

"Faith, Duty, And Sober Pride Must Not Lay Down Their Weapons"

SINCE he last spoke on the air, began Mr. Brockington, he had for three days been "playing truant" around New Zealand—listening to the peal of the bell-bird instead of the clang of the tram-car, wandering down the byways instead of the highways. "I prefer the call of the bell-birds to the call of the bell-boys, and I like the backwoods and beyond. For most of my life, I have lived on the frontier among good neighbours and I love to get back to the faraway places. The western Canada I like to remember is very much like New Zealand. . . . You know, I think democracy flourishes at its best in the little towns and the country places. The democracy that treats the rich and the poor as though they were men—the democracy that sets men talking about the laws they live by and help to make, and what heart-warming things men and women do when, as the old woman gathering sticks in the Worcester woodland said to Lord Baldwin, 'God, good-will, and good neighbourhood are their company' . . . Many times during the last three days I thought I was among men and women like that—the men and women I know best. Although I'm far from home I have in many respects been a very lucky man since the war began. Duty has led my footsteps among the people of Canada, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, the United States, Australia and New Zealand.

Many Memories

"You can imagine that out of many wanderings many memories keep passing before my eyes or echoing in my ears. I only wish I could share them all with you. I think you would be interested, because they concern your kinsmen in Canada, Australia, and Britain who are proud to stand by your side. I can say this to you. As far as I can see, the men and women of Canada and of Australia, in spite of many difficulties of economy and space, have done much and are determined to do all they can in order that the world will be a better place for all the children of men. Wherever I've been I have been deeply impressed by the sheer goodness of the ordinary men and women. I shall not soon forget the old German and his wife who came to a Red Cross office in Western Canada bringing their wedding ring as their gift to the country that had sheltered them for 50 years. . . .

"I wish I could share with you at length a few of my memories of the Old Country: of the people of Plymouth dancing in defiance for the first time in history right on Plymouth Hoe; of Eton boys walking down the streets of Windsor with 'Help for Russia' tags in the lapels of their coats; of a young woman in battledress, once a clerk in the Bank of England, standing on duty in her own gun emplacement and gazing at the sky; of a lorry-load of coloured American troops I once saw coming round the corner of a Gloucester lane in the early morning light, and of the thought in my heart as I recollected that the grandsons of black slaves had crossed the waters to fight for the freedom of all God's children. I wish I had time to tell you of the

LAST issue, in response to many requests, we published part of a National Service talk by L. W. Brockington, K.C., adviser on Empire Affairs to the British Ministry of Information, who has been visiting this country. On the following Sunday, Mr. Brockington gave another long talk. Here are extracts from it.

East-end London children whom I saw playing leap-frog on the lawns of Oxford colleges; of the men of the Canadian infantry who sat in the woodlands just before they went to Dieppe discussing co-operative marketing with a padre and a bright young Canadian teacher; or of the grand Scottish experiment by which Polish soldiers have entered Scottish universities to maintain the culture of Poland.

Working, Suffering, Smiling

"But perhaps you would prefer that I tell you how the people are working and smiling and suffering. To-day in Britain, over 22 million people, or two out of every three adults between 14 and 65 are fighting or working the war industry full time for victory. Three out of every four boys between 14 and 17 and nearly three out of four girls between 14 and 17 are doing the same. Production per head in Britain is as high as it is anywhere in the world.

Hope Out of Disaster

"I have seen the people of Britain suffer. I was not there during any great air-raids myself, but I have seen the results, and as you no doubt have seen in the papers, one house in every five in



★ THE death of Marie Conlan after a long illness will be a loss to Station 12B and to the Commercial Broadcasting Service. For years she had been known as a script writer for the CBS. Her script for the "There'll Always Be An England", series won her the first prize in open competition, and she also wrote the first dozen stories of the 12B feature "Long Long Ago."

Great Britain has either been destroyed or damaged. More than 1200 churches have gone. In Plymouth, which is one of the worst blitzed cities in England, 65 churches are totally destroyed. More than 2000 schools have been completely wiped out and 5000 damaged. Yet, as I talked to men and women who had lost everything, I heard no word of complaint. I suppose Hull has suffered worse than any, but the people of Hull are still awaiting the next onset. Most of their children have probably left them. Out of 650,000 children formerly in the London County Council area, 40,000 were still in the country last autumn. Practically everyone in England not in the armed forces does duty as a fire-watcher or a roof-spotter or an A.R.P. warden. Many of the great bomb craters in London and elsewhere have been lined with concrete and turned into reservoirs to fight the next fire. . . . Perhaps the greatest inspiration I received was to read the little booklet written by the Provost of Coventry telling the story of the burning of his Cathedral. At the end of the booklet he had caused to be printed in golden letters these words: "Oh ye fire and heat, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

"A Sort of Religion"

"Through all these things the people of England smile. Do you remember what Joseph Conrad once said about them? Of all the people of the world they had learned how to greet the joys and sorrows of life with a smile that is not a grin, and a sigh that is not a sob. Their sense of humour is a sort of religion. It made the soldier in the last war call the filthiest trench Regent Street.

"But it is just that optimism which amazes and uplifts our friends and confounds and defeats our enemies. We're going to need all that hopefulness in the great adventuring we're going to do together, and we aren't going to fail. A friend of mine wrote a play the other day. In it a lieutenant in the Royal Navy speaks his faith. This is it. I believe he speaks to you and to me also. Yes, and for your grandfather and for my grandfather, too: "Read the whole story of Britain. Weigh on the one side all we have given; weigh on the other what we have taken. We have given more. It's a good story, though some of the chapters read darkly, and this also I believe, that the story is only beginning. There are new victories we shall win, new territories we shall explore. We shall march against the oldest enemies, against fear and cruelty, untruth and greed. We shall send our voyagers into the new lands of peace and justice, of understanding and high endeavour. When this war is over, the soldiers and the airmen and the sailors will go back to their homes, but faith, duty and pride must not lay down their weapons. The faith and duty we have found in these years must not disarm, nor sober pride return to sleep. They will be needed still. For them there is no discharge. Keep them in service, and we shall do great things. We are still in the early days of our story."



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