

out 811

this we hear about taxi-
ing around on telephone
st we knew of it was last
st when a very fluster-
ite kept insisting that the
kept insisting that the
for her at "9061", which
ow, is the phone number.
y caught on and she
er destination on time.

rdly knew we had a star
dst until "AN INSPECT-
ED" and then weren't we
to whisper confidentially
erson sitting next to us
stays right up there on
d old third, and we
er muttering lines at
! A good deal of credit
ight to more than just
when she played the
hiela Birling so conscien-
nd so superbly. Congra-
s, and more power to you,

han one person was over-
alking about the tremen-
cess of the supper-meet-
e Ladies' Society held at
o finally overbid that last
ame? We also overheard
meeting was held in the
ver the stacks and stacks
s and cutlery. But the last
ng workers certainly en-
the tasty goodies that
Mother kindly sent, didn't

the "Wednesday Nighters"
t know whether to have a
or bi-monthly meeting.
f them say that it sort of
s on the intramural basket-
mes, but last Wednesday's
y was such a success that
st have to wait and see.
il, promoting academic suc-
ould be foremost in our
and those meetings are cer-
conductive to staying at

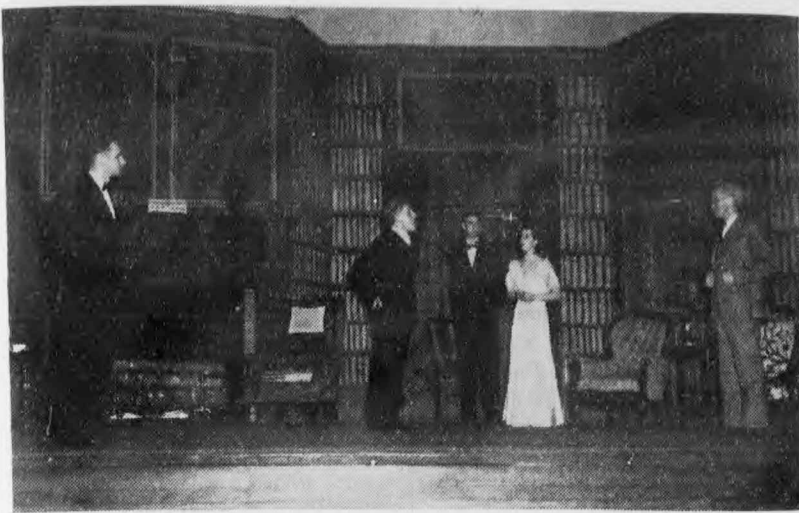
al are fun; parties before
ter are fun; just plain par-
e fun; but thank gosh they
y occasional, because...
s, our FEET hurt.

es for a Russian Writer:
t think.
ou have to think, don't talk.
ou have to talk, don't write
own.
ou have to write it down,
t publish it.
ou have to publish it, don't
it.
ou have to sign it, prepare
immediate denial.

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p, reasonable price and
prompt service come to
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rubbers for sale



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CIGARETTE



"An Inspector Calls"

(Reviewed by DESMOND PACEY)

The U.N.B. Drama Society gave citizens of Fredericton three evenings of excellent entertainment when, on January 31, February 1 and 2, it produced J. B. Priestley's *An Inspector Calls*. Directed by Mr. Alvin J. Shaw, the production was in all respects a most satisfying one. Almost without exception, the actors created and sustained their roles admirably; the stage setting was pleasant but not obtrusive; make-up, costumes, and lighting were all managed very effectively.

Since it has become traditional to alternate the performance of a classic with that of a modern play, and since the classics had had their turn in 1951, *An Inspector Calls* was a good choice for this year's production. It lends itself well to amateur performance, as it demands only a small cast of seven characters and a single simple set. It is, however, far from being a great play, and I hope that its success at the box-office will not impair the tradition of alternation to which I have referred. A good proportion of our students have not seen any plays on the stage when they arrive at the university, and it seems to me that during their four or five years here they should be given the opportunity of seeing, and perhaps participating in, both plays which represent the modern theatre and plays which have stood the test of time. It is easier to produce a passable performance of *Odets* or *Priestley* than of *Shakespeare* or *Marlowe*, but that is all the more reason why a university group should, in their turn, tackle the old masters.

But we are here concerned with *An Inspector Calls*. It is not, as I have said, a great play. The first act is dull and slow; substantial sections of the second and third acts are painfully obvious and needlessly repetitive; and the play is only partially redeemed from mediocrity by the clever finale. Priestley's message is one with which one can do nothing but sympathize, but he throws it at us far too obviously and too often. One yearns for the emotional subtlety and irony of *Shakespeare*, for the intellectual gymnastics of *Shaw*, even for the tortured depths of *O'Neill*. Priestley is a man of good will, but he is obviously also a bit of a prig. His play has the solid virtues of *Yorkshire pudding*, but like that traditional English dainty it is rather dull and heavy.

