

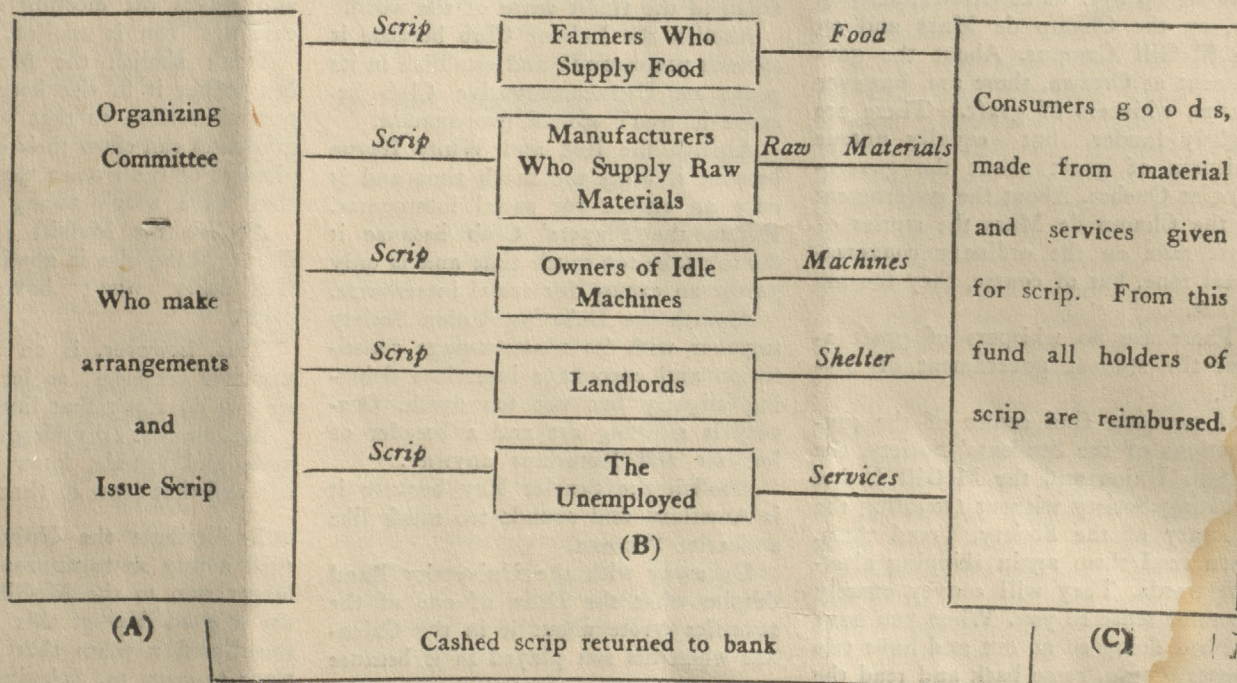
the black sheep

vol. 1., no. 2.

ten cents

march, 1933.

solving the problem



(A) A organizing committee, or bank, to harmonize and manage all transactions

(B) The five factors necessary for the production of basic consumers goods — food clothing and shelter.

(C) The fund of consumers goods manufactured from raw materials, machinery and services paid for in scrip. From this fund are paid not only these three classes of scrip-takers, but also the auxiliary producers of food and shelter who must be taken into any complete scheme.

graft

and graft

Trite but true is the statement that every country gets the government it deserves. Like every rule of grammar, every truism has its exceptions. McGill students have a better government than they deserve principally because they are apathetic. Student apathy is a horrible thing.

Lets have another cup of coffee and quietly compare the governments we have set up over us at Ottawa, at Quebec, on the Champ de Mars and on the McGill Campus. About the government at Ottawa, there are, however untrue, whispers of graft. There are slightly louder but equally untrue whispers of graft about the government at Quebec. About the government on the Champ de Mars the stories of graft take on the ordinary conversational tone, but of course, they too are untrue.

There are no whispers of graft about the student government of McGill.

If you can find copies of the constitutions of the Students' Society, the McGill Union and the McGill Union Debating Society without troubling the secretary of the Society, read them. Then read them again skipping alternate words. They will convey exactly the same sense to you. When you have finished doing so go out and have two glasses of gin, come back and read the constitutions again and try to find in them, anywhere, directly or indirectly, anything that says four or so popular - vote-elected-do-nothing-busibodies shall enjoy the use, free of all charge for the term, of rather comfortable rooms in the McGill Union and thereinto introduce females when they think they can get away with it. That's quite alright anyway because, ten to one both the introducers and the introduced are virgins.

