

STAFF

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A FRIEND IN NEED

A friend in need is a friend indeed.
 That's what I've always been made to believe.
 But since I've been led to this fearful task,
 How numerous my friends, you need not ask.

I'm supposed by the rest to be a sort of collector,
 You know, others work, I'm after their nectar.
 But, if one should care to get down to brass tacks,
 One would find I have reason so wrathful to wax.

In the first place, my job is get so many lines.
 Those who loaf, may find solace in beer and light wines.
 But in just two more weeks, my work must be done,
 Replete with some poetry, yet more mirth and fun.

I was never a poet; I never could roam,
 In metrical lines, over blue seas and foam.
 As a poet, I'm punk, yet I'll not yield the prize;
 As a bum, I excel for my age, height and size.

Be it toothpicks or matches, cigarettes or gum,
 Ne'er yet was an article that I couldn't bum.
 So weep not ye mourners, and cease ye to sigh,
 Fear not for the Jungle. I'm a borrowing guy.

THE RAM

We have a runt around the place,
 And he is called the Ram.
 A funnier lad you ne'er did face,
 He's anything but a clam.

He e'er will be a bachelor,
 Just one affair he's had,
 It started well, alas, so well,
 But his Power, you see,—so sad!

A while ago, he was quite sick;
 His fate he almost met.
 You ne'er saw such a raging Mick,
 When they sent for the Vet.

TIDBITS

Now did you ever stop to think what brings the boys most cheer?

Perhaps you'll say " 'tis studying," perhaps " 'cause Christmas's near."

And this may all be very true but not their only hope,
 They like a song, a Thursday morn, or note from "her"—
 you dope.

Still this has all been very vague, and gives you no idea
 About the crazy things they do while they are staying here
 McKinnon often makes the boast, "I've never walked to
 town."

I think it's true, at bumming rides he's won himself re-
 nown.

It always gives our Jim a thrill to walk down Grafton Street
 With head erect and eyes alert, perchance his "Marge"
 he'll meet.

And little Roger Moffatt has the cutest little walk.
 He's gonna have it patented, so there!—you needn't talk.
 C. Harrington's a witty lad who comes from Bangor Maine,
 Derives greatest fun in learning "Bi", the old M.D. to gain.
 That Trainor boy from Charlottetown, (his daily mail is
 pink),

Is thrilled by just the thought of her. What if the boys
 do wink?

The Monk might get a big, big kick, if he's cut a class or so,
 But this he simply will not do, so how are we to know?
 And Fogarty from Montreal just loves to sit and dream
 Of days gone by and days to come, and days that could
 have been.

And Yank, our noble warrior, who fought for S. D. U.,
 Is doubtful yet, (except for bridge). Could it be bill and
 coo?

But Douglas Mac from Bronx, New York, he knows the
 one he "lubs."

She works in the Metropolitan, and her name is simply
Bubs.

A sheiky lad who thinks he's so, 'bout femmes he makes
a fuss.

Alack the day they turned him down, O Poor Unconscious.

And Jerry G. is thrilled galore with aristocracy

You know the answer to this, a do, re, fa, so, Lotty.

There is a lad who's awful dumb, I mean that Keough boy;

In squawking on those who'd skip debate, he takes unholy
joy.

And Kelly's hardly equal to this, He looks a man 'mong
men.

Alas it's true, he courts a dame who's only four and ten.

Gee, I forgot to mention that one of noble fame.

He sleeps and eats—and likes it too.—Why, Scotty is his
name.

DONE (DUNN) BY A DICTIONARY

With letter in hand, a student sat;

'Twas sealed with greatest care.

Its pages few were littered through

With X's here and there.

With furrowed brow, he read it now;

He looked like one in pain.

He sneezed just twice, then rubbed his nose,

And took his pen again.

A dictionary he now produced,

And turned a leaf or two;

The column "F" appealed to him,

He read it through and through.

One word he carefully underlined,

I think I hear him spell,

F-a-i-l-i-n-g, Phelan

Then his chest began to swell.

Now that is how Dunn wrote her name,

And still he wonders why

She does not call him on the phone,

For the mail brought no reply.

But still his love is just as strong,

(It simply must be blind)

For with Aubrey to the show she went,

When Dunn she couldn't find.

Our Brasso he is a young fellow

With complexion exceedingly yellow.

When he opens his yap,
 It's not time for a nap.
 Why? 'Cause every laugh is a bellow.

How d'ye do, Yank Kennedy, how are you?
 How d'ye doodle, doodle, doodle, doo,
 Oh, the whiskers on your face;
 Do they hide a deuce or ace?
 How do ye do, Mr. Kennedy, how are you?

