

A FITTING MONUMENT

In Jasper National Park stands a monument, regal Mount Edith Cavell, one of the loveliest of Canada's lofty peaks. With an elevation of over 11,000 feet, it towers, snow-capped and often mist-entwined, over the whole Athabaska Valley. Its summit, silhouetted against the sky, is glorified by the earliest golden rays of the morning sun, and lit by a rosy glow which remains long after the sun has set. The beauty of this majestic mountain lingers in the memory long after the visitor has returned home. So too, does the story of the heroic lady whose name the mountain bears.

Edith Louisa Cavell, daughter of an Anglican minister in Norwich, England, was born about ninety years ago, on December 4, 1856. At the age of thirty she entered the London Hospital to train for Nursing, and twelve years later, in 1907, she was appointed first matron of the Berkendall Medical Institute in Brussels. At the outbreak of World War One a few years later, the Institute became a Red Cross Hospital.

The heroism of Nurse Edith Cavell will never be forgotten by those who lived through the war. Refusing to leave when the fall of the city was imminent, she remained at her post and carried on her work of mercy. To her in her hospital in Belgium, it mattered not whether she nursed friend or foe; she aided all who needed her, and even German soldiers she helped back to health.

But she was more than a nurse; from November 1914 until July 1915, she and her friends risked their lives to aid the Allies. During the first nine months of the war, over two hundred wounded and derelict English and French soldiers, as well as Belgian youths about to be captured for service in the German army, were hidden by Prince Reginald de Croy at his chateau near Mons. Secretly conveyed to the houses of Edith Cavell and her friends in Brussels, they were there furnished with guides and money to reach the Belgian frontier, where they were free to rejoin their own armies.

But this heroic woman could not long continue her brave deeds without suspicion, and on August 5, 1915, she was arrested and imprisoned by the Germans. In the court-martial which was held in October of that year, she was accused of having intentionally helped the enemy, by sheltering and helping to convey to the frontier English, French and Belgian soldiers. Found guilty on this charge, she with her Belgian lawyer, Sadi Kirschen, was sentenced to death "in the best interests of the State".

The ambassadors of other nations appealed against this bitter sentence, but in vain. And so, early in the morning of October 12, 1915, Nurse Edith Cavell, who had tended with devoted care many wounded German soldiers, faced the firing squad with a dignity that moved the world. Too proud to feel the scorn of her enemies, too noble to hate them, she left this message, which will ring forever down the corridors of time: "Standing as I do in view of God and Eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone".

Much has been written about her, and many monuments have been erected in her honour. But more eloquent than all that has been written, more inspiring than any marble testimonial, stands the mountain which perpetuates her memory, serene, white-capped Mount Edith Cavell—a fitting monument for a noble woman.

—DOREEN CUSACK '58

PRESENTING NEWFOUNDLAND

(It is a well known fact that most Canadians know little or nothing about Newfoundland, the tenth and newest province. It is for the benefit of those of our readers who may belong to this group that this factual sketch is presented in the hope that it will help to clarify the picture of Newfoundland that exists in the minds of so many Canadians.)

On the morning after that eventful day when Newfoundland became Canada's tenth province, rain was pouring down on our ancient colony's capital city, St. John's. The elevator of the Newfoundland Hotel was filled with the most recent group of 'mainland' salesmen who had come to capture their share of Newfoundland business now that the Island's tariff would be abolished. Some of them were more than vigorously expressing their utter disgust with the weather. One of them came forth with the sarcastic remark, "Why don't they give this place back to the Indians"?

He had scarcely finished when the little elevator girl stopped with an emphatic jerk at the floor he had called, and with a swift glance over the distinguished group she looked up into the 'mainlander's face and replied, "Mister, we did that yeserday."

This story, told in numerous editions, reflects the bitter opposition of many Newfoundlanders to Confederation, an opposition which for the past century has been a potent factor in Newfoundland politics. For nearly half a thousand years Newfoundland had been conscious of a separate identity. In 1497, a generation before Jacques Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence, John Cabot returned from his landing at Bonavista (about a hundred miles north of St. John's on the East coast of Newfoundland), and reported to his patron, King Henry VII of England, the discovery of this "Newe-founde Launde". Although there was an immediate rush of fishermen towards this new land whose waters were said to be "teaming with fish", it was not until nearly a hundred years later, in 1583, that Sir Humphrey Gilbert, under the authority of Queen Elizabeth I, established in St. John's, the first overseas British Colony. And it was in 1615, when the first court of Justice was set up in Newfoundland, that civilized law was first brought to the new world.