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Side View

Lectures were over. I was on my way to ye olde boarding house. I was hungry. I was promising myself I would eat almost anything if I could get as far as the front porch. I thought I was tired, but then the air, endowed with an acridity that worked havoc with my sluggish senses, gave me an explosive feeling that tore me away from all lethargy. I felt abandoned and incomplete.

On crossing that road that seals off the mound of scholarly learning from the practical flatlands of Fredericton, my increasing exhilaration was permeated by a delicate, almost sacred sense of appreciation; I was viewing subjectively the last vestiges of a beautifully painted autumn. Automatically I raised my head, as though to keep it lowered would not pay proper homage to Mother Nature, who, for my applause, was now playing the tragedy scene from her great show which was now in its ten-thousandth year. I was free. I was an individual. I was able to do and think as I wished. I walked on, stimulated by the autumnal atmosphere, by thoughts of people and things. My shoes clicked on the concrete. I pushed my hands through to the bottoms of my coat pockets straining the seams which sealed them. I was swiftly borne away into a daydream where I was playing opposite Mother Nature in a farce of life, love and social to our Jean King of unhappiness.

"Hello, bad man," called a small voice from below and behind.

What did it mean? I rushed down off my imaginary stage. I saw two little soldiers and a little nurse pushing a damaged jeep. They thought I was bad. Maybe I was! But it was startling to be told so! Children are candid in their spoken opinions. If I was to maintain self-confidence I must prove conclusively to them that I was not bad. I bribed them. I gave them a penny a piece. They could use the money to buy ammunition or provisions. They retreated. They said nothing.

Little boys and little girls are almost the only people who ever tell the truth at the wrong time, or even at the right time. They haven't learned yet that the truth only limits an otherwise good story. They haven't yet been exposed to the bombardment of ambiguities, subtleties and banalities that so transform conversation into a challenge to grasp elusive meanings. I was back on my stage again.

Outside, a bus growled as it passed. A squirrel, quarrelling with a nut, scurried away as I approached.

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



BILL GIBSON

Introducing to you this week is that energetic Senior, Bill Gibson. Bill is an Arts student and is one of the "white-coats" on the third floor. This year Bill is assisting in the Biology Department.

Last year Bill was President of the Newman Club and this year he is on the Club's entertainment committee.

Bill plans to continue his studies in Medicine, and he is a keen member of the Pre-Med Society, being Secretary-Treasurer in his Sophomore year.

His interest extends to sports, also. In the past he has been captain of the Ski Club and this year Bill is a member of the Senior Swimming team.

him. A car, trying to outdo itself, passed me, then painfully halting, asked me if I was going downtown.

"Yes," said I.

"Hop in," said the auto.

"I don't want to," said I. And

happy to see that I hadn't been heard, I ran forward and jumped in, ending my scene with a brave.

Why can't people be more like little children, all idealists, truthful and uncontaminated by their surroundings?

"Cold out, isn't it?" said the driver.

"Yes it is," said I.

"I hate this fall weather," said the driver.

"So do I," said I.

"Bob said he saw you out with Helen," said the driver.

"I wasn't," said I.

"I thought he was just trying to impress someone," said the driver.

"This is my street," said I.

I crawled out, thanked him and wondered why it had happened that

READING RUMORS

by "Mardie" Long

It was nice to see so many of the Reading Roomers at the Fall Formal, Friday night—and all looking so charmingly sophisticated at that. Wouldn't it be interesting to have the same chaperones next year for both the Sadie Hawkins Dance and the Fall Formal? I wonder if they would recognize Daisy and L'il Abner when they appeared two weeks later as Miss Clarissa Blount Scott-Taylor and Mr. Charles Huntley Van Clough. Couldn't blame them if they didn't. A couple of weeks can certainly work wonders—and how!

Congrats to Edith and her committee on their excellent choice of decorations for the Formal. The autumn leaves and the wild geese flying gave just the right perspective, while the shaded wall lamps added the correct atmosphere and the band, the correct tone.

