

reading it I
ing the odd
ce I pounded
with the edi-

weeks I have
movement. It
staff are let-
and as a re-
writing and
rite is spark-
interesting, by
a paper that
look forward.
ey would live

cover the do-
rative bodies,
ess of I. S. S.
ve our sports,
ortals we can
that was a
the unhappy

noticed that
n's Shop was
e Freshmen!"
rely.
Roy Wright.

historical truth
e dead ones—



O?

YES IT'S ME

W

TY

9

oom

SHORT LIFE

YOU BOOR ME!

By Damon Bunion

Vell, followers of the Garbish and Mold — oops! — I mean Garnet and Gold, here I am, you lucky payzants! (the opening line is a remnant of the subversive propaganda shot into this helpless callomnist during his prolonged stay (four years — in and out) on the mud swathed slopes of Mount U. N. B. situated on the River Saint Jack in the little town of Frederick). Last week your humble Bolshovick servant was given a prolonged vacation by the editor of the Broonswickan (bah! — the payzant) when he switched editorials on him, kicked a hole in his desk (— what they do with orange crates these days!) and told him he should be sent to Siberia (The Lower Slobbovian Section — His relatives wrote back and said if he goes — they're leaving). My editorial deplored the State of the Union and those capitalists (bah! — Someone should hit them with an Iron Curtain!) who drive their cars recklessly through the mud and splatter the good Reds and Blacks with muck and mire. For this — he is giving me, the great Damonian Bunionvich, my walking papers. (Hah! I fooled him, I took a bus . . . Bah! He fooled me, I should have walked!)

Pazants, as I sit here in Stalin House (Try to forget Truman — I know it's not easy, but try!) looking out over the sleepy (They don't realize the ravolooshun comes!) ville of Sack, it is hard to believe that I was once on inmate of that instotooshen Up the Creek. Those democrats are a tricky lot with their high pressure propaganda. When I was but a callow youth, they are saying 'Coom to our University — all the good Reds and Blacks go to our university. Coming from a long line of Bullshicks I rallied to the colors and you can imagine my disappointment when I discovered that the Young Comoonists were in a minority Up the Mudpile or Up the Hill or up something or other. The piece was a virtual cesspool of democracy, although not as bad as I've seen it someplace. But now I am here, you gentle creatures of the swamp, and before I am through, by the beard of Lenin, your colours will be dyed a brilliant red. We will run those demon despots from U. N. B. into the ground, especially that young Progressive Phool Senator Phogbound S. Gerow. (Hah! — That's tellin' them — are you lisnin', Choe!)

Speaking of Gerow reminds us of women. Ah! Such women! It is good he is not here — he would go joyfully mad! You have whole buildings full of them. Already in two days, I have used my weekly ration of a dozen! Why are you so strict? As much as I despise those capitalists at U. N. B., I theenk maybe you should send them some. I would not wish the conditions existing there on anyone! You are indeed the chosen people — you have huge residences and nice girls, flat campus and round girls, small gym and big girls, big rink and small girls. You have girls and more girls (Really, Choe, you should see them — so round, so firm, so fully packed . . . Quit droolin' on the paper, Gerow!)

The editor of the Argosy tells me I am to write a sports calloom (Comes the ravolooshun — I will be telling him!) and with all these ravishing redheads, buxom blondes and bee-ootiful brunettes around, I know just what that sport is going to be. Those calloused beasts from U. N. B. have conquered us anyway. With all these women you want to be wasting your energy on the football field or in the hockey rink? Bah! You poor ignorant pazants! Next year comes the ravalooshun. This year I am busy. Which way to Allison Hall, comrade? Which way to the Bastille? Quit pushin', Choe!

THEY THREATENED US, SO —



FIRED!



DAMON BUNION

THE SAGA OF WETFOOT

See him, knee deep in the slush pool
Slipping, struggling, soaking there.
Lo, did ever braver Wetfoot
Navigate the Great Queen Square?
Chewing on a scrap of burnt toast,
Fumbling with unknotted tie
Whereon if you look more closely
Blots of egg-yolk you will spy.
Even yet he still is sleeping . . .
Watch, he now begins to wake,
Mutt'ring, "Beaver clock say ten
to,
That meant five to: much at
stake."
Fear of Great God Desmond
Pacey
Drives him panting through the
slush.
From above the spirit whispers
"On, you filthy savage! Mush!"
Dodging awe inspiring monsters
Higher Water faster wades
'Mongst his red and black men
brethren
Twixt the dredge and 'dozer blade.
Now he faces mighty chasm
Over which a shaky bridge
Wears a gleaming shiny ice-sheet
E'en too narrow for a midge.
Dizziness doth now o'ertake him
Bells he hears between his ears
Doth the nother torrent shake
him?
No, a cloud of smoke appears.
Hissing, snorting down upon
him
Crawhew hhw long imm'nent fate
White-foot's scourge of Wetfoot
nation
Great in length, a crawling
freight.
x x x x x
Prostrate falls our stricken war-
rior
Snow and cinders fill his mouth
'Till a half hour later
He gets up, continues south
About the distance of three feet
When a mountain he doth meet.
All before had been but pleasure,
Papoose-stuff, or Sunday leisure
E'en his mighty heart stood still
Faced by such a monstrous hill.
Paved with ice, how why vice;
Forty victims at his feet:
Members of the Wetfoot Nation,
Sporting broken legs and feet.
How did valiant Higher Water
Make his way up to the crest?
To relate his woe'ful torture
Hits one like a mid-term test.
'Nough to say, he truly made it
Reached the top at ten to ten.
At this instant you may see him
One of Wetfoot's broken men.
Oh, cheer up, you silly ass!
Today you make the second class!
—Ted Spencer.

TRAGEDY
Within a shed,
he fell;
And struck his head,
it bled,
like hell!
And now he's dead.

ROSS-DRUG
United
TWO STORES
Queen and Regent Streets
Queen and York Streets
Rexall Stores

Ye Olde Sea Stud

The boy stood on the frothy floor, and raised his head and shouted "More."
The waiter no regard did show, but turned and softly answer- ed "No."

The boy became a little sore, "But sir, I've quaffed a measly four."
The waiter turned with great disdain, and loftily said "No" again.

The boy became indignant now, and stirred up quite a healthy row,
The waiter said "My boy please go," to accentuate another "No."

"But please, sir, on the plebiscite I marked a "Yes" with all my might."
The waiter turned, about to go, "But I, my son put down a "No."

The owner, through the door did thud, said, "Who defames Ye Olde Sea-Stud?"
He chased the waiter through the door and quickly brought the boy some more.

The manager with tears in eyes said "This damn place is full of dries;
A Son of Temperance in disguise! ! ! !"

—The Manitoban

STATE EXPRESS

for a smooth
smoke...



Before the Touch



During the Appeal



After the Cheque

STATE EXPRESS

333

AT POPULAR
PRICES

