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LET'S FACE THE FACTS

FOUR ADDRESSES
from a series of radio
broadcasts by internation-
ally prominent men and
women



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LET'S FACE THE FACTS

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Four addresses ~ from a series of radio broadcasts by internationally prominent men and women ~ delivered over the national network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation upon invitation of the Director of Public Information.

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P R E F A C E

In this critical moment of history it is important that Canadians should be aware of the causes and issues of the struggle in which we, of the British Empire and our allies, are engaged.

In an endeavour to assist Canadians in understanding these causes and issues, the Director of Public Information invited a number of well-informed men and women to speak over a national network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The programme was known as "Let's Face The Facts;" and the speakers were asked to talk directly on this title, no matter how unpleasant—to Canadian ears—the facts might be.

Two types of speakers were invited; those who could say "I Was There," and those who, because of long study of totalitarian doctrines, could speak with authority on the subject. Almost without exception all of those to whom invitations were sent accepted. Canadians have reason to be grateful to these men and women, many of them with heavy demands upon their time, who so generously undertook this self-imposed duty in order to assist the cause of democracy.

This little book contains four selected speeches from the series. Two of them are by Americans, one by an Englishman and one by a Canadian.

In the name of all of the speakers on "Let's Face The Facts" this booklet is dedicated to the youth of Canada, by whose hands and wisdom the world of the future will be shaped.

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I N T R O D U C I N G**MISS DOROTHY THOMPSON**

Miss Dorothy Thompson exerts more influence than any other woman writer in the world. Her brilliant column "On The Record" is syndicated by the New York Herald-Tribune to hundreds of daily newspapers, and it is read by millions of intelligent men and women.

Hitler was just beginning his rise to power in the days when Miss Thompson was an unknown, wandering correspondent in Europe. She met him; studied him and his political creed. From the start she disliked Nazism. She distrusted Hitler and the men around him. From the first she has fought him and all he represents, with a voice and an authority which have increased in power and meaning with the years. Hitler tried to gag her by expelling her from Germany. Instead, he intensified the clarity and force of her call to civilized mankind. He put a price upon her head. But threats and the menace of a cowardly hand have not frightened this crusader in whose veins are mingled the bloods which at Runnymede gave democracy its charter, and saved that charter again at Lexington. She belongs not only to the United States but to England, to Canada and to all those parts of the world where men still believe in freedom.

Miss Thompson's golden hair is turning grey now, but there is a light of understanding in her blue eyes, youth in her cheeks. She is at heart a woman with all the fine kindly sentiments and sentimentalities of women everywhere. She says: "I would be glad to be a pacifist if everyone else would be a pacifist too." But she knows that as long as there are forces like Hitler loose in the world, there can be no peace.

In private life Miss Thompson is Mrs. Sinclair Lewis, wife of the Nobel Prize Winning American novelist. She is known to her friends as a good wife, a loving mother and a charming hostess. To Hitler she is a flame of truth from which his ratty heart shrinks. To millions of men and women in many lands who desire only to live their lives in peace, she is the great champion and the great inspiration.

By Miss Dorothy Thompson

From Montreal
21st July, 1940

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 this particular British Government, and especially with its head, Mr. Churchill. If Mr. Churchill will only resign and a Government come in which is acceptable to Mr. Hitler, he will be glad to make peace immediately. He has no desire to destroy the British Empire. The man standing in the way to peace is Churchill, and the so-called fifth columnists are "only honest men, seeking peace." That is Hitler's argument.

Hitler Hates Honest Men

Now, of course, we have all become familiar with this. Mr. Hitler had no quarrel with Austria, only with Mr. Schuschnigg. So the moment Schuschnigg resigned he made peace with Austria by annexing it. He had no quarrel with Czecho-Slovakia, only with Mr. Benes. So when Mr. Benes resigned he made peace with Czecho-Slovakia 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 struggle, as in all great struggles, nations do become embodied in the persons of the men who lead them.

In a poetic sense, I might say in a Shakespearean sense, it really is Hitler who faces Churchill. For if Hitler has made himself the incorporation of Germany, Churchill really is the incorporation of Britain.

These two men are the very symbols of the struggle going on in the world.

Brutal Nazi Methods

If we can detach ourselves for a moment from all the pain of this struggle and look at these two men, we see one of those heroic dramas which literature can never approximate. On the one side is the furious, unhappy, frustrated, and fanatic figure who has climbed to unprecedented power on the piled up bodies of millions of men, carried and pushed upward by revolutionary forces, supported by vast hordes of youth crying destruction to the whole past of civilized man. Their upward surge in Germany was accompanied by the wailing and the groans of those "honest men of peace" who once lived in Germany, but were seized in their homes or on the streets and hurled into concentration camps or the barracks of the gangs, there to be beaten insensible with steel rods, or forced upon their knees to kiss a hated hooked cross. That is what Germany did to pacifists long before the war began. Out of Germany poured hordes of refugees, "scattered like leaves from an enchanter fleeing pestilence stricken multitudes." The followers of Hitler laid their hands upon British and American money loaned to Germany to help her rebuild after the last war and with it began grinding out guns and cannons and ships and tanks and airplanes, crying war, crying revenge, crying dominion. Only when others reluctantly turned their hands to the making of hated cannon, did they yell: peace, peace. They stood in armor plate from their heads to their feet, their belts full of hand grenades, their pockets full of bombs, crying across their borders to those who, seeing, took a rifle from the wall: warmonger, warmonger!

He who stood atop this pyramid of steel-clothed men, stretched out his right hand and grabbed a province, and his left, and snatched another. The pyramid grew higher and higher. It made a mountain of blood and steel from the top of which the furious and fanatic one could see all the kingdoms of the earth. How small is the world, he thought. How easy to conquer. Look down upon these rich democracies. They possess most of the earth. Their youth play cricket and baseball and go to movies. Their life is a dull round of buying and selling, of endless discussion in silly parliaments and congresses. They have lost the will to power and domination. They have been scrapping their battleships and arguing against budgets for armaments. And for a quarter of a century in all their schools and colleges they have been preaching to their youth peace, fellowship, reconciliation. And he laughed, a wild laugh of thirsty joy, crying down to the serried rows on rows of uniformed fanatic youth: strike, and the world will be yours!

Britain Through Nazi Eyes

He looked across at Britain, and was satisfied. Britain was ruled by business men and bureaucrats. They were cautious men. The business men thought in terms of good bargains; the bureaucrats thought in terms of conferences and negotiations. They were decorous and they were old. They were very sure of Britain. Nobody has ever beaten Britain, not for hundreds of years. Britain was safe. The Germans were annoying again. The Germans were perennially annoying. But Britain was not a tight little island. Britain was a world, a good world, a free world. As it had been, so it would remain—world without end, amen. And so they closed their briefcases and went fishing or shooting on week-ends. Nobody wanted war. War was unthinkable, really.

Churchill—Britain's Man

Yes, but in England there was a man.

Winston Churchill was no longer young. He was in his sixties. Yet, there was something perennially youthful about him, as there is always something youthful about those who have done what they wanted to do, and have been happy. He had had a good life, the best life any man can have; a life of action and a life of intellect. His father was the son of the Duke of Marlborough. His ancestors had served England and fought her wars and led her peace for as far back as one could remember. But he was the younger son of a younger son and therefore and fortunately, poor. What does a young man of spirit do, with quick blood in his veins, no money and a great tradition behind him? He goes to his country's wars. Young Winston was a soldier of fortune, a fighter on two Continents, a war correspondent, his heart mettlesome, his eye keen, 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!"

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; social reform and the rights of labor, as President of the Board of Trade; Imperial preference for the Dominions, for Canada.

