

joy meals consisting of something out of a can plus something out of another can, and maybe some rather doubtful pie or cake. There is nobody to keep the house looking really presentable; so the family do not bother bringing friends home any more—they walk the streets instead. There is nobody to wash and mend; so the children begin to look like something out of a rag-bag while their mother is practically rolling in money. There is nobody to tell the children what time to come home, or to make sure that they do get home at decent hours. So what have we growing up on our doorsteps? Nothing but a nation of self-willed boys and girls. Nobody seems to care what happens to them, and they—poor things—are not old or wise enough to care about themselves. What is to become of them? They are the ones who will be running the country in a few short years, and if something is not done about this situation soon, then it will be too late. If Mother had stayed home where she belongs and always will belong, we would have no cause for worry. But until Mother does come back, there is nothing we can do except pray that she will, and soon, because on her rests the future of our nation.

—*Mary Hennessey*, '46

A HERO'S REQUEST

Evening after evening I watched him while we waited for a streetcar after work. There was something in his quiet manner, pale face, and serious blue eyes that attracted me. He seemed as one apart from the general run of factory workers, yet among them.

Then, one evening he spoke, and we became daily pals for those hurried moments of fighting our way aboard an eastbound King car. If lucky enough to procure seats, we were never sitting together. An inexplicable something seemed to prevent a more intimate friendship between us.

Finally, this strange incident occurred. The car stopped and a lone passenger boarded the already crowded car. She was an imperious-looking woman of middle age,

one of that fast-disappearing class of persons who love to see people squirm beneath their gaze. Her short, severe scrutiny of the passengers froze them in their seats, except for my would-be chum. He rose and offered her his seat. The loud and insulting retort, that followed such a manly gesture, will not be easily forgotten by those who rode the car that evening.

"Young man," she said, "I don't want your seat. I wouldn't sit in it now. The very idea of your using a seat on a Toronto streetcar when you should be Overseas fighting alongside my two sons! Sit down!

Stunned by such an unexpected barrage, he retook his seat; but it was very evident that his composure was badly shaken. A blush spread quickly over his face, then slowly disappeared. A deep wound had been inflicted; but no face registered approval of her victory. His eyes sought her face and remained riveted in a steady stare that bespoke some determination within him.

"Bay Street next!" shouted the operator.

He arose and touched her arm. "Pardon me Madam; but have your sons had a furlough since going Overseas?"

"No," she replied, "and what do you care about them?"

With a smile on his face he tapped his wooden leg and answered, "Well, tell them, if they have time on their first leave, to take a trip over to Dieppe and have a look around for Joe Day's left leg."

—Francis J. O'Keefe, '46

THE WAR AND AFTER

We have not yet won the war, not by any means. We have a long, hard road ahead, but we are undoubtedly winning and that makes it necessary to face the problems which victory will bring. Hitler and his generals must be very well aware that they can no longer hope to win military victory, but they are still hoping that somehow Germany may win the peace.