

The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

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The Dalhousie Gazette

—FOUNDED 1869—

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Business Manager.....K. A. BAIRD
45 LeMarchant Street.

Editor.....J. A. BENTLEY

Associate Editors: Miss Lois Smith; Vincent MacDonald, S. M. Zinck, C. F. Bowes, Darrell Laing.

EDITORIAL.

The ominous news that Hungary has turned Bolshevik is causing grave concern to the nations of the Entente. Ever since Bolshevism achieved control of Russian affairs there have not been wanting those who predicted that a systematic effort would be made to upset so-called capitalistic governments everywhere in favor of the Neo-Jacobins. That this dire warning was not altogether baseless is seen in the events of the last week in Eastern Europe. Well may the Allies bestir themselves so that this virulent poison may be confined to the areas now affected. If this is not accomplished we may indeed, as Col. F. H. Simonds suggests, find ourselves facing a situation in many respects similar to that of Roman civilization before its extinction at the hands of the Goths and Vandals.

And what has been the effect of Bolshevism in Russia where it has been rampant for eighteen months? The Literary Digest paints a very black picture indeed of conditions now obtaining in that country as a direct result of the Bolshevik regime. In an article entitled "Bolshevism's Heaven on Earth", we read that "the people of Moscow are dying of starvation and plague and the number has been reduced from 3,000,000 to 1,000,000. And the railways have stopped running making escape impossible. Fear and famine have engendered a veritable epidemic of insanity, and maniacs of all kinds stalk raving through the streets." Cannibalism is hinted at.

"The situation in Moscow is described as ghastly. All shops except those maintained by the Soviet are closed, and nothing is obtainable without cards, only those associated with the Bolsheviks being able to obtain cards. People who stand aloof from the Bolsheviks suffer indescribable hardships.

"Russia is being cruelly and wantonly done to death by the Bolsheviks."

On the other hand the Independent in discussing present conditions in Russia deals more analytically with the subject arriving at somewhat different conclusions. It says "We have read all the conflicting reports about the condition of Russia and have come to the conclusion that they are all true. Take a country the size of the United States and add to it Canada, Mexico, Germany, France, Russia and Thibet and it would be hard to say anything about it that was not true in some degree. The only false statements being made about Russia are the sweeping statements."

"When we hear that many people are starving in Russia we believe that. When we hear that some are well fed we believe that, too. We are told that the Bolshevik army is admirably disciplined and competently commanded and we are told that it is a leaderless and cowardly rabble. We accept both, assuming that they do not apply to the same people at the same place and time. We do not doubt the reports of wholesale massacres, lynchings and atrocities. It is only when the same person is reported killed several times that we begin to be skeptical."

The same paper rejects the idea that the Bolsheviks are anarchists: "It does not seem to be realized in America that the Bolsheviks are being attacked at home on the ground of being too conservative! Tolstoy, who was a pure anarchist, would undoubtedly be anti-Bolshevik if he were living now."

The Independent even goes so far as to praise some of the Bolshevik legislation as being at least an advance on the old Russian law but doubts if these laws are enforced. "The laws granting freedom of conscience, separating church and state and providing for secular schools are much like those of France, not so liberal as those of the United States, but still a great improvement over the old regime. It is interesting to note that this most moribund branch of the Christian church (i. e.—the Greek Orthodox) has been quickened into new life and even under the shadows of Bolshevik tyranny a real religious reformation has begun."

We place these two digests of the Russian situation before our readers who are at liberty to take their choice and arrive at their own conclusions. For our own part we believe that Bolshevism and all its works are evil, although perhaps stories of conditions in Russia are not infrequently distorted.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

For the past year we have been sending the Gazette to the homes of as many Dalhousians in uniform as we could. So many of these men are now back that "it is only fair they should become regular subscribers.

If you wish still to get the Gazette please send this year's subscription and your permanent address to the business manager.

Important movements are beginning at Dal and all former students will do well to keep in touch with these through the Gazette.

If your Gazette's address label has had *please forward* in italics, or has been an overseas address, it will cease coming in a few weeks unless you become a regular subscriber.

Send your name and address.

DO IT TODAY.

DR. HARRIS IN HISTOLOGY LAB.

