

THE JUNGLE

STAFF

<i>Moderator</i>	Raisins
<i>President</i>	Cow
<i>Vice-President</i>	Calf
<i>Secretary</i>	Bunnie
<i>Committee</i>	Monk, Toady, Socrates

BEHIND THE SCREEN

Two acts had passed. The players stout
Behind the scene did strut about
In ecstasies of joy;
But one, I think, in sheer delight
A pair of handcuffs squeezed on tight—
O what a fickle boy!
The cast around him babbled much:
“Such things,” they said, “one should not touch.”
But ne’er a hand was given.
With handcuffs fastened to his wrist
He beat his breast with his free fist
And wished he were in Heaven.
Thus time went on. He must come out
Among the other players stout
To have his prudent say.
He strode upon the stage; the while
He played his part without a smile
And finally stalked away.
Now down the street he took his flight
O Gee! it was an awful sight
To see him go so fast.
He to a locksmith did complain.
The handcuffs soon were cut in twain
And he was free at last.

CONTROVERSY (*Continued from last issue*)

Ron: Well Rip, old boy, you’ve won the day.
I sure made a mistake.
At winning love and breaking hearts
You surely take the cake.

You promised me you'd show me up,
 Before, too long, 'twould be.
 But now you sleepy sap you stole
 The heart of my "sweetie."
 R.VW.: Cheer up and smile old "Poisson d'Or,"
 I'll give her back to you
 'Twas just a joke I played to show
 That "sweetie" wasn't true.
 Perchance, my boy, you realize
 I'm really not so dumb
 Had I a chance I'd show you how
 "Femmes" fall for me, old chum.
 They shake hands and begin to sing—
 Good night ladies, good night ladies, good night ladies,
 We're going to leave you now.
 Merrily we'll roll along, roll along, roll along,
 Merrily we'll roll along, o'er the deep blue sea.
 Thus the controversy ended.
 On their way they went attended
 By their own sweet thoughts of home;
 Vowing friendship evermore.
 Vowing friendship evermore.

TEN-THIRTY SATURDAY NIGHT

Our "Senex" sounds the bell of parting day,
 The boys from the campus to their studies creep,
 Then some time later when they hit the hay
 The noise calms down and we can get to sleep.
 Save where, from yonder cell of lonely "monk,"
 A voice to heaven sends its loud appeal,
 While Vulture, on one foot beside his bunk,
 With wary eye does guard his morning meal.
 Beneath the woollen blanket, quilt and sheet
 With platted pigtail hanging to the floor,
 All weary from the laundry's blistering heat
 The "Chink" reclines with many a boisterous snore.
 Across the hall the "wart" talks in his sleep,
 For dormant or awake that tongue must wag,
 While "Rip" doth dream of "Dickie's" hill so steep,
 On whose fair slopes, oft times he used to lag.
 From "Bona" comes a piercing cry for help,
 And up on third the "Calf" for "Cow" doth bawl,
 While "Bowser" thru the hall does sharply yelp,
 And "Skinny" to old "Jiggs" does loudly call.

Full many an hour, in Dalton, thus I spend,
Then I must down the road to seek my rest;
Full many a lad his weary way doth wend,
To start the day anew with little zest.

THE JUNIOR'S DREAM

They say there is no truth in dreams,
But I'll admit there's fun,
For I have seen in dreamland fair
The Class of '31.
There seemed to jump ten years of time,
The dozen jumped it too;
And if you'll promise not to tell
I'll tell my dream to you.
Lo! Freddie was the governor
Of dear Prince Edward Isle.
Down in the blue grass "Dapper" rode
Upon a steed quite wild.
George "Cris" the reins of power held
As premier of the land.
And "Marcus" in a garden small
Upheld a pumpkin grand.
Our Dumais was a heap big chief
Much loved by those he ruled.
Young "Isaac" kept a large pawnshop
Where many a man got fooled.
I saw "Huck" poet laureate.
He held his pen in hand.
And Cyril the "Duke of Kakiac"
Before the king did stand.
Friend "Gus" was editor-in-chief
Of the Quarterly Reveiw,
And at his desk toiled long and late
As editors all do.
I chanced to stray within a court
And there stood Arthur gowned;
With thund'rous voice he did entreat
The jurymen around.
The next I saw was Captain Phil,
A stout ol' "salt" was he;
And he could stand your hair on end
With stories of the sea.
The last I saw was farmer "Alf"
With chaff upon his cap;

His dog lay panting at his feet,
 His daughter in his lap.
 So now to you my dream I've told
 Receive it in good cheer,
 For time will tell if all be true
 That is recorded here.

MAGGIE MAC'S DILEMMA

With joyous step and stately stride
 Bold "Mag." to town did go,
 For Mary "Mac." his sweetheart fair
 Had tickets for the show.
 They went to see "Our Blushing Brides,"
 The show began at three.
 But there betimes another "Mac."
 Our "Bizzy" "Mag." did see.
 He left poor Mary in the lurch.
 (A thing most rude to do)
 To Leonore he made his way,
 And swore he loved her too.
 He may have loved; but she did not:
 She said, "You're bold as brass!"
 And so poor "Mag." got left all round,
 And now he gets the "razz."

FAREWELL

Another year has swiftly passed,
 Our jungle work is thru;
 So now I call my Jungle Muse
 To bid you all adieu.
 Adieu, she waves reluctantly.
 Then softly tolls the bell,
 To bid the lads that graced her land
 A *fond* but *sad* farewell.



But O! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

—Tennyson

Of all marvellous things, perhaps there is nothing
 that angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a
 proud man.—Colton.