

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 2

**Address to the Men and Women
of Canada**

BY

MR. FREDERICK BIRCHALL

**over a national network of
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Information for Canada**

Text of Frederick Birchall's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation National Network Sunday night, July 28, follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I come to you tonight as a new voice. I know a great deal about you, because for long years it has been my business to study men and nations. But you probably don't know very much about me, and since I am to talk to you about matters of grave importance to us all, it may be as well that you should know something about me.

I hold, perhaps, a unique place in the nationality classification. I am in effect a citizen of three nations. I am British born and I am still a British subject. But I have lived and worked for almost 40 years in the United States, and spiritually I am also part of that great nation. While I lived there I also came frequently to Canada, usually at times of transition in your economic and political development. Now, after nearly 10 years spent in watching the rising tide of European peril on the spot, I am again in Canada, observing your own efforts to meet that peril as it becomes world wide. I have learned to know you, to understand your way of thinking and to have great admiration for your courage, your steadfastness, your devotion to the great principles of human rights and human freedom, and your willingness to make sacrifices to maintain those principles.

I am a new voice to you. But, to a man across the Atlantic Ocean, I am an old voice. For almost 10 years I have been sending news of his growing power, of the sinister implications inherent in that power and of its menace to all that we freedom-loving people hold dear. That man is Adolf Hitler. I have met him, talked with him, and he knows me and my work. I know him better than he knows me, for after all I am only one of many writers. I know him better—better perhaps than he thinks I do—because it has been my job to study him and the evil things he represents.

He won't be listening to me tonight, but what I say will probably reach him. His sneaks and spies everywhere tell him what people are saying about him and the war which for his own ends he has forced on this peaceful world. So because I am spiritually a citizen of three countries, Great Britain, the United States and Canada, while still actually a subject of the King, I am going to

address him as well as yourselves, believing that I carry to him the reply of our plain people to his peace offer and that reply is the challenge and the defiance of decent people everywhere.

Herr Hitler, surrounded by the strongest array of mechanized slaughter machines ever gathered together for murder, you in the bombastic fashion common to your every utterance, have graciously offered to give us peace—on your terms—if we will ask for it. You have done this with a horde of trained Reichstag seals flapping their flippers in applause and shouting their directed cheers into the microphone because you think that will impress the world. It doesn't impress us. We know how easily your obedient servitors can frame such demonstrations to order. Nor will we accept your invitation to sue for the peace you are afraid to offer to our statesmen face to face across the table. That is how the world has always made peace, but you shout the invitation into a microphone from behind a safe barrier of bayonets, tanks and bombs.

We will not accept your invitation to beg you to make peace with us, because you are a liar and your word and your promises are worthless. You have proved yourself a liar. I will tell you how.

LIED TO CHAMBERLAIN.

Do you remember Munich and the evening in the Fuehrerhaus when you and Mussolini, Chamberlain and Daladier sat around the table in your private office carving up Czechoslovakia under your pretext of liberating the Sudeten Germans from a democratic rule? It was a pretext, because under that rule they enjoyed far more freedom than they have ever experienced under yours. I was there watching the pale-faced Czech delegates pacing the corridor as they waited for the decision. They knew, although the two allied statesmen you had brought there didn't, that this decision would end their existence as an independent nation. It did.

At that conference you said, and you repeated it publicly later, that the acquisition of the Sudetenland would end all your territorial aspirations in Central Europe. It was a lie. Within six months your troops had marched into Prague and you had taken over the whole of Czechoslovakia as a German protectorate. By that time the Czechs had given up to you their country's natural

hills of defence and the line of fortifications they had constructed at great sacrifice. They were powerless to resist. And their friends, having surrendered that last bastion of democracy in Central Europe, were powerless to help. Our statesmen had believed you but you had lied to them.