I'm afraid gentlemen that there is too much talking at present for a careful study of "the tongue."

THE SHAKESPEAREAN PAGEANT

Dalhousie Students Score Brilliant Success in Amateur Production.

That the dramatic instinct at Dalhousie did not succumb to the war but had only been slumbering the while was strikingly demonstrated on the evenings of March 27 and 28, when a Shakespearean Pageant of an elaborate and spectacular nature was presented by students of Dalhousie aided by some of the best musical talent of this city, with great success. The Pageant was presented at the School for the Blind under the Distinguished Patronage of His Honour the Lieutenant Governor, and under the auspices of the Dalhousie Alumnae Association. On both nights the hall was crowded to the very limit of its capacity and many had to be turned away at the door.

The Pageant represented practically a whole winter's work. The dramatic coaches Misses Katherine MacKay and Jessie MacAloney, the dance Mistress Miss M. S. Ward and the costume mistresses Mrs. Murray MacNeill, Misses Nora Power and Hobrecker as well as the students and local artists involved were tireless in their energy and enthusiasm. And the result while fully anticipated by many, was an eyeopener to some who are unfamiliar with Dalhousie students. The musical portion of the programme also, under the most able direction of Mr. Harry Dean of the Halifax Conservatory of Music cannot be praised too highly.

The beginning of the Pageant disclosed Queen Elizabeth sitting in State in the midst of her court on the right of the stage, while to the left was to be seen William Shakespeare surrounded by a group of players. These in their multi-colored costumes, each one apparently different from all the others but all suited to the time, presented a gorgeous sight to the eye—a veritable feast of color. Freida Bissett took the part of Queen Elizabeth very well and C. F. Bowes made a good though somewhat sombre Shakespeare. However these two had no opportunity of exercising their histrionic qualities as their part was simply to sit in state and gaze and be gazed upon. This scene was accompanied by a stately Court Processional rendered by the orchestra.

The first of the series of scenes from Shakespeare's plays to be presented was Act 5, scene 2, of "Henry V". J. C. McLeod as Henry was dignified and deliberate as befits a king, though somewhat lacking in animation. Edith Hardy and Eileen Burns, as Katherine and Alice respectively, acted their parts with coyness and animation. The stage, it should be noted, was curtained so as to make an outer and an inner stage. The court occupied the outer while the various scenes were performed in the inner one.

During the first *entre' act* "Musicians

Continued on page 2

The Shakespearean Pageant.

Continued from page 1

discoursed sweet music while lads and lassies footed it fealty." The stringed orchestra of twenty or more pieces now and throughout the evening rendered impeccably and with splendid finish various specimens of sixteenth century music. These with their accentuated rhythm and virgin freshness formed a refreshing contrast to the more complex and sophisticated music to which our modern ears are accustomed. The dancing was also very good. But we must pass on to the next scene from

"Romeo and Juliet." The famous passage in which Romeo meets Juliet and "incontinent loveth her" was well portrayed by Ira Pidgeon and Iris Nye. A "baby spot" was used here to give an impression of moonlight, and was fairly satisfactory. Miss Nye as Juliet was most languorously suggestive of moonlight serenades while Mr. Pidgeon in his brilliant costume though effective might have injected more passion and *esprit* into his rhapsodies.

Then came a fairy dance gracefully executed by a number of little girls each arrayed in a light colored costume, after which Miss Belle Wilson sang charmingly a delightful English song "Should he Upbraid."

"The Taming of the Shrew" now followed and James H. Power as Petruchio had quite a time to tame Katherine in the person of Sallie MacDonald. Miss MacDonald's acting was in our humble judgment the best of the entire evening. She portrayed a difficult part with great ease and animation. Mr. Power's impersonation was quite in keeping with that of his partner, and one noted a clearness and assurance lacking in most others. Jean Annand as Bianca, Jeffrey Marshall as Baptista, W. R. MacClelland as Gremio, and J. A. Harrison as Tranio were all suited to their parts.

During the next entr' act a quartette consisting of Miss Wilson, Mrs. MacLennan, Messrs. Hubley and Courtney sang in splendid unison a sixteenth century lyric of simple and spontaneous charm.