The McGill Daily reproduces from "boilerplate" a lengthy argument by Dr. Edward Beatty showing how advantageous to this country it would be if the Canadian Pacific Railway took over the assets of the Canadian National Railways at a low price and left the government holding the liabilities and three or four representatives of the McGill Daily go places to "cover" various sporting events and usually do worse than a correspondent would do.

There are no whispers of graft about the student government of McGill.

What to do about it? Let's put out the light and go to sleep? No! Let's start out on a useful little crusade of abolishing things so that McGill students wont have anything to be apathetic about.

Let's abolish the statue on the campus and erect in its room and stead a monument to Doctor Herbert Holt as a model of everything that is kind and upright and beautiful and Canadian in the finest sense of the word.

Abolish the Labour Club because it spreads propaganda and establish in its place an Ultraconservative Club because it won't spread propaganda.

Abolish the Red and White Revue because it takes too much time and is only an excuse for social intercourse. Retain the Players' Club because it doesn't take too much time and is only partly an excuse for social intercourse.

Abolish the Debating Union Society together with its nineteen-page constitution and encourage interclass debating slightly but not too much. Oratory is a dying art and a breeder of hot air and Rotarians anyway.

Abolish the Scarlet Key because it is American and sounds too much like a Scarlet Woman.

Do away with the University Band despite what the Dean of one of the faculties wrote about it in the Calendar when his son played in it because

culmination

Governors-General

Who visit Universities

Because

Governors-General are supposed to visit Universities;

Who

Drag deans

Away from their secretaries

For a prolonged orgy

Of handshaking;

Who

Interrupt the students

And ask silly questions

Because they are Governors-General;

Should be given

All possible honorary degrees

With the utmost celerity

And then deported

Back to England. !

it doesn't turn up half the time anyway and when it does its playing is lousy.

Don't bother to print the Students' Directory because the wise guys have little red books of their own.

Tie the can to the Political Economy Club because if the papers that are read at its meetings are any good the Chairman of the Department of Economics and Political Science gets mad and leaves the meeting and then the evenings' fun is spoiled.

Don't abolish the McGill Annual but reduce it in size keeping only the portrait section so that present undergraduates can show their grandchildren pictures of the women they made when they were tough young students.

Abolish the McGill Daily because if everything else is abolished the McGill Daily won't have anything to print.

This, however, is an age of "constructive criticism" so let us see what we can do along that line.

Assume that all undergraduates, both male and female, know the facts of life and that some of them enjoy them.

Redistribute the Universal Fee in such a way as to appropriate a much larger sum to the McGill Union and use a good deal of this sum to make the Union a place that students will want to come to. Substitute round for rectangular tables in the restaurant and put tablecloths on them and hire waiters to serve the meals. Turn the so-called Grill Room into a comfortable and inviting club room where females might be introduced and keep the females off the second floor after it has been suitably redecorated for the use of men.

Substitute enamelled metal seats for the present wooden ones in the latrines and erect a nice place for women. It is really a crying shame to see so many uncomfortable women in the Union. As a matter of fact its a crying shame to see so many women in the Union anyway.

Knock down the partitions between the Book Exchange, Players' Club and McGill Daily. Furnish the whole place nicely after having redivided it into small rooms and don't ask anybody what goes on there.

Add a new and useful line to the Union Tuck Shop. It will surely show a handsome profit.

—out, damned depression its over, say we—

So far as the black sheep is concerned the depression is over and from this time forward we regard each successive day of crisis as just another reflection on the capacity of the people who run things in these parts.

Of course, the great difficulty in most stabilization schemes is that there is no money to be made out of them. With this disadvantage eliminated, Sir Herbert Holt could undoubtedly be persuaded to take charge and solve this depression business in a few minutes.

Economic disquisitions are usually unreadable: so therefore, I shall be brief and have at you in short order.

1. You may have heard of unemployment. As a matter of fact there are at least 65,000 jobless persons in Montreal. (B)

2. You may have heard of low farm-produce prices. As a matter of fact, there is a vast unsaleable surplus on Quebec and Ontario farms. (B)

3. In Montreal, there is idle machinery sufficient to produce consumers goods for every unemployed man in the place and leave enough over to keep the farmers in comfort. (B)

4. In Montreal, manufacturers are complaining of having unmovable stocks of raw material on hand. (B)

5. In Montreal, landlords are on relief because they cannot get paying tenants. (B)

The last four items provide all the factors necessary for the support of the 65,000 persons mentioned in the first.

