Canadians All





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Mari Shipley

autumn

1944

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FILIPOWSKI



Brock's monument on Queenston Heights, from an engraving by W. H. Bartlett in 1840, and now in the John Ross Robertson collection, Toronto Public Libraries. To the right is the mighty Niagara River.

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Thus reads the inscription on the monument at Queenston Heights, raised where died gallant Brock.

With his last breath he cried: "Push on, York Volunteers!"

And then, faintly: "My fall must not be noticed, nor impede my brave companions from advancing to victory."

* * *

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75th YEAR

Canadians All

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Burns'

THE light, black team rounded the bend between the frozen cat-tails of the round slough and the darkness of the poplar bluff. They tried to break into a gallop as they sped on to the alkaki flats, but the hand of Ronald Alexander held them to a trot, while the impatience of his sister, Janet, increased. She did not remonstrate with Ronald, however, as she had had difficulty already in persuading him to drive her to the concert and dance. His leave, which had not been too happy, would soon be over, and he would return from Peace River to his duties as a Pilot Officer overseas. The northern lights set the sky dancing with shafts of white, blue, and red-violet. The cutter entered the gloom of the lake spruce. Janet felt that she must get to the root of her brother's mood.

"Ronnie, what's wrong with Sheila and you?"

The young man did not answer, but spoke unnecessarily to the team.

"I shouldn't ask," persisted Janet, "but you know I think she's the sweetest girl."

After a few minutes' silence Ronald asked quietly, "Netta, would you like me to forsake the faith of our fathers?"

"What do you mean, Ron?" questioned Janet.

"I took it for granted," Ronald haltingly explained, "that when Sheila and I married she would become Presbyterian."

"Does she expect you to turn Greek Orthodox?" Janet sounded amazed.

"She means to have her children baptized in her church." Ronald's voice was low and monotonous.

Janet was silent until her brother asked, "What would you do, Netta?"

"Give it up," replied Janet, brusquely.

The blacks sped from the loop of Dornoch Creek, and drew up beside the log schoolhouse of Forsinard, where the MacIvors were giving a party to honour the departure of their second son, Alistair, to the R.C.A.F.,

Ronald tucked the rugs around her.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY PAPE

By W. T. CUTT

Night in Forsinard

and to do honour to the memory of Robbie Burns. Janet entered the building, while Ronald drove on to the school barn.

Many eyes were turned towards the slight figure of Pilot Officer Ronald Alexander as he entered the school. He took off his mitts and greatcoat. Two Coleman lanterns lighted the building. A boiler of coffee steamed upon a large, tubular stove which stood near the door. Trestle tables along the three walls and upon the platform at the upper end of the building were occupied by men, women, and children. The clock, the Flag, and the Strathcona Physical Training Shield adorned the upper wall, but the other walls were bare. Ronald seated himself between two grizzled old men, Duncan Aird and Sandy MacGregor, at the lower table, occupied by men only.

"Weel, Ron, ye're gotten hame a look," squeaked the bulky Duncan.

"I'll warrant this is better than stickin' Germans," boomed little Sandy MacGregor.

"Losh, Sandy, dinna mention thae things tae him. It maun be awfu' tae drive a bayonet intae a man."

Sandy considered judiciously before replying, "I'm thinkin' the haulin' o' it oot wad be waur."

"But I'm in the Air Force," Ronald put in.

"Ay," boomed Sandy. "Ye fling bombs ane at the ither."

While the two old men were talking, Ronald had been looking furtively around the room, and at the gay, laughing folks seated at the tables. The platform table held the host and hostess, Miss Briggs, and the singers for the evening. Ronald hurriedly turned his eyes away, for there, near Janet and between curly-haired, likeable Alistair MacIvor and humorous Lachlan Lindsay, Sheila Palmyrovitch sat smiling, her colour heightened. Fathers and mothers with their children chatted and chattered at the west table. Hilarity buzzed, screamed, and roared from the lasses and lads at the east table. When stocky, iron-haired Malcolm MacIvor rose and stroked his bushy moustache, a hush gradually swept over the room.

"Ye're a' welcome. Say the grace, Jock."

Forsinard's little teacher, Jock Scott, rose and recited:

> "Some hae meat that canna eat,
> And some wad eat that want it.
> But we hae meat, and we can eat,
> And so the Lord be thankit."

Half a dozen ladies, supervised by buxom Mrs. Korzeniowski, eldest daughter of the MacIvors, now served coffee, and the company helped themselves to the sandwiches, cake, scones, and shortbread which loaded the tables. During the refreshment period Ronald listened listlessly to the many barbed remarks of his old companions. He could not keep his eyes from glancing towards the platform table, and his glances never failed to inform him that to all outward appearances Sheila was thoroughly enjoying herself.

When supper was over, the men dismantled the tables, and placed them against the walls. They lifted the piano on to the platform, and placed forms in position for the singers, who seated themselves in front of the audience. Eileen Stewart, Jock Tulloch, Janet, Lachlan Lindsay, Sheila, the young performers, seated themselves on one form. In front of them and nearer to the audience sat Dugald MacAskill in kilt and plaid, Tam Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. MacIvor, Miss Briggs, and Jock Scott.

Miss Briggs was not a resident of Forsinard. She had come west in the summer to drive one of the Sunday School vans, and had remained for the winter as Resident Missionary in the Anglican Church in neighbouring Alder Creek. She had had a dampening effect on her immediate neighbours during the refreshment period of the evening. No joyous laughter had rung from the platform table. The tall, dark, gaunt missionary had looked steadily and seriously at young Lachlan Lindsay when he had cracked some of his jokes. She had looked pityingly at Jock Scott when he had attempted to be conversational. She had glanced contemptuously at Dugald's Highland garb. Mrs. MacIvor had remarked that Miss Briggs was eating nothing. "Am I not? I'm so sorrry," the lady replied.

The company seated at the other tables had not known about these things, but many had wondered why Miss Briggs was present, as it was well known that she was not popular in Presbyterian Forsinard. She was a moving spirit of the Women's Auxiliary of Alder Creek, which often had clashes of interest with the Ladies' Aid of Forsinard. It had been noted that Malcolm MacIvor had been especially attentive to her, and Malcolm was jovial with two kinds of people, those who saw eye to eye with him in language, customs, and laws, and those with whom he wished to deal. Old Sandy MacGregor sought enlightenment.

"Whit fur is yon wumman here, Duncan? Is Malcolm goin' Episcopal?"

"Na, Sandy. She's lookin' fur a saddle and pony."

"Imphm! And Malcolm would sell her the spavined, wind-broken bay?"

"Aye! And a broken-treed saddle forbye."

Dugald MacAskill strode outside, carrying his box which held the pipes. Then Malcolm MacIvor rose, and introduced Miss Briggs. He remarked how fortunate they were in having an educated lady, who had travelled in many lands, to speak to them.

Not a single hand clap greeted the speaker. She began by saying how honoured she felt at being asked to address a gathering of Scots on the twenty-fifth of January.

"Ye say, Duncan, that a wee bit deal gaes wi' the honour," whispered Sandy MacGregor audibly.

Her heart went out to the people of Alder Creek, Forsinard, and other northern communities because of the hardships they had had to undergo. She was proud to be roughing it with them.

"Whit a peety!" hissed Duncan Aird.

She thought their community affairs awfully jolly.

"Draa-aa, dee-ee-ee, draa-aa-a-a." Dugald was tuning up outside.

Miss Briggs put her fingers to her ears, but recollecting the occasion, swiftly pulled them away again. She strove to speak louder

(Continued on page 44)



ARRIVAL

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES A. WALKER

IT was so much like old times, old country ways. Aino watched the buggy sway down the ruts to the bend and smiled as Juhani turned to wave. Always he had been so certain that she would stand there until he waved. The long mane of the mare flopped in the wind, and she could hear the creak of the carriage wheels. And then they were lost and there was stillness on the hill and on the road bordered by naked birch trees.

She started down the path, toward the shore, her feet instinctively avoiding the worn stones, while her mind followed Juhani.

He'd come in from the fields in mid-afternoon, his hands red and well scrubbed under the well pump.

"Maybe news of Johnnie," he'd said. "I thought I'd go for the mail."

"Maybe," she couldn't talk about it, even though she felt that it might ease Juhani's worry to discuss the matter.

Juha, Johnnie, the farm, they circled in her mind as she opened the doors of the bath-house and knelt to light the fire under the stones with birch bark. She got the pails and walked down the steps that went right into the lake from the dressing room of the small log building. And then it happened. The pieces of her life fell into their fore-ordained places and the pattern was whole, and for her to see.

She stood at the sauna-shore and shielded her eyes from the afternoon sun. Her right shoulder was cocked high to bear the weight of the water pail, brimming full, in her hand.

Standing there, the autumn wind picking at her blouse and worrying yellow wisps of her straight hair, the waters of Lake Kashawig lapping up to her knees, and the sun in her eyes, she suddenly seemed to know the ultimate reason. Reason for life, reason for tears, reason for years behind her.

She eased the pail into her other hand and shielded her eyes again. This, then, was that life she had searched for, intermittently, all through the time that had slipped by. And why now the clearness of her vision, the sudden understanding of the simplicity of it all? She felt as though she were looking at a colored postcard, with herself in it, seeing it in many dimensions, and the past of it and the future of it as well as the mere picture.

Gold September sunlight on the water, on the trees already turning. The red-painted, log farm house behind her on the hill, and the barns, and above it, on the upsweep of the land, the fields. And here, hunched on the shore, the small bath-house, *sauna,* the blue smoke rising out of the stone chimney, spiralling among the birches.

Her feet were getting numb in the water. She turned and made her way up the steps, through the small dressing room with its high shelf for towels and its one long stool, and entering the steam room, dry hot and clear still, poured the water into the iron canister sunk into the heap of stones in the corner.

She went and got two wisps of birch branches from the beams of the dressing room and bringing them into the steam room put them to soak in a pailful of water. She checked the oil in the lamp on the window sill, and soap in the soap-dish fastened to the wall. Then she adjusted the fire in the stove under the heap of stones, throwing in another birch log. Across the end of the room there were four wide steps rising toward the roof. Over these she sloshed a pailful of water.

Then, the empty pail in her hand, she paused at the doorway of the dressing room, with the steps from it leading directly into the lake. Behind her was another doorway opening on the well-worn path to the house.

My house, my sauna, my pails, my shore, my birch trees, these; she thought to herself, standing there in the coppery light of the September sun. Mine these are. Above there is my barn with my cows in it and my hen house with my hens and up there on the hill my husband works, turning over earth that is ours. This is my life, she thought, this is my hour.

"Canada," she sounded out loud, trying to get the English accent on the word rather than her own which gave equal value to each syllable. "Canadians," she sounded, thinking of herself, of Juhani. What about the old land, the old people, what about the birches there by the home shore, across the sea? So misty, so misty, the memory of them, she thought. Those she had been given, had accepted unquestioningly at the beginning of her life—this she had gained. Gained by her own living, own experience, own struggle.

She sat down on the top step, the warmth of the fire and hot stones blowing against her back, the sun on her face. My own time, she thought—I can sit here and none may order me to go here, or there. My own step.

She smiled suddenly. Everything is my own today, she thought, this Saturday afternoon. I haven't had a moment like this, my own moment since long ago, as a child in yellow pigtails by the home farm, back there, back in Finland. A child standing on the morning of St. John's Day with the birches that had been brought early in the dawn and set about the doors, fragrant, and the green leaves in the rooms. Then I saw like this the day, and the people, and myself —all oddly in perspective, yet myself oddly out of it, outside the picture frame, looking on. Old Gran bringing the wooden butter pail from the storehouse across the grass-grown courtyard; the cat by the well, stretching; father going down the sauna path toward the lake; and me, belonging in the picture—I remember that, she thought, shall I remember this too as plainly?

She sat there, her chin sunk into her palm, the pail by her feet, the waves lapping on the step below. This moment of realization, of possession, and, yes, of arrival; at last arrival at somewhere where one might stay for ever—had suddenly made her feel as though movement or effort would be out of place. Now, for all times, she could straighten out that strange reaching for the reason behind it all. This moment was the reason. She would hold it.

It was twenty-five years since she had left Finland, a girl still, with her pigtails just up. The home farm had been poor, the family large. Aino had set out to make her own fortune "beyond the golden bridge into the golden land" — so her father's brother, a sailor, had sung of fabulous America.

Clumsy, silent girl, standing at the boat rail, watching the white houses of Helsinki drop into the waves, the coast into the islands. The dancing on the steerage deck at night to the accordion of a dark boy. And Juhani, from a village not far from hers, the only link with home, with familiarity. He had not danced, but stood by the railing, sternly, silently. She knew later, for he had told her, he had been as much afraid as she.

Then the cities, the dirt clouds above them, the noise of the streets and never ending, the foreign voices, the strange, incomprehensible words. The first mistress, a woman with thin lips and cold eyes. She had been forbidden to sing in the kitchen—she had always sung at work before. Everything she did was wrong, too thick pieces of bread, too richly prepared foods. She herself, understanding only half that was said to her, seeing the life about her through a fog of strangeness, loneliness.

And then, Juhani, one day, at the kitchen door. Juhani, lean and tanned from the lumber camps, from the northern mines. And she, crying on his shoulder.

The lunch was late and the mistress scolded, but for the first time in many months she had no power to hurt. Juhani was back. And then they were married in a small Lutheran church downtown, with the screams of Italian children out on the street in their ears. She was told she must leave her job then—she hadn't thought of that at all.

Looking for a job together, money going, fear staring them in the face again, and then a stroke of luck; they were hired together as a cook and a gardener. Juhani, son of a farmer, knew how to make anything grow. Juhani, his hands in earth again, being happy again.

For a while it seemed very good and they were happy. Aino sang again in the kitchen and the new mistress smiled to hear her. Juhani made more flowers blossom than anyone had thought possible, he planted a kitchen garden behind the greenhouse, he bought an ancient car. That was the only thing they bought for many years, saving with eager fervour. Some Sunday afternoons they would drive out of the city, along country roads, looking at farms, wondering at these people who build their houses far from a lake. Juhani would reach out then for her hand and all his sentences would start:

"When we have our own farm. . . ."

And then Young John was born, there in the maid's room up on the top floor, before Aino could get to the hospital. Howling, pink-faced baby, a Canadian baby sung to sleep with Finnish lullabies.

And Young John, growing up, under foot in the kitchen, wandering into the other rooms and being brought back, kindly but firmly. Young John uncomprehending, trying to share his toys with the son of the house who felt he could take them if he wanted them. Young John, his eyes tearful, running for comfort to Aino who was too busy doing other people's cooking, other people's washing, other people's cleaning to hold him and let him cry his sorrow out. Swift words in anger that was not really anger but only weariness. Tears at night remembering them.

Aino found herself staring down into the water at her feet, and gradually cloud shadows and the light on the sandy bottom came through to her, back to her. She rubbed her throat to get rid of the tight feeling the memory had brought her, but still she sat, the unfolding of her own years keeping her in thrall.

The resolution had grown in them, then, to buy their own farm, work on it as they had worked for others, own it for the sake of Young John as much now as for their own sake.

It had been hard work, back-breaking work, incessant work. It had been such hard work that she had not faced her own mind for years—had not weighed these matters to see if somehow, somewhere, she could see the reason and the explanation. And now it was here, with her. The mere fact of being. Of living. Of owning these acres of soil and forest. This house. Of owning them and working them. That was all. It was so very simple, as though it were all in primary colours.

At the beginning of the war there had been that trouble with the man in the lower village, Buck Fields.

"Finns," he had gone about whispering, "get rid of them before they start sabotage right here in our village. Pro-Germans!"

But their neighbours had stuck by them, dourly, not saying much, coming to their house at Christmas, bringing small gifts: a jar of jam, a cooked chicken, a jar of pickles. They had stayed to take a Christmas steam bath, stayed to hear Juhani read, stumblingly,

(Continued on page 57)

The Island

By KAREL and JOSEF CAPEK

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES A. WALKER

(TRANSLATED FROM CZECH BY
MARIE BUSCH and OTTO PICK)

ONCE upon a time there lived in Lisbon Dom Luiz de Faria who afterwards sailed away into the world; and when he had come to know the greater part of it he died on the farthest island imaginable. At the time when he was living in Lisbon, he was a man of good sense and of importance. He was living as such men do live, doing well by himself and not hindering others, and taking up as much room as he owed to his innate pride. But by and by even this kind of life wearied him and became a burden, so that he turned all his possessions into money and sailed away in the first ship that came handy.

So they sailed first to Cadiz, then to Palermo, Constantinople and Beirut, to Palestine and Egypt, and round Arabia to Ceylon; then they even sailed along the Malay Peninsula and the Island of Java, and, having regained the open sea, they took a southeasterly course. Sometimes they would meet with compatriots, homeward bound, who wept with joy at hearing news of their country. In all these parts Dom Luiz saw so much that was marvellous and even seemed incredible, that he fancied he had forgotten all else. While they were sailing in the open sea, a gale overtook them, and their ship was tossed about on the waves like a cork, without direction or guidance. For three days the gale increased, and raged with unabated fury, and on the third night the ship foundered on a coral reef. Amid the most appalling noise Dom Luiz felt himself lifted high and pitched down again; but the wave threw him back upon a raft, senseless. When he came to himself, he found that it was mid-day, and that he was quite alone upon the raft of splintered wood in a calm sea. At that moment he experienced the joy of living for the first time in his life. His raft kept afloat until the evening, and all through the night and throughout the next day; but nowhere did he spy land. Moreover the spars of his raft were loosened by the water, and one piece after another dropped off. In vain did Dom Luiz try to secure them with strips of his clothing. In the end only three insecure spars were left, and he himself grew faint with weariness and the thought of his isolation. Then Dom Luiz took his leave of life and bowed himself to the will of God.

On the third day at dawn he found that the waves were carrying him to a wonderful island; it appeared to him to be rising then and there from the water with beautiful groves and green bushes. At last he was able to step on to the shore which was covered with salt and foam. At this moment some savages came out of the grove, but Dom Luiz shouted furiously at them, for he was afraid of them. Then he knelt to pray, sank down upon the ground near the shore and went to sleep.

Towards sunset hunger awoke him. The sands round about him were full of the prints of flat, naked feet, and Dom Luiz was glad to find that the savages, who were crouching round him, staring at him with wonder and talking about him, were not doing him any harm. He went in search of nourishment, but darkness had now descended. Rounding a rock, he came upon a large number of savages, sitting in a circle and eating their supper; he saw men, women, and children in the circle, but he himself stood afar, not daring to approach, like a beggar from another parish. Then from among the others there rose up a young native woman, and brought him fruit upon a dish of straw. Luiz rushed upon the food, and greedily ate the bananas, fresh and dried figs and other fruit, meat dried in the sun, and sweet bread of a different taste from ours. The girl moreover brought him a pitcherful of spring water and, crouching, watched him as he ate. When he had eaten, his whole body felt at ease; he thanked the girl with a loud voice for her gifts, for her bread and her charity, and thanked the others for their charity also. While he spoke, his gratitude grew upon him like a tender constraint of his overcharged heart, and burst forth in words such as he had never found before. The native woman sat opposite him and laughed.

And Dom Luiz though that he must repeat what he had said, so that she should understand, and he thanked her as fervently as though he were praying. Meanwhile all the others had gone into the wood, and Luiz was afraid to remain by himself with so much joy in his heart, and in so lonely a spot. To retain the girl, he began to tell her who he was and whence he came, how the ship had foundered, and what he had suffered on the high seas. Presently Luiz noticed that she had gone to sleep with her cheek pressed to the ground, and he got up and sat at a little distance, looked at the stars and listened to the surging of the sea, until he was overcome by sleep.

In the morning when he awoke, he looked for the woman, but she was gone; only the imprint of her body was left in the sand at full length, straight and slender as a green branch, and when Luiz stepped into this hollow, it was warm with the sun. Then he went the round of the island by the shore, to see what it was like. Sometimes his way led him through the woods or through brushwood; at other times he had to round a morass, or climb over a rock. Several times he met with savages, but he no longer feared them. The sea was of a blue more intense than anywhere else in the world, and the blossom-trees and plants were of a peculiar grace. He walked all day, and beheld the beauty of the most beautiful of all the islands he had evere seen. He also thought the beauty of the savages greater than that of any others. On the next day he continued his quest, until he had made the complete round of the island, which was blessed with springs and flowers, and as peaceful as we imagine the garden of Eden to have been. At night he returned to the spot where he had stepped ashore; there he found the woman sitting alone, braiding her hair. At her feet lay the raft which had carried him, lapped by the waves of



The nearer he drew, the more he hesitated.

the impassable sea, so that he could go no further. Dom Luiz sat down near her, and looked at the waves which carried off his thoughts one by one. When many hundreds of waves had come and gone, his heart overflowed with boundless grief, and he poured forth his plaint: how he had been wandering for two days and taken the measure of all the isle, but had nowhere found a city or harbour, nor any man in his own likeness; that all his companions had perished in the sea, and he was left alone on this island whence there was no return, alone among savages who spoke a language, the words and meaning of which were unintelligible to him. So he bemoaned his fate, and the woman lay in the sand and listened to him till she went to sleep, lulled by the monotony of his plaint. Then Dom Luiz ceased to speak and breathed gently.

In the morning they sat together on a rock, high above the sea, and looked at the horizon. Dom Luiz thought over his whole life; he remembered the magnificence and preciousness of Lisbon, his love affairs, his travels, and everything in the world that he had seen, and he closed his eyes, so as to find inwardly all those beautiful pictures. But when he opened them, he saw the woman sitting on her heels opposite him and staring obliquely and dully in front of her; he noticed that she was comely with small breasts and slender limbs, brown as reddle and very straight.

He would often sit on this rock to look for ships. He saw the sun rise from the sea and set therein, and he got used to this and to everything else. He began to taste the sweetness of this island, and it seemed to him an isle of love. Sometimes the savages would seek him; they held him in high esteem. When they crouched round him they looked like fattened geese; they were tattooed, and some of them were very old; they brought him food and cared for him. When the time of the rains came, Dom Luiz went to live in the woman's hut. Thus he lived among the savages and was naked like them; but he despised them and would not learn a word of their language. He did not know what they called the island on which he lived, nor the roof which sheltered him, nor the woman who was before God his sole companion.

Whenever he returned to the hut of a night, he found his supper prepared, his couch ready, and the gentle embrace of the brown woman. Although he counted her as hardly a human being, but more akin to the animals, yet he would talk to her in his own language, and was content when she listened. So he told her all the thoughts that were continually passing through his mind: of his house in Lisbon and the details of his travels. At first it annoyed him that the woman understood neither his words nor the purport of all he was telling her, but gradually he got used to this also, and told her the same things over and over again, always in the same words and manner

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By

Mary Weekes

ILLUSTRATED BY W. LEVINE

So Practical



JEAN LEWIS looked like a variegated zinnia as she stood leaning against the truck, chin cupped in hands and a dreamy look in her hazel-brown eyes. Her rust print slack suit matched her red-brown curls and flushed cheeks.

She and Steve Gaudet had finished their daily argument on the merits of their respective provinces; Steve extolling the riches of the province of Ontario, Jean championing the fine points of potentially rich Saskatchewan. And, as usual, Jean flung her final taunt, "You Easterners would give your very souls for our big skies and good clean air, and you know it!" At this stage Steve always gave in, for he had to admit that prairie skies were hard to duplicate. Here, a man felt the world was his; he had elbow room.

"What do you think of it, the quality, I mean?" Jean asked at last, bringing her eyes back from the far horizon.

Steve let the russet wheat sift slowly through his fingers before he looked up. "Of this?" he said, tossing a kernel to her, "Oh, so, so."

"Why don't you say straight out that you don't know?" said Jean.

Steve filled his hands again with the golden grain and let it run through his fingers into the hundred-and-fifty bushels that filled the truck. He felt like making a flippant reply but what was the use. He knew she didn't give a damn for him or his opinions and he didn't like it. Hell, but she was a challenging sort of female.

"It's just wheat to me. It'll probably make decent bread, if that's what you want me to say," he said at last.

"There are some things you can't get at college, aren't there, Steve?" There was an impish gleam in her gold-flecked hazel eyes and a hint of pity in her voice. "You Easterners always try to patronize us Westerners. You resent it when we get up-stage."

Steve felt decently proud of his college record. So far he had been able to keep up with a scholarship, despite the acute plural pneumonia of two years ago leaving him with a bit of a wheeze in one lung and rendering him unfit for military service. He had come west for part of his vacation this year to help out with the harvest. His doctor had agreed, saying that the high dry prairie air and outdoor work might benefit him.

"So you think college has been wasted on me?" Steve's blue eyes flashed angrily. "All you do out here is think wheat, talk wheat—raise wheat."

Jean released her chin from her brown hands and straightened up. "Listen, smart guy," she interrupted, "That's Number One Northern wheat you're winnowing. If you don't know that, you ought to. Look at it! That wheat is gold. It is hard work. It is courage and hope and sweat. It is life spelled with a big L. Sure we talk about wheat. Why shouldn't we? Wheat is the lifeblood of this country. And, in case you didn't learn it in your effête Eastern schools, the wheat we raise on these prairies feeds the world." Jean's disarming smile softened the sting of her words.

"I like your colossal conceit," he said. "How does an otherwise intelligent lass like you get that way?"

Jean shrugged, slightly ashamed of her petulant outburst, "Our pride in our land does something to us. Put it this way—don't you feel that your own little town of Cooksville, Ontario, is all Canada to you? I suspect every little hamlet in Canada feels that way too." She swung herself up into the driver's seat of the truck. "Don't work too hard. You've got to shake off that wheeze for good."

She started the engine and shot off across the stubble, leaving Steve staring after her. Ever since his arrival at her father's farm some weeks ago, she'd been like this—making him feel that because he was an Easterner

he was different. He couldn't decide whether she was doing this unconsciously or not. Sometimes he felt that her antagonism was not deliberate, just the pose of a rather juvenile young miss. But no, she was frank and without any of the tricks of the sophisticated girls of his set. Oh, well! He untangled his long legs and started to pick up the sheaves the binder was tossing behind it.

He drew his gloves out of his pocket after making a stook, paused, put them back and went on stooking bare-handed, as the farmers did. Jean had smiled when she first saw him wearing gloves. His hands were blistered some, but they were toughening. He was a fool to let a crisp little Western girl get under his skin like this. Hard and practical, that's what she was. It was a pity, when she could be so charming at times. She had got these stern qualities from her mother, he could see. A wonderful woman in her way, Mrs. Lewis, and not without a sly sense of humor, but she was practical.

Steve had a pleasant masculine face and a well-formed athletic body. The corners of his mouth crinkled a little when he laughed, giving him the appearance of droll humour, his jaw was strong and determined. He could make an impression on a girl, without even wanting to, but he wasn't sure that he wanted to make an impression on Jean.

The wind came whistling across the wide open land, thin and shrill. A mournful wind, always blowing. Even though the sun filled the prairie with burnished gold and sent heat-waves shimmering across the yellow wheat, the wind sang its ceaseless tune, now high, now low. He said something about the incessant wind to Jean's father when he came to bring two new stookers who had come on a special harvest train from the East that morning.

"The wind's got its points. Shakes the stalks clear of rust when the weather's humid."

Keith Lewis' words, like the words of the farmers round about, were slow and thoughtful. Men who worked alone, Steve had discovered, were cautious with words, slow of utterance. "Here's two men—Bill Roberts and Paul Smith. Keep 'em movin'! Boys, this is Steve Gaudet," he said. Then left.

Steve took the green stookers in hand, "Here's how it's done," he said, picking up a couple of sheaves. "Hold them so, the heads slanting together, the stalks out, plant them firmly in the stubble, then pile more sheaves around them, slanting. Like this."

"That's easy," said Paul, the tall lad, who had a pale complexion and protruding eyes.

"So?" said Steve. "Well, let's see you in action."

Paul tried, but the sheaves fell over and it was some time before he got on to the hang of building a stook so that it would resist the wind. "Some technique. Have you been long at this job?"

"About a month."

The other lad, Bill Roberts, who had watched Steve's demonstration without comment, seemed to be doing all right. He was up ahead a bit. "Seems like a fellow who keeps to himself," thought Steve, his eyes following Roberts. He was a big-boned, square-jawed fellow with sober eyes. "Now here is the kind of man Jean would like."

Steve hadn't a chance to speak to Jean again until supper time, although all afternoon he had seen her driving up to the threshing-machine, taking on a load of wheat and shooting off with it to the elevator in town.



"Why don't you say straight out that you don't know?" said Jean.

"Tough stunt for a girl," Paul called to Steve above the sizzing wind. "No fun holding a heavy truck to these gravelled roads."

"These girls out here are used to tough roads. They're good drivers," Steve called back. He could see that Paul was vibrating with girl-interest.

When they got to the farmhouse for supper, Jean was just turning into the yard. Presently she came by the well where the men were washing up. "How are your appetites?"

"I could eat a load of wheat," said Paul, frisking his blonde hair dry, "Say, baby, you can really rustle a truck, can't you?"

"Jean is the name," she said.

"O.K., Jean."

"Tired?" Jean asked the three, her eyes flicking over them. "Because if you arent," she said, without waiting for a reply, "there's a hoe-down in the village schoolhouse tonight."

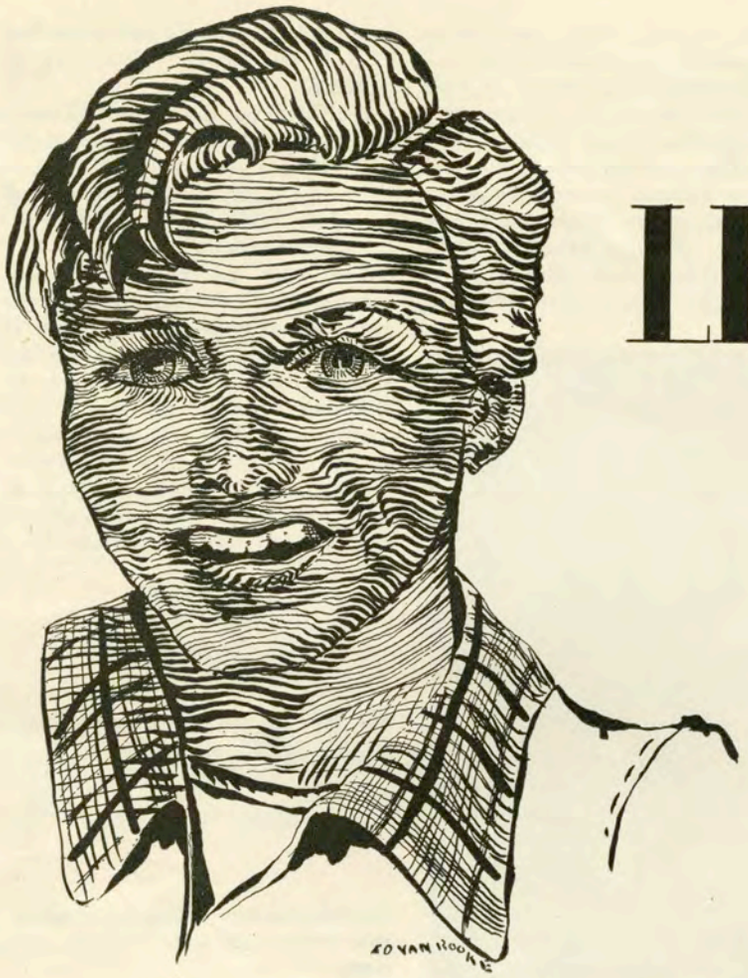
Steve, sloshing his hot face in the cooling water, did not reply, but Paul said brightly, "If you can rustle your feet the way you can a truck, Sister, I'm for you."

"Jean is the name."

"O.K. Jean."

Leaning back against the pump with the wind whipping her gay-checked print slacks against her trim figure, Jean presented an alluring figure. The expression on her face was wholly disinterested. Steve didn't like the sly expression in Paul's eyes or his

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The LITTLIEST MAN

By NAN SHIPLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY ED. VAN ROOKE

JOHN McGREGOR tacked up the war-loan poster on the wall over the wolf-traps, then opened the stove-door and tossed in the rest of the circulars. When he went to the post door to sweep the snow off the steps he was mumbling to himself. Give—give—give! Why didn't the government take the cost of this war out of the big fellow's pockets and leave the Little Man like himself alone! It was all a man could do to make a cent of profit these days, and from what he heard over the radio he was better off operating a trading-post away up here than others trying to do business in overcrowded cities and boom-towns! To date the prospectors and half-breed settlers hadn't felt any shortage of canned goods or ammunition, because he had plenty of old stock. A whole shelf-ful of aluminum pots and pans, a couple of hundred good steel traps, twenty pair of hip waders—good rubber too!—even a pair of boy's skates. And with Christmas only a month or so away he'd have no trouble getting rid of them.

"Any mail for me?" Ruth Haley, the new school-teacher, called. She wasn't yellow-haired and young like the last one had been. Ruth had milk-white short curly hair, and her age might have been anything, although she looked and laughed like a woman of thirty.

"Yes. There's two letters for you," McGregor answered, and he walked indoors ahead of her to show his disapproval. He had never liked her from the first, when he learned that she had been living a leisurely life until the war and agreed to take over the school at Rocky River only when she learned that a younger teacher could not be found to take the unglamorous job. McGregor watched Ruth now as she tore one of the letters open and began to read, standing by the window so that the morning sun fell across her fur-trimmed parka and along the firm, smooth line of her chin. He knew her brothers handwriting; he was with the Navy. Ruth wrote regularly and sent innumerable parcels. He knew about her war bond purchases also. McGregor handled the certificates. Well, she could afford to buy them, and she was only working now because it was the patriotic thing to do!

"He's well!" She turned her radiantly happy face to McGregor now and tore open the second letter. "September 29th. What a long time it takes for mail to come this far. Excuse me please." She was deep in the second letter.

McGregor turned his back and began busying himself with some merchandise to put in the show-window. He'd have to make it extra attractive—she'd be going to work pretty soon on the kids about buying extra war-savings stamps and perhaps talk a lot of their parents into spending their money on war bonds. The settlers around Rocky River weren't wealthy, and if they purchased a fifty or a hundred dollar bond just before Christmas it was a cinch that his business would fall off! McGregor had bought war-bonds himself, last time, and he didn't intend to buy any more. He'd done his share.

Two weeks ago McGregor had seen twelve-year-old Nick Dubois' brown nose pressed against the window, his black eyes focussed on the solitary pair of skates; he knew that they were as good as sold. The kid was a quiet, determined little beggar and last summer when he coveted a rifle the older boys were starting to carry, he had hiked around the mountain with half a dozen older companions to where the new road was being built and got himself a job as water-boy. Just as soon as he had earned sufficient to pay for a rifle he returned home. Now he wanted the skates and in spite of the family's poverty he would find a way to get them.

Nick's half-breed father had drowned during the salmon-run two years ago. His mother cleaned McGregor's store and living-quarters and did other odd jobs about the village; it was a struggle to keep the family clothed and fed.

Every day on his way to and from school Nick paused to gaze at the shining blades,

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Colonization

By J. S. McGOWAN

Director of the C.N.R. Department of Colonization and Agriculture

IN any consideration of the mechanics and science of colonization it would seem that two fundamental truths are embodied in its definition. The first is the age-long link between the good earth and the home as exemplified by the very word from which "colony" derives, and which the lexicographer translates as "to till, to cultivate or to settle", as if the terms were synonymous and as if to convey the thought that where man can successfully till the soil there can he work and live out his three score years and ten. The second fundamental emphasized by definition is that of "settling", for let it be noted that the colonist is a settler in a colony, and that the immigrant in the true sense of the word, is one who comes from a foreign land and is accepted by his new country for permanent settlement.

