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**TO**

**DOCKET STARTS:**

TOC H

216  
July 17th, 1922.

Major F. B. Edwards,  
596 Sherbourne Street,  
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:-

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of July 14th, intimating that arrangements have been completed in Canada for carrying on the Toc H. movement.

I am sure I wish you every success.

Yours faithfully,



"TOC. H"

IN CANADA

TALBOT HOUSE

ONCE OF

POPERINGHE AND YPRES

TELEPHONE NORTH 1763

596 SHERBOURNE ST.

*Toronto, July 14th, 1922, 19.....*

General Sir Arthur Currie C.B., K.C., M.G., D.S.O. etc.  
McGill University  
Montreal. P.Q.

Dear Sir:-

The intention of this letter is to let you know that progress has been made toward establishing TOC H in Canada. As you know, the Rev. P. B. Clayton, M.C., left for England on the S.S. Olympic some weeks ago carrying with him the good wishes of all with whom he had come in contact. It is his wish that I convey a word of thanks from him to all those, who, in ways past counting, made his short visit to this Dominion memorably happy and successful.

His work only commenced here when his duties called him back to England. Before his departure Padre Clayton requested me to come from Victoria, British Columbia, to carry on the work of organization in Canada. I arrived just prior to Clayton's sailing and have remained endeavoring to co-ordinate the work which he began.

By all those with whom I have discussed the matter, it is agreed that there is a real niche for TOC H in Canada and several meetings have already been held in Toronto resulting in the formation of an active group. While in the West,

Clayton was also able to form groups in Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver. The next steps to be taken are the choice of an Executive Council, the incorporation of the body, and the opening of a publicity campaign.

I am most anxious that this Movement should not be regarded in any way as competing with the Returned Soldiers' Organizations, now doing such excellent work here, or of such organizations as the Y.M.C.A., Rotary, Kiwanis or Gyro Clubs, but rather that its work should be complementary to them and a means of evoking that spirit of service which will flow out through the many channels needing its inspiration.

The Old Talbot House in the Ypres Salient whence the younger movement of today has sprung, was loved by hundreds of Canadian soldiers and it is my conviction that there is to-day an analogy to the work among the young men of this Dominion.

While in New York, the Padre was able to interest some very prominent people in this Movement, and before he left for England a TOC H group in New York was established.

It was very gratifying to him and to all supporters of TOC H to have Mrs. Willard Straight (sister of Harry Payne Whitney, the international Polo player) endow a Toc H Chaplaincy in England, and this, together with further donations from her friends for the Southampton House; amounted to about \$30,000.

After the Padre's departure it was my business to concentrate on the completion of the group in New York, following which, arrangements were made for me to speak on Toc H at Princeton, Harvard and Yale Universities, also at Groton and St. Paul's Schools.

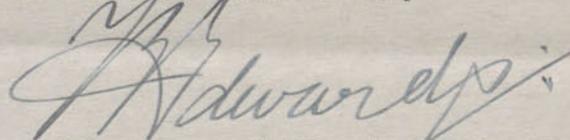
The Toronto Committee is as follows: Dr. G. R. Philp as Chairman, Gerald R. Larkin, Hon-Treas. (son of the High Commissioner of Canada to London) J. M. MacDonnell (President of the Canadian Clubs) as Hon. Secty., J. B. Bickersteth, Warden of Hart House, Sid. Saunders a very well-known and keen young man as Asst. Secty., and myself as Director.

TOC H permanent address in Toronto is as above, and the Bankers are the Bank of Montreal, Bathurst Street Branch.

The proposed plan for the future is, that headquarters for Toc H in Canada shall be temporarily in Toronto, from where its message will be carried to all centres of importance throughout the Dominion.

It will be a great pleasure for me to hear from you or any of your friends who are interested and to answer any questions which they may put forward, either personally or by letter.

Yours very sincerely,



Director of Toc H in Canada.

216

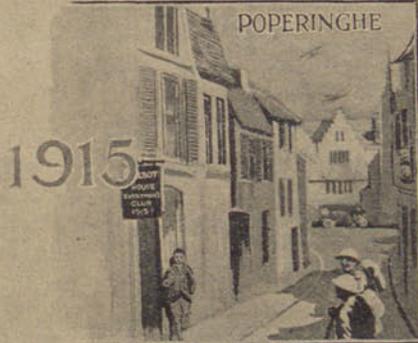
# Toc H Journal.

No. 1. New Series.

JUNE, 1922.

Price 6d.

## THESE ARE THE HOUSES



## THAT LOVE HELD AGAINST HATE



LONDON

## LOVE HAS NOW GARRISONED THESE THREE



MANCHESTER.

BRISTOL.

LEICESTER.

GLASGOW.

(Opened Apr. 29th, 1922.)

And these to follow soon.

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	(Toc H Padre.)	
Liverpool .. .. .	K. C. Barfield .. .. .	16, Rutland Avenue, Sefton Park.
Maidstone .. .. .	H. R. Morris .. .. .	Turkey Cottage, Ashford Road.
Manchester .. .. .	Rev. M. P. G. Leonard .. .. .	Toc H, MARK IV, "Gartness," Upper Park Road.
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# Toc H Journal.

*Editorial Offices:*

TOC H OF TALBOT HOUSE (Late of Poperinghe and Ypres), with which is incorporated  
THE CAVENDISH ASSOCIATION, 123, St. George's Square, London, S.W. 1.

No. 1. New Series.

JUNE, 1922.

Price 6d.

## En Famille.

**T**RAINED O.P. observers will no doubt observe, and duly report, that the present number (No. 6, June, 1922) is printed. No reasons or apologies for this are offered, but the present idea is to proceed according to the following plan: Print quarterly, and sandwich with Lady Gestetner. A lightning calculation will show that survivors will, or will not, read four printed and eight gestetneted numbers p.a. Such is the plan. Smooth-tongued prophets however, prophecy that, on the receipt of this number, there will be such a clamorous demand in the various media whereby currency is circulated through the post for more print, that the aforementioned lady will retire on half-pay and no work. Others—prophets or not—say, in their haste, "I don't think!"

That is that. If it appears cryptic, the meaning is, that it is your money we want. Toc H expects every member to pay for his News—as Nelson would say.

As to a name, Spectrum has not taken on as well as Rogerum. The admirable title of Posoekic has been constructed, and is hereby submitted for your remarks, please. It has the advantage of being as mysterious as Toc H itself, and of lending itself to being vulgarly or familiarly rendered as Posy Kicks. All readers will agree that it is better for the journal to receive the kicks and the Editor the halfpence.



CLUB Neckties may be obtained (from F. Domone, Toc H, Mark II) price 3s.; postage extra.

Some early or late Victorians in the family are rumoured to have felt the absence of moral uplift in previous issues. This is a matter that can be remedied by their writing articles of an elevating nature; meanwhile this page reserves the right to "desipere in loco" (Horace).

Many members wonder, from time to time, what Toc H really stands for; Sir James Barrie, without ever having heard of Toc H\* (such is the ignorance of great men), has had it revealed to him by his friend McConnachie, and declared it to the University of St. Andrews. We reprint a few extracts for which we are indebted to the *Manchester Guardian* (the paper, not Pat Leonard), and are inviting him to join the Editorial Board.

We hope to publish later "Who's Who in Toc H," by the Office Boy. It is awkward, not knowing if Tubby is a Canon, or the date of registration of the Registrar.

*Ober-Ammergau.*—The lists are now closing, Members who have paid their deposits will be circulated shortly; those who have not paid will be treated as non-starters after the 21st of this month. Anyone who wishes to visit Vienna, the Austrian Tyrol, or North Italy, will have an opportunity of doing so.

\* A.A.M. has since taken his education in hand.

CLUB Blazers, complete with Badge, £2; and Badges for Blazers, 5s., from the Registrar, Mark II.

### \*Dairy of Events.

- June 3rd.—Cricket. Toc H, London, v. City of London School, on the School Ground at Catford.
- June 7th.—Sandhurst Group.
- June 8th.—Mark II, 123, St. George's Square, S.W. 1. Alec Paterson will talk on "Discontent." Supper, 7.30. Lecture, 8.30.
- June 11th.—The London Padre talks Toc H, at Berkhamsted School. //
- June 13th.—Cheltenham Branch. Supper at the Clarence Restaurant, at 7.30.
- June 14th.—Mark I, 23, Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W. 7. Bishop Gore as the Guest of the evening.
- June 15th.—Exeter Branch Meeting.
- June 18th.—The London Padre again talks Toc H, at Marlborough College.
- June 21st.—Mark I. The Rev. "Dick" Sheppard, Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, as the Guest of the evening.
- June 22nd.—Mark II, Dr. L. F. Browne, as the Guest of the evening, on the Sex Problem in Psycho-analysis.
- June 23rd.—*Leicester Campaign.* The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., will address a Public Meeting in Leicester on behalf of Toc H.
- June 25th.—Yet more Toc H, by the London Padre, this time at Winchester College.
- June 27th.—Cheltenham Branch Supper, at the Clarence Restaurant, at 7.30.

\* We haven't the heart to correct this inspired misprint, the compositor plainly realises that Toc H is the fresh milk of human kindness.—ED.

### On London Barbers.

A STRANGER is frankly afraid to go near a London Barber, as so many have adopted quite a new fashion of lecturing on the Science of the Hair. One expounds on follicles, on the dangers of premature baldness, if certain steps are not immediately taken, at the cost of 7s. 6d. for the treatment. For fifteen minutes he enthuses, with all the air of the College Lecturer, especially if he is a junior. One feels too helpless to endeavour to stop him, and at the end when he finds his efforts have been useless, he looks at his victim with a pained expression. A second insists on singeing, which one is too polite to refuse, and suggests quite a different treatment for quite different alleged maladies. After a few similar experiences, one begins to have quite a nightmare, and after all, barbers do make a difference to one's

spirits for the rest of the day. And visions of baldness at thirty, and premature greyness are quite distressing. Then one flees from London, and these new-fangled ways, and goes back to one's old barber in the country, with his friendly talk on the times and conditions. He listens with sympathy to one's experiences in London. "Bald! Not a bit of it, Sir. Don't heed those Londoners with their new-fangled notions. It's your money they want." I tell him they are not all so bad, but he shakes his head. And so I think that when next I must visit one of these gentlemen, I shall make it an excuse for a trip to the country, please the Underground by going to listen for the cuckoo and the Editor by telling him about its note. But, there *is* a grey hair, and perhaps that terrible young man was right!

### On the Road to Recovery.

THE spirit of Mark Tapley salutes—  
F. W. Mathew, Mark I, in Guy's Hospital, Stephen Ward.

Major Wallis, D.S.O., Montreal Toc H, on his way home for a new understanding at Roehampton.

## London Toc H Sports Club.

AT a recent political debate held at Mark I, a Member suggested that the newspapers of the present day were rather in the habit of concealing facts without telling actual falsehoods. As previous notes under the heading of "Sports Club" have met with very little response we are beginning to fear that many Members of Toc H are including this journal among the not strictly truthful newspapers.

Whatever the policy of the Editor of this journal may be (we can vouch for his honesty), we can only say that our Sports news has always been strictly accurate—perhaps that is the cause of the deadly silence!

However, to business. The powers that be have decided that the Sports Ground is to continue, and with this end in view a certain amount of money has been given to the Sports Fund. Unfortunately, the amount realised only guarantees the rent for a certain period and no more. This, we must admit, is a very great help, but as we need about £350 per year to run the Sports Club in an adequate manner, we must have support from more playing Members and still more Members.

Thanks to some very able voluntary assistance by Members of Toc H, at least two Tennis Courts will be ready for play early in June, and by the end of the month two more will be ready. This is the height of our ambition for Tennis this Summer. If sufficient Members are forthcoming, next season will see about ten Courts in full swing.

The Sports Committee having, at its first Meeting, decided that the minimum subscription should be 5s., is prepared to stand by that decision, although such a small subscription will not make the Tennis Section self-supporting. This being the case, it is hoped that Members who are able to do so will send a larger subscription. It may be as well to state at this stage that the reason for such a low minimum subscription is that we do not wish to exclude any Member of Toc H from the

Sports Section merely because he lacks sufficient funds to pay a fancy price for his games.

We realise that New Barnet is a long step for some Members, and that it is rather difficult to get there for evening play, but Members working in the City can get to the ground in thirty minutes from King's Cross or Broad Street Stations. We strongly recommend trips to the ground for the week-end. There are four tents and a good pavilion, with every convenience for week-end camps.

One more thing concerning Tennis. Each Member of the Tennis Section will be allowed to introduce one lady as a Member, the subscription in such cases to be 25s.

By now, the Cricketing Section of the family will be firmly convinced that they have been entirely forgotten—but not so. We have been endeavouring to produce a Cricket pitch also, and while we have not succeeded in making one up to the Lords' standard, we have a pitch of the superior village green variety.

A few matches are being arranged and most of them will take place at New Barnet. Several local Clubs are after our blood and we feel that we must give them satisfaction.

Here again, we have a certain number of names on our list but not sufficient. Members desiring to play should write and say so forthwith. Once again the minimum subscription is 5s., but Members may send more if they can.

All communications and subscriptions concerning Cricket and Tennis should be sent to the Hon. Sec., Toc H Sports Club, 123, St. George's Square, S.W. 1.

This seems rather a queer time to talk about "Soccer," but all the best teams make their arrangements for the coming season at this time of the year, and as Toc H A.F.C. is in this category, we see no reason why we should be the exception to the rule.

It is proposed to run two teams next year, and already two lengthy fixture lists have been arranged. We would publish

these now but we fear that if we did so, many Members will have forgotten all about the games by next October.

The past season was a very successful one from the Toc H point of view. To meet and defeat such teams as the H.A.C., Westminster School, Bradfield College, Casuals "A," etc., in one's first season is no mean performance.

There is no reason why next season should not be even better, but to make sure of it being so, we must have more playing Members. Membership is open to all Members of Toc H. All enquiries and applications should be addressed to the Hon. Sec., A.F.C., Toc H, 123, St. George's Square, S.W. 1.

We sincerely hope that all Members will get busy about this and help us to have a wonderful "Soccer" season for 1922-23. Not only shall we have the satisfaction of possessing a first-class team, but also Toc H will possess the finest means of propaganda it has ever had.

No Sports article can be considered complete without reference to the "King of Winter Games"—"Rugger" (who said "rats"?).

Efforts were made to get a Rugby XV going last year, but the amount of success achieved was negligible. It would be a pity to let this game die as far as Toc H is concerned, and we feel that something should be done to save it. Will enthusiasts and others willing to assist as playing Members next season please communicate with the Sports Secretary.

If sufficient interest is shown, a Meeting of Members can be arranged, officials appointed and matches fixed.

The writer having done his worst, it is now up to his unfortunate readers to do their best.

It has been said that the Sports Secretary writes the prettiest receipt that has ever been written—you can confirm this by paying now!



### Men's Retreat.

I AM keen to know whether Toc H wishes again this year to hold the Men's Retreat over July 29 to August 1, at that wonderful standing camp at Heathfield, so kindly lent by Alderman Howard Houlder. If so, we must get going at once over the project. Will all those who

wish to attend write to me at once? Last year our combined numbers were about 40, and the Camp would hold a few more without being over full. The approximate cost would be covered by 10s. a head. Heathfield is in itself a revelation of what can be found 15 miles from Charing Cross. P. B. C.



### Stop Press.

THE latest letters from New York Toc H indicate determined progress towards great achievements in the States. Frank Edwards, our Dominion Director, before his return to Toronto (where our H.Q. Office address is 596, Sherborne Street), has arranged for the appointment of a Director of Toc H in U.S.A., and obtained guarantees to cover the expenses of the initial organisation.

A cable from Edwards arrived 28.5.22, announcing marked success with the school developments, and the formation of preliminary groups in the Universities. The C.P.R. have also sanctioned special terms for his travelling, as his wounds necessitate an attendant.

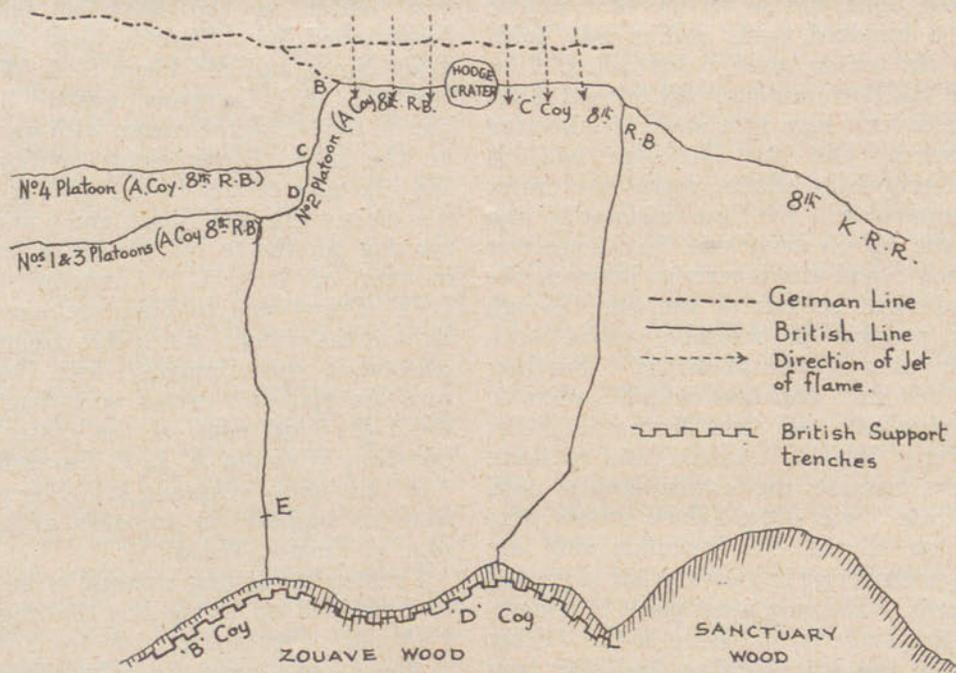
An armless man with a continent to conquer! If this isn't sportsmanship, what is?

## The Liquid Fire Attack at Hooge.

[This is the story of the human passion of Hooge, out of which Toc H was born. It is, therefore, deeply appropriate that the full story should here be told for the first time, by one who "interfuit et ita posuit." The task of Toc H is to raise up a spiritual sonship to these great-hearted men, who died for the most part childless, and with their life work unfulfilled.—P.B.C.]

**T**HIS very rough and ready account of the operations at Hooge, on July 30th, 1915, must necessarily suffer from serious limitations. The first of these is lapse of time; for though I have tried to describe the circumstances more than once, I have never before attempted to commit them to paper; secondly, the crisis was on us with such dramatic suddenness that

A few preliminary details are necessary to explain the main event. On the night of July 29-30th, the 8th Bn. Rifle Brigade (Lieut.-Col. R. C. Maclachlan) was due to relieve the 7th Battalion of the same regiment in a sector of the front line on either side of Hooge mine-crater. The 7th Battalion had spent here by far the most trying "tour of duty" undertaken by any battalion in the



it was almost impossible to take stock calmly of the rapid course of events; and thirdly, as an obscure subaltern of the 8th Bn. Rifle Brigade, I can only describe what I actually saw and experienced—a small, if a very vital, part of an attack which was aimed at the front of a whole Brigade, and which affected that of a neighbouring Division. This last fact must be my excuse for a liberal use of the first person singular.

Division since we landed in France in the middle of May. The British line was but lately captured (by the 3rd Division) from the Germans, the explosion of a mine at Hooge being a part of the operation. The trenches were in an appalling state—dry, it is true, but dilapidated in the extreme, with no proper shelter anywhere and corpses everywhere. For a stretch near the crater the Boche line ran 15 yards from the British.

At one point (B in plan), what had been a German communication trench led from their line right into ours; it was barricaded at our end, but by a periscopic arrangement you could see the Boche sentry on the other side of the barricade, standing within five yards of you. Bombing was frequent, sniping incessant; but, worst of all, the Germans used to give the crater and its immediate neighbourhood thrice daily "strafes" with a heavy minenwerfer. This was the most alarming implement of "frightfulness" that our fellows had as yet knocked up against; apart from the number of people it had blown to bits (one of whom was Paul Hardy, the "beloved captain" of the *Student in Arms*), the explosion alone was so terrific that anyone within a hundred yards' radius was liable to lose his reason after a few hours of it, and the 7th Battalion had had to send down the line several men in a state of gibbering helplessness. The 7th Battalion had, in fact, after gallant efforts, found the crater itself untenable. The line ultimately ran up to the lip on each side, but there was no trench round the inner rim between the left and right sectors of the line, though it was possible to scramble round with difficulty over a mass of débris. Furthermore, their men had had definite orders to edge away left and right from the crater whenever "Minnie" started, and to leave the bays nearest the crater empty until the "strafe" was over. These orders were passed on to the 8th Battalion, and are worth remembering in view of what happened afterwards. The only other point to remember at this stage is that none of the "other ranks" of the 8th Battalion had ever seen this bit of the line, only the bare outline of which, with none of the intricacy, is shown in the plan, until they took over on the night of July 29-30th—and then they could see little or nothing. My Company Commander and I had been round two days before, and had returned to the ramparts of Ypres with a lack of enthusiasm for the amenities of Hooze, its chateau and its crater, which I hope we did not betray

to all and sundry. We had incidentally been treated to a short display of hate by "Minnie," which, even from Battalion Headquarters at the far edge of Zouave Wood, was sufficiently alarming; though Hawker did something to revive our spirits by putting down a Boche aeroplane in flames about 300 yards from us—his third that day, and he got the V.C. for it.

The 8th Battalion left Ypres by the Lille gate something after 10 p.m. on July 29th. "A" Company was commanded by Captain L. A. M'Affee, an old Cambridge Rigger Blue, beloved of both officers and men; he was also in charge of No. 1 Platoon (we had lost our original Company Commander a week or so earlier at Railway Wood—the first officer in the Battalion killed). I commanded No. 2 Platoon, Lieut. M. Scrimgeour No. 3, and 2nd Lieut. S. C. Woodroffe No. 4. "A" Company was to hold the line on the left of the crater, with my platoon on the right of our sector holding up to the left edge of the crater. No. 4 Platoon was on my left, and Nos. 1 and 3 in a trench running parallel to No. 4's bit, a few yards in rear of it. "C" Company (Captain E. F. Prior) was to hold the line on the right of the crater; Keith Rae commanded a platoon in this Company, and I'm pretty sure his platoon's sector was that nearest the right-hand edge of the crater. "B" Company (Captain A. L. C. Cavendish) and "D" Company (Captain A. C. Sheepshanks) were in support, in trenches at the near edge of Zouave Wood.

I remember having a strong presentiment, as I plodded up to the line that night, that I should never come back from it alive; in the event I was the only officer in my Company to survive the next twenty-four hours.

The relief was complete shortly after midnight. It had been rather a tiring business, for we had had two or three miles to cover before the line was reached, with the delays inevitable to troops moving over strange ground in the dark; and the difficulty of getting our men into the broken-down trenches while the 7th Battalion were

getting out of them was even greater here than we had found elsewhere. I had warned my men of the need for silence, owing to the nearness of the Boche, and I remember when the time came feeling certain that the tramp of feet and the clatter of rifles must have given the show away. (I need not have worried—we knew afterwards that the Boche learned from more reliable sources when a relief was to take place.)

Indeed, the night was ominously quiet. There had been very little shelling on the way up—for which we were duly thankful; but the absence of the sniper's bullet as we filed up the communication trench from Zouave Wood was something more surprising. The continued silence after we got into the line became uncanny. About an hour after we were settled in and the last of the Battalion had disappeared into the darkness, I decided that a bomb or two lobbed over into the Boche trench running close to mine near the crater might disturb him if he were up to mischief there. (It should be mentioned here that in these early days of bombs there was only a limited number of men in each battalion who could use them, and these were organized as a squad under a single officer. Their disposition over the battalion sector and their supply of bombs was under the supervision of the Bombing Officer, who on this night had begun his rounds on the "C" Company sector and had not yet reached mine. I had in the meanwhile posted the few bombers attached to my platoon at what I considered the vital spots—the point where my trench joined the crater, and point B. Our supply of bombs was small, though more were expected to be up before daylight.) Accordingly, I got one of the bombers to throw over a hand-grenade; it looked to carry about the right length and it exploded well. We waited; no reply. At short intervals he sent over two more. "This ought to rouse them," we said: again no reply. There was something sinister about this.

It was now about half-an-hour before

dawn, and just then the order for the usual morning "stand-to" came through from the Company Commander. I started on the extreme right of my bit of the line, to ensure that all my men were lining the trench, with their swords fixed. Working down gradually to the point B, I decided to go on along the stretch of trench which bent back from the German line almost in the form of a communication trench; there were servants and some odd men from my platoon in so-called shelters along here, and I wanted to make sure that these people, who are apt to be forgotten at "stand-to," were all on the alert. Just as I was getting to the last of these (point D in plan), there was a sudden hissing sound, and a bright crimson glare over the crater turned the whole scene red. As I looked I saw three or four distinct jets of flame—like a line of powerful fire-hoses spraying fire instead of water—shoot across my fire-trench (see dotted lines in plan). How long this lasted it is impossible to say—probably not more than a minute; but the effect was so stupefying that, for my own part, I was utterly unable for some moments to think collectedly. I remember catching hold of a rifle with fixed bayonet of a man standing next me and making for point B, when there was a terrific explosion, and almost immediately afterwards one of my men, with blood running down his face, stumbled into me, coming from the direction of the crater. He was followed by one or two others, most of them wounded. The minenwerfer had started, and such men as had survived the liquid fire were, in accordance with orders, giving the crater a wide berth. Then broke out every noise under Heaven: "Minnie" and bombs in our front trench, machine-guns from places unseen, shrapnel over the communication trenches and the open ground between us and the support line in Zouave Wood, and high-explosive on the Wood and its vicinity. It was impossible to get up the trench towards the crater while men were coming down in dribbles, so I got out of the trench to the right of point C to try and get a better idea of the situation. I

was immediately hit in the right shoulder by a shrapnel bullet, but I didn't have time to think much about it; still less did I realise that it was to prove my salvation. The first thing I saw was men jumping over the edge of the crater into "C" Company's trench. It was still the grey light of dawn and for some moments I could not distinguish whether they were Boche or British; but, deciding soon that they must be Boche, I told the few survivors of my platoon, who by that time had joined me, to open fire on them, which they promptly did. At this point M'Afee came up, followed by Michael Scrimgeour, and we had a hurried consultation. By this time the Boches were in my bit of trench as well, and we saw that my handful couldn't get back into it. It was a death-trap to stay where we were, under a shrapnel barrage; so Mac, after weighing the possibility of going for the Boche across the open with the bayonet, reluctantly gave the order for me to get the remnant of my platoon back to the support line, and said that he and Michael would follow with the rest of the Company. About a dozen men of No. 2 Platoon were all that I could find—those who had faced the flame attack were never seen again—and we started back over the open. I doubt if we could have found the communication trench if we had wanted to, but for the moment there was open fighting to be done (we had no reason to suppose that the Germans were coming no further than our front line). A retirement is a miserable business, but there can be nothing but praise for the conduct of the men in this one; there was nothing approaching a "run," and at every few yards they lay down and fired with the coolness of an Aldershot field-day at any Boches who could be seen coming over into our line. There was a matter of 300 yards of open ground to be covered under a regular hail of machine-gun and shrapnel fire, and I have always marvelled how any one got over it alive; as it was, most of my fellows were wounded during that half-hour's retirement, if not before, and one was shot dead within a

yard of me while in the act of firing. Eventually, I (literally) fell into the main communication trench about 20 yards ahead of the support line (at point E); it must have been then about 4.30 a.m. Here I was joined almost at once by Cavendish (O.C. "B" Company), who, on learning that our front line was lost, suggested that we should there and then build a barricade in the communication trench—it was still expected that the Boche would come on. My small party set to, using sandbags from the side of the trench, and a supply of bombs came up while we were working. It was rather ticklish work when it came to the upper part of the barricade, as the Boche was using shrapnel very accurately, and there were a lot of rifle and machine-gun bullets flying about. But the men in the support trenches behind us were having a worse time, for Zouave Wood was being heavily bombarded and "B" and "D" Companies were suffering a lot of casualties. During this time, Mac, having got his survivors back to the supports, came up to see how I had fared. He was very cool, but terribly unhappy at our losses of men and ground, and especially at having been unable to get into touch with Woodroffe. I was thankful at finding him safe, and still more so to learn that Michael was all right. He went off almost at once to reorganise the remainder of the Company. We continued to stand by our barricade, and I borrowed a rifle and tried to do a bit of sniping; the Boche could be seen throwing up the earth in our front line, and it now looked as if he were going to stay there. About this time came our first bit of consolation. Our artillery had begun to retaliate, and we could see shells bursting in our front line; but the effort was feeble as compared with the German bombardment.

Some hour-and-a-half later Mac came back with the grievous news that Michael Scrimgeour had been killed while reorganising his men in the Wood. He also began to fuss about my wound, and eventually gave me a direct order to go back to the dressing-station. I had to go, and that was the last

I saw of poor M'afee, who was killed that afternoon leading his men in a counter-attack. As I went back through the Wood I saw Michael's body, laid out by the side of the communication trench. The dressing-station (at the edge of Sanctuary Wood) was full, and wounded were standing and lying all round it, while the M.O. (Captain Dunkerley) was dealing with the cases quickly, quietly, and with a coolness that was most inspiring; for he had flimsy shelter, and a shell bursting within 10 yards would have caused havoc.

I learned there that "C" Company had suffered the same fate as ourselves. But while I was waiting for my turn, one joyful thing happened. Sidney Woodroffe strolled up to have a slight wound dressed. He spoke casually of having got back quite comfortably with most of No. 4 Platoon. What really happened was that he had hung on to his trench for half-an-hour after he was cut off from us, and had bombed the Boches, who were up level with him (at point C), until his bombs were exhausted, and had then extricated his platoon in some miraculous way through the far end of the trench. That afternoon he was killed while gallantly cutting wire in front of his men in the counter-attack. The V.C. awarded him after his death was the first gained by the New Army.

