

# Dalhousie Gazette



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## Glee Club Presents First Show in New Gym.

### Symphony Orchestra and Choral Society Lend Support.

With the Dalhousie Symphony Orchestra and Choral Society under direction of Mr. Harry Dean, and an excellent cast in a one-act adaption from Barrie, the Glee Club opened the new Gymnasium last night and sponsored one of the finest shows in Dalhousie history. This opening was the occasion of the President's first speaking to the student body as a whole; his remarks were congratulatory to the students and the Board of Governors on the erection of the new building.

Mr. Harry Dean opened the program of the combined Symphony Orchestra and Choral Club with "O Canada," and there followed a splendid presentation of musical offerings by Dalhousie talent:

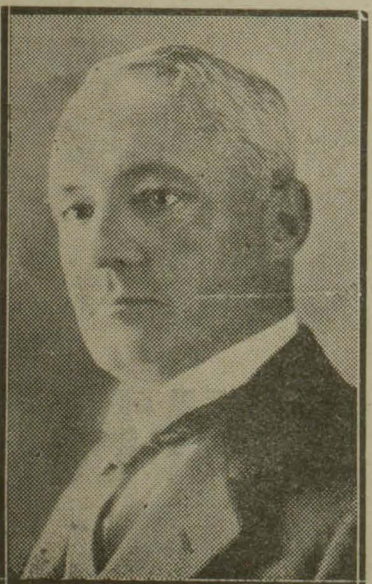
- Poet and Peasant Overture, Von Suppe
- Green Cathedral (Chorus)
- War March of the Priests, Mendelssohn
- Carmen—Selections, Bizet
- March Militaire, Schubert
- Fantasia—Il Trovatore, Verdi

This part of the program was something that has not been heard on Dalhousie Campus for some time. Mr. Dean and the members of the Symphony Orchestra and Choral Club are to be congratulated for their enthusiasm and the excellent results of their work. Selections from Bizet's *Carmen* and the *March Militaire* of Schubert were very well done. The choral part in *Fantasia—Il Trovatore* was excellent, the women's voices and the bass section of the male chorus showing up beautifully.

Mr. Mitsuwo Kitazawa pleased the audience with a vocal solo, "Two Grenadiers." His pleasant voice carried well through the entire audience; he was brought again to the front of the stage with applause and gave as an encore, Cadman's *At Dawning*. Mr. Howe Jones was Mr. Kitazawa's accompanist. The orchestra has twenty-six pieces—fourteen violins, eleven other instruments and piano. The piano accompaniment by Mr. W. A. Crandall to the Choral work was very fine.

The play, a one-act adaption from J. M. Barrie's "Half Hour," was under direction of Mr. J. P. Connolly. Great response was given by the audience to this production; Miss Ruth Macaulay starred the performance with her personal grace and her outspoken dialogue. While the voices of the other actors were indistinct at the back of the auditorium, both Miss Macaulay's and Mr. Mackenzie's were well heard. Miss Dorothy Gray was true *Beryl Mercer* in her part as Susie, the maid. Miss Ruth Crandall, who had appeared earlier in the evening in the choru played Mrs. Redding in an admirable manner. Some of the boys claim that Douglas Murray's responses to Lady

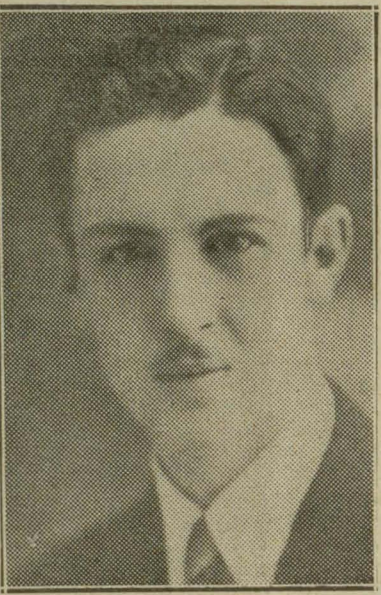
### Presents Key



G. FRED PEARSON

Chairman of the Board of Governors who officially opened the Gymnasium.

### Presents Glee Club Show



DOUGLAS GIBBON

who welcomed the audience Tuesday on behalf of Glee Club, and expressed gratitude for new gym.

### Women's Place In The Home

#### Prof. Dod's Discusses Live Issue.

In these troublous times of wars and rumours of wars, unbalanced budgets, and free wheeling, it is vitally necessary that one get back to first principles. All things have a beginning, even the joke about the Mexican and the skunk, and as to ends, well, as Caesar Augustus groaned after two agonizing hours of Clark Gable and Joan Crawford "the end is not yet." However, it would be inconceivable to conceive of a question where an exhaustive understanding of first principles could conceivably be of more importance than that question which vexes the master minds of both hemispheres sends savants to splitting infinitives in the amphitheatre of Claudius, and wins space in the august columns of the *Dalhousie Gazette*. We refer to the Quantum Theory, or, as more popularly known—Is Co-education Doomed?

