attained a state of meandering absence of mind. Consequently, as the flames rose accompanied by musical crescendo, the holder swayed, the ladder swayed, Helen swayed; the sheer terror of the intensely moving scene, heightened by the falling strands of golden hair, conveyed itself to the audience. At last, amid smoke and flame, the curtain fell. And so did I.

years of McGregor's advent, his department would be the first to cross that watershed.

McGregor Goes to Work

Success as an academic builder did not come rapidly. During the 1950s McGregor frequently taught overload, and had to employ supernumerary staff like Father Henry Carr and Colonel Logan. However in 1956 one alumnus, Elizabeth ("Betty") Bryson (Bougie) joined the department as a lecturer and its first female tenure-track appointment, and another, Kathleen Ann McCallum (Dusig) initiated her long career at U.B.C. Logan kept the study of Greek philosophy alive, and in fact one of his students, Terence Penner (B.A. 1957), went on to a productive and influential scholarly career in this field at Princeton and later Wisconsin.

McGregor soon established a network of allies on campus. From 1954-64 he was assistant to the powerful Dean of Arts and Sciences, the psychologist Sperin Chant (1894-1987), and also active in the U.B.C. Office of Ceremonies, of which he later became Director (1968-75). His involvement in administration and campus life, of course, paralleled that of his U.B.C. teachers of the inter-war years. But in his case this hyperactivity was manifested with unusual vigour — a medius operandi that nevertheless failed to elevate him to the higher administrative positions to which he aspired from the moment of his return to his alma mater.

Within his department his authority was unchallenged, nowhere more so than in making new appointments. But other Heads operated in similar ways. Dean Chant, after all, reportedly told new
Malcolm McGregor carrying his mace at Congregation, 1959.
Credit: U.B.C. Archives (i-6990)

History and Archaeology to the Fore
In the mid-1950s McGregor, the Greek historian, was determined to see ancient history, and the allied disciplines of archaeology and epigraphy, take root at U.B.C. at all levels of instruction. Thus he began the department’s now impressive collection of “squeezes” (impressions of inscriptions taken on pliable paper). He also improved undergraduate offerings in history by adding in 1953 a course, “Classics, to the Classical Studies (i.e., Classics in translation) Programme,” which, as we have seen, was established in 1953-54. In 1957-58 it was upgraded into a Major, one of the first of its kind in Canada.

Then in 1957 a new Classical Studies course, “Classical Archaeology,” was introduced after McGregor had obtained another new appointment, that department’s first professional archaeologist, Charles William John Elliot. “Willy” Elliot was born in 1928 in Rawalpindi (now in Pakistan, then in the British Raj), the son of a Canadian colonel in the Royal Artillery. Educated in Ottawa, he had, after taking an undergraduate degree in Classics at Toronto, tried to initiate an unlikely career as a chartered accountant. He soon returned to academia, and following his

C.W.J. Elliot (1959).
Credit: UBC Archives (3-V448)

In that Age the responsibilities of a Department of Classics were rooted firmly in the Greek and Roman authors – in Greek and in Latin. The mere thought of ancient literature in translation would have been as repellent, as horrifying, as anarchistic, as placing students on committees, or allowing women to smoke in public – wearing trousers! Greek and Roman History, however, occupied a position of respect, partly, perhaps, because the teaching fell to Logan, and partly, I am sure, because Caesar would have approved.

Logan’s lectures were delivered quietly and grippingly, without rhetoric but with a precise choice of diction and a skillful variation of tone to produce emphasis. He paced slowly to and fro, a pernicious habit, you may say, unless you have watched an exciting rally in tennis or have experienced a similar spectacle elsewhere. And always we were aware that he knew these people whose achievements he was discussing. “Men make the city,” said Nikias, “men make history,” said Logan. Three words: they are the essential to comprehension. Logan it was who taught me that History includes all the achievements of man. I must have become a disciple, for during my graduate year I read Tacitus with him at his house and under his direction I wrote what I then thought was a historical thesis, Rome and Germany. The safe and uninspired title hides a florid passage, one of many florid passages, portraying Arminius as a hero fighting against fearful odds.

Out of the Classroom and Between the Posts
When I came up in 1926 I stood about 5’ 7” and weighed 130 lbs. (dressed). In those halcyon days each entering student underwent a thorough physical examination. The doctor upon whom I waited found my task simple: there was not much to examine. As he concluded, he asked, with a sneer, “And what are you going to do, my boy, except study?” “I am going to play football,” I replied stoutly. “For Varsity no doubt!” was his witty response, as he roared with laughter and I stalked out with an attempt at dignity, an impossible goal when one is still buttressing one’s trousers. After all, I considered myself a goalkeeper, although, it is true, I could not reach the crossbar. But between my first and second years I suddenly rose to 6’ 0” – with no gain in weight; and for four years, as I patrolled the sometimes vast distance – 8 yards – between the posts proudly wearing the Blue and Gold of Varsity, I often thought of that miserable medico and his cheap humor.

Normally, Todd paced the sidelines, grave and dispassionate as a scholar should be. Frequently, he was joined by Monsieur E.E. Delavault, a volatile and exuberant Professor of French, in whose classes I sat. Delavault brought the French spirit to the game, not always to the taste of the referee. One afternoon, in a close match at Tribune Park, I made a sensational save of a penalty shot; any dive to my left merited the adjective. At half-time Delavault rushed on the field, embraced me firmly with both hands, and kissed each cheek, warmly and wetly. In my helpless condition, I happened to catch a glimpse of Todd. I have never seen a look of such utter and revolting disgust on a man’s face. Katharsis displayed on a football field was un-British.

The monument to Arminius (c. 18 BC – 19 AD), the German chieftain who resisted the Roman conquests, at Teutoburg, on the supposed site of his victory in the Teutoburg Forest.
Credit: A.A. Barret
In 1938 I published my first major paper ("The Last Campaign of Kleon and the Athenian Calendar in 422/1 B.C.", AJP 59 [1938] 143-68), a study of a controversial epigraphic and calendrical problem that required (at pp. 152-53) exhaustive analysis of a Greek pluperfect indicative (diatostumato) coupled with the preposition mektew in the first chapter of Thucydides' fifth book. I sent reprints to my three masters in British Columbia. From two I received congratulatory replies. From Todd I received a learned and very useful commentary, with full references, on the uses of the Greek pluperfect and the meaning of the preposition, a response characteristic of his learning and his kindness.

Todd gave Canada six sons and a daughter. Five of the sons played football, two of them as members of the Varsity team in my last season (1930-31).

The eldest son, Duncan, embarrassed the family by engaging in "armball." Eventually, he must have acquired money, because he retired to the wilds of Scotland as the Laird of a Castle. The daughter sat as a classmate in a number of advanced classes in Greek.

Gentleman, Soldier, Statesman

For Robertson and Todd I was, and I still am, filled with an awesome and grateful admiration. My hero, however, was Harry Tremayne Logan. He was appointed to the Faculty as one of the originals in 1915, but spent the next three years in France with the Canadian Machine Gun Corps. Later, his academic career was interrupted by a thirteen-year term (1936-49) as Principal of Prince of Wales Fairbridge Farm School, a post that took him to Vancouver Island, Great Britain, and Australia before he returned in 1949 to head the Department until 1954. He continued to teach effectively until in 1967 he reached 80 years, when he retired ... at his own request.

Logan had been a Rhodes Scholar, the kind of man Cecil Rhodes must have had in mind: gentleman, soldier, statesman. He possessed that extraordinary capacity for understanding the student, for thinking with him, for treating him as an individual, that is the indelel stamp within the Master Teacher. It was Logan, I am sure, who taught me to appreciate the poems of Virgil. Curiously, I think first of the Eclipses and the Georgics. Logan had a feeling for the landscape and the soil, a feeling that he imparted to us all.

By the time I entered my fourth year, I was confident of my ability to read Greek. Then came Thucydides. Logan the soldier led siege to Syracuse and I think that I have never reached a more thorough understanding of Book VII than in 1929, when the Master Teacher interpreted the Master Historian. The vicesitudes of the Athenians and of the decent, slow-witted Nikians have remained unforgettable. I know why, in a different context some years later, I chose Thucydides as my special author, to the horror of my contemporaries.

Logan possessed a philosophical turn of mind, which accounts in part for the fact that by choice he guided the young through Plato's Republic until the year of his retirement. My mind is not philosophical, although I have met the major Greek and Roman philosophical writers on their own ground. But, again, it is Logan's patient and sympathetic exposition to which I most often glance back.

Credit: CHERS Archives

M.A. at Toronto in 1932, headed for Athens, and the American School of Classical Studies. His Toronto dissertation on the coastal demes of Attica was published in 1962.

Elliot remained at U.B.C. until 1971 when, four years before McGregor stepped down as Head, he returned to the American School as Professor of Archaeology. He later (1985-93) served as President and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Prince Edward Island. At the end of his time at U.B.C., and for some years thereafter, he collaborated with two later appointees in classical archaeology, James Russell and Hector Williams, in an excavation at Anemurium in southern Turkey.

Toward the Doctorate

At the graduate level the Classics department had always had an M.A., but by the mid-1950s the new Head had ambitions for a doctoral programme. This was an era in which research in the humanities was being funded nationally in Canada for the first time. In the mid-1940s the Humanities Research Council of Canada (founded in 1943) had pressed the case for research. Then the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences (1949-51) (the Massey Commission), of which U.B.C.'s President Mackenzie had been a member, paved the way for increased funding for universities. Finally, in 1957 the Canada Council was established as a stable source of funding for research. What humanities departments now needed were doctoral degrees, and at U.B.C. Classics along with English led the way in establishing them. For a model McGregor looked, not surprisingly, to his mid-western graduate school, Cincinnati.

Ohioan Practices

At Cincinnati the standard sequence of courses and examinations that preceded the dissertation culminated in an oral examination, in which any faculty member could ask a candidate any question on classical antiquity. Jane Cahill, who now teaches at the University of Winnipeg, vividly remembers undergoing the experience in 1974: "The oral – an ordeal! I remember that day as if it were yesterday. It seems now far too formidable a test to expect someone to know everything about anything. It was a solemn occasion. Mr. McGregor allowed no embarrassing silences, and I was grateful for that. Having identified several pieces of Hellenistic sculpture from photographs, I misidentified a picture of the Ana Pausa ... I heard my questioner hours later, in Mr. McGregor's office with the door closed, shouting that nothing but shame would come upon a department that allowed someone who couldn't identify the Ana Pausa to pass the Comprehensives."

But if this cruel and unusual Ohioan practice was eliminated soon after McGregor's retirement, the Classics Reading Room, modeled on that at Cincinnati, was a pleasant and more
enduring legacy. Located in Block D of Buchanan (constructed in 1960), in what was, until recently, a room with a splendid view, it was, in the words of a former graduate student "the best place I have ever worked. No other Classics Department I have been attached to has come close to providing what it gave us. A complete run of Loeb and Oxford Classical Texts! And my own deal!"

The Classics Reading Room with some of its denizens in 1985. The Loeb and Oxford Texts are visible in the shelves behind them.

Credit: CNRS Archives

The Reverend Doctor

The first doctoral student in Arts in the then Faculty of Arts and Sciences was a Basilians priest, Father Mark Owen Lee, who in two years (1958-60) managed to complete his doctoral with a still unequalled rapidity. Father Lee is well-known for his knowledgeable intermediation talks, and participation in quizzes, in the Saturday afternoon Texico Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. Few, however, can be aware of his special place in the history of U.B.C.’s graduate programme.

His dissertation on the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice in Western literature was a rather unusual enterprise: a 250-page journey from Homer to Cocteau, only the first two chapters of which dealt exclusively with classical antiquity. As Father Lee acknowledges in his memoir, his topic disappointed Malcolm McGregor. Later doctoral candidates would, however, contribute to Malcolm’s favoured field of ancient history, and to his specialisation of epigraphy. Though the next doctorate in Classics would not be awarded until 1970, the 1960s saw several M.A. degrees in ancient history awarded to young scholars who would go on to earn doctorates at U.B.C. and elsewhere, and to pursue productive professional careers at Canadian universities. In 1964 Virginia Hunter took an M.A. with a thesis on the Athenian metic, while in 1965 M.A.’s went to David McCargar, Gordon Shrimpton, and Michael Wallbank, with theses on, respectively, the Roman imperial cult, Herodotus’ political ideas, and Alcibiades. In the late 1960s Gary Ferngren and David Wilson would continue this tradition.

McGregor’s love affair with Liddell and Scott continued, as this photograph from 1932 attests.

Credit: UBC Archives (5.17369)

At a higher level, now possessing the knowledge and scepticism of the fourth-year student, I registered for Todd’s course in tragedy and comedy and thus encountered Aristophanes. While Todd did not match the uncensored earthiness of the young moderns, he nevertheless, in the more restricted milieu of the 1920s, gave us a term of genuine Aristophanic comedy that I have not forgotten. We read every line; of course, we did not translate every line.

In my graduate year (1930-31) Todd optimistically agreed to steer me through Aristotle’s Poetics. In November he called it off, on the grounds that he could not find the necessary time. My own opinion is that he considered the attempt to instill in me a comprehension of Aristotle’s more philosophical style a completely hopeless task.

The UBC Soccer Club (season squad) 1930-31.

Back row: O.J. Todd (2nd from the left), Malcolm McGregor (in the centre in the goalie’s jersey). Front row (2nd and 3rd from the left): Alan and David Todd, two of O.J. Todd’s sons.

Credit: The Totem 1930-31, p. 170
inbred glutton. The combination of Juvenal and Robertson taught me much about life and revealed many of woman’s artful devices of which I had been ignorant. The passage on the use of pumice by Roman women inspired a condenatory sermon on the removal of hair from the limbs, a perversion of which I had been unaware, one that caused me acute embarrassment in that company, especially since the professor normally addressed himself to the women and ignored me. Certain crude passages of the text were thoughtfully omitted as likely to offend me.

The effects of that course linger. Today I worry when one of my colleagues teases Juvenal. Does he point out that Domitian, transferred to a Canadian setting, would be a Conservative Prime Minister? Does he identify Juvenal as a fundamentalist Liberal pastor who, after a youth spent milking on Prince Edward Island, threatened a degenerate world with the fires of Hell?

During my candidature for the M.A. – I was alone – I read Cicero’s Letters under Robertson’s tutelage. It was one of the lasting experiences of my academic life. I have encountered greater scholars than Robertson, I have read Cicero’s works, I have heard papers about him, I have studied books and essays on him. But I cannot name a man who has equalled Robertson’s mastery, his understanding, his subtle appreciation of a statesman who believed desperately in a losing cause. For years afterwards the acta diurna of Republican Rome from 65 to 45 B.C. remained as firmly engraved on my memory as the mason’s letters on the stelæ.

The Scholar of the Department

Oris Johnson Todd reached Vancouver from the United States in 1918. By 1926 he had become Canadian and adopted Association Football as his recreation. As Honorary President of the Varsity Football Club he seldom missed a game, attaining eventually a reputation that won him the presidency of the Dominion Football Association. He had nothing but scorn for what he called “armball,” that gladiatorial combat that has eliminated sport from American campuses every Saturday afternoon in the autumn, and from the American home on Sundays. We, in Canada, indulge in an imitation. Todd succeeded Robertson as Head in 1941 and remained in the Chair until his retirement in 1949.

My introduction to Todd came in Latin I, where we read Cicero’s De Senectute. This lugubrious essay may be suited to the elderly and introspective philosopher; it is not suited to lively and impressionable young men and women at the beginnings of their undergraduate careers. At the end of the servitude I made a vow: I should never read the De Senectute again. I have kept my vow.

Todd was the scholar of the department. He contributed regularly to the journals, he translated Xenophon’s Symposium and Apology for the Loeb Classical Library, and, while I was a student, completed his Index Aristophaneus, which has remained a standard work. His solemn and prolixly worded text hid the sharp and mischievous wit that we came to know in (and outside) the classroom. Todd took me through my first Greek play, the Prometheus Bound of Aeschylus (?), the deep end of the tragic pool. This initial confrontation with the intricacies of a flexible language taught me how to use Liddell and Scott’s Greek–English Lexicon.

McGregor’s Legacy: 1960-75

The 1960s were a decade of growth for universities, and, with determined leadership, Classics departments could share in the benefits. At U.B.C. Malcolm McGregor’s energy and connections ensured a series of appointments between 1960 and 1972, and when he retired in 1973, he left behind a department of thirteen members, twelve of whom had first been appointed during his tenure. Most were able to gather around their former head when he received an honorary doctorate in 1983.

Curriculum: Change and Reaction

As the department grew, so did the Classical Studies courses, both in number and variety. McGregor’s passion for ancient history and archaeology did not prevent him from creating a unit in which all areas of classical studies were represented. Remarkably this included ancient philosophy, a subject that at the time was being increasingly studied in departments of Philosophy.

