

Address of Right Hon. Mr. Churchill

for any mitigation in the fury or malice of the enemy. The peoples of the British Empire may love peace. They do not seek the lands or wealth of any country. But they are a tough and hardy lot. We have not journeyed all this way across the centuries, across the oceans, across the mountains, across the prairies, because we are made of sugar candy.

Look at the Londoners, the cockneys. Look at what they stood up to, grim and gay, with their cry, "We can take it," and their wartime mood—"What is good enough for anybody is good enough for us."

We have not asked that the rules of the game should be modified. We shall never descend to the German and Japanese level; but if anybody likes to play rough we can play rough too. Hitler and his Nazi gang have sown the wind; let them reap the whirlwind. Neither the length of the struggle nor any form of severity which it may assume shall make us weary or shall make us quit. I have been all this week with the President of the United States, that great man whom destiny has marked for this climax of human fortune. We have been concerting the united pacts and resolves of more than thirty states and nations to fight on in unity together and in fidelity one to another, without any thought except the total and final extirpation of the Hitler tyranny, the Japanese frenzy and the Mussolini flop.

There shall be no halting or half measures, there shall be no compromise or parley. These gangs of bandits have sought to darken the light of the world, have sought to stand between the common people of all the lands and their march forward into their inheritance; they shall themselves be cast into the pit of death and shame. And only when the earth has been cleansed and purged of their crimes and their villainy will we turn from the task which they have forced upon us, a task which we were reluctant to undertake, but which we will now most faithfully and punctiliously discharge.

Mr. Speaker, according to my sense of proportion this is no time to speak of hopes of the future or of the broader world which lies beyond our struggles and our victory. We have to win that world for our children. We have to win it by our sacrifices. We have not won it yet. The crisis is upon us. The power of the enemy is immense. If we were in any way to underrate the strength, the resources or the ruthless savagery of that enemy we should jeopardize not only our lives—for they will be offered freely—but the cause of human freedom and progress to which we have vowed ourselves and all we have. We cannot for a moment, Sir, afford to relax. On the contrary, we must drive ourselves forward with unrelenting zeal. In this

strange, terrible world war there is a place for everyone, man and woman, old and young, hale and halt. Service in a thousand forms is open. There is no room now for the dilettante, for the weakling, for the shirker or the sluggard. The mine, the factory, the dockyard, the salt sea waves, the fields to till, the home, the hospital, the chair of the scientist, the pulpit of the preacher—from the highest to the humblest, the tasks all are of equal honour. All have their part to play. The enemies ranged against us, coalesced and combined against us, have asked for total war. Let us make sure they get it.

That grand old minstrel, Harry Lauder—Sir Harry Lauder, I should say, and no honour was better deserved—had a song in the last war which began:

If we all look back o'er the history of the past,
We can just see where we are.

Let us then look back. Sir, we plunged into this war all unprepared because we had pledged our word to stand by the side of Poland, which Hitler had feloniously invaded and, in spite of a gallant resistance, had soon struck down. There followed that astonishing seven months which were called on this side of the Atlantic the "phoney" war. Suddenly the explosion of pent-up German strength and preparation burst upon Norway, Denmark, Holland and Belgium. All these absolutely blameless neutrals, to most of whom Germany up to the last moment was giving every kind of guarantee and assurance, were overrun and trampled down. The hideous massacre of Rotterdam, where thirty thousand people perished, showed the ferocious barbarism in which the German air force revels when, as in Warsaw and later Belgrade, it was able to bomb practically undefended cities.

On top of all this came the great French catastrophe. The French army collapsed and the French nation was dashed into utter and, as it has proved so far, irretrievable confusion. The French government had, at their own suggestion, solemnly bound themselves with us not to make a separate peace. It was their duty, and it was also their interest, to go to North Africa, where they would have been at the head of the French empire. In Africa with our aid they would have had overwhelming sea power; they would have had the recognition of the United States, and the use of all the gold they have lodged beyond the seas. If they had done this, Italy might have been driven out of the war before the end of 1940, and France would have held her place as a nation in the councils of the allies, and at the conference table of the victors.

But their generals misled them. When I warned them that Britain would fight on alone, whatever they did, their generals told