The one thing necessary to start the works is an adequate supply of something that can be used as money in the hands of our 65,000 jobless. The banks show no desire to go into the printing business, so it remains for some other body to print and circulate money. I do not suggest crime, my friends, merely an issue of scrip under certain conditions. (Follow the diagram on Page 1.)

1. Form a central committee or "Bank" to manage the scheme. Make its members as respectable and trustworthy as is consistent with getting a lot of hard work done. (A)

2. Let the committee make a thorough round-up of all available supplies of farm produce. (B)

3. Let them find out which manufacturers are willing to sell for scrip. (B)

4. Let them make contact with own-

ers of idle machinery. (B)

5. Let them make contact with landlords willing to rent homes for scrip. (B)

6. Let them actually print and issue scrip for the following purposes:

(a) purchase of farm products

(b) purchase of raw materials

(c) rental or purchase of idle machinery

(d) payment of unemployed workmen who are to be set at work manufacturing consumers goods.

— here's how

Here is how a firm like the Dominion Textiles could co-operate.

Their employees are now working part time shifts, and drawing less than normal pay. A large part of the cost of the finished product is made up of labour costs. Suppose a man is drawing \$12.00 per week, as against his normal pay of \$20.00. The Dominion Textiles could supply material to the Unemployed Workshops, and receive scrip in payment. The workmen at the mills will be willing to work normal hours, receiving now their former part time pay of \$12.00 plus \$8.00 in scrip, which the employees can promptly turn in at the warehouse for foodstuffs.

The result of all these activities will be a large stock of consumers goods (c) at the disposal of the organizing committee; and from that stock they will redeem all scrip brought in for conversion by the workmen, farmers, raw material men and other holders.

If Sir Herbert will bring his influence into line the black sheep will make it worth his while to put the scheme over. We will guarantee him \$1,000,000. How? None of your damn business.

In this the black sheep is serious. We want to see something done. Commercial arrangements many, many times more difficult of achievement are carried out yearly on this Continent, and if the "brains" which are said to be found in the business world would give but a fraction of their energy and influence to the scheme outlined above, next winter would find our 65,000 unemployed in a reasonable economic condition.

The black sheep has no influence whatever, but if any of you gents on St. James Street, or any of you unemployed, or any inspired organizer, or any of you holders of food and goods would like to get together and talk things over this magazine will put you in touch with each other. Send your communications to Box 374, GOP, Montreal.

—the inhibited lover

Her body is beside me.

Her throbbing body near;

What if my conscience chide me?

Its voice I cannot hear.

My being, All my being,

Is fraught with fierce desire:

For no amount of seeing

Can quench this scorching fire.

Her body does entice me—

So lovely and so rare—

Nay, sight will not suffice me

For all the world can stare.

My brain turns in confusion,

Ah Heaven! Hear my moan.

God grant me this delusion—

Eternity alone!

What! Say such love is sinning?

My higher self is lost?

—When head and heart are spinning

I cannot count the cost.

Say on! For she is near me,

Her body is my creed.

And naught but love can steer me;

I love! I want! I need!

the black sheep

An Independent Magazine

Published by the black sheep and intended primarily for utterances of a critical nature.

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Down the journalistic grape-vine comes information confirming our suspicion that the local papers did not altogether approve of our first issue. S. Morgan-Powell of the Star (Sheet Metal Products to you) was taken by the short ribs on reading "the fourth estate—yah" (the black sheep, February) He is said to have said "I have never seen such God-awful tripe. I could get a better production from an infant's home." That is s.m.p.'s idea of criticism.

Our readers may have noticed with mingled feelings the fact the black sheep has made "Hush".

It was all a matter of misinterpretation.

Our article—"through a glass darkly" was read from a strictly local viewpoint; our friends — Sir Arthur, "Hush", etc. chose to localize the brewers, distillers, and pork packers, mentioned therein. In the first draft of our article our contributor had included "white slaver" in his list but this we deleted feeling that Sir Arthur might actually find a local connection in this direction.

"Hush" continued to say many rude things about Sir Arthur — things insulting and inelegant — things that even we should never have said.

