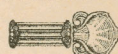


THE JUNGLE



STAFF:

Moderator	Monk
President	Bull Moose
Vice-President	Lefty
Secretary	Scotty
Committee	Gus, Rat, L.P.S.D.

ED'S NOTE:—

The Editor wishes to announce to those most particularly interested, and to the public at large, that he does not vouch for the veracity of the following poem, nor for the mental stability of its author. He has known the author since the latter was in the habit of wearing pins for suspenders, and he has always seemed a little bit queer. It is reported that on one occasion he kicked himself on the back of the head—it is thought, with disastrous results. However that may be, the Editor would suggest to the public that they note carefully the future actions of Class '28, always bearing in mind the following prophecy, and ascertain for themselves the truth of these predictions:

PROPHECY FROM CLASS '28.

I sat and dreamed a day-dream grand
Of days that were to come;
And as I dreamed, a little man
No bigger than my thumb,

Came whisking down from out the sky,
And landed in my lap;
He tweaked my nose, and punched my eye;—
Completely spoiled my nap.

He spoke in voice so small and low,
I had to bend my head;
And it was all that I could do
To hear just what he said:

“You dream of days that are to be
For Class of '28—
Just watch yon wall and you will see
What is their future great.”

He made a pass before my eyes,
With small and slender wand.
I stared, and lo! to my surprise,
I saw on every hand,

The wall begin to disappear;
And in its place there came
A misty scene, which grew more clear
As he pronounced some name.

The name I did not recognize—
It nearly broke his jaw,—
For I was all both ears and eyes,
And this is what I saw:

The "Monk" in robes of purple hue,
From tow'ring pulpit's height,
Said we from little monkeys grew,
And Darwin's theory's right.

Our Cappy was a husbandman,
With wife and children three,
A cow, some chickens and a hen,
And great prosperity—
The only thing he wished for then
Was once more to be free.

And Hopper stood by Dental hair,
A painless dentist, he;
He grabbed his victims by the hair,
Placed on their chest one knee,
Then swung one hind-leg high in air
And kicked the darn tooth free.

The Big Boy was a force in Law,
For every case he tried,
He punched the Judge upon the jaw
Till he was satisfied
To give decision rank and raw,
And thus preserve his hide.

And Roderique was a Modiste, yes,—
The Pride of Gay Paree.
"Eet ees zee most fantarstic dress;
Eh, bien, I kiss you, Oui."

The elfin wand moved left, then right;
The wall appeared again.
"The rest you'll see tomorrow night,
At half-past nine or ten."

"Now watch me go," the Elfin cried,
And straightened up his coat.
His mouth he opened very wide,
And jumped right down his throat.

PART 2.

The foll'wing night at half-past ten,
I sat composed and still,
The Imp jumped out his throat again
And took an awful spill.

I picked him up, and set him right,
(And laughed a bit, forsooth—
For he was in a comic plight,
His ear had caught in's tooth.)

With angry swish he smote the wall,
And knocked it clear away;
And though the dark was as a pall;
It came as bright as day.

I saw Mallette, the Basketeer,
As rich as Croesus, too;
He'd made a basket, wise Old Seer,
To gather up the dew.

A millionaire with gold to spare,
Was Eugene's happy lot;
A dandy, sheik, a catch most rare—
O'er him the ladies fought.

He spent his wealth on damsels fair,
Until he had it not;
Then all the girls gave him the air,
And told him go to pot.

St. Dunstan's

A bent Old Man came trudging by,
 In 1998;
 He smiled, and heaved a heavy sigh,
 As he drew near Death's Gate,
 But Angel Death saw him draw nigh,
 And rudely made him wait.

And Streak, a mighty General, he,
 Had figured out the way
 To beat the foe by Co-sin B.
 Plus half of Tangent A.

A Secret'ry of State, no less,
 Was Spike of noble height—
 His papers were an awful mess—
 He'd never learned to write.

Through half the world the fame had spread
 Of Barney Google, Vet.;
 And every horse and dog is dead,
 That Barney treated yet.

And Fluke, a miser rich and old,
 Wept bitter tears of rage.
 Because he did not have more gold.
 To comfort his old age.

PART 3.

Just then a fly buzzed round the Elf,
 And lit upon his ear.
 The Imp with wand did 'fend himself,
 And showed no sign of fear.

With squeal of rage he spared the fly,
 And bit him on the knee—
 The queerist battle, far or nigh,
 That ever I did see.

