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"Out you go!" said she to the distinguished visitors,
And opened the window to be rid of inquisitors.
But lo and behold! ere she carried out her intentions
In came another of smaller dimensions.
"Cluck! Cluck!" said the newcomer wondering what was the score,
But felt quite at home when she looked at the floor.

Doreen's ire was rising as could be seen by her color,
"I'll get square!" said she, if it takes till tomorrow.
"Call Fr. George!" shouted Sister—"this must not go on"
"Oh no!" said another, thinking of days long ago.
"Father Allan then," and in the phone did she purr,
"Send over those boys"—a new order for her!

Y—

ang, '60

Father Allan, manlike, the joke did enjoy,
But ordered the culprits to the Hall to hie.
Soon arrived Ozon, and Tony and Vince,
On seeing the mess, oh! how they did wince.
They scrubbed and they scraped till their knuckles were sore,
And wondered how three geese could have so ruined the floor.

Poor boys! the joke was on them as the Co-eds resolved,
It usually is when girls are involved.

TOO FAR, FAR TOO FAR

Mercy killing certainly has reached its climax when they simply kill you because you reminisce about the good old days. As I sit here where the good go in the hereafter and watch my body decaying, I can't help but think that only a few weeks ago I looked forward to my one hundredth birthday with all the vim and vigor of someone thirty years my junior. Then suddenly it happened. I was judged by my casing and because my legs were shakey and my body creaking, I was deemed unworthy of more life. They never checked my insides or they would have seen that I wasn't really ready to go. My ticker was excellent and although my face was worn with age, there was nary a wrinkle on it. I really felt wound up tight and good for another twenty years. Yet as I look down on the world I can't help weeping just a little as I really have quite a volume of memories.

I was only ten when my Granpa brought in the Pontiac Observer and told Gramma that there was trouble brewing in the States. Then, of course, there was quite a celebration when I was seventeen as that was the year Great-Uncle Johnny was first elected to Parliament in the first election after Confederation. Yes, I saw him hold that seat for twenty-five years until 1892 only to retire and then pass the seat on to his nephew, Buck. In 1899 Granpa passed away and I was heartbroken as he always checked

his watch with me to make sure we were both right. They didn't have any Peace Tower at Ottawa to give one o'clock whistles over wireless which didn't exist in those days. Granpa and I just checked our time with each other. In 1898, two of the boys left for Africa but only one of them, Bob, was to return. They buried Larry in 1899 on August 12th near the historic battlefield Belvedere. His commander, Sir Edmond LeBlair, mentioned him in dispatches and when the news came from the colonial secretary, a Mr. Churchill, it made Rose, his wife, feel somewhat better. Buck, or rather Pa, and Ma sure missed Larry but they had a minute's silence in Parliament the day they received the news and Buck felt a little better.

Even now I still recall quite distinctly the year 1911 as that was the year the three girls, Mary, Marie and Daisy, went to Europe to finish their education. It was quite fashionable to finish your education by a year's travel in Europe. The house was lonely that year with the girls and Ma in Europe and Buck at Ottawa most of the time. Only the boys were at home but they were most of the time courting the local belles. Young Ronnie was courting a cute young thing just out from England, named Winnie Harding. He was the only one who finally did marry.

Then came 1914 and another war. This time, Ronnie went; but he came home with a little battle wound in March of '17. That was the month his Paw retired from Parliament and the family all moved to Charlottetown. We, the family and I, had a nice old house on the corner of Elm and Chestnut Streets, until the family grew small and we finally moved into an apartment. Occasionally we now heard the patter of little feet around the house as Ronnie's and Winnie's children were born in '31 and '33. Buck never did see either of his two grandchildren as pneumonia took him in '24. In 1954 young Ronnie went off to Europe to prevent a war, we hope. Before I left, the family was narrowed down to Mary her sister-in-law Winnie and Winnie's two children, Wilf and Audie.

All I have today are my memories. I feel I should be down there as I know the family needs me now, although I can afford little in the way of comfort but memories of gayer days. However I can't be there, for I sit up here as a victim of Euthanasia and people who have gone too far, far too far.

Oh, well, it sure is great that somebody remembered to make a haven for retired and unwanted Grandfather Clocks.

BRENDON MCGINN '59—

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