

### Guy Lombardnick and the Loyal Canadians of Vol. 19

(The Department of External Affairs last week published a few excerpts from the six pages on Canada in the New Soviet Encyclopaedia. It said what it thought of them, which wasn't much, but it didn't attempt to estimate what would be their effect on Russian thinking.)

We find two sturdy peasant types knitting their brows as they pore over a thick volume on the table in front of them. They are Stefan Lombardnick, whose scholarship and industry, have made him the pride of Collective Farm Eight, and his younger brother, Guy Lombardnick, who is known as the sweetest moujik this side of Stefan.

The volume: Volume 19 of the large Soviet Encyclopaedia. The section: Canada. The particular subject: Agriculture. Stefan reads:

"Agriculture is in fact dominated by the banks. They seize farms under the guise of assistance via one-sided loans and then they expropriate the land and all the property of the farmers."

A tear stains the page as Stefan meditates on the sorry plight of the Canadian farmer. The brothers Lombardnick fade out and the scene shifts.

We are in a Saskatchewan farmhouse. From a window we can see the fields of waving wheat and in the distance an oil derrick. The view is only partly obscured by the corner of the two-car garage. On stage are golden-haired Prudence Pennyweight, Miss Wheat Belt, 1955, and a man whose tall silk hat and black

tailcoat proclaim him a banker. Banker: You will marry me, mah proud beauty, or I shall foreclose the mortgage on the oil-cyclopaedia. It said what it thought of them, which wasn't much, but it didn't attempt to estimate what would be their effect on Russian thinking.)

Prudence: But, Sir, I cannot marry you, because I am already betrothed to Horace Trueblood, him that is known far and wide as the very embodiment of all that is honorable and manly.

(From offstage come sounds of a horse galloping and in a moment Horace Trueblood, for indeed the rider is none other, hurls himself between Prudence and her unwelcome suitor.)

Trueblood: Here, you villain, is sufficient to satisfy your mean claim against the parents of this fair girl, to whom it is plain for Leave, and if you should so much all to see that my heart is lost, as speak to this maid again, I promise that I shall thrash you within an inch of your miserable life.

Banker: Curses. Foiled again. Fiercely stroking the ends of his mustache, banker Cyril Side-winder (hiss, hiss), the wealthiest and meanest man (hiss, hiss), in all Unity, Sask., (hiss, hiss) slinks out. As he goes, Prudence and Horace are joined on stage by the elder Pennyweights. Joining hands they sing, knowing they have been save only for the moment, the Canadian farm song: "Montreal, my bank" — what meaningless prattle!

Their man has just been, and From chassis, to motor, to last

gone off with the cattle; rack and pinion Our thresher's been seized by Toronto-Dominion; Our acres of legumes, of tubers and cereals, We fear are not ours, but instead are Imperial's; Commerce is seizing the house, and, alack, Royal's foreclosed on the place out the back."

As the curtain comes down we hear repeated softly and with feeling, those last words: Roy-al's fore-closed on the puh-lace (I mean thuh puh-lace) out thuh back.

The Saskatchewan scene dims and we are back with the brothers Lombardnick as, eyes streaming, they go on with their reading of the Canadian section. Under the heading, Education, they read: "The curricula and methods of teaching in Canadian schools are ruled by American pedagogy. Science is replaced by the propaganda of racism, Chauvinism and militarism."

Again the scene shifts and we are in a typical Canadian schoolroom — Grade Two of Clausewitz Memorial Public School—where the teacher, 2nd Lieut. Mamie Throstlewhistle, is correcting essays on How I Spent My Summer Vacation.

One child has written on his two weeks in an atomic bomb arsenal, another of his flights with Strategic Air Command, another about the hydrogen bomb he made in the backyard. Little Willie Funk, who is backyard, has spent the vacation shooting squirrels with a bow-and-arrow. Miss Throstlewhistle frowns at this and makes a mental note to set him back a grade unless he does well in his courses in nuclear weapons.

But on the whole she is pleased and in a moment she rises and signals the class to do the same. Tapping three times on the edge of the desk with her swagger stick, she leads them in singing the school song of Clausewitz Memorial. It is called simply, Fight, Fight, Fight.

Clausewitz we love you, for you've taught us all we know, Clausewitz, we'll think of you with every flame we throw, With every atom bomb we drop, with every shell we fire, To bring you honor, Clausewitz, shall be our one desire.

Whenever we shall fight a war, we're sure to dot it right, For, Clausewitz, you've taught us how to fight, fight, fight, Rickety rax, rickety rax, We're the boys to give 'em whacks, Masters of ship and tank and plane, Dealers are we in death and pain, Nothing that kills will we disdain, Yea . . . h, Clausewitz.

Long will we remember all our happy moments here, The siren calling us to school; at four, the gay all-clear The classes in the bomb-proof rooms; the fox-holes in the lawn, Manoeuvres where the shells were real, the armed patrols at dawn.

We'll long remember, Clausewitz, the use you've taught of might, For, Clausewitz, you've taught us how to fight, fight, fight.

Ye . . . a . . . h, Clausewitz. And, ye . . . a . . . h, large Soviet Encyclopaedia, Volume 19, Canada.

### CAMPUS CO-ORDINATOR'S CORNER

The purpose of the Campus Co-ordinator is to assist in keeping club and social activities from clashing, to act as mediator among campus organizations and to keep the student body informed of new clubs and societies.

