

in the third to hurl 14 shots at Shepherd, four of which beat him. Gaston Roy, Daley, Paul Davey and Miner MacDonald scored for the Saints.

In summary one might say that the Saints look, by and large, suspiciously like last year's aggregation, possibly a bit weaker defensively and unpredictable in the nets, but generally strong. They should hold their own in intercollegiate play, and will be a squad to be reckoned with in Island Senior B encounters. They are a grimly determined outfit who, in the words of the Parkdale coach, "don't know when they are beaten."

## College Chronicle

As soon as we returned to college this year, we began to learn of the many changes which had been made in our Old Home during the summer months.

In the faculty, new offices had been created and there were replacements in old ones. The most significant change installed Father Sullivan as Rector in place of Monsignor MacKenzie who left us to become parish priest in the new parish of Parkdale. Mr. Cullen Delory resigned from the faculty and was replaced by Mr. Clair Callaghan. Father Adrien Arsenault has returned from Surbonne in Paris, where he was taking classical courses. Father Ellsworth became Spiritual Director with Fathers Landrigan and Simpson on the Spiritual Committee. Father George MacDonald was appointed Dean of Men and also Chairman of the Board of Discipline. The last Committee to be organized was the Committee on Extra Curricular Affairs with Father Walter MacGuigan as Chairman. The final office to be filled was that of Principal of High School with Father Francis Ledwell as the first principal.

And we noticed alterations in the rooming arrangement. This year all High School boarders are in Main Building. This was made possible through the cancellation of the Commercial course, and so the rooms in Main Building formerly occupied by commercial students can now be occupied by those in Grade Twelve.

And speaking of Main Building, it too has not escaped the revolutionary spirit. To the eastern entrance, opened last year, a veranda and porch, similar to the one before the front entrance has been added and inside, the venerable edifice has received a repainting.



**Red and White** is also happy to report that the graduates of '56 are either employed or taking advanced studies. Three of the graduates are studying for the priesthood. Louis McClosky and Art Seaman are in the Grand Seminaire, Quebec, and John Walsh is with the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society in Toronto. Several graduates are now teaching. Sister St. Veronica of Calvary, C.N.D., is teaching Grade Eleven at Notre Dame Convent in Charlottetown, Corinne Duffy is teaching in Arvida, Quebec, while three former saints are teaching on the Island; Gloria Feehan is teaching down East in Savage Harbour, Leo McGinn here in the High School at St. Dunstan's, and Bill Cameron in Alberton. Rosella Devine and Vernon Richards are studying social work, the former at Ottawa University, and the latter at the Maritime School of Social Work in Halifax. Four Graduates are studying medicine, Wilfred Gillis and Lewis MacDonald are at Dalhousie, Bill O'Flaherty at McGill, and Germain Lemieux at Laval. Dick Wedge is at home in Summerside working and taking a course in pharmacy. Leo O'Quinn is studying meteorology at Ottawa University, and Eugene Mooney and Fernand Poulin are still "saints" as they have returned to take courses in engineering.

As for the remainder of the class, several are working in banks; Earl Handrahan is with the Bank of Commerce in Montreal, and Rodney MacInnis is in the same city with the Bank of Montreal. Gerald MacLellan is with the Royal Bank in Toronto. St. Clair Trainor is working for Dominion Housing and Mortgaging in Ottawa, Noel MacMillan is with the Department of Fisheries in Halifax, John F. MacDonald is working for C.I.L. in Montreal, and Mike Lemieux is employed in his home town of Windsor East, Quebec. Finally, working for the Hudson Bay Comapny in Winnipeg, are Russel MacInnis and Urban MacLellan.

The Executive Council of the Students' Union has already met several times this year. Their meetings were presided over by George Mullally, President of the Students' Union; with Vice-President, Mike Swift, and Secretary-Treasurer, John Conran. Besides these three officers, there is also an Executive Committee which attends the meetings of the executive council. The secretaries of all campus societies and the class presidents of high school and college years make up the executive committee. The class presidents from senior year to Grade Ten inclusive are: Leo Doiron, Donald MacDougall, Paul Davey, Ian MacDonald, Edward Morrison, Bernard MacNeil, and Thomas Buggy. Father James Kelly is the faculty advisor.

