

must inevitably stir up within us a warm feeling of gratitude and admiration.

This courage and bravery reflects in no small way the resolution and determination of the British people.

—James Morris, '46

HOME IS MOTHER

We people here on "The Island" are lucky; we still have our homes—homes in the real sense of the word, not merely places to use for sleeping and eating. To most of us, home means Mom, Dad and "The Kids" it means comfort and cheer when we need it; it means a place where we can bring our friends and be sure they are welcome; it means that there is always someone to rejoice with us in our happy moments and console us in our sad ones. But is it not true that there is one power behind all this? One who makes "home" what it is? We all know her—we know her better than anyone. She has a simple, easily-pronounced name; it has to be simple, because it is the first name most babies learn. The name, dear reader, is "Mother." Home is Mother.

As I have said, we know what a real home means. But think of the thousands who do not, all the poor unfortunate children whose mothers have left their homes and family responsibilities and gone to work in war industries—these kiddies fare worse than any orphans. They do not have anyone to take care of them; they are left to do as they please, and they do just that, as the alarming increase in juvenile delinquency shows. Mother did not intend things to be this way; she was just a bit bored with the endless routine of housework and baby-tending, and eternally reinforcing young Billy's trousers; she thought it would be "simply marvellous" to be getting a pay envelope of her very own, and being in a position to buy a fur coat and all those other things she had been "simply dying for, for ages." So she went to work, not because she had to, but because she wanted to. And what happened? Home went haywire. There is nobody to cook the dinner; so Dad and the youngsters en-

joy meals consisting of something out of a can plus something out of another can, and maybe some rather doubtful pie or cake. There is nobody to keep the house looking really presentable; so the family do not bother bringing friends home any more—they walk the streets instead. There is nobody to wash and mend; so the children begin to look like something out of a rag-bag while their mother is practically rolling in money. There is nobody to tell the children what time to come home, or to make sure that they do get home at decent hours. So what have we growing up on our doorsteps? Nothing but a nation of self-willed boys and girls. Nobody seems to care what happens to them, and they—poor things—are not old or wise enough to care about themselves. What is to become of them? They are the ones who will be running the country in a few short years, and if something is not done about this situation soon, then it will be too late. If Mother had stayed home where she belongs and always will belong, we would have no cause for worry. But until Mother does come back, there is nothing we can do except pray that she will, and soon, because on her rests the future of our nation.

—*Mary Hennessey*, '46

A HERO'S REQUEST

Evening after evening I watched him while we waited for a streetcar after work. There was something in his quiet manner, pale face, and serious blue eyes that attracted me. He seemed as one apart from the general run of factory workers, yet among them.

Then, one evening he spoke, and we became daily pals for those hurried moments of fighting our way aboard an eastbound King car. If lucky enough to procure seats, we were never sitting together. An inexplicable something seemed to prevent a more intimate friendship between us.

Finally, this strange incident occurred. The car stopped and a lone passenger boarded the already crowded car. She was an imperious-looking woman of middle age,