But there are many things that "Hush" omitted for example, — oh! but let it go —

Since there is little tolerance at McGill, we can't write an article about it, can we?

But all the same the administration glares askance at the rising tide of semitic influence. Sir Arthur in fact, has openly declared his antipathy to Jews.

In this issue we had planned to have a cartoon of our Principal featuring a pronouncedly Jewish cast of countenance, under the title the "semitic influence at McGill." You can well imagine the effect.

go ye into all the world

When the Church ceases to be evangelizing it ceases to be Christain; we cannot deny the heathen the benefits of our faith; "Come over to Macedonia and help us"; pray for our far-flung missionaries; freely ye have received, freely give—GIVE—GIVE MONEY — Give, Damn you, give!

Thus they bleat, those sleek, salaried ministers of the gospel, mouthing their mealy phrases of fatuous money-grabbing, praying, begging, preaching, extorting. "We must spread the Word," they shout, "we must send our missionaries East and West to bring the straying sheep back into the fold. Your money, — or your immortal life!"

And so, backed by reluctant nickels, the shepherds-errant speed to the four corners of the earth. Fine young men, enticed into Holy Orders by the bribe of free education and summer employment—fine young men with enough courage to sink their own convictions; they go forth with a prayer book in one hand and an expense account in the other. The moguls of transportation give them reduced rates, and thus ensure for themselves a one-way passage to Celestial Glory.

To the heathen, some of them blind adherents of a religion that has only lasted a few thousand years, comes the balm of Truth, in the person of a well-fed young man with his message of hope and cheer: "We cannot feed you or clothe you, but through faith you may forget worldly things. Give, give us your money to support the church that is doing so much for you."

Christianity is the message of peace and goodwill, drone the missionaries, as they open a country and pave the way for the peace and good-will of Big Business. Its the doctrine of giving, they insist, as they take money. labor, and crops from famished natives for a contribution to the Great Work. Ah, its the Faith of Western Capitalism, the Creed of Commerce, greed. God, greed, progress. — anyway, the East is being saved for Christ. Is it for this that Jesus died—that lantern slides might be shown to a gaping native, and cracked gramophone records moan tuneless praise of the White Man's God?

And still the right hand of the

virginity

*Irene insists that she is good
And truly I believe her*

*For with her face, I know, none would
Of reditude relieve her.*

—VON DUBNO.

Priest is raised in benediction of the parting missionary, while he picks the pockets of his congregation with his left. They must have something to do, these city clergy, to fill in time between Ladies' Aid meetings and the Boy Scouts; they must do something to justify their steady employment. What better than raising money for missions? A juicy cheque sent to headquarters is an open sesame to the favor of the Bishop, the Moderator, or what have you. So the Church sends out its men who cannot preach well enough to take a town parish, men with a kingly crown to gain and a regular salary to hold onto; sends them out to loaf, talk, loaf, grab, loaf and take snapshots of the quaint un-Christian folk.

Then there are Home Missions. The rising young clergy who haven't enough ability to learn a foreign tongue are sent North or West to bring the Church to people who once lived within its reach, but who moved into regions where are no travelling salesmen or clergy. But neither the travelling salesmen or the clergy will leave them alone. The latter bum their meals, bother school trustees, annoy settlers and interfere with local customs, and then go citywards to make remarks about the primitive simplicity of the Canadian farmer. Quiet, churchless communities, where all are friends, are turned into bickering church centres, with catty factions and petty jealousies.

There is on justification for maintaining the undignified sham of "Spreading the Gospel". Its the same justification that is applied to any occupation of today: "You know, it gives employment and puts money in circulation". It is useless employment perhaps, and the money stinks of unwillingness, but what matters that? "Go ye into the world, and spread discontent, commerce, and all the ugliness of a bourgeois faith."

—J.H.C.

the fairest flower that blows

Ah, what a time, what a time was the Restoration, the Restoration which gave us Rochester and Wycherley and Congreve and Cundum. Ah, Cundum, thou hero unsung save by Rochester, thou gay one, thou who changed the face of the earth more than all our Fords and Pasteurs and Krupps, yet whose fame lies buried in a single panegyric poem, thou who gavest us the fairest flower that blows.

The beget-me-not when Sergeant Cundum first dangled it before the envious eyes of his fellow Guardsmen of His Most Sacred Majesty King Charles II Rex et Ind. Imp. was a gutta-percha matter to be hung at the belt, tied gaily with red and blue ribbons. Then with the first curious glances of His Majesty's Guards ended the ebolic era of offspring limitation, and a new day dawned. Ah, most gay Sergeant, would that Rabelais had been alive to see thee then. He would have told you where your little bedecked toy was going to land our civilisation.

