



# HIGH BROW . . . .

## LOST CHORDS

As the last of the failing line of Gazette critics with whose vicissitudes I have been closely associated over the last year, I am somewhat at a loss for words concerning the Glee Club's latest production. My discomfort is partly due to an uneasy feeling that I shall be stabbed in the back by various letters to the Editor, which letters will proclaim against me with self-righteousness wrath, saying that I have erred against the chosen of the Lord, and vigorously steering the praise in the directions which they (for reasons known only to themselves) consider to be the right ones. "Offering bouquets," I have heard it called.

Personally, I distrust this "bouquet" business. To me it smacks of a profound aesthetic and intellectual stagnancy, and also betrays an uneasy inferiority complex when we must bandy published compliments and reassure each other as to our excellence. The Glee Club does not need rather doubtful bolstering in the columns of this publication; it is probably better aware of its value than any one else, and with good reason. Wherefore, when I fail to mention so-and-so who helped to move chairs, the fine work done by this-and-that committee beforehand or whoever kindly lent what, let no dogs bark. These are matters on which I am not informed, and which the finished product alone, as it appeared on Friday and Saturday, which was exceedingly good.

The performance moved with an easy flow which gave it a smoothness not always present in productions of this type. It showed evidence, in spite of its rather reckless nature, of a considerable amount of careful practice and able direction. There were no weak spots to interrupt its progress, and, on the other hand, no especially spectacular places which might have detracted from the merits of the others; the odd slip here and there, of one sort or another, went almost unnoticed. It was also fairly intelligible, which was perhaps due in part to the presence of microphones; the Glee Club's battle with the Gym acoustics has always fascinated me, and they seem to have been fairly successful in this round.

There were, of course, inevitable slips; it would be unfair to allow for anything else. The opening chorus might have been made a little clearer since it explains the plot to the ignorant thereof, and I am not sure that the audience bothers to read the typed resumes thoughtfully provided by the Glee Club. The characters might have been in less of a hurry at times; few of them bothered to wait for the applause to end at times when it was feasible. One thing I thought unnecessary was that the Judge was accompanied at times by what sounded like a trumpet. These, however, are very minor points, which detracted very little from the merits of the operetta.

The beautiful thing about *Trial by Jury*, and similar stage pieces, is the fact that they are simply a lot of fun, requiring neither great dramatic ability nor strong voices to produce. There were no particularly strong voices on Friday and Saturday, nor any weak ones; the strongest point of the production was, in fact its homogeneity, its teamwork and steadiness. The outstanding performers were, of course, the soloists, but they were no better as such than the lesser members of the cast were in their respective positions. This, in my opinion, contributed very greatly to the success of the show. I hate unwarranted scene-stealing of the type which might have resulted from a contrast of weak and strong voices in important roles.

If there were any "stars," they were probably Lloyd Soper as the Judge and Jean Parker as the Plaintiff. Mr. Soper gave an excellent portrayal of the susceptible but unscrupulous magistrate, and paid more attention to the acting of it than any other members paid to theirs. His enunciation was a good deal clearer than that of the others, in spite of the remote position the bench placed him in. Miss Parker was exceedingly good as the Plaintiff; she was perhaps more interested in singing than in conveying the words clearly, which is to be expected in the Gym. Roy DeYoung as the Counsel for the Plaintiff did a very capable job indeed. He had the advantage of possessing the strongest voice in the male members of the cast, and used it well. He was perhaps somewhat too solemn at times, but otherwise excellent.

The Defendant (Maynard Taylor) and the Usher (Bob Smith) made very respectable contributions to a successful night—that is, two nights. The former seemed a trifle unaware of the predicament he was in, but played a good philanderer. The Usher also did very well.

The various associates, bridesmaids, barristers and attorneys contributed successfully to the general confusion required for Gilbert and Sullivan, and the singing of the Public was very creditable.

The Jury might have been slightly less unruly, but that is merely a matter of opinion. Aply led by Mr. Pauley, they were the funniest part of the cast. Hiding his light under a bushel of jurors I noticed a Mephistophelian Mr. Payzant; as I understand it, he was the director of the production. I take the liberty to congratulate him.

The orchestra has advanced tremendously this year, and were in good form on both nights. I extend my felicitations to Mr. Padmore on what looks like the culmination of a two year's battle for a concert orchestra at Dalhousie. The result of his hard work is extremely edifying.  
A. M.

### O CANADA

Edmonton, July, 1946—William Henry and H. M. Doreen, who insisted that a Peace River district dance be closed with "O Canada" instead of "God Save the King", were fined \$10 and costs or two months in jail in police court today. They were convicted of breaching a disturbance. Henry

told the court he was "not a British subject, but a Canadian."