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 great life-affirmer. 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, nothing 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 himself a palette and colors and began to paint—like you, Mr. Hitler—to paint the world he loved. He loved this world with the catholic 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 Teutonic and the French, the Latin and the Greek, this most hospitable of tongues, this raider of the world's ideas, full of words from the Arabic desert and the Roman forum and the lists of the Crusades. 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 gallantly, 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.

Britain 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 the soldier-poet leaps to his feet. Something is about to happen! That which he loves more than food and wine and color 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 passion for his greatest love wells up in the man's heart—the passion of his childhood, of his adolescence, of his youth, of his maturity, to which never for an instant was he fickle. For England! For Britain! For the Britain 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 Commonwealth of Nations and the commonwealth of man?

It is too early to retire and cultivate one's garden. "If I forget 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 puffed his way back to where the politicians were holding their conferences. Yes, he puffed his way. He was quite portly now, and not so young as he had been. But the tongue in his head was the old, great English tongue, and it had something to say.

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

Defender of The Faith

But it was very hard to wake up England. Still, everybody listened to him—listened interestedly, 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 Parliament, and with words, he rediscovered for Britain what Britain in her greatest moments is: the parent of the world citizen, the home of the chivalrous, the defender of the faith. The defender of what faith? Of faith in God and in man, in his common destiny, 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, while he spoke mostly to unheeding ears, the shadow was lengthening and finally loomed so tall and menacing that all the

world could see. And then, when it was over them with all the full darkness of its horror and destruction, the people of England, the common people of England, lifted Churchill on their hands, crying, "Speak and fight for us!"

The Fight For Decency

It was very, very late, when Churchill took up his last fight for Britain. He inherited an unholy mess. 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 half a generation older than Hitler, but he took up the fight for the sceptered isle, that precious stone, set in a silver sea, he took up the fight for the world-wide 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?

Churchill Against Hitler

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 nouveau riche kidnapper of provinces, collector of ransoms, stuffed

with the delicatessen of the Danes and the Czechs and the Dutch, heavy hands spread out upon huge knees, with a gun like a gangster's diamond on every finger!

British Greatness

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.

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 spirits surround Hitler. I do not 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.

Salute to Churchill

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."



I N T R O D U C I N G

ROBERT SHERWOOD

There is some six feet seven of Robert Emmet Sherwood. And in every inch he is a peace-loving man. But in the last war and in this, Robert Sherwood has proved that an aroused pacifist can be a dangerous fighter. In the last war, when he was rejected for service by the American army, he came to Canada, joined the Canadian Black Watch and fought in France with that unit. In this war he has used his pen with devastating effect. His play "There Shall Be No Night" and his advertisement—"Stop Hitler Now" have been formidable agencies in awakening public conscience to the threat of Nazism. Essentially a shy man, with natural modesty and reticence unaltered by renown, Robert Sherwood, urged on by his awareness of the peril in which democracy stands, has become one of the great leaders in the battle against Hitlerism. He comes honestly by this passionate devotion to the rights of man. His maternal great-granduncle was first hanged and then beheaded as a rebel against oppression. His great-grandfather was exiled from Britain for the same reason.

Robert Sherwood was born in New Rochelle in 1896, a few miles north of New York City. He was a student at Harvard when, in 1917, he enlisted with the Canadian Black Watch Regiment, Montreal.

After being honourably discharged he returned to New York where he became dramatic editor of *Vanity Fair*. He was with *Life* from 1920 to 1928, first as Associate Editor and later as Editor. At the same time he wrote weekly articles for the *New York Evening Post*.

When he turned to playwriting he was an immediate success. Among his outstanding stage plays and screen productions are: *Reunion in Vienna*; *The Petrified Forest*; *The Road to Rome*; *Waterloo Bridge*; *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, and *There Shall Be No Night*.

Since the outbreak of war, Mr. Sherwood has donated to the Canadian war effort all his earnings from the presentations in Canadian cities of "There Shall Be No Night."

By Robert E. Sherwood

From New York
25th August, 1940

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Canadian Radio Audience :

IT IS a great privilege to be permitted to speak to you tonight. I cannot speak as an expert on European affairs, as did Miss Dorothy Thompson, Mr. Frederick Birchall and Mr. Gregory Clark.

I can speak only as an American citizen who is devoted with all his heart and soul to our common cause. And it is our common cause. We Americans are rapidly awakening to the fact that we are already at war. We are a nation of men who believe in liberty and justice. We are a nation dedicated by our greatest leader to the perpetual task of guaranteeing that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. No nation so dedicated can call itself at peace while Hitler lives and rules.

Freedom Is At Stake

It would be very difficult to find any American patriot who has not thrilled to the fighting words of Winston Churchill, especially when he said that if the British Commonwealth shall last for a thousand years, men will say that this was its finest hour. We Americans now know that the future of our free institutions and our democratic faith is at stake in the Battle for Britain. We now realize that your Canadian men—all the gallant men of the British navy and army and the Royal Air Force—are fighting to defend our homes as surely as their own. We say, may God give them strength—and may we give them reinforcement!

My own essential belief, which prompts me to speak to you now, is the same belief which I held in 1917 when being rejected for enlistment in the U.S. forces, I went to Montreal and joined up. I had the honor of serving as a private soldier in the 42nd Battalion, Black Watch, in the Canadian Expeditionary Force in France. I hope that there will be some of you now listening who will remember me—in the Guy Street barracks in Montreal—in Bramshott Camp in England—in the lovely little village of Witley, Surrey—on the River Somme, in France, and on Vimy Ridge, which is forever sacred Canadian soil.

The one great enduring memory that I took with me during my period of service with the C.E.F. was the memory of association with the best men I've ever known. They were all kinds of men—of origins that were English, Irish, Scotch, French, or Indian. There were many Americans, like myself, of all races and creeds. In the company with me was a young Danish student, a very quiet, well-mannered, scholarly man named Thomas Dinesen. Being a Dane, he had been neutral in the war. But he sailed from Copenhagen to New York to do some anthropological research work, and while he was crossing the Atlantic, his ship was attacked by a German submarine. That cured him of his neutrality. He too went to Montreal and joined up. In France, he won the Croix de Guerre and the Victoria Cross. After the war he returned to Denmark and the life of a scholar.

I wonder where Dinesen is now. Perhaps the Nazi gangsters who grabbed his little country have discovered that he is the wearer of the V.C.

Canadian Racial Tolerance

I remember others in our outfit—a Scotchman, who was a chartered accountant in New York—an Irishman who had worked behind a soda fountain in Connecticut—a French Canadian farmer from Northern Ontario—a Jewish tailor's assistant from Brooklyn. They all wore kilts. They were all fine soldiers.

The mixture in the Canadian army provided the supreme answer to Hitler's phony doctrine of racism. There was no dominant race in this force. It was just a body of men—free men. And their achievements will never be forgotten, especially by the German soldiers who fought against them.

The officers who commanded these men also commanded their respect. In 1917-'18, when I was there, a large portion of the officers had come up from the ranks. My own company was led in the last victorious battles by one who had been a grocer's boy before the war. Here again is living answer to Hitler—a decisive answer to his hopeful theory that there can be no dynamism in democracy.

Which leads me to make mention of a grotesque fallacy—one which was fostered by Hitler's propaganda machine and repeated by stupid people everywhere—the fallacy that a totalitarian system is efficient, and therefore must conquer a democratic system which is necessarily inefficient, incompetent, obsolete.

According to this fallacy, the only way for the democratic states to survive is by imitating the Nazi-Fascist-Communist type of state, which is a machine, and therefore bloodless, heartless and irresistible.

This, I submit, is nonsense.

Nazis Murdered France

Anyone would be a fool to attempt to deny the extraordinary power of the present German military machine. But its success so far is no proof of the strength of totalitarianism or the weakness of democracy. It is simply renewed proof of what the world has known for generations—that the Germans when unified can constitute a terrific, aggressive force. They have great military skill and their people are ready and willing to accept regimentation. They are now doped up with the cocaine of world revolution which has given them the glorious dream of world domination. They are armed with powerful weapons—particularly the airplane, the tank and the submarine—all of which were invented and developed by free men living and working in free countries.

