

WILLIAM DERUNIAK

CORRESPONDENCE

1944

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

LOCATOR 2120.3 SE

BOX 1

FILE 1

Kc 2022-119

450 Johnson St.,
Kingston, Ont.

Mon. 3 April, 1944.

Dear mom,

Well, first things first. There is still \$90 in the bank which should suffice for the rest of this term. Besides, to-day I received a check from the C.D.T.D. for \$37.20 — which, all told, should be quite enough for me "to eat on during April." In March I spent a grand total of \$45.19.

Nearly all the snow has disappeared; and the grass is turning green in spots. The sun is shining, but snow-flakes float down lazily.

On Friday afternoon, I went to see Song of Russia. I didn't think very much of the story or of Robert Taylor's acting. How can shows, depicting life in foreign countries, be realistic when the actors speak the vernacular of our own country?

Your grammar is simply "atrocious" (one of Lovell's pet phrases). Punctuation, unity of thought, coherence — all are flung to the winds; but, nevertheless, very interesting.

On Saturday I received a postcard from the Registrar requesting to see me as soon as possible, concerning "re admission to Honours." I saw her to-day at 3 o'clock after Tea. She hauled out my Christmas record and asked me about my best 3 marks. Then she asked me if I wished to go on in Honours. I said, "yes." She said that she would put me down in it. [usually, you don't get into Honours till second year University]. She said that I had done very well and that they were all watching me with interest. She said that she hoped I would get a few scholarships. Then she asked me about my name (nationality) and what I intended doing. She suggested that perhaps I could contemplate taking post-graduate work and

be a University professor: and she named some advantages of that over High School teaching - such as, libraries, research work, etc. I asked her about French I. She suggested that if I was going to specialize in Hist. I would have to do some documentary reading - part of which would be in French. She advised me to take French II as well as French I and even German. Well, that's the gist of our pleasant conversation. Now I am in my first year, and people are already expecting great things of me, when I don't even know whether I can pass in all my subjects - let alone getting scholarships, or fellowships at graduation, or post-graduate work in Harvard. But she was wise about it.

And don't you go rubbing it in by hoping for easy exams, because the exams are never easy, and I've got the rottenest term-table to do any last-minute cramming in.

Yours desperately,

Bill.

P.S. - This is the largest amount you'll receive from me for the remainder of the term.

450 Johnson St.
Kingston, Ont.

Thurs. 6 April, 1944.

Mrs. Wm. Peruncak,

Dear mom,

I was thinking about something else: so don't be too amazed at the unorthodox opening of the letter.

I received your letter yesterday, but as usual am answering to-day.

To-day is the 6th. I have 10 days before my exams start. I'll spend two days on each course. I'll start with Latin to-morrow. This morning I finished reading my Geo. text-book. I still have to learn and review it. I thought that I could also get my Hist. 16 course all caught up to-day, but it seems hopeless. I don't ^{know} when I'll finish my Hist. 3 and English. But I'll go down fighting. I think that I've finally learned the meaning of the word "study" and if I should come back to university, I'd know that "getting down to business" doesn't mean the last few weeks — it means the constant application to studies right from the start.

The weather has turned evenly and cold, but there is no snow on the ground.

What is all this fuss about N. W. Ontario seeding? Is it serious?

Bill.

400 Johnson St.,
Frimington, Ont.
Sat. 22 April, 1944.

Dear mom,

Surprise, eh!

I suppose I'll get your last letter on Monday.

I wrote English this morning. I wrote Hist. 16 yesterday afternoon. I decided to stay up all night studying English as there was a lot I hadn't covered and all yet to review. Well, I worked up to four; and then decided to take an hour's nap and then work from five on. Well, I lay on the bed and I set the alarm for 5. I woke up at 8:30. Exam starts at 9; and I haven't got any English reviewed. I was half-mad. I got to Grant Hall about two minutes late, but that doesn't matter, for you can be 30 minutes late. What surprised me was that I hadn't slept right on through to 10 or 2. I had set the alarm, but I hadn't pulled it out; consequently, it didn't ring. Luckily for me, the exam was easy. I managed to get the spotting and there were plenty of questions on the work that I had got reviewed. I think that I've got B's in all my subjects so far. I'm afraid Latin will be a different story.

I took a walk this afternoon and also went to a show with Thomson. On my way home, I picked up a wooden box on a store. I think that it will hold most of, if not all my books.

I feel fine now: I'll feel better Monday at 12 (I hope).

Bill.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.,

Tues., 26 Sept., 1944

Dear mom,

As I told you at the station, the one day coach in the first section was rather oldish, to put it mildly. But it was not too crowded. A soldier and myself occupied two double seats (facing each other) by ourselves most of the way to Toronto. It was with infinite satisfaction that I got off the train at Union Station.

Of the passengers on that day coach, none was truly extraordinary. Three out of four were members of the armed services. Across from me sat three soldiers who good-naturedly scrapped among themselves — as if they had no worry on their minds; but they sobered down completely when one of them got off at Sudbury and the other two were left by themselves. Further down the aisle was a queer loud-mouthed individual, who between puffs on his cigar sat

in an upper berth drinking rubbing alcohol and talking about someone being "rewarded for punctuality, regularity, and diligence." Down the aisle the other way was a fat man with a "peg" leg and cane. He conversed freely about history and politics; but as much as I tried to concentrate on his words, I could not overhear many of his remarks outside of two or three sentences about medieval times and Helbon's The Decline of Rome. I believe he was some high-ranking union official in the Brotherhood of Railway Employees.

The trip from Toronto to Kingston was much less tiring than the first leg of my journey. I slept a good deal of the way. In my periods of wakefulness, however, I was able to notice the barrels piled up in orchards filled with red ripe apples, the countless bushels heaped with tomatoes in the wide fields, and bright orange pumpkins strewn over the ground. The trees are still bedecked with green foliage.

I had checked in my grip at Toronto and, consequently, was not hampered by any luggage upon my arrival in Kingston. I waited for a bus and proceeded to Mrs. Horner's residence. She, however, had no space for me, as some of her family had come down for a visit. Early in my search for a room, I discovered that the list

of houses that I had received from the registrar was antiquated; and secondly, that rooms were hard to find. Finally, after three hours of intensive search and much travelling, I discovered an unoccupied room and claimed it for my own. It is about one block further from the college than my last year's room was.

