



EVER FACE A FIRING SQUAD?

TAKE A good long look. This is what a condemned man...or woman...sees at twenty feet. No one has ever come back to describe that last moment before the scene is suddenly blacked out with a rattle of fire and a burst of lead.

But even a brave man or a courageous woman facing such a scene ~~can~~ hope feverishly that this is all just a bad dream from which there will be no awakening...a vision from a remembered movie in which someone will come, will come, in time. But no one comes.

Two and...hundreds of thousands...of human beings like yourself, have had just such a 100 percent of life during the past few years. And they, too, have hoped it was a dream. But it wasn't.

How far removed do you think you are from playing the star part in such a performance as

this? Two years, three years, maybe four years...if the Japs and Nazis win.

And don't think that you can talk yourself out of it if the time comes. Don't think that you can turn out; that begging for mercy on bended knees will spare you; that promising to be good, to cooperate, will help. Some patriot in your neighborhood will kill one of their officers in the night, and the next day you will be rounded up with nine or nineteen or ninety-nine others...to be shot.

This is something for all of us to think of...to dream of while we can still awaken to the clean air of freedom.

It is something to make all of us resolve that all our waking effort will be bent to the one job of winning this war *sooner*...that whatever we know we *can* do, we *will* do...and that what-

ever else we can *find* to do, we will also do.

For unless *all* of us put the winning of this war before everything else, a lot of eyes that now look on this page may face that same scene in reality.

Not somebody else's eyes. Yours...

Henderson

Daily Dispatch

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