LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 1

Address to the Men and Women of Canada

BY

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over a national network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Sunday night, July 21, 1940, at the invitation of the Director of Public Information for Canada
Text of Dorothy Thompson's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night follows:

Men and women of Canada:

In speaking to you this evening over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, I am exercising the prerogative that is still enjoyed by the citizens of free nations: the right to have an opinion of one's own, a view of affairs of one's own, and express it, I am in the happy position of holding no public office, of speaking for nobody but myself. Yet what I think and feel is not unique. It is shared, as I well know, by many thousands of citizens of the United States.

This week we read of a peace offer that has been made by Hitler to Great Britain—made in his usual way of an open speech broadcast on the radios of the world, couched in now familiar terms, launched for purposes of international propaganda, and vague except for one thing.

It seems that Germany has no quarrel with Great Britain. Hitler's quarrel is exclusively with the so-called fifth columnist, with those honest men of peace who once lived in Germany, but were seized by the Gestapo, and the Gestapo is the government in which all Germans can be proud, the government and people where the Kaiser once lived and died.

Now, of course, we have all become familiar with this. Mr. Hitler had no quarrel with Austria, only with Mr. Schuschnigg. So that he made peace with Austria by annexing it. He had no quarrel with Czechoslovakia, only with Mr. Benes. So when Mr. Benes resigned he made peace with Czechoslovakia by turning it into a Nazi Protectorate. He had no quarrel with any of the countries he has absorbed—only with those leaders who opposed the absorption. Mr. Hitler has no quarrel with traitors in any country on earth. They are his agents, and, as his agents, are honest men seeking peace. His quarrel is only with patriots.

I think we may expect that the whole force of the German propaganda in the immediate future will be concentrated on trying to break down Britain by removing her leadership. But in this strug-
his country's wars. Young Winston was a soldier of fortune, a fighter on two Continents, a war correspondent, his heart mettle-
some, his character colorful, living in his times, living in them up to the
hilt, preserving every impression on paper, and seeing everything
against the colored tapestry of the great history of Britain. O,
yes, he was in love with life. He had no complexes and no neuroses.
Shakespeare has described his kind. He called them "this happy
breed of men!"

CHURCHILL TOLERANT

And what did he stand for in the history of England? Light
and generosity: Home Rule for Ireland; tolerance and equality
for the defeated Boers, generosity
to the defeated Germans—he was no lover of the Treaty of
Versailles, reform and the
rights of labor, as President of the Board of Trade; Imperial pre-
ference for the Dominions, for Can-
ada.

He was no ascetic. He loved good food, good wine, pretty and
witty women, gifted men, action, and pleasure, color and sound. He
was the前卫. Life was not buying and selling; life was not this margin of profit here
or that margin of loss there; life was not the accumulation of riches; life itself was riches—
the lovely sight of ships—nothing more beautiful than a ship, noth-
ing more English than a ship, the
ships of explorers, of traders,
of fighters. To be First Lord of the
Admiralty was a job for a
man who loves ships, and because
he loves ships, loves both
their harbors and the oceans of the world.

The lovely forms of landscapes! Home from war and out of
responsible office, he took him-
self a painter and colors and be-
gan to paint—like you, Mr. Hitler—to paint the world he
loved. He loved this world with the
esthetic appetite of the artist of
life. For he was, and is, a
soldier, a sailor, an artist and a poet. Is not a man rich if he is
born with the English language
in his mouth? What a language! A
glorious and imperial mongrel, this
great synthesis of the Teu-
tonic and the French, the Latin
and the Greek, this most hospit-
able of social riders of the
world's ideas, full of words from
the Arabic desert and the Roman forum and the lists of the
Crusaders. The English language
fell from his tongue with that
candid simplicity which is its
genius, and with that grandeur
which is its glory. But people
said, "the trouble with Winston
is he is too brilliant."

When a man is sixty, and has
lived life to the fullest, when he has loved life and treated it gal-
lantly, he has the right to retire, and be quiet and cultivate his
garden among his old friends.
That is what civilized men have
always done and always will do:
"leave action and responsibility
now to the young ones." That's
what he thought.

