

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS THIS column has been suspended, first because of the invasion of my family circle by death, and later because of a hospital experience which deprived me of strength. Friends, many of whom I have never seen, have been most kind and considerate, and, as I now take up some of the broken threads, I hope they will be patient toward what ever may seem amiss in these paragraphs.

IT WAS MY FORTUNE TO BE in Winnipeg immediately preceding and at the time of the outbreak of war abroad. Until armies were actually in action it was my earnest hope that war might be averted, and until the last moment I clung, though with diminishing faith, to the belief that my hope might be realized. The tragedy came, and our nearest neighbors are now participants in another great war.

I HAD LITTLE OPPORTUNITY to mingle with Winnipeg people, but I did talk with a few—hotel guests, and men on the street—and later, on a hospital bed, I was conscious of the war atmosphere. And the thing that impressed me most forcibly was the difference between the manifest sentiment of 1939 and that of 1914.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IN Canada, and three years later in the United States, there was an attitude toward the war of those years as of a great adventure. Bands played, flags flew and patriotic parades traversed the streets. Excitement and enthusiasm were evident everywhere. The glitter of war's tinsel often obscured its tragic aspects.

I FOUND NOTHING OF ALL that in Winnipeg. There was evidence of anxiety and tension. In the two or three days preceding the firing of the first shots there seemed to be general acceptance of the fact that war was on the way, that the war-makers would not be diverted from their purpose. "War is coming" men said, "and when it comes we shall be in it."

NOWHERE DID I HEAR doubt expressed that when the storm broke Canadians would be found playing their part as members of their great empire. But in sharp contrast with the atmosphere of thrill and adventure which surrounded the beginning of the former World war there seemed to be everywhere the quiet acceptance of a grisly and unwelcome fact and a grim determination to go in and see the horrible thing through.

ONE MAN WELL ALONG IN his forties said "I don't want anything to do with war, and I don't know anyone who does. But I think it's here, and a man has to do his bid. He can do nothing less. I was in the last one overseas, and I shall be in this one. We've got to make a finish of it." Physicians were arranging their affairs so as to be ready for whatever call might be made on them. Nurses looked forward calmly to the interruption of life plans for a ministry of mercy abroad. And with it all there were no heroics, no display of super-patriotism, no excitement. It was a spirit that will not easily be subdued.

I HAVE HEARD IT SAID within recent years that if ever Great Britain became involved in another war Canada would cut loose from the empire. Those who held that opinion may have spent days or weeks in Canada, but they never really knew her people. Canadians have criticized their own government and that of Great Britain as freely and vigorously as those of the United States have criticized their government at Washington. There has been sharp controversy over trade relations and many other things. But the ties of kinship; and fellowship which reach across the sea are too strong to be broken by petty controversy or even by the grim test of war itself, and Canadians now are steadily preparing to share with their fellows defense of common ideals and a common heritage.

LAST WINTER A SPEAKER who was advertised as an "international traveler and lecturer" addressed several groups in Grand Forks. On one occasion he made the specific statement that there would be no war in Europe because the technicians of Great Britain and France knew that Germany possessed a secret weapon with which she could annihilate any force that could be brought against her. That weapon, he said was a mysterious device which could generate and project in any desired direction a ray which would immediately incapacitate any mechanism consisting largely of metal which came within a range of 20 miles. By means of that ray, he said, tanks and guns within its range could be put out of commission, planes could be brought to the ground and an enemy force would be left practically naked and powerless.

I LISTENED incredulously, for I had heard of similar miracles before. But, as the speaker did not go into detail, and said nothing about the source of his information, there was no basis for argument save the general one that the existence of such a device would be a contradiction of most of the recognized laws of physics.

THE PAST FEW WEEK have offered opportunity for the use of that miracle-ray, if such a thing existed. For a month Germany has been at war on two fronts. Poland, overwhelmed by force of numbers and superiority of equipment, is still fighting a hopeless fight in several defensive islets. On the French front, the Allies have occupied German territory and are holding it. But nowhere has that magic ray been used. The German forces have relied on guns, tanks, planes and torpedoes, but there has been no hint of the use of a magic ray to put anything out of business.

THERE HAVE BEEN MANY new developments and some surprises in methods of warfare. Tanks, planes and submarines have all been developed as engines of war, and the first use of each has brought a measure of surprise and a certain degree of inconvenience to the opposing party. But in no instance has there been brought into use in war a device based on the application of a principle which was not familiar stuff in every research laboratory and technological school in the world. I suspect that the gentleman who talked about the mystery-ray was dreaming.