It is a large double-room with unadorned white plastered walls. There ~~are~~ are a soft-mattress wooden-framed double bed, three chairs (including a rocking chair, a desk, a large bureau, and a spacious ~~front~~ clothes-closet. Light is provided by one window with an eastern, back-yard exposure and two lamps. The rent is \$4.

The room was let to me with the explicit understanding that I would not be offended by any disturbances that the landlady's 2½ year old child might create downstairs and that I, on the other hand, would not cause too much noise to disturb it. So far I have neither seen nor heard the kid. The landlady's name is Mrs. Maxwell. I haven't seen her husband yet, but I think that they are very nice people. There is only one other student staying in the house.

After paying for the room yesterday, I went to the station by bus and brought back my grip. This evening I went for the trunk,

but it still has not arrived. This morning I had my bank-book brought up to date at the bank. The money had arrived already. Since it was drizzling outside, I went to one of the men's clothing stores and bought a dandy raincoat for \$29.50.

To-morrow is resignation day. If I have any more to write about this, perhaps I shall. At any rate don't lose any sleep worrying over me, as I'm not worrying — yet.

Yours truly,

Bill.

342 Brock St.,

Kington, Ont.,

Sat. 30 Sept., 1944.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGTON, ONT.

Dear mom,

Although perhaps unduly tardy in your eyes, the remembrance of my filial duties has at last prompted me to write these few lines.

Only a half week at college — and already I have been sufficiently impressed by the vistas presented by the various professors of their different courses that the term is completely overshadowed (or, if we wish to be hypocritical, enlightened) by intensive study. Could I be afflicted — but for a day — with that opiate of timelessness which last year at this time enabled me to wander with a blind, but blissful tranquillity of mind! Or has my memory of myself as a freshman, blinking dumbly at the novel surroundings into which I had been so suddenly transplanted, been deluded by twelve months; and

serenity was but stupefaction? Be that as it may, this year I neither seem nor am composed. My body scarcely can keep up with the commands of my feverish brain. With one eye on the time, I rush here, there, and back again — and of course forget something I should have remembered. Books require reading; essays demand writing. And always these preoccupations must be interrupted by such formalities as eating, washing, dressing, undressing, and sleeping.

After my trunk arrived I was able to arrange my belongings in some state of orderliness (I also had a bath). Unfortunately, somehow in the process of getting here, one of the brass pieces which fits over the wooden reinforcements on the sides of the trunk was knocked off. The trunk arrived with the brass piece tied on to the leather grip. The exterior of the trunk was injured in no other way. As for the interior, I have to report that the hanger which supported

my winter coat, vest, and brown pants, was broken. Nothing else was damaged.

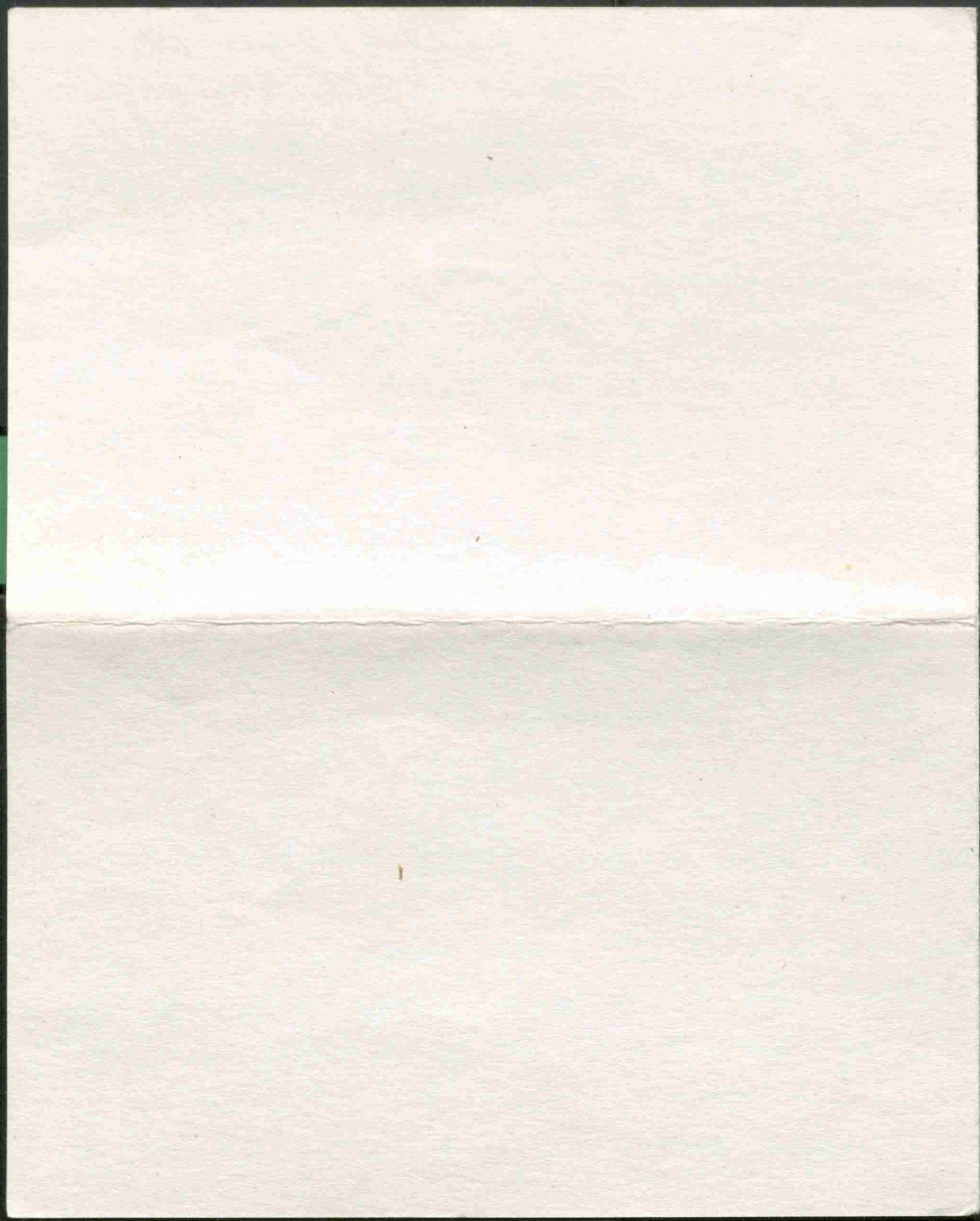
As far as my room is concerned, I am perfectly satisfied. It is neither too comfortably, nor too uncomfortably furnished to make study impossible. The mattress in my wooden bed is the softest I have ever lain on. I like the size of the room. As you see, everything is going splendidly with me.