A firm grasp of these fundamentals provides the key to what is meant by the term "Colonization". From the foregoing it will be quickly recognized that so closely are the origins of settlement and soil related that it is by no mere accident of nomenclature that that branch of the Canadian National Railways, whose function it is to supervise land settlement, is known as the Department of Colonization and Agriculture.

On occasion the question has been asked, "Why should a transportation system interest itself in colonization?" The answer to this is quickly apparent when a study is given to the part played by the railways in the development and economy of a country so vast and sparsely populated as the Dominion of Canada. Settlement within the territories served by its lines is, in a very real sense, the life-blood of such a transportation system, and in this respect the railways are not unique. Services of every kind must of necessity languish—if, indeed, they are ever provided, unless supported and fed by flourishing, progressive, expanding communities. And from this it will be seen, too, that the word "settlement", in its present-day application and under modern conditions, cannot be limited to strictly agricultural pursuits, axiomatic though it may be that "trade follows the plough", and that the spear-point of colonization in any newly developed or partially-exploited area must, perforce, be formed by tillers of the soil, whether they be grain-growers on the Canadian prairies or rubber-planters in Sumatra.

The development of Canada is only in its beginning. There is much land still available for settlement even in some of our older settled provinces. Our forests, our mines will require much labour, as in the development of these resources great wealth will be forthcoming to increase our national income.

There are those who maintain, and with some reason, that Canada is entering a new phase in her development as a young nation; and that she is approaching the stage when the emphasis of her national economy is gradually shifting from her primary production of fields and forests, of mines and waterways, to the processing and further refinement of those products. To this end the present war has contributed not a little; and it is not difficult to visualize the day when Canada will be much more highly-industrialized than she is at present, and when her output will be bent to the pursuits of peace, rather than geared to the feverish demands of war. When that day comes it may be found that a considerable contribution has been made by the immigrant in our midst, from whatever land he may derive. In any consideration of these factors, however, it is essential to keep in mind that our present industrial development has resulted from the development of our farm lands and other natural resources, and that our future progress will depend to a very large extent on the further development of these resources within our boundaries.

Of recent years the policy of Canada governing the admission of newcomers from countries other than the British Isles has limited such immigrants largely to those who have their roots in the soil—whether that soil be of the Scandinavian countries, of Poland, Holland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, or of any one of several other countries. Many of these people have in past years made, and are continuing to make, important contributions to our national life; and much still remains to be done. It would be a bold man who would claim that the ultimate has yet been reached in this land of ours, in the fullest and most economical utilization of such of our acres as are or could be cultivated.

As has been said, the immigrant with whom the railway, through its Department of Colonization and Agriculture, has been primarily called upon to deal, has his roots in the soil. The task of transplanting these peoples has been, and continues to be an intensely interesting one. The process falls, naturally enough, under two headings:

(1) The selection of the unit overseas; and,
(2) The settlement of that unit on the land in Canada.

Of these two, it is impossible to say which is the more important; both are equally vital. The men charged with the responsibility of the selection work overseas for the Department of Colonization and Agriculture of the Canadian National Railways are Canadian citizens with agricultural experience and training prior to proceeding overseas. To be familiar with Canadian farming is a necessity if the selection officer is to talk intelligently to, and inspire confidence in, the intending immigrant.

Interviews with prospective migrants always takes place in their country of origin, so that the officer is familiar with conditions where the family is living. Great care is taken in the selection, but notwithstanding this the odd failure is inevitable in this, as in any other human endeavour and enterprise. That they are so few speaks volumes for the inherent adaptability of the good average European farmer, be he peasant or landed proprietor; and also for the advantages this country has to offer to those having a basic knowledge of the science and practice of farming. Success has come to those who have been anxious (rather than merely willing) to work, and who have applied their knowledge of farming to conditions as they find them in the land of promise to which they were destined. For let us not for one moment forget that, viewed through the eyes of the well-informed European—Canada does indeed present such an attractive picture. It holds out much promise, a promise that numberless immigrants of past years have abundantly proved to be readily capable of fulfilment.

The selector then has all these considerations very much in mind when he interviews the prospective immigrant overseas. He sizes up as best he may the applicant and each

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GAY COLOURS attract the eye—cheer everybody up! Bright dresses, colourful curtains and slip covers are so easy to obtain with Tintex, the dyes and tints which outsell all other brands. Millions of women are still saving money with Tintex—buy Tintex today! At drug, department and 10c stores.

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HULA BROWN VICTORY BEIGE



DRESS REHEARSAL

THE GERMAN JEW and THE GERMAN MIDDLE CLASS

(ANONYMOUS)

MODERN history furnishes us with an abundance of material which would very well fit in with the old Greek definition of tragedy, calling for terror and pity. At that time it was the individual who was shown wrestling with a fate he could not understand and which therefore seemed blind to him. Today, whole classes and groups are affected by forces outside their control, threatening their ruin. But the individual of today can no longer dare or plead with the gods, personifying the impersonal. He has to deal with sudden catastrophes attributable to no one in particular, with wars, revolutions, economic crises, striking him with the force of a natural law. He feels towards these forces just as the Greek in his time felt towards his Gods: as their undeserving victim.

The tragedy of the Jews in Germany is not only their own; it is the tragedy of the German middle class of which they formed an integral part. The great majority of the German Jews belonged to the business or the professional classes. Not only were they established materially, but their role in the scientific and artistic life of the German nation was out of all proportion to their numbers. The German Jew was not popular with the Jews of other countries. His assurance of belonging completely in the framework of his country, his natural acceptance of complete assimilation—for it was no longer merely a matter of belief or a pious wish—made him suspect to those Jews who were forced to or chose to retain a distinct group character. The outlook of the German Jew was essentially middle class. In Poland a Jewish Socialist Party had hundreds of thousands of followers among Jewish handicraftsmen. In Germany the average Jew was organized, if at all, in such groups as a Jewish Veterans Association or an association to combat the growing agitation of anti-Semitic groups, protesting again and again their loyalty as Germans first and Jews—later. The story of the Communist Jew circulated by the Nazis is a myth. The Jew who had fought for his status in bourgeois society for decades was determined to strengthen his position and not to undermine it. Figures like Albert Ballin—the personal friend of Wilhelm II—and Rathenau, who helped the German Empire fight its predatory war by his scientific and organizing genius, are too often forgotten when some Jewish intellectual, prominent in the German Communist Party, is brought into the limelight.

When the catastrophe came—and it took the German Jews a long time to recognize it as such—Jews of other countries may have looked upon it as a lesson in assimilation. But few were the members of the German middle class who could see far enough to understand that defending the German Jew meant defending themselves. The German aristocrats at the time of the French Revolution knew instinctively that it was of the utmost importance for their own security that the idea of the divine right and the God-given place of the King should remain firmly rooted in mass psychology. That is why they considered the French Revolution a European revolution. The Nazis, masters of psychology in immediate matters, do not seem to have grasped the fact of the indivisibility of mass psychology quite so clearly. When they allowed Jewish homes to be plundered, capital to be expropriated, they endangered the property and position of the whole German middle class. They endangered the respect for property, giving an example to the German masses that some institutions in society were no longer considered so sacred and untouchable as before. They also gave an indication to the German burgher of what might be in store for him, in times of crisis. This the German middle class did not see. The elimination of one part of a class—with all the

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RECIPES FROM MANY LANDS

The ALPHABET of Health

By GLADYS FLIS-GROCHOLSKI

DURING recent years (since 1925) we have become intensely interested in vitamins and their concentrated forms in capsules, powders, oils and pills, and huge sums of money are spent annually on one form or another, containing one, a combination, or the entire vitamin alphabet. Vitamin preparations are a boon to mankind, particularly in cases of deficiency diseases and certain other ailments. When we consider our great-grandmothers and their problems of rearing our grandmothers (who, in turn had their troubles), it seems hardly possible that they brought up a family of ten or twelve children, all without the aid of modern hospitals, milk formulas, toxoids, and vitamin extracts. Of course, there is the fact about infant mortality, which has been magnificently overcome, but this mortality occurred only at a time when there was not sufficient knowledge of proper nutrition, and civilization had accumulated an abundance of bad eating habits.

And so it is that our habits in eating have been the cause of the founding of a new industry—wherein Vitamins A, B1, B2, B6, C, D, E, G, K, and Nicotinic and Pantothenic Acid become little capsules which we swallow once or twice a day, beat our chests with renewed vigour, then sit down to the same over-cooked, vitamin-deficient kind of meal that we have always enjoyed.

It is the custom to have breakfast at 8 or 9, lunch at 12 or 1, and dinner at 6 or 7, but these hours, as previously considered, were not set by the capitalistic system, but by our forebears in the wee years of civilization. Upon them rests also the blame for the poor habits in eating which have been handed down to us from generation to generation, each in succession adding a few more. We can go back as far as the year 43 A.D., to the time of the Roman Empire, when this civilization, in promoting a higher standard of living, had also begun the custom of feasting, and with very little cause the Romans had tables laden with foods and malt liquors. From them has come our still prevalent custom of feasting after funerals. The Romans too were the originators of finger bowls, containing scented water, and the custom of music being played at dinner.

The frying pan dates back to these times and was, no doubt, used in the making of mixed grills, which were then known. Pork was the favourite meat; kidneys and lambs' fry were enjoyed; special occasions called for the tradtional boar's head or roasted peacock. Finely chopped meat with the addition of various herbs and spices gave variety; the Scottish haggis is said to be of Roman origin. The Romans preferred wheaten bread, and there were all kinds of fish, poultry and game, cheese and nuts, honey and wine; and such fruits were cultivated as mulberry, fig and vine, quince and plum. There were also the peach and the apricot of Asiatic origin, and the cherry, which was brought from Italy, being introduced to that country by the famous general Lucullus, who died about 57 B.C. All this is a sound basis for sensible nutrition and happy living, but excessive luxuries and the heavily laden tables led to the corruption of military virtues, and by 186 A.D., great mutinies broke out, usurpers followed one another, until this series of disasters was finally ended by the conquering Angles, Saxons, and Danes, in the year 410 A.D. Seneca writes of the maladies of his era and mentions gout and baldness, being the diseases of gluttony, and there were probably cancer of the stomach and appendicitis.

On the other hand, it may be apparent that the Romans were not entirely to blame, since Rome was the pupil of Greece in culinary methods. The Greeks were taught by the Persians, who were inspired by Neo-Babylonian monarchs.

Homo sapiens, as we read first about him was a satisfied sort of fellow, who lived on the wild fruits of the earth, adding to his diet such morsels as shellfish. His voice was strong and musical in resonance, his strength invincible. Came the ensuing generations with the discovery of fire-making, and food habits changed completely. The barbecue came into being with the first fire, and meat was occasionally introduced into the diet, but by about 410 A.D., when the export in beef hides was a thriving industry, the eating of beef became prevalent, and with the Anglo-Saxons of that time there originated what is known today as English roast beef. From that time on, the English have been known as great consumers of meat. Even then it was realized that the over-consumption of meats was harmful, and by 432 A.D. Christianity tried to overcome this evil by instituting the custom of fasting and the use of fish on particular days of abstinence. It may be stated that even then they knew how to make friends and influence people, since liquor poured sweet continually, and was served especially to win friends and to be much liked. In view of the fact that the Church considered fasting so necessary as to make it a law, it seems rather indecent to have to add that the art of distilling was attributed to the monks of Anglo-Danish days (499-1066). At any rate, to quench one's thirst with liquor was considered natural, and there were no Temperance Leagues. (An interesting recipe taken from this era was one for "unsharpsighted eyes", and consisted of a mixture of pepper, salt and wine, to be applied to the eyes).

As years passed, the motto, "eating to live", underwent a change and became "living to eat", much as it appears today. One of the main factors in our diet which would seem detrimental, in addition to the common habit of overeating, is the consumption of frozen foods which are "alive" when first defrosted; too often frozen eggs and meats have little food value by the time they reach the consumer. Our overcooking of meats, leaves but little good—since the vitamin value is contained chiefly in the juices or animal blood, and for this reason pork is unsafe. Denaturing of fruits and vegetables by peeling and cooking in large quantities of water which is never used in also the cause of vitamin deficiencies. Then again, our planning of meals around the meat and the not over-plentiful use of raw fruits and vegetables have greatly augmented the usage of vitamin preparations and various drugs besides.

Since civilization requires that our foods be "pure", we eat white bread, whereas there remains only one-half of the vitamin content when wheat kernels are not ground until removal of the embryo. Flour is then treated chemically to render it white; similarly, our rice is white, our sugar is refined. Salt was long ago discovered to be deficient in natural iodine which is now being added in the requisite amount during its preparation for market.

It is incomprehensible why, in a land of resources such as ours, there is so much actual starvation. Not only the poor, but often the very wealthy are tortured by sym-

toms of vitamin deficiencies. It is not enough just to eat. We must eat properly and include in our diet every element necessary to life, and these are: calcium, phosphorous, chlorine, sulphur, potassium, sodium, fluorine, magnesium, silicon, iron, iodine, manganese; last but most important is our invisible food, fresh air (oxygen, carbon, hydrogen). These elements are found in various amounts in all vegetables and fruits, cereals (not refined) and meats. Some of the maladies known to be vitamin deficiency diseases are: anaemia, pyorrhea, certain heart ailments, neuralgia, arthritis, rheumatism, mental unbalance, skin diseases, catarrh, ulcers, tuberculosis, and others. As science progresses, it will probably trace all diseases to deficiencies in diet. As explained to me, there are foods which, once in the system, form mucus and foods which do not. The mucus-forming foods are the ones that could bear study, since mucus is a fermentation that is a welcome home for germs and bacteria of all kinds; most serious diseases are treated with special diets that exclude these foods. Formed mucus can hinder proper circulation and cause anaemia and apoplexy. Under the heading of mucus-forming foods come meat, eggs, fats, dried beans, dried peas, all starchy foods. Non-mucus-forming foods embrace all green vegetables and all fruits. With a diet generous in the latter and the not-abundant inclusion of the former foods, a healthy balance could be maintained.

But one cannot live on fruits alone and watch others devour the freshly baked ham, the thick filet mignon, or the golden dressed capon. It would require saintly courage to overcome these temptations, and there are no saints nowadays, probably because no one fasts any more. It would stand to reason that the system would be quite satisfied with reasonable amounts of meats, starches, and alcohols. (No matter how hard we try to eradicate alcohol, the spirit stands fast: it is a component of many foods, and forty loaves of bread contain as much alcohol as a bottle of port wine). With the addition of meat to the diet only three or four times weekly, and generous servings of fruits and vegetables, served raw whenever possible, the vitamins will take care of themselves.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite and health on both!"—(Macbeth.)

SCOTCH LEEK SOUP

1 bunch leeks	pepper
1 cup celery cut in thin slices	1 qt. milk
3 cups potatoes, inch cubes	5 tbs. butter
	salt
	cayenne

Trim leeks cut in thin slices. Cook leeks and celery in butter until soft. Add milk, cook 40 minutes in double boiler. Cook potatoes 10 minutes in boiling salted water. Add to vegetables and cook until soft. Season with salt, pepper and cayenne. Makes 8 portions.

(Continued on page 58)

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Eleventh Annual N
United Stat

By MRS. JO

FOREWORD

By SARAH GERTRUDE KNOTT

SINCE the beginning the National Folk Festival Association has had two purposes in mind: the holding of an annual national event, a people's holiday of merry-making, bringing together the folk of the country with their distinctive songs, music and dances, which reflect a cross-section of the folk life of the country; and the encouragement of smaller festivals, regional, state and community utilizing the folk expressions peculiar to the different sections.

The chief aims are: to furnish inexpensive leisure-time activities in which many people may participate; to contribute towards a better understanding and a stronger national unity among our people of varied cultural strains by bringing them together with their deep-seated traditional folk-songs, music and dances and legends—heritages which express racial characteristics and national temperaments; to preserve by actual performance the many-colored folk patterns which so richly reflect the creativeness and the aspirations of the peoples of many lands whose basic cultures will one day form a part of the mosaic of the cultural pattern in the United States.

The National Folk Festival has been necessary to stimulate interest in community folk activities and to give our people a picture of the wealth of traditional expressions in the country today. But a single annual event held in one city each year would not reach enough people to be really effective in encouraging continuation of the use of folk traditions. This one event could not meet the needs now felt of developing better understanding and stronger national unity among our varied racial and national groups. More and more we are stressing community folk activities.

At the close of this year's Festival we were asked to remain in Philadelphia, under the sponsorship of The Evening Bulletin Folk Festival Association, to assist local leaders in a folk dance and song program to help meet wartime recreational needs. We co-operated with the Fifth War Loan Drive by bringing

Participants in the Eleventh Annual National Folk Festival at Philadelphia, are from top to bottom: The famous Anson Cowboy Fiddle Band; Wana Singh in a Hindu musical number; Jamez Indians stomping through a war dance.



MRS. JOHN T. McCAY,

Founder and Director,

Vancouver Folk Festival

together on each of four different programs five or six nationality groups with their characteristic folk songs, music and dances. Each program carried a definite message of "unity within diversity". Many people realized for the first time the varied colorful strands that really belong in Philadelphia's complete cultural pattern.

In some programs we included songs and dances by Jamaican laborers who were in the Philadelphia region in connection with the program of the War Food Administration. A new venture in connection with the Park Commission was the inauguration of weekly square dances held in city parks. As many as five thousand attended the dances, many of them actually participating, others, fascinated by the lively "old-time" dancing to the fiddle tunes, just looked on. Another series was presented at the USO Labor Plaza for Service Men and Women and thousands took part in the folk dancing, and in the Housing Projects of the Federal Public Works Administration.

Plans are now being made to extend square dance activities in many of the parks

tional Folk Festival
s of America

T. McCAY



SARAH GERTRUDE KNOTT
Founder and Director
National Folk Festival Association
United States of America

next summer. Through the incentive of the summer activities a number of Y.W.C.A.'s and Y.M.C.A.'s, USO's and Housing Projects—colored and white—in Philadelphia and adjoining communities, will include folk song and dance activities as part of the winter's program. A traditional Religious Folk Song Festival will be held in December, bringing together people of various faiths to see if through religious songs which have a common source, we might find a common ground upon which to meet. We are co-operating with the "Junto" of Philadelphia, the largest adult education project in the United States, through a course in folk dancing.

We are now looking forward to the 12th Annual National Folk Festival in Philadelphia next May. We extend warm greetings and a cordial invitation to Canada! We hope that our northern neighbor will, for the third year, send representation through Mrs. John T. McCay, whose vision in conducting the Vancouver Folk Festival has been an inspiration to all of us in the National Folk Festival Association for the past twelve years.

* * *

"CLANG, Clang! "Clang, Clang"! "Clang, Clang"! sounded the bell of the Town "Clang, Clang! Clang, Clang! Clang, Clang!!" sounded the bell of the Town Crier, the last of his vocation in America. "Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! the Eleventh Annual National Folk Festival is about to begin." As he cried down the aisle of Philadelphia's Academy of Music, the oldest music hall in the United States, so Philadelphians will tell you, walked Amos Kubik, a gaunt man of some seventy years—erect, sturdy, proud and happy to be using in such lusty fashion his ancient mode of news proclamation.

Dressed in black velvet tunic, knee breeches, William Penn wide-brimmed hat, cream stockings, patent leather square-toed shoes with silver buckles to match the one on his hat, the Town Crier of Provincetown, Massachusetts, stepped on to the stage and once again gave his call, "Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Introducing Sarah Gertrude Knott, founder and director of the National Folk Festival, who will present the participants."

We watched this forceful woman calmly introduce each number, commenting in a fashion which breathed understanding and, at the same time, formed a continuous bond of explanation between the folk groups and the audience which filled this great hall, balconies, low broad boxes and orchestra pit —some 3,500 in each gathering. She was always gracious and ever able to hold the attention of that gathering, while large groups of participants were forming backstage to be ready when called. When the curtain silently moved up to disclose, from one performer to three or four hundred members of some group, Miss Knott had the audience acquainted with the story, the history and significance of the program which followed—and each program swung smoothly through the length of the evening.

The entire Festival was a demonstration of the way in which humanity, in all its variety of race and color, can move in peace-loving understanding and harmony. Here American traditional folk expressions were being preserved—a heritage which is being woven into the literature and art of a great national — the United States of America.

(Continued on page 59)







From top to bottom: "Pioneer Promenodeus" dancers; popular quarterly Anthracite miners, and the Ukrainian sword dance.

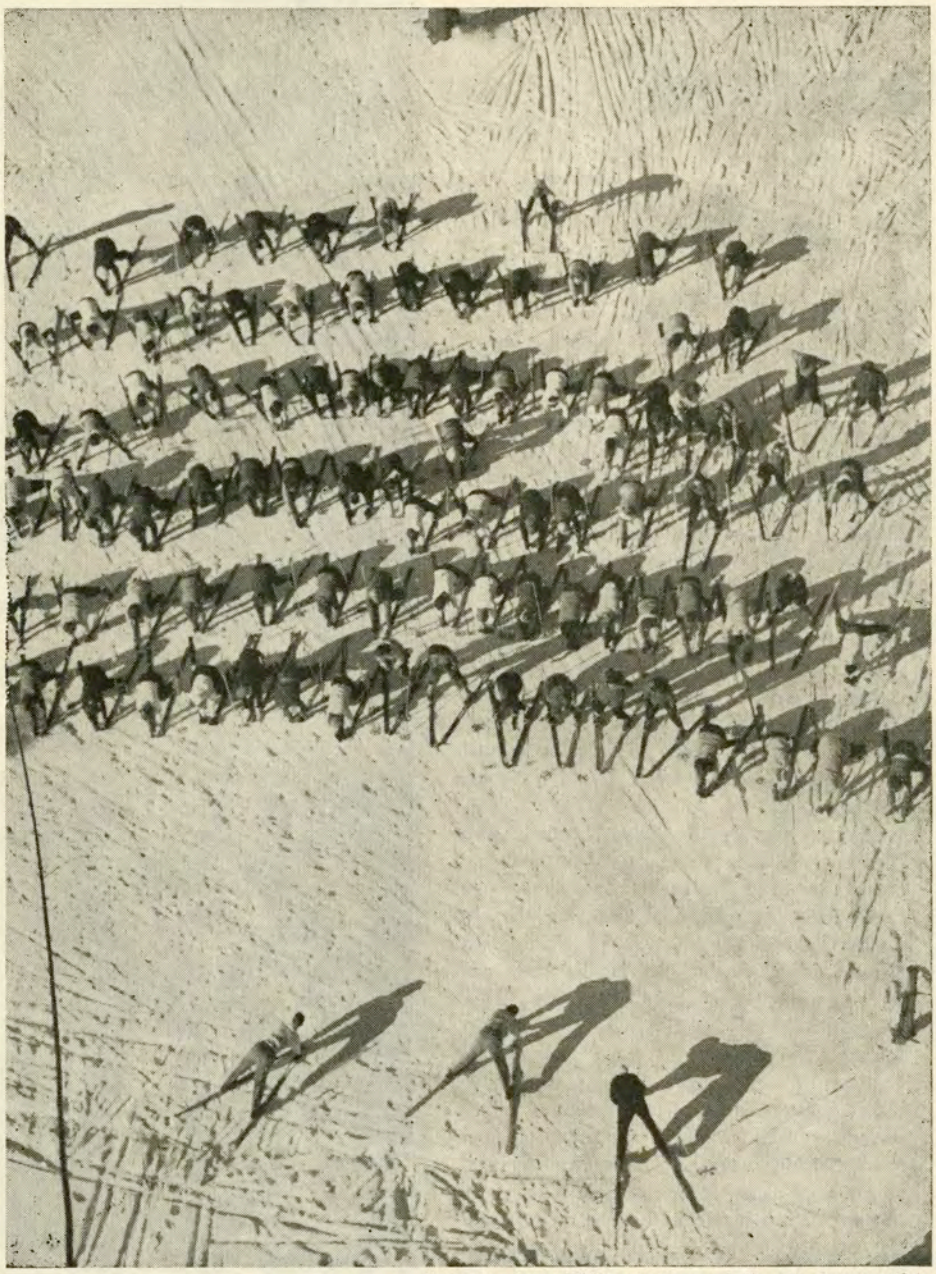


Photo by Doug White, chairman of the RA Camera Club.
RA skiers performing their ski exercises at Fairy Lake near Ottawa, Winter 1944.

Civil Servants and The Sokol

BY

DR. KURT EGON HAAS

RECREATION, physical and spiritual, is one of the most important factors in community life, urban or rural. It represents "an economic value which should be made accessible to everyone," as Professor Robbin put it. Recreation is a binding link among the different racial groups represented here in Canada, which helps to overcome certain prejudices and on the other hand builds up a better and sounder conception of Canadian citizzenship.

Physical and spiritual recreation goes back thousands of years; nobody could word the importance of recreation better than the ancients who said that a healthy mind can live only in a healthy body, "mens sana in corpore sano". It was the privilege of a small central European country with great cultural traditions to create a recreational system which undoubtedly can be regarded as the leading one in this field and which represents the true spirit of democracy, abolishing once and for all the conception that recreation is the privilege of only the wealthy class of human society. It was the Sokol system, whose founder was Dr. M. Tyrs (1832-1884), that made Czechoslovakia one of the leading countries in physical education. He named his institution the "Sokol", which translated means "falcon", a fitting symbol for his work. The word Sokol was taken from the legends and epic songs of the Yugoslavs who call their national heroes "sokols".

Dr. Miroslav Tyrs placed himself at the head of the movement and with his friends, Dr. Eduard Grégr and the latter's brother, Dr. Julius Grégr, drafted the statutes of the association in January, 1862. In the years 1865-1867 Dr. Tyrs issued statistical and historical reviews, giving a survey of the Sokol activities of that period. In 1868 his "Elements of Gymnastics", a description of his original system and methods, was published. In the year 1880 Dr. Tyrs was appointed lecturer in the history of art at Charles University, Prague. Dr. Tyrs died in an accident in the Alps in August, 1884.

I should like very briefly to go into the ideas and the principles of the Sokol system, because it is so well suited for the Canadian nation. A great many states in the U.S.A. and communities in Great Britain have adopted the Sokol system in their physical and spiritual recreational program. All the Slavic states, Yugoslavia, Poland, Russia, etc., have built up their recreational program on the ideas of the Sokol.

The foundation of the Sokol idea is the equality of all among all, not merely in the matter of physical exercises and sport, but in all of life. The equality among the Sokols is not merely an equality of rights and duties, it is also an equality in showing respect and having mutual regard one for another. Sokol brotherhood implies not only the principle of equality but also a conscious abandonment of privileges arising from birth, property and education. Not to demand equality but to give it, is the Sokol idea. All the members of the Sokol organization are also united by conscious efforts towards physical, mental, and moral perfection. Equality, freedom and brotherhood

(Continued on page 63)

CANADIAN Cotillion



Illustrated by Mary Pape.

MARGARET MacGOWAN CURRIE

BEFORE man had any written language he danced. The oldest records of civilization bear this out. Every important phase of life was woven into the lives of the people on the thread of the dance. Havelock Ellis has said it is the most exuberant utterance of the joy of life.

In this day of "jitter-bugging" Canadians are dance-conscious, but we are reverting to the less graceful aspect of the art of Terpischore and forgetting a fact of prime importance in a democratic way of life, the happy social intercourse of dancing, the bringing together of the human elements in a community and releasing friendship and joy through the country dances.

The simpler acts of companionship, worship, dance and song which really belong to all people are a more vital factor in the life of a nation, says Elizabeth Burchenal who has done more in gathering folk-dances from every country in the world and bringing them to this continent than any other person. She has done for America what Cecil Sharp did for England in keeping alive the folk-dances.

Dancing was a social asset in grandmother's day when the invitation to dance, accompanied by a courtly bow, was worded, "Will you honor me with this dance?"

In the front line in every community it has changed and quickened tempo. The quadrille, gavotte, polka, redowa and minuet have given way to the fox-trot, waltz, la conga, carioca and rhumba. With all the glamour and mystery in the dance of today, it can never equal the old-fashioned "set" for sheer hilarity and sociability with its step-enlivening tunes.

To dance is to translate music through the medium of the personality. In Biblical days the Psalmist says: "Praise Him in the cymbals and dances; praise Him upon the strings and the pipes."

The oldest record of dancing comes from Egypt. Homer related a story in the Odyssey about two young warriors dancing for the entertainment of Odysseus in the palace of Alcinous. Musical composers down through the centuries have written music in dance-forms, i.e., gigue, sarabande, courante, gavotte, mazurka, polonaise, waltz and czardas, showing us the high place the dance has held in the history of our civilization. The minuet was so popular in the 17th and 18th centuries that it has been incorporated

(Continued on page 51)



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Requests for published reports or for other information should be addressed to the Dominion Statistician, Ottawa. All inquiries will be promptly and courteously answered.

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That Coming Peace

By LEON S. GARCZYNSKI

MILLIONS awaiting the approaching peace are becoming more and more anxious. It seems that the great conflict which started as a war of nerves is returning to a similar phase in its final stages.

Battles are now being fought on German soil; the aggressor, already punished, knows that more is to come, and still strong, prepares his last desperate stand. A high price will have to be paid for the ultimate victory.

However, this is not the reason for our anxiousness. We have always known that heavy losses are to be expected, with the last months the most difficult. It is neither the news from the front nor the reports of generals that cause our present uneasiness. This is created rather by reports released from well guarded conference rooms, by various utterances of statesmen, by logical interpretation of news concerning political activities.

Noticeable long ago, it has become most apparent since the tragedy of Warsaw. The fact that Great Britain and the United States had to rush assistance to the fighting city at a high cost, the fact that Soviet help came late and only after a plain condemnation of Moscow's policy had been voiced in the democratic press, proved beyond any doubt that co-operation and understanding among those allied to crush Germany are not perfect; that there are at stake issues of the utmost importance, that the mere destruction of the Wehrmacht may not bring a more lasting peace, and that something more is needed.

And peace is what the world wants. Respite, a chance to rebuild, a chance to enjoy a longer period of quiet. However, the world which once took "peace at any price", found it to be short and bitter, and now rejects the phrase "at any price," insisting that the next peace be a just one. It must be just to last longer. The rights of each nation must be honoured if all are to benefit. Not only is it necessary to break Germany's aggressiveness and disarm her, but it is imperative to put a stop to all other aggressors, and create a new atmosphere of friendship and confidence, at least among those who are at present on the same side.

And this is not yet an accomplished fact. Even worse, there are open differences and antagonisms. Demands have been made, which, if granted, will make the coming peace unjust and undermine it at the very moment of its inception.

The masses, listening to reassuring words and noble statements, and simultaneously observing contradictory acts, have every reason to grow anxious, especially when they see high-minded slogans gradually withdrawn, new interpretations given to old and plainly written promises. The people see that the new world which is being shaped is far from the ideals which were preached at the beginning of the struggle. It is true that these modifications concern the international sphere only, but this is connected with the life of individual nations, and it is difficult to expect paradise on earth if somewhere in the background an immense concentration camp is established for millions of those protesting against slavery and foreign domination.

People are told that nothing is decided yet. They are told that the war is being fought for the liberation of invaded nations. In spite of this they are uncertain; they fear that some new threat will emerge to darken the horizon. It is not secret that there is a fear of another war. . . .

And this fear is not without some foundation.

Fate has brought together two different worlds to break a third which menaced them both—Democracy and Dictatorship, high ideals and imperialistic tendencies camouflaging

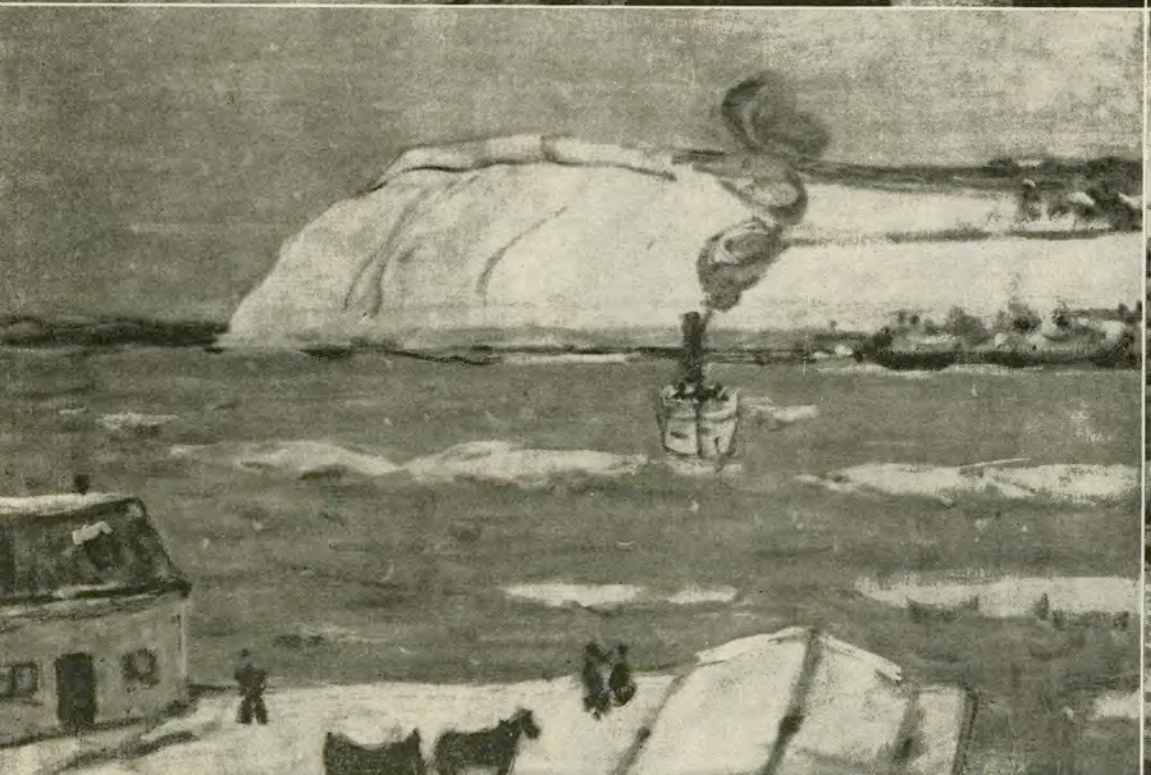
(Continued on page 47)


THE ARTS

ART









The Canadian Tradition in Art

By

R. H. HUBBARD, M.A., PH.D.

FIFTY years ago authors on Canadian painting were inclined to be a little dubious about the existence of a Canadian tradition in art, and often betrayed an apologetic tone in their writing. Actually, they had good reason for their doubts. They knew that the only really long-established tradition was in the realm of French-Canadian church art; this, however, they considered as handicraft and made no attempt to link it up with "fine" art. Critics were disturbed, too, by the jostling together of several European fashions in the work of Canadian artists. How to choose between the English manner, the Dutch manner, the French manner, was the problem of the artist. The spell of those influences was so strong that painters in the young country were not yet able to evolve a characteristically Canadian type of vision.

Twenty-five years ago writers abruptly changed their tune. They heralded the advent of the Canadian national style. If in their enthusiasm they were a trifle outspoken, they had some justification in the Group of Seven whose distinctive work had recently appeared on the scene. As events were to prove, the Group was the nucleus of future developments.

To-day there is no need either to be apologetic or to be boastful in speaking of the Canadian tradition; it is an accomplished fact. Canadian art has matured and now forms an entity. Canadian art, representing Canadian subject-matter, is produced for Canadian consumption in a manner everywhere recognizable as Canadian. Furthermore, a study of the history of art in Canada has revealed certain tendencies present from the beginnings in the seventeenth century to the present day.



