

# THE JUNGLE

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<i>President</i> .....	Ostrich.
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Fadder.
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Spike.
<i>Committee</i> .....	Duke and Stork.

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By a meeting of the Anthropophagi Association, the Jungle staff of last year was unanimously given dishonourable discharge for squandering the Jungle funds in extensive research expeditions. The genealogy of the Jungle, however, has been brought to light. After indefatigable research work by Professor DeLirious, head of the Paleontological Society of Chepody, along with his brother fossils, it has been found that the Jungle originated in the deep denizens of the African wilds, where it was the traditional custom of two rival monkey factions, of the species *Cercopithecus callitrichus* and *Crysothrix Sciureus*, to esconce themselves in the interlacing branches of the banyan trees, where they carried on a lively debate, hurling epithets and cocoanuts at each other. It appears that these wordy and *weightly* conflicts took place at certain definite seasons and astute research showed that the tendency to debate was due to the praying of a Platyhelminthian parasite on the members of the two factions. A number of prospectors, it seems, entered this jungle during the season of these debates, and, one of them being struck on the coco by a cocoanut, was unable to escape before he was bitten by one of the infected animals. This unfortunate gentleman immediately felt the tendency to carry on controversy of the nature of these monkey factions. Now, it was noted by the eminent professor De Lirious that the elocutionary efforts of these monkeys took the form of metrical satires. The unfortunate prospector felt these same tendencies. He had no trouble finding epithets to hurl, but, in the hospital to which he was removed, he could find no cocoanuts to throw and consequently he died of locomotor ataxia. His colleagues, wishing to commemorate his sad fate founded a pamphlet, written in verse, and of the same nature as the gobbling gabble of the gabbling monkey

factions who caused his death. This pamphlet, introduced into our college paper, is entrusted each year to the care of those deemed most worthy to carry on its noble work. The coat of arms of the staff represents the event which the pamphlet commemorates. It is a monkey proper hanging by its prehensile caudal appendage from the branch of a banyan tree, with a cocoanut in each hand and a cigar in its mouth. The motto underneath reads: "*Non Serviam*" or "They shall not pass." Professor De Lirious takes this opportunity to thank those who aided him in his research. Special mention should be made of Dynamite who *blew* the research parties to a *bang-up* celebration at the end of their arduous task.

Signed on behalf of the staff.

OSTRICH.

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### OUR COLLEGE FAD

There is a fad about the place,  
It can be seen on every face;  
Some say clothes will make the man,  
I wonder if the moustache can.

Some grow large and some grow small,  
And some of them grow not at all.  
Some are thick and some are thin  
And some of them won't e'en begin.

Even the youngsters on a bet,  
Declare that they will have one yet,  
And some of them are in despair,  
For on their lip there's not a hair.

Oh! what a sad affair it is  
To see the students come to this;  
Oh! why not introduce a fad  
That will not make the youngsters sad.

## A FATEFUL NIGHT

'Twas on the night of Halloween,  
And Pop for fun was very keen;  
Forth from a nearby room he stole  
Into the hall to have a bowl.  
Above him, in the corridor,  
The turnips rumbled on the floor;  
So he thought, as he heard no other sound,  
That none of the prefects were around.  
He raised his arm above his head  
And down the hall the turnip sped;  
It hit a door with a deafening crash,  
Then for his room Pop made a dash.  
When suddenly from a doorway near  
He saw a dark-robed form appear.  
Clammy sweat oozed from his brow,  
"Ye gods," he thought, "I'm in soup now."  
Perhaps 'twas an accident, perhaps 'twas luck;  
When Pop that mighty kick did duck,  
For when that foot whizzed through the air,  
Pop escaped it by a hair.  
The prefect then was seeing red,  
But cooled, and ordered Pop to bed  
Who slunk away with a shameful face,  
Knowing this did not end his case.  
Next morning Pop received the call,  
To remove himself from Dalton Hall.  
Poor Pop, we sympathize with thee,  
'Tis hard to live in the dormitory.

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## AUTUMN (THE FALL)

At the last big time in the old League hall  
Gene met a girl so sweet and tall,  
A damsel so divine and fair  
Gene muttered when he saw her there:  
"*Amo, amare, amavi, amatum.*"

His eyes on this sweet dame oft' turned,  
His heart within him strongly yearned,  
So when the time for parting came  
He asked me would he take this dame:  
"*Moneo, monere, monui, monitum.*"



That afternoon the Juniors gathered together in cliques  
To hurl reproachful epithets at the class of '26.  
But loud as was their boasting, all through that afternoon,  
That evening they were meek as clams, for the Seniors  
changed their tune.

When the whistle blew for action the Seniors made things  
hum,  
And our forwards, George and Austin, nearly killed the  
Juniors' scrum.  
With good old Lan for fullback, and the half line working  
fine,  
The Juniors soon were forced right back upon their five-  
yard line.  
Here they struggled long and wildly, and the Juniors  
strongly swore,  
They would not let the Seniors pass, but Gerard made a  
score.

The Juniors gnashed their teeth with rage, and played  
with strength and vim,  
"Come on, boys," Junior Tingley said, "We must not  
let them win."  
But in spite of all their efforts the Juniors could not score,  
The game ended three to nothing, with the Seniors in the  
fore.

Now, Juniors, don't be discouraged, tho now you can't  
play ball;  
You n'er can tell what the Fates will do, e'er you leave old  
Dalton Hall.  
And when in life you're out of luck, and the world is  
beating you,  
Remember the class of '26 in good old S. D. U.

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The Duke, an old man with a Bushy Beard, sent  
his Gardner with a Creamer to milk his White Cow. On  
the way he saw a Crow and a Duck, and, by Cripes, a  
Rabbit going like a Streak Pop-ped out so close that he  
could Kick-him. He Smelt something, caught his Moust-  
ache to Pull-it, and a Grasshopper hopped out and was

devoured by a Frog. When he got there he was as sour as a Pig, and, Punching the bovine, said, "Sea Cow". Then the Widow said, "Rub-her, John." At this he picked up a Spike and shouted, "By the great Tobias, if that Bull-headed, Lummo-faced old Pussy Cat don't stop her grazing I'll Skinner." The Lady Nellie said with a Si, "You are as rough as Squeers." But he answered, "By Gosh if the old Fish tries to hook any more, I'll put a charge of Dynamite under her, that will Trainor." All this time Scrooge, Bud, and that Plug of a boy, Teddy, had Shakespeare reading about the Doodads, and Jiggs was watching a Stork on Stilts trying to step over a Steele Tank. Then Spud and Smike stole the Pies, and so the Doctor and Bishop had no desert.

