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Portrait Of A Gentleman

D'arcy Featherstonehaugh—pronounced, as his good breeding never permitted him to inform you, Feastonhay—was a gentleman. It was obvious in everything about him from his faultlessly out tweeds and his custom made overshoes to his aristocratic bearing and the perfect hauteur of his features. He came from one of Boston's most inbred families and boasted an unbroken line back not to the Mayflower, not to Magna Charta, not even to the Norman Conquest, but to the ill-fated romance of Androcles and the lion.

I first had the honor of meeting Featherstonehaugh in my junior year. I had by that time acquired some life reputation around Cambridge as a man of taste and discrimination, and it was to me that Featherstonehaugh turned for advice in his hunt for a custom tooth brush maker. For Fanny, as his intimates called him, was often put to it to satisfy his genteel dislike of mass production. "Buffy," he would say to me. "Buffy, I had to buy a shoelace in a shop today."

"My God," I would reply, knowing how hard he took things of that sort. "That's terrible, old man: how did it happen?"

"My old one broke this morning, and my man takes at least two weeks to make a new one. Confound it, Buffy,"—and his voice broke—do you realize how many people are using a lace practically like this?"

He once told me with distress of the time in his babyhood when the death of his family diaper maker had driven his mother to Sulka's for ready-mades.

THROUGHOUT his college career Featherstonehaugh maintained a well-bred aloofness from the general herd of his classmates. Before entering the University he had arranged for thirty-seven valets to be admitted with him so that he would not have to share a dormitory with whatever social uncertainties chance and the Dean's Office might assign. It was in vain, however, for by a ghastly miscarriage of privilege, Fanny and his thirty-seven valets were sent down to the gymnasium.

Naturally, Fanny never went out for anything. The clubs could not interest him: "When you think how many people have been in those clubs since they began—," he once said, "Well, how could a Featherstonehaugh ever let himself be associated with so many people?" So having bought the Ritz-Carlton, Fanny started his own club, the Thoroughbred, initiation fee \$15,000, and provided in the constitution that in order to keep the total membership, past and present, down to a decently exclusive number the club would be abolished every year.

In his attitude towards women Featherstonehaugh's aristocratic nature was extremely apparent. "Women are terribly common," he'd say. "I mean there are so awfully many of them, you know." Physical attraction he said, was somehow too primitive, too intuitive, too common for a man of taste. "You feel it, Buffy," he used to tell me. "Business men feel it: professional men feel it; even"—he shuddered—"even servants feel it. You know one of the maids once— Well anyway, Buffy, it's just so terribly ordinary." He objected particularly to marriage

Oh to be a Passion Flower

Winnipeg. (CUP). —The University of Manitoba Debaters have some very interesting and educational debates on the agenda. The debates are to be held as part of the intramural debating league. Some of the more interesting topics are:—

Resolved that a passion flower is good thing.

Resolved that the Canadian Senate be abolished.

Resolved that a passion flower is more desirable as a marriage partner than a sugar daddy.

Resolved that entrance requirements at the University of Manitoba should be raised so as to cut the enrollment in half.

Resolved that there should be a special tax on bachelors.

Resolved that reason and women's fashion are incompatible terms.

MULLEN

Oh bearded sooth, Oh hairy chin,
Hark to the barber's raging din.
Give them your trade and

whisker, too
Look clean once more, again, anew.
With your bushy, barbed, and

fuzzy jaw
Do you look funny, Haw, Haw, Haw.
Think of your friends, your

pals and chums
Why be the topic of their
bumping gums?

Shave it off, we beg, we implore,
Then we'll respect you again,
once more.

The Mathematician's Night Out

The fellow had a luscious date
With curves of Symmetry . . .
His thoughts did tend to gravitate
From pure Geometry.
The slick type Operator who
Had this particular Jane
Wished much to elevate her to
An Osculating Plane.
His mind sored out on Tangent Line
Quite Normal, his idea:
"Oh what a chance this is for Sin
But just to what Degree?"
He weighed Unknown — and unavares
She was of his Assumptions.
Until by method of Least Squares
He pounced on Correlations.
"Don't fight with Fate—
Let's Integrate!"
The sleazy rascal purred,
"Discriminate a worthy mate!
Come now, just say the word!"
"You pose me quite a problem! Nay,
I like not your solution . . .
Your Proposition seems too gay—
Improper Combination!
"I'll brook no Permutations now,
Arrangements are taboo . . .
It makes no Difference to me how
A Negative suits you!
"An even just to Osculate
You've Random-Sampled the wrong date!
In future then without compunction—
Try your Discriminating Function!"
And so the end to this sad fable—
He saw it in an instant—
The chick was a scarce a Variable
And all to much a Constant.

