

Dora Dimitted

The story of a woman who lives by the dictates of her stomach.

(Unfortunately *The Brunswickan* was unable to obtain the first hundred installments of this exciting serial. To satisfy the readers, a brief synopsis is given.)

(Dora Dimitted, a noted designer of fashionable wallpaper, resides in Dawson City with her daughter Sherry. Her fourth husband died last week, but her clouds of gloom are beginning to lift. Lord Nenry—a dashing man of the world, last survivor of the gold rush—has displayed amorous intentions.)

(Meanwhile, daughter Sherry is pregnant by an Eskimo, by the name of Icky. Sherry would have been married by this time, but Dora's disapproval of the match—an igloo is not good enough for her daughter—has prevented it.)

(Meanwhile, Dora's past is present again. The lover between the second and third marriages, Bob Arshell, has appeared on the scene. Dora knows he brings trouble with him.)

(As our scene opens, Bob Arshell is ringing the doorbell of Dora's home.)

(Ring. Dora answers door.)

Bob: "Dora!"

Dora: "Bob!"

Bob: "Dora, I must see you again."

Dora: "You can't. It's no good."

Bob: "But, Dora, I must have a woman in my house."

Dora: "Bob, you know that I can't be the woman. We tried before, and it's no good. I can't compete with the bottle."

Bob: "But I've changed, Dora. I've taken the pledge."

Dora: "You took the pledge before—nine times."

(Bob reaches for Dora and takes her in his arms.)

Dora (with passion): "No, Bob, please don't."

Bob: "Oh, please, Dora, I just want to touch you."

Dora: "You know it won't end there."

(Just then, a horse pulls up in front of the door.)

Dora: "Somebody's coming." (She steps back quickly). "Lord Nenry!"

(Lord Nenry raises his riding crop, and just then the maid appears at the door.)

Maid: "Madame, tea is ready."

Dora: "Shall we all go inside?"

(Our scene now shifts to Icky's family igloo.)

Icky: "Ooga, ooga, mushka—that means I love you, Sherry."

Sherry: "Oh, Icky, you're sweet."

Icky (slowly, with feeling): "Darling, darling, when are we going to get married?"

Sherry: "But, darling, I'm only seventeen. We can't get Mother's consent, and we must get it if we're to be married here."

Icky: "I have a wonderful idea. We can elope to Alaska. We'll have no trouble there."

Sherry: "But, Icky, how can I leave my Mother?"

Icky: "Who comes first—your Mother, or our baby?"

Sherry: "When you put it that way, darling, how can I resist?"

Icky: "I'll hitch up the dog sled, while you run home and pack a bag. I'll meet you in the dog sled, baby. Better be ready 'bout half past eight."

(They embrace)

(Meanwhile, back at the tea party, the gentlemen are saying religious words not intended for prayer.)

Lord Nenry: "Censored."

Bob: "Censored."

Dora: "More tea, Lord Nenry?"

Lord Nenry: "Dora's heart belongs to me, you censored."

Bob: "I have proof her heart belongs to me."

Lord Nenry: "What is your proof?"

(Sherry enters silently and remains unseen.)

Bob: "Sherry is my daughter."

(There is a pregnant pause. Sherry screams. In horror, all eyes are turned in her direction.)

Sherry: "Mother, how could you?"

Dora: "I guess it runs in the family. We're both tarred with the same brush."

Bob: "My little Sherry. And I didn't even know you were married."

Sherry: "I'm not. Mother, I'm leaving for Alaska tonight with Icky, and nothing can stop me now."

(Turning abruptly, Sherry leaves the room.)

Lord Nenry: "Dora, you're not what I thought you were. We're finished."

(Lord Nenry storms out.)

Bob: "Where's the liquor cabinet? Never mind, I'll go to that bar down the street."

Maid: "I'll get more tea, Madame."

(Dora collapses on the sofa.)

Dora: "Will I ever find a second summer?"

(Te be continued)

I dreamt I wished You
Happy St. Patrick's Day in my
Erin Go Bragh

Musicians To Present Varied Programme

Music from "Hans Christian Andersen", as arranged by Mr. Trythall, is being featured by the combined UNB Band and Choral Society in their Annual Spring Concert at 8:30 p.m. on Wednesday, 18 March, in Memorial Hall.

The programme is delightfully varied. Ranging from negro spirituals to Jerome Kern to classical music the selections are sure to please the whole audience.

This is the last time this year that the musicians will be performing under Mr. Trythall's direction.

Everyone is invited to come and enjoy the UNB Band and Choir's Spring Concert this Wednesday at 8:30 in Memorial Hall. There will be no admission.

