


THE JUNGLE



STAFF

<i>Moderator</i>	Sam Slick
<i>President</i>	Pumpkin
<i>Vice-President</i>	Rooster
<i>Secretary</i>	Jackanapes
<i>Committee</i>	Simon, Pontiac, Squaw.

TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE

This year we have secured a complete new staff of officers for the Jungle. The management was not satisfied with the work of last years staff; so, in order to give the public the best possible, it has procured new blood to manage this department.

It is the aim of the present staff to perform its duty without fear or favour, its duty being to portray man and his actions as seen by others. This is a noble work, as it will be a great aid in self-correction, and, as only the proud and arrogant are self satisfied, all sane thinking men will doubtless take advantage of the grand opportunity to overcome their pet follies.

The reader will find that our staff has a wholesome view of life, and a human philosophy that is well worth the readers careful attention.

Of course friends and acquaintances are sometimes used for illustration purposes, but, knowing that they are being used for the good of humanity, they will deem themselves highly honored to be of service in so worthy a cause.

THE POWER OF A SMILE

Our captain in one game did roar,
"Come on now Saints—another score."
The Saints, though weary from the strife,
Still battled on as for their life.
But all in vain, as it would seem,
They could not pass the other team.
The captain had some time before
Gone o'er the line and made a score;

So, covered with both mud and fame,
He urged the rest to do the same.
The others heard, and, furthermore,
Some even say, "The captain swore."
But we, who played beside him there,
—"He only cussed, he did not swear."
His prayers were heard, great Jove then smiled,
And once more helped his favorite child.
The captain got the ball again,
And dove right through the Abbie men
To cross the line. The Saints were glad,
For twice that day their captain had
Brought honor, fame, and vict'ry to
His Alma Mater S.D.U.
The game was o'er, the days flew past,
Then secrets were revealed at last.
'Murder will out,' though hidden well,
For this is what the records tell—
From grandstand seat there watched that game,
None other than the captain's dame.
Ain't Nature grand, when without guile,
Man's heart is won by woman's smile?

OUR TRIBE

You may travel this wide world over,
You may visit every zoo,
You may read in books on mythology,
What the gods were able to do,
But nowhere will you find such mysteries,—
So marvellous, so we are told,—
As the wonders of Old St. Dunstan's,
Which everyone may behold.
We have a Sea Cow, that swims not the ocean.
A Mule that does not kick,
A Grasshopper famous in hockey,
A Rabbit, a Streak, and a Brick.
We have a Gopher, that learns his lessons,
A Smelt, which has no tail,
Simon, direct from Cyrene,
And a Widow, who wears no veil.
We have a Governor, acting as bell-hop,
A Pie, which has no crust;
Jackanapes, long and frisky,

And a Spike, that will not rust.
 We have a Doctor, who has no patients,
 Bubbles, that will not burst;
 A Polehorse, quite an athlete,
 And Socrates, never first.
 We have Barney Google, and Sparkplug,
 Pontiac, and his old Squaw;
 A Calf, that is learning music,
 And Crows, that do not caw.
 We have Onions, that do good business,
 A Pumpkin, not grown in clay;
 Humpty Dumpty, and Porkey,
 And Polly, with too much to say.
 We have Pussy, that plays good foot-ball,
 A Drake, without a bill;
 A Ram, that chews tobacco,
 And a Tub, that we cannot fill.
 We have a Rooster, that plays with water,
 Friend Bizz, who plays a tune;
 A Coolie, that says his prayers,
 And the Cow, that jumped over the moon.
 We have a Goose, which has no feathers,
 Happy, who wears no can;
 A Teddy-Bear learning Latin,
 And a great big Rubber Man.
 We have Tice, who is still a cripple,
 A fluke, that is far from chance;
 Some Jam, a Cook, an Old Man,
 And Babyface wearing men's pants.
 We have a Gig, that has no wheels,
 A Corkscrew, able to drink;
 We even have good old Mugsie,
 Squeers, and the Missing Link.

THE EDITOR OF THE JUNGLE

Dear Sir:—

In reading your columns last Spring, I was interested in the Pup therein advertised. I regret to say I acquired him,—the dumbest animal I ever had on my premises,—though not without a certain mischievousness.

