

Archives
Mr. Rogers
**BEAT
LIMESTONE**

THE **BRUNSWICKAN**
UNIVERSITAS NOVI BRUNSWICII
MDCCLX
FROM UP THE HILL

**ANTIGONE
TUES., WED.,
THURS.**

CANADA'S OLDEST OFFICIAL STUDENT PUBLICATION
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BOMBERS WIN!

UNB CAMERA CLUB TO HAVE SALON

The UNB Camera Club has announced that they are undertaking to present on this campus a salon of photographs taken by members of the various University camera and photography organizations across Canada.

At its last meeting on Nov. 8 the UNB Camera Club heard Professor J. E. Kennedy of the University Physics Dept. Prof. Kennedy talked on activities of previous Camera Clubs and went on to discuss the properties and characteristics of photographic lenses.

At the business meeting which followed Prof. Irwin was appointed Faculty advisor, while Prof. Kennedy was made an Honorary member.

A committee was formed to organize the control of the dark room and the allotment of time to organizations such as The Year Book and The Brunswickan.

UBC SUFFERS LOSS BROCK HALL BURNS

VANCOUVER — (CUP) — Fire Monday night destroyed Brock Hall, a University of British Columbia landmark, in a six-hour inferno witnessed by hundreds of anxious teachers and professors.

The Hall, an old auditorium used for meetings and student assemblies was a total ruin. Largest meeting hall on campus, "old Brock's" loss was estimated as upwards to \$350,000.

In addition to the large auditorium Brock Hall contained offices for a host of student clubs and organizations. Emergency plans have been readied for housing these groups in other cramped campus quarters. Papers and documents belonging to student and faculty groups were lost as the fire swiftly ate its way through the rambling structure.

Students on many Canadian camps will recall Brock Hall as the centre of drama, stage and debating functions. To the past generation the seats and corridors of the building will spark memories of active student days at a much smaller and younger university.

BROPHY RECEIVES TROPHY



Above: Dennis Brophy, Bomber Captain, receives the Senator Burchill Trophy from N.B.C.R.F.U. President, G. Hammond after final whistle. Soon after this photo was taken, Brophy and his teammates were carried triumphantly down Queen St. at the head of a spectacular street parade staged by the fans.

BEAT TOMMIES 21-0 TAKE NBCRFU TITLE

After going down ten points in the first game at Chatham, the U.N.B. Red Bombers came storming back as they played hosts at College Field on Saturday. This game was a complete reversal in nearly every respect as the Bombers rammed across a 21-0 score to take the total point series by an eleven point margin. A tremendously spirited crowd took in the game and spoke of the game afterwards as the best they ever witnessed in Fredericton.

A quietly aggressive Red Bombers team took the field in a determined drive to bring the silverware home. After an exchange of downs, the Red and Black squad were threatening the St. Thomas end zone, Rod Harris, hard driving halfback, smashed across on a cross buck for the opening touchdown and Benson's convert was good.

St. Thomas received the ball but were soon deep in their own territory at U.N.B. drove in. Suddenly, as the Tommies passed, a fumble occurred only to be picked up by the Bombers' Ian Watson. Ian scampered into the pay zone after a thirty yard run to post U.N.B.'s second major before the game was ten minutes old. Again Benson's toe found the mark as the score read 12-0 for U.N.B. to put the Bombers two points up in the standings for the series. Play passed from team to team as each struggled to better their positions, but the Bombers continued to hold down the play. Lin Smith's long boots for U.N.B. allowed the Red and Black men to ease the pressure on many occasions as the first half ended 12-0 for U.N.B.

Still grim and quiet the Bombers came into the third quarter playing heads up ball. Several times St. Thomas threatened to break through but each time were caught short by an alert U.N.B. defence. Near the end of the third quarter Brophy manoeuvred his squad in front of the Tommies' goal posts and Mike O'Connor kicked for a field goal. He sliced the uprights for three points making it 15-0.

Both teams had passed periodically and now, in the fourth quarter Brophy's arm found the spot. Passing beautifully to Harris, the latter went all the way for the Red Bombers' third touchdown. O'Connor's kick was good to end the scoring at 21-0.

With their backs very definitely to the wall the Tommies tried desperately to push over a major, but on a smashing goal line stand the Bombers held them off. With his backfield operating in their own end zone, Brophy drove out on two quarter back sneaks; and full-back Phil Bird took the ball up to the Bombers own 25 on an off tackle smash. Out in the clear, Lin Smith delivered with a beautiful kick to end the game.

FALL FORMAL FABULOUS FROLIC

It was Fall Formal time at UNB last night when to the music of Paige Ormandy's orchestra, approximately 1000 students, alumni and visitors enjoyed themselves at the annual dance. The theme of the decorations was a Mississippi river steamer and it was well executed by Social Committee chairman Hazen Marr and his able assistants. The festive decor was enhanced by four thousand brightly coloured crepe paper flags strung across the ceiling and the motif was completed by a painted railing around the wall and a wheelhouse complete with smokestack, steam pipes etc. The orchestra was semi-enclosed by a paddle-wheel which bore the name of the "ship": S.S. Fall Formal. Lighting was arranged to bring out the colour of the mass of flags which were signal flags but signalled no visible signal.

Chaperoning the dance were Dr. and Mrs. Alec Lucas, Dr. and Mrs. A. L. McAllister and Dr. and Mrs. G. S. MacKenzie.

