

# McGill Daily

THE OLDEST COLLEGE DAILY IN CANADA

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## Why Have Two When One Will Do?

"Should the N.F.C.U.S. and the C.S.A. amalgamate or not?" That is the question which prompted the six editorials we print on page one of today, all of which except that of *The Gateway* were written especially for this issue.

Even since the announcement of two Christmas conferences—those of the National Federation of Canadian University Students and of the Canadian Student Assembly, this has been one of the most controversial topics in the editorial and letter columns of the Canadian college press.

"Why", some ask, "has the problem arisen at all? Why not let the two organizations continue as they are at present?"

The answer to this question is relatively simple. The problem, like so many others, is mainly an economic one; the student bodies of some universities, predominantly the smaller ones of the West and the East, are no longer able to bear the financial strain involved in supporting both the N.F.C.U.S. and the C.S.A. on their campuses. They feel that either one of the other must dissolve, or that amalgamation must take place.

Most of them, however, recognize the value of the work each is performing and would be most reluctant to see either dissolved. Nor would the situation be improved if half the student societies supported the N.F.C.U.S. and the other half the C.S.A., which is what would probably happen if the matter were left to individual students' councils to decide.

With this in mind, amalgamation is the policy advocated by the majority of writers in the college press. Economy and unity—these are the two advantages which they stress most, and which they believe would result from such a union of the two major national student movements.

At the outset, we were inclined to think that there was no need for amalgamation, since, on the McGill campus at least, both the N.F.C.U.S. and the C.S.A. have performed separate and specific pieces of work, and since neither the one nor the other has greatly burdened the students financially. McGill's student body, however, is more or less well-to-do as compared with some of the smaller Canadian universities, and that although the N.F.C.U.S. and the C.S.A. may be able to exist side by side here, such a system is not always possible elsewhere.

At present, we are inclined to favour the recent proposal of the C.S.A., that an entirely new national body of students be organized—a body which would include in its constitution and ideals the experience and aspirations of both the present associations. If such a reorganization could be effected, it would no doubt tend to unify student aims, ideas, and action, not to mention any financial benefits involved.

In principle, this is the policy we would advocate—a complete revamping of national Canadian student relations with a view to improving university education and student life everywhere. Whether such

## CHRISTMAS ISSUE

Only three more days to hand in your contributions, and perhaps win the \$5 prize. All short stories and poems will be considered by the judges whether or not they deal with the Christmas spirit.

a drastic change is possible this year or not depends largely upon negotiations between the two parties concerned when they meet during the Christmas week.

"Blessedness is not the reward of right living; it is the right of living itself. Nor do we delight in blessedness because we restrain our desires. On the contrary, it is only because we delight in it that we are able to restrain them."

A man can stand a lot as long as he can stand himself. He can live without hope, without friends, without books, even without music, as long as he can listen to his own thoughts.

## THEATRE

His Majesty's Theatre.  
SEVENTH HEAVEN, by Austin Strong; starring Charles Farrell, with Milli Monti and Ralph Bunker. Directed by Mardie Albright.

It is generally conceded that an actor who has over a period of years played the same part time and time again is incapable of bringing to it the freshness and sincerity which the playwright intended for it. In view of such an assumption the performance turned in by Charles Farrell as Chico in "Seventh Heaven" was a welcome and very pleasant surprise. In the light of such acting ability and sincerity as was seen last night at His Majesty's Theatre it is rather puzzling that the motion picture industry does not see fit to give Charles Farrell a "break" and accord him the type of role which he obviously deserves.

The play itself is a very old one and hardly needs retelling. It was seen on the boards many years ago and has twice been made into a moving picture, the first one starring the present lead man and the formerly famous Janet Gaynor. Farrell is not the only movie actor in this show unless names be twins the director Mardie Albright was a romantic juvenile not many years ago. Lately he has returned to the legitimate theatre with writing a Broadway production a year ago or so, and now in connection with SEVENTH HEAVEN. This production shows that he has ability.

Equally as outstanding a performance as that turned in by Charles Farrell was the one given by Milli Monti as Diane, the wait whom Chico befriends and marries. Miss Monti played her part with a vivacity and freshness rarely seen on the local stage. Her bearing was magnificent, her sorrow genuine, and the slight foreign inflexion in her speech added piquancy to her portrayal of a very difficult part. Ralph Bunker, as the jovial and kindly taxi-driver Boul, turned in a very convincing bit of acting. At times he seemed a little too florid for the part, and his speech smacked more of London than of Montmartre. Coburn Goodwin, as Brissac, was rather stiff, and at times impressed the audience with the feeling that he was bored with his part. His lovemaking was especially unconvincing. In contrast, Elizabeth Havey, as Arlette, made the most of a small part.

The scenery and lighting were very effectively executed, and the efficiency of the director was everywhere in evidence. The cast also included Larry Bolton, Percy Helton, Ernest Rowan, Katherine Meskill, Peter Van Buren, John Balmer, Homer Miles, Harvey Welch, Joaquin Souther and Sara Floyd.