However, the play did provide good entertainment, because skillful direction and fine acting made the most of its material. The skill of the director, Mr. Shaw, was most obvious in the timing and grouping. There were few of those inter-speech pauses which bedevil most amateur performances, and in the last act especially cues were picked up so quickly that a real illusion of spontaneous animated discussion was achieved. Again, the actors had been coached to arrange themselves on the stage to the best effect, and I only noticed two or three occasions when they were awkwardly grouped.

Of the individual performances, that of Dan MacArthur as Inspector Goole impressed me most favourably. Several interpretations of that role are possible, but it seems to me that MacArthur chose the one most suited to his own physique and voice. He could not have been a successful hectoring inspector, nor a supernaturally mysterious one, but he could be and was a consistently quiet, patient, and gently sympathetic one. I thought he sustained his role most effectively, and made a greater impact by his soft understatement that could have been made by any kind of flamboyance. William Barwick, as Arthur Birling, carried a heavy load with obvious enthusiasm, and made, in his noisy pomposity, a nice foil for MacArthur's inspector. I felt, however, that Barwick relied a little too heavily on gesticulation, and that there were depths to that part which he seldom gave us a glimpse. I should have liked more crudeness and genuinely vindictive cruelty on the one hand, and more fawning obsequiousness on the other; remember that Birling is a self-made Midlands industrialist, and not a southern squire.

I was very favourably impressed by the performances of Diana Crabtree and Bob Whalen as the Birling offspring. They got better as the play progressed, and by the last act had completely lost themselves in their parts. Good casting was evident here, as elsewhere: they were both ideally suited for the parts to which they were allotted. Both roles were capable of being spoiled by sentimentality, but neither performer made that mistake. Wilma Sansom, as Mrs. Birling, had probably the most difficult role in the play, a very ambiguous one that is never really defined by the playwright. Miss Sansom seemed a bit puzzled by it, and I do not blame her. My own hunch, based on the fact that she is the wife of a self-made industrialist, is that she should have been a little less of the grand dame and considerably more vulgar. She would have a veneer of gentility, but breaking the surface at times (in the form of coarseness of dialect and gesture) would have been traces of genuine grossness. Donald Bell, as Gerald Croft, had the appearance but not enough of the manners and polish of the genuine young gentleman. He came close to success in the third act, but in the earlier parts of the play he lacked the suavity and assurance which the role demanded. But it too was a difficult role, an especially difficult one for a Canadian to sustain. Ruth Nicholson, finally, was quietly effective and properly unobtrusive as the maid.

On the whole, the production reflects great credit on the university drama society, the cast, and the director. It is dangerous to make predictions on the very eve of the regional drama festival, but at least one can be sure that it will not disgrace the university, and my own guess is that it will either win or be the runner-up. And I hope that is not merely wishful thinking!

Behind the Scenes

All the people that were listed under "Organization" on the program had their hands full but thanks to the aid of countless others who assisted as ushers, hostesses, doormen, stage hands, make-up artists, costumers... to mention but a few of the jobs done by these willing people, helped to make the show what it was... one of the most successful runs of the U.N.B. Dramatic Society.

A few of the people that deserve special mention are... Miss Wilma Sansom, who not only gave a brilliant performance as Sybil Birling but also the captain of the Drama Clubs Ship of Fate; Miss Joan Golding, who morning after morning trudged up the hill to sell those little pieces of cardboard called tickets; Mr. Gordon Fenton, who skillfully made the huge fire-place and window; The brush-wheeling of Miss Noreen Donahoe and Mr. Howie Boucher aided by our own Lucy Jarvis; Mary Needer and Dirk Van Der Meyden, who scored and hunted, begged, borrowed and almost stole to get costumes and furniture of the right period, and Ruth Ann Heaney, who organized the army of ushers and door-men. Willie Schure and his crew of stage-hands along with Norman Kelly and his spark crew made the stage look just like any home. Audrey Baird showed her fine talent on the faces of the actors and actresses with the aid of the grease ladies. To all those who made the show a success... Thanks!

The gauge of success was the happy faces of the audience. The guests were guaranteed a pleasant stay by the reception committee under Cynthia Balch. We are all indeed grateful for the co-operation of the entire city of Fredericton from the Mayor, whose reception for the cast and Thursday night's guests was most appreciated, to the individual citizens who patronized our show.

Our particular thanks goes to C.F.N.B. and Mr. Jack Fenety who assisted in a thousand different ways and certainly gave more than his share of co-operation. Mr. Claude Caine of British United Press also deserves a vote of thanks for acquainting the rest of the Maritimes with the University of New Brunswick Dramatic Society. We also thank The Gleaner... which brought complete coverage of the play and its production, Maritime Electric Co. and its manager Mr. Young who aided with the banner down town, and last, but not least, the many stores both big and small that carried our signs, posters and displays.