On Saturday at four, the "candle-light induction" of the Freshettes into the Sanctum Sanctorum took place, with Blanche and Charlotte officiating. After the ribbons were cut, the Freshettes entered the Reading Room one by one and were introduced to those inside. Refreshments and a short sing-song followed. All the invisible doors are open now, girls. Glad to have you with us!

Lucky Lenore entrained for Ont. and a reunion with her husband, Wednesday. She'll return in January to take-up Freshman Arts, and with her slate wiped clean of Christmas Exams at that. How to go!

Badminton also winds up this week-end with play-off and championship stuff. All co-eds who are interested in a bang-up bird-game, please report to the Gym on Saturday where Miss Vince will receive you with open arms—this last does not apply to the boys.

Well Reading Roomers, it's been a good fall and I think it will be an even better spring. Bye now, and just remember that "through the night of doubt and sorrow" you'll have plenty of company. Best of luck and a glorious Xmas season to you all.

I went out with Helen that night.

As I idled down the last street, Wacky, my cocker spaniel, wagged his way over to me; and I thought of a cartoon I had once seen depicting a little man in a box, the caption reading: "People are no damn good."

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COMPLIMENTS
OF THE
DOCTORS
AND
DENTISTS
OF
FREDERICTON



FOX'S
BARBER SHOP
Queen Street



I've taken to pipe
smoking like a
prof to knowledge
since I've discover-
ed sweet, cool,
mild Picobac.

Picobac
THE PICK OF TOBACCO

WRITING EXAMS.

As grimly sure as death and taxes, Examinations must wield their axes

And twice a year work sentence dire

On idle brains that won't perspire.

If you'd escape the bloody block,

Of certain precepts you'll take stock:—

First, do a little work each day.

The thoughtless pullet who would play

Six days a week, at last, by heck,

Will get it in the flabby neck.

Trust not the silly Soph who crams

The very night before exams!

Believe me, you will find it horrid

To wrap wet towels round your forehead

And plug all night on nips of toffee,

While sipping quarts and quarts of coffee.

Such birds grow drugged with slumber's vapors.

Ere they have written half their papers.

A second rule is forth my rhyme:

Be sure to take account of time.

Beg, borrow, rent, or steal a watch,

Lest you should make a sorry botch

By writing hours on one question,—

A form of mental indigestion.

Their second question some begin

As full time calls their papers in.

Choose first the question you know best,

Put give full weight to all the rest;

For questions six, in hours but three,

A half-hour each is all that's free!

Thirdly, I'd urge, if you are wise,

Reserve some minutes to revise.

Even good students, in their swing,

Can write down many a crazy thing;

Grammar and spelling are forgot

As mental bearings grow more hot.

'Tis vain to urge the points you meant;

You're guilty till proved innocent;

So save ten minutes for review

And read your whole sad paper through.

Such are some counsels, old and tired,

When all is said, your truest guide

Will be your honest mother-wit,

But this advice may help a bit.

—The Manitoban

An Invitation to Ex-Service People

CANADA welcomes you home!
You stand on the threshold of the peaceful future you have fought for...

The Bank of Nova Scotia wants to help you chart your course. Why not come into one of our Branches and talk it over with the Manager? He is ready and anxious to advise you regarding your problems.

The Bank of Nova Scotia

Over a Century of Banking Service

"What do you think makes a good husband."

"All the girls in town."

Logan: "How's this girls? My friends tell me I'm a marvelous dancer."

Girls: "They're not your friends."

He called his girl Spearmint—'cause she was so 'Wrigley.

A clever girl and a little fan

Can almost always waive a man.

She: "I want a man who doesn't smoke, drink, swear or philander."

He: "What for?"

An old maid is a girl who is as fit as a fiddle, but has no bean to play with.

He: "Just one kiss, dearest."

She: "No dear, we haven't time. My father comes home in an hour."

ICAN
LIFE

Proper Planning

andolph Crocker
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74—Fredericton