(Hoping that the same is true of the family (and that Lovern is persevering in her studies),

I remain,

Yours truly,

Bill.



347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.,
Sat. 7 Oct., 1944.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

Dear mom,

Again I must make apologies for being so intermittent in my correspondence, but I fear that a letter per week will be about all that I shall be able to manage.

I am glad to hear that both you and your "spouse" have resumed your academic pursuits during your hibernation in the city. While dad's contribution of red and white corpuscles has stirred an enthusiastic and fervent patriotism within my bosom, yet, I don't think that for the time present, at least, I shall follow his shining example.

Upon the presumption that you may be slightly interested in my studies, I shall tell you something about my

courses. I am taking two half-courses in History - Tudor and Stuart, or 18a and 19b - in which courses, I fear most of my energies shall be expended. There is no appreciable difference in the volume of work required between a full course and a half-course. The difference lies in the time element. I shall write my final exam in 18a in the first week of January. I am working on an essay about the Tudor Irish Policy, which is supposed to be finished by Oct. 26.

Of my other few courses, Eco 10 and French 1 will probably be the most difficult. Eco 10 is strictly limited to two books dealing with economic analysis, but they must be known practically verbatim. It is an extremely enlightening course. In French 1 there are five text-books, which require to be known well, also. One consolation in this course

in the presence of the very eccentric Professor Campbell, who enlivens the class with his ecstatic personality and quirked habits.

Philosophy 1 in many respects promises to be the easiest and most interesting of my courses. Its various branches, from religion to history, logic to ethics, and aesthetics to epistemology, all promise intellectual satisfaction.

Politics 2 is another fascinating course, but it requires a good deal of work.

I see no way of taking Russian A in the next two years except by taking some of the required courses during the summer extramurally.

As a bit of news, I wish to inform you that I have landed myself a job — or rather, that one was offered to me and I accepted. It is that of caretaker of the Douglas Library, three nights a week (from 5 to 10 o'clock). Ross Babion, who

asked me if I would take the job, is
caretaker during the other three nights of
the week. The work is light, consisting
of issuing books from the Reserved Shelves,
closing windows, and putting on and putting
off lights, and locking up the building.
The responsibility is heavy. The wages
are moderate — 28¢ an hour. The
demand for books at this time of year is
small; and I hope to do a good deal of
studying. Before examinations, one of the
~~librarians~~ may relieve us.

This will be a rather long week — and as
Monday is Thanksgiving and to-day was
made a holiday by the Arts and Meds
Faculties. I hope to get a good deal
accomplished on my essay.

In some of my later epistles, I may
describe to you something of the Freshmen
regulations. In the meantime,

I remain,
Yours truly,
Bill.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.
Sat. 14 Oct.

Dear mom,

I am sorry to hear that you are troubled over my acquiring the job at the Library. Let me assure you that you are worrying over nothing at all. It is true that ~~five~~ nights every two weeks are taken up, but I manage to get some work done even during working hours. Besides, I have direct access to the best books on the various subjects and also the newest literature — including Soviet Russia To-day and International Literature. You should definitely subscribe to the latter. It is printed in Moscow in English and contains the best articles of progressive-thinking writers the world over. I think that it would compete favourably with True Story for Lovern's attention.

C.O.T.C. training has started again.

I enquired about the \$21.00, but Capt. Fricke said that they had not received a reply yet. The whole staff seemed rather surprised and annoyed at my sending my equipment down. The quarter-master was especially peeved because he had to outfit me again.

He found my old tunic and gave me a new pair of chevrons to put on. I also received a fine pair of boots. I look better now in uniform than I did at home - if I do say so myself.

This afternoon at 3:30 we had our first battalion parade. Unfortunately, or fortunately, there were no platoons left in my Company for another sergeant and myself. Subsequently, we were put in charge of two platoons of recruits, but these posts were only temporary. A route march was officially scheduled for the whole battalion. This consisted of being marched to the accompaniment of the C.O.T.C. pipe band from the school grounds directly to the stadium to attend a rugby game -

Queen's vs. Ordnance. Queen's had the trickier plays: Ordnance had the edge in bucking or plunging power. By a series of breath-taking plays, Queen's lobbed a beautiful pass over the goal-line and thus gained a 5-0 lead. But Ordnance soon tied it up. Again Queen's went on the offensive, but the excessive fumbling caused by the slight drizzle, which made men and ball slippery, prevented them from getting a touch and they scored only 1 point on a kick. Ordnance came charging back; and through their sheer weight pushed Queen's right back to score their second touchdown and thus give the Army a lead of 10-6. In the latter third of the third-quarter Queen's seemed to be on the verge of getting a touchdown, but a fumble on their opponents' one-yard line sent them reeling back to mid-field. Great was the anguish of the Queen's supporters, and high was the exultation of the Army. There were only a few minutes left; the most optimistic and the most despairing began to leave the stadium. But those who

stuck it out were rewarded a few minutes later when Queen's recovering one of Ordnance's fumbles, came back to the attack, and on the completion of a beautiful 30-yd. pass thrown by "Sonny" Nelson (of P. A. L. L. rugby fame) scored a touch-down. The score was now 11-10 for Queen's. Two minutes later the ball-game was over. Now anguish and exultation charged sides. The erstwhile losers had turned out to be the final victors. What mad cheering reverberated throughout Kingston from that stadium at the scoring of that winning touch-down! (By the way, all the C. O. T. C. got three hours credit for attending the game. Wish there were more route-marches like to-day's).

You might be interested to know that my junior, an Arts' fresh, played on the Queen's team to-day. His name is James Southey; and his home-town is Bowmanville. Last week I took him for supper down-town



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

and then to a show. He is a very nice sort of fellow. We take two courses together—Phil 1 and Pol 2.

