

# THE JUNGLE



Moderator	Hermit
President	Beano
Vice-President	Squeers
Secretary	Buff
Committee	Worm, Sap, Oscar
Office Boy	Want

# WHAT LOVE CAN DO

Like a flying wain went the western train, As she snorted, and puffed, and blew; And her speeding wheels danced jigs and reels, Guided on by a well trained crew. Each easy chair with its cushioned layer Presented a smiling lad, For the students gay were on their way To their homes, with feelings glad. In one big gang, 'mid din and clang, Sat the boys from S. D. U., And laughing jokes, and nasty pokes At respective members flew. Somewhat offhand, one chanced to land On a vegetal beau, well known; All eyes turned 'round, at this lashing sound, To find that "the bird had flown." With doubtful mind, each vowed to find The deserter of the crowd; In every van they sought their man 'Mid noise and laughter loud. At last by chance, one happed to glance 'Mong the peers of the parlour car; Lo, and behold! there prim and bold Old Pumpkin sat-a star. But not alone on his stately throne Was Marcus, the vegetal king; There short and stout, sat "Mrs. Trout" United to his right wing. By his smiling face, and pleasing grace, He had nipped his rival's "Bud." Her heart now bent, he sat content, Like an old cow chewing her cud. Somewhat amazed, yes almost dazed

At the sight, which they there saw, The boys decide: "We will not deride This union, though 'tis quite raw.' So the garden boy, much to his joy Was left with his "blushing bloom;" While his College chums, by consoling hums Tried to lessen McCardle's gloom. On sped the iron-horse with terrific force, Then she blew a blast quite grand, And her ringing bell now served to tell That a port was near at hand. Through every car, both near and far, Like kings of a boisterous nation, The trainmen soared, and each one roared: "You are now at Coleman Station." So sharply rang this warning clang, One might think it would wake the dead, But through all that, old Pumpkin sat 'Mid showers of love o'erhead. All work there done, the train moved on With one terrifice bound; Somewhat jarred by the bump, Mark made a jump, He had passed his own home town. With arrogant yell, he strove to compel The Conductor to ferry him back; But that wise "fore" just showed him the door, And handed him over his pack. Just slightly foiled, his hot blood boiled, As he jumped on a snow-bank near, And made his way, 'mid self affray To his post, a quarter mile to the rear. That night at home with sorry groan To himself he said: "By gosh! The only name that suits my fame, Is a great big mellow squash.'

#### GABRIEL'S FALL

This title may bring doubtful thoughts To every readers brain,
For all are sure that Angels pure
Will never fall again.
But titles oft are most unclear,
So readers, please beware;
Our Gabriel did not fall in sin,
He just fell down the stair.

# **ADONIS**

Among the sheiks of S. D. U. is one of well known fame, A typical Adonis he, Mullally is his name. His "flames" are very numerous, to tell of all won't do So you will have to be content with hearing only two.

Long long ago, Gerardie's tastes ran in the floral way, He for himself a "Bud" procured, so handsome, plump, and gay

But soon this "Bud" began to bloom so very brilliantly, That many rival swains came on, and Gard was forced to flee.

Soon after this our "sheiky lad" in wandering 'round the town,

Espied a "Rae," whose brilliancy, and beauty smote him down;

Full soon he learned her lum'nous name, the spell was then complete

Thinks he: "to meet her I'll contrive, oh boy, but she is sweet."

By sisterly invention, soon each was to each made known, His cup of happiness was full, he'd sure make her his own. And Thursdays seemed so far apart, that ere each one came 'round

Gerardie thought that it was weeks, since he had been to town.

At Eastertide a hap occurred, which was so full of woe; They'd made a date, that they would meet, and both attend the show.

But on the strength of a report, Gerard was one day late, The news was false, and therefore he was forced to break the date.

Her daddy is a railroad man, so Gardie's hopes are high. No longer does he study hard, his books are all laid by. His mind is bent on just one task: 'to win her father's grace."

'Tis whispered that he hopes to fill Sir Henry Thornton's place.

# DREAMLAND SIGHTS

They just make up one dozen neat, This clas of '29, Who now go forth to do their bit In life's enduring line. With doubtful mind we dare to hint Where they will play their part But Nifty swears he surely knows Their future all by heart. "The other night, while in my bed, I had a famous dream, I saw before me several scenes Pass by in one long beam. 'Twas in the autunm season bright Of 1952. The men were those, whom '29 Sent forth from S. D. U. At first I heard an awful roar: 'Scrum here." I turned around, Before me 'peared old Tiny Mac. There standing on the ground. For Len, you see, was football coach On Alma Mater's squad, He whipped his team right into line, And made them eat the sod. The next to come within my view Was Raymond S., I'll trow An aged man, he trudged along, His motto now, 'go slow.' An angry growl then frightened me I searched 'round everywhere Then someone said: 'don't be afraid, Just look what's over there. I almost swooned, I must admit, It took me unawares To see the 'pearl' of bygone years Displaying 'Teddy Bears.' That scene soon passed, and next came on A town of no mean size, The town garage was first to stop Before my sleeping eyes. So many cars were parked around You'd think it was a fair, But no, 'twas Mr. Bubbles Smith