Patty says—  
When Grandpop caroled "come away with me Lucille" . . . Grandma grabbed her vest-top spats and ran. The cycle has revolved-laced corsets, peg-top skirts, demure bustles all have returned and we'll wager you'll be remembered too if you're among the first to wear spats. They're the newest bit of fashion fun—yet with a practical side that can not be denied. These fur-cuffed relics are gay and pre-war (that other one member?) So better know your lesson 'cause teachers sure to see you!

Let yourself go—and dance! These are wonderful champagne-gay nights with dances and parties everywhere. For divine perfection in the feel-to-floor rhythm of the rumba and amazing balance when you lunge and slide in swing wear Patter Delia's Cubits of shimmering satin or gold-bright kid. They'll make

your feet look as tiny as a mandarin lady's and all eclat to your naughty-nineties' clothes.

Even gadabouts and campus big-shots have been known to relax under the influence of soft as magnolia blossoms bed-jackets and house coats. They come in dewy pastels designed to transform you into a veritable Juliet. Those of warm, deep-fingered chenille or heavy quilted satin invite you to snuggle snuggly by the hearth forever.

Bring all this cuddlesome charm to your toes as well by wearing matching chenille slippers. Scuff about as soft as a whisper in these comfy boudoir darlings.

Batty says—

Hearts are not being worn only on the sleeves this semester, but anywhere else that pleases us. We can wear them around the cuffs of our angora socketes, or on each side of our collars, embroidered on our sweaters over our very own heart, and even on our mitts. But be careful that the embroider wool is run-proof—a broken heart can be mended but as for a heart that's run—well, it's a sorrowful sight.

Why be two feet from beauty? Aching feet mar any beautiful face, so get into this habit for carefree beauty and dancing toes:—First—bathe your feet in alternate hot and cold water for about three successive times, then massage them well with either hand-cream or cold-cream. To remove the grease of the cold-cream, give them a final rub-down with rubbing alcohol. Then watch your toes twinkle to keep in tune with the Belle of the Junior Prom.

P.S. To Men:—There's much discussion among you men, we hear, as to "what on earth are we supposed to wear" at the prom, now that we are in a state of war—so to help you men who do read this, our column, we went to a representative of the Prom Committee with this problem, and he said that 99/100% of men will be wearing the correct formal attire of peace-time and the femmes as usual, will be bare-back. But to you men who want to strike a happy medium between dinner jackets and tails, we suggest you wear a white vest with your tux. This is definitely proper and the latest in fashion, as you'll see by visiting one of the more popular departmental stores.

## ODE TO A TANKARD —A SONNET

My lips touch thine with pangs of pulsing passion,  
They thrill and throb in throes of mad embrace,  
One last long lingering kiss they mold and fashion,  
And joy is bubbling over all thy face:  
Thou, too, art endless, like the gods above,  
—Like Omar's "Loaf, and Book of Verse, and Thou";  
But as my lips have sipped all of thy love  
Life must be pretty empty for thee now!  
To bring us joy's thy mortal embassy,  
And once again I must thy joy entice,  
For I have tasted of thy ecstasy:  
In thee I've drunk the milk of Paradise:  
So I sip all the languorous love that drips,  
In lingering contact with your lovely lips.  
—MULLIGAN.

## AS BLIND AS A BAT.

The room was strewn with clothes, the scent of perfume hung heavy in the air, reality ceased to exist and she was swept away on the wings of undaunted fancy. Her thoughts were those of a Cinderella, and much concerned with her dream Prince Charming. She remembered perhaps too late—that far away fields look green, and shook her head and let the tempting fancy flee.

Her hands shook as she combed the last silky curl into place and dabbed the last flicker of powder off her saucy upturned nose. Her reflection satisfying the most crucially minute inspection, with reverent hands she lifted an orchid from the box. She tried it here and she tried it there, and finally with a happy yelp she announced to the world in general, and her room-mate in particular that so far all was well.

Anxiously she enquired the time, from one and then from many, and seemingly trusting none, she turned on the radio. Also, she still had fifteen more minutes before, in decency, she could descend. She sat as if on trial, and thought of tales she'd heard, and of the mystic balcony.

Her sentence over, one last lingering look, the recipient of compliments galore, with head erect she gaily—but with heavy quaking heart—went to her first Formal, and her first "blind."

—Fall Ye Times.

To a Hair on a Gentleman's Shoulder,  
Oh small and gleaming severed thing,  
How tenaciously and close you cling,  
Shining there so indiscreet  
Where coat and collar crisply meet,  
Oh, little does your owner know  
That there upon his coat you glow  
A reason bright for wifely's sight  
Why he was out so late last night.  
—Gateway.

Police Sergeant—A college student, eh?  
Prisoner—Yes, sir.  
Patrolman—It's a lie. I searched him and found money in his pockets.  
—Gateway.

"Honor among thieves is a myth," said the lawyer.  
"You're right. They're no better than the rest of us," said his partner.  
—Gateway.

There was a fellow who was half-baked because his father had dough and his mother had too many irons in the fire.  
—Gateway.

