

MARIANET

This is the residence—Marion Hall, S.D.U. I live here. I'm a co-ed The night is Hallowe'en. The future is uncertain.

My partners are the courageous defenders, the co-eds who habitate this fortress. My name is Sunday.

It is 5 o'clock—"Now you see her, now you don't" is spirited off home in a blue-light vehicle. The residence is locked and abandoned, as we proceed to Benediction. Dusk has not yet fallen.

The time is 5:30—Lieutenants Ruby and Big River request and are granted leave to go to the City. The remainder of the garrison eats a large meal to fortify themselves for the coming seige. Immediately after supper, the Ketchup Kid and Veteran Goody repair to the infirmary for bandages, necessitated by the collision of Veteran Goody with a sidewalk earlier in the day. By 6:00 p.m. we are safely reinstated in the barracks. Sergeants flight Gadget and Sunday make a tour of inspection of all Barricakes. The state of the windows in the Lieutenants' room is found to be defective.

It is at 6:30 that the Ketchup Kid nails the windows in the offending room. Directly after we have parental visitors, wearing a new uniform. Preparations continue. The tension mounts. A Senior's "Happy Birthday" girl does not seem to realize the seriousness of the situation. Corporal Madoodle is placed in charge of the dorm.

It is 6:33. The doorbell rings violently. Enter the Chief, bearing supplies, and Lieutenants Rudy (otherwise known as Technicality) and Big River.

The time is 6:45. Sergeant Flight Gadget and the Chief venture to a nearby stronghold for a flashlight. The silence is deafening. It is apparent that the storm is about to break.

6:50—The heat is on! The signal is a violent tapping on the parlour window, instantly, all lights are extinguished on the lower floor. Flight Gadget and the Chief have not yet returned.

6:55—The attack appears to have been called off temporarily, probably due to the appearance of the Chief. Flight Gadget reports having seen a grey car.

7:00—The barrage appears to have been more or less resumed, with no apparent results. "Technicality" and Big River go to reconnoitre.

7:05—We have faculty visitors who retreat with their charges in fear of their tires.

7:15—After some consultation, a fullback is admitted, kidnaps one of the Freshmen defenders, and flees.

7:20—The light fire continues. "He-who-was-prevented-by-a-cow-from-phoning" rings the bell, and at earnest insistence of the Ketchup Kid, is allowed to pass in a member of the Sophomore class is seen turning out light bulbs.

7:25—Heavy fire is concentrated on all points. It is believed that the roof is raided. All windows are attacked. Horrible screams echo through the side of the house which is not occupied by us. It sounds as if that part is infested with animals.

7:30—The bombardment continues, but seems futile. The Chief ventures out, and the hounds fly. In a few minutes she returns.

7:35—Investigations reveal that there is a pig in the bathtub in the farmers' section.

7:40—Confusion reigns. Four fowls are hurled through the parlour window, being promptly returned whence they came; feathers and glass remain. In the midst of this, the Ketchup Kid and her companion take leave of us. Technicality sweeps up the feathers. The attackers withdraw. In the interim, the defenders rest, and discuss the situation. We have premonitions that this is not yet over. The lull continues.

It is 8:45—We begin to partake of refreshment and lift our weary voices in what might be called song. At 9:05 the chant is rudely interrupted by the sudden arrival of a solitary hen through the open window. She is promptly thrown out, and a cardboard is placed over the open space. We are warned by Flight Gadget, on guard upstairs, that something is about to explode outside the window. It does, with a vengeance.

9:20—The time has arrived for retaliation. The defenders leave the precinct. The hoods have withdrawn to the farther end of the lane. Corporal Carrots valiantly approaches them, followed by your roving reporter and the rest of the force. A temporary retreat is made, following the explosion of a firecracker. A counter-attack is made, and the criminals are successfully apprehended.

The trial was held at 9:30 in the worthy court of this residence of Marion Hall. The council for the defence was supplied by the offenders, while both judge and jury were composed of the dwellers of the precinct.

The jury was still in deliberation at 10:00 p.m. when the trial was interrupted by the arrival of several saturated co-eds and residents of Memorial who filled their faces, and disappeared. In the general confusion, an attempt was made to set off a home-made bomb on the veranda. The plot was thwarted by Veteran Sergeant Goody, at this juncture, the chief and the D.A. were seen to approach. A hasty retreat was beat to the courtroom, and, after the repair of the window, the trial was resumed.

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.