As was mentioned before this game was a complete reversal of the first game. The Bomber backfield drove, battered and tore their way into contention as the big Red line opened holes and delivered telling blocks. Defensively U.N.B. shone. Runs and bucks were either intercepted or knocked down. Play was on a much higher level and penalties consequently were fewer.

(Continued on Page 5)

BULLETIN

The result of the odd sounds which were observed to come from the direction of the Maggie Jean last Sunday night has been determined and seems to consist of numerous and sundry signs and posters which when combined in a suitable fashion make interesting reading. This paper has also learned that the long-awaited day has arrived when there is no longer electric illumination in the vestibule. How long this blessed state will continue is anyone's guess. One perplexing thing: who is this woman known as Sam?

CANNON CONSPIRATORS CAUGHT

Fredericton (Jug) Eight husky freshmen students left the Lady Beaverbrook residence at a late hour last Sunday night bent on making off with a cannon that was stationed on the green in front of the New Brunswick RCMP Headquarters (Co. "J" no less) — five came back.

An early morning call from the city lock-up revealed that the missing stalwarts had spent Sunday night on the city—in jail as it were.

The group, after failing to start an old truck with which they had planned to tow the cannon away, crept up to the cannon under cover of a moonless darkness and dragged the field piece from its scenic resting place. Crossing the Woodstock road, the culprits pushed their way through Wilnot Park and proceeded back streets until the appearance of hastily clad mounties forced the group to scatter, leaving the gun close to the railroad station on York St.

The three students who were apprehended by members of the R.C.M.P. were taken to Mounties' headquarters early Monday morning and severely reprimanded for their mis-conduct. No charge was laid the Inspector stating only that the three amateur burglars were picked up "in the act of stealing — to wit, one cannon."

Two of the three captives were taken into custody following a brief chase on upper York St. The third was waylaid while attempting to enter the Lady Beaverbrook Residence.

This was the second attempt by U.N.B. students to steal the monument and repair with it to the campus. A previous sortie, a number of years ago, had been more successful, the old relic having been set up on the campus and fired.

Ern's Letter to the Editor . . .

The Editor
The Brunswickan
Dear Sir,

I have just finished reading the article written by "The Eye" in your November 10th edition.

Here on the eve of a championship game you see fit to allow someone on your staff to print a slanderous pack of lies directed against your fellow students who are doing what they feel will bring pride to their team and university.

Can you imagine, as we go into this championship series how the morale of the team will suffer? Can you imagine how each and every player will feel if they should lose this series? Do you think they will feel they have let the students and the University down? Of course they will, how ever they can rest assured that your staff, not they, the players, let the university down.

We speak of freedom of the press. Do you call this slanderous item "freedom"? The proper authorities know who "The Eye" is, including myself and it allows us the opportunity to steer clear of that person.

The series will be over when this goes to press and we will all know at the time of release that Denis Brophy went back into the game after sustaining a back injury and played for the team, the University and you.

The "Eye" I believe quotes Brophy as being "chicken". There was never a ball player more game than he. Just a year ago everyone of us was hailing Denny as a hero.



COACH THOMS

ball. He must know that the sort of shaking up that the Bombers got after losing to St. Thomas is a very normal run of the mill affair that happens to any sports club periodically regardless of the calibre or type of sport it is. "The Eye" made a very successful job of showing his calibre, however should his identity be made known I don't think he would be very popular on or off the campus. It is a very brave person only, who will publish constructive criticism. I am wondering how brave "The Eye" will be. Possibly he won't be brave because he knows that he did not check with anyone in authority who knows the facts of the meeting that took place after the St. Thomas game. He saw fit to obtain his information by gossip means only.

I know Mr. Editor, that this is not the first slam that has been made against sports in UNB, possibly some not quite so directed in the manner that this one has. I can only advise you to clean house of the rabble you have on the staff and get out a paper the University and the Country can be proud of.

In closing I should strongly suggest that a public apology be made by "The Eye" and yourself to those players whose names have been affected by this item, and as I stated previously pull up your socks and clean house Mr. Editor. Clean house!!!

E. W. (Ern) Thoms
Coach
University New Brunswick
Red Bombers.

TO BE OR NOT . . .

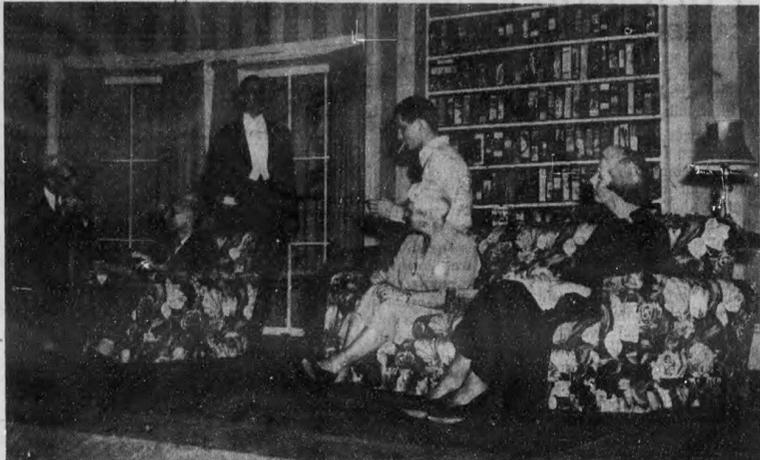
THE BRUNSWICKAN is making one last attempt to enlarge its staff. Any student interested in becoming a reporter for either the news or sports departments, feature writers, typists, proof readers or business representative for THE BRUNSWICKAN contact the Editor-in-Chief Dave MacDonald (9004) or, preferably, come to a meeting in room 201 in the Arts Building TONIGHT at 7:15.