In 1968 the Head was also the moving force behind Classical Studies 100, a course with two lectures a week given by members of the department in their specialisations, and a third hour devoted to the then relatively unusual feature of a discussion group. Before other departments introduced similar introductory surveys, enrollment was so high that every faculty member took a discussion group. Few did so with unalloyed pleasure. McGregor, of course, embraced this initiative with his customary enthusiasm, and would introduce the course with a lecture marked by magisterial hyperbole.

These years also saw belated moves towards interdepartmental cooperation in the humanities in Canadian universities, and to the creation of general humanities programs. In 1964 Willie Elliot was the department’s representative on a U.B.C. committee formed under the Dean of the newly constituted Faculty of Arts, the charismatic young sociologist, and refugee from Nazism, Kaspar D. Nagele (1924-65). Its report (Discipline and Discovery, 1965) followed through on President Macdonald’s mission statement Guideposts to Innovation. Its principal result was a controversial first-year programme, Arts One, established in 1967, in which themes in the humanities were (and still are) explored in seminars and tutorials through a wide range of readings, starting with classical antiquity. But although classicalists should have
New times; old customs

McGregor was himself a product of earlier times, not only in educational but in cultural matters, but in the late 1960s and early 1970s the campus was changing. Geoffrey Riddelhough (Arts '24) expressed something of the shock that McGregor (Arts '30) was also feeling when he observed that his environment and long hair on campus, and on posing the question "And these are students? Can it be?" replied in panic: "Oh, no, my God, they're Faculty!"

Though the Classics Head's reactionary posturing toward these and other changes were often cause for some offence, his defensive prescriptions within his department could sometimes irritate colleagues, and particularly women. McGregor's undergraduate world had been predominantly male. His particular coterie, the Society of Youth, had, in his own words, "banned women from its mysteries," but for its theatrical ventures had "allowed a selected number of camp-followers to make costumes, apply make-up, and attend its more licentious functions." Innocent as the latter doubtless were, women were still admitted as outsiders, "the other" who had to conform to the male rules. By the 1970s such a mentality was becoming increasingly unacceptable. Jane Caball, a graduate student of this period, recalls that "the most obvious problem with Mr. McGregor was the dress code: all male teachers must wear a tie; all female teachers must wear a skirt. In how many ways was this offensive? It was sexist; it was tyrannical; it was none of his business."

Still, students knew that behind the façade of a dyspeptic Anglophile there lay a teacher who genuinely cared for their academic welfare. As Homer Thompson noted: "Although undergraduates of the 1960s and 1970s may have been irked at times by a student-teacher relationship reminiscent of English public schools of Victorian days, they could not but be impressed by his teacher's devotion to rest was virgin forest, nice for walks with one's companion in the spring — or summer or winter. In the 1930s, when we could not afford to cut the grass, cows grazed in the area between Arts and the Library.

In those days we knew the professors and the professors, unsegregated by departments, knew one another. The Faculty, I suppose, included scholars; but to us — and to ourselves, I suspect — they were teachers. There may have been some bad teachers; I did not meet one.

The Ciceronian Liberal

Lemuel Fergus Robertson, a Maritimer, occupied the Classical Head's chair the day the University opened in 1915. He was given the formal title in 1920 and held it until 1941. He was tall, with a shining face and a formidable bearing. Without variation, he wore a thin red tie; it was generally believed that he owned only one tie, purchased the day he donned the toga virilis. My own belief is that he replaced it every few years — or at least had it cleaned and ironed.

Robertson was a Ciceronian Liberal; rumor, which sometimes exaggerates, had it that in his courses, one overwrought Marcus Tullius Cicero and William Lyon Mackenzie King or one failed. In any case, Robertson provided my introduction to Canadian politics — which is merely another illustration of the versatility of the Classicist who can recognize the present in the past. I learned more than this. He first instructed me in the art of writing Latin. With him I also read Homer and listened to his account of life on the farm on Prince Edward Island and admired the dexterity of the devoted young Classicist who milked the cows with one hand and held his text of Homer in the other. He was ambidextrous.

He introduced me to Seneca, that model of hypocrisy who so richly earned his fate, if not for his past, then for his tragedies. Asked on the examination to discuss Seneca's view of pagan gods, I discussed upon the Roman attitude to barbarian practices such as Christianity, which was, I thought (reasonably, I still believe), pagan to a Roman. It did not occur to me that Robertson could designate Roman gods as pagan.

Robertson approved of Seneca and delivered many a grave sermon based on a Senecan text. Seneca, of course, was revealed as a God-fearing Liberal, who had spent his youth in the pure atmosphere of the farm on Prince Edward Island.

In the second term of the same course — the population comprised twenty-four women and me — we met Robertson's Juvenal. I think immediately and vividly of the most famous fish in all literature, the turbot, a delicacy to be avoided, for a turbot on the table marks the dinner as an
Reminiscences of a Well-Rounded Man: 1926-31
by Malcolm F. McGregor

Malcolm McGregor gave a valedictory address to the U.B.C. Classics Club in the spring of 1975, during his final term as Head of the Department of Classics. He entitled the talk “Reminiscences of an Autocrat,” a reference to his twenty years of dominant leadership in the department. But before he reached that period of his life he looked back on his five years (1926-31) at Point Grey as an undergraduate and graduate student, and at his activities both curricular and extra-curricular.

I ask you to return with me to September, 1926, when, as a boy of sixteen who had been urged in high school to avoid the University, for which he was not fitted, I appeared in the Registrar’s office of the University of British Columbia. Travel had been by streetcar from downtown to Tenth and Sasamat ($0.75), thence by bus to the site of the present [1975?] bookshop ($0.35). Registration in that Golden Age was a simple process, administered wholly by people, in my case by the Registrar himself, unimpeded by the expensive and prolonged inefficiency of machines.

For the freshman, two courses had already been printed, inexorably, on the appropriate card: English I, Mathematics I. The normal student then added a language (required), a science (required), and ONE elective. But I was not normal, and I found the single escape: one could take three languages and postpone the science. I thus resumed my study of Latin, French, and Greek (in that age Greek was offered in the best high schools, such as King George). All these courses were numbered “One” and promised continuous earlier study. The Department of Classics was not designed to teach Latin to beginners; for the ambitious Greek A student, which did not merit the dignity of a number, offered a belated opportunity for salvation.

The enrolment of the University when I came up was about 1,600, distributed among three Faculties, Arts, Applied Science, and Agriculture. Two permanent buildings graced the Campus: the Library (the centrepiece of the present structure) and Science (the basic section, of “college Gothic,” of our Chemistry Building). The others were semipermanent: Arts (which is now Mathematics), Applied Science (now Geology-Geography), Agriculture (still existing just south of Mathematics), the Auditorium (which also housed the single-roomed Bookstore, the Ubyssey, and the “Caf”), and Administration (recently named, by an aesthetic Board of Governors, the Main Mall North Administration Building; then giving shelter to the Registrar and the President). To the north of the Auditorium as far as Lower Marine Drive lay a vast expanse of undrowned surface where the few placotars parked their lonely automobiles. Apart from an old barn and fields for the cattle on the south side, the

Malcolm McGregor, 1931.
Credit: U.B.C. Archives (v.1/1975)

both his subject and his pupils.” McGregor's Victorian image was further reinforced by the gown (not to mention the white glove for the chalk-holding hand) in which he taught his survey of Greek history (at 8:30 a.m.), and his introductory course in the Greek language. In these milieus the thespian skills nurtured in his undergraduate days were exercised to good and widely appreciated effect.

McGregor was also famously prone to linguistic flexibility, promulgated with the same subtle confidence shown in umpiring cricket and refereeing field hockey. His bêtes noires were “haras” when stressed, with vulgar overtones, on its final syllable, and the misuse of certain adverbs. Of the latter he wrote: “I want my liberally-educated man, when he hears the pilot assure him ‘Hopefully, we shall take off momentarily,’ to shudder – twice.” He had been bred early to such attitudes. As a reporter on the Ubyssey, he had been held to high standards: “Our vocabulary did not require obscenities, coarseness, and rite colloquialisms. Nor did we split infinitives or use ‘like’ as a conjunction.”

End of an Innings

McGregor retired as Head in 1975, though not before regaling the Classics Club on the eve of his departure with an appropriately entitled Emile: Reminiscences of an Autocrat. He taught sessionally for two more years, and, when assigned the course in Greek Prose Composition, had his students translate the Quarterly Christmas message. Shortly after his departure he received a Festschrift, Classical Contributions (1981), edited by a former graduate student, and containing several papers by former students.

His passing from the scene was the end of an era: he was the last link to the years when U.B.C. was finding its feet at Point Grey, and that dedicated trio – Robertson, Logan and Todd – was maintaining Classics on a small campus. A worthy successor to those founders he left office festooned with honours for scholarly achievement (including membership in the Royal Society of Canada and Presidency of the American Philological Association), and with a reputation for excellence in teaching reflected in his U.B.C. Master Teacher award (1974), and maintained for another decade at Vancouver Community College, at Langara.

A Fertile Legacy

McGregor's rare blend of scholarly ability and commitment to teaching inspired a new generation of faculty members, who were also heavily engaged in research and publication, and were continuing to shift the department’s defining fields away from literary studies and towards history and archaeology. The traditional image of the Classics professor as preserving a canon of major authors was also changing as the department came to focus on marginal and neglected, ancient texts, to address a wider range of subjects, and to adopt new approaches.

The Classical Studies Programme grew rapidly after McGregor’s retirement, with, for example, new courses in myth, women’s studies, and medical terminology, and eventually the creation of an Honours stream. In 1975-76 finally, and belatedly, the department removed from the Calendar the warning sign “A knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages is not required” which had, in various forms, been attached to Classics in translation courses since U.B.C.’s earliest days. By then few students thought such knowledge desirable, let alone required, yet increasingly large numbers were eager to learn about classical antiquity without mastering the languages, and the department was well equipped to satisfy this demand. That outcome too was part of the legacy of Malcolm McGregor.
PART TWO

MEMOIRS OF ALUMNI FROM FIVE GENERATIONS

From Fairview to Point Grey: 1923-27

Memories of Day Walker Gee

In the late 1930s the Classics Department Newsletter published biographical sketches of Lennard Robertson, Harry Logan and O.J. Todd, and these elicited an appreciative letter from Mrs. Day Walker Gee. Mrs. Gee entered U.B.C. in 1923, when the university was still on the Fairview Campus, and was a member of the second graduating class from Point Grey in 1927.

She was Vice-President of the Classics Club in 1926-27, and returned to take an M.A. degree in 1943. After a year of teacher training, she taught Latin at North Vancouver High School until 1951. Initially her Headmaster was John Vergil McLeod, who had been a student of Lennard Robertson in the days of the McGill University College, and whom Robertson considered to be very good, along with Homer Thompson, his most outstanding pupil. Here are some of the memories that Mrs. Gee, who lives in North Vancouver, has kindly shared.

In my first year I took Latin I, which was taught by Lennard Robertson and English I with Mary Rollert, who was the first Dean of Women. The Calendar tells the rest: Latin I for 1923-24 covered chs. 1-19 of Bradleyn, Arnold’s Latin Composition, Cicero: Pro Legge Manilia, and selected orations and letters, and elegiac selections from Ovid. A fourth hour, at which attendance was voluntary, was devoted to lectures on Roman History, for which the textbook was A.E.R. Boole, A History of Rome to A.D. 565. English I for 1923-24 included Electra “in Gilbert Murray’s paraphrase,” Shakespeare: Julius Caesar, Sheridan: The School for Scandal, and Ibsen: The Doll’s House.

The section of the English course I took was exclusively for women in those days, and that remained the case until 1941. Students were gowns while on campus, and these had a khaki cord on them in honour of the students who had fought in the Great War. I also took a course on Shakespeare from Garnett Sedgwick, who always arrived five minutes late, so that anyone arriving later than him could be justifiably excused from the class. I had another English course from the legendary Freddie Wood in one of the wooden buildings at Fairview. He had a sarcastic side, and was scathing about people making noise outside the hut, calling them “lousy lizards” on one occasion.

When the university moved to Point Grey in September 1925 travel time increased. I took a streetcar in North Vancouver at 7 a.m. and the 7:20 ferry across to Vancouver. I walked up to Hastings Street and took the streetcar to Sasamat, and then a bus to the “bus stop” on campus. The whole journey took about an hour and forty minutes. The streetcar would always be delayed when the track charged from single to double.

Point Grey was pleasant under Fairview, though initially there were only two permanent buildings, the central block of the current Main Library and the Science Building (now Chemistry), the Arts Building (now Mathematics) was a temporary wooden and tanneck structure. The classes in the Classics department were very small, and there was good camaraderie between the students and professors.

A special feature of the department was the Classics Club, which always met at the home of one of the faculty members. Papers were given both by professors and students. The information on the Club in my 1927 Totem shows that the topics covered included Ancient Finance (on which I gave a paper), Roman Roads, Julius Caesar, the Roman House, Greek coinage and Greek pottery. Dr. Todd gave a lecture on Greek Sculpture, and there was a performance of scenes from Terence’s Phormio.

After graduation I took a year of teacher training. Since my mother had been widowed during the war, following the death at Passchendale of my father, who had been in the 211st Seaforth Highlanders, there was a problem with finances. It was solved when during my first class there was a knock on the door. It was Professor Lennard Robertson who had, with characteristic kindness, come to ask me to take two grammar sections in Latin I. He later gave me some of his books.

I spent a year teaching in Victoria before moving back to North Vancouver High School where I had graduated. Here I taught Latin until my retirement. In those days anyone planning a career in medicine, whether as a doctor, dentist, or nurse, was required to know Latin, and wanted to take it at the high school level.

I enjoyed my studies in Latin at U.B.C. Professor Lennard Robertson, Dr. Todd and Colonel Logan made the courses interesting and enjoyable, and I look back on those years as happy times.
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An Arts Lecture at Fairview in 1919.

Credit: U.B.C. Archives (11/10/19)
Reminiscences of a Well-Rounded Man: 1926-31

Malcolm F. McGregor

Malcolm McGregor gave a valedictory address to the U.B.C. Classics Club in the spring of 1975, during his final term as Head of the Department of Classics. He entitled the talk "Reminiscences of an Autocrat," a reference to his twenty years of dominant leadership in the department. But before he reached that period of his life he looked back on his five years (1926-31) at Point Grey as an undergraduate and graduate student, and at his activities both curricular and extracurricular.

I ask you to return with me to September, 1926, when, as a boy of sixteen who had been urged in high school to avoid the University, for which he was not fitted, I appeared in the Registrar's office of the University of British Columbia. Travel had been by streetcar from downtown to Tenth and Sasamat ($0.70), thence by bus to the site of the present [1975] bookstore ($0.30). Registration in that Golden Age was a simple process, administered wholly by people, in my case by the Registrar himself, unimpeded by the expensive and prolonged inefficiency of machines.

For the freshman, two courses had already been printed, inexorably, on the appropriate card: English I, Mathematics I. The normal student then added a language (required), a science (required), and ONE elective. But I was not normal, and I found the single escape: one could take three languages and postpone the science. I thus resumed my study of Latin, French, and Greek (in that Age Greek was offered in the best high schools, such as King George). All these courses were numbered "One" and presumed continuous earlier study. The Department of Classics was not designed to teach Latin to beginners; for the ambitious Greekless Greek A, which did

not merit the dignity of a number, offered a belated opportunity for salvation.

The enrolment of the University when I came up was about 1,600, distributed among three Faculties, Arts, Applied Science, and Agriculture. Two permanent buildings graced the Campus: the Library (the centrepiece of the present structure) and Science (the basic section, of "college Gothic," of our Chemistry Building). The others were semipermanent: Arts (which is now Mathematics), Applied Science (now Geology-Geography), Agriculture (still existing just south of Mathematics), the Auditorium (which also housed the single-roomed Bookstore, the Librasco, and the "Caf"), and Administration (recently named, by an aesthetic Board of Governors, the Main Mall North Administration Building; then giving shelter to the Registrar and the President). To the north of the Auditorium as far as Lower Marine Drive lay a vast expanse of undeveloped surface where few plutocrats parked their lonely automobiles. Apart from an old barn and fields for the cattle on the south side, the

both his subject and his pupils." McGregor's Victorian image was further reinforced by the gown (not to mention the white glove for the chalk-holding hand) in which he taught his survey of Greek history (at 8.30 a.m.), and his introductory course in the Greek language. In these milieus the thespian skills nurtured in his undergraduate days were exercised to good and widely appreciated effect.