But let us then, as N. B. above, get back to first principles. To grasp fully the significance, scope, and possibilities of co-education some historical retrospect is necessary. Where did co-education arise, and why? Dr. Breasted of the Semetic Languages Department of the University of Chicago claims quite dogmatically in his work *Three Weeks by Elinor Glyn* that co-education undoubtedly existed among the Lower Sumerians. As evidence he triumphantly points to some baked mud dance programs found in his excavations, as well as to the laws against necking in the Code of Hammurabi. But his evidence is unreliable since our antiquarians have decided that the documents in question are of no later date than that celebrated learned journal *College Life*. It is our contention that co-education, as such and such, is of comparatively recent origin. Of course, there are some sundry examples in the ancient world, but the system is not found in full flower until well into modern times. Passing mention might well be made of Cleopatra's School For Scandal where Marc Antony was Dean of Women.

## Sorority Dance

The initial dance of the Alpha Eta Chapter of Alpha Gamma Delta was held in the tea room of the Nova Scotian on Thursday evening, Feb. 25, 1932. Miss Haggarty's orchestra supplied the music. Supper was served about 11.30 p. m. The eleventh dance was featured by a treasure hunt over the first two floors of the Nova Scotian. At the conclusion of the hunt each guest received a brass paper knife with the Alpha Gamma Delta crest on it.

The members of Kappa Kappa Sigma who were not initiated into Alpha Gamma Delta were also present. The following people were at the dance:

Misses Mary Lee McCoubrey, Barbara Barnhill, Kay Moxon, Jean Maclean, Doreen Harper, Marie MacMillan, Dorothy Redmond, Mary Currie, Marion Morton, Laura Marshall, Joan Sweeney, Helen Williams, Beverley Chipman, Isabel Chipman, Sheila McManus, Audrey Ryan, Eirene Walker, Jean DeMone, Ethel Jackson, Mrs. P. Hebb, Evelyn Holloway, Jean Morrison.

Messrs. Ross Morrison, Lou Christie, Horace Mitchell, Charlie Harries, Buff Dyer, Don Sinclair, Ian MacKay, Paul Stehelin, Peter Hebb, Douglas Gibbon, Jack Millar, Peter Creighton, Murray Rankin, Curry Young, Skit Oldfield, Douglas Murray, Jack MacMillan, Roy Tidman, Jock Kent, Tom Sullivan, John Somers, Norman Stanbury.

(Continued on page 2.)

## Gymnasium Notes

Individual Bowling Champion:  
L. Smofsky, 106, 117, 119, 111, 115, 111. Total 679.  
Eric Murray, 110, 110, 107, 111, 120, 101. Total 659.  
Don MacRae, 124, 112, 111, 101, 101. Total 650.

L. Smofsky wins the silver cup donated by the physical department for 1932.

The new floor cannot be used in the Gym until next week due to soft walls.

Badminton can be played from today on.

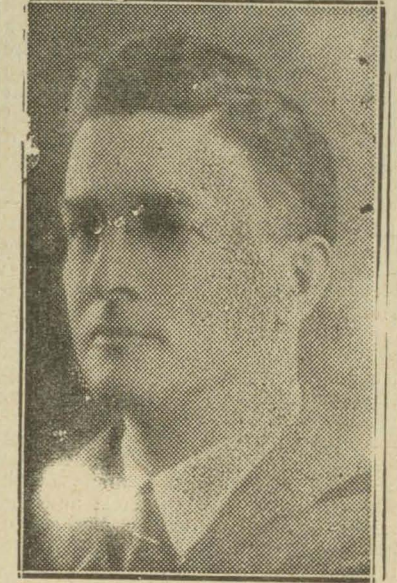
Mixed badminton on every Sat. aft., 2.15-6 p. m. Tennis costumes must be worn—white flannels or duck and white sneakers. Birds only can be obtained at the Gym.

Boxing. The Boxing team will work out daily from now on in the Small Gym in preparation for Intercollegiate Championship to be held at St. F. X. on Mar. 18.

Fencing class will commence immediately. All interested get in touch with Mr. Stirling.

## Student Council Election Day Will Be March 17th.

### Opens Gym To Students



PRESIDENT STANLEY

Who spoke to entire Student Body for first time Tuesday Night at Gym, opening.

### All Nominations Must Be In Not Later than March 12th.

All nominations of representatives to be voted on in the coming Students Council elections must be handed to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Council of the Students on or before Saturday, March 12th. Nominations of representatives shall be made by the various faculties and classes as provided in the following Article 4, clauses 2 and 3 of the Constitution:

"The representatives from the Faculty of Arts & Science shall be elected by the students in Arts & Science, those from the Faculty of Law by the 'Law Students Society,' those from the Faculty of Medicine by the 'Students' Medical Society' and those from the Faculty of Dentistry by the 'Dental Society'.... The number of representatives shall be twelve and shall be divided among the faculties in proportion to their numbers as follows: Arts & Science 8; Medicine 2; Dentistry 1; Law 1" "The representation in Arts & Science shall be distributed as follows: Commerce 1; Engineering 1; Senior Arts & Science 2 (of whom one must be a girl); Junior Arts & Science 2 (of whom one must be a girl); Sophomore Arts & Science 1; and one man elected from the Graduating Class of the preceding year in the Faculty of Arts & Science who is again registered in the University and who shall hold office as Freshman Representative."