Any students who do join the staff will receive lectures and training from the present members of THE BRUNSWICKAN and outside personnel. All staffers receive points toward a non-athletic award. The experience gained through this work is useful no matter what field of endeavour you enter.

This paper does not appear by magic every Wednesday morning. It takes hours of hard work to produce. The present small staff cannot continue to publish a newspaper of the calibre it and the university can be proud of and keep up its classroom standards at the same time. With the help of the students we can improve THE BRUNSWICKAN and make it one of the finest college publications in the country. If there is no immediate support from you then the present staff cease publication with this issue.

ANTIGONE TO BE STAGED

DRAMA 1953 . . .



The above is a scene from the Drama Society's 1953 fall production "The Chiltern Hundreds" which was very well received by the Fredericton audience. Most of the players pictured are still active in the Society and will re-appear in productions this season. Left to right, we see Miss Gertrude Gunn, an active member of the Society this year, Mrs. Eleanor Brophy who will appear in next week's production, Ian Sandbach who no longer attends this university, Ian Barr also appearing in Antigone, the inimitable Bill Barwick who has left drama to edit the '55 Year Book, and the present director of the Society Professor Alvin Shaw.

CLASSIC TO BE PRESENTED IN THE HIGH SCHOOL 23, 24, 25th

INTRODUCING ANTIGONE

By Dr. Mary E. Milham

Although in real life ancient Greek women were kept almost under lock and key, denied formal education and carefully guarded from the evils of the street and market-place, in Greek drama they came into their own, important enough even to become the heroines of classic tragedy. Thus we have Clytemnestra, who welcomed Agamemnon home only to axe him in his bath; Medea, sorceress from the East who murdered her own children to wreak vengeance on her husband; and gentle Alcestis, who went down to death so that the man she loved might live. And always we have Antigone, perhaps the most complex of all.

THE DIRECTOR . . .



. . . PROF. A. J. SHAW

Since 1950 Prof. A. J. Shaw has been faculty advisor-director to the Drama Society. This fall he is directing the play Antigone. The campus is by now familiar with the professional quality of Prof. Shaw's productions. He has produced here Robertson Davies' "Overland", Priestly's "An Inspector Calls", G. B. Shaw's "Press Cuttings", and Robertson Davies' "Fortune My Foe". "An Inspector Calls", and "Fortune My Foe" were both entered in the regional festival. Though neither play won, there was many a UNB student who, having seen the plays said "We wuz robbed".

Last year's entry in the festival was "Darkness at Noon" which was again a loser.

Prof. Shaw was an old hand in the theatre long before he came to UNB. His drama experience dates back to 1939 and high school plays in Owen Sound, Ontario. Overseas in England during the war he helped to organize and was the Vice-president of the Dramatic Society at the Khaki College of Canada in London. Later, at the University of Toronto, he both directed and acted in University College plays and revues, and also in the famous Hart House productions. In Fredericton, besides his work with the UNB Drama Society, he helped to organize and was first president of the local Players' Guild, and for two years he has lectured in drama at the annual New Brunswick Folk School at Shediac.

Last year he became first vice-president of the newly formed New Brunswick Drama League, and was appointed a governor of the Dominion Drama Festival.

In Sophocles' play, Antigone has but one purpose, to fulfil the sacred obligation of a sister and bury her brother Polyneices, although the king has decreed him a traitor and forbidden his burial on pain of death. Nothing can turn Antigone from her course, not the threats of the king, the entreaties of her sister, nor the pleading of the king's son to whom she is engaged. There is endless critical dispute over her character, some believing that she is a normal girl, normally in love with the king's son but convinced that family honor is more important than her own personal happiness. Others believe that she is a case for a psychiatrist, that she really has little feeling for the fiancé who commits suicide over her fate (she never mentions loving him or planning to marry him) but that she has an unnatural attachment for her dead brother and a stubborn desire to be a martyr.

When Jean Anouilh adapted the modern French version from the Greek, he altered the character of Antigone more than any other single aspect of the play. What Sophocles left unfathomable and therefore realistic, Anouilh has made consistently symbolic of resistance to dictatorship. The Antigone who walked in Sophoclean Thebes was quite another woman, strange, almost impossible to analyze, but eternally intriguing.

UNB Drama Society Stages Good Cast

The Drama Society will present on November 23, 24 and 25 a modern version of the Sophocles play "Antigone". This tragedy of the conflict between a woman's conscience and the law of the state was first enacted on the Athenian stage some 2400 years ago. In 1943 Jean Anouilh's version of "Antigone" was successfully produced in German-occupied Paris, and in February, 1946 the Lewis Galantiere adaptation of the Anouilh play was given in New York.

In the coming UNB production Alda Mair will play Antigone and Ian Barr, Creon. Miss Mair will be remembered for her performance as Luba in last year's "Darkness at Noon", for which she won the award as best female actress in the Regional Drama Festival. Mr. Barr, the president of the Drama Society, played the prison commandant in "Darkness at Noon" and Beecham in the fall play "Chiltern Hundreds". He was last year's winner of the Bailey Trophy given annually to the best student actor at the university.

Several other members of the cast of eleven have been seen in previous UNB plays: Professor Alvin Shaw, who plays the Chorus; Mrs. Eleanor Boby, of the Library staff, who plays the nurse; Neale Hargrove and Ellsworth Briggs, Sophomore Arts students who will be guards and Robert Hawkes, Junior Arts, who is the Messenger. Newcomers to the Fredericton stage are Esther Harrison of Vancouver, a post-graduate student in History, Jack Sheriff, post-graduate in English, and Walter MacDonald, a B.Ed student.