McGregor was also famously prone to linguistic legislation, promulgated with the same sublime confidence shown in umpiring cricket and refereeing field hockey. His minions were "harass" when, on his return from a training meet, he heard the pilot assure him, "If we can work, we shall take off momentaril," to shudder - twice." He had been bred early to such attitudes. As a reporter on the "Uddyssey," he had to hold to high standards: "Our vocabulary did not require obscurities, coarseness, and rite colloquialisms. Nor did we split infinitives or use "like" as a conjunction."

End of an Innings

McGregor retired as Head in 1975, though not before regaling the Classics Club on the eve of his departure with an appropriately entitled Envoi: Reminiscences of an Autocrat. He taught sessionally for two more years, and, when assigned the course in Greek Prose Composition, had his students translate the Quo Vadis message. Shortly after his departure he received a Festschrift, Classical Contributions (1981), edited by a former graduate student, and containing several papers by former students.

His passing from the scene was the end of an era: he was the last link to the years when U.B.C. was finding its feet at Point Grey, and that dedicated trio - Robertson, Logan and Todd - was maintaining Classics on a small campus. A worthy successor to those founders he left office festooned with honours for scholarly achievement (including membership in the Royal Society of Canada and Presidency of the American Philological Association), and with a reputation for excellence in teaching reflected in his U.B.C. Master Teacher award (1974), and maintained for another decade at Vancouver Community College, at Langara.

A Fertile Legacy

McGregor's rare blend of scholarly ability and commitment to teaching inspired a new generation of faculty members, who were also heavily engaged in research and publication, and were continuing to shift the department's defining fields away from literary studies and towards history and archaeology. The traditional image of the Classics professor as preserving a canon of major authors was also changing as members of the department came to focus on marginal, and neglected, ancient texts, to address a wider range of subjects, and to adopt new approaches.

The Classical Studies Programme grew rapidly after McGregor's retirement, with, for example, new courses in myth, women's studies, and medical terminology, and eventually the creation of an Honours stream. In 1975-76 finally, and belatedly, the department removed from the Calendar the warning sign "A knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages is not required" which had, in various forms, been attached to Classics in translation courses since U.B.C.'s earliest days. By then few students thought such knowledge desirable, let alone required, yet increasingly large numbers were eager to learn about classical antiquity without mastering the languages, and the department was well equipped to satisfy this demand. That outcome too was part of the legacy of Malcolm McGregor.
New times; old customs

McGregor was himself a product of earlier times, not only in educational but in cultural matters, but in the late 1960s and early 1970s the campus was changing. Geoffrey Riddelhough (Arts ’24) expressed something of the shock that McGregor (Arts ’30) was also feeling when in a poem he remarked on beards and long hair on campus, and on posing the question “And these are students? Can it be?” replied in panic: “Oh, no, my God, they’re Faculty!”

Though the Classics Head’s reactionary posturing toward these and other changes more often caused amusement than offence, his intrusive prescriptions within his department could sometimes irritate colleagues, and particularly women. McGregor’s undergraduate world had been predominantly male. His particular coterie, the Society of Tech, had, in his own words, “banned women from its mysteries,” but for its theatrical ventures had “allowed a selected number of camp-followers to make costumes, apply make-up, and attend its more licentious functions.” Innocent as the latter doubtless were, women were still admitted as outsiders, “the other” who had to conform to the male rules. By the 1970s such a mentality was becoming increasingly unacceptable. Jane Cahill, a graduate student of this period, recalls that “the most obvious problem with Mr. McGregor was the dress code: all male teachers must wear a tie; all female teachers must wear a skirt. In how many ways was this offensive? It was sexist; it was tyrannical; it was none of his business.”

Still, students knew that behind the façade of a dyspeptic Anglophile there lay a teacher who genuinely cared for their academic welfare. As Homer Thompson noted: “Although undergraduates of the 1960s and 1970s may have been irked at times by a student-teacher relationship reminiscent of English public schools of Victorian days, they could not but be impressed by their teacher’s devotion to

rest was virgin forest, nice for walks with one’s companion in the spring — or summer or winter. In the 1930s, when we could not afford to cut the grass, cows grazed in the area between Arts and the Library.

The photograph of the cows has been superimposed on one of the Library, but the event it depicts did occur.

Credit: UBC Archives (51/7/1946)

In those days we knew the professors and the professors, unsegregated by Departments, knew one another. The Faculty, I suppose, included scholars; but to us — and to themselves, I suspect — they were teachers. There may have been some bad teachers; I did not meet one.

The Ciceronian Liberal

Lemuel Fergus Robertson, a Marinetime, occupied the Classical Head’s chair the day the University opened in 1915. He was given the formal title in 1920 and held it until 1941. He was tall, with a shining pate and a formidable bearing. Without variation, he wore a thin red tie; it was generally believed that he owned only one tie, purchased the day he donned the toga virilis. My own belief is that he replaced it every few years — or at least had it cleaned and ironed.

Robertson was a Ciceronian Liberal; rumor, which sometimes exaggerates, had it that in his courses one overly worshiped Marcus Tullius Cicero and William Lyon Mackenzie King or one failed. In any case, Robertson provided my introduction to Canadian politics — which is merely another illustration of the versatility of the Classicist who can recognize the present in the past. I learned more than this. He first instructed me in the art of writing Latin. With him I also read Homer and listened to his account of life on the farm on Prince Edward Island and admired the dexterity of the devoted young Classicist who milked the cow with one hand and held his text of Homer in the other. He was ambidextrous.

He introduced me to Seneca, that model of hypocrisy who so richly earned his fate, if not for his past, then for his tragedies. Asked on the examination to discuss Seneca’s view of pagan gods, I discussed the Roman attitude to barbarian practices such as Christianity, which was, I thought (reasonably, I still believe), pagan to a Roman. It did not occur to me that Robertson could designate Roman gods as pagan.

Robertson approved of Seneca and delivered many a grave sermon based on a Senecan text. Seneca, of course, was revealed as a God-fearing Liberal, who had spent his youth in the pure atmosphere of the farm on Prince Edward Island.

In the second term of the same course — the population comprised twenty-four women and me — we met Robertson’s Juvenal. I think immediately and vividly of the most famous fish in all literature, the turbot, a delicacy to be avoided, for a turbot on the table marks the dinner as an
inbred glutton. The combination of Juvenal and Robertson taught me much about life and revealed many of woman’s artful devices of which I had been ignorant. The passage on the use of pumice by Roman women inspired a condemnatory sermon on the removal of hair from the limbs, a perversion of which I had been unaware, one that caused me acute embarrassment in that company, especially since the professor usually addressed himself to the women and ignored me. Certain crude passages of the text were thoughtfully omitted as likely to offend me.

The effects of that course linger. Today I worry when one of my colleagues teases Juvenal. Does he point out that Domitian, transferred to a Canadian setting, would be a Conservative Prime Minister? Does he identify Juvenal as a fundamentalist Liberal pastor who, after a youth spent milking on Prince Edward Island, threatened a degenerate world with the fires of Hell?

During my candidacy for the M.A. — I was alone — I read Cicero’s Letters under Robertson’s tutelage. It was one of the lasting experiences of my academic life. I have encountered greater scholars than Robertson, I have read Cicero’s works, I have heard papers about him, I have studied books and essays on him. But I cannot name a man who has equaled Robertson’s mastery, his understanding, his subtle appreciation of a statesman who believed desperately in a losing cause. For years afterwards the acta diurna of Republican Rome from 65 to 43 B.C. remained as firmly engraved on my memory as the mason’s letters on the stelē.

The Scholar of the Department

Oris Johnson Todd reached Vancouver from the United States in 1918. By 1926 he had become Canadian and adopted Association Football as his recreation. As Honorary President of the Vanity Football Club he seldom missed a game, attaining eventually a reputation that won him the presidency of the Dominion Football Association. He had nothing but scorn for what he called “armball,” that gladiatorial combat that has eliminated sport from American campuses every Saturday afternoon in the autumn, and from the American home on Sundays. We, in Canada, indulge in imitation. Todd succeeded Robertson as Head in 1941 and remained in the Chair until his retirement in 1949.

My introduction to Todd came in Latin 1, where we read Cicero’s De Senectute. This lugubrious essay may be suited to the elderly and introspective philosopher; it is not suited to lively and impressionable young men and women at the beginnings of their undergraduate careers. At the end of our servitude I made a vow: I should never read the De Senectute again. I have kept my vow.

Todd was the scholar of the department. He contributed regularly to the journals, he translated Xenophon’s Symposium and Apology for the Loeb Classical Library, and, while I was a student, completed his Index Aristophanes, which has remained a standard work. His solemn and preoccupied mien hid the sharp and mischievous wit that we came to know (and outside) the classroom. Todd took me through my first Greek play, the Prometheus Bound of Aeschylus (?), the deep end of the tragic pool. This initial confrontation with the intricacies of a flexible language taught me how to use Liddell and Scott’s Greek-English Lexicon.

McGregor’s Legacy: 1960-75

The 1960s were a decade of growth for universities, and, with determined leadership, Classics departments could share in the benefits. At U.B.C. Malcolm McGregor’s energy and connections ensured a series of appointments between 1960 and 1972, and when he retired in 1973, he left behind a department of thirteen members, twelve of whom had first been appointed during his tenure. Most were able to gather around their former head when he received an honorary doctorate in 1983.

Curriculum: Change and Reaction

As the department grew, so did the Classical Studies courses, both in number and variety. McGregor’s passion for ancient history and archaeology did not prevent him from creating a unit in which all areas of classical studies were represented. Remarkably this included ancient philosophy, a subject that at the time was being increasingly studied in departments of Philosophy.

In 1968 the Head was also the moving force behind Classical Studies 100, a course with two lectures a week given by members of the department in their specialisations, and a third hour devoted to the then relatively unusual feature of a discussion group. Before other departments introduced similar introductory surveys, enrolment was so high that every faculty member took a discussion group. Few did so with unalloyed pleasure. McGregor, of course, embraced this initiative with his customary enthusiasm, and would introduce the course with a lecture marked by magisterial hyperbole.

These years also saw belated moves towards interdepartmental cooperation in the humanities in Canadian universities, and to the creation of general humanities programmes. In 1964 Willie Eliot was the department’s representative on a U.B.C. committee formed under the Dean of the newly constituted Faculty of Arts, the charismatic young sociologist, and refugee from Nazism, Kaspar D. Naegele (1924-65). Its report (Discipline and Discovery, 1965) followed through on President Macdonald’s mission statement Guideposts to Innovation. Its principal result was a controversial first-year programme, Arts One, established in 1967, in which themes in the humanities were (and still are) explored in seminars and tutorials through a wide range of readings, starting with classical antiquity. But although classicists should have
enduring legacy. Located in Block D of Buchanan (constructed in 1960), in what was, until recently, a room with a splendid view, it was, in the words of a former graduate student “the best place I have ever worked. No other Classics Department I have been attached to has come close to providing what it gave us. A complete run of Loeb and Oxford Classical Texts! And my own deal!”

The Classics Reading Room with some of its denizens in 1985. The Loeb and Oxford Texts are visible in the shelves behind them. Credit: CNRS Archives

The Reverend Doctor

The first doctoral student in Arts in the then Faculty of Arts and Sciences was a Basilian priest, Father Mark Owen Lee, who in two years (1958-60) managed to complete his doctorate with a still unequalled rapidity. Father Lee is well-known for his knowledgeable intermission talks, and participation in quizzes, in the Saturday afternoon Texaco Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. Few, however, can be aware of his special place in the history of U.B.C.’s graduate programme.

His dissertation on the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice in Western literature was a rather unusual enterprise: a 250-page journey from Homer to Cocteau, only the first two chapters of which dealt exclusively with classical antiquity. As Father Lee acknowledges in his memoir, his topic disappointed Malcolm McGregor. Later doctoral candidates would, however, contribute to Malcolm’s favoured field of ancient history, and to his specialisation of epigraphy. Though the next doctorate in Classics would not be awarded until 1970, the 1960s saw several M.A. degrees in ancient history awarded to young scholars who would go on to earn doctorates at U.B.C. and elsewhere, and to pursue productive professional careers at Canadian universities. In 1964 Virginia Hunter took an M.A. with a thesis on the Athenian metic, while in 1965 M.A.’s went to David McCargar, Gordon Shrimpton, and Michael Wallbank, with theses on, respectively, the Roman imperial cult, Herodotus’ political ideas, and Alciato. In the late 1960s Gary Ferrigton and Edward Wilson would continue this tradition.

At a higher level, now possessing the knowledge and scepticism of the fourth-year student, I registered for Todd’s course in tragedy and comedy and thus encountered Aristophanes. While Todd did not match the uncensored earthiness of the young moderns, he nevertheless, in the more restricted milieu of the 1920s, gave us a term of genuine Aristophanic comedy that I have not forgotten. We read every line; of course, we did not translate every line.

In my graduate year (1930-31) Todd optimistically agreed to steer me through Aristotle’s Poetics. In November he called it off, on the grounds that he could not find the necessary time. My own opinion is that he considered the attempt to instill in me a comprehension of Aristotle’s more philosophical style a completely hopeless task.

The UBC Soccer Club (junior squad) 1930-31.
Back row: O.J. Todd (2nd from the left), Malcolm McGregor (in the centre in the goalie’s jersey). Front row (2nd and 3rd from the left): Alan and David Todd, two of O.J. Todd’s sons.
Credit: The Totem 1930-31, p. 170
In 1938 I published my first major paper ("The Last Campaign of Kleon and the Athenian Calendar in 422/1 B.C.", AJF 39 [1938] 143-68), a study of a controverted epigraphic and calendrical problem that required (at pp. 152-53) an exhaustive analysis of a Greek pluperfect indicative (diéploos) coupled with the preposition mekéle in the first chapter of Thucydides' fifth book. I sent reprints to my three masters in British Columbia. From two I received congratulatory replies. From Todd I received a learned and very useful commentary, with full references, on the uses of the Greek pluperfect and the meaning of the preposition, a response characteristic of his learning and his kindness.

Todd gave Canada six sons and a daughter. Five of the sons played football, two of them as members of the Varsity team in my last season (1930-31).

The eldest son, Duncan, embarrassed the family by engaging in “armball.” Eventually, he must have acquired money, because he retired to the wilds of Scotland as the Laird of a Castle. The daughter sat as a classmate in a number of advanced classes in Greek.

**Gentleman, Soldier, Statesman**

For Robertson and Todd I was, and I still am, filled with an awesome and grateful admiration. My hero, however, was Harry Tremayne Logan. He was appointed to the Faculty as one of the originals in 1915, but spent the next three years in France with the Canadian Machine Gun Corps. Later, his academic career was interrupted by a thirteen-year term (1936-49) as Principal of Prince of Wales Fairbridge Farm School, a post that took him to Vancouver Island, Great Britain, and Australia before he returned in 1949 to head the Department until 1954. He continued to teach effectively until 1967 he reached 80 years, when he retired ... at his own request.

Logan had been a Rhodes Scholar, the kind of man Cecil Rhodes must have had in mind: gentleman, soldier, statesman. He possessed that extraordinary capacity for understanding the student, for thinking with him, for treating him as an individual, that is the indelible stamp within the Master Teacher. It was Logan, I am sure, who taught me to appreciate the poems of Virgil. Curiously, I think first of the Elegies and the Georgics. Logan had a feeling for the landscape and the soil, a feeling that he imparted to us all.

By the time I entered my fourth year, I was confident of my ability to read Greek. Then came Thucydides. Logan the soldier laid siege to Syracuse and I think that I have never reached a more thorough understanding of Book VII than in 1929, when the Master Teacher interpreted the Master Historian. The vicissitudes of the Athenians and of the decent, slow-witted Nikians have remained unforgettable. I know why, in a different context some years later, I chose Thucydides as my special author, to the horror of my contemporaries.

Logan possessed a philosophical turn of mind, which accounts in part for the fact that by choice he guided the young through Plato's Republic until the year of his retirement. My mind is not philosophical, although I have met the major Greek and Roman philosophical writers on their own ground. But, again, it is Logan's patient and sympathetic exposition to which I most often glance back.

**Ohioan Practices**

At Cincinnati the standard sequence of courses and examinations that preceded the dissertation culminated in an oral examination, in which any faculty member could ask a candidate any question on classical antiquity. Jane Cahill, who now teaches at the University of Winnipeg, vividly remembers undergoing the experience in 1974: "The oral - an ordeal! I remember that day as if it were yesterday. It seems now far too formidable a test to expect someone to know everything about anything. It was a solemn occasion. Mr. McGregor allowed no embarrassing silences, and I was grateful for that. Having identified several pieces of Hellenistic sculpture from photographs, I misidentified a picture of the Ana Fatis ... I heard my questioner hours later, in Mr. McGregor's office with the door closed, shouting that nothing but shame would come upon a department that allowed someone who couldn't identify the Ana Fatis to pass the Comprehensives."