"Nominations of representatives.... must be at least one and one half times as great as the number of representatives to be elected."

ELECTION DAY will be Thursday, March 17th, 1932 and it is essential that there be no delay in the above mentioned arrangements.

Sgd. MURRAY M. RANKIN  
Secretary-Treasurer

## Concerning Canterbury

BY DR. ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN.

West Gate spans the road into Canterbury from London. It was built in 1380, that is the historical fact; consequently, Chaucer and his fellow pilgrims—well nine and twenty in a company—must have entered by this very archway. West Gate is heavily medieval, built for defence; its face still shows where the draw-bridge chains worked; there are machicolations arrow-slits and loop-holes to tell of by-gone days. A winding-stair in the right hand tower enables the traveller to mount to the battlements. It is well rewarded by the view from the top.

Canterbury lies in a hollow within a ring of hills. Some one says that all the English cathedrals but two are built in valleys. To the west is Harbledown, that is, 'hobble-down', Hill. From its top the footsore pilgrims caught their first glimpse of the famous shrine of St. Thomas the Martyr. A bow-shot from West Gate is the old church of St. Dunstan. Here Henry II disrobed and took off his shoes before entering the city in penance for causing the murder of the archbishop. In a shop in Mercery Lane I bought a pamphlet on "Becket's Bones," ornamented by the picture of a ghastly broken skull. The learned author makes out Becket to have been a giant of six feet, two, if—"much virtue in a 11"—the skeleton he studied is really Becket's. Another thing one learns on the spot is that Becket's fame was European. Not only from every shire's end in England, but from the remotest parts of Europe pilgrims flocked in their thousands to do reverence to the "holy, blissful martyr." In fact, it may be said that Becket made Canterbury.

I visited St. Dunstan's for the sake of Margaret Roper.

"Who clasped in her last trance Her murdered father's head."

The murdered father was Sir Thomas More, the foremost Englishman of his time, who had the misfortune to differ with Henry VIII, Defensor Fidei, on a point of Theology. His head was exposed on a pole on London Bridge, and his devoted daughter bribed a man to drop it into a boat which passed underneath. It is buried in a vault under St. Dunstan's in a leaden casket. The casket is never shown to visitors, but a framed photograph of it is hung on a pillar near the Ropers' Chapel. The Ropers were a distinguished Canterbury family and their mansion stood just across the way from the church. The old Tudor gateway is still one of the sights of the city. Sir Thomas More is not buried here, according to the chief local historian, Dr. Charles Cotton, but in Chelsea parish church, along with Margaret and her husband. I made a sketch of the photograph which shows the shape of a skull with large eye-sockets.

Still nearer West Gate is St. Dunstan's House known locally as the House of Agnes, because Dickens had it in mind, when he described the Wickfield dwelling. Such is the tale told by the "bulges on" the street, as Dickens says; but so does many another Canterbury house. The door is painted green, and an eminent dentist lives within.

The view from the battlements to the eastward is even more notable. You look down on the roofs of Canterbury, the uniform rows of houses, the bristling chimney-pots, and, dominating all

Bell Harry, the great square tower of the cathedral.

Canterbury is still, one may say, Chaucer's town. The narrow winding streets and still narrower lanes are unchanged since the Father of English poetry rode along them. True, most of the old houses are merely Tudor, but the low ceilings, the projecting upper storeys, the leaded windows, the odd little dormiers, suggest the fourteenth century. The stone 'parsonage' of St. Alphege, and 'meisters Omer' in the Precincts are thoroughly medieval, though put to modern uses. In Burgate Street, and again, in Palace Street, I noticed wooden devils supporting beams. They are grinning and holding their knees, or supporting shields or clasping exaggerated, swollen breasts.

The Precincts are a city within a city. They include the vast cathedral, the grounds about it, the archbishop's palace, and the houses of the other clergy. Admission is through two gates, which are locked at ten o'clock at night. A watchman makes his rounds with a lantern, proclaiming 'Past ten o'clock, and a stary night, and similar meteorological observations. All doors that open on the Precincts are also locked, so that nobody can get in from the outside. The old walls and bastions which defended this inner religious citadel to the eastward are patched here and there with modern brick and concrete; but they stand up stout and strong. Their aspect must have daunted any foe in the brave days of old. One of the bastions has been turned into a memorial of Kentish valor. The rude stone walls have been untouched, but, in the narrow circular room a plain altar of stone has been erected, on the top of which is carved the semblance of a long, two handed glaive. The few windows have been filled with stained glass. On the wall are the words, "A place where prayer is wont to be made." Outside is the 'garth,' a large square walled yard, entered by an ancient arched doorway. In the centre is a tall slim cross. Altogether, it forms one of the most touching and significant monuments to the heroic dead that I have seen in England. I believe it would have moved the heart of the pious patriot who wrote 'Vanguard of liberty, ye men of Kent.'