Portrait of a Nun, 1841, by Antoine Plamondon (1804-1895). National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa.

All of this is by no means to cast aspersions either upon artists whose work has reflected outside influences or upon those influences themselves as harmful things. They were as necessary to the formation of a Canadian style as immigration from many lands was to the emergence of a Canadian people. Canadian art, like the Canadian people, has been enriched by contributions from many sources.

First in point of time came the legacy of France. French art migrated to Canada before 1670 and its influence was felt long after the British conquest of 1760. But soon after French traditions in painting and sculpture were transplanted, they were modified by Canadian artists who cared little for the sophistication of Versailles. The old portraits of Quebec show little of the French delicacy; in fact, they often approach closely to folk-art, and the purpose behind them was simply one of characterizing the sitter. Towards the end of the period of the domination of French art, the painter Antoine Plamondon, brought the accomplished techniques of French classicism into Canada; yet in his **Portrait of a Nun** (1841, National Gallery of Canada) he combined the linear precision of the European style with the already traditional Canadian taste for simple lifelikeness. In so doing, he set the pace for later Canadian painters.

Meanwhile, with the first English painters in Canada there arrived also the art styles of England. Early English-born landscapists bore the stamp of the famous landscape schools of the eighteenth century. Lucius O'Brien's **Kakabeka Falls** (1882, National Gallery of Canada) with its reminiscences of the picturesque style shows how the English influence remained constant throughout the nineteenth century. One of Canada's first really significant painters, Homer Watson, learned important lessons from England's greatest genius of landscape, Constable. Allied with the British landscape tradition were two other nineteenth-century schools, the French Barbizon School and the American Hudson River School. The former left an indelible stamp upon Horatio Walker, whose genre-scenes on the Island of Orleans owe a debt to Jean-François Millet; the latter provided Homer Watson with his first inspiration and eventually led him to England. The Realistic schools of Europe, like those of Bonnat in Paris, the Düsselfdorf Academy, and the English Pre-Raphaelites, had their effect from the time when Cornelius Krieghoff arrived in Canada to paint the first vivid records of Canadian life in the eighteen-forties and 'fifties until Robert Harris painted his almost photographic **Fathers of Confederation** in the second half of the century. But more important than specific examples of the influence of Realism was the *intention* behind those schools—to achieve a perfect illusion of natural appearances—and the strong appeal which naturalism held for men of a new country who were grappling with very real and tangible problems. Canadians, occupied in the practical job of building their country, had a profound respect for material things, so that lifelikeness became one of the deepest roots of the Canadian tradition.

But the enriching process did not end there. Europe still had much to give to Canada in the twentieth century. Before the turn of the century the French Impressionists had already opened the eyes of artists to the magic world of colour. Some Canadian artists around 1900, like Aurèle Suzor-Coté, fell directly under the spell of Impressionism. The members of the Group of Seven, founded in 1919, adopted the pure, bright colours of Impressionism, and sometimes (as also in Tom Thomson's case) applied them in small, separate touches in the

(Continued on page 69)

Upper left: Kakabeka Falls, 1882, by Lucius R. O'Brien (1832-1899), National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa. Upper right: Quebec Church by Charles Comfort. Lower left: The Ferry, Quebec, 1907, by James Wkoson Morrice (1865-1924). National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa. Lower right: Algoma, November by A. Y. Jackson. Collection of H. S. Southam, Esq., C.M.G., Ottawa.



The Advent of Canadian Music

By NORMAN WILKS

Principal of the Toronto Conservatory of Music

WITH the dawn very slowly breaking over a world of peace, our thoughts naturally to the future, and we try to visualize a picture of Canada as we would like her to be.

Canada's magnificent war effort and the sterling qualities of her fighting men have given her a place of honour with the great nations. Our destiny is in our own hands. Canada will be what we make her, but we must not be over-impatient; it takes time to build a nation. We have proved that we have virility and courage, but what about wisdom? Unity of purpose is essential, leadership is important, but if we really feel at heart the need for a different and happier world, every man, woman and child will have to work with enthusiasm for that end and also shoulder their responsibilities.

Naturally, I am especially interested in the future of the arts, primarily music. A recent issue of *Canadians All* contained an interesting article entitled *Where Is Canadian Music?* I can only answer that Canadian music is in the making.

If one enquired at a music store for examples of Canadian music, there might be considerable difficulty in finding something worth while. Nevertheless, during the last few years some very gifted young Canadians have appeared on the horizon, and it is only a question of time before their names and works are better known. Composers need publishers and publishers need audiences; why not encourage them both? Thanks are due to the Canadian Performing Rights Society's splendid scholarship, awarded annually since 1938, for the discovery of much hidden talent.

Among the youthful school we find Godfrey Ridout, whose works have already reached beyond Canadian boundaries; John Weinzweig, the twelve-tone scale enthusiast; Alexander Brott of Montreal, whose Symphonic poem, *Oracle,* was performed recently by Sir Thomas Beecham; André Mathieu, the young French-Canadian genius; Robert Fleming from Saskatoon, whose orchestral suite, *Round the House,* was played last winter by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra; Jean Fraser and her lovely songs; Jean Coulthard Adams of Vancouver, and Barbara Pentland of Winnipeg; to mention only a few. While there is little trace of Teutonic influence in the works of the younger group, an outsider would find no special reason for labelling them Canadian music.

Among composers who made Canada their home are Dr. Frank Harrison of Queen's University, Dr. Arnold Walter of Toronto, Arthur Benjamin of Vancouver, Hugh Bancroft of Winnipeg, T. J. Crawford, Professor Leo Smith, and, of course, the greatest of them all, Dr. Healey Willan, whose genius will perhaps be only fully realized in centuries to come.

Music is the only language common to mankind. True, there will always be nationalistic tendencies and techniques, but with the gradual blending of talents—British, Italian, German, Polish, Russian, Ukrainian, to mention a few—a Canadian musical literature will develop slowly and should prove to be comprehensive and all-embracing. Curiously enough, this has not happened in the United States, where, so far, little truly American music has been written comparable to that of the great masters of the past. The large population of German origin may be partly the reason. In Canada our nationalities are more evenly divided.

What of the other arts? It is doubtful whether any country can show so rich a variety of handicrafts. In addition to lovely work from Quebec, we now have Canadian citizens from the Ukraine, Croatia, China, Poland, Norway, Hungary, and many other countries, with all their artistic tradition and cultural life to enhance our own. The prospect looks bright indeed.

Painting, though not necessarily imitative, tends to describe man's outer surroundings. It is not surprising then that a School of Canadian Painters has already achieved fame and recognition in artistic centres the world over, for Canada has an unrivalled geographical situation and a beauty of her own.

Music, being a medium for inner feelings, is in a different category. Canadian composers are still under the influence of their racial background. The character of the nation is only in the making, and music expresses character. The development of Canadian music then will naturally be slow and almost imperceptible. Modes of living, climate, and scenery must be assimilated; racial prejudices forgotten; intermarriage, religious thought and tolerance, and political unity will all play their part, and centuries may pass before Anglo-Saxon calm and genuine dislike of emotional display, German thoroughness, Slavic temperament, Polish elegance, Italian brightness, Ukrainian and Czech genius, will find an art form comprehensive and characteristic enough to be called *Canadian,* or recognizable anywhere as the expression of our national spiritual values.

It is true that we already enjoy a rich legacy of French-Canadian folk songs. They owe their charm and style to the tastes and sensibilities of French settlers years ago; many of them can be traced to the fair land from which they originally sprung. We have, too, Indian songs, which will be more valued later than they are today.

But we have not yet found our national tempo. It will have great bearing on all art forms. This new world which many declaim about so glibly will not be fashioned overnight. Before we set our compass, let us make sure that we know where we want to go, and what we most require. Are we still anxious for *Canadian* music? Would it not be wiser to seek a new world, free eventually of nationalistic pride and peculiarities, and a time when tribal characteristics will be mainly of historical interest to the musicologist? Peace and understanding can only be hampered by physical boundaries. The message the arts have to bring is the same for all peoples.

The Neglect of Canadian Literature

By E. K. BROWN

(A talk given over the CBC on Sunday, June 4, 1944, 8:45-9:00 p.m. E.D.T.)

I HAVE been asked to speak to you this evening about the state of our national literature and particularly about some of the difficulties our authors have to meet and what we might do to lessen those difficulties. To lessen them, I say, not to remove them, for it is not in our power to remove them at present. I have been asked to talk about these topics because I have recently brought out a book called *On Canadian Poetry,* in the course of which I tried to show why our literature was not in a healthy condition, and also suggested that the great things some of our writers have done—and some of them have done great things—have not been as widely read and appreciated as one would wish. On the cover of every issue of the Chicago magazine *Poetry* appears the saying of Walt Whitman, "To have great poets there must be great audiences too". It is true of most literature that to get it written requires the assurance that it is going to be widely and appreciatively read.

I have recently had the privilege of going through the notebooks of our greatest poet, Archibald Lampman. In one of them I found the text of a lecture that he gave to the Literary and Scientific Institute in Ottawa in 1891. Lampman speaks there of the problems of Canadian literature and speaks sadly. He said that the world around him was not ready to read. The people of Canada fifty years ago were making money, building the material fabric of the nation, so plunged in materialism that they could only read in off moments, and even the reading they did was not, Lampman believed, wise reading, not really discriminating and appreciative. It will take two generations, Lampman says, before there will be good readers in this country, enough good readers to stimulate the writing of good books. Well, two generations have come and gone, or almost. What would the great poet say if he were alive today? Would he be satisfied with the quality of reading in Canada? I cannot believe that he would be satisfied.

Allow me to tell you a story. Some five years when I was Professor of English at the University of Toronto, I was asked to address a meeting of a fraternal society in that city, and I was advised that the subject I ought to treat of was our national literature. In the course of my address I spoke with warm praise of E. J. Pratt, whose *Brébeuf and his Brethren* so many of you have heard over the air. Afterwards one member of the audience came up to me and said he had been particularly interested in what I had said about Mr. Pratt. They had been classmates at Victoria College thirty years before. He had seen Mr. Pratt off and on over the years, as was natural, since they both lived in Toronto, but this was the first time he had ever heard that Mr. Pratt had written any poems.

There is something wrong in the national attitude towards literature when this is possible. I will tell you some of the things that are wrong.

In the first place, literature is not taken seriously enough. It is regarded as one of the things that don't matter. It is seen wholly as amusement. It is amusing to read some novels and to see some plays. At least a good many people find it amusing, and the rest will concede that it is a perfectly respectable amusement. Now, I know very well that literature ought to be amusing, that it ought to entertain, but there is something else it can do. Literature is not a subject of instruction in our schools and colleges simply because it is amusing or entertaining. It is a subject of instruction, and a very fundamental one, because it interprets life. Shortly after the Russians entered the war, two New York publishers brought out editions of Tolstoy's great novel, *War and Peace.* I do not know how many copies one of them sold, but the other in a year or so sold about 300,000 copies. Why was *War and Peace* bought in such quantities in 1941 and 1942? Because it was amusing? Certainly not. 300,000 copies and more were bought because *War and Peace* interprets Russia, because it shows the sort of people the Russians are, and especially what they are like in time of war. If you wish to find out what a nation is really like, the history books will tell you something, but the great novels and the great plays will tell you more. The modern British critic, Mr. St. John Ervine, has said that if he wanted to get to the heart of England as it was in the eighteenth century, he would go, not to the great history of Lecky, but to Fielding's great novel, his great panorama of English life in country and town, *Tom Jones;* and if I wanted to show a Russian what Canada is like, I would give him as the first two books, Louis Hemon's *Maria Chapdelaine* and Stephen Leacock's *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town.*

Now I do not think that Canadians in general hunger after literature as an interpretation of their lives. That's the first great thing that is wrong. We do not take literature seriously enough, because we do not understand how much it could do for us if we would let it. Novels, if they are really great, and plays too, can interpret our lives for us, can make us understand ourselves better than we did before we read them. Once you have provided yourself with enough to eat, with a roof over your head, and clothes to keep you warm or cool, there is nothing so urgent as understanding the sort of person you are and the sort of persons your associates are, your friends, your fellow-workers, and your enemies—if you have them.

We do not take any literature seriously enough in this country, but particularly we do not take our own literature seriously. This failure to do justice to our own authors is partly because we do not do justice to our own country. My friend, Mr. Ferguson, editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press,* has recently returned from a visit to England. The articles he has been writing have shown that the English are deeply impressed with our war effort, that they see us a great power in the world today and destined to be a greater power yet in the world tomorrow. It is very healthy for us to hear this. We are in no danger of swelled heads. Our danger is in hanging heads. We do not know our own strength. We do not think that we are likely to do things that are really first-class. Now we have in this country today some literary artists of the first class. They suffer from not being accorded the serious attention, the thoughtful criticism, the discriminating appreciation by which an

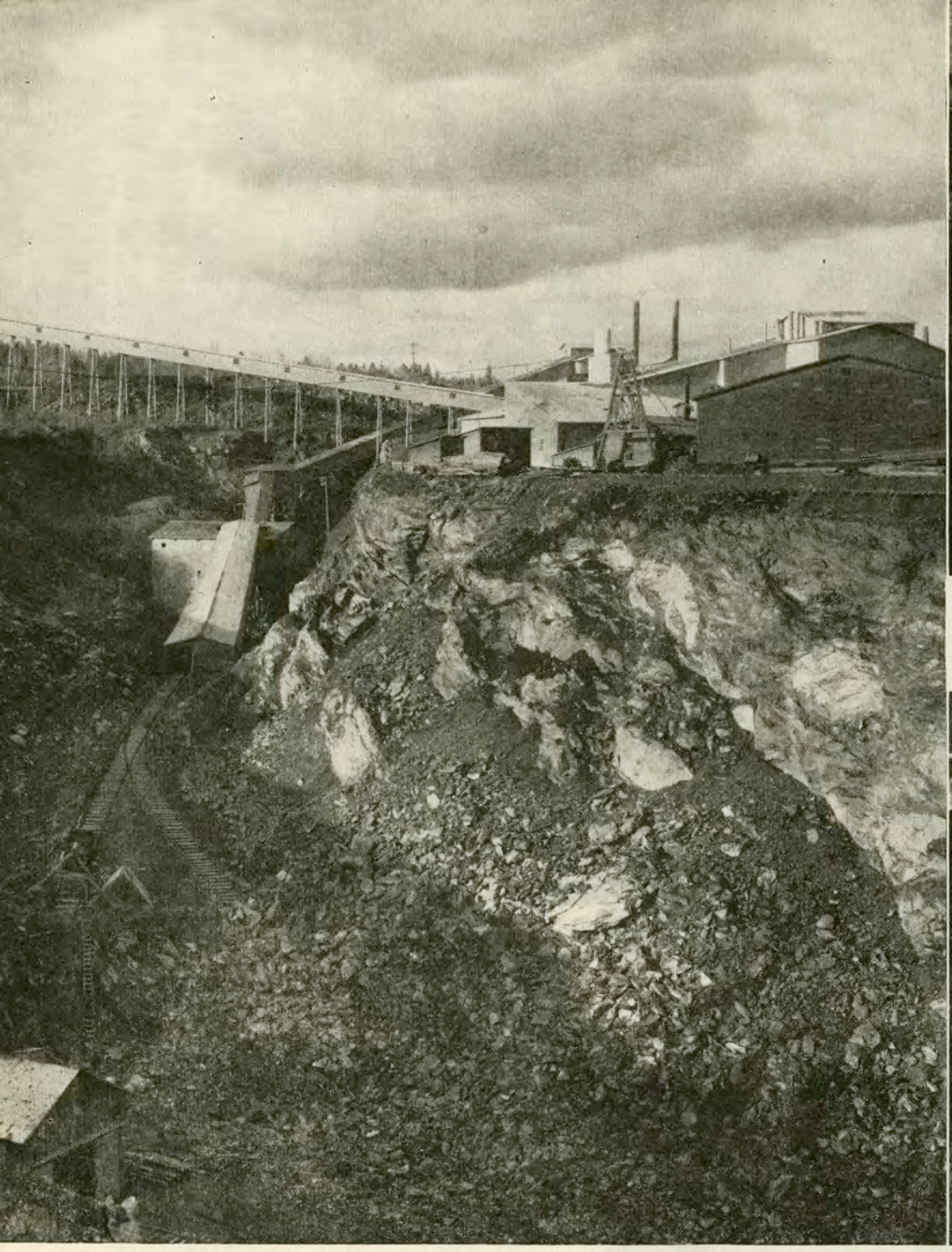
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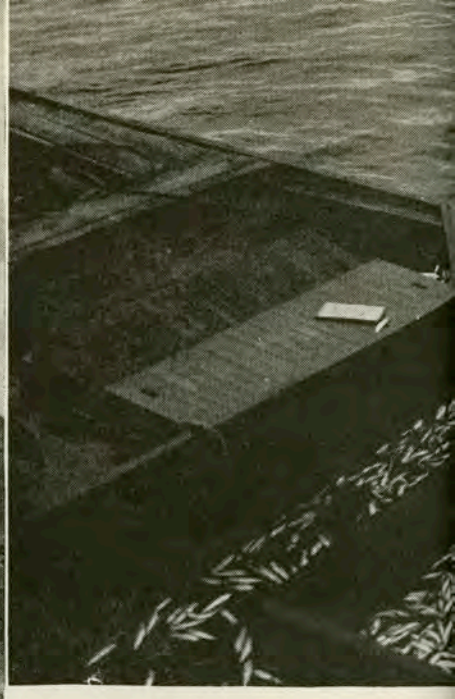


Scenes depicting Canada's fame as a wheat grower and a lumber producing country.

Canada

"Our Home and Native Land"



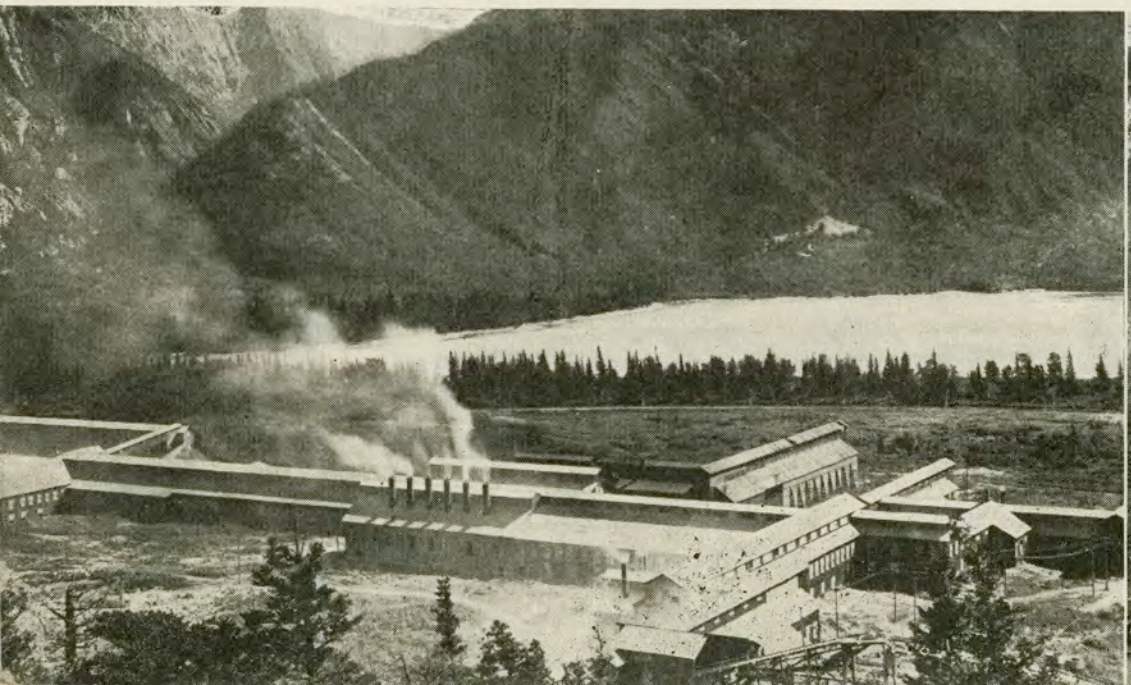


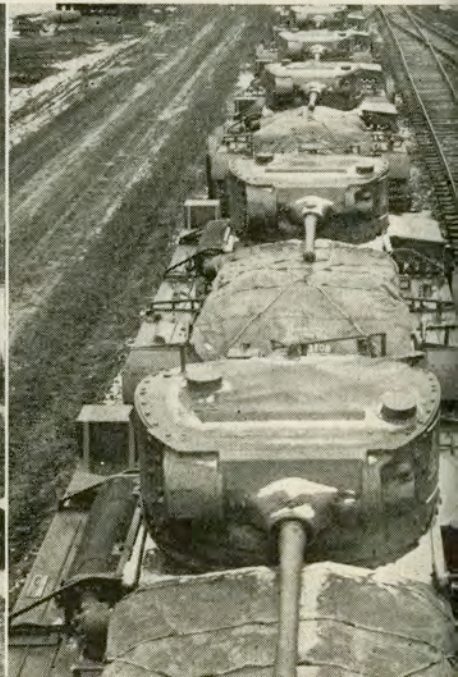
Canada is renowned for her fishing



Asbestos mine at Broughton, Quebec, and below, cement works near Banff.

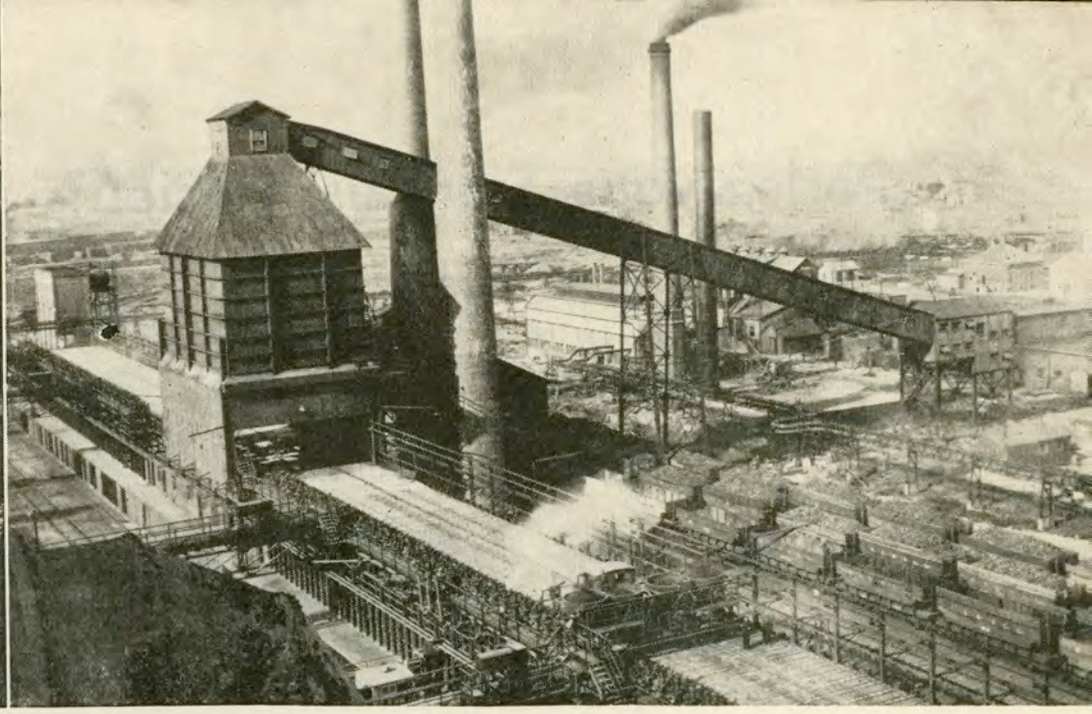
In a Kingston plant turning out locomotives
India, and below, Canadian-built infantry t
leaving the Angus Shops in Montreal.







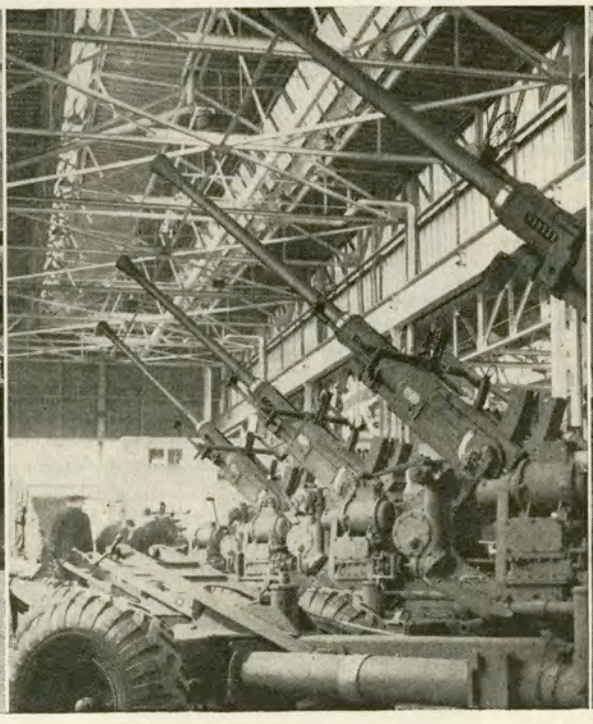
bordering her coasts and in her inland waters.



Dominion Foundry and Steel Company at Sydney, N.S.



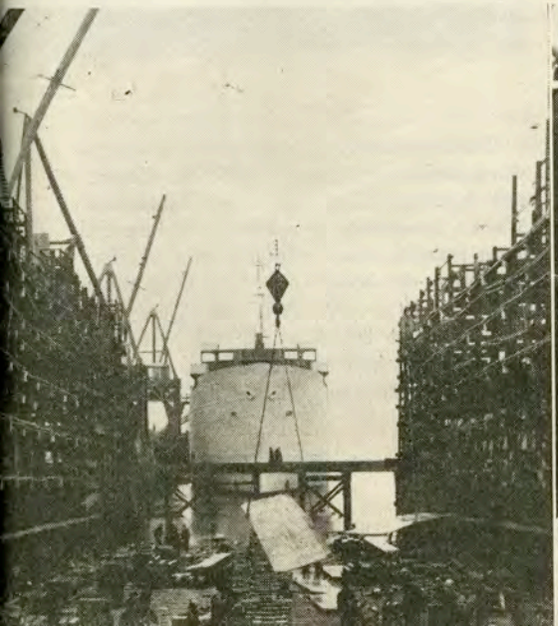
Scout cars at Ford plant, Windsor, and below, building Victory ships at Burrard Dry Dock, Vancouver, B.C.

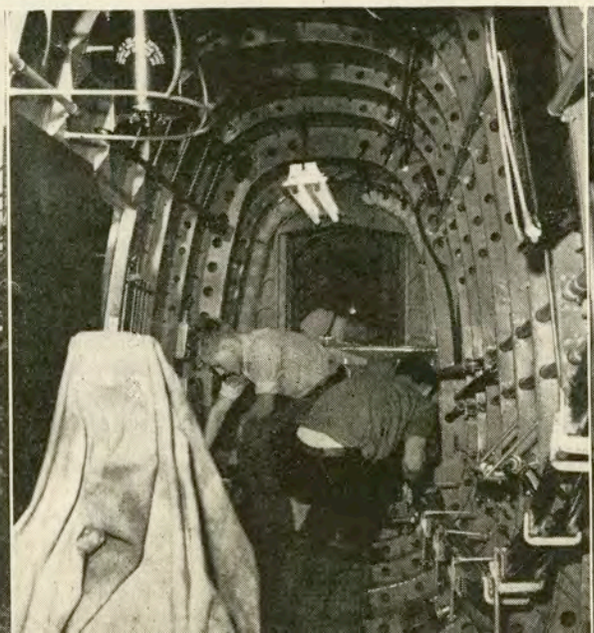


The Bofors anti-aircraft guns produced in Hamilton, Ont., while below, workmen put finishing touches to a Lancaster bomber at the Victory Aircraft at Malton, Ont.



Gun mounts on the assembly line at Calgary Alberta, while girls check 7.2 shells in a govern ment-owned plant near Montreal.







Parlez-vous Français, M'sieu?

or

Hi! Ho! For a Holiday!

By FLORENCE G. BRUXER

ARE you planning a winter holiday? Do your business arrangements, overwork, or possibly poor health make it necessary for you to "knock off" for a rest during the winter season?

Perhaps you are wondering what would be the ideal spot for you, now that Florida, Bermuda and such places are more or less taboo. Why not try the Laurentians? To the blue-white hills of Canada's "St. Moritz" one can journey without worry of customs, exchange, or all the rest of the accompanying "red tape" involved in a trip across the border. "Buy 'Made in Canada' Goods" is the slogan—why not "Buy rest and enjoyment in Canada" for the duration?

You may be a sportsman or nature lover, or you may wish chiefly to rest and relax, but whatever you desire you will probably find it in the invigorating air and amidst the superb scenery of this "Muskoka" of Quebec Province.

Two or more trains run daily into the mountains, laden with skiers, skis, and all the resultant paraphernalia—hot coffee in huge pails, pop, sandwiches and what-not. We climb past Bordeaux, Ste. Rose, St. Jerome, Piedmont, Mont Rolland, Ste. Marguerite, Ste. Agathe, and on and up to St. Jovite and Mont Tremblant, the conductor rolling out the station calls with the rich burr of a Scot.

Then, too, there are buses—not so satisfactory under war conditions—but at least one can get as far as St. Jerome and, if an experienced skier, across country to any point desired, or can go by sleigh over the cleared highway, if the snowplow holds up. Snowmobiles also race through the hills with the speed of city taxis, taking the inclines valiantly, though often unable to navigate where the horse and sleigh manage with comparative ease.

Surely nowhere else are the hills so blue except, it well may be, in Scotland. Scenery restful, varied, enchanting, but never monotonous. Here old man Winter takes his fling, unhampered by the more conventional code he follows in the cities, burying the quaint little houses in every hamlet clear to the top in a fleecy white blanket, until only a cleared path to a doorway and a patch of roof are visible. Evergreens peep through lacy mantillas, a church spire glistens silverly in the sun, sleigh bells jingle, a weatherbeaten horse pulls a gaily painted sleigh, buffalo robe flapping in the breeze, a train whistles rounding a curve, skiers race past, rosy from exercise and fresh air, laughing for sheer good health and high spirits.

What fun for the city-bred to ride in an ancient sleigh, Pierre or Thomas standing in front calling to the horses, sometimes in French, sometimes in English. Bilingual horses, by gar! With what skill he guides them over the frozen ground, drawing aside in the ruts to allow other sleighs to pass. A snow-train has but recently disgorged its human cargo at Piedmont and now the skiers are on their way to St. Sauveur. Jingling bells herald their approach and we pass one after another laden with eager skiers.

With what a clear, white brilliance the sun shines in the mountains! How warm too! Even with the thermometer registering 40 below one can acquire a suntan sitting in a deck chair swathed in blankets on a peak of snow or, for the more prosperous, in the solarium of the charming lodge at Ste. Adèle. There is a place for you! Buzzing with young life! Beautiful views, fine lounges, excellent meals and the old-world atmosphere of the Red Room, where liquid refreshment may be had after dancing. Close by is the "Chantecler", another attractive inn, beautifully situated overlooking hill and valley. Fine murals adorn the walls, the work of the Montreal artist, Edward Cleghorn, who until recently occupied a cottage near by. Not as cosmopolitan a place as the "Lodge", perhaps, but so lovely and satisfying.

St. Sauveur is a popular spot with Montrealers—particularly the "week-enders". The C.N.R. has a station in the village and the C.P.R. another at Piedmont, about a mile and a quarter away. All the fine trails are adjacent—the Pub the gathering place at night, jolly merrymakers singing song after song over their mug of beer. Some of the "chansons" are better not mentioned, but after one gets the hang of things, words do not matter, the fun is innocent, if the rhymes are a bit risqué.

A Christmas spent at homey Win-Sum Inn, Piedmont, comes to my mind. After leaving the four o'clock flier from Toronto, Christmas Eve, we started by bus from Montreal. There was a promise of snow in the air and as we climbed into the hills the storm broke in all its loveliness, great flakes clinging to the windows. When the driver pulled up at "San Yerome" what a pretty sight gladdened our tired eyes. Though the village was dimly lit, numerous stars blinked through the whiteness and from every store and cottage a spiral of smoke curled grayly into the night. Wreaths hung in the windows; a church spire glimmered for a moment in the glare of the headlights, great evergreens leaning against its portals in a friendly way, awaiting the morrow.

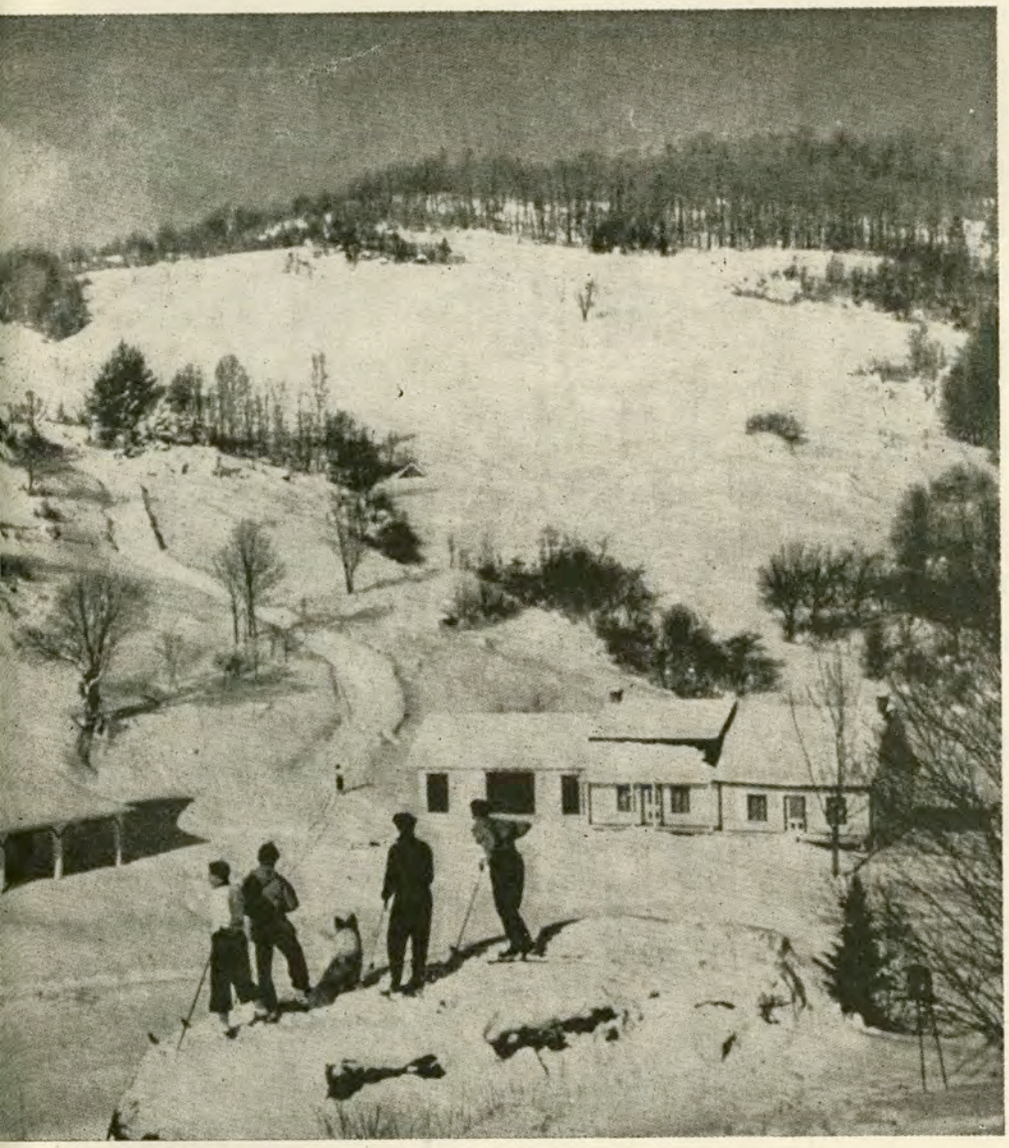


Lo

When we reached our destination what a warm welcome was extended by our diminutive hostess. That was a gay Christmas! What interesting people!—a commercial artist from Montreal with his wife, a gifted musician; the honeymoon couple, so much in love and so shy; Tony and Mike from the Air Force School at Mo'real. The fun we had, and how we appreciated the good things provided for our comfort and enjoyment!

