

A VISIT BY JUSTICE

By Gina Barber

'Twas the night before Friday when all through the school
Not a student was stirring, not even to play pool
The JUSTICE FOR JAN signs were pinned on with care,
In hope that the Union boss soon would be there
Administrators were nestled all smug in their meeting
Never dreaming their egos could take such a beating
And Peter and Jim so secure on their thrones
Were patting the backs of the rest of the drones
When out in B Block there rose such a clatter
Colvin sent out Bill Pillsworth to see what was the matter.
The faculty sprang from their chairs in the Cafeteria
Voicing anticipation that bordered on hysteria.
The fluorescent lights on the undusted floor
Illuminated the hallway, right up to the door
When what to our wondering eyes should come in
But our own frazzled leader, looking kind of thin,
With an entourage of VIPs, so outraged and supportive
We knew in an a moment the effort would not be abortive
More illustrious than TV stars, his supporters they came,
And we whistled and shouted while he called them by name
“Now Bigelow, now Gleason, now Bolton and Gee,
Here’s Debbie Field, But where is the coordinator of the Affirmative Action Committee?
To the top of the stairs and down through the hall,
We’re all off to A Block, now dash away all.”
As Ian, when he’s late for a class, starts to bustle,
Up the stairs, down the hall, we all started to hustle.
So over to the cafeteria, his supporters they flew
With students and faculty and Frankie boy too.
And then in a twinkling, we were hearing the beat
And the shuffle of the Board of Governors feet.
As we leaned against walls and were turning around
Down the aisle came our leader, and we made not a sound.
He was dressed all in rhetoric, from his head to his toe
And he looked as if he hadn’t slept in a week or so.
His suit had been pressed by a unionized cleaner
Though it bagged on his frame which was 20 pounds leaner.
His words how they echoed, his phrases so apt
With each successive allegation, administration was zapped.
His arguments were sound, they could not be refuted
His claims of mismanagement could not be disputed.

He needed no bullhorn as he made his stand
And he had his audience in the palm of his hand.
He made point after point as he stated his case
He had given Administration lots of time to save face,
He was witty and clever, but he spared them no pity
When he charged them with lacking - of all things - integrity
The applause how it thundered, we all felt the same
While from the back of the room came cries of "Shame, Shame."
The Board spoke not a word, but went back to their meeting
So we followed them there, and scrambled for seating.
But Frank, having not completed his mission,
Said, "Let's leave the room while they make a decision."
Then they called him back in, He came out with a smile
And he said, "Let's all go to bed for a while."
But we heard his exclaim as he drove out of sight
"There'll be justice for Jan, so to all a Good Night!"