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EASTER, 1956.

Peace and Good-will among mankind are desired by all people in Europe and all over the world. The people wish to live happily, their own lives perhaps following slightly different rituals all tending, however, towards the same goal — "Happiness".

Apart from very few mentally deranged men and women — the war mongers, the embittered ones, the revengeful ones, the thwarted ones and those who would sell their kin to earn a profit — all want *Peace* to enable them to further their social conditions, ameliorate the future of their children, find sanctuary for their own old age.

And yet, *Peace*, i.e. living in harmony with each other, without covetting each other's chattel, without stealing from each other, but helping one's neighbour, supporting him in his difficulties, loving him as a brother and enjoying the abundance which good mother Earth provides for all. — *Peace* stands on a precarious pedestal and is being assailed from all sides.

Who is against *Peace*? All those who, blinded by their own intolerance, their own righteousness, their own inability of faith in others, because they have no faith in themselves, shout angrily, each time someone comes forward with some proposal for putting *Peace* on a sounder footing. "Are these proposals to be put before the highest sacrificial sovereign? By which is meant *The World*." —

The trouble is that the various Nations are each blessed with a Government and that the latter thinks that the safety and interests of its own particular nation is its foremost task. Granted, in a way. But they forget, or nearly all of them forget, that that aim can be achieved *only* if the safety and interests of the other Nations, all of them, are also considered and secured.

Lip service has been paid to the ideal of a United Nations League. Attempts have been made to translate some of the major aspirations of this League into reality. Such attempts have, so far, failed, because the people of the various nations have not understood the full implication of the articles of this institution.

You cannot have a United League of Nations between States enjoying full and separate sovereignty.

A "League" means banding together. As in private life you cannot be a true friend unless you surrender something of your own personality to your friend, as you cannot be a partner unless you surrender something you had into the partnership, so it is not possible for Nations to band together without surrendering some of the exclusivity of their status as individual Nations.

The case of our own country, as a small League of Nations, has been cited *ad nauseam*. Comparisons are always dangerous and often deceitful. But, unless the peoples of all Nations realise that they cannot have *Peace* as long as they remain independent in the fullest sense of the word, that they cannot have a League of United Nations, unless this League is *above* the individual nations, *Peace* will be but an inspiration.

Instead, therefore, of slapping the face of anyone who proposes some measure which, in time, might lead

to a real League of United Nations in the full sense of the word, in which the individual Nations play their part, but are conscious that their individual interests come *After* and not *Before* the interests of the League, it would be better if we tried the old way and followed the old exhortation, to fall in with our adversary when he is in the mood!

At Easter Time it is always easier to *Hope*, than at other periods of the year. Nature awakens, spring flowers greet us, the message of resurrection gladdens our hearts.

We who grow older, who have suffered, whose heart, at times, have been seared by grievous losses of beloved ones, or who, in younger years, have made mistakes for which we now atone, we realise that life has to be lived to its appointed end. But we also realise, dimly and incompletely perhaps, that Resurrection, the feast we celebrate at Easter is a very real thing and that our life, however unimportant we may think it is, yet forms a small link in the endless chain of human endeavour and evolution and as such is as inextinguishable as is the yearly recurring wonder of Easter.

ST.

A NOVELTY.

Looking through the bundles of Swiss papers we find an announcement that the "Feuille d'Avis de Neuchâtel" is in future sending out their paper sprinkled with Jasmin perfume, in order to alleviate the objectional smell of Printer's ink.

Always anxious to please our readers, we would be glad to hear — should we decide to follow the custom of our contemporary — which perfume they would like us to use, preferably one which would match the smell of egg and bacon.

* * *

THE EDITOR'S DILEMMA.

It's not sufficient to provide
News, culture, information,
Something more startling must be tried
To boost our circulation.

Our paper's well produced, we hold,
There is no mental coma,
The trouble is, so we are told,
A matter of aroma.

The pungent smell of printer's ink
Can scarcely be prevented.
The best solution is, we think,
To have our pages scented.

What perfume, then, shall we contrive
To gain our readers' favour?
Rose, Jasmin, Violet, Chanel Five
Or equally pleasing flavour?

Our readers themselves shall decide
Which kind of scent is taken!
But so far only one replied:
His choice was eggs and bacon.

A reader of the S.O.