My essay on Tudor Irish Policy is still a very long way from completion. I have all the information I require, but the composition of the essay is a tedious business, indeed. I would like to get it done as quickly as possible because there is a Pol. 2 essay that will require my attention. I have, also, an assignment in French 1, which will require about 4 hours work, to be completed by Saturday.

So far I have not had any marks about which I could have written home. In one French assignment I got B++ which was fair. Most of my other courses are too advanced or not of the ^{right} nature for

weekly assignments.

As I said before, I am very well satisfied with my rooming-house and room. I seldom have visitors and am not disturbed by any undue commotion on the part of any of the other occupants of the house. I am close to the down-town section of the city and not far from school.

I have made a regular habit of eating breakfast and supper, omitting dinner. This is a very satisfactory arrangement. Instead of dinner I usually consume about 3 pounds of apples. Apples are $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. for 25¢.

All of the fellows from the Lakehead are back this year. I don't see as much of them this year as I did last year because both they and I are more busy. I usually have supper on Sundays with Thomson down-town.

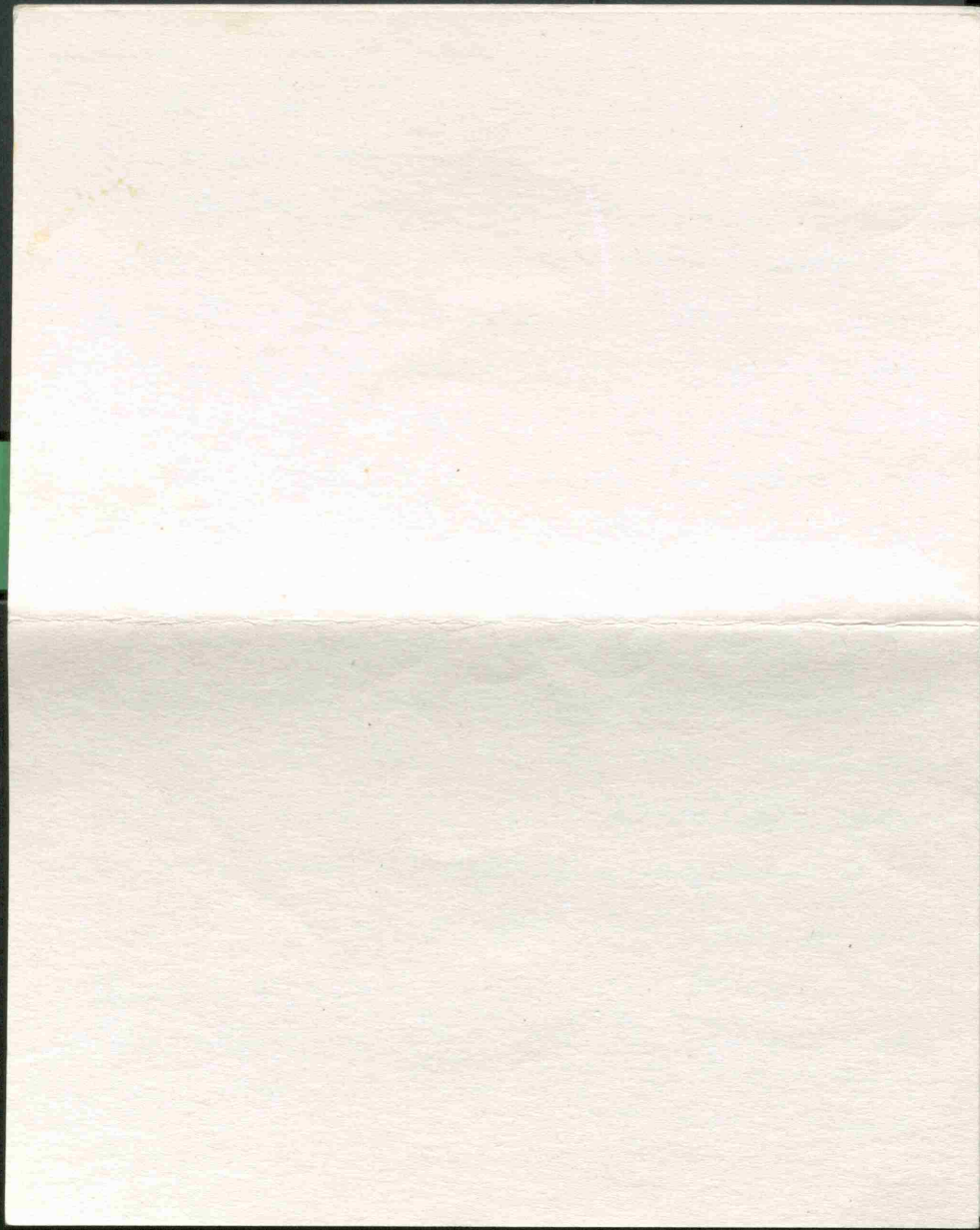
The weather here has remained exceedingly mild. Showers are frequent. The leaves are only now starting to come down in earnest and they cover the streets with a saffron carpet.

I miss the northern autumn with its morning hoar-frost and tingling air. It will be some years, I suppose, before I can follow deer or watch the river dash itself impetuously, but futilely, against the rock-channel, leaving a continuous clot of foam as testimony of its struggles. The East is too soft for me. Give me the ruggedness, the storms, the air, and the sleep of the North!

Yours truly,

Bill.

P.S. I have been taking Robert's cough syrup regularly and have not had the "scriffles" once yet.






QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

#37 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.,
Sat. 21 Oct. 1944

Dear mom,

To-day was University Day. Between the hours of eleven and twelve this morning, autumn Convocation was held in Grant Hall. This evening there is to be a Convocation dance in Grant Hall, again.

It is difficult to describe the Convocation, for one can seldom impart the mood of ceremony or setting by mere verbal description. Certainly, Grant Hall, itself, adds greatly to the august sobriety of the function. It is a limestone building modelled after the Romanesque style of architecture. The Hall is of pleasing width being nearly square in shape. The stage is the width of the Hall and is very large. At the back and on both sides there is a gallery supported by massive scarlet-coloured stone pillars. These pillars are extended on themselves above the gallery and right up to the ceiling. On the vaulted ceiling, as on the wall behind the stage are red

ornamental designs. Three high -shaped windows at the front and smaller ones along the walls let in a pale light through their saffron-glozed panes. A wide aisle down the centre of the hall divides the seats into two parts and leads directly onto the stage by several wide steps. On the front wall hangs a large painting of Principal Grant.

