

The Power of Words

"The power which set the greatest historical avalanches of political and religious nature sliding, was from the beginning of time, the magic force of the spoken word"—Adolf Hitler.

Do we fully realize the importance, the strength, and the beauty of the world of words waiting to be molded by us?

It is the language that visually elevates us from the irrational animals. With it, through the medium of ideas, we have the power to lift man up, or plunge him into the depths of despair. For words are the cobble stones on the road to perfection.

Language is not a gift of the politician, the lawyer or scholar, but the precious heritage of all men. Scholars and men of learning enrich and cultivate it, but it is from the depths of the common people that it derives its strength, vigor and nourishment.

Walt Whitman expressed it in this manner: "Language is not an abstract construction of the learned, or of the dictionary makers, but it is something arising out of the work, needs, ties, joys, affections, tastes, of long generations of humanity, and has its bases abroad and low, close to the ground."

Never before have words so influenced the minds of men for good or evil. The war today is not merely a war of guns and tanks but a struggle of a higher order, that of the supremacy of men's minds, through the medium of the written and spoken word.

Napoleon built his career on a

solid foundation, an appreciation of word power; "With words we govern men." His advice might well be: Students, strive to increase your understanding of words, their meaning and the ideas conveyed by them.

It is by reading that you will become masters of word power. "For books enable us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time." To continue the thought of James Lowell, we must use discretion in our choice of books; or as Sydney Smith advised: "Live always in the best company when you read." As with the choice of friends, so with the choice of books, we have a large variety from which to make our selection.

During the travels in the realm of reading, challenges will loom up along the road, words of unknown meaning, whether you conquer or waver with indifference, spells understanding or perplexity. For words are the stepping stones to understanding.

Increase your vocabulary, not only to enhance your comprehension and understanding, but to enable you to transmit knowledge to the minds of others.

If you appreciate, early in life, the significance of words, your future lament will never be:

"I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech;
To stir men's blood".

D.M.

parallel rows from bulkhead to bulkhead and from deck to overhead.

After lunch we stood on deck and watched the rising tide, the gulls swooping down for edible garbage that floated in the midst of dockside scum, the ferry plying to and from Bremerton, the streets and buildings of the city, and the loading of goods and men onto the ship. All day troop convoys rolled up to the pier and various holds swallowed up the new arrivals until the already crowded ship seemed ready to burst its riveted seams.

At three-thirty the ensign was hoisted, fluttering, to the mainmast; a band on the deck started playing favorite popular songs; the gangplank was cleared and lowered; and the ship's foghorn barked an earshattering farewell to Seattle. Slowly, effortlessly, the little vessel, her decks crowded with a khaki-clad, cheering mass, moved into the deeper waters of Puget Sound. The echoes of the band's finale, "Auld Lang Syne", grew faint and the loudspeaker aboard ship announced the first fire and boat drill, a time-consuming ritual we were to go through each afternoon for three days and then every third day while at sea. For the remainder of the day the engines droned soothingly and the shores of the Sound slipped rapidly past. The lights of Vancouver Island sparkled off the starboard bow and we headed westward into the night. The choppy roll of the sea in the Strait of Juan de Fuca merged with the gradual swell of the Pacific Ocean.

Fred Neal

Seapoems 4

*Fly, Seagull, fly,
With black barred wings
Undulating over immaculate white breast.*

*Fly, Seagull, fly,
Then swoop nose-down into those waters
Murky, muddy, and reeking of rotted seaweed,
Piledup storm wreckage from the night's devastation.
Sea, everlasting Sea!
Must I then leave you too?
But lo — the summer has just begun,
How can that be?
Alas, is it then true that I have been here
Two whole months?
I will come back again — I must!
Like the swallow who flies South in Autumn,
The Wanderer who comes to die,
So I like the Lemmings am drawn back year after year
Unconsciously, Irresistably, Submissively into the Sea ...
Fly, Seagull, fly,
And sometime think of me far off in stranger places,
Soulsick cities, towns, lights, and people,
And the quiet Seashore far away ...*

T. C. S.

West From Seattle

(Fred Neal, a former staff member of the Gazette, is now an infantryman in the Far East. This is the first of a series of articles he is writing about Korea.)

Just a little over a year ago I sat in the Men's Common Room, Studley campus, reading about our United Nations troops in hand-to-hand combat with the North Koreans. The Pusan Perimeter and the Yalu, Heartbreak and Bloody Ridges, and the Chongjin Reservoir were names in the headlines and the Republic of Korea was a little-known, seemingly unimportant country in the Orient. The fighting was, to me part of a sixteenth-month old struggle taking place ten thousand miles from home. Friends and allies over there were fighting and dying for a cause I supported but actively did little about. I believed we had to put a stop to the murder and plunder of weak nations and peoples who wanted, like ourselves, to be free and to govern themselves. But I was a civilian, warm, well-fed, happy and secure.

Four months later I was at an army camp being trained as a "killer". I still slept in a bed and between sheets; in cold weather there was the heat and shelter of a barracks or a classroom. And, along with the other trainees, I joked about "sporting sports" in Korea. I was confident that the Army would discover my potentialities and then, in its own best interests, it could not send me overseas. It didn't happen that

way! My name was fifth on the company's first list for shipment to the Far East. Even that didn't bother me too much—the Far East could mean Japan, Okinawa, or the Philippines as well as Korea.

Three thousand troops gathered at the port of embarkation prior to that balmy March afternoon when we were, unannounced, to sail westward. Our vehicular convoy pulled onto the dock in mid-morning and we got our first glimpse of a fairly large three-decker moored alongside Pier 39. It was a grey-painted liner with two stacks and it was symmetrically dotted from stem to stern and from gunwale to water-line with portholes.

Red Cross volunteers served coffee and doughnuts to the single file of men who moved slowly into the shed on the dock. Then we first caught sight of the ship onto which we were loading. Out from the other side of the shed a gangplank rested on the boat deck of a much smaller naval transport. The decks of this one-funnel troopship looked already overcrowded with les soldats. How mistaken I was of its capacity.

Once aboard our fifteen day home-to-be some two hundred inexperienced voyagers were herded into the stateroom assigned to us in the bowels of the ship. This compartment was a small hold below the water line, slightly forward of midships where canvas bunks were suspended in tiers of four and we, like expendable items of merchandise, were shelved in

McGill Wants Russ. Visit

This letter was received from the Director of External Affairs of McGill University and we print herewith:

Dear Sir,—At a meeting of our Students' Society, called by petition, on November 12, 1952, the N.F.C.U.S. handling of the Soviet exchange proposal was discussed. A motion was passed suggesting that the exchange be forwarded as an independent project if 10 other Canadian universities were interested.

When you have discussed the matter with your Council, an answer indicating your stand on the matter would be appreciated.

Yours sincerely,
JIM ROBB,
Director of External Affairs.

The following is the total of the resolutions put forth by McGill:

Be it resolved, that the Students' Society of McGill University take action on the Canadian-Soviet Student Exchange with the active co-operation of at least ten universities; and that

The Students' Society of McGill University instruct the Students' Executive Councils of other Canadian Universities of the beliefs stated in this resolution, and invite their comments and active co-operation.



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