

This Page-What It Is

This page is already a failure if you fail to read its purpose.

An expanding college demands an expanding paper. The idea of adding a page to The Brunswickan is not a new one, but it needed a situation like that of the present to crystallize it into a reality. So here it is—another feature page and another page of news and sports. Some students hold the opinion that it would be better to try first to improve what we already have. The solution to that lies with the students already on The Brunswickan staff. The added page is, among other things, an attempt to get more people interested in, and working on, the paper they have supported until now by nothing but destructive criticism.

Why a feature page? Look at The Brunswickan. We have a news page and a sports page—and there is no news on either of them. They form a sort of diary of events known to all of us. Yet we wonder why we don't get interesting, new, novel stories. Now the feature page is the only space provided for creative work—work that can be interesting, now and novel. It is a page where the best in us can appear. But few appreciate the fact, and as a result the editor has a full time job gathering feature articles from uninterested writers, or, through necessity, writing the articles himself.

The new page is an experiment. It is not to replace the original feature page, but rather to supplement it. The approach will be serious, and by serious I do not mean high and dry. Good light material can be written. And when we laugh at humour we should laugh because it is funny, not because it is smutty. Furthermore—articles should be honest attempts to write well. No writer should be ashamed to have his name appear with his contribution.

What would you like to see on this page? There will be perhaps an occasional essay, poems, feature material from other college papers, freshman theses, a column from Alexander College, short stories, book reviews, bits from Brunswickans of the past. And I hope that we can get contributions from members of the faculty. Have you other suggestions? Pass them along.

At times, interesting short stories had to be omitted from the feature page because of their lengths. Here, when occasion demands, the whole page will be used for a single, good piece of work. Don't get fretful. I say again, that does not mean high and dry work.

It is you who will determine whether or not this page will be a success. Start writing.

Prof.: When was Rome built?
Junior: At night.
Prof.: Who told you that?
Junior: You did, you said Rome wasn't built in a day.

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Pour your smoke and drown the town
In dirty, swirling cloud,
Belch your dust and gloom
And spread it like a shroud
Of grim attired poverty.

Hide from sight
Life's pretty things
For fear of blameless stain;
Hide away your soul
Lest it be lost in rain
Of dirt and soot and pain.

Stuart D. Baxter.

The Ideal College Lecture

Of course the most prominent individual in the lecture room is the professor, and here he is. Maxie Royalfush, a master of wit and wisdom and champion weightlifter at Knowledge College. His job is lecturing to the most disinterested class at this university, and he deems it a privilege.

He enters his classrooms, lights his pipe, peers through a cloud of smoke at the vacant room and wonders what new facilities he can introduce in order that his students may feel more comfortable. Already he has supplied couches for those who feel exhausted after a night of revelry, and the seats are well cushioned and have built-in footstools.

The students straggle in and drop into their seats. Taylor Gable and Sinatra Crosby flop on a couple of couches. Ten minutes after the hour all are present and their faces are turned to their beloved teacher. Mr. Royalfush lets his eyes wander about the room. There is Lamour D'Amour with her deep, sombre look, Miss Mouncey Grey nibbling at a pencil stub, Amber Gloom with the story of another Amber in her lap. Over in the corner, Stewie Fivespades is shuffling a deck of cards while five other fellows crowd around him. Gable and Crosby are already in solemn slumber.

The professor speaks, "If any of you are hungry or thirsty, there is an ample supply of good food and drink in the ice box." (The icebox holds a dignified position beside the professor's desk.) "You will please read chapter five sometime before examinations—which reminds me of a joke . . . Mr. Royalfush continues with his joke which is entirely new to the class, then Do U. Wonbetter tells the latest joke he has heard. For the rest of the lecture, jokes and wisecracks bubble through the room to the rhythm of sandwich munching, card shuffling, cocktail slurping and Miss D'Amour's silky laughter.

Mr. Royalfush has the award for holding the only ideal college lectures. Mr. Royalfush also has the distinction of never having a student flunk his course. Furthermore, Mr. Royalfush has a young wife, two old daughters, a broken lawnmower, and a patent on a process for preserving icicles. Mr. Royalfush will probably have his name in the next edition of WHO'S WHO.

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HAIRCUT

I told her I'd meet her at three, so I tore down town to get a haircut as soon as dinner was over. The place was crowded or course, so I sat down to read the magazines I had read the last time I was there. My turn came up at ten to three. I told the barber I was in a hurry, and asked him for a quick job.