## One Man's Political Philosophy

### PART TWO

Breach of State-Morality.  
Once more let us become spectators of the recent events in the arena of world-politics. England rightly shut her eyes to the conquest of Austria, for this act upheld rather than upset the balance of power. At the time of the Munich conference, however, British policy became uncertain. This hesitation was due to a flickering hope that Britain might not become involved in war, an evil in the eyes of the state for no other reason than that it dissipates national power. The Siegfried line was at that time incomplete, and French military experts were confident of the superiority of their position on the Western Front. Primed for action, though realizing their dependence upon British control of the seas, they urged concerted action on the part of the Western Democracies. Instead, a conference was called, because Britain refused to declare war upon Germany, and France did not feel strong enough to take up the cudgels for Czechoslovakia alone. It would seem that in the valuation obviously put by Mr. Chamberlain upon the German government's promise not to go any further there was a breach of "state-morality." Hitler sins in carrying materialism into his private political career, while Chamberlain erred in carrying idealism into international politics. The one undermines the state from within, the other needlessly exposed the state to external danger.

### Russia's Position

When Prague was taken, the mistake of "appeasement" was fully realized, and a Berlin-Moscow axis was the nightmare of those interested in European equilibrium. Whereas the line should have been drawn at the post-Munich Czecho-Slovakia, it was drawn at Poland. Still, better late than never. Those who today think that this war was caused by conflicting ideologies may be reminded that, when Anglo-Russian negotiations were in progress, we were told that the issue was not one of ideologies. And we were told the truth. The Anglo-Russian negotiations collapsed, because an alliance between nations cannot be made unless firmly based upon material considerations, and it was seen that Britain's guarantee of Poland already had pledged her to distrust Germany's ambitions in the Ukraine. Besides, Russia, whose future is thought to be as much in Asia as in Europe, saw that, in the event of war, Germany would be in desperate need of a friend. Russia is now in the enviable position of a nation whose most powerful neighbours, for very practical reasons, fear to offend her.

### More Questions.

To those who still believe that the individual's standard of morals extends to the state, I should like to put a series of questions. Is it possible that a clash between two social groups might be merely a struggle for survival and for power? The "pure idealist" must reply in the negative, or admit that there exists an inter-state realm beyond the sphere of his idealism. This admission would weaken his philosophic position, for the "purely idealistic" code would then be useless for solving inter-state problems, unless we count patriotism an ideal, which, of course, it is. But patriotism is not what one would call an "absolute," for an event that favours one country usually injures another. When the question facing the nation or empire is "to be or not to be," how is the "purely idealistic" moralist to act? I think that the communal instinct of self-preservation decides that for him. A pacifist, on the other hand, is a person immoral

enough to refuse to support the state, and bases his refusal on the very ethical grounds that the state exists to preserve! He abuses his "ethics" in refusing to obey the materialistic morality of his social group in relation to other social groups.

The "pure idealist" must maintain, I think, that his "morality" is applicable to every situation imaginable, and both to the nations as such and to individuals as such. He must maintain that one nation's foreign policy is always in the "right" (i.e. a foreign policy motivated by altruism as the individual knows it), and that the foreign policy of the opposing nation is "wrong" (i.e. materialistic), and since, in his view, the only things that can be right or wrong are ideas and acts, war, according to him, must be prompted by wholly idealistic motives on the part of governments. Then, I would ask, can an ideal be propagated or stamped out by force? He must reply in the affirmative, for, if he does not, he must admit that an idealistic war is useless, and that the only excuse for war is when it is actuated by materialistic motives. And then, are the ideas themselves affected by force, or are the containers of ideas, men, affected by force? He must choose the latter alternative. Hence the purpose of an idealistic war is to exterminate those of the enemy who are incorrigible, and convince the rest, if not already convinced? If so, and if the winning nation is right, both victor and vanquished benefit—the former because that state has gained a good neighbour, the latter because it has been shown the right path. Clearly, the benefit of the defeated is greater than that of the victor nation, for it is more desirable for a social group to be on the right track itself than to have its neighbour on the right track. In fact, it is desirable for a nation to have its neighbours on the wrong track, for they are therefore so much the weaker and less threatening. We must not lose sight of economic competition between nations, and the fact that we instinctively want to see those racially and culturally most similar to ourselves in a state of welfare. We, as a whole, are never willing to see our own people suffer for the welfare of a people with whom we have no racial or cultural sympathies; that is, the social body never voluntarily commits suicide.

### Value of Life.

A "pure idealist" must value life, at least that is to be assumed, because he has nice ideas on how the individual should live. These ideas are created and enforced by public opinion, and tend to strengthen the power of the state in the international community. The value placed upon the lives of individuals is a function of their power to further the interests of the community in time of peace, and, through the community, the interests of the state; in time of war, that value is

determined by their power to protect the state. All life should be, directly or indirectly, potentially or actually, an aid to the nation. Valuing life, the "pure idealist" must hesitate before calling upon individuals to give their lives for a cause, unless the conditions that make life worth while to the corporate society are threatened. In the final analysis, the conditions that make life worth while to a nation are material—the quantity and quality of food, clothing and shelter—in short, the necessities that have to do with the standard of living as well as the conveniences that make for urbanity. A high standard of living leads to leisure and culture. Political rights. (Continued on Page Four.)

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