The Executive Council of the A.A.A. has also taken office. This year's officers are Elmer Hammill, President; John R. MacDonald, Vice-President; and Adelbert Roche, Secretary-Treasurer. The Executive Committee was appointed by the officers and now we have Gerald Murphy as Manager of Football; Phil Pineau, Manager of Track and Field; F. Gillis, Manager of Hockey; Frank MacDonald, Manager of Handball, Volleyball, and Ping-



Pong. Ed Morrison also votes in the A.A.A. executive council meetings as the representative of high school. Father Walter MacGuigan is the Moderator.

The Dramatics Society has also been organized, and has already begun work on a play which will go on tour after Christmas. The officers of this society are Edward Baird, President; Maureen Beagan, Vice-President; and Tony Spencely, Secretary-Treasurer. Father Adrien Arseneault is the Moderator.

The Glee Club is also making itself felt on the campus. It has already made one appearance—at the Alumni Reunion—and it sponsors a Music Appreciation programme each Sunday evening. The officers in the Glee Club this year are Thomas Swift, President; Doreen Cusack, Vice-President; and Gerald Burns, Secretary-Treasurer. The executive committee has Reginald MacKenna as Vice-President in charge of music; Cyril Byrne, in charge of publicity, and Charlie Sark, the high school representative. Father Adrien Arseneault is the moderator.

The Co-eds have reorganized the Sigma Delta Upsilon Sorority for this year. They have decided to emphasize the cultural aspect through the presentation of guest speakers, and they intend to promote basketball and badminton among the girls. The officers of the society are as follows: President, Nancy Gillis; Vice-President, Marjorie Aker; Secretary-Treasurer, Mary Cameron. An executive committee consisting of Mary Elaine Trainor, representing the young ladies of the sophomore class; Mary Claire Smith, representing the freshman; Arlene Dowling, chairman of the social committee; Beverley Howard, chairman of the cultural committee; and Doreen Cusack, chairman of the religious committee, assists the officers in the activities of the Sorority. The moderator is Father Lawrence Landrigan.

The Executive Council of the Saint Dunstan's Unit of the Maritime Intercollegiate Debating League has this year the added responsibility and honor of being the executive for the Maritime organization. Already this year, it has planned and carried out a successful conference here at the college, and has held all the trial debates for the intercollegiate teams. The executive council is composed of Ian Gillies as President for the unit and for the Maritimes; Donald MacDougall, Vice-President for the unit and for the Maritimes; Leo Peddle, Secretary-Treasurer of the St. Dunstan's unit and councillor for the Maritimes organization. Mary Elaine Trainor is a councillor of the unit, and Secretary for the Maritimes, and Michael Quigley is a councillor for the St. Dunstan's unit. Father Frederick L. Cass is the moderator of the unit.

The Saint Dunstan's unit of the Canadian Federation of Catholic College Students is again organized on our campus. James S. Noonan is President this year for his second term, Lawrence Gallant is the Vice-President, and Frank Gillis is the Secretary-Treasurer. Our unit works in conjunction with all the other



Catholic Colleges across Canada in promoting the various projects proposed by the federation. This year's national project is the same as last year's, viz. the promotion of higher education among high school students.

An organization somewhat similar to C.F.C.C.S., C.C.S.M.C., the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade is a society designed to help the missions by stimulating the student body to aid the missions by prayer and financial assistance. The officers of C.C.S.M.C. are as follows: President, Desmond Connolly; Vice-President, Charles Campbell; Secretary-Treasurer, Bob King. The executive committee aiding these officers is made up of Emery Robichaud, Robert MacDonald, Edward Morrison, and Donald Myrick.

