

TWENTY-TWO

When you start to think about going home
Your first reaction is "Oh, what fun".
Six years have gone since you saw the family,
You're five inches taller and it seems like years older -
John's back from the R.A.F. overseas,
And the house is still there, and Mum and Pop,
And your dog and cat and Patsy the horse,
And what about all the kids whom you knew -
Three are in training and five are engaged,
Four of the fellows won't ever come back,
Some more are at Oxford - some have got jobs -
They've heard of the gang and all that you've done,
So explaining things won't be terribly hard,
But before you're through you'll know just how it felt
To Jackie and Rollo, Ginger and Frank
When they took the gang back home to their friends.

Gee, you've had fun with the kids this last year,
And you'll miss them like heck, "I wish they could come".
They're the screwiest bunch you ever saw
As different as Night and Day and then some.
There's Hopic and Elie - they might come with you,
And Cathy and Chris, who at least have some accent!
My name is Bob Fleming - the first one you know.
And Nancy, remember those days in Toronto?
There's Ayer who's mixed up with skiing and Greece,
And Mead of New York and San Berdoo fame!
Patsy and Jeannie - relentless and patient,
We'll fight together, come hell and high water.
That master of mimicry, Eddie MacRae,
And Les, a genius at things mechanical.
I'll learn to drive yet, but it don't look like here!
Tap, poet laureate, stage man and statesman,
Was spared by the Army on six months leave.
Stella knows every song ever written,
And Joy "two weeks" Lawson - the 8 o'clock 8.
Scott's "bear grease" makes even Krenal ads look pale -
He'll be a statesman for Labor all over the world.
Sue and the Empress Hotel in Victoria,
And Stevenson - she of the high-pitched squeal,
Rollo - the Hunk - goes with Oxnard and tonsils,
He can make even more noise now that they're gone!
McGee's a spokesman for kids in America
(My guidance is Betty fights with us next year) -
And last and best is my old friend Crary,
I dunno just what to say, except thanks
For all that you've ~~it~~ given, the fun we've had.

God gave us the gang to work with and fight for,
You'll miss 'em but some things will always be there -
Yellowstone - the book - Elie's songs - San Berdoo,
Arrowhead - the Board - doing costumes and such,
Covina and Christmas - oranges and preaching!
What you've learned as a ~~gang~~ Gang can go anywhere
Because of this year and your battles together.
God's given a gift time and space cannot break
For we fight as one the whole world to remake.