For the average Torontonian journeying to the mountains it will be necessary, more than likely, to parlez-vous in one's best matriculation French, and if matriculation is a long while back, it will be hard going, searching into dim recesses of one's mind for the proper idiom or phrase *en français.* What a drawback to have neglected our French and what a fraud, we think, upon discovering that our opponent speaks very good English. Finally, however, we are safely tucked into sleighs and away we go, whirling over bridges, sliding around curves, emitting an aura of holiness; there is a friendly scramble for skis, much chattering and laughter, and away they go in all directions, like birds of gay plumage. A few of the villagers, more decorous in behaviour and dressed in Sunday-best, pause for a word with the Curé or a greeting to a friend. One or two drop into the office of *le docteur* across the street. Sleighs gradually depart and quiet settles once more on the village.

If you do not ski you purchase a pair of stout boots at the General Store. With luck, they will be high and of rubber. These,



Across Sun Valley in the heart of the Laurentians.

to the friendly warmth of a comfortable Inn.

On Sunday mornings the usual placid little villages buzz with life. Sleighs arrive, crowds mill about, *"vingt-cinq"* echoes from the drivers. Mon Dieu! The whole countryside must go to Mass. What a sight, as men and women, boys and girls, arrive on skis, clad in all the varied gaiety of sport. The church seems to be surrounded by a palisade—so many skis upright in the snow; one expects to hear a war-whoop any minute. But no, after Mass the doors of *l'église* open, Madame or M'sieu, are excellent for walking over the trails on milder days. How the sun soaks to the skin even through a windbreaker! How it sparkles on the snow—like marcasite! A picture post card country! A blue door appears over the crest of a hill; how lovely against the whiteness and the background of evergreens and pine! St. Christopher carrying the Child Jesus on his shoulder confronts one on the hillside. A ski two groans. Perhaps *les enfants* are just dismissed from the Convent School and with shy smiles and many backward glances from black eyes amble downhill or dissolve into the landscape. Perhaps also our wanderings bring us near little Candlelight Inn. What a restful place to have tea and home-made cake by candlelight! Dull in these mountains? *Mais non,* it is ever new, ever interesting.

Perhaps, tramping about without much purpose, happy just to be outdoors in the sun and life-giving air, we stumble on a very fine farm. The proprietor, with an engaging air and the courtly manners of a French gentleman, comes forward to greet us. No matter that we intrude, or that he is busy. We must look at his leghorns, his black minorcas; learn how the eggs are candled, graded and packed; see the granary and his fine livestock, the cows cared for and milked along the most modern and scientific lines. What numbers of pigs and piglets!—what succulent bacon, we think. What fine Belgian horses! At great length and in very careful English we are told that he has but recently taken a wife; we must be presented to Madame. He is a graduate of Macdonald College and this is his life work. At once we recall an Easter holiday spent at Sun Valley Farm, about three miles by sleigh from Val Morin Station. Yes, he knows Rène Clouthier. They were at Agricultural College together. How my thoughts travelled backward to 1939 and the tedious but happy ride to "Sun Vallee"! How our French companion laughed as we ducked spray after spray of water thrown up by the horse as he trudged through the slush! How the coarse, brown hairs from his tail clung to our clothes! "I smell of horse for the rest of my life," our French friend would cry. What a charming place, the house! Quaint, and furnished with great individuality and taste. What beautiful hand-carved furniture and home-spun curtains! How we enjoyed sitting in the sun shielded by the huge ice-wall! What an equally charming Chalet on the hill, occupied by M'sieu and his family on their visits from Montreal. How interesting to visit the sugar bush and to see the sap trickling so slowly into the covered pails from a spigot driven into the bark, and then piped into the sugar camp! A goodly sight to see the sap boiling in the large troughs beneath. How tasty the syrup, as we pour ourselves a sample from a large pitcher! How good the maple wax, we think, rolling up great mouthfuls on a wooden spatula, the hot liquid spreading and cooling as it is poured on the snow.

Many different types are to be found at a mountain inn. The indefatigable skier; the bookworm; occasionally a growler; on week-ends—members of the Armed Forces; the lady who can't keep warm: and the traveller. Sometimes a guest will drop in for meals. Frequently we had such an one at Win-Sum, from the P.N.E.U. School (Parents' National Educational Union) at St. Sauveur—now moved to Montreal. One day the famous skier, Johannsen, with his family,

(Continued on page 63)

One way to help!

Men who fight for Canada on sea or land or in the air, lead a hard life . . . harder than most civilians can imagine. The little luxuries mean a lot to these men and the little luxuries are not easily come by in war-torn Europe. That's why we appeal urgently for your support of:

The Overseas League Tobacco Fund
93 King St. East, Toronto
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$1 to them means 400 cigarettes delivered to a sailor, soldier or airman who really needs them. Send a subscription—as large as you can make it, today!

This offer for bulk shipments only. Cigarettes to individuals cannot be handled at these low rates.

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LONDON - CANADA

Community Centres For Canada

By J. MURRAY GIBBON

LAST May a call was sent out by Ernest Fosbery, President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, to the Presidents of sixteen cultural organizations, asking them to attend a meeting in Toronto. The interests represented comprised artists in oils, water-colours, etchings, graphic arts and sculpture, architects, authors, handicraft workers, and musicians. It appeared that several groups had approached Mr. J. G. Turgeon, Chairman of the Special Committee on Reconstruction and Re-establishment, to see what could be done in post-war planning for the arts, and he had suggested that the various interests should get together and submit a comprehensive plan.

One of the groups had already spent considerable time on a survey of Community Centres. Such Centres had proved to be effective in promoting arts, crafts and music in Sweden and other European countries. Such Centres, they found, were sadly needed in rural districts in Canada, not to mention the smaller cities which in so many cases had to depend on denominational church halls, or unattractive school rooms. Even in the larger cities it was frequently difficult to find suitable halls for art exhibitions, concerts, amateur dramatics, etc.

After a lengthy discussion it was decided to make a joint presentation recommending to the government a program of establishing Community Centres throughout Canada at a cost of $10,000,000, to be spent on actual construction in municipalities which indicated their interest by agreeing to participate in the cost—the sum of $25,000 being earmarked for a preliminary survey which would ascertain which areas would best be served by a Community Centre.

The plan calls for 25 major Community Centres to cost from $250,000 up, 50 Centres in smaller cities to cost each from $50,000 to $100,000, and 500 in still smaller communities to cost approximately $20,000 each. These would have auditoriums, workshops for craft workers, facilities for travelling art exhibitions, and libraries.

A deputation was sent to Ottawa which met with a most friendly reception, and though the plan has still to receive the official blessing of the government and a pledge that the money will be forthcoming, the prospects are most encouraging.

Of all the points of contact between the various racial groups in Canada, none are more effective than the arts. No matter what one's language may be, one can appreciate the music of Chopin, Tschaikowsky, Grieg, Saint Saens, Verdi, Handel, Mozart. No translations are required for the appreciation of paintings by Titian, Raphael, Velasquez, Watteau, Rubens, Rembrandt, Hogarth. In the crafts a Swedish weaver can appreciate the charm of a French-Canadian homespun, and an Irish lacemaker can enjoy the cross-stitch embroidery of a Ukrainian. Hitherto, however, Canadians, particularly in rural districts, have had too little opportunity of finding a meeting place which is not affected by associations which prevent the free interchange of thought. Where the meeting place belongs to the whole community, then there is the possibility of a real Community Centre.

The erection of a building is, of course, only the first stage in creating a Community Centre. The hope is expressed by those who have submitted the plan that some central body at Ottawa, probably associated with the National Gallery, will take the lead in organizing exhibitions of oil paintings, water-colours and etchings; that the Dominion Drama Festival competitions will keep alive the Little Theatre Movement; that handicrafts will be encouraged; that Canadian books will be circulated in travelling libraries. While the ideal of a Ministry of

(Continued on page 63)

Canadian Folk Society

By JERRY HUNDAL



Photo Alfred Knight

A National Costume Ball marked the opening of the Winter season of the Canadian Folk Society, Vancouver.

The Canadian Folk Society is an association of men and women united in a desire to promote a more practical understanding among Canadians of all national and racial origins.

The Society is incorporated under the "Societies Act" of British Columbia, and its purposes and objects are set out in its charter as follows:

"To promote amongst its members educational, social, and musical activities by encouraging National Folk Songs, National Folk Dances, and Handicrafts, and promoting performances, exhibitions, and displays thereof.

"To promote appreciation of Canadian citizenship.

"To promote and maintain tolerance and mutual appreciation and understanding with and among people in Canada of different nationalities, or of different racial descent, or speaking different languages, and generally, to promote and maintain unity and amity with and among all nationals residing in Canada.

"To co-operate with other societies, organizations, or groups in the Dominion of Canada having objects of a nature similar to those of this Society."

The Society, as at present constituted, has grown out of the work of the Vancouver Folk Festival, and is in the twelfth year of its development. In bringing together annually a cross-section of some forty national groups for six days of enthusiastic co-operation at the annual Folk Festival, Vancouver has proved to be a city with vision and courage enough to make the experiment, and its efforts have been crowned with success. Moreover, it was felt that here was something of too vital an interest to the community and to Canadian citizenship to be allowed to remain dormant for most of the year. The idea behind it warranted a more permanent and continuous work. Hence the founding of the Canadian Folk Society.

Let us consider what it means to belong to a country of twelve million people comprising more than forty nationalities.

We speak of Canadians, but actually a Canadian is a hard man to define. Behind him lie the root strains of some five and one-half millions of Anglo-Saxon origin, three and one-half millions of French, two and one-half millions of other European races, as well as Asiatics and our own native Esquimaux and Indians. So strong a mixture of old races in a young land can prove either a force for disunity and confusion, or one of the richest legacies a country can be heir to.

In discussions of racial differences there is usually an appeal for "tolerance"; but these verbal appeals are completely inadequate to draw together folk of different national groups. What is required is some living and active bond—some manifestation—some means of demonstrative expression. Music is such a bond; dancing is another; the work of the hands is another. All these are among the oldest, the simplest, and yet the most effective means of bringing people together in understanding of one another; yes, powerful enough to break down even the barriers of language. Or putting it perhaps more correctly, they, themselves, make up a universal language. Those who have worked intimately among our nationals know this to be true. It is for this reason that we promote the use of these universal forms of expression as fundamental for the achievement of our objects.

Canada is a young country, but of great and growing importance. The folk who come to us from the old lands bring with them their own traditions, culture, arts, crafts, and colour. They find here room and opportunity to live and worship as free men and women; but in the process it is incumbent on each and all of us to assist and direct, and to promote harmony, goodwill, and mutual understanding; and, above all, appreciation of Canadian citizenship. In so doing we have our reward in absorbing, and benefiting by, the culture which these folk bring to us, and in having the satisfaction that we are assisting in achieving the great destiny of Canada in a unity of purpose.

We, therefore, believe in our purposes; and in our means of achievement thereof. We believe in expansion. We believe in co-operation with other societies or groups having objects similar to our own. We believe in the development of handicrafts, and in instruction therein, because such work provides an outlet for the instinct for self-expression and creation, and offers, at the same time, a means of economic betterment; and because it will have a special importance after the war in the rehabilitation of returned men and women.

We believe in the destiny of our country and its democratic ideals, and we believe that it is our duty and privilege to contribute towards its welfare and that of its people, in accordance with our Charter.

The foregoing is our credo. It is one thing to have a faith and another to make it a living reality.

The Society was formed on November 30, 1942. In the interim much has been accomplished. Folk from every walk of life and from many nationalities have banded together to plan and to create. The organization itself is quite democratic in character. Actually the membership so far is entirely on an individual basis, but the Society's programme is always discussed with the presidents of the various national societies. By this means the co-operation of all parts of the community is assured.

(Continued on page 57)

The Glory and The Nothing of a Name

All sincere Canadians are desirous of national unity and are willing to contribute to it. However, one of the main causes of disunity is prejudice, and the basic cause of prejudice is fear—the fear of not being accepted, or not being wanted; and the fear of anything different . . . even people that are strange to us. We are apt to disregard anything that is foreign to our Canadian way of living or thinking. But in a country comprising so many races we should adjust ourselves and accept and understand other cultures and manners. Prejudice is usually passed on to children by parents who are more or less narrow-minded on the subject of "foreigners", and it is the second generation which suffers more in this respect. A foreign name often closes the door to opportunity, regardless of ability.

Recently, I called on a Chairman of the Board of a great Canadian corporation, and upon being admitted to this gentleman's office, he scrutinized my visiting card and glancing up at me, said, "Oh, you're a foreigner". Perhaps it is needless for me to state that I shot back, "No sir, I'm a Canadian".

Louis Adamic covers this point well when he states:

> "On the whole, however, the . . . business world is intolerant of 'foreign' names . . . In most big industrial firms and business offices, people called Zadboldowski, Shumeyko, Koondakjian, Krisztian, or Trinajstovich are virtually barred, regardless of their ability, from advancement to positions of authority and responsibility in which they would come in contact with the public."

I believe this general situation will change in time. One important reason for my belief is the fact that per capita the European-Canadian has furnished the greatest number of men for overseas service of any group in Canada, and anyone who is willing to die for his country should, after all, be granted equal rights and opportunities, and by that is meant not merely legal rights. It would be cruel for society not to acknowledge this respect to our heroes and bearers of high military decorations because of names that are a little different.

Changes in surnames occur in all countries and at all times. This is due to the fact that the adoption of surnames is of recent origin to inroduce order into the maze of human relationships, a means of distinguishing you from me. Changes in names are effected very largely by transiliteration or translation. Thus the name Taaffe, familiar in Austrian history, had an Irish prototype, probably Taft. General Demikof, one of the Russian commanders at the battle of Zorndorf, in 1758, was a Swede born Themicoud, and no doubt the founder of the house in Sweden was a Frenchman. Edvard Grieg, the Norweigian composer, had a Scotch forefather named Craig. Franz Marian von Thugut, the Austrian diplomat, was a member of an Italian Tyrolese family named Tunicotto. This became Thunichgut (do no good) in Austria, and was changed to Thugut (do good) to bring it into greater accord with the possessor's deserts.

Although the question of change of names reveals many a heart-breaking story, it has too its humorous side. Take the case of Charles Edward Pratt, London-born actor, who had been a matinee idol but was given the role of the Monster in Frankenstein to substitute for the actor who was originally scheduled to play the part. Mr. Pratt changed his name to make himself as much a menace as possible, and by taking the name of Boris Karloff in order to become a convincing "horror man", he catered to the ideas that foreigners are evil, and thereby he unintentionally added to the difficulties of the "foreign" names.

On July 8, 1941, the United Press sent this item from Chicago: "Because his customers could never remember his name, Louis Harris, a butcher, petitioned the court to change it back to Elias Haralampopoulas. Harris is a Greek, his customers are Greeks, and Harris, in Greek, is a difficult name." On December 8, 1939, the Chicago Tribune published on the front page a brief despatch from its Milwaukee reporter: "Michael George Dansand, 39 years old, who changed his name from Domagalski in 1925, filed a petition in Circuit Court . . to have his old name back."

Generally, though, in the arts "foreign" names are no handicap. By and large, they are an advantage—witness the one-time Oklahoma cowboy who as Benton got nowhere in the singing world, but became a success as Bentonelli.

Hundreds of thousands of "foreign" patronymics are being retained in spite of the impatience of the English language, in spite of direct and indirect demands for alterations, and in the face of personal and professional disadvantages.

What is the answer? My personal conviction is for simplification of really difficult names. The federal government should have taken a direct interest in the earlier immigrants, and instructed them that since they had arrived in Canada, whose basic culture is essentially Anglo-Saxon and whose language is English, therefore, for the future welfare of themselves and their children, they should adopt a simplified spelling of difficult names to conform with the English language, without any question of cutting themselves off from their original cultural background.

A real step toward national unity can be achieved if we meet each other half-way and if the possessors of difficult names simplify their names and if the English-speaking population develop a little patience in the matter of dealing with "foreign" names, and give them their due respect. People who live in Canada, contributing their own particular talents to Canadian life, ought not to be judged by their ancestry, nor by the spelling of their names, nor by the names of the country in which they were born. If we wish to make a stronger and more united nation we must do as the Americans have done with such heartening success: measure a man only by his individual character and his individual abilities.

Editor's note: *This editorial was drawn heavily from Louis Adamic's "What's Your Name?" Those who would like to receive a copy of the most scholarly work on this subject may write us and upon the receipt of $3.00, we will procure this book and clear with customs.*

The NATIONAL FILM BOARD



By LESLIE HUNT

IT may come as a surprise to most people to learn that the Canadian government has been producing and distributing motion pictures for more than 27 years. It began back in 1917 when the Trade and Commerce Department organized its Exhibitions and Publicity Bureau, and has been developed and augmented until today the federal government's activities in the field of motion pictures is a public service scarcely surpassed by that of any other nation.

The National Film Board has placed Canada in the foreground among nations using motion pictures to help the people understand the ways of living and the problems of their country. On the basis that Canada must, first of all, be an "international" country before it can take its proper place in world affairs, the National Film Board has not only pictured the Canadian scene, but has brought to Canadians, by way of the screen, a composite presentation of the other nations with which the Dominion must work in the post-war world.

The National Film Board has become an extensive organization designed not only to produce, distribute and co-ordinate motion pictures for the other government departments, but to co-ordinate all picture work of the government, including still photographs and the great variety of related operations such as displays, strip-films, newsreels, etc. It is made up of several divisions and sections, all under the administration of the Government Film Commissioner, John Grierson.

Mr. Grierson, a native of Perthshire, Scotland, came to Canada on the invitation of the Canadian government in 1938 to make a survey of film possibilities in the Dominion. He was appointed Film Commissioner for Canada in 1939. His deputy, Ross McLean, a native of the Canadian West and Rhodes Scholar for Manitoba for 1927, has long been prominent in Canadian affairs. Stuart Legg, the producer-in-charge at the National Film Board, is, like Mr. Grierson, a veteran producer of documentary films. Born in London, England, Mr. Legg came to the Dominion with Mr. Grierson in 1939 to make two films. He has remained to guide the two N.F.B. theatrical series—"Canada Carries On" and "World In Action"—to international prominence.

While Mr. Grierson and Mr. McLean concentrated on the organization of the National Film Board late in 1939, Mr. Legg focused his experience and abilities on getting activities under way. As a result, today the "Canada Carries On" productions are seen every month in Canadian theatres from coast to coast by well over two and a quarter million people. There have been, to date, 54 releases in the series. One of them, "Churchill's Island", was awarded an "Oscar" by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Science, while others have received special and spontaneous acclaim from various other sources. The "World In Action" productions, also released monthly, play in theatres in Canada, the United States and many other countries. Starting almost a year after C.C.O. productions, the W.I.A. list contains 25 releases to date.

These theatrical films have covered a wide variety of subjects. The "Canada Carries On" films are designed to bring to Canadians a complete picture of the Canadian scene and topics throughout the world that relate to it. The complementary "World In Action" releases portray the world at war in general, delving more deeply into the activities and affairs of the nations of the world.

Beginning in April, 1940, the C.C.O. films touched such subjects as Canada's early naval, army and air force activities, her industries, her rôle in the war. Troop training has been covered, the Canadian north, the people of the Dominion and their way of life, the planning and co-ordination of the nation's war program at home and overseas. Numerous other developments as they have appeared on the national scene have been subjected to the analytical and reportorial treatment of the series. The W.I.A. list contains such topics as wartime life in Russia, China and England; screen reviews of Japan's war activities; labour operations, and many others.

The newsreel connection in the National Film Board is not, except for the French-language unit, a producing unit. Rather it is a co-ordinating unit, with the chief duty of extending the coverage and distribution of Canadian events in the Canadian issues of the newsreels. However, when necessary, the unit does make its own newsreel footage.

Canadian newsreel items go far, through the world-wide systems of distribution maintained by the five companies that distribute

(Continued on page 70)

"FOREIGN" CANADIANS IN THE PRESENT WAR

By MAJOR-GENERAL THE HONOURABLE L. R. LAFLÈCHE

(An address to the Dominion Convention of the B.E.S.L. at Vancouver, June 8, 1944.)

THERE is another matter, one of great importance to Canada about which I should like to speak:

Those who have followed Hansard will be aware that amongst the other activities of my Department, one aroused much favourable comment during a three-hour debate in the House of Commons a short while ago.

I refer to the work of the so-called Nationalities Branch and the Advisory Committee on Co-operation in Canadian Citizenship whose objective is to create among Canadians of French and British origin a better understanding of Canadians of recent European origin and to foster among the latter a wider knowledge and appreciation of the best traditions of Canadian life, and specifically at the moment to encourage a more united war effort on the part of all groups throughout the Dominion. About one-sixth of our Canadian population derives from European stocks other than the ethnic groups deriving from the United Kingdom and France, and a large proportion of this one-sixth of our people is second and third generation, many of them being brought up in the large ethnic group settlements in Western Canada.

When war broke out in 1939, it will be recalled that the great majority of the Scandinavian, Teutonic and Slav populations backed Canada in the declaration of war and enlisted in the armed forces. There were, of course, several groups with religious pacifist beliefs, objecting to the bearing of arms, but with the exception of some community Doukhobors, the Sons of Freedom in this Province who constitute a small number relatively to the total, religious groups have co-operated in Red Cross and other work. For example, the Mennonites maintain a home for bombed-out children in England, have a refugee centre in Palestine and one in India, have given two and a half million dollars to the Government for Government purposes, $800,000 of which is a non-interest bearing loan; and those who are genuine conscientious objectors have been co-operative about serving wherever else their service has been called for.

The first problem in 1939 was that of security, and we were confronted by a very small number of German Bundists and Communists who were very active in Ukrainian labour communities and Fnnish circles and who in 1940 criticized the war effort. They were dealt with firmly. The armed forces and war industry showed occasionally, at the beginning, some hesitancy about accepting unreservedly men whose names stamped them as neither French nor English in origin. The Department with which I have been associated took an interest in this matter and brought together a number of Canadians who had worked for years in promoting greater understanding of these peoples. In consequence efforts were made to eliminate discrimination in respect of enlistment or in war industry employment, and to encourage support of the war effort in these communities, in their newspapers and in their gatherings. Negotiations were initiated with the armed forces with a view to providing reasonable opportunity for promotion, if qualified, and also assuring to enlisted personnel chaplains of their own faiths. Radio broadcasts were introduced, and in the voluntary organizations committees were encouraged to co-operate with members from these communities.



MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. L. R. LAFLÈCHE

Well, where do we stand with regard to the contribution from these groups? First of all let me say that our present armed forces include many men and women from the groups of European origin. We are just beginning to realize how valuable an asset it is to have in our armed forces the tens of thousands who speak fluently European languages which we will need when we invade and occupy the Continent.

In a sample of about half a million occupational history forms of members of our armed forces we find that we have at a very rough guess, the equivalent of **three divisions who speak not only English or French but have a second language, speaking a European tongue fluently;** and it must be remembered that many of our service men, though second and third generation Canadians deriving from European stocks, have forgotten the mother language of their parents and grandparents.

I wonder would it surprise you to know that we could assemble perhaps more than a division in our armed forces who speak a Slav language fluently, and about twelve thousand of these speak Ukrainian. We have over nine thousand speaking German, and nearly two thousand eight hundred speaking Polish, despite Polish army enlistment. I think you know something of the hesitancy with which we have accepted Hungarians and Italians in our forces, and yet we have a thousand speaking Hungarian and over two thousand two hundred speaking Italian.

It is but natural then that we should find their names in our lists of gallantry awards and in our lists of casualties. Ten per cent of those killed in action are non-Anglo-Saxon and non-French.

When you read, as I have done, a list of operational gallantry awards, you will find that no one race in Canada has a monopoly of gallantry, just as no one race has a monopoly of patriotism. Run your eye, for example, through the list of Distinguished Flying Crosses awarded to junior officers of the R.C.A.F., and what have we? Bezer, Biech, Blumenauer, Boczar, Bodnar, Cybulski, Dierkes, Grudzien, Kallio, Klassen, Koester, Kropf, Kusiar, Miesen, Oleinek, Schmidt, Schmitt, Schultz, Shemilt, Shork, Sondegaard, Sorsdahl, Wagner, Weiser, Wilhelmson, Zoo.

Last year a crew of veterans of all-out air attacks on Germany and Italy returned to Canada to take back the first Canadian-built Lancaster. They were entertained by Their Excellencies the Governor-General of Canada and H.R.H. the Princess Alice. Here are their names: Sqdn. Ldr. R. J. Lane, D.S.O., D.F.C., Flt.-Sgt. R. K. Bugar, Sgt. M. Baczinski, P.O. J. Carrere, Sgt. R. S. Webb. I want you to know that these lads all came from Western Canada; they are Canadian lads born, bred, and educated west of what we know as Older Canada.

Last May the Minister of National Defence

(Continued on page 67)

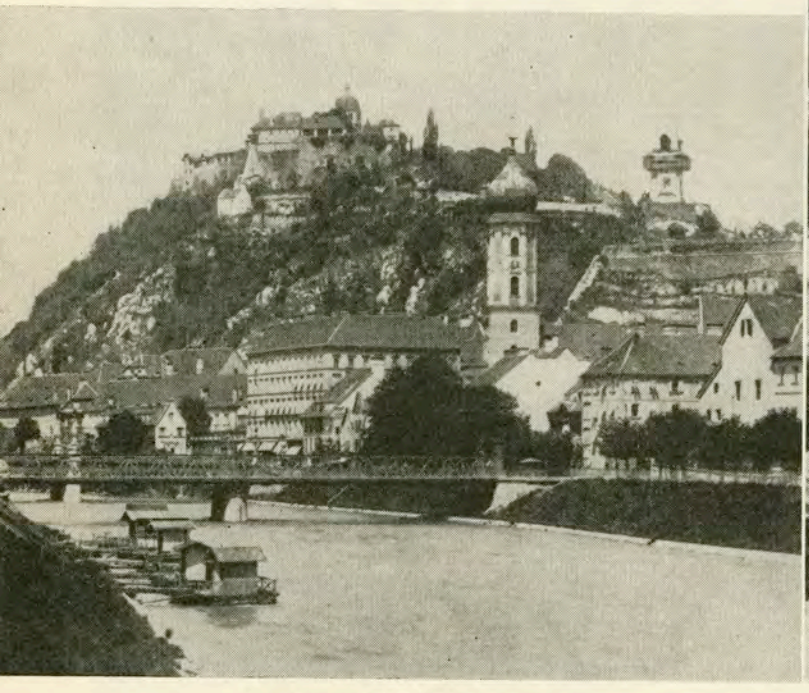


The Lazienki Palace built by the last King of Poland, Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, reported destroyed with the other historical landmarks of Warsaw.

Land Of Our Forefathers



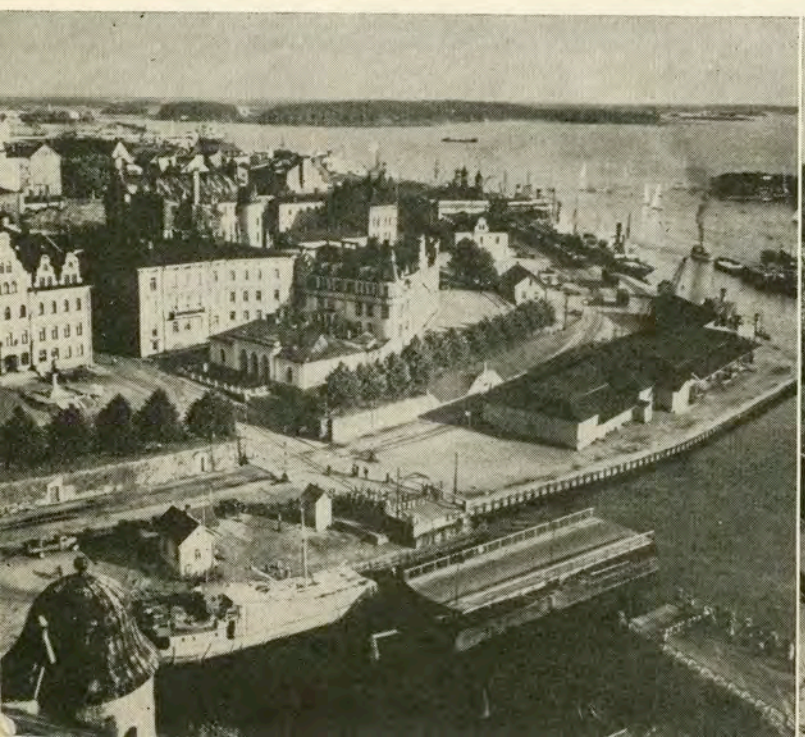
Karlsbad, Czechoslovakia, below, Gratz, Austria.

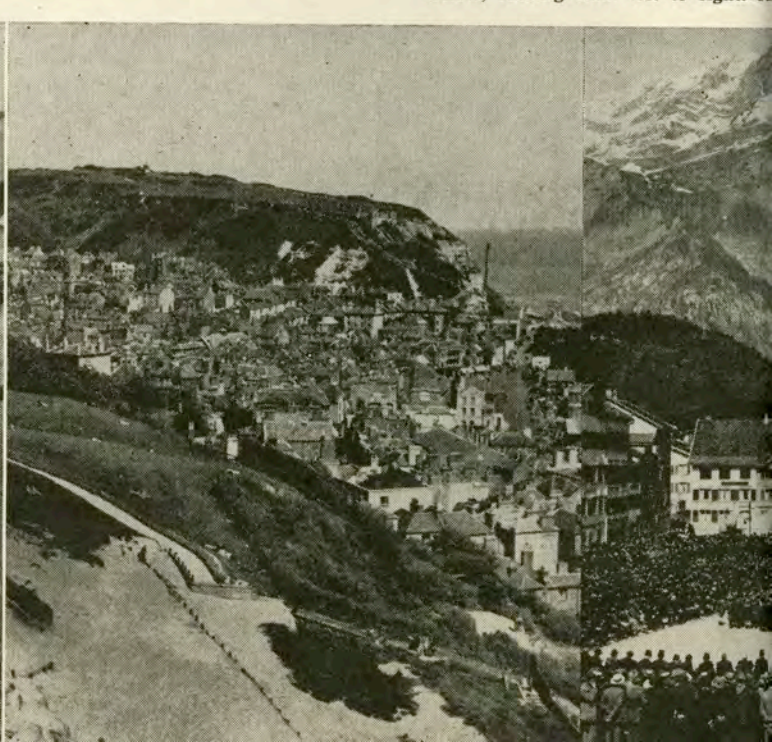


Below, Vipuri, Finland.



Paris, the capital of France. We unfortunately lost the appearan
Below, reading from left to right: S

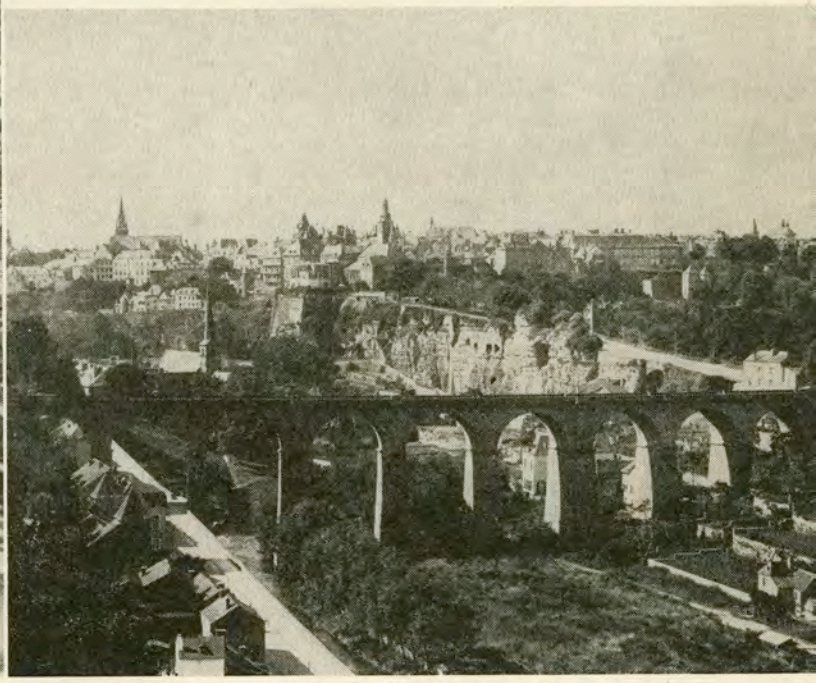








Florence, Italy; below, The City of Luxembourg.



mous Eiffel Tower when the picture was divided in two.
d; Glarus, Switzerland; Liege, Belgium.

Below, Khabarovsk, U.S.S.R.







Beyond Race and Nationality

By WATSON THOMSON

Head of the Adult Education Department of the University of Manitoba

IN this time of world crisis and convulsion, the question of the relationship between those groups of human beings we call in some cases "races" and in other cases "nations" is coming to the forefront as one of the profound difficulties and sources of conflict. The white man and the colored peoples, Jew and Gentile, black man versus white in the Southern States, French and English-speaking groups in Canada—all these are particular areas of trouble in an extremely troubled world. The really tragic fact is not that such differences exist, but that some of the attempts to deal with them use only the most primitive passions, in terms of which there is no solution to such problems at all.

Our specific concern here is with the relationship between the various groups of Canadians who remember, or are reminded by others, that they originated elsewhere than in the British Isles. How does a country composed of such widely varied elements achieve that strong sense of unity, that community of mind and purpose, which we all desire for Canada? My own belief is that we can rise above elemental pride, prejudice and passion, the way forward is perfectly clear and is pointed out to us clearly by the scientific knowledge already at our disposal.

The sciences we have to go to are, of course, anthropology and sociology. Out of the studies in these fields over the past century we can piece together what might be called a natural history of human groups. It is known, for instance, that biological and cultural factors are two entirely different things. People who speak the same language and go to the same church do not necessarily belong to the same "race". The Nazi theory that you have to be of good German stock in order really to understand German music and German philosophy is, like so much of the Nazi ideology, just plain unscientific nonsense.

It is also known that it is the cultural element which constitutes the strong binding force holding a group of people together. It is not because they are of the same blood that a group of people feel that they belong together, but because they have the same religion, the same historic and literary tradition, the same social habits and conventions. It should be noted that if these things actually were in the blood there could be no hope of establishing the unity of mankind except by an elaborate and long drawn out process of racial intermixture. The hope of here establishing human unity by much quicker and more practicable methods lies in the fact that all these cultural elements — religion, history, moral conventions, etc.—are discussable and communicable between one human being and another, quite irrespective of whether they have the same racial origin or not, provided only that they have a common language at their disposal.