The three characters in "As You Like It" were Orlando—Lyal McCurdy, Rosalind—Rita Chisholm, Frame and Celia—Jean Moriarty. All were good. Rosalind's cheerful and spirited babble directed towards Orlando explained the need for the latter's protective color—his own demeanour was so mild. The two songs "Blow, Blow", and "Under the Greenwood Tree", interpolated here were sung with splendid mastery and expression by Basil Courtney. There followed a Court dance or gavotte well tripped to a spirited 16th century French air.

Now we hasten to the most humorous presentation of all—the scene from the "Midsummer Nights Dream". Lack of space forbids us going into it in detail and far be it from us to discriminate between such players as these. The burlesque was exceedingly well acted by all hands though some of the characters might well have spoken a little louder. It was a most amusing farce, and met with favour in the audience.

In general the participants and all in any way connected with the Pageant are to be heartily congratulated on the uniform success of their efforts. It was no easy task to organize and put through such an ambitious undertaking, and the people of Halifax are distinctly the gainers for its success.

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

"JOKETTES" FROM A JUNIORETTE

H-p-e H-m-l-n to P-b-e Ch-t-s-n at Delta Gamma observing H. McInnis K. C. with a tray: "Here comes the butler."

G-l-d-s L-w-s shaking hands with doctor at City Home and smiling benignantly: "And how are you feeling today? ? ! !"

Hostess telling J. P. C. F-s-r's fortune "I see a dark lady and an engagement ring! Don't all commit suicide at once girls; or dye your hair."

Class '21 girl (meltingly) to M-n-a Th-m-n after debate: "And didn't you just love our Forbes? ?"

Ma-C-e-l-nd, (fervently): "What would the world be like without a pretty girl to kiss?"

Men's Wallets

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WILL SOMEONE KINDLY INFORM US WHETHER

H-w-d always reads Jack Canuck at the Barbers'

A literary diet of Macchiavelli, Nietzsche, Treitchke and other works of the Evil One will not corrupt the morals of M-x-l?

Dalhousie gum chewers miss the slot machines that have disappeared from store exteriors?

When J. C. MacLeod placed his hand over his diaphragm insted of his heart the night of the Shakespearean Pageant he meant to indicate the seat of his emotions or merely the place where looted chocolate bars did not go?

When J. A. Harrison said "I am a stranger in the city" he meant that he lived in Dartmouth?

R-ss McL-d is not going to open an art museum in which to exhibit his philosophic drawings?

J. P. C. F-s-r likes stoking and repairing furnaces?

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Total Assets, - - - 365,000,000

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Once Over and Back.

(Continued from last number.)

Nothing further occurred and we gained port in safety. I pass over a space of about two months and a half now, for reasons which cannot here be given, and then was once more crossing the Atlantic, but this time on a 25,000 ton transport and homeward bound.

It was a small convoy; fourteen ships and all inadequately protected. The first day passed peacefully enough. On board I might mention, were some 800 returning soldiers, mostly incapacitated, and nearly 200 women and children.

It was just growing dark, on the second day out. We had seen no signs of the enemy and judged ourselves fairly safe. But as always is the case, when one thinks oneself safe, then danger appears. We were enjoying four o'clock tea when there came a dull hollow thud, which made the sides of our craft shake, (and you can imagine what a blow it would take to shake 25,000 tons of steel), and almost instantly we heard the whistle sounding "boat stations." Snatching up life belts we ran outside. In the late afternoon sunshine, a change seemed to have appeared. No longer warm and bright, the air was beginning to chill, and a dark sullen bank of storm clouds was hurrying up from the horizon. Directly behind us, swinging aimlessly from side to side, was a ship that had once been the pride of the convoy—one of the largest. A dark cloud of smoke hung about her and we could see men rapidly lowering the lifeboats. Then began a time which would tell heavily on the strongest nerves. With a hiss, something "swished" past in the water, missing the stern narrowly, while a whitening streak on the surface showed only too plainly that the something had been a torpedo. A second sliced past the bows and still another flew by the stern. Things were getting "hot". The "Alsatian" which was right in front of us, suddenly swerved sharply, at the same time opening fire with her guns. The water was churned to froth, but apparently nothing was hit. The H. M. S. "Leviathan", cruising on a course parallel with our own, was suddenly blotted out momentarily by a cloud of foam. A general number of "Oh the cruiser's hit" went up, and this impression was further heightened by the fact that the ship suddenly stopped. Then her Morse-lamp began flashing rapidly. "Sighted submarine; depth charge has damaged propellers. Cannot keep up full speed," was what we read. We now looked back, where through the deepening twilight the abandoned transport looked strangely forlorn and as we looked, she lifted her bows high into the air, stood for a second or so, straight up, like an accusing finger, silhouetted against the ever deepening twilight and then slid under, while every officer and bluejacket on board came smartly to attention and their hands went to their caps in a final salute. C. F. B.