But if this cruel and unusual Ohioan practice was eliminated soon after McGregor's retirement, the Classics Reading Room, modeled on that at Cincinnati, was a pleasant and more
History and Archaeology to the Fore

In the mid-1950s McGregor, the Greek historian, was determined to see ancient history, and the allied disciplines of archaeology and epigraphy, take root at U.B.C. at all levels of instruction. Thus he began the department's new impressive collection of "squeezes" (impressions of inscriptions taken on pliable paper). He also improved undergraduate offerings in history by adding in 1953 a course, Greek, to the Classical Studies (i.e., Classics in translation) Programme, which, as we have seen, was established in 1953-54. In 1957-58 it was upgraded into a Major, one of the first of its kind in Canada.

Then in 1957 a new Classical Studies course, Classical Archaeology, was introduced after McGregor had obtained another new appointment, the department's first professional archaeologist, Charles William John Eliot. "Willie" Eliot was born in 1928 in Rawalpindi (now in Pakistan, then in the British Raj), the son of a Canadian colonel in the Royal Artillery. Educated in Ottawa, he had, after taking an undergraduate degree in Classics at Toronto, tried to initiate an unlikely career as a chartered accountant. He soon returned to academia, and following his

In that Age the responsibilities of a Department of Classics were rooted firmly in the Greek and Roman authors — in Greek and in Latin. The mere thought of ancient literature in translation would have been as repellent, as horrifying, as anarchistic, as placing students on committees, or allowing women to smoke in public — wearing trousers! Greek and Roman History, however, occupied a position of respect, partly, perhaps, because the teaching fell to Logan, and partly, I am sure, because Cierro would have approved.

Logan's lectures were delivered quietly and grippingly, without rhetoric but with a precise choice of diction and a skilful variation of tone to produce emphasis. He paced slowly to and fro, a pernicious habit, you may say, unless you have watched an exciting rally in tennis or have experienced a similar spectacle elsewhere.

And always we were aware that he knew these people whose achievements he was discussing. "Men make history," said Nikias; "men make history," said Logan. Three words: they are the essential to comprehension. Logan it was who taught me that History includes all the achievements of man. I must have become a disciple, for during my graduate year I read Tacitus with him at his house and under his direction I wrote what I then thought was a historical thesis, Rome and Germany. The safe and uninspired title hides a florid passage, one of many florid passages, portraying Arminius as a hero fighting against fearful odds.

Out of the Classroom and Between the Posts

When I came up in 1926 I stood about 5' 7" and weighed 130 lbs. (dressed). In those halcyon days each entering student underwent a thorough physical examination. The doctor upon whom I waited found his task simple: there was not much to examine. As he concluded, he asked, with a sneer, "And what are you going to do, my boy, except study?" "I am going to play football," I replied stoutly. "For Varsity no doubt?" was his wry response, as he roared with laughter and I stalked out with an attempt at dignity, an impossible goal when one is still buttoning one's trousers. After all, I considered myself a goalkeeper, although, it is true, I could not reach the crossbar. But between my first and second years I suddenly rose to 6' 0" — with no gain in weight; and for four years, as I patrolled the sometimes vast distance — 8 yards — between the posts proudly wearing the Blue and Gold of Varsity, I often thought of that miserable medico and his cheap humor.

Normally, Todd paced the sidelines, grave and dispassionate as a scholar should be. Frequently, he has joined by Monsieur E.E. Delavault, a volatile and exuberant Professor of French, whose classes I sat. Delavault brought the French spirit to the game, not always to the taste of the referee. One afternoon, in a close match at Trimple Park, I made a sensational save of a penalty shot; any dive to my left merited the adjective. At half-time Delavault rushed on the field, embraced me firmly with both hands, and kissed each cheek, warmly and wetly. In my helpless condition, I happened to catch a glimpse of Todd. I have never seen a look of such utter and revolting disgust on a man's face. Katharina displayed on a football field was un-British.

Credit: UBC Archives (1-54144)
Out of the Classroom and on to the Stage

My many non-academic recreations included membership in the Society of Thoth, a secret organization that imposed an awesome and terrifying ceremony of initiation and practiced an arcane ritual. I can say no more, since members swore to keep their oaths of secrecy until the iron should float (classical influences were often at work). I mention the Society of Thoth because my membership led to my theatrical career.

Each year Homecoming was celebrated by a Theatre-Night in the Auditorium when the various classes and societies contributed numbers to the long show. In my day the epic pantomime produced by the Society of Thoth won a scintillating acclaim. The Society, I should have observed, banded women from its mysteries but allowed a selected number of camp-followers to make costumes, apply make-up, and attend its more licentious functions.

I began in a humble way, as a Hawaiian dancing girl, and the reviewers ignored my performance. Harry Logan did not. He visited the dressing-room to shake my hand and it took him three days to remove the paint from his hands. As Robertson gazed at my face the following week he made it clear that my activity had been un-Ciceronian.

Our next vehicle was Antony and Cleopatra, with Himie Koshevoys, the Keeper of the Bakshesh, starring as Antony, and one who is today [1975] a well-known judge in the role of Cleopatra. I had been typecast -- I think that is the professional jargon -- as an Egyptian dancing girl. Logan did not shake my hand. This time my unhearsed stage-business -- you see, I remember the vocabulary -- brought deafening applause. Toward the close, as the dancers responded violently to the eastern music, my left attachment slipped its moorings and landed on the trumpet-player's instrument. So impressed were the critics by our moving interpretation that we were invited to join the vaudeville show at the Pantages Theatre on Hastings Street the following week. We accepted.

Finally, I reached stardom: I played the lead in Helen of Troy. Now, I am a modest man and I must not yield to boastful temptation. I shall report merely that I was sensational. Never had the audience viewed such spectacular realism. Of course, we of the theatre have our own secrets and, after so many years, it will do no harm to reveal the lengths to which a seasoned actor will go to achieve perfection.

As Troy burned, Helen was to stand at the walls tearing her long and beautiful and blonde hair. The walls were high and Helen was to balance on top of a rather degenerate ladder that was to be held in place by a high-ranking member of the Society, the Torturer-in-Chief, who in now Professor of Economics at a well-known university. In rehearsal all went well, although no zenith of emotion was reached. On Homecoming Night however, the holder of the ladder, unheasured, had attained a state of meandering absence of mind. Consequently, as the flames rose accompanied by musical crescendo, the holder swayed, the ladder swayed, Helen swayed; the sheer terror of the intensely moving scene, heightened by the falling strands of golden hair, conveyed itself to the audience. At last, amid smoke and flame, the curtain fell. And so did I.

years of McGregor's advent, his department would be the first to cross that watershed.

McGregor Goes to Work

Success as an academic builder did not come rapidly. During the 1950s McGregor frequently taught overload, and had to employ supernumerary staff like Father Henry Carr and Colonel Logan. However in 1956 one alumnus, Elizabeth ("Betty") Bryson (Bongie) joined the department as a lecturer and its first female tenure-track appointment, and another, Kathleen Ann McCullom (Dusing) initiated her long career at U.B.C. Logan kept the study of Greek philosophy alive, and in fact one of his students, Terence Penner (B.A. 1957), went on to a productive and influential scholarly career in this field at Princeton and later Wisconsin.

McGregor soon established a network of allies on campus. From 1956-64 he was assistant to the powerful Dean of Arts and Sciences, the psychologist Sperlin Chant (1894-1987), and was also active in the U.B.C. Office of Ceremonies, of which he later became Director (1968-75). His involvement in administration and campus life, of course, paralleled that of his U.B.C. teachers of the inter-war years. But in this case this hyperactivity was manifested with unusual vigour -- "medusa operandi" that nevertheless failed to elevate him to the higher administrative positions to which he aspired from the moment of his return to his alma mater.

Within his department his authority was unchallenged, nowhere more so than in making new appointments. But other Heads operated in similar ways. Dean Chant, after all, reportedly told new
The McGregor Era Begins: 1954-60

The 1950s were marked by transition as well as transformation. Two of the department's three founders, Lenard Robertson and O.J. Todd, died, although the third, Harry Logan, served until 1967 as a "Special Lecturer" (in more senses than one), and in 1965 became the second Classics Head to receive an honorary doctorate from U.B.C. And in 1954 Logan was succeeded by Malcolm McGregor, no stranger to U.B.C. Not only had he graduated here, but his family ties, and opportunities to play his beloved cricket, had often drawn him back to British Columbia in the intervening years.

The year 1954 was memorable in Vancouver for a particularly exciting British Empire Games. But that year, along with Theodore Wade-Grey and Benjamin Meritt, Malcolm McGregor was victor ludorum in another sphere, when he won the American Philological Association's Goodwin Medal for his contribution to The Athenian Tribute Lists. As Harvard's great ancient historian Ernst Badian wrote in Classical Vinous in 1990: "Malcolm McGregor was the youngest of the scholarly giants who gave us this work -- the only work by English-speaking scholars (and, fittingly, produced by citizens of three English-speaking countries in collaboration) worthy to be put beside the great tradition of German scholarship. If rumour is to be believed, McGregor was not the least active in his composition."

The Tribute Lists might have been the prelude to further scholarly success, but, by returning to his alma mater, McGregor had committed himself to a more difficult goal: the maintenance of a Classics department in an academic environment that was starting to emphasise the importance of research. In 1954 U.B.C.'s Faculty of Graduate Studies was just four years old, and no doctorate had yet been awarded in the humanities. Within six

Sports Reporter

The Pub, the office of the Odyssey, provided headquarters for aspiring journalists and writers, as well as, secretly, for the Society of Thoth. The Pub comprised one room in the northeast corner of the Auditorium. The premises are now called the Offices of the Summer Session. Here I toured for five years, eventually reaching the chair of Sports Editor, which I occupied for two years. This incumbency allowed me to give front-page space to the exciting activities of the Football Club, at the expense, to be sure, of a semi-weekly battle with the Senior Editors. I was most successful when the Editor-in-Chief was a rugby man. I made a deal. Football and Rugby would alternate as the featured story,

You should not be thinking of the present Odyssey as a parallel. We were fully literate, the Editor insisted on rigorous proofreading and coverage of the University's activities, especially sport, was comprehensive. Our vocabulary did not require the assistance of obsolescents, coarseness, and rite colloquialisms. Nor did we split infinitives or use "like" as a conjunction. In the Pub, hammering away at one of the two battered typewriters amid raucous disorders, I produced the final copy of my thesis.

In my final year, the Editor-in-Chief, Ron Grantham, was a serious and totally upright man, not wild enough for membership in the Society of Thoth, who, once having made a decision, could not be budged. That year the Odyssey conducted an editorial campaign, in which I participated prominently, directed against the Dean of Women to lift the ban on women smoking in public. As a result, we were satisfyingly unpopular by the time the provincial budget came down. The President of the University, Leonard Sylvanus Klinck, alarmed by earlier comments, ordered the Editor to refrain from criticism of our benefactors in Victoria. The immediate response was a vigorous editorial written by the courageous Ron Grantham denouncing a parsimonious and anti-intellectual Government. In those utopian days authority did not hesitate: the President suspended the Editor from the University and banned the Odyssey. There was no appeal from this non-negotiable edict.
From Peace to War: 1937-41

Memories of Douglas Todd

Douglas Todd is the sixth child and fifth son of Professor O.J. Todd. He was educated at University Hill High School, and took an honours degree in Latin and French at U.B.C. in 1941. He subsequently taught his subjects at several high schools in British Columbia, and now lives in retirement in West Vancouver.

I was born in April 1918 in Northfield, Minnesota, where my father taught for three years at Carleton College before getting his doctorate at Harvard and coming to U.B.C. He was unhappy working at this sectarian college, and when someone at Harvard drew his attention to the opening at the new university in Vancouver he decided to return to the Pacific Northwest (he had previously taught at Whitman College, in Walla Walla). Although Father loved Harvard and its magnificent library, and would have liked to have been closer to it, he remained loyal to U.B.C., even turning down a job offered him in 1923 at Bowdoin College, Maine, at a salary of $4000.

My earliest memories are of the Fairview campus, where my father had an office in one of the wooden "shacks," and my eldest brother played rugby where Vancouver City Hall stands today. We lived not far away at 19th Avenue. I can recall Audrey Mildmay singing at our house. She was then just the daughter of my father's whimsical colleague, Aubrey Mildmay (later Sir Aubrey when he inherited the title), but became famous in England in the 1930s as the first prima donna of the Glyndebourne Opera Festival.

In his first year at U.B.C. my father discovered what would become a life-long passion: football, which he always refused to call "soccer," and persisted in distinguishing from "American football" which he jokingly called "armball." He just happened to see a game in progress at the Cambie Street grounds one day as he was riding by on a streetcar. He got off to watch, and so began the love affair that politically unwise, decision was rescinded. In the late 1930s Father Carr taught in the Programme for Religious Studies, where he was an Honorary Lecturer when in 1961-62 it achieved departmental status.

A new era

The gentle ethos of the Logan years is captured vividly in the memoir below by Peter Smith (Emeritus Professor of Classics, University of Victoria) who graduated in 1953 in Classics and English. As Professor Smith notes, within a few years "the whole tone of the U.B.C. Department had been transformed," thanks to a man whom he rightly dubbs "Malcolm the Great," a towering figure who will dominate the remainder of this history.
first M.A. for six years in 1952 with a thesis on the sources for Virgil's life, and went on to a doctorate at the University of Cincinnati, and a productive scholarly career in the United States at the University of Indiana. Archibald also studied at Cincinnati, and taught later at the University of Victoria. Smith recounts his time at U.B.C. in his memoir below.

Logan also helped revive the Classics Club, which had been in abeyance during the war. In the first year of its revival (1949) it was addressed by Homer Thompson who had returned to his alma mater to receive an honorary doctorate at the fall graduation. The Classics Club sponsored a lecture by him on the Odeon built in Athens in 15 B.C. by the Emperor Augustus' son-in-law, Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa.

The next year the Club mounted a production of Euripides' Alcestis, in an adapted translation, the harbinger of many future, though usually more informal, productions. It was staged in the Brock Hall Lounge (then the Student Union) on February 8, 1951, and starred Berty Bongie as Pyrrha (the name supplied for Alcestis' female slave), and Edwin Ramage as Heracles.

The Club's thespian high-point was reached much later, when in successive years (1982-83) it presented in the original Sophocles' Philoctetes and Oedipus Tyrannus.

A Sartorial Span

In Logan's third year there was some controversy over the appointment to the department of a distinguished Basilian administrator and founder of Toronto's Pontifical Institute, Father Henry Carr (1880-1963). He had been sent to Vancouver in his retirement to found a Catholic college (St. Mark's) on the U.B.C. campus as a substitute for an independent sectarian university. In his memoir below Father Carr's fellow

would culminate in his becoming the President of the Dominion Football Association. One of his prize students, Malcolm McGregor, excelled in that sport as a goalkeeper. I can see Malcolm now, yelling at his full-backs in one game to protect him from a demon striker.

In 1923 Father made an extended trip to Europe, and went on to Egypt and Palestine (as it then was). I have kept his detailed diary, and would like to transcribe it one day. He took the boat Giuseppe Verdi from Boston at the end of April, visited Sicily first, then Greece, then went on to Crete, where he met Sir Arthur Evans. On May 28 he had lunch with Evans in his house near the Palace of Minos, took a steamer, and then joined the great man for tea followed by a tour of the site. As a parting gift Evans gave Father a cup from the Middle Minoan period which I have now donated to U.B.C. I gather that it will be the first piece of Minoan pottery in the collection at the Museum of Anthropology.

On his way back he spent time in the libraries at Paris and Oxford, and inspected papyri at the British Museum. He was always reading a Greek text during his travels, though he also recorded oddities around him in painstaking detail. Here's an interesting entry from May 11: Sighted the region around Carthage this morning. Shortly before that a small bird, called by someone an Italian sparrow, flew aboard almost exhausted and was caught and put in a basket by an Italian woman. Just before dinner two old ladies from the 3rd class, a thin one 73, a stout one 69, danced. When the stout one got tired she would go running with a toy cap-pistol. Out of sight of land most of the time. No birds. Finished [Aristotle's] "Politics" and re-read Demosthenes' 1st Philippic and 1st Olympian.

In the late 1920s my father was busy on his index to the plays of Aristophanes, and all the children pitched in to help him. I think that I was assigned the
conjunction *kat* and would read out the references from John Williams White's index while Father checked them against the text. But he never forced his scholarly interests on his children. He would occasionally say things like "Old Aristotle would approve," but he didn't expect that his brood would follow in his footsteps.