This means that the tensions and rivalry between groups who find themselves living side by side in such a country as Canada are in no sense a conflict of blood, but a conflict of cultures. This conflict varies in form according to certain factors which are now quite well-known. Some cultures are tougher than others, the degree of toughness having something to do with the amount of collective egotism and pride which has gone into the historic tradition of that group. Each culture, however, has an instinctive tendency to desire domination over any other groups impinging on it or to be sovereign and independent as a nation. Whichever group holds the key positions of political and economic power has, of course, an immense advantage in attaining dominance as a culture. But as the case of India demonstrates, power-holding alone is not any guarantee of cultural dominance. Questions of numerical proportion in the population also effect the result. Any group which constitutes only a very small minority will tend to give up any hope of cultural dominance and simply adopt the cultural patterns of the group which is already dominant. Occasionally, however, a minority group will stubbornly cling to its original culture, over-emphasizing its values in an understandable process of psychological compensation.

Sociology can always tells us something about the times and places where we can expect trouble. When, for instance, as I have observed in Western Canada, the dominant group becomes numerically and economically weak, while another cultural group in the vicinity becomes larger and stronger and is felt to threaten the very existence of the culturally dominant group, then tensions between the groups is always acute. Again, when technological developments break up an old established pattern of relationships between two groups, a new struggle for power tends to spring up. This has been happening in the Southern States of America, for instance, when the delayed industrial revolution started breaking up the paternalistic, more or less feudal relations of the old plantation system.

The conclusion we have to draw from all this is at first sight a rather disquieting one for a country like Canada. That conclusion is that there is no such thing as peace and unity possible between different cultural groups. Each inevitably hopes for survival and strives for dominance. The idea of a happy and harmonious "Canadian Mosaic" gets no support at all from the social sciences. It may be very pretty in some "Festival of the Nations" to hear folk songs of many lands, see the pretty embroidered dresses of all the different European peasantries—but it constitutes no effective basis for the solution of our present problems or for the establishment of a unified Canadianism. The more we remind ourselves of our folkish origins, the more we thrust ourselves back to the world of warring tribalisms and the more we perpetuate cultural differences in which there is implicit, not harmony, but a very ruthless rivalry.

It is interesting to contrast the "Canadian Mosaic" theory with the American idea of "The Melting Pot". From the first founding of the American Republic there was the definite decision to form a new kind of nation in which individuals would come together from the four corners of the earth, cutting themselves off from their origins and making a new social contract with one another on the basis not of blood kinship but of explicit social principles, the dignity of the human being, irrespective of race, class or creed, and the inalienable rights of man. Unity was to be forged not by some harmony

of different cultures but by common allegiance to these declared principles and the use of a common language in which all the citizens might communicate one with another.

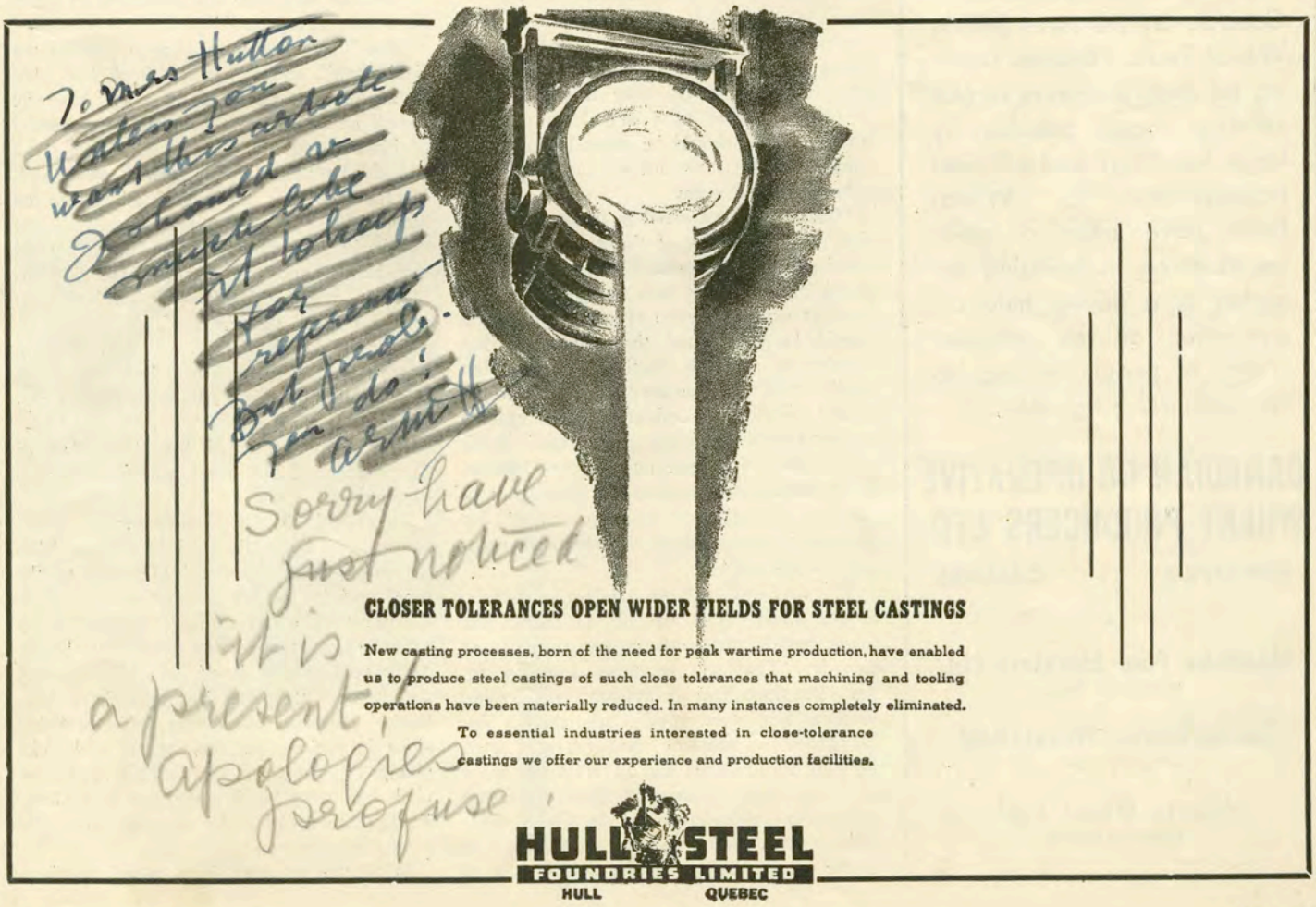
I said earlier that the sociological facts constituted a rather disturbing truth for Canadians to swallow. If cultures have this law of the jungle attribute, what hope is there for the "Canadian Mosaic" to be anything more than an uneasy truce? And what hope is there for the adoption of any other pattern than the mosaic pattern when the existence of at least two cultures, namely, the French and the British, is not merely permitted but is in fact granted the most solemn guarantees in the fundamental Act of the Canadian Constitution? We would do well to face with realism and courage the consequences of this unique fact of our history. Because two old cultures flourish side by side in Eastern Canada, the whole issue of origins and original cultures is underlined for everybody. The habitant of Quebec is as aggressively French as he is because he can never forget about the powerful British across the way in Ontario. And Protestant Anglo-Saxons of Ontario are more British than the British because they so constantly cast wary and suspicious eyes across the river to the expanding population of French Canada. The result is, of course, that every other national group tends to reinforce its original culture in self-defence against the extreme Frenchness of the French and Britishness of the British. Calling the resultant product a "mosaic" is nothing more than a somewhat hypocritical cloak for an unhappy situation, the essence of which is conflict.

The real situation, however, is less desperate than might appear from this summary. For the fact is that all this matter of culture-groups is undergoing a steady and, in recent days, fairly rapid process of modification. One can see three distinct historic phases. The first phase is essentially tribal. The purest and most beautiful specimens of folk art—in songs, dances, costume and so on—all belong to this stage. At this level biological and cultural factors are completely identified. There is a strong sense of kinship, the fellowship of blood and soil. All the phenomena of Nazism are a regression to this primitive tribal stage. At this stage every one outside one's own group is an alien and an enemy.

The second stage coincides historically with the development of European nations. The nation as a fusion of tribes is already less natural, so that biological factors of common blood become less important than common political and historic association. Loyalties become more divided and complex. Folk art is replaced by the productions of the individual artist. The exclusiveness and fear of strangers of the tribal stage is replaced by the conquering expeditions, missionary adventures and imperialistic experiments of modern aggressive nationalism.

This stage passes imperceptibly into the third, in which modern technology and nationalism produce a fury of unrest in the world-wide impact of one culture upon another. What, in fact, begins to happen is the breaking up of all the old cultural groupings everywhere. The tightly-knit homogeneous tribal collective gave way to the looser and more artificial society of the nations but the nation itself is now breaking up by the release of the explosive and disintegrative forces of modern science and technology. Humanity, which nestled for long centuries in the dark womb of tribalism, was ejected from there into the temporary refuge of the nation, but is now expelled again into the terrifyingly public and open universe in which there are only two valid units—the world as a whole and the individual person.

It is a historical fact that only in this twentieth century has history begun to create, in any widespread way, this kind of human being we call a "person". What do we mean by "person"? We mean someone who is not "Catholic" or "German" or "Communist" first, and only secondly is—himself. We mean someone who is at home not just in his own village or his own country, but wherever he goes in this human world. We mean someone who has outgrown these old labels behind which humans have been hid-



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CO-OPS IN CANADA

ALL races, creeds and political parties in the Dominion are represented in the membership of Canadian Co-operatives. All are received on an equal footing with an equal share in shaping the policy and controlling the management, for a fundamental principle of the co-operative movement is: "One man, one vote."

In the new order which must follow the war, co-operatives will play a leading part, as co-operation between nations will require co-operation between the peoples of each nation.

The largest co-operatives in Canada are the three prairie Wheat Pools. Besides securing for their members surplus earnings made possible by large handlings and efficient management, the Wheat Pools have been a great social force in bringing together in a mutual help organization all the different strains of people making up our national citizenship.

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ing so long and is ready to stand up in his own personal right and dignity.

There are such people, and the historical processes even of this war are creating many more. Thousands of boys who had hardly spent a night away from home in their lives when they donned a uniform four or five years ago, have now travelled half the world and are learning the poise and competence of citizens of the world and real persons.

To return to Canada. There can be no solution of the problem of Canadian unity along the line of the theory of the "Canadian Mosaic". Every emphasis on "national origins", whether British, French, Ukrainian, or any other, pushes us back to the bad old past where lie all the miseries of conflict from which we would escape. This does not mean that we have to despise or deny our original culture. By no means. It does imply, however, that we should walk away from it into the wider and freer spaces "above race, class or creed" where "a man's a man for a' that," where science, sanity, and true personalized democracy hold sway.

Canadian unity can be won only as we remember our inestimable privilege in belonging to the New World to which men of every nation have come, cutting themselves off from the old world of tribalism and superstition to make a new start. On this continent, nations are not nations in the European sense; for which we should be profoundly grateful. They are not born of nature, as are the nations of Europe, with their roots going down into the darkness of man's violent and unhappy infancy. No, they are born—Canada and the United States—of the conscious desire of more mature human beings of many different origins to come together in a new kind of community which should be more truly human simply because it is not of one blood and culture but of many.

Where we have erred is in not realizing that, in the absence of the natural bond of tribal kinship, we needed to make specially strong and clear the new better-than-natural bond of explicit human principles. Here, it should be proclaimed that citizenship has nothing to do with "national origins" but much to do with personal worth. Here, it should be a prime offence to discriminate against anyone by reason of his "race" or his religion, whether Jew, Japanese or German. Here, immigration regulations should not be (as they are) based on "racial principles", but on objective standards of educational or occupational suitability.

The two ways still struggle for supremacy in our midst. The way of "racialism" has many fanatic exponents in every section of Canada. That way madness, and fascism, lies. But there have always been people who, because they were good Christians, or because they had scientific minds or, more often perhaps, because they had an instinctive sense of the profound meaning of North American democracy, have striven for the higher principle of comradeship beyond nationality. It is the high privilege of the democracies of this continent to be able to make great and united peoples of themselves on no other principles except the highest and most universal. Either there will be no Canadian unity, or there will be a Canadian unity which is a sample and anticipation of the ultimate solidarity of mankind.

BURNS' NIGHT IN FORSINARD

(Continued from page 5)

than the bagpipes. She did not know much about Burns, but she had studied his life in preparation for tonight.

"We'll tak that wi' a bittie salt," remarked Duncan.

"We'll wash it doon when she's done," rejoined Sandy.

Miss Briggs went on to describe Burns, the boy, on his father's farm.

"Daa-dee, daa-dee, daa-dee, daa, da-dah." Dugald had satisfied himself that his drones and chanter were in tune, and had begun lamenting the ever-dying MacCrimmon.

A shadow flitted over the missionary's face, but she plunged into a description of the bard's life in Edinburgh.

The wail for MacCrimmon ceased, and Duncan seized the opportunity to remark, "I ken noo wha Rab wis glowering at when he wrote 'The Louse'."

Miss Briggs had hurried on to "Burns the Exciseman", and as her text book had little to say on that phase of the poet's life, she passed on to begin a colourless description of his married life.

Suddenly the wild, high, shrill notes, calling the Camerons to battle, smashed into the school.

Miss Briggs stopped talking. She clenched her hands, and stamped her foot. "Mr. MacIvor, please ask Mr. MacAskill to stop until I finish," she screamed.

Sergeant Hugh McIvor, who was standing near the door, went outside, and the pipes stopped piping, a solid tribute to Hugh's diplomacy.

Miss Briggs resumed her description of Burns' married life. She began summing up her scraps.

"Ma Goad! Maun we thole yon?" moaned Sandy. His agony did not long endure. Miss Briggs gave the Immortal Memory, to the relief and joy of her listeners.

Almost the entire audience had sat in impatient expectation for the program to begin, partly because they loved the old songs, but also because they had had enough of Miss Briggs. Ronald Alexander was probably alone in anticipating the concert with misgivings. In former years Sheila Palmyrovitch had sung, as it were, for him alone. Tonight he dreaded the moment when she would be called on.

With the audience in a mood to show

their appreciation for anything, Jock Scott opened the concert, singing "Scots Wha Hae" in a fine baritone. Lachlan Lindsay put a lot of feeling into "I'll Meet Thee On The Lea Rig". Sheila Palmyrovitch, small, slim, dark-eyed, and lovely, looked on everyone but Ronald as her sweet voice softly rendered, "My Heart is Sair for Somebody". Jock Tulloch received an encore for his "Star o' Robbie Burns". The auburn-haired Janet, straight and tall, won a storm of applause for "Sweet Afton", but comical little Tam Stewart was equally if differently appreciated in "This Is No My Ain Lassie". Eileen Stewart and her teacher, Jock Scott, sang "The Cauld Blast" as a duet. Even Malcolm MacIvor did not tire all his guests when he recited all of "Tam O' Shanter". Miss Briggs apologized for her inability to render a song in the vernacular, and sang the "Rosary" in a deep, rich contralto. Her Presbyterian audience evidently disliked the idea of a rosary even in song, for they showed little appreciation of her undoubted talent. Ronald Alexander found himself almost alone in applauding Miss Briggs. Her song had fitted in with his frame of mind.

As soon as the vocal part of the program ended, pipes skirled outside; then Dugald MacAskill, head erect, throat muscles bulging, kilt swinging, marched into the school, and up on the platform. As he strode in front of the singers, they uncrossed their legs, and tucked their feet under them, for there was scant room for the piper's massive limbs and feet. Even at that, he brushed against the knees of the front row. Miss Briggs' ear drums grew painfully taut as the deafening pibroch crashed out. She caught sight of two men snickering as they looked towards her knees, so she hurriedly began crossing her legs again. At that moment Dugald's strong right limb carried her sideways in its stride. He stumbled, and threw out his hands to save himself. His bagpipes fell skirling to the floor of the school, the pibroch droning diminuendo to its death. Dugald partly rose. "Domn! Lang-futted jaud!" he cursed. He retrieved his weapon, blew up the bag, and marched out with flags flying. Miss Briggs had righted herself. She sat stonily silent, her face a shade darker than it had been.

The local five-piece orchestra now began tuning up. Tall, swarthy Pat McCready, who claimed to be half Scot and half Indian although his real name was Mercredi, played the violin and made vigorous use of a pair of moccasined feet. Short, ever-grinning Narcisse Mackenzie, scion of the Highland House of Alexander Mackenzie, baptized Narcisse Mayatus, used his left hand for the mouth organ, his right for rattling a pair of bones, and his moccasined feet for his own private reasons.

Ronald squirmed on the wooden form during the opening Circassian Circle. Sheila and he had been the first couple on the floor in former dances. Now Sheila sat unconcerned while others took their places, and when Lachlan Lindsay went to her, she rose, and put her arm in his.

A few modern dances wormed their way in between numerous reels and squares, and while these "fushionless capers" were in progress, horny hands wiped perspiration from sardonic faces. When the rest period ended, the strenuous reels and squares began again. Every half hour Sergeant Hugh MacIvor, giant eldest son of the host, conducted the musicians out to the barn, whence they returned much refreshed, and renewed their efforts.

From one of these excursions Narcisse did not return, so Pat asked Jock Scott, the little teacher, to play the piano for him. "I don't know, Mercredi. What key do you play in?" Pat half-closed his eyes, and replied impressively, "I play de longest darn key you ever seen in your life." Jock laughed heartily and played a square with Pat. Many of the male dancers had returned from outdoors for this square, and the girls seemed to catch their partners' spirits. Sturdy, freckled Ian Gregorichuk shouted:

"Cut off one, and cut off two.
Swing 'em around as you used to do.
Cut off three, and cut off four,
Swing at the head and the foot once more."

A long line of dancers, hands joined, hopping gracefully and otherwise, alternately



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tied itself into knots, and straightened out again. In the next figure Ian ordered couples to the left, and

"Gents join hands and ladies duck under
Swing 'em around and around and around."

Mrs. Korzeniowski, fat, jolly, and heavy, and Mrs. Tam Stewart, heavy in body and manner, floated horizontally from the high shoulders of Mike Korzeniowski and Hugh MacIvor. Lesser men whirled lighter damsels around, none too graceful cartwheels of legs and lingerie. When Ian shouted, "You know where, and I don't care," the dancers waddled breathless to the benches, relaxed their knees, and let gravity do its work.

After a two-minute breather, Ian announced a waltz. "What will we give them, Pat?" asked Jock Scott. "Geeve dem 'High Water'," answered Pat, and he started to play. Jock listened for a minute, and then he accomanied Pat McCready in "Over the Waves".

Moved by a desire to make amends for his rudeness on the platform, Dugald MacAskill, kilt and sporran swinging, natural courage augmented by visits to the barn, strode across the floor to Miss Briggs, and asked her for the dance. The lady, who had danced twice during the evening, beamed, and the pair started. Both were experts, and many eyes changed their hostility to admiration as Miss Briggs and her plaided partner swept around. On a coat hook near the door hung Lachlan Lindsay's fancy riding bridle. Eight-year-old Donald Korzeniowski had untied one of the lines, and was finding out how a kling snap functioned. Just as the kilts swirled past, Donald bolted through the school door. One momen later, Dugald MacAskill, his face burning, stood stock still, naked from hose tops to tunic, his sporran and sporran belt around his brogues. Two yards away his kilt dangled from a kling snap to the floor. Gasps from girls! Guffaws from boys! A studied attempt to see other things by a few! Dugald recovered, hurried behind his tartan, and frantically tried to undo the kling snap. His nervous fingers failed to loosen it.

"Allow me." The voice of Miss Briggs sounded at his side.

"Dinna fash, leddie," gruffly answered the frantic man.

Miss Briggs paid no heed, but took the garment from him and coolly undid the snap. She waited until Dugald buckled on his kilt, and belted the sporran. They resumed the dance.

When the music of "High Water" receded, Dugald conducted his partner to her seat, and bowed stiffly. "Thank you, ma'am, fur helpin' me oot o' ma predeecament. I hope I'll be handy tae dae the like fur ye some day." Miss Briggs stared at him for a moment, then gave a peal of laughter, which somewhat nettled the highlander. "Thank you," she said, "It was a gorgeous waltz." Dugald strode away proudly, kilt and sporran swinging, warmed by a glow hitherto not experienced by him.

A noticeable change in attitude towards Miss Briggs started with the women. She had sat apart from others for most of the evening. Now Janet and Sheila hurried to find places beside her, and they congratulated her on her fine singing of "The Rosary". Both girls expressed the hope that Miss Briggs would find time to visit their homes. Others came to congratulate her on her speech. Men joined in, and the missionary danced more in thirty minutes after Dugald recovered his kilt, than in two hours before he lost it. A change in the lady herself took place. She was gay and companionable. When old Sandy MacGregor asked her for a Highland Schottische, she accepted though she did not know the dance. Sandy could not dance it either, but he cut enough capers to make the crowd roar with laughter. No one was more amused than his partner. Pat McCready asked Miss Briggs to accompany him on the piano. She complied, and those who were supposed to know declared her a talented pianist.

Pilot Officer Ronald Alexander had not danced much. Once he had managed to get ahead of Alistair, Lachlan, and Ian to dance with Janet. She had told him that Alistair was going to drive her home, and she hoped Ronald would not mind. Of course Ronald did not mind, it being Alistair's last night in Forsinard for some time. The emptiness at the pit of Ronald's stomach decided him to leave the dance. He had refused all invitations to have a drink. He had felt miserable in seeing Sheila monopolized by Lachlan Lindsay. The kilt incident had caused him to forget his worry for a short time. He had danced with Miss Briggs and she had chatted with him about London. When Janet let him know that he would have to go home alone, the misery returned. He was on the point of rising to go when Dugald MacAskill, smelling slightly of whisky, sat down beside him.

"Is the kilt on firm now, Dugald?"

"Ay, Ron. Yon wis a awfu' meenit."

"Yes. Lucky you had a sensible partner."

"She's a grand wumman, Ron, but a bittie hard to understand."

Ronald was mildly surprised at Dugald's enthusiasm. After a moment's silence, he remarked, "A pity she's High Kirk, Dugald!"

"Ye're wrang there, lad. We dinna a' hae tae wear the same claes. A month syne mony different kirks were haudin' yule in their ain wey. We like oors, but we maun let ither folks gang their ain gate. Is'na that what ye're fightin' tae uphaud?"

Ronald could not help concluding that a queer change had come over the intractable Dugald. Aloud he said, "Right, but when there are differences between individuals, principles are hard to observe. Two different families may very well have different faiths and still be good neighbours, but what about different beliefs in one family?"

"Hoots, lad, ye're sair agley. Here's Duncan will tell ye. Ron thinks one family maun hae one faith, Duncan. What think ye o' that?"

"See that auld battle-axe o' mine," squeaked Duncan, indicating a dark-skinned, plump woman. "Weel, she has Indian bluid in her veins, and she's Catholic and I'm no. But I widna' trade her fur ony wumman in Forsinard or oot o' it."

"And whit's mair," Dugald was adding when Malcolm MacIvor called hands round for "Auld Lang Syne".

Ronald found himself in the circle between Dugald and Duncan. His glance around noted Sheila between Alistair and Lachlan. Often during arduous flights over the sea had Ronald imagined himself once again in the compact group of good fellowship in Forsinard as they sang the old song. Now he wished he had gone home earlier. A leaden feeling possessed him, and he wished the song would end. As the circle dropped hands, Dugald MacAskill stepped forward.

"Folks," he cracked out, his harsh voice heightened in tone by his visits to the barn, "We're tae gie oor hand in pairtin' tae one mair o' oor young men. Alistair, we a' ken, will be as bonny a fighter as ony MacIvor could wish. He's joinin' Hugh and Ron, and a' the ither lads we've missed frae amang us. A braw day it will be when they a' come hame. It's up tae us tae mind what the lads are fightin' for, mair sae for we aye think the whole thing has tae dae wi' *nations.* I was just tellin' Ron here that we're a' Jock Thamson's bairns, e'en if we hae different kirks and different tongues. We maun get alang taegether, and tae dae that we maun aye compromise a wee. This Forsinard o' oors is a compromise, fur we're no a' pure Scots. Alberta and Canada are compromises, and sae is the Commonwealth and the United Nations. Noo when we think o' a' that, we can a' get alang whether we live in Forsinard or Alder Creek, and whether we're Catholic, Episcopal, or Presbyterian. Noo tae they boys we say we'll pu' taegether and pu' fur them."

In spite of the fact that Mrs. Tam Stewart caught Mrs. Korzeniowski's eye, and nodded her head significantly from the direction of Dugald to that of Miss Briggs, hearty applause rang out for the speech. All eyes were turned on Alistair, Hugh and Ronald. Ronald was about to look on the floor in embarrassment when he caught a look from Sheila. She looked straight at him, the smile only in her eyes. Ronald raised his eyes questioningly. Sheila nodded.

Men were donning mackinaws and mitts. Women were wrapping up children for the outside. After shaking hands with many, Ronald got out to the barn, unblanketed the team, and drove up behind other sleighs outside the school door. Sheila came out, clad in fur-trimmed coat and overshoes, and red woolen toque. As Ronald tucked the rugs around her, a heavy hand smote him on the back. "Guid luck, Ron." "Good-night, Dugald," said Ronald and Sheila together. "He's

seeing home his compromise," whispered Sheila. They looked back to Dugald's bobsleighs. "Good-night, Miss Briggs," they called.

The light, black team sped eastwards, but slowed down as Ronald turned them around, and headed them towards Sheila's dwelling. As they followed the trail winding among the pines and pussy willows of the Wabiskewin, the silence was unbroken save for the soft tinkling of the bells. A mild January night scented the air as if it were springtime.

THAT COMING PEACE

(Continued from page 22)

themselves behind the faked will of the nations. A clash was inevitable, especially because each concession made by the democracies was met by growing demands from the other side. It was bound to come, despite the fact that the authors of the Atlantic Charter did their utmost to avoid it, that some of its signatories hoped that slight deviations would bring an understanding. And above the world praying for peace new clouds gathered. Some nations felt their influence, and were divided among themselves.

It is obvious that all this does not concern such or such nation, that it is not the question of a change of boundaries, of creating more friendly governments. Those who read carefully and occasionallv glance at a map can easily perceive that the facts are connected with each other, that there is a tendency towards striking out many boundaries, and forming a chain of puppet governments implicity obeying the capital of a huge power—so huge that it has boundaries common with the other great powers, so mighty that it is less a guarantee of peace than a danger to them.

And public opinion in democratic countries has decided that they must change their attitude, that instead of praising and glorifying the exploits of the other side they must say what it is they want, and what, in their opinion, is just. The change became clearly noticeable in the late summer and fall of 1944, bringing with it a war of nerves, a struggle of two differing ideologies, united on the battlefield but suspicious of each other in all the rest of their activities.

Democracy believes in the necessity of postwar co-operation among those who are now striving for victory, because only this can secure peace. However, all must cooperate, great or small; the rights to freedom, to real freedom, must be honoured in every case. It is fatal to risk the possibility that some of those who fought, who through no fault of their own were invaded, may accuse the democracies of a breach of faith. If the democracies agree to the slavery of any nation, they will cease to be democracies. If they surrender to the demands of a dictatorship, they themselves will become subject to it, or pave the road to a most difficult future.

A way out of the labyrinth must be found . . . one side must change its attitude . . . It must be decided whether peace will be more secure based on the collaboration of free nations, or on the division of nations into those permitted to live free and those subject to hated dictatorial rule. The question is whether the Atlantic Charter is to become just another scrap of paper or a Magna Charta for humanity.

It seems as though the dictatorship in the Alllied camp will have to give way, that to remain in power and keep its system within its pre-September, 1939 boundaries, it will have to agree to apply the Atlantic Charter elsewhere.

Some slight changes in boundaries are possible, but there cannot be a total desertion of ideals, there cannot be an unconditional surrender of democratic principles. If that happens, it will mean peace and co-operation "at any price." And that price will grow and grow. There may be a demand for open access to the Atlantic and Indian oceans, there may be a claim that the sale in 1867 of possessions on the American continent for $7,200,000 was due to bad financial circumstances and is no longer binding.



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It seems absurd, but it is also absurd to presume that those who started breaking treaties and usurping territories will be satisfied with a few small gains or will honor other pacts.

The new war of nerves has been caused by the Soviets who, after gaining the sympathy of the democratic world through their gallant deeds on the battlefield, have awakened a fear through their demands, through their acts in various countries of Europe. People who not so long ago condemned all those who dared criticize Russia have suddenly perceived that something is wrong; they have started to think logically—and logic has brought unpleasant discoveries.

The people now know for certain that in addition to the war fought on the battlefields, there exists another fought silently all over the world, fought among allied nations, within each individual nation, between brothers and even within each human being. They realize that humanity is on the threshold of a new age, but has not yet decided which way to choose or how and by whom the future will be shaped.

At any rate, with the exception of ultra-pessimists and of fanatical Sovietophobes, people do believe that both sides in this silent struggle wish peace, that both wish a better organization of the world. And this furnishes hope for a compromise; it permits us to expect some arrangement which will not completely satisfy both sides, but which will make it possible for them to work together on some great scheme which will open a new era in history.

The millions of people scattered all over the world understand only too well that it is not easy, that it requires colossal effort and sacrifice, that some clashes and setbacks are inevitable. That is why all the previous reports emanating from the most important conferences failed to reassure the masses. They were too good, too sweet to believe. They seemed to pretend that no difficulties existed, when everybody saw them so plainly. For the first time there was a different sort of report to the public on the second Quebec conference. For the first time (after the October Moscow conferences) people were told that all was not well, that there were some great disagreements. However, these statements did not raise anxiety; on the contrary, they reassured the people and brought some relief.

The fact is that the world prefers fewer noble slogans, not so much widely-advertised friendship among its leaders, and more tangible action. People are not waiting for diplomatic triumphs, for the victories of some nations or some party's cause, but for O-N-E victory over the common enemy, for one settlement which will benefit the general human cause.

After immense sacrifices, after this most cruel and devastating war, the people want nations to be ruled by the might of right and not by the right of might, they demand from their leaders the acceptance of this principle as the basis of the coming peace, in order to make it a just and more lasting peace.

SO PRACTICAL

(Continued from page 11)

familiar remarks. He felt suddenly indignant and protective. If this sawed-off Casanova thought for a minute that . . .

"What about it, Steve?" asked Jean, breaking into his angry thoughts.

"Fine," Steve nodded.

"It's a date then, boys," said Jean, swinging off in the direction of the kitchen. "Hope you brought your tuxedos. Of course you could be like all the local hicks and wear your jeans," she flung back over her shoulder.

"Many bright sprigs like you in this desert?" Paul sung out.

"You'd be surprised," Jean called back, "and all curious to meet city dudes."

"A wolf, this Paul," thought Jean to herself. She'd have to slap him down sooner or later.

"Better go easy, brother, there's nothing meek or submissive about these prairie-born girls," said Steve, slicking back his hair.

"A gal of consequence, eh?" said Paul and shrugged. "Well, she's quite a dish. A cheerful sight indeedy."

Steve felt like taking a crack at this conceited jackass. "Jean isn't a cheap petting-party type. She's fussy about her company."

"If you weren't so funny, brother, I'd give you a good punch on the nose. Why get frothy? If you have a prior claim . . . " added Paul.

"I haven't," said Steve, "just warning you." He gave Paul a friendly smile. Funny blowing up over this silly kid's remarks, rushing to defend a girl who snubbed him every chance she got. Acting as if she thought him a queer breed, not a Canadian at all. Jean needed less defence than any girl he knew.

"Let's eat," said Bill Roberts.

They went off to the kitchen. Steve could see Paul's surprise when he met Jean's mother. Mrs. Lewis was a handsome kindly woman of Norwegian extraction. She had a slight accent and hesitation in her speech that Steve found pleasant. "You look tired, my Jean," she said to her daughter who had moved to the stove to help her dish up the dinner, "sit down and eat."

"And you, my dear mother, are not tired at all after cooking all day for harvesters?" Jean said, patting her mother's fresh-colored cheek. "You serve the meat, Mom, I'll dish the vegetables."

"Let me help too," said Steve, and he got up.

"Ah, you are the thoughtful and nice young man," Mrs. Lewis gave Steve a warm smile.

"Okay, Steve. You can pass the plates around. You're catching on to farm ways fast. Another month and you'll be one of us."

"Jean, I do not like the way you speak to Steve. He is a thoughtful young man and I very much like him."

"Steve, do you thing it fair to let my mother have such a crush on you?" Jean gave him such a friendly smile that he tingled all over. Jean, who adored her mother, was never ashamed when she lapsed sometimes into the Norwegian tongue. In fact, she loved it. Her mother was so natural and honest.

"We'll help too," said Paul and Bill together.

"Now you are like my own sons who are in this terrible war. So kind. We are all the Canadians together, East and West, yes? I like that myself." Mrs. Lewis filled her own plate and sat down at the head of the table.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis made a handsome pair, Steve thought—perfect together in their pleasant farm home. They were so much a part of the country. Mr. Lewis with his hard, thin Scottish face, and Mrs. Lewis with her still lemon-colored hair, her apple-blossom skin and lovely wide-spaced blue eyes. It was easy to see where Jean got her intense and honest character as well as her beauty. She was a blend of these two Nordics—a blend that was peopling the prairies with a strong breed. This was Steve's first trip to the West and, despite his arguments with Jean, he liked all he saw.

After supper when Steve took Paul and Bill up to his big sleeping room above the kitchen, Paul's first words were "Mrs. Lewis is a foreigner, but she seems very nice." His voice was grandly condescending.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are Canadian, Paul," said Steve. "Mrs. Lewis was born on Saskatchewan soil. On this very farm. Mr. Lewis came to the country as a boy. They're both as Canadian as you and I, if not more so." Steve felt surprised at his anger. Why, they didn't need any defence. He felt embarrassed by his quick words.

"Than we are? How come?" Paul was hauling off his work clothes and looking in his dunnage bag for his best shirt.

"I suppose I mean that they are closer to the land, to the real earth, to Canada. Mrs. Lewis' people were Norwegian immigrants who homesteaded this land. They raised their children here and educated them. Mrs. Lewis became a school teacher in the settlement. Then, when her father died and her brothers were settled on their own lands and she inherited this homestead, she married Mr. Lewis. He had been her father's hired man, a sort of manager."

"Hired man, eh?" Paul raised his eyebrows.

"Yes. Hired man in the West isn't what the name implies. Nothing humble or pull-the-forelock. Nothing inferior about it. A hired man's one of the family, as we are. He's equal with them," said Steve. There he went again, championing the West, the people, the social life . . .

"You've made a study of the natives, m'boy! This do for the hoedown? Hi, Bill, that tie you've got—just matches my eyes."

"Okay," said Bill, tossing it over.

"An irrepressible kid, this Paul," Steve decided. No use taking offence at his unreasoned opinions. And yet, it was this type that often a sound girl got taken in by.

"Ready? Let's go," said Bill.

They found Jean waiting for them in the sitting room. In her yellow-brown gingham with frills ruffling up over her shoulders, she looked to Steve as radiant as a brown-eyed Susan. As tenacious and resisting too, as these wild prairie flowers.

"Steve, you drive," she said when they went out to the car. "Hop in front, Bill. Paul and I will sit in back.

A crowd of eager young people met them at the schoolhouse for the usual Saturday night get-together. Girls from the surrounding farms, volunteer harvesters and soldiers temporarily released from barracks to help take off the crops in the district were there.

