

letter at home with my wife and little son. Hitler wants to destroy everything that will make my son's life worth living. Therefore, this is a war between Hitler and me." The words haunt me, because, far away, and protected I'm told by three thousand miles of ocean, I feel just the way that Englishman feels. I also have a little son. Hitler wants to destroy the mental and spiritual heritage of my child, therefore this is a war between Hitler and me. Our struggle with Hitler arises not only in defence of our children, but

ceasing to be deeply concerned about their individual fate when their minds are rushing eagerly into the future—into the coming era of the great peace which must be built for their children and their children's children. You fighting there on the British Isles are fighting not only for the security of all free men, but for all our dreams of a better future, and you will win this war. You will win it because although England can lose a war, mankind cannot lose a war. Just as it is written in Hitler's fate that he can never stop until he is stopped, so it is written in the fate of all free men,

that when one nation lays down its arms another rushes to catch them up. This country is arming. When I left Europe in May, I would have said it was impossible for the United States to introduce conscription before autumn. Well, we've done it. And against whom are we arming? Against Fascism. The world is not going to live on Hitler's terms. In all your distress and suffering be sure of that. The world knows its enemy. Although some of us vacillate from day to day, deep in our hearts and clear in our minds we know our enemy. On the history of every nation there are blots.

There are blots on our history—there are blots on the history of Britain. But it is seldom given to a people at any one moment of history to erase those blots by one great feat of heroism and sacrifice. Great Britain has known more power than she has had in the last thirty years, but never in her history has Britain been so beloved by all the brave, and all the good, and all the free wherever they may live on this earth. Never has she been more truly Great Britain than to-day, when you write the greatest chapter in the history of freedom.

Poet and Journalist

Archibald MacLeish (whose photograph appears on the opposite page) is among the most interesting people I have ever known for several reasons. First he is a poet, and all writers who are not poets admire writers who are. And he is not merely "a" poet, but probably the most distinguished poet in America. Secondly, Mr. MacLeish is a journalist (he also has been a brilliant lawyer and teacher, but let that pass) and I cannot but be tremendously interested in any fellow craftsman who pursues our common trade with such distinction. Finally, Mr. MacLeish is a public servant. He has become Librarian of Congress. His acceptance of this job marks a rare and encouraging development in American public life, that of young men who sacrifice a great deal—give up homes, private careers—to work for the United States, to work for the people.—John Gunther.

It is against Hitler's perversion and exploitation; it is the revolutionary spirit which everywhere is pushing forward for the liberation of the exploited and the oppressed.

Toward a Better Life

But I think it is true that this war is an incident in the world-wide revolution. The whole world is struggling toward a better life. In all of our hearts and all of our brains is the realisation that we have not used our resources as we should have done. We all have bad consciences. We all know that it is a crime that to-day in the twentieth century and before this war began, men and women, who are made of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, should be unemployed or living in slums, badly fed and inadequately clothed. The democratic world is paying for its complacency about these things. And Hitler knows how to exploit our bad consciences. But what Hitler has done in debasing words is paralleled by what he is doing to debase the great revolutionary movements of our times, for National Socialism insofar as it has improved the material resources in Germany, has done so by robbery of other people and other nations. The workers want more than bread. They want a little thing known as human dignity. They want to be men, and not well-favoured animals. Twentieth century revolution is actually being made, but it is being made against Hitler, not by him.

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