PASSION AROUSED.

Ah, but what was wrong with
the young ones? The trained eye
cannot be closed. The quick mind
moves and thinks even if the
body lies upon its back watching
the clouds move lazily across an
English sky. The poet sees what
the commercial trader and the
common politician does not. And
suddenly there, he frits, he leaps to
his feet. Something is about to
happen! That which he loves
more than food and wine and
and sound and action and rest and his garden; something
that he loves more than life—that
which is his life; his blood, his
soul—that which is ancestry and
friendship, family and friends;
that which is the future—all
the great past, all the stumbling
present, all the future, the great
future, of a language, of a race,
is threatened. There is a cloud
creeping over the landscape, the
shadow of the growing pyramid
grows higher. And the old pas-
sion for his greatest love wails up
in the man, the possession of his
childhood, of his adolescence, of his youth, of his
maturity, to which never, for an
instant, was he fickle. For Eng-
land! For Britain! For the
British of the English soil and the
far-flung Navy! For the Britain of
the world language and the world
commonwealth. For the Britain
with her deathless attachment
to law and to freedom.

What is this world, he thinks, if
Britain falls? What will become
of the ever-expanding Common-
wealth of Nations and the
commonwealth of man?

It is too early to retire and
cultivate one's garden. "If I for-
got thee, oh, Britain," he must
have cried to himself, "let my
right hand forget its cunning and
my tongue cleave to the roof of
my mouth."

So he pushed his way back to
where the politicians were hold-
ing their conferences. Yes, he
pushed his way. He was quite
partly now, and not so young as
he had been. But the tongue in
his head was the old, great Eng-
lish tongue, and it had some-
thing to say.

ENGLAND AWAKE.

Do you know what he said, Mr. Hitler? What Winston
Churchill said? You once said
something like that, too. You said,
"Deutschland Erwache!" Ger-
many Awaken! Churchill said,
"England, Awaken!" You don't
like Mr. Churchill, Herr Hitler.
But you would have understood
if I, think, if he had been a Ger-
man.

But it was very hard to wake
up England. Still, everybody lis-
tened to him—listened interested-
ly, admiringly, politely. You
can't help listening to that
tongue. Month in and month out
he said, "Britain Awaken!" Month in and month out, with
nothing but one seat in Parlia-
ment, and with words, he redis-
covered for Britain what Britain
in her greatest moments is: the
parent of the world citizen; the
home of the chivalrous; the de-
fender of the faith. The defender
of what faith? Of faith in God
and in man, in his common des-
tiny, in his common right to
Citizenship on this planet.

Not in generations have such
words of passionate love and
measured indignation fallen from
English lips as Churchill uttered
in the series of speeches called
"While England Slept."

And while he spoke to them,
then he spoke mostly to unheed-
ing ears, the shadow was length-
ening and finally loomed so tall
and menacing that all the world
could see. And then, when it was
clearer to them with the dark-
ness of its horror and destruction,
the people of England, the com-
mon people of England, lifted
Churchill on their hands, crying,
"Speak and fight for us!"

INHERITED "HOLY MESS."

It was very, very late, when
Churchill took up his last fight
for Britain. He inherited an un-
holiness. Let us tell the truth. He
inherited all that the men of
little faith, the money-grubbers,
the windy pacifists, the ten-to-
five o'clock bureaucrats had left
undone. But he said no word
against them. He did not do what
you, Hitler, have done to your
predecessors—hold them up to
ridicule and contempt. No word
of complaint crossed his lips. He
is no generation older than
Hitler, but he took up the fight
for the sceptered isle, that pre-
cious stone, set in a silver sea, he
took up the fight for the worldwide commonwealth of men, held together by the most slender thread of common language and a common way of life—and he fights his last fight, for the ways and the speech of men who have never known a master.

Why don't you take your hat off to Churchill, Mr. Hitler, you who claim to love the leadership principle? Why don't you take your hat off to a member of that race you profess to serve, the race of fair and brave and gallant northern men? By what irony of history have those who oppose you become those very men of the north, the Dutch and the Norwegians, Frenchmen and those half-German, half-Norman folk who call themselves Britons?

