

READING RUMORS

by "Mardie" Long

We were discussing primitive society in Sociology lecture the other day and it was mentioned that, in such cultures, "the women smoked pipes." "But you don't have to go that far (do we, Charlotte?)

A good many of the Reading Rumors are feeling a little the worse for wear these days. Where is right! We'd like to know where Prof. Ryan picked up all those new and horrible exercises. Ohhhh!

There was a meeting of the Ladies Society after the picture "do" last Friday. Those who couldn't swim found it difficult to attend. With Blanche officiating, most of the business for the next few weeks was swiftly and efficiently cleared up. And girls, the Big Business was the Sadie Hawkins' Dance which will be held on Saturday, Nov. 3rd. All L.I. Abners take a firmer grip on that old softball, hitch up your overalls and start a-runnin'. Dogpatch here we come!

Congrats to our Co-Ed cheer leaders, Pat Ritchie and Audrey Gillies for their fine work at the Pop Rally and the Mt. A. game. The boys should take you with them next week for a display of support like that. What say, boys?

We were glad to see Joan Ross, ex-'48, at the Football Dance Saturday night. Seemed like old times to look up and see her leaning over the gym rail in front of the P. A. system. Yes we really miss Joan's zip and vitality round the hill this year.

The initial get-together of the Co-Ed Choral Club took place Sunday, in the Reading Room, with all of three members present. That Reading Roomers, is a disgrace to us and an insult to the kindness of Dr. Toole. Let's try to do better next time.

And then there's Co-Ed Varsity Basketball practice to which Coach Ryan bids you welcome. Come one, come all—come in three sizes, small, medium and large.

Remembrance

You always liked the evenings at Aunt Anna's. You and Cousin Rose and Cousin Peter sat around the kitchen table, with its green and white checked oil-cloth, studying your lessons by the light of the kerosene lamp that swung heavily over your heads. Every now and then you took a bite from one of the fat, shiny apples that were heaped up in the big bowl in the centre of the table. There was something about them, about the transparent yellowness of their skin with its streaks of pink and crimson, about the rosy veins running through their firm white meat, about their sharp, half sweet, half bitter fragrance, that made you forget your arithmetic and gaze at them, dreamily as something beautiful and from a different world. Sometimes, before you started to study, the three of you peeled the apples and cut them into slices and then, each with a salt shaker, sat down to spend the evening munching salted apples and reading. Whenever that happened, Uncle Robert would look up from the Daily Star and shake his head in bewilderment. "Young Savages!" he would mutter, "what will they think of eating next?"

When he had grumbled himself to drowsiness over his paper, he would fling it down in disgust, and, unloosing his heavy boots, throw himself on the sagging kitchen couch, where he would soon fall asleep. Then silence would fall on the room except for the tick-clock of the grandfather clock in the corner, or an occasional long, whining snore from Uncle Robert, lying with his mouth open and his lower jaw dropped down on his chest. You used to sit and stare at him, imagining what would happen if a fly flew into his mouth; or else you gazed at Cousin Peter, wondering how he could sit so still and straight, not paying any attention to Uncle Robert, or to Cousin Rose, who was mumbling over her lessons in a monotone, sopping now and then to spell out a difficult word. Sometimes, when you could not do your arithmetic, you took your scribbler to Cousin Peter and he helped you find your mistake.

You missed his help afterwards when he started to High School. Of course, in the spring and autumn, when he could ride his bicycle to town, he was at home in the evenings, sitting with his books in his old corner, but in the winter he had to stay with Aunt Louisa in town, though he didn't like her. "Old Cat," he used to grumble, whenever her name was mentioned. "Peter!" Aunt Anna would rebuke him. "Your father's only living sister!" But a faint, half-guilty smile would linger about her lips, and Uncle Robert himself would grin broadly.