BEHIND THOSE SCENES IN THE DRAMA SOCIETY

Fredericton (UNB) — While the cast has been rehearsing every night, scores of other Drama enthusiasts have been busy accomplishing the hundred and one tasks that must be done before the show goes on.

Gertrude Gunn has designed posters and Bob Sansom, the Society's Business Manager, is in charge of ticket sales and the Society's budget. Bob Rogers of the Bonar Law-Bennett Library is looking after publicity and advertising. Press and radio are carrying "spots" and stories, and three downtown windows feature displays to attract city theatre lovers.

The Society has been fortunate in being able to make use of much of the scenery they had on hand, which eliminated the necessity of having to spend long arduous hours on scene-construction. In past years one of the most difficult parts of a drama production has been the collection of large numbers of props. For the 1953 Fall production there was a three page list of properties and furniture that had to be begged and borrowed from everywhere. One of the items included a dead rabbit.

In charge of all the many projects going forward in connection with the play is the president of the Society, Ian Barr. Co-ordination of the many Drama Society members who are working on the play, all of whom have other things to do as well, is a large size job.

50 YEARS TODAY

Fredericton (UNB) — Women were first admitted to the University in 1885, but it was not until 1902 that they ventured into college dramatics. Up to that time the college play was an annual event but it was produced entirely by men, and women's parts were taken by them very successfully.

A favourite form of entertainment was a double program, the first part consisting of musical numbers, the second part being a short play. This entertainment was called the Glee Club concert — the Glee Club being for many years an active organization. On April 22nd, 1901 one of the "concerts" took place the second part of the program being a short play called "Ici on parle Français", and in that play for the last time, men took women's parts — those so distinguishing themselves being R. C. Colwell, '04, S. L. Colman, E. R. Golding, '05, and K. W. Massie '04.

During the winter of 1902 the Y.M.C.A. found itself, strange as it may appear — in need of funds. One member made a very novel and daring suggestion that the women should stage a play. The idea was well received and preparations for the event began. After considerable difficulty they obtained permission to use the college library for the production, and a quite undistinguished play called "Diamonds and Hearts" was accepted with great alacrity.

The play was produced on March 14th, there being five women and six men in the cast — and is worthy of remembrance because it marked the first appearance of women students in a play at UNB, though it was not the regular college play. The plot of the play has left no real impressions but it is remembered that there was much laughter, and they were complimented by no less a person than Professor Tyng Raymond upon the naturalness of mirth. The truth was that several untoward incidents had made the players almost hysterical and their laughter was perfectly spontaneous and not at all owing to pre-meditated art. However on the strength of it two of those in the cast — Miss Osborne and Miss Mesereau were asked to take part in the next college play, Sheridan's "Rivals" and needless to say they accepted.

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FEATURES



A CITY SURVEY

by Derek Gemmell

BAGHDAD

Ed. Note: Mr. Gemmell, a second year arts student, was in Baghdad during 1949 and 1950 with the R. A. F.

If you imagine the capital of Iraq to be anything like the Hollywood film version, complete with scantily clad harem dancers, torture chambers and sabre swinging sheiks, you will be very disappointed. In fact the only thing a sheik does swing nowadays is the steering wheel of a Rolls Royce or Cadillac. However, he is no less dangerous because the speed at which traffic tears through the narrow streets has to be seen to be believed. The noise, too, is deafening, as all drivers insist on keeping one hand continually on the horn. Even the ancient art of calling the faithful to prayer has increased volume. This has been accomplished by installing loud speakers in the minarets of the mosques.

The first view I had of this twelve hundred year old city of the Caliphs was from the back of an R. C. A. F. truck which had come right through the straggling outskirts onto Rashid Street, a main two mile artery lined with white pillared store fronts and just off which was located the British Embassy and the Y. M. C. A.

The former is a large white building surrounded by high wall and having a beautiful garden. Iraqis with revolutionary tendencies are apt to regard it as the true seat of government and show their disapproval by hurling bricks through the windows. It is true that British influence is strong here, not only politically, (there are three important air bases in the country), but also economically. The oil industry, railways and banking are largely controlled from London. One thing no one objects to, however, is the English management of the race course which has one of the most modern totalisers in the world, and is a meeting place of the citizens, second only in importance to the numerous coffee houses scattered throughout the city.

It is at these coffee houses that the affairs of the day are discussed for hours on end, and scandals which are a main source of entertainment are born.

For the more wealthy there are, of course, modern French style night clubs and restaurants lying along the banks of the Tigris. These have excellent food and service, and it is extremely pleasant to sit drinking in the cool evening after a day which could possibly have seen the temperature rise over the 120° F mark. Unfortunately my financial state never did allow me to sit for very long. Though infrequent, these visits added a final touch of glamour to a city and its inhabitants which I found interesting, friendly and still retaining

Reflections

by "LIZ"

My reflective powers are not too good this week, as I am still recovering from the dance.

It was interesting to note that coloured shoes (my prediction of a few weeks ago) replaced to a great extent, the traditional gold and silver evening sandals. Also, the trend towards shorter (ballerina length) dresses was very much in evidence. However, one prediction that didn't come true was that of *white* as the colour for this year's gala dress. Perhaps we just haven't had time to read the words of the fashion editors of the November issue of "Mademoiselle".

