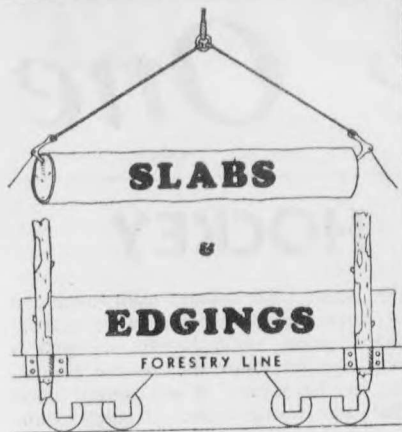


# FORTUNE, MY FOE

Reviewed by Desmond Pacey

Ξ Λ Β Ρ



By Murph & Hatch

The Forestry Association is again extending an invitation to any interested persons to attend the Thursday evening Learn-to-Swim classes in the Residence. The main feature of the sessions this term will be canoe-handling, including instruction in canoe safety and techniques in righting overturned canoes. Anyone who expects to have any dealing with canoes should try to take in a few of these periods at least. Amby Legere and other competent instructors will be in attendance. Non-swimmers will also be looked after if they care to drop in.

We hear that one of the sick professors was seranaded recently. Well, some guys have all the luck!

Next time you're in the bush, listen for the Milemore Bird. This bird is found near shallow rivers and streams where sand bars are found. His habit is to stand on a sand bar, stick his bill deep into the sand and whistle loudly through his posterior. The name is derived from the distance that this whistle can be heard.

There always has to be someone. Someone, who in a burst of indignation, ridicules the efforts of the SRC to balance the budget, without taking the trouble of helping out by using their own intelligence (?) at the budget meetings. This time it's Harrowing in the Gleaner. How's it feel, Colin, to be back on the peasant level?

We had a very interesting interview with an Artzman last week. A most intelligent fellow we must confess. This artzman, Arthur (Art) Senter, stopped us on his way to the library saying he was very anxious to meet us. He went on to state that he had been following our column every week and that he admired our unbiased interpretation of the campus activities. He then glanced furtively around him and whispered that he wished he had taken forestry instead. So we gave this unfortunate lad a pat on the head as we uttered several sympathetic words and said to ourselves "a truly intelligent artzman!"

And a loud crash resounded throughout the forestry building at 2 p.m. on January 19th. It was a sickening sort of crash, something you might expect to hear if a person was hit in the face with a hardwood floor, only louder. In fact, that's what it was, as 45 stolid foresters chins hit the floor as they took first glance at the kid's answer to the Newcastle trip. "I won't put this on the final." It was on. And discuss the possibilities of plywood boats. Well, we guess there are lots of possibilities for them, but so what?

Yes, we had a trip, and we got our answer and—"it was that conductor kid that flipped his lid and caused hell enough for two (45)!"

Artzman's Corner  
"The Bee"

The bee is such a busy soul  
He has no time for birth control  
And that is why in times like these  
There are so many sons of bees.

For your dancing pleasure . . .

MUSIC BY  
DICK BALLANCE  
AND THE  
—ORCHESTRA—

Phone 4298

This year's major production of the UNB Drama Society was an outstanding performance. It was so good, in fact, that some of us ancients were reminded of other peaks in the university's dramatic history, such as *The Man Who Came to Dinner* (starring Jack Jeans '45) and *Our Town* (featuring Dalton Camp '47).

First, the play. It was a good choice, for it is topical, of special interest in academic circles, and within the acting range of young amateurs. Critical honesty, however, compels me to point out that it is deficient in structure, being rather a series of more or less brilliant episodes rather than an organic whole. The first act is diffuse and wayward, and its relative dullness on the stage was less the cast's than the author's fault. The second act is excellent: rapid, vivid, purposeful. The third act has some fine moments but fails satisfactorily to resolve the action.

Given these faults in the play, the players, without exception, performed very creditably. Ralph Hay, as James Steele, was always capable, steady, and persuasive, though he might have continued to put a little more sincerity and conviction into his more philosophical speeches. Donald Ryan, as Nicholas Hayward, had more vigour and sincerity, but might well have borrowed a little of Hay's poise. I felt (and this may be occupational bias)

that as a young English professor he should have been a little more debonair, a little more sophisticated. William Barwick, as Professor Rowlands, was a delightful surprise: he was good last year, but so much better this. He had apparently taken us seriously when we chided him for flamboyance, and he played with restraint, delicacy, and impeccable taste. He helped to give the play an almost professional grace.

