

racism. Now that this war is slowly drawing to a close and we are planning a post-war world, let us, after we have taught the Germans that they are not a superior race, finish the job by correcting our own minor errors. Let us forget our feeling that we are a superior nationality or institution, or even that I am a superior individual. In other words, let us live and let live.

THE COMMON AIM OF YOUTH

Eileen MacPhee, '46

In Britain for many centuries the walls of learning have been high. They have sheltered the student from the outside world, creating for him an isolation from the affairs of men.

These walls were crumbling before the war came. When Hitler murdered the students of Czecho-Slovakia, when he tortured the teachers of Norway, the walls fell to the ground. Students of all ages knew that they must come out of their isolation and fight for the right to learn.

Today the students of Britain are fighting as they learn. Theirs is a battle for the present and the future. Not only must they help to defeat the enemies of freedom and learning, they must also gather knowledge and wisdom to go forward and rebuild the world of the future, to which they are heirs.

But the students and youth of Britain are doing more than making a vital contribution to the war effort of their own country and the United Nations. With the youth of all nations gathered together in the fortress of Western Europe, they are building up a common front of world youth, cementing friendship and understanding between the young men and women of many nationalities.

For never before have the youth of Britain had such golden opportunities of meeting the youth of the world and sharing their opinions and their experiences. Everywhere that youth has worked and played side by side it has discovered that although it speaks in many languages it shares the same ideals and aspirations.

Inevitably out of this pooling of experience there has arisen a desire for common action and common planning, a desire which they hope to realize when they shoulder the responsibilities of peace.

'Twas THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Tommy MacLellan, '46

When I arrived home on December 24, I was very tired; the work of the first semester and the writing of the Christmas examinations had taken their toll. As I had planned to go to Midnight Mass, and knew that it would be 2.30 a. m. before I should go to bed, I decided to rest during the afternoon. Accordingly, about two o'clock, I took a siesta. Scarcely had I closed my eyes in sleep when I was transported in dreams to four very different Christmas scenes.

Wordly Christmas

I dreamed I was in a nearby town. The picture of Christmas eve which I witnessed here was a scene of business activity. Crowds thronged the stores doing their last-minute Christmas shopping, while weary clerks strove to serve them, amidst the din and joyous shouts of children who had come to see Santa Claus. Stores were littered with Christmas cards few of which symbolized the true spirit of Christmas; and everywhere there were bright Yuletide decorations most conspicuous among which were gayly illuminated Christmas trees. While in the town's largest store, I paid a visit to Toyland to see jolly Santa Claus who was thrilling excited little children to the heart with his merry sayings, his cheery laughter, and his Christmas presents.

Desecrated Christmas

Scarcely had my visit to Toyland ended when I was wafted in fancy over the Nazi-controlled parts of dreamland. Passing over several cities of the Reich, I saw many thousands of German soldiers, all bearing on their uniformed arms the Nazi swastika and crying out, "Heil Hitler!"

What a tragic change had taken place! Their