It often passes our understanding how people survive the polysynthetic decoctions of frozen stuff doped out at certain resorts in this city. It all goes to show that the human organism can stand almost anything.

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

THE U. N. B. TRIP

At last Dalhousie has come back to her own in the Athletic world. At last a Tiger team has journeyed into the wilds of New Brunswick and while not uniformly successful, has at least shown that Dalhousie has always to be reckoned with when championships are talked about.

Last Wednesday evening the Basketball team entrained for Fredericton, there to play a return game with U. N. B. The party was made up of "Henry" Marsters, the old man; Ken Baird, Ray Ross, Ted Coster, Darrell Lang, and Scott Fraser. Of course Manager Baird ordered evryone to bed at once but found great difficulty in securing obedience from his family, until zero was past, although the reason for this is unknown. Once in bed however everything was peaceful—for a while. St. John was reached at 6.05 Thursday and Fredericton at 10.30. Mr. Edgcombe of U. N. B. met the team at the station. The afternoon was spent in practice and the game was called at 8.15. After a hard uphill fight Dal won out 22-17. Then followed a dance which was greatly enjoyed.

Next morning a start was made for Sackville and after many delays the journey ended. Having footed the way to the hotel and thence to the gym a short practice was indulged in, closely followed by the game, which Dal lost 26-18. Next came a supper and toasts to the mutual welfare of Dal and Mt. A. Halifax was reached at 3.40 on Saturday.



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It was a worth while trip if only for the reception received at U. N. B., which we take this opportunity of informing them, will not be forgotten.

A return game with Mt. A. for the championship is scheduled for the near future.

EVEN-TIDE.

The long grass waves in the twilight sere
Like the waves of a desolate sea
Where the torn, bare, twisted tree-trunks
stand
Black—'gainst old Ypres.

Gone are the lurid flashes
The deep rumbling heavies roar—
Gone are the rattling machine guns
The "minnies" are heard no more.
The uneven paved roads are silent
From the clatter of army mules
And the wild grass densely covers
The wide-mouthed, shell-hole pools.

Only some rusty wire
Only a grass-grown trench
Only a fat gray-whiskered rat
And the dead, musty, war-time stench.
And the crosses of wood look upward
With arms outstretched to the stars
And reproachfully gaze at the red-orbed
God
That blinks in the star of Mars.

Feb. 1919.

D. F. M.

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"THE MODERN NEWSPAPER"

Much has been, and much will be written about our various daily Journals. To some they have reached the Olympian heights of journalism while to others they are wallowing in the mire of despair and degradation.

Their flamboyant articles range from a treatise on Uranus to the art of the chiropodist. The gentle feminine may by a perusal of practically any newspaper learn how to make the latest coiffure, while the male of the species is regaled by articles describing how "Jess Willard in a cyclonic chaos walloped some more obscure exponent of the pugilistic art on the proboscis." Again the female who is endowed with more than her share of avoirdupois is carefully instructed how to roll down stairs, and the article generally ends in the assurance that her surplus will melt as the "snow before the sun." Perhaps the more curious male may learn by turning to the so called woman's page what kind of dainty lingerie Miss Flim Flam is wearing this summer or winter in New York. Many topics are dwelt upon but amusing as they may be the following must certainly rank first:

A corpulent dyspeptic looking gentleman is sitting at a table upon which the silver glistens and flashes in the light of the electric light. A smile benign and angelic yet absolutely indescribable as to the joy it expresses radiates his countenance and why not? Before him is a turkey the like of which is beyond imagination, roasted undoubtedly by the most expert chef in New York, for it is of a luscious golden brown colour from which steam escapes rising slowly upward in fantastic figures, and around this pride of the barnyard apples and various other fruits are spread in profusion. The aforesaid gentleman is brandishing aloft a huge carving knife and fork prepared to make a terrific onslaught on the defenceless creature, while his face now seems to assume an expression of personified delight. So much for the picture, let us look above and what do we see? Some lines printed in black type exhort us like the gentleman below to eat our fill, in fact to gormandize and then tells us if we take the "Digest quick tablets afterwards" we will be saved from the agonies of heartburn and dyspepsia. O tempora, o mores.

These are some of the topics, advertisements or what you will of our daily journals, and together with half-baked jokes, doggerell and hideous caricatures comprise the literary and artistic education of our youth—at least the youth of Halifax.

J. H.

SIC VITA EST.

One night—one memorable night
The stars gleamed forth—the sky shone bright—

Moon-beams fell

With trepidations in my tone
I spoke to you o'er the telephone
All was well!

I brushed my hair—and shined my shoes
I pressed my coat—burnt out the fuse
Could fate foretell.

When after-time I reached your door
That HE, my ival, had come before:
All was not well ! !

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT DAL.

'Twas the morning of March 17 at the Dal
Y. M. C. A.,
One glance around would soon convince
that 'twas St. Patrick's Day
For many varied ornaments there were there
to be seen,
Each manly form was all bedecked with
different shades of green.
First in there strolled Jas. Pow-r,
With a tie of emerald hue,
With which was mixed some funny spots,
Some red, some green, some blue,
A flashing bunch of shamrocks, upon his
breast was spread
In fact the color covered him complete
from toes to head.
The door then opened quickly and in strode
E. M. MacD—,
The glorious tintings of his suit were wonder-
ful to see.
His hat was of an Irish hue, his socks and
coat and tie,
With shamrocks he was all cover'd o'er
We smiled and said . . . "Oh my."
Then came Ray MacClelland with nice
green socks so thin,
Shamrocks on chest, a nice green hat and
a tie with an emerald pin.
No sight of Orange ribbon dampened our
admiration,
Tho' some of the remarks that passed aren't
fit for publication.
But many, many, greenish hues on our
fellowmen were seen;
We'll have vivid recollections of "the
wearin' o' the green."
And Irishmen who chance to be here next
Saint Patrick's Day,
You'll find Erin well looked after at the
Dal Y. M. C. A.

THE WATCHER.

If Ev-lyn Kill'em is likened unto a
gramophone, quite an orchestra might be
selected from the Library. I would suggest
that Fre-a Bis-t, and D-l-e Arm-age be
chosen as efficient leaders.

DO YOU KNOW?

Graduates and former students of Dal-
housie, do you know that the expense of
printing a few hundred extra Gazettes
very slight compared to the cost of the
first few hundred? This is a fact!

Do you know that the more subscribers
we have the bigger and better we can afford
to make the Gazette which you are re-
ceiving?

Do you know that all who should be
subscribers to the Gazette are not?

Do you know that a goodly number of
these latter would become subscribers IF
you took the trouble to ask them?

Do you know that you would be doing
Dalhousie and yourself a good turn by
speaking or writing to as many persons
as you can, and persuading them to take
the paper which represents YOUR Alma
Mater?

IF YOU KNOW,
DO IT NOW!

DENTAL NOTES

Why was James so anxious to go to
Sackville??

Ans.—Because he has so many name-
sake (janes) in the seminary.

Keith: What you have you so much
powder on your face for, Gunn?

Green: All Gunns (guns) need powder,
don't they?

Why does H. W. MacDonald take so
many "business" trips out of the city?
Is he taking a post graduate "business"
course in St. John?

The ends crowns the task.

"Finis coronat opus"

This is only a reminder

Of the tale of the "Hare and the
Tortoise."

DENTISTRY, '22

B-w-s over the phone: "Hello, is that
Sackville - - - ?

Feminine voice: "Oh hello, Shakespeare."

B-w-s: "Awfully sorry, I guess I've got
the wrong number."

A GIFT

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