

The Ballad of SCL

BARRIE DAVIES AND ROGER PLOUDE

In the bully year of 'seventy-five
'Twas when they launched the enterprise
Cajun Ploude and E.B. Dee
In the Riverview Arms on a drunken spree.

In the roaring pub 'midst beer and smoke
The Welshman pondered and drank, then spoke:
"By the spirits of Bliss and Charles G. Dee
Fornicating hacks of the last century,
In homage to the ravished 'Vangelina
Let us plant new seed, sire a magazine!"

Ploude, he whooped and called for drink.
His face contorted, he tried to think.
His lips they moved; he gave a yell.
We'll call it, we'll call it Esh. Shee. Ell!

To the nation's capital, to the old C.C.
Went Cajun Ploude and E.B. Dee.
In the Albion Tavern they agreed to meet
To prepare for their foray on Sparks, his Street.

Scribbling their budget on a Belvedere pack,
Gulping their beer, they lost the track.
In vain did wait both Gates and Fink¹
For wayward editors drowned in drink.

Ten years have gone. 'Tis very sad
For some have died and some went mad.
But, then again, in this drear, cold season
As you now know, there is a reason
To toast those sots who did their bit
For all what Studies in Can. Lit!

¹ Fictional names for the Canada Council officers the authors were scheduled to meet.