Sergeant, I salute thee. Messrs. Huxley, Cabell, and Mencken, those naughty aesthetic lookers into deep wells, know thee not. Since Rochester thy fame has been buried, and I must be the ghoul after two hundred years.

Saint Cyr, that noble smirker, tells an anecdote which is considered by most to be apocryphal, concerning this humanistic warrior. When one of the Sergeants sons was taken up by the watch for too vociferously reciting Omar Kyam in the small hours, Judge Jeffries, the hangigng judge, let him go and instead, sentenced his father to three days in jail. He charged that the son was not responsible, and committed the Sergeant instead "for procreating a disturbance." St. Cyr's thesis is that this was the stimulus which prompted the Sergeant to design his toy, so that he would not lay himself open to such a charge in the future.

If I have perhaps been a little injudiciously enthusiastic in my Evoes it is only because the buried image of the Sergeant laughing in his easy chair has haunted me, and because I feel that merit should not go so long unrecognised. The changes which Malthusianism has wrought in our civilisation are too deep to be forgotten. I had almost said Cundumism, but I am not sure whether that can be a drawing-room word. If the name of the Sergeant is more widely known than I think, I retract all the preceding paragraphs and signify my desire to replace them with an essay on Solipsistic Philosophy, which any of my readers, can obtain upon application I have, no desire to offend good taste,

and if the name of my hero is more widely sung than I suppose, I resipisce and apologise. I merely wish to see justice done, and for this reason I am endeavouring to bring his name before the public as one of mankind's benefactors. If the public already knows his name, then I freely admit that this note is a eulogistic supererogation, and was quite unnecessary. If it does not, then I have done my duty, than which which no man can do more, except to go to bed, as it is now 11.03 p.m. Dixi, I have spoken. Sic fiat.

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parnassus on skids

From Hamilton, Ontario, comes a disquisition of "Art, Insanity and the Hatha Yogi." It is rather too long for full reproduction and, in addition, the editors cannot decide whether or not the writer is pulling their legs. He discusses the placing of oneself in a mental condition suitable for the production of Art. After suggesting alcohol, he continues to drugs:-

* * *

"Hashish, and its Mexican form, Cannabis Americana, chiefly affects the visual sides of the subconscious and is therefore useful to painters and sculptors. In literature it is responsible for such productions as the following, written by a young man of no talent, in his first and probably last endeavour.

* * *

Press the cerebellum
Into phantom
Moulds of idealism

* * *

And no matter
What ocular
and intellectual contact with phenomena

occur—
Grey matter
Is added forever.

* * *

Ova accepts Christ (sic)
As the sacrificial
Prototype
of the laboriously elect
sect.

* * *

Notwithstanding — — — — —
that the maternal Christian
is inflicting
Him upon her
as a spiritual bludgeon
— — — threatening.

* * *

What effect it may have upon talented persons may be conjectured.

* * *

Are we victims of a hoax or are we miserable Philistines? Are we laughing at sterling merit or is the post a monumental leg-puller? You dope it out.

critics et al

We have critics in Montreal . . . Of course we have . . . every city has . . . there are newspapers, and readers . . . there are review passes . . . shows, plays, concerts, recitals . . . some of them, particularly the recitals, are none of your second rate stuff . . . there used to be an orchestra — for all reviewers . . . we still have an orchestra — with critics.

Telegraph editors . . . literary scholars . . . reporters . . . amateurs . . . a musician, good heavens! Nothing is good . . . life is futile . . . In all my fifty years . . . he ought to use a metronome . . . when I heard that in . . . now I played . . . catharsis . . . morbid . . . morbid . . . morbid again . . . magnificie—er morbid . . . innuendo within innuendo . . . adequate as we would like to hear it . . . Tallulah Bankhead . . . another British film, rah, rah . . . three cheers for Mickey Mouse . . . Hollywood copies Continental technique . . . surely there must be some faults.

