

A Criticism On A Rack In The Library of Criticism

As soon as a student thinks he is thoughtful enough, or seen enough, or well enough known on the campus he feels it his duty to say his say on matters concerning him, and to speak with authority on all those other things which don't affect him. Then his satellites, his intimate friends, echo his criticism, and sing his praise. It is just another example of the bucket and the well simile.

Whether or not this is an explanation of all the complaints we hear on the campus hardly matters here. The point of importance is that we go have, hear, take and give more than a polite amount of destructive criticism. What is its purpose? And what is the use of it? Constructive criticism is what is needed.

When constructive criticism is made, it is usually acted on. And what is the reaction then? Certainly it is not one of thanks. Rather it is a quick laying aside of old grievances, and a quick taking up of new criticisms, which will run out its race of destruction, and finally, in its last breath, take up the logical helpful approach.

Perhaps a few examples will help clarify my points. There was the complaint about noise in the library. Last term saw the end of that. Yet The Brunswickan, which once devoted a complete front page to protests, published a little article which said "Thank you" in one breath, and "Why don't you do something about the noisy floors and chairs?" in another. The suggestion was a good one, but it was hardly proper to say it then, and in that tone of voice.

And there is the question of the steps leading up to the Arts Building. We tried to break legs to get the things there—and now—"It seems that there will be less cracked crania around this year. Yes, we dared to try out the new steps and we pleasantly slipped up the hill instead of scratching all the skin off our knees as we used to. Thank you, Joe, let's hope you keep the eyesore, Tumble, shovelled off." Add to this the complaint that the steps aren't banked steeply enough, and a few other gems of criticism, and we shall have completed our thanks for the "ski jump."

I could go on. There are the steady complaints about the freshman Engineering English course, the poor college yells (and I overheard a couple criticizing them at the very time when that couple should have been roaring to help make the yells a success), and The Brunswickan.

The Brunswickan—a weekly source of the sourest criticism. "The news page couldn't be worse." "The feature page smells." "Snoop stinks." And how often have students made use of The Brunswickan box in the Library to present their complaints to the people who can attempt to correct the

Dear Red

University of New Brunswick,
Fredericton, N. B.,
January 12, 1956.

Dear Red,
Received your letter day before yesterday. I see you still have an interest in things at U. N. B. The campus seems to have changed since your times. At least, the description you gave me doesn't fit things today. It has been ten years since you were here, hasn't it? Well, Red, I'm glad you were here in the good old happy days. I don't see how anyone can have any fun at U. N. B. now.

We haven't gravel roads any more. They are concrete. For the past week the roads have been covered with a layer of ice. It is impossible for a car to get up the hill. They will probably get some sand down sooner or later. And we haven't got those paths you spoke of either. We have concrete steps everywhere now, and they are long and steep. Every student is complaining about the exhausting climb. Perhaps something will be done about them now—some poor chap slipped in front of the Arts Building last night and fell down the thirty-eight steps. He is in the hospital with a severe concussion and a sprained ankle. They are talking of replacing the steps with escalators.

The campus has lights now too—but they are not turned on until eight o'clock and it is usually dark around five. We are trying to have them turned on two hours earlier. The boys in the Residence complain that the lights keep them awake. Someone suggested that they pull down the blinds, but received some involved answer about windows being opened, so the blinds would flap, and this would keep them awake, etc.

The Library is completely quiet now. It has sound-proofed floors and walls. But the lighting and ventilation are very bad. Furthermore, the Library is too small for the number of students. We are going to suggest the building of a new library with a decent sized reading room.

There is a Ladies' Residence down by the gym, but there are no ladies in it. The girls refused to live there because of the number of rules they were subjected to, so the men took it over.

Another new building is the Chemistry and Biology Building. Both departments are expanding very quickly, and the two faculties are at each other's throats. Each says that the other will have to get out because of lack of space. It looks like another building will be going up soon.

The top floor of the Arts Building now houses the men's common (Continued on Page Seven).

faults? How many have passed along good, sound, usable advice? I am not suggesting that you put on coloured glasses, and passively view all the faults about. I do suggest that some system be put into the critical approach. Be true to yourself. Don't yell for a thing one day, and yell against it the next. It isn't fair play—and it isn't constructive.

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Situated rather obscurely to the right of the coat-stands in the University Library is a set of shelves which should be sought out far more frequently by the students than it is. This rack contains the recent issues of the chief periodicals of general interest to which the Library subscribes. If you have read thus far, I hope you will not abruptly turn your eyes to another column, muttering that you have plenty to read already without bothering about current periodicals. Stay with me, and give me the chance of persuading you that this rack is not beneath your notice.

It is true that you have a great deal of reading to do in direct connection with your courses, and that as a student it is your first duty to attend to that reading. But you have other responsibilities: you are not merely a student but a citizen, and should be an intelligent citizen. One ready way to become an intelligent citizen is to read what the best contemporary minds have to offer on the problems which now confront the race or have confronted it in the past. Now it is precisely the best thought of the best contemporary minds that the periodicals on this shelf embody. There you will find, for example, *The Yale Review*, a quarterly which presents essays on politics, international affairs, philosophy, literature, and art, contributed by writers of international reputation. You will find there also copies of the three Canadian university quarterlies—*Dalhousie Review*, *Queen's Quarterly*, and *University of Toronto Quarterly*—which have performed such an invaluable task in the preservation and transmission of the rather thin stream of Canadian culture. If you are interested in informed, serious, and intelligent discussion of the various aspects of society and culture, make a habit of reading these quarterlies as they appear.

