



Jungle *

STAFF

Moderator	Monk
President	Spoofy
Vice-President	Widow
Secretary	Red
Committee	Wart, Mouse, Lobster

Maggie

Among the boys within our walls Is one most wise and fair, His thoughts are all of pretty girls. Of this, I am aware.

Now, since, by chance, I've found this out, I think it only just,
That I should tell you all of it,
And let the bubble bust.

Now "Maggie" talks and "Maggie" brags Of all that he can do, And never does he fail to tell Of girls that he once knew,

Of how sweet Dot and Mary fell For his sweet smile and line, But never does he dare to tell How they forgot in time.

Now "Maggie" goes to fields afar Where Peg and Sis reside, And hopes our hockey team will go To play at Summerside.

And should the team not go to play, His hopes this will not raze, For Maggie sees this chance draw nigh, His Easter holidays. But though his hopes now soar on high, His chances are so slim That I am sure that it will be Just too darn bad for him.

Shiny

Cliff was sitting by the window, his thoughts were far away,

Not thinking of his lessons, for his mind was wont to stray, When suddenly he was startled by a knocking at the door, He was summoned to the parlor, which is on the lower floor.

When he had reached the parlour-door, his eyes on a girl did rest,

And there he saw his own sweet lass, the one whom he loved best.

Her face was fair and handsome, and her smile was one of fame,

Her hair was dark and curly, and Selena was her name. They greeted one another in the good old-fashioned way. Their hands they clasped together, and this he heard her say:

"O Clifford dear, I love you, and I always will be true,"
Then spoke of the times that they would have when the college year was through.

His deathless love he pledged her, (which was only just, you know).

But, Woe! Alas! She's proved untrue and courts another

Now, boys, take heed, you cannot trust, no matter what they do,

The lassies from the Southern shore that come a-courting you.

You cannot pay attention to the pretty things they say, Or you are apt to be, like Cliff, left in the lurch some day.

Coon, Coon, Coon

'Twas up above the second floor, Where all in soundest sleep did snore, Save one black lad, our yodeling Joe, Unmindful of the Man below. Joe was not sleepy, nor did he feel, Inspired to act 'gainst the common weal, Yet the conscious joy, which him oppressed, No matter how, must be expressed.

A stealthy form along third crept, The fireman's cat which downstairs slept Another form behind him stole, The Prefect on his nightly prowl.

The Prefect gave an awful jump, Oh, boy! Oh, boy! And what a bump! The feline yowled with opened jaws, Then Joe let loose a flock of meows.

'Course the Prefect then was kind of sore And, anyhow, Joe wouldn't open the door. But when he did, God help the lad, In no time at all, he had good cause to be sad.

He rolled in bed and shut his mouth, In the Dorm was given a week to grouse, And when he awoke next morn at five, Thanked God in his heart he was still alive.

Redmond

It was a fine December's e'en, the boys had gone to town To see a game of hockey, played by teams of great renown. Among the bunch that tripped along, our Clarence could be seen,

Talking with another guy on the prospects of a queen. Now, Eddie was an obliging chap, and simply would not hear

Of Redmond's spoiling such a night for want of a little dear. Ed promised him, when they reached the town, he'd see what he could do

In fixing up this Romeo, with one or two he knew.

This so pleased that little Lobster that he busted out in smiles

And scarcely came awake again till they had walked two miles.

The city streets they travelled far, until they chanced to roam

To a place at which they knew full well, two charming girls were home.

Then our fragile Widder led the way and gently rang the bell.

While the languishing son-of-a-gun behind felt his heart begin to swell.

The front door now was opened wide, to the parlour they were shown

Where Eddie doffed his overcoat and made himself at home.

When Clarence saw his pal-to-be, oh, boy! did he turn dumb!

And sitting there with coat and cap, did nothing but twiddle his thumbs.

Our Edward sensed the icy air, but knew not what to do, As he was quite content, you know, with his choice of the two.

But, as the peaceful night wore on, the lights refused to function,

And, in the dark, our dear young friend did quite regain his gumption.

He whispered: "Lily, you'll be mine, and I'll be yours forever."

Alas for him! On came the lights and all his hopes did sever, For never did she cease, not once, to leave him all alone, And, in the deepest melancholy, he wended his way home. O, Sancti, hear this warning, a warning crystal-clear,

A lesson you must follow, throughout the long, long, year. Never woo another's, if this you chance to know,

Never woo a maiden, with eyes as cool as snow. If ye see not the moral, we beg of you to ask

That fine young man, who learnt it in the month December past.

Turk

We have a guy called Turkey, A lad of fair renown. The girls say he is flirty, The girls of Charlottetown. We're not the least amazed At the things this guy will dare, For never is he "phased" By a damsel's stony stare.

Most always he's unlucky, And often he's deceived, The girls think he's too "fluffy" And should be plucked, not teased.

To see him in his ire Would give a lobster thrills, With his wattles full of fire And his fiercely outstretched quills.

To watch this bird on Thursday Is joy for big and small, The girls don't show him mercy, And the sap, he'll ALWAYS fall.

Saga of Jimmy the Red

Young Jimmie, our flashy hockey star Is a player of some repute. In every game, he scores the goals Oh, man! but can't he shoot!

Our friend is shy and cautious, Contented with work and play. To think that to one so sagacious, Sweet love could find its way!

The team went up to Kensington, Red played a winning game. Earned for himself great glory, But, alas! he met that dame.

He came, he saw, she conquered. Woe's me! For Red's been caught. In that, his first good game of love, Cupid's medium was Buote.

He is no longer care-free, His plight every friend condoles. For Red's heart was an open net, And Cupid scored the goals.

De Wart's Malheur

We got wan squirt on Dalton Hall, De Wart's de name dat he is call A leetle runt what always ack Jus' lak de man whose head she's crack, 'Cos he got no sense at all.

De Wart hee's tink he's got belle fille En ville, De nom she's call Andree, And stay on Convent Notre Dame, She's sister also de Vulture man.

So Wart go off to see Andree, For tak her see one day de show, But, oh! Mon Dieu! Quelle grande follie! Andree, his fille, she got new beau.

Well nex tam he is see Andree She's laugh and say "you slow" You mak no more de love to me, I got moch better beau.

So Wart go back on St. Dunstan De boys give him de big hee-haw We never see more sadder man 'Cos he's los' hees gal, hee's Andriaw.

Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taste of death but once.
—Shakespeare

Immodest words admit of no defence. For want of decency is want of sense.

-Roscommon