By the way, I learned from the old caretaker in West Gate the difference between "a Kentish man" and "a man of Kent." Those born east of the Medway are men of Kent, the old rock; those born west of the Medway are only Kentish men. The care taker is to be an old soldier. I found that he had served in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. He went out with his regiment to Burmah in 1885, and came back with it from South Africa in 1906. Only four of the original unit did so. I asked him if he was a Kentish man. He laughed, and said, "No, a man of Kent."

Modern Canterbury is full of good shops and women pushing prams. The policemen wear a well-fitting, long-skirted, blue coat with two rows of six silver buttons, also a decidedly Prussian-looking spiked helmet. There is plenty of traffic to regulate in their efficient English way. The cross-bars of the goals in the Canterbury Rugby grounds are painted yellow and black.

ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN.

## Bloody Battle In Bug Land

By G. Howie Shoots, Gazette Co-respondent.

BEDBUG LAND, March 1.—Another chapter in the Invasion of Bedbug Land has been written; for today the Dalhousie C. O. T. C. and Flying Club carried the war into enemy territory with terrific slaughter.

Wakened at early dawn by the deep throated roar of the Company Sergeant Major's voice and Q. M. S. Corkum's one machine gun, Dal's contingent of C. O. T. C. sprang to arms (pas des femmes) and slipped slitheringly into a slippery salient. Before the battle (Mother) to exterminate or be exterminated, commander Stuart addressed his men. "Bulwarks of old Dalhousie," he said, "the fate of nations rest upon your shoulders; the world, since Eve, has suffered from a small but very powerful enemy; 'tis for you to save the world. Onward into Bedbug Land!"

Cheering madly the company dashed over the top, through Old Maids Land and charged ferociously into the ranks of the enemy. They quivered, recoiled. Defeat was imminent when out of the skies swooped the Dal Flying Club under Wing Commander R. O. Hewatt. With machine guns chattering and spitting forth their deadly bullets of "Flit," the enemy turned and fled, and a gory battle it was! Thousands of bloodless bodies lay still—piled in countless heaps for that elanvital (page Prof. Page) had departed. Mute testimony indeed, were they to that unerring accuracy of Dal's Cadets under 2nd Lieut. Com. Fraser (Bugshooter 2458). The only casualty was Corporal Kitts who suffered terribly when the bedbugs (10,000 in number) secured a foothold on his pedal extremities. In his last dying breaths, he whispered—" 'Tis a war of extermination, and I too must die. Give my pea-shooter and chewing gum to Goldberg. Decet ut pro patria meum supremum diem obeam."

Just at that moment a breathless courier ran up and shouted—"Enemy approaching on horseback sir!" "Blow the retreat!" roared General Stuart. So thereupon Bugler Clennet sounded the retreat and incidentally blew half the enemy off the map. Whereat the General changed his mind and advanced—right to the capital of Bedbug Land.

Dalhousie was victorious. No longer can the scornful critics point the finger of shame on the C. O. T. C.—for our boys won the war—and captured Bedbug Land. As long as mankind exists, the C. O. T. C. will be honoured and praised for having exterminated man's greatest pest—bedbugs.

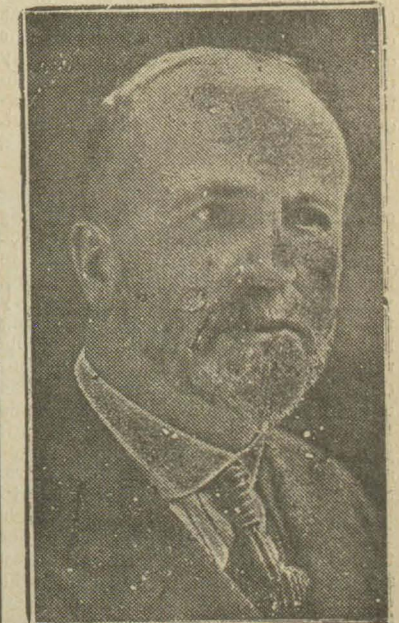
### Notice

Announcement of the prize award in the recent Verse Competition has been postponed until the next issue of the Gazette

## Dalhousian Married

The following announcement, taken from the Halifax Mail will be of interest to a large number of Dalhousians. Mr. Murray is a member of Phi Delta Theta. Announcement is made today by Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Briggs, 16 Oakland Road, of the marriage, on December 15 last, by Rev. H. B. Clarke, minister of St. Andrew's Church, of their daughter, Margaret Jean, to Albert R. Murray, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Murray, of Fredericton. Mr. Murray is now in the second year of his Law Course, at Dalhousie and is a graduate in Arts of the University of New Brunswick. The young folk are extremely popular both in the University circle and generally, and the news that Cupid, after his usual enterprising fashion, and with a complete disregard of law lectures, has made them the principals in a wedding, will interest their host of friends, who wish them heartily many years of happiness.

### Writes Article



DR. ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN whose charming article on Canterbury appears in this issue.