The M.O. ordered me back to the Field Ambulance at Ypres (where I learned for the first time that our men were to counter-attack in the afternoon); within three hours I was at Poperinghe, where staff officers from Corps, Army, and G.H.Q. successively cross-examined me on the characteristics of liquid fire; and by 6 p.m. on the following day I was at Versailles. The rest of the story, therefore, I can tell only briefly at second-hand.

The trenches lost that morning were some hundreds of yards in length, for the Germans had worked their way into a part of the line held by the 7th K.R.R.'s. on our right—the sector on our left was intact. The enemy had gained a footing on a commanding ridge, and Corps H.Q. decided

that the ground must be re-taken without delay.

It is only charitable to assume that the staff, from their position 15 miles back, were imperfectly informed of the real situation. For the hour fixed for the counter-attack was 3 p.m. the same day, and the artillery preparation was limited to three-quarters of an hour's bombardment. The troops detailed for the main attack were the four battalions of our Brigade. Of these, the 8th R.B. and the 7th K.R.R. had been heavily attacked at dawn, and the survivors had stood under a severe bombardment from that time onwards. Since 5 p.m. on the previous day the men had had no food worth speaking of. Long before 3 o'clock the 8th R.B. had lost half its officers and men, and the 7th K.R.R. cannot have been very much better off. The 7th R.B. and 8th K.R.R. had just been relieved after days and nights of almost insupportable strain, and had crawled back, the 8th K.R.R. to the neighbourhood of Ypres, and the 7th R.B. to Vlamerringhe, some 7 miles back. After a bare two hours' sleep the 7th R.B. were roused and marched back, unfed, unwashed, in the clothes they had not taken off for over a week, by the way they had just come. The 8th K.R.R. were only one degree better off, in that their march had been a little shorter and their sleep a little longer.

At 3 o'clock the four battalions duly went over the top and were swept out of existence by an enemy whose machine-guns there had been no time to locate, and on whom the meagre artillery preparation had made no impression. Many of the men were caught on our own wire, and I believe that none got more than 50 yards beyond the edge of the wood. It was then that Gilbert Talbot and Billy Grenfell were killed, amongst scores of others—the 8th R.B. alone lost 19 officers (10 killed) and over 400 men that day, and the other battalions were scarcely more fortunate. Throughout the day Colonel Maclachlan had been cool, fearless, and inspiring as only he could be, and it was a crowning tragedy

that his Adjutant, Joe Parker, the second greatest soldier I ever knew, was shot dead by a stray bullet at the Colonel's side while they were taking the battered remnant of the battalion out that night.

It is not for me to try to excuse or to criticise any of the events of that memorable day; but, inasmuch as the Corps Staff plainly took the view—and did their best to disseminate it—that we abandoned our front line through sheer cowardice, there are one or two points that should be noted. In the first place, the official communiqué stated that “the enemy attacked after a heavy bombardment,” thus implying that we had clear warning of their intention. This was untrue; and I think I have shown that the Germans displayed on this occasion a sense of stage-management far more deadly. Again, the Higher Command proceeded to improve the occasion by sending round Staff Officers to lecture on the innocuous nature of liquid fire. I am tempted to wonder whether these officers gained their experience nearer the spot than the hospital at Poperinghe where they questioned me. At any rate, they explained to the troops that you have only to lie down at the bottom of your trench when the flame comes over in order to be perfectly safe; they omitted to add that, if the flame is being discharged from 15 yards range, there is every probability of someone with a bayonet jumping on the top of you before you have time to get up. This was no doubt what actually

happened at Hooge. They further pointed out that a man using a “flammenwerfer,” which carries only about 20 to 30 yards, is bound to be a vulnerable target, and that a rifle or two or a machine-gun brought up on a flank will make short work of him. This is true, provided (a) that the trench of the flame-thrower is more than 30 yards away, and (b) that his opponents have flanks which can be utilised. In this particular case, the Boche had no need to get out of his trench in order to discharge the flame, and “A” Company had no flanks for offensive purposes; for the right flank was left “in the air” by the crater, and on the left flank the trench bent back towards our support line. Precisely the same facts applied to “C” Company's sector. It may be readily granted that the “flammenwerfer” is a weapon which can be used effectively only in certain very limited conditions; but at Hooge the Germans had exactly the required conditions.

But if some of us failed, there were others who upheld the reputation of the Battalion; for, besides Sidney Woodroffe's V.C., Sheepshanks was awarded the D.S.O. and Leslie Woodroffe the M.C., and there was at least one D.C.M. gained that day—not to mention numerous awards for gallantry in the other battalions. And it was comforting later to learn that the slur temporarily cast on the 14th Division was not endorsed by the general opinion of the Army. G. V. C.

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### At the Sign of Sagittarius.

WE salute—

Our Central Treasurer, H. J. C. (Jack) Piers, C.M.G., D.S.O., who succeeded in keeping his marriage in April so well camouflaged that he avoided all votes of esteem and offerings of praise, not to mention butter dishes.

[Rumours reach us from Cologne that Major L. H. Higgon, M.C., is contemplating a similar step in London, on June 29th.

If so, we won't let him escape us, anyhow.]

NEVIL RUCKER, beloved both of Mark I and Mark II, whose engagement is just announced in Lord Northcliffe's largest type.

ROGER TALBOT URWIN (his name sounds strangely familiar), Cheltenham Branch—aged 5 months—is not suffering from lung trouble, but the neighbours are.

## Ourselves.

WE start this month in a new suit. It is not our best, as we hope to get better and better each month. The ancient Egyptians were content with papyrus for their journals: for our part, we have found a type-written news sheet quite inadequate for the purpose of giving any intelligible account of the progress of Toc H. This is no reflection on our readers.

Now that we have members scattered almost all over the Empire, a living Branch in Canada, and a promising nucleus in the United States, we hope to make this little paper a real link, a mirror of our many-sided activities and hopes. If this is to happen, we shall need the support of all our Members. A large increase in the number of subscribers is the first obvious suggestion. A few advertisements would add to our resources. We are old-fashioned enough to resolve to pay our way. We want to mobilise all our readers who can write a little—be it words of the highest wisdom—or otherwise. Some can sketch: others have the saving gift of humour. Some instead of writing letters to *The Times* might favour us. Above all, we want to know what is happening in the various Branches. Some will tell us what we ought to do: it would be better if they sent us contributions of the kind they desire, though ideas are always welcome. As our American brothers would say, our aim is to produce a real, live magazine, and one worthy of our ideals. Some friends have already proffered help, and though at least one of these is a little eccentric, we are not ungrateful.

Some tell us that we should forget the War. The plea comes chiefly from those who have suffered in it. But over there in Flanders there was a spirit born which we hope will never be forgotten, and it is our work to help pass this on to the new generation. One could give it many names—good cheer even on the edge of Hell, Brotherhood, but this is no monopoly of Toc H, the "pal spirit," on which the Scouts lay stress, a willingness to serve. This, however, savours

a little of cant. It should be perfectly natural.

In the industrial world there is still much unrest, and hateful phrases such as "Class War," "Class Consciousness" are used. We do not pretend to understand them. Why should we? Our Membership knows no distinction of class or creed. We have a weakness, however, for decent men, and for people who "play the game," in sport as in life.

In the outer world, there is still great distrust between nations. We would like to have this buried in Flanders. Preachers may talk of the decadence of the race. We are optimists and co-optimists, and believe that never was there such splendid material available, so much idealism abroad, if it could only be directed, or so much anxiety to know the truth of the things which really matter, whether in life, politics or religion. And in some of our Branches we are really trying to study things more, to get at the roots of problems as well as we can. It is fine to feel that wherever we go, the Toc H spirit can still make its way against every difficulty. But in an age when so much is superficial, we feel that rollicking is not enough, that phrases are not enough, and that we must really grapple as well as we can with the duties of citizenship.

Some think little of the Empire, and never pause to consider the value of friendly relations with the United States. We join our forces with those who are working to help on all those great causes which we support in common, in the hope of making the World a better place.

In offices there are many like the molluscs which in millions of years have never progressed. They have had no cares and no needs, and so they have remained the same. In all ranks of life, in shop or in factory, in professions or on the farm, there are thousands who think only of themselves. Some are soured by the events of life: or they have stuck in their own little grooves, and they have never given the slightest

thought to their neighbour. The world is really very interesting; but they have never discovered it. They could learn much and do much if they got out of their shells, but they have never dreamed of this. And so life with all its possibilities is for them dull and drab and even grim. We believe in each doing his work to the best of his ability. But we are not content to be molluscs. None of that order can ever be full Members of Toc H. But we must not end on a pessimistic note. There is no

need for any one to remain a mollusc: already silently a transformation has been worked in some who have joined our fellowship. They have begun to see what a great adventure life with service really is, and though they have not yet reached the New Jerusalem, they have discovered that it is something to help to lay a brick therein. They have found, too, something of the real good that is to be found in almost every man, and in the bye-ways of life they have found endless opportunities of helping others on.

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## Branch News.

### London.

*From Our Special Correspondent.*

**T**HE rule "cast no clout till May is out," has been carefully observed by all members, except those who have caught the Serpentine habit or the yet worse R.A.C. custom.

Lord Robert Cecil inspired all who heard him speak at Mark II, on the League of Nations, and those who are interested in the subject will be pleased to learn that his remarks are shortly to be published in pamphlet form.

Tuesday, the 16th, saw some 70 Members and friends assemble at Mark III for supper, and afterwards at the Old Vic., where "Peer Gynt" amazed and delighted them.

Thanks to the kindness of Ronnie Campbell, 100 Members of Toc H spent a most enjoyable and interesting evening at the Naval and Military Tournament.

Mark I was in a gala mood on Wednesday, April 26th, when the Slade Concert Party gave a very entertaining performance. The presence of W. Lukens, our first Member from Philadelphia to visit us in London, and of George Tredway, Foundation Member, home on furlough from East Africa, made the overflowing audience more representative than ever.

An interesting discussion, led by three ex-Presidents of the Oxford Union Society, was held at Mark I, on Wednesday, May 10th, on the subject of "The Duty and

Difficulties of being Interested in Politics." The debate was opened by Mr. C. T. Le Quesne, who, in a very lucid and convincing speech, showed his audience that it was their duty as citizens to take an intelligent and active interest in the politics of their country. L. G. Stein opened the discussion admirably, and Pat Armour, in a witty reply, once more used the Irishman's prerogative of being "up agin the Government," no matter what Government it happened to be.

### The Toc H. Dramatic League.

*President: GODFREY TEARLE, ESQ.,  
Foundation Member, Toc H.*

*Can you Sing, Recite or Do Anything to  
Entertain Others?*

WE want to form a Concert Party in connection with our Dramatic League, and all Members of Toc H who can, and will, do their bit to make this possible, should communicate with the Hon. Secretary of the Dramatic League, at Toc H, Mark III, 148, York Road, S.E. 1.

It is proposed that the Concert Party should give entertainments on Guest Nights, and public performances in aid of various charities, but only during the winter months—still, we want the names of all those willing to help *now*.

It may interest Members to know that the Toc H Dramatic League performance given recently was the means of raising nearly £18 for the Training Ship "Stork" for working boys.

### Southampton.

THOSE who have not seen Tubby in his natural lair have missed a revelation.

On Easter Monday a few of us rolled up in response to his invitation to his ranch in the wilds of the New Forest. Our greeting was of the robust western type, for we were stampeded by a car rampant, on which was seated—more or less serenely—His Rotundity! No casualties, however, but a cool order to walk on a few miles, when we would probably find another car!! We found that car, also his lair, and, believe me, we would like to pass some months in that same lair. He very sportingly offered to lose us in the wilds, and did so—being himself lost! He was very eloquent on Nature Study and the art of Birds-nesting. Here may I testify that it was *not* in Tubby's mouth the egg broke on its descent from the tree. The joke of the day—and there were many—was, however, not Tubby's but his dog's. This canine comedian, waxing lazy, dropped out apparently from fatigue, which necessitated a stretcher-party carrying him two miles; when he, thinking the time ripe, sprang out and romped round, actually laughing at us all! Words were too feeble! Tubby's people gave us a great feed, which we did all we could to do justice to. A great day.

May 6th.—Padre Bates regaled us to light refreshments in his grounds and to the somewhat less digestible subject "The Lad, his evolution and complexities." An enlightening discussion followed as to the best methods of dealing with that article in detail and wholesale.

May 20th.—We were invited to Harris Rivetts' grounds at Pear Tree, where Tea, Tennis and Tattle on the P.O. were offered.

J. M. C.

### Manchester.

NEWS FROM MARK IV.

THE first House outside London is no longer a matter of speculation, it is a *fait accompli*. Listen then to the story of Mark IV (Toc H's latest offspring).

Gartness is a solid, well-built house in

Victoria Park, standing in its own grounds, and possessing an excellent shale tennis court. Its style of architecture is somewhat nondescript, but it has got a comfortable look about it, and its ivy-covered walls and leaded windows give one the impression that it must have been built by a Christmas card designer. There is about it something of the Christmas spirit, obviously the very place for Toc H.

Anyhow, Gartness was bought and sold, and Mark IV came into existence during the cold wet days of April. For this reason, if for no other, the ten brave souls who form Manchester's first band of Hostellers, looked forward with a good deal of pleasurable anticipation to having the House warmed, and warmed it was, good and true, on Saturday, April 29th.

The Post Office was the first to realise that great things were afoot. At break of day the Corps of Telegraph Boys was mobilised, and thrown in serried masses into the Battle of the Door-bell. All day long, with unabated ardour, they strove to wrench our door-bell from its fastenings (that they failed, is gratifying proof of the structural stability of Mark IV), bombarding us the while with the weapons of their warfare. By the time the Housewarmers arrived, the floor was carpeted with orange envelopes, and the air was thick with congratulations and good wishes from every Branch of Toc H, from Dan even to Beersheba.

"Mus" and Nicklin from London were the first visitors to arrive, followed hard by Courtney, Urwin, and Smith from Cheltenham, who brought with them, blind and legless Charlie Gray—the World's Champion Optimist. During the evening, Charlie made a speech which must have fired the imagination and warmed the hearts of all who heard him—but I am going too fast.

From 6.30 onwards, the crowd continued to arrive, until rather than strain the walls any more we surged into the dining-room, and sixty human stoves took on board the requisite calories for a really efficient warming of the House. The meal ended, we stood in silent memory of those "who came not

home." Then thinking the roof too low, we raised it to the strain of Rogerum. Who said we can't sing in Manchester? Ask the patients in the Nursing Home next door. True, we missed Tubby's rich and fruity baritone, but Tubby was nobly holding the fort in Cambridge. And here be it said, what a great and bitter disappointment it was that we hadn't had the foresight of Cambridge, who booked him up a year in advance! Our turn comes on May 13th.

Rogerum and the reading of the telegrams from the widely scattered members of the great Toc H Family, raised the temperature pretty considerably, and with the arrival of a 5s. wire from Tubby the mercury boiled over. "My brotherly love to every Member. What Manchester does to-night, Bristol will attempt in May, Leicester in June, and Glasgow and Toronto in their turn. I come to your next meeting, when I shall expect to hear that you are getting busy over the second Manchester House.—TUBBY."

Special mention must be made of E. Evans' dramatic sketches, though space is too limited to tell of all the speeches made, or the songs sung, before we repaired to the "Upper Room," to thank God for Toc H and for what Toc H can do, please God, for Manchester. It was then we found that after all, the House is central-heated; all the warmth of enthusiasm and Fellowship of and for Toc H comes from the one true Source, whose shrine is in the "Upper Room."

M. P. G. L.

### Toc H Tykes, Spen Valley.

ON Wednesday, April 19th, over seventy of us had a delightful social evening, shared on this occasion by our lady visitors, with whist, a concert and a very modernised version of the sketch "The Two Lunatics." Supper thawed any reserve there was, and after a jolly dance, our two clerical guides gave a priceless interpretation of Highland flings, reels, jigs and Morris dancing.

### Mark V, Bristol.

THERE have been whispers about a house in Bristol off and on for a year, and now the whisper has grown to a shout—though some Bristolians seem to be a little deaf. The shout is loudest at St. Augustine's Parade, universally known to the natives, for excellent reasons, as "The Centre." At this point a notice covering two storeys of a house, and visible (if it wasn't for the houses in between) from Bristol Station, shouts "TOC H APPEAL OFFICE." We have said it *very* plain, but a few Bristolians are blind as well as deaf. Last Thursday, two ladies came in to enquire if this was the Lost Property Office!—partly, perhaps, because the Appeal Director's desk looks just like that; but partly, let us hope, because one of the functions of Toc H is precisely that of collecting priceless property, in the shape of men who have got a bit lost in this post-war world, and restoring them to their rightful owner—the Nation. On Friday, an intelligent errand-boy came in, to ask if this was "the Music Shop"—which, of course, Toc H really is; for (although we have little of the ordinary kind, yet, except the words of a hymn called "Rogerum") we do make a good sort of human tune (with some unexpected harmonies) in rather an everyday world. And, on Saturday, a middle-aged man in a bowler came in to book seats for the Bristol Hippodrome (which is only two doors off, and as inconspicuous as the London one). Possibly he realised what a wonderful programme Toc H can put up on occasions, with "Tubby" (as he was recently described by a member from Scotland) sustaining the quick-change rôle of St. Francis-and-George Robey. From all of which readers will gather that the purpose of Toc H is perfectly understood by every man in the Bristol street.

The campaign to found Mark V (before Leicester or Glasgow can produce Mark VI) progresses, though not yet at breathless speed. The "Sympathometer" which hangs in the Appeal Office window is like a thermometer, except in that the degrees are marked in sterling instead of Fahrenheit, and that

the mercury (or Indian ink) goes up the tube but never down, day by day. Bristol is a much smaller place than Manchester and less rich, but we are confident that we shall get our House as they have got theirs—even if our struggle has to be proportionately greater.

It gives us special encouragement to remember that not many months ago we could not get Bristol even to sit up and take notice of Toc H; then, almost suddenly, the interest awoke. It awoke in the Bristol Rotary Club, which discovered that the motto of Rotary—"Service not Self"—might serve equally well as the motto of Toc H. Rotary decided that to help launch a Toc H House was just the kind of job it was called into existence to do. It formed a Committee, it issued orders to its members, it planned and worked with a goodwill all the finer, because, until Tubby's visit on May 15th, it was kept strictly anonymous as far as the general public in Bristol was concerned. We are now allowed to say that Rotary in Bristol has been doing real spade-work for months in a most selfless spirit to help our little Branch to its great hopes, and we shall risk telling our readers that Stanley Hill, Secretary of the Bristol Rotary Club and Chairman of its Toc H Committee, has been the life and soul of this effort from the start. He spent his first evening with Toc H on May 15th, and none of the forty present at the Branch Meeting could doubt that his heart was with us. What's more, he filled up his Membership Form next day. And Rotary has helped all along the line: one Rotarian lent us the office for the Appeal, another sent in the furniture for it, another the typewriter, and the Rotarian editors of Bristol's great papers have given us splendid publicity day after day.

On Monday, May 15th, "Tubby" was the guest of Rotary at lunch, and moved them deeply in his speech. The same night he made three separate speeches (and would have made several more if there had been no closing time) at the Folk House, where the Branch holds its monthly supper and

meeting. He told us what Toc H is to be, and he put us on the road towards the goal: we shan't forget. Arthur Burroughs, disguised in gaiters as the new Dean of Bristol, also spoke (and has now joined); so did Michelmore, representing Exeter, Alick Matthews, Secretary of Cardiff, and others. We must not forget Paul Sturge, Warden of the Folk House (who has just joined up), and his staff of ladies, who, as a real bit of service to Toc H, volunteer to produce and serve the best 1s. 6d. supper in this city.

June 3rd, in Bristol, is the Toc H "Forget-me-Not" Day. A splendid crowd of ladies have come forward, to pin them on the coats, if they can, of every living soul who ventures out of doors or tries to bolt on his Whitsun holiday. Altogether Toc H is not being shy about itself in Bristol this month. We want all Bristol to want Mark V. so badly that it happens. And it will!

B. B.

### Leicester.

IF two members of Toc H started off to meet another one, the one from Mark I and the other from Mark IV, at the same time and the same rate, they would be overjoyed to find that they met in the delectable City of Leicester. For Leicester is mid-way between London and Manchester. It is in fact at the very centre of things, and all good things radiate therefrom.

What Manchester thinks to-day, and London thinks to-morrow, Leicester was thinking the day before yesterday.

As for its branch of Toc H, though it is still in its cradle, it is a very bonny child. It was born on February 14th, 1922.

Fifteen of us, of whom only three knew the old House in Pop., found ourselves in an upstairs room at the Turkey Café, and we munched buns and sipped tea, and talked of the old days, and looked forward to new ones. Since then, we have met every week in various places and have continued to grow, and shall soon have reached weeks of discretion.

On March 23rd, we had an impromptu

smoking concert, in the Lounge of the Edward Wood Hall, and were most agreeably surprised to find how much exceptionally good talent we had amongst us.

On March 29th, we met for the first time in the Grey Friars Café—which has been our rendezvous ever since—and we have made ourselves—and been made—thoroughly at home there.

On April 5th, one of our Members, G. F. Reynolds, gave us a very interesting talk on after-care work. The following week we met in the Regimental Memorial Chapel in the Collegiate Church. We thought of the old days and the old Boys, and re-dedicated our lives afresh to the reviving of the old spirit of those muddy, weary, cheery, unselfish days.

On May 10th, Mr. H. Boulter's Quartette Party gave us a most excellent evening. All the solos, duets, and quartettes were delightfully sung, and we very much hope that their "threat" to "inflict" another

such evening upon us will be carried out—soon and often. It is a pity that not more than twenty-four were there to hear them.

\* \* \* \*

"Is it true that Canon Clayton is coming to pay a visit to Leicester?"—so someone was heard to ask in the London Road the other day. *I.e.* the present is a time of excited expectancy. Most of us have not yet met P.B.C., nor know why he is called "Tubby,"—and not "Canon." And Tubby is coming to have his meals in Leicester on the 26th—lunch with the Mayor and our Council, tea in Mrs. Jaque's drawing-room—(we are awfully indebted to her)—and supper with our Leicester Branch.

After that, things will happen. We shall start collecting bricks for the Community House. He is coming again, with Lord Salisbury, on the evening of June 23rd—and then the roof will soon be on. Before many more Spectra have waxed and waned, there will be a Toc H Mark V or VI in Leicester.



## England Unbound.

THE social tangle, which existed in 1914 and which we ignored during the war, is with us to-day, and few would say that the social truce at home of five years has done much to bring about a stable peace. It looks rather as if people, weary of industrial strife, were preparing for a new war to end war—strikes and unemployment are with us. Is the end to be a final victory of either capital or labour, or shall we discover the way to industrial peace on a permanent basis?

Readers of *Europe Unbound* will remember how liberty was shown to be the outcome of Christianity; previously it had only been the intellectual conception and privileged possession of a favoured minority, the bulk of the people being slaves. Freedom as man's birthright, as a moral necessity, can only rest on a religious foundation. As events in Russia have made clear, a mere rebellion against tyranny only leads to a worse form thereof. If, then, our present

discontents are to be resolved, if England is to be unbound and free, it can only be by a growth of opinion that has as its basis religious conviction. Talk about brotherhood will be only talk, and will not lead to action unless the brotherhood is one that acknowledges and endeavours to serve their common Father; class loyalty is an easy thing to inculcate and practise, class selfishness is easier still. Fellowship has no meaning except when something of value is held so to be by the members of it. Only of spiritual possessions is it true that the more you give the more you have. If then we are to recover and seek to universalise the fellowship of the trenches, there must be a motive and a service practicable to all, simple as was that for King and Country; appealing not to our selfish individualism but to our unselfish and social instincts.

The fellowship of the trenches was genuine because it was based on a common experience, a common service, and a common

loyalty. It was essentially democratic, and not due to personal characteristics to which friendship is normally due. Any movement that had its birth at the front then and acquired this tradition all unconsciously has much in its favour, and if it can transmit it to the younger generation the war will have left a legacy of exactly the kind we need. No service organisation can recruit new members; they are therefore sterile. It is the peculiarity of a peculiarly named society that while it boasts of its birth in Flanders, it recruits gladly and fearlessly from the young—those who were too young to fight. Toc H (originally and less cryptically Talbot House) sets out deliberately to form and maintain a brotherhood as wide as in its Flanders days, to which men of all classes and of every variety of opinion can belong, provided only that they are willing to do their bit and recognize the Christian standard

as the only one under which victory can be achieved. Primarily a residential club, Toc H provides both for residents and non-residents, friendship, sport and all the needs of the herd instinct which are so abundantly met in school and 'Varsity, and so completely ignored in the City. Further, it acts as a University not only by mixing together people of different types and origin and pursuits, but by getting men of reputation and authority to come and speak and debate on all kinds of subjects. Beyond that, again, it assists its members to take such share in the running of boys' clubs, boy scouts, etc., as their leisure permits. It conceives of such social work not as a patronising intrusion into another social sphere, but as the rendering to a brother of a service he requires and has the right to claim.

Those to whom these words are a mystery are invited to come and see. G. S. H.



### Note on the Housing Problem for London Members in Digs.

**N**OTTING HILL has another gallant social adventure under weigh. No. 85, Clarendon Road—a big deserted public-house—has been bought by Miss J. Fry and refitted as a Community Centre, with premises for general refreshment, Men's Club, Boys' Club, work, etc. A keen old member of Toc H, H. G. Quartley, is on the spot as Manager, and the whole prospect is full of promise. There are, moreover, two double bedrooms, for which a brace of friendly

men are needed in each case. The attic room is at 25s. a week each and the lower and larger room at 32s. 6d. each. These prices include all meals except midday. There is, moreover, a common sitting-room, and the Club premises downstairs, when completed. Here is an opportunity for economy and the occasional lending of a hand in the Toc H spirit. Applicants should see Quartley on the spot.



### Answers to Correspondents.

**N**O. You are misinformed. Mark III House does not contain among its categories a resident burglar. Admittedly the sudden arrival in the room of Mr. A. P. Leavey of a sackful of silver cups and medals is suspicious, but he came by them, not through being light-fingered, but light-footed. Three challenge cups in the King's College Sports, together with

three minor editions for keeps, is pretty good going.

He was first in the 100, first in the 220, first in the long jump, second in the half-mile, second in the hurdles, and third in the "cricket-ball." All on May 13th. Felstead, Mark III, and the Medical School have each its share of pride in the performance.

## A Few Words on Lamps.

IT is an undeniable and, indeed, very pleasant fact that no crowd of men since the world began has been able to get through the day's work without ceremony. There is not a single little society trick practised by you and me on a tramcar or in a drawing-room which has not got an ancient and honourable history. When every sensible man wore a dagger up each sleeve and a sword in his belt he could only prove his good intentions by advancing towards you with his sword-hand open and empty, and by actually putting it in your open and empty sword-hand, much as the conjuror rolls up his sleeve, "No deception, ladies and gentlemen; would any member of the audience step up and examine the palm of me 'and.'" And therefore, to this day, one Toc H member greets another by holding out his sword-hand to him and shaking his warmly. When the Roman soldier stepped into the orderly-room he instinctively (so they said, anyway) clapped the back of his hand to his eyes to hide his colonel's unbearable glory, which explains why so many of us spent all our spare time for four years in saluting. In some cases the real Roman reason was quite alive in us—that we couldn't stand the sight of the colonel. And so with taking off your hat to other people's sisters, or writing "Dear Sir" to the man you dislike most; ceremony, with a lost meaning as often as not, runs through every day.

Nearly all ceremonies, as a matter of fact, started in connection with religion. When a man felt specially grateful to God, or terribly afraid of Him, he simply couldn't keep quiet about it. He danced with joy or despair. And so to this very day, in Africa the Wa-Kikuyu gentleman chalks his black face white, and dances the most hair-raising jazz round his altar ever seen; while in Westminster Cathedral every Sunday morning, Englishmen in gold and purple and white, with cross and censer and candle, move backwards and forwards before *their* altar in the most beautiful and the most deep-meaning folk-dance in the history of

mankind. The Greek worshipper danced so well that his neighbours collected on the hillside to watch him, and that is the very beginning of the actor on the stage and the gods in the gallery. The negro slave was so carried away by his camp revival meeting that his legs began to keep time to his wild, sweet, rag-time hymns, and that is how the Fox-trot comes to be danced at Hammer-smith. All the queer things we do are no accidents; they go right back to the childhood of mankind. Even now the world is not nearly grown up enough to do without the outward signs by which men have always expressed joy and fear, pride and humility, challenge and reverence, hate and love. It will be the dreariest, high-brow world if we ever grow up enough to do without them.

Now, if you think about it for two minutes, you will perceive that, beyond such ceremonies as shaking hands, common to all polite Europeans and Americans, or rubbing noses, common to all well-brought-up Melanians, there are special ceremonies peculiar to every special brotherhood of men whatsoever. The Churches of Christendom, Jewry, Mahomet or Buddha, have planted such vast and ancient forests of ceremony that people often get lost in them. But there are a hundred other brotherhoods as well—the Navy, for instance—where men still salute the non-existent Crucifix on the quarterdeck; or the Army, where the R.W.F. still wear the "flash" and the Gloucesters an extra cap badge at the back, where they change guard and troop the colour (surely the most intricate and inexplicable ritual now surviving). And there is Freemasonry, with its extremely elaborate and still obviously religious forms and degrees and jewellery; the Foresters and the Oddfellows and the Royal and Ancient Order of Buffaloes itself. Then there is that wonderful wealth of ritual, all created and endowed with the jolliest imaginative meaning within our own memories, the names and badges and games and cries of the Scouts. You can't get away

from it—when people come closely and often together they develop, partly spontaneously and partly of deliberate purpose, picturesque ways of coming together, of welcoming strangers, of expressing their pleasure in each other's company or their gratitude to those who have done them service. Ceremonies can be not only delightful but really useful. In any case they are inevitable wherever the brotherhood is real and permanent.