Yes, we have theatrical and music columnists . . . excellent notice boards, these columns . . . everything reviewed again . . . another slam . . . another pat . . . what an intoxicating smell from printer's ink . . . the actor's lot is a hard one . . . the actor has a difficult job . . . disappointments many in actor's profession . . . the British film . . . an English Hollywood . . . Saxon Celluloids . . . what a fund of knowledge and information and food for thought . . . Criticism . . . knowledge and experience . . . hahaha . . . local musical topics . . . great contributions to Canadian music . . . we'll make the orchestra jealous yet . . . dear east-of-Guy-street, this is the greatest cultural opportunity of the year . . . you simply must not miss it . . . dear west-of-Guy-street, everybody will be there . . . you simply dare not miss it.

Criticism . . . a duty to the public . . . just like a newspaper's obligations . . . no vindictiveness . . . no personal aims . . . sincere beliefs . . . truth even before advertising contracts . . . no bias . . . no controlling interests . . . the criticised likewise . . . everyone is a sport . . . haw haw haw

But what is there to criticise? . . . surely not the great visiting artists . . . they are brought here because they are beyond criticism . . . what then, the movies? . . . no use splashing in the ocean . . . the whale in Arctic waters won't feel it . . . ah, local stuff . . . collar wilting drama in the church basement . . . serious, wild eyed youngsters badly made up to look thrice their ages . . . strutting in three act farces that would make fair one act plays . . . oh dear, . . . opera . . . nunno, operetta . . . public gargling by vermilion faced heroes . . . sweet

young princesses . . . weighing 200 lbs. plus . . . race for volume . . . the accompanist wins . . . the most promising of young local pianists . . . really? . . . an instrumental ensemble . . . quite Gershwin-esque . . . No Don't pan them . . . spoil their ticket sale . . . \$2,000 . . . first night, you understand . . . sure, I'll

tell them . . . apologists to the public . . .

And how the public flocks . . . our dear old Enesco came back . . . could he find room for himself in the hall? . . . sweep away the empty chairs . . . he may dance to the scherzo he plays . . . he may shut his eyes, for nothing will come in his way . . . not to be compared of course with student mimicry of Russian pathos . . . Calvacade, hurrah . . . the talking picture in its element at last . . . Sign of the Cross . . . bathroom . . . London String Quartet . . . their passion in their pockets . . . Iturbi . . . sure it is not puppy love, oh Montreal? . . . MRT, where art thou? . . . and yes, the orchestra . . . the orchestra? . . . er, the orchestra . . . but the Toronto critics never say anything bad about their orchestra . . .

Nor head nor heart . . . book standards . . . theory for experience . . . the public will believe blindly . . . or else it will disbelieve with equal stubbornness . . . one artist will read and ponder . . . fifty will glance and laugh derisively . . . an anti-romantic world gone sentimental . . . ego, nos, ego . . . effect . . . effect . . . affectation . . . truth?

revues and comedies

The editor of the black sheep was kind enough to give me space in which to shoot off my mouth about revues, of which I know nothing, and musical comedies, about which I know less.

Briefly, a revue is a panomphean presentation of polykaleidoscopic and callomphalic segments without exordium, catastasis, or catastrophe, with ithymbic intent designed for katabolic mongers; a musical comedy, on the other hand, is an Aristotelean comic tetrad of congruent dramatisations.

In case there should chance to be anybody who knows even less than I do about the matter, I may explain the foregoing by saying that a revue presents beautiful belly-buttons in a series of independent skits designed for the tired business man, while a musical comedy presents the same belly-buttons in an order imposed by the exigencies of a plot.

If I were going to write a musical comedy, I would not find it necessary to cater to the depraved tastes of a jaded public, I think there could be something fresh injected into a musical comedy without keeping the less intelligent members of the audience (aren't they all?) away.

The use of frequent recitatives was

well-known to the ancient Greeks. A group of people simultaneously reciting nice words with a few rhymes here and there, whether they are set to music or not, is always impressive. The easiest way to be "whimsical", "cute", "delightful", and such like, is by means of such recitatives. Gilbert and Sullivan is only a prolonged series of recitatives. There is nothing indelicate in Gilbert and Sullivan. They do not find it necessary to open their show with a tourist skit cribbed from the Ziegfeld Follies of 1915, 1916, 1917, 1920, 1927, 1929, 1930, and 1931. Amateur shows too often find it necessary to come down to the level of their audience with stolen and effete jokes, even when it is unnecessary.