An international flavor to campus activities is noticeable this year with the reorganization of the St. Dunstan's Unit of the World University Service Committee. The President Mike Quigley, who attended a W.U.S.C. conference at the University of Montreal on October 5th and 7th, has assured us that again this year W.U.S.C. will sponsor the February formal as it did the Treasure Van. The other officers in the unit are Mary Elaine Trainor, Vice-President, and Ronald Bulger, Secretary-Treasurer. The executive committee of W.U.S.C. has a representative from each college year and one from high school. From senior year to the high school representative they are: Arlene Dowling, Willard McCarron, Edward LeClair, Louis Doucette and Ed Morrison.

It is through the National Federation of Canadian University Students or N.F.C.U.S. that Canadian university students are brought together in national thought and spirit. Mike Swift, our N.F.C.U.S. president, represented St. Dunstan's at the N. F. C. U.S. conference at Carleton College. No special N.F.C.U.S. committee has been appointed on the campus, but the W.U.S.C. executive council with the exception of the W.U.S.C. president becomes the N.F.C.U.S. executive when the occasion demands.

The year's first big social get-together at the college was in the Alumni Gymnasium on October 2. It was the Freshman Reception—a dignified alternative to the slapstick initiations. A committee of faculty members and students planned the programme which consisted in the welcoming of the freshmen of each faculty by the upper classmen of the faculty. This welcoming consisted in variety numbers to which the freshmen responded with their own talent and then were introduced individually by the Master of Ceremonies. This system was repeated until all the faculties were presented. The programme was concluded with songs by the French Chorus under the direction of Father Arsenault. Richard Noonan skillfully M.C.'d the somewhat complicated proceedings which were followed by a buffet-style lunch and square dancing.



Already in this chronicle, mention has been given to the M.I. D.L. regional conference at the College on October 6th and 7th. However, the success of this conference warrants more extensive treatment.

The conference, presided over by Ian Gillies, President of the St. Dunstan's Unit, was singular in its geniality and brevity. Before the sessions began, the delegates were the guests of the Unit at a dance on Saturday evening, and this spirit of friendliness continued during the conference. In one two-and-a-half hour session the constitution of the M.I.D.L. was discussed, and a resolution aimed at the barring of women debaters from the M.I. D.L. was defeated.

With the conclusion of the Sunday afternoon session, the sixteen delegates representing St. Francis Xavier, St. Thomas, St. Mary's Mount Allison, U.N.B. Law, Acadia, Dalhousie, and King's, left for their respective colleges with a higher opinion of St. Dunstan's because of the success of the conference which the Unit had conducted.

The College's first sponsored dance of the season, the **Red and White** dance, was held at the Rollaway Club on November 6. Although this dance was not the most successful the **Red and White** has ever sponsored, all those present had the good time typical of these annual affairs.

The final social evening of the campus to date was the Alumni Reunion, the first since the Centennial. Besides the Alumni, the senior class, the co-eds, and their dates, were invited, and many of the faculty members attended.

After Dr. Joe MacMillan called a square dance, Mr. E. Somerled Trainor M.C.'d a variety show consisting of numbers by Kay and Elmer Gallant, the Glee Club, and the Laval Chorus. The evening was concluded with a buffet lunch, a dance featuring the Downtowners, and with the unanimous agreement that there should be more Alumni get-togethers in the future.

On November 4, the students and faculty of the University, and others too, were treated to a lecture by Miss Elizabeth Reid, an Australian born foreign correspondent and newspaper editor. Miss Reid, as a member of The Grail, an international woman's lay apostolate movement, lived in Hong Kong since 1948. In Hong Kong she was the editor of **The Sunday Examiner**, the diocesan newspaper. As editor she has interviewed most of the 6,000 missionary refugees from Red China and it was through them and other sources that she learned first-hand of the tactics of the Communists and of the trials of the Faithful.

