





Don't just say it—wear it; the Age of the Button arrives

danger of becoming a push-button society.

Now it seem we're more in danger of becoming a just plain button society. Or, more specifically, a button, badge, sign and slogan society. It's getting to be an occupational hazard.

If you want to say something, and you want to reach everyone, wear a button. It's the only way, man. Everyone's on the look out for them so they amount to instant publicity by now.

If our typical Button-Wearer goes striding up the hall, odds are those striding the other way will say as he aproaches: "Egad. A Button!" He than manoeuvers himself into position and reads the words of wisdom or any home words of wisdom as our hero goes sailing by.

It never fails.

If you don't agree, let me ask you what was one of th ways the used to advertize SUB opening? Buttons, right? Right.

Who's No. 2 but tries harder. Another button, right? Right.

As I said, it's getting to be an occuational hazard.

This button craze and its attendant fabs sounds just like the sort of thing our society would per-petrate. Everyone's fond of saying how fast things move today, how computerized everything is. And they're correct, if trite. It seems that our attempts at communication have to tighten up too. Hence we have the Age of the Catch Word.

Buttons, badges and slogans are everywhere. Their bright designs and even brighter slogans, they amount to instant publicity.

And so, in our push-botton society, we have gone one step past the stage of push-button philosophy into the stage of button philosophy.

Some people more than others tend to make spectacles of themselves by wearing buttons, but actually it's a sport open and com-

I, for instance, can be seen yearing by "Crusade Against wearing by "Crusage Assumed Ugly" button now and again. As far as I know, I was the first on my block to get one, a feat which carries with it a certain amount of status, I'm told. Quite possibly, however, I'm the ONLY one on my block with one, it being that the neighbour kids have more sense

And then you get types like the fellow who is disguised as a Gateway sports editor, who wears a makeshift "I Miss Hot Caf" button over the remanants of an "I Like SUB" button.

Or the kind who wears his "I'm proud to be a Canadian" button under his lapel or inside his coat. Even more suspicious are the type who wear them on the outside of

And there was the dear fellow, now departed, who wore his "Drop It" (the bomb) button to an Anti-Vietnam demonstration. That takes real couage, no to mention much lack of brains.

I don't suppose this campus is any more button and slogan crazy than any other representative segment of the populace (which doesn't speak much for the campus, I'm afraid).

But what with people generally disgruntled about myriad real or signs, buttons 'n things tend to populate the horizon quite extensively these days.

Not that I'm panning them-they make interesting reading. And they're educational too.

It's just that I'd hate to think of them as any kind of a substitute for more honest communication, as could so easily happen.

About the only way they would be a good substitute for would be lectures. But that's as far as it

Still, if you've got something important to get across don't just say it—wear it.

You'll probably have better luck.



THE WISDOM OF THE AGES . . . on a tiny, shiny button