# The Murder at Midnight

A Stirring Tale  
By MISS FELINE FELIX

Mr. Smith had done it at last and it came as no surprise to him; for he had solemnly and often sworn that he would do the foul deed—he would kill that fool—that disturber of his all too fleeting slumber—that cursed author of the barbaric noises which, every Saturday night with unflinching regularity, threatened to wreck his already over-taxed nerves. Certainly he had done it; and anyone with sympathies for humanity and its frailties could not, except with the most unpardonable bigotry and intolerance, utterly condemn him for it. I beg of you, who so peremptorily brand murder as forever outside the pale of justification on the strength of the mere word itself, I beg of you first to read the distressing circumstances of this crime; beyond that I will not try nor can I hope to influence your judgment. I doubt not but some will yet condemn this strange killing for it remains one of the saddest and most paradoxical commonplace of life that humanity is far from human.

It had been an especially trying week and Saturday night Mr. Smith came home a very tired and worried man. Things at the office were going badly. Money was tight everywhere—everywhere, he relected, but in the stock market. There it slipped to unknown hands with the unconcern that is to be expected of machinery built to register dollars but not sweat, shrewdness but not necessarily ability. He cursed his foolishness for investing with such unwarranted concentration in Gas Corporation. True it was a going concern when he had bought his shares and subsequent prices had strengthened his confidence in the Company. Then last Tuesday came that sudden dive to the depths, dragging with it his hard won dollars. But that was not all there was his wife. Mrs. Smith had always frowned on speculation. He had not told her at first of his investment; she had not had the chance to rejoice in the sagacity of her spouse during the happy days of Gas Corporation. But now it was her dubious privilege to express open and decided disapproval of her husband's financial secrets; he had been obliged to tell her of his loss for it had been of such proportions as to demand a stringent policy of economy and Mrs. Smith had never been used to economy. So added to the goadings of his own conscience were the unceasing rantings of his disgruntled wife. Then there was his well-touted pride in his capacities as a shrewd business head. One cannot swallow a heretofore unchallenged pride with the same ease as a plum. Little wonder that Mr. Smith decided to retire early that ill-fated Saturday night. At 10.30 he shuffled up the stairs of his comfortable house, leaving very audible sighs which, he hoped might mitigate before morning the stinging condemnations of his wife.

As he wearily hung up his clothes (he must not give Mrs. Smith further grounds for nagging) he dispersed with an effort some of the gloom which had settled on his troubled mind. Mr. Smith was ordinarily cheerful enough and he comforted himself with the thought that a good sound sleep would bring him back in fighting spirit to a new day and a new week with new possibilities. As he climbed between the warm sheets he recalled MacBeth's soliloquy on sleep and before he relaxed he repeated those beautiful phrases with an emphasis amounting to sentimentality—as if the goddess harkened to such a feeble invocation! And therefore, patient reader, if your judgment is to be fair, you must take account of Mr. Smith's sentimentality; for many things that cold reason would frown on find forced expression in the ranks of the sentimentals.

Tired nerves were already being soothed by the approach of healing sleep when the noise began. Through the open window the raucous yodeling of that depraved carouser smote Mr. Smith's ears and brought him back to the world of stern reality—Gad!—that midnight marauder again—that inhuman creature on his regular Saturday night bust—that thing deaf to all pleadings and as yet unaccosted by the tardy arm of the law. Well he had gone unpunished long enough, curse him! Tonight Mr. Smith would fix him for good. Pushing aside the bed covers he got up and walked to his bureau and from the topmost drawer, where it had been unused so long, he took a revolver. The linoleum was cold on his bare feet; the night air was chilly as it blew the curtains gently inward. Yet Mr. Smith was slow in his movements. His slowness, however, was born not of undecided hesitation but of a determination to succeed in his project.

There, scarce 25 yards away, he saw the object of his hatred clinging in his helplessness to the corner of the fence, his legs unsteady under him but his mouth wide open and yodeling with fervor. He could forgive every thing, thought Mr. Smith, everything but that cursed yodel. Slowly he raised the gun, took careful aim and deliberately pulled the trigger. It was a good shot. Calmly he watched his victim reel and drop to the ground; just as calmly he replaced his revolver and climbed back into bed. Mrs. Smith came running wild-eyed into his bedroom. Relieved she saw her husband safe in bed; but her relief turned to tears of hysterical dismay as, her eyes following her husband's directing hand, she saw the huddled heap on the frozen snow below. Now, she thought, it might just as well have been—Oh! the cruelness of it all, the rashness of it! But Mr. Smith was adamant. He had damn well had it

coming to him, he said. And when pressed on wringing from him some expression of remorse, some words of self condemnation, Mrs. Smith indulged in an increased flow of tears her impatient husband waived her from his room with a gesture of his hand—a gesture which told her that he had had quite enough nagging for one day—it was time to sleep. And sleep Mr. Smith did, until 11 o'clock next morning, when the police came for him.

The neighbours had heard the shot but it was not until next day that the early morning church-goers found the body—a stiff corpse frozen in its own blood, which had dyed to a scarlet the white snow.

The victim had no immediate family. He lived with Mrs. Jones and was the one ray of joy in that lady's otherwise arid existence. She had forgiven whole-heartedly his carousals, for he had bestowed on her a warmth of love which, to her, outweighed by far the embarrassments of his regular orgies. It was true that the neighbours had talked of the affair—had called it a blind infatuation as neighbours are wont to do. But she could well afford their censor—could without less treat with disdain their scorn. They might call it illicit love or they might call it blind infatuation. They might condemn it in still rounder terms, yet they were forced to admit finally that Mrs. Jones lived solely for this—call him creature, if you like, and he lived solely for her. His death came, therefore, as a cruel blow to Mrs. Jones. Her grief was pathetic to watch and only emulated by the sheer hatred she directed towards the murderer. He would, she was determined, pay the full penalty of the law for his crime.