And now—what about Toc H? Here is a brotherhood, one of the youngest as yet, younger in history than the Scouts, far younger than the Church or the Freemasons, but as real and, we trust, as lasting a brotherhood as we know. Shall it not have its own outward ways of expressing its inward spirit? Has it not begun, inevitably and quite naturally, to find them already? Already it can't hold a reunion without "making a song about it." And the song is, of course, *Rogerum*. Very likely half our members don't realise that they would never be singing *Rogerum* if Tubby hadn't heard the Queen's Westminsters do it in Flanders—for the origin of ceremonies is apt very soon to be lost sight of. But there it is—part of Toc H for always. And the minute's silence at the Branch meeting—

Which brings us to the title of this devious discourse. When you come to think of it, Toc H has not yet produced even a distinctive badge by which the world may know it and fellow-members each the other. There is the wristlet (which, we gather, some members dislike and do not wear), but even that bears no badge but only a colourless monogram. Bass and the Y.M.C.A. can do better than that, for a red triangle is one of the simplest and yet most distinctive signs, whichever way up you wear it. And what a lot the Scout's fleur-de-lys means, or the Mason's square and compasses, or the Rotary Club's cog-wheel in buttonholes, on watch-chains or on paper! If Toc H must have a sign, what shall it be?

Let us be bold and hazard a suggestion. A *Lamp*. What sort of a lamp, and why? Not a bicycle lamp or a blow-lamp, or even

a duplex-burner highly ornamented standard drawing-room lamp—but just the simplest and most beautiful kind of lamp, the little boat-shaped lamp which the Romans used when they wanted a bottle of Falernian out of the cellar or which Aladdin exchanged in the shop at Bagdad. (Was it Bagdad? Any ex-Mespot member can tell you.) And why a lamp? Clearly one could fill the whole of this number of the paper in dealing with the forty reasons why. The lamp that was lit "like a torch in flame" out yonder by our own best comrades, who

"Falling, flung to those behind—

'Play up, play up, and play the game'—

the lamp that has to be trimmed and kept ready all the time ("your loins girded and your lamps burning"), the serviceable light which Toc H is bidden not to hide under a bushel ("Let your light so shine before men"). And then also Aladdin's lamp\*—"new lamps for old," better lamps to walk by than the duds which led the old world astray; "new worlds for old," to be had, as Aladdin had his dearest wishes, by rubbing up the native lamp within us, polishing our wits, clearing our imagination and our spirit of tarnish. The Lamp passed on by failing hands continually to the young and living, the Lamp of laughter and clear sight, the Lamp not only on the table for our feasts but on the road ahead when we are out on a job of service. The Lamp—but can anyone say why *not* a Lamp?

This is not the opportunity to develop all that the Lamp, in many forms, might mean to Toc H. It wants thinking out, and we shall welcome suggestions from members. There would be the Lamp-Badge of membership—something simple, neat, original—which members could wear at work, and there would be the larger Lamp, actually to be filled and lit, which would be granted to each properly constituted Branch of Toc H, its very charter of existence, standing upon the table before the Chairman (or will he be

\* Moreover, as T. suggests, Toc H exists to put a lamp in a lad.

the "Lamplighter"?) at every Branch supper. Our ceremonies must be very simple but full of meaning. When a new member is admitted to the Branch shall he be asked, for instance, to light the lamp at his first Branch meeting? And the Silence (with which our sermon on Lamps started) might it not be observed, without seeming odd but only rather moving, somehow like this?—

"Supper being finished (or at a suitable point in any other meeting of Toc H), one minute's Silence shall be kept by all present in proud and grateful remembrance of comrades who fell in the Great War. This shall be properly observed as follows: The whole company shall rise, and the Chairman, taking the Lamp in his hand, shall say—

'Those that grow not old.'

The company shall answer—

'We will remember them.'

"The Chairman's setting down the Lamp upon the table shall be the signal that the Silence is over."

Depend upon it, signs and ceremonies will be needed, and will grow among us, for the history of every live society repeats itself. It would be a grand mistake if these things grew in a confused and merely parochial fashion. Many a branch of Toc H will love to have pleasant little ways of its own and ought to have them, but there should be some things universal to us all, recognised in Carlisle, Leicester and Montreal, outward signs of our innermost unity of spirit.

B. B.

### A Home for Cats.

TO one passing a Cats' Home every day, the notice that hundreds of thousands of cats in a certain city had been tended was most fascinating. One pictured a kind of Zoo, a haven where Pussy retired after her wars were over. Finally, one plucked up sufficient courage to ask leave to see round. A courteous lady at once acted as escort to a lethal chamber, of which she spoke with considerable pride. Here stray cats, injured cats and sick cats found speedy release. Even then a particularly jolly looking cat was waiting in a kind of ante-room. A Visitors' Book was shown, in which every satisfaction was expressed by all (cats?) at the admirable arrangements. It may be for the public good, but it was rather a shock to find that the Home was a place of

death, and one shuddered to think of Sophie and Jemima and other old favourites, with their wandering propensities, meeting with such a fate as this. Why should they not stray? I planned a Liberty for Cats Movement, but it is difficult to mobilise cats! Then the question of taking a holiday arose, and what was to be done with Sophie. The boarding of cats in their owners' absence seems quite an expensive process, but I should not like Sophie to wander to a Home. So there can be no Ober-Ammergau this year. That lethal chamber saddened my whole morning, and it was no comfort to be told later by a cynical friend that there were far too many cats in this particular city.

PAT.

### "The Challenge" for the Third Week of July.

THE issue of *The Challenge* for July 21 will be in the form of a Special Young Men's Number, edited by the Chaplains of Toc H, assisted by Pat Armour; and among its articles will be many contributed by the members of its Branches. Please get busy about this adventure within the next few weeks, and book the space your Branch requires

before the end of June. Articles of all sorts and from every viewpoint will be given careful consideration. They should be addressed to the Toc H Editor, *The Challenge*, 123, St. George's Square, S.W.1. This number of *The Challenge* will take the place of the July News-sheet, and will be issued to all who have paid their Subscriptions.

## A Call to Youth.

SIR J. M. BARRIE'S RECTORIAL ADDRESS.

SIR J. M. BARRIE delivered a challenging and characteristically charming address to the students of St. Andrews, upon his installation as Rector of the University on Wednesday. His theme was a call to Youth to "demand a fighting partner's share" in national decisions. Earl Haig was installed as Chancellor.

"My own theme is courage, as you should use it in the great fight that seems to be coming between youth and their betters; by youth meaning, of course, you, and by your betters, us. I want you to take up the position that youth have for too long left exclusively in our hands the decisions in national matters that are more vital to them than to us. Things about the next war, for instance, and why the last one ever had a beginning; the time has arrived for youth to demand a partnership. Your betters had no share in the immediate cause of the war, but for fifty years or so we heeded not the rumblings of the distant drum and, when war did come, we told youth, who had to get us out of it, tall tales of what it really is, and the clover beds it would lead to. We were not meaning to deceive, but that does not acquit us of stupidity and jealousy, the two black spots in human nature which, more than love of money, are at the root of all evil. If you prefer to leave things as they are, we should probably fail you again. Don't be too sure that we have learned our lesson and are not at this very moment doddering down some brimstone path.

"Your betters have done a big thing. We have taken spring out of the year. And having done that, our leading people are amazed to find that the other seasons are not conducting themselves as usual. The spring of the year lies buried in the fields of Flanders and elsewhere. By the time the next eruption comes, it may be you who are responsible for it, and your sons who are in the lava. All perhaps because this year you let things slide.

"Look around and see how much share youth has now that the war is over. You got a handsome share while it lasted. I expect we shall beat you, unless your fortitude be doubly girded by a desire to send a message of cheer to your brothers who fell. They want to know if you have learned from what befell them; if you have they will be braced in the feeling that they did not die in vain. Some of them think they did. They won't take our word for it that they didn't. You are their living image; they knew you could not lie to them, but they distrust our flattery and our cunning faces. They call to you to find out in time the truth about this great game, which your elders play for stakes and youth for its life."

The League of Nations was a very fine thing, said Sir James, but it could not save youth because it would be run by youth's betters and youth must beware of its betters bringing presents. What was wanted was something run by youth, and he suggested a League of Youth as a great practical beginning.

"You will have to work harder than ever," Sir James proceeded. "Doubtless the Almighty could have provided us better fun than hard work, but I don't know what it is. To be born poor is probably the next best thing. The greatest glory that has ever come to me was to be swallowed up in London, not knowing a soul, with no means of subsistence, and the fun of working till the stars went out. To have known anyone would have spoiled it. I didn't even quite know the language. I rang for my boots and they thought I said a glass of water, so I drank the water and worked on. There was no food in the cupboard, so I didn't need to waste time in eating. Oh, to be a free-lance of journalism again—that darling jade. . . ."

[Mr. A. A. Milne has promised to inform McConnachie that Toc H is IT.]

## An Echo from New York.

*Reprinted from THE CHURCHMAN, New York, March 25.*

### THE PROGRAMME OF THE "TOC H" MOVEMENT

*To Conquer Hate.*

TO get a purchase on the gospel of "Toc H" you must go right back in your memory to the bitter fighting around the Chateau of Hooge, due east of Ypres, in July, 1915. There, on July 30, a devilment, meant to succeed where the gas had only just failed three months before, was suddenly launched upon the Allies. This was liquid fire, and it fell for the first time in the early dawn of July 30 on a battalion of the old English Rifle Brigade, who found themselves a few moments later standing in a bath of flame. A whole company perished in the next ten minutes, and among them such young leaders as Billy Grenfell and Keith Rae, who already stood for much that was better than war, and were leaders of the first calibre at Balliol College, Oxford. In the afternoon, a futile counter-attack was made, and in the forlorn endeavour there fell a youngster whose life might have meant even more to the world of to-day and to-morrow. His name was Gilbert Talbot, of Christchurch, Oxford; the youngest and most brilliant son of the Bishop of Winchester. A week later his body was recovered by his brother, now Bishop of Pretoria, who crawled out between the lines to find it. Later, Gilbert was given burial in Sanctuary Wood, the most pitiful parody of a wood or a sanctuary in Europe. Soon after the grave vanished, and the ground resembled nothing so much as the surface of the moon under a strong telescope.

It had been Gilbert's ambition to be a great Christian statesman, a product none too common in Europe; and he was already well-equipped for the task. Both Balfour and Lloyd George knew him, and loved his early promise. By now he would have been on the threshold of the British Cabinet.

SOME months later, in December, 1915, a house bearing his name was opened in Poperinghe, the little border town which served the feverish life of the devoted troops who held the Ypres salient at an average wastage (offensives apart) of 230 a day for four years. The Rev. P. B. Clayton, a chaplain of the Sixth Imperial Division, was detached from his brigade and given the quaint parish of Poperinghe-cum-Ypres, with Talbot House as his headquarters. From the day of its opening until the end of the war, the house and its chaplain stood as almost the sole permanencies amid the moving tide of war, which receded in 1917 towards Paschendaele, and in the spring of 1918 flooded back overwhelmingly to the very outskirts of Poperinghe; until in the autumn it turned finally eastward; and Americans, British, French, and Belgians broke the doomed semi-circle of Ypres forever.

Through all these vicissitudes Talbot House (called then and since then "Toc H," an abbreviation which any signaller will explain to you) grew in fame and influence until it became a household word along the Allied line. It was not a Y.M.C.A., but an entirely peculiar growth concerned confessedly with two ideals; the reconciliation of man with God and no less of man with his fellow man.

Over the door ran a motto, which the lesser and more self-assertive Red Tabs looked askance at, but which the highest understood and gladly obeyed: "ALL RANK ABANDON YE WHO ENTER HERE." Under its ægis strange things happened; and the English yokel, the "Aussie," the "Cannuck," the "Doughboy" and the officers in high command made friends. Lord Cavan (now vice-president of "Toc H"), who was then in command of the Corps area, loved the house and its spirit; and a young Grenadier officer on his staff—the Prince of Wales—then began the friendship for it which makes him the patron of "Toc H" to-day. Within its ever-open doors, more than half a million officers and men found better things to think of than the war without; and in its Upper Room (an old hoploft) more than one hundred thousand worshipped, including in 1918 not a few of the American troops, whose arrival turned the then most desperate tide that broke against the range of flanking hills.

SO much—perhaps too much—for the past. For the glory of the achievement since is, to the discerning eye, far greater. After the armistice, the surviving fellowship of "Toc H," a family only some 5,000 strong, was drawn by a common compulsion of ideals into the outset of a great and permanent task. It declined all thought of becoming merely a veteran's organisation, and set itself to interpret what it had learned, and to build anew. For three years since, "Toc H" has grown, and grown more rapidly and more deeply in the stubborn clay of England than any other unselfish thing. Beginning with scarcely 100 dollars, it has now raised and spent more than 100,000 dollars. It has beyond this, certain endowed chaplaincies, that guarantee its permanence for centuries to come. It has raised its money not by great drives, but by the sacrifice of members and families to whom its work is sacred. It has spent it, not in propaganda, but on the opening of certain houses in London, Manchester, and Leicester, which focus in those cities the peculiar work with which it holds itself entrusted by "the spirits of just men made perfect." Its membership has doubled in the past eighteen months, in spite (or perhaps because) of the fact that a careful selection among the candidates is made. It has now no less than seventy

branches in the larger English cities and townships, sixty-three similar groups in the leading schools and universities, with a recruitment no less significant among the younger men in offices, mills, and factories. Those who know England best will realise most deeply the significance of this drawing together of youngsters hitherto alienated in sympathy and understanding by every prejudice of caste and inherited conviction. "Toc H" has roots down under, to have done so much already.

But what is it that it does? What is its programme? Its method? Its inspiration? There are four books in sequence which will tell you in full detail, and it is rather difficult to summarise. It will perhaps be simplest to go on board one of its houses, of which there are already three in London alone, and inspect its working. First the house is purchased or given outright. This is essential, if it is to serve its purpose, and be able to pick its crew and clientele from every class, and undersell, where need be, the dingiest and most disastrous lodgings. These houses breathe a Christian atmosphere, but it is not that of conventional Christianity. They stand not merely to serve the conveniences of the individual, but to enlist him in the service of his fellows. Each house is run by a carefully selected group of resident members, twenty in number, in each case, who work as a picked team and hold the house in trusteeship for the work in the area it covers, and for the big diversity of visiting membership as a whole. The houses are on the big side; well but simply equipped, and full at every turn of things that make you think. In each, beyond the twenty beds for the team, there are spare rooms for members coming and going on their lawful occasions.

THE team which runs a house is selected on a scale which, while elastic, conforms in outline to the following plan:

*First Group.*—Seniors. Ages 25-35.

A lawyer, a doctor, a business man, an actor.

*Second Group.*—Intermediates. Ages 20-25.

For fellows on the lower rungs of the business ladder. Bank officers, clerks, assistant secretaries, junior civil servants, etc.

*Third Group.*—Students. Ages 19 and upwards, e.g.—

A theologian, a medical, an art, and an engineering student.

*Fourth Group.*—Industrial. Ages 19 and upwards, e.g.—

A type-setter, a railroad man, a store-hand, a mechanic.

*Fifth Group.*—Called in "Toc H" "the nursery." Ages 16-19.

For youngsters, lately from school, and beginning life as apprentices at various trades and callings.

This is not an adumbration of what might be. It is a statement of what is already in being in several big cities, and in the first houses in London has stood the test of two years' work.

But what is the work and how is it performed? First, for the internal life of the team:

Each house has a Warden, a Deputy Warden, a Secretary. All these positions are honorary. The Warden is appointed by the executive of "Toc H." He appoints his own deputy; the Secretary is elected by the team.

The house, once purchased and furnished, pays its own way; the members of the team contribute their weekly quota on a sliding scale in accordance with their earnings. They receive the same food, but the seniors have their own rooms, and "the nursery" a floor to itself. Every room is identified with the Christian name or surname of a man whose example is thus commemorated, e.g., the "Cecil Spring-Rice Room"; the "W. G. C. Gladstone Room," or more simply, "Basil's Room," "Henry's Room"; or again "The Rifle Brigade Club Room," "The Green Howards' Room," etc. These rooms have each their character and significance illustrated by the pictures, the letters, the books from which those now using them learn that the real need of a war-broken world is not merely money reparations, but more good men.

EVERY house has its chapel, and every group of houses its visiting or resident chaplain. So far in England, all these are Anglican, as is the great majority of the membership. Plainly "Toc H" must steer a straight course, on an even keel, over this troubled sea of denominational differences. *Regio, religio*, is the rule it contemplates; for it would be obviously wrong to have other than a Presbyterian chaplain in Glasgow, where its house will soon be open. But to play for safety by having no chaplain at all would be for the Christian Church once more to delegate in despair to secularisation a Movement essentially spiritual and a task it has too long neglected. Organised religion has only itself to thank, if those in the young prime of life are alienated from its sympathies; it must henceforth set aside men, and its best men too, to specialise on such tasks as these, and to be free from the enslaving necessity of filling superabundant Churches with tepid half-believers. The Christianity of the Gospels was mainly a Young Men's Movement, because its Founder set Himself to win not merely discipleship, but apostleship from among such as these. John, the student, would never have met Matthew, the civil-servant; or Peter, the fisherman, had not He brought them together. Even then they would not have learned to work in harness, had He not taught them that nothing less than their transcendent unity could illustrate and set forward the Brotherhood which He chose as the living shrine of His Spirit and teaching. Is it incredible that the most Christlike men of the war would prefer the growth of such a Brotherhood as that of "Toc H" to the unveiling of many cenotaphs? The only true corollary to the common empty tomb is the full life in common among those upon whom is fallen the mantle of their will for a new spirit between man and man.

Let us turn back to the details which practical minds require. The houses are staffed by one paid man and his wife, with what adventitious

outside help may be required in the wielding of brooms and the making of beds. The team does a good deal for itself, as indeed it should learn to do, for it is merely relaxing for youngsters to have no home duties whatever. They will be more careful of their clothes if they learn to keep them tidy, and of their rooms if they learn to take a pride in them. They will like their guests better if they wait on them; and their meals if they sometimes cook them, their place of prayer if they allow no paid hand to do what their shy reverence would like to see done.

INCIDENTALLY, they have no Sunday services in "Toc H," which thus avoids competition with Church and Chapel, but the group instinct is in favour of going to family prayers each night, taken by one of themselves, and for those who wish there is a week-day celebration in every house, which becomes a corporate act at the heart of family life, not the detached and isolated individualism of a set pilgrimage to some adjoining steeple. But it is week-day religion only that "Toc H" attempts to minister, for it is the contact between religion and life that "Toc H" is out to amend. As for exhortation, it is rarely ventured upon, since the fourth of the "Toc H" laws (known as the Four Points of the Compass) demands that members should "spread the Gospel without preaching it." Here we are back again at the Christian aspect of all this, but it penetrates the whole instinct of "Toc H" so naturally that we must be forgiven; and, after all, the trouble (as most men see it) is not that there is "too much religion" in a thing, though they may phrase their objection thus. What they mean is that too little happens as the result and fruit of the religious dynamic. The bystander, whose opinion the disciple is continually bidden to respect, is concerned gruffly and crudely to see and measure the worth of our principles by their products.

What then does one of these houses produce? At its least, it solves the problem of existence in big cities for successive groups of men. It holds their interest; it inspires their allegiance; it renders them useful, and involves them in a tradition which sets service above pleasure. Each resident is bound to give (apart from times of especial stress at his own work) one evening a week to the guest-night of his house, and one future evening to some form of service which "Toc H" is pledged to supply with personnel. Beyond this again, if the right groups are chosen (and the field of choice is practically as big as the lodgings-population of the city concerned), a nucleus is formed with real powers of attraction in a great variety of directions. Each member is not merely representative of an absentee body; he is a live contact whereby others in that body are enlisted into service and fellowship; the two watchwords of "Toc H." Note the order: real fellowship is the fruit of a united effort at service. The cry of the International Labour Movement is, "Workers unite!" There is at least this to be said for it. *Only workers can unite.* No fellowship can long

survive as a fellowship; fellowship is the fruit of a constant and common endeavour to some great end, unattainable by any one group without the equal effort of all. Men that are men can only learn each others' worth by linking hands uphill.

WHEN, therefore, "Toc H" would teach men to love more widely than within the rut of their caste or class, it does not tell them to do so. This would be fatuous. It sets a goal to be achieved which will bring the combination naturally about. This goal is, in many varied forms, the welfare of the young. The significance of the name of Gilbert Talbot is to "Toc H" the fact—so often now obscured—that the real loss of the war was not merely financial. It is that the world is desperately short of leadership, of prophecy, of vision. There are not left enough good men to go round. Therefore, those that are average must at least bestir themselves, and see that the poorest materials of good manhood are made the most of. To do this, we must act not with sentiment only, but with understanding also. The days of patronage are fortunately over, even in England, on which it seemed that the sun of privilege was never to set. "Toc H," therefore, establishes no settlements. It creates a series of amusing and instructive human "zoos," and he who enters as a visitor becomes at once an enriching item in a jocund menagerie of men. The contagion of service affects him. He finds himself for the first time carried off to dish out buns and benevolence at a Boys' Club, in a place where taxis are unknown commodities. He sits far into the night, picking up crumbs of new learning concerning other people's business, or threads of thought from the aftermath of some unlooked for argument. He shares a bedroom for the first time in his life with a chauffeur or an actor, and falls asleep (a difficult thing to do) over his first perusal of *Scouting for Boys*. Here is a new world, a strange adventure, an attempt at what the greatest of American philosophers predicted was most needed: "A Christianity which provides the moral equivalent of war."

America (or rather some few citizens thereof) is being asked to help this thing substantially. At the same time, certain leading schools and universities in the States are being asked to take an even more direct and personal interest in it; in other words, to form groups of "Toc H" which, developing on their own lines, can work towards the same ends. Of course, conditions are dissimilar; but at least certain items in the programme of "Toc H" are needed here as there. It would be good news indeed that we could find it in us to help so spiritual a thing, in the midst of the many necessities thrust upon us daily. It would be the greatest help of all that we should, among our own younger men, find those to whom the story of "Toc H" is as a fragment of the living Gospel.

For the wonderful developments in North America, see the "Summer Situation," which may be obtained from the Registrar, "Toc H," 123, St. George's Square, London, S.W.1.

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||  
THE PROGRAM OF THE "TOC H" MOVEMENT IN CANADA

"ONE OF THE BEST THINGS THAT HAS COME OUT OF THE WAR"

says the Prince of Wales.

CANADIAN DIRECTOR, MAJOR F. B. EDWARDS.

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To obtain a full understanding of the Toc H Movement it is necessary to go back to that period of the Great War when the fighting in the Ypres Salient was of an intensely bitter character. This was in July, 1915. At this time liquid fire was used for the first time, and in the consequent counter-attack a young man named Gilbert Talbot of Christ Church, Oxford, was killed, together with some of the best young life of Great Britain. Talbot was the brilliant son of the Bishop of Winchester, and was marked down by thinking people as a future Prime Minister. He was the personal friend of both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George. He had tremendous Christian ambitions in the sphere of Politics and Statesmanship. His loss, together with thousands of other young leaders was felt in the deepest way, and it was significant that from then on thinking people stopped computing the loss of war in materials, and began to realize the irreparable loss that was taking place in the way of future leaders of men.

These losses have their counterpart in Canada in Guy Drummond, Talbot Papineau and hundreds of others.

Some months later the officers of the 6th British Division decided to establish in Poperinghe - a town behind the Ypres Salient--a Rest House for Soldiers, of which the Rev. P. B. Clayton, M. C., became Chaplain. In memory of the brilliant young man already referred to, the hostel was called Talbot House, which name the allied signallers abbreviated to Toc H. The explanation is this: to avoid dangerous confusions between letters having similar sounds spoken over the telephone or telegraphed in military operations such letters were given names, such as Ack for A; Beer for B; Don for D; and Toc for T. Thus Talbot House = T.H. and T.H. = Toc H in the language of the signaller.

Through all the vicissitudes of war, Toc H became a household word along the Allied line. It concerned itself confessedly with the reconciliation of Man with God, and no less of man with his fellowman. Over the door was written a motto -- misquoted from Dante

"All rank abandon ye who enter here".

Under it's aegis, soldiers of all ranks, serving under the Allied flags, were welcome. Thousands of Canadians shared the hospitality of Talbot House in Poperinghe, and learned to love it.

So much for the past. The glory since achieved by Toc H, is, to the discerning eye, far greater. For after the Armistice, the surviving fellowship of Toc H - a family of only 5000 strong -- was drawn by a compulsion of common ideals into the performance of a great and permanent task. It declined all thought of becoming merely a Veterans' organization, and

set itself to interpret what it had learned and to build anew. For two years Toc H has grown, and grown more rapidly and more deeply in the stubborn clay of England than any other unselfish thing. Beginning with scarcely 100 dollars it has now raised and spent more than 150,000 dollars. It has beyond this, certain endowed Chaplaincies that guarantee its permanence for centuries to come. It has raised its money, not by great drives, but by the sacrifice of members and families to whom its work is sacred. It has spent it, not in propaganda, but on the opening of certain Houses in London, Manchester and Leicester, which focus in those cities the peculiar work with which it holds itself entrusted by the spirit of just men made perfect. Its membership has doubled in the last eighteen months in spite of the fact that a careful selection among the candidates is made. It has now no less than seventy Branches in the larger English cities and townships, sixty-three similar groups in all the leading Schools and Universities; with a recruitment no less significant among the younger men in offices, mills and factories. Those who know England best will realize most deeply the significance of this drawing together of youngsters hitherto alienated in sympathy and understanding by every prejudice of caste and inherited conviction.

One of the Prince of Wales last acts before leaving England, October 24th, 1921, was to write a letter to Lord Salisbury in which he stated how strongly the Toc H Movement appealed to him "as a living and growing memorial of so many of our friends" -- the glorious dead. He also says that the

work must go forward at all costs in order to carry on the work that they longed to do. These two sentences explain on broad lines how the present Toc H began and what it hopes to accomplish. It aims first at forming rallying centres all over Canada for the hundreds of young men who each year leave the schools, colleges and universities to enter upon the business of life, generally in some big town away from their homes. The standard which it holds up as their inspiration is: the spirit of mutual service, self-sacrifice and courage that was revealed in our magnificent countrymen during the years of the War. We have called the Movement fortunate because of the calibre of the men by whom it is guided and because of the wonderful progress which it has already made. There are even branches in Australia and India and several active branches already operating in Canada.

Some five months ago the Reverend P. B. Clayton, M.C., M.A., was invited by his Excellency, Lord Byng of Vimy, Governor-General of Canada, to visit the Dominion and deliver the message of Toc H. He has been very successful in doing so, he then visited New York in order to discover whether the Toc H Movement could be adapted to conditions existent in the U. S. A. His mission to New York has been successful in as much as certain influential thinking people, seeing at once the tremendous possibilities of the Movement, subscribed to aid it in Great Britain a sum sufficient to endow a Toc H Chaplaincy in England and also a contribution towards the purchase of the free hold of a Memorial House in Southampton. From now on we are chiefly concerned in forming active groups

in the chief centres of Canada. Groups have already been formed in Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver. There are, of course, in Canada a number of organizations which exist for similar admirat<sup>le</sup> purposes beneficent to society and the common weal, but their work lies along different lines to that of the war-born Toc H.

The following statements of the aims and methods of Toc H is given to make the matter clearer.

(1) To open a series of self-supporting branches throughout the country for the fostering of a new spirit between man and man. These branches develop their own life and line of work in accordance with the chief need of their locality. Their task is not to compete with existing organizations, but to supplement and re-enforce them. The members meet for a monthly supper and discussion, exhibiting by the diversity of their origin, occupation and outlook, a spirit of reconciliation between the classes.

(2) To establish a headquarters club, and open houses in each great city, whence the elder may serve the younger and the friendly the lonely. Also to make possible a headquarters staff which can be at the service of the Movement as a whole, especially devoting its energies to the establishment of mutual respect and understanding between the student and the school boy on the one hand, and the young wage earner and the industrial worker on the other.

(3) To bring the expert to the group, to hear him and to ask him questions. To listen hospitably and humbly TO EVERY MAN'S STORY, and to help the truth to prevail.

The representative group thus educates itself and also what public opinion it can influence, with the object always in view that the spirit of class war be exorcised from society under the redemptive influence of the common sacrifices made in the war.

Members are pledged:-

- (a) To a wide human interest in the lives and needs of their fellows.
- (b) To the study of local conditions, civic, social and religious -- and to seek in all things the mind of Christ.
- (c) To mitigate by habit of mind and word and deed the evils of class consciousness.
- (d) To be responsible for the welcome and well-being of all those commended to their friendship.
- (e) To spread the gospel without preaching.

The group, once formed in any centre, must not go ahead and establish a house until such time as they are perfectly confident that among their members they are able to pick a crew who are willing to give their time in the service of their fellows and become the selected group of resident members. For no branch of Toc H must exist solely because it has a plant. The house must be acquired because of the clearly defined needs in the community in which the group is working. Each house is run by a carefully selected group of resident members, 20 in number in each case, who work as a picked team and hold the house in trusteeship for the work in the area it covers, and for the big diversity of visiting membership as a whole. The house chosen, must be on the big side -- well, but simply equipped -- and full, at every turn, of things that

make you think. In each, beyond the 20 beds for the resident members, there are a few spare rooms for members coming and going on their lawful occasions.

The team which runs a House is selected on a scale, which, while elastic, conforms in outline to the following plan:

First group: Seniors - ages 25 - 35 usually comprise a lawyer, a doctor, a business man, an actor or journalist.

