

The Brunswickan

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Success Or Failure

With exams just around the corner The Brunswickan would like to point out to students that the period has arrived, where insofar as true success on your papers is concerned, it is a period which demands the utmost concentration and application. Perhaps our warning need only apply to Freshmen, as we, the older students have made our mistakes and rightly wish to pass on a few tips to you on things that we have discovered the hard way.

Success is never to be attained easily although it is easy to gaze at the lofty man on his pinnacle and to attribute his rise to luck, the rich favor of the gods. As one of the greatest minds of the latter years of the past century said, "Success is five per cent genius and ninety-five per cent sweat." Work, plenty of it, thoroughly saturated with personal interest in the task at hand, is the only certain insurance against the not so remote possibility of languishing in a rut and gazing with envy at the apparent ease with which a favored few climb the slippery slope and pass beyond our ken. Ability and mental growth are, of course, major factors, without which progress may not be maintained, and it is these factors which we are endeavoring to cultivate throughout the process of our education. It will be well to remember therefore, that we cannot rest upon the laurels attained in our specialized studies during our High School years, but we must continue the specialization as far into the future as our work takes us.

With three weeks remaining till the papers, we can, by careful planning, prepare our work in such a way that none of us should be listed as failures, and all of us prepared to carry on our second term with a clean slate, and in so doing accomplish what we have set out to do, namely: by our efforts, to take our place as leaders of the community, the state and the world.

PROGRAMMES WEEK OF NOV. 22nd

GAIETY

Mon.—Tues.—Wed.—Thurs.
Noel Coward's Great Drama
"IN WHICH WE
SERVE"
Standing alone as the most
thrilling action hit of the year!
FRI.—SAT.
TYRONE POWER with
ANNE BAXTER in
"CRASH DIVE"
In Technicolor

CAPITOL

MON.—TUES.—WED.
LUM AND ABNER in
"2 WEEKS TO LIVE"
MABEL PAIGE in
"Someone to Remember"
THURS.—FRI.—SAT.
BARTON MacLANE in
"GENTLE GANGSTER"
HOPALONG CASSIDY in
Clarence E. Mulford's
"BAR 20"

Students---

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the gorbie

This week it's verse, in a lighter vein:

I wish I were a kangaroo,
Despite his funny stances,
I'd have a place to put the junk
My girl brings to the dances.

"Let me kiss you in the gloaming";
And his arm around her slips;
But she answered very quickly,
"What's the matter with my lips?"

Mary has a little swing
It isn't hard to find
For everywhere that Mary goes
That swing is right behind.

Blue eyes gazing at mine, —Vexation
Soft hands clasped in mine, —Palpitation
Fair hair brushing mine, —Temptation
Red lips close to mine, —Expectation
Footsteps, —Damnation

LADIES, SKIP THIS

Please skip this paragraph girls,
it's not fit for publication. It was
included by mistake, but as there
was nothing better for presentation,
we asked the printer to print it
upside-down.

Now we'll bet a buck to a nickel,
If you give her half a show,
You can bet she'll find it not some-
thing she oughtn't to know!
If there's anything worrier's a woman,
It's something she oughtn't to know!

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Dandelions are yellow
Petunias are all colors.

A turtle lives 'twixt plated decks
Which practically conceals its sex.
I think it clever of the turtle
In such a fix to be so fertile.

Mary had a summer dress
Dainty, chic and airy,
It didn't show the dirt a bit
But my, how it showed Mary.

Parkle, parkle, little twink,
What the heck I are, you think.
Now I'm not under the affluence of
nicohol,
Although some thinkle peep I are.
I fool so feelish, I don't know who's
me,
The drunker I sit here, the longer
I be.

Quote the Gazette:
Candy is dandy
But liquor is quicker.

In the Indian tribe known as Sioux
They spent oodles of time pitching
wioux.

Extra-marital ties
Were praised to the skies
And nothing was ever tabioux.

A love story in three acts:
Act 1.—Maid one.
Act 2.—Maid won.
Act 3.—Made one.

