

## STAFF

Moderator	Dr. John (Vet.)
President	Goat
Vice-President	Calf
Secretary	Spark-Plug
Committee	Weasel, Pussy, Rabbit
Sentry	Towser
Stable Boy	Smike

## THE SMOKER HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight, When the long recreation is o'er, Comes a period of wild pandemonium; It is known as the smoker hour.

From my room, I can hear on the pathway The loud sound of trampling feet, A door that is violently opened, And voices by no means sweet.

A terrible rush on the stairway; The walls of the building just ring; And the tumult is on with a vengeance, For lustily does every man sing.

Soon, directly above me, Houde's "squawker" Begins to "squall" out "Sonny Boy," While off to my right an old cornet Is blazing and bellowing with joy.

Then "Dinty" comes in loudly singing, And looking for bridge partners, one, While the thump-thump on Lacey's old trunk-top Proclaims that a big game is on. But whose is that voice up above me, Sounding so loud and so clear? Oh yes! that is "Chris" who is arguing In favor of free rum and beer.

On first corridor someone is dancing, On second they're doing the same; And somewhere a sound is created Like the zoom of an aeroplane.

Down below there's the sound of a fiddle And the twang of a mandolin. Bill's mouth-organ also is adding Its bit to the horrible din.

And all the while Cormier's radio, Tuned in at its loftiest pitch, Is pouring out jazz mixed with static, Which is caused by a broken switch.

Then the study bell peals out harshly; All start for their rooms at the clang, And the tumult gives forth its finale When fifty doors close with one bang.

The noise dies away in a moment; The bell makes an end of the fun. Then the man who is sick breathes a fervent: "Thank God that that smoker is done."

### AFTER THE GAME

Mary had a little sheik, That sheik was her own beau; And eviry time he goes to town, They always meet, I trow.

He took her home from rink one night, And told the bunch to wait; But "Skinny" had no thought of time, Such was his blissful state. Arriving at the taxi-stand, He saw the "boys" had gone; But he made straight for S. D. U. We guess, he did not run.

The prefect said, as he came in, "My boy, I see you're late."
But "Skinny" said: "I was so sick,
Caused by that orange I ate."

Now, all ye noble hockeyists, Who are inclined to love, Take heed lest you should stay too long, When time flies as a dove.

# THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

From the village of Kinkora comes The hero of this theme; They call him after "Tubal Cain," A man of great esteem.

He runs the village blacksmith shop, A thriving business, too, And Barney takes old Sparky down, To fasten on a shoe.

This blacksmith shop is full of junk, The worst you've ever seen, It looks much like our Prefect's room, Right after Hallowe'en.

Many an axe Old Tubal makes For good old Lumber Joe, Poor Grandpa used to make them too, But now he's getting slow.

And Viney, Tube's devoted wife, She runs a poultry-farm, But her old Gobbler, troublesome Does cause a great alarm. For gobble, gobble, gobble's all You hear from morn to night; He struts about the poultry-yard, With the drake to pick a fight.

One evening after work was done, To Scotty's Tube did go, To collect a bill, a long time due, For a Scotchman's tight, you know.

Returning from this mission hard, He saw two fellows drunk, And, closer observation made, 'Saw Lazarus and the Monk.

"Good evening to you, boys," said he, "You're feeling fine," I think.
"You, too, will feel like us," said they,
"If you will have a drink."

They took Old Tubal back with them To the Tavern of the Chink, At the door Old Maggie met them with: "Come in, my friends, and drink."

"Excuse me, friends," said Tubal Cain,
"It's time that I were home,
Some of the restless animals,
You know, might start to roam.

For the Calf, you know, he's frisky, And Turkey's hard to keep, And like as not Old Bowser Will be after the old sheep.

So he left them at the tavern, And turned home with a frown; "I wish they'd learn some sense," said he, "Get married and settle down."

#### A PUN MY WORD

(Try and translate)

The key: a "slip in the night" from the gang, in 1960.

"I think we auto go backfire a reunion. Wheel have a Reo good time."

"Yes, that a grease with me. Sedan and find out fender we leave."

"Marmon, we forgot to Packard liquor! Phaeton luck—how are we going to make Whippet?"

"Oldsmobile can't a Ford it anyway. Gas it'll be oil right, if fuel get some for Essex or seven."

"Alemite have some; dash Overland and see, but he can't horn in here."

Willys Knight Strutts out and Stars at one Stude-a baker Rolls Royce.

"Oh! Mack him get up, he might Diana a night like this."

Durant Dodges the coupe; and Hudson says: "No-Nox ever hurt me: If Auburn Ethyl, I'll clutch him before he reaches Brisco."