When I came in at a quarter to eleven, all the seats in the gallery had been occupied and I was directed to a seat on the main floor fairly well at the back. The organ was re-echoing its music through the hall.

At last, the staff began to walk down in couples and onto the stage where there were seats for them. It was a colorful procession with the professors in their multi-coloured gowns and black caps. Scarlet, yellow, green, purple, blue, and black cloths - often hemmed with white fur - enshrouded these educational divines. And at the end came the three honoured guests in blue and black gowns and the Principal, ~~the~~ Chanullor, and Vice-Principal in their black gowns bedecked with broad bands and designs of gold and silver. These last three gentlemen sat in the middle of the stage in three high-backed oak chairs - resembling those at the altar in church.

When everybody was seated; and a hymn had descended on the people, the organ poured out the strains of "O God, our help in ages past"; and everybody sang. Then Principal Kent of the Theological College read the passage from the scriptures saying that "Ye are the salt of the earth" and also the light. A short prayer concluded the introductory religious formalities.

Principal Wallace, then rose, and gave a short address on the part played by Queen's in the national life of Canada. After which, the Vice-Principal gave a very short address on the scholarship winners and then introduced them to the Chancellor who shook each one's hand as they filed on and off the stage. There were very many of them. The most outstanding prize winner was Nancy E. Armburst who by winning the Mac Kerras Scholarship in Latin and ~~the~~ a Dominion-Provincial Scholarship won a potential total of \$3,075!

Next, Principal Wallace introduced the two men who were to receive the degree of L.L.D. to the Chancellor, who thereupon conferred that honour on them. Robert Chambers had won distinction for his research in the living cell. Chalmers Jack Mackenzie was President of the National Research Council. This part of the ceremonies, which was probably most important, was the shortest in point of time.

General A. H. L. McNaughton received a tremendous ovation when he was introduced to give his address. He talked on the great need for leadership in the present and future days: he stated that no one would lack opportunities. He appealed for tolerance of the other fellow's opinion on how happiness was to be secured for all in peace; and he declared that we should put those ideas into action upon which everyone agrees. In conclusion, he said that it is a great thing to have a worthy friend take your post when you leave; and he recollected how he had been replaced by Sheras as Commander of the Canadian forces over-seas and by Chalmers Jack MacKenzie as President of the Research Council. The ovation at the end of his speech was even greater than that at the introduction.

By the time Benediction was given, Gods Save the King had been sung, and the procession of the staff had filed out, it was a few minutes to twelve.

Yours truly,
Bill.

P.S. I received the check.

The Spring marks were not posted.

The land-lady has the new ration-book (and old).

Thanks for the article on Spencer.

Tell Lavern that she had better start using her brain in maths, and I don't think that anyone can get 94% in history.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.,
Sat. 28 Oct., 1944.

Dear mom,

Although a whole week has passed since last I wrote, yet I can scarcely remember anything of significance, which I could relate now. I hardly know which I appreciated more - the ironing - cloth or the biscuits. Both were thankfully received. I have not received this week's letter from you.

I worked three nights at the library this week: Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday. Next week I shall work only the latter two days since we alternate Monday between us.

Last Wednesday I took my first swimming lesson in the course which is offered here for beginners. I have

been in the pool twice since then; and am improving greatly. It is a great deal of fun.

I have finally completed my essay on Tudor Irish Policy. It is forty-two pages in length. The number of pages, however, do not signify the amount of research and concentration of thought which were put into them. I have three days left in which to begin and complete a somewhat shorter essay in Politics 2. This essay is to deal with the rise to power of the dictatorships in Russia, Italy, and Germany and subsequent constitutional changes in those three countries. I also have a French exam to prepare for on the ninth of November. We haven't been informed yet whether we are going to get a November exam in Philosophy I or not.

I have been assigned a platoon
in "C" company; and am not getting along
too badly. Most of the M. & O.'s who were
at Longbranch and then at C. O. T. C.
camp have received promotions, but from
a purely mercenary angle, I suppose
that I earned more at home during those
two weeks than if I had gone to camp
and then received a possible promotion now.
I received a check for \$5.48 from the C. O. T. C.
for the \$21.90 claim which I put in. It
seems that they are only allowed to
provide transportation from Kerigton and
return. The Orderly Sergeant - Major, however,
advised me to call in next week and see
Capt. Fitch. He said that it might be
possible that the C. O. T. C. would pay the
balance out of their own funds. I sincerely
hope they do.

I have developed a most pernicious habit of writing about nothing else than myself and my own affairs. Yet I am in such a dilemma that I scarcely know of what else to write. I neither read nor experience anything which does not directly involve my own impressions and which would be of but slight interest to you. My social activities are limited: my studies are pedantic. What can I write about?

Hoping that I may receive a long cheerful letter from you and that I may have some joyous tidings to relate to you in the next week,

I remain,

Yours truly,
Bill.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.,
Sat. 4 Nov., 1944.

Dear mom,

One week, two weeks; and still no report from the home base. Suppositions become suspicions; and fancies turn into fears. What ever can be the matter? Has all been lost? Are there no survivors to notify us of the disaster? Has the C. P. R. stopped running? (Well then, what about the C. N. R.?) Has the Sabhead been obliterated by some "secret" German weapon; or has the censor clamped down?

What logical explanation can we give for this dearth of correspondence? Let the outset illiteracy must be rejected as a plausible explanation. Should one member of the family have not the time, the salubrity, or the inclination to scribble off some few incoherent remarks to a "distant" relative, then there are still two remaining who might feel some obligation to execute this arduous task of "penning"

a few lines. But no letters. What remaining explanations are there? There are, in fact, two alternatives; either we look to the supernatural or to the mundane. In our particular case, the former is an anathema to our temperament; therefore, we must appeal to the latter. The possibilities here are infinite. Countless mundanely explanations might be offered - all equally logical - to account for the phenomenon. The supply of stamps might have been consumed [note the pun: stamps are also consumed in that one eats the glue at the back of them]; our address might have been forgotten; or the letters might not have been mailed through oversight. A baffling number of plausible solutions confronts us: a maze of paths, ^{any one of which,} might lead us to our goal bewilders us. Which should we accept? At the present we shall accept none, but shall hope that the most simple explanation may be the true one.