The Germans have murdered the Republic of France. They out-numbered the French two to one. But—suppose the battle had been between French democracy and Italian Fascism. Italy has had a rigid totalitarian regime for twenty years. Does anyone believe that 40,000,000 Italians could have prevailed against 40,000,000 Frenchmen?

Czecho-Slovakia was one of the purest democracies in the world. It was also the strongest power of its size in Europe. Could the Czechs have been beaten by any totalitarian state of equal size—by Roumania, for instance?

And consider the amazing showing of 3,000,000 free Finns against 170,000,000 Russians, who had had twenty-two years of totalitarian preparation for war.

Degraded Ways of Life

The advantage that the dictatorships seem to possess over the democracies is not efficiency. A state is not efficient in which, for every hundred workers, there must be forty policemen to see that the hundred don't slack, and twenty storm troopers to watch the policemen, and a dozen secret agents to watch the watchers. That, perhaps, is a good way to solve the unemployment problem. But it is a degraded way of life. And, I repeat, it is not efficiency.

The advantage on the totalitarian side consists in total ruthlessness, total lack of humanity. They glory in their barbarism, which has swept them to the brink of victory, over the bodies of innocent, decent people. I think you know—you free people who are listening now to this free speech from an American friend of yours—I think you know that it is the triumphant barbarism of the slave states which will eventually bring every one of them to eternal defeat.

Hitler in "Mein Kampf" has again and again proclaimed his devotion to something he calls "Nature"—Nature. The weird mystic religion that he preaches is simply a reversion to paganism. It is also a flat denial of nature—of human nature as it has developed and progressed since the beginning of time.

The democratic ideal—the Christian ideal—is based upon faith in the essential dignity of the individual man. Hitlerism is based upon contempt for the individual and denial of every right to the individual. All Nazi leaders invariably consider the masses of men as animals—so many sheep, to be herded, shorn and driven to the slaughter.

Nazism Is Bestiality

This Nazi ideal of government can succeed and survive only if men consent to abandon their humanity and accept the status of beasts. But it is impossible for men born and bred in the British tradition to do this. It is impossible for Americans. We all share this common tradition. The generations behind us have shared it since Magna Charta, more than seven hundred years ago. It is a remarkable fact, an inspiring fact, that the British tradition has spread over the whole earth, among all races, and in no place where it has been established has freedom ever been renounced, as it was renounced in Germany when Hitler came to power. Consider the French in Canada who for nearly two centuries have passionately maintained their independence under the British flag. Consider the Boers in South Africa. In these tragic days, it is good to remember that French freedom still lives in the Province of Quebec; Dutch freedom still lives in the Union of South Africa. All of our peoples, whatever their racial origins, throughout the whole British commonwealth and the United States, have steadily worked and fought for the greater spread of civil liberty, for social progress, for the eternal extension to all of the rights without which we ourselves refuse to live.

This tradition, this way of life, has of course, been threatened by individuals and minority groups within our own borders. There have always been a few who have attempted to sabotage the principles of freedom and equality. They have been animated principally by two of the most debased of mortal motives—bigotry and greed. And every one of their attempts to extinguish liberty has been frustrated by the overpowering will of the British and American people.

Machine Worshipers in America

In my own country, today, there are important men who have succumbed to the demoralizing, degenerative influence of Hitlerism. They are chiefly men who worship the machine. They have seen the enormous output of German factories, the results of the toil of laborers who have no right to organize or even to speak, no choice as to where they shall work, or for how many hours a day, or for what wages. The worshippers of the machine have seen the ultimate in regimentation in Nazi Germany, and they like it, and wish that we could have the same system over here.

I should like to name the two outstanding exponents of this point of view, which I and many other Americans consider a traitorous point of view. They are both erstwhile American heroes. They are Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh and Henry Ford. I don't need to say much about Mr. Ford. A great industrialist, the genius of the assembly line, he has too often revealed that, outside of his own factories, he is a profoundly stupid man.

But Lindbergh is to me a tragic example of mental aberration. He had such a matchless opportunity and so much to contribute. A year ago he was working where he belonged, for his government in Washington, using his considerable technical knowledge and skill in the furthering of our defense. But—with the outbreak of war last September—what did Lindbergh do for his country? He quit the service. He quit so that he could devote himself to pleading Hitler's cause.

Lindbergh was exposed to Nazism, he was infected by it. He is a man spiritually diseased. He might have been a great constructive force; but he enlisted in the forces of destruction. I can assure you that his opinions are just as unpopular with real Americans as are the men from whom he got them—Hitler, Goering and Goebbels.

What Lindbergh preaches is simply this: in order to avoid war with the totalitarian states, we must make friends with them, we must flatter them, we must imitate them. This same policy was preached to Americans before the Civil War. It was said then that in order to avoid strife and bloodshed we should accept the evil of slavery. The great opponent of this policy of appeasement was Abraham Lincoln. He was a man of gentleness, deep sympathy, pure tolerance. But he confessed that he was stirred to hatred by this policy of temporizing with evil. Words he spoke in 1854 are of vital importance to Americans today. He said he hated this policy "because it deprives our republic of its just influence in the world; enables the enemies of free institutions everywhere to taunt us as hypocrites; causes the real friends of freedom to doubt our sincerity; and especially because it forces so many good men among ourselves into an open war with the very fundamentals of civil liberty, denying the good faith of the Declaration of Independence, and insisting that there is no right principle of action but self-interest."

The Voice of the United States

We who now live in the Union which Abraham Lincoln fought and died to save—we wish to tell the world that the voice of our country is not expressed by Lindbergh, or any other bootlicker of Adolph Hitler. It is not expressed by

the misguided isolationists who think and talk and act on the assumption that the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are still just as broad as in the days of sailing vessels. The voice of our country is expressed truly and eloquently by President Franklin Roosevelt, and by our other great political leader, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, Wendell Willkie. A week ago, when Mr. Willkie pledged himself to the service of his country, he could pick no better words than Winston Churchill's—the pledge of "blood and tears, toil and sweat."

The essence of our national policy was established once and for all by President Roosevelt in his address at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, just two years ago.

Let us remember his words:

"Civilization is not national—it is international—even though that observation, trite to most of us, is today challenged in some parts of the world. Ideas are not limited by territorial borders; they are the common inheritance of all free people. Thought is not anchored in any land; and the profit of education redounds to the equal benefit of the whole world. That is one form of free trade to which the leaders of every opposing political party can subscribe.

"In a large sense we in the Americas stand charged today with the maintaining of that tradition . . .

"We in the Americas are no longer a far away continent, to which the eddies of controversies beyond the seas could bring no interest or harm. Instead, we in the Americas have become a consideration to every propaganda office and to every general staff beyond the seas."

Roosevelt's Historic Words

No one who heard that speech of the President's over the radio can forget the solemnity with which he spoke the two following historic sentences:

"The Dominion of Canada is part of the sisterhood of the British Empire. I give to you assurance that the people of the United States will not stand idly by if domination of Canadian soil is threatened by any other Empire."

Such was the Declaration of Interdependence spoken by the President of the United States and approved by the American people.

Within the past weeks, the words of this declaration have been translated into action, to bring Canadians and Americans together at last in the interests of our common cause, to provide constructive help by the United States for Canada and for Britain. This help must continue, it must be increased; it must provide the basis for permanent policy. In the collaboration, the co-operation, the acknowledged brotherhood of the entire English speaking world is the one substantial hope for peace in the family of man. It is the one guarantee that another Hitler will not—can not rise again. It is my belief—it is a belief which burns in the hearts of an ever increasing number of patriotic Americans—that this hope will be fulfilled, within our own day, by the massed force of our own spirit.

