

to the  
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31st October 1952

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Slabs and Edgings

By Murph & Hatch

It seems that the city of Toronto, in an attempt to put the final beautifying touches to its well-known University Avenue, planted 127 Red Maples (*Acer rubrum*) along the street.

Not only is the Red Maple Canada's national emblem, but every fall its leaves change from green to a brilliant red hue. This fall these maples faded to a dull sort of yellow and quietly dropped into the gutters. A frenzied investigation revealed that the city had been taken. Instead of Red Maples they had planted Norway Maples (*Acer platanoides*), a very messy kind of shade tree.

Plans are to chop them down and start all over again. To us this just proves what we've suspected all along. Those University of Toronto foresters just can't tell their "acers" from a pole in the ground.

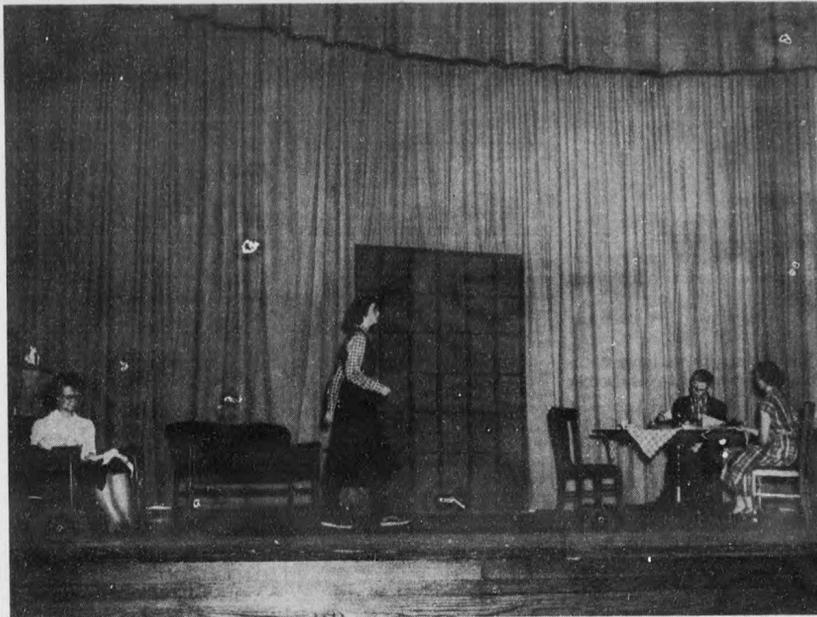
Don't bother reading this little article. It's just in here to fill up space. You'll save yourself a lot of unnecessary reading if you just go on to the next article. We aren't going to say anything important in this opening discourse, so quit wasting your valuable time. We're not fooling, so move on like a sensible person. Doggone, but it's hard to talk sense to some people. We can't see why, with all the above warning, you're still reading. Quit now, before it's too late. Brother, you Engineers and Artsmen are hard to convince. Guess it's all right—you guys always seem to have a lot of time to waste. Still with us! All right, it's your own time, but don't say we didn't warn you!

An estimate reveals that 800 cords of pulpwood are required to publish the Sunday edition of the New York Times. This represents the product of 80 acres, and a perpetual supply of newspaper for this same edition requires a timber stand of 416,000 acres that is worked on a rotation of 80 years.

Doggone those people who want us to put things in here for them. It sounds pretty silly, but we're game. "We would like at this time to urge all Freshmen to get out and vote yesterday." Again, you're welcome.

To the Engineer replying last week, we would attempt to clarify an item of two. In the first place the Forester wanting to know where the Forestry Week banner was must have been a Freshman, because anyone else would have figured it this way. Even an imbecile would have taken that banner down. In fact, only an imbecile would. Therefore, the Engineers must have taken down our banner again.

Just two little points we overlooked, though. The banner was up a week before anyone could get up enough steam to get around to it and last year Engineering Week sort of sneaked by without any advertising at all, if we remember rightly.



Scene from "Fumed Oak" presented last week at Teachers College, Fredericton. Beth Forbes, Jane Bennet, Ted Cleland, Gerry Grant

Criticism of  
Drama Society's  
One Acts

by Fred Cogswell

Considered not as a major dramatic effort but as a testing of talents and techniques to prelude more significant work, the programme of one-act plays presented by the U.N.B. Dramatic Society on Thursday and Friday of last week at the Teachers' College Auditorium must have proved useful and instructive to all who took part in it as well as entertaining to the audience.