#### THE GOLDFISH SCORES

Now list'n I'll tell you a rather sad tale
Of frienship disrupted by dazzling female,
Whom "Sparky" had courted, you know, on the sly,
Not thinking his downfall was coming so nigh.
Two pals in the city this damsel did meet,
And "Ron" was presented right there on the street,
But Cupid then acted so thundering quick
They fell for each other like a thousand of brick.
Frank noted the change with a glare in his eye,
And hoped to revenge in the sweet bye and bye.
He got the cold shoulder, and knew the outcome,
Since Lottie had fallen in love with his chum.

How quickly time flies! And duty now calls This charming young maiden within college walls. Those pals seemed the same yet, tho' time did not fail To bring Ronnie a letter by incoming mail. And so it occurred on the very next night, When the boys off to town did go tripping so light, That Ron was away with the stroke of the bell; Why he went without "Sparky," there's no one could tell. To town went Frank also and straight to the phone, But soon turned away with an audible moan; He'd found that his Lottie was out for the night, And words he then uttered: "That cannot be right," So retracing his footsteps, in search of his dame, He trodded so much that he almost got lame. The night was then wasted, and all seemd in vain, Till he noticed a couple that caused him much pain; It was Ronnie and Lottie, just out from the show,-Get a fish on the line and he will not let go. So "Sparky" resolved in his own cunning way, That for such an act Mr. Ronnie would pay. Unknown's the result of the schemes that were laid, For "Ron" has not yet for his victory paid, But we know that those pals are as yet on the "outs," Of the reason of this we sure have no doubts. From this tale learn your lesson, dear chums, one and all, If into the snares of young Love you should fall, Take heed, all who hear, for my statement is true, Though your chum be as dear as your life blood to you, Remember that love is a powerful device, And don't make him known to the girl of your choice.

## **NEVER MIND! SMOKE A REX!**

The prayer book of St. Nick in hand, About the table they did stand, Ignoring rulings multiplex— Never Mind! Smoke a Rex!

The bridge game rite had just begun; But stopt abrupt the heady fun At this sad dictum: "Lex est lex"— Never Mind! Smoke a Rex! Hidden then was Nick's prayer book, And solemn his disciples' look. Confiscated were their decks— Never Mind! Smoke a Rex!

"To the Study-hall you'll go, Let your passage be not slow." Contempt of court does further vex— Never Mind! Smoke a Rex!

Another judgment soon prevailed; Convicted number was curtailed. A quartette now, species duplex— Never Mind! Smoke a Rex!

From Dalton's precincts banished go Two aliens, sorrowing deep, I trow; The "rec" hall now their movement checks— Never Mind! Smoke a Rex!

The other two far worse did fare; At first they almost "got the air." But no! a chance to save their necks— Never Mind! Smoke a Rex!

A monstrous room up on fourth floor, A hundred beds, but just one door; Cure-room for all the Saints' defects— Never Mind! Smoke a Rex!

No limit to their exile given, They nightly sent their prayers to heav'n; But no escape their plea effects— Never Mind! Smoke a Rex!

Their exile fraught with much privation, Had but one merit, elevation, Approaching near the skies' convex— Never Mind! Smoke a Rex!

When their allotted time was up, They'd drunk the depth of sorrow's cup; Returned, they'll now keep Dalton's Lex— Never Mind! Smoke a Rex!

# METROPOLITAN KNIGHTS

We read of knights in ancient days when noble deeds were wrought;

Their chivalry in love and war give ample food for thought. To Arthur, king, great praise is due, and all his knights so brave.

For all the lofty principles which to the world they gave. But do not for a moment think all worthy knights are dead.

For there are some at S. D. U. with Arthur at their head, Whose courteousness and gallantry quite equals that of old,

And if you will peruse these lines you'll see their story told. There is a store in Charlottetown we students call the "Met."

'Tis here on Thursday noons our knights are vieing hard to get

Their favourite stand round tables high which cumber all advance,

To lend their aid to female clerks whose beauty does entrance.

The knights, although restrained in deeds, have liberty of speech,

And many are the noble thoughts expounded there by each.

But close inspection will reveal that knights and ladies gay,

Are anxious to be left in pairs at least for that short day.

Now let us mark each couple fair to see whom they may be:

That knight who flirts with Lady Bub is surely Stout

Monte.

We turn our gaze, and now it meets a counter decked with china,

And here a gallant Dapper lad is wooing fair Regina. Not far from these another pair in loving conversation Are so absorbed they do not know we make our observa-

With smiles and nods, romantic tales they to each other tell;

And short indeed are Thursday noons for Twin and Jimmy L.

Meanwhile great Arthur stalks about amid his knights so true;

And though in mien he seems quite proud, in spirit he is blue.

'Tis not because his court may fall into great disrepute, But rather that he finds not there his sweetheart small but cute.



Peace hath her victories No less renowned than war.

-Milton

Man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

-Burns

Loveliness

Needs not foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorned the most.

—Thomson