Campus Calendar

by Sheila Caughey

To prevent duplication of meeting times and places and to ensure a listing in THE BRUNSWICKAN, please report all campus events to SHEILA CAUGHEY, campus coordinator, at the Maggie Jean Chestnut House (Phone GRanite 5-9091).

THIS LIST COVERS TODAY THROUGH THURSDAY

CONSERVATIVE CLUB MEETING: New Lounge, Student Centre, 7.30 p.m., Tuesday. (Election of Officers)

BAND AND CHORAL SOCIETY PRACTICE: Mem Hall, 7 p.m., Tuesday.

SPRING CONCERT: presented by UNB Choral Society and Band, Mem Hall, 8.30 p.m., Wednesday. (Admission Free)

DEBATING SOCIETY MEETING: New Lounge, Student Centre, 7 p.m., Thursday. (Election of Officers)

ARTS SOCIETY MEETING: New Lounge, Student Centre, 7.30 p.m., Thursday. (Annual Meeting—election of officers)

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION CLUB MEETING: Oak Room, Student Centre, 7 p.m., Thursday.

IVCF MEETING: All Purpose Room, Student Centre, 7.30 p.m., Thursday.

Editor's Lament

Once upon a time, somebody thought it would be a great idea to have a COLLEGE PUBLICATION, that would be Clever and Newsy, that would be read by All, and that everyone would contribute to, and that . . . Since then experience has taught us what it means to have people make promises and never keep them, to rack our brains, and paw the air for ideas, and burn the midnight oil over blotted manuscripts and stale jokes that seemed funny only a couple of days before; and to have old friends shun us like a plague because they feared they'd be asked to write a story! And we learned to fight and swear and plead and beg and threaten in order to get the issue out on time and then be asked about a million times a day "When will *The Brunswickan* be out?" by some slob who never contributed one single thing for the newspaper. All this has made

(Continued on page 3)



By Dave Folster

The Campus Beat

THESE CHANGING TIMES: This is a strange world. In it occur many, mysterious, bewildering, and unanswerable happenings every day. Take, for example, the recent rejection by that most mysterious and bewildering of all Canadian organizations, the CBC, of the recent proposal for a national network university radio program. This was a strange thing but the reasons the CBC gave for the axing are even stranger:

The CBC felt that the show would not hold any "national" interest. In fact, they said, they even doubted just how many college students would actually listen to the program. Now this is an amazing thing in view of the fact that the proposed show was to have been modelled on that CBC week-night hour of music and chatter which the CBC cherishes as though it were next in vitality to the microphone, the program *Assignment*. This is where it really gets bewildering, for the very format of the proposed show reveals that it would, indeed, have had "national" interest. For example, one week's program might examine that vanishing bit of collegiate life, Freshman Week, at universities right across Canada. Another might report on various research programs underway at Canadian universities. But "no", said the CBC officials. "The interest wouldn't be national." The only conclusion we draw from this is that the CBC is afraid to try something new and different. The organization prefers to stick to time-tested (and time-worn) ideas. They would rather let originality be an American network idea.

In typical fashion, the CBC clothed their fatal blow in those magic words, "But if you think of another proposal, we'll be glad to meet you again." The fact that the Montreal TV Producers' strike was then in progress made this phrase seem more like a long-range echo off the Laurentians than a sincere opening for further negotiations. Anyway, the students have offered their best idea for a "national-interest program". Certainly any new proposal for a show cannot have more prospective national interest and still retain a university air.

This is, indeed, a strange world.

On That Far River

by Theodore Goodridge Roberts

A wind came to me, crying,
"On that far river that you love and know
The silver shallows chatter in the sun,
The slim, white paddles dip, the red barks go
Silent as dream; and day is just begun
With lifting mist along the meadow's brim
And lifting fire along the mountain's rim:
In scent of ripening grasses God releases
Slumber and dew and many the night-old thing;
The paddles flash, the level, light increases,
And high day gilds the heron's ashen wing."

A wind came to me, crying,
"On that far river where the eddies turn,
Pause and swing slow and sink to amber sleep;
The snipe are running in the dewy fern;
The long poles bend, the red barks drag and creep
Up the long rapids: Day and toil are done,
And red as Gluskap's war-shield drops the sun:
In scent of cooling waters and ripe grasses
God stills the river that you love and know:
Behind the West the long light flares and passes—
And now the crimson camp-fire is aglow."

A wind came to me, crying,
And set my heart a-sighing.

Puff after puff
of smooth
mild smoking



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