I went to work carefully with him in an endeavor to train him to useful ways, but without avail. He is now a full grown dog, and I hereby present him to you with my compliments.

I must give you fair warning though about some of his habits. He loves to chase "Chickens," and therefore you must watch him constantly. I have known him to steal my neighbor's (Gene's) pet-hen, literally from under his nose. Needless to say, he has gotten me into difficulties with various people. Another trick of his is to carry off small articles, such as ladies' handkerchiefs,—what he does with them I have not been able to discover,—I suppose he buries them. He is quite harmless in other respects and is obedient to nearly all commands; he may be safely left with small children, but not with women, as his disposition is too boisterously playful.

If he had any brains he would be quite a good dog.

I am sir,

Yours faithfully,

JONAS BARRINGTON.

Rusty Bridge Kennels,
Schiberine,
P. M.

Editor's Note—

The Editor wishes to thank Mr. Barrington, not so much for his gift, as for his truthfulness concerning it. The dog is all that, and even more than, he claims him to be. However, on account of the Editor having five cats, at present, he is unable to keep the dog longer, and he wishes to dispose of him to someone who will treat him kindly.

Anyone desiring such a dog is very welcome to have him. Simply forward the address to the Editor, and he will willingly pay all expense of shipping him.

FORGOTTEN?

Young Jacky went to town one night,
(I think t'was Hallowe'en)
And on his beaming face a bright
And cheery smile was seen,
For Lefty did to him recite;
"You're gunna meet a queen."

Vince proved his worth in Charlottetown,
And Jacky got the dame,
He took her for a drive aroun',

And talked about his fame;
 But introduction they had none,—
 She did not know his name.

This was forgot until they met,
 On Thursday afternoon,
 Our Jacky with his tie did fret,
 And to his pal did croon;
 "That's my baby, yes, you bet!
 She'll see me pretty soon."

But she walked past with head in air,
 To Jacky's great surprise.
 "I guess she did not see me there"
 Our Jacky did surmise,
 But we who know him, greatly fear
 That she was—vera wise.

EVERY MAN'S IDEAL

Beautiful and simple,
 Daring yet discreet;
 Ultra and old-fashioned,
 Spirited but sweet.
 Dignified and peppy,
 Negligent and neat;
 Classic in the head-work,
 Jazzy in the feet.

Cold and yet alluring,
 Childish and mature;
 Brainy and domestic,
 Dashing and demure.
 Logical yet yielding,
 Thrifty but well-dressed;
 Tempting and disdainful,
 Brilliant and repressed.

Girlish and maternal,
 Artful and yet real—
 Thus a girl must measure,—
 For a man's ideal.
 Here's the combination;
 (Simple, t'will be seen,)
 Sinner, saint, and siren,
 Cook, coquette, and queen.

SPRING

Gopher to the Gig did say;
"You are a funny thing,
You think you are a waggon,
But you have'nt any spring."

Bumble Bee is mighty small,
But has an awful sting,
Yet we get far more torture,
From his Philosophic spring. (of words)

On the football field, the Hopper,
Can dodge most anything;
So he pegs along untackled,
'Cause Hopper's got the spring.

BEDTIME STORIES

"My children, your conduct has been such
That you deserve my commendation;
But do not talk at night too much,
Lest you earn my condemnation.

You, Seniors, I place my trust,
In your mature discrimination;
But then, you know, time wasted must,
Result in your incrimination.

I know t'is hard to rise at dawn,
But, ah! What great exhilaration!
We've much more time our clothes to don,
Without undue acceleration.

From se'en forty-five to eight fifteen,
Is time for work,—not recreation.
This you must know has always been,
The House's rule since its creation.

And, mind you, when you go to sweep,—
 Please give this deep consideration,—
 Don't throw you 'butts' into the heap,
 For fear you start a conflagration."

Such wisdom every night we hear,
 And then comes its reiteration.
 We're very sorry, Prefect dear,
 The 'Numskulls' cause you botheration.

HAL'S GIRL

Hal's girl is tall and slender,
 Mine is short and thickset,
 Hal's girl wears silk and satin,
 Mine boasts of fine georgette.
 Hal's girl is wild and flighty,
 Mine is prim and good.
 But—Would I change mine for Hal's girl?
 You're gol-darned right I would.