We Must Be Prepared

We live now under a tremendous threat. We must be prepared, every one of us, to fight it, to the death. We must be prepared to fight for the one faith that matters to every man and woman who believes in the dignity of the individual.

And we can be confident of victory. Our common tradition of freedom has been tested on a thousand battlefields, from Waterloo to Gettysburg. It is now meeting its supreme test on the white cliffs of Dover.

It will survive because it is essentially true and therefore indomitably strong.

It is founded on the one conviction by which humanity itself can survive—the conviction that there is divinity in man—there is honor in man—there is genius in man—there is capacity in man for wisdom, for tolerance, for beauty, for love, and, above all, for creation.

We know that these qualities are unconquerable. That is the knowledge that made us free. That is the faith that the dive bombers and the tanks can never destroy.

I thank you.



I N T R O D U C I N G**JAMES HILTON**

Once in a generation an author pens a book which contains the germ of immortality. Such an author is James Hilton and the book, "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." None who read the story or saw the play will soon forget "Chips," that most lovable, understanding and whimsical of schoolmasters.

James Hilton is an Englishman, the son of an elementary school teacher, many of whose characteristics are portrayed in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." He was born, September 9, 1900, at Leigh, near Manchester. He attended Christ College, Cambridge University, and while there experienced his first successful writing as a correspondent for The Irish Independent of Dublin. He was just called up for service in 1918 when the war ended.

On leaving college he embarked upon a writing career. "Catherine Herself," his first novel, wasn't particularly successful, but he attracted much attention with "And Now Goodbye," which was published in 1931. This was followed by "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," and a year later came "Lost Horizon," which won him the Hawthornden prize and was a huge success as a picture. Remember Shangri-la? In 1937 came the equally successful "We Are Not Alone."

At present Mr. Hilton is living in Hollywood, where he is assisting in the writing of such anti-Nazi propagandea pictures as "Foreign Correspondent."

By James Hilton From New York
15th September, 1940

I'M NOT quite sure whether the title of this talk, "Mr. Chips Faces the Facts," is intended to convey that Mr. Chips, who was an old schoolmaster in a book, is facing the facts; or that I, because I wrote the book, am Mr. Chips and am facing the facts; and it really doesn't matter a great deal, since we are all facing the facts nowadays. But at any rate it is a teasing thought that a character need not die in a book, even if the author makes him, but can go on living and facing the facts of later ages just as long as people do not forget him.

Times Have Changed in England

Take the character who is probably the best known in all English fiction—Sherlock Holmes. He lived, as everyone knows, in Baker Street, London, about half a century ago—and a very pleasant time and place to live, believe me. The facts of life were quiet for Englishmen in those days. Distant, unimportant countries might totter, a few maniacs might throw a few bombs in odd corners of the world; but when all was said and done, there was little to fear while the stately Holmes of England, dressing-gowned and slightly doped for action, readied his wits for the final count with Professor Moriarty? And who was this Professor Moriarty? Why, just a big-shot crook whom that honest idiot Dr. Watson romanticised in order to build up his hero's reputation—just an elderly, stoop-shouldered Raffles! And that—mind you—was the worst that our father's world could imagine when it talked about Diabolical Forces and Powers of Evil!

Happy days—or at any rate, happier than today. For in 1940 the countries that have tottered are not distant and unimportant, but great countries and our own next-door neighbors; the bombs that are falling are not few, but in thousands and over the mighty cities of our civilization; and the Diabolical Forces and Powers of Evil are not phantasms of fiction, but the facts of your life and mine. No writer could portray such a tragedy as that of the world today; certainly no inventor of crime stories can rival the latest newspaper headlines.

Hitler is Symbol of Horror

It is natural, when we realize these strange and terrible truths, to wonder why the storm should have come upon us—to seek to pierce behind the veil of outward events towards some inner pattern, just as the victim of a motor-smash may think further than the mere structure of the accident, and may wonder at the course of events that led both drivers along that particular road at that particular moment. Thus, in the cataclysm that has engulfed the world of 1940, the word Danzig is rarely mentioned, because it is not worth mentioning. Perhaps even the word Hitler is mentioned far too often, for I would not exalt that man to the point of supposing that without his existence the world would have been a paradise. His name is a convenient symbol for the horrors we are engaged in fighting; but if he had died ten years ago or were to die tomorrow, the battle would still remain to be fought.

Nor is it a new battle. It is, indeed, so old that if the great men of the past can look from their graves upon today, they must see much to remind them of

their own times—along with one terrific difference that I shall come to in a moment. No, it is not a new battle. The struggle of brute force against the conscience of mankind began at the moment that that conscience was born—which was also the moment that civilization began. The same battle has continued ever since, and at various times in history the outlook, viewed in a small perspective and over a limited area, has doubtless seemed quite as ominous as it does today. To the walled city of the ancients, pillaged and burned by barbarian marauders twenty centuries ago, the black-out must have looked complete; even to the historian, viewing centuries with detachment, certain of them have seemed worthy of the name "The Dark Ages." Yet, though generations may have lived and died without knowing it, there were at all times other lamps still burning—some too far away to be attacked, others perhaps too near and humble to be noticed. No ancient tyrant (and history gives us the names of hundreds) approached the power to put out all the lamps at once; in days when half the world was unknown to the other half, and when the utmost speed of travel was that of a galloping horse, such a total black-out of all that civilization means and stands for could not have been accomplished even had it been willed. But today this frightening thing is possible. It is the unique and terrifying climax to which modern scientific technique has pushed an age-long struggle.

Noble Political Vision

I am not going to blame the scientists—that would be too easy and too futile an alibi. It is not for a technician to hold back his skill because someone may misuse it. It certainly was a piece of sheer good luck for the last century that its chief invention, the railway, did not lend itself particularly to warlike purposes; and it is a piece of sheer bad luck for this generation that the aeroplane has proved such an apt tool for the tyrants. But the matter goes far deeper. Along with all the technical progress that has been made during two thousand years and especially during the last hundred, there has been one great science in which progress has not kept pace—and that is the science of human government. We have learned things, it is true, and the greatest of our ancestors framed and fashioned the democratic ideal, which is the noblest political vision yet given to man. But the very phrases we use about it show how casually some of us have come to regard it. It has long been a favorite boast of some people that we muddle along. It is time to ask ourselves whether the inventors of bombs and poison gas have ever been content to muddle along. We may well wish that they had been; but that is only a reflex of the world's saddest might-have-been—if only wisdom had taught us what to do as well as cleverness has taught us how to do it.

I said just now that the democratic ideal is the noblest political vision yet given to man. Most of us believe that, and many of us are now prepared or preparing to die for that belief. But the trouble is that during the past twenty years, when no one had to die for it, most of us were not even bothering to live for it. We were just content to agree that democracy was all right—if, indeed we ever thought about it at all. We enjoyed our liberties as a man enjoys a nap after a heavy lunch—that is to say, we thought of them in terms of extra leisure, extra comfort, extra idleness. Even if we boasted of the superior qualities of our own

democratic civilization we often measured them by the number of cars and refrigerators and radio sets. We **agreed** with democracy, we were even prepared to vote for it once every now and then, and as an utmost tribute we were even willing to advertise it on our premises as a shopkeeper puts up a neon-sign—surely all that was enough?

Rekindle the Fires of Faith

We know now—or we are beginning to know—that it was **not** enough. We are already turning off the exterior lighting and turning on the central heating—we are already relighting the fires of faith to match the opposing fires of hatred. We may yet be in time. But to show what happens when these things are not done in time, or even at all—let us look for a moment at the pathetic example of the League of Nations. It was a far from perfect experiment, but it did constitute a step, at any rate, towards something we shall eventually have to have in the world, and most of us realized that. But the League sickened and died of that deadliest of modern diseases—popular approval without private faith; it demanded a crusade and we gave it a press-campaign. It might have sprung alive from the soul of a saint; it could only die of our innumerable votes of confidence and acts of indifference. It should have been preached until people were aflame with it; instead of which it was flattered until people were bored with it.