In her inspiring lecture, entitled "Asia Today", she told us of these tactics, and of how the aim of Communism is not only to control the private property of men, but also their bodies and souls. She reminded us of the challenge Communism offers the



Church Blossoming; she mapped out the strategy to relieve the Church Suffering, and she also informed us that all that is left now is for us to respond to the challenge and follow the strategy. Miss Reid also spoke at the Catholic Youth Festival which was held that afternoon.

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### ORATORY—A LOST ART

Today's connotation of the term oratory is an obtrusive one. It suggests a variety of meanings. To business men it means to spout. To college students it means to speak with high sounding language on abstract things. For many it has too much of a classical taste. In any case, the business-like spirit of our times is the main reason for this. People don't seem to have time to spend on the tedious cultivation of this discipline. And indeed it is a discipline—one of the highest order. But people fail to realize that to develop the art of speaking is an art that develops their high nature as thinking human beings expressing their thoughts. In developing a subject to its fullest in speaking requires the use of rhetoric (the art of persuasion), logic (the art of correct reasoning) and proper expression. Oratory at its best is a dramatic art. It has inestimable capacities and means of being vivified and strengthened in appeal. Most of all it presents what most people today demand—variety. That is there are a diversity of ways of organizing the subject matter and the technique of delivery.

The heights of oratory were reached by the ancient clacissists Demosthenes and Cicero. Concerning the development of the subject matter of oratory, Cicero advised that we train the mind in careful and assiduous composition. The other aspect of oratory was developed by Demosthenes who advised that we should speak rapidly in clear cut language well enunciated. That is, we should not speak slowly as to give the impression that we are in heavy meditation. This fatal mistake only makes the speaker too subjective and serves only to make the listeners aware that the speaker is imposing his ideas upon them. It is not the sign of a strong speaker of conviction. The Greek orator, Demosthenes, as a youth would wander down to the shore and speak with pebbles in his mouth so as to bring clarity to his voice and make his diction authoritative. Although subject material and the technique of delivery are two distinct parts of oratory, they can at times be brought together, and for purposes of emphasis one may serve the other. For example, a piece of material (as an anecdote, story, analogy, emotional appeal) may be built up so as to bring out a strong asset in the speaker's delivery. This is one means of exerting a communicative atmosphere with the audience. For to do so is to raise the listeners to a higher level of stimulation. Since thinking is a clear-cut natural process, it is to manifest one's confidence in the audience that a speaker expresses ideas in the same



way that he thinks them. Oratory then consists merely in projecting one's ideas by a well rounded manner of bringing forth the most contained in them.

Perhaps much of the effectiveness in oratory today has been destroyed by the modern use of the microphone. This device is a mere hitching post for the speaker, one which destroys originality and takes the joy out of the speaker's freedom to move about and make natural gestures. This also tends to destroy the speaker's incentive for he might just as well read off his composition. Sir Winston Churchill is no doubt our sole surviving orator. We see, in addition to his amazing memory, evidence of his great presence of mind in surveying the situation. It is through the human element expressed in a personality that moves and inspires an audience. The contagious spirit which a gifted speaker emits is an example of true art. The most significant effects that come to the student of public speaking are quite tangible; they consist in broadening the educational scope, and seasoning his development as a thinker. It is one of the most satisfying experiences because it is not only creative (that is only one half of oratory) but what is even more important to any student, it is expressive. The true manner of expression imbues an individual, rounding out his education and giving it depth. I am sure within the scope of our own college, the opportunities to develop the art of oratory are well available to everyone.

—EDITORIAL—

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### FROM HOME TO BATTLE

The term "war" has always had a resounding effect on the mind of any individual. But when that individual realizes what that term in fact signifies, there is a transition in its effect from resounding to astounding. The results of wars in the past have produced devastating effects on both the human and material elements of any country involved. Of these two we need not hesitate to say that the sacrifice of human life in a process such as war is a fact which we cannot overlook. To those who have been called to war, and who either died or survived, credit is in great part due, because their efforts have managed to keep our country a free nation. In those homes where soldiers were born, sadness and suffering prevailed, for nothing hurts more than to lose something which is most dear to us—and what can be more dear to us than a member of our own family. I shall cite an example of this parallel of misery levied on a home which has sent a member to fight the aggressive foe.

