

Canons And Cannon

(Continued from page 14).

Army, Navy and Air Force. We don't hear much of disarmament today. It is forgotten. Even at the time when it was talked about there were people who realised its utter futility. . . .

Mr. Packs had heard this speech many times, but he had never quite got over the feeling that it was a rather strange speech to have come from the mouth of a man who had followed the Prince of Peace. But then Mr. Packs was old-fashioned. . . .

Of course, everyone knew that disarmament was dead. But Mr. Packs wondered in his muddling little mind if it would not be still alive if so many people had not been convinced all along of its utter futility! It was all far too difficult for an ordinary man like Mr. Packs to work out. It was better left to clever people like parsons.

It was queer what a lot of contradictions there were in the world, thought Mr. Packs. For instance, here was this speech from a parson; and recently he had read about a huge recruiting poster on the walls of Chichester Cathedral in England. It had been put up by the Air Raids Precautions people, and it said: "Your Country Wants You—NOW!"

Yet not so long since some degenerate pacifist fellow had stuck up a little notice advertising a Peace Meeting on the War Memorial at Auckland, and the public and the newspapers had shouted "Sacrilege" and "Blasphemy," and some of the Important People who had been going to speak at the meeting had backed out, because it was such a scandalous thing to have done, and an insult to the honoured dead, who had given their lives in the War to End War.

For the life of him, Mr. Packs couldn't quite see much difference between a recruiting poster on a Cathedral and a peace poster on a War Memorial. Still, he supposed there were wiser people than he who had excellent reasons for appreciating the difference. . . .

THINKING about Canon Norris, Mr.

Packs remembered a canon of obsolete model—Canon "Dick" Shepherd—whose Peace Pledge Union had made 100,000 Englishmen take the gutless oath that never again would they have anything to do with war. What had happened to the poor fools and their silly, insidious idealism? Canon Norris had said it: "The day of the convinced pacifist, if ever there were any, is over!" And if, by any strange chance there were still 100,000 pacifists left, even stupid Mr. Packs knew what would happen to them when Britain had once again to fight for peace. Prison and castor oil—and even perhaps a firing-squad—for not having the courage to bomb the women and children of those Mad Dogs of Europe who threatened so beautiful and just a civilisation. Even Mr. Packs knew that defence came first—and the only way to defend yourself these days was to hit first. And yet . . . and yet . . . Somehow, for all the thunder of the Canon, Mr. Packs could not find it in his heart to hate women and children he had not so much as seen. . . . Did this make him a traitor, a snivelling

Utopian whom the whole Church would sneer at?

And in his deep bewilderment Mr. Packs glanced up, furtively, to that dim corner in which the forgotten picture of Christ still hung, expecting to see a frown. Yet, somehow it seemed to Mr. Packs's quaint imagination that there was a comforting, understanding smile on the face of the Master.

THEN Mr. Packs came back to earth with a start. The chaplain-general had finished his fighting sermon. Moved to a bright-eyed consciousness of their great heritage, the congregation stood stiffly to attention, waiting, steady as the red-coated squares at Waterloo, for the sharp word of command that would begin the hymn.

To-day it was "Land of Hope and Glory." As the first, swelling, blood-stirring bars of the great anthem rang out in the old church, Mr. Packs felt his weak little back stiffen and the doubts drop from his mind like the shameful clothes of a slacker discarding them for the King's uniform. . . .

His heart was great and full of bursting pride as he sang, with all the power in his weak little lungs:—

Wider still and wider

Shall thy bounds be set,

God, Who made thee mighty,

Make thee mightier yet!

The congregation marched out with a jingle of medals and a clink of polished spurs.

As he stepped smartly into a blank file at the end of the last platoon, little Mr. Packs stole one last, ashamed glance at the forgotten picture of Christ that had so sadly confused him.

The face of the Master was turned to the wall.

Exploding The Myth

THE VOICE OF CUDDLE

(Continued from page 13).

Zealand. The voice of Cuddle is the voice of a lady.

She tells the story of her life . . . "My dad was English. His name was Psychology. He was high and mighty and not like my mother, a New Zealand lady with the beautiful name of Caress. I got my brains from my dad and my beauty from my mother."

At times she neighs in a manner that is always delicious—sometimes with shyness, sometimes with modesty, and sometimes with scorn.

There is more to it than just the interview. A recorded running description of her victory in the New Zealand Cup of 1935 at Christchurch is faded into the interview, and at the end Jimmie Ellis, the jockey who steered her so well, pays his homage to her.

It is a recording that one can hear more than once. On Saturday night, June 11, it will be given in 2YD's Suggestion Box.

One hopes, for the sake of outside listeners, that it is soon sent again round the other stations as well.

WOMAN BENT DOUBLE WITH SCIATICA

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