

THAT THEY MAY LIVE

Mrs. Michaels set aside her sewing and exclaimed, "Now where can that Paddy be? He's half an hour late for supper already and I'm as anxious as can be to know what's in that letter from Father Dennis. I like Father Dennis's letters because, as Paddy says, 'There is none of that silly stuff at the first; he gets right down to business.' They are, or at least I think they are, more like short stories than letters."

"'Tis well I know it, love. Hasn't Paddy read all of them aloud to us ever since Father Dennis was sent to Italy. Molly, why don't you let him donate some blood to the Red Cross? You know how much he wants to, especially now that all the other boys are giving some."

"Peter Michaels, don't start that again. I am not going to let a seventeen year old cripple give away his blood and that's that. Lord knows he needs it bad enough himself, what with trying to keep up with all the other boys in sports and all that. Why, he'd wear himself to death in no time. Don't you start taking his part or he'll be twice as bad. Anyway, there are lots of others donating blood. Here he comes now, and about time."

"Hi dad, hello mom, any mail from Anzio? I was talking to the Red Cross nurse on the way home. Twenty-five more donations today. Five of the gang were down, she said."

"Look on the mantel-piece in the front room. From Father Dennis, I think. Mercy, if that nurse doesn't stop talking to him I'm going to give her a piece of my mind."

"It's from him all right. Want me to read it aloud? I may as well."

'Dear Paddy,

'I am now back at the base hospital behind the lines. The regular padre back here got a transfer to the front so I could have a breather and I certainly welcomed the rest. But now I wish I had never left the lines. Why? Well, it's a rather long story, but I think you'll be interested in it.

'January 29th was a very active day up front. I was very busy, for casualties were heavy. A large number of our boys were wounded and I wanted to see as many as I could. At noon I was talking to that young Island corporal I always mention in my letters and he told me that he and a group of engineers had volunteered for what he called a slightly dangerous job. He was to lead a group of men through the German lines and dynamite a hundred and fifty foot bridge spanning a wide, deep, and very swift river. The river split the German line, so if the bridge could be destroyed over a thousand German soldiers would be trapped, as it was their only avenue of retreat and, as I have already mentioned, they were cut off from their own men by the river. It was pure folly to attempt such a trick, but it was his own proposal and he was determined to see it through. For some reason or other the bridge could not be bombed or shelled, so his was the only way of destroying it. Shortly after dark they set out and crossed to the opposite bank somewhere along our own lines. The river follows a course parallel to our front for a short distance, then makes a ninety degree turn and cuts straight through the German front, and finally makes another right-angled turn and follows behind and parallel to their lines. It is spanned directly behind the enemy lines, so you can imagine the danger our men would encounter. But somehow or other they worked their way through, for at two o'clock the next morning the sky was lit up with a series of explosions that could be heard even above the roar of the big guns. How they did it I don't know and will never find out. The next morning some of us were at the river washing when we saw several soldiers in German uniforms floating down the river. Apparently they were dead. But when they reached a point almost opposite to where we were standing they turned towards the shore. When they reached us we saw, not German soldiers as we had expected, but what was left of our own courageous group of engineers. The corporal was lying on a raft improvised from two planks, but his men were able to float without assistance. All were rather seriously wounded. The corporal was in very bad condition and had to be carried to safety. He was immediately sent back to the base hospital for an operation upon which his life depended. His mission, the most courageous of the war, was highly

successful, for we captured almost all of the trapped German soldiers.

'A week later I was transferred to the hospital and the first man I asked for on my arrival was the Island corporal. The officials informed me that the operation had been highly successful but that he had died soon after because of an excessive loss of blood. I was grieved to learn of his death but was still more deeply grieved when I later learned the reason he had died was that there had been no plasma available for the immediate transfusion necessary to save his life. When I realize that a most valiant and heroic soldier has lost his life in a daring action because of the shameful lack of a sense of duty on the part of those he fought for, because those he left behind did not realize how great a contribution he was making to the welfare of his people, to his country, to the whole world, and, greater still, to his God, I offer a grateful prayer to Him that there are still boys like you back in Canada who realize the obligation of supporting our men in the forces in every way possible, which includes giving some of their blood that these men may live too. Paddy boy, if people would learn to realize how precious even one pint of blood is on a battle field, a pint of blood that all, in the safety of their homes, could well afford to donate, many more of our brave lads would be saved to live in the free world they are fighting to give us.

'Will you do something for me, Paddy? It's not very much, but it's very important. Will you conduct your own private "Donate Blood Campaign" in your own little town? I'll wager there are a good many there who think it would finish them if they gave a drop of their precious blood, many more who think the pain would be too much, although the greatest pain is suffered when they prick the donor's finger with a pin to test the blood, and even more, who, in their carelessness, do not think one more pint would help very much and so do not bother to make a trip to the Red Cross station. Convince them of the urgent need for plasma and of the very great importance of the least amount that can be donated. You know what to say without any prompting from me, so I'll leave it up to you; but make a pledge right now to get at least ten new donors per week.

'Well, my duty calls now so I'll have to leave. Keep

up the letters for I enjoy them a great deal more than those I receive from people older than you.

'With the kindest regards and sincerest hopes I am

Your friend,

'Father Denny.' "

Paddy lowered the paper. No one spoke a word for a minute or two but all present knew what was running through both Paddy's and his mother's minds.

"Paddy, dear, I think the number is 2467-L. Tell the nurse to arrange for two new donors."

—*J. E. Green*, '47.



SAINTS IN ARMS

We see them in dank trenches filled with mud,
Their young, determined faces pale and worn,
Paying the price of freedom with their blood,
And facing certain death with reckless scorn.

We see them on some sandy desert knoll,
Bravely enduring burning heat and dust;
Around them the artillery's crash and roll;
We trusted them; they shall not break our trust.

We see them on a snow-clad mountain side,
Still grimly fighting in a gunner's nest;
With blood the snow-draped mountain slope is dyed,
And forms the colours of their College crest.

We see them in all corners of the world;
No matter where they are, they have in view
This end, that freedom's flag remain unfurled.
We hail you, worthy sons of S. D. U.

—*Joseph J. MacDonald*, '46