So often men make derogatory statements about women and their choice of hats, but the following is one of the worst: Women, said one man, can sometimes be seen choosing spectacles at chance — store counters, and in about one-tenth of the time they take to choose their hats. What is more, he added, the hats often turn out to be spectacles.

Speaking of spectacles reminds me of blue. The frames of my glasses are blue. Blue reminds me of Monday, and Monday of Apes (Anthropology Class). Apes I associate with trees, and trees, naturally enough, with paper. Paper — Oh yes — Exams.

in some strange way the atmosphere of Scherherazade.

PEN PORTRAITS — A CONTRAST

It was impossible not to notice her immediately as one entered the lounge. She was sitting apart—a sharp silhouette against one of the tall white columns of the room. Poised and unself-conscious, she seemed not to notice that she attracted the attention of everyone about her as she sat waiting. From time to time she smoothed her dark gloves more closely about her slim hands and fingers, or lightly brushed the velvet lapels of her charcoal suit, but these gestures seemed to be the result of unconscious habit and merely emphasized her serenity.

She was hatless and her light auburn hair shaped itself naturally away from her face except where it fell artlessly like a frame above her narrow brow. Her dark brown eyebrows, a singular contrast to the red of her hair, were unusually straight and almost joined in a line across her forehead. Once she turned and looked directly toward me, and I saw that her eyes were a cool grey-blue; they were intelligent and pensive eyes, yet not without a suggestion of humour in them too. Across her exquisitely sculptured nose was a bridge of freckles whose profusion was almost lost in the deep tan of her face. Unadorned as she was by any jewels, part of her charm lay in this natural blemish which no art sought to conceal. About her vivid lips there was a boyish lack of fullness, and this, with the delicacy of her small oval chin and the symmetry of her throat, gave a classical simplicity and beauty to her face.

She rose. Her heels clicked rhythmically as her trim, black-sheathed figure moved effortlessly among the tables to the door. In a moment she had gone.

She had had too much to drink and hung to the doorway for support.

"Good-night Laura..."

She could taste the heavy liquor as his thick lips pressed tightly on hers. Then he tottered down the long stairs.

She remained in the doorway, her face pallid and expressionless, as her eyes, in a pale drunken gaze, followed him down to the wet street. Her body was numb with alcohol, and she did not feel the damp breeze which whirled up from the empty street and caught her blue voluminous negligee, winding it about her bare ankles. She stood there a moment, breathing in the still night and rainy sidewalks. Then she turned slowly, and went back into the room, closing the door behind her.

She put the empty glass back on the table and ran her hand across her wet liquored lips. She reached for a package of cigarettes, stuck one in her mouth and lit it. She took a few long drags off the cigarette then let her self fall into a huge lounge chair, spasmodically throwing her head back, revealing a long Muse's throat.

Her cheeks were fiery now — all her face filled with a fierce

Writer's Workshop

MY VOCAL CAREER

by Desmond Pacey

It is my conviction that each of us has a secret source of pride. We may not be as witty as X, or as poised as Y, or as good-looking as Z, but at least we can bake a better cake, or remember jokes more accurately, or give a subtler lift of our left eyebrow. Now from this form of vanity I am by no means exempt, and up until the age of fifteen it took the form of believing that I was the best boy soprano in amateur circles at least.

Beliefs of this sort, of course, do not need much evidence to support them, and are often completely erroneous. But as Emerson has argued at length, in attempting to prove that it doesn't matter whether external nature really exists or merely seems to, an illusion that is never proven illusory will serve as well as a fast. Looking soberly back over the dim stretches of intervening time, I am now prepared to concede that the excellence of my singing voice was as illusory and as the main prop of my boyish illusions come, but it long served ego.

The belief probably had its origin when, as a mere snippet of three, I was invited to sing a solo at a ship's concert. For days before the event, my mother coached me on the delightful melody and lyrics of "Dear Little Jammy Face", and whether it was the excellence of my voice, the glory of my still-uncut curls, or the mere fact of my youth, I received, on the climactic night, a tremendous ovation.

From that auspicious beginning I went on from strength to strength. It would be immodest of me to recall all my vocal triumphs, but you will be able to form some idea of the dizzy heights I scaled if I tell you that for one whole summer I was second soprano in the boys' choir of a church within ten miles of Oxford itself, that I frequently sang solos and duets at Sunday School concerts, school commencement exercises, and private birthday parties, and that on one memorable occasion I sang the role of the Woodman in an operatic version of that classic of narrative prose, *Little Red Riding Hood*. (It is true that after that event, one man approached me with the rude remark "Who told you you could sing?", but I put that down to his infernal jealousy — his son had failed to make the chorus!)

Came my translation to Canada, at the age of fourteen. Not being backward in the art of blowing my own trumpet, or sounding my own voice, it was not long before my vocal career was resumed. For a few months all went well, and I was beginning to look fondly towards a

spot on the radio and emulation of Bing Crosby, when suddenly the blow fell.

It happened in the summer of 1932, when I was fifteen. I was invited to sing at the local Community Garden Party, the social event of the rural Ontario season. This was indeed an honour: to appear at night, on an outdoor lighted stage, before admiring thousands, and in the professional company of guitar players, singing cowboys, elocutionists, and a real live chorus line of kicking cuties from the City! Determined to do justice to such an occasion, I studiously rehearsed a repertoire of real classics of the vocalist's art. This was no time for juvenilia of the "Dear Little Jammy Face" variety; instead I mastered the rhythmic complexities of "In the Gloaming", "Mother Machree", "Danny Boy", and "The Minstrel Boy".