And it is the same with democracy. We have given it plenty of quite sincere lip-service, but not enough mind-service, certainly not enough soul-service. Religion is not the only thing that can die without faith, and democracy, which is a spiritual as well as a political concept, requires the **service** of its adherents as well as their acceptance of its benefits. When we look back upon that strange decade, the thirties, and further back still upon that even stranger decade, the twenties, we can see how gradually and insidiously the nations we call the democracies had slipped into the way of taking democracy for granted—until it became more and more like something turned on with the gas and the telephone and the electricity, all of which are highly necessary but none of which are the stuff to make martyrs and heroes. Thus, as democracy gained the respect due to a public utility, it was losing the sense of destiny that is the guiding star of all the great movements of mankind—even backward movements such as the one we are struggling against today.

The Great Conspiracy

Let us thank God that this sense of Destiny has already returned to our cause. The fires had burned low, but they will not die now of neglect. Our task now is to defeat the Great Conspiracy that threatens to put them out by force. It is a conspiracy, perhaps the most gigantic in history, to reverse by a lightning blow the verdict of mankind after centuries of struggle—the verdict for the Defendant Individual against a Prosecuting Autocracy. This conspiracy, planned for years and put into operation with unsurpassed technical skill, has very nearly succeeded. One after another we have seen the trusting, comfortable democracies lose their rights, their freedoms, even their very existences after the sudden pounce; nor have all their riches or their boasted standards of living or their cultural back-

grounds helped them in such an emergency. We must give the conspirators credit for having invented that clever psychological gulf between guns and butter. Guns and bread would not have sounded so well—because bread is the symbol of virility, of health, of life itself. But butter, when all is said and done, is fatness, and it would have been unfortunate if the democracies in too great haste to accept an antithesis that Hitler offered them, should have taken butter as their sacred symbol.

We Are Now Awake

But again there is little danger of that any more. We have wakened up; the only doubt is whether we woke up in time. There are signs from across the ocean that the Great Conspiracy is meeting its first real resistance. There are signs on this side of the ocean that the facts are being faced with ever-increasing resoluteness. Hitler has—quite unintentionally—done us some good as well as much harm these past few months. He has made the issue so clear, as between civilization and barbarism, that we need no longer waste time in apologizing for the admitted defects of our national life, or look doubtfully in retrospect upon certain tracts of our national history, because, after all, a sentry is to be judged, not so much by whether he was a bad boy at school, but whether he can stay awake on duty. We, the democracies, were the sentries of civilization and were just dozing off; if we are to ask forgiveness for anything, let it be for that.

And another fact to be faced—to some extent a heartening one; the Conspiracy has staked all on total victory. Anything but that will sow the seeds of defeat—whereas, to the democracies, anything but total defeat will keep at least one lamp burning on a dark horizon. Thus the escape of the British army from Dunkirk was almost a British victory cancelling out the German victory in France; thus at the present time the bombs that fall on London will destroy Berlin if the morale of London holds.

New World is Shaping

One thing is certain—whatever the outcome—it will be a vastly different world when this war is over. If the Great Conspiracy succeeds, it will be a hard, implacable, relentless world in which individual freedom may disappear for so long that mankind may even forget what it was like. For centuries to come the only scope of the intellect will then be in technical discovery, and the only use of that will be for the greater regimentation of the millions. Truth, as an ideal, will be treasonous; as a word, it will merely dignify for a time the cynical propaganda by means of which the minds as well as the bodies of men will be enslaved.

If, however, the Conspiracy can be crushed—what have we then to hope for? Not an easy life—let us never make that mistake again. Nor shall we have easy problems—for the exact equations between freedom and discipline, between rights and sacrifices, will still remain for democracy to solve. But the world will at least have a chance to swing into a new era of progressive development—not an era of tired men sitting back to enjoy the fruits of victory, but of eager vigilant men watching ahead for further victories. For peace, as we have so often been told, and as we shall then find out for ourselves, has her victories no less than war.

Worth Fighting For

To me, as an Englishman who loves America, one thing is today the brightest hope in a pretty hopeless world. It is the emerging shape of something that may eventually be born—not out of a clause in a treaty, like the League of Nations—but out of the hearts and minds of men who fight the same battle in the same mood. We can call this emerging shape an English-speaking world only with the proviso that it is not what language people speak that matters, but how they think and feel and believe and wish to live. And if there is some historic unity in the idea of this English-speaking world drawing closer to wage and win the struggle of the centuries, there is also the geographic unity of the Western Hemisphere—an ideal of equal grandeur, overlapping and perhaps infiltrating the other. At any rate there is no incompatibility between them. When Hitler described the new agreement for air bases between the United States and Canada and England as the beginning of the liquidation of the British Empire, he may or may not have sincerely thought it was, but at any rate he was wrong. We know in our hearts, if not yet on our maps, that it is no sign of liquidation but of consolidation—the beginning of the consolidation of a new empire of faith and purpose—an empire not yet aware of its own physical frontiers but only of the boundlessness of its dreams.

I N T R O D U C I N G**DR. JOHN W. DAFOE**

The life of Dr. John Wesley Dafoe, Editor-in-Chief of the Winnipeg Free Press, almost spans the life history of Confederation, and no living Canadian has played a more active part in the development of the Dominion than he.

His forebears were United Empire Loyalists who settled first in the Bay of Quinte region of Ontario. In the middle '50's his family trekked by ox-cart into the wilderness. There, in 1866, in Combermere, Dr. Dafoe was born—the second child to be born in what is now known as the Bangor Settlement.

By 1876, the little log schoolhouse had given him all it could teach, and he drove to Renfrew to find a job. That was a two-day journey in those days. At 16 he was teaching school in a forest clearing near what is now Algonquin Provincial Park, Ontario.

He began his newspaper career with the Montreal Star. In 1884 he became a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery and he has seen every parliament in action since then. In 1889 he was editing The Ottawa Journal. Three years later he became editor of the Winnipeg Free Press and began a life's work which has had much to do with the molding of Western Canada.

Year by year, Dr. Dafoe has exercised an increasing influence in Canadian and world affairs. His interests and responsibilities have broadened with the years and he has crowded into his life a multitude of services to the public. Universities and governments have honoured him and he stands high in the esteem of his fellow men. He is regarded as one of the foremost authorities on international affairs in the English-speaking world. He is the author of many thoughtful books, and his latest contribution to the service of Canada was as a member of the Sirois Royal Commission, whose report, brought down early in 1940, will prove to be one of the most important documents in our history.

By Dr. John W. Dajoe

From Winnipeg
13th October, 1940

Ladies and Gentlemen:

THE title of this series of addresses, to which I am privileged to make a contribution, is something more than a convenient war-time motto; it is, as well, a working programme for the prosecution and the winning of the war. "Facts," said Robbie Burns, "are chieftains that winna ding."

Winston Churchill in one of those warning addresses which fell upon the ears of a heedless Parliament, said that if Great Britain were to disappear in the approaching world cataclysm, which he foresaw even to the approximate date, the reasons for her downfall would be beyond the comprehension of the historians of posterity.

By this he meant that it would be inexplicable to them that the causes of the war, which in retrospect will stand out so clearly, should not have been recognized and dealt with by fitting policies. Because if there ever was a war that was inevitable, given policies of drift, this is that war; and the responsibility for permitting it to occur is widespread. It rests upon the countries that have been enslaved; upon the countries that are now fighting for their lives; and as well upon the countries which, behind the lines that are holding, are under threat of ultimate Nazi attack. Peace, it is now pretty clear, is indivisible, and it is the business of all countries that desire peace not to let it be broken.

