

# New Faces Shine In "Out Of The Frying Pan"

"Out of the Frying Pan", the Drama Society's first production of the year, scored a howling success at the Memorial Hall Theatre last Saturday, Monday and Tuesday nights. The triumph must be doubly gratifying to the Society's executive, who obviously have been searching for new and talented players to take the places of veteran members of the organization. If the Fall production is any indication, the search has been fruitful; the 'new faces' have been found and they might easily fill roles in future productions.

The play, by Francis Swann, is a highly amusing comedy-farce and was first produced on Broadway in 1943. The story is built around the efforts of six very enterprising, poverty-stricken thespians who are trying to crash their way into the gaudy and glassy world of New York theatre. The group is made up of three girls and three boys, and they spend most of their time rehearsing and job-hunting, but all to no avail. Since they all share the same apartment, however, the stage is set for some hilarious complications.

The apartment, of course, does not just happen to be over that of a famous Broadway producer. (He is living there, by the way, because he thinks his old, pre-limelight 'diggings' are lucky for him). Naturally, the young actors do all they can to get him to an audition.

But the producer is reluctant to help them out, and by the end of Act One it seems that all is lost for the little group. Add to this the unexpected visit, from Boston, of the father of the girl on

whose money their existence depends, and the picture looks even bleaker for them.

Luckily, the producer finally agrees to see the group perform his own play. But nothing goes right: the 'corpse' won't stay dead; the little old landlady bursts into the room at the wrong moment; two policemen arrive to investigate a 'murder'; and, to top things off, in walks the angry Boston father.

After some clever twists and turns (during which the group follow Stanislavski's advice and 'improvise') the situation is straightened out; the producer decides to use the group in one of his road companies, the 'secret lovers' can come out into the open, and everybody lives happily ever after — including the landlady who will soon be collecting her back rent!

Under the excellent direction of Anne Gordon, the cast generally worked smoothly together. The first act went off without a hitch, but the pace lagged at times during the concluding scenes. For this, however, the players were not entirely to blame, as there were some long speeches to contend with and very little stage business.

Of the individual performances, this reviewer most enjoyed the acting of Phil Stevenson as Norman, the group's leader. His movement was always controlled, and he had a good sense of timing. Janet Maybee's Kate was considerably enlivened by the use she made of her eyes, always flashing and slightly naughty. Unfortunately, Miss Maybee was guilty (quite by accident I think)

of up-staging on several occasions.

Elaine Fowler and Stevan Coull made a sympathetic impression as the secretly married members of the group, and Christa Brueckner's puckish looks added charm to her portrayal of the dumb blond, Dottie.

Jeff Andrews made an engaging George; Sylvia Roy was handsome and snobbish as Muriel, Dottie's friend from Boston; Jean Thompson's Mrs. Garnett was quite delightful; and the two policemen, played by Ian Stoddart and Dave Tilson, were wonderfully confused.

Doug Hagerman showed aplomb and wit in portraying Dottie's father. But his southern drawl did not approximate well enough the sounds as aristocratic Boston politico would make. As the producer, Mr. Kenny, Lawrence Lewis was agreeable.

The set, designed and executed by Mike Eagan, was appropriate. It was too bad, though, that the problems of working on an open stage were not completely mastered by the cast. Between scenes, they could be seen moving in the semi-darkness.

But this was only a small lighting fault in an otherwise thoroughly enjoyable show.

## Niels Bohr

*To Göttingen they came  
from the Earth's four corners  
to hear the great Niels Bohr.*

*He talked to them,  
He talked with them  
about the structure of the atom  
the laws physical  
the architecture of space  
the beauty of matter  
of beauty that matters.*

*Today, in silent labs  
blanched light shines  
on gleaming cyclotrons,  
in widowed loneliness.*

D.L.

A. Its the theory of banking practice that—

Q. When I lend them my \$100 why don't I charge them interest?

A. You do.

Q. You don't say. How much?

A. It depends on the bank rate.

Q. Grasping of me rather?

A. But that's only if you're going to draw the money out again.

Q. But of course I'm going to draw it out again. If I hadn't wanted to draw it out again I could have buried it in the garden, couldn't I?

A. They wouldn't like you to draw it out again.

Q. Why not? If I keep it there you say it's a liability. Wouldn't they be glad if I reduced their Liabilities by removing it?

A. No. Because if you remove it they can't lend it to someone else.

Q. But if I wanted to remove it they'd have to let me?

A. Certainly.

Q. But suppose they've lent it to another customer?

A. Then they'll let you have someone else's money.

Q. But suppose he wants his too, and they've let me have it?

## First Steps In Banking

by Michael Devon

Q. What are banks for?

A. To make money.

Q. For the customers?

A. For the banks.

Q. Why doesn't bank advertising mention this?

A. It would not be in good taste. But it is mentioned by implication in references to Reserves of \$249,000,000 or thereabouts. That is the money they have made.

Q. Out of the customers?

A. I suppose so.

Q. They also mention Assets of \$500,000,000, or thereabouts. Have they made that too?

A. Not exactly. That is the money they use to make money.

Q. I see. And they keep it in a safe somewhere?

A. Not at all. They lend it to customers.

Q. Then they haven't got it?

A. No.

Q. Then how is it Assets?

A. They say that it would be if they got it back.

Q. But they must have some money in a safe somewhere?

A. Yes, usually \$500,000,000 or thereabouts. This is called Liabilities.

Q. But if they've got it, how can they be liable for it?

A. Because it isn't theirs.

Q. Then why do they have it?

A. It has been lent to them by customers.

Q. You mean customers lend banks money?

A. In effect. They put money

into their accounts, so it is really lent to the banks.

