

READING RUMORS

by "Mardie" Long

Hi, Reading Roomers! Glad to see everyone back after the holidays and starting the new year right, with noses buried in books—all the new fiction received at Xmas, of course.

Welcome, welcome, welcome to the female Alexanderites. We hope you won't be bored with all that male company. Sigh! Please feel that the Co-Ed Quarters in the Arts Building are as much yours as they are ours and make yourselves at home there whenever you are up the hill.

If we Reading Roomers had illusions as to our great popularity among the males of the campus, they certainly were shattered at the dance welcoming the students of Alexander College. Typical conversation:

Co-Ed, dancing with handsome stranger: Are you from Alexander College?

He: No! I go "up the hill." Are you a "hostess"?

Co-Ed: No, I go "up the hill" too.

Well I'll be... Well I'll be... The Co-Ed Choral Club, Ladies' Varsity Basketball and the Badminton Club are in full swing again. With swimming now a major sport perhaps more Co-Eds will show interest in the Swim Team (in a professional sort of way). It's about time we elected a hockey manager too.

Well, now we come to THE dance of the year—THE JUNIOR CABARET. I don't need to ask if you had a good time. I know you did—and that goes for us too, the Junior Co-Eds. There was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth at pre-Cabaret meetings over the waitresses' dresses, but we think the results of the final decision met with all-out approval. The committee deserves highest praise for their co-ordinated planning. Bouquets also to those Co-Eds-for-the-evening, the Croquettes. Wonderful, weren't they?

Then came Saturday evening and the Co-Ed Basketeers met a formidable team of Wrens from Peregrine. For a little while it looked as though the "night before" were going to have dire effects upon this "evening after", but the game wound up with the Co-Eds on the long end of a 23-10 score. Both girls' teams were entertained at Beaver Lodge after the Senior Varsity game. Thanks fellas, it was loads of fun.

And that's all, for a fortnight.

Hello There

To completely realize the woeful inadequacies of modern conversation let's listen in on a typical chat between two friends who haven't met for about two days. "Well hello there, how are you?" "Just fine, how's yourself?" "Fine thank you; wife and family?" "Fine, fine yours?" "Fine (light pause). Nice weather we're having?" "Yes, cool for the time of year." "Yes but yesterday was nice." "Yes but looks like rain tomorrow (longer pause). How are things at the office?" "Getting along well, busy you know. You busy?" "Oh yes, on the go every minute (lengthy pause). "Cigarette?" "No—have one of mine!" "Oh no have one of mine." "..." So we leave these gentlemen, or the speakers could well be ladies, at what they call conversation. It is a familiar dialogue, one hears it with slight variations at breakfast, dinner and supper, on the street, at the club, even in the halls of U. N. B.

Why, oh why, one asks, have we stooped so low as to accept such titic inanities as conversation? But you will interrupt, isn't it conversation? No! Conversation is defined as the interchange of ideas and obviously anyone who engages in this sort of small talk is merely filling in the blank spaces with words until he is really able to think of something to converse with his friend about.

The clue to this sad conversational level is I think our increasing egotism and selfishness—we are more and more thinking of ourselves, our worries and pleasures; our conscious and unconscious minds are so filled with our personal interests that when we meet a friend we often have little to say except "Well hello, there, nice day isn't it?" It is time we got out of our egotistical rut and started taking a real interest in our fellow man, and when we meet a friend ask him an interesting and pertinent question or ask his opinion on some matter of genuine interest to both him and you. You will say however that the social chatter quoted above serves as a wedge to open the actual conversation or discussion. But I maintain that it didn't do anything of the sort and was time wasted.

My first criticism of the conversation in the opening paragraph is that obviously the man's name isn't "there". I dislike people who address me "hello there", for I feel it indicates they are too lazy to think of my name or think so little of me they have forgotten it. Further—"how are you" is purely an automatic and unnecessary remark because

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



BETTY BREWSTER

This week we are introducing to you one of our Senior Co-Eds, Betty Brewster.

An Arts student of the Class of '46, Betty honors (first class honors too) in English and Greek and has always maintained a high standard of scholarship. Besides winning various prizes, Betty has won the Douglas Gold Medal and the Alumni Gold Medal.

For the last two years Betty has been an interested member of the Dramatic Society. Remember her sensitive portrayal of Harriet in "The Man Who Came to Dinner?" Last term Betty was chairman of the Reading Committee for the Society.

Betty was one of the assistants in the Library for a year and in her Sophomore year she was a columnist for the Brunswickan.

If the other person is able to stand on his feet he is moderately well, and if by chance he is not well he'll damn soon tell you all about it (I know)! The weather is so obvious to any one, not blind or unconscious, but it does not merit a word in any intelligent conversation. Similarly your friend's interest in your family and business is entirely assumed because he is more concerned with his own business and family) and won't remember what you replied for five minutes anyhow. (I have

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COMPLIMENTS OF THE DOCTORS AND DENTISTS OF FREDERICTON

Rationed

Rationing has been removed from many commodities since the war ended. Yet it seems to linger over an essential part of U. N. B., namely college spirit. A university without college spirit is just like ginger ale which has been uncapped and left standing—that is, it's flat.

Although an example in enthusiasm wasn't set for the boys of Alexander College at their Freshman Reception when the college songs and yells were called for, perhaps they will develop the spirit for themselves. If difficult conditions have anything to do with it, the boys from Alexander should top the roll in this matter. It's evident that the boys of Beaver Lodge haven't as pleasant living conditions as the boys of the Residence, yet you couldn't find a better feeling of co-operation than theirs. What will the out-come be from Alexander College where the boys live Army style!

A college orchestra could certainly help conditions for music can stir the minds and hearts of people when mere words can not. It's also certain that the campus societies would rather pay their own orchestra than one from downtown. With over 500 students from both U. N. B. and Alexander College, surely there must be plenty of people musically inclined.

Of course there are many at U. N. B. who really have the true attitude which makes for a wonderful, unifying atmosphere. These are the people who make the dances great successes, or who play their part on a team, in other words they get behind the affairs of U. N. B. with wholehearted support.

But the number of these people is small in comparison with the number attending U. N. B. Now that our University has become larger, this is no reason why it doesn't need the support of each and every individual attending it.

We all know that when you put money in a bank, you get it back with interest. This is also true of college life. If you put lots of spirit and co-operation into your first years "up the hill", you'll have lots to remember and little to regret.

This may come a little hard for boys just out of the services where it's "every man for himself." But you have to work at it, it doesn't just come over you in a day or night.

proved that). Further... pardon me I hear the doorbell ringing... "Well, hello there, how are you? Come in".....

GO TO THE BUDGET MEETING The \$1,600 deficit must be cut. Wednesday, January 30, 7:00, Geology Building.

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Everybody should go to the Snow Ball

The season's first formal.

AND... ay... for fun and... just natur... for smoking

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