The point I am trying to make, if there is any, and I hope there is not, is that it is unnecessary for amateur players to find it necessary, when they produce a musical comedy, to fill it with a lot of unmitigated hokey, buncombe, bologna, banana oil, applesauce, gibberish, balderdash, palaver, flummery, twaddle, fudge, trash, rubbish, moonshine, faddle, badardage, baragouin, naiseries, garbage, sewage, rubbish, junk, macaroni, farrago, and horsefeathers.

yes, or rather no!

There were no plays in town owing to the fluctuations of the stock market and the desire to put Cavalcade over and the general apathy and hundreds of other things . . . but that doesn't matter one bit. Not one bit. Cavalcade was a good picture: we forbear to waste on it the adjectives of those gentlemen who call themselves critics down below the hill in the vicinity of St. James street . . . but it was all right. It had all the interest of news pictures plus one or two or three or four tearful situations. But we are so tired — we of this younger generashun — having these lessons preached about dignity and peace and understanding . . .

The truth is that Mr. Coward of this younger generashun asks for dignity and peace . . . sure the kind of dignity which they had in the old days of Boer

wars and Titanic sinkings when they smiled very dignified-like at each other and were pretty villainous underneath. Now we've stopped being dignified; we don't smile anymore. Mr. Coward shouldn't have pleaded for that . . . oh no. Dignity won't help. If you will allow me to become tearful about matters Mr. Coward's plea for all that sort of stuff doesn't mean one thing to the jazz age; and not one half a thing to the unemployed. Try and talk dignity to the unemployed.

But lest we become sociological we wish to express our regrets at the much heralded Titanic episode: very bad taste on Coward's part. The Victoria funeral was high sentiment which would please Victorian E-e- and antediluvian P-w-l. But enough. Methinks Cavalcade hath been overtalked.

a maiden's dilemma

Once upon a time, a new little house stood demurely by the side of the road. It was such a pretty house that everybody said "Look, my dear, what a charming little house, it won't be vacant long." In front there were two wide open windows and a lovely door right in the center. Delicate ferns and sweet flowers grew in the small garden. It was so new and fresh it didn't need any paint at all to make it attractive. At first the little house was so happy by itself it never thought anybody would want to take it. It simply sang to itself in the sunshine and thought how nice it was to be alive in the spring.

Then as the spring was nearly over and nobody stopped for more than a minute, except to look, the little house began to be lonely and rather sad. "I must try and get somebody to take me," it said; so it put up a very small sign that you really had to come very close to read—**THIS DESIRABLE HOUSE FOR SALE TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER. ONLY RESPECTABLE TENANTS NEED APPLY. REFERENCES EXCHANGED.** The summer came, and the little house grew sadder and sadder and thought, "Oh, why will nobody take me, perhaps I had better make myself more attractive." So it carefully put some nice bright red paint around the door and blue over the windows and a lovely golden brown stain on the roof. Then it put up a big sign that you could read even from

the road — **HOUSE FOR SALE. MUST DISPOSE OF IMMEDIATELY.** Still nobody came, and the late rains of summer ran off the window ledges and streaked the red paint. Even the flowers in the garden began to droop a little, for the summer was nearly over.

The little house could see lots of other houses not half as nice as it was being taken all along the road, and they all told it how happy they were with the children running in and out all day long. It was true some did not hold their tenants very long, but even they put on insufferable airs of superiority.

Now the autumn was near, and the little house began to be desperate and said to itself "I really must do something before the winter comes." So it painted itself all over again, far too brightly and far too much, reshingled and dyed the roof, put fresh curtains in the windows, and even unlatched the door. And it put up simply an enormous sign in front — **FOR RENT CHEAP.** And a man came along and took it, partly because it looked so sad behind all the paint, although he did not like the new roof very much and partly because it hadn't been used before and partly because he wanted a house anyway. So he went into the little house and lit the fire, and the little house simply quivered with joy. "Now at last," it said, "Some-one will see how nice I really am."

PNEUMO

Not enough was said about Sign of the Cross.

Music? Music? There were some concerts. As usual Douglas Clarked his way about His Majesty's with Brahms and Brahms-like . . . gave some misty performances. Suggestion: How would Sir Douglas look with a Brahmsian beard?

The London String Quartet, Enesco, Paul de Marly, (?) Ninon Vallin . . . and one or two artists we didn't hear because the Ladies Morning something or other are exclusive . . . you see the moment music is exclusive it becomes so utterly beootiful . . . it has to be kept from the unbeootiful . . . Oh well at least we have concerts here sometimes . . .

