

caught him in the small of the back as he collapsed in his own blood.

What should Corporal Snell be thinking about as he lay there—Ah! that was it, the folks back home. That was what they always thought about, wasn't it? The dear old faces, the people he had died for. He saw the crowded town hall and the blurred faces cheering and applauding. They were all there, all those he despised, cheering him as the mayor read the citation. His ironical vision angered him until he detected something genuine in their faces. In a silent prayer he forgave them.

Slowly he became aware of new activity around him. He shifted his gaze from the evening sky and saw the sober faces of his buddies in marked contrast to the cheering faces of his vision. A man of the medical corps bent over him. Corporal Snell wanted to ask them what the trouble was—why they were acting so strangely. The man with the red cross on his arm straightened up and began to shake his head slowly. He wanted to tell them not to worry, that he didn't mind dying. He tried to speak, to tell them he had expected this, but no words would come. So he lay there helplessly staring at the sad, sober faces of his comrades, seeing there sincerity shining through the mud and dirt of the battle-field. Then they began to blur and darkness enveloped him. Corporal Snell was dead.

—Kent Macdonald, '46

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### THE BATTLE OF LONDON

The Nazis had broken through. Since the fall of France the flying sentinels of Dover had held them in check. But now in Black September, September the seventh, they came. From the heights of Dover's white cliffs one could watch the air bombardment which began the Battle of London.

The bombers were so high they could be distinguished only by the tracks they traced as they raced towards



London. There was a remote rattle of machine gun fire as a lone British fighter engaged the enemy.

Presently there was a shudder of heavy explosions and a painful "clump" of distant bombs. Pillars of smoke shot skyward and great tongues of flame leaped across the London sky. From a distance one might watch with awe and horror as the great flames raced to meet one another, until finally there seemed one great fire many miles long.

Wave after wave of bombers came in, new squadrons of fighters flew in to give battle, the anti-aircraft guns raged angrily and the bombs kept dropping into the blazing ruins.

Finally, the battle-lines broke and the bombers started streaking for home. The all clear sounded in battered London. The count was one hundred and five enemy aircraft brought down in this raid, but despite these heavy losses, the night bombers came over with the deadly regularity of a bus service. The sky was bespattered with bursting shells. Search-lights reached out and swung across the sky. Then fires raged anew, fires which served as guiding beacons for the Nazis. Into the target area where, brightly lit and defenceless the Civil Defence was struggling to overcome the effects of the afternoon raid, the bombers tipped their loads.

When dawn came one who could look through the haze of smoke which hung over the vast expanse of London might expect to see a mass of ruins. But the old familiar landmarks were still there, and to the smoke of war was added the smoke from thousands of chimneys where the people, after a night of suspense and dread, were cooking their early breakfasts. London stood.

The spirit of London was one of the miracles of history. No one who did not live through those horrible months of slaughter could understand how London could go on working, eating, sleeping, and living as dog-fights went on overhead. No one could understand how a mother could drag herself from the smouldering ruins of what was once her proud home, and still keep fighting and hoping.

This grand lesson given to us by these brave people



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

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### 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-