

# THIS WAR

(By Mary Hedley Charlton)

I HAVE made several attempts to write an article on the war; but so far it has been unsuccessful. I have written "sob stuff" all about brave hearts and lifted chins, weeping but hopeful mothers, the waving Union Jack, onward to victory, but there is too much of that. It does not seem to fit in with this strange new battle.

And so I could not write, until yesterday when, as I sat in a café, I heard one woman remark to another between mouthfuls of tea: "Well, all I can say is, I hope my savings will be all right."

Then something inside me boiled over and I knew what to write about. I would have liked to say to that tea-drinker: "And Madam, may I ask, what are you saving for?" And in all probability she would have said, "For future security for me and mine."

The majority of New Zealand people have good homes and three meals a day, and many have tucked away a cosy little bank account. But after all, what

is security? Or rather, what will security be? Even the dullest person to-day knows that this will be the bloodiest war the nations have known. We may bury our heads in the sand, but we all know what we are in for. We realise that England, to quote Yeats, has been "old and grey and full of sleep," but now she has rubbed the sand from her eyes and we are fighting, not for the future of our savings, but for a peace and brotherhood that the exhausted world is crying out for in her agony.

And when it is over it is we who will have been reborn, weak and shaken. There will be no flags flying, no shouts of Victory, no Rule Britannia, at the end of this war, but there will be a humbleness the world has never known before.

And in this new world we will not look up at White Roses and Laurels, and hear dazzling birds singing. The earth will be the same; it will be us, the people, who will be different. We will not have fine raiment or, Madam tea-drinker, gold. But we may have a brain; not one to invent scientific wonders, but a brain to keep a peace for which the world has been forever seeking and striving. And it will surely be the ultimate end that we were placed upon the earth to find.

\* \* \*

We will look up from the blood and mud-covered ground to the sky, and it will shine as pure gold.

## BE KIND TO THE BUTCHER!

To the Editor,

Sir,—Could you find a small space, I wonder, for this "humorous" poem somewhere between Aunt Daisy's splendid recipes and "While the Kettle Boils"? If it sounds more like "tripe" than poetry, well I understand that there is a place for such material in every newspaper office.

To the Housewife

I wonder if ever a housewife when she sees the butcher-man  
Stop suddenly at her garden gate and hop from his loaded van,  
Does pause to think for a moment of the way she orders meat  
(Or the way he is insulted as he hurries from street to street)?  
There isn't a living husband who would not answer tartly,  
If spoken to too rudely, or if questioned he was so smartly.  
Yes, surely when we think of it apologies should quiver  
Upon the lips of one who asks, "Oh, have you got a liver?"

Then, as he travels briskly along the country lanes  
He never knows who next will ask, "Now, have you any brains?"  
Yet, I think of all the women our businessman must dread,  
Is she who queries sourly, "Well, have you a fat pig's head?"  
Just think of the rejoinder which might be at him flung:  
"Well, since you've not the head of a pig, do you happen to have a tongue?"  
Let us be more like the butcher who on work is so intent  
That he doesn't notice rudeness, where rudeness isn't meant.

—J. LEWIS (Collingwood)

# CALLING ALL CHILDREN

Princess Elizabeth Speaks

Some time ago the BBC (Home Service) was honoured by a visit to the studio by the King and Queen with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, during a broadcast of the Toy Town Programme. Last week Princess Elizabeth herself took part in the Children's Hour, and spoke to the children of the Empire at home and overseas. Listeners in the United States of America also heard this broadcast. This is the message her Royal Highness sent out:

I N wishing you all good evening I feel that I am speaking to friends and companions who have shared with my sister and myself many a happy Children's hour. Thousands of you in this country have had to leave your homes and be separated from your fathers and mothers. My sister, Margaret Rose, and I feel so much for you as we know from experience what it means to be away from those we love most of all. To you living in new surroundings we send a message of true sympathy, and at the same time we would like to thank the kind people who have welcomed you to their homes in the country. All of us children who are still at home think continually of our friends and relations who have gone overseas, who have travelled thousands of miles to find a war-time home and a kindly welcome

in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the United States of America.

My sister and I feel we know quite a lot about these countries. Our father and mother have often talked to us of their visits to different parts of the world, so it is not difficult for us to picture the sort of life you are all leading, to think of all the new sights you must be seeing, and the adventures you must be having; but I am sure that you too are thinking of the Old Country. I know you won't forget us. It is just because we are not forgetting you that I want on behalf of all the children at home to send you my love and best wishes—to you and to your kind hosts as well.

Before I finish I can truthfully say to you all that we children at home are full of cheerfulness and courage. We are trying to do all we can to help our gallant sailors, soldiers, and airmen, and we are trying too to bear our own share of the danger and sadness of war. We know, every one of us, that in the end all will be well, for God will care for us and give us victory and peace; and when peace comes remember it will be for us, the children of to-day, to make the world of to-morrow a better and happier place. My sister is by my side and we are both going to say good-night to you. Come on, Margaret.

Margaret: Good-night, children.

Good-night and good luck to you all!

## TRAIN FOR A WINNING SMILE WITH PEPSODENT



IT'S THE **IRIUM**\*  
IN **PEPSODENT** TOOTH PASTE  
*that makes teeth whiter*

\* Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade Name for **PURIFIED ALKYL SULPHATE**

If they're old enough to use a tooth-brush, they're old enough to learn—NOW—that it's the IRIUM in Pepsodent Tooth Paste which makes teeth brilliantly white . . . that it's the IRIUM in Pepsodent which brushes away unsightly surface stains to leave teeth gleaming white. And, because of IRIUM, Pepsodent is absolutely safe — free from grit, soap and pumice.

**PEPSODENT**  
**TOOTH PASTE**

Trial Size 6¢ — Large Size 1'3

*Contains* **IRIUM**\*  
*For Greater Cleansing Power*  
**BUY THE ECONOMY SIZE — 2'**