To the Brownbagger!

In view of the widespread misconceptions that are floating around about his origin, his modus operandi, and his character, we have thought it advisable to make a detailed study of the species brownbagger, the results of which are herewith recorded.

That there are many varieties of this species is a well-known fact. There are even varieties that do not carry brown bags. But that is beside the point. Let us consider first his dominant traits. He is the kind of guy who will study by the light of a candle when the dormitory main switch is pulled for the furtherance of riot activities and stuff. He is the kind of guy who consistently gets 90's in Ec and such like things . . . and never denies studying for the quizzes. He is a superb example of the practical application of the theory of behaviorist psychology: everything he does is toward the furtherance of some far off end—and the end is always his own advancement. He is the kind of guy that Tubby Rogers was talking about to his Handall section a few weeks ago when he said that the thing that makes you get up in the morning is not "the necessity of making a nine o'clock class but the necessity of getting a diploma and then getting a job and becoming fourth vice-president of some company and having a secretary of your own, which God knows most of you attain what they set out for."

It is toward this end that all brownbaggers strive (private secretaries, not jobs) and to their credit be it said that a good many of them attain what they set out for.

In his favor it can be said that the good brownbagger makes it a point always to have at least two dates during the school year, at least one of which, however, involves climbing up to the top gallery of Symphony Hall to listen to a Pops concert. He buys some magazine regularly, but not Collier's or the Saturday Evening Post; he specializes in such things as Scribner's and the Atlantic Monthly and Coronet. He even has pictures on his walls—but not of the poster variety. Far from it; when he "lifts up his eyes unto the hills" he wants to see nothing but the best, so he has a few choice etchings on his walls. He does not, however, own a radio—that particular invention of Satan is entirely too distracting. On the other hand he knows all about what makes the wheels go 'round, and is liable to tell you about it at the slightest hint of encouragement, so don't or he will.

The most peculiar thing of all about the brownbagger, however,