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Our Last Issue-- And Our Thanks

Since this is the last issue of the Brunswickan for this year, we would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have contributed to its publication (and success, we hope) . . . our advertisers, those who worked for and with us to make sure the students knew what was going on around the campus. Our special thanks go to Bob McGowan of the Public Relations Office for his co-operation all year, Professor Love who kept us from being sued, and the men in the composing room of University Press without whose patience and advice "above and beyond the call of duty", several issues would have never gone to press. We hope you have enjoyed reading the Brunswickan this year, and that you will continue to give the paper your support.

Betty Lou Vincent,
Editor-in-Chief.
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Business Manager.

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A Sufficient Levy At Last

The S.R.C. has finally come up with a system which, we hope, will abolish most of the financial difficulties in next year's budget meetings. Although we have heard some loud moans at the decision to have a \$25 levy, it should be realized that this step should have been taken long ago. The S.R.C. for years has been trying to support too many activities on the levies it has collected, and the result has been a great deal of haggling, debating, cutting and five hour budget meetings.

This new decision is not the result of a moment's thought on the part of the council. The finance committee has prepared an estimate of the expenses expected next year, and the levy was raised accordingly, so that we now have the unique situation of the levy being collected to cover expenses replacing the former procedure of trying to squeeze all our expenses into an insufficient budget.

The decision to include the Year Book in the levy is also a wise one. It will simplify the matter of obtaining a Year Book, eliminate the necessity of an already overworked Year Book staff having to solicit subscriptions, and should do away with the money-losing method that has been followed in the past . . . that of having a lot of books published and then wondering where they are going to be sold, with the result that there are always a few dozen books lying around that no one has paid for and no one wants.

This move on the part of the S.R.C. is in keeping with the policy they seem to have adopted so far this year . . . Plan for things, and then get them done. They were originally faced with a major problem of the huge deficit accumulated by previous Year Books, and although the situation is far from settled, the Council has been taking steps that should see them through this crisis. They deserve the congratulations and the support of the students in the large job which still faces them, and we only hope that they will continue in this style to which we are becoming accustomed.

Letteritis--Again . . .

The bandwagon mentioned in last week's editorial is becoming quite crowded, so crowded in fact that we expect the wheels to fall off in the very near future. The latest addition to Critics Unlimited added a voice to the hue and cry in Monday's Gleaner, via the Letters to the Editor column.

This person, who we noted seemingly didn't have the courage of his (or her) convictions and declined to sign his (or her) name, directed an attack against An Inspector Calls. The fact that the adjudicator of the Drama Festival, an experienced critic did not remark on any unsuitability of the Drama Society's choice should, in itself, be significant. Coupled with the fact that the audiences at the performances were large and apparently enjoyed themselves (for no dissenting voices have been heard until now) the members of the Society or any members of the University should not feel they should hang their heads in shame because of this belated attack.

Before any more would-be critics contract this contagious and chronic disease that is developing into an epidemic, namely "letteritis", we would suggest that they stop and consider a few things: First, if the Drama Society were to discard each suggested play that hinted at immorality, intemperance or sordidness it should be restricted to adaptations of "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Just Mary" stories. Secondly, you cannot please everybody with one production . . . our artistic field would be quite narrow if you could. Thirdly, that the Drama Society's presentations are not selected at the drop of a hat; they are chosen by students, with the help of the faculty, from a group of plays that could be produced, and a great deal of thought goes into the selections. Lastly, the actors and actresses are merely acting the roles they portray.

The Drama Society is a well supported organization on the campus, and its primary obligation to its audiences is to bring them well written plays, recognized as good entertainment. A good play represents people as they are in real life, not the citizens of an idealist's Utopia.

So far the Drama Society has done an admirable job, and we trust it will continue to do so.

ABOUT 811

Since this is the last "811" I'll be doing, (Encaenia, you know), I think it is only fitting that I include the happenings of all three years that the old place has been the main abode for a lot of us.