Second group: Intermediates - ages 20 - 25: Four men chosen from the minor grades of business life - bank officers, clerks, assistant secretaries, etc.

Third group: Students - 19 and upwards. A theological student, a medical student, an art student and an engineering student.

Fourth group: Industrial - 19 and upwards: A type-setter, a railroad man, a storehand, a mechanic.

Fifth group: (called in Toc H "The Nursery": ages 16 - 19. Four youngsters, lately from School and beginning life as apprentices at various trades and callings.

This is not a statement of what might be. It is a statement of what is already in being in several big cities and which in the first Houses in London and other places has stood the test of two years' work.

But what is the work, and how is it performed?

ORGANIZATION: Each House has a Warden, a Deputy Warden and a Secretary. All these positions are honorary. The Warden is appointed by the Headquarters Executive of Toc H. He appoints his own Deputy. The Secretary is elected by

the resident team.

PAYMENT AND ACCOMMODATION: The House once purchased and furnished, pays its own way. It is very essential to procure the freehold of a House, the purchase price being subscribed in the first instance by people interested in the Movement, and who are sufficiently wealthy. The members of the team contribute their weekly quota on a sliding scale in accordance with their earnings. They receive the same food, but the seniors have their own rooms, and "The Nursery," a floor to itself. Every room is identified with the Christian name or surname of a man whose example is thus commemorated. These rooms have each their character and significance illustrated by the pictures, the letters, the books from which those now using them learn that the greatest need of a war-broken world is not merely money reparations, but more good men.

CHAPEL AND CHAPLAIN: Every House has its Chapel, and every group of Houses its visiting or resident Chaplain. A Chaplain of Toc H is a Clergyman specially selected by reason of his qualifications as a spiritual force, and as a social service worker, taken from his parochial responsibilities and work, and thereafter employed as an expert by Toc H.

The Parish Clergyman deals with the family.

The Toc H Chaplain specially deals with the individual.

Plainly Toc H must steer a straight course on an even keel, over the troubled sea of denominational differences.

"Regio religio" is the rule it contemplates: for it would be obviously wrong to have other than a Presbyterian Chaplain in Glasgow, where a House is now open. But to play for safety by

having no Chaplain at all would be for the Christian Church once more to delegate to secularization a movement essentially spiritual, and a task it has too long neglected. Organized religion has only itself to thank, if those in the young prime of life are alienated from its sympathies; it must henceforth set aside men and its best men too, to specialize on such tasks as these, and to be free from the enslaving necessity of fitting superabundant Churches with tepid half-believers.

Let us turn back to the details which practical minds require. The Houses are staffed by one paid man and his wife, with what outside help may be required for cleaning purposes. The team does a good deal for itself, as indeed it should learn to do, for it is merely relaxing for youngsters to have no home duties whatever. They will be more careful of their clothes, if they learn to keep them tidy, and of their rooms if they learn to take a pride in them. They will like their guests better if they wait on them; their meals if they sometimes cook them, and their place of prayer, if they allow no paid hand to do what their shy reverence would like to see done. Incidentally, they have no Sunday services in Toc H, which thus avoids competition with Church and Chapel, but the group instinct is in favor of going to family prayers each night, taken by one of themselves and for those who wish, there is a week-day Celebration in every House, which becomes a corporate act at the heart of family life, not the detached and isolated individualism of a set pilgrimage to some adjoining church; but it is week-day religion only that Toc H attempts to minister, for it is the contact between religion and life that Toc H is

out to amend. As for exhortation, it is rarely ventured upon, since one of the Toc H laws (known as the Four points of the Compass -- which have been enumerated above) demands that we should "spread the Gospel without preaching it." Here we are back again at the Christian aspect of all this: but it penetrates the whole instinct of Toc H so naturally that we must be forgiven.

All candidates for membership in Toc H must be proposed and seconded and submit to one month's probation. Membership, therefore, is a vital and not a nominal thing, and the elected member is pledged to a practice of the principles involved, much as at an earlier stage the Boy Scouts are bound by their great positive and practical code of ideals.

The membership fee to be determined by the headquarters' Executive. Branches meet twice a month, once for private meeting and once for a meeting at which guests are present. At each meeting, if possible, there is a meal of a simple kind, and after it, in all branches of Toc H, members stand for a moment's silence to remember those whose work it is their task to fulfil. In private business, the social service correspondent brings forward various items of work forwarded to him by outside bodies and asks for volunteers to undertake it. These jobs are volunteered for by individuals or by groups, whichever is most fitted to perform them. The rule here is based on the reply, - "Silver and gold have we none, but such as we have, i. e., personal service, we are ready to render."

At public business various games have been invented with the object of bringing into play the principles for which

Toc H stands, viz. a game called "Other People's Business", in which a member or a guest, whether he be a doctor, a policeman, street car conductor, or whatever his calling, is asked to give some account of his work, his view-point and conditions of his life and calling, especially in its relation to the outside world. These discussions are entirely informal, and of the utmost value as a study circle with a human document. The questions which come from all quarters, and the answers they elicit are most stimulating at an age when it is very easy for the mind to narrow, rather than to expand.

Once these Houses are opened they become self-supporting through the payments of the twenty resident members and those others who are temporarily accommodated in the spare guest rooms. Beyond the caretaker and a small domestic staff, there are no paid officers in the House, the Warden, his Deputy and the Secretary being all chosen from the team, as already outlined. The accounts of each House are submitted to the Finance Committee of the area concerned at regular intervals, and it has been found even possible while competing with the humblest lodging to lay aside steadily for depreciation and repair.

Toc H, even as thus outlined, is obviously an extremely interesting social development. It has been provided with a unique dynamic, and its methods are distinct from any others. It does not exist in any competition whatever with organizations already established, for it is plain that both from its principles and from the experience of its workers, that it supplements and re-enforces them with personnel. Its permanence is guaranteed:

Firstly: by the soundness of its financial system by which it is all the time establishing not another charity but a concern that is entirely self-supporting, with the single exception of the provision of the House in the first place. Secondly: by its unique method of recruitment from schools and industries. Its school branches should forward each year to the Headquarters' Executive of Toc H lists of boys leaving school, with notes as to their aptitude and inclination for social service in the area to which they go. The problem of these boys leaving school has now reached very large dimensions, hundreds being drafted annually into the cities to begin their careers, generally away from their homes.

Naturally and rightly, whatever developments analogous to Toc H now take place in Canada, they must be free to meet the very different conditions which must be faced here, especially in the matter of class distinction, to which Toc H in the Old Country partly addresses its activities. This does not mean, however, that the work is not needed here. For in its other phases, such as the shortage of Scout Masters, this in many places is largely due to the lack of such an incentive as this. Then, the national service rendered by the Y.M.C.A. in Canada is on an infinitely larger scale than has been possible in England, but here again there is no reason to believe that Toc H would in any way compete, as its object is not so much to deal with masses as to inspire individuals with the idea of leadership and service. Also, it is an admitted need that interest in public affairs among the younger generation should be greatly encouraged, a point sketched by Sir John

Willison of Toronto and representative men in New York and Philadelphia. Therefore, Toc H has actually come into being without the slightest artificiality.

What then does one of these Houses produce? At its least, it solves the problem of existence in big cities for successive groups of men. It holds their interest: it inspires their allegiance: it renders them useful, and involves them in a tradition which sets service above pleasure. Each resident is bound to give (apart from times of especial stress at his own work) one evening a week to the guest-night of his House, and one future evening to some form of service which Toc H is pledged to supply with personnel. Beyond this again, if the right groups are chosen, a nucleus is formed with real powers of attraction in a great variety of directions. Each member is not merely representative of an absentee body; he is a contact whereby others in that body are enlisted into service and fellowship.

Toc H would teach men to live more widely than within the rut of their own caste or class. It does not tell them to do so; this would be fatuous. It sets a goal to be achieved. The real loss of the war was not really financial. It is that the world is desperately short of good men and leaders; therefore, those that are average must bestir themselves and see that the poorest materials of good manhood are made the most of. To do this, we must not act through sentiment only, but with understanding also. The days of patronage are fortunately over, even in England it is so, and it seemed there that the Sun of Privilege would never set.

There is <sup>a</sup> desperate shortage of young men to interest themselves in Boys' Clubs, Scouts and all branches of Social Service, these are becoming starved for the want of workers and money. Little snobs leaving schools learn to call other people cads at sight; class prejudice starting up among youngsters of both sides. The mission of Toc H is to produce recruits who are getting over the social or anti-social measles and consequently have become fit to rub shoulders with the young industrials and to carry forward the building-up of a movement which came into being at a time when these prejudices were temporarily forgotten.

Toc H is the only living legacy which comes to the post-war world out of the heart of the Great Tragedy. By joining it you stand united with others of your generation, perhaps humbler in circumstances, at the heart of an immense opportunity. Toc H is in brief, a big Christian Club for the teaching of Fellowship and Service.

He who enters Toc H as a visitor becomes at once an enriching item in it. The contagion of service affects him. He finds himself for the first time carried off to assist in the activities in a Boys' Club, in a place where taxi's are unknown commodities. He sits far into the night, picking up crumbs of new learning concerning other people's business, or threads of thought from the aftermath of some unlooked for argument. He shares a bedroom for the first time in his life with some one whose lot in life is less fortunate than his own and perhaps falls asleep over his first perusal of "Scouting for Boys." Here in a new world, is a strange adventure, an

attempt at what the greatest of American philosophers predicted was most needed:" A Christianity which provides the moral equivalent of War."

An earnest appeal is made to the people of Canada to give their serious consideration with regard to the support of this eminently human movement which is doing for the Government work of a kind which the Government is powerless to do for itself. It gives neither doles nor work, but what is far better, personal service and a sense of brotherhood. To help it along is to help the whole body politic and to fortify it in some measure against the most deadly disease with which the country is at present threatened - that being the devastating fever of suicidal strife between its members; in fact, class war. The whole movement commemorates in perpetuity the great acts of unselfishness that were made by our countrymen in the Great War.

"To you, with falling hands, we throw  
The torch: 'Tis yours to hold it high.  
If you break faith with those who die,  
We shall not rest, though poppies grow  
In Flanders' fields."

A most important thing which Toc H is doing in England and which makes a strong appeal to boys is that of taking parties of 50 or so boys made up from those attending public schools, grammar schools, secondary schools, and industrial life, across the Channel to France and Belgium to visit the scene of the battle-fields on the Western Front and also to other points of interest on the Continent.

This year it has been arranged that a party goes to Oberammergau to see the Passion Play. These parties are always

in charge of Senior members of Toc H whose duty it is to safeguard the boys and show them everything of interest.

It is proposed to develop this plan in conjunction with Toc H in Canada.

In the first place: to establish communication by letter writing between School boys in Canada and School boys in England; for instance, boys at Upper Canada College, Lennoxville, Trinity College, St. Andrews, Ridley and Appleby, etc. will be writing to boys in England at Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Uppingham, Cheltenham, St. Pauls, Dulwich, etc.

The next step is to be an arrangement whereby a group of Canadian School boys would go each year to Europe in the Summer months to visit the English Universities and Schools and the Continent, and to be the guests of Toc H in England.

This sort of adventure would be an education in itself.

These boys will have been chosen because they are destined to become leaders in their own Country, in any one of the professions, in the Church, in the world of art, politics, finance, or labor.

Surely the result will be a far clearer and better international understanding in the future, arising out of the bonds of friendship started in boyhood by the leaders of both countries.

July 7th, 1924.

Rev. P. B. Clayton,  
Toc H., 123 St. George's Square,  
London, S.W.1,  
England.

Dear Reverend Clayton:-

I am glad to hear by your  
post card that Toc H is still going strong.

Perhaps you have thought  
that we in Montreal were indifferent to the use-  
fulness of such an institution, but such is not  
the case. We have here a very small English-  
speaking population, who, I believe, are the most  
generous-minded people I have ever met. Our  
hospitals and institutions for the poor receive  
very little support from the Government of this  
province, which is a distinctly French-Canadian  
Government. It also happens that many of the  
patients of the hospitals are French-Canadian and  
that these hospitals receive little or no support  
from that part of the population. I always felt  
that it would be difficult to finance a Toc H  
institution here, in view of what I have already  
said and also in view of the facilities provided  
by the Y.M.C.A., the Knights of Columbus and  
other institutions. However, I wish you all the  
best of luck.

Yours faithfully,

OPPOSITE MARK LANE STATION.

Telephone: AVENUE 2927.

ALL HALLOWS PORCH ROOM,

BYWARD STREET,

LONDON, E.C.3.

From the REV. P. B. CLAYTON,  
*Vicar of All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower,  
Hon. Padre of Toc H.*

27th January.....1925

Vice-Chancellor Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.,  
McGill University,  
MONTREAL.

Dear Sir Arthur Currie,

I have never written to thank you for your wise word about Toc H. in Montreal, sent on the 7th July.

In the accompanying Tour Book you will see that we are not proposing any attempt at going forward with the house in Montreal. The situation there, as you say, is far too complex to be attempted hastily. There are very heartening reports from the Houses in Winnipeg and Toronto which have, of course, an easier racial atmosphere to work in.

We shall, however, I hope be spending a night or so in Montreal on our way to or from Ottawa at the end of March or beginning of April.

Yours sincerely,

*PB Clayton,*

February 13th, 1928.

Rev. P. B. Clayton,  
All Hallows Porch Room,  
Byward Street,  
London, E.C.3, England.

My dear Reverend Clayton:-

of January 27th.

Thank you for your letter

I shall look forward with much  
pleasure to seeing you when you visit Montreal next  
March or April.

With all good wishes, I am,

Yours faithfully,

**DOCKET ENDS:**

TOC H

**DOCKET STARTS:**  
TOMBS, LAURENCE C.

Andy Bury

June 23rd, 1924.

Lawrence Tombs, Esq.,  
C/O. Pickfords Limited,  
55 Great Tower Street,  
London, E.C.

My dear Mr. Tombs:-

I am very much obliged for your note of the 12th and for your very fast action regarding our Delineascope. We are sending over the large pictures but not the small ones and also a number of announcements which will be addressed to you.

Regarding the questions in your note of June 12th, I might give you the following suggestions:

(1) I would not get too much mixed up in proposals for exchange of students. It is, however, possible that we shall be able to arrange for some scholarships, but about all we can do is to point out some of the advantages of McGill. I should like to draw your attention especially to the national character of McGill and our very wide distribution of students.

(2) Regarding the question of present and future relations between the Mother Country and the Dominions, which I see from the Announcement is to be one of the subjects of discussion and to which you refer, I think it would be a fair statement to say that this University has always regarded the Imperial connection as being essential to the well-being of Canada and to the Empire at large. Just how that connection is to be expressed in law or convention must develop naturally as the constitution of the British Empire always has developed. In

other words the formula for reconciling Canadian nationality with Canadian membership in the British Empire must be found and will be found in time.

(3) McGill has never been represented before at an Imperial Conference of students.

It occurs to me that before you finally settle anything which you propose to say regarding student administration, it might be well for you to speak to some of the members of other Unions. You will find that at some of the newer universities the Union is practically equivalent to our Student Society and its Executive to the Students' Council. At Oxford and Cambridge, on the other hand, the Union is primarily a Debating Society and secondarily a Club, in other words it fills the function of the Lit. and the Union House Committee and has nothing whatever to do with student administration. As a matter of fact the Union officers at Oxford and Cambridge are only representative of a very small part of undergraduate opinion, most of which is largely concerned with athletic and is largely voiceless. There is no such thing as an undergraduate body in either Oxford or Cambridge, the undergraduates of each College dealing only with the heads of their own Colleges, except when they get into trouble with the Proctors who are the University Chiefs of Police.

I am just suggesting these points to you so that you may know the ideas of the people to whom you are speaking. Confidentially, you are likely to find that the members of the Union at Oxford and Cambridge consider their institutions much more important than they really are so far as the undergraduates are concerned. I should strongly advise you to get into touch, if possible, with some of the common or garden variety of undergraduate.

With kindest regards and many thanks  
for your quick work. Yours faithfully,

Westmount,  
5 June 1924.

Dear Sir Arthur:-

I should like to thank you very much for being so kind as to give me a letter to The President of the National Union of Students.

It will be a very great honour to represent the students of McGill at this conference, and I shall send you a report of its proceedings.

Yours very sincerely,  
L. B. Tombs.

Sir Arthur W. Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., LL.D.,  
Principal & Vice-Chancellor,  
McGill University.

June 11th, 1924.

Lawrence Tombs, Esq.,  
503 Mount Pleasant Avenue,  
Westmount, Que.

Dear Mr. Tombs:-

On arrival in England will you be good enough to go to the British Empire Exhibition and see that the McGill University exhibit has been properly placed.

If you find this is not the case please make the necessary arrangements through Messrs. Meadows & Company and the Exhibition authorities. You are authorized to expend up to Twenty-five Dollars (\$25.00) in this connection and charge the same to the University.

Yours faithfully,

SECRETARY  
McGill University.

June 11th, 1924.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The Bearer, Mr. Lawrence Tombs,  
is authorized to inspect the exhibit of this University  
at the British Empire Exhibition and to make any  
arrangements with shippers or the Exhibition authorities  
regarding the placing of same.

SECRETARY  
McGill University.

Copy to Col. Wilfrid Bovey.

8 New College Lane,  
Oxford,  
18 Feb. 1925.

Dear Mr. Stairs:-

Ever since I read the announcement of the 1925 award of the Rhodes Scholarship for the Province of Quebec I have thought of writing you to express my great surprise and disappointment. The award--so far as I have been able to ascertain--has astonished professors, recent graduates, and all undergraduates. In fact when I read the news in the "Times" I was inclined to believe it an erroneous dispatch.

I know most of the candidates quite intimately and feel certain that there were among them three men of very marked ability--not only in the sense of scholarship but as outstanding men who would make an entirely favourable impression here representing the Province of Quebec. I have heard it said by numerous people--both by word of mouth and by correspondence--that a certain influence was unduly brought to bear. I should have thought that the Selection Committee would not only have considered the question themselves but have weighed carefully the advice of the Principal and Vice-Chancellor, Col. Bovey, members of the Faculty of Arts, and one or two leading undergraduates, as I understand is generally done.

I sincerely trust that more qualifications than one will be considered in the award of the Rhodes Scholarship next year.

I am taking the liberty of sending copies of this letter to Col. Bovey, and Mr. J. M. Macdonell.

I remain,

Mine faithfully,

Arts '24.  
(President, 1923-24.)

Gilbert S. Stairs, Esq., K.C.  
c/o McGill University, Montreal.

8 New Coll.Lane,

Oxon.,

19 Feb./25.

Dear Col.Bovey:-

I was very glad to get your letter of the 2nd. I shall not comment on the Imperial Debating Tour at the moment as we are holding a meeting of the Imperial Committee in two days and I shall write you about the discussion there at the end of this week. I shall bring your letter and Bagnall's with me.

Did you see Mr.McKinnon?? I hope that something is being done about the McGill Exhibit as the time is flying very quickly and I should imagine the Exhibition would open sometime in April. Is there anything you want me to do?? Please let me know. If we cannot get a suitable place in the main section of the Canadian Pavilion, could we find room in the Canadian Pacific or Canadian National buildings which are on either side of "Canada?" This might be difficult.

I am writing to-day to Mr.Tolmie and Mr.McKinnon on behalf of Guy Tombs Ltd., and shall ask about the McGill Exhibit. Also to keep for me the picture of Sir Arthur. The next time I am in London I shall go to Wembley and try to arrange for the distribution of the pictures through the Canadian Pavilion people or Sir G. McLaren Brown.

I am enclosing a copy of a letter I have sent to Mr.G.S. Stairs. Comment <sup>on my part</sup> would be superfluous. I sincerely trust that such an award will never happen again. I hear from many people:::"wire pulling". In my letter to Mr.Stairs I naturally was not in a position to say as much as I should like to have said....

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

*L.B. Tombs.*

Col.Wilfrid Bovey,  
McGill University, Montreal.

*Mark Bovey*

*Copy  
this letter  
out*

March 12th, 1925.

L. C. Tombs, Esq.,  
8 New College Lane,  
Oxford, England.

My dear Tombs:-

Mr. J. M. Macdonnell shewed me a copy of the letter which you addressed to Mr. Stairs on February 18th last and I have before me now the other copy sent to Colonel Bovey.

Tombs, you are on the carpet and you must take a wiggling. You never should have written such a letter. You know I like you and I wouldn't be bothered writing to you if I did not. To intimate that the Rhodes Scholarship Committee were influenced by 'wire pulling' is not 'cricket'. Such a statement should not be made by anyone, much less a McGill graduate whose education should have freed his mind from the jealous suspicions often found in those less favoured.

I know the Rhodes Scholarship Committee very well and I do not believe it possible to get together a group of fairer-minded men in Montreal. I can imagine the wire pulling to which you allude and to intimate that the senior member of the Committee is open to that sort of thing is to ask me to believe something that I know cannot be true. In your letter you suggest that the Committee should weigh carefully the advice of the Principal and Vice-Chancellor. Let me say to you that I never gave any advice to the Rhodes

L.C. Tombs, Esq.,

- 2 -

Committee, nor have they ever asked my advice. I would not favour one candidate over another unless I were a member of the Committee. All I ever do is to certify that the candidate is a fit and proper person to be considered.

You must not forget that at least four members of the Selection Committee are Oxford men, while some of them are Rhodes Scholars. They probably know quite well the character of men who make favourable impressions at Oxford.

I am very sorry you wrote the letter and particularly that you used the name of my position in making your protest.

Let me wish you all success at Oxford. I hope to go across in June and perhaps will have the good fortune to see something of you.

Yours faithfully,

Principal.

THE OLD PARK,  
AXMINSTER,  
DEVON.

23 March 1925.

Dear Sir Arthur:-

I have just received your letter of the 12<sup>th</sup> instant. Please accept my sincere apology for using the name of your position in my letter to Mr. Stairs.

I am afraid, however, that I have not materially changed my views on the subject. Many people, of whom most certainly not more than two could be justly accused of jealousy, have either written me or told me in person what they think or imagine to have had an influence. I fully realise the seriousness of this intimation.

The Rhodes Scholarship Committee have evidently failed to satisfy the comparatively small number of people who take an interest in the award of the Scholarship.

When I have the privilege to see you again I should like to discuss the question with you.

(2)

THE OLD PARK  
AXMINSTER,  
DEVON.

I do hope that the Mc Gill men and woman at Oxford will have the pleasure of meeting you when you are in England in June. The Summer Term closes about June 22.

I only have the year at New College and return home in July to enter my father's business. I have been very fortunate to have had the year abroad.

Mr. Fisher, the new Warden, was talking to me the other day about Montreal, and he spoke in a very appreciative vein of Mc Gill and her Head.

Yours sincerely,

L. B. Tombs.

Sir Arthur W. Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., LL.D.,  
Mc Gill University,  
Montreal.



January 15, 1930

Dear Sir Arthur:-

On the train from Montreal I read the touching memoir of Dr. Etienne Bielez which his Mother gave me to-day.

The reason, above all others, which urges me to go to Geneva is my belief that a European experience will fit me the better to serve my country and my Alma Mater - very dear to me. As the day of my departure approaches, my Canadian ties become especially tender.

I did appreciate your great kindness in receiving me the other day.

Yours sincerely

Lawrence C. Tombs.

*For Daily?*

SOCIÉTÉ DES NATIONS

*Return to Principal*

LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Geneva, February 20th 1932

Dear Sir Arthur,

At the suggestion of Miss Hurlbatt I am sending to you under separate cover some documents in connection with the Disarmament Conference which I hope you will find of interest. Miss Hurlbatt, who looks exceedingly well, has been here a full month. She is very keenly interested in all that is going on in Geneva. The number of McGill graduates in Geneva at the present moment is really impressive. Here they are :

*don't print*

Miss Ethel Hurlbatt, LL.D., '31

Winnifred Kydd, Arts '23, M.A., '24, Canadian Delegate to the Disarmament Conference

Major-General A.G.L. McNaughton, Sci. '10, M.Sc. '12, LL.D., '21, Technical Adviser to the Canadian Delegation to the Disarmament Conference

Dorothy Heneker, LL.B., '24, B.C.L., '25, Executive Director of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women, Geneva

J.H. Bieler, Arts '13, Law '16, Assistant to the Treasurer, League of Nations

Paul E. Renaud, B.C.L., '21, LL.M., '22, M.A., '23, Secretary of the Canadian Office, Geneva

Eunice Meekison, Arts '29, who is doing secretarial work with the (American) League of Nations Association in Geneva

Ida Smith, Arts '29, temporarily employed by the Canadian Office in connection with the Disarmament Conference

Laurence C. Tombs, Arts '24, M.A., '26, Member of the Comm-

SOCIÉTÉ DES NATIONS

LEAGUE OF NATIONS

(2)

unications and Transit Section, League of Nations

Among the Canadians actively engaged in different forms of international work here just now McGill graduates are easily in a majority. Needless to add, we meet frequently.

My wife and I are hoping to come home on leave sometime before the end of the summer--just when I cannot say yet on account of press of work. I have carried out 4 missions on behalf of the League Secretariat, two in Paris and two in Budapest and I am expecting to go to Poland in March.

I do hope that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you in Montreal sometime this year.

With affectionate good wishes to  
"Old McGill",

Yours faithfully,

*Lawrence C. Tombs*

Sir Arthur W. Currie; G.C.M.G., K.C.B.,  
Principal and Vice-Chancellor,  
McGill University,  
Montreal.

*don't print*

*print*

\_\_\_\_\_



R.M.S. Empress of Britain

September 3, 1932

Dear Sir Arthur,

This is just a brief line to tell you how pleasant it was to meet you again in our dear "Old M<sup>c</sup>Gill."

As a M<sup>c</sup>Gill graduate engaged in international work I like to feel that our university, more than any other university in Canada, is equipped and ready to face a new world, one literally charged with complicated international situations. These demand an insight, a sympathy and a knowledge unexpected and non-existent 12 years ago.

after 2 and a half years in the service of the League (we have 12 nationalities in our office working harmoniously) I am convinced that the League, still new and in process of change, is a very vital thing.

With all good wishes to you and Mr Gill,

Yours sincerely,

Laurence C. Tomby

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PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR  
A. E. MORGAN

MCGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

19th April 1937

Dear Mr. Tombs,

Thank you for your letter of the 6th April with reference to the number of McGill mining men who are in South Africa. I have gathered that there was a considerable emigration to South Africa and one hopes that the connection will be maintained. Seeing what good mining education they have in South Africa it is all the more complimentary to the University.

Yours sincerely,

Dr. Lawrence Tombs,  
The League of Nations,  
Geneva, Switzerland.

RECEIVED APR 19 1937

League of Nations,  
Geneva,  
April 6th, 1937

A.E.Morgan, Esq.,  
Principal and Vice-Chancellor,  
McGill University,  
Montreal.

Dear Principal Morgan :

I drew the attention of Mr.H.T.Andrews,  
the Permanent South African delegate here, to the remarkable  
number of McGill mining men at present in Africa. I enclose  
his reply.

Yours faithfully,

*Laurence C. Tombs*

Laurence C. Tombs



OFFICE OF THE  
ACCREDITED REPRESENTATIVE  
OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA  
TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

66, ROUTE DE FERNEY

GENEVA

6<sup>th</sup> April 27

My dear Tombs

I was most interested to  
read the extract from The McCall  
News regarding McCall "emigration"  
to the Union. It takes a  
good variety to know a  
good country!

Rhodesian  
mining companies too, I  
believe, have a fair  
sprinkling of McCall men  
among them.

Yours sincerely  
H. T. Andrews

January 17th, 1938

Dr. L. W. Douglas,  
Principal and Vice-Chancellor,  
McGill University,  
Montreal.

Dear Dr. Douglas :

It was very kind of you to suggest in your letter of January 5th that I should call on you the next time I am in Montreal. I hope to visit my parents there sometime in April next, and look forward very much indeed to meeting you at McGill.

Yours sincerely,

*Laurence C. Tombs*

Laurence C. Tombs

UNIVERSITY CLUB OF MONTREAL

May 26<sup>th</sup>, 1938

Dear Principal Douglas,

I have just heard  
your fine message at Convocation.  
I am now returning to Geneva.  
I am sorry we did not meet again —  
since the morning we met at Grand  
Central I have been away a great  
deal from Montreal; and I realised  
that you were exceedingly busy  
during the past few days.

I am confident that  
McGill will go forward to new  
successes under your distinguished

leadership.

Perhaps you and Mrs. Douglas  
will be coming to Geneva before long.

Sincerely yours,

Laurence G. Tombs

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**DOCKET ENDS:**  
TOMBS, LAURENCE C.

October 11, 1937

My dear Mr. Tomkins:

Your kind note arrived after Mr. Douglas had sailed for Europe.

He expects to be away only a short time. Therefore, your letter will be held here and brought to his attention immediately upon his return about November fifteenth.

Very sincerely yours,

Secretary

W. M. Tomkins, Esq.  
2600 Mullins Street  
Montreal, Canada

CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED  
2600 MULLINS STREET  
MONTREAL

October 7, 1937

PERSONAL

Dr. L. W. Douglas,  
Mayfair House,  
Park Avenue & 65th St.,  
New York City.

Dear Lewis:-

This morning's paper carried the announcement that you are shortly coming to Montreal as Principal of McGill University. As an American now resident in Montreal, I am therefore presuming upon an acquaintanceship of twenty years ago to join with so many others and express my pleasure in your acceptance of this position, as well as to hope that you will find the associations enjoyable and the opportunity satisfying.

By way of identification, you might recall me as a nephew of the McEwans in Seattle at whose house you and Frank Brophy visited during Camp Lewis days. For some years I kept more or less in touch with Frank and one winter spent some months with them in Phoenix. Then business moved me around and two years ago the company sent me up here to look after their Canadian interests.

