

"I came back!" - - humor by Andy Kuiper

I have finally discovered the thus far elusive explanation of the reason for this en masse return by America's youth to the slippery world of Brylcream. The manufacturers have suddenly realized that one little dab won't do you, really. A series of dabs at a frequency rate of about 1 to every three hours is more effective; hence everybody is forced to come back for another dab at three hour intervals.

Not that you've been lied to for all these years with their "a little dab will do you." They never did state how long it would do you, did they? Nor did they ever indicate the exact cubic content of a "dab". Allow me to help you on that score.

A "dab" is an old English measure, and part of a group reminiscent of the British monetary system: twelve "dabs" make one "glob", while twenty "globs" make one "mess". Therefore the adjective "little", when applied to "dab", may be considered redundant. It still takes twelve "dabs" to make one "glob". Similarly, a "hell of a mess" is no bigger than a "big mess" or a "bit of a mess", as all measure exactly twenty globs. The "mess", in scientific circles referred to as the "standard mess", and also known as "Wilson's mess" or "Harold's mess", is retained and carefully guarded by the British government in Mr. Wilson's cabinet.

But what a name to come back to, isn't it? I really think the Brylcream people missed the boat in naming their product. A name such as that one just does not appeal to today's generation. Action names are in now. Go names, "Goal" (a football term), "Score" (a hockey term), "Strike!" (a bowling term), that's the kind of name they should use.

Confidentially, I'm working on a new hair

cream that'll wipe Brylcream right off the market. I call it "Foul" (a baseball term). A real sporty name, isn't it? It comes in a can, the bottom of which is similar to a sow's under side: it has twelve little tubes, each containing exactly one tenth of a glob (1.2 dabs). Every morning you "milk" one little tube, and, believe me, it'll do you. Ahh, already I can visualize the advertisement on the wilting screen: A handsome young man is fighting off three or four mini-skirted nitwits, obviously attracted beyond control by the masculine aroma of "Foul". The scene fades as an announcer smilingly proclaims:

"He didn't come back, he didn't have to, because he made the big switch, as have millions of other young men, the big switch to 'Foul!' 'Foul' is the newest, the most up to date hair revitalizer of today. In it's magic little tubes we've captured the masculine fragrance of the finest blends of stale tobacco smoke, flat beer, a touch of garlic and pure, unadulterated action man perspiration. Get some 'Foul' today!"

The youth returns again, with the same three scatter-brains still admiring his sprouting brush cut, and, bobbing their bleach-haired heads at medically dangerous angles, to the accompaniment of a cheap imitation of the Tijuana Brass, they chant in unison:

You can tell that "Foul" smell any-
where

Anywhere, anywhere,

You can tell that "Foul" smell any-
where

So put some on your hair.

"Foul" is available at the University Book Store; also behind the barn at the University Farm.

leftovers

Surely one of the most astounding statements ever to appear in a popular magazine is this one, which found its way into an article about birth control on campus in a recent newspaper supplement:

Sex, however, is not an issue in all universities. At the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton the Students' Council reports that the problem simply does not exist. Corroborating the council's report, William Scott, health services director, says, "The students are too busy having fun."

The notion that fun and sex are mutually exclusive amazes us, and only serves to confirm our suspicions about those Maritimers.

* * *

It was also amusing to read of the University of Windsor newspaper's being in trouble over having printed an article titled "The Student as Nigger". The university senate seems to have termed this "obscenity".

The progress of this word "nigger" has been an interesting one. Until this century it had the same force as the word "Negro", and was not considered objectionable in any context, and even in the 1920's Fowler was able to say that it was insulting only when applied to those who were not full Negroes.

Now the word is considered ill-mannered in any context, and justly so, for, as the revised edition of Fowler's Dictionary points out, it carries with it all the implications of racial prejudice. But the word is not, by any stretch of the imagination, "obscenity". It is nothing more than a contraction of the word "Negro" (which, by the way, is also tending to be shunned in polite conversation), which in turn is a descriptive term meaning "black".

As much as we are in favour of eliminating from the English language any word which carries overtones of racial prejudice, we see danger here—when we call the word "nigger" obscene, we are giving too much power to words. . .

The time will doubtless come when we will speak of Conrad's *The Negro of the Narcissus* and of the "Negro in the woodpile".

* * *

At this time of the year all the other major magazines are giving no-prizes to the great men of the past twelve months. Time magazine, with what we only pray is strong irony, has chosen Lyndon Johnson as Man of the Year. We, with similar irony, would like to award our highest no-prize for 1967 to Branny Schepanovich.

We fell that Mr. Schepanovich climaxed a truly great career as Students' Union president when he so diplomatically used his farewell message in the yearbook for an attack on those who did not think that he was Heaven's Gift to the Peasantry.

Congratulations, sir, for leaving this noble memorial for posterity. Years from now, when our sons and daughters are leafing through old yearbooks, they will come across this message, heave a sigh, and say: "My, what a petty man Branny Schepanovich must have been."

But of course they will be wrong.

* * *

The joke in the United States a few months ago was this: "Just think: if we had elected Goldwater, we might have been bombing North Viet Nam right now!" To which we Canadians might reply, "Just think! If we had elected the New Democratic Party, we might have been getting medicare right now!"

* * *

We have had no correspondence from the Phantom of SUB lately, and begin to fear that that gloomy personage is perhaps suffering from overwork, or convalescing from a rather strenuous holiday. Since our only means of communicating with him is through this column (which, he has told us, he reads by candlelight faithfully each week), we shall venture to ask him if he will assure us of his good health at his earliest convenience.

And we would appreciate it, dear Phantom, if you could at some time condescend to give us something of your history—how you came to haunt these halls, and what terrible secret you are hiding.

And to our readers (if any there be)—correspondence to the Phantom may be addressed to this column, and we will endeavour to pass it along to him.

Europe 1968!

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