For Mrs. Smith it added to the horror of the whole situation that her husband should be apprehended on Sunday. Moreover, the calmness with which he submitted to arrest and the utter unconcern which he manifested had attracted widespread attention to the case and resulted in very undesirable publicity. There were even rumors broadcast that he intended to plead his own defense. But his wife finally prevailed upon him to secure a lawyer. But the community gasped when they heard the name—that of the most belittled attorney in the country with scarcely a successful case to his credit. Can you wonder that the doors of the court room were filled to the opening day of the trial?

It was a sympathetic audience that faced Mr. Smith as, still unruffled, he pleaded guilty to the charge of the court. And the gasp that went up was not to be interpreted as a condemnation—it breathed rather the sympathetic concern with which the whole court awaited the outcome of the trial. With unguarded frankness Mr. Smith answered every question of the prosecuting counsel, with each answer incriminating himself, without a word in his own defense except that "he was sleepy and the damned fool was making a hell of a racket." Twice Mrs. Jones in an uncontrolled outburst of passion had shrieked "Murderer!" across the court room. Twice the sheriff was obliged to threaten her with expulsion. The witnesses called were few and their evidence insignificant beside the confessions of Mr. Smith. The judge charged the jury and the audience judged with relief that his review of the case was decidedly sympathetic for the prisoner. The judge could, they reflected, make things bad for Mr. Smith. This quiet little man—this liberator, this martyr had suddenly become very dear to the audience. The proverbial hush fell upon the court as the foreman of the jury, which had remained out a scant 5 minutes, declared the prisoner guilty. Now everything depended on the judge. Mr. Smith rose to hear the sentence pronounced. "I sentence you," said the judge, for the first time looking decidedly stern, "to pay the plaintiff, Mrs. Jones, \$5. You shall also pay the costs of this court."

"But," shrieked Mrs. Jones, "that cat was a genuine Blue Persian. He cost me \$45."

"Well," retorted the judge, no doubt anxious to display his ability in arithmetic, "he still has 8 lives left hasn't he?" Thus ended the tragedy.

## Glee Club Show

(Continued from page 1)

Lillian (Ruth Macauley) in the second scene had not the true warmth of enthusiasm in them. This scene elicited much response from the back seats. The cast follows:

- Lady Lillian.....Ruth Macauley
- Richard Garson.....Allister Reid
- Susie.....Dorothy Gray
- Frederick Paton.....Douglas Murray
- Dr. Brodie.....Walter Mackenzie
- Withers.....Wilmer Fraser
- Mr. Redding.....William Jost
- Mrs. Redding.....Ruth Crandall

The Direction and Cast gave Dalhousie's, last night, a well finished production. May we look forward to another of the same high tone in the near future.

Dalhousie's new Service Building was opened with a program, both of character and of performance, quite in keeping with the Dalhousie tradition of things well-done. The Glee Club's program well merited the applause from the largest and one of the happiest audiences to congregate at Studley Campus. The gymnasium, capable of seating 1700, was filled to the back window-ledge and showed no restlessness except on the tardiness of curtain-raising. Although working under the

## Girls Sport

Basketball.

The Intercollegiate Basketball team was defeated by the Acadia girls in Wolfville on February 20th. The final score was 32-18 in favour of Acadia. In the first half the teams were evenly matched but in the second half the Acadians played the better game. It was not a good exhibition of basketball, neither team was up to its usual standard.

On Tuesday evening King's girls were victorious over Dal in the City League play-off by a score of 28-21. This marks decided improvement for the Dal girls.

N. B. On Saturday, March 5th, from twelve to one the Mount Allison girls' basketball team will meet the Dal girls in their annual play-off in the New Gymnasium here in Halifax.

Hockey.

We are indebted to Mr. Ken Purtil for his untiring and willing efforts in coaching the Girls' Hockey Team. The support lately has been very lax and we realize how disappointed our coach must be in the turn out of the last few practices. The season isn't nearly over yet so let us see a little added enthusiasm in the future and materially show the Students' Council our appreciation of the opportunities they have afforded us.

Badminton.

Arrangements will soon be made or we are hoping so for certain hours for Badminton in the New Gymnasium. Don't fail to watch notice boards for further information.

## Woman's Place in the Home

(Continued from page 1.)

by name, from an over-zealous party of sophs. The sweet thing was kind to animals, even though she did have the heart of an ox, and her whole soul flowed and boiled over to Jack Smith. Psychologists now say that her's was a case of a psychopathically inverted Sadism, but what do psychologists know about moonlight and roses—in any case Peg rescued Jack Smith and with an "is ne passeroit pas" pressed him to her heaving (Way Hay! Heave Away!) bosom (Way Hay! Heave Away!). He wore the pin of her Sorority Eta Eta Eta until his dying day, and then he bequeathed her memory to the Rotarians. Co-education had now achieved a beginning and with the later efforts of Mae Edwards, Boadicea, Carrie Nation, and Agnes MacPhail, has become an undisputed fact, even at Sodales.