Those week-ends in the winter when Peter came home were great events for you and Rose; for then you would put on your little white aprons and solemnly mix up a sauce-pan of fudge. Oh, the good, sweet smell of it, filling the whole kitchen and creeping out to linger in hall-ways and catch the returning traveller unawares. The tantalizing bubbles screaming over it as it boiled up in the saucepan! The delicious hotness of it, when you licked a bit off a spoon after it had all been poured out into a buttered pan! The creamy softness with which a knife cut through it, after it had been sufficiently cooled on the snowy banking outside the kitchen window! Then, the laughter when you tried to see who could eat most! Rose's excited giggle rang out so high, so sweet. You never heard music like it again!

On the long, sleepy Sunday afternoons, her laughter broke out with sudden sharp clearness as she squatted on the parlor floor, her head bent over a funny paper. Aunt Anna would look up from doing over the bulky family Bible and say, with a sort of ponderous annoyance, "Rose, child whatever is the matter with you? Why aren't you like your brother and Catherine? But I do think Pilgrim's Progress would be better for you all on Sunday."

Then you and Peter would start in dazed bewilderment, torn from a strange and wonderful world. For together you had discovered Shakespeare, and now you were caught up into the enchanted fairy-land of *The Tempest*, and saw the drabby comfortable parlous as something foreign, something not quite real. Whenever you read a book that you liked you did it with that same hot intensity, so that the people in the book became solid and walked about with you, and the things and people actually around you were hidden in a thick mist. Through that mist you could glimpse Aunt Anna's pink cheeks and her brown hair, in which the gray streaks grew wider and wider every day; or hear Uncle Robert booming heartily, "Well, well, Cathy! No more pork and pancakes? How do you expect to grow into a big, hefty woman like your Aunt Anna, if you don't eat more?"

Sunday nights Uncle Robert, with much grumbling, got out the car and drove you and your cousins and Aunt Anna to church. It was a shabby little church with a cross on top that looked as if it might fall off. There was a wild rose bush at the door, though, that filled the whole building with fragrance in the summer, and in the winter the little, wizened rose hips were startlingly red against the snow.

You and Rose used to imagine that they were blood drops that had fallen down the roof from the cross.

Inside the church, you stole side glances at the people around you, at old Bill Jamieson, embarrassed and awkward in the carefully pressed blue suit that he wore only on Sundays, his round-faced wife beside him rustling magnificently in purple taffeta; at John and Sarah Cassidy, both short and squat and red-haired, with their four plump, red-haired children, their faces all shining with cheerfulness and soap; at gangling young Harry Christopher, stooping to share his prayer book with Agnes Jamieson, his eyes worshipping her pink-cheeked fluttery prettiness. You worshipped her too, for just then she was your peculiar divinity, a distant and incredibly beautiful goddess whom you adored shyly every morning in the Jamieson kitchen when you and Rose went in to call for Peggy.

So you and Harry Christopher worshipped her now, as she sang in her sweet, artificial little voice, keeping time with the asthmatic old organ that Miss Thorncraft, the latest of your teachers, was playing. "Not nearly as good a player as our Janet," Aunt Anna said afterwards to Uncle Robert, with a little sigh. For Cousin Janet was teaching now. "Up River, near Woodstock, you know," Aunt Anna invariably said when the neighbors asked her, and Uncle Robert added, "Bunch of Danes, half civilized."

Aunt was proud of Janet—cool, grave efficient little Janet—but she was prouder still of Peter. The boy's a wonder," she would boast to Mrs. Jamieson. "Leads all his classes and never looks at a book." You did not understand, remembering the long, patient hours under the swinging kerosene lamp, and Peter's bowed head with his tangled hair standing on end from the restless movement of his fingers through it as he studied.