James Borcoman, as Edward Weir, had an almost equal polish in his playing, though his part was more indeterminate and thus more difficult to sustain. He spoke well, but, like Ryan, might have been a little more assured in his gestures and gait. Robert Sansom, as Buckley Murphy, did extremely well with a very difficult role. Judith Waterson, as Venessa Medway, made the most of herself and came very close indeed to giving the part the haunter and suavity which it demanded. Handicapped by size, she probably created her role more completely than any other player. Joan Goodfellow, as Ursula Simmons, gave just the effect of muddled earnestness that her role demanded, and Beth Forbes was perfectly cast as the prim Mrs. Philpott. Michael Snow, as Orville Tapscott, made a valiant attempt to overcome the handicap of too youthful appearance. He spoke his lines very well, but had a tendency to overdo his gestures.

But the real star of the show, in my opinion, was George Watson, as Franz Szabo. Here we witnessed truly professional smoothness, an adaption of player to role so perfect that it was a joy to behold. It was he who held the play together, who lifted it above the level of competence to that of distinction. His voice, his accent, his gestures, his gait—all were just right.

Lastly, the production. The set was good though not brilliant. My main criticism would be that it was too bare, too deficient in intimacy. The crease in the backdrop did not destroy the illusion for me, but I did agree with the adjudicator that the puppet stage was too makeshift a thing to justify the expressed emotions of the players. Isn't this something that could be remedied by a more imaginative use of lighting? Suppose the main stage was almost dark, and light glowed through the yellow curtains of the puppet stage, would not this create the illusion of beauty and awe which the scene demands. The makeup and costumes in most cases were very good, and those of Buckley and Franz were outstanding. Orville Tapscott should be made to look older, and the lines on Edward Weir's forehead were too obvious.

On the whole, this was a memorable performance, for which Professor Shaw, his cast, his stage crew, and the whole Drama Society are to be heartily congratulated.

The foresters completed a set of examinations last week. In itself this statement is probably interesting to very few people outside of the faculty of Forestry. However, house members have learned to interpret such announcements in a broader sense, and any fool who wishes to study on such evenings receives the intelligence with misgivings. Needless to say, pandemonium broke loose on that particular evening. Travel slides were shown in the hall, games and arguments took place in rooms, and the usual amount of bitter feelings were created by certain low fellows from outside the residence. The persons referred to have apparently been reared to consider an invitation to a person's home as a licence to insult the occupants of the house and to use the place as if the occasion were an old-fashioned barn razing. It must be noted that reference is made here not to all outside guests, but to certain ones. Perhaps the passing of a bye-law limiting the number of guests, and stipulating that such parties must be confined to one's room would prevent further gatherings of this type.

In this column last week we blasted the electrical department for the inoperative condition of the residence clock. We have since learned that the maintenance of this timepiece is not directly the responsibility of the electrical department. They must be consulted by the University business office. Therefore, we must extend our apologies to the electrical department, and redirect our blast in the direction of the Arts Building. It should be obvious that a clock which does not function is useless. If the cost of repair is too great, let us suggest that the spotlights on the ends of the residence should be turned off for a week to make up the deficit. Another more permanent remedy would be the installation of a good reliable hour-glass on the top of the building, preferably in the shape of Marilyn Munroe. We are sure that many doubtful high school graduates would be attracted to our university by the thought of seeing Miss Munroe upside down every second hour.

Monsieur Keith Waddell, a chef of great skill, demonstrated to all and sundry in the dining hall last week, the proper procedure for the roasting of corn. M. Waddell, detecting that the corn was somewhat underdone, produced a handy camping heater, resembling a blow torch, and proceeded to give his interesting demonstration. It was well received by all. Many people have mentioned that the writers of this column might do well to hire Keith as the corn in this column is often underdone and in some cases, overdone.

Our Man of the Week Award goes to Bill (Barrymore) Barwick for his sensitive and convincing portrayal of Idris Rowlands in the recent Drama Society production, "Fortune, My Foe." Bill has already received offers from Hollywood, and one from New York. Said Bill modestly, "I cannot consent to such prostitution of my talents."  
—TOBICLES & EUREKA

## APPLICATIONS

Applications are called for to fill the position of Editor-in-Chief of the Brunswickan, left vacant by the resignation of Miss Betty Lou Vincent, to take effect February 19, 1953.