We hope that you liked the show as much as we liked bringing it to you and that you and I are both looking forward to next year's U.N.B. Dramatic Society Productions.

Ozzie; How did you like the bridge party last night?
George; Oh, it was just fine till the cops looked under the bridge.

Propwash

By AL HUGILL

(Ed's Note:) The writer of this column is going to attempt, in the next few weeks, to acquaint the students with their flying club, the people in it and its activities.

Under the new government set-up (in short you learn to fly and the government gives you a hundred bucks) six of the club's members have obtained their private pilot's licences since coming to U.N.B. They are Prof. Rae Brown, Tim Kenny, Dick Elmer, Bob Neil, Leon Pond and Al Hugill. As well as these, the club can claim Don Rushbrook and Daryl Mowat who obtained their "tickets" through the air cadets.

What do we do?, since one of the first problems a pilot should tackle is learning to fly, we fly—a private licence is just the beginning. It entitles you to fly any single-engine type up to 4000 lbs. by day only unless otherwise endorsed. A private pilot is not, according to the air regulations, supposed to fly for hire. He may, however, fly for trophies, prizes and the like. Most of us have our eyes fixed upon the far distant, and much more commanding Commercial licence which enables you to get paid for your services.

We go to ground school, too, under the able direction of Prof. E. W. "Doc" Roberts, who, by the grace of God and with the aid of much fortitude and practice teaches us the difference between a ground fog and a hangover.

As well there are social gatherings at the field whenever a fledgeling gets his wings or dares attempt that first solo.

Want to learn how to fly? For details just contact any of the above mentioned members. Who knows? They might even ask you up for a ride. (Sorry girls, that's one time you can't say: "I'll walk home, thanks.")

SWIMMING NEWS

By Malcolm Babin

This year there seems to be a greater interest in swimming, more so than in past years at any rate, judging from the number of people that turn up at the pool every afternoon from 4:30 to 5:30, (with the exception of Wednesday which is reserved for Co-eds). There is also more interest by the Co-eds so maybe we'll have a Co-ed Swim Team next year, eh what girls?

The Men's Swim Team is shaping up slowly but surely, but there's always room for improvement so (speaking of myself) we'll just have to go all for the next four weeks. The M.I.A.U. meet is being held on March 5th in the Residence Pool and there will be further particulars as the date draws nearer.

Anybody wishing to see an intra-mural sport that has really become something in the past two years should drop around to the Pool any Saturday afternoon and watch the Water-polo games. They last from 2:30 till 5:00, with plenty of action guaranteed.

SLABS & EDGINGS

By HATCH & MURPH.

At a poorly attended business meeting of the Forestry Ass'n held Jan. 28, the final plans were decided on concerning the raising of funds to furnish the Videto-Hadley Memorial Reading Room. The president reported his discussion with Mr. J. Murray, Associated Alumni, and the meeting decided to ask the Forestry graduates for their support. Mr. Rorie MacLeod volunteered to draft a letter to the graduates. All forestry undergraduates will also be asked to contribute through their class representatives.

President Sewell reported to the meeting that the sum of \$135.00 was realized from the showing of wildlife movies. Normal school expense amounted to \$45.00 leaving the Memorial fund \$90.00 to the good. A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Sewell for his efforts in bringing the movies to Fredericton.

A Memorial plaque for the reading room door and portraits of Videto and Hadley were two items suggested to be incorporated into the Memorial Reading Room. Final decision was referred until the next meeting.

Mr. Robert Spurway suggested making arrangements to have beginners class in swimming established. The meeting was in favor. All foresters interested in learning to swim are to contact Mr. Spurway.

It was reported that the Bull Of The Woods axe, won last fall by Sid Hyslop in field day competition, was nearing completion and that it would soon be placed on the wall in the reading room.

Although our fighting Foresters were nudged out of the win in last week's hockey classic, we still have more than ample reasons to hold our heads up in pride. Maybe our eyesight is failing but it seems that we could see no sign advertising Engineering week anywhere on the campus. Did our noble rivals despair that Mr. Bunyan may have requested its removal to some more favorable spot, as happened last year? I think Paul can rest easily again in the knowledge that his recent attackers are still in hiding.

This also brings to mind the engineer who shot his wife with bow and arrow so he wouldn't wake the children.

Have you had a drink from the third floor fountain lately? That makes three of us. "Please turn tap off." Heck, you can't even turn the thing on, to start with! Maybe someone will take fifteen minutes off someday and fix it, we hope.

Somebody once counted 4500 uses for wood but he didn't guarantee complete tabulation.

Co-ed; Am I the first girl you ever kissed?
Student; Now that you mention it you do look familiar.

Rich dark chocolate
with roasted almonds



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