

THE JUNGLE



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LE POISSON D'OR

The Woolworth store not far away, In Charlottetown one bright Thursday, Was humming with its wonted noise Of female clerks and college boys,

The clerks upon their work intent, The boys to furtive mischief bent, The while, one boy with bashful look Was gazing at the cashier's book.

Then suddenly he turned with grace And stared that "brunette" in the face. She seemed bewitched to him at least, Love's hunger in him saw a feast.

With trembling voice and heart aflame He made a date with that sweet dame To meet him at the Convent Square Next Thursday night, if it be fair.

That night did come, and to the town The footballist of high renown Repaired to spend five hours of bliss, For each had dated a fair miss.

But woe to fate and woman fickle, For one poor fish was left in pickle. Long at the Convent Square he waited For that loved dame whom he had dated.

The "trout," a tricky sort of guy, Had met Miss "Dot" upon the sly, And claimed her for his own fair dame On that same night.—It was a shame. The broken-hearted rival strove
To calm his wrath and drown his love.
He swore that night for ever more
To just remain "Un Poisson d'or."

ODE TO THE FOOTBALLISTS

Bear them tenderly away, Victims of the Abbies' might; They, who were so strong to-day, Crumbled in the dreadful fight.

Bear them tenderly away, Saddened with their broken fame; Cut and batter'd in the fray, They still upheld their noble name.

Bear them tenderly away, While excited fans reproach; But before you leave them—Say, "Do not dare to blame the coach."

A VISION BY A SENIOR

Last night I had a vision that my "playing days" were o'er, And it seemed I heard the judges as they reckoned up the score.

They listed all our fumbles with our errors just the same As if we *should* have made them while we played in that "Great Game."

They counted all the yards we gained and how we made them, too—

To see how much we used "End Runs" instead of "Buckin' Thru;"

They judged us for our "Team Work," for our "Fellow-man" and "Boss,"

And just how much "I" set them back when tackled for a loss.

And then I saw them all lean back and thought—"They must be thru

A-countin' up the score cards that they keep for me an' you."

And when the Judges' speaker rose, I knew that they were done,

And then my eyes filled up with tears when I heard, "Acadia's won."

THE PIOUS PORKEY

One night among the college roughs He tusseled, fought, and swore; Just such a crowd of downright toughs He never met before.

Next day he gazed with foeman's frown On all about the place,
Especially those he'd like to crown For blackening his fair face.

Mean, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught, Those guys with heads all bone, His heart with lust for revenge fraught, Still thirsted for "its own." They'd dare to hold him limb by limb, And play their funny game! He'd show them what they did to him Would bring them all to shame.

Kinkora's spud-fields round him seemed
To bloom,—he wished to go
Back there where "now" the hoar frost gleamed
And all was gay, I trow.
The scenes about his sweetheart's door
Upon his mind now hung,
Must he then brook these trails still more
And stay from her so young?

Yes, rec-bell calls!—with will like steel
He laid his class books by.
"I'll make those cowards cringe and kneel;
I'll know the reason why!
They dared to touch me,—gee,—just think!"
With form to earth unbent,
And heart that ne'er from fear did shrink,
To Dalton Hall he went.

Vain were his aims, though loud proclaimed; Vain was that task begun, For Porkey found his heart was tamed By one small Dalton son. So, let his name in college ring,—A "Bo" designed by fate To learn a joke is just the thing That makes a man be great.

DOUG'S SOLILOQUY

I cannot change as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn;
Since that "Poor Dap," that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No! Mae! No! your heart to move,
A surer way I'll try;
And to revenge my slighted love
Will still love on!—and die.

AND HOW?

We wonder'd what was wrong with P-U-S, He seemed to contemplate; But somehow then the truth leak'd out, Why he'd procrastinate.

In Souris East, there is a girl, The popular Gertie Mac; And Pussy knows he her can win; If he has lots of "jack."

A DISASTROUS HALLOWE'EN

All evening "rec" the noise of tramping rolled Throughout the corridors of Dalton Hall; With laughter loud, the boys threw cans and bowled Large wheels and cogs along the floor, and all The while they did a wat'ry battle wage; On third, on second, on first were snipers seen; But even they quite often failed to gage The course of many a fast descending stream. But of a sudden all the fun stopped short, And every boy made haste back to his room, For one whose purpose was to check that sport Rushed out and struck one miscreant with a broom. With mingled pride and ire he gazed about And saw no more on whom to lay the blame, So back he strode intending to come out In case the mob again should start their game. But scarce had he retreated to his den, And smiled to think of those whom he had chased; When, lo! that awful din began again. He sprang and seized the door knob in great haste. But what was his surprise?—The door would not

Yield to his sudden jolt;—he thought, "Good Lord, They've tied me in—What shall I do!—A plot!"
He tugged and tugged but all in vain; the cord Which held the door was strong. I will surmise 'Twas of the toughest texture new and stout.
But master minds a chemic scheme devise, And soon the door is ope once more—the prisoner's out; No sound is heard within old Dalton Hall The bell has rung to call the boys to pray.
Not one of them had guessed or thought at all That, later on, they for their pranks would pay; But fates are sometimes cruel; so thought each lad On one sad night when all stood up to hear The usual bed-time tale, and found they had Lost favour, fame, and every privilege dear.

UNCONSCIOUS

There is a lad within our walls, Unconscious he is named; He dwells upon the second floor, A book-worm, he is famed. When examinations roll around, Unconscious disappears; But you may find him in his room With books up to his ears. For "Reg" has hopes, as we are told, To fill a prefect's place, And all agree his presence there Would lend that office grace. But one demand such office makes, Of those who use its powers, You must awaken in the morn And stay thus several hours.

THE COURTSHIP OF A SAP

'Twas in the holiday season,
The boys had lots of dough,
So Sap and Wart and Tighty,
To the Capitol did go.
On coming to the entrance,
They saw some ladies sweet,
And luckily behind them,
There was an empty seat.

Says Sap to gay young Tighty: "Those girls I'd like to know, My heart goes out to that one in The last seat of that trow." So the boys fixed up their neckties, Combed their hair back smooth and flat, And marching bravely down the aisle Behind the ladies sat. They got in strong as onions Though the picture was unseen, And when the show had ended, Sap escorted home his QUEEN. He took her to the Convent, For she stayed at Notre Dame, I guess it is no harm to tell, That NORMA was her name. The holiday season ended, To College Sap returned, And found that of his courtship The boys here all had learned. They teased him and they razzed him, About his future wife, He swore he'd leave the girls alone, And live a bachelor's life.

WHY THEY CALLED HIM DOCTOR JOHN

Among our college sheiks Is one from Mont-Joli, Here now, for a few weeks, He grew a moustache, wee.

If he had had foresight, He wouldn't have it there— It was the cause of plight In town, that "tuft of hair."

Standing on the square, Two loafers him did spy; And he perceived them stare, From the corner of his eye.

"Here's our chance," says one,
"From "Doc" to get a "scrip;"
Then we'll have our fun
When we do board the ship."

Then, they towards him came, But John was on the run—Straight to old Notre-Dame He quickly went—and won.

Now take a friendly tip, Boys—It is only rare!

Keep stiff your upper lip And always leave it bare.

MONTE'S LAMENT

One autumn day the seniors gay Away to town did go, For they all wished to see the play; "'Twas Abie's Irish Rose."

Among the sheiks, of whom I speak, Was one big Lacey boy, And many were the maidens fair, Who saw him come, with joy.

Of these fair dames were two whose names, Most sadly, I forget. —Oh, yes, the first one's name was Mae, The other's Bernadette.

The show being through, Frank with these two So sad a plight was in; He wished to get fair Bernadette But Mae instead got him.

And yet this pair did not despair, But made a plan straightway That they would meet at Emerald town, And on Thanksgiving day.

Again, this time, fate was unkind, Again the plan went bad. Frank failed to come. His place was won By a young and dapper lad.

But though it seems in every scheme Ill-fortune dogs their steps, Poor Frank still vows, when chance allows, He'll win fair Bernadette.

And every day, he's heard to say:
"Just wait 'till Xmas time,
And, by the rood, I'll then made good,
And she'll be surely mine."