

This Could Be You!

by r. a. p.

HAVE YOU met the following characters yet? It's time you did because, you see, they are some of the more personable personalities there are in the campus—and it just won't do for you not to know them. You would be far more richer and wiser for their friendship. But if you are one of them yourself, then here is a thought for you: It takes all kinds to people the earth but there are some types we can always do without.

Mr. Phantom Voter lives up to his name. He is never seen. He specializes in writing derogatory things on the blackboards and on the walls. He insults candidates who do not belong to his party. He writes these candidates anonymous letters telling them they are not fit for the Student Council because they got a 4 in Chemistry. Furthermore, his own candidate wears better slack-suits. He never comes out in the open. He does his insidious work when everybody has gone home and in the secrecy of the comfort rooms, his natural habitat. Mr. Phantom Voter is quite a fellow really, worthy of our emulation, and just the man whose acquaintance we ought to cultivate.

Mr. Unsuccessful Candidate refuses to abide by the electorate's will. He thinks he's just as good, or better than the Representatives-elect we have now. Before the elections, his adjective for voters like us was "intelligent". Now he calls us "stupid". So you can readily see that he is not fickle. But this is not his only virtue. He is also a man of determination. Witness his vow never to cooperate with the party now in the saddle. Lastly, he firmly and sincerely believes that spreading dissension and dissatisfaction among the students is

just the sporting thing to do.

Do you think yourself pretty? Do you exude glamor? And do you wear your hair the way Lauren Bacall or Veronica Lake wear theirs? Do you stay home during dances because you don't want to mix with the ordinary, run-of-the-mill, khaki-clad male student? Do you look down upon a girl simply because she has worn the same party dress twice already, and hold your nose up in the air while traversing the corridors on the wrong side? And do you believe that because you breeze in to school in a brand new Packard or Cadillac this entitles you to be insolent and disrespectful to your professors? If you do all these things then you're in a class all by yourself. You are one of those enviable creatures invariably called Slick-chicks, Glamor Girls or Sub-Debs but whose real names are Miss Snub-on-a-High-Perch.

But for sheer sportsmanship Mr. Smug takes the cake. Remember Mr. Smug? He's the guy you elected to office. He is also the fellow who wins the debates, the oratorical contests, the editorial exams, and the best-dancer prizes. Mr. Smug is indeed the best example of a very good winner. He laughs at and derides the losers and never misses a chance to rub it in. You'll easily know him from the self-centered smile he wears in the hallways and in the condescending manner he has of talking to other students. He possesses a radiant personality. His affected intellectual air has grown up on him and conceit permeates his whole being. He's great. Ask him why and he'll say it's public opinion. Yes, sir, Mr. Smug; The Great Sport, beats them all!