

*Gets Material
from
Everywhere in Canada*

CANADIAN COURIER

*Goes to
Canadians
all over Canada*

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WIN-THE-WAR MULLOY

WHENEVER at any war meeting—no matter what or where, from the Gut of Canso to Puget Sound, you happen to see a much-alive man in khaki and goggles who seems to be hearing two words to anybody else's one, it is probably Col. Lorne Mulloy from the R.M.C. There may be twenty other colonels or majors or otherwise in the room. You would never confuse any of them with Mulloy. This man has chalked out a large area of war-interest on account of his own personality; and if there is any man in Canada who thinks war any harder or more hours a day than Mulloy, it must be the man who intends to enlist to-morrow and tries to convince himself the war doesn't need him.

We call him Win-the-War Mulloy, because for some time now he has been working on a scheme to bring together the Win-the-War convention in Montreal next week. Mulloy has no idea that he is doing anything extraordinary in organizing this convention. If he thought anybody thought so he would—no he wouldn't quit the job, because he is not the quitting kind; but he would work a little harder to obscure himself in the movement.

Col. Mulloy has a vision. If he had never been blind the vision might have missed him. Milton wrote part of the greatest religious epic in any language after he was blind; and Beethoven composed his immortal Ninth Symphony after he was stone deaf. Mulloy is now doing the biggest work of his life as a Canadian after he has been for seventeen years a blind man. In the past seven or eight weeks this blind soldier has been twice across Canada, from Charlottetown to Victoria. He has visited every population centre on the way. Wherever he has stacked his luggage he has left a trail of enthusiasm. Organizing this convention has been for Mulloy a work of concentrated intention based upon an eternal sense of logic. In smoking cars, at dinner-tables, in public halls, in committee-rooms, in any old place where two or three could be gathered together he has laughed at failure, rough-riden over sectarianism, ignored bigotries and helped to jolt people he meets a little nearer the front row of patriotic inspiration.

Behind Mulloy there is an idea. The idea is bigger than Mulloy and he knows it. That's why he works it so hard. The idea is compounded of vision, practical sense and abiding faith. It's a Canadian idea; more peculiar to this country than to any other at war, and a part of the new inspiration of unity that has seized upon the whole democracy-world now being swung away from petty doctrines and petulant theories into a world-wide epic of betterment.

That idea is the essential unity of Canada. The original unity of this country was embodied in the Act of Confederation, a political document that made possible a physical unity and at the same time left the various race and settlement areas free to work out their own salvation without much regard for the rest of the country. This may sound like a sermonette; but sometimes life becomes a sermon or nothing. The unity of Canada of which Mulloy is the humble and cheerful instrument has been in the minds of a great many Canadians for a long while. Mulloy does not profess to be the original apostle of the idea. He is no Billy Sunday paranoic try-

*He works for an idea bigger than himself and
sees it with the Blind Man's Eyes.*



By THE EDITOR

ing to preach Canada into a new path. He is a soldier, an educated man, a practical thinker and a worker from day's end to day's end always in the spirit. Nobody ever saw this blind man in a funk.

"Don't you think you will have a reaction from this enthusiasm of yours?" asked a lady whom he met on his pilgrimage.

"Madam," he said quickly, "it is my business in life not to have a reaction."

MULLOY does not regard himself as conventionally a blind man. He is a man accidentally without eyes, who sees things in the spirit world, unhampered by the distractions that sidetrack the energies of people with eyes; and he usually has more obvious fun in doing it than nine-tenths of the normal people he meets. He is a tireless dispenser of energy; a whole week of sunlight crammed into a day. He laughs as heartily as Bill Taft and projects his thinking into other people with the characteristic simplicity of a torpedo.

He lost his sight suddenly, dramatically. It was no gradual twilight of cataracts creeping into total eclipse. The fact dates back to the War; to the black year of it in 1900. Trooper Mulloy enlisted as a young schoolmaster in the C.M.R.; born in a farm in Dundas Co., Ont., of Irish parents. He was engaged with three other troopers on day in scout-

ing over a kopje, when the quartette were suddenly attacked by a party of 85 Boers. The four of them accounted for a large number of the attackers before the action was over—one of them put away fifteen with his carbine. But there came a swift moment when a Boer rifle from right angles got the range of Mulloy's head. The intention of that carbine was to blow out his brains. But fate had a better use for Mulloy's brains than being blown out on a kopje. The bullet enfiladed him. It clean shot away both his eyes. In a sudden moment he was a blind man in the agony of darkness and pain. He has never had a glimmer of the world since. But—the world to Mulloy is a vast place of seeing.

THE beginning of his blindness was the start of his real life. Up till that time he had been a schoolmaster and a soldier with a talent for public speaking and a great sense of logic. When he came back from Boer-land he went on the lecture platform. Thousands of people heard him who were attracted not by his eloquence, of which he had very little in the high-flown way; nor by his emotionalism of which he seemed to have none; not by the pathos of his blindness nor any mawkish sentimentality over the man; but by his remarkable gift of hammering home logic. Mulloy had the faculty of mapping out his talk as a general plans a piece of strategy and of carrying it into action by a spontaneous attack that broke down all formal opposition. I don't know what Mulloy talked about on that tour, but it was something about a bigger Canada than railway problems or guttersnipe politics. And he made money out of his lectures. Here comes the practical side. Trooper Mulloy had a desire. He spent his money on it. Heaven knows he had very little saved up from school-teaching. But he put himself through Queen's University and took a post-graduate course in

political science and history at Oxford. He had a blind man's desire for the light of knowledge that they used to symbolize on Latin text-book covers in the phrase Cupio Lumen. He has never ceased to have that great desire for mental light. Having got it he is now diffusing it around a lot of other people's dark corners.

When he came back to Canada after his Oxford term, Mulloy took a course at the Royal Military College, Kingston. Afterwards he went on the staff as Professor of Tactics and Military History.

What Mulloy knows about military history is no concern of this article. But he knows something about tactics. Just to illustrate:

Once upon a time Principal Gordon, of Queen's, invited Mulloy to his house to meet a brilliant blind student. Mulloy had a sudden fit of unexpected illness. He did not arrive; the Principal tried to arrange the blind man's meeting again. Once more Mulloy took suddenly ill; even worse than before. He failed to arrive. Some time later, when a distinguished man came to town—a man with both eyes in good working order—Mulloy was one of the company. So was the Principal of Queen's.

"Oh," smiled the Principal, "how is it, Mulloy, that both times I tried to—"

"Oh, that's all right, Principal," snapped Mulloy.