

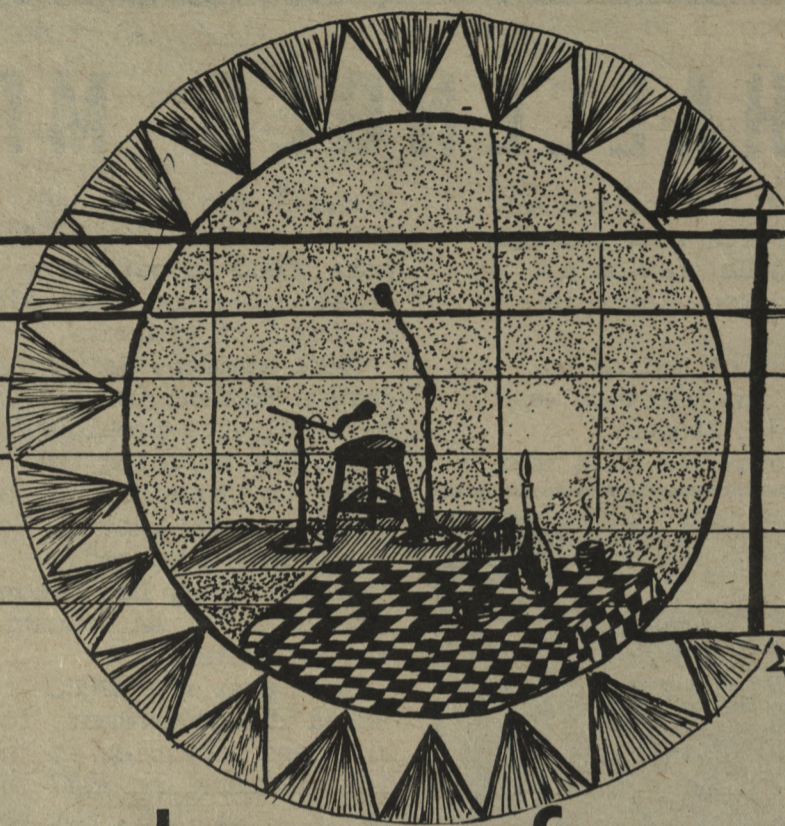
# THE EXCHANGE

## WELCOMES YOU

at the Chaplaincy Centre

WED.

8:30 — 11:30



★ ACROSS FROM THE KELLY BUILDING

### 'a coffee house for everyone'

## CORNER

## CULTURE

EXCHANGE

CORNER

Whit Carver

Whit Carver lived not far away;  
He'd run a farm (into the ground).  
And when came time to put in hay,  
For sure Whit Carver came around

To all the farms to ask for work  
Sat in our kitchens with solemn eyes,  
Fighting hard to hide his smirk,  
Telling the most outrageous lies.

And as Whit Carver worked about,  
He cackled and crowed and bobbed his head,  
While his tongue found all our follies out,  
For on such things his hunger fed.

"Look at the hair on Maggie Jack!  
God! But she can drink like a man  
And Duncan is takin' the woman back  
Though he says that he don't give a damn.

Red Nick's got freckles on his arse --  
Or that's what Flora Allie said.  
And it's her should know, of course.  
She's seen the insides of his bed."

"Ah, that Whit is good for a laugh!"  
We said, and snickered at his jokes;  
Separated the grain from his chaff;  
Bought him his bottle when he was broke.

And so the day Whit Carver died  
Was marked down as a great event.  
And Whit was waked, but no one cried  
Was buried, but nobody went.

Edward MacDonald