THE OLD SCHOOL

The football season is over and the Saints have proved the best.
 The boys they played like fury, and the coach he did the rest.
 Now all played real good football; they tackled hard and cruel;
 But one shone out more brightly; that's "Fat" of the good old school.
 Now Tec he made good money on old "Fat" just the same,
 And Maurice proved a drawing care to every football game.
 Les femmes they came in thousands; they were so sweet and trim,
 When Maurice gazed upon them, it gave him lots of vim.
 And when he ran they shouted, and when he fell they sighed;
 But when he scored that Saturday, those women near went wild.
 And when the match is over, the next thing is his date.
 "Fat" hardly eats his supper, in case he might be late.
 That night she called him hero, said "These Abbies are so cruel,"
 But "Fat" says "We don't mind them, us guys from the good old school."
 Now "Fat" he tries to tell us how he hates "de Josephines,"
 But no one will believe him, cause that was in his teens.
 Still let's all stop and honour this Stalwart of the game,
 In case you do not know him, he's Monaghan by name.

LE GRANDMERE ET LE VEUVE

The sun upon the town is low, of Saints there're few to see,
 Yet Eddie tarries long to have a chat with Sweet Marie.
 Behind him in the Five & Ten, there is another Saint,

Talking with a "failin'" dame, with whom he has a date.
Now of these two aspiring Saints, a funny tale is told,
Sparkling with bright thoughts of love, and free from care
or woe.

With smiling ye, and dark of hair, Marie came in to town,
To win this charming Romeo, a "Widow" of great renown.
And thus it is on Thursday eve, we find him on the street,
Walking with a throbbing heart, his sweet Marie to greet.
Of words that passed between the two, I hesitate to say,
In case, you know, by doing so, I'd give our Ed away.
But 'tis enough to say the least, our Ed is not so shy,
For soon he was within the store, two ice-cream cones to
buy.

And now to leave our little Ed, our "Grannie" gay to see,
We find he left the "Failin'" dame to walk with Helen G.
And as they walked along the street, hot words are flowing
fast,

For she is bawling Aubrey out, (he tried to slip her grasp).
In order to appease the dame, our "grandma" mentions
White's,

For there it is, we have been told, that Aubrey ends his
fights.

Now, as he gently closed the door, his roaming eyes did see
Our Eddie munching ice cream cones with the charming
sweet Marie.

The looks that passed between the two held something of
surprise,

For each had hoped to be alone in White's sweet paradise.
After the ice cream was gone, and the ladies home were
seen,

Old Aubrey cautioned the "Widow" sly not to tell where
they had been.

But fate, you know, turns dirty tricks, and so our friends
were seen,

Walking with the ladies fair on Upper or Lower Queen.

SOCKFOOT

Of all the parts whence wind can blow,
Joe dearly loves the West,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The one Sockfoot loves best.
There are books to learn, and work to write,
And study hours between,
But, day and night, Joe's fancy flight
Is ever with his Jean.

He sees her at St. Peter's Bay,
 He takes her to the show,
 And everywhere the fellows ain't
 There Sock is sure to go.
 He loves to have a little talk,
 When she comes in to town,
 And if his cash is kind of low,
 He walks her up and down.

What sighs and vows between the two
 Have passed, I cannot say.
 How fond to meet! how sweet to greet!
 How charming when she'll stay!
 But, Saints, I say, take my advice,
 Take care you don't be seen,
 Talking to or walking with
 That girl, whose name is Jean.

DE GANG

In dis, our leetle college place,
 Dat's called de Saint Dunstan,
 We have dis year de mos' queer gang;
 Dey're awful hard to stan'.

De first is dat McKinnon boy
 Wit face like boxer man.
 Hees mout' jus' go clap, clap clap clap,
 Lak shingle on tin can.

And noise, dat boy's de very bes'
 To mak hisself be heard.
 When he's arou' de res' jus' stan'
 And hear him spill de word.

An' wit' him, dere's anodder guy,
 Dey call him Black Coon Joe,
 An' dis boy to mak' talk beaucoup,
 He yodel too also.

An' den dere's man called Harrington,
 Hees frends call him "Chollie,"
 In all dere jokes he mak' mos' fun
 'Cause he's de goat you see.

Anodder guy dey call Hogan.
 He's same as all de res';
 Jus' talk an' talk, den talk some more,
 An' say no ting, or less.

Dere's many odder t'ings to tell;
 I'd like to spik some more,
 But time is short, my pen she's dry,
 So I jus' say "bon soir."