

THE JUNGLE

Staff

<i>Moderator</i>	Chink
<i>President</i>	Crow
<i>Vice-President</i>	Ostrich
<i>Secretary</i>	Unconscious
<i>Committee</i>	Goldfish, Trout, Drake
<i>Coastguard</i>	Smelt
<i>Chant-singers</i>	Rooster, Turkey, Huck

"DIN'S LINE-A"

I am a gay Caballero,
And girlies I love, oh so dear-o!
With nice wavy hair,
And faces so fair,
They just tickle my heart like good beer-o.

But I have one sweet Senorita,
At the end of the year I will greet'a;
I'll woo her a while,
In Collegiate style,
Oh boy! it will be, oh, so sweet-a!

My "gal" she's a plump, wee brunette-a,
Whom I fell for the first time I met'a;
She sure loves her "Din,"
Let's no other guys in,
So you see 'twill be easy to get'a.

I'll shoot you no more of this line-a,
About my delectable Ina;
But boys, take a tip,
Get a "gal" who won't gip,
Then you'll have a treasure like mine-a.

A FISH STORY

"Our Smelt" may be a canny fish—
Tho' small, he knows the game,
And baffl'd all the other ones
In conquest of a dame.

Beyond the precincts of the bowl
The gold fish chances took;
But Smelt swims near, she throws the line,
And lands him with a hook.

He then had bliss in pleasant seas,
The skies above seem'd hazy;
He planned to cross the ocean wide,
Accomp'nied by "Sweet Mazie."

The melting snow great freshets made,
Which bore the Smelt away:
So mister trout, a cunning guy,
Was master of the day.

The stream was quell'd—the smelt's return
Caused ripples all about;
They all got in deep water, and
She wouldn't "fish" them out.

THE COLLEGE DERBY RACE

Barney Google, with his goo-googley eyes;
Barney Google's the trickiest of guys;
The other day he took his horse
Out around the campus course,
And he galloped him so fast
He thought that nag could ne'er be passed—
Barney Google, with his goo-goo-googley eyes.

Barney Google, with his goo-goo-googley eyes;
Barney Google was in for a surprise;
A certain "vet," whose name was John,
Owned a horse named Dapper Don,
Which he bet could take first place
From Barney's Spark Plug in a race—
Barney Google, with his goo-goo-googley eyes.

Barney Google, with his goo-goo-googley eyes;
Barney Google took up John's bet straightwise;
He led his horse out to the track
And lightly mounted on his back,
Then loudly did the fellows roar
As Dap and Spark Plug 'gan to score—
Barney Google, with his goo-goo-googley eyes.

Barney Google, with his goo-goo-googley eyes;
 Barney Google was sure he'd win the prize;
 But when the starter shouted go,
 Sparkey didn't have a show,
 For Dapper sped on like the wind
 Leaving Spark Plug far behind—
 Barney Google, with his goo-goo-googley eyes.

Barney Google, with his goo-goo-googley eyes;
 Barney Google can't win each time he tries;
 He paid his bet to Doctor John,
 Then bought the winner, Dapper Don.
 He said no more shall Spark Plug race,
 But heavy girls his back will grace—
 Barney Google, with his goo-goo-googley

SHINEY

We have a man, a funny man
 Within our College walls;
 He has but one small weakness which
 Consists in wooing "Dolls."

He is a wealthy farmer's son
 Who is a jolly sage;
 A fertile district comes he from;
 Its name is Hermitage.

The Students called him "Shiney" soon,
 Just why we do not know;
 Perhaps, because when he's around
 The boys don't get a show

With girls in town whose hearts he's won—
 (He also pick'd on me).
 At last, important step he took,
 And chose his sweet "Josie."

So we no doubt could prophesy,
 For Cupid holds him fast;
 We guess there'll be a wedding soon
 Ere many months have past.

It's sad to think that in next term
 We'll miss his smile, so sweet,
 But one consoling thought we have;
 He'll be on Euston Street.

OUR GRADUATES

We have in St. Dunstan's a fairly young lad;
Callaghan's his name, but a smelt is his dad.
And we know that in future he'll wish it, no doubt,
That his ancestor, dad, had been born a trout.

We have another whose name is the same,
And the new City Hospital's claiming his dame;
But Merritt, when with her, please try to be cool
And don't, for the sake of her, copy the Mule.

Next on our list is our brilliant boy John,
A boy who is due for a lot of renown,
And maybe his lot will be one filled with glory
If he just holds his head when he's telling a story.

