

## Ourselves.

**W**E 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