And do you remember the next morning, after the conference, when Mr. Chamberlain, trusting soul that he was, went to visit you in your apartment to express his thanks for your co-operation—co-operation, Adolf! He asked you then whether, having done so well, that co-operation couldn't be carried a step farther, so as to avert the horrors of wholesale war. Do you remember the piece of paper you both signed and which Mr. Chamberlain proudly displayed to us correspondents when he returned, telling us that it was a pledge of 'peace in our time'? Let me recall to you what was on that paper. The minute after you signed it, you probably dismissed it from your own mind. Here it is:

"We, the German Fuehrer and Chancellor and the British Prime Minister regard the agreement signed last night and the Anglo-German Naval Agreement as symbolic of the desire of our two peoples never to go to war with one another again.

"We are resolved that the method of consultation shall be the method adopted to deal with any other questions that may concern our two countries, and we are determined to continue our efforts to remove all possible sources of difference and thus to contribute to assure the peace of Europe."

The signatures are your's, Adolf Hitler, and Neville Chamberlain's. You may choose to forget that scrap of paper, but we don't. It was the bright hope of a simple British statesman, for which Czechoslovakia paid the price. But it is valuable only as fixing the worth of a German signature. And you set that value on it.

Do you remember, Hitler, also how a few hours after that paper was signed when Mr. Chamberlain drove away from his hotel to take his airplane the people of Munich—your people—crowded around his car, in the rain, pelting him with flowers? The women were weeping and trying to touch even the hem of his overcoat. For he had brought peace—or they thought he had—and peace was what they wanted. It would have been peace had

you kept your word. How angry that scene made you: you were angry that he, Chamberlain, not you, Hitler, should be the hero of that German victory. Mr. Chamberlain had scarcely got home before you were making speeches sneering at him and your servile press, under orders, was attacking and belittling him? The old fool with an umbrella, who came hopping to stop Hitler. You began then to threaten England. This was to be only the beginning. They would have to give up much more to German might.

Do you begin to perceive why we can't make peace with you and won't even try? It is because, with you, promises are empty wind and treaties are things to be used only as the basis of fresh aggression.

LIED TO SCHUSCHNIGG.

Do you remember Schuschnigg, whom, before that, you lured to Berchtesgaden under promise of a friendly talk. Your handy man, the devious Von Papen, told him, on your instructions, "Go, Herr Bundeskanzler, go and you will talk with our Fuehrer as brother to brother." And how brotherly were you? After abusing him like a pickpocket when he got there, you induced him to sign an agreement admitting Nazis into his Cabinet. You, on your side promised him that you would endorse publicly the guarantee of Austrian independence you had given him privately in the previous July. He kept his promise and the Nazis let you into Austria, but you never kept and you never intended to keep yours!

Where is Schuschnigg now? Is he still in the Gestapo prison in the old Hotel Metropol, with the loudspeaker that Goebbels had installed beyond reach in his cell wall blaring Nazi triumphs in his ear day and night to break him down? A brave man Schuschnigg! He could have escaped by airplane when you seized Austria. One was waiting for him. But what did Schuschnigg say? "I don't run away," said Schuschnigg, "my place is here in Austria." And to his chauffeur, "Home, Franzl, please."

Within an hour you had him under arrest and on his way to the cell in the Metropol. They say he will never come out alive. Do you ever think of him, Hitler —another man who hoped, despite misgivings, that you could be trusted?

MURDERED DOLLFUSS.

We can't make peace with you and won't try because you are

an assassin as well as a liar. Do you remember Dollfuss who came before Schuschnigg? A decent, upright, honorable little man was Chancellor Dollfuss. Working day and night, he was pulling Austria out of her economic troubles and gradually freeing her from your net. Dollfuss was too clever to be the fly that would walk into your spider chamber, so you got him another way. You sent thugs who shot him down in his chancellery. But when your plot to seize Austria in the succeeding confusion failed, you repudiated them. Here are the words of your official statement issued the day after his murder, when the world's indignation had frightened you:

"The assassination of the Austrian Federal Chancellor, which has still further increased the already extreme tension in Central Europe without our fault, is most strongly condemned and regretted by the Government of the German Reich."