This address will be an attempt to assemble facts about which there are no longer grounds of doubt—facts which reveal the causes of this war and make plain the consequences to the civilized world of a failure on its part to defeat the purposes of those who are waging it. Facts, in short, that we have no alternative but to face and to realize that they and not wishes and hopes must determine our courses of action.

Mistake of Democracy

One of the primary weaknesses of democracy has been its faith that if the majority will not see a fact, the fact does not exist; and that if it declines to adopt policies indicated as necessary by the facts it prefers not to see, it does not thereby prejudice its future freedom of action by putting itself at the mercy of conditions created by external developments. What may well become the classic example of this weakness was the admission of a British Prime Minister some years ago that he had declined to advocate policies which it is now clear were essential for the defence of the country out of a fear of political results if he were frank with the electorate. Of course, the explanation is that he believed that there was plenty of time for the leisurely processes of trial and error to find a solution for this and for all other difficult problems; and that meanwhile there was no impending danger. That attitude was typical of the leadership of all the democracies during the fatal twenty years of procrastination, of hesitation, of retreat and repudiation.

During those years ferments went on under cover in Germany and elsewhere which, when the times were ripe, took form in the Great Conspiracy against the

freedom of mankind which is now seeking desperately to attain its ends before the resources of civilization can be rallied against it.

It has taken a year of war and the tragic fate of the European democracies to make plain to the world, beyond possibility of honest misunderstanding, the true character of the obscene thing which we fight. It masqueraded for years as a "new order" which was being brought into the world admittedly by strong-arm methods. There are minds so subject to the tyranny of words that they were hypnotized into seeing in something which called itself a "new order," excellencies and promises beyond what their own world order could give them. This gave an opening for disruptive propaganda in democratic countries which has been deadly in its effects. Every discontented element found in this propaganda weapons which it could use, one way or another, to further its interests or to avenge itself upon its opponents. The result was to accentuate jealousy and increase antagonism between classes social, political and racial, thus lessening the national resistance to an infiltration of Nazism and later to its assault.

"New Order" Is Not New

This "new order," which was to be all things to all men, is now seen to be nothing but the contemporary form of a type of rule and an accompanying slave organization of society which is the oldest known to this planet and has never been wholly absent from it. Hitler, in his conception of the state, of the powers and attributes of the head of the state, of the part which the human unit plays in the state, is the contemporary of Tilgath Pileser, or any tyrants of the far-off ancient world whose conquests and cruelties are recorded in the hieroglyphics of Babylon and Egypt. He is the contemporary, as well, of Alaric the Goth, who sacked Rome; of Attila the Hun, who spread ruin over Central Europe; of Tamerlane, who completely destroyed Arab civilization and marked the place where the ancient city of Baghdad had been by a pyramid of the skulls of its slaughtered people; of Genghis Khan, who barely failed in his project of exterminating Christian civilization in Europe; and of all the tyrants whose lust for power and domination have filled the pages of history, century after century, with the dark records of human cruelty and ambition. This identification of Nazism with ancient beliefs and vile practices is a fact about which there is no longer dispute; and this fact has become a potent weapon in the armory of liberty.

Nazi Hatred of Freedom

A quenchless hatred of any system of government which recognizes the individual rights of man and gives him a higher role to play than that of slave has been a distinguishing mark of all dictators. Both the lessons of history and their own instincts tell the dictators that their rule is threatened if anywhere in the world the lamp of freedom burns; and this furious fear and satanic hatred reach their extremest forms in regimes like those of Hitler and Mussolini, which have been established by treachery and force over peoples who were but yesterday civilized and free. These men, with their immediate followers, have been thrown up from the dregs of society and in their ideas and their methods they personify human nature at its most tigerish level. "A handful of bloody-minded and per-

verted men" is how Thomas Mann, Germany's most distinguished exile, describes Hitler and his entourage. To Lord Tweedsmuir this "junta of arrogant demagogues has confronted the European tradition with an Asiatic revolt with its historic accompaniment of janissaries and assassins." Paganism and atheism in the judgment of Cardinal Hinsley "are in battle array against the Christian values which helped to build up civilization." Adventurers of this type, far from exercising a secure overlordship over the Europe they have smashed, are not even safely entrenched in their own countries which have traditions of high civilization not easily extinguished. They cannot afford to leave the light of human freedom shining anywhere in the world. For them at least the world cannot continue half free and half slave. Therefore they wage war, world-wide in its purpose; and by a law of iron necessity this war must go on until it destroys every vestige of freedom in the world, or the dictatorships are themselves consumed in the fires which they have ignited.

Failure of Appeasement

In contrast with this audacious attempt to dress up the barbaric combination of tyranny and slavery as a new and hopeful venture in government, attention might be directed for a fleeting moment to the true new order with which the democracies, after a war which successfully repelled an attack upon the liberties of mankind, sought to preserve mankind against the horrors of war and to prepare the way for the transformation of the world into a co-operative commonwealth of peaceful nations. The wrecking of that project, which it was once well within the power of the democracies to establish, was part of the policy of appeasement of the dictatorships pursued by the democratic powers; and its destruction, when complete, was underlined by a contemporary event of some significance: the agreement of Munich. The smaller nations of Europe then retreated within the citadels of their own neutrality which they regarded as inviolable. There was in Europe something that was called peace. The optimists—a large company—succeeded in making themselves think that it would continue.

That expectation rested upon a hope that between the dictatorships and the countries in Europe which preferred to govern themselves in their own way, a state of equilibrium had been reached, and that Hitler, in saying that Germany had no further territorial demands, was avowing a settled policy and renouncing his proclaimed plans for aggression and conquest.

When, on the morrow of Munich, Hitler resumed his march of aggression, the democratic nations of Europe were confronted with a fact which they declined to face. It should have then become clear to them that the time had come when they had no option but to unite to protect themselves against a common danger; but not only did they refuse to see the storm signals, but even when the British nations and France, a few months later, recognized the hard fact that aggression must be met forthwith with force if the world was not to be immediately overrun, they excused themselves from all responsibility for protecting the reign of law in Europe.

Freedom Is Crushed

Their instruction as to the nature and character of this Fact, which they did not choose to face, has since proceeded apace. In Europe, seven independent

countries, some of them the finest models of working democracy in the world, have been crushed; France has been overthrown and has accepted defeat under conditions which cannot be duplicated in history this side the surrender of Rome to the Goths in the Fourth Century; and the rest of Europe, outside Russia, trembles and obeys Hitler and his Gestapo. In the whole continent of Europe there is not a government, nor a public man in or outside of a government, nor a University, nor an individual scholar, nor a newspaper, nor a writer, nor a radio station, that dares to exercise a freedom of thought or expression that was native to them just two years ago. No human mind has enough imagination, and knowledge to begin to understand what this means to the future of mankind and to world civilization if it is not speedily reversed.

Enlightenment came to the free peoples of Europe as the roof descended upon them, as the earthquake swallowed them. The issue became clear, as the power to deal with it passed. They knew—too late—that the war, from the moment that the first shot had been fired, had not been, as they had persisted in believing, between rival territorial ambitions in the traditional manner, but between two ways of life, two modes of government, two conceptions of the rights and duties of mankind—between the Freedom which they had known for generations, and Slavery; between Today and a brutal and savage Past.

Enlightenment Dawning Here

If enlightenment came to Europe too late, it came to the rest of the world which was still free from war, while it was still possible—given willingness—to do something about it. For us, in Canada, there was enlightenment, too, as to the extent and promptness of our needed participation but not as to the merits of the war. Upon that point Canadians had had no doubts from the moment Hitler, in the spirit of international gangsterism, attacked Poland in the early morning of August 30, without warning, and with a unity unknown in our history they joined with Mr. King when he called upon them for a "national effort to save from destruction all that makes life itself worth living and to preserve for future generations those liberties and institutions which others have bequeathed to us." And it is in that spirit that Canada is making and will continue to make war.

