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# THE JUNGLE



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## STAFF

<i>Moderator</i> .....	Bull
<i>President</i> .....	Gags
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Streak
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Spike
<i>Committee</i> .....	Gyp, Barber, Goose

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## THE BIZZ & GYP HEATING SYSTEM

First, and foremost, the Jungle wishes to extend its congratulations to the management on the great success of the new heating system which has been installed in Dalton Hall. The arrangement is known as the B & G system and it works on the hot air principle. One producer of this superheated air is located on first corridor and the other is situated on second corridor. From these two generators the air is forced throughout every room and hall in the building.

Although these two instruments had to be imported, yet we are glad to be able to say that those who discovered and perfected them were Canadian born.

The residents of Dalton Hall certainly appreciate having a good even temperature throughout the building, but we are informed that sometimes it becomes so warm as to be uncomfortable, because when once these two machines get started there is no way to shut them off. They have to be let go until, like a child's mechanical toy, they run down.

Of late it has been said that the arrangement is of so strong a producing power that its effect is often felt on the campus and even in the rink. Perhaps this accounts for the mild winter.

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## OUR HERO

We have a lad among the rest,  
Some call him John McGraw;  
Yet all he does, I must confess,  
Is strut around and jaw.  
As treasurer he holds the dough  
Of the S. D. U. A. A.

He says: "You really do not know  
How money slips away."  
To his Sweetie he is Johnny,  
In class-room he is Jack,  
But out among the other boys  
They simply call him Black.  
Of course in town he holds his Ow(e)n,  
The others have no show,  
For with each team as manager,  
He travels to and fro.  
The saying old here comes in play,  
"One master only serve!"  
So now my son put one away,  
And peace of mind preserve.

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### Mike's Soliloquy

I am glad, yes very glad,  
Since I left my native strand,  
My parents, friends and sweetheart  
On the banks of Newfoundland.  
I drifted o'er the waters fair,  
My mind in heavy mood,  
As I realized the great demand  
For intellectual food.  
I was sad, yes very sad,  
As I pondered o'er the past,  
For I clearly knew I'd failed to do,  
My ever wanted task.  
The night was fine, the moon sublime,  
The Captain with a frown,  
Shouts at ease: "All tickets, please,  
You are now in Charlottetown."  
With joy supreme and heart serene,  
I bade my pals adieu,  
And "tout de suite" I turned my feet,  
To the font of S. D. U.  
I was lonely first, but the gnawing thirst,  
For intellectual fame,  
Caused me to sever, those bonds forever,  
With my friends across the main.  
I'm happy now, for I feel somehow,  
That I'm progressing fast,  
In those essential rudiments,



So lacking in my past.  
My body's firm; my countenance stern,  
I'm resolved to fight it through,  
To that happy day, so far away,  
To the class of thirty-two.

### Mock Parliament

I sat and smoked my pipe, and in my mind there crept  
Those mem'ries which of old I knew—and then I slept.  
A dream came to my mind; I knew not whence it came;  
I saw old pals, old friends, and all looked just the same  
As when in former days we gathered in the Hall,  
Apart from that I saw a difference in them all.  
The Guv'nor read his speech; the Premier smirked and  
bowed;  
The leader of the Opposition sate uncow'd.  
The Mallet nailed the Spike upon the head—and then  
Disorder reigned supreme; the fight was on again.  
The Captain of the Maude was quick to see his chance,  
And while in thund'ring voice he shouts and raves and rants  
And passes bills that ships should run upon the land,  
And thus escape being wreck'd by hidden bars of sand,  
The Bull jumps up, and roars a challenge to the Cow  
To fight it out, and settle it right here and now.  
Then Bob MacDonald proves to all that wrong is right,  
And then goes on to prove that black is really White.  
The Clerk looked 'round and Smelt a Fish, as John  
McGraw,  
The Manager, still held his Ow(e)n by force of jaw—  
For which renoun'd is he—and smiled at Fluke's attempt  
To doublecross his eyes in look of fierce contempt.  
Now Doiron Si-ed and Popped the Goose upon the Nose.  
While Fireman told the Doc about Parisien Hose.  
—My dreams became confused as dreams do oft become—  
The Lawyer bawled and cried, cause Bis sat on his thumb.  
Now Pat arose and called the Senate just a dump  
For men whose age had caused their backs to bend and  
hump.  
He hurls invectives at the Government, and nags  
At Polehorse, till his bag of tricks and Gags  
Have fin'lly got Gene's goat, and even made him mad,  
And Charles, who watched the scrap, now looked both  
pleased and Glad.

The sequent act was unquixotic to my mind,  
For Streak and Pig ran off and left the Wart behind.  
The Moderator rose; he cleared his throat and spoke,  
His wisdom struck my waiting ears—and then I 'woke.

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### The Trilogy

Featuring Pop, Fluke and Black Boy

—1—

Three fast Saints!  
Three fast Saints!  
See how they run!  
See how they run!  
They all ran after the Co-ed Flo,  
Who used each one in turn for a beau.  
Did ever you hear such a tale of woe  
'Bout three fast Saints?

—2—

Three sad Saints!  
Three sad Saints!  
See how they weep!  
See how they weep!  
For after she used up all their dough  
She gave to each a decided "no."  
Who ever would think she'd stoop so low?  
Not three sad Saints.

