

... AND THIS ISN'T!

ATHLETIC ARTS AQUANAUTS

Once again the co-eds of U.N.B. have proved themselves superior to the male students—for the second time in less than a week they downed the Foresters in a game of water polo. During Forestry Week, the Maggie Jeaners came out on the top end of a 8-7 score sparked by the scoring of varsity swimmers Jill Robinson, Janet Skelton and Carol Scarborough.

This first game built up such enthusiasm that the girls decided to challenge this same team of Foresters to a second game which became one of the sports highlights of Arts Week. Despite the fact that several members of the co-ed team were playing field hockey in Halifax, the remaining players, together with a few new faces, showed from the opening whistle that they were determined to win. Referee Noel Villard was kept very busy blowing his whistle as there was much pushing, shoving, and dunking throughout the entire game. It seems that our girls can be really rough if the occasion arises—and, much to the disgust of the boys, they were permitted to be much rougher than their male opponents.

Preston Thom, Jim Benson, Rich Wilkinson and Gord Page scored for the Foresters in a losing cause. Jill Robinson led the co-eds with three goals, while Judi Ritchie and Carol Scarborough rounded out the scoring with two goals apiece. The Foresters were deprived of a last chance to even the score when Jill Robinson, on the referee's instructions, sat on the ball for the remaining 30 seconds of the game. Noel wisely ran for his life after the final whistle. The final score 7-6.

The co-eds would like to thank the Foresters for contributing to Arts Week, and for giving the girls the opportunity to take part in Forestry Week. And to any interested boys' teams—faculty or residence—the girls are ready to meet you in a friendly game. The gentlemen of Bridges House have already made their bid—who will be next? Remember the co-eds have not lost a game in three years.—

Alfred Goldsworthy Bailey
Dean of Arts

OF THE UNIVERSITY

III

*Above the elm-encrested town,
as thou dost stand today,
go forth each year in cap and gown
thy youth upon their way.*

IV

*When leaves spread gold upon the hill,
though friends be east and west,
we'll all in spirit have thee still
to guide our endless quest.*

—Alfred G. Bailey

Alfred Goldsworthy Bailey a few years ago. Dr. Toole composed music, sung by the Choral Society. Since then the music mixed Choral Society on campus, however, and it is music (or the original, remembered) will drift from the past!

LE GUERRE DE 1812

In 1812 most Americans were minding their own business, but in Washington some long-nurtured grudges against Britain suddenly exploded.

Washington figured that the biggest slap at Britain would be to take over Canada, and on June 18, 1812, President Madison declared war.

The War of 1812, its politics, its outcome, and how it affected Canadians as well as Americans, will be examined in a four-part CBC-TV series.

The series, titled *The Formative Years*, starts Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 10:30 p.m. EST on the CBC-TV network.

The first program, *Judgment at Ancaster*, deals with a treason trial at Ancaster, near what is now Hamilton. Two men—Stephen Hartwell and Adam Crysler—were accused of pro-American activities in wartime. They appeared before Chief Justice Scott and Crysler eventually was hanged for his crime.

Mr. Madison's War, the second program, investigates the causes of the war. Crysler and Scott, now dead, question the men most deeply involved in the war to find the answers.

The third program, *Loyalty*, looks at the conflict between French and English in Lower Canada, and asks whether what we have been taught is true.

John T. Saywell, professor of history at the University of Toronto, is historian-narrator for the programs. In the fourth program, he enters a discussion by historians on the meaning of the war. Others taking part are C. P. Stacey, department of history, University of Toronto; Arthur Lower, professor emeritus, at Queen's University and Jean-Pierre Wallot, department of history, University of Montreal.

The first three programs use dramatic inserts to emphasize the social, economic and political conflicts of the times. Performers will all appear in modern dress, both in and out of character, to lend a timelessness to their arguments.

Actors appearing in the series include Charles Palmer, Edwin Stephenson, Larry Reynolds, Gillie Fenwick, Scott Peters, Desmond Scott, Ivor Barry, Mavor Moore, Bill Kemp, Paul Dupuis, Drew Thompson, Leo Leyden and Jean Doyon.

BEHIND THE SCENES

These are the two Arts Members who were chosen to organize Arts Week. Carol Price is a second year student, and John Beaton is in his third year. Both worked at making the week the success that it was. A water polo

From The Editors

We bow in deep courtesy to Ed Bell, Jim Wallace and their staff for advice and prompting from the wings of the Brunswickan office all last week... And a vote of thanks to the "n" number of eager beavers who spent long minutes typing, thinking, writing, running errands, typing, passing out cigarettes and cokes, telling jokes, and typing!

game was organized for Tuesday night, a Faculty-Arts Basketball game was staged in the gym Wednesday night, the highlight of the week, "Autumn Splendor" (Arts Ball '62) was sponsored Friday night, and a Student Centre Dance was held Saturday night. It is unfortunate that Carol and John had the competition of Margaret Ann Ireland with which to contend Friday night, but a special thank-you goes out to them from the executive for a "thousand-and-one-tasks" job well done.

