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Tag Day

Next Wednesday, October 27, the War Effort Committee will swing into action in an effort to increase its funds. This year something new has been added. Instead of the usual Penny Parade and the Buy-a-War-Saving-Stamp plea, the Committee is holding a Tag Day. As before the co-eds will be the centre of attraction and no matter where you prowl on the campus you are sure to run into a smiling co-ed who will greet you with the words "Have you bought a tag yet?" Your answer, we hope, will be "yes". Your confirmation, a shiny tag on your person.

It has been customary to send out an urgent plea to all students to make certain that they back the War Effort Committee's campaigns. This year we refrain from begging for your support, instead we know that by Wednesday evening, every student will be the proud wearer of a tag, a symbol of an all out effort by everyone.

About This Column

This year, unlike other years, the Brunswickan would like students, professors and others to feel free to use our editorial column. There are times when you can express your own opinions in a more concise and clearer way than the Editor himself. Thus, we hope to see a number of guest editorials appear in this usually filled-by-the-editor-space.

One word of explanation. Any editorials sent in, must have the name of the writer, who in turn will be wholly responsible for any comments or disagreements concerning his or her topic.

Editors Note: The following is an Editorial appearing in a 1933 issue of the Brunswickan which should prove interesting to you readers.

STAR vs. DUB

A large number of general articles and editorials have been written from time to time in an effort to analyze the difference of temperament and character which distinguishes the class leader from an ordinary good student, the champion from the also-ran, the star from the dub: The distinction has been carefully drawn in a large number of cases and a goodly number of arguments and examples have been set forth to bear out particular statements. In practically every case however, the results have boiled down to the conclusion that a championship is attained by means of good general ability plus something else; and that something else is nothing less than good, old fashioned work or, as the term is applied in a number of cases—concentration. A wonderful illustration of what a little additional work will do for an ambitious student is re-printed as follows from the November issue of the Rochester "Gannetteer"

James A. Garfield, it is said, was irked because a college classmate continued leading him by a few points in his marks. From his window Garfield could see a lamp burned in his competitor's room. He made it a practice to study a half hour after that light went out. Tradition says Garfield led his class thereafter. The difference between the ordinary good man and the champion is slight. It may be that extra half hour of study. It may be a six inch putt, a bit more stamina, one last lunge. In our newspapers it may be the one last look around the scene of a crime, one final call on a reluctant adviser, one desperate telephone call. That extra something that makes the difference between a star and a dub is something you can manufacture yourself.



the gorbie

Whut is a gorbie? We'd like to tell ya, but the Chief won't give us room enuf. When the GORBIE ISSUE of this rank rag appears, we'll give ya all the groosome details. It shud be amazin and but amusin.

Now for all the jerks who didn't like last week's GORBIE here's a hole column of jerk jokes, from the other campii:

— arf — arf —
Good girl (awakening): "Good morning, God!"
Bad girl (ditto): "Good God! morning!"

— arf — arf —
She was visiting an Army camp with some friends, and asked: "Where do we eat?"

Reply: "You mess with the soldiers."

She: "Yes, I know we do later, but where do we eat?"

— arf — arf —

First Golfer: "Confound it, sir you hit my wife."
Second Golfer: "Did I? Well you may take a bang at mine."

— arf — arf —

If all the co-eds in the world who didn't kneck (California spelling) were gathered in one room, what would we do with her?

— arf — arf —

Two new arrivals in the Baby Ward were viewing each other across their cribs.

"And what are you, a little boy or a little girl?" asked one.

"On, I'm a little girl. What are you?"

"Well, how do you know you're a little boy?"

At that remark, he proudly pulled up his nighty. "See—blue booties!"

— arf — arf —

First Resident: It looks like rain today.

Dumb ditto: Yeh, but they call it coffee.

— arf — arf —

I wish I were a little fish
I wish I were a bass
I'd climb up all the slippery trees
And slide down on my hands and knees.

— arf — arf —

A steward on a ship, carrying a bowl of hot soup to a stateroom, tripped and spilled the contents of the bowl into the lap of an old gentleman asleep in a deck chair. Thinking quickly, he tapped the old gent on the shoulder, and said:

"I do hope you feel better now, sir."