I should judge that you are rather well acquainted here but, if you are fond of the woods, perhaps you may be persuaded into the odd week-end at a little camp I have on Lac Commandant, up back of the Seignior Club. The fly-fishing is not too bad on occasion and in any case it is a good place to relax.

Yours sincerely,

*L W Douglas*  
*W M Tomkins*  
11/29  
W. M. TOMKINS  
*"Mac"*

WMT:MHV

University of  
St. Francis Xavier's College  
Antigonish, Nova Scotia

Oct 2<sup>nd</sup> 1818

My Dear Dr Adams:

I thank you for your letter  
of Sept 27<sup>th</sup> with enclosure  
re British Gov. scheme of  
assistance for Ex-Service men.

I am leaving here today  
for an absence of a year  
but I shall pass the correspondence  
in to me you Ex-Soldiers  
of the Faculty  
I hope to see you in Montreal  
in a few days

Sincerely

J. D. Jamieson

P.O.Box 553,

Kamloops B.C.

May 18th. 1927.

General Sir Arthur Currie,  
Principal,  
McGill University,  
Montreal, P.Q.

Dear Sir,

For the past few years you have been advocating more Military training for Canadians. Whether, you propose to do this by increasing the number of Regular and Militia units or by increasing the amount of training for the existing forces, I do not know.

With this in mind, I am writing to you, to ask for your opinion of a scheme, which, if it were taken up by the proper Authorities, would train a great many more men, than are being trained at present: it would also do away with most of the winter unemployment in Canada.

My scheme is that there be established a new branch of the Military Forces in Canada, with a status midway between the "Regulars" and the "Militia". This force would be composed of men who would go into training for three or four months in the year, that is in the winter months.

This would of course necessitate having 'Regular' officers, who would not only have to be paid for the four months in the winter but also for the rest of the year: it would also necessitate building barracks in all the larger cities; these would have to be paid for and kept in good repair: then last but not least the men themselves would have to be paid, a nominal sum, if no more.

Every winter, there congregate in the cities men, who are out of work, and who, as a rule, have to be kept by these cities. Instead of being a burden to the country, why should not these men form the force of which I write ? Here they will be earning a certain amount and at the same time becoming instilled with discipline and drill.

Cities, Municipalities and the like have, I believe, to keep their unemployed if these unemployed are reduced to actual hunger and want. Why, then, should not the cities etc. vote a certain sum towards barracks and then something annually for their upkeep and the pay of the force ?

In this way probably hundreds of thousands more men would be trained, the number of unemployed would be reduced to a negligible quantity: and all this at not a great expense to the country at large as I should hope it would be mostly paid for by the cities.

Of course this is my bare suggestion and it could be enlarged upon or altered in any way to meet requirements.

I was born in Victoria B.C. and have spent most of my life in the vicinity, thus I am a Canadian by birth and so would like to see Canada prosper. A settlement of the Unemployment Question and more Military Training would, I think, help a great deal to further this end.

I am taking the liberty of writing to you as I know you are interested. Needless to say I should be very pleased to hear your opinion of this scheme. If you think it is worth taking up will you please do so or tell me to whom else I should write.

I am,

Your obedient servant,

L. Gordon Toms

May 23rd, 1927.

L. Gordon Toms, Esq.,  
P. O. Box 553,  
Kamloops, B. C.

Dear Sir:-

Let me acknowledge receipt  
this morning of your letter of May 18th.

You say that for the past few years I have been advocating "more military training for Canadians". I do not know how you came to such a conclusion, because one thing I have been careful to do ever since the war is not to appear as an advocate of anything military. It is true that I believe more military training would be a good thing for Canadian youth, and I have never hesitated to say a good word for the Militia, but I do not think that any one can say that "for the past few years I have been advocating more military training".

I would suggest that you put your plan before Major-General A.D. Thacker, C.E., C.M.G., D.S.O., Chief of the General Staff, Militia Headquarters, Ottawa. It is his duty to advise the Minister of National Defence on such matters as you outline in your letter.

Yours faithfully,

November  
Twentieth  
1919.

Francis J. Toole Esq.,  
1st Year Faculty Applied Science,  
McGill University.

Dear Sir:-

AS soon as convenient after receipt of this, please call upon Mr. Glasco, the Bursar of McGill University, who will arrange that the sum of \$100. will be advanced to you to be re-paid to the University by you from the first payment made by the British Government on the grant which has been awarded to you.

With best wishes,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

FDA/MC.

Acting Principal.

December  
Nineteenth  
1919.

Francis J. Toole Esq.,  
53 Hutchinson Street,  
Montreal.

Dear Sir:-

Dean Adams desires me to say that he has received your letter of the 17th instant, and will be glad to see you at any time.

He is in his office in the Engineering Building, usually, until 11 o'clock; after which he may be found at the Principal's Office in the East Wing of the Arts Building until 1 o'clock, and also generally in the afternoon.

Yours very truly,

Secretary.

January  
Fifteenth  
1920.

Francis J. Toole Esq.,  
1st Year Faculty App. Science,  
McGill University.

Dear Mr. Toole:-

I have arranged with the Bursar  
to give you an advance of \$100. on account of your  
grant from the Imperial Education Fund. You can  
get this sum immediately on application to Mr.  
Glassco.

Yours very sincerely,

Acting Principal.

216

May  
Twenty-sixth  
1921.

Francis J. Toole, Esq.,  
Wesleyan Theological College,  
Montreal.

Dear Sir:-

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of May 25th with reference to re-payment of loan of \$150.00 made to you by the University.

I shall be very glad to comply with your request that the re-payment of this loan be deferred until the arrival of the June-September quarterly payment of your grant from the Imperial Government, and have notified Mr. Burrell accordingly.

Yours faithfully,

CC-Mr. Burrell

Principal.

Wesleyan Theological College,  
University Street,  
Montreal.

Wednesday 25<sup>th</sup> May 1920.

Imperial Government Grant for Education of Ex Service Students

Sir,

I have to inform you that I have now received the March-June quarterly payment due to me under the above grant, and am consequently in a position to repay the advance, which, acting on your kind instructions, the University made to me about a month ago - 27<sup>th</sup> April.

I should, however, be grateful if the repayment of this amount - \$150 - could be deferred until the arrival of the June-September quarterly payment of the grant; as, in consequence of the protracted session and the extreme industrial depression I have been unable to obtain immediate employment and have no financial resources.

The urgency of my situation and the recollection of your great kindness to me when I spoke to you of my affairs have emboldened me to make this request.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently

Rauccio J. Toole

Science '23

(Chemical Eng.)

**DOCKET STARTS:**

TORONTO

THE TORONTO STAR

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

Toronto, Ont., July 7, 1925.

Sir Arthur Currie,  
McGill University,  
Montreal, Que.

My dear Sir Arthur:-

Mr. Main Johnson has already conveyed my thanks to you for your very great kindness in acting with Sir William Mulock as one of the judges in our recent Attainment Contest, but I wish to add this personal letter of thanks. I hope that you found an examination of the messages and entries submitted of some interest to you as indicative of the character and outlook of young Canadians.

I was glad to hear that you were feeling better after your operation, and I hope that your good health is now completely restored.

Believe me to be,

Yours very truly,

*R. Atkinson*

February 26th, 1926.

J. H. Cranston, Esq.,  
Editor, The Toronto Star Weekly,  
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Mr. Cranston:-

Let me acknowledge receipt  
of your letter of February 23rd.

While thanking you for the  
compliment let me frankly say that the idea  
does not appeal to me, and I cannot therefore  
comply with your request.

Yours faithfully,

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S TELEGRAPH



## TELEGRAM

RECEIVED AT UPTOWN BRANCH  
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J. McMILLAN, General Manager of Telegraphs, Montreal.

64RA KI 48 2EXTRA

SX..TORONTO ONT JUNE 26TH-26 107P

SIR ARTHUR CURRIE,

PRES MCGILL UNIVERSITY.MONTREAL.

WINNERS ANNOUNCED TODAY IN ACCORDANCE WITH YOUR JUDGMENT, AS FOLLOWS  
ATTAINMENT CONTEST ROBERT GRAY AND MARION KATHLEEN CAMERON STOP ROYAL  
MESSAGE CONTEST LEON LEPPARD AND FAITH TRUMBLE WARREN STOP STAR  
IS GIVING EXTRA AWARD OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO ADAMS  
OF HAMILTON STOP.WITH MANY THANKS.

MAIN JOHNSON, TORONTO STAR.

203P

# THE TORONTO STAR WEEKLY

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Toronto, 2, Ont.  
February 23rd. 1926.

Sir Arthur Currie,  
McGill University,  
Montreal, Que.

Dear Sir:-

We have been printing in the Toronto Star Weekly a series of articles by eminent English and American writers on the subject "My Religion". We enclose a proof of one of these, which will give you an idea of the character of the series.

We believe the people of Canada would be intensely interested in a similar series written by prominent Canadians. Not only would they be interested but they would undoubtedly be helped by learning how others have thought their way through the religious problem.

Will you be good enough to co-operate with us to the extent of giving us 1000 to 1500 words at your earliest convenience. We do not want a theological treatise, but just a simple, clear-cut expression of the creed you live by - your philosophy of life as it affects your relationship to God and your fellow men.

We are quite aware that we are asking something for which we can offer no adequate financial reward. Our chief hope is that you will consider your are being offered an opportunity to serve your fellow men that you cannot afford to pass by. We are, however, prepared to pay for such an article \$100.00. etc Other newspapers from coast to coast would probably print the material simultaneously.

I should be gery glad if you would let me know at your earliest convenience if you are willing to co-operate in this symposium. Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts and Mts. Nellie McClung have already promised contributions.

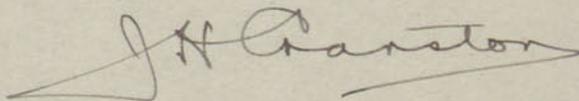
**THE TORONTO STAR WEEKLY**

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

-2-

Thanking you in anticipation  
of a favorable reply,

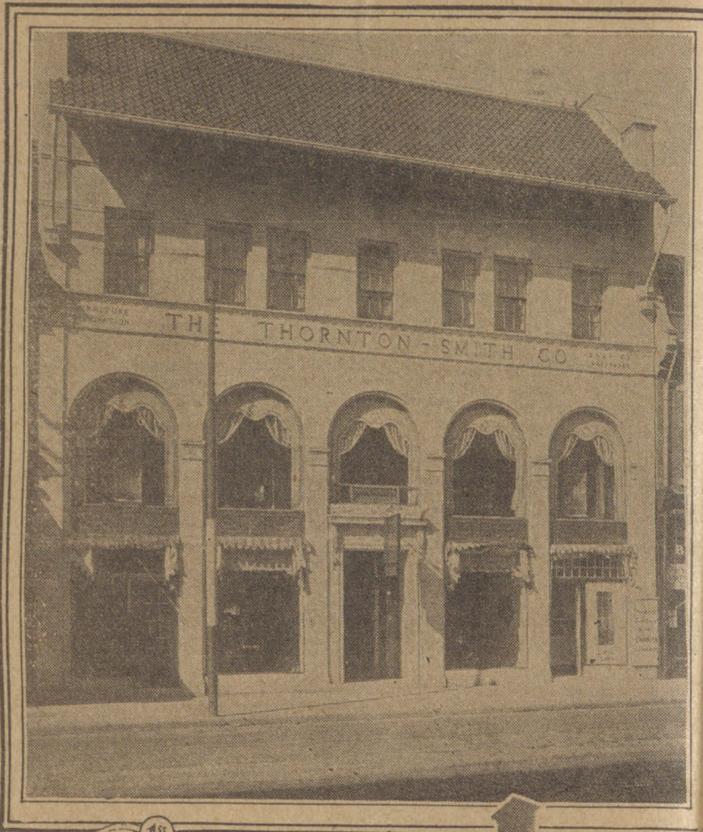
Yours very truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "J.H. Cranston". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the typed name "EDITOR.".

EDITOR.

JHC/Y.

# Has Your House a Red Nose and Frozen Eye-Brows?



COMMERCIAL AND MEDAL OF HONOR  
THORNTON SMITH BLDG.  
YONGE ST.  
JOHN M. LYLE ARCHITECT



IN DEFENSE OF BEAUTY



RESIDENCE  
POPLAR PLAINS ROAD.  
MOLESWORTH, WEST & SECORD ARCHITECTS

If Not, the Architects Won't Give it a Prize — Correct 1926 Model Should Have Port Holes to Comply With New School of Marine Architecture — Very Appropriate Since Toronto Became a Maritime Power

By G. C.

In the attic of the College street public library, the Toronto members of the Ontario Association of Architects have been holding a prize contest exhibition of photographs of some of the best architecture done by them.

Amongst the prize winners are the Parliament buildings at Ottawa, the memorial arch at Kingston and some houses out in the county of York.

It looks as if Toronto architecture can't win any prizes. It may be a Toronto architect is so handicapped by what he sees around him in his own home town that he has to go out of town to function at his best. The judges in the photograph contest were a professor of architecture and two ex-presidents of the association of architects. They gave the first prize in houses to the most beautiful photograph in the exhibition. The cloud effects were marvelous. The trees and landscape are a credit to the landscape gardener concerned. Of the house itself, you could see an enormous expanse of roof and an extra photo of one corner of the house, showing the built-in garage in the foreground. As amateurs in the field of architecture but as semi-professionals in the business of choosing good photographs, The Star Weekly artist and the writer agreed with the judges in the selection of the first prize house.

The second prize in houses went to a house with portholes in it. On each side of the front door was a porthole. This means that the smart thing in houses for the next little while in Toronto will be residences designed on battleship lines, with round portholes. Naturally, if handicapped judges of architecture favor portholes, Toronto must submit to portholes.

"What," I asked the artist, who took draughting in his early days, "is the school of architecture of this battleship house?"

"The marine school," replied the artist. "It is peculiarly suited to Toronto, since the new harbor development makes Toronto a maritime power, so to speak."

We came upon several sets of beautiful photos showing both the outsides and the insides of palatial mansions. They were uniformly large, formal and magnificent.

"These," I said, "are Georgian are they not? Or are they William and Mary or is it Chippendale?"

"No," said the artist, "these are the bank manager school of architecture."

Not a single sample of the style of architecture that we personally favored got a prize—and that style is the half-timbered, sturdy, essentially Canadian style of house which somehow satisfies our inherited Anglo-Saxon tastes as well as our kinship with the French. Beamed houses, of which there is an increasing number springing up all around Toronto; half-timbered, gabled, low, warm-looking even in zero weather, half hidden amongst trees and shrubbery; half way between a cottage—which symbolizes the pioneer in us—and an old world country house—which symbolizes the British. Dozens of Toronto's younger architects submitted beautiful samples of this type of house, but they won no prizes.



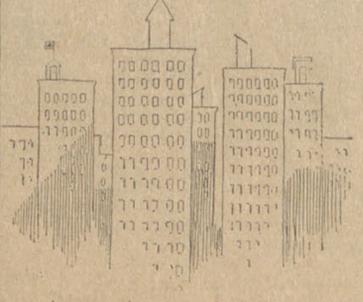
RESIDENCE, HIGHLAND AVE.  
WATERS & WILKES ARCHITECTS

The prizes went to those houses that seem to have red noses and frost-nipped eyebrows in cold weather.



FINANCIAL  
SUN LIFE BUILDING  
MONTREAL  
DARLING & PEARSON ARCHITECTS

It is mean of us to make half-baked fun of architects in Toronto, though. Architects in Toronto have a bad time of it. In many countries, architecture is a closed profession like medicine or school teaching. No building can be made without the offices of an architect, just as nobody can build a house out of his own head. It has to pass the formality of the official



WHAT OUR ARCHITECTS MAY SAVE US FROM—

surmounted by a cupola which follows St. Perkins's design of a hen house. Altogether, it is a perfect sample of the agriculture school of architecture. The erection of this sort of thing proves that the city architect needs support from his brethren.

"Architects," said one of the officials of the Ontario Association, "are unfortunately regarded in Toronto as poets or hand-workers in pottery or some other such lovers of the beautiful. But architects have a function that comes even before the service of beauty—and that is, saving money. Architects are simply the scientists of building. When you employ an architect, you employ a specialist whose business it is to protect you against the builder. A builder, when he takes the contract, gambles that he can make his profit. The architect, for his fee, supervises your interests."

"Materials suited to Canada, as everyone knows, are different from materials suited to England or California or even Pennsylvania. The study of those materials, the shaping of them into their most beautiful form, the development of them into something that embodies not merely the practical but the spiritual requirements of this distinct community is the higher not the larger service of the profession of architecture.

"As the exhibition shows, there is a distinct trend in Toronto towards a style of architecture that is characteristic."

And the demolition squads are busy every day tearing the city down to make room for new buildings.

They are starting from the middle and working outwards.

## Overheard at the Movies By Gertrude Pringle,



Dark Bob: "Really, Cora, you do look awfully sweet, but I thought your husband was dead set against your bobbing."

Fair Bob: "I'll say he was. Such a time as I've had with him. I'd have given a hundred dollars if I'd never seen a barber. But about a month ago Will had to take a business trip. So I thought, here's my chance. For when he gets back he'll be so glad to see me he'll forgive me for disobeying him. . . ."

Dark Bob: "Obeying him, the very idea, as if wives obeyed any more."

Fair Bob: "Well, he's awfully good really, generous and all that, but has always had a great dislike to bobbed hair, and I've given in to him, although, Marge, mind you, I've been dying to have it done for a year."

Dark Bob: "As if your hair isn't your own to do as you like with?"

Fair Bob: "So two days before he was due back I visited a hairdresser and left my golden locks strewn on the floor. Then to make the thing complete I got a permanent. . . ."

Dark Bob: "Yes, and then . . ."

Fair Bob: "When Will came home I rushed to meet him, and of course fussed over him—really was glad to see him, you know. At first he did not notice anything. But when we went into the kitchen and I stooped down to get the cold chicken out of the refrigerator, it struck him all of a heap. Ice wasn't as cold as what he said to me. He upset me so I started to cry. And he said, 'You needn't try to come over me with your tears. I'm disgusted with you, deceitful, treacherous woman.' I sobbed out, 'Oh, Will, why don't you like me to be bobbed? Don't you want your wife to look young? Percy Peniker said it made me look about twenty! My, I was sorry I told him that, for he got madder than ever, and said, 'Yes, a nice thing for the mother of a six-foot son to look like twenty when she is all of . . .'"

Dark Bob: "Yes, dear? Did he say it right out?"

Fair Bob (ignoring question): "And I said it was awfully mean of him to hold up John's six feet when the boy is only fifteen and I was married so young, when I was a mere child in my teens and . . ."

Dark Bob: "And I'm sure no one would take you for more than thirty-one or two now that your hair is short."

Fair Bob: "Will realized I looked too young

to be his wife, and that made him furious and . . . What was I saying? Oh, I wish they'd play softer. Those crashing chords make me forget what I'm saying. There, that's better. Anyway, I said, 'Well, old dear, just forget about it and let's be happy together now you're home, eh?'"

Dark Bob: "And did he forgive you?"

Fair Bob: "No, he didn't. He said, 'Happy with a woman who waits until my back is turned to deceive me. No, indeed. I never can trust you again, never. And when Grosvenor Ralston comes this week I shall be ashamed of my wife showing such bad taste.' Mr. Ralston, you know, is a big gun in the business, and Will's hero."

Well, he left the house and stayed out all night. The next day I tried to get him on the phone, but his stenographer said he was engaged and couldn't be disturbed. You can imagine how uncomfortable I was, not knowing how long he might take it into his head to stay away. But that evening he came home carrying a big parcel, and without even speaking to me he went up stairs with it. By and by he came down, and when my eyes fell on him I thought I'd choke myself laughing. What do you suppose? Will had put on socks, strapped slippers and a sailor suit—whistle, cord and all—and he held a toy train. He handed me a parcel and said, 'If you insist on reverting to childhood, I intend to do the same just to show you how ridiculous you are. If you think I look funny, I can assure you you look even more so with that silly shorn head and those skirts to your knees. I've a good mind to give Ralston dinner

at the hotel since you've made yourself such a fright.' And then he got worked up into a regular rage and flung out at me, 'You look like a moron. You look like a fashion dummy. You look like mutton dressed as lamb. Here's a doll for you.'"

Dark Bob: "Did you stand for all that?"

Fair Bob: "I couldn't do anything but laugh. I was angry, of course, but he was so funny and so deadly serious at the same time. That evening the Turners were invited for a game of bridge, and Will persisted in wearing his ridiculous outfit. And I could have poisoned Walter Turner with joy, for he told Will he didn't blame him for feeling as he did; he would be just the same, but thank goodness his Marian wouldn't be bobbed because he disliked the style. That made Will more put out with me than ever."

### Getting an Up-to-Date View

Dark Bob: "How long did he keep it up?"

Fair Bob: "For three days. Then I thought of a plan. Mr. Ralston always dines with us when he comes to Toronto, and my husband thinks he's absolutely right about everything—a regular hero-worshiper, you know. So I decided I would try to get him on my side and then I could wip Will over. So I left a message at the hotel for Mr. Ralston to ring me up first thing when he arrived, which he did. Then I asked him not to let my husband know he was in town until I saw him first about something very important. I could tell from his voice that he was rather frightened—possibly thought it was something terrible. Anyway, he invited me to have lunch with him, and so I did, and told

him the whole business. I explained to him that if he would only praise my hair and say it was a great improvement, Will would surely be reconciled. He was awfully sympathetic and nice about it, said Will was a mighty fine chap but a little fixed in his ideas, being an Englishman, but he would do everything in his power to make him change his views.

"I took care my dinner was delicious—got in a good cook—and, well, I know I did look awfully nice myself. Everything went off well, and I could see Will was thawing out gradually as the evening wore on. Finally, Mr. Ralston said in his persuasive way, 'Do forgive me for being personal, but may I say that Mrs. Gollightly looks most charming with the becoming short hair—in fact, I see a striking likeness to Lady Cynthia Wykenham, a very dear friend of ours.'"

"That hit Will agreeably, and the evening ended splendidly. He accompanied Mr. Ralston back to his hotel afterwards to talk business. When he came home he told me, 'You know that concession I always wanted the firm to let me have in the matter of discounts? Well, it's all right, I'm to have it. Ralston is a prince of good fellows. Next summer I shall probably have to go to England, and he wants me to take you along, and we're to stay with them. And I'm not going to be angry any more with my naughty little wife. In fact, I believe I prefer her bobbed.' And, believe me, Marge, he has now come to think that all along he was in favor of my being bobbed, and takes to himself the credit for the idea. So I never remind him of the life he led me for three days. I'm too tactful. But look—the show's beginning. I like to read the names of the cast, don't you?"

### Fed Up With Work

"How are you, Brown?"

"Oh, awful. Nothing but work, work, work. I'm fed up with it!"

"When did you start the job?"

"I'm beginning next week."

### A Nice Distinction

KINDLY SOUL: Are you going fishing my little man?

Youngster: No, going hunting.

Kindly Soul: Hunting?

Youngster: Yes, hunting for a place to fish!

## Looking Forward With the Editor

"ARTISTS can't be so dumb as some folks imagine they are."

So says Frank Mann Harris (Six-Bit) in a screamingly funny description of his visit to Toronto's new art gallery, which will be one of the big features of next week's Star Weekly. James Frise, artist of Birdseye Centre fame, has done some delightful cartoons to illustrate the story.

"Can Men and Women be Platonic Friends?" It's an old subject, but Alice N. Williamson has treated it in a new way. "Adventures in Platonic Friendship" might be a better title.

Four first-class short stories will feature next week's issue:

"Seven Devils," by Adella Rogers St. John, a love story in which the hero undergoes a remarkable transformation.

"In Sickness and in Stealth," by Norma Phillips Muir, a tale of the domestic hearth.

"The Yellow Dog," by J. S. Fletcher, a detective yarn that will keep you guessing.

"The Way He Had," by Wilbur Hall, a love story of the far west.

Then there will be another big installment of our thrilling new love serial, "Playing with Men's Souls," which begins on the first page of the second magazine section. This is one of the greatest stories we have ever published. Begin with the first chapter this week.

# "MY RELIGION"

—By Dr. E. Y. Mullins

Copyright, 1926

Something Very Human in God—Sovereign But Not an Arbitrary Despot — He Wants Us to Learn How to Use Freedom — Specially Interested in Medical Research to aid Humanity

This week we depart a little from the program of religious confessions, by literary men and women, to include one by a man who is professionally engaged in religion, Rev. Dr. E. Y. Mullins, president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, Kentucky, and president of the Baptist World Alliance. Dr. Mullins is well known in Toronto, having preached here on several occasions. His article on "My Idea of God" is reprinted from the Woman's Home Companion.

I HAVE never thought of God as a "big man with long white beard" sitting on a throne in the sky. Even in childhood, so far as memory can recall, God was to me a personal Spirit. So far as I could picture him I saw him in the face of Jesus Christ.

To me God is not a finite being. Or perhaps I should say he is both finite and infinite. He has something very human in him. He loves, and he can resent evil. He can suffer with those who are in pain and sorrow. He is very patient with the erring. This is the finite or human side of God. But he is also an infinite being. I cannot fully grasp the infinite. But to me it is power raised to the highest, wisdom and goodness without limit, love boundless and free.

I love to think of God as sovereign. I do not mean that he is an arbitrary despot. I mean rather that he controls my life and the affairs of the world in holy love. It is his character, loving and holy, which makes me trust him as sovereign. In hours of weakness and sorrow and defeat his sovereignty is the rock foundation of my hopes. There are so many other things which seem to control the world that it is the thought of God's control which saves me from despair.

God is a reasonable being. By this I do not mean that he can be fully grasped by human reason. That would make him finite. I mean rather that he always has a good and sufficient reason for what he does. Men used to refer to his "mere good pleasure," or his "inscrutable decrees" to explain all God's ways with men. The result was that men revolted and began to reaffirm man's rights as against God. The truth is that in God's dealings with us it is never his "mere good pleasure" which moves him. It is our own welfare under the eye of the infinite love and righteousness which is the true key to the problem.

I must think of God as a free being. I would not shut God out of the world. Men used to think of him as a mechanist who made the universe and started it and left it alone to run down like a clock. He was merely an observer on the outside. If he took any interest it was a detached sort of interest. He might spin the world around his finger like a toy, but he took no part in its affairs.

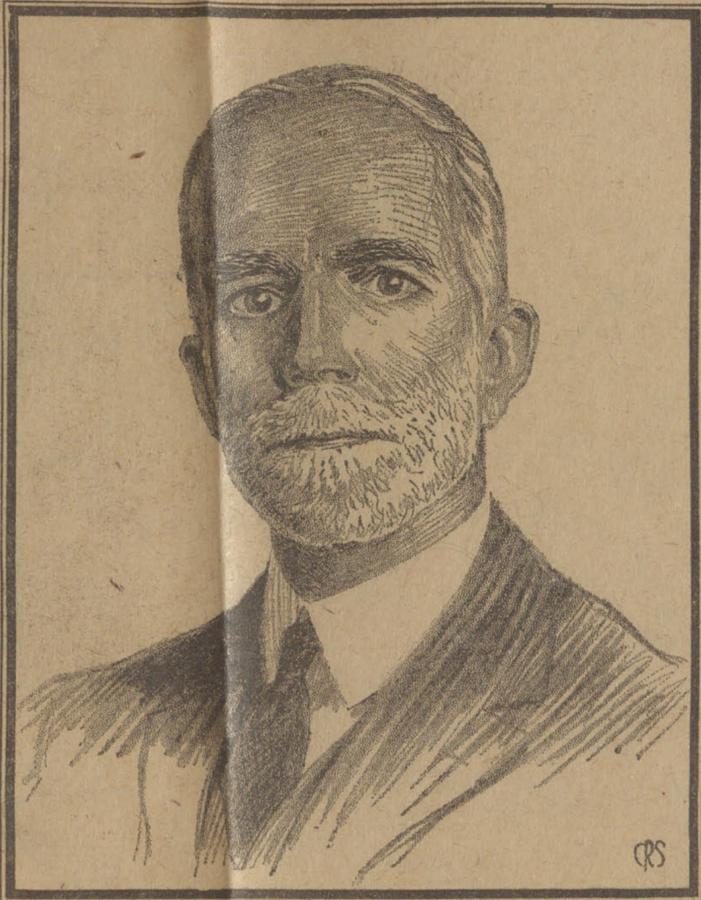
Others would shut God in the world and lock him in the mechanism of nature. This also enslaves him in another way. The highest human mind would be thus the full measure of God, because it would be the highest expression of nature. Nature is a locked system of laws and forms. God is a free person. If nature absorbs him, as a sponge absorbs water with no water left over, then God is locked up in nature. He would then be like a squirrel in a rotating cage. He could only act through physical or human means. It would be like Paderewski trying to play the piano with gloves on his hands. He could not express his musical genius thus. God is more than the world. He is free to communicate with man's free spirit. He has a plan and purpose running through history. We are his agents to carry out his plan.

## Training Them For Freedom

God is training men for freedom. I think this is the key to Providence. He wants us to learn. We are very slow students. I cannot explain such a tragedy as the world war except as an instance of God's letting men learn by terrible experience the folly of selfishness and greed and war. It is a fearful price to pay. But it is better than coercing the will. Freedom is something men must learn. We must choose the way of peace and righteousness for ourselves. It cannot be imposed upon us. God's problem with man is to save him and at the same time leave him free; a greater task than creating suns and systems. We do not sympathize with God as we should, because we forget the nature of his undertaking with man.

God is a God of grace. Grace is an old Scriptural word but very rich in meaning. It simply means love carried to the highest point. It is love "outliving" love. It expressed itself in the gift of Christ and his atoning death. It expresses itself in forgiving the sinful and receiving them unto himself and in the bestowment of his infinite fullness upon men so far as they are able and willing to receive it. It shows itself in infinite patience and forbearance. It expresses itself in a divine compassion for the needy and helpless, in recreating man in his own image in moral and spiritual perfection. It also appears in the fact that God holds men to their best. He loves us too much to be satisfied with anything less than our best. The discipline is often severe. But it always yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness. God would be untrue to us if he let us off without the necessary discipline.