Professor: "I won't start this lecture until the room settles down."

Voice from Class: "Better go home and sleep it off."

I THOUGHT I SAW A PUSSY CAT

by JOHN STOCKDALE

In order that I have no trouble with the S.P.C.A., I wish it understood from the outset that I do not hate cats. When I dispatch them I do it Mercifully and take no joy in my work. It is just that cats have kittens and the supply always seems to exceed the demand, which is at best very moderate. Someone has to keep nature in balance.

I once liked a cat. It was not my cat. Perhaps that is why I liked him. He wasn't beautiful or stuck up. He was yellow, had no tail, and his legs were bowed. In the off season he would lie sleeping in a chair, only waking to eat now and then. He grew very fat and contented. He was storing up energy for the warm, amorous spring nights. I identified with him. Often when I came in at dawn, there would be the bow-legged cat waiting to get in. He was usually bleeding at the ears, and limping but he always looked unutterably pleased and he purred in an alarmingly asthmatic manner as he rubbed scarred head against my leg. Now there was a cat!

But according to several children I am a cat murderer. I shot Figaro. The provocation was extreme. There are some nice cats. His one was not. It was half-grown, thin, mangy, with ears like sonar receivers, enormous white whiskers and runny eyes. It had four faults; three in common with other cats and one that was really unforgivable.

I expect a cat to be an incurable snoop and thief. That is perfectly normal. I don't shoot cats for that—often. It was also haughty and aloof. This is another feline fault. Have you ever tried to outstare one of those fat, contented, owl-eyed monsters, who, secure in their master's approbation, plop their hairy posteriors on your coat the instant you put it down? I know better now than to make any untoward retaliation in the owner's presence. Time was when I would swoop down on the offender with intent to maim. This lost we several friends. Now I wait my chance and when my host leaves the room momentarily, I take my revenge. A cat hates to have its ears touched, so I usually administer several sharp flicks of the forefinger. If there is time and the cat does not object vocally, I follow this with a whisker tweak and a tail pull.

Cats have a third habit, which, while it is not a killing matter, is distasteful. Did you ever notice that no matter which side of a door a cat is on it wants to be on the other? Watch one for awhile. If it is in, it wants out. If it is out, it wants in. There is something about this dissatisfaction which the status quo that I like however. You come to the front door after work. There is the cat. She wants in too. She crowds into the door jamb. This allows you to step on her tail. She is never content to wait and follow you in so you have the perfect excuse. You did not see her or she was in your way. Perhaps, if the door is at the top of a set of steps, you can boot her gently down to the bottom. I like this habit, especially if I have my hands full. Then I am excused to the extent of violence and profanity. Besides, you can pretend the cat is the incarnation of someone you didn't like. Then you can readily put your heart in your work and words.

Besides, there is something like a sadistic satisfaction in shutting a door with a cat in it. Try it in the early morning when you go to get the milk bottles off the doorstep. There is Pussy, ready to dive into your lowered face. Shut the door gently, the cat may be pregnant. Statistics will bear out this observation). Of course, if you don't like cats, shut the door hard and lean on it for several seconds. The resultant shrieks would arouse the passions of the Marquis himself.

Now, the particular cat that I am accused of having shot had these faults and I could tolerate them and make suitable reprisals. I like to keep at least even. Shooting seems so un-sportsmanlike. Taking an unfair advantage so to speak. The cat has no proper retort, really. But when Figaro developed his fourth fault, an ungovernable sphincter, I felt that normal reprisals would not save my face. This was definitely not cricket on Figaro's part, so I got down my gun to alter the feline vital statistics.

Figaro usually bedded down for his noon rest in the raspberry patch, where he was partially safe from disturbances. I prepared my safari with care, stalked him silently and found him sleeping near a small apple tree. Tremblingly I raised my hand-engraved Holland and Holland, loaded with explosive, hollow-pointed bullets, primed with twenty-eight grains of quick-burning, black, smokeless powder. The beast stirred restlessly, sensing danger. Suddenly, with an ear-splitting yow it launched itself directly up the apple tree. I swung, fired and mercifully stopped him with a single perfect shot. The bullet entered directly behind the shoulder and tore a fearful hole when it passed out the chest. I dropped my gun, shakily wiped away the sweat which had begun to drip from my forehead and lit a cigarette.

When I had regained my composure, I bethought myself how I was to dispose of the evidence of my misdeed. I had wished to conduct the affair in secrecy, but while I was interring the corpse, my four nephews got wind of it on the bush telegraph and I was inundated with a flood of tears and spitted at with accusing fingers for weeks.

"You shot Figaro. That makes you a murderer."

This was possibly the product of too much television, but I could not be sure. Perhaps they really liked the cat.

The shame and notoriety notwithstanding, something would not let me sorrow over Figaro for any length of time.