

THE JUNGLE

Moderator.....	Judge
President.....	Rabbit
Vice-President.....	Ostrich
Secretary.....	Ikmik
Committee.....	Chick, Boo, Tar

SWIVEL'S LAMENT

When I was a bad little boy,
And suffered from schoolroom pains,
I hand't a chum or a toy,
But I revelled in Jesse James.

Since then I have plugged day and night;
I have literary novels good store,
But I'd give all my books of binding bright,
For the ones I can read no more.

RATS

He climbed the stairs to the dormitory,
The moon was bright and clear,
And he little thought of the danger,
As he climbed into his lair.

With a sigh of relief, the blankets
He pulled right over his head,
And soon with the aid of Morpheus
All cares from him had fled.

But as dangers oft come to the peaceful,
And perils oft trouble the blest,
'Twas the big grey rat in the moonlight
That troubled our hero's rest.

Made brave, perhaps, by the silence,
This dweller from under the floors
Began to gnaw with a relish
Near the source of his victim's snores.

The luncheon was witnessed by no one,
Save, perhaps, by the vigilant moon,
But we think it is likely the reason
Why Red Johnny asked for a room.

WALSH'S WAR SONG

I play well on the forward line
I play well on defence,
I play well as a centre,
For I've got some common sense,
I play well each position,
And I play no dirt at all,
But last night on the promenade,
I played the best of all.

Jack told his friends that he arranged
To room within the Den;
They went there once to visit him—
They won't go there again.

HAMMILL'S SOLILOQUY

To plug or not to plug, that is the question.
Whether it is easier for a guy to study
The notes and problems of neglected lessons,
Or to give up the pains of application,
And by neglect, to shun them. To cease—to rest—
No more—and by our stopping say we end
The headaches, plugging, trouble, and annoyances
That students suffer. 'Tis a sweet alternative
Devoutly to be sought. Neglect the tests—
The tests—perchance to fail: Aye there's the rub,
For of that failure, what may happen me
When I have writ my last examination?
This makes me pause. Therein lies th'objection
That calls forth diligence from student's lives;
For who would bear the formulas of Trig,
The Latin verbs, the French pronunciation,
The weary Physics class, the stubborn problems,
The complicated history, and the pains
Of drinking in the deep philosophy,
When he could have a very pleasant time
By doing nothing? Who would study hard,
And try to overcome the tasks assigned to him,
But that the dread of the impending tests,
The ominous approach of certain doom
Makes him reflect and settle down to work?
Exams can make great heroes of us all,
And thus, our natural tendency to lag

Is, as it were, transformed by this great fear
Into a sympathetic application.

(With apologies to Shakespeare).

CARIBOU OUTCLASSED

'Twas during February last
To Dalton Hall there came
A good and dexterous barber,
I need not tell his name.

His office was a small one
And his customers were few,
But he did his best to relieve the boys
Stranded at S. D. U.

From early morn till midnight,
You could hear his clippers ring,
And he soon became so dexterous,
He was called the "Barber King."

Many a dreary smoker hour
When the smokes were getting low,
His friends assembled in his shop
To see him make his dough.

It was a dismal sight, indeed,
And one that caused much pain,
And each one, as the task was done
Said, "I'll not come back again."

But as his trade grew brisker,
And his charges weren't so low,
The boys declared that afterwards
To Corney's room they'd go.

His office was much larger,
And much more up to date;
He has an able partner
And there's no need to wait.

His trade grew larger and larger,
And these barbers made the dough;
Half the proceeds went to Lan,
The other half to Joe.

The question now arises
 How the others got the trade
 The boys all think it was because
 Of the job the Caribou made.

V. M——y went to the theatre;
 He took a friend there too;
 He couldn't get any tickets,
 So he bought floor space for two.

There was a young student at S. D. U.
 Who thought no one knew what he knew,
 But he told in his sleep
 His secret so deep,
 Now his roommate has a date with her too.

(*Parodies*)

Prosody Lost

Scene: Garden of Eden

(*Enter Adam*)

Adam: Where is the Woman? (Enter Eve) First of all thy
 race,

First of thy daughters, fairest of thy kind
 Forth from whose face those radiant beams,
 That rival well the sun's empyrean rays,
 Hast thou prepared my dinner?

Eve: Yea, I have;

But let us for awhile the garden see,
 And pace with meditative feet those walks,
 Whereon the trees do cast their grateful shade,
 While yet the sun doth rival my fair face in vain.

Adam: Not so, but let us rather sit and eat,
 That thus our bodies corporal, as they are,
 May be sustained by corporal nourishment.
 Containing, "inter alia," carbo-nitrates
 That do sustain within us vital heat,
 Proteids and vitamins that give us strength
 Wherewith to do our work—our daily work—

Eve: Shut up!

Adam: Oh, woman; Dost thou with evil tongue
 Stop up the mouth of me, thy rightful lord.

Eve: Shut up! (He shuts up) For Adam, I am sick
of this;

I fear we both are too rhetorical;
Then, let us after this speak out our minds
In ordinary language.

Adam: You shed an earful!

(Thunder and Lightning—Enter Milton's spirit)

Milton: Accursed mortal! Wherefore have ye dared
Thus to misuse and so maltreat blank verse,
By using in it language that is slang?
For who has told you that your language was
rhetorical?

Adam: Please, sir, it was her.

Eve: You lobster!

Milton: Accursed most of women! This shall be
Thy punishment, that henceforth thou shalt speak
Not in blank verse, but ordinary prose.
This also, Adam, doth apply to thee,
Save, that occasionally shall thy sons
With mighty toil and cudgelling of brain,
(As doth the present author) write in verse.

