

The fate of one class  
We still must hear.  
Engineers, please take care,  
Lest we miss you next year.

Now a word to the Prefects,  
Some brave and some bold,  
And to a few others  
Who have to be told.

Soon the halls will be quiet,  
The year's nearly done.  
Though you campused us all,  
We still had our fun.

Next year we'll be back,  
Most of us, at least,  
And we'll haunt you again  
Like the Jabberwock beast.

And now for the coeds  
Whom we all shall miss,  
We bid sad adieu—  
Take with you our kiss.

As the moving pen writes,  
Time goes on its way.  
It's good-bye once again,  
To all and E. J.

If you've counted the verses  
You'll find they're thirteen,  
An unlucky number  
To all it may seem.

So I'll add four more lines  
And say good-bye to our school;  
Till we meet again, friends,  
Good-bye S.D.U!

—RICHARD AYS '60



#### AND TO YOU FATHER,

There's nothing the matter—I just can't think of anything else to tell. Maybe you want to hear about my stamp collection, huh? I have more than two thousand different kinds of stamps. They're not in albums though. Albums are too bulky. I keep them hidden in a wooden box under my bed. You won't tell anyone will you?

They're very valuable. Guess how much my best stamp cost. Guess. Two and half bucks. I've been collecting stamps for years. Nobody knows where they are but you and I. I used to collect books too, many kind of books. I tore out the last pages of everyone of them. Nobody will ever know how they ended. There were shelves and shelves of books. The bottom row had seven Bibles. One day I got tired looking at the Bibles lined against the wall, and I stuffed them into the furnace. I never read them much anyway. Have you ever flown an airplane? Sometimes I wish I could fly an airplane. I'd fly up to the clouds. I'd fly far away from life. I hate life, father. I despise it. Some fellows I knew really hated life. Just wouldn't admit it. Poor Boofie Brownson, he couldn't take it anymore. And Georgie, who introduced me to Dolores, he was always worrying about what was going to happen tomorrow. Funny, nothing really did happen to Georgie. There he is, still worrying. Have you ever known anyone like that? I remember when I was expelled from school. That was a long time ago though. Papa was awfully mad then. But I didn't care. Papa always tried to dominate me. He was smart. I outwitted him sometimes though. Mama was good to me. She always took my part. I didn't believe her much though, not really. I mean, how could an old woman tell a fellow how to be a man? Just couldn't. Mama died before papa. She worked too hard, I guess. I felt awful then. I cried. Almost everyone knew I drank. Even Papa liked a glass of whiskey. I liked whiskey too. I liked gin better though. We had great parties, my friends and I. There were about a dozen of us. We always seemed to get drunk, even the girls. But Dolores never drank. She always went home early. I liked her a lot. We often dated. Her eyes were bright. She had soft brown hair. She was pretty, and I kissed her sometimes. I guess she was the only person I ever really cared for. I used to collect books. Have you ever collected books? Have you? Dolores liked me sometimes. She didn't like my bad habits nor my bad friends though. I tried to change. I couldn't. Last night she told me not to call her anymore. She said I was crazy. Have you ever flown an airplane? I'm tired talking. You talk for awhile. . . . I feel so tired. . . . Well, she called me crazy. Crazy! Crazy! Suddenly I hated her. Have you ever hated anyone? Oh, what's the use? I killed Dolores. I had to kill her. I killed her so I wouldn't hate her. You see? You see?

—REX '61

#### OIL OF MIDNIGHT, OIL OF MOURNING

The midnight oil burns  
Time grows short  
As the heads of students  
Grow swelled;  
Not with pride,  
But with knowledge  
Dearly bought  
While the oil waxes low  
While it grows yet lower,  
Now flickers and dies  
As morning creeps upon the land  
And yet we sit.

The woeful hour approaches.  
 As it is true  
 That time and tide  
 Await no man,  
 So also it is true  
 That FINALS  
 (O awful creations of man,  
 That harry the brain  
 And tire the body)  
 Tarry not,  
 O woeful day!  
 That we might have anticipated  
 These months  
 We went to play.