The great night arrived. Fortified with several bottles of pop from the canteen (understand, I am not offering this as an alibi, but merely from a sense of duty to present every possible relevant fact), I strode to the centre of the stage. Mother struck the opening chords of the accompaniment, and I burst (figuratively of course — it is not to this that the pop is relevant) into that grand old favourite, "In the Gloaming". Fully and smoothly, my voice a miracle of melodic grace, I urged the assembled multitude not to think bitterly of me. Ah! the delight of that feeling of mastery, of the sense that I held that vast throng in the hollow of my hand!

But when I reached the song's roaring climax — "I was BEST to leave you thus, dear!" — my voice unaccountably wavered and broke. It broke unmistakably, completely, with an ugly jarring shriek that no amount of heavy piano playing on Mother's part could cover up. I decided, as the audience stared at me in horrid disbelief, that it was indeed best to leave them — and I ran from the stage and straight home to bed.

And that is why, if anyone asks me today to sing a solo, I am cold sober, I firmly refuse. For years afterwards, I would not sing a note — but, music having become a habit, I did resort to whistling, thus beginning a practice which still puzzles my friends and infuriates my enemies. Gradually my singing shame has to some extent worn off, and in the proper circumstances, surrounded by a group of vocal friends, I allow my voice to waver forth — but always in mortal fear that I shall be heard.

pink. She loosened the sash of her negligee and bared her slender body to the room's damp sticky air. She kicked off her small suede shoes without unbuttoning the straps. In pale stockings her tired and sweaty feet were like

two moist cream cheeses encased in covers of cloth. Soon her body, which seemed so slight and slender in its pale blue negligee, lay as limp as a lettuce leaf soaked by a summer's rain.



SLABS 'N EDGINGS

by Jack, Jim and Paul

A meeting of the "association" was held in the Memorial Reading Room on November 7 at which time prizes for the Field Day were given out to the winners. After this was completed, discussion centered on the Xmas Cards. These cards are the only faculty Xmas cards on the campus. Reid Watson is in charge of ordering them this year and turned up with a new design. They are beautiful cards so place your order with your class representatives at once. After the business was discussed, the St. John's ambulance instructor arrived and gave a talk on the history of the Ambulance Brigade. In case anyone does not know, the Foresters who wish are starting Senior St. John's Instruction. The first of six two hour lectures was taken after the meeting. It is not too late to register, so any Forster may come out on Tuesday nights for lectures at the Reading Room.

With regards to the question by Heroditus as to whether it was an engineer who made the Foresters so quiet during our Forestry week. Quiet? Those who turned out to the Field Nite, Social Nite, Dance and Hammerfest. Quiet?

Possibly around the campus where the engineers were left studying. (They have no association that is active enough to give them more than a smoker once in a while, so have nothing to do but study.) Of course, they have Open House in the Engineering Building during their week, but by the time we have seen it twice it becomes quite a dull affair and we don't bother going. When we have a party it is a party, and no beer is left over. With all our fun no one is brought on the carpet like at last year's Wassail, everyone is in the same condition. Quiet Heroditus? Guess again.

The 'Eye' is suffering from astigmatism. Assuming the motive was constructiveness then this criticism can be left up to the three coaches. Isn't that their job? The criticism is based on opinion and for that reason should be left out.

We have noticed the awful traffic jam in the doorway to the Civil Building. This goes to prove the fact that small doors are made for small men.

The next meeting of the Forestry Association will be next Monday at 7:30 p.m. in the Reading Room. We have refreshments, only coffee at meetings though. Let's have you out.

We have recommended to the city that new large economy size street signs be placed on all streets on which Engineers might come in contact. A recommendation was decided upon, following the mishap that struck here last week when an Engineering student, who would appear outwardly to be quite an intelligent lad, read his street map back to front, and consequently the street he was surveying turned to be back-to-front. So therefore instead of being on Green Road he was on Green Road. He was confused even more so by the fact that he was wearing green glasses which made all streets look like Green Road.

One suggestion to this particular Engineering student was that he should carry a bag of jelly-beans the next time he goes surveying so that he could leave a trail to find his way back. Another suggestion was that he tie one end of a ball of string to the Civil Building door and unravel the string as he proceeded.

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BEAT TOMMIES

(From Page One)
St. Thomas was again ejected for numerous infractions and this seemed to add fuel to the Bombers' fire.

Every man on the team, rookie or veteran, seemed to have his heart in this game and the deep driving force payed off. It could not be said that any one player starred as all gave to the best of their ability. Coaches Ern Thoms and Moose Flemming could take just pride in their teams as school spirit bubbled to a new high. Guards, tackles, ends, centres, quarterbacks, and halfbacks played together to win the new Brunswick Football Championship for U.N.B.

Lineups:
U.N.B.—Flying wings: Lalor, Gibson. Halves: Bird, Auger, Clarke, Cowie, Harris, Balch, Olyarchuk, Yearwood. Centres: Gundry, Hubbley. Quarters: Barter, Brophy. Guards: Wilson, DiGiacinto, MacLean, Ritcey, Ritchey, MacLachey. Tackles: Smith, McCombe, Tzoy, Campbell. Ends: Benson, Walford, Cain, Gardiner, O'Connor.