Canadian delegates of International Student Service found when touring Czechoslovakia that students are required by law to work in government sponsored projects during the summer in order to obtain the government university grant in the winter.

## Purple Cow

I saw a verse the other day  
That I would call a classic;  
I took it to my Prof., and say,  
His look was acid, brassic.

"You call this poetry?" he howled,  
Round in his chair a-turning,  
And 'neath his bushy eyebrows  
scowled

'Til both my ears were burning.

"Why this is nothing but a rhyme,  
No sense, no thought, no reason,  
The man who wrote the stuff's a  
mime,

He should be shot for treason."

He railed and ranted, tore his hair,  
And half aloud swore grimly;  
'Til through the haze I do declare  
I could but see him dimly.

A cloud of blue from where he sat,  
From where the Prof. was seated,  
Throughout the room did per-  
meate,

And vision half deleted.

At last his words coherent grew  
And then I heard him plainly  
With statement loud proclaim he  
knew

That poetry was mainly

Composed of truth, of love, of  
light,

Had order strict prosodic,  
Its day was clear and cool, its  
night

Was somewhat more melodic

But things composed of myth or  
fake

That never were or can be  
To poetry you cannot make  
However much you bandy.

Just then a farmer drove a cow,  
A milk-white cow to water,  
And I can never tell you how  
The prof's eye fell and caught her.

Within his vision through the haze  
(Twas deeper now than bluish).  
He half upon his seat did raise,  
His look was surely newish.

He whirled and to the window ran,  
And wide he threw the casement—  
I sat like a dumbfounded man  
And wondered what the race  
meant.

Soon switched he on the 'lectric  
fan

And beat the air around him.  
I wondered what about the man  
Could in his mind surround him.

At last he seemed to settle down  
And o'er his desk he bended,  
A gentle smile replaced the frown  
As though a break were mended.

So picked he up the thing anew,  
The verse I had submitted,  
And slowly read the whole thing  
through

While chuckles intermitted:

"I never saw a purple cow;  
I never hope to see one;  
But I can tell you anyhow,  
I'd sooner see than be one."  
'OMHPOS.

### COAL OR DIAMOND

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## Socialism vs Democracy

Historians may argue that socialism is on its way, but if it is, it must inevitably result in the destruction of democracy.

As was mentioned in an article in the GAZETTE a few weeks ago, there are two alternatives in a socialist system—autocratic socialism under a dictator, and democratic socialism under the control of parliament. The purpose of this article is to show that the latter is impossible, and subsequently, that if socialism comes it can end in nothing but the former—autocratic socialism controlled by a very small, but powerful, group of people.

With the present day increases in the volume of legislation which our governmental system must enact, it is becoming increasingly difficult for the legislature to pass all the required measures. A solution to this problem has been found by giving the cabinet power to enact a multitude of orders and regulations pursuant to an Act of the Legislature, so that when the Act goes into operation its provisions are hardly recognizable as stemming from the original. The inevitable result of this aggrandizement of the legislative powers of the cabinet is that the elected representatives of the people, in the legislature, have very little control of the governmental process, in spite of parliament's academic right to review orders-in-council.

So far this trend has brought no widespread discomfort because, in spite of it, parliament has retained some measure of control. However, with the advent of socialism, with its theories of governmental ownership and control, the measures that a government would be required to enact would be much more numerous and comprehensive. In effect, a large part of the economy of the country would be a monopoly in the hands of the government which must be operated or regulated by the monopolist, viz. the government. This is the trend of governmental affairs in England today under a socialist government. What grounds are there for assuming that this vast increase of governmental measures will not have the same effect as the like increase in the past few decades, and that with increased socialization, the control exercised by the people's representatives will not correspondingly decrease? The ultimate result must be that the government will be the small group of powerful individuals who make up the executive.

We cannot hope for a remedy for this situation from elections which come once in every five years. Parliamentary control of the executive, if it is to be effective, must be continual, not operative once in every five year cycle.

Thus socialism, even if it begins as an avowed democratic socialism, must inevitably lead to a state of oligarchy with our government operated and controlled by a few economic and political potentates. The election of our representatives to parliament would become a mere vacant ritual.

No, socialism is not the answer to our governmental difficulties. However fine it may appear to some idealists, the fact is that, in the long run, it will defeat democracy. The solution lies in correcting the mistakes of our present system without overburdening the government, so that the elected representatives of the people will be able to control the actions of the executive.

Let us not forsake our long-fought-for democratic rights by the introduction of a system which must inevitably result in government by a small group of economically and politically powerful bureaucrats beyond the control of the Canadian people.

E. N. McKELVEY.

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