Who is the friend of the white race? You, who have ganged up with Japan to drive the white race out of Asia, or Churchill who believes in the right of white men to live and work wherever they can hold their own on this planet?

You, who have waged war upon the white race, and attempted to divide it into superior white folks and inferior white folks, masters and slaves, or Churchill, who stands for the idea of commonwealth and equality?

Who is the prototype of the white man of the future, the world citizen, Churchill, or the world enemy? What do you hate in Churchill that you would not love in a German man? Do you despise him because he is a soldier, and a writer, and an artist? What has become of your charges of English money grubbers in the face of this rosy old warrior-artist?

And who today is the plutocrat, who is the have nation, and who is the have-not nation?

The greatest have-not nation in the world today is the British Isles. Forty-two million people on an island, assailed from the coasts of violated Norway, from the coasts of violated Holland, from the coasts of violated Belgium, and from defeated France, without resources of food or raw materials except as she can buy them or obtain them from her Allies across the oceans of the world. Does not the heroism of this embattled and impoverished Isle impress you, Hitler, you who praise heroism? Would you have more respect for some lickspittle or some cheap pocket imitation of yourself? Who is the plutocratic nation—Britain, in whose great houses live today the children of the London slums, or Nazi Germany, the great nouveaux riches kidnapper of provinces, collector of ransoms, stuffed with the delicatessen of the Danes and the Dutch, heavy hands spread out upon huge knees, with a gun like a gangster's diamond on every finger?

The plutocratic England you attack is today a socialist state—a socialist state created without class war, created out of love and led by an aristocrat for whom England builds no eagle's nests or palaces out of the taxes of her people, a man who cares nothing for money, or ever has, but only for Britain, and for the coming world that a free and socialist British society will surely help to build if ever it is built.

In your speech this week, Mr. Hitler, you said that it caused you pain to think that you should be chosen by destiny to deal the death blow to the British Empire. It may well cause you pain. This ancient structure, cemented with blood, is an incredibly delicate and exquisite mechanism, held together lightly now, by imponderable elements of credit and prestige, experience and skill, written and unwritten law, codes and habits. This remarkable and artistic thing, the British Empire, part Empire and part Commonwealth, is the only world-wide organization in existence, the world equalizer and equilibrator, the only world-wide stabilizing force for law and order on the planet, and if you bring it down the planet will rock with an earthquake such as it has never known. We in the United States will shake with that earthquake and so will Germany. And the Britons, the Canadians, the New Zealanders, the Australians, the South Africans, are hurling their bodies into the breach to dam the dykes against world chaos.

SLEEPLESS HITLER.

I think that often in your sleepless nights you realize this, Mr. Hitler, and sweat breaks over you, thinking for a moment, not of a Nazi defeat, but of a Nazi victory.

And the master of the dyke against world chaos is you, Churchill, you gallant, portly little warrior. I do not know what spirit impelled you to hear the great harmonics of Beethoven, but only the music of Wagner, the music of chaos. I do not see the ghost of Goethe nor the ghost of Bismarck, the last great German who knew when to stop.

But around you, Winston Churchill, is a gallant company of ghosts. Elizabeth is there, and sweetest Shakespeare, the man who made the English Renaissance the world's renaissance. Drake is there, and Raleigh, and Wellington. Burke is there, and Walpole, and Pitt. Byron is there, and Wordsworth and Shelley. Yes, and I think Washington is there, and Hamilton, two men of English blood, whom gallant Englishmen defended in your Parliament. And Jefferson is there, who died again, the other day, in France. All the makers of a world of freedom and of law are there, and among them is the Shropshire lad, to whom his ghostly author calls again: Get ye the men your fathers got, and God will save the Queen.

And when you speak, Churchill, brave men's hearts everywhere rush out to you. There are no neutral hearts. Winston Churchill except those that have stopped beating. There are no neutral prayers. Our hearts and our prayers say, "God give you strength. God bless you." May you live to cultivate your garden, in a free world, liberated from terror, and persecution, war, and fear."