

How To Become Dynamic

If you are already the graduate of a Dale Carnegie course, a follower of the famous philosophy of the Reader's Digest, or one of Charles Atlas's dynamic tension men, you will learn nothing here. This is solely for those, who like myself, had at one time or another hopes of becoming dynamic.

However, I suppose that includes nearly everyone. There is no use denying it. Psychologists tell us that almost everyone has at times a wild yearning to be someone else. "This is the cause," the psychologists continue, "of most neuroses and maladjustments. People are not content to be themselves. Generally speaking, they want to be someone else."

And can you blame most people? I tend to. There's no use getting sidetracked; the particular thing that I want to say is, however, I don't intend to say in this regard was that among a lot of college students, the someone else they want to be is none other than our friend the Dynamic Personality.

Frankly, I would know such a gent if I met him, and from what I've read about him, I think he would be a hard man to recognize. For example, take this description from a national magazine:

"Clampweed, the production chief, is truly a dynamic personality. Eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, he spark-plugs the whole outfit. He's like a twin engine, high powered dynamo, and when you are in the same room with him, the air seems charged with electricity. He draws people to him like a magnet."

Well there he is, but unless you know a good deal about turbines, short circuits, voltage and dry cell batteries, you would probably never recognize him.

But we are wandering. What I wanted to talk about was what prompted these observations? My discovery, the other day of the diary I kept when I was courting Louella, a recognized campus queen.

This particular campaign of amours took place when I fancied myself a driving social force in campus life. It was at a time when my reputation among the co-eds as a sparkling wit with an inexhaustible fund of high-powered gags and snappy sayings was at its side-splitting peak.

It got so I didn't have to say or do a thing, and still the girls would break out into fits of hysterics. Above all, it was at a time when I

aspired to the rank of a Dynamic Personality. Me, a dynamic personality! The thing sounds preposterous and so it was. But that didn't stop me from trying. Just how hard I tried and with what results you will be able to gather from the following extracts from the diary. Let us start at the beginning.

October 1: Dear Diary—Finally introduced to Louella today—and brother!!! what a gal. There were about five other guys there—Joe, Sam, Draper, Sonny, and some square by the name of Pidulski. They kinda cramped my style, but once I start operating, I'm a tough man to stop. Did I ever make a hit with Louella? I gave out with that gag about the Chinese fish peddler in the Himalayas and just about knocked out Louella.

Joe was away off the beam. He tried to put over that corny imitation of a three armed saxophone player but it was a horrible flop.

October 10: Dear Diary—This Louella kid, she's out of this world. She was at Duke's party and I don't mind saying I kinda went over big. There were a lot of other guys there—Sam, Drapes, Joe and some queer character—his name is Pidulski, I think.

They all looked pretty good in there, but when I stood on my head on the piano—well, Louella told me afterwards that I was really a terrific card.

October 28: Dear Diary—Read Joe Miller's joke book all day, trying to line up a few gags for the big bonfire dance. Drapes, Joe and Sam are always trying to cut in on me and Louella, and there's some minuscule quantity, Pidulski, someone called him that hangs around a lot. Of course none of them have much chance. You've got to have that old personality plus to get anywhere with women.

There is no need to prolong this sad commentary on my misguided efforts to achieve social distinction. Misguided, I say, because one further extract from the diary of my courting days shows that my energies had been expended rather needlessly.

November 10: Dear Diary—Can you feature this! It's absolutely amazing! Louella is engaged and the guy she is engaged to is none other than this dead beat called Pidulski! I hardly remember seeing the guy before but Drapes tells me that he is the son of Pirepont Pidulski, the big brewing magnate, who they say is worth a couple of million.

There you are. Actually, this

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



SHIRLEY KINNIE

This week, we present Shirley Kinnie, whose never-failing good humor, cheerfulness and wolf howls are an asset to any campus. (We are glad it is U. N. B.)

Shirl entered U. N. B. from Fredericton High School in '43 and this year is a stately senior. In her freshman year she capably held the position of vice-president of her class. Behind her are three years of basketball and positions on the hockey (co-ed, that is) and tennis teams. (The latter is of particular interest—get her to tell you about it sometime). Also Shirl has been frequently known to attend the pool, where in the last interclass swim meet she made a big splash in the diving event—several in fact. She is a wizard card-driver, when she isn't "Murray" over said Freshman from famous Alexander.

Shirl is also one of those notorious Belleville gals, where for two years she has brightened up that beautiful but dull town. Her fawn shirt and slacks are almost as notorious as Kinnie herself.

As for her plans after graduation, Shirl says they are as yet all—but we know that whatever she decides to do will be entered into with as much enthusiasm as she puts into everything she tackles.

P. S. Shirl's favorite past-time is Gillies' farm. And's horse, etc.

doesn't give you any definite formula for becoming dynamic, but the more I think about it, the more certain I am that this square called Pidulski was on the right track.

THE MANITOBA

FROM THE WINDOW-SEAT

After searching through piles of old Brunswickans to find a new and different greeting, we ended up with the same old "hiya kids! What's new?" (With apologies to Mardie Long.)

Friday morning last we awoke with stars in our eyes and waited with fluttering heart strings and baited breath for dusk to fall. We left lab early (3.30) in order to have plenty of time to get dressed for the big Arts dance. After ravaging our wardrobes to find our most fascinating ensembles we spent hours just "priming and frilling."

We locked ourselves in our rooms for an hour so as not to appear eager by getting there too early, and then set out for the Memorial Hall, with the admonitions of our parents ringing in our ears. ("Be in at twelve"—even as Cinderella!) We rushed in, expecting to fight our way through the mob to the Hall. Our nervous laughter rang through the empty building like a shot. From the depths of the half gloom we perceived the well-groomed figure of Dalton K. Camp (P. O. T. A. S., E. I. C. O. T. B., E. I. C. O. T. W.) leaping from the shadows with a cry "AT LAST", he kissed us on both cheeks and pressed a dime into our palms.

As we bought our tickets and presented our engraved invitations to Albert (Jeepers Creepers—where'd-jaget those weepers?!). Clarke, we noticed a few faculty rattling around like marbles in the near-empty hall.

With stiffly smiling faces we took our customary seats by the wall. Automatically we turned off the radiators (it gets warm after a couple of hours of sitting), and settled back to listen to the enjoyable

THE OPTIMIST

Sam A. Gloock was an optimist. And by favor of God and Man Had lived his life a full score years Before this story began. He'd be living it still— If his optimist's will— But you learn the moral from Sam.

Our Sam A. Gloock, a room he took At the top of the Empire State-er. Eschewing the stairs, with confident airs He strode for the elevator.

With a backward look, our Sam A. Gloock, Stepped in through the open doors No lift was there: to his friend's despair He hurtled down fifty floors.

Now Sam A. Gloock WAS an optimist:— But downward his body spun As he passed each floor one could hear this roar "I'm alright so far, Chum". He maybe still— But that stone on the hill Is mighty cold comfort to some.

strains of "Gloomy Sunday" which whined down from the platform. Dalton, the brightness of his smile dimming somewhat with strain, told us to roam about and "meet people" (circulate, that is).

With girlish glee we tripped out to the outer hall to read the lab lists. We had just reached the M's, when a voice inquired timidly—"pardon me, but I don't believe we know you girls?" Completely disarmed by the originality of this approach, we dragged our eyes from the board to gaze into the eager orbits of two Alexanderites. After some brilliant repartee and back-slapping, we were asked to dance. We reluctantly refused because of the lateness of the hour (10 to 9). (Continued on Page Seven)

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