

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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The Boy Who Will Be Prime Minister

There is a bright boy somewhere who will one day be the proud Prime Minister of this country, and this is the kind of speech he will broadcast to the nation.

THERE is no man who would not be profoundly moved to be Prime Minister of this great nation, for it has led mankind for centuries. We have done wonders as a people; in war and in peace the power of this small island has been a spectacle to stir the world.

But in those years that followed on the war our statesmen lost their genius. Our men had won the war for them, but our statesmen could not win the peace. We had a National Government which made a brave show in the world, but its great idea was that unemployment must settle itself, that it had come to stay.

And so those who were able to carry on were broken down at last by carrying on their backs this army of millions who did nothing, who longed for work and could not get it, and broke their hearts and lost their strength.

My Government does not believe this nation is done for. It believes it has the power to keep its people, to find them work to do, and to carry on another thousand years. We are going to stop this senseless tragedy, this steady paralysing of our working folk. We declare that from this day no man shall be paid for doing nothing, but any man shall be paid for doing something. We will keep a man in comfort and he shall work for it.

Everywhere there is work to be done. We have planned out the country in provinces, with an Employment Board for every province. It has work of every kind waiting, and it has this vast army of labour at its disposal. It will call on every man to work out the equivalent of his pay. If his week's pay equals three days wages he will work three days for it, and all this work which is waiting to be done (cleaning up wastes, pulling down slums, reclaiming marshes, making roads, planting trees, building a decent post office in every village) will be done with this State-paid labour. Now a man will hold up his head, for he takes no charity. Now the country will hold up its head, for it is saving its men from wasting in idleness.

The idea is dead that there is nothing to do for all these millions. The idea is dead that men must live on charity. The idea is born that men shall be paid for work crying out to be done, and that a great country shall rise again and be strong.

Let every man to his Employment Board; the Minister of Employment will see that work is found for him to do. And so to business—and Prosperity.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Skyline of London

IT is a long time since the ugliest block of buildings in London was set up facing Buckingham Palace, and now that the Government of the British Empire has found it impossible to protect the skyline of the Mall, the finest in London, it seems worth while to remember a small thing that few people know.

It seems that we owe the 80-foot limit of the Building Act (now to be raised) to Queen Victoria, who, when she looked out from Buckingham Palace and saw the terrible block of Queen Anne's Mansions towering above St James's Park, sent for the responsible Minister and demanded that a height limit should be put in the Building Act.

The story was told not long ago by Mr Maurice Webb to the Royal Society of Arts, and it makes us wish that Queen Victoria's grandson would send for a responsible Minister and insist that a Government should govern, and that those who are the trustees of the beauty of London should be worthy of their trust.

It Is Said

IT is said that a patient of a famous doctor the other day, being simple and from the deep country, believed that the clinical thermometer which the physician put in his mouth was a method of treatment and earnestly declared that he felt better after three minutes of it. The wise physician, scenting that the man's trouble was imaginary, went on with that treatment and cured the visitor.

It is said that a bright look, a cheerful, steady greeting from a friend, does much to raise the spirits of a man going off to business in considerable depression. Love and optimism are keeping things going today, and everybody should contribute at least a smile occasionally.

A Bore

THE C.N. agrees entirely with the opinion of the B.B.C. expressed so emphatically by the House of Commons. For every grumbler there must be a thousand who are grateful to Sir John Reith and his marvellous company at Broadcasting House.

Most of us, no doubt, are among the grumblers at times; we ourselves have grumbled often at something appearing in the C.N. catching our eye all too late to stop it.

One thing we do wish the B.B.C. would end is the perfectly futile nonsense of making speeches with full stops, semi-colons, and commas.

This is Thursday comma and it has been raining full stop But what matters semi-colon we shall keep dry somehow full stop

On behalf of a vast number of intelligent listeners we protest that this childish gibberish has become a bore.

If

IF any nation begins to hum and haw and make excuses to avoid inspection and control of its civil aviation by the League of Nations, then we are for it. Sir Ian Hamilton

Have You Seen It?

Children, have you seen the budding Of the trees in valleys low? Have you watched it creeping, creeping, Up the mountains, soft and slow? Weaving here a plush-like mantle, Brownish, greyish, reddish, green, Changing, changing, daily, hourly, Till it shines in emerald sheen?

Let Him Answer It

This little prayer by the Emperor of Japan has just been published.

That the world may be
Calm as the sea
At morn, is my prayer
To the gods that be.

Tip-Cat

A RAILWAY stoker has written his autobiography. He is used to piling things on.

A LONDONER has an old motor-bus in his back garden. He must have caught it.

A cow which grazed on a golf course was suspected of swallowing a ball.

Thought it was a round meal.

PARTS of old Plymouth are coming down. But the population is going up.

A MAP of Roman Britain has just been published. Rather out of date.

AN Essex athlete says his

recreation is weight-lifting. He can't call it light amusement.

LONDON suburbs are full of perambulators. The common wheel.

STOCKINGS, we are told, should fit like a glove. We prefer them to fit like stockings.

VICTORIAN women knew the value of deportment. Liked a good carriage.

BRITAIN has the largest needle output in the world. A point in its favour.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE Queen has given two pianos to the Girls Guild of Good Life at Shoreditch.

MR GEORGE MARKHAM has not missed ringing the church bells at Levington in Suffolk for 52 years.

THE roads of Kingsbury will in future be lined only with trees that flower.

JUST AN IDEA

Keep moving. Laziness leads to stagnation, stagnation to rust.

Home Thoughts From India

The hot weather season has now begun in India.

ON these unshaded, burning plains,
Beneath this Indian sky, one dreams
Of little mossy English lanes,
Of mists and hurrying heather streams.

No living leafy thing is seen
Save where a hedge of cactus stands

To mock the thought of English green
And spread its leaves like cruel hands.

WITH heads erect to bear their loads

The people pass from street to street,
Through the deep dust upon the roads

Which whitens on their bare brown feet.

THE vultures wait on ponderous wings,

Watching above the lifeless plain,
While far at home a brown lark sings

That England's Spring is born again.

Marjorie Wilson

Spring Song

My heart is full of happiness,
In spite of influenza!
To the sweet symphony of Spring
I add this gay cadenza!

THROUGH curtains new and flowered and fine

There peeps a smiling fellow,
Who greets my golden daffodils
And walls of primrose-yellow.

AND on two lovely pictures now
In golden light he lingers,
As if he thought he painted them
With tapering yellow fingers!

THEN through the doorway comes my dear,
Bringing my favourite flowers,
Sweet violets that softly breathe
Of love for ever ours.

OUT in the sunshine is the sound
Of happy children's voices,
For Spring has come in green and gold,
And all my heart rejoices!

My house is full of happiness,
In spite of influenza!
To the sweet symphony of Spring
I add this gay cadenza!

Estelle Boughton

It May Be Over

Open the window. Look without!
Keep not gloom's curtain drawn
Lest—deeming night still here—we miss

The skies afire with dawn.

For maybe when our courage ebbs,
And hope has all but died,
Unknown outside our doors has come
The turning of the tide. Town Girl

The English Voice

The English voice, clear, cultured,
unhurried, seemed like the voice of a friend long absent, and the grasp of the hand.

A Listener-in on Gabriola Island