

# THE JUNGLE

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## STAFF

Moderator	Tidy
President	Nicodemus
Vice Pres.	Tanlac
Sec.	Caribou
Committee	Gunpowder, Dynamite, Stubbs

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## OUR GRADUATES

First comes **U. Gillis**, in him we can see  
A propounder of doctrines as false as can be,  
Inquisitive—doubtless, but none quite so sly  
As **Walter McGuigan** with Brown in his eye.  
Then comes our “Husky” **McCarthy** by name,  
Though fierce on the grid-iron at Bear River so tame;  
He rooms with **McDonald**, who though equally high,  
In the sight of fair damsels is wondrously shy.  
**Pete Sullivan**, our half-back and pugilist too  
Brings the news of the city to old S. D. U.,  
Brings Old Chum to **Murtagh** but **Pineau** bums all,  
And news of the goose-suppers to **Murphy** so tall.  
**Gent Howatt** comes out for a spell every day,  
But the lure of the city holds him under its sway,  
St. Thomas Aquinas he soon lays aside.  
And hastens to town, **Billie Zaib** by his side.  
The Arabs have camels to carry their packs,  
But those kind of camels have humps on their backs;  
St. Dunstan’s have **Campbells**, yes, Campbells galore  
This year **Frank** and **John F.** go forth from our door.  
“**Patty**” **Goodwin** was truly of class ’21  
But looking for learn’d men he saw there was none,  
So he, not desiring to join such a crew,  
Thought he’d enroll with class ’22.  
**Greg. Gallant** without a doubt is a good engineer,  
He can measure for gravel any day in the year,  
He can size up a sweetheart, her true worth he can judge,

And says the main quality is the art to make fudge.  
 As in all other years Quebec played her part,  
 In sending men here to be Bachelors of Art ;  
 This year 'mongst our graduates we also have two,  
**Monsier Gelinas** and **E. Cote** so true.

**Paul Hughes** an American amongst us does shine,  
 On the stage if not first in the very first line,  
 And e'en for the pigskin a liking did show  
 When the coaching was done by **Ted Arsenault**.

And now come our Prefects, describe them who can  
 An abridgment of all that is good in a man,  
 Though aiming at honors all given to roam  
 The love of St. Thomas can't keep them at home.

**Bert Walsh**, in the dormitory shows he is boss  
 And even some suffi'ns out the door he does toss  
 In Bert's presence the Freshmen have little to say  
 Though the graduates consider him no better than they.  
 To take **Bill McDonald**, as a sport you can't lick him  
 Though in sleep he's pugnastic and keeps shouting to "kick  
 'em"

**Syl. DesRoches** tells us that it's due to Bill's heart  
 But, having finished our grads, we'll not argue our part.

### THE SENIOR'S VICTORY

Though peace and quiet reigned supreme  
 Within the walls of S. D. U.  
 Fifth year always held a grudge  
 Against the "Grade" of twenty-two.

They tried the Seniors on the track,  
 They took a beating with a sigh,  
 But now they lined up on the "grid"  
 With the will to do or die.

Fifth year encircled "Coach" Buote  
 For a word before the game began,  
 And his last words to the Junior's were ;  
 "Be sure now, watch your man."

"Ted" Arsenault on the other side  
 To his classmates calmly said :  
 "Don't lose the game today my lads,  
 And bring disgrace to poor old Ted."

The game began at four o'clock,  
The rooters raised a mighty cheer,  
But the Seniors knew right from the start  
That they could beat the Junior year.

Soon the "Grads" by kicks and rushes  
Reached the Junior's five-yard line,  
"Bert" Wlash went over for a try  
While "Teddy" shouted, "fine, Bert, fine."

The Juniors did the best they could  
To stop the work begun by Bert,  
But soon U. Gillis made a score  
And Louie made a nice convert.

Buote's hopes were now declining,  
As 'twas plainly seen by all,  
For at half-time he kept whispering :  
"Dat poor full-back can't play ball."

Now "Pete" Sullivan and Merlin  
Through the Junior's half-back tore :  
The Senior's now had won the game  
With eleven-naught the score.

In "Pat" Goodwin's room that evening  
There assembled every "Grad"  
Wrote this short note of condolence  
To the Junior's, now so sad  
"Study your Philosophy boys,  
Do not think you know it all,  
When you know as much as we do  
You may learn to play foot-ball."