

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 drahma (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 student 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 be-

fore 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!

MOYSE HALL

March 8, 9, 10, 11

Matinee March 11

Tickets on sale at
McGill Union

690 Sherbrooke St.

West

- Phone LAn. 7141 -

PRICES

Public

Evenings - - - \$1.50

Sat. Matinee - - - .85

Students

Wednesday - - - .85

Thursday - - - \$1.10

Friday - - - \$1.10

Saturday - - - \$1.35

Sat. Matinee - - .85