



THE JUNGLE



STAFF

<i>Moderator</i>	Turkey
<i>President</i>	Calf
<i>Vice-President</i>	Wart
<i>Secretary</i>	Bowser
<i>Committee</i>	Squeers, Frog, Doggie

A FRIEND OF THE MUSE

It must be a gift to be clever
And write poems line after line,
'Cause in my life, believe me, I never
Have had such a heck of a time.

For a word I've looked hours and hours,
Hunted day after day for a line;
And I might look forever and ever,
But never two words can I rhyme.

They say inspiration is needed.
Expression is half of the game;
But give me the monotonous essay
And I'll get along just the same.

I've spent hours and hours at philosophy.
I've toiled till near ready to burst.
But of all the poor jobs in creation
Writing poetry sure is the worst.

THE TALE OF THE HEART-BREAKERS

The hockey season came around
As all good seasons do;
It said, "get out your hockey sticks
And blades and knee pads too."

We took the hint both one and all
And for the ice we ran;
The Spirit of bad hockey said,
"Take care and get your man."

But who could heed this sage advice
Mid such a motley crew?
For on the ice were bird and beast,
And even fishes too.

Among the teams that entered in
Was one of highest fame,
Composed of the philosophers
Heart Breakers was its name.

Before the net with pad and glove
Stood stonewall Huck with pride.
Behold old Dap and Pumpkin stout
Arrayed on either side.

Upon right wing stood Regis strong
With shins of hardest brass;
And on the left a player stout
Whose name was Freddie Cass.

Now in the centre all alone
Stood Philip with a will;
And come what might of puck or game
Depended most on Phil.

Old George Cris was the manager
And a good one was he too;
A better man for track or field
Was not in S. D. U.

The games were played 'mid cheer or boo
Of over-anxious fan;
The games were clean. Ta'en all in all
We never tripped a man.

But "Refs" are very hard to find
And so our team of fame
Could never get an honest "ref"
To referee a game,

But thieves of all description
Who did not care a rap;
Who listened to the dictates
Of some low shrinking sap.

So now you have the honest tale
About our sportlike crew
Who, cheated by dishonest "Refs,"
Played as good sportsmen do.

REGGIE'S MISTAKE

Our Reggie went to town one night
To see a hockey game,
And in the Forum got a seat
Right near a tidy dame.

He surely thought himself made up,
And tried to look sedate,
Because he sat beside the girl
With whom he'd like to skate.

Ne'er was a wooden soldier lad
As straight as this young shiek,
As there he sat, his face all smiles—
Oh, boy, he had some cheek.

He talked of unemployment,
About the weather too;
Oh Yeah! Acourting he began,
The same as millions do.

At length the subject he did change
For now he thought it great
If, when the game was played and won,
She'd go with him to skate.

"Why sure," replied this fair young maid,
"It would be my delight.
To skate with one from S. D. U.
Was sure my aim tonight."

At length the timer's whistle blew,
The glorious game was played,
So Reggie donned his auto D's
To keep the date he made.

So on the ice our hero went—
We don't know what he lacked—
We know the wrong girl he did take
UNCONSCIOUS of the fact.

OVERHEARD ON THE CAMPUS

Turkey

I really am a great big man,
I stand near five feet ten,
So I must out and get a girl

The same as other men.
I don't know why I can't get one,
I'm handsome, big, and strong,
But somehow girls don't fall for me;
There must be something wrong.

Maggie

The first you say is surely true.
Your length is nearly right;
But you could never get a girl.
Why, you're almost a sight.

Turkey

I guess you're right my chatty friend,
So I'll get down to work.
I'll hoe right into Greek and French,
And hence remain a TURK.

WITH THE BOYS ON THIRD

Jimmie L.

I don't know why I have to live
A life of weariness,
I surely have sufficient jink
To drown this dreariness.
But somehow 'tis my lot to be
Placed way up here on third;
You'd think I really was a squirrel
Or just a barnyard bird.

Donald C.

The first you say is surely true,
And you live here on third;
And, for the last, we all do know
You are a barnyard bird.

Jimmie L.

I guess you're right; it must be so;
You say I have no pluck.
Well I'll to my philosophy,
And show them I'm no duck.

OUR TOADY

A little man there livest at S. D. U.
Who hails from Rustico, that village famed,
And fishing was his occupation true
Before he came with us, and he was named

Toady, an appellation fitting too,
 In one regard, he so does hop about,
 The campus all the whole rec thru
 He'd sure remind one of amphibian stout
 Were they but able to so laugh and shout.

Young Toady is an athlete and aspires
 In realms of sport to gain the hall of Fame,—
 At hockey, football, baseball, he desires
 To be the best and so he plays the game
 With pluck and punch 'tis true, but all the same
 Dame Fortune has not yet upon him smiled,
 His efforts to make firsts are all in vain.
 Undaunted still he will not be beguiled
 At setbacks Toady scoffs, nor is he foiled.

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P.S. But some day when the grass is nice and green
 Our Toady on some first will sure be seen.
 For sport will not at all times act so mean.

CONTROVERSY

R. V. W.* I don't know why you call me Rip
 That appellation base
 I'm fat and tall, my eyes are blue,
 I have a pretty face.
 But somehow, Ron, you roar and bawl
 From eight till nearly ten.
 And anyhow why should I care
 You're not as other men.

RONNIE: Now "Rip" you're fat and awful dull
 You'd make a "goldfish" sore.
 Why e'en beneath my cosy sheets
 I sure can hear you snore.
 You talk about your tidy dames
 You think you're awful wise
 Not long ago young "Dickie" Dicks
 Sure gave you a surprise.

"RIP": Begone you scaly fish of gold
 You think you're just the thing.
 But I'll show you before too long—
 Perhaps right away this Spring.

(To be continued next issue)