God's world is organized for personal ends. I cannot get any reasonable view of nature other than as a means of promoting the interests of personal and spiritual beings. Nature is like



Dr. E. Y. Mullins, president of Louisville Baptist Theological Seminary, and president of the Baptist World Alliance, who shares with Dean Farmer and Prof. L. H. Marshall of McMaster University the distinction of having been attacked by the pastor of Jarvis street, Toronto, who declared his ethics were those of a horse dealer who could sell a spavined horse as a sure Derby winner.

a stairway. Inorganic matter is the first step. Life is the second as in plants. Sentient life in animals is the third. The fourth step is a man, an intelligent, self-conscious moral and spiritual personality. Immortality is the next step or else the stairway leads nowhere. Men do not build stairways unless they lead to an upper story. I have seen a stone stairway leading up to nowhere after the house was burned down. But stairways are built always to lead somewhere. The universe is a stairway leading nowhere unless man is immortal.

## Character by Struggle

EVERYTHING below man progresses personal ends. Our bodies are a soft gymnasium for our spirits. Through bodily adjustments we are enabled to forge our individuality. Our bodies make us struggle against appetite, indolence, ignorance, carnality. We have to achieve character by struggle. Events, natural laws and forces serve the same purpose. They are God's appointed means for achieving character. Even in the miracles of the New Testament there is no "violation" of the laws of nature. They are instances of a free personal God acting in unusual ways for moral ends. Most of them were restorations of an order which man had violated, bringing nature back to the normal. Sickness is abnormal. Christ cured it and restored the normal. Hunger is not the state in which God wants his children to remain. Christ fed the hungry and restored the normal. Nearly all the miracles were restorations, not violations, of the natural order.

God's usual method is not the miracle. If so, the world would be a poor training ground for men. A brick falls from a wall and kills a good man. We call it an accident. But such an event serves a very high end. It shocks us into a sense of danger, makes us careful, gives us foresight, humility and skill in meeting life's dangers. If God should by a miracle catch the falling brick to save the life of the good man it would tend to many evils. We would become presumptuous, careless, proud and lazy.

Men use natural law to achieve character and blessing. Its stability is like the iron bar of a trapeze. The athlete is assured that it will not break as he uses it to develop his powers. Man's mind was made to react to nature in discovery and mastery. Modern science is the wonder of the ages. Its achievements are almost incredible. The danger of it is that it may make men proud and self-sufficient. This will lead to a closing of the soul to another universe, the spiritual, richer in blessing than the physical.

## God and Medical Research

THE most fascinating department of science is medical research, because I think God has a very special interest in it. If there is any man on earth who has a right to pray it is the medical researcher. I think Christ's deeds and teaching show this. It is far more important from Christ's standpoint that men be relieved of disease and suffering than that we learn to fly one hundred or two hundred miles an hour. The progress already made seems to show that the secrets for which men search in this department are in the forefront of God's interests for men.

God is revealed in Jesus Christ. He is everlasting Father. Jesus made this clear. He was Father of Jesus in a unique sense, manifesting his presence all along the way even to the end in the atoning death and resurrection from the dead. As Father, God has all the excellencies known to us in an earthly father and none of the weaknesses. As Father, he is not indulgent toward sin. He seeks to recreate men in his own image and associate them together in a

kingdom of righteousness. His fatherhood makes worship possible. If God were a mere substance or force, whether spiritual or material, we could not adore him or thank him, or praise him, or confess our sins to him, or pray to him, any more than we could do these things to the law or power of gravitation. Unless God is a free personal being, religion is a soliloquy, not a dialogue. Fellowship is only possible with a being like ourselves in personal qualities. As Father, God answers prayer. He could not be Father otherwise. Men often say that God's unchangeableness makes it impossible for God to answer prayer. I think exactly the opposite is true. He is unchangeably Father. Hence he must be able to answer prayer. The very essence of earthly fatherhood is tender care and responsiveness to the child, or wise giving in response to need. If God is merely the mechanism of nature or the driving power behind the mechanism, then he cannot be Father and he cannot answer prayer. In that case it would be like praying to a locomotive or the steam that drives it. If God cannot answer prayer he has changed from being Father to something else. But it is because he is everlasting Father he can and does answer prayer. He is self-existent in character. He cannot deny his Fatherhood by making himself impotent to meet the need of his child.

I do not fully understand the Trinity. But I can easily see that God is revealed as Father and as Son and as Holy Spirit. They are of course not three Gods. God is one. But there is a threefold distinction in God, perhaps beyond our present ability to grasp.

God's Providence guides the individual. This is overwhelmingly convincing to the devout man who considers his own life in its longer stretches. The long view of history shows the same guidance and control. We misjudge events because our sense of value and God's sense of value often conflict. We imagine that comfort, prosperity and happiness are the true values. God thinks that moral attainment, purity and loyalty are the true values. Men thought during the world war that the victory of the allied armies was the supreme value. God thought that national and individual honor, integrity and loyalty were the supreme values. It would have been better to lose the war than to lose these. History is God's method of creating a kingdom of righteousness. The tragedy of it often depresses men. But the price is not too great to pay for the end to be gained, an eternal kingdom of redeemed and holy personal beings bound together by love. Perhaps the vastness of the universe is merely the stage for this great drama which ultimately will require all time and all space for its unfolding. Paul says the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together—waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God.

## Joy and Terror Battle in Heart Of Ski-er Who Makes It Straight

THE worst and best moments in skiing are often separated only by seconds. That is one of the points stressed by Arnold Lunn in his book, "The Mountains of Youth." He says:

You are standing at the top of some fierce slope which you have vowed to take straight. You look at the line, and observe with sick disgust that the change of gradient is abrupt at the bottom, and that the slight bump half-way down will probably send you into the air. A kind friend says: "I shouldn't take that straight," and your enemy remarks: "Oh, it's safe enough. Jones took it straight yesterday."

And then suddenly, before you quite realize what has happened, you are off. The wind rises into a tempest and sucks the breath out of your body. A lonely fir swings past like a telegraph pole seen from an express train. Your knees are as wax, and your stomach appears to have been left behind at the top. You fight against the tendency of your skis to run apart—the inevitable

After Session Under Ether Shanks Left Operating Table Minus Wing—Other Crippled Birds Have Also Found Sanctuary at Riverdale Zoo — Swan Was Swept Over Niagara Falls and Thresher Nearly Slain by Cat Which Tortured It

By F. G. GRIFFIN

SOME weeks ago, months, in fact, the public press carried the rather startling social news that Shanks, the great blue heron at Riverdale zoo, commonly regarded as a bachelor of the worst standing, a misanthropic, crusty old curmudgeon if ever there was one, had taken to himself a bride.

This was amazing after years of loneliness in which he would not tolerate a member of the sweeter sex within his vicinity. And the wise ones shook their heads and prophesied misfortunes to come.

Well, they did. For not only did Shanks get rid of his wife through the very simple process of making the pen so uncomfortable for her that the zoo keepers thought it wise to take her away, but he also broke his arm—or rather his wing. But the divorce and the other smash had apparently no connection.

Shanks is probably the best known bird in Toronto. Is there a single living citizen of the present or the immediate past generation who has not seen this dignified, long-legged, long-billed great blue heron standing or striding about the pen outside the elephant house in Riverdale? You know the pen—the one with all the little ducks and the painted turtles in the small round pond. For nearly twenty years Shanks was its overlord, summer and winter, fair weather and foul, monarch of all he surveyed.

It was to him that disaster came recently. How the accident happened nobody knows. Perhaps he slipped on the ice. Perhaps he is merely growing old and his long pins a trifle tottery. At any rate, one day one of the keepers found the oldest inhabitant of the zoo (from point of residence) lying fallen in a distressful state. He was immediately rushed to the hospital, the private hospital in Riverdale that you may never have heard of before, and it was found that he was suffering from a compound comminuted fracture of the off wing. And as there was no way of saving it, an immediate amputation was necessary.

So Shanks was laid on an operating table and ether administered by way of a cloth placed over the nostrils near the top of his long beak. He was wafted off on the wind of a queer dream in which he floated on and on into a rose-colored sunset and his legs grew longer and longer, stretching out without leaving the earth, though his body floated higher and higher.

But during it the surgeon's knife had made two or three skillful snicks and the poor broken wing had come off at the shoulder.

Will the great blue heron live? Of course, he will, the old rascal. And, in spite of his age, he'll be as nearly as good and as bulldoiciously independent as ever.

He may be an amputation case, he says, but he'll be hanged if he'll have a female fussing round him and making him feel foolish and helpless.

## Duck Owes Life to Dog

AFTER all, he is not the only amputation case in Riverdale zoo, nor the only crippled bird that has found there a haven of life and sanctuary instead of a lingering death in the wilds. For instance, there is the beautiful whistling swan, well known to visitors. Few of them know that she had the terrible experience of being swept over Niagara in 1920 and of being carried down the gorge—to be picked up on the shore, battered, half-drowned and with a broken wing, and, eventually, to live happily for years in the zoo after her wing had been taken off while she was sleeping under ether.

Then there is the brown thresher—to be seen in the aviary that is part of the monkey house. This beautiful thrush-like bird was rescued from a cat right in Rosedale ravine last summer and lives to tell the tale, though she was suffering from severe injuries and had an infected wound

sequel to undiluted funk—by locking your knees and turning your skis on to their inside edges.

And now comes the supreme crisis—the run-out where the gradient suddenly changes. You throw your weight forward and mutter, "Hold it, hold it." You clench your teeth, and make strange noises as the shock drives up through your legs. Your skis quiver with the strain. . . and you realize to your intense astonishment that you have not fallen.

The pace relaxes. The hurricane dies away. You are drunk with the wine of speed.

You glory in the sense of control which you have recaptured over your skis, no longer untamed demons hurrying you through space, but the most docile of slaves. You are playing with gravity. You are master of the snow. You can make it yield like water or resist like steel.

Suddenly you decide to stop. A rapid telegraph pole, the snow sprays upwards, and the "slabberie snow broom," to quote an old Elizabethan, "has melted about your heels."



This beautiful, thrush-like bird was rescued from a cat in Rosedale ravine last summer.

in the chest and a broken leg when she was picked up. Skill and care saved her. To-day she is singing and alive.

Further, there is a white frosted goose found by J. A. M. Patrick, K.C., of Yorkton, Sask., wounded by shot in the wing and frozen into a swale where she would have endured agonies before cold death came. To look at her to-day you would never imagine she had had such an experience.

Or take the case of one of the white European geese which was shot one day in the Don and had its wing broken by a boy throwing stones; or of the black mallard duck which was rescued by G. P. Band, whose dog retrieved it from a marsh, where it was floundering around with one of its wings broken. It was tenderly cared for and brought to the zoo.

What would have happened these hurt birds if they had not been found, brought back to life by scientific treatment and protected thereafter by a beneficent, food-providing captivity? The duldest knows. There is one law of the wild that never changes: the law that only the fit survive. To all others comes death; to the weak, the injured, the sick, the old comes a slow, lingering death of weakness and starvation or a swift, cruel, tearing death at the teeth, beak or claws of some merciless, terrible enemy.

But let Shanks talk for himself. You might not think that a bird could be interviewed. Well, give a great blue heron—who has been years listening to the talk of humans—credit for picking up a bit of language in that time.

"Yes, sir," said Shanks the other day, as he depressed his beak and twisted his long neck in an effort to look at the bandage round his shoulder where formerly had been his wing. "I'm sure glad that when this accident happened I was safe in the zoo. That's the only place to be. If I'd been out in the wilds you know what would have happened—I've seen too many birds and animals injured in my youth not to know.

"In my case the pain and the loss of blood would gradually have weakened me. I would have had to stay in the marsh—I could not fly. There would I have been dragging myself about on my long legs, helpless, with even the frogs giving me the he-ha. And the rats, the minks, the weasels, the foxes would be watching me, watching, watching, watching for the moment when I would at last fall—that is, if one of them did not jump and drag me down long before I finally gave in myself.

"Imagine the horror of falling down at last, still conscious, and seeing them slink nearer and nearer—and at last attack.

## Wilds Fall of Killers

AND that is the end of practically all birds unless they mercifully bang into a telegraph wire or barge blindly against a house during a storm and are killed outright. Have you ever seen a cat playing with a captured sparrow? Do you not think the sparrow suffers? Just stop and figure a moment how many thousands are chased, caught and partly eaten before death end their terror and torture.

"Birds don't disappear at last into a gracious twilight. They've got to die—and the wild is full of murderers waiting to kill, kill, kill. There is no police protection there.

"I've often heard people standing by my pen express pity for us poor 'captives'. They are people who do not think. Or at least they think that our lives are nothing but freedom in the sunshine and flying in the air. They never think of the struggle for existence against the elements, against our enemies—and the continual search for food.

"Take my own case—how I came to be here,

I mean. That's a good many years ago, about a score, as far as I can reckon. I had been summering up round Parry Sound and was on my way south in the fall to escape the winter and I happened to alight for a rest and a snack of food on Ashbridge's bay, in those days somewhat of a haven for wayfaring birds and teeming with dainty fare. That was on a Saturday afternoon.

"I had rested nicely and was just thinking of carrying on when, suddenly—bang! I thought the world had ended. I fell. The tip of one of my wings had been shattered by a shot.

"But fortunately the man who shot me caught me as I floundered through the swamp; and he had a kind heart. He picked me up and presented me to the zoo. And I have been in Riverdale ever since.

"At first it was a little strange. But it wasn't long till I began to eat the nice fish that came to me without having to hunt for it. And soon my wound healed. And here I am.

"Even supposing that I had not been shot that afternoon, do you think for a moment that I would have lived to my present age if I had been living in the wild? Not on your life."

Old Shanks paused for a moment. "The dangers of bird life are always present in my mind," he went on. "So many thousands of birds are lost on their migratory movements north and south. For example, coming north in the spring birds alight, worn out perhaps by fighting a storm, half-frozen by a sudden drop in the temperature, famished and weak from lack of food. And they fall prey easily to the predacious animals who are themselves ravenous after the long winter.

"I know—I have been on such flights in my youth. I have heard the scream of a bird caught by a fox. I have seen the futile struggles of a bird caught by the leg and dragged under by a snapping turtle. As you know, hundreds of geese and swans light without thinking on the Niagara river and are swept to their doom, unable, in their weakened state, to rise from the sweeping waters before destruction comes. Ducks and geese die by thousands by being caught and frozen by the feet in a marsh overnight—a slow and a terrible death, caught in an icy grip until they flutter and bang their lives out."

## Joke was on Groundhog

A GAIN the old bird stopped. Then he laughed in his long bill—ark! ark! ark!

"Do you know—there was quite a joke around Riverdale the other day, during that unprecedented mild spell in January. That poor loon of a groundhog came out too soon; he thought spring had come. However, he had a feed of corn and a drink of water, ready to his mouth without hunting, and then he went back to the bowels of the earth to sleep for another couple of months.

"Believe me, it's great to be able to hibernate like that. There's something in being a groundhog, after all, instead of a bird.

"Ah, well—I suppose I'll be in the hospital here till spring. They'll hardly let me out until the mild weather comes for fear of my catching pneumonia after getting soft in here.

"I should worry. They certainly treat you pretty good. It's really the first medical attention I've had to have in years, though treatment or attention of some sort or other is being given some animal or bird here every day.

"I haven't lost a tooth—funny, eh? "And what's more, I can still stab a rat or a mouse with this long beak of mine with the best of them—fast! Just like that.

"Oh, you've got to go. Back to the office? Work, eh? A bit of a captive yourself, aren't you? Well, good-bye, thanks for calling—I haven't talked like this in the length of a bird's lifetime."

## Ready to Raise Bid

THE auction-room was crowded, and as the collection of furniture, works of art, bric-a-brac, and so on was a particularly choice one, the bidding had been very spirited.

During an interval a man pushed his way through the crowd to the auctioneer's side and engaged him in earnest conversation.

Presently the auctioneer rapped attention with his hammer, and said in a loud voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have to inform you that a gentleman present has lost his pocket-book containing £500. He offers £50 for its return."

Instantly a small man in the background sprang upon a chair, and cried excitedly, "I'll give £100."

1929

**CANADIAN ORATORICAL CONTESTS**  
**INTERNATIONAL ORATORICAL CONTESTS**

IN CO-OPERATION WITH  
ONTARIO SECONDARY SCHOOL  
TEACHERS' FEDERATION

SPONSORS FOR ONTARIO  
THE TORONTO STAR  
18 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Toronto, Ontario, Sept. 19, 1928.

Sir Arthur Currie,  
Principal,  
McGill University,

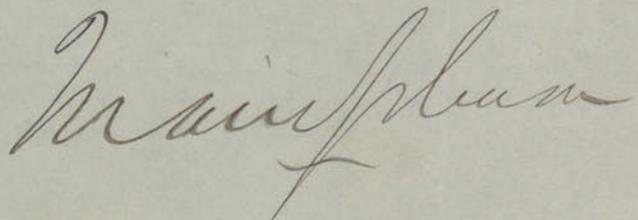
Dear Sir Arthur:-

The International oratorical championship is to be held in Washington on October 13th. We have been asked to nominate two judges whose expenses to Washington will be paid by the International Committee. These judges must be capable of judging speeches which will be delivered in English, French, Spanish and German. I would be greatly obliged if you could give me advice as to who might be capable of assuming such a responsibility.

There will be contestants from: Canada, Mexico, Argentina, England, Japan, Cuba, France, Holland, United States and Germany. You will see that this is quite an important event. The American judges are chosen from University professors capable of understanding the languages mentioned.

An early reply would be greatly appreciated. With thanks in anticipation and with kind regards,

Yours very truly,



NATIONAL CHAIRMAN FOR CANADA.

MJ/JH

September 20th, 1928.

Dr. I. A. Mackay,  
Dean, Faculty of Arts,  
McGill University.

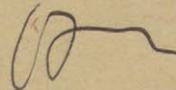
Dear Dean Mackay:-

Will you please give me  
information as to whom I can recommend to  
fill the posts suggested in the accompanying  
letter.

You might also tell me  
if, in your opinion, it is worth while  
sending anyone at that time of year.

With kindest regards,

Yours faithfully,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, consisting of a stylized, cursive 'O' followed by a horizontal line that tapers to the right.

Acting Principal.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

FACULTY OF ARTS  
OFFICE OF THE DEAN

September 22, 1928.

Dr. C.F. Martin,  
Acting Principal,  
McGill University.

My dear Dr. Martin,

I have received your letter of the 20th instant enclosing a letter from Mr. Main Johnson to the Principal, dated the 19th instant, and the only intelligent answer I can suggest would be something like the following:-

Dear Sir,

Your letter of the 19th instant received and I now wish to reply that I do not really think we have any person at McGill capable of judging nicely the arts of finished oratory in so many different languages and styles. Most of the men here have the usual academic knowledge of French and German but not many of them are equally proficient in Spanish. I should think that the task you suggest would be very difficult, as the approved forms and manner of public address differ so greatly among so many and varied nationalities and languages.

I am returning Mr. Johnson's letter enclosed.

Yours very truly,

Encl.

*Ira A. MacKay*  
Dean

September 22nd, 1926.

Main Johnson, Esq.,  
The Toronto Star,  
18 King Street West,  
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:-

Your letter of the 19th instant received, but I regret to say that we have no person at McGill whom we would consider capable to judge the arts of finished oratory in all of the languages and styles specified. We have, of course, a number of men who are quite familiar with French, German and Italian, others who are familiar with Spanish and Italian, but not German, and so on. You definitely request the appointment of some one who is familiar with so many languages in the capacity of a judge, that I would be dubious as to the ability of any of the members of our staff to measure up to the responsibility.

If, however, anything less than what your letter indicates is wanted we can easily supply your need.

Very truly yours,

Acting Principal.

December 6  
1935

Dear Sirs,

I understand you have been kind enough  
to reserve a room for me, at the request of the  
Toronto Canadian Club, *on Dec. 9<sup>th</sup>*

I shall be at the Hotel just before  
eight o'clock and I shall want the room for a  
bath on arrival.

Yours very truly,

The Royal York Hotel,  
TORONTO, Ontario.

RECEIVED

APR 3 1936

# THE EVENING TELEGRAM

ESTABLISHED 1876 BY J. ROSS ROBERTSON

233 BAY STREET

TORONTO, 2

CANADA

*not a first class paper.*  
*D.M.*

Dear Sir:-

We should like very much to have a copy or synopsis in advance of the address which you are giving at the Ontario Educational Association's annual meeting. If it is possible, will you please mail it as soon as possible to the City Editor, Evening Telegram, Toronto. It will not, of course, be published until the day on which you are speaking.

We should also be glad to have a recent photograph, which will be returned to you.

Yours very truly,

*P. M. Griffiths*

for City Editor

3rd April 1936

Dear Sir,

The Principal regrets that he does not  
speak from written notes at any time so that it  
is impossible for him to comply with your request.

Yours faithfully,

Principal's Secretary

The City Editor,  
The Evening Telegram,  
Toronto, Ont.

ACTING

Professor W.H.Brittain.

28th September 1937

Dear Sir,

I am directed by the Principal to thank you for the opportunity you have so kindly given him of contributing to an article you propose to publish on college education. He regrets that it would be impossible for him to comply with your request in the short time at his disposal, particularly at this busy season of the year.

Yours faithfully,

Principal's Secretary

A.C.Givens, Esq.,  
Editorial Department,  
The Toronto Star Weekly,  
Toronto. Ont.

RECEIVED  
SEP 29 1937  
FACULTY OFFICE  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



# THE TORONTO STAR

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Toronto, September 27th, 1937.

Dr. W. H. Brittain,  
Principal,  
McGill University,  
Montreal, Quebec.

Dear Sir:

Of what use is "a college education?"

Thousands of Canadian boys are debating the question. Their chums are earning money, getting a foot on the first rungs of the ladder of success. Is it worth while giving them a start of four to eight years?

Thousands more graduates, with children of their own growing up, look at their modest salaries, compare them with the earnings of master plumbers, building contractors, commercial travellers, stock brokers and even good mechanics and ask: What shall I tell my boy?

There should be none better qualified to give a satisfactory answer than the heads of Canadian universities? Will you give your answer to that question in about four hundred words, to be published as you furnish it and without comment other by way of explanation? We feel the question is live and the publication of an answer of value to the universities.

Our invitations are going to the heads of McGill University, Queen's University, University of Toronto, University of Western Ontario. We should like to have them in hand October first and will be very grateful for your assistance.

Yours very truly,

THE TORONTO STAR WEEKLY

Alex. C. Givens

ACG:JR

Telephoned CPR. Jan.8. 2.45 p.m.

RICHARDSON.  
STAR.  
TORONTO.

YOUR TELEGRAM REGRET MR. DOUGLAS CANNOT BE REACHED TODAY

PRINCIPAL'S SECRETARY

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Full-Rate Message	
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Night Message	NM
Night Letter	NL

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LEWIS DOUGLAS=DELR 8AM 1898

MCGILL UNIVERSITY MTL=

USA BRITAIN TRADE AGREEMENT TO BE NEGOTIATED INCLUDES NOT ONLY GREAT BRITAIN BUT FIFTY BRITISH COLONIES AND MANDATES FOURTEEN IN AFRICA FIFTEEN IN WEST INDIES NEWFOUNDLAND PALESTINE CEYLON MALAY STATES STOP USA OFFERS NEGOTIATIONS ON TARIFF REDUCTIONS ON THOUSAND IMPORTS STOP STATE

DEPARTMENT ANNOUNCEMENT SAYS WORD OF NEW TRADE AGREEMENT WITH CANADA EXPECTED SHORTLY AND BELIEVES AGREEMENTS WITH UNION SOUTH AFRICA AND LATER AUSTRALIA WILL FOLLOW STOP PROPOSED AGREEMENT CARRIES NEGOTIATORS ROUND WORLD AND MIGHT MEAN NEW COMMERCIAL INITIATIVE AND OPTIMISM FIFTY COUNTRIES WITH CUMULATIVE AFFECT ON LIVES SEVERAL HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE STOP AS WELL AS POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE WORLD AFFAIRS BRITISH-USA CO-OPERATION

STOP PLEASE WIRE EARLIEST THIS MORNING UP TO TWO HUNDRED WORDS PRESS RATE COLLECT YOUR OPINIONS INTERPRETATIONS EXPECTATIONS AND MANY THANKS=

RICHMOND STAR TORONTO.

**DOCKET ENDS:**

TORONTO

**DOCKET STARTS:**  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

June 22, 1926.

Sir Robert Falconer,  
University of Toronto,  
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir Robert:

As the Principal is out of town I am writing to let you know that we received from Dean Brock, approval of the report of the Committee on Oriental Students. As the matter stands therefore, all members of the Committee except yourself have now concurred. It may be that if we could accept the proposed arrangements tentatively, at any rate, the Governor could then take some steps in the right direction in time for the next meeting of the Universities Conference, so that some definite progress might by then have been made.

Yours very truly,

Wilfrid Bovey.

WB/EA.

President's Office



September 13, 1935

Principal Arthur E. Morgan,  
McGill University, Montreal.

Dear Mr. Principal:

I learned from the newspapers that you have arrived in Montreal to take up your important work as head of McGill. Although I hope to see you in person on the date of your formal installation, I hasten to send you a note of greeting and welcome as the head of one of your sister universities. I am sure you will receive the heartiest support of your Board, and will find the academic opportunity all that you can desire. The relations between McGill and Toronto both in matters academic and athletic have always been of the most cordial character.

With warmest good wishes for your future work, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

*H. J. Body*

President.

September 16  
1935

My dear Dr. Cody,

I very much appreciate your kind note of greeting. You may be assured that I shall do all in my power to maintain the cordial relations which I know have always existed between the two universities. I am looking forward with keen anticipation and pleasure to meeting you and to seeing Toronto University.

Yours sincerely,

Dr. H.J. Cody,  
President,  
University of Toronto.

October 8th,  
1935

My dear President,

Will you think me too hasty in accepting your kind suggestion if I write and ask whether I might pay you a visit on the 18th of this month? I have to be in Toronto on the 18th and 19th and propose travelling by a train which will arrive for breakfast Friday. I have to spend the greater part of that day in committee, and, if I might, I would spend the evening and night as your guest. I would hope to catch the Montreal train back on the Saturday night, after I leave the McGill Graduates dinner at the Royal York Hotel.

Yours sincerely,

Dr. H. J. Cody,  
President, University of Toronto,  
Toronto, Ontario.

October 11,  
1935.

My dear President,

It is extremely kind of you to have thought out so carefully all arrangements for my hospitable reception and comfort on the occasion of my visit to Toronto next week. The only thing I do hope is that you will not bother yourself to meet me on Friday morning. I shall be much happier if you will allow me to make my own way to your house, seeing that the hour is so indecently early.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

Dr. H. J. Cody,  
President,  
University of Toronto,  
Toronto. Ont.

McGILL UNIVERSITY  
OFFICE OF THE BURSAR

MEMORANDUM

March 19th, 1936.

To The Principal From The Bursar

---

RE: DR. J.G. FITZGERALD

Professor Fleming informs me that Dr. J.G. Fitzgerald, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, University of Toronto and also a Scientific Director of the International Health Board, Rockefeller Foundation, will be in the City next Monday, March 23rd.

Dr. Fleming asked me to convey this information to you with the suggestion that you might like to meet Dr. Fitzgerald and have a talk with him, especially in view of his Rockefeller connection.

Dr. Fitzgerald will be tied up from 4 p.m. on Monday, but will be free until that hour.

J.G.S.

3rd, April, 1936

My dear President,

I have not forgotten the kind invitation which you gave me when we met at Government House to stay with you on the occasion of my visit to Toronto on the 14th April. As I rather thought, other arrangements which have been made prevent me from accepting your very kind suggestion. I hope that we may have the opportunity of meeting during the course of the Conference.

Yours sincerely,

Hon. and Rev. H. J. Cody, D.D., LL.D.,  
President,  
Toronto University,  
Toronto, Ont.

LUNCH FOR PRESIDENT CODY

Saturday Faculty Club 12.45 p.m.

President Cody ✓

The Principal ✓

John Hackett ✓

~~Dean Woodhead~~

?

Prof. Carruthers ✓

Prof. N.B. MacLean ✓

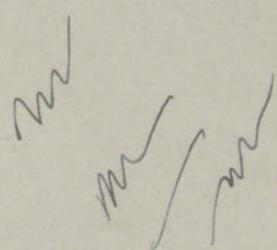
~~Dean Fleming no. out of town.~~

Professor Keys ✓

Professor Collip ✓

~~Gordon Hill, Mathematics, (Hebrew)~~

?



Oct. 22

Hon. and Rev. H.J.Cody //

The President  
University of Toronto

Understand you will be here for the match on Saturday will  
you give me the pleasure of your company at lunch at the  
Faculty Club 3450 McTavish Street at twelve forty-five p.m.?

A.E.Morgan //

T. G. R.

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Full Rate Message	
Day Letter*	D L
Night Message	N M
Night Letter	N L

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PRINCIPAL A E MORGAN

MCGILL UNIVERSITY MONTREAL QUE

ACCEPT LUNCHEON INVITATION WITH PLEASURE

1208P

H J CODY

PHILLIPS SQUARE BRANCH  
1239 PHILLIPS SQUARE  
LA. 1853-6200

Only the governor-general's speech will be broadcast.

Dr. Cody will not attend graduates' dinner, has another engagement

Match Football

PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR  
A. E. MORGAN

MCGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

22nd October 1936

Dear Carruthers,

Will you lunch with me on Saturday  
at 12.45 p.m. at the Faculty Club? President  
Cody of Toronto will also be my guest.