The story is of one Don Scales, born on a farm near South Battleford, Sask., and one of those many young men who were chosen for active service.



It was September, 1941, and farmers throughout the west were busying themselves in the peak of harvesting the year's wheat crop. One of those farmers was nineteen year old Don Scales. Don's father had died of pneumonia ten years previously, and Don being the oldest, was left to carry on his father's duties towards his mother, fourteen year old Joan, and sixteen year old Jim. Though the family had to work very hard for a living, nowhere could there be found a happier one. But this happiness was to revert to sadness this very September.

One evening Don came home after a hard day gathering grain; he was tired, but was whistling as he walked briskly into the house.

"Hi, Sis" he said teasingly to Joan. Then to his mother, 'what's for supper, Ma?"

"Oh, trout; Jim was fishing this afternoon and for some reason or other luck was on his side. By the way, there's a letter for you on the window. It's from the recruiting office. Looks mighty important."

Don strutted over to the window, retrieved the letter, tore the end out of it, and brought forth the contents. It read:

"You, Donald Joseph Scales, have reached your nineteenth birthday and, according to Sec. 6, Art. 72 of the War Services Act, are now eligible for armed service overseas. You are asked to report to this unit for medical examinations, and other necessary examinations 7 Sept. 41."

Don laid the open letter on the table. It's from the Army Recruiting office at Saskatoon," he said slowly "they want me to enlist. I have to report Sept. 7".

A wave of gloom crept over his mother's face as she picked up the summons. She was absolutely motionless for several minutes then she broke the silence excitedly:

"Write 'em and tell 'em that you can't go. Tell them that your father is dead and that you have to look after the farm. Besides you are far too young to go off to war like that."

Silence reigned once more among the household. Finally, Don came to the rescue:

"No, Ma. If they want me, I must go. Look at all the thousands of boys my own age who have left for overseas, some of them never to return. Why shouldn't I go even, though it may seem an unreasonable demand; someone has to go over there and save our country, and I have no reason for being excused. No, Ma, I'll report to them in the morning. If they take me I will go, after all is said and done I really haven't much choice in the matter."

His mother was somewhat disturbed with Don's answer but she agreed that if they wanted him he must go.



Early next morning Don drove to Saskatoon and reported to the recruiting unit. It was but a short time before he was advised that he was medically fit. They then gave him a general knowledge test which he passed with high marks, and thus he was declared officially in the King's army. They issued him, air transportation, to London, England, and ordered him to leave Sept. 13.

When Don returned he gave the story to his mother who immediately burst into tears. Don consoled her that everything would be okay and that he must try and finish harvesting in the next six days. Those six days were short, but in that time he finished harvesting and organized things as best he could for Jim who was about to take over as bread winner of the family.

The thirteenth and the day of Don's departure quickly arrived. Don was nervous because this, with the exception of a few business visits to Saskatoon, would be his debut out of the farming area of South Battleford. It was going to be tough out on his own away from the family. Don wondered if he could take it.

"Remember," his mother said humbly, "remember what I always taught you ever since you were knee-high?"

"Yes, Ma" recalled Don, "perseverance. I will do my best. Don't worry."

Don would have never left the farm his father had slaved to save for him except for the army. Even at the command of the government he didn't care to do so, because to him leaving that farm which had been his glory and joy since he left the cradle was a grievous offense against his father—an act which would appear to grossly insinuate his distaste for an established and prided gift of heredity. However, the war was on now, and he was among those who had been chosen to defend and if necessary to die for their homeland. He pondered over the success of his past nineteen years; then he peered into a future of uncertainty—a period of uncertainty. In the midst of this dilemma he imagined he could hear his father defend his cause by saying:

"Son I hate to see you go, but you will be fighting for your country and indirectly for your mother and father. If anything should happen remember it is for us—be good and God bless you."