The Manitoban

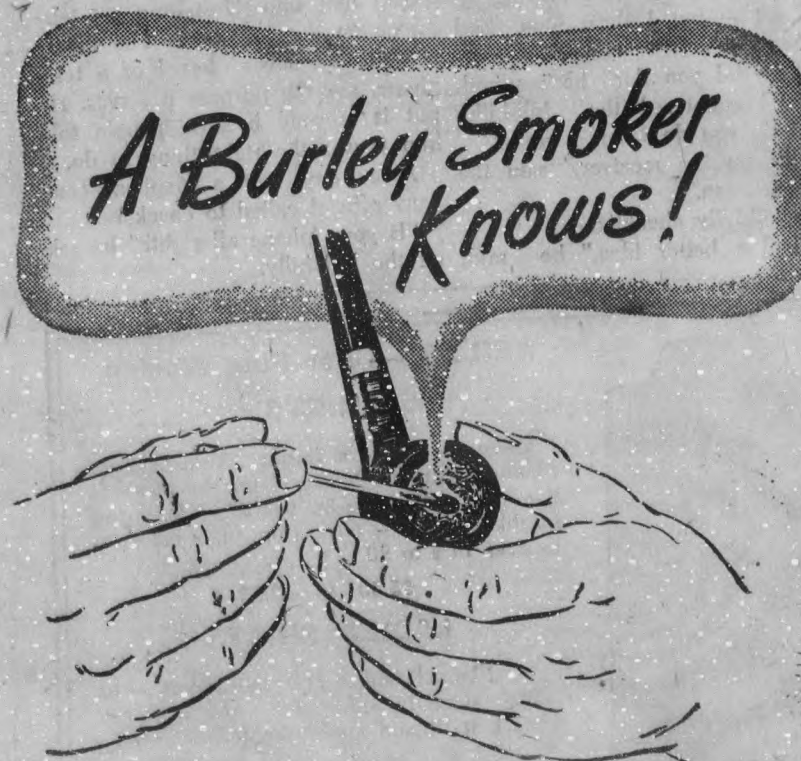
The sacrifice of his independence to a being less completely urbane than himself was not for the true gentleman. He liked to point out that in this regard many of his ancestors had been as fastidious as himself, and indeed, his coat of arms was almost obliterated by numerous aristocratic bars sinister. The only time I ever knew Fanny to unbend in this regard was in our senior year. It was rumored at that time that among the incoming Freshmen at Radcliffe was a certain Sonia Salouskavitz, the daughter of a Polish count. Hoping that he might so add yet another distinguished bar sinister to his crest, he began a tastefully restrained yet gallant courtship, which was unfortunately terminated by the discovery that Sonia was related to no count, but merely a billionaire philanthropist of that name.

Fanny's hospitality was limitless. In his beautifully appointed rooms in Lowell House there were, in his visiting hours, for those upon whom he had bestowed his friendship, a brocade chair, elegant companion-ship, music from a private orchestra, and a drink from Fanny's extensive cellars in the basement of Memorial Hall. In the early days of our acquaintance I remember that the decanter on the sideboard was always filled from a bottle of Lord Calvert. Later, however I noticed that Fanny was now only using Haig & Haig. He explained that apparently Lord Calvert was currently very popular among men of distinction and that a Featherstonehaugh could not let himself get into company like that.

Fanny always struck the perfect note of high gentility. He was always distinguished, yet never ostentatious. Feeling that perhaps the maintenance of a chauffeur was not quite in keeping with the campus spirit, he arranged with the taxi company for a machine to be assigned to his personal use. His attitude towards money was that of the born aristocrat. Considering it vulgar in any obvious form, he used checks whenever he could. Change he never carried, saying it spoiled the hang of his trousers. In academic work, too, Fanny demonstrated cultivation. Failure in any course he knew was a disgrace. A's and B's were vulgar. So he determined on C's and D's as the "correct" scholastic level of the best people and instructed the secretaries who composed his themes to aim for those marks.

Such device carried him through Senior year in good style, but when receiving his diploma, he saw what a press of commonality was doing likewise, he sickened and died on the spot. He was the last of his line. Peace to his bones.

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