

"Well, young fellow, how does it feel to win a war?"

"I did not know that wars were ever won," Jack said quietly. "Certainly not by the people who do the fighting." His voice cut like a sharp paper edge and his face had gone suddenly old. Word had come that day of the death of one of his friends in an English hospital.

Looking back now I can see our whole way of life bothered him. We were too complacent, too much concerned with trifles. He had seen the negation of everything he had been taught, and now here we were going ahead, almost as if nothing had happened.

Alfred Noyes, in his great poem, "The Victory Dance," interpreted the spirit of the returned men more faithfully than anyone of that time, but his poem was too sad for our spirit of jubilation, and we were not wise enough to heed its warning. He pictured the spirits of young soldiers coming back after the Armistice to find the whole population celebrating victory in a wild exaltation of mad joy. The spirits stood on the sidelines watching the revels, amazed, shocked, saddened. One of the spirits pleaded with his companions not to judge the dancers too harshly.

"They are young you see." "Aye," said the dead man, "so were we."

"What did you think we would find?" asked a shade.

"When the last shot was fired and the last peace made?"

"Christ!" said the fleshless jaws of his friend,

"I thought they'd be looking for worlds to mend."

Jack tried hard to adapt himself. He worked long hours and made a name for himself as a student. There were times when he wanted to leave the University and get a job, but we coaxed him to stay and get his degree in Law, and this he did with distinction. He was honoured by his fellow students in many ways, and won a scholarship which took him to Oxford.