

At 10:40 affairs were at a deadlock when several fugitives from the elements (who proved to be offenders) were captured.

Having deliberated for 20 more minutes, the jury at eleven o'clock rendered its verdict. The defendants were found guilty; one was sentenced to a night at the Roll-A-Way, the others were released on a year's probation, terminating on October 31, 1959

This story is true. The names have been changed to protect the innocent.

—M. J. M. '61

IN THE TRACKS OF ZORRO

The sun shone invitingly through the majestic trees and crept around the red bricked buildings of the St. Dunstan's campus. The Thanksgiving weekend had started on Friday at noon, to end on the following Tuesday. Foremost in the minds of those unfortunates who were unable to go home was the formation of a round of activities which would alleviate their exile. A suggestion made by one of our number, that we should go horseback riding was, therefore, well taken.

My relations with horses have always been of a very distant nature; as a matter of fact we were always separated by a fence. If this fence didn't exist, I always allowed myself at least a hundred foot lead in the event of a hard look or any semblance to motion in my direction.

After much discussion I was instilled with the idea that next to the dog, the horse was man's best friend; and that I had no right to deprive one of my friends of a jaunt down a country lane on such a beautiful day, even if I didn't like the way it looked at me. With that, four of us set out for the place where the noble creatures could be rented.

The farm was not as hard to find as we had expected and I had prayed it would be. The point of no return was fast approaching, I hoped against hope that nobody would be home or that the horses would be sick or something, but to no avail. As luck would have it we were able to obtain four horses.

As we stood in the farmyard waiting for the owner to prepare our horses a rider came into view. He had on riding breeches and in one hand held a quirt. His expression was that of patient agony, and he gave me a feeling of total inadequacy.

Only a fear about losing face kept me from taking to my heels when the horses appeared. I sensed a similar apprehension in two of my companions. We made general confessions about our lack of experience and quipped about the probable results. The third, however, approached the monsters and examined them as if he were buying for the Agah Khan.

The proprietor was no doubt used to catering to "greenhorns". He assigned me to a horse that would take well to the name, Dobbin. I approached gingerly, behind the farmer, feeling the cold stare of Dobbin's plate-like eyes, then stood beside her. Following instructions we mounted; I was looking down on the distant earth which I had so foolishly deserted.

We started out for a trip around the apple orchard at a sedate trot. The connaisseur took the lead, I brought up the rear--or rather the horse decided to take the rear. I felt like someone sitting astride a shaky stepladder on a corrugated iron slide.

Our basic training completed, the horses decided to take us on a little tour. The lead man set his at a brisque trot. Up . . . Slap! Up . . . Slap! Up . . . Slap! . . . "Woha Help! Stop". Stop! STOP! -*&†2-11*†&%/. I found myself swaying from side to side precariously, clinging desperately to the almost non-existent horn of the English-type saddle, and looking for the emergency brake.

After what seemed like centuries, the lead rider took pity on us in our wretched condition and brought his steed to a stop. The others promptly followed. We held a council and resolved that a slow trot was all that could be safely experienced by the majority, and a slow trot it was going to be or else complete dissolution of the group would follow.

Continuing on we came to a field. The sight of a thick mat of grass on which to fall gave two of us a little more confidence. We followed the lead man confidently and were quite game to speed up a little. The fourth man lent verbal disapproval to the proceedings; and in spite of our equally ridiculous positions we found this quite amusing.

Unfortunately the horses were inclined to agree with our protesting friend. Apparently they didn't have quite enough to eat at lunch. I found this out while assuming a poise that would make Napoleon look sick. One minute I was sitting stiffly in the saddle, the next found me with my nose inches away from the horse's neck, as she strived successfully to reach the grass in spite of my hold on the reins.

As our rental period was drawing to a close, we were forced to leave the safety of the field and make our way back to the farm. From a state of absolute tranquility our horses suddenly made a revival. The lead horse in spite of its rider's efforts to the contrary, began to gallop exuberantly, naturally the others followed. Screams, shouts and laughter intermingled with the beat of hooves filled the air.

Being at the rear, I was able to observe the proceedings at a point that revealed most of the humor of the situation. I was a conglomeration of horses' rumps heaving up and down in unsynchronized movement. The riders were being thrown about like rag dolls, their legs spread apart, coat-tails flapping and upper torsos leaning forward in an effort to lower their center of gravity.

Finally we arrived at the farm buildings. While the other horses were perfectly content to stop in the yard, mine had an unrestrainable urge to go to its stall. This she did; making straight for the door which I cleared by inches. At this point anger completely overcame fear; I slithered from the saddle and led the contrary beast out into the yard. She stared at me with a look of utter disdain, I glared back. We paid the proprietor and set out for the College.

"God bless Henry Ford," I whispered to myself.

—DAJON '60

The town highest above sea-level is La Paz, Bolivia. (11, 800ft.)

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The world's highest active volcano is Cotopaxi, Mexico. (19,580ft.)
(above sea level)