Just dishing out free air. Oh what a change! the following scene Was but a dairy farm, With cows of every make and kind, It gave me no alarm.-Till carried to a pasture field I there beheld, and how! The owner of this dairy farm, Bill Leslie, our old Cow. The next, I hate to tell you boys I'm 'fraid you won't believe, For all will vow, they'd never known Doc. Dalton to deceive. There in his office sat the Doc., And to his patients saith: 'They're sure to cure, those Johnston's pills' (But they caused sudden death.) This passed along, like all the rest, And hardly was it through, When I perceived good Makem Fay, Chief Prof. at S. D. U. Philosophy! Philosophy! Twas L. P. S. Dubé; In kindergarten now he taught This 'Cum Laude B. A.,' Then 'fore my eyes there came a man, At least he 'peared to be. He sat with surgic tools in hand, His patient on his knee. 'Gee Whiz! you are not sick at all, It's just imagination. He then applied his doctor's drill,— Immediate consolation! And Louis was a lawyer skilled, With every charm and grace; He charged three times the common price, And never won a case. Next Ray is ushered to the spot, Which seemingly he shirks, He has no need, he's 'pegged' his way In Island Public Works. And last, not least came Elmer 'Bee,' That stinging youth of old; A drone he is, a drone he'll be

Like others of his fold.
For Pineau now is janitor
In good old Dalton Hall;
All fires are out, all water cold,
He heeds not any call.
Now readers I have told you all,
'Tis but a dream, you'll say;
But dreams you see do oft come true
On some far future day.'

#### CUPID AND THE COW

Among the gang of seniors now, There is a lad who's named the Cow. All year he has, with fluent pen, Made wretched and sad the lives of men Of S. D. U.; but now the day Has come when he must surely pay. Now none would think his bovine heart Would be a mark for Cupid's dart, But names deceive, so does the Cow, And thus the tale I tell you now. 'Twas when the Easter holiday Had closed, and Bill was on his way Returning, when he spied a lass Whose beauty fairly made him gasp. To tell how she appeared to Bill Would be beyond my humble skill. Then Cupid shot his arrow bright, And he beame enslaved outright. Thinks he; no rival is in sight, That's good; our little duke's alright, But surely he has had his day, And I'll enjoy this while I may. I haven't space to tell each art Which Bill employed to win her heart, But when the S. D. U. bell rang, Old Bill heard not its warning clang. They say it was a curious sight To see that afternoon and night When all about the streets of town The Cow and Cam(pb)ell wandered round. When Bill returned from town next day A letter he despatched straightway,

Which was returned. The boys all vow That 'twas readdressed with one word "Cow." This showed poor Bill the fickleness Which this fair goddess must possess. And then the "Duke" enjoyed the fun Of being again the favored one, While poor Bill languished night and day, And once I heard him sadly say: "I'll try no more to be high-brow, I'll just remain a simple Cow."

### DECEM

Behold not the Ten Plagues of Egypt, Those scourges so terribly severe; They're nothing at all, when compared with The "Ten Plagues" we have with us here. He's just a young beau from the country, Yet he struts with the pride of a duke; Though he tries to exhibit his smart work, We all know, he's only a fluke. In class he exposes his talent, He'll be a great scholar some day; But those who are burdened with teaching, Behold that day far, far away. To town he goes flitting on Thursdays, The fair sex toward him all fly; But soon they get tired of his comp'ny, And sever forever their "tie." Some stories are told 'bout this pest'lence, Concerning his love for a dame, Who surely did try to "revere" him, Her prescious, so noted for fame. Oh yes, they were lovers at one time, But love has its secrets, you say; This contract was soon dissipated, 'Cause secrets in Decem won't stay. He then turned his eye on Montgomery, And shot at her heart from his bow; At once she accepted the arrow, Not long will she keep it, we trow. For all know that present day courtship Means more than a walk down the road; That peppermints, five cents a package, Will not quite suffice for a goad.

That dames now look forward to pleasures, To skating, and dancing, and shows; And not just a talk in the kitchen, Decem's way, everyone knows. So friends, if you have a fair sister, Or better, a sweetheart,—ah me! Be sure to guard 'tween her and Decem, 'Cause fair sex, and Plagues don't agree.

## **FAREWELL**

And now from Jungle Land we go, Forever, and forever. Forget those hours so happily spent? We firmly answer, never!

It now remains, ere that day comes To toll our parting bell, To bid to all our readers true, One fond, sweet word—farewell.

