



GIVE HIM BACK HIS BEARD!

People nowadays are often quite ready to call a fellow an "old goat", but they would think it utterly revolting if he tried to live up to his name by growing that characteristic, foamy outgrowth, a beard. On the street not long ago I saw an old man with a fibrous, grey beard. As some people around noticed this unique individual, they peered at him intently and exchanged giggling remarks about how early "Santa Claus" was this year. But why Santa Claus? Why couldn't the beard be more closely associated with the sailor or the pirate as it was in former days, instead of with this new, artificial character? Perhaps this is characteristic of our soft, urbane age, and points to the fact that we are a less-adventurous people. The beard has invariably carried with it suggestion of the mysterious. Many of us think of the bearded bohemian that we see around today as a mighty peculiar individual. Our suspicion toward him often rises out of our conception of that supreme villain of literature, Bluebeard.

In more populous centres, however, beards are coming back into favor. More and more men are acquiring these ticklish appendages. The ancients regarded the beard as a sacred token of virility. The Babylonians considered no oath legal unless it were sworn "by the beard". Their beards were elaborate affairs, arranged in curls and stiffened with perfumed gum. The Egyptians were clean-shaven, but on state occasions the Pharaoh strapped a narrow, false beard to his chin.

There have been periods in history when the beard was the apex of fashion and other times when it was forbidden. But it was in the Elizabethan period that the beard really came into its own. The barber stiffened and perfumed the beards of the young gallants, dyed them a fashionable color, curled them and dressed them in a variety of styles. Talk about "The Rape of a Lock"! Some beards were twisted like a stick of licorice, some pointed, some double pointed, others cut square, round and oblong. Then every precaution was taken to prevent their being ruffled. A period of lapse came in and beards disappeared. It wasn't until early in the Nineteenth Century that they reappeared, this time with sideburns and mustaches. They seemed to grow thicker and

heavier as the century progressed so that even young men assumed the look of venerable prophets. By the early 20th century men wearied of them again and settled for mustaches. In their heyday, mustaches were heavy and drooping, handle-barred, and others stiffened with wax.

Today we are not very much in one direction or the other, but unless we frequent the waterfront, we don't often notice exhibits of this manly outgrowth. Only once have I seen a beard-growing contest (and that for Hallowe'en). But it is rather detracting to us that we live in a society that grows everything, but cannot dispose our men to cultivate the natural appendage, the beard. We might note that in the most patriarchal of societies when man stood for most (in the days of Imperial Rome and in the Nineteenth Century Europe), the beard was of prime importance in their conventions. It is also significant that we should look to the sea and its travellers to find the cultivation of such foamy splendour to a worthwhile degree. It all points to the fact that we are guilty of some fuzzy thinking. Are we becoming a society of male conformists? If the ladies could sport such appendages, I feel sure they would not be neglected, and the diversity of styles would reach an unfathomed peak. Who knows? Our female populous might even become a joy to behold. But, as in our noble past, it is for men to break the social shackles and to maintain their individuality and virility, despite what Mr. Gillette might have to say.

—POPEYE

BEFORE SUMMER COMES

'Twas the week before finals
And all through the halls,
Many students were stirring,
Before riding their falls.

The books were closed tight,
Neatly packed on their shelves,
While frolicking students
Enjoyed themselves.

Too late they'll see
What we all know is there,
The writing on the wall
For all saints to beware.

The Freshmen, God bless them,
Are too young to know
What happens to students
Who let their work go.

The pride of the campus,
Sophomores, by name,
Will learn things the hard way
'Cause they still act the same.

A step higher are Juniors,
Next year's graduates,
Who, if they don't buckle down,
Will have the same fate.

And now for the Seniors
Who work hard each day (?);
This year is their last,
They're through come what may.

The fate of one class
We still must hear.
Engineers, please take care,
Lest we miss you next year.

Now a word to the Prefects,
Some brave and some bold,
And to a few others
Who have to be told.

Soon the halls will be quiet,
The year's nearly done.
Though you campused us all,
We still had our fun.

Next year we'll be back,
Most of us, at least,
And we'll haunt you again
Like the Jabberwock beast.

And now for the coeds
Whom we all shall miss,
We bid sad adieu—
Take with you our kiss.

As the moving pen writes,
Time goes on its way.
It's good-bye once again,
To all and E. J.

If you've counted the verses
You'll find they're thirteen,
An unlucky number
To all it may seem.

So I'll add four more lines
And say good-bye to our school;
Till we meet again, friends,
Good-bye S.D.U!

—RICHARD AYS '60



AND TO YOU FATHER,

There's nothing the matter—I just can't think of anything else to tell. Maybe you want to hear about my stamp collection, huh? I have more than two thousand different kinds of stamps. They're not in albums though. Albums are too bulky. I keep them hidden in a wooden box under my bed. You won't tell anyone will you?

They're very valuable. Guess how much my best stamp cost. Guess. Two and half bucks. I've been collecting stamps for years. Nobody knows where they are but you and I. I used to collect books too, many kind of books. I tore out the last pages of everyone of them. Nobody will ever know how they ended. There were shelves and shelves of books. The bottom row had seven Bibles. One day I got tired looking at the Bibles lined against the wall, and I stuffed them into the furnace. I never read them much anyway. Have you ever flown an airplane? Sometimes I wish I could fly an airplane. I'd fly up to the clouds. I'd fly far away from life. I hate life, father. I despise it. Some fellows I knew really hated life. Just wouldn't admit it. Poor Boofie Brownson, he couldn't take it anymore. And Georgie, who introduced me to Dolores, he was always worrying about what was going to happen tomorrow. Funny, nothing really did happen to Georgie. There he is, still worrying. Have you ever known anyone like that? I remember when I was expelled from school. That was a long time ago though. Papa was awfully mad then. But I didn't care. Papa always tried to dominate me. He was smart. I outwitted him sometimes though. Mama was good to me. She always took my part. I didn't believe her much though, not really. I mean, how could an old woman tell a fellow how to be a man? Just couldn't. Mama died before papa. She worked too hard, I guess. I felt awful then. I cried. Almost everyone knew I drank. Even Papa liked a glass of whiskey. I liked whiskey too. I liked gin better though. We had great parties, my friends and I. There were about a dozen of us. We always seemed to get drunk, even the girls. But Dolores never drank. She always went home early. I liked her a lot. We often dated. Her eyes were bright. She had soft brown hair. She was pretty, and I kissed her sometimes. I guess she was the only person I ever really cared for. I used to collect books. Have you ever collected books? Have you? Dolores liked me sometimes. She didn't like my bad habits nor my bad friends though. I tried to change. I couldn't. Last night she told me not to call her anymore. She said I was crazy. Have you ever flown an airplane? I'm tired talking. You talk for awhile. . . . I feel so tired. . . . Well, she called me crazy. Crazy! Crazy! Suddenly I hated her. Have you ever hated anyone? Oh, what's the use? I killed Dolores. I had to kill her. I killed her so I wouldn't hate her. You see? You see?

—REX '61

OIL OF MIDNIGHT, OIL OF MOURNING

The midnight oil burns
Time grows short
As the heads of students
Grow swelled;
Not with pride,
But with knowledge
Dearly bought
While the oil waxes low
While it grows yet lower,
Now flickers and dies
As morning creeps upon the land
And yet we sit.