

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 15

Address to the Men and Women
of Canada

BY

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*High Commissioner for the United Kingdom of
Great Britain and Northern Ireland.*

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
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Text of the address of Sir Gerald Campbell, K.C.M.G., over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night follows:

I have listened with intense interest to other speeches in this series and, rightly or wrongly, I have somehow felt that some of the speakers at one period or other of their address raised a glass and invited their hearers to drink a toast to Britain with an affectionate "Here's to you." May I be presumptuous enough tonight to take it that the toast has been drunk and, being in a loquacious mood, may I return answer for that land in which unnecessary and wanton destruction is being wrought even at this very moment:

"A Land that distant tyrants
hate in vain—

Is Britain's Isle beneath a
George's reign."

I quote from a paper published in England in Napoleon's time, the "Anti-Jacobin," quotations from which were given last June in the London "Times" to show that Hitler's technique is largely based on the example of a greater man than he who, despite all, ended up on St. Helena. *Adsit omen.* In the manner of the B.B.C. announcer I will spell that word for you ADSIT.

Where shall I begin? It seems such a long time, and yet it is so short, since many of us were making fine speeches about democracy in the abstract and the wonderful resources of the democracies in the concrete, about Truth and, above all, about Freedom. And all the while the Dictators sneered, partly because it is their nature to, and partly because they thought they could see at their distance that there were so many democracies and that none of them seemed really to be working in with the other since each one questioned the other's make-up and one of the only things we had in common was an inherent inability to assemble our famous resources in order to be ready for the emergency which we knew would soon be upon us. As to Truth the only adjective I can find to express my thought is the ultra-modern word "allergic" which does not even find a place in the 1934 supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary and which I did not know how to define myself until I met a lady last year in a sunny seaside resort who stayed all day in a darkened corner of a room because, as she said, she was allergic to

sunshine. As for Freedom, that was given to us with our mother's milk so we took it for granted thinking nothing much about it except to applaud vigorously whenever any speaker mentioned the word.

HITLER MISSED BUS

Now all is changed and I need not take you very far back to show you how and why—indeed I need only take you so far as the invasion of Norway and the subsequent invasions of other countries which were too weak or too apathetic to withstand the unexpectedly ferocious onslaught of an army which we had all known to be the most powerful ever raised and equipped. It was said at the time of Norway that Hitler had missed the bus, and he and his fellow fanatics have thought that a huge joke and have not hesitated to say so. But I am still not sure that he was right to start his ruthless aggression in that quarter for if he had come upon Britain earlier, instead of waiting to capture and enslave practically the whole of western Europe, it is just possible that he might have got us before we became intimate with the meaning of such a phrase as "Fifth Columnist" and before we had perceived the danger of parachutists and dive bombers and a lot of other implements of modern warfare with which he practised on the poor people of the Low Countries and of France, crowding the roads with refugees and bringing mental confusion, contradiction of feeling, indecisiveness, torture and death in their train. Praise be to God we were given the chance to realize what Freedom means and praise be to God we immediately understood! It was then that Britain and the British Empire gathered up their loins to show that democracy is indeed a force to be reckoned with; it was then that we realized that, if the common good is to prevail over the individual ill, Truth must also prevail over misrepresentation.

If I may quote some remarks I recently made in Montreal, and I apologize to those who heard them then, I would ask you at this point to sit with me for a minute on the milestone labelled "Dunkirk." That was one of the great moments of life, and it is still a moving experience to look at the photographs of the crowds of soldiers on the naked beaches waiting to be taken off and to wonder why and how they were still alive. But Dunkirk did

everything to our ain folk over there. We have a good working idea of what the Navy does and will do and what is meant by the supremacy of the sea, but during that memorable evacuation the officers and men of the Navy themselves found a great and inspiring adventure which must have stirred them on to even more daring things. The Air Force had begun to make a name and a place for itself, but there at Dunkirk our airmen realized supremacy for what it was, realized that if only they had had more machines the war would have been over then and there for the Germans were falling fast or turning tail and the great German weapon of modern warfare lost much of its frightfulness for our airmen; it was to a magnificent extent because of them that those men were able to stand about on the beaches waiting to find places in the boats. Then take our soldiers. They had already discovered in the fighting in the Low Countries that the Germans were no match for them and their only prayer was to get off home and re-equip and have another chance. A senior staff officer who was there told me the other day that, at the last staff meeting on Belgian soil, he was asked how many men he thought could be got away safely, and he gave twenty-five thousand as the maximum. Some one said "You're an optimist," and with those words the meeting closed. In the event his optimism was justified between thirteen and fourteen times over! And the civilians! How many have quoted Shakespeare about gentlemen of England lying in bed, but they soon showed that it was not their wish nor their habit to lie in bed while danger was around; so not only the men of England, but the women and the youngsters got every blessed kind of boat they could find and went across to Dunkirk and helped in the salvation of the British and French forces which eventually turned, I think and hope, into the salvation of the British people and with them the eventual restoration of liberty to France and other enslaved territories. What happened at Dunkirk awoke the spirit that is always there, that lots of us knew was there, though we could not bring the fact home to the rest of mankind who have basked for years now in the moonshine of English decadence; and it showed up the error of Ribbentrop who, while German Ambassador in London, pretentiously

watched the lack of power *without* the man, but was too puny to discover the power *within* the man.