But how are we to face the present, especially in 1932 when it is inescapable. It goes without say, aye without thinking, that women are not the equal of men—mentally, physically, or morally. We were told by a travelling salesman while coming from Neil's Harbour four years ago that he knew a fellow who knew a Co-ed who thought that George Ade was a drink, and they are all like that. They are constitutionally unable to appreciate and take advantage of our learning systems. Thrice weekly we get our fifty minute dose of culture per class and go home satisfied, but these dumb women form a Mid-, a Mid-, a Mid-something Club and read Dr. Chase's Almanac and so anticipate the profs. best jokes. We are quite persuaded that this constitutes a threat to our economic order and that the Ontario Government should look into it. What have these women to give breath, height, or depth to life—Where is their mentally stimulating C. O. T. C.—What have they to rival the moral uplift of the Basement Poker Association—Where have they ever under what conditions have they ever achieved the ennobling audacity of a Moustache Club—Where, we ask you, Where—(We were going to ask again, but have somehow forgotten the rules for rhetorical questions).

Thus, we impeach co-education in the name of the hot air that has been wasted upon it. We impeach co-education in the name of the masculine complacency that it has destroyed. And lastly, (We raise our voices until the radiators tremble) we impeach co-education lest government of the half-wits for the half-wits, by the half-wits, shall not perish from the earth. And how could we better end our thesis than with the words of the Hindu sage in the Ramayana:

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us,  
Footprints in the sands of time.

circumstances of new and strange surroundings, the Glee Club should earn for the popularity of future performances, that a prompt curtain raises on an audience in a good frame of mind.

Last night's performance left the student body looking forward to the Club's next offering; the performance of more of the College's best dramatic and musical talent.

After the Glee Club Show the Senior Class staged a very successful dance at Sheriff Hall. Yale Brady's orchestra supplied the music.

## His Excellency



THE EARL OF BESSBOROUGH

who with the Countess Bessborough inspected last Friday various buildings of the University.

## Disarmament and Shanghai

(Continued from "Comment")

Disarmament—and Shanghai.

Proceedings at the Geneva Conference have now reached a preliminary summing-up stage. The Chiefs of delegation have made their statements in elaborate speeches intended as much for the home populations as for foreign representatives around the table. Russia's proposal for completed disarmament was rejected by the Conference, as all parties doubtless expected—not excluding the Russians. While several programs have been submitted to the Conference it appears that the area of common agreement among the plans of the Powers is very restricted. Two Powers agree on the abolition of military aviation, three on that of tanks, three stand opposed to conscription, and four to aerial bombing. But the only measure on which they all agree is the outlawry of bacteriological warfare and unwarranted attacks by air on non-combatants.

Many correspondents are inclined to take a cynical view of the Conference. They point out that so far it has agreed upon nothing, and is unlikely to progress further. Yet so many other pressing matters of international concern are bound up with the disarmament question that it is perhaps unfair to dub the Conference a failure—as yet. Two situations in particular may cause the Conference to mark time pending their solution, the reparations problem scheduled for conference in June, and the situation in the East.

The Chinese delegation sought to make a very real connexion between the Battle of Shanghai and the Conference in their proposal of last week. They asked for broadcasting apparatus in the main assembly hall to reproduce the actual thunder of Japanese guns in action. The suggestion, perhaps fortunately, was not adopted.

The much-mooted method for the prevention of war by process of moral suasion comes up for a final acid test in the near future. Some forces of public opinion have already been brought to bear upon the combatants in the East. Both parties have been reminded of their obligations under the Pact of Paris, the League Covenant, and the Nine-Power Treaty. League exhortations and notes from Washington have descended upon Tokyo. Their effect has been disappointing. Now comes the final massing of world public opinion. The Assembly of the League convenes on March 3rd at the call of China. The situation will be thoroughly aired. Discussion in the Assembly is more public and less diplomatic than that in Council. The smaller nations will be free to air their views. The proceedings of the Assembly, disseminated by the Press of every nation, will make for the forming of a flood of public opinion, all of which may or may not have an effect upon Japanese policy.

If an aroused public opinion fails to stay the conflict of its own accord, and one school of thought in international affairs is thereby rebutted, it remains a question whether that same aroused public opinion will support the application of stronger means. There is at present much talk of the economic sanction of the Covenant, the commercial and financial boycott of Japan. Unquestionably there are many objections to boycott in principle. The severance of trading connexions with an offending state imposes an unequal injury upon the boycotting states depending upon the extent and value of their existing relations. It bears inequitably upon private traders within the states. If not applied universally it may cause a lasting realignment of trade channels which implies damage to some vested interests. If these wrongs are not redressed they may themselves become bones for international contention. Boycott in practise would require the participation of the United States as well as that of State members of the League, and American cooperation is certainly not to be taken for granted at the present time. Application of the sanction is serious business. It will certainly not be used if other means can be found whereby the Japanese may release the tiger they now have by the tail at Shanghai.