Without meaning to assume a superior or "I-told-you-so" attitude, I should, nevertheless, wish to inform you that the C. O. T. C. has paid the balance of my ticket. I received a

check some time ago for \$5.38. To-day I was
given another for \$13.15. You wonder at the
\$3.37 difference from the claim for \$20.90 which
I tendered. Had again, I wish to deny any
intent on my part of subtle hypercriticism, when
I inform you that this was the sum paid by
the C. O. T. C. for the uniform which I sent
C. O. D. Again let me fervently protest against
any charge which might be laid against me of
wilfully deriding my elders' opinion and advice.

I regret to inform the home base that
this year's cost of living has increased by about
\$15.00 monthly over last year's. Most of it is
spent on food. Suffice it to say, that outside
the admission price paid for two shows and a
\$1.00 year fee to bits '47, every cent ^{during October} was spent
directly on satisfying my physical and mental
needs. My account book reveals that after
a credit of \$14.07 (earned at the library during the month)
had been subtracted from the debit, there was
still a net month's loss of \$47.77, which
is considerably more than the corresponding expend-
iture for last year.

I have been in the pool three times this week and flatter myself by thinking that I am greatly improving.

We had an Eco. 10 test yesterday, which seemed to be very easy, but I doubt if I got a very high mark since I did not put down everything I knew. In other words, it was too easy.

On Wednesday and Thursday, there are to be Philosophy and French tests which will certainly reveal my ignorance. Essay-writing has so far kept me from doing my regular work, but from now on I hope to really plug at the courses.

The last week here at Krogton has been a rare example of lovely Indian Summer weather. How one languishes in a stuffy lecture-room (stuffy because the windows are closed and the professor is talking) when outside black squirrels are chattering, a radiant sun beams benevolently, and an invigorating and intoxicating atmosphere challenges one's sobriety!

Yours truly,

P.S. I have used the editorial Bill
several in the first two paragraphs.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.
Set. 11 Nov. 1944.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

Dear mom,

I have been lucky this week with respect to mail as I received a letter from you on Tuesday and again on Friday.

Although I appreciate very much your tendering a Christmas shopping-list, I sincerely hope that the relatives concerned and family will not be too dejected if I cannot find the time to purchase those articles you mentioned.

This has been exam week. A week ago yesterday I had written an Eco 10 test. This Wednesday I wrote a Phil test; and on Thursday, a French exam. The only mark that I have yet received was my French standing — that was in to-day's class. I was surprised to learn that I had got 77. As for my other two tests, my hopes are far from sanguine — indeed bleak.

All this week I have been orderly sergeant, working in the Orderly Room from 4.30 to 6.00 o'clock each day. My job was to hand out and receive the various weapons required by the different Companies in their training. Since this week it was also my turn to spend three nights in the Library (which entails my being in attendance from 5.45 to 10.00 on Mondays, Tuesday, and Thursday and from 5.00 to 5.45 on Wednesday and Friday), I was rather late in relieving Ross^{Balson}, who was forced to take the hour from 5 to 6 each day. It did not work out too badly, however, since Ross still had 15 minutes to get in line at the Union for supper. I usually had a bit to eat before going on duty in the Orderly Room. Wearing the uniform all week also saved my civilian clothes from the dubious honour of investing my person. After a little chat with the Quarter-Master, Esq, I am to receive an army shirt so that I may give my own to be "laundered."

At eleven o'clock to-day Queen's celebrated
Armistice Day by a brief service in Grant Hall.
Principal Wallace made the statement that
there was no one in the Hall who did not have
some one very dear in mind as we paid
tribute to those who had fallen to preserve our
freedom. I suppose that I should count my-
self fortunate in being an exception to that
so-nearly correct generalization.

This afternoon Queen's rugby team played
the first game in three years with a team
outside the district. The team was the
Ottawa Propins. Last night in celebration of
this event a monster parade was held. All the
Frosh marched in their pyjamas (clothes
underneath), tams, and ribbons. A six-foot
dummy imitation of the Trojan horse had been
constructed by Levana and it was led
to a large bonfire (built by the Engineers) to
the accompaniment of the Queen's Pipe Band
and followed by the 2,000 or so Queen's men
doing a Snake dance down the streets.
After much cheering and a few short addresses,
the presidents of the Arts, Science, Resurrection,

and Levana societies tossed the effigy on
the fire where it burned with a furious
flame having been liberally drenched with
kerosene beforehand. When this was over the
mob resolved itself into another snake-dance
and began a mad career down Kingston's
main thoroughfare (the Frosh still in their
pyjamas, tams, and ribbons). After a run
of about 2 miles the wearied skippers at
length made their way to Ben Rich (the Gills'
Residence) and spent the rest of the evening
dancing in the Common Room. This afternoon
to the accompaniment of the Pipe Band, the
enthusiastic Frosh were paraded en masse to
the rugby game. I was one of the four who
took the tickets at the gate. It is characteristic
of Lady Luck's capriciousness that the Queen's
team fumbled themselves into a trouncing of
10-5 at the hands of a not much better
team.

Wishing for the best in the family's health and
spirits,
I remain,
Yours truly,
Bill.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.,
Sat. 18 Nov., 1944.

Dear mom,

In exactly a month from to-day I shall have my first two examinations to write — Pol 2 and Leo 10, my two most important courses. They will be one hour exams, but it is too bad that they both come together. I write my last exam on the morning of December 21. After the Christmas holidays, on the afternoon of Jan. 6, I must write my final 3-hour exam in History 18a.

This week I received several marks, none of which I can boast about. In Philosophy I I got 43 out of 45 in Theology and 22 out of 25 in Logic; thus getting a term mark of 65. I should say that this mark was well above average. Some girl, however, got 82. In Pol 2 I received

a B. on my essay about the totalitarian states. I don't think that anyone got any mark above a B. There were many C's.

You query whether I shall be coming home for Christmas. I reply strongly in the affirmative, despite the fact that I have that cursed half-course to write. As for a Christmas present, I demand that my holidays be spent in the country, provided with bounteous foods and furnished with a pair of manoeuvrable skis. This speculcean existence, moreover, is to be rendered more enticing by frequent forays over Black's The Reign of Elizabeth and other worthy books which I shall take pains to bring home with me.

