

It is rumoured that one of the members of the JPA class has recently received a polite missive signed by all the lady members of the class requesting him to remove the obstruction on his upper lip owing to the annoyance it has been causing them for some time past. Hence the sudden and somewhat dramatic disappearance. The following is one of his recent poetic effusions:-

Farewell, too little and too lately worn.
Let the rude breezes bear you where they will.
Of thee I robbed me moist the dews of morn
And left thee sadly on the window sill.
Thee I lament and weep, where 'er I be
Amid the still sad music of humanity.

As the tall corn-ears bristle o'er the plain
So scanty bristles o'er my lip were shed:
As fields in summer bear their golden grain,
My lips bore golden crops or rather red.
Vain all my toil; ah, had they never grown,
The grief of parting I had never known.

Each morn I used to dress thee at the glass:
I seemed to comb and count thee as I slept.
In one fell swoop a year's long labours pass:
The ruthless o'er these lips has swept.
Oh what so hard but can some pity feel
Save scissors, razors and such things of steel.

Oh is their seat so lofty that its snows
Have sunk into their hearts and settled there?
Can my beard mar the heaven of their repose,
Such heavenly maids, and such a little hair?
A half moustache, but what ourselves have reared
We love though but a demi-semi beard.

ETC.