In January 1931 we moved to our house at 1866 Wesbrook on the U.B.C. Endowment Lands, and my father and I cut a path through the bushes from the house to the campus. In his study there was a fireplace with an inscription in capitals above it. It was taken from Book 3 of the Iliad, where, just before his duel with Paris, Menelaus asks that Priam rather than his frivolous sons come forth to seal the pledges. As Menelaus says (at line 109), when an old man is present, he looks "both behind him and in front" (homai prosoi kai opoisi); these were the words in the inscription — my father's warning perhaps to his own sons.

When I became an undergraduate I had to take a Latin course with my father, and he found this a little embarrassing. He was generally uncomfortable teaching large groups, and much preferred reading with small classes. (As a shy and retiring individual, he also found the administrative duties of Head of the department a trial.) His teaching loads were always rather heavy, usually consisting of four courses a term.

Of course, I knew the other instructors in the department: Geoffrey Riddleough (who taught in a gown), Pat Guthrie, and Logan, and his younger colleagues Riddleough, Guthrie and Grant (all earning between $4000 and $6000), administered a curriculum that had come to include more courses in translation. In 1953-54 these were consolidated under the rubric Classical Studies, instead of being listed as adjuncts of Latin and Greek. Yet, as Peter Smith's memoir shows, the department maintained the traditions of close reading, careful translation, and extensive composition.

During the Colonel's time four young scholars, Geoffrey Archibald, Betty Bryson (Bongie), Peter Lawson Smith, and Edwin Ramage, left for major American graduate schools. Bongie went to the University of Illinois, where, under the great Polish emigré scholar Alexander Tytun (1900-81), she wrote a doctoral dissertation of enduring value on the Byzantine recension of the manuscripts of Aeschylus. She later assisted Tytun in his major codicological publications. Ramage took the department's...
In Cincinnati meanwhile Malcolm McGregor was drafted into the less perilous theatre of the military educational service. He lectured on modern history to members of the U.S. Army Air Force, men with limited interest in the views of an Anglo-Canadian epigrapher on subjects such as the Congress of Vienna. In later years McGregor revisited this bizarre experience, using for himself the persona of "Marmadeke of Carly University," in an amusing talk given to a U.B.C. dining society. He recalled his resistance to having to lecture on unfamiliar subjects, and his frequent recourse to "more important" topics, such as "the British Empire" or "the value of Greek to a Liberal Education."

After the War

During the war, the university's enrolments were static at around 2,500. But they increased rapidly as servicemen returned after 1945. The Classics department was able to maintain a respectable complement with Guthrie's return, and with the appointment in 1945 of another product of Toronto's doctoral programme, William Leonard Grant (1914-67). The pamphlet for Grant's doctoral oral examination shows that he was born at the royal residence of Balmoral Castle, Scotland, an intriguing fact on which surviving contemporaries are unable to enlarge. As with Bettye Roning and Peter Smith in the 1940s, his undergraduate years were divided between Victoria College and U.B.C., where he graduated in 1936 with first-class honours in Classics and served as President of the Classics Club. An M.A. at Harvard in 1938 was followed in 1943 by a doctorate at Toronto earned for a dissertation (written under Charles Norris Cochrane) on Cicero's Partitio Oratoriae. Grant specialised in neo-Latin poetry, and published prolifically in this area over the next twenty years, concentrating on the pastoral poetry of the Italian Renaissance. A book, Neo-Latin Literature and the Pastoral, appeared in 1965. He also maintained a departmental sub-culture by teaching some Latin verse composition.

In 1949 O.J. Todd retired and Colonel Logan returned from England to take over the headship for a brief interlude that would in many ways mark the divide between the collegial campus and a more professional environment. A transformation that would not leave the Department of Classics unaffected.

Lemuel Robertson. Lemuel, though a tall man, had a high-pitched voice. I can remember arriving late for one of his classes in which there was also a young lady from New Westminster. Lemuel screeched: "Teddy," - male students were addressed by their surnames in those days - "if someone from New Westminster can get here on time, surely you can when you live only a few hundred yards away!" I was also taught by Miss Jean Auld, who was briefly an Instructor in the department, and later handled the Latin correspondence course for the provincial government.

Two of U.B.C.'s legendary teachers in those days were in the English Department: Freddie Wood and Garnett Sedgewick. Wood taught me in English 1 and Sedgewick in English 2. My father had known Sedgewick at Harvard, and they both had offices on the same corridor on the second floor of the Arts Building. I remember being cheeky with Sedgewick on one occasion. He hailed me in theatrical style: "You, dragon's blood, do you have a match?" I replied: "Do you have a cigarette?" He gave me one, and I then said "I'll have to get you a match from my father's office." Sedgewick later complained to my father about the impudent fellow he had for a son.

The war made a difference. Two of the players on my football team were of Japanese origin, and were deported from the coast to camps in the interior and beyond.

When the scare over Japanese submarines started, my father was conscripted as an A.R.F. warden. Although I was medically exempt from military service, I still had to do drill once a week. On Saturdays after classes there was also drill for students in the C.O.T.C. (The Canadian Officers Training Corps). I can remember Pat Guthrie and "Cpt." Geoffrey Riddehough in uniform. My father thought that the war had a beneficial effect on students' study habits.

In those days you could be "bounced" (i.e., expelled) from the university at Christmas if your grades weren't good enough, but when you could then be immediately "bounced" into the army, there was an incentive not to slack off during the first term.

They were happy days. I particularly recall my father's love of tennis, and how during the thirties he won the men's doubles faculty tournament six years in a row with Dr. W.F. Seyer of the Chemistry Department.
Pax Logan: 1951-54
by Peter Lawson Smith

Peter Smith was one of several outstanding U.B.C. classicalists who spent the first two years of their undergraduate degree programmes at Victoria College. His memoir therefore appropriately includes an account of Classics at that institution, before he goes on to describe its condition at U.B.C. in the years immediately preceding Malcolm McGregor’s return – after which it would never be the same again.

I spent three happy years (1951-54) as a student on the U.B.C. campus at the end of the Harry Logan era, and returned for another year as a rookie instructor under Malcolm McGregor in 1955-56. How swiftly the whole tone of the Department had been transformed! Because I never studied under Malcolm the Great, I shall limit my memoir to the previous régime, when Colonel Logan’s quiet leadership was bolstered by the presence of his still-unconspicuous predecessor, the incomparable O.J. Todd. In theory, I was a U.B.C. student for my entire undergraduate career, having completed two years (1949-51) at the affiliated Victoria College, then located on its idyllic Landsdowne Road campus in Victoria. But because this institution was an integral part of U.B.C. from 1920 to 1963, I shall begin with some remarks on its own strong classical tradition.

Victoria College 1949-51

Tiny though it was, Victoria College had long been a potent force in shaping the destiny of U.B.C. Way back in the McGill era it produced such future luminaries of the U.B.C. English department as F.G.C. “Freddie” Wood and Ira Dilworth, and in the next generation its graduates included the likes of my future Classics teacher, W. Leonard Geaste, and William Robbins (also of U.B.C.’s English department). As a young mathematician instructor between 1927 and 1933, the mighty Walter Gage had energized the Victoria campus, and later maintained from his administrative heights at U.B.C. a superbly effective line of communication across the Strait of Georgia.

During my time in the 1950s, almost every upper-level undergraduate programme at U.B.C. was paged with VC alumni. When I arrived at Point Grey to begin a third-year combined honours course in English and Classics, four of the seven students in my English programme were new arrivals from Victoria College, and that September I became (if I am not mistaken) the sole registrant in Honours Classics. Just two years earlier, I had been preceded from Victoria by classicalist Elizabeth (“Betty”) Bryson (later Bongie) who earned U.B.C.’s Governor-General’s medal in the spring before my arrival. Between 1951 and 1960, no fewer than seven Victoria alumni won that annual award.

From 1929 to 1951, the lone Victoria College Classics professor was George P. Black, a native of Ireland, who was a gold medallist from the University of Manitoba.

A shy and introverted bachelor, he later astounded his friends with a blissfully successful retirement leap into marriage and fatherhood. He was a fantastically meticulous grammarian and a stern taskmaster; but his austere approach was tempered with unfailing consideration and kindness. Once you got to know him, he

Louis MacKay Passes Through

Robertson’s position as the department’s senior Latinist was filled by a recruit from the University of Toronto, Louis Alexander MacKay (1901-82), a product of the Toronto Honour Classics Programme, and a Rhodes Scholar. He had taught at Toronto during the 1930s, specializing in the major Roman poets, while also publishing poetry and plays. He was associated with the progressive journal, the Canadian Forum, in which, often under the pseudonym John Sealscombe, he published literary essays on writers as diverse as Proust and Somerset Maugham.

In 1945-46 MacKay held a Guggenheim Fellowship, and spent part of his sabbatical at Berkeley, where the department was headed by another Canadian progressive, and fellow contributor to the Canadian Forum, William Hardy Alexander, formerly of the University of Alberta. During this leave MacKay wrote the now forgotten monograph, The Wrath of Homer, and after its publication in 1948 left U.B.C. for Berkeley where he spent the rest of his career. His appointment is the shortest in the department’s history.

He may not have departed reluctantly to judge by his poem Downtown Vancouver (in his collection The Ill-Tempered Lover). Here he complained about “glim-flattered women,” and described the city as “this tight-lit town, grim-woman’d and grim-girl’d.” Also in 1948, MacKay published in Queen’s Quarterly a pessimistic meditation on the future of Classics. Here this future President of the American Philological Association concluded that the Classics “with their insistence on individual human personality, and their preoccupation with problems of human freedom, are too explosive matter to be given free play in a well-ordered modern state.” He was fortunately to be proven wrong.

Louis A. MacKay,
Credit: J. Fontenrose, Classics at Berkeley (1982), p. 115

Alumni in the Back Lines

The war disrupted the academic careers of two alumni. Homer Thompson was drafted into naval intelligence, though he was able to combine his wartime duties and scholarly interests when in 1944 he returned to an Athens now in the midst of an incipient civil war. As he recalled in an article in the University of Toronto Quarterly for 1945-46: “I resolved to visit the Acropolis. A plateau of British Tommies garrisoned the ancient citadel; some were busily setting up a mortar in front of the Propylea; others were preparing their quarters for the night in the Acropolis Museum at the feet of a towering statue of Athena. In the lower city, rifles and machine-gun fire cracked, while here and there a column of smoke rose from a burning building. On the hilltop, however, all was serene and the contrast served only to heighten the dignity and the quality of eternity in the Periclean buildings.”
In Transition: 1936–49

In 1936 Colonel Logan began a thirteen-year absence from U.B.C., though he remained as a member of the Senate, and was on the Board of Governors in the early 1940s. He went first to Cowichan Station, near Duncan, on Vancouver Island, where he ran the Fairbridge Farm School (an enterprise fully described by Patrick Dunse in Social History for 1988). Then after the war he spent three years in England as Secretary of the international organisation of which this school was a part.

In the Colonel’s absence there were new appointments in Classics as U.B.C. benefited from an economic upturn and a friendlier provincial government. In 1937 Geoffrey Riddehough became a Lecturer, and between 1938 and 1943 the department had its first woman faculty member, Jean Auld, who had an undergraduate degree from Colorado and an M.A. from McGill. She had taught briefly as an Instructor in 1931-32, but when she returned for a longer stay (1938-43) she appears to have taught a new course, Greek Art and Literature. This combined Greek literature in translation with art and architecture, and used, in the words of the Calendar, “laminated slides and photographs from the Carnegie Collection,” i.e., donated, as much material was in U.B.C.’s early days, by the Carnegie Endowment. Only in the 1960s would such courses in art reappear and flourish in the department’s curriculum.

In 1937 Patrick Crichton Fraser (“Pat”) Guthrie (1912-72), born at Lac Achigan, Quebec, and educated at the University of Manitoba, joined the team, but he was soon absent on war service. His advanced studies had been in the burgeoning doctoral programme at the University of Toronto, where he specialised in Roman imperial history under an outstanding scholar, Charles Norris Cochrane. His dissertation, completed in 1949, was on the Roman vilicus, or “overseer.”

In 1940 the department could pride itself on fifty per cent of a Rhodes Scholar when Baul Robinson (first-class honours in Latin and French) attained the prestigious award. He took his Oxford degree after wartime service in intelligence, and then entered the Department of External Affairs, where he had a long and distinguished career. He was an excellent cricketer, and in the summer of 1939 had the remarkable batting average of 59.6 runs for a U.B.C. team that also included the formidable Malcolm McGregor.

The war brought many changes, as Douglas Todd’s memoir shows. Within the Classics department the major one was that Lemuel Robertson retired in 1941, and was succeeded as Head by G.J. Todd. The next year Robertson received an honorary doctorate. Bertye Bogie recalls that as late as her undergraduate years (1949-51) he would occasionally be invited back to the campus to give guest classes.

Because enrolment in freshman and sophomore Latin was quite healthy, I received no special treatment in studying Livy, Cicero, Virgil and Horace. Greek was a very different story: our beginners’ class comprised only three students, and the next year I had G.P. Black entirely to myself. His theory of teaching Greek, it seems, was that one should cover in two years what was normally accomplished on the Latin side in five or six, so that a student continuing in Greek might be fully caught up by the start of third-year university. Brutus though it seems, this strategy worked miraculously well for me.

Not long ago I was surprised to hear a U.Vic colleague describe Greek as a harder language than Latin. That was definitely not my experience. After two years at Victoria College, and aged 18, I was reading Homer and Plato with relative ease, when I was still struggling to come to terms with Horace and Cicero. Yet I had begun Latin at age 12, with a splendid high school Latin teacher.

Professors Todd and Logan frowned upon G.P. Black’s practice of approaching Greek through Homer, but Victoria College enjoyed semi-autonomy in curriculum, and U.B.C. couldn’t argue with its results. In the 1930s, his text of choice was Clyde Pharr’s Homeric Greek: A Book for Beginners; by the late 1940s he had switched to the recently published primer, Scholz and Horrigan’s A Reading Course in Homeric Greek (3 vols., 1947). He disapproved of that textbook’s eristic approach to philology, not to mention its Jeanninque moralising, and he provided us with copious lists of corrigenda et obliterated. But how exciting it was to begin Greek with Odyssey Books 9 and 10! Our teacher’s zest for Homer was wildly contagious. As we learned our paradigms, we had to master both the Homeric forms and their Attic counterparts – a daunting principle, perhaps, but a natural introduction to Greek historical linguistics. During my summer “break” between first and second year Greek, a quirky but practical assignment was to render chunks of the Homeric poetry I was reading into the morphologically and syntactically correct Attic prose.

In Greek 200, after polishing off volume 2 of Scholz and Horrigan, I was required to study Plato’s Apology and Sophocles’ Antigone, in exhaustive detail, while wading through North and Hillard’s Greek Prose Composition and virtually memorizing Goodwin and Guilick’s Greek Grammar. I don’t recall feeling at all exploited or abused. Then, as now, my only reaction was a sense of joyous gratitude. One may begin to understand the secret of Victoria College’s perennial success.

G.P. Black was a glorious eccentric, whose pedantry was endearingly uncompromising. His unswerving faith in prescriptive English grammar went far beyond a disdain for split infinitives (an aversion he shared with Malcolm McGregor, who used to fulminate against...
the permissiveness of Fowler's *Modern English Usage*. One of Black's most
quixotic causes was a one-man assault on his perceived misplacement of the word
"only": thus the vulgar expression "I only have eyes for you" must always be
corrected to "I have eyes only for you." Once I cheekily showed him a misplaced
"only" in a sentence by Robert Louis Stevenson, a prose stylist I knew he
admired. He serenely replied: "Great Horner sometimes nods."

Decades later, while reading well-thumbed old books from the U.Vic
Library, I would occasionally spot interlinear numbers neatly pencilled above
an offending "only" phrase -- G.P. Black's amendment for posterity of a grievous
fault in English word order. Though we can easily smile at foibles like these, they
bespoke a crusader's zeal; and there was no doubt that George Black could inflame
in bright students a passion for language and literature.

*Classics and English at U.B.C. 1951-53*

And so I arrived at Point Grey, having learned via the grapevine what to expect
of my U.B.C. professors. I was not disappointed. Though my combined
honours programme resulted in a crucially heavy load, I was fortunate to discover in
the English Department such fine critical mentors as Roy Daniels, Stanley Read,
and Philip Akrigg. Literary criticism was not then a high priority of the U.B.C.
Classics Department; indeed, I cannot remember being asked to write a single
term paper or critical essay in any of my Greek or Latin classes. An exclusive
preoccupation with translation into English may seem deplorable, but the
process did provide a solid and essential grounding in philology. A corollary of this
approach was the snail's pace at which we read our texts. Even in senior classes,
there was a general understanding that it was unfair to cover more than one page
of prose or fifty lines of poetry in a single class. It could be quite a shock to move
suddenly into a high-powered U.S. graduate programme.