"Dad would have said those words if he was living,"

That last morning was a torturous one indeed. He took one last look around the farm, packed the luggage in the car, and soon he was accompanied by the whole family, even Shep, the collie who had followed Don everywhere he went for the past two years.

They left the farm at 8.00 a.m. in order to insure more than ample time to reach the 10.30 take-off. Don drove, but driving this time was not the fun it had been so many times before. His heart was heavy. He thought of so many who had gone never to

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return. Would this happen to him? He would do his best; God would decide the rest. There was one partial consolation, however, his army pay would be enough to support the family while he was gone; still finances were not the only thing in life, love was much more important. Love of his mother, love of his family, love of the farm. Yet there was no use in lamenting over the situation for it would avail nothing, but he could not help it. The journey to the airport was a sad one indeed; his mother was in tears, Jean and Jim had long drawn faces, and Don was submerged in meditation of the experiences at hand.

They reached the terminal in plenty of time—about forty-five minutes before take-off. But those last moments passed so quickly, for soon his kitbags and suitcases were picked up and he was asked to get aboard. Here came the crucial moment of final departure. He hugged his mother, kissed Joan, shook hands with Jim, and gave Shep a pat on the head. Words choked in his throat and all he was able to say was "Jim, take good care of them." He turned slowly and started up the ramp to the plane. He could hardly make it but his legs were finally successful.

The stewardess gave him a seat at the rear of the plane, told him that they would be leaving in just a few minutes and that he had better fasten his safety belt, and queried if there was anything in particular he might need. He satisfied her by replying everything was fine. Inside the plane, the beauty of this model of man's creation would have caught the attention of anyone; outside the propellers set the air for yards around in turbulence. However, all this was of little interest to Don in his moment of trial. Suddenly the plane began to taxi up the runway. At the head of the runway the plane turned about, warmed up for a few minutes and then started back down again with increasing acceleration. About half way down the runway the plane began to lift, signalled a good-bye to the earth below, and informed Don that he and this crowded transcontinental were off on the first leg of a three-leg flight to England. Saskatoon to Montreal, Montreal to Gander, and Gander to London. As the plane flew over the terminal he got one last look at the family. There they were on the steps of the terminal waving as their chosen member ascended into the airy distance.

Curious to know what the country looked like Don peered down from his window. A magnificent sight met his eyes from below: the extensive mass of wheat fields, the streams that wended their way through the countryside, the farmhouses like so many dice tossed over the earth, the cushions of green forests; all these and many more physical features of God's creation gave loneliness a second place within Don—at least for the time being. At times the plane would ascend to higher elevations to rid itself of that collective dispersion of vapor known as cloud. Numerous times the stewardess came around with chiclets, newspapers, magazines, anything to keep the passengers content during the trip.



And so in this way the hours passed until they touched ground at Dorval Airport, Montreal at 3.30 p.m. They stopped at Dorval for approximately an hour, time enough to permit Don to unlimber from his jaunt out of the west, and to get a very limited glimpse of Canada's largest city before mounting a Trans Atlantic Airlines plane for Gander and London at 4.35 p.m. Flying over Montreal revealed to him the immensity of a metropolis he had never dreamed of seeing—so great in comparison to the little South Battleford he knew back home.

From Montreal to Gander perfect flying weather showed below the picturesque St. Lawrence River, the grey rocks of the Laurentians, the hills of northern New Brunswick (one of the little Maritime provinces he had read about in his geography), the craggy bushland of Gaspé, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the green spruce carpet of Newfoundland. They arrived at Gander at sunset (7.00 p.m.) and remained there long enough to allow the servicing crew time to refuel and give the plane its usual checkover before that giant mechanical eagle mounted once more into the heavens.