Those interested in this important position are requested to hand their applications into Vice-Pres. SRC, Ian Whitcomb or leave them at the SRC office.

Closing date for applications is Wed. February 4th, 1953.

Applications are also called for the position of Badminton Manager. Applications may be handed to Vice-Pres. SRC Ian Whitcomb or left at the SRC office.

Closing date for applications is Wed. February 4th, 1953.

D. C. SHORTEN,  
Secretary, SRC

A balding pate may find it pays  
To buy a wig and wear it.  
But my advice on windy days  
Is just to grin and bare it.

"In addition to free speech, a person also has the right to keep his opinions to himself," says an editor. It's a right that's seldom exercised and almost never abused.

It's harder to die a gentleman than to be born one.

## I HATE YOU!

from the McGill Daily

What is racial prejudice? More important, WHY is it? Why, in a world desperately needing understanding and mutual co-operation does strife continue on an inter-personal as well as inter-national basis? A scrutiny of the social phenomenon inaccurately termed "racial prejudice" reveals some interesting answers to these questions.

At the outset, the fact must be emphasized that so-called "racial prejudice" has little to do with race. To a scientist, there are no clearly defined races. There are rather ethnic groups, neither exclusive nor categorical. They offer rough forms for grouping similar human beings, and nothing more. The most obvious are physical appearances and traditional customs. There is no scientific evidence for inherited superiority or inferiority of one ethnic group with respect to any other.

But though no prejudice has the support of science, prejudice exists on both "racial" and cultural planes. Its origin can be traced to three factors, singly or in combination: ignorance, fear and frustration. These three failings are notably human. Prejudice, too, though varying from place to place is a widespread human trait.

### "WOPS"

When the potato famine drove the Spillanes from Cork to New York, they were "shanty Irish" to their Anglo-Saxon neighbors. As their fortunes improved, they scorned the newly arrived Spallanzanis as "wops". Today immigrant Puerto Ricans are the objects of the distrust and insults of both. And so it goes: greasers, squareheads, polacks, krauts. The name changes, but the situation remains the same; a separable minority subject to the denision and persecution of the self-styled "superior" majority.

What is there in man's nature which makes him find security or pleasure in asserting his superiority over those who differ from him in appearance, language or custom? We said the answer was ignorance, fear and frustration. But how do these operate to produce prejudice?

### CASUAL REMARKS

Social studies demonstrate that prejudice is acquired, not inherited. You've got to be taught to hate and fear, as the lyricist of "South Pacific" pointed

out. A child hearing its parent talk or joke about the love of the Jew for money, the proclivity of the Negro for crime, the inscrutable treachery of the Oriental, unconsciously adopts these stereotypes. Casual remarks in conversation—"so and so (he's Jewish, you know)" or she's a very nice colored girl"—add further bricks to the mental barrier separating the person from Jews, Negroes or what have you, as individuals.

What explanation can be offered for prejudice in economically stable areas which lack historical or cultural antagonisms? Why prejudice against a person with dark skin exists in Alabama we can understand. Why regions with a long tradition of anti-Jewish feeling such as Germany can be barbarously anti-Semitic is explainable. These things historians can explain and educators can work to overcome. But why should a country like Canada maintain these prejudices which are not a part of her history or culture?

### HOW CAN IT?

How can prejudice exist among college students, professional men and even well-educated citizens? Part of the answer is residual ignorance from the childhood environment previously mentioned. Another important factor is the personality weakness of a certain type of individual in these cultures. Psychiatrists explain this type of prejudice as a mechanism designed to protect an insecure or maladjusted personality. Such people set up a rigid framework of social behaviour in which the value of their own ego and their sense of belonging to a group depends on active rejection of "inferior" minority groups. Thus the purpose of restrictive clauses in constitutions of social or fraternal organizations and restrictive covenants in residential areas.

The last two types of prejudice that stem from semi-conscious stereotypes and that resulting from personal instability can only be eradicated by education on the part of parents, teachers, and in some cases psychiatrists and social workers. Canada is indeed blessed in having relatively little racial and religious prejudice. Yet such as exists is certainly sufficient to merit the attention and efforts of all who wish to work toward a stable society in the future.

The world's finest tobaccos



make PHILIP MORRIS



the most pleasing cigarette you can smoke!

You are always welcome at . . .

HERBY'S MUSIC STORE  
306 QUEEN STREET