But perhaps you are the sort of person who detests reading about social and political problems, and will consent to read periodicals only if they are entertaining. Whether you are this sort of person or the sort whose interests embrace all aspects of life, there is valuable material for you on this rack. There is the magazine *Horizon*, for instance, a relatively new English literary periodical which includes stories, poems, and essays by most of the leading young writers of the day. Or there is the famous American magazine of verse, *Poetry*, to which the best of the rising and established poets of America and Canada send their literary wares. Another magazine of high quality contemporary verse which you will find there is *Voices*. If your taste is for short stories, look at *Story*, the leading "quality" medium for short story writing in the United

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Appearance and Address

The monotonous voices of the engines had lost their strange accents for most of the passengers, and many had been lulled to sleep by the powerful and tireless melody. To me, however, they crooned no lullaby. To me they sang restless arrangements full of excitement and promise.

The chorus was finishing the last stanza of "I'll Take You Home Again . . ." I lay back wondering who the person next me was. I read the prayer on the cardboard lunch container: "God speed your journey, American Red Cross. If you can suggest anything that may make your trip more comfortable, please use the enclosed address card."

The man beside me addressed me with uncomplimentary snoring sounds. He looked disappointed and appeared most untidy in the now-wrinkled uniform of a War Correspondent. He was travelling American Transport Command. Later, after we had landed and the uninterested looking passengers hobbled out and followed one another down the wheeled stairway, a very military captain rushed up to my repulsive-looking travelling companion and taking his brief case, said, "May I be of any assistance, Mr. Hemingway?"

Murray Barnard,
Freshman English "A" Group

States today. Don't permit a suspicion that these magazines may be "highbrow" to deter you from giving them a trial—I think you will agree that their efforts to maintain high standards of literary craftsmanship by no means impair their entertainment value.

A magazine of great potential interest to Canadians which you will find on this rack is *Northern Review*. It is a recently founded periodical—only one number has appeared so far—which has as its aim to provide a medium for progressive and experimental writing by young Canadians. Look is over, and decide for yourself about the merits and demerits of contemporary (Continued on Page Seven).

Announcing . . .

POETRY CONTEST—One poem per contestant—any length—any topic.

First Prize—\$7.00
Second Prize—\$3.00

The contest is open to all U. N. B. students EXCEPT members past and present of the Bliss Carman Poetry Society.

Poems are to be marked "Poetry Contest" and given to Don Gammon or dropped into The Brunswickan box in the Library. All poems are to be in by Tuesday noon, February 5.

There must be a minimum of five different students competing before the contest will be considered as such.

Judges for the contest are Dr. A. G. Bailey and Dr. W. C. D. Pacey.

The prize money is the gift of The Fiddlehead

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Bachelor --- To-Be

I'm nineteen years old, good-looking and willing.

I went to the dance the other night and I can't understand the reception I got. I was wearing my flashy sox, a flashy tie, and my flashy sweater and my new coat. Hang—I thought I'd wow the women.

I went up to Marie—I was sure she had seen me around on the campus—"Hi, Marie, how's my little bundle of love tonight?"

She turned on the glare in her eyes, and I heard her whisper to the girl beside her, "Who is that guy?" I guess Marie can't get around very much.

"Ah-h-h, there's Joyce. She'll be glad to dance with me.—Hi babe, wanna shuffle the old curves around?"

"Sorry," she said, "I'm filled for the next fourteen dances."

"You can find room for me. Let one of those chumps stand aside a dance. It'll give him a chance to see some real dancing."

"Sorry," she said and turned away.

Then again—"Who is that boy?" I guess she doesn't get around either.

The next dance started. I sat down to watch the kids. My God—none of them could dance. There was Bill and Joyce slapping it out. They kicked around awhile, and then tried to waltz out the second dance, and tried to bug it through the third again. Messed it up pretty bad.

"Well, Mable—I just know you've been saving this dance for me. Wanna heave a bit, honey?"

"I'm not feeling well," she said, and turned around. She didn't look sick to me. Guesser gal.

I didn't give up. I turned the old charm on every babe there.—What's wrong with those kids? Didn't they ever meet a good dancer before. I tried to take Marj home but she said she was afraid she'd give me her cold, and Lois said she thought someone was taking her home.

I can't get over that dance. I'm nineteen, good-looking and willing.

"Your wife is a nice girl, son, but just a shade to careless."

"I know, mother, she pulls down all the shades except the one in the bedroom."



RED A Stothard With Sc

Witnessed by a large packed the Beaverbrook stadium and led by brilliant hart stary centre, the U city swamped a Halifax set by a '140 trimming themselves strong con any title they might see.

Not content with this Junior Varsity and the made it a College night I up two other wins in th of the evening.

In the main event Van eda promising performe not up to par with las minion Championship should before the season smart a team as any in

Starring with Stotne ed 33 of his teams '1 the old dependable le Captin of the squad Ted experimenting with n broke up more than one And missing Big Ed Mit year's squad, Ted had spot all the time.

Elgee with 13 points high scorer of the nigh ners with 10, Garland Owens and Sidwell wh finished up the scorin

Musgrave 4, Moorhe phy 6, Eccles 2, Shtrou lam 7 did the Navy's s

Coach Howie did no ond line except durin minutes of the first h oi Faulkner. MacW Connely were initiate minutes only but will in the future.

Dr. Gregg welcome team and officially ope by tossing the ball for

RYAN'S HALT NAVY

With the official o 1946 Basketball seaso Co-Eds got away to a .The Co-Eds were by their first string MacLaggan, Price an were equally well sup back court by Captain and Ritchie.

The new comers made an excellent sh prove their value th year.

The Wrens played game with some exo and fine long shots a presence felt, even only the second time ed girls rules.

Gaiety

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WED., THURS
"PRIDE OF TH
Starring JOI
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"OUT OF TH
EDDIE BRAC
VE