

If we are blind and unreasoning party men, we are to blame for the weaknesses of democracy.

What, then, must we citizens do? We must keep ourselves well informed on the political situation, on the political needs of our country and province. When an election is held we must vote, and we must vote for the right reasons. That means that we must not sell our vote. It also means that we must vote for a candidate because we consider him an honest and able man and a worthy representative of our constituency, or because his party is pledged to policies that we consider beneficial to our country or province. It means that we must break the power of the party machine over us, a power that now condemns any independent candidate to the almost inevitable losing of his deposit. It means that we must be not Liberals or Conservatives but citizens. It means that we must vote for the man or the policy, and not for the bribe or the party. It means, in a word, that we must realize, and act on the realization, that citizens of a democracy have duties as well as rights. This is the challenge that the times present to us. Are we big enough to meet it?

—*H. L. Johnston.*

MORE NEWS FROM OVERSEAS

(The following is an excerpt from a letter received from Alphonsus Campbell, '37, who has been overseas for quite some time as Supervisor of Knights of Columbus huts—Ed.)

When we began our rapid advance through Sicily in July, we naturally found the people, the language, and the country strange. With my knowledge of French and Latin, however, I did not find the language difficult and was soon able to read it without much trouble. The first thing to strike me was the profusion of printed signs and slogans on walls, houses, stone fences,—everywhere. Along the new highways huge signs proclaimed, "IL Duce a Noi," "Viva IL Duce" (IL Duce, he is our man, Long Live IL Duce); these were placed there by Mussolini himself, probably when he opened the new highways.

In one battered town where the people begged for "biscotti" (biscuits), "scarpe" (shoes), and cigarettes was a grandiose sign on a street intersection, "Mussolini a sempre ragione," (Mussolini is always right). It would have been very funny if the situation had not been one of such misery. I wondered how right they thought him then. I could imagine him strutting about there, a very "asinus portans mysteria" (a fool trying to look important).

The Sicilians must have been hard to persuade, for everywhere one turned he could see exhortations, "credere, ubbidire, combattere," (believe, obey, fight). Italians, in general, made a fairly good job of the first two—they did believe, they did obey, but they made a sorry job of the fighting. They did believe "vinceremo" (we shall conquer). The prophet was speaking, not a Cassandra, unfortunately, but the opposite—he foretold falsely and was believed.

One hot, dry day we were bumping along a rough, dusty road, over a ruined railway crossing. Streams of peasants, heading south, passed us; long lines of Italian prisoners, ragged, sloppy-looking, struggled and limped along. I looked up, and there on the white arms designating the crossing was the most ironical statement I have ever seen, "Ll Credo del Fascimo e L'Eroismo," (the creed of fascism is heroism).

Among many such slogans, exhortations to valor, rabid talk about bayonets, armed youth, etc., there was one sign that had sense to it, and that one, strangely enough, was the simplest and yet the most difficult of all for these people, "Laborare e Tacere," (Work and keep your mouth shut).

Mussolini, even, should have known better than to expect that. He should at least have known the proverb, "Bonus dux bonum reddit comitem," which he certainly did not exemplify in this respect. Those people may work, but they can never keep their mouths shut. They may work, but the women do the most of it. One of the latter may be seen carrying half the household furniture on her head and a baby in her arms while the husband walks ahead leading a donkey. A woman here can carry on her head a huge load, once it is hoisted up

for her. One day, for instance, I saw an old woman signalling to me. She had a huge basket on the ground, and I guessed that she wanted me to put it on her head. I was a bit puzzled, for she was actually waving me away and here now is a digression but a good bit of information to have. When an Italian waves his hand, palm downward, he does not mean "scram" as we do, but "come on over." In other words their signal is just the opposite to ours. This causes great confusion, as you can imagine—when a beautiful Signorina smiles most invitingly and signals you to be on your way, all at once—but, let that pass.

But keep their mouths shut, never. When they are not crying they are singing and when they are not doing either they are talking. Loudly, vigorously, and stridently they talk. Watch a group at work on the road—one has an idea. He starts to explain and in a minute shovels are dropped and the whole group is in a huddle, all talking at once. Watch dirty, hungry looking little children in doorways—they are singing some old or new popular song. Listen to them picking olives—youngsters of seven or eight years—all singing together.

Ask them to work, but never ask them to keep quiet.

THEIR CRIME—NOT HIS

Almost as regularly as the clock struck five each afternoon, little Charles Lauder made his daily visit. It had become a habit with him and one that we enjoyed immensely, for Charles was one of those boys no one could help liking. His sparkling blue eyes and radiant smiles reflected his happy nature and endeared him to all.

He was now eight years of age and was attending St. Mary's Convent. His mother always allowed him to bring his report card over to us and his steady progress gave almost as much pleasure to us as to his parents. We hated to see him grow older, for we knew that, sooner or later, we would have less and less of his company.

Then one evening he failed to come, the second day no sign of him; but on the third evening he arrived at his regular time. Something seemed to tell us that he felt