

5-552801

18/90

THE CROSS OF COURAGE

In the autumn of each fading year, for us - the living - comes a day apart. A brief moment in the flow of time to remember selfless sacrifice and to honour noble men.

By Cross and Peppy, the courage of the Unknown Warrior again wells warm and strong in every heart, as in that first year of peace which followed the first Great War. For the story of a morning in November 1920 - when, from Flanders, the Unknown Warrior was borne home to the Motherland, was an act of faith.

That day, as his leaders in battle marched beside him and the reigning monarch unveiled his standing monument, a great resolve for peace and justice was made. The defender of the principles by which the British race has lived, was to be a charge on those who were to follow.

That debt has yet to be redeemed. Nearly a million of two wars still tread the lonely path of those from whom the battles took their toll. They bear, in silent fortitude, the burden which is the trust of all.

For men like these, grateful remembrance is not enough. Justice is asked. Crippled limbs cannot keep pace with the economics of the times. The call of the blind veteran leader, Ian Fraser, goes unheard. In solemn dignity the nation pays its homage to the dead. To those who live, bearing the burdens of the Cross of War, the nation's debt remains.