—3—

Three wise SAINTS!  
Three wise SAINTS!  
See what they've done!  
See what they've done!  
Right now they all have reason to crow,  
For they've gone and dropped the Co-ed Flo,  
And she's in a deuceuva stew, I trow,  
'Bout three wise Saints.

## Threshing

O Tingley was a joyful man  
And loved a real good joke,  
So one day Streak and he both thought  
That they would get a bloke.  
Pie Bradley soon did catch their eye,  
They went to him right then,  
And told him that the Bursar's need  
Was one or two good men.  
Now Pie is not inclined to work,  
But threshing seemed so good,  
He took no time to think of it,  
But said he gladly would.  
They told him too that Spike had gone,  
Which was of course a lie,  
But little heeded our good friend;  
"I'll land a job," says Pie.  
Spike soon was found to Pie's delight,  
"O go right there," said he,  
"I know he's in; I'll tell you why,  
I've just been there you see."  
So up the stairs our hero went,  
And tapped the Bursar's door,  
He asked his question very meek,  
Which caused a big furore.  
The Bursar laughed, full well he might,  
And then to Pie he said;  
"You took the bait, hook, line and all,  
Now go and soak your head."  
He went so fast, and came so fast,  
He soon was in his place;  
But what a very different look  
Was on poor Norbert's face.  
To all the questions that were asked  
Pie answered with a grin:  
"I did not see him; for you see,  
The Bursar was not in."  
The Bursar soon upon the scene  
Did show his smiling face,  
Which proved at once to all the boys,  
That Pie was in disgrace.  
The writer now lays down his pen,  
But he, to you this leaves,



"That now and for all time to come,  
Beware the Burser's sheaves."

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Qui l'aurait crû si jeune!

L'équipe était en forme ce soir là, petit André tout le premier. Pour vrai il fut la cause d'un grand émoi à la patinoire. Aussitôt sur la glace, il essaya pendant quelques minutes de dévorer l'espace; mais, O surprise! O douleur! un fin tissu, frais blanchis, descendant de ses cuissières, vint en tombant s'abimer sur ses jambes. L'alarme fut donnée par les cris venant de la promenade. Qu'était-ce? Une seule solution était possible. C'était une prévention contre les orages, c'était une couche immaculée. Ou donc était l'épingle de sureté? Distractoin de savant, il L'avait oubliée.

Il surmonta l'accident, mais on en conserve encore le souvenir. On s'était donc mépris sur son âge! On le croyait dans la fleur des ans. Pour cela on se basait sur sa carrière déjà bien avancée; mais les apparences sont souvent trompeuses. Personne n'ignore, que depuis longtemps il a de grands intérêts dans une compagnie d'assurance tres prospère, "LA MUTUELLE." Il se montre aussi tres habile dans le commerce des fourrures. Il s'est spécialisé dans l'achat des renards argentés. L'union "ANDRE & DOROTHE" peut affronter de grands froids. Avec ses amis, il est hériter du magasin "SWEET MARY" situé dans la partie de la ville donnant sur le port. Bien plus, en vrai rusé, il vola les parts qu'avait son ami le grand Charles "FIRE" dans le systeeime de feu et pomperie de la cité.

Pour revenir a ce cher André, avec tant d'affaires a son crédit, on pouvait bien le croire un peu vieux. Il a un avenir brillant pour un enfant de son âge. Ne nous étonnons pas, revenons-en, c'est un Bébé precoce.

Il ne souffre pas de competion, aussi il offre 20% de reduction à tous ceux qui ont vu tomber la couche révélatrice.

Allons en foule!

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## THE CENSORS

By the "Jungle" was meant  
Just a place where fool scribes  
Could meander at will  
With their wise diatribes;—  
But woe and alas  
It has so come to pass  
That the "Censoring" band  
Rules the Jungle's whole land.  
A short poem I wrote,—  
Just a little wee skit  
On a lad of our school,—  
Would have made a great hit;  
For our "Cece" to Louise  
I just sent with great ease,  
But when CENSORED too well  
It sent C .....straight to L .....  
In another sweet verse  
That I wrote to my "Pearl"  
It was clearly inscribed  
To a "dear, darling girl,"  
But the Censoring hand  
Got its work finished, and  
Set my mind all awlirl  
When I read "d .....d .....girl."  
The old Jungle I fear  
Is so covered with traps  
That the best of our scribes  
Will encounter mishaps.  
So woe and alas  
It will soon come to pass  
That in "Jungle's" wild home  
Only CENSORS will roam.

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## YOUNG GENE

There was a young fellow named "GENE,"  
Who wasn't so awfully green.  
He got into town,  
Because he was "run down,"  
And now with "DEAR BETS" is he seen.



## YOUNG EARL

There was a young fellow named "EARL,"  
Whose head was all in a whirl,  
He went to the "PLAY,"  
On St. Patrick's Day,  
Along with the "DEAR LITTLE GIRL."

## YOUNG DICK

There was a young fellow named "DICK,"  
Who tried to pull off a wise trick.  
He called a girl "PEG,"  
Who had no wooden leg,  
And now our poor "DICK'S" with old Nick.

## YOUNG DES

There is a young fellow "O'LEARY,"  
Who considers himself quite the berry.  
Of girls he'll have none,  
But he still thinks it fun,  
To imagine his "COOKE" as a fairy.