As they took off from Gander, Don became veiled in a mist of loneliness once again. There was nothing below but darkness, behind him lay Canada (he had never used the term in the sense that he used it now), before him the vast expanse of the Atlantic with England his destination. Don soon fell asleep only to be awakened several times by the sudden drop of the plane as it crossed through air pockets. Again he slept soundly, for when he woke he woke with a thud—the runway—land—England. Yes, it was England, the place where he must commence life anew under the yoke of military discipline. The clock on the wall told him that it was 2.15 a.m. Slowly he recalled that he had been flying almost continuously for the past sixteen hours.

Finally, the big transport came to a halt and all occupants began to file out. As Don alighted he remarked a severe looking chap in khaki dress who soon proposed himself as an ME driver from Camp Lancaster about fifty miles east of London. He ordered Don, and twenty other boys who had arrived a short time before Don, to pack their equipment into a waiting bus outside the terminal. The tone of this individual's voice echoed through Don's head and something seemed to caution him "look what you have to live with for the next two years—men like this one."

The drive to Camp Lancaster was a speedy one. The boys were given rooms for the remainder of the night and ordered to report to the Orderly Sgt. at 9.00 that morning.

Don reported to the Orderly Sgt. at the appointed hour. As he entered the office he was addressed as "L15960 Pte. D. J. Scales". Don, somewhat confused by this new salutation, hesitatingly replied:



"Y-yes sir" as he realized that this would be his name as long as he wore an army uniform.

Although the Sgt. seemed very stern at first, it was not long until Don recognized that he was one of the finest men he would ever meet. The Sgt. assigned Don to a Camp and to platoon A6, checked his kit for deficiencies; issued him with a key to his locker, a rifle and a trench pack. Last, but most important, he gave Don a verbal precis of the rules, discipline, and organization of the Camp. As a parting note he informed Don that his platoon would be going out on a sixteen week scheme commencing the very next day.

Don's first day was spent in becoming acquainted with the place, and writing home to give them an account of his journey and to tell them not to worry as he was getting along fine.

The next day, Sept. 15, he and 600 other recruits entered a typical training area seventy miles from Camp where they would spend the next sixteen weeks on an indoctrination scheme. This brought them into the most desolate piece of land one could ever wish to see: woods, scrubs, swamps, streams, rocks, sand, artificial battle lines, and forty acres of thorn bushes. Since their training was for actual battle, nowhere else might they find a better situation.

During those sixteen weeks, they were given lectures on and participation in drill, section planning, range firing, the conquering of all possible physical obstructions (large barbed wire fences, rock walls, mudholes, etc.), digging trenches and sleeping in them, crawling for miles on one's stomach over the roughest of ground, and contact warfare. This was real suffering but no one seemed to mind. It appeared as though they forever realized that six hundred other men and thousands before them, were going and had gone through this same ordeal. They sensed the duty that lay on the shoulders of each and every one of them—the duty of maintaining world freedom.

On Jan. 2, 1942, a demand for a contingent of Canadian soldiers to go to France was sent to all the army camps throughout England. On Jan 10, upon completion of their indoctrination scheme, the answer came from Camp Lancaster with the departure of six hundred Canadian troops including Don Scales to Cap d'Amiens.

The onslaught of the German forces brought this contingent almost immediately to the front lines. However, Don's exploits on the front were short-lived for on Feb. 2, Don and eighty other men of that contingent were killed. Immediate word was sent to his mother at South Battleford, Saskatchewan. It read:



"Your son, Donald Joseph Scales, died of wounds 2 Feb 42. Will be buried in Cap d'Amiens, France. Details will be sent later."

Five months previous Don was busying himself with the harvest in the midst of the wheat fields of Saskatchewan; now he lay a fallen soldier beneath the thundering bellows of machine-gun fire in France. Though it seemed useless that anything but sadness could exist in the family, they did content themselves by assenting that Don was probably happier now than he had ever been in life.

This is the sad story that war has imposed not only on the Scales family, but on families throughout the world.

Only those families who have experienced the cruelty, heart-ache, and general suffering that accompanies war can really recite with fervor:

"In Flanders Fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place, and in the sky,  
The larks still bravely singing, fly.

—ST. CLAIR FISHER '58—