

# EDITORIALS

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## IN THIS OUR LAND

To day our land is over-shadowed by the clutching hand of war. Tomorrow, sweet peace will reign over it, coupled with the restoration of progress.

In this our land, we have one civil right which is the foundation of our national moral. That is - the freedom of speech; freedom from suppression and censorship. Have you ever wondered how the many ideas and policies of a democracy were formed? They were born in the minds of men and given to the world through the lips of those same men, from the far reaches of Europe to the home plains of America. How important is speech in spreading ideas, new customs, throughout our great democracy! Speech can cause riots, revolutions, and wars. It can sink ships, bomb homes, commit

murder. It institutes hate for fellow comrades; violates the Christians' law. Speech can be the most beautiful thing ever to fall on mortal ear; to engender love in the hearts of our people. It gives to us the knowledge and learning we desire. Words can build battleships - bring peace to life, and lead the people on God's Holy Path.

To the little children we say: "Children, learn your Mother tongue, for someday you will make great use of it in the Restoration Period of the 1950's!"

To Mother: "If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now! Not even the power of speech can prevent the horrible reality of the war before us. Those battles behind will be as nothing, though many a boy could testify to horrors never realized by the civilian. More destruction will come to loved ones and materials. More burdens will fall upon the mother's shoulders.

Mothers you, too, have a war to fight. One that only a mother could understand. Play the game well, you moms, give smile for smile and throw one in, and Heaven will do the same.

The loss of your loved one to the battlefield or prison means grief. But keep near your heart the fact that you would never have had him ~~do~~ otherwise than serve his country - and that "when faith is lost, and honor dies, the man is dead anyway". Really, you are never so near your loved one as when you are separated.

" I sometimes hold it half  
a sin

To put in words the grief  
I feel;