The meals at the Union have increased in quantity significantly. The ~~prices~~ ^{prices} remain unaltered. The improvement was brought about by a change in management — from a non-profit organization

to the Industrial Foods concern (a profit-making organization. There is lettuce at every meal (instead of one out of three), soup at supper, and desirable portions of potatoes and other vegetables.

You have hit the nail on the head when you state that my evenings must be taken up between the C. D. T. C. and the library. We must at once dismiss the former since it is compulsory. The latter, I am inclined to believe, spurs me to make better use of the rest of my available time. It is not an unmixed evil.

Among my greatest recreations this year is swimming. I get a terrific kick out of it. While I certainly am far from being classed a proficient swimmer, I have begun to do a little diving and am enjoying it immensely.

To-morrow the C. D. T. C. is having a church parade at 9 o'clock. Since two hours credit is given; and actually

it lasts only an hour; and no collection is made, I shall be in attendance. We have begun wearing our greatcoats and winter hats, thus securing added warmth at the expense of polishing fifteen buttons.

Since I am running out of topics, I suppose I had better describe the weather. On the whole, it has been quite tolerable. It rained twice this week, but only in the mornings. It has turned a bit cooler, but the afternoons are still quite sunny. Ice occasionally makes its appearance on puddles in the streets, but snow has still to make its debut. On this tone of cool indifference and sunny warmnessless, "je finis ma lettre", remaining,

Yours truly,

Bill



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.,

Sat. 25 Nov 1944.

Dear mom,

Lady Luck has, indeed, been flirting with me this week. Among her flourishes was my failure to hand in a Pol 2 essay due yesterday. I am hoping to get it done this week-end. I have also been unfortunate enough to develop a mild cold. Between the cough syrup, the chlorine in the water of the swimming pool, and the general dryness of the atmosphere, I have so far not been troubled either by a cough or a flooding nose.

On the other hand, I have revelled in the delightful smiles which fortune has so profusely heaped on me this week.

Yesterday, a box full of the choicest of sweet delicacies; to-day, a letter - what more could I ask? [By the way, the sweets are almost half-gone by to-day].

Be sure to extend my deep appreciation
of the parcel to grandmother.

Another temporal ^{pleasure} has been my
opportunity to act as Sergeant-Major of
C lay, because the Sergeant-Major was
acting as battalion's Sergeant-Major.

Lastly, but by no means the most
insignificant, was the news which you
find on the page of the Journal enclosed
in this letter.

There is to be no student's rate this
Christmas; and therefore, I was compelled
to lay out \$54.20 for a return ticket to
Port Arthur. With luck, I should be home
late in the evening of 22 Dec. or early morn-
ing of the 23.

You are indeed correct about my
lack of time for social activities. Two
or three nights a week at the Library and
one night swimming seem to annihilate my
free evening time. C. O. T. C. parades there

times a week decimate my spare after-
noons. The only activity that I have done
this week which was completely outside my
school-work was my attendance at a
comedy called There's A Family staged by
the Queen's Drama Guild. It was splendidly
performed. Where could I possibly find the time
to make myself socially obnoxious to all these
acquaintances of yours in Kingston?

Kingston had its first snow this week.
It turned into a slush and then froze.
~~By now it has completely evaporated.~~

Politics certainly are experiencing a
war-time boom in Ottawa, aren't they?
I doubt whether I have ever told you that
General McNaughton's daughter is in
my year. Wilf Gardiner, son of the minister
of Agriculture and former premier of Sask-
atchewan, is another distinguished member of
Arts '47. I have little doubt but that
the ratings (accompanying the adoption of
conscription) of some 700 students at Laval

University will not be repeated at Queens!
What does Mrs. Deutscher think about
the whole matter?

Rather incinerated by the wearisome
route march we had this afternoon I
am unable to fill up the rest of this sheet,
but hoping to have more tidings next week,

I remain,

Yours truly,

Bill.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.

Sat. 2 Dec 1944

Dear mom,

Well, only 16 studying days before the Christmas exams. Spending, as I have, all my time on the history half-course, I have not yet begun to study my other courses. For although the qualifications on the Christmas standing have been raised, ept I should hate to get four failures. But as I can already perceive dim shafts of light issuing from an ever-nearing end in my history course, I hope soon to finish it completely and plug up the other courses.

In your last epistle you relate marvelous wonders — of feathery whiteness drifting from the sky and a strange coolness gripping the earth. Ah! That, mother, is WINTER. Hear what the immortal Shakespeare says:
"When icicles hang by the wall

And hick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
 Tu - whit!

To - who! A merry note!

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

Such is the Tudor conception of winter. As for me, mother, please find my skis and ski-wax.

Your weather, however, is not unique, for we, too, have been visited by Winter. Overnight he clothed the ground with about six inches of powdery snow. It was 4° above zero this morning. Evidently it is going to be a "white Christmas."

I am glad to see that you are so keenly interested in the Parliamentary crisis. As you say, it is only too true that the Conservative party has been making a mountain out of a molehill. The Conservative press also, notably the Globe and Mail, has resorted to the crudest form

of journalistic sensationalism. Some of its
cartoons depicting Prime Minister King and
Gen. McNaughton have been utterly scandalous.
Personally, I think that King is endeavouring
to do the best thing ^{for Canada; yet} without losing the support
of the Quebec Liberals. If the Quebec Liberals were
to break away, it would be nothing short of a
national catastrophe, for then Quebec would solidly
support some nationalist party and its slender
political ties with the rest of Canada would be
irrevocably broken. Without Quebec's support
neither of the national parties would be able to
gain a majority in the House of Commons; and a
disastrous series of short-lived unstable ^(as in France) coalition
governments would be the inevitable result. Had
only civil strife or dictatorship could remedy
such a situation. Ah! Civilization is indeed
doomed!!

Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!

I have been promoted in the C.O.T.C. to
Sergeant-major of "E" Company — a Freshman
company. This is truly an honour for there are
only five Sergeant-majors in the whole battalion
— less of them than any other rank. I got

the promotion on Thursday and have since then
paraded with the Coy. twice. They are not at all
bad. As you probably know, the C. S. M. does less
work than any other N. C. O. or Officer. His chief
function is to form up the Coy. and call the stop
when it is marching — pretty soft. The former
C. S. M. has obtained his commission.

