

ADDRESS BY

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Attorney General of the United States

Delivered Via Short Wave to Australia

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Office of War Information

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Australia and America appear to me as two friends who were jogging amiably along the road when both suddenly fell into the same ambush. Whereupon each looked at the other with new eyes, sizing up the other's willingness to fight shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy. We have survived that mutual scrutiny. Your eyes and our eyes are now turned toward Japan, and they will stay there until Japan no longer has the power to raise a hand against either of us.

Let's get down to essentials, in the few minutes allowed an American voice to tell you directly what is in the mind and heart of America toward Australia.

We like the cut of your jib. We in America followed every fight you put up in Greece, your stand in Crete, your exploits in Libya. We gain confidence from knowing that your fighters and ours are side by side in Egypt. The turned-up hat of the Aussie is a symbol to Americans. The lean faces under those hats have the stamp we like, the mark of men who in time of peace hate the goose-step of militarism but who in war will roll a gun into an exposed position and take on tanks at point blank range. The Aussie has proved himself. We who came in later will prove ourselves to you.

We have made a start. Some months ago Australia was described as the last bastion betwixt Japan and the United States. That was said at a time when you and we were seemingly caught in the trap laid by a wily enemy. That is no longer the military situation. Whatever temporary reverses we may suffer, no matter how difficult our task, our purpose will be steadfast as we move toward victory in the Far East. Today I can say to you that the American offensive in the Solomons, and the operations in New Guinea, are not solely

aimed at relieving the threat to your country and ours. The day of holding up our guard to fend off blows is passing. The purpose is to retake the Solomons-New Guinea area as a move forward against Japan proper.

To move forward together, each contributing what he has to give, requires mutual confidence, and that, thank God, we possess.

We have great numbers of American boys billeted in your land. The word that comes back to us from them is vastly reassuring. A Yank need not feel far from home. Your papers used up precious newsprint to report baseball games from his home town. Your doors are open to him. He can stretch his legs under friendly dinner tables. That makes us feel better about the whole business. We want those boys to fight for your homes as they would for their own.

Under reciprocal lend-lease our two Governments have agreed to exchange goods and services. Australia has seven million people, the United States one hundred and thirty million. Yet in this friendly give-and-take your seven million people are providing an equal share. The American soldier in Australia wears a uniform woven from your wool. He eats Australian butter, cheese and mutton. And because he grew up on beefsteaks from steer raised on American grasslands, you Australians are now driving thousands of cattle across a 900-mile stretch of sandhills to satisfy his home-grown appetite. We know too that you have cut your own civilian consumption to feed our boys. These things we remember.

We in turn have done our utmost to meet your requirements. Since last March our lend-lease mission has been working under General MacArthur to discover your needs and to get them to you over long sea lanes. As a result,

Australian workmen are putting American machine tools to very good use. This spring the seeds of American tomatoes and peas will sprout in Australian soil, and next summer their crops will be preserved in American canning machinery. Our strength is yours, and yours ours.

It is not surprising that the Yank and the Digger can make common cause. We are both the sons of pioneers who opened up a continent. Your tough-muscled men built the overland telegraph, ours the transcontinental railroads. We had our gold rush to California, you to Kalgoorlie. In many an Irish, Welsh, Scotch or English cottage of the 19th Century there must have been family debate whether to begin a new life in the Australian bush or on the American prairie. In either case the newcomer found no easy berth. He broke virgin soil. He dealt with the Aborigine or Comanche Indian. He rubbed his eyes in wonder at first sight of the kangaroo or the range buffalo. And in both new and raw continents he fought the wilderness, built tall cities and in the doing of it acquired a lean stature, sun-wrinkled eyes and an independence which flinches at no task, at no enemy.

Today that common quality stands us well in battle and on the production lines which feed the battle front. Your steel workers at Broken Hill and ours at Pittsburgh alike have pledged their waking hours to the service of their Governments. They have exchanged messages of mutual support.

Your austerity campaign has its counterpart in America. The people of each have accepted wage stabilization, price controls, rationing and deep taxes. The Australian woman, walking stockingless back from work at the aircraft plant--thinking a bit wistfully about the afternoon teas that used to be--would have much to talk about with her sister in America.

Through all sacrifices we are sustained by the sure knowledge of the victory which lies ahead. I think we ought to grant ourselves that one indulgence of a spirited looking-forward to victory. I think we can afford enthusiasm for each of our friends in this fight. England saved our world in the Battle of Britain. Russia held her huge arms steady at Stalingrad. China has shown a soul of steel. The free peoples are gathering their strength to strike.

Your troops and ours, as Sir Owen Dixon has said (I quote), "are animated by the same soldierly spirit, by the same aspirations and by the same stern purpose of overthrowing the enemy."

Let us now--peoples of common background, language and likes--get on together with that supreme task.