We in Canada have been particularly affected by the impact of the enlightenment that came, with the Nazi overthrow of European democracy, upon the great and friendly nation that is our neighbor. There is nothing in history to compare with the rapidity with which our neighbors shed their attitude of detachment and accepted the war as something in which they had a direct and vital interest. Illusions as to the nature of the conflict which had been cherished disappeared overnight. With exceptions, still numerous but negligible in contrast with the vast majority, Americans saw the issue with crystal clearness. They saw it as an attack upon the American way of life. They saw it as a challenge to everything that has gone towards making their country the greatest of democracies. They knew at once, with a certainty of knowledge that no glib assurances have been able to shake, that the United States and the other American democracies were as certainly on Hitler's list as the ravaged and destroyed countries of Europe had been. And they necessarily saw in Great Britain and in the allied British

countries, the first defence of their threatened country and their endangered institutions. Great Britain had become the last bastion of liberty in Europe and at the same time the furthest outpost of the defences of the American continent. It became a matter of supreme concern to the average American that that bastion should hold.

Upon that point the prevailing feeling in the United States was one of deep apprehension. There was here an extraordinary conjunction of events: Instinctive acceptance by the people of the United States that they were involved in the objectives of the Nazi crusade against the democratic way of life; recognition that their immediate defence was the resistance which the British nations were offering to the twentieth century Mongols; knowledge that if that defence failed they were in a state of lamentable unpreparedness; and an apprehension that this defence would fail and that they would have to resist immediate and ferocious assault to the uttermost of their power.

Britain's Superb Courage

Beyond doubt, civilization was trembling in mid-June upon the brink of the abyss. It was saved from immediate ruin by the courage of the British people. The nearer they were to disaster, the firmer their resolution to resist, the greater their scorn for those who looked to them to yield, the stronger their confidence in their power to meet, to break, and to turn aside the impending fury of the barbarians who saw world victory within their reach and counted the days until they could attain it. That superb courage found expression in the immortal words of Churchill; and as those ringing accents went around the world, the defences of civilization, both moral and material, began everywhere to gather strength. The disaster, which then seemed to many so imminent and so irretrievable, was averted; and the war passed into the phase with which we are now only too familiar, from which the possibilities of disaster are not removed, but which holds as well the possibility—and we trust the probability—of victory. The determination avowed in Churchill's words has been made good in deeds that have opened new pages in the age-long record of man's devotion to duty and of heroism that transcends death. Let there be no mistake about it: If it is still open to the free world to save itself from disaster, it is due firstly to the unbreakable courage of the people of Great Britain and to the heightened morale of the associated British nations, who faced the disasters of the battle of Europe with resolution and a redoubling of efforts; to the valor of the fighting forces in the air, on land, and on sea; and to the support of the allied cause, in all ways immediately available, by the government of the United States, and by the American people. If any one of these factors had failed, the long night of the Dark Ages would by now have been settling over the universe.

Aid From United States

The part played by our neighbors in making possible the defence of Great Britain has not been fully revealed, but it is known to have been on a vast scale; and it must be borne in mind that it was made at a time when doubts as to whether it was not too late to be effective were largely held south of the line. Mr.

Churchill has spoken of the immense supplies of munitions and war material which were ferried across the Atlantic in July. We must never forget that our neighbors, at a moment of desperate crisis, made it possible for Britain to draw upon their resources of munitions and weapons, though they were in these respects themselves deficient, and therefore made an essential contribution to that defence of Britain which may be noted in history as the turning point of the war. This was of immense importance, not only for what it was, but for its hopeful implications. The barbarians will never forget this assistance given to Great Britain by the United States in the hour of her fate. Nor must we.

But no muster of supplies, no massing of war materials, no rallying of men to the colors throughout the Commonwealth, would have availed had it not been for the steadiness of what Walter Lippmann terms the "reasoned courage" of the civilian population of Great Britain, upon whom the blitzkrieg broke, and for the surpassing skill and the unmatched valor of the handful of men, the chosen few, who met, broke and turned back the attacks which were the spearpoints of the blitzkrieg. "Never," in Churchill's magnificent phrase, "have so many owed so much to so few." If it be true that another nation is a form of contemporaneous posterity, we know what history will say of their valor; for the writers and speakers of the United States have drawn upon the full range of our tongue to express their admiration; yes, and their gratitude, for they know that these young men are fighting and dying for them and for what they term the "American way of life," which is the democratic way of life. I think of a left-wing American weekly which, in the twenty-five years in which I have read it, rarely deigned to say an appreciative word about anything British, but now speaks of the "indomitable fortitude" of the British as supplying an indispensable defence for the United States. The speeches and the writings of Americans abound in tributes to the British defence. I quote but one such word of praise already uttered in this series when Alfred Lunt said: "We can say with deepest conviction that never in all the great drama of history has any race of men and women enacted so heroic a role as you of the British Empire today." An American poet, in a famous poem, speaks of the electrical effect upon all mankind of a deed done for freedom. When have there ever been such deeds for human liberty as those daily enacted in the English sky by these young heroes? Is it not certain that their valor will kindle an admiration, a devotion and a spirit of emulation that may save the world?

Let us now check over the facts about the war which bear on the situation as it stands, and which give us ground from which we can try to look into the future.

Plans of Hitlerism

First in importance is the revelation which Hitlerism has made of itself before the whole world. It has destroyed the myth that in Nazism there is something that links it with a possible better future for mankind. The greater efficiency of Nazism, so often loudly proclaimed, has nothing to do with agencies that make for the betterment of man. In works of diabolism—brutality, theft, oppression, treachery, enslavement, murder—its efficiency is not disputed.

Equally revealing has been the demonstration in conquered Europe of the Nazi plans for the economic enslavement of the world if it has the military power to enforce compliance with its demands. There is nothing of material advantage for anybody anywhere in the event of Nazi world-domination except for the junta of rogues and schemers who will enforce the plans and divide the plunder. To them the whole world will pay tribute through the control of world markets by the Nazi system of payment in blocked currency, which is nothing but a disguised instrument of robbery. Even without direct political control, North America could be degraded to the level of a coolie country if the Nazis should dominate the other continents, as they will unless they are stopped and overthrown in Europe. It is difficult to see how any country in the world, big or little, democratic or otherwise, can think that there is anything but ruin before it in a world under Nazi domination. To sup with that particular devil would require a very long spoon indeed.

These being the issues, how goes the battle? It can be said that the line still holds, and that the maniacal tide has, for the time being at any rate, broken itself against the ramparts which guard all that is left of civilization in Europe.

Future Holds Hope

Hitler, in his plans for conquering the world, has had terrifying successes, but they fall short of what he counted upon. The power of his air force to drive the British Navy from the seas was shown early in the war to be an idle boast. Because of this, his effort to blockade Great Britain has been a failure. His plan to trap the British Expeditionary Force in Flanders was broken by the miracle of Dunkirk. He did not arrive in London on August 15. He did not summon the defeated countries of Europe to Munster to hear his terms of peace in September. He has not in his aerial blitzkrieg established mastery over the British air but has suffered defeats of the most ruinous kind, by which Nazi claims of invincibility have been deflated. He has not kept his country free from the visitation of British airmen. He has not made good his promise to his people that they would not have to face a second winter of war. This is a formidable list of disappointments which Hitler has had to share with his unhappy people. That they are an unhappy people there is convincing proof.

