

It is a cardinal rule of modern Canadian politics that there are no sure things. In 1948 the Liberal party seemed to have achieved permanent primacy. Mackenzie King stepped down; his old lieutenant, Louis St. Laurent stepped up. St. Laurent had what King lacked — charm; but his party's durability was wearing thin. In 1957, to the surprise of everyone but the voters, Canada had a Conservative prime minister.

John Diefenbaker began with a minority government (112 of the House's 265 seats); but in 1958, the second time around, he took 208 seats, the greatest majority in history — Dief the Chief was walking on water.

He was very unlike the unobtrusive King or the charming St. Laurent or anyone else you might think of. For one thing, his appearance brought joy to the hearts of cartoonists. He was visually as well as politically suigeneris. He was briskly independent of the United States and fiercely loyal to the British Empire. He was a rousingly original orator.

No one took greater delight in Diefenbaker than Macpherson

of the *Toronto Star*. Macpherson set the modern ground rules for Canadian cartoonists — establishing the principle that cartoons should not simply il-



lustrate a newspaper's editorials. His portraits of Diefenbaker are perhaps the perfect illustration that wit need not be by words alone. Just as there are witty bars of music and witty contrasts of colour, there can be a great deal of wicked joy in the curves of black lines on white paper. Macpherson, considering the jobs lost by Diefenbaker's cancellation of the Arrow Interceptor Plane program, was inspired to depict that remarkable son of the prairies as Marie Antoinette.

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