OUR SECRET WEAPON

That is not a very long while ago and yet while it did things to us it did not have quite such a resuscitating effect on the New World which, albeit it emphatically gasped and admired and fluttered with hope, yet mingled that hope with strong doubt whether Britain could possibly withstand her invasion—and that was before France capitulated and we lost the rest of our equipment. What then has done things to the New World, what has changed its outlook almost overnight? Is it not the revelation that Britain has a secret weapon of which no boastful mention has been made, because it is something that the British are apt to forget they have or at least forget to talk about? Yes, Hitler's secret weapon has long been a headline and a byword and some of us have imagined him, his eyes full of loathing of mankind, forging and forging it in some camouflaged shelter out of materials won from the earth or chemicals never intended by Science for such devilry. "Well, has he brought the cursed thing out and into use yet?" you ask. I don't know, but I do know, and here's his rub, that it is Hitler and none but Hitler who has brought out and into use Britain's secret weapon and ours is not made of materials, but of the spirit. It has been said that every man has a secret within him which may be brought out of hiding by a beautiful symphony, or by a picture, or the love of a woman, and maybe even he scarcely knows his secret until it is thus revealed. Today in Britain the man in the street is the rock on which Hitler will break, and the man in the street now knows it.

"Time and the ocean and some guiding star
In high cabal have made us what we are."

And Hitler is up against "what we are." It has amazed us all, and I cannot help feeling that, whereas so much was said, and is still being said, regarding modern warfare being waged on civilians as well as on the fighting men, the civilians are rather proud to be in the fight, and the older people are playing up so exultingly because they know that they are taking their part in a drama which, in previous wars, was left for the youth of a generation. More power

to them. We are not a vindictive race, we are too casually tolerant according to some, but we are angry now, and we are demanding two eyes for an eye, four teeth for a tooth and we do not mind how much disquiet we are producing in the bully's mind and heart, if he has got one.

BRITONS' COLD COURAGE

Amongst themselves our people are indulging in that characteristic humour which, please note, friends to the south of the border, they *do* possess, and many must be the quaint stories some of my listeners are getting in their letters from home. The latest I have had is from a friend who had a bomb dropped recently near his chicken run where he keeps forty hens, and he assures me that they all worked overtime next day and enabled him to gather eighty eggs! But seriously did you hear the American broadcaster broadcasting from London who exclaimed "for cold courage I think those little people in the East End are the finest. There are hundreds of them who deserve the Victoria Cross. They are poor, ordinary working people and they took what came to them without a whimper." They would, our Cockneys—the same people as in the poorest streets, through which King George the Fifth and Queen Mary were to pass one day during the Silver Jubilee celebrations, put up a sheet, (for they could not afford large flags) with the device "We're lousy but we love you"; and their other love is their own London Town. In the West End people who were restless, irritable or apathetic in 1938 today vie with the Cockney in deeds and moods of heroism, knowing at least what they are in for and facing it with a quiet, indomitable courage. It is the same in many and many a town in the British Isles, aye and many a village too where no military target can have been imagined by the Hun airman. "Men at some time are masters of their fate" whether they live in mansions or in tenements; perhaps we have slipped a bit, some of us, these last twenty years, but Hitler, by his indiscriminate destruction has today restored us to the mastery of our fate, and he has won for the Democracy which he despises its greatest triumph in the moment of its proudest travail. Do you remember how Napoleon admitted his amazement that there are only two forces in the world, the Sword and the Spirit, and how in the long run, the Sword will be overcome by the Spirit?

NAZIS READY TO RULE

Some months ago it was told that Germany had already organized its administration of the British Isles and its assumption of public services there and, judging by what has been done elsewhere, there is no possible doubt whatever of the excellence of that organization; how patiently yet eagerly must the potential Gauleiters still be awaiting the fulfilment of the promise of their Fuehrer who can do no wrong, happy especially in the expectation of higher salaries than those which they earn in Germany, for that, after all, is the main sop offered to them! I wonder where those flies will go this winter time? And even next spring, and even next summer! Am I boastful? I don't want to be that, there is far too much dynamite about, and there is no short cut to victory in sight. Indeed, what is in sight, as we see enemy forces gathered in Egypt, threatening Turkey, Greece and Anatolia, as well as Spain and Gibraltar, what is in sight is further and more widespread aggression, some of which may be only too successful, for, just because a gang of crooks has been foiled in one enterprise, as it has been in its present attempt to break open the safe which is called Britain, it cannot resist the urge to crack other safes in other localities. Already, the village drums are sounding the alert through the forests of Equatorial Africa and the Moslems of two continents are being caught up, as sand in a storm, in the confusion of events. You must have read how Mussolini encouraged by Goebbels and Gayda, who write so glibly of the destruction of London and other cities, sent his aviators to bomb the cradle of the race, which some believe is not far from the Persian Gulf, so that he might have at least one ancient monument to his credit before Hitler has got them all. They missed the cradle—the baby was evacuated long since and its bottle has become a pipe line—and they bombed instead American-owned oil properties, the produce of which has been going mainly to Japan who is now Italy's avowed partner. Bahrein, of which I speak, is in the realm of an important Arab Sultan and the news of this heroic episode, spreading as only news does through Arabia, will confirm the opinion long entertained by the Arabs that Mussolini is not a gentleman; and Arabs prefer gentlemen. But does not this all show us what a threat this sabotage of the world by madmen who claim

to be establishing a new order holds for any and every man, woman and child in the universe.