A BEDTIME STORY AS TOLD IN 1937

"Climb up, my boy, upon my knee,
 Your arms around me so,—
 And I will tell you of some things,
 That happened long ago.

When I was young and in my prime
 When I was young and bold,
 I went to College over there,
 Where taters then were sold.

Those were the times, my bonny lad,
 When your old dad had fame.
 In many a hard fought battle then,
 He won his good old name.

But sure,—of all that happened then,
 There's one I ne'er forget;—
 'Twas my last game of football too,
 And on the field we met.

The Juniors, who were bold and sure,
 They thought to mop the earth
 With us, the poor Philosophers,
 But, lad,—we proved our worth.

The good old game was played one day,
A day for football made;
The teams lined up, both stout and strong,
No man was there afraid.

And oh! what deeds were done that day,
And how we fought the fight,
How thirty men did strive to win,
Methinks I see the sight.

And hopes of some were dashed that day,
While hopes of others soared,
When one, so tall, broke from the crowd,—
'Twas daddy, dear, that scored.

Right violent then the Juniors were;
They fought with tooth and nail.
Against us true Philosophers,
They were of no avail.

So sadly then they left the field,
Their scene of dour defeat,
And oft was heard the murmur low,
'If we could once more meet.'

Such days are ever past for me,
No more will they return,
But some day soon I hope to see,
That you go there to learn.

I'll take you there some day, my lad,
To my old Island home;
And I shall show you where it was,
That I was wont to roam.

I'll show you where we played football,
And this I tell you true,
The very spot whereon I scored,
I'll some day show to you.

Now go to bed my little man,
(And dream of deeds you'll do,)
So you'll grow up both strong and brave,
And be a hero too.

Dictateur renversé

Sur le bateau, me ramenant de Tauride où j'avais délivré Iphigénie, je feuilletais notre presse collégiale, quand tout à coup, mon attention fut attirée par l'article suivant conçu par le publiciste bien connu Parrain Rodolphe McCarthy du journal "L'Insensé."

"Notre république collégiale, devrait se trémousser d'avantage, au sujet de la lutte sanguinolente, dont est sorti victime notre royal et rubicon compatriote l'ami LOUIS. Lancé à la recherche des trésors de l'architecture et possédant une conception crevante et indigestible du beau, il avait transporté ses penates à FLORENCE pour y satisfaire ses goûts artistiques. Une promenade autour de la ville lui en fit évaluer à pleine valeur les richesses foncières et aussitôt il ambitionna d'en devenir le maître. Plein d'une stratégie savante, faite toute de paroles officieuses et artificieuses, en un mot de causes instrumentales capables de l'amener à son but il commença l'attaque. Dépitée par ces procédés nouveaux de la guerre moderne, Florence le nomma dictateur. Louis, l'oeil souriant, la bouche pleine de larmes, jouissait de posséder cette fière citadelle (daine) du continent "Charlottenien" d'autant plus, qu'elle n'avait jamais connu le joug. Mais voila, que deux barbares Fascistes, Eugène et Mark par des innovations indignantes, s'unirent pour le déplanter. Contre deux, que vouliez-vous qu'il fit? Qu'il se sauva!! C'est ce qu'il fit. Abiit tristis, oui, il s'en fut chagriné, un doigt dans l'oeil, chercher la paix du coeur dans une communauté. L'on dit qu'à la fin de l'année, si rien ne change, il s'unira pour toujours à l'ordre des "FRANCIS-cains." Il s'utilise à la confection de poteaux de chaise et laisse entendre qu'il mourra comme il a vécu, toujours déçu, jamais vaincu. Des deux imposteurs, que reste-il? Au dernier cours du change, chacun sait que le "Mark" a baissé honteusement. L'autre, aura-t-il le même sort? Que feront les gens de bien pour précipiter sa chute!"

Eh bien! Que ferons-nous! Laisserons-nous impunis, les violateurs du droit des gens? Le prochain numero de mon journal "Le Vazor" contiendra un plan d'attaque, le nombre d'hommes et la quantité de provisions nécessaires pour rétablir le dictateur déchu dans ses droits primitifs.