

The judges' faces are twisted with sardonic smiles. They whisper secretly between themselves. The court becomes hushed, deathly silent, as everyone awaits the climax of today's proceedings. At last the moment has arrived. The spokesman from the three rises and lifts his hand in a gesture for silence, which is now already quite overpowering.

"We have reached a decision:" A hideous cackle is emitted from one of the judges, "You sir shall be barred from the Armories, Legion and Rollaway for a period of three weeks."

At this the defendant screams, rises again to his knees shouting: "No, No,—anything but that, anything but"

His cries are gently subdued with an appropriately sized face-cloth in his mouth, then he is dragged struggling from the courtroom.

Thus justice has again been meted out in a manner becoming to the upperclassmen of so noble an institution. We shudder as we slink along the courtroom walls, and yet we glean a sort of morbid pleasure from the weekly proceedings. Still, the ever-present question remains in our minds as we glance hastily about at our fellow-residents, "Who will be next? ? ? ?

—Z '60

HULA HOOPS!

C'est pour nous un âge atomique
Qui a plutôt ces moments critiques
Car "Hula Hoops" on fait tourner
Autour de soi pour s'amuser.

Les temps changent et nous aussi
Pour une revanche nous sommes unis
Radio, télévision, cinéma
Nous vivons de cela.

De la valse au rock-n-roll
On a tout changé les rôles
En fait c'est à nous ce siècle
Et nous ne passerons pas pour piètres.

Ainsi en est-il pour toutes générations
Quand à soi on trouve ça bon
De danser du soir au matin
Et d'avoir beaucoup d'entrain.

Ce n'est pas le plus beau des poèmes
Mais ça résume ce que l'on aime
A tous droits vous pourrez nous juger
Mais ne croyez pas que ça va nous changer.

—ANDRE DROLET '62