Yours sincerely,

Professor Carruthers

PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR  
A. E. MORGAN

MCGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

22nd October 1936

Dear MacLean,

Will you lunch with me on Saturday  
at 12.45 p.m. at the Faculty Club? President  
Cody of Toronto will be my guest also.

Yours sincerely,

Professor N. B. MacLean

PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR  
A. E. MORGAN

MCGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

22nd October 1936

Dear Fleming,

Will you lunch with me on Saturday  
at 12.45 p.m. at the Faculty Club? President  
Cody of Toronto will be my guest also.

Yours sincerely,

Dean Fleming

PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR  
A. E. MORGAN

MCGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

22nd October  
1936

Dear Keys,

Will you lunch with me informally  
at the Faculty Club on Saturday next at  
12.45 p.m.? President Cody of Toronto  
will be there.

Yours sincerely,

Professor Keys,  
Department of Physics

PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR  
A. E. MORGAN

MCGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

22nd October  
1936

Dear Collip,

Dr. Cody has telegraphed to say  
that he will lunch with me on Saturday.

Will you therefore meet us at the  
Faculty Club at 12.45 p.m.?

Yours sincerely,

Professor J.B. Collip,  
Biological Building.

PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR  
A. E. MORGAN

MCGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

22nd October  
1936

Dear Hackett,

Dr. Cody has telegraphed to say that  
he will lunch with me on Saturday.

Will you meet us at the Faculty Club  
at 12.45 p.m.?

Yours sincerely,

John Hackett, Esq., K.C.,  
507 Place d'Armes,  
Montreal.

PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR  
A. E. MORGAN

MCGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

22nd October  
1936

My dear President,

I am very happy to know that you  
will lunch with me on Saturday next.

Will you meet me at the Faculty Club  
3450 McTavish Street, at 12.45 p.m.?

Looking forward to the pleasure  
of seeing you again,

Yours sincerely,

The Hon. and Rev. H. J. Cody, LL.D.,  
President,  
Toronto University.

A. S. P. WOODHOUSE  
EDITOR

E. K. BROWN  
A. BRADY  
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

# The University of Toronto Quarterly

PUBLISHED BY  
THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

Toronto 5, Canada

R. J. HAMILTON  
MANAGER

November 9, 1936.

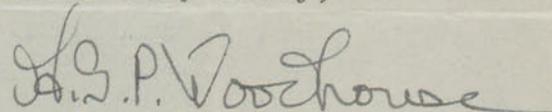
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Dear Sir,

We are collecting material for our second annual survey of the work done by Canadians, or in Canada, in the general field of the humanities including the various departments of literature, history philosophy, theology, the social sciences, and the fine arts.

May I remind you of the impossibility of achieving completeness without the active co-operation of the writers themselves and of their academic heads? And may I ask you to aid us by furnishing me (at your convenience, but if possible by December 1) with a list of your own publications during the year and of those of your subordinates?

Yours very truly,



A.S.P. Woodhouse,  
Editor

Principal A.E. Morgan,  
McGill University,  
Montreal.

PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR  
A. E. MORGAN

MCGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

16th November 1936

Dear Sir,

In reply to your circular letter of the 9th November, the Principal directs me to send you a proof copy of the list of publications of members of the University staff as it will appear in the Annual Report which is now in press.

Yours faithfully,

Principal's Secretary

A.S.P. Woodhouse, Esq.,  
Editor,  
The University of Toronto Quarterly,  
Toronto, 5.

PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR

A. E. MORGAN

MCGILL UNIVERSITY

MONTREAL

19 January 1937

Dear Professor Burton,

Thank you for your letter of the 15th  
January and the notice of the Special Lectures to  
be delivered by Professor Niels Bohr. I have  
referred this matter to Professor Shaw of the  
Department of Physics.

Yours sincerely,

Professor E.F. Burton,  
Department of Physics,  
University of Toronto.  
Toronto, 5. Ont.

PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR

A. E. MORGAN

MCGILL UNIVERSITY

MONTREAL

Professor A. N. Shaw

19 January 1937

I am directed by the Principal to refer to you the attached letter from Professor E.F. Burton regarding the visit of Professor Niels Bohr to the University of Toronto.

Principal's Secretary.

The University of Toronto Quarterly

A. S. P. WOODHOUSE  
EDITOR

E. K. BROWN  
A. BRADY  
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

PUBLISHED BY  
THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

Toronto 5, Canada

A. GORDON BURNS  
ACTING MANAGER

December 16, 1937.

Dear Sir:

We are collecting material for our third annual survey of the work done by Canadians, or in Canada, in the general field of the humanities including the various departments of literature, history, philosophy, theology, the social sciences, and the fine arts.

May I remind you of the impossibility of achieving completeness without the active co-operation of the writers themselves and of their academic heads? And may I ask you to aid us by furnishing me with a list of your own publications during the year (whether in book form or periodical) and of those of your associates? We would also be very grateful if you could let us have, in all cases, full bibliographical information (publisher, pagination, etc.) and where possible, review copies, offprints, or clippings of your publications.

The information with which you supply us will also be incorporated in the Annual Bibliography of English Language and Literature, issued by the Modern Humanities' Research Association.

Yours very truly,

*A. S. P. Woodhouse*

A. S. P. Woodhouse,  
Editor

Arthur E. Morgan, Esq.,  
Principal, McGill University,  
Montreal, P.Q.

*gone to England. The long Principal*  
*Mr Morgan published nothing —*  
*from the Annual Report recently*  
*sent you will get publications of staff.*  
*21 Dec 137.*  
*She Murray*

*The Editors of the UNIVERSITY OF  
TORONTO QUARTERLY present their  
compliments and thanks for the in-  
formation communicated to them.*

13th January 1938

My dear President Cody,

How very kind of you to write to me in the terms  
of your letter of the 11th January!

I don't know when I shall be in Toronto. For the  
next few months it is likely that I shall attend very closely  
to business inside these walls and to learning about the  
University. I realize how much I do have to learn, but  
I do most sincerely hope that I shall be able to serve so  
as to reflect credit upon McGill and not to bring disgrace  
to Canadian educational circles. The relations between our  
two universities must be very close indeed, and I hope that  
it may be my privilege and pleasure to make your own acquaintance  
as soon as possible. If I should be in Toronto I shall be sure  
to call upon you, and I hope that if anything brings you to  
Montreal, you will let me know.

Very sincerely yours,

The President,  
The University of Toronto,  
Toronto, Ontario.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT  
H. J. CODY, M.A., D.D., LL.D.



January 11, 1938

Principal Lewis Douglas,  
McGill University,  
Montreal.

Dear Mr. Principal:

I see by our newspapers that you have been formally installed as Principal of McGill. Your name and fame have preceded you. I have heard much of you through Dr. FitzGerald of our Department of Hygiene, and Baron Silvercruys, the Belgian Minister at Ottawa. May I on behalf of one of your sister institutions join in bidding you a hearty welcome to the academic circle of Canada and in offering best wishes for a full measure of success in your new and important office ?

I hope when you come to Toronto, as you probably will in the near future, that you will call on me and give me the opportunity of meeting you and welcoming you face to face.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

*H. J. Cody*

President.

TORONTO ANNUAL REPORT.

Surplus --- Investments -appreciation. 121

Bearing in mind that Toronto lives on government grants and scarcely at all on invested funds income this does seem to me an EXTRAORDINARY statement???

**GOOD YEAR ENDED  
BY U. OF TORONTO**

TORONTO, Sept. 7—(C.P.)—The University of Toronto completed the fiscal year ending last June 30 with a surplus of \$31,773 and with market value of its investments exceeding book value by approximate \$860,110, according to the annual report of the Board of Governors made public yesterday.

Revenue amounted to \$2,736,016 after deducting \$67,925 for interest written to certain scholarship and trust funds. Included in the revenue was the legislative grant of \$920,000 and a supplementary special grant of \$180,000. Expenditure totalled \$2,704,243. Of this approximately \$1,739,062 was for salaries. The net surplus was applied to the debit balance of \$45,878 carried down from the previous year.

The University of Toronto Quarterly

A. S. P. WOODHOUSE  
EDITOR

E. K. BROWN  
A. BRADY  
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

PUBLISHED BY  
THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

Toronto 5, Canada

A. GORDON BURNS  
ACTING MANAGER

November 29, 1938

My dear Principal Douglas:

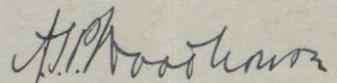
Professor Brett tells me that, at his recent meeting with you, you were so good as to accede to our wishes and say that you would write something for the Quarterly. I do not know what subject you have in mind, but it has occurred to us that nothing could be more timely than some exposition of, or comment on, the contemporary scene in American politics, domestic or foreign. It would be of immense interest to our readers.

We are anxious to print the article in the first available issue. I am sorry that we are too late for January, where we could have given you five thousand words. In April, owing to the survey of Canadian literature, it is necessary to limit the articles to a maximum of four thousand words. Would that be sufficient? And if so, may we hope to receive the MS. by the first week in March?

In case you are not very familiar with the Quarterly, I am sending you a copy of the October issue. As you will see, it is a national journal, and in no sense limited to the University and its graduates. I need not add that, even if it were so limited, no one would receive a warmer welcome to its pages than yourself.

May I hope to hear from you, at your convenience, regarding the subject and the time when you expect to have the article completed?

Yours very sincerely,



A. S. P. Woodhouse,  
Editor.

Principal Lewis W. Douglas, M.A., LL.D.,  
McGill University,  
Montreal, P. Q.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY  
PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR  
L. W. DOUGLAS

December 1, 1938

My dear Mr. Woodhouse,

It is very kind indeed of Professor Brett and yourself to offer me the columns of the University of Toronto Quarterly for an article, but I am afraid that the demands upon my time and energies from now until the end of session are, and will continue to be so great that I could not keep a promise to produce such an article. I therefore feel that it is better for me to say now that, for the present, I shall not be able to avail myself of this privilege and opportunity.

I do hope that you will be good enough to ask me again later on, when I hope that I shall have more free time for such pleasant things as articles.

With many thanks, and all kind wishes for the continued success of the Quarterly,

Very truly yours,

A. S. P. Woodhouse, Esq.,  
University of Toronto Quarterly,  
Toronto, 5, Ont.

**DOCKET ENDS:**  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

4  
October  
Fifth  
1920.

Dr. H. M. Tory,  
President, University of Alberta,  
Edmonton, Alta.

My dear Dr. Tory:-

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of September 29th, and to thank Mrs. Tory and yourself for your kind invitation to put up Lady Currie and myself when we visited Edmonton about the end of this month.

According to the schedule as at present arranged, I shall spend Saturday, October 30th, leaving there on Sunday night of the 31st for Winnipeg. If this programme is altered in any way I shall inform you, but Mr. Tilt, one of our Science graduates, is preceding me on the trip and making arrangements. He is sure to get in touch with you when in Edmonton.

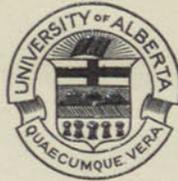
I may say that I have received invitations from the Edmonton Board of Trade, the Men's Canadian Club and the Women's Canadian Club to address them while in Edmonton. The primary purpose of my visit is to meet and speak to the Graduates of McGill, but I hope there will be time to speak to one of these other bodies, or possibly they could combine in some sort of function.

I look forward with a great deal of pleasure to meeting you, for I feel your counsel in University matters will be of great assistance to me.

Ever yours faithfully,

*H. M. Tory*  
Principal.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE



CABLE ADDRESS: "VERA"  
Code A.B.C. (5th Ed.)

EDMONTON (SOUTH) Sept. 29th, 1920.  
ALBERTA, CANADA

General Sir Arthur Currie,  
Principal, McGill University,  
Montreal, Que.

My dear General Currie:

I see by the papers that you are coming west. I am writing this to give you a cordial invitation on behalf of myself and wife to stop with us when you are in Edmonton. This invitation, of course, includes Lady Currie, should she be accompanying you.

Further, if you desire to meet the McGill graduates and will give me due notice beforehand, I will take steps to have a gathering of them to meet you either at the house or at the University.

Please notify me of your plans or of anything I can do to facilitate the object of your visit.

Sincerely yours,

President.

GRAHAM TOWERS BANK OF CANADA OTTAWA

UNDERSTAND YOU WILL BE MONTREAL FOURTEENTH MAY I HAVE HONOR OF ENTERTAINING  
YOU AT LUNCH?

L. W. DOUGLAS  
~~XXXXXXXX~~ MCGILL UNIVERSITY

phoned CPR 10th March 1938

January  
Twenty-ninth  
1923.

Messrs. Maas Brothers,  
Tampa, Florida.

Dear Sirs:-

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of January 23rd with reference to a man calling himself G. W. Town, who claimed to be a Professor at this University.

We have had a similar inquiry from the Hillsboro Hotel of your city, but I regret cannot be of any assistance to you in locating Professor Town. He is not and never has been connected with McGill University.

Yours faithfully,

Principal's Secretary.

"THE SHOPPING CENTER OF SOUTH FLORIDA"



# MAAS BROTHERS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
MERCHANTS

FRANKLIN, ZACK AND  
TAMPA STREETS

NEW YORK OFFICE  
120 WEST 32ND STREET

TAMPA, FLORIDA

January 23, 1923.

McGill University,

Montreal, Canada.

Gentlemen: (Attention of the President)

About January 15th we accepted a Cashier's check for \$40.00, dated, January 4th, drawn on The Washington Loan & Trust Company, Washington, D.C., and payable through The Chase National Bank, New York City, in favor of Prof. G. W. Town, who gave his address as McGill College, Montreal, Canada.

The check has been returned with the information that it is a fraud, and we are writing to you to ascertain if you have a Prof. Town in your employ and if he is in the States at the present time. The gentleman who cashed this check looked to be about sixty or sixty-five years old, tall, smooth faced, and stated that he was suffering with rheumatism as he used a cane. He bought four golf clubs here, stating that the porter on the train had by mistake put his golf bag off at the wrong station and that they had been unable to locate it. The gentleman had a letter from one of the Departments at Washington, D.C., relative to some research work which the Department desired him to take up.

Possibly you have had inquiries from others regarding this same party, and we would like for you to give us all the information you can, so that we may use our best efforts to locate the supposed Prof. Town.

Thanking you in advance for the courtesy of a prompt reply, we are,

Yours very truly,

*Maas Bros,  
Cashier*

January  
Twenty-sixth  
1923.

The Hillsboro Hotel Co.,  
Tampa, Florida.

Dear Sirs:-

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your  
letter pf January 22nd with reference to one,  
G.W. Town who claimed to be a Professor at this  
University.

We have no such professor at  
McGill and never heard of him.

Yours faithfully,

Principal.



# THE HILLSBORO

HILLSBORO HOTEL CO.

PROPRIETORS  
L. B. SKINNER, Pres.

"TOP O' THE TOWN"

TAMPA, FLA.      Jany 22-23

The President  
McGill College  
Montreal Canada

Dear Sir-

On the 14th of this month we cashed a New York draft for \$ 40.00 for a guest of ours who registered and claimed to be Professor G W Town of your College. This draft has just been returned to us unpaid with protest fees of \$ 1.50 added to same and marked "Fraud".

Have you a professor connected with your college by this name who is at present touring Florida? If so probably you can put us in touch with him.

We will appreciate any information that you can give us that will enable us to get in touch with this party, and thanking you for a prompt reply we are-

Yours very truly-

Hillsboro Hotel-

*L. B. Skinner*

**DOCKET STARTS:**  
TOWN PLANNING

OTTAWA, 25th October, 1920.

Dear Sir,-

In the first issue of the Journal a list purporting to contain the names, titles, and addresses of the members was published, but several errors have crept in and it is to be reprinted in our next issue. In order to have it as nearly as possible correct would you be good enough to send me your name, titles, and address. From information gathered in this way it is proposed to compile the next list of names and addresses in the hope that it may then be correct

Yours truly,

A.H. HAWKINS.

*Secy - Treas.  
T.P.S.*

December  
Eighth  
1920.

A. H. Hawkins, Esq.,  
Town Planning Institute,  
Ottawa.

Dear Sir:-

I am directed by Sir Arthur  
Currie to inform you that his correct name,  
titles and address are as follows:

General Sir Arthur W. Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., LL.D.,  
McGill University,  
Montreal.

Yours sincerely,

Principal's Secretary.

February  
Seventeenth  
1922.

Alfred Buckley, Esq., M.A.,  
Editor, Journal Town Planning Institute,  
Canadian National Parks,  
Ottawa.

Dear Sir:-

I wish to express to you the appreciation of the University for having sacrificed the time to come here in order to give lectures on 'Town Planning and Housing' under the auspices of our Department of Social Service.

In as much as we have few experts in Canada able to lecture authoritatively on these subjects the universities of the Dominion must necessarily depend upon such a Department as you represent. I should be grateful if you would inform Mr. Harkin, the Commissioner of Dominion Parks, under whose Department you work, of my appreciation of his co-operation in sending you to us.

With all good wishes, I am,

Ever yours faithfully,

Principal.

W.D. Cromarty, Esq.,  
Vice-President, Ontario Assoc Architects,  
Canadian National Parks,  
Ottawa.

216

J. B. HARKIN,  
COMMISSIONER.

LH.



DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
CANADA

NATIONAL PARKS  
NORTH WEST GAME ACT  
MIGRATORY BIRDS CONVENTION ACT  
HISTORIC SITES

CANADIAN NATIONAL PARKS  
OTTAWA

IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO FILE 695/1 Town  
Planning

February 20, 1922

Dear Sir:

I beg to thank you for your letter of February 17th.

It was a very great pleasure to me to have the opportunity of lecturing at McGill University on the subject of Town Planning and Housing, and I trust that similar opportunities may be afforded from time to time, in the future.

I appreciate very much indeed the kind expressions contained in your letter and I know that it will be a matter of great satisfaction to Mr. Harkin to learn that the lectures were of service to the University.

Yours very truly,

*M. D. Cromarty*

Sir Arthur Currie, K.C.B.,  
President, McGill University,  
MONTREAL.

November 27, 1925.

Dr. C.A. Dawson,  
School for Social Workers,  
McGill University.

Dear Dr. Dawson:-

The University has been requested to arrange for a few members of its staff to co-operate in a town planning movement which it is hoped to initiate early next year.

Dean H.M. Mackay is acting as convener of the University Committee. I should be very glad if you would consent to help us in this matter.

Yours faithfully,

Principal.

Sent to:-

Dr. J.P. Day  
Prof. Traquair  
Prof. R. deL. French.

FACULTY CLUB  
822 UNIVERSITY ST.  
MONTREAL

MCGILL UNIVERSITY

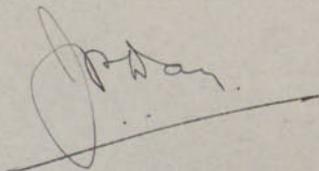
30 Nov. 1925-

Tom Planning Movement.

Dear Sir Arthur,

In reply to your note of 27<sup>th</sup> inviting  
my help with regard to the above movement, I  
shall be very glad to be of any service I can.

Yours faithfully



Dept. of Economics

The Principal  
McGill Univ.

DEPARTMENT OF ARCHITECTURE

MCGILL UNIVERSITY

MONTREAL

RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

M. A. F. R. I. B. A.

W. E. CARLESS

F. R. I. B. A.

PROFESSORS

Dec. 2nd. 1925.

Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., LL.D.,  
Principal,  
McGill University.

Dear Sir Arthur,

I shall be glad to give any assistance  
I can in the Town-Planning Movement and to act as  
a member of the Committee under Dean H. M. Mackay.

Yours faithfully,

*Ramsay Traquair*

McGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL  
SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL WORKERS

COMMITTEE:

SIR ARTHUR CURRIE, CHAIRMAN  
MR. J. S. BRIERLEY  
DR. C. A. DAWSON  
DR. D. J. FRASER  
DR. OSWALD HOWARD  
DR. STEPHEN LEACOCK  
DR. HELEN R. Y. REID  
DR. RICHARD ROBERTS

DIRECTOR: DR. C. A. DAWSON

OFFICES: EAST WING, ARTS BUILDING, TEL. UPTOWN 5920

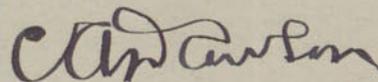
December 2, 1925.

Sir Arthur Currie,  
Principal,  
McGill University.

Dear Sir Arthur:

I shall be glad to co-operate  
with Dean H. M. MacKay and other members of the  
University staff in a town planning movement.

Yours faithfully,



Director.

PROFESSORS

H. M. MACKAY, CIVIL ENGINEERING  
E. BROWN,  
APPLIED MECHANICS AND HYDRAULICS  
R. DE L. FRENCH,  
HIGHWAY AND MUNICIPAL ENGINEERING

# McGill University

DEPARTMENT OF CIVIL ENGINEERING  
AND APPLIED MECHANICS

ASSOCIATE PROFESSORS

H. M. LAMB,  
CIVIL ENGINEERING  
CYRIL BATHO,  
APPLIED MECHANICS

MONTREAL.

7th December, 1925.

Dear Sir Arthur:-

I shall be happy to be of what service I can in connection with the Town Planning Committee of the University.

My accomplishments along this line are not very extensive, however.

Yours faithfully,

*R. De L. French*

Sir Arthur W. Currie,  
Principal and Vice-Chancellor,  
McGill University.

January 12th, 1926.  
January 12th, 1926.

Ellwood Wilson, Esq.,  
~~Assistant~~ ~~Frederic~~ & Esq.  
General Department,  
Canadian National Railways,  
Montreal.

My dear Mr. Wilson:-

Let me thank you for your letter of January 9th in which you offer to contribute to the popular course of lectures on Town Planning arranged by McGill University.

I shall at once take this up with the Committee, who, I hope, may find it possible to accede to the offer.

With all good wishes, I am,

Yours faithfully,

Principal.

NOBBS & HYDE  
ARCHITECTS

PERCY E. NOBBS, M.A., F.R.I.B.A., R.C.A.  
GEORGE T. HYDE, B.Sc., S.B.

14 PHILLIPS SQUARE  
MONTREAL

December 1, 1926.

Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.,  
Principal,  
McGill University,  
Montreal.

Dear Sir Arthur,

I have pleasure in enclosing herewith two documents, in the compilation of which I have had the main responsibility.

The Report of the Committee on Town Planning of the City Improvement League (English version) explains itself. I have marked the more constructive paragraphs.

The Memoranda on Church Design and Church Decoration for the Montreal Presbytery, United Church of Canada, represent a piece of work which I also undertook in virtue of my connection with the University, and which has been very well received in most quarters.

The Town Planning matter is of course an immense problem, but, as I cannot see my way to make further serious inroads on my time in the immediate future, I am endeavouring to pass on my responsibility to that most excellent and able man, Mr. Edouard Montpetit, of the University of Montreal, who is by way of being a professional economist and a student of social problems. Should he fall in with this suggestion, no doubt he could always rely on our University aiding and abetting his efforts in this direction.

I wonder if you would care to drop me

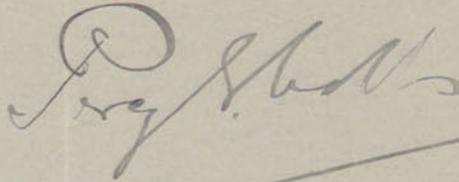
Sir Arthur Currie ..... Page #2

Dec.1/26

a line to this effect, which might be used in  
assuring Mr. Montpetit of the support he would  
receive from us.

With kind regards,

I am,  
Yours very truly,



A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "J. G. H. H. H.", written in dark ink. The signature is positioned above a long, thin horizontal line that extends across the width of the page.

PEN/C  
Encs.

NOBBS & HYDE

ARCHITECTS

PERCY E. NOBBS, M.A., F.R.I.B.A., R.C.A.

GEORGE T. HYDE, B.Sc., E.B.

14 PHILLIPS SQUARE

MONTREAL

January 14, 1927.

Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.,  
Principal,  
McGill University,  
Montreal.

Dear Sir Arthur,

Following our conversation yesterday morning, when I called on you primarily to enlist the continued support of the University in connection with the work of the City Improvement League Committee on Town Planning, which will probably be making a special study of land law and expropriation in the near future, I have the following remarks to make on supplementary matters we talked of which appeared to interest you:-

1. Through lack of town planning control in the past, the "areas of deterioration" in Montreal have spread in all directions, the Ghetto, for instance, is now within a couple of furlongs of the University gates, and Chinatown may come on its heels. I take the view that it would be useful to have a small committee on the protection of the university district make a study of the situation. I think I can supply some food for thought with reference to past, present and probable future developments.

2. Some years ago, the possibility of moving the University bodily to a new site came under consideration. I collaborated with the late Mr. Vaughan and the late Mr. Perreault in preparing a valuation of the university land on the theory of its use for stores, hotels and apartment houses. By the time the area of deterioration has reached and crossed Sherbrooke Street.

Jan.14/27

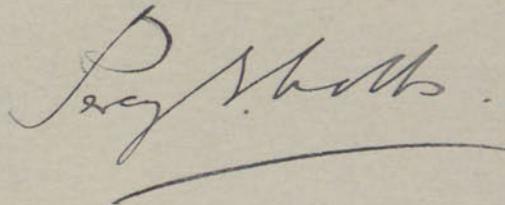
the figures then prepared will obviously no longer hold good.

3. Some insight into what can be done in the way of controlling a situation of this kind might be obtained by a study of the work of the Fifth Avenue Protection Association. If, as a result of the study of such a committee as I have in mind, a Sherbrooke Street West Protection Association came into being, certain projects relative to the situation might be embarked upon on a scale which would assure not only the result aimed at, but substantial profits. I think the City Hall would be found quite sympathetic with any effort to plan and control the district immediately surrounding the university.

4. It is to be borne in mind that the main attention of the City Fathers, when town planning once begins to take hold here, will be amelioration in the mid-Eastern sections of the city. The community owning property between Pine Avenue, St.Catherine, Bleury and Guy Streets, would I think be well advised to take care of its own interests.

With kind regards,

I am,  
Yours faithfully,



PEN/C

**DOCKET ENDS:**  
TOWN PLANNING

13th April 1936

Dear Professor Townsend,

It was kind of you to send me  
copies of your interesting papers on American  
Foreign Policy. It is always interesting to  
hear from McGill men and especially those who  
hold important posts in American colleges.

Yours sincerely,

Professor C. L. Townsend,  
Southwestern College,  
Memphis, Tennessee.

With the writer's compliments  
C. L. Townsend, Metallurg

RECEIVED  
APR 18 1930

FOUR PATHS FOR AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

By

C. L. TOWNSEND

PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES

SOUTHWESTERN COLLEGE

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

## FOUR PATHS FOR AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

( A paper dedicated to the spirit of Woodrow Wilson, founder of the League of Nations )

The four paths which I shall pursue in this paper are imperialism, pacifism, internationalism, and isolationism. By imperialism I mean the painting red, white and blue of lands over which the stars and stripes does not fly today. By pacifism I mean the preservation of peace at any price short of submission to actual invasion. By internationalism I mean a return to those policies of keeping the peace of the world with deeds, as well as with mere words, which were championed by Woodrow Wilson. By isolationism I mean perseverance in the path which the United States has followed since the Senate, like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears, rejected the gospel of Woodrow Wilson.

## IMPERIALISM

In this study, which takes only a short distance view of American policy, having a range of - shall we say - ten years, it will not be necessary to devote much space to the possibility of imperialism. If one were taking, like Signor Mussolini, a long range view, extending even into the twenty-first century, it would be very tempting to indulge in speculation upon this theme. It may very well be that within the course of the next generation or two, the consciousness of a giant's strength may tempt the American people to use it like a giant, and that the temptation offered by the weakness of their neighbours to the North and South may prove as irresistible to them as such a temptation has proved to every powerful people of the past. But for the present there is no prospect of a national rush along this pathway. The only proposal for expansion that is under discussion for the moment is the preposterous proposal to ask France and England to pay their War debts with West Indian Islands. Even the muddy-minded millions who read the newspapers of William Randolph Hearst have not been thrilled by the prospect of further complicating our race problem by adding another million to the population of Afro-America, and deepening the difficulties of the depression by imposing upon the United States treasury the financing of lands which ever since the emancipation of the slaves have been more of a liability than an asset to the empires which possess them.

The Roosevelt administration indeed, has been blazing a trail in the diametrically opposite direction to that in which the path of imperialism leads. The passage of the bill for Philippine independence, the refusal to intervene in Cuba under the license of the Platt Amendment, the withdrawal of the marines from the Caribbean States are irrefutable proofs of this tendency. "The United States," President Roosevelt has said, "does not want to annex Canada, or any part thereof; it does not want to annex Mexico, or any part thereof; it does not want to annex Cuba, or any part thereof". This statement accurately represents the views of the minority of the American people which gives any thought, at the present moment, to the problem of foreign policy. There is of course great danger latent in the fact that the majority does not think of such questions at all, that a conversion of the national emotion from peaceful to militant comes, as 1914 proved, with amazing rapidity, and in the fact that hatred is the most contagious of popular emotions and the easiest to arouse. Therefore the great renunciation spoken in the name of the American people by Woodrow Wilson at Mobile in October, 1913, "I want to take this occasion to say that the United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest," cannot be regarded as binding either in fact or morally, upon future generations. No man has authority to say to his country, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

## PACIFISM

The preservation of peace at any price by the people of the United States can only be regarded as a counsel of perfection. It is too much to expect that a people strong and conscious of its strength will pursue in time of war that passive policy of watchful waiting which has been defined as "Watch till you see an American citizen killed, and then wait until you see the next American citizen killed", and at each of these outrages shall turn the other cheek, placidly remarking, "We are too proud to fight." The only way in which the United States can keep out of another world war is by preventing another world war. To keep from being involved, once such a war has broken out, would require, as Woodrow Wilson foresaw as early as 1914, that impossible neutrality, a neutrality in thought. In the presence of a great war only those can be neutral in thought who do not think at all.