This blocking of Hitler's plans is an achievement of immense importance. But it does not give any certainty of victory. It only renews an opportunity for victory which was lost and has now been regained. Hitler and his bloody-minded and perverted associates are enraged and they have not weakened in their will to smash the civilized world. The admission, even to themselves, of a possibility of defeat would bury them beneath the collapse of their jerry-built empires. For Hitler it is a case of "World Domination or Downfall," which it may be recalled was Bernhardt's slogan for Germany in the first World War. For us and for the nations of the world whom we are protecting in defending ourselves, any adjustment that did not free the world of this nightmare of Nazi and Fascist designs and did not restore to the enslaved countries of Europe their lost liberties, would be, however much it might be dressed up in garments of appeasement, merely the first instalment of a defeat that on the morrow would become absolute and irremediable. The case has been rightly put by an English

writer: "What faces us today is new in history; anyhow, since the forgotten Mongol invasions. It goes beyond contention over sovereignty and over ancient rights. From the beginning of this war its inherency was guessed and in this hour it is stark. We know there can be no compromise with our adversary; implacable evil has no good in it to which reason can appeal. This challenge by the Nazis is ultimate."

The Issues Are Clear

With the nature of Nazism and its kindred superstitions thus revealed, and the scope of its planned aggression made clear, the war has taken on its true character. It is not a war for the defence of a group of countries having particular interests, but for the protection of all countries that have been threatened—which means every land under the sun which has not bowed the knee to Baal. It is war against powers which seek the spiritual, intellectual and political death of man. The war becomes more and more a crusade for the altars of mankind to which no free nation and no free man can be indifferent. For the reason so cogently stated by Burke: "When bad men combine the good must associate; else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle." The forces, which are committed to this Crusade, the most sacred in the history of mankind, are allied forces. Alongside the armies which the British nations have put into the field are other national armies, organized, officered and directed by governments which offered vain resistance to the dark barbaric flood and are now in exile in Great Britain which has offered them a home. In the Navy which holds the seas and the merchant fleets which make these seas roads of commerce for the free world can be found the gallant seamen and sailors of all the allied nations. In the armadas of the sky the squadrons of all these countries fly together and share the dangers and the triumphs of their glorious warfare. Among them, will appear any day now the Eagle squadron of fliers from the United States many of whom have been serving as individual volunteers in the Royal Air Force. Great as will be the actual contribution which this squadron will make in the battle, the symbolism of its appearance in the sky will be still more notable. The Eagle squadron is a promise and a portent. It makes the youth of the United States one with the youth of freedom-loving lands in their devotion to their birthright of liberty and in their purpose to defend this inheritance with their lives.

The Task of the Future

Since the deadlock of today cannot continue for ever, since the issue is beyond compromise, the task of the future must be to bring into the field influences and striking forces that will destroy this conspiracy against mankind. To that end the nations, which are holding today the posts of honor and duty, will not limit their energies or spare their sacrifices. They intend, in the great words of Pitt, to save themselves by their exertions and the world by their example. That example invites the brave and the free of the whole world to associate themselves in this greatest crusade for humanity in order that victory may be early, overwhelming and fruitful. And the fruits of victory must be the attainment of the vision that great good and wise men saw so clearly twenty-one years ago: a world of peaceful, useful co-operation in good works by free men and free nations; a world from which the devil-worship of Mars will be outlawed for ever.

Suggested Sources of Reading for Canadian Teachers and Students

TWO WAYS OF LIFE: by W. J. Lindal, K.C., (Ryerson Press, Toronto) \$1.75

OXFORD PAMPHLETS ON WORLD AFFAIRS (Oxford University Press, Toronto). Each 10 cents

NATIONAL SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY.....by N. Micklem

WHO HITLER IS.....by R. C. K. Ensor

THE NAZI CONCEPTION OF LAW.....by J. Walter Jones

LABOUR UNDER NAZI RULE.....by W. A. Robson

WHAT THE BRITISH EMPIRE MEANS TO CIVILIZATION

by Andre Siegfried

TRENDS IN CANADIAN NATIONHOOD.....by Chester Martin

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS SERIES (Canadian Institute of International Affairs, 3 Willcocks St., Toronto, Ontario). Each.....25 cents

HOW WE GOVERN OURSELVES.....by G. V. Ferguson

DEMOCRACY AND CITIZENSHIP SERIES (Canadian Institute of International Affairs and Canadian Association for Adult Education). Each.....10 cents

50 copies or more, 7 cents each.

100 copies or more, 5 cents each.

HOW DID WE GET THAT WAY?.....by H. G. Skilling

YOU TAKE OUT WHAT YOU PUT IN.....by B. K. Sandwell

CAN WE MAKE GOOD?.....by T. W. L. MacDermot

AFTER THIS IS OVER.....by H. G. Skilling

HOW THE WHEELS GO ROUND.....by J. W. Holmes

STUDY OF WARTIME PROBLEMS SERIES (Canadian Association for Adult Education, 198 College Street, Toronto).

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MUSSOLINI'S ROMAN EMPIRE.....by G. T. Garratt

ONE MAN AGAINST EUROPE.....by Konrad Heiden

THE GREAT ILLUSION—NOW.....by Sir Norman Angell

GERMANY—WHAT NEXT?—by Sheila Grant Duff, Victor Gordon
Lennox, Bernard Keeling, Sir Sidney Barton,
Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P., General Tilho.
Edited by Richard Keane.

THE ATTACK FROM WITHIN.....by Elwyn Jones

THE GOVERNMENT BLUE BOOK—Documents concerning German-Polish
Relations and the Outbreak of Hostilities between Great Britain and
Germany on September 3, 1939.

WHY BRITAIN IS AT WAR.....by Harold Nicolson

THE PENGUIN POLITICAL DICTIONARY—An ABC of International
Affairs.....compiled by Walter Theimer

HITLER'S WAR—Before and After.....by Hugh Dalton, M.P.

LET'S FACE THE FACTS BROADCASTS

Addresses by—Dorothy Thompson

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Col. Oliver M. Biggar

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Hon. James G. Gardiner

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And others to come.

Illustrated booklet: THE TWO WAYS OF LIFE (Text in seven languages)

Free on application to the Director of Public Information, Ottawa.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY IN CANADA SERIES. Each....5 cents

A REVOLUTION OF FREEDOM.....by Warwick Chipman, K.C.

THE COUNTER-REVOLUTION—A digest of opinion on national policy.

WORLD AFFAIRS PAMPHLETS (Foreign Policy Association, New York).
Each 30 cents

- WHY EUROPE WENT TO WAR.....by Vera Micheles Dean
 BUILDING THE THIRD REICH.....by John C. de Wilde
 AMERICA LOOKS AHEAD..by Frederick L. Schuman and George Soule
 EUROPE IN CRISIS.....by Vera Micheles Dean
 AMERICA'S CHOICE TODAY—by William T. Stone and the Research
 Staff of the Foreign Policy Association (published in July, 1940).

HEADLINE BOOKS (Foreign Policy Association). Each..... 30 cents

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 CHANGING GOVERNMENTS IN FRANCE, GERMANY, ITALY,
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 ECONOMIC DEFENSE OF THE AMERICAS..by Howard J. Trueblood
 CANADA AT WAR.....by James Frederick Green

**MACMILLAN WAR PAMPHLETS (The Macmillan Company of Canada,
St. Martin's House, Toronto). Each..... 10 cents**

- LET THERE BE LIBERTY.....by A. P. Herbert
 WAR WITH HONOUR.....by A. A. Milne
 NORDIC TWILIGHT.....by E. M. Forster
 THE CROOKED CROSS.....by The Dean of Chichester
 NAZI AND NAZARENE.....by Ronald Knox
 WHEN I REMEMBER.....by J. R. Clynes
 FOR CIVILIZATION.....by C. E. M. Joad
 THE RIGHTS OF MAN.....by H. J. Laski

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