The battle o'er, he winked his eye—
 He'd won a victory;
 And pictures once more passed me by
 Of days that are to be.

For Emmet, office great was shown,
Which Dante spurned of yore;
He was the Lord Mayor of a town
Called Florence. (Cripes of War!)

And Rubber was a reprobate
Who 'joyed a little swig;
He went a'courtin', made a date,
And bought himself a wig;
Then got well lit, and woke up late
Proposing to the Pig.

A Sheik with many Camels rare,
And wife most shy and coy;
Traversed the great Sahara bare—
And this was Louis Roy.

And Cyclops was acclaimed a Doc.,
A surgeon of great skill;
He placed his surgic tools in hock,
And used a two-inch drill.

A hammer, saw, and wooden block,
All guaranteed to kill—
Should anyone survive this shock,
Then came his Doctor's Bill!

"The last of Class of '28
Has passed before your eyes,
And now (said Imp) it's getting late,
It's very near sun-rise."

"Hold on," I said, "Before you go,
Show me my future, too;
For I would greatly like to know,
What I'm cut out to do."

PART 4.

Impatiently he looked at me,
Then slowly scratched his ear,
"I thought to spare you pain," said he,
"But, so be it, Old Dear."

St. Dunstan's

Once more to my intensive gaze,
The picture 'gan to 'pear;
Away went all the mist and haze
And it stood out most clear.

I saw a building great, with park
And leafy woods around;
Of Kingly court it bore the mark,
With large extensive ground.

I saw myself in purple, throned;
My head most royally crowned;
Attendants bowed and singers droned,
While I sat there and frowned.

It seemed most strange, as I sat still,
And watched the scene below;
I looked again, and looked my fill,
And then began to blow.

"A King! A Sovereign Lord!" I cried,
"This news to me is good."
The Imp looked sad, and then replied:
"You Nut! That's Falconwood."

Away he went and left me there,
A sad, dejected youth;—
I thought of poems written here,
And knew he spoke the Truth.

The Green Ride

Our Patsy would a'driving go,
To dance a party, you must know.
He donned his hat of Green and red,
Much like the can on Hooligan's head;
While his Green pants he tried to hide,
'Cause they were creased along the side.
And his Green wagon; how it shined!
Adorned with wraps of every kind.
He asked her for a drive to go,
She answered yes,—she was not slow,

And cuddled 'mong the wraps with pride,
All set to have the Happy ride.
Their destiny at last did come.
It was a dance in Donaldston.
Their outer clothes they there did peel,
And took the floor to dance a reel.
Our Patsy's mate dressed all in Green;
Looked just as fair as any queen;
While Pat, himself in Green arrayed,
Allured the eyes of every maid.
The girl accomplished well her part.
But he, somehow, had lost the art;
He stumbled here, he tripped up there,
She followed him in great despair,
The dance broke up at half-past two,
And thoughts of home dawned on the two;
But happy soon began to swear,
There stood his waggon very bare;
The seat was gone, the wraps not there,
And rain poured in from everywhere.
"I know the man, by gee," said he,
And took a bag from 'neath a tree.
He placed it on the wooden slab,
Then both did mount the humble cab,
But rain and bareness both combined,
Caused love to die in her Green mind.
And Patsy, home, at ten to four,
Put off his Green forevermore.

WHAT THE WOODPECKER SAID WHEN HE LIT ON
THE BIG BOY'S HEAD.

It may be a mansion;
It may be a dump;
It may be a farm,
Or an old wooden stump,
It may be a palace,
It may be a flat;
It may be your room,
Where you hang up your hat.
It may be a house,
With a hole in the floor;
Or marble hotel,
With a Coon at the door;

St. Dunstan's

It may be expensive,
 Or simple, or swell;
 A wee bit of heaven,
 Or one little—well!
 Just kindly remember,
 Wherever you roam,
 That Shakespeare was right,
 "There's no place like home."

Jungleland Bye-Bye

It's but a word we wish to say,
 'Fore College ties we sever;
 Our Island friends, we may ne'er see,—
 Forget their kindness?—Never!

Our last request is not for praise,
 Or that you mourn our passing;
 But that you feel—He's still a friend,
 A friend that's worth the having.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate;
 I am the captain of my soul.

—W. E. Henley.

The fairest things have fleetest end;
 Their scent survives their close;
 But the rose's scent is bitterness
 To him who loved the rose!

—Francis Thompson.