

Perhaps I would have heard more had I not been interrupted. I certainly would have liked to for I still thought that the old fashioned ideas, although they may not seem to us to be as much fun, were certainly more decent and polite than ours. But my entertainers left—much as they had come, through a door in my imagination. No, no one else had seen them, no one else had heard them. Little matter, for they are mine, my own little old man and woman, and I doubt if anyone else would understand them.

Someone once said that there never will be such a thing as a time machine, no machine will ever bring back the years that have gone.

To him I say, God gave us all one, if we but know how to use it.

— Contributed.

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## Medicine In War

The War which has just ended was a war of new weapons, far more accurate and deadly than any that have ever been used before. In hundreds of books and magazines, on the radio and in the motion pictures, the power of these weapons have been broadcast.

But there is another kind of weapon that played just as important a part in the winning of this war; a type of weapon that is little discussed and less well known than any of new planes or tanks. I speak of the new medical weapons that save lives.

To a substantial degree, medicine and surgery have already gone far to counter-balance the destructive power of our modern war weapons.

It was the new drugs, the new devices and techniques, which maintained the fighting strength of our troops at a higher level than ever before. These weapons were vital to the maintenance of morale and the will to fight in the face of mechanized destruction.

Military medicine has kept pace with the development of war itself. During the first World War, despite all the advances of medicine in the hundred years before, the men responsible for maintaining the health of armies were helpless against a score of scourges which today we can, and do, control and defeat.

Usually it is not the trick of some single operation —



some individual wonder of science. It is rather the sum of an almost infinite series of small discoveries that grow together and multiply until, all at once, all the basic principles of any branch of medicine have been discovered and combined to form a new fighting weapon for the medical corps. That is what is happening today in military medicine. The troops of World War II have profited by the mistakes and experience of medical men in previous wars.

The Army Medical Corps has a long tradition of public service. Yet in all our previous wars it has suffered from the lack of preparation. The medical arm of our fighting forces has had to be created anew every time we engaged in hostilities. By the time each war ended our medical officers had, through experiences gained in battle, developed a form of organization well suited to the type of war but this development went on only during the war. Naturally it was the wounded who suffered from this in needless deaths and countless days of pain. Then when wars ended, the medical men returned to civil life and soon forgot most of what they had learned in the field, and failed to pass their knowledge on to the next generation. With each succeeding war, the process was repeated.

Field surgery is a fusion of medicine and military art. It is a compromise between the ideals of medicine and the hard necessities of battle — a compromise that varies with every war and every battle. There is a conflict between the purely military point of view regarding casualties and the purely medical viewpoint.

The military point of view is that it was more important to treat the lightly wounded than to save the gravely injured. The medical men, on the other hand, have been taught that the saving of life is his highest goal. It is against his profession to neglect some lives in order to put others back into the fight more quickly. The morale of the army is not greater than the morale of the soldier and the morale of the soldier is dependent to a great extent on his hopes of obtaining the best medical care.

Under the stress of a new war the medical problem has been re-examined. In previous wars the wounded patients were brought to the medical posts. In World War II, in most of the cases which were not of the utmost emergency, medical aid was brought to the patient first and thus countless lives were saved in that grim ride back to the lines.

We have the sulfa drugs, we have bottled and dried blood, new forms of treatment and new surgical procedures.



We have remedies for malaria without which we could never hope to fight in the tropics. Most important of all we have developed a high level of bringing these and countless other discoveries to the individual soldier on the battlefield.

LEONARD MacDONALD '49

## Vie Et Poesie.

Il est des jours où l'homme n'est plus lui-même: ses yeux se ferment; son âme s'ouvre; il a soif d'horizons nouveaux. Il voudrait fouler à ses pieds toute cette escorte de matériel qui l'enchaîne à la terre, d'où il fut tiré. Il tente de s'évader, de rompre ses liens et de s'enfoncer un instant, dans le bleu du ciel, dans la noirceur de la nuit, dans le sourire des campagnes et le son des cloches pour devenir le ciel, cette nuit, la campagne ou ces cloches et respirer leur poésie comme on respire une bouffée de mistral.

Alors, l'homme s'est fui pour connaître d'avantage; il n'en est devenu que plus homme, car connaître c'est devenir plus encore. Et l'homme est devenu poète.

“Heureux celui qui peut d'une aile vigoureuse,  
s'élancer vers les champs lumineux et sereins;  
Celui dont les pensées, comme les alouettes  
Vers les cieux, le matin, prennent un libre essor;  
Qui plane sur la vie et comprend sans effort,  
Le langage des fleurs et des choses muettes”.

(Baudelaire)

Ainsi est le trouvère qui fut envoyé vers les hommes pour semer ses rêves et ses chimères tel l'automne laisse ses feuilles voler au vent. Il donne la tendresse, la joie et le bonheur aux désabusés. Il permet aux hommes de goûter à la beauté. Il cisèle des poèmes pour tous les goûts. Et son souvenir est immortel.

Tant que les humains seront capables de pleurer, ils aimeront Malherbe:

“Mais elle était du monde où les plus belles choses  
Ont le pire destin  
Et rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses  
L'espace d'un matin.”

Tant que les humains auront de la nostalgie pour leur patelin, ils reliront DuBellay:

“Quand reverrais-je, hélas! de mon petit village  
Fumer la cheminée?”

Tant que les humains demanderont de la douceur, ils