The MRT slumbering peacefully peacefully waiting for their next production . . . French Bible story play we believe . . . and that Red and White Revue trying to do a musical comedy . . . this dubious waste of effort on the collegians part . . . co-eds trying to be chorus girls. Puzzle: Why is one flippant about dear little chorines but why is it respectable for a debutante to try to be a hooper?

Off Key I Sing.

N E W S . . .

You ought to know!

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blue blood boils or where your money goes

Snootiest of snooty students consider the McGill University Players Club — and justly. For some years past they have favoured the rabble and hoi polloi at the university with dramma (long "a" please) and a prerequisite for major participation in one of the two annual plays was — and still is, say many — blue blood and a Westmount address. A wag suggested that the Club program bear the line: "Entire cast strictly kosher."

It was George How, a President of this group, who one one occasion addressed himself thus to a humble applicant for a club position: "Sorry, we can't let you do the work. A fraternity brother of mine asked me first and I can't refuse him." This fraternal benevolence proved costly to the organization.

But oil will inevitably come to the surface and the last effort of the club proved that a well-equipped lounge and a good director are not enough to make an outstanding production.

It would not be fair to say that the club never achieved success. Five years ago their "Insect Play" was excellent. But five years is a long time to bask in past glory and the recent production of Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped" brought the fact forcibly before the audience.

Let us review the events before and after the last production. Two days before the first curtain club-member H. H. Stikeman favoured the readers of the Daily with this:—"McGill is seeing the last stand of the legitimate theatre in Montreal. It is our duty as members of the Students' Society to show faith in the Council which we have selected (sic) by buying tickets for "He Who Gets Slapped." Little does the poor lad suspect that the buying of tickets does not make actors.

Two days latter another correspondent wrote: "People like H. H. Stikeman make one realize that matriculation standards should be very much higher . . . the Players' Club's spokesman admits that the Club does not owe its existence to any merit which it possesses but to the generosity of the sudent body and the staff. Gullibility is the word.

"And this year again they beg for alms . . .

"Take a look at their lounge — the air is so heavy with smoke. The walls are invisible. Everyone sucks frantically at cigarettes — the hall mark of "savoir faire". Everyone laughs hysterically and talks unnaturally. The men-babies try not to think of their disgusting uselessness, tell smutty stories, try to look blase, and blow clouds of smoke into the cloud of smoke, subconsciously wishing a screen behind which to hid their wretched selves."

Came the night of the show and a poor show it was. In fact the curtain had been down about two minutes before

the shirt-fronts remembered their manners and applauded. The Daily critic said 'poor' in emphatic tones.

A champion of the club wrote to the Daily at once vitriolic, venomous and personal, — in fact one of the most personal attacks ever printed in that sheet. He concluded:—" . . . His effusion should betray here and there signs of even a whimsical intelligence, if you know what I mean; or if not whimsical could we have it vestigial, or even minimal, or I have even known intelligence to be comical . . ."

The critic came back, the Club countered again. Others took up the battle and so it went for about a week.

Keenest campus observers predict limbo for the Players Club unless the members snap out of social dalliance and get down to dramatic art.

McGILL RED & WHITE REVUE

PRESENTS THIS YEAR

A MUSICAL COMEDY

OFF KEY I SING!

<p style="text-align: center; margin: 0;">MOYSE HALL</p> <p style="text-align: center; margin: 5px 0;">—</p> <p style="text-align: center; margin: 0;">March 8, 9, 10, 11</p> <p style="text-align: center; margin: 0;">Matinee March 11</p> <p style="text-align: center; margin: 5px 0;">—</p> <p style="text-align: center; margin: 0;">Tickets on sale at McGill Union 690 Sherbrooke St. West - Phone LAn. 7141 -</p>	<p style="text-align: center; margin: 0;">PRICES</p> <p style="text-align: center; margin: 5px 0;">Public</p> <p style="margin: 0;">Evenings - - - \$1.50</p> <p style="margin: 0;">Sat. Matinee - - - .85</p> <p style="text-align: center; margin: 5px 0;">—</p> <p style="text-align: center; margin: 0;">Students</p> <p style="margin: 0;">Wednesday - - - .85</p> <p style="margin: 0;">Thursday - - - \$1.10</p> <p style="margin: 0;">Friday - - - \$1.10</p> <p style="margin: 0;">Saturday - - - \$1.35</p> <p style="margin: 0;">Sat. Matinee - - .85</p>
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