

"WAR AIMS" cover a multitude of interests ranging from cockeyed utopias of world regeneration to shrewd jockeying for power and place after the war. In the larger sense the "Aims" are alleged to cover the national policies of future welfare. And we are asked to believe that we are fighting for such aims. Five minutes consideration shows that the "aims" tend to contradict each other; that they have been thought out in a period of panic; that they will be discarded when the serious business is over and that they are limited in range by the imaginations of their sponsors. Few of the "aims" have any bearing on the actual war.::: THERE are two aims only - let us restrict ourselves to the Pacific - for which we are striving. Australian, New Zealand and American troops are vitally concerned with (1) to kill the Jap before he kills them. (2) To get the whole damn thing over as quickly as possible and get back to their wives and families - where the wife needs the companionship & the children the care and affection of the father. In every soldier - American, Australian and New Zealand there is embedded the belief that his country is the best place to be and the best place to get down to "war aims". In war there is one aim - to kill. After the war comes the question: For what did we kill? Having killed him before he could kill us, what are we going to do now? In the fighting we did not know who would survive. In the Peace are we going to know the "Aims" that survive? Are we going to know that aims that come to the fore won't stand investigations are we going to be able to distinguish between open and covert "aims"? We might as well be honest with ourselves - and our future leaders.::: IF we are going to establish "aims" worthy of the sweat, filth, wounds and death of the struggle we have to keep both eyes open and stand for no fooling. And the first step will be a thorough analysis of the "aims" What will they be? Where will they lead? And who will benefit? Let us in a series of articles try to sum up the implications involved - or sums of them. Let us, next week, discuss FREEDOM: THE PRIZE OF VICTORY.

Transit, who amusingly paraded the manners, customs and education of Victorian Ideals. Whalebone corsets which required a bachelorette, maid to lace, black broadcloth that gave an air of perpetual mourning and mousey little children who trooped obediently into church behind Papa. It is difficult to say ^{how} our Victorian grandparents would have regarded Sgt. Clouston. But it is a good guess to say he would not have relished the iron bedsteads.::: THIRD speaker for Works was Sgt. Jim Craig who ranged over Victorian Art, Literature, Architecture and finally settled down to the ideal of the Craftsmanship of the period; work was an expression of creative ability. It was something the modern man did not have. We could do with another William Morris. We could likewise do with Alma Tadoma and Robert Browning. Modern homes also could do with a lesson from the good old days of a more stable home life.::: CLOSING the case for the negative Cpl. Enting, Transit, flung Karl Marx into the area and Palm Dutt after him. From there he went on to ridicule Sgt. Craig's weeping for Art for Art's sake of the long whiskered 19th century. The art of the period was one of emasculated pretties of the bedroom calendar variety. The stability was that of the smug, unimaginative middle class who were as dull as their furniture. Their charity was of the syrupy, condescending sentimental variety that cost nothing and was a sop to their consciences.::: READERS replies found both men in grips. P.K. Konna saw red at name of Marx. "A revolutionary, how dare drag in that base fellow! This is a respectable debate! O. Izod snarled at the name of Nightingale - her ideals the ideals of eternity. She was a tyrannical old lady. The audience too joined in. And after supper the subject was still under discussion when lights out sent the lads to bed. It was a first rate night.

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