By the time I completed my B.A. I had studied with all five regulars: Osu Todd
(former Head, then teaching part-time in retirement); Colonel Harry Logan (current
Head, who had recently resumed his professorial career after a thirteen-year hiatus);
and three associate professors, Geoffrey Riddehough, Patrick Guthrie,
and Leonard Grant. One noteworthy feature of this scholarly team was its
academic versatility: there was no awareness (among students, at least) that
Professor A specialized in Greek and Professor B in Latin, since they all taught
both languages with equal skill and dedication. This observation occurs to me
only now in an era of intensive professional specialization. At the time, I
assumed that all classicists aspired to the ideal state of bilingual and comprehensive
mastery.

who as an undergraduate at Dalhousie had taken a full Classics course along with
English. First-year English at U.B.C. in the early years even included European
tragedies. Thus the founders of the U.B.C. Classics department pursued a familiar
subject on a campus in which, as Malcolm McGregor recalled, "the professors,
unsegregated by Departments, knew one
another." Such respect, allied to an active
engagement by the Classics faculty in
campus life, created a status for the
department that far transcended its size
and enrolments. McGregor, as we shall
see, maintained something of that status in
the changing academic environment of the
1930s and 1960s, and so ensured that a
sizeable and effective Classics department
would continue into the next generation.
who knew him in later years as a reclusive professor, active in the late 1920s under the command of Colonel Logan in U.B.C.'s Canadian Officer Training Corps, where he showed considerable skill as a rifle shot.

**The Scribe of the Papyrus**

Malcolm Francis McGregor (1910-89) had come as a teenager to Vancouver from Beckettin, in Kent, where he had developed an early and enduring loyalty to the soccer team Crystal Palace. He left U.B.C. in 1931 with a B.A., an M.A. (his thesis, *Rome and Germany*, offering no indication of future interests), and impressive extra-curricular achievements: goalkeeper for the Varsity soccer team; Sports Editor of the *Olympiad*; and vaudeville pianist in the pantomimes produced by the *Society of Tots*. In the latter all-male thespian freemasonry, he held, according to his yearbook, the title "Scribe of the Papyrus," and as a member of the "Royal Egyptian Ballet," starred as "a Hula girl, Druid, and Egyptian maiden" in the *Society's* major annual production, the Annual Homecoming Ballet. The yearbook also reports that during his second year, and consistent with his theatrical transvestism, he won the "Muck-a-Muck Male Beauty Contest."

After following Homer Thompson's path to the University of Michigan (1931-33), McGregor moved to the University of Cincinnati, where he took his doctorate (1937) and joined the faculty in the exciting years in which Carl Blegen (1887-1971) was rededicating the chronology of Troy. When his supervisor, Allen Brown West (1886-1936), died prematurely in an automobile accident, McGregor succeeded this "gifted polymath" (as he later recalled him) as collaborator with Theodore Wade-Gery and Benjamin Meritt in a monumental four-volume edition of the set of fifth-century B.C. inscriptions known as *The Athenian Tribute Lists*. McGregor we

shall meet later on his return to U.B.C. as Head in 1954.

**A Future University President**

Charles Johnstone Armstrong (1911-94) will be the least well-known of these four alumni. A product of Victoria College, he took a first-class honours degree in Classics at U.B.C. in 1932, along with a precocious eighty-three-page graduating essay "Poet and Subject in the Pastoral Elegy." In 1936 he emulated O.J. Todd by earning a Harvard doctorate with a dissertation composed in Latin, *De Epistulis Comitatis apud Epicos Latinos*, a study of compound epistles in the Latin epic poets "assembled by a careful perusal of the texts of all the epic poets from Livius Andronicus to Claudius Claudianus." This impressive labour was, however, the prelude not to a scholarly but to an administrative career at several institutions. It culminated in the presidency of the University of Nevada at Las Vegas (1958-67), and later of the Dayton-Miami Valley Consortium (a group of eleven colleges and universities in Ohio).

**Stressing Fundamentals**

The alumni just surveyed all went to graduate school in the United States. In Canada Toronto's doctoral programme was in its infancy in the 1930s, and anyway did not admit U.B.C. students without a qualifying year. U.B.C. classicalists were usually better prepared in Latin and Greek than their American counterparts, since acquiring the trappings of scholarship through premature research was not the Canadian route to professionalism. Despite the U.B.C. department's becoming more research-oriented in the late 1970s, and despite the growth of courses based on translated material, these values have been maintained, and have been justified by results. Products of the department's Honours Programme in the 1970s and 1980s, for example, now occupy

I did know in advance that O.J. Todd was a Harvard man who had published important books on Aristophanes and Xenophon, but my first introduction to him was in Latin 406: General View of Latin Poetry, taught mainly from the *Oxford Book of Latin Verse*. I loved every moment of that course, delighting in Dr. Todd's quiet and magisterial control of his subject, along with his droll wit and congenial manner. His teaching style was not what you would call dynamic, but I found myself mesmerized by his intellect and vast learning. In deference to his advancing years, he usually lectured sitting down.

His age and this seated posture betrayed him once into committing the ultimate academic misdemeanor. Although I hate to snitch on one of my idols, I feel obliged to report that the maestro fell asleep while conducting one of his own lectures! This event reduced our class to shocked bewilderment. Luckily, the great man soon snapped back to attention, and continued as if nothing had happened. The mishap affected me deeply. Throughout my academic career, I dreaded that I might suffer a similar fate, and always resisted any temptation to sit down.

In the office that he then shared with Colonel Logan in the old Arts Building (now Mathematics), Dr. Todd gave me a marvelous tutorial introduction to Greek drama. The tragedies we read together were thrilling, and Aristotle's *Poetics* was an eye-opener, but the most memorable experience was sharing his exuberant zeal for Aristophanes. He knew the comedies virtually by heart, after all, he had compiled the definitive index. As we worked through the Birds, he would sometimes be chuckling so hard that further progress became impossible.

In 1953-54, when I took a year of postgraduate work at U.B.C., I would trudge regularly across campus to Dr. Todd's home (at 1866 Wesbrook) in order to read Aristotle's *Politics* under his tutelage. I felt sure this was a purely voluntary undertaking on his part, and considered myself enormously privileged to work so closely with a scholar of his stature. Once, appearing to be almost embarrassed by his own achievements, he presented me with a bundle of offprints on Greek and Latin literature, testimony to his astonishing versatility.

Because Harry T. Logan is such an enduring icon at U.B.C. there is no need for me to sing his praises. A British Columbia Rhodes Scholar and a decorated War I hero, he was always addressed, or referred to, as "Colonel" Logan, and his mustachioed, well-groomed appearance was persuasively military. But a gentler, kinder, more softly spoken man would be hard to find. He and my father had been classmates at McGill, so I was soon taken under his protective wing. He kept hoping unrealistically that I would win a Rhodes Scholarship, though I tried to convince him that my athletic aptitude was abysmal.

Uncommonly wise and civilized, the much beloved Colonel Logan was a scholarly humanist of the old school. I derived great pleasure and profit from his courses in Virgil, Silver-Age Latin literature, and Plato's *Republic*, despite his ever-increasing tendency to drift into anecdotal dilation. (The stories were always charming and informative.) He was an ideal foil to O.J. Todd, and the two men provided living proof that good teachers are not cast from a single mould.

The three men who were then Associate Professors continued to teach at U.B.C. well into the 1960s, after Victoria College had been transferred onto the University of British Columbia. Geoffrey Riddegough was a celebrated character at U.B.C. in the words of Horace (*Serm. 2.7.86*), we might describe him as *magnus et atque rotundus*, a familiar figure as he gilded around campus with a familiar
A Prof’s Mind; a Pack’s Imagination
Geoffrey Blundell Riddelough (1900-78) (B.A. 1924) was born in England and educated at Penticton. He was a man of wide-ranging interests, with a preternatural facility with languages, and a profound addiction to punning. His yearbook noted that he combined “a prof’s mind and a Pack’s imagination.” Riddelough took an honours degree in Latin and English, specialising in Middle English and Anglo-Saxon, and won the Governor-General’s gold medal. As President of the exclusive Letters Club, he delivered papers on Oliver Wendell Holmes and on the poets of the “Great War,” and shortly after graduation brought out a volume of verse, Prophet’s Man.

Riddelough’s subsequent career led to an M.A. at Berkeley (1925), research in Oxford and Paris in 1930-31 on medieval Christmas carols, and stints in the English department at Alberta, and in both the Classics and English departments at U.B.C. He finally became a Lecturer in Classics at his alma mater in 1937, where he took a second M.A. (1939) with a thesis entitled *The Mercenaries of Ancient Carthage*.

For his Ph.D. (1951) at Harvard he specialised in medieval studies, and for his dissertation edited the twelfth-century poet Joseph of Exeter’s *Beliam Triumatum*. Though this edition remained unpublished, it formed the basis for an English translation by another scholar published in 1970. Riddelough’s engagement with medieval studies was maintained at U.B.C. by his former pupil, Betty Borgie, when in the early 1970s a Medieval Studies Programme was developed in the Faculty of Arts, and Classics contributed a crucial service course in Medieval Latin.

In their memoirs Peter Smith and Owen Lee vividly evoke this intriguing gentleman. But neither they, nor anyone else, can throw much light on Riddelough’s interests in psychical research. Like some celebrated twentieth-century classicists (A.W. Verrall, Gilbert Murray, and E.R. Dodds, for example), he was a member of the British Society for Psychical Research, which investigated all aspects of the paranormal. But only a few anecdotes (visits to a witch on the Isle of Man; expelling a malign spirit from a Vancouver residence) indicate the scope of his activities in this area. Riddelough was also, and perhaps surprisingly to those
not illogical when we realize that after mastering the intricacies of Latin grammar, the insides of a horse present no difficulties.

Let the students speak for themselves: The object of the Classics Club is the study of classical life, art and archaeology. Its active members are students of the third and fourth years who are old-fashioned enough to study Greek and Latin. At present there is a widespread tendency to set aside all subjects that have no direct economic value. But, because our language is so dependent upon Latin and Greek, to do away with them is to "discard the tree and live by its fruit," for in proportion as word roots are ignored, a language loses precision and the power of expressing delicate shades of meaning. It has been said that the study of the classics will develop our language sense and produce intellectual and spiritual taste. And that this does not unfit one for practical things, the careers of Macanlady, Gladstone and others would show.

Four Alumni

In its first two decades the department produced three future classical scholars (two of whom later joined it and became long-serving members), as well as one future university President.

The Student With only One Failing

Horace Armstrong Thompson (1906-2001), the most distinguished member of this quartet, came to U.B.C. from Rosedale, near Chilliwack, at the age of fifteen. Following his B.A. (1925) he was an Assistant in the department, and in 1927 took the first M.A. in Classics. As an undergraduate he was an active sportsman, and excelled as a member of the athletic relay team. He was also Business Manager of the Odyssey, and President of the Classics Club. The student yearbook noted "One and only failing – going to sleep in church."

Thompson's doctoral studies were at the University of Michigan, where he was undoubtedly attracted by its excellent programme in classical archaeology, and perhaps by the presence of the Canadian scholar, Arthur Edward Romilly Boak (1888-1962), a Roman historian, papyrologist, and, as we have seen, a former Instrucnt at the McGill University College of B.C. The Ph.D. was quickly gained with a dissertation written under Boak's supervision, The Transportation of Government Grain in Greco-Roman Egypt (1929). During the 1930s Thompson was involved with the excavation of the ancient Athenian Agora (marketplace), while also teaching at the University of Toronto, where he was Assistant Keeper at the Royal Ontario Museum.

In World War II he was seconded to British naval intelligence, and in November 1944 found himself in Athens as civil war broke out in the wake of the German withdrawal. After two more years at Toronto (1945-47), he joined the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, and served as Director of the Agora excavations from 1947 to 1968. His wife, Dorothy Burr Thompson (1900-2001), whom he met in Athens in the early 1930s, was a pioneer woman archaeologist, and a noted authority on terracotta figurines.

Thompson never forgot his days at U.B.C., nor the men who had so unfailingly taught him. As he wrote in the 1980s: "Each of these four – Roberson, Todd, Logan and Midlynn – had a very distinct personality, whether as a human being, scholar or teacher. The remarkably high overall quality of the department as so constituted was characteristic of U.B.C. already in those formative years. I count it a great privilege to have shared life with them at such an impressiveable age."

Colonel Logan's death, in honour of his former teacher, Professor Thompson presented U.B.C. with a copy of the fundamental modern edition of Plato, by Henricus Stephanus, published at Geneva in 1578.

exceptionally nice man, with a warm and cordial manner on social occasions. In his lecturing style, Dr. Gurtie had some memorable idiosyncrasies, including an odd way of delivering solemn pronouncements to the class while slicing the air with his right hand, he would lean forward confidentially, as if to share some profound revelation. He thus became a natural target for mimicry. "Funnily enough [for so the spoof would always begin], old Empedocles was no choicer pedant." Here, as in most cases, student imitation was a sign of affection far more than of disrespect.

The last of the five was W. Leonard Grant, whom I did not meet until the fall of my senior year, on his return from sabbatical leave. We had much in common as fellow Victoria High School grads who had studied under G.F. Black, teacher also of Leonard's wife Kathleen. Almost at once he became a great favourite of mine. I admired his deep learning, his unvaried, his lively and energetic teaching style. He would eventually publish a major book on neo-Latin poetry, but his firm control of all Greek and Latin literature was what impressed me most.

I was registered for his course in Homeric Greek. Aware of my background at Victoria College, he would assign me two or three times the standard number of verses, and I gobbled them greedily. Even more rewarding, I think, was our class in advanced Latin composition. Having had the full treatment himself at Harvard, under E.K. Rand (1871-1945), Leonard initiated me into the mysteries of Latin verse composition. It was an experience that profoundly increased my love and appreciation of classical Latin poetry. I have since composed very little Latin verse, but the course gave me a far greater sensitivity to the nuances of verse rhythm, diction, and word order. I hope there will always be a few institutions that keep alive this precious, but fast disappearing, pedagogical art.

TA-ing at U.B.C.

When I finished my B.A. in 1933, I was still very young and unsure of my future goals. Harry Logan suggested that I stay on for another year, either to complete an M.A., or simply to prepare myself better for graduate school. It was wise advice, if only because it allowed me to relax and enjoy without pressure a year of further reading.

Colonel Logan had found the minuscule sum of $400 as a teaching assistantship, in exchange for which I was to instruct two sections of Latin 110. (At eight hours a week for twenty-five weeks, that worked out to $2 a contact hour, not counting preparation or marking time!)

The teaching experience was an excellent trial by ordeal – though if I had been in Harry Logan’s shoes I would not have given a raw and immature 20-year-old full authority for even one academic course.

A fringe benefit of being a TA was that I got to rub shoulders with the Classics Department’s two distinguished part-time lecturers, Father Henry Carr and Dr. A.W. de Groot. Father Carr’s attainments are recalled in Father Lee’s memoir. Dr. de Groot was an astonishingly erudite Dutch classical scholar and linguist – another of President Norman MacKenzie’s wild recruiting corps. I was overwhelmingly impressed that both these learned men were so self-effacing and so considerate. I decided that all world-famous scholars must be candidates for sainthood, a misapprehension that would soon be corrected when I arrived at Yale.
Into Another League

During my undergraduate years there was no one individual who so dominated the U.B.C. Classics Department as did Malcolm McGregor a few years later. It was, as I have suggested, an effective and successful team effort. How well, then, did that team equip me for the future of my choice?

As I began to get my bearings in the high-powered world of the Ivy League, I developed some doubts about my state of preparedness for doctoral studies in Greek and Latin philology. By the prevailing mythology, Canadian students were thought to be somewhat further ahead, but I was not so sure. My languages were in fine shape. Some of my American classmates had read more than I, and could perhaps read faster, but their linguistic control was not nearly as solid—or so it appeared. People also seemed impressed by my skill in declaiming Latin (a priceless legacy from Colonel Logan), and by my facility in quoting classical texts from memory. However, I had been dissuaded schooled in the apparatus and methodology of research: I had never even heard of Pandy-Winsor or La Nouvelle Philologie, nor had I been warned about the crucial importance of German in the world of classical scholarship. Had it not been for my healthy exposure to the U.B.C. English Department, I would have felt seriously out of my depth as a literary critic on a campus that was a hornet of the New Criticism.