Aunt Anna was so proud when Peter graduated from high school. You went with Uncle Robert and Aunt Anna and Rose to see him get his diploma. Even now you can close your eyes and feel yourself there, with the peculiar smell of a crowd coming in waves to your nostrils—a smell made up of the sickly perfume of artificial violets, of the sweetish, tickling scent of face powder, the mixed odour of soap and of mouth-wash, of hair tonic and sweat and tobacco, dominated by that indefinable taint of human flesh, not observable in small groups but almost overpowering in larger ones. It is all so clear in your memory—the big, bare hall, its walls covered with shields bearing trite Latin mottoes, the rustling of programmes, vainly trying to clear a space in the heavy, suffocating air; the whispered scraps of conversation; the thump-thump of the graduation march, played by two flaxen-haired girls, incredibly lovely in your eyes; and, above all, Peter: Peter being given prizes to the accompaniment of Aunt Anna's proud smile; Peter, stammering a little when he went to get his diploma; Peter, awkward and earnest, making the valedictory speech, his inarticulate, painful sincerity strangely in contrast with the tired glibness of the older speakers, reiterating their well-worn advice to youth, advice full of ladders to be climbed and goals to be reached and hills to be mounted, the hills and ladders jumbled together in strange confusion.

That next fall Peter won a scholarship and started to college, and you and Rose started to high school. Chalk dust and Miss Deane—that is what high school means to you now. Everything else has faded into a dim background: Mr. Bayes' pompous and portly, rolling out Latin phrases with a terrifying solemnity; the staccato tap-tapping of Miss Jones' pointer on the floor; the listless inevitable falling of leaves on the school lawn; the days that seemed to fall too, with the same listless inevitability. These things are still in your memory, but in faded colours. It is only Miss Deane's thin, freckled face that is alive for you, suddenly made beautiful in the contemplation of beauty, vagrant, will-o'-the-wisp beauty, caught at length in a line of Feats and easily to be touched and handled with hands; but to be handled with delicate precision, not with Miss Payne's sticky, adoring solicitude or Miss Jones' matter-of-fact mechanical roughness. Slowly, quietly, a friendship developed between you, spreading out and encompassing your whole school life, receding only in the summer vacation, that blurred and glorious time of sunshine and laughter and Peter.

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



John Lawrence

This week we present another well known senior, John Lawrence, who is president of the Pre-Medical Society.

John, better known to his friends as Jock, came to U. N. B. from Saint John High School and in his Freshman year was Captain of the Swimming Team, a position he has held every year since. In his first three years he was President of the Swimming Society, and this year manages the team.

His Sophomore year found John swimming instructor for the mens' swimming class, and for two years he instructed the girls—a job anyone would enjoy. In his Sophomore year too, he performed the memorable feat of walking from Fredericton Junction to the college.

Johnny devoted a great deal of time to the Brunswickan in his first three years up the hill—as a Freshman he was a reporter; as Sophomore, News Editor; and in his Junior year he ably filled the position of Editor-in-Chief.

In spite of all his extra-curricular activities John has maintained a high scholastic standard and is a good all round student, being one of the best Pre-Meds up the hill.

MARAUDERS

What appeared to be a climax to a series of "wee hour" raids took place recently in a house known in select circles as Balloch's Bachelor Home. (Lonesome girls, Ph. No. 116-11.)

Two of the Bachelor gentleman, namely one R. Frost (yeah—frigid type) and J. Bewick (yeah—smooth like a Buick) had descended on the kitchen for their nightly sortie. Suddenly in the midst of ham-bones, toast and chicken legs, consternation overcame our hapless heroes.

AN UNSEEN HAND possibly belonging to Great Grandfather's ghost, had turned the key in the kitchen door!!!!

Altho' further details concerning this strange imprisonment are rather meagre one report has it that Bewick has discarded his Medical studies in favor of the I. C. S. course in SPIRITUALISM.

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(Continued next week)

WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO BE?



Scientist?

It pays to experiment — when you know what you are doing. If you don't, you are due for unpleasant surprises. Of one thing you can be certain. No matter what your future calling may be, careful money management can mean much to your peace of mind, enable you to concentrate on making a success of your calling. A good way to acquire the habit of thrift is to open a savings account now even though deposits may be modest at first. We welcome your account.

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