But pacifism cannot be passed over as summarily as imperialism. There is a powerful pacifist element in the United States which includes some millions of voters. It is this element which turned a dozen normally Republican states in the West and centre to re-elect Woodrow Wilson President in 1916 under the spell of the Democratic slogan "He kept us out of War." And it is this same element which mistakenly, but not unnaturally, thinking itself betrayed and duped when the re-elected Woodrow Wilson carried us into war less than six months later, joined in unholy alliance with the isolationists to give the death blow to the League of Nations at the election of 1920.

To these gullible pacifists our politicians pander - in the intervals between voting money for new battle cruisers - with Kellogg Peace Pacts, peace pacts which even tiny Paraguay tears into scraps of paper. The dictum of Hobbes written three centuries ago still holds the field: "Covenants without the sword are but words and of no strength to secure a man at all".

The peace at any price pacifist often pays lip service to the policy of international co-operation, which he hinders in fact by his refusal to put teeth in any of his peace pacts. The pacifist may be defined as a man who is willing to talk for world peace, the internationalist as a man who is willing to fight for it. Many pacifists actually still oppose America's entrance into the League of Nations because the League does not promote their pet nostrums in foreign policies, for instance, the freeing of India from the imagined tyranny of England, or because the League Covenant contains clauses calling for defence, by military force, of an attacked member. Still other pacifists in their short-sighted inconsistency uphold the Stimson doctrine which constitutes the most critical danger spot in American foreign relations today, if we continue to live up to it.

The pacifist in his sentimental horror of war lets the rain of his abhorrence fall alike on the just cause and on the unjust. "Was there ever a war waged by any nation that was not a war of aggression?" cried a school marm, quite old enough to know better, to a gathering of enthusiastic peace at any price men, and the silly sheep bleated loud applause. My request for an explanation of the aggressive element in Belgium's four year's fight for freedom against Germany went without an answer.

The policies of the present administration have been, on the whole, satisfactory to the pacifists, though the wisdom of some of them from the point of view of the preserving of peace is perhaps questionable. To renounce the right of American intervention in Cuba for the preservation of peace and order seems very much like licensing in that revolution-racked island, free indulgence in a chaos of throat cutting, with no certainty that we shall not be driven into intervention in the end, lest anarchy supervene. There is no doubt, too, that in offering the right hand of recognition to that Moscow murder gang whose government is the negation of God on Earth, President Roosevelt, as he has said repeatedly, was largely actuated by the belief "that through the resumption of normal relations with Russia, the prospects of peace over all the world are greatly strengthened." The endorsement of the President's recognition of Russia by the mass of the American people was based, however, not on their love of peace, but on the widely accepted principles of economic nationalism, so dear to every Isolationist. "This buy American movement would be a great thing if only somebody would start it abroad," said Judge. And Russia, ever ready with promises to pay if only the credits be long, seemed made to fill this role.

But to the internationalist who cannot accept without at least a mental reservation the saying of President Roosevelt, "the maintenance of constitutional government in other nations is not a sacred obligation devolving upon the United States alone," the recognition of Russia is the saddest incident in world history since the triumph of Hitler. It blots out in the United States foreign policy the last trace of the idealism of Woodrow Wilson, the one vestige of it respected by even the Republicans. It was still as true in November 1933 as it was in August 1920 when Woodrow Wilson through his Secretary of State gave his reasons for non-recognition of the Soviet Government, that "Russia is helpless in the grip of a non-representative government whose only sanction is brute force".

In securing the passage of the bill granting independence to the Philippines, President Roosevelt has lessened greatly the risks of complications in the Pacific. But there are still possibilities of trouble with foreign powers in the clause reserving to the United States the option of retaining naval bases in the islands, even after independence has become an actual fact. It would probably be more prudent for the United States to disinterest itself completely in the little brown brother after granting him the right of self-misgovernment. If the American people are to delude themselves into the belief that the national prestige is bound up with protecting permanently the independence of the Philippines against other powers, the danger of foreign complications will be far greater than if the islands remain directly under American rule. In the last days of July, 1914, before the rape of Belgium had united all Englishmen in determined opposition to Germany, the newspaper John Bull placarded London with posters bearing the legend "To Hell with Servia." If in ten or twenty years from now the Philippines appeal for aid against the imperialism of Japan, Americans would do well to revive that doughboy ditty of the naughty nineties with its refrain "Damn, damn, damn, the Filipino!"

Though I realize that the path of pacifism to the point of peace at any price is an impracticable one, I should not like it to be thought that I am destitute of all sympathy for the pacifists ideals. It must be admitted that from the point of view of the world, even an

unjust peace is sometimes preferable to a just war. It is better, perhaps, that the quarter of a million Germans of South Tyrol should be left helpless victims of the ferocious policy of Italianization, which is the darkest blot upon the statesmanship of Mussolini, than that a million and a quarter of their fellow Germans should lay down their lives in a war to deliver them from their oppressors.

There are steps that the United States can take along the path of pacifism in foreign policy with great profit to itself. The Monroe Doctrine should be scrapped as an obsolete shibboleth. It has long been regarded by the states of Latin America as an officious and unwelcome tutelage. After a hundred years of South American independence the doctrine that the United States owes its protection to these infant nations is as obsolete and as destitute of any real validity as the sob-stuff of our high-tariff advocates over the necessity for protection of America's "infant industries," that doctrine by virtue of which our Southern cotton grower has for a century been more and more deprived of the natural outlets for the half of his crop which he could otherwise export, - deprived by a series of "tariffs of abominations."

It should be within the memory of millions now living that the Monroe Doctrine brought the United States to the brink of a fratricidal war with Great Britain over the question of whether a few thousand square miles of thinly peopled land lay within the boundaries of Venezuela or of British Guiana. To express the value of the lands in dispute in terms of American lives one can only quote that famous saying of Bismarck, which would have prevented the World War if his successors had taken it to heart, "The whole of the Balkans is not worth the bones of one Pomeranian grenadier."

It would be also the part of wisdom to go a little way with the pacifist in the direction of disarmament by abandoning the doctrine that the United States must maintain a navy second to none. The most rudimentary knowledge of geography, the most casual glance at the map of the world must convince any intelligent man that it is spend-thrift extravagance for the United States to build ship for ship with the far flung loose-knit empire of Britain. The big navy propagandists argue that had the United States had naval parity with Great Britain in 1914, America could have added to the millions made from trading with the Allies other millions made from trading with the Central Powers. But the British interference with American Trade was not due to the weakness of the American navy, even then the third navy of the world; it was because Woodrow Wilson would not go further than paper protests against the British blockade, and because the British knew that he would not. It was because Germany's crimes against international law, the violation of Belgium and the murder of the helpless passengers of the "Lusitania" made it morally impossible for the United States to take any action that would help the central powers to victory. The three thousand miles of undefended and indefensible British frontier which form the northern boundary of the United States are a sure guarantee against any danger from British Navalism.

There are also moral reasons for discarding this slogan. When President Roosevelt proclaims "the way to disarm is to disarm," and in almost the same breath asks Congress to vote hundreds of millions for the construction of more men-of-war, the Anglo-Saxon mind, accustomed to keep its ideas separate in water tight compartments,

does not doubt the President's devotion to the cause of disarmament because of this inconsistency. But the Frenchman, the main target for our disarmament propaganda, has a logical mind that knows no such separation into water-tight compartments. Already irritated by the Englishman, who prates to him of Germany's moral right to an equality with France in armaments by land, forgetting to mention that he would never grant Germany any sort of right to equal armaments by sea, the Frenchman, when he detects these inconsistencies in American policy, shrugs his shoulders and sneers, "Just another specimen of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy."

The most immediate and important service that the Roosevelt Administration can render in the clearing of the pathway to peace for American foreign policy is the re-establishment of friendly relations with Japan. It has already made a good beginning in recalling the American battle fleet from the Pacific ocean and in soft-pedaling the series of self-righteous sermonettes with which President Hoover and his Secretary of State bombarded the ears of Japan. The next and necessary step for the restoration of cordial relations is that the conquerors of California should recognize the rights conferred by conquest upon the masters of Manchukuo. The Stimson Doctrine should be scrapped; first, because it makes the United States ridiculous by its utter futility - China has the moral support of our State Department, and Japan has Manchukuo; and secondly, because it produces a state of tense irritation which any untoward incident might easily aggravate into war - a war that could profit only the killers in the Kremlin. Even if the worst fears of our traders in the Orient are realized, and Japan slams, bolts, and bars in our faces the "open door" to the Chinese market, we could easily spend in one week of hostilities more than the profits of a whole year of our Chinese trade.

Now that the democracy of America has accorded recognition to the malevolent despotism of the Soviets there can be no moral ground for withholding it from the benevolent despotism of Manchukuo whose people are far safer and more prosperous under their Japanese overlords than they had ever dreamed of being under their Chinese War-lords. To the people of China, incapable of national union because incapable of suppressing their scores of military anarchs, there applies as to no other people that famous bull of a forgotten Pope:

"For forms of government let fools contest,  
Whate'er is best administered is best."

Of all the peoples of the world it would least behoove the American people to cast stones at the Japanese. It is a bare thirty years since Theodore Roosevelt "took Panama". If Americans in their thinking will substitute the Canal for the South Manchurian Railway, Colombia for China, and the American promoted and protected independence movement in Panama for the Japanese promoted and protected independence movement in Manchuria, they will find a precise parallel to their own circumstances, and the key to true appreciation of Japan's action. The much derided bombing incident on the South Manchurian Railway cannot compare in Gilbertian farcicality with the far-sighted cablegram sent by the State Department at Washington to the American consuls at Panama and Colon, requesting them to report the progress of a revolution which only broke out two hours after the cable was dispatched.

"Let those in vitreous tenements who dwell,  
Forbear the flinty missile to propel."

Good feeling between these two great nations can of course only be completely restored by following two counsels of perfection, even the easier of which is probably beyond President Roosevelt's strength. We should remove the stigma shamefully placed upon a great people by returning to the gentleman's agreement which would save Japan's pride and dignity by allowing under our immigration quota system, a mere one hundred and eighty-five of her people to enter the United States each year - let the Pacific Coast politicasters bray their loudest - and we should find some way to gag that reptile press which is always ready to hiss venomously at every act of Japanese statesmen or soldiers. No doubt, however, the recognition of Manchukuo will serve to ensure peace if not friendship between the nations. Paradoxical as it may seem, however, it is the professional pacifist and not the professional militarist who will protest most loudly against a frank facing of the necessity for settling this issue to Japan's satisfaction.

A policy of pacifism can save us from a profitless war with Japan and a profitless spending rivalry with Britain, but it cannot avail, however long and patiently pursued, to save us from inevitable involvement in a new world war. There have been two world wars since the United States became a nation. In neither conflict did any neutral more religiously observe the precept "whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." In 1807 the British warship "Leopard", exercising an illegal right of search for deserters fired upon and forced into surrender the defenceless warship "Chesapeake" and kidnaped several members of her crew. It was not until five years after, that America resorted to war to end the crime of kidnaping on the high seas. In 1915 when the harmless non-combatants on board the "Lusitania" were murdered by orders of the Imperial German Government, more than one hundred American - men, women, and children - were numbered among the eleven hundred victims in this massacre of the innocents -- the most atrocious outrage ever inflicted by one great power upon another with which it was not at war. Yet two years were to elapse before America took up arms to end the crime of murdering upon the high seas. It cannot be said too often that the only way for the United States to keep out of a world war is to prevent a world war.

## INTERNATIONALISM

That the path of international cooperation, the trail blazed by Woodrow Wilson, is the true path for American foreign policy to follow is capable of proof by arguments based entirely upon political realism and national self-interest, since the United States, in spite of the most desperate efforts to escape, found itself irresistibly drawn into the vortex of world war in both the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. But the internationalist remembering the idealism of his dead leader, prefers to rest his case on moral principle, on the belief that as it is with a man so it is with a nation, that a nation is responsible not only for the evil done by itself, but for the evil done by others that it could have prevented, that inaction in the face of a ringing moral challenge is itself immorality. In 1914 Germany flung such a challenge in the face of the world by her invasion of Belgium, and all the neutral nations of the world shamefully ignored that challenge except England, the one neutral to which Belgium's independence was of vital national interest. Even Woodrow Wilson, then merely President of the United States, with no prophetic foresight that he was to bear the far greater title, Founder of the League of Nations, called upon his people to be impartial, even in thought, between the warring nations. Yet if the United States had entered the World War in 1914 to punish the rape of Belgium, millions of lives would have been saved.

The idealist, of course, must beware of the taunt of quixotism which the isolationist is ever ready to fling at him. It would, perhaps, be too extravagant, seven centuries after the last of the crusades, to call for a crusade to deliver the persecuted Christians of Russia, or the persecuted Jews of Germany. Yet how can an idealist accept the isolationist thesis that "the persecution of the Jews is, after all, Germany's domestic concern, and as such it should not interfere with her relations to other countries." If we cannot cure we can at least prevent. Let us serve notice upon Hitler and upon Stalin, upon the Brown tyrant and upon the Red, that any aggression upon the free and peace-loving democracies of Europe will be met by mobilizing all the vast resources of wealth and man-power possessed by the United States. Otherwise, we shall be again subject as in 1914 to such bitter jibes at our morally blind neutrality as the verse which I quote from the Boston Post, only bringing the nomenclature up to 1935:

" Hitler, in Teutonic rage,  
Sacked the city of Liege  
Quoth Uncle Sam, " Now ain't he cute  
In his nice brown soldier suit?"

Germany is mad and has committed herself into the hands of the maddest of all her sons. It is of no use for pacifists to blether about Peace Pacts and the moral sense of world public opinion. Japan's aggression in Manchuria has been unanimously condemned at the bar of the World Court of Public Opinion and Japan is not a penny the worse for that.

" Thrice armed is he that hath his quarrel just;  
But four times he that gets his blow in fust."

"The adherence of the United States to the group of powers bent on maintaining the peace of Europe would give such overwhelming preponderance of force against the powers bent on disturbing it that peace would be secure for at least a generation."

The foreign policy of the Roosevelt administration has been as futile and feeble as that of its predecessors. In his message to the governments of the world in May, 1933, Mr. Roosevelt could venture on nothing more forcible than a recommendation that all nations "should enter into a solemn and definite pact of non-aggression; that they should solemnly re-affirm the obligations that they have assumed to limit and reduce their armaments and, provided these obligations are faithfully executed by all signatory powers, individually agree that they will send no armed force of whatsoever nature across their frontiers." This is a mere continuation of the tactics of "I will write it out ~~one~~ this line if it takes all summer," by following which tactics James Madison, James Buchanan, and Woodrow Wilson allowed the United States to drift into three great wars.

But only an idealist, protected by blinkers from all consciousness of political realities, can blame Franklin Roosevelt for not trying to be Woodrow Wilson. Woodrow Wilson united the highest ideals for mankind with an almost complete ignorance of men. Franklin Roosevelt knows his people and his politicians. Roosevelt walks on the clods with real men, while Wilson walked on the clouds with ideal men.

As an inpenitent Wilsonian I can only offer another counsel of perfection: America should join the League of Nations, assume in it the position of leadership and responsibility to which its rank as the mightiest of the powers entitles it, and make of it a league that can and will keep the peace in Europe.

"The present chaotic conditions in Europe are due to the absence of the United States from the deliberations of the League of Nations." I quote this from no European, but from a fellow North American, Senator Dandurand, delegate of Canada to the League of Nations. That reproach the United States cannot refute.

If we are to continue chary of aid and prodigal only of advice, let us for very shame discontinue the mockery of keeping Armistice Day as a national holiday. If we had followed Woodrow Wilson, the eleventh of November would commemorate the first day of world peace. Now it merely commemorates the day when one war ended, and the period of preparation for the next war began.

## ISOLATIONISM

The path of isolationism is the last to be considered and for good reasons. It is morally the basest of the courses open to the American people. To the internationalist pleading with Saint Paul, "Bear Ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ," the isolationist brazenly retorts with the words of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Rationally speaking this course is the least worthy of respect, being counselled by ignorance and shortsighted selfishness. Farsighted national self-interest, mindful of the lessons of 1812 and of 1917, agree with idealism that the only escape from involvement in a world war is through the prevention of the outbreak of a world war.

Lastly this course deserves the emphasis of final consideration because isolationism is the path that will undoubtedly be followed by our policy in the present and the immediate future, although history has shown that it is but the primrose path which leads inevitably, however slowly and deviously, to the camp-fires of a new Armageddon. Yet narrow nationalism is the ruling spirit of our foreign policy today, because of which the United States denies to the League of Nations that cooperation without which great questions of international importance never can be settled except by war.

It is this short-sighted nationalism which has caused the rejection of the Waterways Treaty with Canada, a rejection supported by senatorial arguments that the treaty, in spite of physical and political geography, would endanger the sovereignty of the United States over Lake Michigan. When one hears such fantastic theories put forward, and when one hears the doctrine advanced that the United States, a compact, continental power, must spend dollar for dollar on naval construction with Great Britain whose loose-knit dominions are scattered over the seven seas of the globe, one is tempted to inquire how many senators ever look at a map.

It is this nationalism which stubbornly refuses to face the fact that Europe cannot pay its war debts to this country, and which remains stupidly blind to the fact that it would not pay them if it could. A settlement of the war debt issue on the basis of a maximum of money and a minimum of mischief could doubtless be obtained if Congress empowered the President to discover what sum each of the debtor nations would pay to avoid the stigma of default, and empowered him to accept that sum and cancel the debt. But the isolationist majority in Congress cannot forget that Franklin Roosevelt campaigned for the League of Nations in 1920; and the recently passed Johnson Act by which Congress repudiates the common sense doctrine that even one thin slice is better than no bread at all, shows how little likelihood exists of the President's receiving authority to settle the war debt question upon the only possible basis.

It is all too evident, indeed, that Mr. Roosevelt has no intention whatever of endangering his party leadership and his domestic policies by advocating entrance upon the path of international cooperation. Those who believe that it is both the interest and the moral duty of the United States to protect the free democracies of Europe against the red fool fury of the Communist and Nazi will find

cold comfort in the utterances of the President as recorded in On Our Way: "We are not members of the League of Nations, and we do not contemplate membership;" and still more disheartening are these words, "I have made it clear that the United States cannot take part in political arrangements in Europe."

When the administration has endeavored to take a few faltering steps along the path of internationalism, it has been sharply jerked back by the senatorial leash. When with a view to discouraging -- very mildly -- an aggressor nation, a resolution sponsored by the Executive was brought before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, conferring on the President authority to declare an embargo on the shipment of arms or munitions to any foreign nation, the committee, considering right and wrong as trifling irrelevancies, deprived it of all political and moral significance by so amending it that the president could only apply it if he applied it against all the parties to an international dispute. Setting this and countless other refusals to cooperate in even the mildest of action to maintain or enforce peace alongside of the pious platitudes of the unanimously ratified Kellogg Peace Pact, one is irresistibly driven to apply to the senate's attitude toward the cause of peace the bitter jibe of an opposition newspaper against President Hoover: "All Hoover has for the unemployed is sympathy! Big hearted Herbie! He gives till it hurts!!!"

No, the United States is to remain neutral if a new war breaks out in Europe, not however with the passive neutrality of a peace at any price policy, but standing firmly on its neutral rights. In other words, Uncle Sam is to trail his coat in the dust of every conflict, and shake the mailed fist when, as is inevitable, his coat is trodden on. American Commerce and American passengers are to travel unhampered through war zones, under the protection of a navy second to none.

"We don't want to fight, but by Jingo, if we do,  
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the  
money too."

The boom of the Big Noise from Boise, and the bray of the wild jackass from California -- the voices of Borah and Johnson -- are these the voice of America in 1935? Alas, they are. "Oh people of Paraguay," thus did that South American Mussolini, El Supremo, once apostrophize his subjects, "Oh people of Paraguay, how long will you continue idiots?"

## SHAKESPEARE AND WOODROW WILSON

by

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In his Julius Caesar Shakespeare has given us the tragedy of Brutus, the tragedy of the idealist in politics. We have just witnessed such a tragedy upon the stage of history with Woodrow Wilson for its protagonist. So striking are the resemblances between the characters, careers, and fates of these two great men that some future Plutarch, taking for his parallel lives heroes from the world of reality and from the realm of poetry, might well devote a chapter to a comparison of these two great figures.

Both men were devoted heart and soul to a high ideal; both enjoyed an hour of intoxicating triumph speedily followed by a violent reaction. Both were too far above the mass of men to understand that with the majority reason counts for nothing against passion. "The President," state The Intimate Papers of Colonel House, "thought that organization amounted to nothing and that the people determined such matters (Colonel House is referring to the Presidential election of 1916) themselves. To hear him talk you would think the man in the street understood the theory and philosophy of government as he did and was actuated by the same motives." After reading Brutus's address to the Roman people one could well imagine a similar observation on Brutus in The Intimate Papers of Caius Cassius.

Both men failed to realize that logic was no substitute for persuasiveness, that appeals to an abstract ideal, no matter how lofty, failed to sway the mob mind when countered by appeals to self-interest and to pseudo-patriotic sentimentality. The Republican leaders indeed showed more than a little of Antony's skill in playing upon the emotion of the herd, their patriotic fervor, their fears for their pockets, their suspicion of foreigners, their susceptibility to catch-cries such as the claptrap about entangling alliances.

By one of the strangest coincidences recorded in the pages of history Woodrow Wilson, like Brutus, received his first disillusionment from the Roman mob. Woodrow Wilson's journey through Italy was a triumphal procession. The crowd acclaimed him with frantic enthusiasm as he drove through the streets of Rome. It was such a triumph as Augustus might have enjoyed after Actium.

But when Woodrow Wilson set himself to thwart the selfish ambitions of the Italian government in the matter of Fiume, and confidently appealed to the Italian people to disavow the imperialism of their rulers, and to accept him as their guide along the path of international idealism, it was at once evident how completely he had failed to understand the people of Italy. Hotels and streets which had been named for him were hastily rechristened. The streets of Rome, which had resounded with vivas as he drove through them a few short months before, now echoed to the sound of execration of his name mingled with acclamations for Italy's Prime Minister. Orlando, who had returned to Rome to assure himself of the support of his fellow countrymen,

The mistakes that marred the careers of both were of a nature strikingly similar. As Brutus, through unconscious love of exclusive domination, refused to enlist in his cause the services of Cicero, the

only man whose eloquence might have outmatched that of Antony, so, for the same motive, did Woodrow Wilson reject the services of Roosevelt when the latter begged to be allowed to lead a division of volunteers to France. Had Wilson possessed sufficient magnanimity and far-sightedness to enlist Roosevelt on his side, the course of American political history would have been changed, for Roosevelt could have provided the crowd mind with an idol, whereas Wilson, like Brutus, could only offer an ideal.

Wilson, like Brutus, made the fatal mistake of underestimating his opponents. The contempt of the stern moralist, Brutus, for the reckless libertine, Antony, which misled him into ignoring danger from such a source, finds its echo in Woodrow Wilson's justifiable but most ill-advised sneer at the pygmy minds of his senatorial opponents. Even as Brutus wricked the cause of his party by a blunder in military strategy, the descent from his safe position in the hills to meet his enemies upon ground of their own choosing, so did Woodrow Wilson wreck his cause by a blunder in political strategy, the appeal to the people for a Democratic Congress at the elections of 1918, an appeal which outraged the popular sentiment that war should call a halt to partisan politics, and which united in opposition to the administration all the discordant factions of Republicanism.

So striking is the parallelism that the cause of the downfall of both these idealists may be expressed in words which Lawrence Houseman, in his admirable little play The Instrument, puts into the mouth of Woodrow Wilson: "Too much faith, not in what I stood for, but in myself." And again: "I haven't the faculty of letting others think for me." And from the same play we may borrow the words which sum up the pathos of the fate of both: "To be so sure that I was right, and yet to fail"; for the tragedy of the idealist is never the fall of the individual but the failure of his cause.

Even as Brutus exclaimed:

"If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honor in one eye and death in the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently."

So Woodrow Wilson quoted with application to himself the words of Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth:

"For if it be a sin to covet honor,  
I am the most offending soul alive,"

and on his fatal tour of the country on behalf of the League of Nations, a journey undertaken against the urgent advice of his physician, he again and again proclaimed the glory of dying for a great cause, and once said that he himself would gladly die to bring peace to the world.

And both men, indeed, welcomed death after the shattering of their life's ambition. The resigned "I am ready to go" of the dying Woodrow Wilson finds its poetic anticipation in the words of Brutus:

"Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,  
That have but labored to attain this hour."

Of the two men, Woodrow Wilson suffered the more pitiful fate. He was doomed to outlive the shattering of his ideal and to see the world a prey to bitter national rivalries, while his own country stood aloof in selfish isolation. Fortune, however, spared him the most unkindest cut of all, the overwhelming repudiation of his ideal by the party he had led so long, yet which after all did "stand but in a forced affection."

In a sense such men as Brutus and Woodrow Wilson are always happier dead. This world is a poor place for idealists.

Along with these many points of resemblance the future Plutarch will dwell upon two outstanding points of difference. In wisdom Woodrow Wilson was far superior to Brutus. Woodrow Wilson's ideal was the king-thought of his age. Brutus's ideal of Republican freedom was an empty dream. The cause of the Republic was indeed hopelessly lost before ever Brutus thought to fight for it. "Who is here so base that would be a bondman?" was his challenge to the Roman people, and the answer came, "Caesar's better parts shall now be crowned in Brutus!"

With far more right than Brutus might Woodrow Wilson have predicted that he should have glory by this losing day more than his enemies by this vile conquest should attain unto. To the far corners of the globe his philosophy has penetrated. He has done more than any statesman in history to give the world an international conscience. The establishment of "The Parliament of man, the federation of the world" which Woodrow Wilson dreamed of may be delayed for a generation, but come it must if civilization is to endure.

Yet if Woodrow Wilson is immeasurable superior to Brutus as a political philosopher, Brutus is no less superior to Wilson in Humanity. The outstanding faults of the temperament of both were the same. Each wanted no one about him but those who shared in his views or at least submitted to them. It was utterly impossible for either to use great instruments according to their quality for great purposes. "I rarely consult any one!" said Woodrow Wilson to a reporter. But Brutus possessed in an eminent degree the talent for governing men without humiliating them.

How little of this valuable gift fell to the share of Woodrow Wilson let the case of Robert Lansing bear witness. When the qualifications of this obscure civil servant to direct the foreign affairs of the nation in the crisis of the World War were called in question, Wilson set aside all objections with the contemptuous words, "All I want is a good clerk, and he is a good clerk."

The winning courtesy of Brutus to all who approach him, which made him not only esteemed but loved, stands in sharp contrast to the chill unfriendliness so often manifested by Woodrow Wilson. Once a member of a deputation of women calling on the President ventured the banality, "It must be trying to have to meet so many people." "Yes," answered Woodrow Wilson, "especially when so few people are worth meeting."

If Brutus surpassed Woodrow Wilson in courtesy, he also excelled him in magnanimity. Not even the slurs and sneers of Cassius could lessen Brutus's admiration for Julius Caesar. Even after the Ides of March he is still "Great Julius" and "the foremost man of all this world." There is no page in Woodrow Wilson's history which his admirers would more willingly blot out than that on which he records his misjudgment of the greatest of his contemporaries, Theodore Roosevelt.

Brutus had a further advantage over Woodrow Wilson in his power of making and keeping friends.

"My heart doth joy that yet in all my life  
I found no man but he was true to me."

On the other hand the career of Woodrow Wilson is strewn with the wrecks of broken friendships, broken by his own choosing and by his own fault. The names of Colonel Harvey, William F. McCoombs, Colonel House and Joseph Tumulty will occur here to every student of recent political history.

Brutus, to be sure, is an intellectual autocrat, who insists that others must surrender their wisdom and judgment to him for their own good. But if we see only this in Brutus we make a great mistake. He had, despite this fatal fault, a quite extraordinary power of making men love him. This was not mainly due to his utter disinterestedness, for disinterestedness alone is cold and cannot inspire warmth. Now Brutus inspired not merely cold praise or trust, but love. Whence arose this power which seems strange in a spirit so self-contained? It was felt because Brutus himself was not merely benevolent to all, but because he was a person of warm affections, and it was because men such as Cassius, Lucilius, and Clitus felt this warmth of feeling in him that they loved him in return. This alone can explain why even a strong nature like Cassius did not rebel against the tutelage in which Brutus insisted on holding the wills of all his associates.

Somehow love was not the emotion Woodrow Wilson inspired. His was a cold, brilliant intellect which compelled admiration in his followers rather than affection. He was one to whom only weak men could bring themselves permanently to submit. It is to his mind and not to his heart that Woodrow Wilson will owe the position that he is destined to hold in history as the foremost statesman of our age.

#### APPENDIX

Readers of this paper may be interested to learn that while Shakespeare has anticipated the tragedy of the idealist, Woodrow Wilson, Ibsen has anticipated his ideal.

The great "king-thought" of Haakon of Norway in The Pretenders might well be taken as an anticipation of the great "king-thought" of our own generation, Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations. Does not the following dialogue between King Haakon and Duke Skule read with scarcely the change of a single word, except for a few proper names, like a conversation between the great American President and some European statesman of the Balance of Power School, or some Henry Cabot Lodge?

"The world has been an agglomeration of nations, which shall become a League of Nations; the German has stood against the man of France, the Austrian against the Italian, the Serbian against the Bulgarian; all shall be one hereafter and all shall feel and know that they are one: That is the task that God has laid on my shoulders, that is the work that now is before the President of the United States."

"To unite -? to unite the Germans and the men of France, all the world - ? 'Tis impossible! The world's saga tells of no such thing."

"For you 'tis impossible, for you can but work out the old sagas afresh; for me 'tis as easy as for the falcon to cleave the clouds."