Now here is a fellow who terribly chuckles,
Whose life is made up with a bimb who's called "Tuckles."
(oh Alf)

Now Leo or "Carby," whatever you will,
Please put away books, and go get you a thrill.

Now "Louie," you are a hard stude to describe,
But still, you're well known in dear Summerside;
And so we can say with much joy in our heart
It's necessity's call that makes "Louie" depart.

Whoopee is "whoopee" from his head to his toes,
He'll always make "whoopee" wherever he goes.
But Whoopee, if you wish your whoopee's renown,
You should spend your Thursdays in old Charlottetown.

Yes, Din is a peach when it comes to a waiter,
And he surely can sling up his rotten "pertater,"
And sometimes we wonder, wherever he's found,
If he'll sling his own corned beef and cabbage around.

In this graduate class there are two's in galore.
The Callaghans and Gillises will be here no more.
And so next to Din in his clan will be found
The illustrious prefect, a Hot Old Dog, John.

And now we come next to our own manly "Matt,"
This Kate-er-er's door gets the ra-ta-ta-tat;
And this ra-ta-ta-tat calls a groan from the beaux
As the rooster and turkey exchange wicked blows.

And next our big Monte appears on the scene,
 He surely surpasses Rudolph on the screen;
 As a card-sharp our Monte he can't be undone,
 So he's gambler and heart-breaker rolled up in one.

And so does time take us to one other boy,
 And we write about him with ineffable joy;
 McCardle and Mazie, their names sure do suit,
 And the one who derides them he's likely to shoot.

Now, Austin, a Sample of what you're gonna do;
 We're sure there's no inkling, because if it's you
 Whose expressions to Carrie what we want to know,
 We'll be waiting forever, our Austin, I trow.

And the last on our card is none other than Maurice,
 Who 'tween tennis and hockey gives time to old Horace;
 On his future career we would not like to bet,
 'Cause Maurice makes love to a noisy cornet.

Guess the author of this farce. He is not in the class,
 And you see how he treats all the boys as they pass;
 So when you've read this rhyme, EVE-N tho with a frown,
 Real-Eve your Eyes' ache; Doucette yourself down.

THE MER(R)IT(T) OF A MULE

The mule, he is a gentle beast,
 And so is man.

He's satisfied to be the least,
 And so is man.

Like man, he may be taught some tricks,
 He does his work from eight to six;

The mule, when he gets mad, he kicks,
 And so does man.

The mule, he has a load to pull,
 And so has man.

He's happiest when he is full,
 And so is man.

Like man, he holds a patient poise
 And when his work's done will rejoice;

The mule, he likes to hear his voice,
 And so does man.

The mule, he has his faults, 'tis true,
 And so has man.
 He does some things he shouldn't do,
 And so does man.
 Like man, he does not yearn for style,
 But wants contentment all the while;
 The mule, he has a lovely smile,
 And so has man.
 The mule is sometimes kind and good,
 And so is man,
 He eats all kinds of breakfast food,
 And so does man.
 Like man, he balks at gaudy dress
 And all outlandish foolshness;
 The mule's accused of mulishness,
 And so is man.

—Oakland Maple Leaf

THE TALE OF A TURKEY—
 WITH A ROOSTER WEDGED IN

There is a bird within our walls,
 The Gobbler is his name.
 His nest is on the second floor,
 We know not whence he came.
 Some say that he from Florence came,
 In Italy so warm,
 Where he was chased from off his perch
 For using chloroform.
 He struts and gobbles all day long
 About the college floors.
 When darkness falls upon the walls,
 Back to the roost he soars.
 If this young Turk you wish to see,
 Call at Room twenty-two,
 And ask Red Rooster Hagan there
 The Turkey Trot to do.

St. Dunstan's Red and White

These two birds fight among themselves
Some nights upon the roost.
The noise they make the dead would wake;
You'd think that Hell was loosed.

Perhaps some morning there we'll find
The little Rooster dead,
Because we know our turkey beau
Likes well the color red.

So boys, I say, don't wear red ties,
When by the nest you pass,
Or you will surely be pursued
By Turkey Gobbler Cass.

(Words by Spark Plug; music by Dapper Don)

ADIEU

There comes a time when boys must part
To plod the weary road,
To place the burden on their backs
And cheery bear the load.

When thru our Jungle land you stray,
A poem there chance to spy,
Why, simply say, "'Tis one one me",
And calmly pass it by.

'Tis now with sorrow in our eyes
We slowly toll the bell
That rings to us a parting hymn,
To you a fond FAREWELL.