The Government of the German Reich at that time was you. How sincere was your condemnation and regret? Three years later when you had seized Austria, you sent Rudolf Hess to lay wreaths on the assassins' graves. You pulled down Dollfuss's statues and put up memorial tablets to his murderers instead. You had ceased to care about world opinion then.

Dollfuss was my friend. I saw him laid out in the great bed in the Ballhausplatz, a peasant's son amid the portraits of great nobles who had been chancellors in their day. I stood beside the brocaded couch stained with his life blood. Only a few weeks before we had sat on that couch laughing together, at his bad English and my worse German. I was interviewing him about his plans for his country.

In my ears still rings the voice of the oldest of his friends who, when they lowered Dollfuss into his grave on the hillside above Vienna, called to him this final message:

"Farewell, old friend. I call to you one last word, the name that was ever on your lips and in your heart—Austria."

The blood of that old friend of mine, the Austrian Chancellor Dollfuss, still stains your hands, Hitler.

ASSOCIATES ARE GANGSTERS

We cannot accept peace with you because you are a gangster and the men around you are also gangsters. Look at them. There is

the buccaneer Goering (I wonder if he has added to his decorations a Legion of Honor looted from Versailles); there is Goebbels, poisonous as a scorpion and looking like it; there is the saturnine Himmler, head of the Gestapo, who invents the tortures under which men pray for death to relieve them from their sufferings. There is the roaring drunkard Ley, who dupes labor into accepting long hours at starvation wages in the name of patriotism while he lives in luxury. There is Dr. Funk, who juggles economics he does not understand but keeps the Reichsbank going on the loot stolen from invaded countries. Then you have Hess, your ventriloquist's dummy, who says for you the things you dare not say yourself. Gangsters to a man all of them and the bond between them all is loot.

Yet even they do not trust you. You have a habit of killing off old associates who helped to make you. Do you ever think back on your "blood bath" of June 30, 1934, and the men who died in it? Do you remember Roehm, your chief of staff, the man who built up the storm troops that put you in power? He was the man you seized in bed at Bad Weissee on his holiday, pretending that he was about to lead a rebellion against you. You sent him next day to his death, although he had been the only man allowed to address you with the familiar "Du" of old comrades. He wouldn't use the revolver you had put in his cell, and give you the excuse that he had committed suicide. "Let Hitler do it himself," said Roehm; so you had to send him before a firing squad.

And Karl Ernst, your loyal Berlin troop leader, the blond ex-bellboy who was becoming too popular for your liking. You had him taken off the ship on which he was to sail on his honeymoon (you, yourself, had been at his wedding). You pretended that he was about to lead that fictitious Berlin revolt. He was so puzzled about the whole business that facing the firing squad in the barrack yard he died crying "Heil Hitler," not knowing he was your victim.

And von Schleicher who was shot down that same day in his study, his wife dying beside him under the same volley. He had helped to persuade Hindenburg to appoint you Chancellor. There was old General von Kahr, who had carried out the order to suppress your putsch in Munich, 11 years before. And Willi:

Schmidt, the music critic, who was killed by mistake, because he had the same name as another man you disliked. The mistake was a little disturbing, so you sent an aide to his widow to express your regret. You gave her your picture.

You lied about that Blood Bath. I was in the gallery of the Reichstag when you solemnly declared that the total of the executed was only 77. You classified the victims but not by name. We correspondents looked at each other in amazement; we had in our offices lists totalling hundreds who had died, with their names. It was not usual for a German Chancellor to lie so brazenly in open Reichstag. Actually the total of the dead exceeded 1,200. When we reached 1,200 we stopped counting.

No, Herr Hitler, we cannot afford to make peace with a liar, gangster and assassin. He is not fit company in the comity of nations.

LONG PLANNED WAR.

