



#### Staff

<i>Moderator</i> .....	Kangaroo
<i>President</i> .....	Tartaran
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Gahndi
<i>Committee</i> .....	Frog, Methusalem, Sap
<i>Office Boy</i> .....	Wart

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#### To The World At Large

In order that we may give the best possible returns to those who devote a few minutes of their time to the perusal of this department, we have this year selected a new staff for Jungle. We have picked what we consider to be efficient men, men whose propriety of conduct excites the admiration and commendation of the Campus.

The aim of the staff, which is to depict man and his nature as seen by others, is indeed a praiseworthy one. Only too well do we know that our fallacies and petty idiosyncracies are concealed from us by that blanket of pride and arrogance which so completely enwraps us.

The reader will find that our men have a wholesome view of life. In our poetry you will find (between the lines) a philosophy which is equal to, if not greater, than that set forth by Aristotle so many centuries ago.

We trust that our friends, who find themselves used as illustration purposes, will consider it an honour to be of such a service to humanity, and will make manifest their gratitude by supplying us with material for our Easter issue.

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#### The Evening of The Round-Up

All reigned quiet in Dalton Hall,  
On a November evening during the fall,  
Until the Prefect came to make his rounds,  
And chase the boys to the campus grounds.



Oh! the plighted look on the faces of boys,  
As the Prefect came without any noise,  
And opened the doors to find many nests,  
Of Dalton Hall boys quietly at rest.

And when they looked to see who spoke,  
Each fellow jumped to get his coat;  
But all too late, for standing there  
Was the Prefect tall, with a haughty air.

He said to each, with a mighty frown:  
"Get out sir, or I'll throw you down,"  
And as each man passed he offered a prayer  
That he would not lift that number nine.

The boys on third were first to go,  
Along with old Laz and Lumberman Joe;  
Then out came the Vulture and Goldie, scared  
At having thus been sternly snared.

Up to fourth he strutted next,  
In Room fifty four to find Senex,  
But not alone did he find him there,  
For Room fifty four is a skipper's repair.

Then down to first he silently went,  
To catch Ram Ready on this he was bent;  
But while trying the door with his master key,  
The Ram made an exit, as would a bee.

He came in the side door as if coming off rec,  
To meet at his door the Dalton Prefect,  
Who looked at him with a complacent smile,  
For he knew once more that he was beguiled.

At five, when the boys reached first floor stair,  
They found the Prefect standing there;  
Quite satisfied with the booty he got,  
When all except one in the building he caught.

So I say to you, both one and all,  
Don't try to skip rec in Dalton Hall,  
For if you do the hand of fate  
Is sure to come and unlock your gate.

When Brown Eyes Proved Untrue

He was a charming Romeo,  
From Boston he did come;  
For rugby and the women,  
In equal he had none.

Now of this dashing Romeo,  
A saddened tale is told;  
How love and maiden fancies,  
Took flight to parts unknown.

It chanced to be on Thursday,  
And Dick did go to town  
To meet the greatest of his flames,  
Pauline of great renown.

Her face was fair and handsome,  
Her eyes like sparkling dew;  
Which made one think of Heaven,  
When they cast their glance on you.

Now Dick he was the victim  
Of those dark Parisian eyes,  
Which held him like a vision  
From the land of paradise.

But alas, she was unfaithful,  
Like other girls he knew;  
And poor Dick was left to wonder  
What he'd done, or what to do ?

So he bought a box of candy,  
Of chocolates carefully dipped;  
But they proved to be unuseful,  
For Paul had given him the slip.

And now we see our hero  
On his face a vacant stare;  
As he thinks of Pauline G . . . t,  
Who has given him the air.

Now fellow Saints, take warning  
From Dick's adage, that is wise,  
"Beware of fair faced maidens,  
With dark Parisian eyes."



A Monsieur R . . . R . . . , President de l' U. P. C., et  
membre actif de l'A. F. D.

Il set grand, il est blond,  
Et savant comme Platon.  
Il joue bien le ballon,  
Encore mieux le violon.

C'est lui le fondateur  
De la "Big Orchestra,"  
"Of Course" directeur  
Sitôt on le nomina.

Six lettres pour son nom,  
Et six pour son prenom  
Enfin a Celui-ci,  
Parfois l'on ajoute "J."

Armé de sa science,  
Comme d'une lance,  
Sans peur il s'élance,  
Sur la déficience.

Au juniors surtout,  
Il montre son a tout,  
Bellemare et Lam'rou,  
Lui en veulent beaucoup.

Oh! Juniors, Chapeau bas  
Devant ce senior là,  
Et n'ayez plus le front,  
De lui faire la leçon..

### The Black Sheep of The Flock

Behold the shepherd of the flock,  
A kindly shepherd he,  
Who over all his frisky flock  
Doth watch so warily.

Among the members of that flock,  
Is one called "Ready Ram."  
Though very very mischievous,  
He's gentle as a lamb.

Now 'tis the nature of such beasts,  
To buck each others horns,  
And there being none for him to knock,  
He blew the shepherd's horn.

The shepherd seeing, thought within:  
"Now here's a chance for fun;  
I'll catch that naughty little beast,  
Ere sets this present sun."

But this, as soon the shepherd learned,  
Was easier said than done;  
For Ram could jump, and dodge, and leap,  
And like a reindeer run.

While grazing in the valley deep,  
He watched with sheepish eye,  
And when the shepherd did approach,  
The culprit then would fly.

Then to the gate the keeper went,  
As evening shades drew nigh;  
A stately form in shepherd's cloak,  
He watched his flock go by.

And last of all that single file,  
Was none but "Ready Ram;"  
But seeing where the danger lay  
He made as if to scam.

But the shepherd, thrusting forth his staff,  
Grasped Ready by the horn.  
One look from those great piercing eyes,  
Did make that culprit mourn.

Now Ready, with unseeing eye,  
Around the field doth stock;  
And mourns the day that branded him  
"The Black Sheep of The Flock."

#### The Tale of a Mighty Atom

Of course our famous football stars  
To town on Thursdays go;  
And then of course the girls in town,  
Sure like a famous "bo."

So when our Mighty Atom "Jim"  
Does strut the street at all,  
A host of girls around about,  
For mighty Jim must fall.



It happened that our football star,  
Fell for a pretty dame;  
Her face was fair, her eyes were blue,  
And Kitty was her name.

He swore by all the gods of old,  
Till all the air was blue,  
That, while the sun shone up above,  
He always would be true.

But vows are always hard to keep,  
And it is hard to tell,  
Our Mighty Atom, Football Jim  
In Halifax, sure fell.

So home he came to Kitty D.,  
And called her "little dear;"  
But he was surely some surprised,  
By one smack on the ear.

Now back in college, Jimmie sits,  
Nor goes he anywhere;  
But sits and sits, and rues the day,  
That "Kit" gave him the air.

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#### Maggie, Alias, The Attic Warbler

Upon the road to Wolfville town,  
'Twas near the close of day,  
That, at a place called Stewiacke,  
The players lost their way.

Sap stopped and asked a passerby:  
"Now just where are we, Mack?"  
The stranger glanced around, and said:  
"Why you're in Stewiacke."

Then from the back seat Maggie piped:  
"Dear man, it cannot be;  
The map which rests upon my knee  
Says Shubenacadie."

Now boys take care, be not mislead  
By this incessant gabber,  
For recently he showed his stuff  
Expounding "Attic Warbler."