Q. And what do the banks do with it?

A. Lend it to other customers.

Q. But you said that money they lent to other people was Assets?

A. Yes.

Q. Then Assets and Liabilities must be the same thing?

A. You can't really say that.

Q. But you've just said it. If I put \$100 into my account the Bank is liable to have to pay it back, so its Liabilities. But they go and lend it to someone else, and he is liable to have to pay it back, so its Assets. Its the same \$100 isn't it?

A. Yes. But—

Q. Then it cancels out. It means, doesn't it, that banks haven't really any money at all?

A. Theoretically—

Q. Never mind theoretically. And if they haven't any money, where do they get their reserves of \$249,000,000 or thereabouts?

A. I told you. That is the money they have made.

Q. How?

A. Well, when they lend your \$100 to someone they charge him interest.

Q. How much?

A. It depends on the Bank Rate. Say five and a half per cent. That's their profit.

Q. Why isn't it my profit? Isn't it my money?

## Terry Toons

Well, last week was not the brightest week in the short and questionable history of this column. Perhaps a good deal of the criticism was true and well founded but I haven't seen anyone else even attempting to write a better column of the same type. I'd gladly step aside and let someone else take over — but until such time, Terry Toons is going to spew forth with impressions of campus activities and some HARMLESS overheard information.

As predicted "Out of the Frying Pan" proved to be a most enjoyable performance with some first-rate acting being demonstrated but I suppose Lorne E. Rozovsky was expecting nothing less than a Broadway Hit and will, given time, tear it apart in his role as U.N.B.'s resident critic, in a manner similar to that by which he crucified Red 'n' Black.

Over the weekend, we got wind that Neville House came up with about the best house semi-formal of the year so far. Despite the fact that all the other residences live in the shadow of Jones House (their big brother) they can sure match it party for party.

The word seems to be that as soon as we get sufficient snow, a bigger and better U.N.B. ski club will get into full swing. This is the club that holds a few Maritime and Northeastern Championships, and this is the club that holds the fabulous ski-weekends at "Sugarloaf". (Rumor has it that there is one right after the Christmas holidays). Even if you've never been on skis before, it's a sport that's never too late to learn.

We hear:

That people who invite themselves to Sadie Hawkins dances sometimes have to back out.

That there is a resurgence of Orange and Black sweater coats on campus.

That Scuttle is really my sister (now figure that one out).

That Charlie spent all weekend looking for 99 dancing girls.

That there are to be a few epic parties in Montreal over the holidays.

That two students hitch-hiked to Montreal this weekend—using a "Just Married" sign to make the trip a little faster.

Did you hear about the new society being formed? It's purpose is the preservation of wooden toilet seats! It's called the Birch John Society, a new splinter group.

That the latest word from Blake is—"dither".

## Tall Story

"How many cigars do you smoke a day?"

"About ten."

"What do they cost you?"

"Twenty cents apiece."

"My, that's two dollars a day. How long have you been smoking?"

"Thirty years."

"Two dollars a day for thirty years is a lot of money."

"Yes, it is."

"Do you see that office building on the corner?"

"Yes."

"If you had never smoked in your life you might own that fine building."

"Do you smoke?"

## CO-ORDINATING COMMITTEE

The second meeting of the Co-ordinating Committee of the S.R.C. will be held on Monday, Dec. 3 at 6:30 in the Oak Room. The purpose of this meeting will be to co-ordinate campus events for the second term. Any organization planning events for the second term is asked to come prepared with details and tentative dates.

SANDY LEBLANC  
Chairman, Co-ordinating  
Committee

"No, never did."

"Do you own that building?"

"No."

## NATSTUMAG

This year, as you will recall, a national student magazine is being published by and for students by the National Federation of Canadian University Students, the actual printing being done by the University of British Columbia.

This magazine is by and for US and depends on material sub-

A. You're being purposely dull.

Q. I think I'm being sharp.

What if everyone wanted their money at once?

A. It's the theory of banking practice that they never would.

Q. So what banks bank on is never having to meet their obligations?

A. I wouldn't say that.

Q. I don't suppose so. Well, if there's nothing else you can tell me . . . ?

A. Right. Now you can go off and open a bank account.

Q. Just one last question.

A. Of course.

Q. Wouldn't I do better to go off and open a bank?

mitted by individual students for its existence. If you would like to write an article for the magazine, do so, and give it to Ian McQueen, Neville House, or address it to National Magazine, NFCUS, Campus Mail and drop it in the campus mail box.

Remember, the topic on which you write can be anything, just as long as it will be of interest to other students. Topics can be fiction, economics, poetry, love, student problems, your pet guppy, etc., just as long as it is interesting. Articles in English and French are welcome.

Don't worry about grammatical errors as these can be corrected for you; content is what we want.

This NFCUS magazine is designed to give a sense of national unity to Canadian university students, and articles are needed from the entire country to keep it representative; let's keep U.N.B. well represented!

DEADLINE IS DECEMBER 10, SO PLEASE RUSH!