"Come on, Paul," said Jean, when the musicians started up a carioca, and she led him off. The other boys found partners and the dance was on.

"Gee, these country gals can step it up," said Paul, wiping his face when the number was over. "It gets me how they know all the civilized dances."

"And why not? Most of the girls hereabouts go to college. There's a University of Saskatchewan, you know. Ever hear of it?" said Steve.

"Jean? Hell, I thought these girls just stuck around the old homestead and raised wheat and things. Sure, I've met some of the U. of S. boys. Confident so and so's."

Steve left Paul and claimed Jean for the next dance. He clasped her in his arms protectingly. He'd danced with her on other Saturday nights, but tonight, with the challenge of Paul, things were clear. No use—she was the girl. When the dance was over, he said, "The rest of the dances are mine." He was a little surprised at his boldness, but up to now he had been a little afraid of Jean.

"Sorry, Steve, but I'm dancing with that shy violet, Bill, next. Then the next three are Paul's—I want to see if he can jitterbug like he says he can. After that, I'm dancing with a soldier laddie—and then, well, I'll try and keep the last number for you. It'll be a slow watz and by that time I'll be fagged. Anyway you're not supposed to jump about much with that chest of yours. See you later. Bill's waiting." And she was gone.

The wheeze? What did she want to bring that up for? The doctor said it had cleared up. Anyway if he could stook all day . . . suddenly Steve knew that he was violently jealous. He selected a partner, but his heart wasn't in the dance. When he released the girl, she whispered to a friend, "What an ice-cake."

The next three dances Steve sat out and watched Jean show how jitterbugging really should be done, introducing so many new steps into her jive that she left Paul gasping.

"Jean," said Steve, suddenly emboldened, when he finally got his arms around her for the last dance. "You're sweet. I'm a clod, a lump of earth when I'm with you. I never know the right things to say, like Paul. Maybe that's why I rib you about the West?"

"You could learn to say the right things," Jean said dreamily, but Steve saw the mischief in her eyes. "Paul's alive. We're going to have a lot of fun together. Once he gets past that kid stuff, he'll be, not —— bad."

"So you've fallen for that—that . . . I didn't think he was your type."

"What, please, is my type?"

"Oh, a steady, sober sort of fellow," stammered Steve.

Jean burst into a peal of laughter. "So that's my style, you think? Now I know I am utterly unattractive."

"Look here, I didn't mean it that way," began Steve.

"Then why don't you say what you mean?



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Excuse me, there's Bill looking lost. I must rescue him," and she flung off in the middle of the dance. On the way home, Steve maintained a sullen silence. Paul kept the conversation lively.

All the next week Paul and Jean kept up a lot of light talk and joking. They went off together several evenings to visit with the young folk at adjacent farms, returning late. Then Paul began acting possessive, "My gal and I," he'd say to Steve and Bill.

At last Bill said, "You're fond of Jean, Steve. Why let this semi-sophisticated kid beat your time? He's just feeding his ego. Jean's interested in you, but you're so damned slow in catching on . . . "

Steve colored. "Guess she likes him, by the look of things. I'm not much of a hand with women," he said.

Paul came up grinning as usual and interrupted, "Can't figure out if she's as virtuous as she pretends. Bet she'd be a hot one on a drinking party," he chuckled.

The next thing Paul knew, he was stretched out in the stubble and Steve was standing over him, "Take that back, you, you . . . "

"You dopey jerk," said Paul, jumping to his feet.

For the next few minutes the fight raged hot and heavy. Finally, Bill pulled them apart, "Cut it out!" he said. "Here's Jean. And her father's with her."

"Take back your dirty insinuation!" roared Steve, preparing to take another punch at Paul.

"Cut it out. You're crazy. I didn't mean anything and you know it!" Paul started to straighten himself out. His nose was spurting blood. "Gosh," he said, suddenly, "Are you sweet on Jean? Well, I'll be ——" His protuberant eyes were fixed solemnly on Steve, as if the idea had just struck him.

"In future, keep your remarks to yourself," said Steve, in a mollified voice.

"What cooks here?" said Jean jumping down from the truck, an angry spark in her hazel eyes. "You bully!" she said, turning to Steve. "Picking on a kid." She turned to Paul, "Come back to the house, kid, I'll fix your nose."

"Just a friendly little dispute, Jean," said Bill, "nothing to get fussed about."

Mr. Lewis said, "Fighting, eh? I hope the best man won. Wipe your nose, Paul. And the three of you get to work. Came to tell you we've got to work overtime tonight. There's a storm brewing. Send you out a lunch. Come on, Jean."

Steve did not look at Jean as she followed her father, and when she came later with their lunch, he tried to get her to herself, but she stuck to Paul, all solicitude. Bill kept the conversation on an even keel.

Steve flung the stooks together so viciously for the rest of the day that Paul and Bill had to work fast to keep up with him. He couldn't get Jean's outraged glance out of his mind. To think she'd fall for an empty-headed kid. Since Paul's arrival, he'd hardly had a word with her. Every evening, when they were at home, they would turn up the sitting room rugs and experiment with new steps.

All through the late dinner after dark that evening, Steve kept aloof from the conversation. Mr. Lewis looked at him questioningly several times, a frown creasing his forehead, wondering what had caused the scrap between the boys, but he didn't allude to it. Jean was quiet too.

Steve was on the verandah in the dark sometime later and wishing that his period of work on the farm were over — he'd promised to stick until school opened. Jean came up, "Steve? Any reason for moping? I'm sorry if I offended. But you were bullying Paul, weren't you? What was the fight about?"

"I wasn't bullying. It was a silly scrap. Forget it, Jean."

"Well, I have an idea Paul'll tell me what it was about. I hate to see father's men fighting. And Paul is so terrifically pleasant." She started off.

"Wait, Jean, can I ask you something?"

"Go on," she said.

"Do you care for Paul, seriously, I mean?"

"Steve!" her voice was brittle was anger. And she left him.

Well, he had asked for it. She wasn't the kind of girl to forgive an impertinence. Now she'd know they had been fighting over her. He never thought he'd fight over a girl, especially an independent, practical girl like Jean—even if she had the most lovely face in the world and eyes . . . oh well.

He could hear the car start and Jean and Paul talking and laughing as they drove out of the yard. He went up to bed. Bill was writing letters.

"Jean asked me what the row was about out there in the field. She asked Paul too. Paul said he'd got your goat. She seemed satisfied," said Bill.

"Women are mighty curious," said Steve, uninterestedly, and rolled into bed. But he didn't sleep. He was awake when Jean and Paul returned about two hours later. He heard them rustling around in the kitchen, getting something to eat, giggling. When Paul finally came up, he pretended to be asleep. Come to think of it, Paul didn't act like a fellow in love. He acted like a big overgrown kid, "Here, you guys, wake up and eat these doughnuts," he said, slamming the door shut. Steve wished he could get up courage enough to talk seriously to Jean. But it was some days before his chance came.

The next day, Mr. Lewis was taken suddenly sick, and everything was confusion. All the responsibility of keeping harvesting operations going fell on Jean and her mother. This seemed to be the spur that Steve needed to drive him to activity. "I'll take charge in the field, Jean, you stay home and help your mother," he said.

"Who'll haul the wheat in my place, Paul?"

"No, Paul's needed stooking. I've got two fellows coming over from Peterson's farm. We'll rush things," said Steve grimly.

In the midst of the rush and worry, the thresher broke down and Steve had to drive twenty miles to the city to find a spare part. He worked with the mechanic until twelve that night getting the machine in shape to operate the next day.

Mr. Lewis' threatened appendix, however, cleared up inside a week and he was able to get around and supervise things again, then Steve went back to his old job of stooking.

"Steve," said Jean one evening, "I've got to go to town. Care to come?"

"Of course, Jean." Steve's heart gave a leap.

When they were well on their way, Jean said, "You've been fine, Steve, taking charge like that for father. Guess there isn't much difference between Easterners and Westerners after all. You threw yourself into things like an old timer. Thanks."

"Oh, that's okay, Jean."

"No. I want to apologize to you for thinking you were so—well that you lacked initiative. Thinking you had to be prodded into things. I can see now that if you care enough about your opinions and beliefs that you can go into action as quick as anyone I know. Just as quick as Dad."

"Thanks, Jean. I'm glad you feel that way. I wish you could have cared in a deeper way, though. Still, I understand how it is between you and Paul."

"You do?" she said.

"Yes."

"How do you know? Did Paul tell you . . . "

"No. But it's all right, Jean. Paul's a little immature, but by the time he's wrangled through a tough medical course, he'll have sense."

"Well, it's nice of you to be so interested in my future," Jean's voice had grown cold.

"Interested? Why, Jean, I am — — I was crazy about you! Then Paul came and — — Forgive me, Jean, I didn't mean to tell you this."

"Steve," Jean's hand crept into his "There's nothing between Paul and me. Not a thing."

"But you, you're as thick—you've been together almost constantly ever since he came What do you mean, not a thing?"

"Oh, Steve! Can't you see . . . but you're so darned slow to learn. So darned practical."

"You mean you do care a little for me Jean?"

"I'm too honest to deny it."

"Well, why in heck didn't you give me a hint?"

"I had to make you jealous. I had to jolt you out of yourself. But you were so slow to catch on. So practical."

Steve braked the car. "Jean, darling," he said, and Jean was in his arms.

"So I'm the one that's practical." he thought to himself.

CANADIAN COTILLION

(Continued from page 21)

into the greatest of all musical presentations, symphonies. And through these older forms of the dance have come our country dances, quadrilles, cotillions and modern dances.

Recently a talk on the radio acquainted me with the startling fact that Canada had no written humour—paging Mr. Leacock—whether that is so or not we can express humour, and there is a lot of spontaneity in Canadian humour, evident in any community gathering, in our dancing, our singing. We have dances from every country in the world in our social pattern, the merry tunes and sprightly dances of old England, the graceful and energetic dances of Scotland, the rollicking dances of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland, France, Czecho-Slovakia, Spain and Portugal, Germany, the Balkans, the Ukraine. Through folk-dancing we shall learn to appreciate the fine things our foreign neighbors give to us, to mark that the immigrant can contribute more than his labor—that it will be a fair exchange in promoting a happier civilization.

The quadrille danced everywhere in rural districts in Canada and in many urban centres where folk-dance societies keep alive these lovely dances, came originally from England. Although it is believed to have come from France, the French took it from the English, revised it, and sent it back across the Channel. It was danced in the French court ballet and so charmed everybody that it's popularity spread quickly and was brought to America by the settlers. From the plain quadrille come many varieties—Lancers, Basket, Caledonian, Harlequin, Social, The Girl I Left Behind Me, Birdie in the Cage.

With the arrival of countless round dances came the waltz, polka, mazurka, redowa, schottische and waltz-quadrille. The latter is a very pretty dance, the figures weaving in and out in waltz step. Some of the modern quadrilles are: Darling Nellie Gray, The Girl I Left Behind Me, Buffalo Gals, Wearing of the Green, Money Musk, Arkansas Traveller. It is interesting to note how some of them got their names. Money Musk was first danced on the village green of Money Musk on the river Don in Aberdeenshire. The Arkansas Traveller originated with an old peddler who used to sell his wares up and down the Connecticut River Valley.

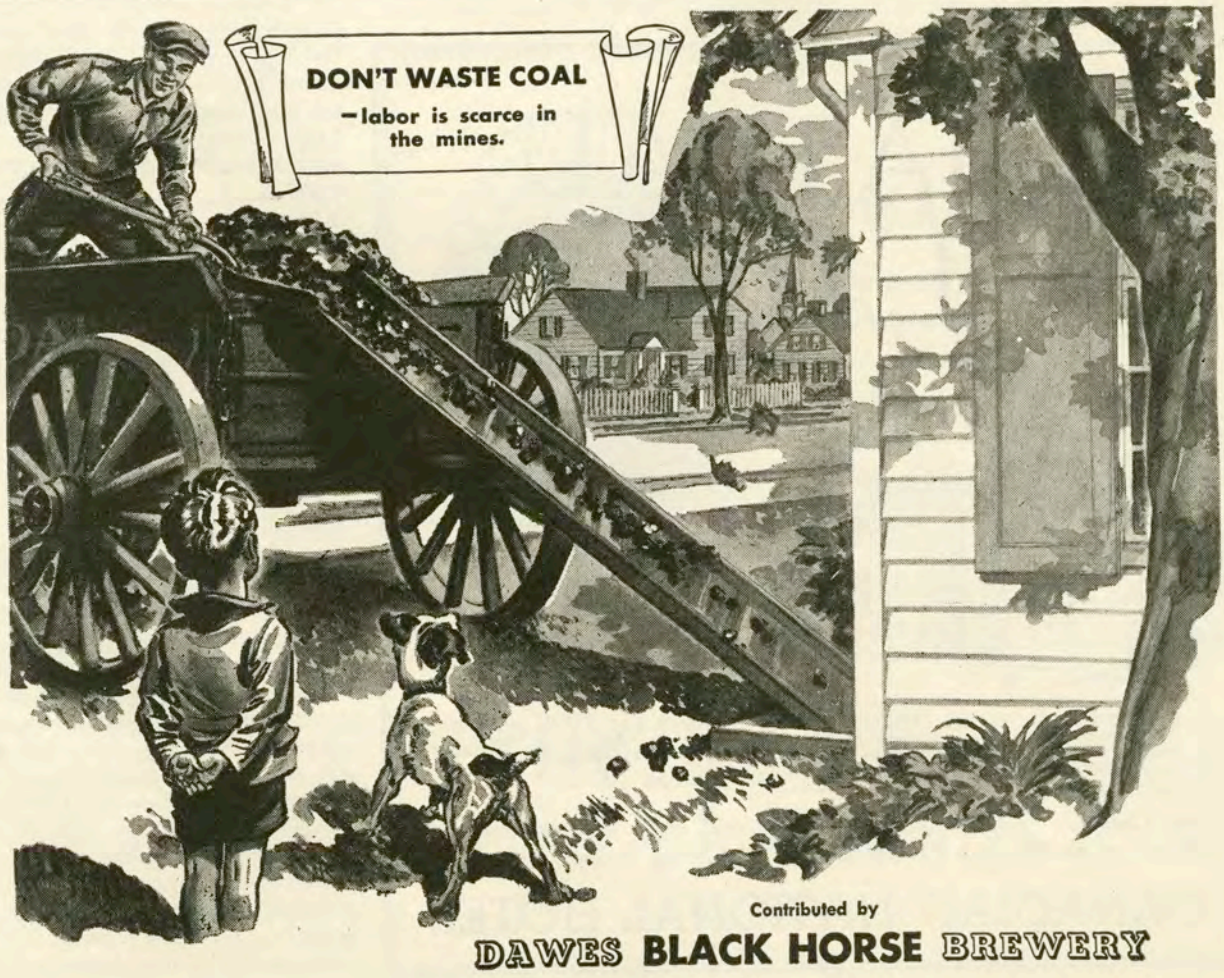
One can almost trace the story of colonization through the dance. During the American Revolution dancing was very popular, and many farm-houses had a long room at the back which was kept especially for these happy community dances. In Vermont and down the Connecticut River Valley the communal sheep-shearing was the occasion for much celebrating, and large dances which lasted a week were held.

There doesn't have to be a reason for a dance, but any excuse was and still is seized upon, such as house-warmings, harvest time, to celebrate a victory, a marriage, birthdays, feast days. It was so in the olden times, in the days of the Druids, and is so today. The Druids danced the circle dances. The dancers formed into a circle and the first movement was always—an advance to the centre. This was to acknowledge the Presence and was a sacred rite, then the dancers acknowledged each other and today we still advance to the centre—a joyous movement, a sort of general greeting. We bow to each other and the dance begins.

The dances of the Maritime provinces are also danced in New England. Many of them came to Canada with Empire Loyalists. Some of these are: The Girl I Left Behind Me, Roger de Coverley, Lady Walpole's Reel, and others, Darling Nellie Gray, Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane. The music has started, the fiddler is scraping his bow—all hands to the centre and the "caller-off" takes his place beside the fiddler:

Darling Nellie Gray

Eight hands around
The first head couple lead up to the right,
join your hands and circle once around.
Now you right and left right through and
you right and left right back



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And you swing your darling Nellie Gray
Lead to the next and you balance all around
Join your hands and circle once around
Now you right and left right through and you right and left right back
And you swing your darling Nellie Gray
Lead to the last and you balance all around
Join your hands and circle once around
Now you right and left right through and you right and left back.
And you all swing your darling Nellie Gray
Allemande left with the lady on your left
And grand right and left half around
When you meet your partner, on the other side
You promenade with your darling Nellie Gray.

Devil's Dream

Eight hands once around and back the other way
First lady lead to right, swing that gent and hug him tight
Lead to the next and on your toes, swing that man with the big red nose
Swing the next one standing there, run your fingers through his hair
Now lead to the last and swing your own, everybody swing
You swing yours and I'll swing mine. I'd rather swing yours most any time.
All promenade. Put your arms around her waist and promenade right to your place.
Join your hands and once round, everybody once round
With your right foot up and your left foot down
Hurry up, Joe, you'll never get round
The other way back you are going wrong
Balance to your corners all, swing that girl around the hall
Leave her alone and swing your own, everybody swing your own
The first couple lead to the right
Circle four with all your might
Lead to the next and don't get mixed
Cross your right hands half way round
Pay attention to what I say, give left hands back the other way
Now lead to the last and ladies chain
The other two ladies do the same
Join your hands and forward all, swing that gal across the hall
Now run away home and swing your own
Right hand to your partners all, right and left around the hall
When you meet her pass her by
Kiss the next one on the sly
Poke the next one in the eye
Swing your own girl by and by
Swing her once, swing her twice
Swing her again if she's not your wife.

The Irish have contributed their share of dances to this country, just to hear the names makes your feet move: Smash the Window, Shoe the Donkey, Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow, There's Whiskey in the Jar, Leave the Girls Alone—now don't you want to dance?

Irish feast days were long drawn-out affairs, very often lasting a week. Competitions in jig-dancing were held. In England the jig was only danced as a wind-up to a play and only performed when the audience called for it.

The jig-melodies of the Irish with their haunting lilting music springs out of the old Irish scale—five notes corresponding to the black keys of our piano. True jig steps are similar to steps in the Scotch reel. Also Russian ballet steps and those of the old Scottish highland dances are similar, with the severe toe extension and precision of rhythm.

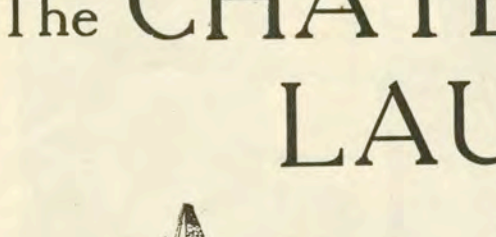
Everybody has danced to the tune of "The Irish Washerwoman", that boisterous, rollicking melody. It was once played in very slow three-quarter time. Irish pipers were once as famous as those of Scotland, and Irish soldiers used to march to jig music played very slowly on the pipes.

Every village had its piper who played for villagers to dance on the green. After an hour the piper would dig a hole in the ground and play a tune called Gather Up the Money. This was a polite hint that he wasn't piping entirely for his own pleasure.

Scotland's history is coloured with the plaids, the pipes, and Scottish reels. Anyone with a drop of Scottish blood in his veins is away with the first note of the pipes. One of the most popular reels brought from Scotland was Lady Walpole's Reel. This was generally known as the married man's favorite because of the little time spent in the company of his own partner. Other names have been given it in Canada and the New England states, Speed the Plough, Lady Washington's reel and Boston Fancy. Miss McLeod's reel and the Virginia reel were very popular and both are still danced in many places in America. The Virginia reel is originally a Scottish reel. Other Scottish reels are The Auld Maid Wad Be Married, My Mither Aye Glowerin' O'er Me, Looney McTwolter, Good-morning to Your Night-cap, Dashing White Sergeant, and Strip the Willow. I have seen the last named one done in Northern Newfoundland with a great deal of abandon and hilarity, shouts and yells accompanying the whirling.

England has also given us the horn-pipe with all its variations. During the early days of colonization, about four centuries ago a clipper was becalmed in the Southern Atlantic and the sailors became very bored, morale was at its lowest ebb. However, there was a Welshman aboard who piped all hands to grog at intervals and played many merry tunes on a curious instrument with horns at both ends. His music was about the only remedy for boredom and as he improvised the sailors did a strange sort of lurching dance in the style of the heavy sea. They climbed the rigging aft, hands to foreheads scouting the horizon and intermittently give a rhythmic tug to their breeches. When the wind carried them into port eventually, they performed this dance

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A CANADIAN NATIONAL HOTEL

in the waterfront saloons along the coast and it became the rage.

There is not a country in Europe that has not contributed to the progress of Canada as it stands today. The story of colonization is presented in a fascinating way in John Murray Gibbon's book, "Canadian Mosaic". (McClelland and Stewart, Ltd., publishers). With immigration from Europe there came the folk-arts, handicrafts, songs and dances, and old customs.

From Scandinavia the hardy Norsemen who settled largely on the Prairies, along the coast of British Columbia and in Northern Ontario, while adjusting themselves to the new land, kept up time-honored traditions, charming their neighbors with the gaiety of their festivals. Sponsored by the Canadian Pacific Railway, several exhibitions have been put on and programmes of colorful songs and dances given. The skill and rhythm of the dances together with the tuneful melodies won for the performers much recognition and brought their culture to the forefront of our civilization.

The Swedish people, coming from a country as highly civilized as any in Europe, where education is free from the grammar school to the university, dances at the New Canadian Folksong and Handicraft Festival, organized by the Canadian Pacific Railway in Winnipeg. One of the dances, Oxdansen, is a traditional dance performed by the students of the University of Upsala. It was first danced in the time of Gustavus Adolplus, who reigned from 1611 to 1632, by the "Freshmen" of the university who were nick-named oxen:

Oxdansen—Swedish—Music 2-4 Time

FIGURE 1

Dancers (A and B) stand facing each other about two steps apart, hands on hips.

A—Meas. 1-8. A bows to B while B makes a deep curtsey. They exchange bows again. Repeat. These movements are done slowly. During the measures 9-16 bows and curtseys are continued to faster tempo, one to each measure.

B—A places his closed hands on chest, elbows at shoulder level, then forcibly extends arms sideways, turns head to right with a jerk. At same time the right leg is forcibly swung sideward with a straight knee while he rises on the toes of his left foot. Then he takes another short step to the right, then stamps with left foot twice beside right. At the same time he turns his head forward and gradually places hands on chest, elbows at shoulder level. A again extends arms, turns head to left and swinging his left leg sideward as described for right he then takes a large step to the left and places his right foot beside left (meas. 19). (Left foot is not placed on floor until the third beat of 19th measure). Then he takes a short step to the left and places right foot beside left, turns his head forward and places his hands on his hips (meas. 20). Repeat 21-24.

B dances in the same way at the same time but begins to left side.

FIGURE 2

A—At beginning of the 2nd measure both slide left foot forward (1-2). At beginning of 4th measure both replace left foot. At same time place right foot forward (3-4). Repeat for (5-8). During (9-16) the same movement is continued in quicker time, feet changing places twice in each measure.

B—Same as B in Figure 1.

FIGURE 3

A—The dancers place right hands on top of each other's heads, far back. At beginning of the 2nd measure A pulls B's head forward (1-2). Then B raises his head and pulls A's head forward at beginning of 4th measure (3-4) Repeat (5-8). Then do same movement in quicker time, pulling and raising head twice during each measure.

From Denmark comes the Hatter, with its stamping and clapping, displaying the joy and abandon to its even rhythm. The dance is described as follows:

FIGURE 1

A—"The Whole Family"—4 couples join hands in a big circle and swing around vigorously to the left with buzz steps (the same step as our country dance step).

B—Releasing hands, partners face each other and stamp 3 times in place. This is done on the 2 beats of the music following. Still facing each other, clap own hands 3 times. Pause on last beat. Repeat. Partners turn back to back, so that each man and the left woman are now facing each other. In this new position all stamp and clap as before.

C—"Grand Chain"—Partners quickly face each other and, giving right hand to each other, dance grand right and left with skip step all the way around the circle, finishing in original places.

FIGURE 2

A—"Partners Swing"—As they meet at the end of the grand chain, partners take ordinary dancing position and swing around in place with buzz steps.

B—"Stamp and Clap" as in 1.

C—"Grand Chain."

FIGURE 3

A—"Women's Basket"—The four women go into the centre and form a circle by putting their arms around each other's waists. In this grasp they all face toward the centre, lean head and shoulders backward from the centre and swing vigorously.

B. and C. as in other Figures.

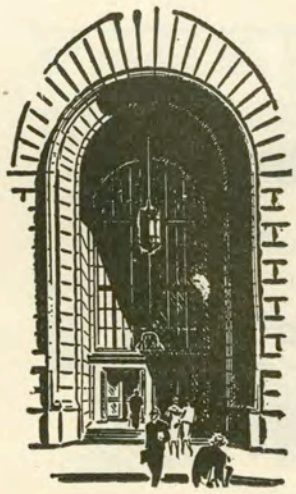
FIGURE 4

"Men's Basket"—The four men go into the centre, and form a basket as the women did.

B. and C. as in other Figures.

FIGURE 5

"The Whole Family."



CANADIANS ALL

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FIGURE 6

"Swing Partners."

From Norway come the Three Men's Polka and Mountain March. The polka or polska is in many Scandinavian dances and has been preserved wherever these people have settled, although it first came from Bohemia. It happened when a tavern wench first heard good news of her lover in the Austrian army. As she read the letter she sang and danced, and an old musician, Neruda, laid down his beer mug and raced home to compose some music to it. Usually at the end of Scandinavian dances the men lift their partners high in the air as they spin around.

The Finns and Lithuanians, from the North Baltic, came first to work on the Canadian Pacific Railway, to Northern Ontario to the lumber industry and nickel mines. Honest, hard-working and peace-loving, their dances are characterized by a measured stateliness enlivened by a sly humor, a sort of fun-poking at themselves. A good example is the Finnish Reel, otherwise known as Gossiping Ulla:

Formation—Two parallel lines facing each other. Hands on hips.

Measures 1-8—Hop on left foot, and at same time touch top of right toe at side, leg twisted so heel is raised. Hop on left and touch right heel at side, toes turned up. Repeat to other side. Repeat whole step three times.

Measures 9-10—Step forward right. Stamp left, bringing heels together. Step backward left. Stamp right, bringing heels together.

Measures 11-12—With three running steps partners change places, passing on right side. Face the centre on four.

Measures 13-16—Repeat measures 9 to 12, returning to former places. Repeat from beginning.

Use any 2/4 time music.

From Latvia, Esthonia and Lithuania come dances much like those of Russia and the Ukraine. Last winter I attended a festival held at the Capitol theatre in Ottawa by the Lithuanian society, The singing and dancing were enhanced by the beauty and color of the costumes, all hand-worked in gorgeous and intricate designs. The fineness of the work and precision required to blend the various colors demands great skill and patience. The dance that impressed me most was a Waltz for Eight, the dancers circling out from the wings and weaving patterns of symmetry and grace with a swinging rhythm to the strains of national music. The Waltz, Lithuania:

Four girls come from the wings waltzing.
Four boys come from other wing.
They meet and waltz upstage to centre front.
Stop.
Girls turn around, curtsey, waltz around.
Boys do same so that they form two lines facing front of stage.
Girls sway to music and execute graceful waving arm movements.
Sink in curtsey, rise slowly.
Boys lift girls up and turn them slowly around.
Girls curtsey deeply. All waltz off-stage.

"It is interesting to mark that Ukranian music is very old. The Ukranians became the first singers in Europe, and much of the celebrated Russian music we admire is the music of the Ukraine." This quotation from John Murray Gibbon's book, "Canadian Mosaic" shows how very much a part of Ukrainian life is their music.

One of their dances, the Kolomeika, is a joyous, exuberant affair, with the men doing the difficult Russian step requiring such agility. Mr. Gibbon has written these words to the music of the Kolomeika:

"Slender ankles, dainty toes and petticoats a-flying,
Tripping here and turning there with a vis-a-vis complying—
Swiftly bow the violin and keep them all a-swinging,
Over here from far Ukraine the Kolomeika bringing—
Laughing are the ruby lips and merry are the glances,
So we pass the winter night, and dance the old-time dances.

The music for this dance usually consists of violin, bass viol, or 'cello, plucked with the fingers instead of being played with a bow, and a kind of tambourine. In Russia when this is danced, the village people, old and young, children and grand-parents, gather around. A "fore-singer" steps forward and begins to sing a dance-song of his own choice. This is then taken up by the orchestra, and the men who are going to dance promenade about the circle and begin to beckon to the partner they want from the surrounding spectators. When all have secured partners the leader calls "Kolomeika", and the dance begins. It becomes more and more lively as it proceeds, and the leader calls the figures as he pleases. I shall give a few of the steps and their meaning: Kolomeika:

1. Schoupak, meaning the pike, a fish—This step is done only by the men. With the body erect, bend the knees and sit on the heels, with a little spring extend the right leg forward with the knee extended and the toe turned up. Repeat on other leg.

2. Pas de Basque, the women's step throughout the dance—Make a little spring onto the right foot, at the same time lifting the left foot, with the left knee bent and raised, touch the left toe a little in front of the right foot and rise on both toes, and let the right heel sink with the weight on the right foot. Repeat the same to the left.

KOLOMEIKA

A—The dancers move around the circle in the direction opposite to that of the hands of the clock, the men dancing forward with "Schoupak", and the women, each facing her partner, dancing backward with "Pas de Basque" steps.

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HOLUBETZ

Partners take back grasp and swing vigorously around in place with "slow running" steps, two to a measure.

(The back grasp is taken as follows: The man and woman turn right shoulders towards each other, this brings partners side by side, but facing in opposite directions; the woman puts her right hand behind her waist and reaches her left arm across in front of her partner's chest. The man takes her left hand in his right, and reaching his left arm across behind her waist takes her right hand in his left.)

REVERSE

A—Partners release hands, turn left shoulders toward each other, and taking the reverse back grasp, swing around in place in the opposite direction.

KOLO

B—All join hands in a single circle (each woman on the right of her partner) and dance around to the right with slow running or hop steps.

ZVIERZDA (STAR)

C—All form a right hand "star" and dance around in the direction of the hands of the clock with 16 "slow running steps" or 8 "hop steps."

Many immigrants from Poland settled in the West, east of Winnipeg, in Saskatchewan and Alberta. The polonaise, their national dance, was adopted by the courts of Europe and used to inaugurate state balls. John Murray Gibbon relates in "Canadian Mosaic" how "the vivacious and graceful dancing of a Polish group at the New Canadian Folk-song and Handicraft Festival held in Winnipeg in 1928, had a marked influence in the attitude taken by the Anglo-Saxon Canadians to foreign-born." "It was the opinion at first that the Canadian Pacific Railway was wrong in encouraging these new Canadians to retain their old customs but that was regarded in a different light after the festival.

"The Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba and Mrs. Tupper led the Mazurka Grand March which prefaced a ball in Winnipeg in 1938." The Mazurka derived it's name from the early Palatinate of Marsovia, in the 16th century. The time is 3/4 and it is a rugged, whirling dance with upflung gestures and vigorous motions.

From Hungary comes the Czardas, a couple dance, with a gay tripping melody. This is always a social dance and is never done as a solo dance. The latter type of dancing is only to be found in cafes, cabarets or on the stage. There are a great many Czardas tunes, just as in this country there are many fox-trots. The tune for this one is the old Hungarian folk-song, Ritka Buza, meaning Rare Wheat. The song is a play on the word "Ritka", a girl's name. According to it, good wheat is very rare, so also it is very rare to find a nice little girl.

The Czardas, Hungarian:

Formation—Couples scattered about the room, boy's hands on girl's waist. Girl's hands on boy's shoulders.

The following directions are for the boy.

1 measure—Short step to the right, close left, step right in place, touch left. Step left, close right, step left, touch right.

This is repeated indefinitely, moving about the room, progressing either forward or sideward.

8 measures—At the dancers' will, the following turn may be taken. Keeping the same position of arms, they turn so that right shoulders are together. Leaning away from each other, they swing vigorously clockwise with ordinary walking steps. This turn may be reversed, so that the dancers move counter-clockwise if they desire.

At a Czecho-Slovak Folk Festival held in Montreal in December, 1943, a dance called Beseda was performed with finished ability. The beauty of the costumes added much and with the intricate steps provided a gay whirling pattern of beauty. In talking with one of the girls afterwards I learned her costume had taken over a year to complete. Fine cross-stitching covered the blouse and apron, and on her black velvet dress was an all-over pattern of dainty red rose-buds.

Beseda, Czecho-Slovakian:

Formation—Circle for eight. In couples (boy on left, girl on right).

FIGURE 1

Two slow slides right.

Couples join hands and swing girl over to left. Repeat 4 times.

Boy facing front and girl facing centre, swing and kick to music.

Four walking steps, bow. Circle has now changed into square for eight and end couples make arches. Side couples go under arches and back to place.

Ends repeat.

This dance is very long, and I have given only one figure to show its beauty.

From Germany come many lovely old melodies and dances, such as "Hansel and Gretel", a favorite on the playgrounds of Montreal where I supervised folk-dancing for several years. There are also many versions of the Polka, i.e., "Rosen Polka" and other children's singing games, such as "The Princess she was beautiful". This is the old story of the sleeping Princess and the Prince who wakened her from the old witch's spell by touching his lips to her hand. It is always popular with children and the part of the Princess, Prince, and old Witch are acted and sung with true childish abandon in a delightful manner.

From Spain and Portugal come the Tango, Spanish waltz, and Fandango. The Tango is a favorite in the ball-room and the three basic steps are really quite easy to master. It is in fitting the steps to the music that most beginners find difficulty.

I have collected much material in Folk-dancing and taught as many as twelve nationalities on the playgrounds of Montreal. Throughout our schools where Physical Education is part of the curriculum, these

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dances are taught and may be found in the Burchenal books on dancing or Ward and Crampton's.

And now from this wealth of dancing traditions let us look in on a first-and second-generation Canadian festival in the Maritime provinces, Northern New Brunswick, Restigouche county. My father used to tell me that "young folks" now-a-days didn't know how to dance, "shuffling around in two's" and he would shake his head and smile reminiscently. Then turning to me, he would bow quite deeply, then to the corner partners a slight bow and with stately step and head high, his shoulders square, he would lead us through a quadrille. Settled with English and Scottish for the most part, every country and village had its community hall for social occasions. The fiddler took his place in one corner, scraped his bow lovingly over his violin, then placing the instrument under his chin, he played rollicking tunes, in a lively tempo. When he looked up, the floor would be filled with fresh-faced young people, sturdy farmers and fishermen, lumber-jacks and bright-eyed girls.

The "Caller-off" took his place beside the fiddler or danced too, and what a number of calls he could "reel" off, all with the same musical intonation as the fiddler. The "caller" held a place in the community only second to the mayor. He was a distinct asset at every party and his fame was known for many miles. To the tune of "Haste to the Wedding", "Money Musk", or "Red-Wing" the set would begin—the dancers weaving in and out in the first figure—symmetry and pattern, heavy boots and dainty feet, laughter and nodding heads—"swing with your own". Grandfather, courtly in his "sack" suit, mother, rosy and smiling, young Tom or Will, debonair—their best-girls on their arms, skirts flying, feet twinkling. The sides waiting until the ends finish, a pause while the fiddler wipes his brow, the ends meet and retire, ladies' chain, advance again and one man leaves his partner on the arm of the opposite man's arm. Now the single man returns and does a little step—quietly, enjoying the rhythm, a little self-conscious and restrained, then, spurred by the clapping he smiles broadly and flinging reserve to the winds, he really "steps it up", recovers his partner and swings her in front of the opposite couple. Everybody swings and "All around the town". The caller-off is getting hoarse but he never misses a beat, the rhyme setting the pace—"allemande left, to the corners all and swing your own around the hall." The fiddler stops, mops his brow, the "caller" lights a cigarette and makes for the door.