The Noel Coward play, *Fumed Oak*, directed by Robert Sansom, deals with the triumphant escape of hen-pecked Henry Gow (Ted Cleland) from fifteen years of bondage in his family made up of his wife Doris (Gerry Grant), his daughter Elsie (Jane Bennet), and his mother-in-law Mrs. Rockett (Beth Forbes).

Although the entire cast showed knowledge of acting techniques and spoke their lines with commendable clarity, with the exception of Miss Bennet they failed to establish clear-cut personalities. No doubt the fear of over-acting was at the root of their trouble. Had Miss Grant been more shrewish in Scene I and Mr. Cleland more downright in Scene II, greater feeling could have been extracted from the situation. Looks and gestures could have been used to supply nuances of character which Noel Coward admittedly did not put into words. Both play and characters showed greater possibilities and proved that Browning's statement, "The little more, how much it was; the little less, what worlds away", may be applied to the theatre as well as to love.

The players in St. John Tayleur's play, *Reunion*, suffered from the beginning from an almost insurmountable

handicap. This play, directed by Al Tunis and dealing with the disintegration of character in Britain after World War II, is didactic in the worst sense; the dramatic situation is contrived and artificial, and some of the lines are enough to embarrass anyone. Only the most trained and consummate acting ability could have made the play a success. It is to the credit of the actors, McGillivray, Sewell, Snow, Gilbert, Sharp, and Fair, that they kept it from becoming completely ludicrous, maintaining at all times a dignity and a sincerity worthy of a better cause. Had it been possible to group the characters closer together upon the stage, the atmosphere of a reunion would have been better preserved. Greater use might have been made throughout this play, and in the other plays as well, of silence for effect.

The cast of G. B. Shaw's play, *Press Cuttings*, directed by Alvin Shaw, were given superb material to work with and they took full advantage of the occasion to give what was undoubtedly the best performance of the three plays. Neil Oakley as General Mitchener gave a solid, workmanlike performance and was ably supported by William Barwick, Iain Barr, Clair Douglas, Judith Waterson and Wilma Sansom. Barr, Barwick, and Miss Douglas, however, in the Thursday evening performance marred otherwise extremely able portrayals by not being sufficiently audible to the audience in the gallery and the back of the auditorium.

The stage of the Teacher's College and the auditorium are not really suited for plays of this kind. In a complete auditorium with a more manageable stage much better effects can be obtained. There is a crying need at the University of New Brunswick for a suitable stage and auditorium.

FRED COGSWELL.

RADIO CLUB MEETING

Last Tuesday night the U.N.B. Radio Club held its second meeting of the year. President Bob Kavanagh reported on the budget. A new variable frequency oscillator has been purchased along with 75 feet of 300 ohm line, and a set of head phones. A suggestion was made to buy a bulletin board for the Club Room and a motion to that effect

was approved by the members. Later in the evening a film was shown on the diode vacuum tube and its application, after which Leo Smith, Senior Electrical Engineer, gave an interesting and informative talk on the Cathode-ray Oscilloscope. He followed his talk with demonstrations of a number of uses of this instrument.

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Σ Λ Β Ρ

An assembled multitude in the Residence lounge last Tuesday heralded a meeting of the House Society under the guiding eye of President Jack Cassidy. Business proceeded as usual with much active discussion on most topics. Out of the confusion came several decisions of note. Of most interest to house members was the discussion on plans for the house formal dance. The date for this event was finally set at November 28th. A limited number of outside guests may be allowed to attend the dance.

Another of those pleasant social evenings was held in the lounge on Saturday night. These evenings have proved to be quite popular with residents of late. Unfortunately last Saturday's social was marred by a number of couples who remained in the lounge after the stipulated time of midnight. Such action can only result in warranted disfavor from the Dean with a possible ban on any future socials. Surely it is not too much to ask that these rules be observed on such occasions!

A notable addition to the roll of house members recently was none other than "Dancing" Dick Hobart. Dick made a good start in Residence life by losing his bed on one of his first nights here. Pieces of the missing bed were eventually found spread over all corners of the house...

Residents still sleeping at the early hour of 8 a.m. are still plagued, as in past years, by an infamous fugitive from the land of whisky and heather. This heathen tribesman continuously voices his native chants whilst industriously banging doors with his broom. Why we have to put up with this cacophonous caterwauling is beyond reason. At least some educated Artsmen should teach him a new song...

The Residence intramural soccer team ended the season Sunday in a rather lower league position than last year. Much promising talent was discovered for next season, however, including goal keeper John Ronan and winger "Twinkle-Toes" Ayer.

The "Man of the Week" is again a sportsman. This time the title must go to Andrew "Stanislaus" Sozanski, who sparkled when playing soccer against Mount A.

—EUREKA.

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