



THE JUNGLE



STAFF

<i>Moderator</i>	Sleepy Sam
<i>President</i>	Gobbler
<i>Vice-President</i>	Dapper
<i>Secretary</i>	Chris
<i>Committee</i>	Decem, Bird, Frog
<i>Office Boy</i>	Junior

"DIN"

You've heard, oh sure! of Dinty Moore,
That friend to Jiggs so dear;
But have you stopped to lend a thought
To our "corned beef beau" here?
Our Din's a man of ample brain,
A Junior, by the way;
He struts along 'mid constant song,
Apparently quite gay.
Whate'er he does, it makes the buzz
Of laughter quickly spread,
For Mis'er Din you know's akin
To every mischief head.
Like every gent, his heart is sent
To "one" by Cupid's bow;
And just like they, a sweet "good-day"
He bids that "one," we trow.
But she, reposed in Convent closed,
Finds hard to bribe the mother,
Who one sad day, in a dext'rous way
Found out she had no brother.
Among the sick, he acts quite quick,
A perfect quack is he;
And carrying meals 'mid jigs and reels
Is surely Dinty's glee.
In recent days a slight disease
Spread round our College "hame,"
So our friend Moore, though wage was poor,
Assistant doc became.
With his old "Hoss," he checked the loss
Of many sickly boys,

As round about, and in and out
He drove to bring them joys.
In each sick room, he used no groom
To hold old "Sparky" still;
For that good nag worked like a hag
To do his master's will.
And dishes flew, and victuals too,
Pursued then by a foil;
As Din the boss, and his fast "Hoss"
Sang, old "Cod Liver Oil."

DISTURBED COURTSHIP

Philosopher's Day, young Nifty Jim,
Just rolling into bed,
Heard 'cross the hall, a downcast lad,
Who to his room-mate said:
"I think I'll give this flirting up,
I see it's not my calling,
I'm always getting into scrapes,
Which surely are appalling.
It's bad enough when to the show
We're followed by her brother,
But H—l it is, when I must take
Her brother, and her mother."

THE TURKEY HUNT

It was a spring-like morning,
And Dap was on the run,
For Freddie, his old Gobbler
Was gone "before the sun;"
Where he had gone, Dap could not tell,
'Twas to the nearby copse or dell.

Thus in a mood most pensive,
Young Dapper by a shout,
Caused all his nearby neighbours,
From their beds to tumble out.
"We must away, so sad to say
To search my Turkey o'er the way."

This was an early rising
For fellows on first floor,
They rubbed their eyes and grumbled,
But Dap looked rather sore.

So each in turn gave his assent,
And on the hunt, soon all were bent.

They say it was a pleasing sight,
After the hunt began,
As Buff, the little watch-dog,
Behind big Beano, ran;
And Pumpkin hummed a rag-time tune,
And Bee flew 'long, as if in June.

At length the hunt was ended,
They'd scoured both wood and dale,
In search of that old Gobbler,
But all to no avail;
For Mis'er Bird that night, you see
Had roosted on a nearby tree.

"BOBBA"

There came unto our Island
One bright September day,
A man, both sad and pensive,
Direct from U. S. A.
He wandered round among us,
And seemed oppressed by care;
In truth he was a 'seeking
A spouse, his room to share.
He met a robust lassie,
And asked her on the sly,
Could she turn her hand to cooking—
"Can I cook? My name is Pie."
"Then I have long been seeking
For any handsome lass,
Who gladly will assist me,
My fortune to amass."
So after a short courtship,
Those two were duly wed;
Some wondered why the bridegroom
Kept his hat upon his head.
But soon this man grew sadder,
Than ever he had been;
And to the boy's inquiries,
This answer he did deign:
"She hides my dear old battered hat

In dens, both low and high;
She fills my room with rowdies,
And feeds me all on 'pie.' "
The quarrel grew so bitter,
That the one remaining course
To recover worldly pleasures was
Procurement of divorce.
So Bobba moved his chattels
To Fourth Street, Sixty Two,
Where he swore he'd dwell a hermit,
And studies he'd pursue.
But his clothing grew so ragged,
That within a single month,
He wore his coat most strangely,
With two holes on the front.
Think's he: "although a hermit's
Is a quiet, peaceful life,
I'm getting rather tired of it,
I'll seek another wife."
Nearby, there dwelt a rugged dame,
And thither he did go;
And in his second courtship,
He was by no means slow.
The business soon was finished,
The knot was quickly tied;
The hermit left his hermitage,
To dwell with his fair bride.
Now Bobba is quite aged,
Both sight and temper fail;
So he puts on great spectacles,
His rivals to assail.
He is not yet contented,
I guess he ne'er will be;
For another's point of vision
Bobba always fails to see.

ALL, BUT DEATH

You all know the sweetness of honey,
That luscious production of "Bee."
But though it is sweet, yet 'tis harmful,
If used to too great a degree.

One night, 'twas on second floor Dalton
A man before "hitting the hay,"
Ate just a wee bit too much honey,
'Twas Leo Paul Stephens Dubé.

His room-mate, the blushing Miss Gaudet
A lunch for the two had prepared;
They ate of the victuals most greed'ly,
And crackers and honey weren't spared.

'Bout midnight, as all of the students
In calm peaceful slumber reclined,
A shout came from Leo Paul Stephens,
Much akin to the roar of the hind.

Miss Gaudet, from dreamland awakened,
Jumped out on the cold hardwood floor;
She slipped on her flannel kimono,
And ran for the "Doctor" next door.

That learned physician responded,
And into the sick-room he went;
Before him the patient lay moaning,
With "tummy-ache," doubly bent.

The "Doctor" examined him carefully,
Then lifted his head with a smile;
And ordered a hot water bottle
To be placed on his stomach a while.

Miss Gaudet, still somewhat excited
Away to a prefects room sped;
The two soon returned with a bottle,
To hear Leo's will from his bed.

"Oh tell her, I died thinking of her,
My Mabel, the flower of my heart;
Oh tell her, my love still is perfect,
And death need not us lovers part."

They then placed the hot water bottle,
Which burned just a bit, by the way;
They urged him to go right to sleep then,
That he might recover next day.

Still Dubé refused quite to listen,
"I'm sure, I am going to die."
But I don't think you need make inquiry,
To find, he's still living and spry.

THE MIDNIGHT REVEL

At ten the 'lectric bell did chime,
Which warned the boys of slumber time;
The lights went out, and all was still,
Then rose a cry, both loud and shrill.

From down below in Dalton Hall
Came thumps and bumps, and then a fall,
Which caused the rooms about to lurch,
And shook the "Gobbler" from his perch.

The prefect started at the sound,
Though in a slumber, as profound
As Rip Van Winkle must have slept,
Arose, and down the stairs he crept.

He found the source of all the din,
Unlocked the door, and entered in,
As there the tide of battle rolled,
This was the story, which they told.

Tub and his partner both did feel
That they would like to dance a reel;
They started, and the story goes:
The Tub rolled on his partners toes.

She screamed and howled, and then arose,
And punched her man upon the nose;
She rolled him all around the room,
And thrashed him soundly with the broom.

The sentence for this awful brawl,
Was three weeks in the study hall;
To which the two repaired next day,
A sadder, wiser couple, they.