



BILL OF FARE

AUTUMN APPLE SAUCE SPICE CAKE
WITH DATES, NUTS, AND RAISINS "YUM"

- 2/3 CUP SUGAR
- 1/3 CUP SHORTENING
- 1/2 TSP. SALT
- 1 EGG
- 1 CUP APPLESAUCE
- 1 2/3 CUPS FLOUR
- 1/2 TSP. CINNAMON
- 1/2 CUP CHOPPED NUTS
- 1/2 CUP RAISINS
- 1/2 CUP DATES CHOPPED
- 1/2 TSP. CLOVES
- 1/2 TSP. SODA

BLEND TOGETHER SHORTENING, SALT, SUGAR AND EGG
ADD ALTERNATELY, APPLESAUCE AND FLOUR SIFTED
WITH SODA AND SPICES. STIR IN CHOPPED NUTS,
RAISINS, AND DATES, THE LATTER FLOURED LIGHTLY

BAKE IN A LOAF PAN 9 1/2 x 5 INCHES IN A MODERATE
OVEN AT 350 FOR ABOUT 1 HOUR

FROSTING

CREAM CHEESE (ICING)

BLEND 1 PKG. CREAM CHEESE WITH 1/2 TSP. VANILLA, ADD 1 1/2
CUPS SIFTED CONFECTIONERS SUGAR AND 1 - 2 TBSP. MILK TO
FORM SPREADING CONSISTENCY. WHEN CAKE IS COOL, FROST.

By A. M. KORNER, JR.



BY LEE PALMER

The pub last Thursday night featured Horse, a well known band from Truro, N.S. Due to the blood clinic that was going on in the ballroom the pub took place in the SUB cafeteria. It was another capacity crowd and took until 9:30 to get underway.

There was a small lighting problem at first as they couldn't dim the lights without putting the people working at the bar in the dark. They solved that problem but for some reason the feeling of the place wasn't - could be that there was some left-over atmosphere from meal time floating about the place which interfered with the atmosphere of the pub. It might have been the obstacle course which had to be overcome in reaching the dance floor from the seating area. Who knows? One thing that was conclusive was that the pub wasn't that good but once again one has to compliment the people who select the bands that come to perform for us.

Horse has been around these parts now for a few years and this was their third time on-campus.

They work out of Truro, N.S. where they have renovated a barn to suit their needs for practising, which they appropriately call the "Horse barn". The group has a lead singer, guitar, bass, drummer, sax and one industrious fellow who plays trombone and doubles on the keyboards. They too have changed and when they recently worked in their new bass player they also rearranged their lineup of music. Probably few were aware of it but except for the old rock and roll numbers the music they played was original. All the numbers were well arranged and had a professional sound to them. Although it's almost impossible today to find a new sound it was a good sound and out of the twenty-five original numbers they have I hope they will be able to get some down on record. They have one single out now under the Big Ear label but as yet it isn't on the open market.

For those who missed them they will be playing in the "city with a heart" this Saturday night and you can be assured of some good soundin' music.

movie review

YOUNG WINSTON

By DANIELLE THIBEAULT

I strolled over to the Gaiety last Sunday night in order to see the 9 p.m. show of *The Thief Who Came to Dinner*. I arrived at 10 minutes to the hour only to find out that the movie scheduled had not arrived and so there would be a showing of 'Young Winston' and that would start at 9:20, thank you.

I had planned to see the autobiography but a switch from Ryan O'Neal to Robert Shaw is not exactly the right kind of conditioning I needed to put me in the mood. And believe me, you need to be in the mood to really appreciate such a chunk of egotism as that offered by the late Churchill in 'Young Winston'.

The film is presented much in the style of a monologue with an eerie Churchillian voice as background. It tells of his schooldays, his stint in the Cavalry, the trips to India and later to South Africa as a correspondent for the Morning Post and finally of his debut in Parliament.

The style is rather light hearted though flagrantly boastful and a bit much to swallow at times. He summarizes his schooldays in much this way: "It seemed to me that instead of asking me what I knew, they (the professors) always tried their very darrest to ask what I did not know. And so, I was never very successful at school, especially during exams."

The only reason he ever got through school at all was that he had a very influential and attractive mother who would have done anything to spare him the trials of a normal life. Whenever he was in trouble, all he had to do was write a "Dear Mother..." letter and all that was wrong magically became right.

