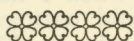


of authority to see that young people of ability are given the opportunity and guidance necessary to make them leaders of a new and better Prince Edward Island.

The various studies were made respectively by: William Simpson; Jerome O'Brien; Eric Robin; Parnell Wood; Vincent Connolly; Leonard McKenna; Alphonse Campbell . . . '37.



### Reminiscences

Rene Escalona Special Student

(Translated from the Spanish by the Editor)

His name was Johnny—after all these years I remember him exactly as he was; a strong young boy of eighteen, rather pale beneath his alabaster-black hair; jolly at times, at times pensive and sad—eyes as black and limpid as the deep waters of a pool on a moonless and starless night.

At that time Johnny was for me a greater figure than any movie star, a sort of champion, a legendary hero, although sometimes a rather mischievous one, who made himself protector over my scanty seven years, fondly caressing my curly head.

I accompanied him on his frequent fishing trips along the river banks, listening eagerly to the accounts of his deep-sea fishing adventures. Then I would say to myself: "When I am older, and have made my first Communion, we will run away to fish in China—far from uncle Peter and his lessons."

China was the land of my dreams. I had seen it on a wrinkled old map I had discovered in a drawer.

"All that orange-colored space is China," they told me, "and that greenish-blue surrounding it is the sea."

I was amazed. I knew well enough what colour the sea was because I had seen it when we went to the beach. But a land, a country, where everything—mountains, cities, roads, forests and rivers—was orange-coloured, what a marvellous and beautiful country! Nothing, I thought, could be more charming, nothing more promising of adventure. What a fine time we were going to have in



China, Johnny and I! And he, knowing nothing of these great plans, continued to visit us on nights when he was free, preferring the task of instructing me to the conversation of the friends of his own age.

"Tell me," he would say "what do you want to be when you go to the university?"

"I want to be an engineer."

"Nothing else?"

"—I'll tell you—when I have retired I am going to be a chauffeur."

Of all jobs that was the one I liked best. I had made up my mind definitely one day as I watched a man in a red sedan pass by like a flash on a picturesque, sunburned country road. On this same road we went to see our uncles. Far in the distance we could see a forest which the last rays of the sun were bathing in orange.

"That must be China," I said to myself "where we are going to fish, Johnny and I."

"Wolves have been seen in that woods" exclaimed my sister. I shrugged my shoulders, thinking, "if there are wolves there, we'll kill them—and nothing else."

The October rains sent us back to Madrid. I was anxiously waiting for night to come; but night came and Johnny did not come to visit us. On the contrary, I knew that my family had gone to see his mother, to console her. When they returned, I heard them say,

"It is so sad—for the rest of the family too—" Mamma sighed painfully.

"Poor youth; poor humanity; hateful war."

Why were they expressing such sympathy? Why also, were my family so anxiously watching the newspapers? I pondered much over this. The winter passed, a terrible, cold and endless winter. Several months passed and I did not see John. I listened joyfully to the accounts of his doings on the French front.

"But why does he not come and show me his decorations and badges?"

"He can't come, when peace is made he will come," they replied. And I, in my childish mind said,

"How I wish they would make peace!"

On one of the many afternoons when they were discussing the war, I heard some one say, as I passed the living-room:

"In view of the circumstances, no one can say how long the war will last. Verdun has resisted the German



attack—It is said that they will shoot the Spanish volunteers who have been taken prisoner . . . . What a horrible tragedy war is ! ”

I was outraged at those responsible for the war, who could cause the death of John. And I would have tried to punish them if I had been fifteen years older.

Two months later my cousin said to me:

“Did you know that John wrote, asking if you had forgotten him ? ”

“I have not forgotten him” I replied emphatically. After a pause I was forced to exclaim:

“I want to go to France.”

Naturally, they did not send me to France, but to the beaches of San Sebastian as on other summers. As we went North, we saw a platoon of soldiers drilling near the station of a small town. This sight called to my mind the memory of Johnny, who was risking his life out of sympathy for the French cause. A sad presentiment fell upon me, and I sat hunched over dejectedly in the most secluded part of the car.

It was a silent afternoon in November; we had a visitor. I was playing in the corridor with a red clown with silver shoes and shining eyes, who could dance our popular Jota. I could distinctly hear the grave, meditative voice of uncle Peter—a voice which gave me a chill of terror because his tone recalled a terrible memory: that of having to recite, without pause or hesitation, the names of all our Provinces.

Suddenly I stopped playing, and remained motionless and frightened. I had just heard, from uncle Peter, who was reading a letter from one of John's companions:

“He died like a hero; he preferred to remain under the deadly bombardment rather than desert his wounded comrade.”

“An only son. How terrible for his poor mother,” added mamma sadly.

I bit my lip; tears blinded me and I began to sob. Hearing me they came to see what had happened. Here was a terrible situation ! How was I to explain the true cause of my weeping ? How could I disclose my planned escape to China, and my frustrated fishing in the Yellow River ?

I had a saving idea.

I purposely broke my clown and continued crying.