He started in—gentle as a lamb, snipping away, asking about things Up the Hill, and telling me all the latest humours about the place I had never heard before.

"Shampoo?"
"No thanks, I haven't time."
"Your hair's pretty oily, and your scalp is dirty." And he dug his comb into the skin and hauled out part of my scalp to show me.

"What did you say?"
"I said I didn't want a shampoo."
"Oh!"

He went on with his cutting, without talking, pausing every now and then to slap me on the back of the neck and jab me in the head with his scissors.

Then—"Your hair's pretty dry. How about something on it?"
"No thanks, not today."

"Better look after your hair, sonny. I didn't get a chance when I was young. Look at me now." And I looked at his bald dome.

"Sure you won't have something on your hair?"
"No thanks."

Silence—Then a slap at the back of my head with a powdered whisk, and a cloud of powder in my face. He released me. I paid and left.

Twenty past three. I had lost all respect for barbers, a perfectly good piece of scalp, and I knew darned well that she wouldn't be waiting.

Oh—to be bald!

She was a gorgeous creature

He was a doting male.

He admired her figure in English.

And wanted to prove it in Braille.

Wanted Immediately

Writers, writers and writers. Also students to help gather material from old Brunswickans, and other college papers. This page can't go on without co-operation. Are you interested? See or phone Don Gammon before Monday evening, January 21.

Drop your criticisms of this page into The Brunswickan box in the library.

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Have You Read It?

FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE

By Desmond Pacey

Frederick Philip Grove is perhaps the only monograph I have really enjoyed. It is the style of the work that held my interest. The development, the objectiveness, the balance, the firmness of approach are striking.

The book begins with Grove's life—a biography that is so startling and real that it would be far too fantastic to pass as fiction—in novel form, for example. Then there follows chapters on each of Grove's works. These chapters not only hint at the context of each of Grove's books, but also pause long enough to point out their strengths and weaknesses, and suggest the relations between them. Finally there are three chapters which deal with the works as a whole, style and attitudes, and Grove's place in Canadian literature. The final chapter, in itself, is a pot of information that can be drawn from independent of the rest of the book.

I say it was the style of the work that interested me. I suppose the book was intended as a stepping-stone to Grove's works. Yet Dr. Pacey's book is complete, and can be enjoyed in itself. The book is written with a sure hand. At times, unfortunately, it is a little too firm and we resent the insight the author displays.

Frequent quotations from Grove's novels and auto-biography reinforce points and keep us in closer contact with Grove.

I would like to refer again to the

THE CAGED SQUIRREL

Hurry, hurry, stupid squirrel,
Life's a caged disaster,
Round and round your wheel you
whirl,
Getting nowhere faster.

Fool! But most of us I've found
Cut no better figure
Though our wheel's a whole day
round
And our cage is bigger.

Fred Cogswell.

last chapter, "His Place in Canadian Literature." Here, in a very few pages, is an energetic, panoramic view of the strengths and failures of the Canadian novel, publisher, and reading public. Grove figures in it of course, but the wider picture is the important thing.

Dr. Pacey, in his attempt to be fair to Grove, has been unfair to himself. There is a constant giving and taking away. A point is raised, approved and condemned, and at times the sense of balance is so rigid that the reader finds himself sitting at the fulcrum, getting little thrill from the ride. At times I wonder if Dr. Pacey is not merely covering himself—building a defense from attack.

There is another point of criticism. At the end of Chapter XI, the author uses a sympathy call to excuse short-comings in Grove's works because of certain difficulties under which Grove wrote. This is scarcely a proper way to gain our respect for a novelist, and to have us excuse his failings.

Dr. Pacey's book reminds me of the Johnson — Boswell situation. Here—the author has not only helped establish Grove's position in the literary world, but has also revealed

(Continued on Page Seven).

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of Junior Varsity and
our Co-ed team will al
play. The whole prog
to a super sports spec
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more than 900 student
up U. N. B.'s swollen

The feature game v
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have been working
first day of the term
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for 9 o'clock.

Accompanying the
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Wrens' sextet. They
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roaring Red Raiders
High School, starts a

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game a sports ca
spirit and excitement
and EVERYBODY
"SEE YOU AT T
the popular farewell
So we'd better say "game"

Gaiety

GAI

MON., TUES.
JOHN V
"BACK TO
Wed., Thurs
DAVID NIVEN
"THE
Fri. and Sat
ROSALIND
RUSSELL
—in—
"SHE WOULD
Mon., Tues., We