

It is fourteen years since the play *Journey's End* began a long and successful run. Its vivid depiction of life and death in the trenches was considered pretty strong meat at the time, but its message that war was something to be hated was not needed by audiences who were of that opinion already and who thought how fortunate it was that they had seen the end of all that. There was a kind reception too for its suggestion that the German was misguided no doubt and sometimes rather pitiable, like the prisoner from the Twentieth Wurtemberg Regiment, but that he was not without his good points. This is not meant to imply that the playwright was playing the German's game for him—far from it—but the fact remains that it all fell very nicely into the campaign of 'organized sympathy' which our enemy had sponsored so carefully after his military defeat. On our side, this was the mentality which gave the German his chance. And how he took it! He whined and cried his poverty even in years when his government were spending more money on the building up of Germany than they had spent in the years before the war.

And so, again dramatically in the speech of the vicar in the picture *Mrs Miniver*, we have the result summed up. "It is a war of the people—of all the people—" he said, "and it must be fought, not only on the battlefield but in the cities and in the villages, in the factories and on the farms, in the homes and in the hearts of every man, woman, and child who loves freedom!" Fortunately for us, this marks not only the consequences of our mistaken trustfulness, but also a radical change in our own thinking. Surely we know now that the German would have carried the war to us whatever we had done, short of abject surrender. It happens that he has made his war under the leadership of Hitler, but had it not been Hitler, his leader would have been someone else who would preach to him the gospel he loves to hear—the gospel of racial domination with himself in the driver's seat.

It was well that the vicar's words should have been heard throughout Canada on the eve of a Victory Loan campaign; in the light of evidence which has accumulated wherever people have fallen under what Field Marshal Smuts has called the 'New Barbarism', it is grimly true that nothing matters now but victory.

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If we may judge by its comments, the press in Canada considered both pointed and opportune the warning concerning rumours which was given by the Commissioner of this Force. We are not presuming to add further comment here, but it is not out of place to say that the German use of rumours in the process of 'softening up' the countries of western Europe was successful partly because of the cunning in giving their stories an air of plausibility in relation to the existing circumstances. Being forewarned, we can watch with a better chance of recognizing the technique.

Apart from that the Nazi trick is not new. It is at least as old as Shakespeare who, at the beginning of *King Henry IV, Part ii*, put into the mouth of the allegorical figure of Rumour lines which are as applicable now as ever they were:

"Upon my tongue continual slanders rise;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world."