Tommies — Flying wing: McMullin. Halves: T. George, O'Brien, Culliver, J. George. Centres: Powers, Weeks. Quarters: Grant, B. Cherpeta. Guards: Rod Violette, Woodhouse, Mahoney, Connolly, McKee. Mashed. Tackles: Hurley, Ronnell, Balton, Morrissey, Roy Violette, Barry, Young. Ends: Boyle, Mills, Holmes, Preston, W. Cherpeta, Chisolm.

LADDER COMPETITION

The athletic office reports that ladder competition will commence as soon as possible, that is as soon as sufficient interest is shown in the following sports: squash, badminton, handball and table tennis.

This will give all players a chance to take part in keen and continuing competition throughout the year. All interested should sign in at the athletic office as soon as possible.

Last year's ladder competition was hot and well played with much unexpected talent coming to the fore. As has been mentioned before, excellent equipment and staff are ready to give you all the assistance asked for and all that is needed is organizational spirit.

Get in shape, keep in shape and enjoy friendly rivalry. Remember you may be on the top rung of the ladder.

FINAL GAME STATISTICS

U.N.B. VS ST. THOMAS — NOV. 13

	U.N.B.	ST. THOMAS
Yards gained rushing	269	223
Yards gained passing	78	66
Passes attempted	8	24
Passes completed	3	5
First downs on the ground	21	20
First downs in the air	2	3
Number of kicks	17	11
Average yards of kicks	45.3	35.2
Run backs of kicks in yards	41	104
Fumbles	2	3
Own fumbles recovered	1	1
Penalties in yards	143	180
Score	21	0

How First Game Went

After knocking off the Moncton Trojans on the previous Saturday the Red Bombers traveled to Chatham for the first of the final games. The St. Thomas College team came out on top 17-7 and so took a ten point lead in the two game total point series.

The Tommies opened quickly and soon were pressing U.N.B.'s defences. The ball changed hands however, and U.N.B.'s Lin Smith opened the scoring by kicking the ball to the St. Thomas dead line for a 1 point rouge. The North Shore squad, scrimmaging from their own twenty-five yard line, started to march the length of the field. After a long run by halfback Gregg O'Brien, the ball rested on the U.N.B. 20 yard line. Bucking through the line five plays later, St. Thomas was ahead 5-11 as Tony George went over from 4 yards out. The convert attempt was blocked by the quarter closed.

Early in the second quarter the longest run of the game was put together as Grant passed to Boyle of St. Thomas and the latter ran 75 yards for a touchdown. Again the convert went wide as the Tommies led 11-1.

U.N.B. came out in the second half much more determined and working as a team. Before they could build up momentum though, the Tommies again scored. Patterson intercepted a U.N.B. pass giving the Chatham squad possession deep in their own territory. Running and passing down the field they were soon on the three-hold and Joey-George went over on a line buck for a major. Boyles' convert was good to put the Green and Gold ahead 16-1. Soon after a third down kick by Boyle found U.N.B.'s Hugh Auger trapped behind his own line for another point and the Tommies were ahead 17-1.

Intramurals

The intramural league has now two Sunday's play to its credit with the league well organized. Team captains are reminded that they may default only two games for lack of players before dropping from the loop.

Last Sunday's games saw Engineering 45's take Foresters 48's 9-1; Soph Civils squeek past Senior Civils 6-5; Freshman c's swamp Junior Engineers 7-1; and Science win by default over Freshman D's. Arts had a bye as did Foresters 123's.

NEXT WEEK:
Science vs. Engineers 45's
Freshman c's vs Arts.
Foresters 45's vs Soph Civils.
Senior Civils vs Foresters 123's.

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL
It is expected that the basketball intramural league will get under way tonight with at least eight teams active.

If you want to play in this league and at the moment are not on a team, make definite inquiries as to whether your class has a team and if you can work into it.

INTRAMURAL SOCCER
The soccer intramural league is not over yet with the game to de-

VARSITY SWAMPED 8-2

Playing their second game of the '54-'55 hockey season, the U.N.B. Varsity were downed 8-2 Saturday night at York Arena when they took on the Merchants, last year's Commercial League winners. As in the first game, play was fast and rugged with not too many penalties being called.

Using many new players, it gave coach Pete Kelly a chance to observe them under fire. The roster of the team is not finalized at the moment and Kelly hopes to have the very best material on hand as the season progresses. The rough play has the effect of removing the men from the boys; and it will be soon known who can keep up with the play. This year the league is much improved since the last time when U.N.B. was entered in it and this, feels Coach Kelly, will bring up the standard of the varsity team.

Ketch and Rankin accounted for the U.N.B. points as play swept up and down the ice. As can be seen from the score the majority of play was carried by the Merchants, but every opportunity was given to the U.N.B. players to show their ability and it is on this basis that the team will be built. Games at the moment are weekly, being played on Saturday nights with a twin bill posted for each evening's activity.

A good turnout by players is still in evidence and Kelly expects to have several of last year's players back now that the football season is over. Whether or not these men will put the Varsity squad into a winning streak remains to be seen but with all hands working the team can go a long way. Practice session times are now being posted about the campus and all players active or about to become so are requested to watch the bulletin boards closely for dates and times.

Following the varsity supremacy still to be called off the game. The finalists were round off eight days ago, with the final game to have been played the following day. It was decided to call off the game. The finalists are the chemists and the Arts and Science Teams.

AS EYE SEE IT

Last week this column set forth some statements that were grossly mis-read and misinterpreted.

To set the record straight:

1. This column was meant to put the words "football" and "Red Bomber" on everyone's lips. It certainly did this, but not in the way it was intended i.e. to stir up conversation and enthusiasm.