It hardly seems possible that three years ago, "811" was a somber mysterious looking place on a deserted corner, surrounded by rumors that it might be a gal's residence. And the first day a couple of us were in it, (the furniture wasn't even all in, then) Dr. Trueman arrived and we took him on a conducted tour, getting lost somewhere between the second floor showers and the laundry. There weren't any eats here, then, so we used to march to the LORD BEAVERBROOK HOTEL two by two, come meal-time. There we all sat at a long table, lapping up the stares and comments of the other guests.

All of us old timers remember that C. D. Cox attained the rare distinction of being the first gentleman caller at the MAGGIE JEAN. Guess who we got him the blind date with? I can still see us all sitting down in the front hall on trunks and packing cases because the living rooms were still completely bare. Those were the good old days when we used to have meetings on the third to discuss what we'd talk about on dates. (Now, the fellas complain that they never get a word in edgeways.)

Remember Freshman week that first year . . . especially how it rained the night of the street dance and we all sat out on the front steps with our dates until two policemen arrived. (No, they didn't want to chase the boys home; someone had crawled up the fire-escape and into the third floor bathroom, only to be discovered by a quavering Co-ed who was trying to get to bed early so she could get up for nine o'clock.)

The parties held at 811 that year were THE THING to go to. I can still see our old pal "Lover-boy" and his gal sitting in the two big chairs in the dining-room while the rest of us danced in our sock feet. He got to be quite a legend, didn't he, kids? Those gala evenings at home could scarcely even be considered a second to the Saturday night dances we loved to go to. None of us were very good bridge-players that year but Canasta was just coming in so we spent almost as much time at that as we do at bridge now.

"Now, girls, these late hours have to stop just as soon as the RED'N BLACK REVUE "is over" was our motto, but we had so much fun that until about a month before the exams we never quite got around to realizing that the REVUE was over.

The first year ended happily for the majority of us, then we swung into YEAR II with the Barn in full swing and a lot of cute new Freshettes. Summer school was an added attraction for some of us, and besides the lectures and the work, we all agreed that it was a wonderful way to spend six weeks. There was one party, which became known as the ISLAND EVENING which we are planning to resume after the exams this year. "A good time was had by all doesn't seem even adequate to describe the fun we had." Our

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)

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SLABS & E

By HATCH AN

"The time has come," said, "to special things, of ceiling boards, taps, and Foresters. And from looking at lights of the University find that Foresters ruled the roost. Du that this paper runs to the issue, and we quest an extra 2 (or for our purpose, y pals, "Slabs & E Sawdust Twins, kn have compiled an a of the outstanding of that illustrious FORESTRY FACUL

The most noteworthy plishment was the establishment and d of the Hadley-Vic Reading Room. From end this project has success and the room before the end of school year.

The next event w mind is the annual Hammerfest. Need said? (Hic—pass th —such harmony an are as yet unknow of in any other fa

And who could th appropriate place of war? What o students would hav to show off their lawn of the arts men were left wit ciples dangling an dents un-antecedent brazen display of

Interest ran high tion was keen at t restaers Field Day, inter-student comp Sid Hyslop walked of the honours, ar were generously de merchants.

And naturally a ter Foresters Danc fall at the Beave like every year th coming more popu on its way to bec of the year.

Also unique amc culties was the night held during This goes to show can also be perfe men, among othe

The personal w the Royal Visitors Foresters is also v tion. This sign he tion away from the roads were of partially gravelled sion.

Although the F come through with ed victory, in the —Engineer hock nevertheless show of the Foresters challenge issued. ed that the turn tionally high. No here for sure.

Due to excellen "Aces" Shure, a "Monte Carlo" ni the gym. Exhibiti flair for this typ Foresters, (and c with utter aban "Moneybags" M "Mint" McLeod k flowing. "Hotlun vived flagging sp fee" (cold) and " in all another su "first" and due fo year.

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