

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 Jabber wock 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.