SPIRIT NOT ENOUGH

Let us return to those undaunted people in Britain who are our kith and kin. They are men and women and children of wonderful spirit, but they cannot fight in these appalling days by spirit alone.

They must have leadership, they must have equipment, and they do like a little bit of sugar in their tea—in other words, material encouragement. It is good to be able to say that they are getting just those things. There is, for instance, something of which we are all proud, and to which we are all responsive, for I know that if I said this before a visible Canadian audience I should have to pause here for prolonged applause, and that is the outstanding and inspiring leadership of Mr. Winston Churchill, whose life was spared in a very serious accident in New York a few years ago for just this very emergency. I was serving in New York at the time and am friends with the doctors who attended him when he was knocked down by an automobile on Fifth Avenue, so I know what a close call it was. As to equipment I would ask you to join me in paying tribute to his colleagues in the Cabinet, and to those who carry out their policy, for the unprecedented speeding up in the production of armaments and of fighting aircraft; we acknowledge too, and once again, our indebtedness to the British working man, who has never had to work under such conditions before, interrupted as he is by air raid warnings (the Germans are having a worse time in some industrial areas) and yet showing remarkable resource in adapting himself to those conditions and in making up for lost hours as soon as he returns to his tools and his workshop. As to material encouragement, with the exception of the United States whose people have rallied, as generously as only they can and do, to the cause of producing munitions for the fighters and comforts of all sorts for the sick, wounded and homeless, we have now to look to our own selves for the material things which must lie very close to hand and in vast quantities if this wholesale de-

struction is definitely to be stopped; and we do not look to ourselves in vain. Once more the Empire is responding magnificently, sending whatever it has of what is needed in that harassed but by no means beleaguered "land in the seas in a raiment of foam" and yearning to do more as each succeeding call comes. May I quote John Masefield's words:

"Our many peoples seldom speak together,
And yet in stormy days we link and stand
In common purpose, facing to the weather,
Swayed by one will and striving as one hand."

CANADA IS HELPING

I need not enlarge on the Empire contribution, heartening as it is, for you read about it, and hear of it over the radio; but I would like to express appreciation to Canada for what has been done, is being done, and is going to be done. Canada was not ready for war any more than any other peace-loving democracy was, but I am in a position to know something of the change that has come over this fair land in the past twelve months and metaphorically I take off my hat. Time will not permit me to go into this thoroughly, so I will only mention just a few features, giving pride of place to the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, perhaps because I have more intimate knowledge of that. The work that has been done in six to eight months is remarkable and the fruit is not far now from the picking. To those who are eager to taste that fruit, or to know that someone else is tasting it (it depends which way you look at it) may I tell you of a passage in a book on the Science of War, which was once quoted to me by an officer in the Royal Air Force, showing how in many a battle exhaustion has come to both sides and victory has been snatched by the general who had the courage or initiative to get one more effort out of his tired forces. I ask you whether the day may not come when Britain and her friends and Germany and her friends are all exhausted and the Dominions, through this Air Training Plan, may furnish just that one effort which will make all the differ-

ence between a conclusive and an inconclusive peace.

Then may I thank you for the care you are bestowing on so many of our children and, in the case of very young children, of their mothers too. It has been a coming and a going across the Atlantic. You send your men to help as only they can in the fight, and you receive the nearest and dearest belongings of our fighters and workers who can thus get on with their important jobs without the anxiety which would otherwise be theirs. They live I fear on your bounty today, but many of those who came independently of the Government-controlled scheme will want to repay you when the pound-dollar exchange can once again be devoted to the pleasant things of life instead of to instruments of war.

ENGLAND LOOKS TO CANADA

And that brings me to my last word of appreciation, this time regarding those instruments of war. I believe that nearly three years passed in the last war before Canada got right into her stride as a maker of munitions in large quantities. This time, starting very nearly from scratch, a truly valuable programme is already under way and the United Kingdom is looking eagerly to Canada's contribution during the coming year. That it is needed there is no doubt for, whereas Germany has lost comparatively little in her fighting and has acquired in the occupied territories large munition plants and quantities of raw materials, we lost much of our equipment in the Low Countries and most of the rest in France. May I add that there are only a very few parts of the Empire whence help in the shape of manufactured munitions can come. A consideration which enables you to judge for yourselves how enormously important your contribution in munitions and supplies is going to be if the aggressors are eventually to be forced back to where they belong; and so, taking all your contributions together I think, if you don't mind, now that I have come to the end of my self-imposed answer to the toast to Britain, I will raise my glass to Canada crying as I do so "and here's to you too, fellow Crusader."

