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### Your Editor Speaks . . .

#### WRITING THE LOST ART

Along with the one-horse shay, walking races and the banjo, writing as an art has largely disappeared in this, the mid-twentieth century. When one speaks of the "Arts" today, visions of vast landscapes (ancient painting), mammoth puzzles (modern art) and monumental sculpis (sculpture) are envisioned; but never is mentioned made of literature. Now, it is true, that the writing of lost centuries has gradually taken on the aura of great work, but, for most people, its only attraction is its age. They seem to find endless source of wonder in the fact that literature has come down to us from our ancestors; a sort of token notation that our fore-fathers were literate.

Rarely will you find an author who writes something for the sheer enjoyment of doing it. Still more rare are those who wrote of small inconsequential things; whose work embraced the familiar essay. In our world of advancement, of shorter distances, and hectic tempo, we are not allowed to speak of the things that happened in a short space of time, and whose consequence bears no shattering effect on the world as a whole. Such things as meeting a friend, conversation over a cup of coffee or renewing acquaintance after a lapse of some years. Instead, we must write of great international meetings, the visit of a foreign potentate, or the advent of a crime wave in New York.

The "raison d'etre" of writing has changed. Inquire of any author why he is writing so-and-so-a book. He will say that its got to be done; that no-one to date has compiled a list of the Bahanghli writers, and that the literary world is suffering as a result. He will then give an inkling of this suffering by proceeding to relate all the facts and figures he has garnered on the subject, concluding with wistful prophesies of mention in the "League for Educational Writing Supplement", or listing in the "Comprehensive Survey of North American Authors to 1956". Perhaps he will say that it was the subject of his Phd. thesis, and, go on to say, in effect, that he might as well get it published; its just as good as anything else on the market.

The impetus to write is conceived out of entirely different circumstance than formerly. In bygone years, an author could be leisurely in his work, always sure of a living from his patron. Today, the writer is at the mercy of the literary market, a victim of uncertain taste and changing vogues. He can no longer indulge in literature as an art; that is, write what he feels is most interesting and in doing so, to take pains to assure perfection. If he hopes to make a living at all, he usually takes another job and writes as a hobby. To be successful, his books must interest the general market. The subject must excite public imagination; the style is of no interest (simple words and conventional treatment are the only standards) except to the occasional critic, who is generally heard on the CBC, and whose listing audience is consequently small. Too much culture on our national net-work.)

To whom must we look for revival of writing as an art? The newspaper man is too concerned with the doings of the "Big Three", Elvis Presley, or the current baby killer. Perhaps the popular novelist. Fiction has become the most important and lucrative single segment of modern literature. But right there, you have the reason for its ineligibility. The crux of the matter is to discover a group for whom monetary reward is not the sole pre-requisite.

### 10% REDUCTION . . . .



YOU . . . . JUST GO . . . .

### by NFCUS Letter to the Editor

270 Connaught St.,  
 Fredericton, N.B.,  
 October 13/56.

The Editor,  
 The Brunswickan,  
 The University of New Brunswick.

Dear Sir,

An article which appeared in the October 12th issue of the "Brunswickan" leaves much to be desired in the way of college spirit. The article in this case is one entitled "In My Opinion".

I suppose that payment of athletic fees entitles one to the right to express an opinion. However, I do not think that criticism of this type will in any way improve any team representing the university.

I take offence to the statement that the Red Bombers were lucky in their 20-7 win over the Moncton Hubs. Everything accomplished in the field in Moncton on the 6th. of October was in every way deserved. The team is well coached, practices hard, is energetic and has proven in its own way a determination to do something for the university.

These facts should prove to any supporter that there is no luck involved in winning a hard fought battle. Our dissenter forgets the fact that Moncton is a highly developed team since last year and that credit should be given where credit is due.

Certainly the Red Bombers have a hard task ahead to retain their New Brunswick Championship.  
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### In My Opinion . . . .

Last Saturday marked the first game of the 1956 football season and it was remarkable for several reasons. To begin with, it was remarkably warm. The first game last year, if memory serves correctly, was unaccountably chilly. It was also UNB's first game against their arch-rivals, The Marsh Rats, for a number of years. This game, at any rate, showed how high college spirit can be and the reported two thousand fans gave it raucous testimony.

This large turnout, however, reminds us of a painful need at UNB; adequate seating facilities. Both stands were filled to capacity and the overflow had to be content with sitting on the ground; damn uncomfortable.

Most students are aware of the more or less horizontal mud flats under construction near the gym. Some might be interested to learn that this is a new football field! . . . There, I've said it. It's not UNB's example of soil erosion at work; one doesn't see geologists pottering around looking for "samples". If any geologists did investigate it, though, you might find people pottering around looking for geologists. I do think that we should hail this work as another step in enlarging UNB; a further step in the name of progress. In this enthusiastic spirit, may I be permitted to suggest a name for it. Let it be called "The Potato Bowl". Then, should it remain in the condition it is now, we could always plant potatoes there instead of football players. We are famous for our spuds, if you might else.

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