

AUSTRALIA 1942.

856

5.45 P.M.

17/5/42 M. S. Smith.

To-day we look with the anxious eyes of a proud elder brother upon Australia; on Canberra, her garden capital: at the home of the Governor-General Lord Gowrie the summer weather reminds us of our fateful summer of 1940; the representative of the British Government is Sir Ronald Cross, whom you see with his wife and daughter. In this new front of world war the United States minister is Nelson Johnson; his country has promised a flood of aid; China's Minister is Dr. Hsu Mo --- our allies in the Far East. At the Prime Ministers Lodge we meet Mr. Curtin, the first labour Premier who leads Australia in her hour of danger.

This was the Japanese Minister. The war at sea touched Australia's shores when these prisoners were landed from a German ship recently sunk 300 miles off the Western seaboard. They were the crew of the raider Kormoran; the ship was disguised at the time of the action as a Norwegian merchantman.

Now arrivals in Australian ports include men of the Australian Imperial Force --- still full of fight and it doesn't look as if they've got the wind up.

Australians have fought like heroes in many theatres of this world war; ~~whenever~~ whenever war many find them, they'll give back as good as they get and better.

Other ships have brought back Australia's sons who have been wounded among them their fourth V.C. --- Lieutenant Cutler: this officer earned the highest decoration for valour when establishing an outpost under fire in the campaign in Syria. He showed complete contempt for death.

This quayside scene is one that never can be watched unmoved; ~~after months of separation, the re-union of loved ones~~; out of all the filth and wretchedness of war, it is this that tells us that life is still worth while; their supreme moment of joy is what our world is waiting for when we have ~~we~~ earned at last our victory and peace.

There are millions who are ~~waiting~~^{waiting}; not least among them, these good friends --- these most loyal companions. A woman living a few miles from Sydney is looking after the pets of Australian men on active service. They won't forget; victory for them is just a familiar step outside; ~~the~~ a whistle; he's home again.