It is no surprise that Lady Randolph Churchill was the

centrepiece of Winston's younger years. Being of American extraction, she was the energy and the vitality of his youth. She was also both parents to him when she was there at all. His father Lord Randolph Churchill was an MP in the Commons and had very little time for a son who had nothing better to do than flunk out of as many schools as he was admitted to.

He had many problems of his own anyway: his party, then in power and headed by Lord Salisbury, was recommending a bill that would increase the portion of the budget allowed for military expenses, and Lord Randolph was determined to stop them. He threatened to resign and his efforts were fruitless. The bill went through and he finally resigned, abandoned by all those who had claimed to be his friends.

The pain was great for Winston's father, who had fought for what he believed to be right. And later he was afflicted with a mysterious terminal disease that causes the inflammation of the brain. However, he was never to know about his disease as it was kept secret from him and Winston. And he went upon his daily routine slowly dying, becoming more and more irritated at his son who could never succeed in satisfying him with his meagre exploits.

Lord Randolph finally passed away, only 5 years after contracting the terminal illness, and Winston, using his mother's innumerable influences, left for India with a job as war correspondent for the Morning Post.

He retired from the Indian operations with the rank of 'Second Lieutenant' and decided to write a book which was then published under the title of 'Rules for Generals, by a young Lieutenant'.

This brought him little popularity among the military hierarchy but did bring him to the attention of the public (which is probably why he wrote it). He then tried to get elected to Parliament but failed and turned his eyes toward South Africa and the Boer War. He finally got accepted after much string-pulling and mother-influencing and also succeeded in catching the public eye when his regiment was captured and he managed to escape and return to rescue his comrades in arms.

This time around he won his elections, probably more by public appeal than for any particular issue. And he found himself suddenly catapulted to the world that had brought his father much satisfaction and yet so much pain. And his mother fretted. And she worried for she had seen it all before.

And the day came for the budget to be voted upon. The share of public funds allotted to the armament of British troops appeared unrealistic to young Winston, who planned to oppose vehemently.

Lady Randolph pleaded with her son that he may be spared the fate his father had endured but Winston would hear no part of it.

He went ahead and, maybe because the people were ready for it, maybe because he was a better speaker than his father had ever been, he succeeded in putting across what his father had tried so hard to say.

Robert Shaw gives an interesting portrayal of the late Winston Churchill, of his unbelievably pompous style and his simplistic innocence in the early part of his life. But not good enough to make up for missing a Ryan O'Neal movie.

To each his own.



Photo by Steve Homer

art review Watercolours

By ALAN ANNAND

An exhibit circulated by the National Art Gallery, the Milne Watercolours, is now at the Beaverbrook Art Gallery. These thirty watercolours by David B. Milne trace his activity as an artist from 1913, the year of his first significant exhibit in New York, to 1952, the year before his death. Included are landscapes, still lifes and religious fantasies — the familiar subjects which Milne painted with such spontaneity and technical virtuosity.

Born in Ontario, Milne studied art and worked as a commercial artist in New York. In World War One he enlisted in the Canadian Army and served as an official war artist, from which period nine of these watercolours ensued. The latter third of his life was spent in Ontario where he produced his most characteristic landscapes. An artist out of tune with the Group of Seven and openly scornful of

contemporary critical taste, Milne would probably have starved were it not for the attention of a few devoted patrons.

An extremely introspective individual, Milne opened himself up to aesthetic emotion and the forces that quicken and bring life: an intransigent love. "Feeling is the power that drives art," he proclaimed and proceeded to develop it in his own way. His work is sparingly composed. In effect, he has compressed his impressions, throwing away the extraneous matter to leave only the "explosive dynamite" that hits the viewer full force on first contact. The European landscapes of the war's aftermath are stark and depressing. Contrasted with these, his Canadian landscapes react immediately on the viewer's sense of beauty, imparting warmth and feeling through the yellows, orange, mauves and greys which became almost his trademark in his later years.

Price decrease in UNB Film Society Special Series

The subscription price for the series "Images of America: The Dream and the Nightmare" is now only \$3.50. Ten outstanding films present different views of American society over the last four decades. Next week's movie is "Grapes of Wrath" (1940) starring Henry Fonda. Tickets are available from the St. Thomas University faculty secretaries or at the door. The showing next Tuesday night (at 8:00 p.m.) will be at the St. Thomas University auditorium, and the Wednesday night showing will be at Tilley Hall, Room 102 (UNB), also at 8:00 p.m.