O wrathful hour!  
 The book is closed.  
 With heavy heads,  
 (O heads so crammed  
 And o'erflowing verily)  
 And heavy feet  
 We climb the steps.  
 'Tis over  
 For better or for worse.  
 'Tis consummated.  
 Into the bright sunshine  
 We fly  
 To feel our heads drain.

Those dark reaches of the intellect  
 Hitherto unused  
 Are emptied,  
 Soon to be filled again  
 With new material,  
 For 'tis but a brief respite,  
 A few brief moments  
 We may spare.  
 Two, three more days  
 It soon is at an end,  
 Yea! all too soon for many  
 But we shall know  
 The fates' decree.

O give me my black coffee  
 And my vitamin pills!  
 Let silence reign  
 Upon this place of recollection.  
 Let pages softly turn  
 And brows furrow in thought.  
 Refill the midnight lamps  
 And pray  
 That morning cometh not  
 Before the dawn  
 Of the intellect.

—J. MacISSAC '61

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HONGKONG TEN-CENT PIECE

"Attention please, Attention please. The island is veiled in a mist. We are trying our best to land. Tie the safety-belt! Tie the safety-belt!"

We, of course, had no safety-belt supplied. Anyhow, we were ready to face rocking.

"Rumble . . . Rumble . . . Rumble", the engines were sounding.

"Be calm everybody, be calm everybody. There may be strong vibration . . . . ."

"B-o-o-m B-o-o-m," before the pilot finished his words the plane crashed with great force.

"Wu-u-u-u", "Dong, Dong, Dong". In a moment, Kai Tak Air-port was shaken by the warning sounds and everything in the air-port was in motion.

We found ourselves scattered with violent collision to the ground. Before coming back to ourselves, we were collected and carried to our new home, The Shanghai Bank.

Sorry, I forgot to show you my identity. I was born in the Royal Mint, 1948, London. Everybody called me a Ten-cent Piece. I had many brothers. We once lived very happily together in the bank in England. We were sent to Hongkong in a hurry as we were to be used badly in the coming Chinese New Year.

Soon, I was separated from my brothers, and I got along friendly with the Chinese. It was the first time that I lived on my own.

We coins love nothing so much as travelling. People passed me so fast from hand to hand that I had travelled into almost every corner of Hongkong. My golden coat had been changed to a dirty yellow one.

I was once in a rich person's possession. He was a very extravagant fellow and just treated me like a piece of worthless nickel. One day I slipped off from his pocket through a hole there. Very soon I was picked up by a poor child, who handled me with loving care. Now, I began my new life. The little child polished my coat till it was as shiny as before. He put me in his pocket and treated me as if I were a gold coin. But, alas, happy time was very brief! The next day he had to exchange me for a loaf of bread, in order to satisfy his hunger. From then on my life was miserable. My owner was a miser. I was kept in his safe and treated as a close prisoner, till at last the Chinese New Year came. I was given out as "lucky money". Then I re-gained my freedom.

After this imprisonment, I thought I was lucky money myself for having the chance to meet my brothers and a lot of fellow men again; but soon I was greatly disappointed on learning the terrible news. I was told that we were in danger. The Mainland needed metal. We would be brought there by the smugglers, and would be melted. We were very afraid; but we could do nothing, except pray for the aid of God. Now they began to pack us in bales and they carried us to the railway station. Fortunately my destiny was not so bad as I had expected. When we reached the junction near the boundary the smugglers were caught by the police. The smuggling seemed to be known by the police. It was like a miracle. Anyhow, we were rescued and brought back to our lovely and peaceful home again. For the time being we lived happily together. It was really home sweet home.

Well folks! That's all I can tell you now. By the way, I hope you'll realize that I told you my history not just for fun. I should like you to treat us better—neither be a miser nor a extravagant chap.

—GEORGE NG '61