

couldn't examine everybody in one day, so by the time they finally got to me, some of those who were examined earlier were wearing eye glasses. They were such pretty eye glasses and made everyone look so scholarly that when our turn came, a lot of us lied when the doctors said, "Can you read this?" A lot of us could see perfectly but we all babbled incoherently and said we couldn't see a thing. The doctors shook their heads, looked at us sadly, muttered something about being hopelessly blind and wrote something on an official-looking piece of paper. To make a long story short, we got our glasses in about two weeks. It seemed such a status symbol to wear glasses. And, too, we were to wear them at all times was the directive given to our teachers by the doctors. Lo and behold--when I put mine on for the first time, I was really blind. Not only that--everything was distorted. When I looked down, I felt like I was 10 feet tall because my feet were just about 1/2 inch long and far away. I literally had to grope my way around. Needless to say, we took them off at every opportunity. I guess that's why I can't see good today. Now, I really have to wear glasses.

I remember the time they examined the whole school for tonsils. A person couldn't get out of that. It seemed the proper thing to do was give a good healthy "ah" when the doctor depressed my tongue because I will never know how I escaped the mass butchery that followed. They'd wheel those kids out of that surgery room with their faces black and blue and blood running out of the sides of their mouths. I thought they were dead. Don't ask me how I got in the hospital to see that. I think I took off when I heard they took my two sisters away. But I saw them. I didn't know who to thank for my lucky stars, because even today I still have my tonsils and adenoids. Only trouble is, I snore like a horse, so maybe I wasn't so lucky. Well, in retrospect, I will say this. Being in a Government Boarding School taught me that there were zillions of other kids just like me--some better off, some worse off--and our need to get along. We had to. Another thing I learned to respect was discipline and I mean we were disciplined--but good. They