

HEARTLESSNESS

An innovation in discipline has hit St. Dunstan's, and it has changed the face of student life in Memorial Hall completely. From corridor to corridor "Bull" sessions echo and re-echo and resound abundantly, hashing out the merits and demerits, and questioning the fates, of the revered residents of the "Hall". This innovation, gleaming with nebulous beauty and like any babe of the twentieth century, clad in the soft garments of promise and adventure, came to us (the aforementioned, revered "Hall" residents) under the name of "Self-Discipline".

In order to bring you, the non-residents of this fair castle, face to face with the cold hard facts, we shall look grimly into the future, and there we find a session taking place which bears the name of a "Student Court". Nowhere in the annals of Canadian judicial history may such clandestine proceedings be found.

We take a look first at the Judges' Stand. There, slouched supinely in their padded chairs, we find, robed in khaki jeans and last week's T shirts, the three judges, the likes of which will not even be found in a chapter on the "Bloody Assizes". Their agate eyes glare coldly towards the door, piercing seemingly the very frame behind which stands the helpless defendant. Flanking the judges on either side are seated the two corridor councillors who have been so gracious as to provide today's amusement.

At last, the long-awaited hour has arrived. The door is opened wide by the trembling Sergeant-at-arms. The defendant bravely enters, dragged by two burley court assistants. He is a poor helpless "animal" brought to meet his fate in this cold grey room.

The court is hushed by a resounding smash of a judge's fist on the oaken (veneer) table. The defendant picks himself up off the floor and kneels dolefully before the Judges' Stand. With quaking limb and quivering voice he speaks (or tries to):

"But but but , Your Honor"

The Judges speak:

"QUIET".

"Your honours, I",

He is cut off promptly.

"We're on 'er???? — NAY!! You were on 'er; and to coin a phrase — solid!"

The now defenceless defendant falls on his face, wracked with tears; from his quivering lips come incoherent phrases, strange mumblings, and long extended sighs.

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 over powering.

"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 dancer 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
À tous droits vous pourrez nous juger
Mais ne croyez pas que ça va nous changer.

—ANDRE DROLET '62