In some of the back settlements in New Brunswick the dancers get very boisterous and I heard one "caller" (a habitant lumberjack) interject "heavy on the cow-hide, tamerack 'er down". Things were getting a little dull but it was marvellous after that and every once in a while the men would give a whoop and kick the wall.

In Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, there is much highland dancing, the Strathspey, eightsome and foursome reels. As the Gaelic is still spoken there, the atmosphere has often been said to be more Scottish than Scotland. On Prince Edward Island the quadrilles and sets are done much like the New Brunswick ones.

Many of the Gaspe Coast dances were brought from New England while the quadrilles and lancers danced in Metis, Quebec, were of English and Scottish origin. The Waltz Promenade is danced in the mining towns of Northern Ontario and Quebec, to a very smooth tuneful melody:

Waltz Time:

First couple down centre and then you divide,
Ladies go right and gents to the left.
Oh, swing at the corners and don't be afraid,
Then swing with your own in the waltz promenade.

A "Set" as danced on the Gaspe Coast has usually three changes — it may have more and different combinations may be used to make up a set. One "caller" in the district knows over a hundred calls. All sets are made up with four couples, forming a square, the gentleman standing at the left of the lady.

Reel Time:

Sets begin with: Honor to your partner—a deep bow
Corners address—a slight bow
All join hands and circle to the left,
Back to the right in a single file
Swing your lady with a big broad smile.

Change One:

First couple up and circle 4
Right and left through and swing with your opposite
Right and left back and swing with your own
On to the next and circle 4—repeated until every couple has swung with every other couple.

At the end of every change:

Allemande left on the corners all
Right with your own
Left on the corners
Grand right and left home.

Change Two:

First couple up and circle 4
Leave that lady and on to the next and circle 4
Leave that lady and take your place
Forward 6 and back—bowing—
Forward and cross over
Forward gents and back
Forward and cross over.

This is repeated 3 more times, then Allemande left, etc.

Change Three:

First couple up, swing your lady off the ground

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Birdie in the cage and 7 hands around
Birdie fly out and gent fly in.
Join your hands and circle again
Gents fly out and everybody swing.
Allemande left, etc.

Farther north in Quebec, in the mining towns both a fiddler and an accordion player usually supplied the music. At 50 below zero all the windows in the dancing room were thrown open to cool the energetic participants. The fiddler worked savagely, until his hair was plastered against his brow, but his feeling for music was keen and he kept time with his feet and sang too. At one of the dances held in a deserted mining camp in the Rouyn district one he-man swung his partner until her toes scraped the wall above his head.

Usually the people clapped as they went through the figures of a dance. While the dancers rested, in between the sets, one of the lads, usually the "Man Mountain", entertained the crowd by hanging by his feet to the rafters or hitting the back of his head against the log wall. In mentioning these incidents I do not want to convey the impression that country-dancing in Canada is an uncivilized affair, but rather the dance takes on the boisterous and jovial characteristics of different sections of life in Canada.

When in Vancouver in 1940 I attended the Caledonia games and was delighted with the skill and charm of the highland dancing executed by both men and women. These beautiful old customs are being worked into a pattern of Canadian life, unequalled in variety and vigor, arresting and rugged in design, helping to create a new land where, in spite of wars and depressions, grows a culture which can build morale, bringing out the true character of a strong people. Making us more conscious of Canada as a land of opportunity where the right of the individual is the warp and woof of progress, contributing to a great and constantly changing Democracy.

And across the great Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in one-roomed schoolhouses and fine community halls, the lights glow, the fiddler scrapes his bow and fresh-faced young men and women, together with older men and women of dignity and good living, greet their partners and to the strains of music repeat the time-honored and well-loved traditions in the friendly patterns of the quadrilles and cotillions, the lancers and the waltzes, the czardas and the Kolomeika, the Beseda and gavottes. For folk-dancing is the essence of the human structure, and however much the face of things changes, this whole-hearted recreation is and always will be an unshakable base for a happier society.

Note—The music for the quadrilles described may be procured from any collection of jigs and reels, eg., Harding's Original Collection of Jigs and Reels. For the Czardas, Kolomeika, Oxdansen please refer to the Burchenal collection.

CANADIAN FOLK SOCIETY

(Continued from page 35)

Last season national evenings of song, dance and drama were presented by selected national groups. One evening was set aside as an "International Evening".

Handicrafts have had a particular emphasis. An evening was devoted to the study of handicrafts. Colour and sound films depicting the handicrafts of Quebec were found to be extremely interesting. The Handicraft Committee is working on a programme for British Columbia similar to that of Quebec. In this connection meetings were held with Dr. Crowell of Macdonald College and Dr. Murray Gibbon, Chairman of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild.

The Folk Festival is still the major event of the year. It has been decided that instead of holding this festival in the Fall as usual, it be postponed until Spring, so that it can properly be the climax of the season's activities.

The Folk Society plans in every instance wherever possible to work in close co-operation with other groups interested in the building of a Canadian citizenship. A typical example of this is the close co-operation between this society and the Committee on Canadian Citizenship set up under the Department of War Services. This close co-operation was climaxed last spring by a meeting between Major-General LaFlèche, Minister of War Services, with the executive of this society and the local presidents of the various national societies.

Programmes for such a society can only be exploratory. The Canadian Folk Society, Vancouver Branch, is hoping that other groups of similar nature in other parts of Canada will co-operate with it in making our Canadian Folk a united folk.

ARRIVAL

(Continued from page 7)

the Christmas story from Young John's English Bible—as they had always done at Christmas.

"Aino!"

"Here, Juha, at the sauna!" Aino called, rising and finding she was cold. She heard him run down the path as she went into the steam room to poke at the coals and throw the last log in. Her throat contracted with premonition.

"I met Fields part way," Juha was panting from his sprint. She did not dare to lift her eyes to his face for a preview of his news. "He'd been to the station and brought

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this," he was holding a yellow piece of paper in his hand.

Aino rose slowly and leaned against the doorway.

"Young John's released. Johnnie's free!" Juha's voice was singing. "Sends this. British took the town days ago. All of them are free! All the Canadian prisoners are free!"

Juhani was laughing at her — like the young, lean, tanned Juhani she had known long ago — and now he came and took her in his arms. "Heat the sauna, wife," he said as his forefathers must have said from time immemorial, offering their hospitality in a land far away, to friends. "Heat the sauna and put the coffee on, the neighbours are coming over tonight. Fields is telling them the news."

THE ALPHABET OF HEALTH

(Continued from page 17)

FRENCH SOLE MORNAY

Have two medium-sized flounders skinned, boned and cut into 8 fillets. Wash trimmings (skin, bones, and head). Cover with 2 cups cold water, add spring of parsley, 1 sliced onion, some celery tops, a bit of bay leaf and a few peppercorns. Cook slowly half an hour, or until stock is reduced one-half. Strain and reserve stock. Place fillets in well buttered pan, sprinkle with salt pepper and lemon juice. Add 2 or 3 tbs. white wine flavoring (not sweetened). Cover and cook slowly about 15 minutes.

In the meantime make sauce as follows

2 tbs. butter
2 tbs. flour
1 cup fish stock
2 tbs. cream
2 egg yolks
dash cayenne
¼ lb. mushrooms
1 tsp. chopped parsley
2 tbs. white wine flavoring
salt and pepper

Melt butter, add flour, fish stock gradually, stirring until thickened. Place over water, add egg yolks, slightly beaten, cream and seasonings. Stir and cook about 3 minutes. Remove, add mushrooms (already sliced and boiled till tender), parsley and wine. Arrange fillets on hot platter, pour over sauce, garnish with lemon. Serves 8.

AMERICAN SALMON TIMBALES

Bone and flake 1 lb. can of salmon.
Mix with:

1 cup soft bread crumbs
2 well beaten eggs
2 tbs. melted butter
¼ cup milk
1 tbs. chopped onion

Bake in buttered custard cups 30 minutes in 350° oven. Serve with Hot Cheese Sauce:
Melt in double boiler ⅓ cup milk and 1 pkg. Old English Cheese. This makes 4 large or 6 small timbales.

KAPUSTA (Polish Cabbage)

small head of cabbage
2 apples
¼ lb. bacon fat, lard or butter
salt
1 small onion
2 tbs. vinegar
1 tbs. flour

Slice cabbage rather coarsely and add chopped onion and salt. Let mixture stand for a few minutes. Boil for 5 or 10 minutes 1 tbs. of bacon fat, lard or butter, vinegar, and sliced apples, in 1 qt. of water. Add cabbage and cook over slow fire for 20 minutes. Fry 1 tbs. of fat with flour until golden brown. Pour in gradually several tbs. of the liquid from the cabbage, bring to a boil, and pour over the other mixture. Serve as a vegetable.

AMERICAN GOLDEN POTATOES

6 carrots
6 potatoes
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tbs. butter
½ cup thin cream
salt
pepper

Scrape and slice medium sized carrots and boil until nearly done. Add medium sized potatoes diced, and cook until both are tender. Drain well, season with salt and pepper. Mash and beat until smooth, adding baking powder, cream and butter as you beat.

SPINACI CON FUNGHI
SPINACH WITH MUSHROOMS (ITALIAN)

½ peck spinach
salt and pepper
¼ cup olive oil
2 egg yolks
½ lb. mushrooms

Wash spinch thoroughly and cook until tender in as little water as possible, or better steam in its own juice. Drain, season with salt and pepper. Add beaten eg yolks. Put in an oiled casserole and cook 20 minutes in pan of hot water. Oven should be slow. While cooking, fry mushroom tops in oil. Pour over spinach and serve. Serves 6.

MEXICAN TORTILLAS

1 cup boiling water 1 cup corn meal 1 tsp. salt
Slowly add the boiling water to the corn meal. Add salt and mix well. Shap into paper-thin flat cakes and bake on an ungreased griddle. When brown, turn on either side to cook.

AMERICAN TURNIP PUFF

2 cups mashed yellow turnip
2 egg yolks, beaten
1 cup mashed potato
2 egg whites, beaten stiff

Mix turnip and potato. Season with salt, a bit of sugar, pepper and butter. Beat. Add egg yolks. Beat. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Pile in mounds on buttered tin. Bake at 375° until brown.

SYRIAN GREEN SALAD

1 medium cucumber
6 stalks celery
½ head lettuce
1 bunch radishes
1 bunch parsley
4 tomatoes
2 green sweet peppers
3 tbs. vinegar
3 tbs. olive oil
salt and pepper

Cut vegetables fine and season cucumbers, celery, lettuce, radishes and green peppers with salt. Wash well and season again to taste. Stir vinegar and olive oil together. Cut parsley and tomatoes fine and mix all together.

CANADIAN CRANBERRY SALAD

2 cups cranberries
1 cup cold water
Boil 20 minutes.
Take from fire and add 1 cup sugar. Stir until dissolved: 1 pkg. gelatine dissolved in ½ cup cold water. Add to the cranberries. When partially thickened, add ¾ cup celery cut fine and ⅔ cup apple cut fine. When firm cut in slices. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise or boiled dressing. Serves 12.

Cut cranberries in two with scissors.

RUSSIAN PASKA (Easter Dish)

1 lb. cottage cheese—pressed (there must be no salt)

Put into a cotton bag and press under weight. Stir cheese through a sieve. To 1 lb. cheese add ½ lb. sweet butter (creamed previously), ½ lb. powdered sugar. Add 5 hard boiled egg yolks which should be put through sieve previously with cheese. Mix thoroughly. Add vanilla to taste. Put French glazed fruit, citron, lemon, orange finely cut, 2 tbs. chopped almonds. Place on ice in a mould. Use as a desert with little cakes. Serves 12. Add more sugar if desired.

SWEDISH TEA CAKES

½ cup butter
¼ cup brown sugar
1 egg yolk slightly beaten.
1 cup sifted flour
1 egg white
½ cup chopped walnuts
jelly

Cream butter and blend in sugar. Add egg yolk, then flour. Roll dough into small balls (1 inch in diameter). Dip in egg white, then roll in chopped nuts. Place on greased cookie sheet and press centres down with spatula. Bake 5 minutes in 300° oven, remove, and press down centres again. Bake 15 minutes longer. Cool slightly. Fill centres with jelly.

MELLOMAKARUNA (Greek Honey Cakes)

½ lb. butter
1 cup sugar
juice of 1 orange
small glass cognac
1 tsp. vanilla
3 cups flour
½ tsp. soda
1 tsp. baking powder

Cream butter and sugar. Add juice of orange, cognac and vanilla. Into 3 cups flour put soda and baking powder. Add flour and ingredients gradually. Cut dough in heart shapes. Put in buttered pan and bake in moderate oven.
Syrup for above:
To 2 cups sugar add 1½ cups water and 1 cup honey. Boil 5 minutes. Dip cookies in sprup, sprinkling chopped walnuts and almonds on top.

ANNUAL FOLK FESTIVAL

(Continued from page 19)

Shall we take a peep behind the scenes—watch the engineer play his symphony of lights? Seated before a monstrous switchboard, he seemed the busiest member of the stage staff—here a glow of red, there a splash of green, here a special spot on some particular performer—on and on, a rainbow in rhythm; great curtains going up, others coming down to help bring in a woodland setting or a street scene or a cottage. Though this splendid equipment, in the house of make-believe was indeed novel, it nevertheless created the essential atmosphere of the real out-of-doors, so very much the home of all that is Folk.

Here, behind the scenes, where one thousand might easily take their places, was the heartbeat of the Festival. Handsome Indian Chiefs, gorgeous in beaded leather and feathers; beautiful Slavic costumes worn by pretty girls; handsome boys; courteous older men and dignified women; choruses from the Negro group which forms a huge promising section in the life of the United States; Chinese naval men; English tars in gleaming while; early American dancing groups; fiddlers, old and young; musicians with every type of string and wind instrument; Mormons in serious and gay moods; Jews in solemn attitude; kilted Scots; dancing Irish; singing Welsh; vivacious Latins—riots of color in harmonious confusion—yet, in turn doing some really magnificent performances.

Representatives from twenty-two States and Canada played parts on the Festival program. From California to Maine individual performers such as fiddlers, jig dancers, ballad singers were the highlights. Each program was opened by the Kiowa Indians of Oklahoma, who are the finest Indian artists ever seen in Philadelphia. Probably one of the most notable contributions was made by the Chinese naval cadets studying in this country under the United States government, preparatory to being commissioned officers in the Chinese Navy. Ninety from their unit were selected to sing national and folk songs of China. Inspirational in an unbelievable performance and perfection of Western adaptation, their military bearing was flawless and their singing excellent.

Only the Negroes could have contributed such singing as was heard on many of the programs. Large choruses—small choirs, songs, spirituals—beautiful, beautiful! Then others of their group performed work dances to the singing, and motion in rythm was one flow of graceful interpretation—quite the finest I have ever seen. Surely the Negro has made and is making a great contribution to the life and culture of America.

The Latin programs, varied and colorful—particularly the Italian "Fiesta," was so expressive and full of the gaiety of a happy race adding its gift to the land of their appreciation most because that part of the Latin world has been under shadow for so long.

As one would expect, the Central European stock was there in all its glory—one would almost be tempted to say spectacular, but then you do not qualify these gifts. The enjoyment is individual. Sometimes you

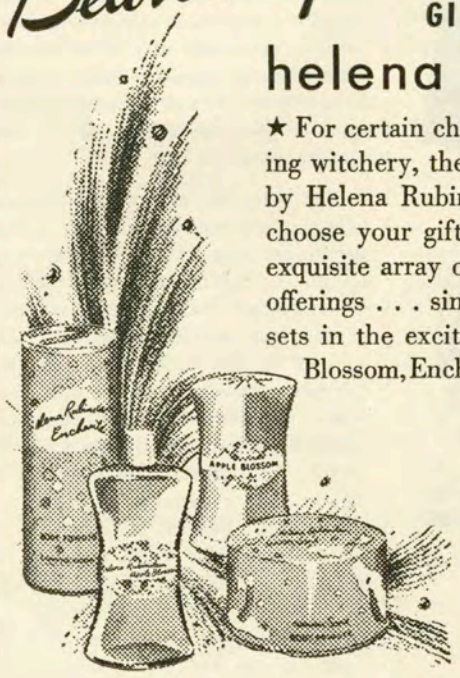


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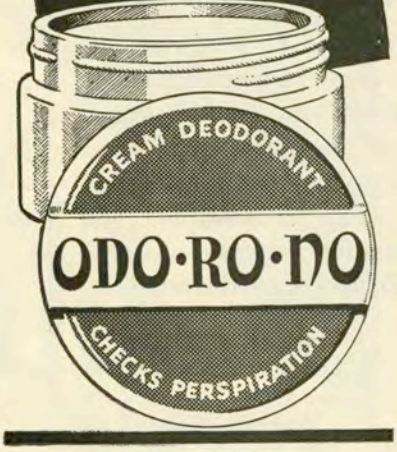
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favor the Polish, at other times the Hungarians, yet again the Ukrainians. And, oh those of Yugoslavia—how splendid they were!

All these Americans—be they of British background, English, Irish, Scottish or Welsh —one could not say this is better than that. All were excellent. The traditional early American groups were something to remember. In them we saw little traces of all the others; abandoned and youthful as this new land, the spirit of things to come, woven into the "break-downs and reels", a bit of "folk" in the making. It would be impossible adequately to describe the Festival. Go to Philadelphia and see for yourself this great blending of humanity at its best and then you will understand the spirit of the United States of America and its capacity to do things.

It must not be forgotten that there was a social side to all this. Each evening after the program guests were entertained in the lounge. Here everyone met, exchanged ideas and dance steps. Here everyone who was of the Folk Festival could make friends, and thus friendships were begun which will reach not only across the land but across the years—good citizens all.

Of course this great Festival was not merely programs for large audiences. There were morning conferences two mornings in the lounge of the Academy, in which lively exchange of ideas were given as to the ways in which folk activities can best be adapted to help in the integration of many racial groups. After all, even leaders require exchange of ideas, the opportunity to discuss improvements. We do hope to have more and more time to benefit by this or from this section. It is the way in which the whole Folk work progresses—though not the spectacular field. It would be interesting to have space to give the outline of all these talks. Another time we may.

The delegates of the International Labor Office conference, meeting in Philadelphia at that time, were guests of honor on the opening evening of the Evening Bulletin Folk Festival Association, sponsor of the National Folk Festival. The guest speaker on this evening was Dr. Robert L. Johnson, President of Temple University, where the conference was being held. The speaker on the second night was Dr. Herbert J. Tily, outstanding musician of Philadelphia and a member of the Evening Bulletin Folk Festival Association Executive Committee. The third evening Honorable Eugene V. Alessandroni, judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia, a member of the Executive Committee of the National Folk Festival Association, who was chairman of the sponsoring committee for the Festival the year before, was the speaker. I was invited by the National Folk Festival Association to bring Canada's greeting to the United States on the closing program.

Mr. George T. Eager of the Evening Bulletin Folk Festival Association was the motivating force behind the Festival and was responsible for the Evening Bulletin's sponsorship of the Eleventh Annual National Folk Festival. It was gratifying to all leaders in the folk field present to know that the most conservative and influential paper in Philadelphia felt the significance and value of encouraging interchange of folk traditions to bring about better understanding and stronger national unity among the varied racial and national groups that make up the United States. M. J. Pickering, business manager of The National Folk Festival Association since its origin, was always on hand to welcome the groups and attend to the myriad business details involved with the thousand participants.

In closing, it seems apropos to mention the Canadian co-operation. In other years the "Alouette Quartet" of Montreal were sent to the Festival through the sponsorship of the government of the Province of Quebec, under the distinguished patronage of the Hon. Hector Perrier, former Secretary of the Province of Quebec and Minister of Education. This was my second visit, made possible by the sponsorship of the Department of National War Services, Ottawa. The National Film Board loaned three films, in color and with sound track—"Alexis Tremblay, Habitant," which was the life of a calendar year in the home of a French-Canadian family; "Ukraine Winter Holiday"—also in color, filmed at Winnipeg; and "The Fur Trader". These were taken to the schools by Mrs. E. R. Sugerman and myself, where they met with great appreciation from both the teachers and students. A very sincere request was made that more Canadian films be brought in 1945—particularly some about the Pacific Coast.

A very excellent display of handicrafts graced the entrance to the Academy of Music. One was very proud and happy to stand by during the arrival and departure of guests to the programs, explaining the display which, through the courtesy of Quebec, was arranged by their Provincial trade representative in New York—Mr. Charles C. Laurier. Every Canadian could well feel that this display did Canada credit. It was beautifully displayed and the collection embraced craftsmanship of excellent quality and design in weaving, rugs and wood carving. Children and adults became enthusiastic admirers of Canadian handicrafts.

Are there two other nations in the whole world, other than Canada and the United States, who have in common such a potentially powerful cosmopolitan culture? Surely it can be seen that our problems of national integration are strikingly similar. There are no two countries on the globe who are so well equipped with the natural resources to serve as a gathering place for the best of humanity—a temple of races, of nationalities. We have seen in history how

each nation in turn has become a world influence by virtue of a peculiar culture fostered and evolved by its own people. Canada and the United States are alone the possessors of the priceless and dynamic treasures of each of these cultures by reason of their multiple nationality populaces. Add this to the inestimable value of geographic juxtaposition, and you have the most powerful combination of cultural energy in history. Canada and the United States may well march hand in hand into a future of world-wide cultural dominance.

THE ISLAND

(Continued from page 9)

of speech; after that he would take her into his arms as his wife.

But in course of time his descriptions became shorter and less coherent; many events escaped his memory as though they had never happened; for the whole days together he would lie on his couch without speaking, and think about himself. He got so accustomed to his surroundings that he would sit on the rock for hours, but never think of looking for ships.

Some years passed, and Luiz forgot his return and his mother-tongue; his mind was as dumb as his speech. At every nightfall he would return to his hut, but he knew no more of the woman than he had done on the first day.

One day in the summer, when he was roaming in the depth of the forest, he was suddenly seized by a great restlessness, so that he ran out into the open, and there he espied a fine ship riding at anchor. With a beating heart he ran down to the shore and mounted his rock, whence he could see a group of sailors and their officers. He hid behind a boulder like a savage and listened to their talk. Their speech touched something in his memory, and he became conscious that the strangers were talking in his own language. Then he stood up, meaning to speak to them, but he could only cry out. The strangers were startled, and he cried out for the second time. They pointed their carbines at him, and then his tongue was loosened and he called to them: "Mercy, senhores!" They shouted with joy and ran towards him, but, like a savage, Luiz felt that he must run away. They, however, surrounded him, embraced him one after the other, and overwhelmed him with questions. But he stood among them naked and full of fear, anxious to escape.

"Be not afraid," said an old officer to him, "remember that you are a man. Bring meat and wine, for he looks thin and miserable. Come and sit with us and make yourself at home, so that you may get used to human speech again, and not to cries which may be the speech of monkeys." And they gave Dom Luiz sweet wine, preserved meat and rusks. He sat among them as in a dream and ate, and he felt his memory returning to him.

The others also ate and drank, and chatted, glad to have found a compatriot. When Luiz had eaten, he was filled with as sweet a feeling of gratitude as on that other day when the woman had nourished him, and he was overjoyed to hear his own beautiful language, and to be with companionable human beings, who talked to him as to a brother. The words therefore returned readily to his tongue, and he thanked them all as well as he could.

"Rest a little longer," said the old officer, "and after that you shall tell us who you are and how you came to be here. Then the precious gift of speech will return to you, for man's greatest possession is that he can talk, and communicate to others what has happened to him and what his feelings are."

While the officer thus spoke, a young sailor began to sing a lovely song. He sang of a man who sails across the sea, while his sweetheart entreats the sea, the winds and the heavens to send him back to her. Her longing and sorrow were expressed in the tenderest words imaginable. When the sailor had finished, others sang or recited poems of a like kind, emulating each other in sadness: they sang of longing for the beloved one, of ships bound for far-off countries, and of the ever-changing sea. At last they all began to talk of their homes and of those they had left behind. Dom Luiz wept, happy to the verge of pain at the thought of what he had suffered, and that now he was able, having previously forgotten his speech, to understand again the lovely music of poetry; and he wept because it was all so like a dream, and he was afraid of the awakening.

At last the old officer got up and said: "Boys, we will have a look at this island which we have discovered, and we will all return before sundown and set sail. We will start tonight on our return journey under God's protection. But you," he turned to Luiz, "if you should possess anything in this place which you would like to take with you, as a remembrance, bring it hither and await our return at sunset."

The sailors dispersed along the shore, and Dom Luiz turned towards the woman's hut. The nearer he drew, the more he hesitated, he bethought himself how he could best tell her that he must go away and leave her. And he sat down on a stone by the wayside, and realized that he could not simply run away and leave her without thanking her, when he had lived with her for ten years. He remembered what she had been to him, how she had nourished him, and served him with her body and her work. He went into her hut, sat down near her and talked hurriedly and a great deal, as though that must convince her. He told her that they had come to fetch him away, and that pressing affairs demanded that he should go; he invented many excuses. Then he took her into his arms, thanked her for all she had done for him, and made sacred promises to return soon. When he had been talking for a long time, he became aware that she was listening without reason and understanding, and he became angry and repeated all his arguments with the greatest emphasis, and stamped his feet with impatience. Suddenly it occurred to him that the sailors might perhaps be starting without him, and he ran out in the middle of his arguments and hurried to the shore.

But as yet no one had arrived, and he sat down to wait. He began to be haunted by the thought that the woman had not properly understood what he had told her of his impending departure; this became so unbearable that he started up and ran back, to explain it all once more to her. But when he came to the hut, instead of entering, he peered through a crack to see what she was doing. He saw that she had plucked fresh grasses and made his couch for the night of these; that she was now preparing his meal of fruit, and he noticed for the first time that she was herself eating the inferior pieces, those which were bruised or rotting, and chose the best for him, all picked fruit, large and faultless; then she sat down motionless like an image, and waited for him. Then Dom Luiz felt that undoubtedly he must first eat the fruit she had prepared and lie down on the couch and put an end to her waiting before he departed.

Meanwhile the sun was sinking, and the sailors were assembling on the shore, prior to their departure. None but Dom Luiz was missing, and they called him: "Senhor! Senhor!" When he did not come, they ran to the edge of the wood, and looked and called for him there. Two of them passed quite close, calling out incessantly, but he hid in the thicket, and his heart was throbbing with fear that they might discover him. At last their calls ceased and night came on. He heard the splashing of their oars as they returned to the ship, loudly pitying the missing man. Then all was silent, and Dom Luiz crept out of the thicket and returned to the hut. He found the woman sitting motionless and patient. Dom Luiz ate the fruit, lay down on the fragrant couch and took to himself her who had been waiting for him.

Dawn rose; Dom Luiz had not been asleep; he looked out of the door of his hut towards the sea, which he could see through an opening in the trees. He saw the departing ship in the far distance. He looked at the native woman asleep by his side, and she was no longer beautiful as of

more, but hideous and terrible. Tear upon tear ran down upon her breasts while Dom Luiz repeated in whispers, so that she should not hear him, all those splendid words and wonderful poems, describing the pain of longing and ever unfulfilled desires.

Then the ship disappeared below the horizon. Dom Luiz remained on the island. But from that day, and during all the years he yet had to live, he never spoke a single word.

THE NEGLECT OF CANADIAN LITERATURE

(Continued from page 28)

artist becomes better. It is not as bad as it used to be in Lampman's day. The poet can get his work published now without much delay or any cost to himself. But it does not sell very widely. It is not very carefully reviewed. It is not much talked about. Certainly he is not likely to overhear the next passenger in the street-car talking about it. Not very long ago a young Canadian poet now in the Army, Earle Birney, brought out a book of verse, called from its title poem, *David*. The poem "David" is a narrative of a tragedy in the Rockies. It is a moving poem and it is beautifully written. It made a stir in a small way when it came out. There was a second edition, but now the book is out of print. It ought not to be out of print. Hundreds have bought it, perhaps a few thousands have read it. Thousands should buy it, scores of thousands should read it. It is something that matters to us very much. We should not let it go.

I turn now to some concrete proposals. One thing that we very much require is a number of magazines in which the authors of short stories and sketches and essays may reach a Canadian public. Our magazines have a hard time, I know; they face very severe competition from the United States. American magazines circulate everywhere in Canada, and Canadian magazines are almost unknown in the United States. We cannot maintain magazines for our writers as easily as the Norwegians or the Swedes can, for our langauge is not peculiar to us. I will tell you what should be done. One of the best of the American magazines, *The New Republic,* exists because of the generosity of one family. It is richly endowed. We too need endowed magazines. We need them more than the Americans do. Hospitals are endowed in Canada, art galleries are endowed, why cannot we have an endowed magazine?

While I am on the theme of endowments, let me mention to you another American generosity. At Saratoga Springs in the State of New York, there is a large estate called Yaddo. Yaddo was endowed by the late owner as an institution where authors and other artists might come and work at their projects for months and sometimes years, with board and lodgings free, and with the provision of ideal studios in which the book or painting or musical composition could go forward. The existence of Yaddo has meant the difference between success and failure for many a man and woman. We need a Yaddo.

Certain American publishers, the Houghton Mifflin Company, for instance, award what are called Literary Fellowships, carrying with the award enough money for the support of a man, even perhaps a married man, for a whole year. This kind of award enables an author to give his total time and energy to his book. That is the opportunity so many Canadian authors need, to have all their time and all their energy, at least for long periods, free to give to the making of a book. How few of them get the chance! In earlier days, when the pace of business was slower, an author could be a civil servant or a lawyer or a doctor or a teacher, and still count on enough leisure to write a great deal of good literature. The greatest authors, it is true, were in the main men who served only the one god, literature. Today it is very difficult to earn one's living by some other occupation and write successfully in one's spare time. Besides, the continuous overwork implied in carrying two kinds of work abreast is probably unhealthy for the mind as well as for the body.

Another step we could and should take is to make more of our literature in the Canadian universities. When I taught at the University of Toronto, I lectured on Canadian literature and I tried to make its great qualities plain, but I do not think I spent nearly enough time on it, and in general I think the subject is dealt with much too briefly in our universities. As a result, the graduates, a large potential reading and buying public, are not sufficiently impressed with the merits of our literature or sufficiently instructed in its great names. Of course, our literature is not as yet comparable either in quality or extent with American literature. American literature is today one of the great literatures of the world. Still, the always increasing stress on American literature in the universities of the United States and in their schools is a movement from which we can learn a good deal.

The note on which I would close is this. What we as a people owe to our writers is *interest,* intelligent and appreciative interest. Almost all of us seem to think that ours is a literature of so little worth and power that time spent in reading it is likely to be time wasted. It is for interest above everything else that I plead. If we could take a strong, discriminating interest in what is being written in Canada and about Canada, everything else would come right before many decades had passed. And surely this war and the great exploits of our armed forces and the great powers of endurance of our civilian population should give to us a decent and reasonable pride in ourselves. When we acquire that pride, we shall see that our literature is a vital expression of our national genius.

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CIVIL SERVANTS

(Continued from page 20)

(the watchword of the French Revolution), discipline, and morality are the first and main elements of the Sokol idea. The ultimate aim of the Sokol is a fraternal relationship among all civilized nations, as a single body, enjoying equal rights, jointly working for the realization of the ideals of an all-embracing humanity.

The Sokol body is an educational association. Its aim is to train and preserve the nation in physical, mental, and moral strength. It concerns itself with both body and mind, never losing sight of the inseparable relation of the two. Sokol physical training approaches the aesthetic, that is to say, it aims at beauty of movement and symmetry of the human form. Sokol training is designed to sharpen the senses, to cultivate the power of memory, to teach skill, to instil courage, to balance the mind, and to strengthen the will power. The Sokol training teaches the individual his duties not only towards himself but also towards his nation and ultimately towards all mankind.

The Sokol physical training is designed to be a powerful social factor; it is universal, all classes of society, irrespective of age or sex, can be admitted to it, and it must be carried out collectively, so that the individual learns to live in society and work for it.

The universal character of the Sokol physical training is important for the nation from the economic, eugenic and educational standpoint. It was Jan Amos Comenius, who in his leading work, the "Orbis Pictus", pointed out the great pedagogic value and influence of games and exercises, especially the effect of physical exercises upon the mind of the child. The Sokol gymnastic system comprises exercises, sports, games, athletics; the fundamental element of the Sokol gymnastic system is movement, it is a system of motion gymnastics which is not restricted to indoor activities but finds its outlet in outdoor activities all year round.

It would lead too far to give an outline of the actual system and syllabus of the Sokol system. I would like to summarize only the guiding line of the Sokol system, because its importance is also a vital factor in Canada.

A. Significance of health; aesthetic significance; the human body trained to symmetry and perfection.

B. Educational significance; consideration is given not only to the physical aspect of man but also to the intellectual.

C. Economic significance; a healthy and strong individual is more competent for work than the weak and sickly individual.

D. Eugenic significance; a sound organism produces and trains a better posterity than a sickly organism.

After this short elaboration of the ideas and principles of the Sokol as a recreational system, I should like to point out one organization which has adopted the Sokol system in the majority of its activities, and that is the Ottawa R.A. The complete name is actually Ottawa Civil Service Recreational Association, an organization which has a membership of more than 15,000 at present, and has been operating most successfully and has won undivided recognition, not only from the government, but from the general public. The guiding principle of the R.A. was physical education and recreation for the masses of civil servants and service men in Ottawa, where their general health was essential to the war effort and their lives were dull and inactive. One has only to investigate a little to see the extent to which the R.A. is operating. Citizens of Ottawa have been enabled to take part in various forms of recreation. There are special activities which are designed solely to serve mass physical education and recreation; the "R.A. Ski School" has given the opportunity to hundreds of civil servants to become properly acquainted with the elements of the "white art". Instruction classes were given to 500 skiers every week-end and the R.A. Ski School proved to be the largest one on this continent. Dance gymnastics and mass calisthenics were other recreations which were able to absorb hundreds of civil servants, young and old, to refresh and harden their bodies.

It would take too long to describe all the different R.A. activities, which now have nearly reached the hundred mark. The fact remains that the Sokol idea has found another enthusiastic disciple in the R.A.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS

(Continued from page 33)

arrived across country for lunch. He is the sportsman who mapped out nearly all the ski trails in the district. What a sight to watch them skim away after lunch. A moment they were perched on a ridge ready to take off, the next they had shot out into space and rapidly disappeared from our view, like birds in flight; even the twelve-year-old keeping the pace. Then there was the Polish visitor who had lived many years in Russia, escaping during the revolution. So interesting and unassuming, even though she knew over a dozen languages. How we enjoyed listening to her tales of life in Russia. Why, we did not go to bed until all hours! Besides, it is so comforting to switch off the lamps, sit by the log fire and gaze into the peaceful night, the snow sparkling like diamonds in the moon's clear light. Did you ever take a walk in the mountains by the light of a winter's moon? Ah, romance is in the very air! But you must *prendre garde*, or Cupid will play tricks with your affections.

I must take my holidays in the winter this year, but where shall I go? To the Laurentians, of course.

COMMUNITY CENTRES

(Continued from page 34)

Fine Arts is not altogether lost sight of, these Cultural groups would be satisfied at first with a non-political Commission to direct the main activities of the Community Centres, leaving it to the local communities to supplement these with local entertainment.