2. The column also wished to bring to attention the recent Red Bomber wins after a defeat and to explain just how this came about. It wanted to criticize the way this was carried out i.e. behind closed doors, but concluded that this evidently proved the right medicine as the Bombers went on to win after the big shake up.

3. This column also wished to point out that up until then the Red Bombers lacked training in a pass defence. It urged this since so many of today's games are won and lost on aerial offence and defence.

4. The article was not intended to disrupt and disorganize the Bombers in anyway. Nor was it intended to sling mud at the personalities mentioned. It wishes to apologize sincerely to any of the persons involved for having caused them embarrassment.

The U. N. B. Red Bombers of 54-55 brought the Senator Burchill Trophy back to U. N. B. on Saturday at College Field. Every team member of the Bombers, the coaches — Thoms, Flemming, McCombe and the team executive, Elmer, Ward and Bryant are to be heartily congratulated.

It was a tough up-hill grind and the Red Bombers proved themselves champs in a decisive way. After losing 17-7 on Thursday at Chatham, the team came roaring back to whip St. Thomas 21-0 and take the total point series 28-17.

The less said about the 17-7 loss, the better, except to point out the fine display of football given by Ian Watson, and the magnificent tackle of Mick Lalor after Tommies' Joey George broke away from the pack and headed for a touchdown. Lalor, certainly not the fastest runner, closed a long gap between George and himself on sheer drive, guts and determination to bring Joey down.

The Bomber win on Saturday brought some good looking football, particularly by the Bombers, whose savy, spirit and quiet determination to win was far too much for the Tommies.

SOME COMMENTS AND HIGHLIGHTS:

The way the Bombers quickly took the lead in the first few minutes and pushed back Tommy rushes while at the same time scoring again.

The way opportunist Watson scooped up a St. Thomas fumble in their own zone and streaked across to score.

The rock-like stand of the Bombers line that held the Tommies' big guns scoreless.

The fine boots of kicker Lyn Smith who kicked them high and far to keep St. Thomas at bay.

The way Johnny McCombe effectively took out his opponents and refused to be goated into scraps despite St. Thomas haggling.

PICTURE PLAY OF THE GAME: Dennis Brophy's pass to Harris who took it on the dead run and scored standing up.

Cheers to referee Al Tyler who reffed a fine game and gained more yardage in penalties than anyone.

Cheers to coach Ernie Thoms who coached heads up ball, making the right changes at the right time.

Cheers to Quarterback Dennis Brophy, who, despite St. Thomas' attempts to smear him deliberately, played spectacular Yball. It hurts Brophy's injured back to get up again and again after being roughed by the Tommies, but it was this type of courage that was the straw which broke the Tommies' back.

Cheers to Mick Lalor — the old pro — who played 60 minutes, was stellar on blocking offense and overpowering on pass defense. If one were given, he would deserve the most valuable player award.

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A written examination will be held on Saturday, NOVEMBER 20, 1954, at
Room 201, Arts Building,
The University of New Brunswick,
Fredericton, N.B.

Complete details may be obtained at your University Placement Office or from the Civil Service Commission, Ottawa. Look for the Poster on your bulletin board.

BEAVERBROOK EXHIBITION IS LAUDED



"Equestrian Study" by noted Spanish artist, Salvador Dali. Pictured is Lady Dunn.



Opened by Lt.-Gov. Lasts until Saturday

Pictured above (Left to right) are Lt.-Governor D. L. MacLaren who declared the exhibition of paintings and prints from the private collections of Lord Beaverbrook and Sir James Dunn open on Monday, Nov. 8, Mr. L. S. LeRoux, former deputy director of the Tate Gallery in London, who assisted in hanging the pictures, and Dr. Colin B. MacKay, President of the University. The ceremony on Monday opened the exhibition for two weeks, ending this coming Saturday.

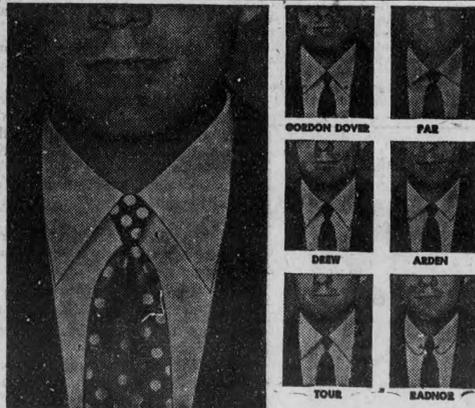
The lieutenant-governor and Mrs. MacLaren were escorted through the new wing of the Bonar Law-Bennett library which has been converted into a very effective art gallery, by Dr. MacKay and Mr. LeRoux. Lord Beaverbrook was not present at the first public showing of his 50 paintings by famous British and Canadian artists and 70 British and Canadian prints. He is in Montreal.

Nor was Sir James Dunn in attendance. Sir James has loaned the exhibition five valuable paintings.

The exhibition in the Bonar Law-Bennett Library at the University of New Brunswick, was augmented by five important paintings loaned by Sir James Dunn. The one reproduced on the left has caused extremely active interest. It is an equestrian study of Lady Dunn by the famous Spanish artist, Salvador Dali, and never before has

been publicly exhibited. It is regarded as sure to become famous and is judged to be among the best of Dali's works. Note the numerous tiny animals in perfect detail which background the principal figures, Lady Dunn, the horse and falcon.

Below Left: Throngs of students, are enthusiasts and interested citizens crowd the Bonar Law-Bennett Library.



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