I bought my ticket the other day — for \$54.20.
There is still \$379 in the bank.

Having said my little say, I might add that
hoping that the family is in the best of health
and that I shall soon be home,

I remain,

Yours truly,

Bill.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.,
Sat. 9 Dec., 1944

Dear mom,

Our vision of winter has proved illusory. Last week the whole earth was blanketed with white: street and lawn were covered with the malleable white crystals; window ledges, steps, and roofs were heaped; and white smoke gasped for air in the face of a cold breeze leaping ~~amidst the branches of leafless maples.~~ But to-day a warm sun aided by a surging dry wind swept the open spaces leaving the snow lurking behind corners, fences, and furrows.

And for the second time this term I had a route march. Luckily, there were no rifles. After two three hours or so of marching, I dismissed the company and went swimming till 5 o'clock. After supper, I came calmly home and began writing this letter.

Next Friday at 2:30 I write my first
exam - in Leo 10. It was moved up from
Monday; and thus I'll have only one exam
a day.

I have finally laid aside my books in
18a - not that I am finished (far from it) -
so that I may do some studying on the other
sources. The two week-ends I hope to be able
to devote to Politics and French, all next
week on Leo 10, and the night before for my
Phil. I. Thus, you see, even at best my time
for reviewing is far from abundant. Couple
with that the hours spent working in the
library and on meals, and the situation
begins to look truly serious.

As for the nights before the exams we are going
to make an arrangement with Miss Eagleson, the
day attendant at the Reserve Desk and cousin
of Mrs. Hornes, to take the job over. Since she
refuses remuneration, we - the night staff - have
decided to buy her a Christmas present. Ross

Babron is going to the Ottawa Archives next Wednesday; and, therefore, I had to find myself an assistant. Thus, there will be three of us sharing the cost of the gift. By the way, Ross and his wife received a wedding present from Miss Eagleon.

Certainly some very unsavoury actions are taking place in the liberated countries of Europe. It is tragic that those Greeks whose plight and heroism were formerly so eloquently broadcast by the British are now dying in the streets of Athens at the hands of these erstwhile Allies. It is regrettable that the E.A.M. tried to take over the reins of govt by force rather than wait a bit longer and assert their views legally in vote by ballot. Now, as seems inevitable, they will be crushed; and rightist and reactionary forces will be more strongly entrenched than ever. It is just another instance of where patience and resolution would have accomplished more than heady impetuosity.

In Yugoslavia, on the other hand, conference and compromise seem to be solving a ticklish problem nicely.

Well, the crisis here in Canada seems to be over. Again, King seems to have navigated his party and government through uncharted and turbulent waters by that amazing political dexterity of his. The M.P.'s are now wondering whether they shall be paid their \$25-a-day salary for the 12-day sitting or not (\$300). When the statesmen who govern our country have to wonder whether they are going to be paid their scanty wage (for \$25 dollars will just cover living expenses for an M.P. in Ottawa), it is no wonder that the best brains in Canada seek employment in more lucrative occupations — business, for instance.

It was just this state of affairs where the lower-profession man (advertiser, salesman, etc) gets a greater money return and more esteem than the higher-profession man (teacher, minister, statesman, etc. — i.e. well-trained, self-disciplined, and upright individuals) that G. K. Sandwell criticized in his rectoral address which he gave in Grant Hall on Friday.

Hoping that opinions found herein will not be found too dogmatic,

I Remain,

Yours truly,

Bill.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Bock St.,

Kingston, Ont.,

Sat. 16 Dec., 1947

Dear Taverner,

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth"
leads to "a letter for a letter" — but, I hope,
not to "corn for corn."

Due to my studying for the exams, I have
not been able to buy apples for the last week.
To night, however, I dropped in at the little
stone grocery across the street. Upon hearing
me closing the door the grocer limped out of
the living quarters and recognising me, he said,
"Halloooh, sargeant" — despite the fact that I
was in "civies" and was no longer a sergeant,
but a C.S.M.

"Good-evening," I rejoined.

"Well, I haven't ^{seen} you for a long time."

"No. You see I've been studying for the exams
and hardly have time to eat."

"Ugh hughh. Do you want some apples?"

"Well.... how much are the bananas?"

"Foster cents a pound, Good, too — some

of them."

"And the grapes?"

"Thirty cents pound."

"Then I'll have some apples then."

"Well, I've got some Spies to-day — the best apples grown."

"Oh, come now! Every time you get a different type of apple you say that that is the best kind grown."

"No, no no! What I mean is that this is the best apple grown at this time of year."

I looked at him dumbly for a few seconds and then slowly repeated his last sentence, "Best apples.... that grow..... at this time of year.... eh?"

"Yep. From now on for the rest of the winter they're the best apples grown." Outside, the high snow banks, the icy street, and the cold wind scourging among the branches of the leafless maples gave eloquent repetition to the literal interpretation of his words!

By the time that this letter reaches you, all your exams will be over — good-buck, anyways. I don't get finished till 12 o'clock Thursday. Yesterday, after some intensive reviewing, I wrote my first exam — Lec. 10. Far better if I had done no studying and slept right up to the exam. Both questions were easy — the first one was all figures. I didn't get the first one correct and barely started the second. Like most of the other students the sight of the rows of numbers completely rattled me. Oh well, I'll at least have the bitter consolation that most of the class flunked it too.

This morning at 11 we had a test in French which will not count on the Christmas exam, but on the year's work. It was a vocabulary test of 250 English words (based on a single page of French prose) for which we had to give the French word found on that particular page — from memory, of course. It was tricky, but I think I did quite well in it. I hope I do as well in the

remaining three exams.

I don't know whether you know this, but last winter I picked up Athlete's Foot on my left foot in the showers here at Queen's. Up till now it has only been itchy and ticklish at times. In the last two weeks, however, it became more serious for the tenderest part of the skin on the under side of the toes began cracking crosswise. It is exceedingly painful to bend my toes — I feel it at every step. Yesterday, however, I went to a druggist and obtained some guaranteed salve which has alleviated the condition considerably. These outlying portions of "man's dominion" can certainly get bothersome.

So much for my pedal ailments. Hoping to see the family next Saturday — in my blue suit. I remain,

Yours truly,

Bill.