

41/80

**WHAT LEASE AND LEND MEANS.**

Where the Merchant Service and Navy leave off, the work of the dockers begins. Combat planes from California. From over the Atlantic life-line they come. Tanks from Toledo. Here is the precious life blood that surges through the ocean highways, filling the arteries that lead to the heart of Britain, the Middle East, Russia - - - in fact wherever we and our Allies are fighting the leperous scourge of Europe and the World.

Lease and Lend Material! Tools from Democracy's Arsenal, call it what you like, but in plain language it's the urgent and valuable help we need to supplement our own arms production.

Boxes from Brooklyn. And inside the boxes are the mechanical brains known as predictors, the thinking robots which science has evolved as a counter-blast to another scientific marvel - the modern aeroplane. Predictors, to help rid the skies of a masterpiece that has become a menace.

Through the electrically operated doorway of a vast armament storehouse which dwarfs the men who work in it, comes a trainload of stores and equipment fresh from across the Atlantic. When we see pictures like these, we get Lease and Lend in its true perspective. All those colossal figures we read about come to life, and we begin to get nearer realising the almost incomprehensible amount of war material we need to beat Germany.

T.N.T. from Tennessee. One of the most powerful high explosives known. Boxes and boxes of it destined to fill the bombs and shells with which to smash the Dictator and all his works.

To secret magazines come these tons of explosives travelling along conveyor belts into dimly lit caves deep below the surface of the earth. In this maze of passage ways is enough high explosive to raze a city to the ground.

Tommy guns from Trenton. Already at inspection and packing centres, hundreds of the vicious sub-machine guns are being checked by armourers and made ready for despatch by A.T.S. Girls. None of this stuff will lie idle. Every trigger and every tank, each muzzle and machine is pointed against Nazi Germany. Its the living story of Britain at war.

After leaving the checking line, waiting army vans load the boxes filled with Tommy guns for despatch to various units.

Cannon from Connecticut. Across the perilous Atlantic have come these guns, the cargoes of the convoys. From our own factories come an endless stream of guns and yet more guns. Its all adding up to something big, and what could be bigger than the Battle of Russia. Make no mistake: The tempo of our combined striking power is taken from the rhythm of our production, and the help from America.

Straight from the ocean into a sea of mud. At the testing grounds the tanks are given their baptism of stress and strain.

And bombs from Boston. Great big beautiful bombs for hitting Hitler where it hurts most. Six hundred and eleven hundred pounders, and all of them of unusual design and construction. These also are sent into subterranean magazines, until such a time as they're ready for delivery in Germany by the Royal Air Force.

Arms from America? And yet more than all this huge collection of weapons and munitions could be lost or expended in one battle. Yes, there has been good reason to council everyone against slackness or complacency. This war is now costing us over eleven million pounds a day to win it. It would cost a deuil of a lot more than that to lose it.