## The Case for Nationalization of Radio Broadcasting

**Foreword:** The object of this article is not to propose the ways and means for the establishment and maintenance of a Canadian National system, but simply to show that the importance of social and cultural factors at stake justifies an investigation of the economic factors.

During the last score of years, radios, have developed from interesting experimental toys in the hands of professional and amateur scientists into important mediums of instruction and entertainment in the homes of hundreds of thousands of Canadians and millions of Americans. The potential influence of radio broadcasting is therefore enormous, since it touches upon the lives of so many people of all ages and conditions. Whether this influence be for good or for evil depends, of course, upon the interests behind the programs.

### Respecting Education.

The radio may be made, under proper management, a valuable instrument of education. In the United States, where two great broadcasting syndicates are in control of practically all of the broadcasting facilities, the Government now finds itself tied, hand and foot, in the matter of educational broadcasts. Radio advertising is probably the most effective advertising that can be done. Consequently, under a system governed by private enterprise, the work of persuading people to buy chewing gum, tooth paste and other commodities is much more important and profitable than is the work of education, for this reason the small inadequate rights reserved to educationalists must be defended continuously against wealthy and unscrupulous encroachers.

### The Nature of Programs.

How utterly worthless, from any decent standard are the vast majority of programs broadcast on this continent today, must be realized by all right-thinking Canadians. Upon the susceptible minds of children and adolescents as well as upon those of adults is being released a torrent of sickening, crooning, cheap drama, slapstick comedy and wearying jazz. These programs are interspersed with exhortations to buy gum drops, or to appreciate the service given mankind by some syndicate. Young minds are being trained, not to appreciate good music and good literature, but to be content with the lowest forms of these arts. What the comic strip is to the editorial page of a newspaper, so is the majority of North American broadcasts to worthwhile entertainment.

### Canada Follows the U. S.

Why, it may be asked, is so much reference being made to the United States, when the question of nationalization of Canadian broadcasting is under discussion? There are two reasons: First, although conditions in Canada are not, in respect to radio, so bad as they are in the United States, the difference is only one of degree. The path that led the States to such a sorry situation is the path now being followed by Canada. Second, the reception of Canadian broadcasting in Canada is, in most regions, insignificant as compared with the reception of American broadcasting. Therefore the plight of radio in the nation to the south may be indicated as an example of what the plight will be in Canada unless the Canadian policy be changed. And the wretched poverty of most of

the American programs must be indicated in its influence on the education of Canadian youth. Certainly the effects of such programs are harmful enough in the United States, but there they represent, at the worst, propaganda. But in Canada they represent not only propaganda, but propaganda tinged with some things in American nationalism that we do not desire to assimilate. Of the multitude of good things in the United States, few come out through the air. Surely we are sufficiently subjected through the influx of cheap magazines to American anti-culturalism, without submitting to it through the medium of broadcasting. To what extent Canadian literature has been stifled by our position relative to the States, can only be a matter for conjecture. Now the same threat is being applied to our music and our very national consciousness.

### Private Enterprise Inadequate.

It is evident that private enterprise in Canada can not, even if it were desirable that it should, establish and maintain a broadcasting system comparable with that of the United States. The volume of advertising available in the Dominion is totally inadequate for such a project. This means that the Canadian producer as compared to the producer in the United States, labours under a heavy handicap. Either he must advertise through a powerful American station or else he must be content to reach only two out of five Canadian homes. That is the proportion of homes in Canada, according to the findings of the Radio League, in which Canadian broadcasts are received.

### Private Monopoly or Public Ownership?

After all, the problem is not one of private enterprise or public monopoly. That has been demonstrated in the United States of America. The problem is to choose between public monopoly and private monopoly, to decide whether our entertainment will be selected by ourselves through our representatives, or by individuals motivated by purely selfish considerations. We must decide whether the radio, which is likely to become, in the future, an even greater factor than it is today in the shaping of national thought and education—we must decide whether this radio is to be exploited by purely selfish commercial interests or whether it is to be governed with a view to the cultural and educational development of the Dominion. That is the question that Canadians must answer in the immediate future.

### Development of Canadian Music.

And, incidental to these major considerations, there is the question of encouraging Canadian art. Under the present system where the really effective broadcasts, from an advertising standpoint come through American stations, little stimulus is given to Canadian music or to Canadian musicians and entertainers. Under a Canadian system that would bring every Canadian home within the reception area of Canadian broadcasting; under a system shaped to provide education and good entertainment—Canadian artists would come into their own.

Then from the standpoint of the Canadian listener-in, the Canadian producer, and the Canadian artist, a national system of broadcasting is very desirable. So also is it desirable to maintain the national integrity of the Dominion.

NOTE: For convenience, American in the above paragraphs has been restricted in application to the United States.

## Shirt Sale - -

We have divided our stock of shirts into two groups for clearance.

Values up to \$2.50 for \$1.49

Values up to \$3.50 for \$1.98

These shirts are made by Tooke, Forsyth and Arrow, and are being cleared to make room for new spring goods.

## Shanes Mens Wear

30 Spring Shop Garden Rd.