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There was no use for me to go back to school, but I was burning for revenge and bad treatment and vowing vengeance when I would be a man. Well, our teacher became a minister, and I never met him afterwards. If I had, I wonder would his cloth protect him? I'm afraid not; but he has long ago gone to the happy hunting grounds. I will not weary you much longer about my school days for they were too short. I got all the fun I ever got in this dog eat dog world we live in during that time, and now though getting to be an old man, I love the boys that swim, skate, fight if neces? sary, mind you not a bull-dog showing his teeth but the one that can say, "That's e- nough, one word more and look out." On account of us boys being forbidden to go near the river or meddle with boats, we were always on the look-out for to take other people's boats, and for that reason the owners took their oars and sails to a place of safety. The last time we took an? other man's boat for a sail, I well remem? ber. An old man, John Cloak, came up to do some business at the store late in the month of November, 1866. My brother Will and I watched him putting homeward bound hitches on the painter around a bush, then shouldering his sails and oars to take them up and lay them down in front of the store, murmuring to himself that them young rascals of McLeods would not get his i'MiPw Partners In Education/Partenalres en Educatic HALIFAX,NOVA SCOTIA I boat. No sooner was he out of sight than Will said to me, "Dave, let us go for a sail." "But he is watching the oars and sails," I said. "Look," says Will, "you run home for an axe and we will soon make oars and sail too." I went and was soon back with the axe. He had a slab ready to make an oar. When finished he said, "Push her off and we will get a bush for sail." We came ashore'at Mary's brook, cut a bush, trimmed it down and stepped it, and pushed the boat out. It was blowing stiff breeze from the North West and the bush made her trot all right. We were enjoying the sail immensely when a squall struck her and drove her under. When we came up, we struck for the shore. Looking around we could see the bush above water about six feet off. There were two kellecks in the boat that kept her down. We put at once for home. Poor Mother, the dearest and best mother boys ever had, when she saw us she said, "For the love of Mercy where have you boys been?" Says Will, "We were after ducks in the pond, and we didn't get them after all"--and upstairs we went to change our clothes. I heard Fa? ther step on the platform and him saying to Mother, "Did you see the boys. Will and Dave?" She said, "They are upstairs chang? ing their clothes, they got wet at the pond." "Yes, yes, they went and took John Cloak's boat." I well knew what was likely to come and I headed for the back stairs. Port Hawkesbury Motel and Restaurant Twenty-Eight Units, TV, Telephone 60 I Fully Licensed Lyn-Jeen Dining Room "2' Steaks \* Seafood \* Chowders ?o /A SCOTIA """" Educators and representatives of business and community groups are invited to attend this year's Canadian Education Association's National Conven? tion at the Hotel Nova Scotian, September 27-30, to explore existing and potential partnerships for the good of education. For information and pre-registration, contact Mr. Willis Hall, Registration Chairman, P.O. Box 578, Halifax, B3J 2S9. Tel: 424-5991. Pour tout renseignement



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