Personally, I think there are great possibilities in this idea for the better mutual understanding of our racial groups in Canada. Each of these groups has brought its own traditional art, songs, dances and handicrafts, but there is seldom the opportunity of showing these to the others in such a way that they are realized as being a common heritage.

My recommendation is, therefore, that every community should get busy and put in a claim to be considered for a Community Centre. Get after your Member of Parliament. If you wish to know more about the plan, get a copy of Minutes of Proceedings and Evidence No. 10 of the Special Committee on Reconstruction and Re-establishment, dated Wednesday, June 21st, 1944, from the King's Printer. The price is ten cents.

DRESS REHEARSAL

(Continued from page 14)

attendant ideology—while trying at the same time to protect its major part, is a difficult feat. It is not a great step from the particular to the general.

The German Jewish middle class, so firmly rooted in German culture and ways of thought, so eager to liquidate itself, is a striking example of man's incapacity to see beyond the framework of his immediate situation. Here are victims who cannot understand their fate, who do not believe their eyes, yes, who must be told on November 9th, 1938, the day of the progrom, that their enemies are in earnest, something the

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majority of the German Jews did not seem to have grasped. To be excluded from the life of a nation, the undoing in a mere matter of years of what had been built up through centuries: that was something the German Jewish citizen could not believe in, facts or no facts. Ernst Toller, whose main concern was for the human being who was in danger of being forgotten among all the slogans of the nineteen-twenties, wrote in one of his letters from prison, "My fate seldom oppresses me, because I will it, have always willed it . . . " But in sharp contrast to this attitude of one who rallied to his call in the fight against the existing form of society, stood the helpless attitude of the majority of the German Jews whose efforts had been directed solely towards becoming an indistinguishable part of it. No longer willing to belong to a distinct group—and having been largely successful in implementing this will—they could not understand the catastrophe which befell them.

The lack of backbone of the German middle class in general is a matter of history. Never in a position to take over the leadership of the state alone, it grew under the wings of a potentially Junker state. Between the Junker and the giants of capital stood, however, the middle class, respected for its industry and the culture it had created. Its moral strength had been sapped by war, inflation, and the consequences of world crisis. Yet it is true that the Nazis set out carefully on the road which led from the boycott of shops in '33 to the gas chamber of '40, in order not to shock it into awareness of the danger to its own way of life. But the passivity with which the German burgher watched at first the tentative steps and then the wholesale liquidation of a part of his own class, initiated his doom. The war has brought to him expropriation and a general levelling. The German masses know that the middle class has failed in giving intellectual leadership, failed in protecting its own way of life. Where will they look for leadership now? There are some, such as members of sections of the Protestant and Catholic clergy who took up the fight against Nazi ideology when they discerned where it was destined to lead them. Their voices will be heard.

The history of anti-Semitism in Germany under the Nazis is well worth detailed study.

THE LITTLIEST MAN

(Continued from page 12)

and more than once made some flimsy excuse to enter the store so that he could examine them at closer range. Once McGregor was tempted to tease the kid and tell him that the skates had already been bought but he wasn't quite quick enough. Nick walked up to the counter and said, "Please put those skates away for me. I'm going to buy them on pay-day."

"On pay-day, eh? And when's pay-day for you?"

"Christmas eve."

"Umm. Got yourself a job running errands for the new teacher?"

"No. I'm going to jig for whitefish. Peter Gauthier's father is paying two cents each for them."

Without a word McGregor lifted the skates out of the window while Nick watched in awed silence, McGregor placed them in a white cardboard box and then hid it under the counter, and the small boy's relief was evident. When he had gone outdoors again McGregor reflected a little ruefully that jigging for fish at this time of year was a cold and dangerous job. The kid would have to squat on the frozen river for hours jigging with a home-made pole and line, trying to lure fish to a small hole cut in the ice. Because the new highway had employed all the men willing to work in the district, the summer and fall fishing had suffered as never before, and now there was a great demand for this very essential sled-dog food. Prospectors and trappers were ready to pay the highest price in history, and Joe Gauthier, the craftiest and laziest man in the village, was quick to make bargains with the youngsters and the women for fish.

It would take a lot of work on Nick's part to catch five dollars' worth of fish—two hundred and fifty fish.

Marching into the longest nights of the year, December's days were short and cold. By four o'clock it was dark, and it made McGregor wince to think of the kid squatting over a hole in the ice jigging for fish. Several times he pulled on his old parka and walked as far as the bend of the river where the dim lantern-light picked up the shadowy figures huddled in the snow. McGregor wanted to call out to Nick to get on home out of the cold—he'd get the skates! But if he did that then he might as well give away the rest of his stock! Besides practically every other kid in town was jigging. But somehow none of them seemed to work as hard as Nick Dubois, and some of them had already demanded part-pay and squandered it on the various crazy things that appeal to kids—a mouth-organ, some old comic books, or the jig-saw puzzles the natives were so wild about.

McGregor looked at the calendar and swore that time had never gone so slow. When Ruth Haley came in to purchase a dozen trifling gifts to hang on the tree the children had set up in the class-room, he sulked and would not assist her with the job, although she said to him, "You know all the children so well, what would you suggest for the Cartier brothers and that shy little Thomas girl?"

When she saw that he wasn't going to be helpful, Ruth went about the task herself.

There was a faint smile on her bent face, and McGregor poured coal into the heater with a deafening roar—Confound her anyway, she was treating him just like she'd treat any of her school-kids!

When he was wrapping up the stuff Ruth counted out the money and asked casually, "How's the war-loan going over here, Mr. McGregor?"

He avoided her eyes. "The folks all know what's going on. If they want to buy bonds they'll buy them without a sales-talk from me—or anybody else. We all bought bonds last time—let somebody else do it now!"

She looked at him as though he had slapped her. "I guess you haven't got anyone fighting this war for you."

Confetti spots of rage danced before his eyes. "No, thank God. I fought through the last bloody mess when I was seventeen!"

"Twenty-five years ago. I've forgotten what happened twenty-five years ago," she said in quiet tones that revealed that she hadn't quite. "You have to or become too bitter to enjoy what remains of life."

* * * *

Christmas eve McGregor was measuring in little paper-bags the cheap coloured candy he always handed out to the kids, when Joe Gauthier swaggered into the store. He was a big man and stood now a moment warming his buttocks at the heater, while his eyes roved slowly round the crowded shelves and counters.

"You got boys' skates. My boy Peter want."

"I've got one pair of skates," McGregor answered screwing the tops of the candy bags shut and setting them along the very edge of the counter so that the smallest child could reach them. "But they're sold. How about a camera for Peter or a—"

Gauthier swore. "Name price!" he demanded arrogantly, like one who believes that he has found sesame—money will get a man anything.

McGregor met Gauthier's eye. "No sale."

* * * *

It was getting late, and all the candy bags but one had been claimed when Nick entered. His parka was powdered with new snow, and without a word he crossed to the counter and took his candy. McGregor with a great sigh of relief reached for the cardboard box and took off the lid with a flourish. Running his thumb along the shining blades he beamed on Nick, "A dandy pair of skates! Some day you'll be a great hockey-player like—"

"I—I don't want the skates. I want to buy a War Certificate."

The pipe fell out of McGregor's mouth as he stared down at the brown first laying some worn dollar bills and a lot of silver on the counter. "Are you crazy?"

Nick did not blink.

"I suppose that fool teacher has been dishing up some patriotic lingo to you kids again! I could have sold these skates a dozen times over, and you come in here and tell me now that you don't want them!"

"Her brother's ship was torpedoed. He's dead. I want Certificate."

In terrible silence McGregor filled out the form and took the kid's money. When the door closed quietly, and the lamp-light glittered on the skates, McGregor began to curse.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" the radio shouted. "Peace on earth! Good will towards men!"

He pulled out his watch, frowning, before he remembered that Rocky River was three hours behind the radio-station time. Peace on earth—and the earth flying to bits in the middle of the most expensive war in all history! And the little man had to pay for it—the littliest man—Nick, and the teacher's brother! The queerest part about the whole thing was that the littliest man wanted to pay for it; wanted to buy whatever it was he was as yet unable to fight for! In the besieged countries every man, woman and child capable of it fought to defend their homes and their honor, and held back destruction from the rest of the world. They had a right to expect aid in another form.

McGregor wrapped the cardboard box in some fancy paper and clumsily tied red string into a double bow as he'd seen Ruth do the other night. Letting himself out he mumbled to himself—he was going to make sure that the kid had a merry Christmas—no skin off his hide—old stock anyway. Then he'd drop round by Ruth's place and tell her that he was sorry about her brother, and when he got back to the store he'd buy his own peace on earth!

COLONIZATION

(Continued from page 13)

member of his family; he looks for evidence of characteristics, both good and bad, that may guide him to a proper decision as to whether or not the family would make a success of farming in Canada. He satisfies himself that in the event of acceptance for admission to Canada as an agricultural unit the applicant will have, on arrival in Canada, the minimum of capital required under Government regulations, after defraying all the costs of transportation and the other expenses incidental thereto. A complete report of the interview is recorded, and he gives his decision of acceptance or rejection as the case may be.

At the time of interview by the railways' colonization selector, due consideration is given to any wishes the would-be immigrant may have as to the section of Canada in which he prefers settlement, or to which he

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may be best adapted. The fact that he has, or has not, friends already in Canada is taken into account, as is also the amount of capital he will have available. With the result that, in the great majority of cases, a decision has been reached before the family sets sail as to the province in which it is probable that settlement will be first attempted.

The family thus qualified—and the records show that the standards set are high in this matter of qualification and that many are called but few are chosen—the next step is to secure a clean bill of health from the Canadian doctors who examine each member of the family. The family also is subject to a civil examination by experienced officials of the Federal Department of Immigration. They are then finally permitted to complete their arrangements for sailing.

Before arrival of the immigrant family in Canada the District Superintendent of the Railways' Department of Colonization and Agriculture for the area in question has been duly notified, and has been provided with the fullest possible information about the family that is destined to his care; viz., the type of farming to which they are accustomed and in which they are interested; the name and age of each member of the family; their religion; the names and addresses of any friends or relatives they may have in this district, and the amount of capital they will carry over and above the required minimum. It is thus often possible for the District Superintendent who finally takes charge of the family, whether it be in Ontario or Quebec, or in one of the Maritime or Western Provinces, to have provisional arrangements made for the reception and temporary housing of the family at a minimum of cost, and to what appears to be the best possible advantage, before the unit in question reaches Canada.

Upon arrival in Canada the immigrant is met at port of entry by a representative of the Railways' Colonization Department, and his transportation to destination arranged. He turns over at this time to the railways' representative his required arrival capital which he has carried in Money Orders, and these funds are deposited in a bank until the immigrant is ready to purchase a farm property. In this manner the railway is able to protect the family and see to it that the money is properly disbursed, and not used for any purpose other than the purchase of a farm.

Thereafter, it is wholly a question of selecting a farm that offers fair and reasonable value and can be secured at a price and on terms that can be met by the settler.

Needless to say, it is the settler who now does the selecting. The Superintendent, or his field-man remains in the background, giving advice when necessary, and guiding (often without appearing to do so) the settler towards his final decision. From the outset it is made abundantly clear that no monies from the settler's trust fund will be released to apply on the purchase of any farm that in the opinion of the responsible Colonization officials, does not meet the two requirements set forth above as being fundamental, or which, for any other reason, does not appear to offer the settler a reasonable expectation of succeeding thereon.

The farm-purchase having been made, deed drawn, mortgage given and peaceful possession secured, the newcomer enters into his own. Then, and not till then, is a formal settlement report on the family in question forwarded to the head of the Immigration Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources in Ottawa. The Federal authorities are thus enabled to form a fairly accurate appraisal of the standard of settlement-work that is being maintained by the railways; and they can, and not infrequently do, instruct their own inspectors to check on an individual case which may be of interest, or—in order to obtain a kind of cross-section of the work that is being done—on a number of cases picked at random in several widely-separated districts.

The settler has now started life anew in his Canadian farm home. Should he need assistance or advice he always has recourse to the Canadian National Railways' settlement service through the officer who assisted in the location of his farm. Then again, when the settlement officer is in the district where the settler is located, he will always avail himself of the opportunity of making a friendly call, to ascertain for himself what progress is being made and at the same time to let the new Canadian farmer know that he still has an interest in his welfare.

This interest in our new settlers is well illustrated in the work done by the C.N.R. Department of Colonization and Agriculture in the development of Community Progress Competitions. These competitions were started in Western Canada in 1930 to encourage community progress and rural development among our communities of European origin. The results achieved from these competitions more than justified our highest expectations. A new outlook and more favourable impression amongst our Canadian speaking people toward our foreign speaking communities was developed, as well as a very favourable attitude on the part of various educational institutions from which the community progress judges were selected. The competitions were helpful, not only in improving conditions and developing these rural communities, but also in bringing them into closer relationship with our established institutions. Moreover, they revealed the extent to which our communities of foreign origin were taking advantage of conditions in Canada to bring themselves into line with our national ideas of progress and development. It was a contribution to nation building and Canadian unity.

The foregoing roughly blue-prints the mechanics or technique of colonization, and broadly outlines the general procedure followed. Needless to say, that procedure is an elastic and variable one, designed to cater to

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the infinite permutations and combinations of human behaviour. But, at any rate the framework within which the task is tackled has been lightly sketched.

Little reference has been made to the manifold arts and crafts which so many of these New Canadians bring with them, to the eventual enrichment of our Canadian national life. No mention has been made, for instance, of the Central European who, failing in his first farming venture through a series of circumstances virtually beyond his control, justified the basic judgment of his selector overseas by displaying rare qualities of courage, initiative, and artistic and mechanical ability, in the modelling and manufacture of a line of ceramics considered by many competent judges to be hitherto unequalled on this side of the Atlantic. Nor have we told the story of the young Hungarian woman, graduate of a famous European university, who upon coming into the market-town of a Saturday from her nearby farm, grieved to see other European women on similar shopping-missions who, unlike herself, were unable to take any real part in the life of their community through their inability to speak our language, or to exchange thoughts and ideas with their fellow neighbours other than with those sharing a common tongue; and of how this young European woman contributed much of her time and effort in assisting these new Canadians to learn our language.

Considerations of space and time forbid the telling of many another human story woven into the web and woof of the Colonization tapestry. Perhaps enough has been said, however, to give serious pause to the Canadian of a somewhat further-removed generation of settlement, when he or she protests against the unassimilability of these new arrivals, or raises one or another of the stock objections to further infiltration.

For many years now the colonization of Canada has been by peaceful penetration on the part of some of the finest elements of other less fortunate countries, seeking a fresh start in the New World, and anxious, as well as able, to make their own contributions. These new immigrants are coming to us prepared to give their all, and upon the environment we provide for them and the helping we give them will depend our ability to absorb them into our national life and character.

"FOREIGN" CANADIANS

(Continued from page 38)

for Air sent a message of appreciation and congratulation to Mr. and Mrs. Deutscher who came from Austria to Odessa, Saskatchewan, some forty years ago, and had last year eight sons serving in the R.C.A.F., three of them at that time with commissioned rank.

There is at present in St. Dunstan's, London, a young blinded Canadian soldier, Sgt. Fred Koenig, 1st Engineering Reinforcement Unit, coming from Camrose, Alberta—six feet in height, weight 184 pounds, a fine physical example of a farm lad who has gone through our schools and today is blind as a result of service in the armed forces. But this Alberta lad was born on the 19th of May, 1921, in Hamm, Germany, the town which we have bombed so consistently. That lad will come back to Canada and not be able to see the lovely land of his adoption, but I feel sure that the Canadian Institute for the Blind, our good friend, Colonel Eddie Baker, and the War Amputations of Canada will see to it that he is made to feel one of us.

I beg of you as Legionnaires to realize the significance of these things. Those of whom I speak are Italian-Canadians, German-Canadians, Scandinavian-Canadians, and so forth, and when the war is over and Canadian Legion Branches in Northern Manitoba, Northern Saskatchewan, and Northern Alberta meet in German, Slav, and Scandinavian districts and do honour to absent comrades, the names of those whom they will honour and the names of the members will be names not always like White, Leduc, Brown, Smith, Gravel, or Jones, but such as those I have just mentioned.

This brings to the Canadian Legion a new problem and a great duty. It has to welcome these men who have played their part in Canada's emergency. The Canadian Legion has always stood for Canadian democracy and has never submitted its members to any test of race or creed. It is simply asked whether a Canadian has served his country in the armed services, and I know that this great organization which has been so interested in the question of citizenship will welcome to its ranks these magnificent young Canadians deriving from recent European stocks. This country is too big, the pioneer work of many peoples too great, the service and sacrifice too widely distributed throughout the land to stand for any anti-Semitism, or anti-French or anti-Anglo-Saxon, or anti-foreigner movements. We must work for unity. Now, there is much to be done. It is not realized, for example, that we have in Canada upwards of seventy-five periodicals published in foreign languages. I believe efforts should be made to give these papers more Canadian news and to attach them more and more to Canadian ways if they will. I am having this matter examined. Radio, films, the provision of speakers and literature need to be looked into from the standpoint of offering our Canadians a greater opportunity to know Canada and to appreciate the qualities of our fellow-Canadians.

There is another important point. Since the war began, upwards of 62,000 persons have received naturalization. It has always seemed to me that we should make some effort to ensure that these entrants to Cana-

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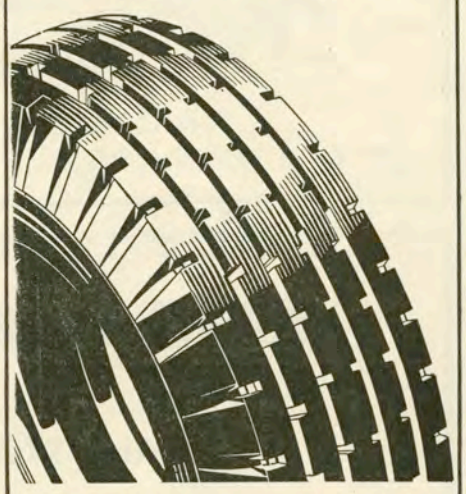
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dian citizenship should have acquired in the pre-naturalization period some knowledge of our Canadian institutions and our way of life. The assumption by them of citizenship in Canada should be a cherished privilege, and I believe we should mark it as much by appropriate ceremony when the naturalization certificates are handed out. Here is a field in which you, as the man who fought to maintain our country free, can assist in developing a greater pride in our Canadian citizenship. Looking over the list of 62,000 who have received naturalization, I observe that quite a large proportion derive from Slav countries. There are, however, almost 11,000 who have been United States citizens before accepting Canadian citizenship. I suppose it is commonly accepted that those coming from Europe should receive some sort of instruction in citizenship, but it is forgotten that many of those who come from the United States are just as likely to be bewildered by our Parliamentary forms and would welcome some preliminary instruction as to the meaning of Confederation and the structure of our Dominion institutions, legislative and judicial. I take no narrow view of democracy, but I feel that we have a tradition of British institutions which is part of our great heritage and we are just as tenacious of its forms in French Canada as in English-speaking Canada. Let us give those who would belong to us the chance—indeed let us lay on them the obligation—to learn about our Dominion, and when they are admitted to citizenship let us welcome them in some form of ceremony that has dignity and significance.

I may say that I was much encouraged by the tone of the discussion in the House of Commons in which members on all sides of the House urged that we develop and strengthen our co-operative work in Canadian citizenship. I had already taken steps to reorganize the Branch with a view to using every possible method of promoting better team play between all groups, greater understanding of the contribution that is being made, and a more definite attitude towards citizenship training.

At present I have a Canadian ex-serviceman examining the situation, Mr. Robert England, and I am hopeful of finding as Director of this work a Canadian ex-serviceman with a career of past work in the field. It is an odd thing but I do not doubt that amongst the peoples who have come to us there are many who are gifted in music, in art, and we shall probably find that some of our Canadian ideals will be gathered and expressed in beauty by many of these sons of the Dominion. For example, I was very much impressed by the winning essay in a contest sponsored by the War Department in the United States. The essay was written by Corporal Zurofsky, not an Anglo-Saxon name, mark you,—a technician, 5th Grade, in the Infantry, who comes from Brooklyn. I wish I had time to read the whole of his essay on "Why I Fight". His essay is a litany of democratic freedom, expressed with feeling:

"This is why I fight.

"I fight because my eyes are unafraid to look into other eyes."

"I fight because my ears can listen to both sides of a question."

"I fight because my mouth does not fear to utter my opinions."

"I fight because my knees kneel only to God."

"I fight because my feet can go where they please."

"I fight because of all these and because I have a mind, a mind which has been trained in a free school to accept or to reject, to ponder and to weigh."

"I fight because I think I am as good as anybody else."

These themes are developed each in a paragraph. But there is one paragraph which I think is very human:

"I fight because of my memories—the laughter of my childhood, ball games I was in and the better one I watched, my mother telling me why my father and she came to America at the turn of the century, my sister marrying, my high school graduation, the first time I saw a cow, the first year we could afford a vacation, hikes in the Fall with the many-coloured leaves falling, the first time I voted, the way the nostrum quack would alternate with political orators on our street corner, seeing the changes for the better in my neighbourhood; the memories which, if people, like me, do not fight, our children will never have."

"I fight because of the life I hope to live when the fighting is finished, because that life offers opportunity and security and the freedom to read and write and listen and think and talk, because as before, my home will be my castle with the drawbridge down, only to those I invite, because if I do not fight, life itself will be death."

I have made some remarks about fallen comrades of European origin, and I know that while we think of them our thoughts will be with many a mother who perhaps speaks English with a broken accent, and who has lost a boy in the service of this great Dominion. She perhaps has never seen Ottawa, nor does she know much of the cities of our country. Her life is bounded by the community, by the church, and she toils from morning till night on the land and in the home. Just because her interests centre so much around the farm home she will miss all the more the boy whom she has seen grow up and go to school where he learned another language than hers, where he learned games such as baseball which were outside her range of experience. Then she saw him enlist in one of the armed services of this new country which her family had chosen, and now he will not come back to these simple pursuits, to his home life. That mother is the dear neighbour of every Legion member here. She will not understand

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many of our ways, but she will understand humble human sympathy without arrogance and condescension. Her sacrifice and her boy's service have won a place in our hearts. The only help we can give her is to encourage her family in its sense of belonging, in its pride in Canadian citizenship, in the feeling that they share with us in dominion over this great land. We must learn to respect her simple faith, her old-world tradition, her love of family and land. We can honour her best by seeing to it that every young Canadian in each of our nine provinces and every entrant to citizenship knows the rock from which we are hewn and the price with which we obtained this great freedom. "Be not forgetful," says Holy Writ, "to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Certainly in no land has such a promise been more fittingly made good than in ours.

Here then is a task to which I trust you will give every assistance in your branches. It is the projection into peace of the vision which this great organization had in respect to educational services. Will you continue your work to make this a united Canada, so that the proudest boast of a man or woman in this land is that he is CANADIAN and has served his King in arms.

At this moment Canada and all the United Nations live in great hopes of a decisive victory on the continent of Europe. There hangs over all a great anxiety for the great cause of humanity and for the safety of those who fight for us. Therefore, at this moment, I appeal for the utmost exertion of my old comrades. Let there be no dissension in Canada. Let us condemn as unworthy those who, whilst others work or fight, intrigue and diminish the effectiveness of our war effort. There are some who work for small and selfish interests in the shadow of those who have devoted their every thought and action to the winning of the war. As a gauge to Canada's happiness in the post-war period, let us erase from heart and mind all issues other than the security and the greatness of Canada and our Allies and those who fight for God, King and Country. Let there be good understanding everywhere in Canada, else we weaken our country and our fighting men. It is necessary that all true Canadians resolve to stand or fall together against the enemy and to stand together in the difficult days of reconstruction that will come upon us at the end of the war.

CANADIAN ART

(Continued from page 25)

France the Impressionists had also discovered the expressive picture-pattern largely from a study of the Japanese print; the preoccupation with pattern led eventually to a revolt against natural appearances. Participating in that revolt was one Canadian painter in Paris, James Wilson Morrice, the friend of Whistler and Matisse. He believed with his friends that pictures ought primarily to be delightful compositions in flat areas of harmonious, gay colours (as in his **The Ferry,** Quebec, 1907, National Gallery of Canada). The lesson that art had its ultimate basis in design was well-learned by our Group of Seven who received a direct stimulus from Morrice. And when European art went still further along the path of abstract patterning into Cubism, Canadian artists were aware of its movements. Lawren Harris, a leading light of the Group, was on hand in Europe to witness both Cubism in Paris and expressive abstraction in Munich. To-day there are Canadian Cubists and Surrealists, like Pellan, an expatriate until 1940. The latest, but not the least, of these international influences was from modern commercial design, with its simple effectiveness of outlay, and modern architectural planning, with its insistence on functional simplicity.

It was the Group of Seven who made the first genuine attempt to synthesise these influences and to direct them into Canadian channels. It is significant that they at once turned to Canadian subject-matter and based their art on its interpretation, for the one factor which had been constant throughout the history of Canadian art was the respect for the appearances of things. In their pictures they combined the traditional lifelikeness with the contemporary international taste for expressive patterning (e.g., **Algoma, November,** by A. Y. Jackson, Coll. H. S. Southam). During the period of the Group (1919-1933) Canadian painters largely ceased to look abroad for their inspiration.

Canadian painting after 1933 has based its art on the foundations laid by the Group; its members themselves have been leading younger painters in the trend towards a less agitated pattern, a calmer and more monumental structure in their pictures. The omission of the baroque swing and sway in works like the **Quebec Church** of Charles Comfort perhaps means that modern painting is conforming more and more to the traditional Canadian lifelikeness. Yet contemporary painters have by no means forgotten the lesson that design is the basis of painting. Finally, Canadian artists to-day are broadening the scope of their art to include many new subjects besides the Northern landscape.

How the artistic situation has changed in fifty years may be appreciated by considering how Canadian artists in the armed forces may now sally forth into the war zones of Europe without a thought of succumbing to European vogues in art. For their style is firmly rooted and grounded in Canada. The Canadian vision is theirs. And still they are only at the threshold of a new era. Postwar Canada will give them new opportunities; the postwar world may send in new influences from outside. But we may be sure that the future will recognize and respect the Canadian tradition as a vital one, representing a vigorous nation whose future is charged with potential greatness.

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SO widely scattered are Canada's centres of population and so slender the lines of communication between them that the Dominion has been called "a bundle of fishing rods tied together at both ends."

At the present time, Canada's telephone system is bearing a heavy load created by the pressing demands of the war effort. Be cause telephone manufacturers are now producing almost exclusively for military purposes, not only for our own forces, but for those of our allies, facilities cannot be increased sufficiently to handle all these extra calls. The only way to protect everyone's telephone service is to ask the public not to use the telephone unless it's absolutely necessary, and if it is, to keep their conversations short.

By relieving the load on telephone equipment, users will help to ensure quick service on their own important calls, as well as on vital war messages.

NATIONAL FILM BOARD

(Continued from page 37)

them. Besides the five reels sent through the United States, and the four that issue special Canadian editions, there are five issued in Great Britain, four to the British Empire and four in Latin America. The United Newsreel, issued by the U.S. Office of War Information (OWI), covers numerous foreign theatres and goes out in a number of languages. All these carry items concerning Canada. Thus, Canadian film news eventually goes out in more than 20 languages and reaches an audience officially estimated at more than 126,000,000 people.

The National Film Board produces several hundred films each year, but only 24 of them are shown in the Dominion's commercial theatres. The others are distributed through the vast non-theatrical system organized by the Board with the co-operation of various national bodies. This non-theatrical service is continually growing in size and scope and the Canadian-produced films, designed specifically for distribution non-theatrically, are augmented by 16 mm. productions procured from other countries. The theatrical films of the N.F.B. also go to these circuits after they have been shown in the theatres for six months.

Non-theatrical motion picture production and distribution are big things in Canada today, with a special significance to Canadians not only in the urban areas but to those in the near and the isolated rural areas of our land. The system operated by the National Film Board is not merely a means for screening these 16 mm. films for the entertainment of Canadians. It has a much greater purpose, that of providing the people of this country with a means of seeing themselves and others in a perspective by which they and their nation can advance and prosper.

Further non-theatrical distribution of films in Canada is handled through the 32 regional film libraries. These are situated from coast to coast in such convenient places as public libraries, provincial government departments, and university extension departments. Here war informational films go on extended loan and educational films of a more permanent value are made available on a purchase basis. The N.F.B. issues a complete catalogue of the 16 mm. productions stocked by the libraries, kept up to date with regular supplements known as "New Films", procurable either at the libraries or from the N.F.B. Distribution Department in Ottawa.

There is also the extensive Volunteer Projectionist Service, sponsored by the Kiwanis Clubs in Canada and the Junior Boards of Trade. By this service, 31 cities across the Dominion are serviced. The sponsoring bodies train their own projectionists who use equipment provided by the N.F.B. The officials of the organizations, in co-operation with the regional libraries, arrange film programs and provide projection facilities for groups requesting them. The N.F.B. equipment used is augmented by equipment supplied through the co-operation of individuals and organizations possessing it.

Special services to women's organizations and convention audiences are provided by the staffs of film libraries, who have been instrumental in encouraging the use of 16 mm. films by forum groups, public libraries, and church societies.

The non-theatrical film service of the N.F.B. is not confined to Canada alone, but reaches into many other countries as well. For instance, 28 Canadian offices abroad are supplied with 16 mm. films. Commissioners, ambassadors, ministers and other Canadian officials use the films for special screenings and, on request, lend them to schools and organizations in the countries in which they are located. The N.F.B. non-theatrical division also carries on continuous studies of prospects for the circulations of Canadian

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motion picture productions in other countries.

Special attention has been paid recently to the distribution of Canadian films in Latin-American countries. Spanish and Portuguese versions of films produced here are sent regularly to the Latin Americas where they receive wide distribution in both urban and rural areas.

A number of training and morale films have been made by the N.F.B. for the armed services, some of which have been re-edited for national distribution. One that went into the theatres here and abroad was a production on the use of carrier pigeons by the Royal Canadian Air Force. Originally titled, "It's Your Pigeon", the film was released commercially as "War Birds" in the "World In Action" series.

Naturally, in the production of such an extensive program of motion pictures, the N.F.B. must maintain a staff of technicians, laboratories, sound-rooms, cutting rooms, a camera department, and so on. The laboratories, for instance, are handling a capacity of more than one million feet of film a month. In the labs. both 16 and 35 mm. films are processed.

Working hand-in-hand with the other divisions and sections of the N.F.B., but separated by the very nature of its work, is the expansive and still-growing Graphics Division. In it there are five sections: information, art, stills, displays, and film-strips.

From the information section goes a constant stream of information to newspapers, magazines and other publications. The publications provided for the non-theatrical circuits are also written and edited in this section. Writers from here travel through the country with photographers, recording in words what the cameras record in pictures and providing news releases and special feature stories to accompany, or to be accompanied by, the still photographs. A good deal of writing is done in this section for other government departments as well, and a vast number of captions that accompany file and released photographs are written here.

The stills section operates the N.F.B. still photography activities. From it is sent a regular service of mats and photographs to the newspapers, both daily and weekly, and to magazines and other publications of the Dominion. Special requests from industrial and business house-organs, magazines, organizations, and individuals for photographs are filled here. In the files of the section are carried photographs on practically every aspect of the Canadian scene.

These have been taken by the eleven photographers who work out of this office and travel from coast to coast on assignments for government departments. Their routine work has frequently won high awards in international photographic salons.

Out of the art section come posters, booklets, cartoons, decorative illustrations, and work of this nature. A variety of government publications is prepared physically in this section, hence much of its work is for departments other than the N.F.B.

In conjunction with other departments, the displays section plans, constructs and distributes photo and art exhibits on matters of public interest. Many of these are sent throughout the world on regular, planned circuits.

According to the Film Commissioner, John Grierson, in a recent article in *Canadian Affairs,* the N.F.B. operates "to create a better understanding by the Canadian public of Canada's present, as an aid to the people in mobilizing their imagination and energy in the creation of Canada's future".

Our country is making great strides in the use of films and photographs in keeping Canadians informed not only of the life and people of their own land, but of affairs of the world in general. In this way Canadians are being given an opportunity to note the correlation of their own individual efforts with the greater program of a nation. To that end, the various sections of the National Film Board are working. Many problems have been overcome by the division heads who, with their co-workers, maintain a public service for Canadians which, if the present rate of progress is sustained, will play a part in providing a foundation on which we may build a brilliant future.

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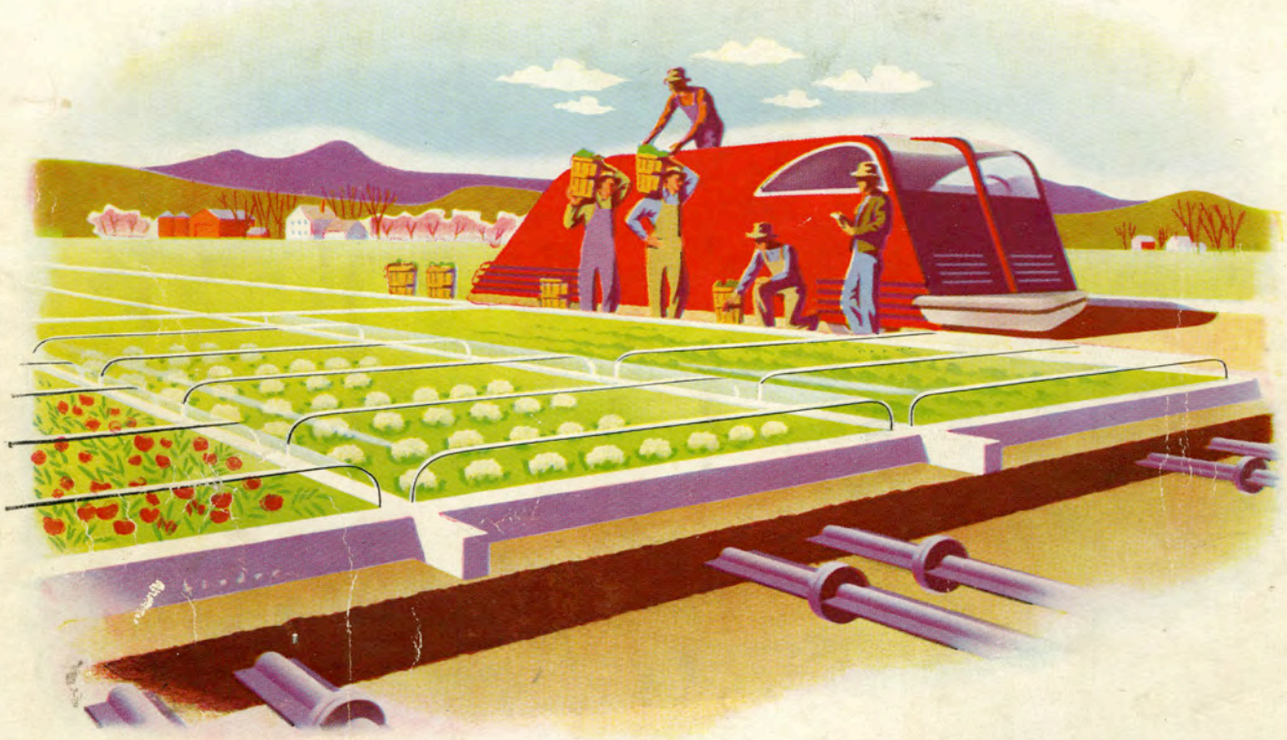
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