Was U.B.C., then, typical of the Anglo-Canadian classical tradition in placing almost all emphasis on the accurate reading of texts, at the cost of ignoring critical judgment? Even O.J. Todd, that great scholar whose background was pure Harvard, had seldom challenged me to ask really searching questions about the works we read together. Probably I am wrong to imply that the fault lay even partly with my teachers; it is far more likely that I was solely responsible for my own defects. And why should I be assuming that the raison d'ètre of the U.B.C. Classics Department was to prepare students for American graduate schools?

Eventually my anxieties and misgivings evaporated. I was soon able to improve my reading knowledge of German, and before long I had become only too well acquainted with all the important research tools. Through professors like Bernard Knox and Frank Brown, I was introduced to a new and dazzling world of ideas. Although it was virtually a flip of the coin that led me to choose Yale over Harvard, I knew it was the right choice, at that particular time, for someone of my interests and temperament. Once I had overcome my initial sense of inadequacy, my years in New Haven were among the happiest and most stimulating that I can remember.

Nel mezzo del cammin

In the Poetics (1450b62-27), Aristotle tells us that “a whole is that which has a beginning, a middle, and an end.” If my studies began at Victoria College and ended at Yale, my middle belonged to U.B.C. Those pivotal middle years, I firmly believe, were more important than any others in shaping my academic values, my scholarly priorities, and my ultimate goals. I could not be more pleased and satisfied with the classical education I received at that time.

contemporary and friend of Gilbert Murray (1866-1937), later the Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford (1908-36), and the foremost Hellenist of his day. In his memoirs Murray recalled Mildmay as having been “nicknamed la hoa, “the eternal,” because he was never “in time.” Homer Thompson not surprisingly remembered him as a “whimsical supernumerary” and “real English eccentric.”

Mildmay's presence in British Columbia was reportedly at the behest of his family. He was thus a member of a familiar breed in late nineteenth and early twentieth-century Canada: the British remittance man, who lived off family doles on condition that he not return home. Mildmay's sin may have been an inappropriate marriage, but that union did produce Audrey (1900-53), an excellent soprano. After the Mildmay family returned to England in the mid-1920s to further her career, she married John Christie who founded the Glyndebourne festival in Sussex as a vehicle for her talents. Rev. Aubrey contributed Greek pilgrims for the festival's wine-list, and also became a neighbour and friend of the elderly Rudyard Kipling. Shortly before his death Mildmay published a volume of Greek and Latin verse compositions (Horse Mediterraneaee) to which his friend and former colleague, O.J. Todd., supplied a prefatory tribute, “Envoi from the Pacific.”

Curriculum

The curriculum that these pioneers sustained involved a sequence of courses in Latin and Greek that led through the elements to the reading of a small but representative range of authors. Along the way there was, of course, prose composition, and plenty of sight translation. For many years elementary Latin was not taught (Beginners Latin first appears in the U.B.C. Calendar for 1936-37), since that preparatory work could be left to the high schools.

While the classical languages, especially Latin, were popular as electives, few students took the demanding Honours Classics Programme, in fact only three between 1913 and 1930: James Duffy (1922), Homer Thompson (1925), and John Leslie Catterall (1926). All gained first-class standing, as did the first women in this category, Grace Elizabeth Higham (1933). Such students, in addition to an intensive course of reading, were for many years also required to take a graduating examination on “Antiquities, Literature and History.” “Antiquities,” that is, art and archaeology, were not neglected in the department, even if they did not form part of the curriculum. O.J. Todd, as his travel diary attests, had a particular interest in this area, and often lectured on it informally.

But far commoner were joint honours degrees in Latin and another subject, such as French, or, as in the case of the Classics Club's first President, Charles Augustus Buell & Clark, English. These combinations often served as a preparation for careers in schoolteaching, and for many years Lemuel Robinson offered a course on the methods of teaching Latin at the high-school level.

The Students' Perspective

What did the students think? The credo that the Classics Club contributed to U.B.C.'s year-book in its inaugural year of 1920-21 shows a certain defensiveness, and a somewhat pretentious feeling that taking Classics involved resisting crass commercialism. Yet it also boldly emphasises (as their eminently respectable teachers undoubtedly did) the importance of linguistic study as the route to “intellectual and spiritual taste” — generic qualities that could be transferred to “practical things.” Or as Stephen Leacock more memorably formulated this rationale: “it is difficult to see why a horse-doctor must pass in Latin, but it is
students of literature." Such courses were uncommon in the inter-war years in Western Canada than is generally realised. U.B.C. in fact also had courses in Greek and Roman history (frequently taught by Colonel Logan) that did not require knowledge of Greek and Latin.

Todd was a pioneer at U.B.C. in the development of what is today called "Continuing Education," and as Secretary of the "Extension Committee" he defended the university's mission in a radio broadcast ("The University in the Life of the Province") in 1935, at the height of the Depression. He was also keen a sportsman as Harry Logan, with a particular interest in tennis (he won several faculty tournaments), and soccer (or "association football" as it was then known), which he discovered after coming to Canada. From 1947-49 he served as President of the Canadian Football Association. A sports field at U.B.C. now bears his name, for, as the memorial minute in the proceedings of the Senate (of which he was a member 1941-48) notes, "probably few university teachers in Canada, other than physical educationists, have contributed more to the development of amateur games, inside and outside the university."

Team Players in a Different Age

These three men seem to have worked well together. Todd and Logan's common interest in sports may have eliminated any friction created by Todd's superior scholarly abilities, and Logan seems not to have minded working with his former teacher Lennard Robertson. All three were also devoted teachers. Logan and Todd, for example, both emulated the importance of reading Latin and Greek aloud, Logan in particular having what one student still recalls as "a beautiful and elegant style." Again, as we have seen, they were active servants of the university and the community. In the early 1920s, for example, they each addressed the Vancouver Institute, in those days exclusively dependent on local talent: Robertson on Cicero, and Grean archaeology, Todd on Herodotus, and Logan on Nero.

The professional atmosphere of the time was quite relaxed. There were no grants to apply for, few conferences to attend. The Classical Association of Canada did not come into existence until 1945, and the meetings of the American Philological Association were too far away for a Vancouverite to attend, and probably too expensive to afford. Also, during the First World War the Archaeological Institute of America lost its once flourishing Vancouver chapter, and its many visiting lecturers. As for the Classical Association of the Pacific States, U.B.C. seems to have had no connection with this organisation until Todd became President of its Northern Section in 1939-40. He presided over its meeting at U.B.C. in December 1940, and in 1941 delivered a paper at Eugene, Oregon. He also gave papers to the Royal Society after he became a member, as did many Canadian scholars in the days before the proliferation of specialised journals.

Career progress was not directly contingent on publication, and both Robertson and Logan reached the rank of full professor on the strength of their teaching and administrative service. However, O.J. Todd's productivity shows that geographical remoteness and limited facilities were no obstacle to a truly determined scholar working in Western Canada.

A Whimsical Supernumerary

Rev. Aubrey Neville St. John Mildmay (1865-1955) deserves mention for his ancillary contributions as a part-time "tutor" and "assistant" in the years 1917-24. His solid formation in the classical languages at Winchester College, where he was Head Boy, was reinforced by "Mods" and "Greats" at Oxford, where at New College he was a

"Shadowy Mountains and Sounding Sea": 1938-60

by Father M. Owen Lee

Mark Owen Lee C.S.B. was a Toronto Classics undergraduate deliberately imported from Anglophone Canada's Athens to initiate U.B.C.'s doctoral programme in Classics, and he succeeded to the extent that he completed his degree in a mere two years. But as he recounts in the second part of this memoir, the thesis that he produced was not exactly what Malcolm McGregor had envisioned.

I was the first Ph.D. candidate in the Faculty of Arts at the University of British Columbia, and thereby hangs a tale, which I hope may be briefly told, of two remarkable men: Father Henry Carr and Professor Malcolm McGregor.

Father Henry Carr

In the 1930s, even though religious denominations at U.B.C. were, as a result of the University Act of 1908, allowed to teach only their own ministerial candidates and forbidden by law from participating in the work of any of the university faculties, the Archdiocese of Vancouver hoped to establish a Catholic college on the U.B.C. campus. And as the community of priests to which I belong, the Basilian Fathers, had successfully established Catholic colleges on provincial campuses in other Canadian cities, the Archbishop of Vancouver (William Duke) sent out an invitation to our Superior General, Father Henry Carr, to explore the possibility of doing the same in Vancouver.

Father Carr promptly made several visits to Vancouver, but his initial request was refused by the University, and no real progress was made until the late 1940s, after Norman MacKenzie had become President of U.B.C. MacKenzie had known Father Carr at the University of Toronto and respected his achievement as President of St. Michael's College and co-founder, with Yves-Jean Gibson, of the
Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies there. In the fall of 1950 President MacKenzie invited the internationally respected German to give a lecture at U.B.C. on "The Place of Mediaeval Studies in the History of Western Civilisation," and that paved the way for Father Carr’s return when, the next year, he was finally relieved of his duties elsewhere and was free to come to U.B.C. on a permanent basis. An administrator of long experience, a Professor of Philosophy, originally trained in Classics in Toronto’s famed Honours Programme, Father Carr was by 1951 a diminutive, gravel-voiced man in his seventies, feisty and full of zeal but far from well, already suffering from the effects of a debilitating and as yet undiagnosed case of diabetes.

How was he to found single-handedly a college in what was then thought a distant city where Catholics were a distinct minority, on a campus that, almost to a man, didn’t want him, in a Department of Philosophy that attempted to thwart his every purpose? As it turned out, it was the Department of Classics that came to his aid. Col. Harry Logan, then Head of the Department, offered him, with what Father Carr later called "unfailing and understanding kindness," a lecturer’s appointment teaching Cicero, Juvenal and Beginner’s Greek.

It was a humble enough position, and it meant teaching subjects that Father Carr had not taught for some forty years. But there was more humbling to come: after his very first class Father Carr was told by a regrettful President MacKenzie that the previous evening the Senate of the University, not at all pleased that a Catholic priest was going to be lecturing on campus, insisted that Father Carr could not do so as long as he wore clerical dress. Father Carr, not one to be undone by such an obvious ploy, promptly borrowed a grey suit and a tie (a most unusual garb for a Catholic cleric at the time) and continued his new career.

His cause was soon taken up by the U.B.C. students, who, like students everywhere, were looking for a reason to oppose the administration: they thought it unconvincing that a distinguished Canadian academic should be so humiliated, should in effect be denied status and identity, by their University. The rumour of this soon spread to other campuses. It wasn’t long before Father Carr was teaching again in the collar he had worn in the classroom for over forty years.

When the second semester came, President MacKenzie honoured him with a special luncheon at the Faculty Club, introducing him as "one of the very greatest teachers in Canada." And within a decade U.B.C. had set up a Department of Religious Studies. As Colonel Logan put it in "The U.B.C. faculty and Senate arrived at a rational interpretation of the clause in the University Act of 1908," and added: "One cannot but realise the importance of the role [Father Carr] played in the acceptance by the university of the concept that religion must be included within the area of curricular studies."

Father Carr taught Classics, Philosophy and Religious Studies at U.B.C. for several years, all the while proceding towards his dream of founding a Catholic college on the campus. He recruited two bright young Basilian priests from Toronto: James Hanrahan to teach in the university’s Department of History, and Elliott Allen to teach, in the face of some opposition, in the Department of Philosophy.

I sang at Father Carr’s funeral. He died full of years, with honorary doctorates from many universities. U.B.C., in conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws honoris causa, called him "a scholar of outstanding attainments, who throughout his lifetime devoted to the education of Canadian youth has been an inspiring and challenging teacher, a

Todd was rapidly promoted to Professor of Greek (1922), later changed to Professor of Classics (1932). He suggested to J. Kenneth Roxburgh that he was the only publishing scholar in the department, and one of the few major scholars in the humanities in the university. He and the Senecan scholar William Hardy Alexander (1878-1962) of the University of Alberta were the two major classical scholars in Western Canada in the interwar years, but, unlike Alexander and many contemporaries, Todd eschewed the publication of occasional pieces in journals like the Dalhousie Review, Queen’s Quarterly, or the University of Toronto Quarterly. His humanism was entirely scholarly in character.

In 1923 he contributed translations of Xenophon’s Apology and Symposium to the Loeb Edition, and throughout his career produced a steady stream of articles in major journals such as Classical Philology and Classical Quarterly. In 1932 he left an enduring monument when, after a year’s sabatical at Harvard, he completed White’s lexicographical work by publishing with the Harvard Press his Index Aristophanous. He ranged widely over both Greek and Latin literature, from, for example, an analysis of the role of Zeus in the Prometheus Bound to a detailed explication of a section of Aristotle’s Politics. He was particularly devoted to Aristotle, and he heavily annotated copy of Immanuel Bekker’s definitive edition survives in the department. Peter Smith recalls reading the Politics with Todd in the early 1950s; Malcolm McGregors, by contrast, remembered Todd’s abandoning as “a completely hopeless task” an attempt to read the Poetics with him in the early 1930s. Homer Thompson recalled “a shy man, but very kind and considerate ... fond of music, chiefly the violin.” McGregor emphasised the “sharp and

In the days before computers scholars used file cards. O.J. Todd in his office in the 1940s with some of the fruits of his travels.

Credit: Douglas Todd

mischievous wit” that lay behind the “solemn and preoccupied mien.”

Between May and September 1923 Todd traveled around the Mediterranean, and saw most of the principal sites. His detailed diary survives, and is full of vignettes, none perhaps more memorable than his meeting in Crete on May 28 with the excavator of Knossos, Sir Arthur Evans and Duncan Mackenzie, and his lunch the next day at Evans’ house, after which Evans gave him a Middle Minoan pot.

Todd’s scholarship was firmly rooted in linguistic skills and close textual study, and, unusually for an American, it involved verse composition as a complement to his expertise in Greek and Latin metrics. Yet as early as the 1919-20 session we also find him offering Greek 4, a course on Greek literature entirely based on translations: “a survey of Greek literary history from Homer to Lucian, with reading and interpretation of selected works from the most important authors.” Todd drew on his earlier experience at Whitman College, and the precursor of U.B.C.’s Greek 4 was Whitman’s Greek 4: “a rapid survey of classical Greek literature” open to “all
After Oxford, he studied theology at Edinburgh and McGill, but, instead of following his father's footsteps into the ministry, returned to teach Classics along with Lemuel Robertson at the McGill College in Vancouver. At the outbreak of war in 1914 he joined the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders, and later transferred to the Canadian Machine Gun Corps, the history of which he wrote before returning to U.B.C. in 1920. He ended the war with a Military Cross, mentions in despatches, and the rank of Major, later raised to Lieutenant-Colonel. He was in later years always known as "Colonel Logan," or "the Colonel."

Something of his wartime experience can be gleaned from a letter he wrote to Lemuel Robertson from the front in March 1917: "It's 5:10 a.m. I've just had breakfast. The situation is in a dug-out just above a mile away from the Boche. Isn't that a dramatic setting? ... I read a line of Latin now and then as I have a copy of the Oxford Book of Latin Verse with me, actually my only literature at present, apart from maps and machine gun manuals."

At U.B.C. Logan drew on his Oxford training to become a beloved teacher of ancient history, ancient philosophy (Plato was his passion), and Latin literature. He delivered his lectures, Malcolm McGregor recalled, "quietly and grippingly, without rhetoric, but with a precise choice of diction and a skillful variation of tone to produce emphasis." He also served in numerous administrative roles: as a founder of the Faculty Association and of the Alma Mater Society, as a long-time member of the Senate (1930-48, 1954-60) and Board of Governors (1941-45), and at the end of his career (1949-54) as Head of the Classics Department. He continued teaching until 1967.

His most tangible legacy is Tuam Est (1958), the centennial history of U.B.C. that still remains the best general account of its subject. This was a work of reminiscence as well as history, by one of the university's builders. Logan had joined the students in October 1922 in marching to Point Grey (in the "Great Trek") to demand an enlarged campus. Then as a U.B.C. Senator in 1931-32 he had resisted the financial assault of the provincial government, and when not merely the Faculty of Arts, but the university itself seemed threatened, he supported his Dean, Daniel Buchanan, in a dramatic vote of censure against President Klink.

The Harvard Man

Otis Johnson Todd (1883-1957) was born in Garland, Pennsylvania, and came to U.B.C. in September 1918 with a summa cum laude Bachelor's degree (1906), and a doctorate (1914), both from Harvard. He taught from 1913-18 at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, but had been in the Pacific Northwest from 1906-12 when he had taught at Whitman College in Walla Walla, Washington. His doctorate was supervised by John Williams White (1849-1917), an authority on the language and metre of the comic poet Aristophanes, and was earned with a Latin dissertation on Aristophanes' treatment of time, published in Harvard Studies in Classical Philology in 1915.

