

The "Hoover Rail Gang" are very proud to bring you the article printed below, written especially for the Hoover Rail by REX STOUT, Chairman of the Writer's War Board in New York, well-known Radio Commentator, and who, at the present time, broadcasts the programme, "OUR SECRET WEAPON - THE TRUTH". All the Gang join us in saying to Mr. Stout, "Thanxalot!"

Here's a thing which I think is important for Americans over fifty to say to Americans under thirty—those of them who care to hear anything from us.

I don't know how it is for ants or wild geese or wart hogs, but from the standpoint of us human beings the only thing seriously wrong with this world is us.

It may be doubted if men and women ever made such an unholy mess of things as we did from 1919 to 1939. We either completely misunderstood, or tried to hide from, the most important facts of our world such as (a) the meaning and the threat of the obsession of the German people that they are a master race destined to conquer the world, (b) the shrinkage of the world to a size which makes any corner of it easily and swiftly reachable from any other corner, and (c) the combination of (a) and (b) which made inevitable a mortal conflict for mastery of the world unless it were organized, in good faith and powerfully, for peace.

The young men who will be fighting for the next year or two or three cannot very well be expected, at the same time, to help in charting their country's path through the jungles of world politics. Until they get home again that will be the task of us who stay at home. If we perform it with a reasonable amount of intelligence, wisdom and good will, we shall have grasped the most promising and exciting opportunity man has ever had on earth.

We have so developed our mechanical techniques that there is no predictable limit to the number and variety of things we can make and things we can do. Five centuries ago, even a hundred years ago, the possibilities presented by the ingredients of this planet—iron, wood, vegetation, carbon, oil, the motion of water—were severely restricted by the poverty of the methods that had been developed to make use of them. Today those possibilities are literally boundless. The comfort, convenience and beauty of the homes we can make to live in, the variety of the jobs we can create for ourselves, the forms of amusement and recreation that can be developed, the clothes we can wear, the places we can go either for study or love or fun—the stratosphere's the limit, and maybe not even that for long. As inventors, as engineers, as scientists, as artists of ingenuity and even genius in the performance of miracles with a particle of dust or a drop of liquid, we are magnificent creatures; as politicians we are more apt to act like a pack of nitwits.

If we win this war and organize our planet for peace, certainly we will not thereby pop ourselves into paradise on earth, but we will have made entirely practical a fulfilment of human desire which even for our grandfathers could never have been anything more than a far-off dream.

In this enterprise there are formidable obstacles. The petty men, the greedy men, the blind men, will be the enemies of program, as they have always been, but to defeat them, and to make for ourselves and our children a brave fine world in which to live and work and play; we do not need to be demi-gods or supermen. We need only, first, the will, and second, about one-fifth of the intelligence in dealing with our fellowmen that we display in dealing with coal and steel and casein. Can we fill the order? I think so. I think we're going to. Ask me again in thirty years, if I'm still alive, and I'll know more about it; and so will you.

Sincerely,
Rex Stout