IF A NEWS DISPATCH Published in all seriousness in a great eastern newspaper is to be credited, the French in this present campaign are the authors of the latest novelty in warlike methods. The Germans have planted mines in the territory between the international boundary and the Siegfried line, so that French troops passing over would be blown to pieces. According to the story, when the French contemplated an attack they first started across the line thousands of pigs whose passage over the surface exploded the mines and made the advance possible with the minimum of casualties. One might suppose that hurling bombs into the mined area would accomplish the same purpose, but perhaps pigs are cheaper than bombs, and at certain stages of a war they are cheaper than men.

THE HERALD THE OTHER day published a story about the reporter at a bankers convention who offered a dollar bill for 50 cents to the first banker whom he met, expecting to have his offer refused because of its suspicious appearance. But the trick failed. The banker examined the bill, handed out the 50 cents demanded and walked off with the bill. The stunt is an old one, and it has worked many times. I first saw it tried by an itinerant salesman who had a stand at an eastern market place. In loud tones he offered a five dollar bill for four dollars, but though he urged and pleaded, he had no takers. Then having collected a big crowd, he proceeded with his real job, the sale of glass-cutters, can-openers and such gadgets and he did a rushing business.

FOR A LONG TIME THERE has been on my desk a photograph of a group of residents of Grand Forks and vicinity at a picnic in southern California. The picture was lent me by Mrs. Josephine Horton. Its date is unknown, but because of many persons easily recognizable, and who passed on many years ago, and because of the costumes worn, it must have been taken in the early part of the present century. Many of the men are shown in derby hats. Large picture hats seemed to be favored by the women, though there is wide variety in the women's headgear, and all skirts are of generous widths and of length sufficient to reach the ground.

AMONG THOSE WHO HAVE been identified are the following: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Winship, Mr. and Mrs. James (Grandpa) Griffith, Dr. and Mrs. M. W. Scott of Emerado, Judge C. J. Fisk, John Bartholomew, Judge and Mrs. Brooks of Cando, Sig Heyerdahl, Judge and Mrs. W. J. Kneeshaw of Pembina, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Warren, Mrs. Herman Wolff, Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Rounseville of Larimore, Arthur Rounseville, Mr. and Mrs. Max Stern, Mr. and Mrs. John Dinnie, N. G. and Clay Larimore of Larimore, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Burrows, Mrs. S. Panovitz, Miss Florence Bosard, James H. Bosard, Barbara Winship, Mrs. Cora Trippet nee Cora Larimore, Mrs. Walter Larimore, nee Miss Lizzie Mathews of Larimore. Two figures appear to be those of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lander, but I have been told that they were not present. Another prominent figure which has not been otherwise identified I should call that of Art Turner, former sheriff of Grand Forks county. There are many others whom no one seems to have been able to place.

ANOTHER SOUVENIR OF OLD times is a collection of Confederate currency lent by Emmett Neff. There are several bills in denominations ranging from \$5 to \$50, Each bears the promise to pay the designated sum at some time ranging from six months to two years, "after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate states and the United States," Some of the bills are exchangeable for 8 per cent bonds of the Confederate states.

ONE CARIOUS ITEM IN THE collection is what appears to be a \$50 bill, out which on inspection proves to be merely an advertisement of the North Missouri railroad. It would not be mistaken for real currency now, and presumably its issuance would be illegal. But when it was issued all sorts of currency was afloat, and at that time it might have been easily mistaken for somebody's promise to pay something.

IN THAT PERIOD STATE banks issued their own currency without federal supervision and supervision by state authorities varied with the whims of state legislatures. The time was appropriately known as that of "wild-cat" currency. None but the expert knew whether a dollar bill issued by a given bank was worth 100 cents, 10 cents, or nothing at all, and as banks were failing right and left the value of a paper dollar might change overnight. Every bank had its list of currencies with their latest quoted prices, and the list was subject to change daily.

"VITAL SPEECHES OF THE Day" is the title of a magazine published in New York which gives in each issue the texts of addresses delivered by the most eminent thinkers of our day. The issue of July 15, now before me, gives addresses by Herbert Hoover, President Hutchins of Chicago University, President Gifford of the American Telephone and Telegraph company, and other leaders in current thought. Especially interesting to me is an address delivered at a New England library congress on "The Problems of Propaganda Today," by Professor James Duane Squires of the department of social studies of Colby college, New London, N. H. Professor Squires is well known in Grand Forks as a son of the late Dean Vernon P. Squires of the U. N. D., and a brilliant alumnus of the University.

THE ADDRESS IS NOT ONE which lends itself to brief review, but it is a masterly analysis of the scope and influence of propaganda, with which the public is flooded during times of stress. Addressing the group of librarians, before him Professor Squires urged the adoption toward all appeals intended to influence opinion of an attitude neither of credulity nor of skepticism, but of sound discrimination, so that opinion shall be based on sound understanding rather than on blind prejudice.