

The Barefoot Dean . . .

With Apologies to William Wadsworth Longfellow

*Blessings on thee, little Dean,
C. Wayne Hall with eye so keen;
With your budgets and your files
And administrative wiles.
Minutes, meetings, and reports,
Crises met with fast retorts;
"Come here!" "Do that!" they all said,
Demands to fill an aching head.
Can you now become tranquil
Down in peaceful Lennoxville?*

*Will you sit beside the fire
Releasing ten years' bottled ire?
Will you pull weeds with commotion,
Thinking notices of motion?
When you prune your apple tree
Are those budget cuts you'll see?
When visitors all come in teams,
Will you smile with silent screams?
What can sugar-coat the pill
Of Quiet Days in Lennoxville?*

*In retirement, will you find
A new career for peace of mind?
Will you write, to give life meaning,
A book entitled "Fear of Deaning?"
When they film "Godfather III"
Is it you that we will see
Running rum and brewing beer
And selling grass both far and near;
Making offers for the thrill,
The smiling Don of Lennoxville?*

*We will not ask what you will do
When your duties all are through,
But we're prepared to guarantee
You'll never lose your Faculty.
We need no plaque upon the wall
To tell us that we had a Hall,
Who helped the Faculty to gain,
To always wax and never Wayne.
All here gathered hope you will
Be fulfilled in Lennoxville.*



*'Twas the Night Before Christmas
and All Through McGill...*

*'Twas the night before Christmas and all through McGill
The typists were silent, the ditto was still.*

*A memo lay quietly in every box
No clip was forgotten on the Xerox.*

*The bells were all muted, elevators worked fine,
No amendments were moved in Room 129.*

*No committees in session, no meetings of core,
No garbage bags strewn about at the front door.*

*The students were off to their games and their fun,
The profs had all flown to their isles in the sun.*

*A single light glowed in the hushed deanery
Casting shadows across the stark scenery.*

*The dean, on his sofa, was lying down
As senates and budgets danced under his crown.*

*When out on McTavish he heard a strange noise
Which jarred his reflection and rattled his poise.*

*He leaped to his feet and raced into the night
And stopped, quite astounded, to behold such a sight.*

*The moon was reflected in the mire and the slush
The potholes were filled with their muck and their mush.*

*Up the hill an old hansom cab creaked on and on,
Pulled by radical students with visages drawn.*

*It stopped by the dean and out leaped a small man,
Whose eyes had a twinkle but whose cheeks had no tan.*

Norman Henchey

*He was dressed in a turtleneck and some dirty old lees,
And the beads on his neck hung right down to his knees.*

*A Ho Chi Minh beard adorned his pale chin,
And he smiled at the dean with a big elfin grin.*

*"I think," said the dean, "that you must be lost."
"Indeed," said the stranger, "I am Stanley B. Frost.*

*From the Planning Commission I've come to deliver
Some gifts that will bless both receiver and giver.*

*For a Burgess named Don I propose that he start
A Caribbean sabbatical with a Welbourne named Art.*

*For a Hilton named John I've a hundred loose-leafs
Full of memos and studies and minutes and briefs.*

*For three magi wise, Franga, Harry, and Cran
Some mark sheets and stat cards and a new garbage can.*

*To a gourmet named Bennett, some cheese by the block,
Two pheasants, one duckling, and a roasted Peacock.*

*For McElroy's garden I have boxes of seed
With more emergency teachers than he'll ever need.*

*For Lewis B. Birch, I have just what he seeks
A little black box full of teaching techniques.*

*To Réal whose problems are sticky as toffee,
A jar of caffein-free Maxwell House coffee.*

*Lest the energy crisis give Bob Pollard a shock,
I'll give him a slate and a piece of white chalk.*

*To Jobling, McDonald, and Buteau and Jaques,
Four of your chairmen who have what it takes,*

*To Wilkinson, Purdy, and Duncan, and Stutt,
Whose departments are never caught up in a rut,*

*Francoeur, Smith, Harris, O'Hara and Tali,
Whom no one will charge with a dilly or dally,*

*I'll double your budgets for staff and supplies,
And provide twenty typists with dark Hazel eyes.*

*I'll carpet your offices and put in a fine bar,
And you'll get a cool million to travel afar.*

*In the elevator hole we're installing a suite
For Phil ever-present and always so neat.*

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

*And for you, my dear Wayne, the last but not least,
Here is something to brighten your own Christmas feast.*

*Some powdered professors to add some decorum
Just mix with some scotch and you've got a quorum.*

*Two bottles of acid as final resorts
To shorten long-winded and rambling reports.*

*An aerosol can filled with strong laughing gas
For profs who come asking for money en masse.*

*And, finally, pills well tested and proved
To wake you as soon as adjournment is moved."*

*Having spread his largess, Stanley leaped in the cab
And squeezing his Brylcream, gave his hair a quick dab.*

*He took up the reins and reached for his whip
And dropping some acid, continued his trip.*

*As he moved up to Pine he turned round and said, "Well,
I'm really convinced Education is swell."*

*Then all of a sudden he stood with a yell
And said, "I forgot, I've a message from Bell,*

*Last time I saw him he told me to tell
You and your Faculty all go to . . . Mont St. Hilaire."*

Norman Henchey