— arf — arf —

She: "I'm perfect."

He: "Uh-huh. Well, I'm practice."

And some UBYSSSEY jokes:

Golf Pro: "No, use your brassie."

Modern Miss: "But, I don't wear any in this hot weather."

A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon placed so as to keep an attraction from becoming a sensation.

LIGHTS OUT: But darling you never smoked your pipe in bed before we were married.

Co-ed: Did I ever show you where I was tattooed?

Boy-friend (hopefully): No.

Co-ed: Well, let's drive down that way.

Then there was the Freshette who was arrested yestiddy for stealing a petticoat. But the judge let her go, becuz it was her first slip.

CRITICISM

Reviewers are usually people who would have been poets, historians, biographers, if they could: they have tried their talents at one or the other, and have failed; therefore they turn critics.

—S. T. Coleridge.

CHEATING

Don't steal; thou'lt never thus compete

Successfully in business. Cheat.

—Ambrose Bierce

CONCEIT

He was like the cock who thought the sun had risen to see him crow.

—George Eliot

"Room for two in there?"
"Yes—me and a Sweet Cap."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES
"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Omitting, for the moment, any comment on the misguided, misplaced criticism heaped upon the Social Committee in your edition of two weeks ago, I wish to submit a word in defence of Formal Dances.

Our traditional Formals have always been the highlights of our social activities 'Up the Hill' and their passing would be of considerable loss to us in many ways. To these events come our Graduates, our Celebrities and our Faculty for their only opportunities to see our college in a more familiar and congenial light. Not only are these dances of importance in the life of the student body but, are a pleasurable reunion for all those who are in contact with the activities on our campus. To those who no longer have the privilege of walking our halls and to we, whose social graces may yet need polish, the

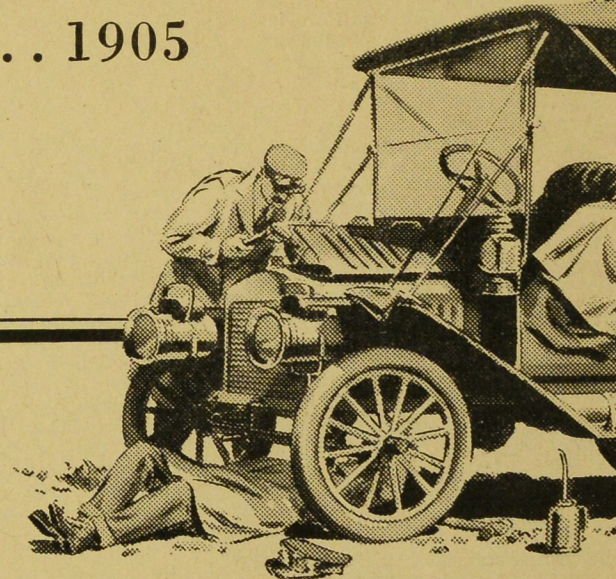
passing of the Formal Dance, even for a short time, would be unfortunate.

It would take but little reflection to demerit the various arguments advanced for the abolition of formals for the duration. True, some universities have discontinued some of their numerous formals but, as to the legitimacy of their patriotic claims we have definite doubts. If we are to have dances of any description the money involved would not be altered in any way, except in reduced revenue from outside bids. Since the outsiders are our sole income from these events it would actually cost money to abolish formals, not save it!

You should be aware that our War Effort Fund draws the bulk of its revenue from schemes executed at our formals and since our visiting public contributes a goodly portion

(Continued on page five)

PLEASURE DRIVING ... 1905



WHEN YOU WENT MOTORING IN 1905, you carried a full kit of tools. You needed them. No one knew what would go wrong next.

Down through the years manufacturers competed with each other to give you a better car. Each strove to outdo the other to give you a smoother, more powerful engine, stronger brakes, a more luxurious body. And each year you got a better car for your money.

Under our free way of life business competes with business to give you new and better products, more efficient service. This is true of the company that builds your car, of The Royal Bank of Canada, of the little store on the corner.

What is PRIVATE ENTERPRISE?

It is the natural desire to make your own way, as far as your ability will take you; an instinct that has brought to this continent the highest standard of life enjoyed by any people on earth. It is the spirit of democracy on the march.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA