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A GUEST EDITORIAL: THREE MINUTES

They have given us two minutes to remember war. Two minutes to remember that it is hideous and terrible; two minutes to remember that it is slimy and loathsome. Two minutes to remember that it twists men's minds: that it breaks their bodies: that it crushes their souls. You've heard about the glory of war, the marching bands, the fluttering flags, the glorious heroes? Ask anyone who has ever been to war. They'll tell you of the glory . . . the glory of watching your friends die, the glory of killing a fellow man. That's the glory of war. You say these men fought for this glory, you say they died for Queen and country? Maybe so, but we are willing to bet that they fought for just one reason, for just one basic reason — no matter what people say. They left their homes and went to war because there was a job to be done and because someone had to do it. And when it was over, most of them had just one thought about war: and it was not for the glory. Forget it, they said, forget everything about it, forget

day of the eleventh month — a bugler will sound "G" and bared heads will be bowed. And for two short minutes for fifteen million lives in the Second World War alone. Two short minutes for untold millions in all the wars since time began. Two minutes . . . two short minutes.

We are opposed to war. Indeed, we believe it is probably the absolute wrong. Nothing about war is good. But today we will remember war. We will remember war, and we will remember those who fought. We will remember those who fought and did not come home. Why? Not because we honour war: we do not. But because we owe a personal debt to each and every one of those who fought. Because we owe an unrepayable personal debt to those who fought and did not come home. That has been said before, and it is probably a cliché. But we do not think it will do any harm to say it again, and again, and again.

But today we are going to take a third minute

THE HIDDEN HURT

I am the living.
Today I walk with them
who are the dead.
That great uncouthed host
who carried high
the banners I so lately bore aloft.
Their names are legion,
but their Fame is one.
Their hopes were with mine:
That theirs' should be
the last and awful register of
Man,

penned in the horrid gaping
book of War.
Alas, they were but men
who went before
along the road;
And now they rendezvous
with newer, stranger hosts;
Comrades of mine
whose banners are
alike to theirs,
And so their fears and hopes.
This is the Hidden Hurt:

That passing Time,
which heals in passing,
still may heal too well.
That mortal stripes
may soon become but scars,
And Man will march again
to war with Man;
And they who sleep
in sunlit poppy fields,
Will sleep again in vain.
I am the living.
Today I walk with them
who are the dead.

it and damn it to eternity. And yet today we remember war. All of us remember war, and most of all those who came home remember it.

Today is Remembrance Day. And as the morning sun moves from east to west across the Dominion, Canadians will gather to remember war. In the tiny outposts of Newfoundland they will gather; and in the great cities of Ontario and on the lonely farms of the prairies. Some will gather at great cenotaphs, some will gather at simple memorials: some will gather by a little white cross which represents a dream that never came true: and wherever they gather, they will remember war.

They will remember war in as many ways as there are Canadians. Some will remember in impressive ceremonies, some will remember in austere services. But each of these ceremonies will have one common feature. As eleven o'clock draws nigh - the anniversary of the fated eleventh hour of the eleventh

to remember war. Today we are going to take a third minute, but not to remember those who fought in the past. Today we are going to take a third minute to pray for the future. We are going to pray for peace, but not peace at any price, for that is not peace at all. Just peace. And we ask you all to take that third minute to pray for peace too. That will be the best way you can honour those who died in the slush of Italy, or on the sand of Normandy, or on the rich black earth of Germany or in the jungles of the Pacific.

But that third minute will do more than that, for when the next war comes, as come it will if all of us, each and everyone of us, does not fight to stop it, when that war comes there will be no-one or nothing to be remembered. Far from it. There will be no-body to do the remembering.

— Ed Roberts