

STAFF

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GALL

One Thursday noon the sun shone bright, The boys to town did go; Among them was a Dapper lad Whom every one must know.

Along the road he briskly stepped And round and round the street; But funny 'tis that sweet brunette Was not for him to meet.

So back and forth, then up, then down, He looked for that fair dame; He walked, and walked, and walked, and walked, It surely was a shame.

Now strange to say 'bout three-fifteen A lass our Dapper spied, Her face was fair as any girl The hospital supplied.

Indeed she was so beautiful, She knocked him for a row; Regardless of the consequence, He took her to the show.

Now who could guess that this fair one Could have another "flame," Who was a sap to make a date With such a fickle dame. Oh! such is luck, if luck it be,
When one is left outside,
But little did he realize
She'd take him for a "ride."

So, Skin, with slow and steady step,
Strode o'er the hard cement,
Until his head did ache and ache,
And E'en his legs were bent.

But fate is kind and women too,
If taken the right way,
And you can bet that Skinny lad
Knew just what card to play.

He deftly dropped his handkerchief,
As by her he did go;
And slicker still apologized,
And asked her to the show.

No sooner was he shown inside,
And looked about the place,
When, lo! he saw his sweetheart dear,
Smile into Dapper's face.

He coughed and frowned. O Gee 'twas tough To see him almost cry, The girl he claimed to be his own, Now with another guy!

So all you men of high repute,
That live a college life,
Engage your "CRUSH" before you start;
Then there'll be no more strife.

ONE ON SCOTTY

It seems within our college walls, There is a strange abuse; Or, rather, that some students fail To put a rule in use. 'Tis written in the book of rules That none their "rec" must skip; But, aided by the shades of night, Some darkly make the slip.

A gross offender Scotty Joe,
As silent as a cat,
To Dalton Hall one night did go;
Too late he smelled a rat.

For as he entered, lo! he heard A creak upon the stair,— A hiding-place, a refuge safe, Poor Joe could find nowhere.

With noisy step and thumping heart, He now did rush below; Then for the coal he quickly ran, And there himself did stow;

This hiding-place tho' insecure, Received his timely flight, Until the prefect at the bin Appeared with his flashlight.

Poor Joe was spotted fast and sure, And pinioned by the hand, Was marshalled to the Prefect's door, His sentence there to stand.

A moral from this we must take, When we would break a rule; Just take a tip from poor ol' Joe, And keep away from coal.



BEFORE THE FIVE AND TEN

He stood by the Woolworth building And watched the girls go in; A picture there was in his memory, Of one most dear to him.

'Twas that of a dark-eyed maiden, Of sixteen years, no more, Whose lips were like sparkling rubies, Her height no more than four.

But now as we stop to wonder, Just who this boy could be; Who lingers in front of Woolworth's, The passing girls to see.

And now when we look around us, This flirting Saint to see, We notice our fullback, Jimmy, Whose eyes just dance with glee.

He hears a slight noise behind him, He does not care a pin; For he has to her just spoken, And now is sure to win.

He has not heeded the warning, So now it is too late; The boys with a shout are on him, And now he has no date.

THE TALE OF A SLEEPY SAP

From St. F. X. young Sap returned, And love within his young heart burned, And, hastening to the the-a-ter, Got tickets for himself and her. He called her up upon the phone, And made the date, then hurried home; To snatch an hour or so of sleep, Before sweet Betty he should meet.

He slept, and dreamed of ladies fair, Then woke, and found to his despair, That it was then just ten P.M. Oh, what would Betty think of him?

What she did think is hard to say, But when he met her the next day, And told her he had slept too late, He found that sleep had caused his fate.

So, boys, beware, don't oversleep, And all dates with fair Betty keep, For they are like the shining gold: Both hard to get, and hard to hold.

MR. FIXIT

This year, there joined our Romeos, A beany beau from Boston town, Whose "bizziness" sure wins renown, Where'er his Yankee accent flows.

His voice is loud and heard by all, And this is his supreme delight: To shoot a line from morn till night. But Fixit rode right to his fall.

He met her first while eating beans, Thus in a jubilant mood was he; Imagine then his joy to see His Nemesis just in the teens.

His beans forgot, he cast his lot, "For worse or worst I'll Fixit now." Forthwith our Romeo made his bow, And cooed: "My love, forget-me-not."

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Forget she did, when at the gate The price for Ethyl gas he lost; Morose, he swapped the "Baby Aust," And now he drives a fast "Straight-Eight."

A PORCINE AMOURETTE

We here relate an anecdote About a shieky beau, Who let a damsel get his goat, One night not long ago.

'Twas at a certain social feast— A supper, so it seems, And folks had come from West and East To have a feed of beans.

Quite prominent among the crowd, Who still awaited place At table, stood our hero proud; And joy was in his face.

For he had spotted out a dame, With face and form so fair, She won his heart and he would claim That gal right then and there.

He needed but to get acquaint With her, he'd do the rest With pleasant smile and speeches quaint, Deemed by himself as best.

Right opposite her he took a seat, And smiled a smile serene, Her eyes were fair, her lips were neat, Her poise just like a queen.

To give the boy his proper due, Ere judgment rash we pass, He waited introduction true From Cris and Freddie Cass. But this did climax all his love, And roused instead his ire; For lo! that sweet and gentle dove Disdained his fast desire.

Indeed, she gazed on him with scorn, Then haught'ly turned her head; Her love for him was yet unborn, Contempt she gave instead.

It soon began to dawn on him
That vain it was to try.
To win her heart, to soothe her whim,
He failed, but knew not why.

Dejected now he gropes about; His thoughts are all pell-mell. (But yet poor Porky's heart is stout), Her name 'E. CANT-WELL tell.