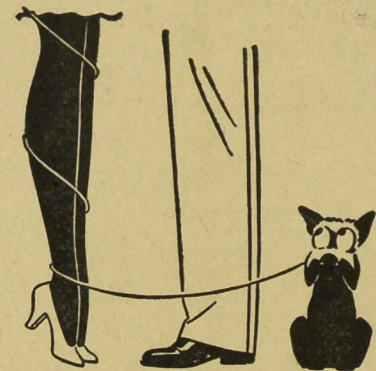
Roses are red
Violets are blue
The rain on the roof
Reminds me of you . . .
Drip, drip, drip.

Women's faults are many
Men have only two:
Everything they say
And everything they do.

Love may be sacred
Love may be profane
Whichever it is
I'd like it again.

Bong, bong, bong, bong,
Bong, bong, bong, bong,
Bong, bong, bong, bong,
Mid-night, by golly!

There was a man who loved the bees
He always was their friend
He used to sit upon their hives
But they stung him in THE END.



"No, no, they're just lighting a Sweet Cap!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"



If I Could Do It Over Again

Just beyond the edge of the campus, the world begins. Not more than a diploma's throw from the last outlying coke shop are the bus lines, the business offices, and the merchandise building that are going to make your career. You may have written the patter column for the school paper, worn the longest, loosest sweaters, tied your hair in pigtails and been a big woman on the campus, but suddenly you are asked to prove yourself all over again, and you aren't quite up to the job. There are demands on your resourcefulness, dependability and ingenuity. You are supposed to be ready now. College is supposed to turn you out fully prepared for living—but somewhere in those four years I slipped up. I would do a better job a second time—if I could have those four years over again.

From the beginning things would be different. From the first day I would rid my head of fluff thoughts and get down to what is really important. Half of my Freshman year was lost in brooding because I didn't have a red plaid skirt and a yellow cardigan sweater like "all the other girls." By our Sophomore year, no one remembered whether I had or not. Every Freshman class is made up of a choice collection of high school valedictorians, editors of school papers, and small-town smoothies, each anxiously trying to assert herself. The first few weeks is shifting and re-shifting of crowds until one is finally settled in the proper stratum of social acceptability. Hurt feelings grow into inferiority complexes that can last a lifetime.

During the whole agonizing process, I wrote bright cheerful letters home while I was secretly gnawing my heart out, neglecting my homework. In self-defence, new girls sized up new girls according to fraternity pins, number of pieces of luggage. I fretted myself that I wouldn't make the grade. It was

so silly. But it took me the better part of my Freshman year to realize that—and a lot of time and friendship wasted.

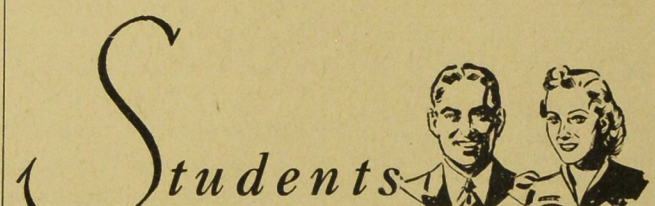
Every college girl needs a little boy-life, but I'm sorry now that I spent so much time at it. In college, especially at a girl's school, it is almost one of the entrance requirements to come with at least one boy's picture to put on your desk. Then after the first few weeks, the local boys begin to take over. Every date you have is shared by every girl living in your dormitory. I can count on both hands the number of hours we all spent discussing the dates.

And along with those wasted hours of Dorothy Dix chatter, I'd curtail my program of activities preliminary to evening study. Somehow at college it seems imperative to get mail—and lots of it—every day. That means letter writing. Instead of writing to every high school girl friend and every draft-age boy on the block, my mail list would be limited to immediate family and a few Army boys who might be lonesome. Letter writing is often only an escape from study.

And the evening ritual of face-creaming and hair-curling, and clothes pressing could be cut to a more practical minimum. Many's the time that after a full hour of primping with pompadours before the mirror, I have decided to part my hair on the side and wear it as I always have, and then suddenly felt too tired to study.

Then, too, it comes as a bit of a surprise to blow the ink dry on your diploma, step out with happy complacency, and find that other girls—those who haven't had your four-year mental work-out—know about Goethe and Spinoza, and have read Thomas Wolfe as much as you have.

Unfortunately, the cut system doesn't carry over into the working world. In college, class attendance (Continued on page five)



ENJOY BANKING at the

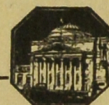
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