

And fall with a thud to the floor;  
 The feet of this wonderful Yankee  
 Who dwells on the fourth corridor.

### LEO TO ALF

The time you've spent in wooing,  
 In jazzing, in such doing,  
 The sum you've spent  
 To act the gent  
 Has been you're hearts undoing.

### ALF'S REPLY.

Though counsel oft, you gave me,  
 My conscience ne'er upbraid me,  
 I've played the game  
 And won the dame  
 My folly sure has paid me.

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## The Jungle

### THE STAFF

Moderator	Doodad.
President	Chickalasse
Vice-President	Scorchy
Secretary	Chaff.
Committee	Spokeshave, Frog and the

"The Doctor."

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### THE MARATHON

Close beside the college campus  
 Stands the old rink, strong and fair,  
 And whether it is rec. or study,  
 You will find some recreants there.

There they bide the time in waiting  
 Till the prefect leaves his guard,

Then with eyes dilate with terror  
Speedily they cross the sward.

Though McCarthy and McGuigan,  
Like the knights of long ago,  
Used the weaker sex quite gently,  
Yet they feared the armed foe.

On a bright and sunny morning,  
When they thought the coast was clear,  
When the Prefect left the front door,  
These two young men left the rear.

Then they sneaked with stealthy footsteps,  
Round behind the college hall,  
And with speed that equalled Sheppard,  
Steered their course for Dalton Hall.

But they had not reached the building,  
When the Prefect's watchful eye  
Saw them. And he followed quickly  
Saying, "Now it is your time to die."

When they saw their fast pursuer  
Terror lent wing to their speed,  
Though they heard him softly calling,  
To his shouts they paid no heed.

They had reached their room in safety,  
Where Louis lay with aching head,  
While bound around his throbbing temples  
Was a sheet from off the bed.

They were still perspiring freely,  
When a crash came at the door,  
And though shut and locked securely,  
It came crashing to the floor.

But McCarthy now was desperate,  
And resolved not to die there,  
With one bound he reached the exit,  
And once again, he breathed fresh air.

Then the race for life was started,  
While the boys with quickening fear  
Cheered McCarthy on to victory,  
For to them he was quite dear.

But McCarthy was a runner,  
And he used both skill and speed,  
And when the marathon was over,  
Merlin was far in the lead.

But, what about the other culprit,  
Such tricks as his, no other hath;  
For by hiding in the wardrobe,  
He escaped the bursar's wrath.