We are well aware that Germany is strong, as the result of five years of intensive preparations while we were refusing to believe that you would really loose the dread spectre of war upon your own people and on the world. In fact for more than five years you have been getting ready. I remember that Berlin had its first blackout in March, 1935. That was long before any of the rest of us thought of blackouts. About the same time I saw decontamination squads in asbestos clothes, with all the necessary apparatus practising freeing the streets of poison gas. We had never thought of using gas on civilian populations. It was in *your* mind.

I know that the German army is more completely equipped mechanically than ours can hope to be for some time. I saw your army in action, not in war but all ready for it, when I went with the German troops into the Sudetenland after Munich. I saw obstacles of solid concrete, barbed wire, hidden mines and piles of fallen trees vanish almost like magic before the tools your troops brought out to deal with these things. They seemed to have every kind of an implement

there could be. Some I had never imagined as existing.

I know, too, that the slim German food and raw material reserves there were when the war started have been substantially augmented by supplies looted from the invaded countries since. The people in those countries will be hungry this winter, for lack of the food that you, Hitler, have stolen from them. You will probably make these countries cry to the world for help, in the name of humanity. If the world answers you will probably also steal what the world sends them.

The military situation, at the moment, favors your arms, but there are some factors on our side. Have you considered that? Britain still holds the seas and reinforcements are streaming to her over them. She has made of herself a fortress. Her sons, young and old, man the battlements. They toil day and night in the factories within, to produce the airplanes, tanks and guns to beat you. Her daughters replace the men who have gone to war. The Empire is awake. The whole Anglo-Saxon race is more closely unified than ever before. Best of all, the scales of illusion, bred of our hope and our faith in all our fellowmen, have fallen from our eyes. No more appeasement, Herr Hitler. No more compromise enabling evil to make a mock of us. On to victory!

EMPIRE IS RALLYING.

For the forces of Empire are gathering. We grow stronger every day. I sat in my Ottawa home the other morning putting down on paper a few of these thoughts. As I wrote, there came through the open window a sound of rushing wheels and voices raised in song, and there sped past an open army truck bound on some errand. It was jammed to overflowing with sturdy brown-faced Canadian lads in khaki. After the first truck came another and still others, the boys in them singing in chorus that old ditty of joyful occasions "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!"

It carried my memory back to something long ago, the general strike in England after the last war. In those days we on my newspaper were collecting stories of experiences in the strike and

among the manuscripts that came to my desk was the story of a youngster one of thousands who volunteered to set the wheels of supply and distribution moving again. It was a simple tale of his own experiences.

He had been registered and sent along to an assembly room to await a call for something he could do. He sat there knowing nobody and waiting. From time to time an official voice would shout a name and a volunteer would respond, "Ready, Sir," and go out to duty. But the call for this boy was long in coming. As he waited, another lad said to him, "I say, what about a cup of tea? There must be a canteen here somewhere."

So they searched and found it. It was filled with a crowd of similar youths awaiting call.

"And looking them over," the boy said in his manuscript, "I knew I had found the gang—the old gang like our lot overseas. We were all on the job and that strike was busted, right there."

As indeed it was. It was all over two days later.

COME ON, HITLER.

Herr Hitler, when those khaki-filled trucks rolled past my window the other morning, I realized that the gang is assembling again—the old gang, and their sons who are like unto them. They are all there, with the same old spirit, the same hard determination that modestly camouflages itself under a veil of song and nonchalance. All there, Herr Hitler, and answering "Ready!"

We may need more airplanes; we will get them. We will lose men; there are others coming up to take their places. From the four corners of the earth "the gang" is streaming in. They come from many far places to which Anglo-Saxons have carried their love of freedom, their spirit of tolerance, their devotion to peace—as long as honorable peace is obtainable—and their hatred of tyranny. But love of peace has not impaired their ability or their will to fight for it, Herr Hitler.

We are on the defensive now and waiting attack. But we are not afraid of the outcome. When you are ready, Hitler, come on.