Malcolm Francis McGregor

Enter our second unforgettable character — Malcolm McGregor. A familiar, indeed commanding, figure on campus, both friendly with, and feared by, his students, often seen striding with his Greek shepherd's crook, he was tall, athletic (a vocal advocate of field hockey and other rugged sports), a U.B.C. graduate with an American doctorate, but fiercely proud of his joint British and Canadian citizenship and Scottish ancestry, and internationally known for his solid contribution to the splendid four-volume Athenian Tribute Lists.

As Colonel Logan's successor as Head of the Department of Classics, McGregor had firm ideas of what was, in a word he often used, "proper." A confirmed Hellenist, he may have been no lover of things "Roman" (Roman Catholic, that is), but tolerance was one of his pre-eminent virtues. He was also determined to expand the horizons of the Department of Classics on his campus. He suggested to Father Carr that the Basilian Fathers send to U.B.C. a potential Ph.D. candidate who was "a

Classics man." I was that graduate student, a newly ordained priest.

When I arrived in Vancouver in the fall of 1958, a Detroiter awed by my first glimpse of Pacific mountains and sea, I found that Father Henry Carr had made St. Mark's College a reality. It was a splendid new building on Chancellor Boulevard, built with funds raised by the Catholics of Vancouver, designed by architect Peter Thornton, and comprising a men's residence, a chapel, a library, a Newman Centre for social gatherings and educational events.

It also possessed a grand piano that was virtually at my own disposal. For while Classics was the academic field chosen for me by my Basilian superiors, music was always my chief delight, and I had in my memory, and under my fingers, a thousand or more songs by Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter, and their like. The students at the Centre, grouped around the piano in a spacious room that offered a spectacular view of Burrard Inlet, were happy to have me for their teacher.

But I'm not sure that either Father Carr, or Professor McGregor, knew quite what to make of me.

In his office in the Buchanan Building, Malcolm McGregor (it seems strange, even after forty years, to be calling him by his first name!) told me that I would
It was certainly clear from the start that Classics at U.B.C. was determined to make the training of its first doctoral candidate something of an event. Professors McGregor and Elliot lost no time in assigning me nothing less than the Harvard Reading List, and in supplementing it with much additional material: dialogues of Plato and speeches of Aeschines that weren’t expected of Harvard candidates, and the complete plays of Terence. I’ve always suspected that this last assignment was given me because I had said rather unreliably that there wasn’t “a laugh in a carload” in Roman Comedy. I must have looked glum when I left McGregor’s office that day.

But reading my way through the Oxford Book of Greek Verse with Geoffrey B. Riddlebough was a great pleasure. Toronto hadn’t given me much lyric poetry to read, and the poorly Professor Riddlebough was a man who, however recursive, wanted and perhaps needed someone with whom to talk about the poetry he loved. If I was less enthusiastic about reading all of Tacitus’ Histories with Patrick Guthrie, it might have been because I was beginning to feel that literature, not history, was going to be my concern when the time came to write the dissertation. Then again, it might have been because of the truly terrible coffee Professor Guthrie and I drank in his office on rainy days while reading of the deadly doings of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius.

I was always sorry that the only professor along the Classics corridor in the Buchanan Building with whom I never had an opportunity to read was the gentlemanly W. Leonard Grant, a true man of letters, and that the beloved Colonel Harry Logan was by then retired. Both men were, however, to be sources of strength to me when, in my second year at U.B.C., the time came for writing the dissertation.

President in 1921-22 and Rhodes Scholar at Balliol College in 1923, was a pioneer member of the Department of External Affairs who became a candidate of his father’s political hero, Mackenzie King, and served as High Commissioner to Britain and Ambassador to the United States. Among Robertson Jnr's enduring legacies was his Classics Club. It was first established in the 1920-21 session, and maintained an almost unbroken history until the early 1990s. It usually met at professors’ houses, and afforded an opportunity for students as well as faculty to offer papers, and to address subjects of general interest.

A Gentle Humanist
Harry Tremaine Logan (1887-1971), Robertson’s student at the Vancouver High School and the McGill University College, was born in Londonderry, Nova Scotia, the son of the Rev. Dr. John Logan, a Presbyterian minister. He completed his Classics degree at McGill in 1909, and went on to St. John’s College, Oxford as British Columbia’s Rhodes Scholar — a just reward for his combination of intellectual and athletic abilities. At Oxford he did not emulate his McGill predecessor, H.J. Rose (1883-1961), whose academic prowess carried him to an Oxford fellowship at the age of twenty-four. Logan did, however, gain a “blue” in lacrosse (i.e., he represented Oxford against Cambridge), while graduating in “Greats” (Literae Humaniores) some distance behind a future scholar of distinction, the epigrapher, Theodore Wade-Gery (1888-1972). A quarter-century later one of Logan’s students, and his successor as departmental Head, Malcolm McGregor, would collaborate with Wade-Gery on a major epigraphical publication.

While at Oxford, Logan reportedly came to know T.E. Lawrence (“Lawrence of Arabia”) (1888-1935), whom in later years he fondly recalled as “Ned.” More importantly, he met his future wife Gwyneth Nesta Lilian Ruthven Murray (1888-1979), youngest daughter of Sir James Augustus Henry Murray (1837-1915), the first editor of the Oxford English Dictionary. She had graduated in Mathematics from Cambridge (Girton College) in the days before that university officially awarded degrees to women. They were married in 1915, when Harry Logan was en route to the front line.

Logan’s years at Oxford (1909-11) belong to the last phase of the gilded age immortalized in Max Beerbohm’s Zuleika Dobson, a milieu far removed from that of a Rhodes Scholar from Western Canada, possessed of a religious background and a social conscience. While at Oxford Logan met Kingsley Ogilvie Fairbridge (1885-1924), an intense Southern Rhodesian with a plan for establishing farm schools throughout the British Empire for orphans from the mother country. Some years later Logan spent over a decade away from U.B.C. furthering this enterprise.
Faculty of McGill University College of B.C. 1908-09. Samuel Robertson and Arthur Brook are third and fourth from the left in the back row.
Credit: U.B.C. Archives (15/186p)

Michigan at different times formed the Classics contingent.

"Lemmie" Robertson was a pivotal administrative figure, serving as Registrar of the College, and Secretary of the Faculty and the Senate, in addition to being the Assistant Secretary of the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning of British Columbia, the executive body that oversaw the development of higher education in the province. He also found time to act as Secretary-Treasurer of the Vancouver chapter of the Archaeological Institute of America in the years immediately preceding World War I.

Robertson was the Classics department's senior member when U.B.C. opened in 1915, and he became Professor and Head in 1920. He held office through the years at Fairview (1915-25), and for sixteen years after the move to Point Grey, and to the Arts Building (now Mathematics), which was the home of the humanities until the move to the Buchanan Building in 1958. Tall and of formidable bearing, Robertson was, despite his high-pitched voice, a natural leader and a commanding administrator. He served as Director of the Summer Session, and was a member of the Senate from 1915-25. In the citation for his honorary degree in 1942 he was dubbed "a lively and benevolent campus spirit, a genius loci."

Robertson's generally avuncular manner could take on a sharp edge. Hugh Keeneley, a Fairview graduate and future diplomat, recalled him as "a sensitive classical scholar who apparently derived great pleasure from yielding to the temptation to throw classroom barbs in my direction." Philip Akkig, an undergraduate in the mid-1930s and a future U.B.C. Professor of English, found Robertson's appearance that of "a sanctimonious Pickwick with a red nose," but did remember him once deprecating an uninspired translation of Horace and threatening to render the poem in a way that would "show that I wasn't always sixty."

Robertson always wore a red tie, and was said to require from his students the worship of two great liberals: Marcus Tullius Cicero and William Lyon Mackenzie King. Fifty years later Malcolm McGregor recalled reading Cicero's letters with him as "one of the lasting experiences of my academic life." However, Robertson denied his students other potentially lasting experiences by keeping Ovid's erotic poems off the syllabus for several decades.

His only son, Norma Alexander Robertson (1904-68), Classics Club's Professor McGregor was saddened, but not surprised, when I told him at the end of that first year at U.B.C., that I wanted to write a dissertation not on Athenian constitutional history, but on a literary topic. I was considering an examination of the whole Western tradition of the myth of Orpheus. He had serious doubts about the subject's being "academically appropriate." I was nonetheless able to point out that I would be following a precedent set by W.B. Stanford in his pioneering book, *The Ulysses Theme* (1954), and that Indiana had recently given its blessing to a similar dissertation on the tradition of the myth of Theseus. Professor McGregor somewhat ruefully conceded that a dissertation on such a subject might be "proper," and assigned me Geoffrey Riddough as my mentor for the future.

Meanwhile I passed the requisite exams in French and German, and on the Harvard-plus Reading List. That left the fall of my second year to dispatch the examinations in my special field (Greek Music) and special author (Lucanette), and the dreaded oral comprehensive. (When, at the last-named ordeal, I volunteered too much information on the things I knew something about -- paraphrasing, kryptesia, enharmonic quarter tones -- the examiners would quickly shift to something I didn't know about -- lecitemium, euphemizing, and, strangely enough, apocryphal gospels in Greek.)

The U.B.C. library at that time was generally well supplied with the necessary materials for a graduate student in Classics, but not for my favorite subject, and I had been told in no uncertain terms by a dictatorial lady librarian that as a graduate student I also had "no special privileges." Fortunately, through the summer of 1959 I had amassed, in the libraries of distant Toronto, a wealth of material on Orpheus. I plunged into medias res with the dissertation, beginning with what was to be its central section, that on Orpheus and the origins of opera, and I found that completing the rest of it was a matter of only six or seven weeks. Orpheus, from the first mention of him in a fragment of Ibycus to his then-contemporary appearances in the works of Jean Cocteau and Tennessee Williams, was a figure that meant many things to many ages in Western culture.

There was much to say, and in my room at St. Mark's, overlooking a vista that strongly evoked Homer's "shadowy mountains and sounding sea." I found that the dissertation almost wrote itself. I was able to make a short trip to Berkeley's splendid Bancroft Library to follow every lead I'd found in Vancouver, as far as I could. I was also busy pastorally, giving regular conferences at three convents and doing weekend parish work at such far-flung places as Squamish and Woodfibre, Comox and Cumberland. Some members of the department regarded these activities as unusual for a doctoral candidate, and I suppose they were.

Professor McGregor, no longer the formidable man I had first met, thought my quick progress with the dissertation "quite acceptable": a dissertation was not intended to be a candidate's *magnus opus*, but only a demonstration that he

In 1959-60 the U.B.C. Main Library was expanding with the construction of a south wing.
Credit: U.B.C. Archives (37/1320)
could do independent work and document it satisfactorily. All the same, I knew he was disappointed in me.

As mine was the first dissertation in Arts ever presented to U.B.C.'s Faculty of Arts and Sciences (a separate Faculty of Arts was created in 1964), and as it touched on literature, philosophy, art, music, and other matters, auditors from many departments were in attendance at its defence on September 21, 1960, in the Buchanan Building. I remember making my opening statements seated at a desk, and then being told (I'm not sure now by whom) that I was expected to remain standing throughout the defence. That had probably been demanded of previous doctoral candidates, all of whom had written dissertations on scientific subjects requiring demonstration. But it was something of an imposition for me: shortly before the defence I had injured a leg climbing down the bluff at Newton Wynd to swim in English Bay, and I was still walking on crutches. Several faculty members apologized afterwards for the imposed condition. But I was supported in the course of the defence by enthusiastic responses from the poet Earle Birney of the Department of English, and his interventions silenced the occasional hostile question directed at me by members of some departments, especially Music, who thought I was encroaching on their respective turf.

The defence was successful, the typed dissertation was accepted the next morning by the intimidating lady librarian (that was the toughest of all tests), and, as I recall, that same day I boarded a plane for Toronto, where I was already a week late for my new teaching duties at St. Michael's College. Dean (later President) Walter Gage had told me, when he formally announced my doctoral status, that doctor meant "teacher," and that the University of British Columbia expected me to take my teaching seriously. I did.

I was not able, immersed as I was in teaching at Toronto, to attend the congregation at U.B.C. that granted me my degree, and, as it turned out, I did not return to Vancouver for almost forty years. In the meantime I put the skills I had learned at U.B.C. to good use, teaching and writing on the Classics in Toronto, Houston, Chicago, Berkeley, and Rome. I became something of an expert at teaching Roman comedy, eliciting "laughs by the cartload" from my Plautus and Terence classes. Catullus and Horace were my special interests at first, but eventually I found myself teaching about the Trojan War year-in, year-out. Homer and Virgil became my life. Ironically, Tacitus, the first classical author I read complete, was to be the only writer I never taught in the original language.

Part One

Classical Studies at
The University of British Columbia 1915-75
A Brief History

The Founders: 1915-36

The University of British Columbia officially opened in the fall of 1915, but not until the end of the First World War did its work begin in earnest, on a modest temporary campus on the Fairview slopes beside the Vancouver General Hospital. During its first two decades, the study of Latin and Greek and of classical antiquity was principally in the hands of three men. This is their story.

Students and faculty assembled outside the Arts Building at Fairview in the early 1920s. Some of the temporary "shacks" are visible in the background.

Credit: UBC Archives (1/1-1975)

Genius Loci

Lemuel Fergus Robertson (1878-1956) is the eldest, and a major pioneer of higher education in British Columbia. Born in Prince Edward Island, he grew up on a farm, holding his Hominy, if legend is to be believed, in one hand, while milking a cow with the other. His undergraduate degree was from McGill, where he studied with the Ciceroan scholar, and university Principal, William (later Sir William) Peterson (1856-1921), under whom he later (1902) took an M.A.

He first came to Vancouver in 1899 to teach at the Vancouver College, a high school that by 1906 he had helped evolve into the McGill University College of British Columbia, an institution that, like Victoria College, offered courses for the first two years of a McGill degree. Here Robertson, J.C. Shaw (the college Principal), R.C. Macnaghten, and Arthur Boak (later a distinguished ancient historian at the University of
TWO DEPARTMENTS SIXTY YEARS APART

The Founders (1923)
Left to right: O.J. Todd (2nd Head of Classics, 1921-22), Aubrey Milbank, Lemuel Robertson (1st Head, 1915-19), Harry Logan (3rd Head, 1929-33).
Credit: CNERS Archives

The Department McGregor Built (1985)
Taken on the occasion of Malcolm McGregor’s receiving an honorary degree from U.B.C. in June 1985.
Credit: CNERS Archives

Eventually, Orpheus was to become something of a personal symbol: the famous Attic frieze depicting his loss of Eurydice graced the cover of my first book, on Horace’s Odes; my book on Virgil’s Georgics bore the title Virgil as Orpheus; my latest book, on opera, bears the subtitle From Orpheus to Ariadne. All three of them drew on the dissertation I wrote at U.B.C.

As the years passed Professor Riddoough continued to write me, always careful to address me as “Dr. Lee.” A man of many religious, parareligious, interests, he was never able to call me “Father,” nor did I ever ask it of him. Professors Grant and Gudhist died in 1967 and 1972 respectively, but I sometimes saw Professor Eliot in Toronto and at meetings of various classical associations, where we spoke less of Beazley’s work on red and black figure Attic vases than of matters operatic. He was by then president of the University of Prince Edward Island.

Professor McGregor lost his beautiful wife Margarette, of whom I have the most glowing memories, in early 1989 while he was in his own last illness. I was happy to be able to tell him, by letter, that I would remember him and his Margarette at the site of ancient Troy, which I was determined to see at last that summer. His daughter Heather told me later that my words had touched him. Certainly I hoped, when I stood on the hill of Hisarlik and looked out across the “sounding sea” towards Virgil’s Tenedos, surveying the “windy plain” where Homer’s noblest Trojan of them all met his death, that my remembering Professor McGregor on that site may have compensated him for the disappointment I was to him three decades before.

Of all those who taught Classics at U.B.C. from 1958 to 1960 I remember best that fiercely intelligent, sturdy, swaggering Scots-Canadian, who was whole-heartedly dedicated to education, and who loved the Classics with all his soul.
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Robert R. Todd

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PART ONE
The University of British Columbia, 1915-38

PART TWO
Memories of Alumni from Five Generations

From Entrance to Point Grey, 1915-27

From Point Grey to Main Building, 1927-40

Father Owen Lee (R.D., 1960)...

44

40

30

22

19

16

13

10

7

4

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1

The Founders, 1915-28...

Intergenerational, 1928-40...

Father L. Smith (R.D., 1959)...

McGregor's Legacy, 1940-60...

Douglas Field (R.A., 1911)...

Malcolm McGregor (B.A., 1936; M.A., 1931)...

Reminiscences of a Man Brought in 1926-31

Peter C. Ferguson, 1933-39...

From Point Grey to Main Building, 1927-40

58

51

44

30

22

19

16

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