

STOREHOUSE OF THE MACHINES FOR VICTORY.

1079

Here is something in the way of reward for years of toil and sweat; here, on what we guess to be the eve of the greatest <sup>military</sup> operation of all time, is the tangible result of the work of head and hand; all who have laboured long hours at bench and desk, at drawing board and furnace --- look now and ask --- Have I done well? You could not find the smallest road in the United Kingdom that does not know the rumble of the traffic of heavy arms; at every cross-roads you will meet to-day the escorting motor-cyclists of a land-borne convoy. Navies, armies and air forces ~~now~~ numbering millions of men, have been trained to wield the weapons; --- and here they are. Everything a fighting man could possibly need, from tremendous tanks to the smallest screw; from the greatest gun to the infinitesimal precision instrument; from amphibious lorries to dried eggs

The world awaits the opening of land battles in the west; casting the mind back to the days when a tiny army fought a rearguard action with bayonets; against a colossus that made a god of mechanized military science. The peaceful world was rocked in its peaceful sleep; in four years it has grown fully wide-awake --- ~~and ready for the come-back.~~ We who see the giant war machine slipping into first gear, have no doubt about the decision; what may happen in the early stages, no man can foretell; but we shall support our great machine and the men who run it, with the faith that brought us out of the shadow of defeat into the bright path to victory.

11.50.10.11.  
5/5/44 H. Bethand.