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Your Governing Body

The S. R. C., the Students Representative Council, administers the legislative powers of the student body, and its representatives are elected by the students.

This, in brief, tells us something about the most important organization on the campus. An organization which, since it was first set up has been controlling student activities on the campus; has been handling all financial matters pertaining to Sports, Formals, Debating etc. and which vetoes or passes budgets presented by the managers or presidents of these departments.

We see then that our S. R. C. has direct control over practically all matters — the few elected by the majority control all. It would therefore appear that a great deal of discretion should be used by the students of the various classes in selecting and electing representatives to such an important position. Yet on Friday last, at a meeting of the S. R. C., called to elect managers to the various sports divisions, there were present: the Vice-President of the S. R. C., the Treasurer, the Secretary, the Ladies Society President, the President of the A.A.A., the football manager and four others. Surprised! You should be, for these are the people who have complete control of student activities. These are the people thru whose hands your money passes. Do you care? You ought to, but evidently you didn't or you would have been there.

By the time you read this editorial, the Preliminary Budget meeting will be a thing of the past. Were you there? Or were you like other students of the past willing to let the football manager present a Budget for \$585.00, the Basketball manager a budget for \$143.00 and so on? To allow these sums of money to pass freely thru the S. R. C. without inquiring as to the whys and wherefores of such and such an item. Remember that this is your money and you therefore have a right to know how it is being spent. However, since you weren't there it must mean that you didn't care.

Remember, we are not trying to curtail the various Budgets, but what we ARE trying to do is to tell you that in order to make the S. R. C. what it really ought to be, YOU should see to it that its members are doing what you think they should be doing. How can you do this? The answer, quite simple, Attend All the Meetings of the S. R. C. Remember the S. R. C. is open to all students, not merely to representatives. Perhaps another solution to your query is: See to it that your representatives attend all meetings even though you may not be able to be present.

Another Point: The S. R. C. has, believe it or not, a constitution. It is your duty to find out what this constitution is and thus at the same time find out by whom and in what manner you are being governed.

You may say, "Where will I get this information?" Again, the reply: From your council officers, or Attend the Meetings of the Council.

Students---

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the gorbie

This week we flick you out to the West Coast, with a reprint of U.B. C.'s famous Jabez column, "THE MUMMERY":

The C.O.T.C., once described as the only sick parade ever organized as a unit, stood sagging expectantly, waiting for the order to fall in.

Several enthusiasts fell in before the command was given, and had to be carried off to the showers, victims of anticipation.

But it was a beautiful sight. The cold brilliance of the sunshine brought out to the full the patriotic colours of the men: red noses, white jowls, and blue lips. N.C.O.'s were running about nimbly or as nimbly as their tight trousers permitted. Then, suddenly, the order rang out: "C.O.T.C.—ON PARADE"

We shuffled into what we laughingly called line, and waited breathlessly for the command, "Stand Easy." Standing easy is probably the one drill movement that we can be said to have mastered, with the possible exception of the dismiss, or its little brother, the break off. "Take up your dressing, take up your dressing," snapped the Sergeant, testily.

I looked to see if my pants had fallen down again.

I was pleasantly surprised that gravity had not set in.

"Squaw, squaw HUP," barked the Sergeant.

Then he fastened me with a steely glare.

"Didn't you hear me say 'HUP'?" he lemanded.

"Yes, Sergeant," I replied amiably. "Have you ever thought of trying 'Tums'? They say they're wonderful for acid indigestion: burps to you."

"And nuts to you!" he snarled, his eyes gleaming evilly as they searched me for unbuttoned pockets.

Then his face lit up with a grisly glow.

"Who told you that you could wear a corsage today?" he hissed. I blushed awkwardly.

"A lady friend of mine gave it to me," I admitted in a low voice. "I thought, seeing this was a ceremonial parade . . ."

"I don't care if it grew there," roared the Sergeant. "TAKE OFF THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS!"

"And stand at attention!" he added.

"I am standing at attention! It's just this converted barrage balloon I'm wearing that makes me look droopy."

"Brother, you would look droopy in a sarong!" he gritted.

"Only from the back, only from the back," I countered.

"OFFICERS—FALL IN."

The Sergeant was obliged to retire from action as the officers stalked to their posts.

It is always important to note when your company is taken over by an officer. For, whereas the sergeant-major may yell, in a high falsetto:

"Company, stund ut hiss, Stund hissy!"

And officer may creep in unseen, and bellow throatily:

"Company, stind hat haze! Stind haze."

When you are expecting to be told to "stund hissy," and somebody comes along to tell you to "stind haze," there is manifested that tendency toward both mental and physical frustration which causes cadets to pluck at the coverlets for days after a parade.

Soon we were marching down to the stadium. Marching with the C.O.T.C. is always a thrilling, novel experience, as we have more different steps than Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell combined. Last week we featured a special khaki conga line, with the primitive beat: one, two, three—skip, one, two, three—skip, one, two, three—pudle, etc. With us, you either have rhythm or you get trampled to death.

In the stadium, we watched about ten minutes of rugby, and about forty-five minutes of bleacher blondes. Indeed, the men of the

ANYTIME IS A BETTER TIME WITH A SWEET CAP

If you're scrubbing in the kitchen
While for battle smoke you're itchin'
And you're wondering when the glory
will begin,

Think you'll make a perfect wife
When you're through with army life —
And that's where a Sweet Cap fits in!



SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

ELECTED

The election for Sec.-Treas. of the Ladies Society was held on Tuesday of this week and Blanche Law was voted the new Secretary Treasurer.

This election was necessary due to the vacancy caused by Betty Burden, who is this year attending Acadia.

Corps seemed to be more interested in making plays than in watching them.

This brings up the question of the acquisition of a drum majorette for the C.O.T.C. Once we have the majorette, we can start thinking about the drum. This would not only boost army morale, but also protect civilian women from offensive action.

Somebody should approach Colonel Shrum on this matter.

But don't approach too close.

FRESHETTES MAKE SPEECHES

Tuesday evening, Oct. 5, saw the first meeting of the Delta Rho in session in the Ladies' Reading Room with Fran Harrison, the president, in the chair. As is customary, the freshettes were invited to attend the meeting, and were presented slips of paper containing various topics on which they were required to speak for one minute.

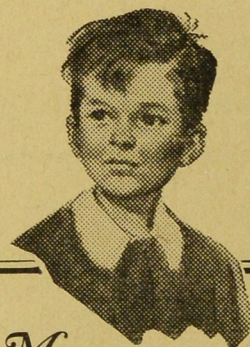
Helen Baxter, Gladys Harquail, Anne MacKenzie and Mary Lawson were chosen to participate in a debate with some of the men debaters on two humorous topics.

Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting.

Don't say things. What you are stands over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary.

—Emmerson

The HEIR APPARENT



MEET THE HEIR APPARENT to the thrilling new world of to-morrow . . . the world he will help to build.

Already he's learning to stand on his own feet, a young man with ideas; self-reliant, courageous, ready to carve out a future by his own personal efforts.

Many of these young men of to-morrow—future leaders—already have accounts of their own at the Royal Bank. They have spare-time jobs, work hard and save some of their money for the day when opportunity will beckon. Theirs is the spirit that has made this country great. It is the spirit that will build a Canada worthy of her future.

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 . . .

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