If you would like news of your organization to appear in this column, or should you plan a special event, place your information in an envelope addressed 'Campus Co-ordinator' and leave in The Brunswickan office or phone Ian Kennedy, 9087.

**REGULAR EVENTS:**  
University Investment Syndicate—Every Tuesday.  
Canterbury Club—Every Sunday evening, Cathedral Hall.  
Student Christian Movement—Every Sunday evening, St. Anne's Parish Hall.  
Radio Club—First Monday each month. E106.  
Engineering Society—First Monday each month. J106.

**SPECIAL EVENTS:**  
Residence Formal—November 25, Lady Beaverbrook Building.  
Ladies' Residence Formal—December 9, Maggie Jean Chestnut Residence.  
Bus. Ad. Club—November 24, Oak Room, Students' Centre.

Of special interest to those on the campus who are musically inclined should be the new College Band under the direction of Emery Fanjoy. This organization has done surprisingly well considering its youth and is anxious to welcome new members. Regular hand practices are to be instigated soon and those interested should phone Emery at 4094.

### CAMPUS FOOD SERVICES

It has been said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. On this campus at any rate it is truth. The greater part of the student body has been from the beginning well satisfied with the service and the quality of the food being served in the Student Centre cafeteria but such has not been the case with the quality of the meals in the men's residence. The obvious question: "Why is there such a difference between food served in two adjacent buildings?" Regardless of what the answer is, and it lies in the somewhat obscure field of food services management, it is heartening news to find that residence food problems have been solved to the extent that daily comments are being heard from residents on the vastly improved quality of the meals. This improvement has it appears, not been a flash in the pan but a definite and we hope permanent change in policy. There is no doubt that in that this rather specialized province, a great deal of skill not only in the management of the services, but also in the preparation of the food itself is required. The man responsible for this phase of the operation is Mr. Stan Cook, manager on this campus for Industrial Foods Ltd, the caterers. His personal supervision of the preparation of food on the campus has been carried out to an extent considerably beyond that which could normally be expected by the management of such an undertaking. One cannot help but think that it is fortunate indeed that a man of his capabilities and determination was available to manage food services for such a devoted group of critics as UNB.

### CONFIDENTIALLY YOURS

The "Maggie Jeaners" have a few tributes to pay this week. The first is to the fellows who coached our Co-Ed Football Team, Bob Ross, Bill Rae and Jim Millican. Maybe the job was not too unpleasant, but it took some time to drill us "dizzy dames" with the rules. Our only regret about the game was the lack of competition from the other side.

The second tribute is to the gentlemen of C.M.R., and we do not use the term "gentlemen" loosely. Politeness is not a great virtue around this campus, but somehow we girls have become used to its absence. It was wonderful to be treated as queens for an evening.

Speaking of queens, what is this we hear about an Engineering Queen to be ELECTED this year?

### Dramatic Impasse

The Drama Society regrets the necessity of announcing the cancellation of their production of "The Happy Time." Not only does it mean withdrawing from competition in the New Brunswick Regional Drama Festival, but it will be the first year that UNB has failed to produce a major play. The fact that a play of 12 characters cannot be cast, despite the fact that it is a much requested comedy, reflects something radically wrong with either the student body or the society, perhaps both.

The criticism has been offered that the society expects its talent to appear full blown, as it were, and fails to train people for the roles it requires. That much is true. But criticisms outside the realm of possibility are not very useful, nor reflect very creditably on the intelligence of the critic. It is true that individuals should be trained—if a director with the time could be found. To expect Prof. Shaw, who has donated his services for the past five years, to do this while carrying on his regular duties as Prof. of Romance Languages and Dean of Residence, is expecting entirely too much of one man.

Again it must be remembered that this is a student organization. While Studio Nights can, with considerable extra work for the Director, be arranged, students are not interested in this "art for art's sake"; they want practical experience. And rightly so. On the other hand it is impossible to enter a Drama Festival with an untried or second-rate cast. There is but one solution, which the reader has undoubtedly guessed by now—to withdraw from competition for a time and produce plays which, while at University level, do not have to be of Festival quality.

That is exactly what the Drama Society has decided to do. While a cast of sorts could have been found for "The Happy Time", it was thought better to withdraw from the Festival, and present a program of strict entertainment for cast and audience alike.

The society plans the production of three or four one-act plays early in the new year. Three new plays will be presented, two comedies and a drama, and "The Voice of the People", a comedy by Robertson Davies produced in September may be revived. The drama will be directed by Prof. Shaw, the others by student directors. Several excellent comedies are being considered as well as one or two dramas. It bids fair to be a lot of fun without extended work on the part of anyone. How about it? Like to show what you can do on stage? Watch for casting notices in about two weeks.

### FACTOTUM'S FANCY

Gaudeamus Igitur

"Monism is necessarily pantheistic. Monadism, when logical, is necessarily atheistic." She muttered, Wrapping her legs 'round the handles Of her bicycle. Her coat fluttered in the wind, Her dentures chattered And a gust of wind, entering through A hole in her coat, struck Like a frigid zephyr, her Wizen'd periphery. "An event", she shrieked, Removing a cockroach from her scapula, "Is of infinite duration, A small finite extension of space. Yet when I speak of an event, I mean nothing out of the way. A flash of lightning is an event, So is a tire burst, a rotten egg, Or the coldness of a frog." Remove the bandages and Have some tea.

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