

A part of Churchill's speech made towards the end of November, 1942.

Our operations in French North Africa should enable us to bring the weight of war home to the Italian Fascist state in a manner not hitherto dreamed of by its guilty leaders or still less by the unfortunate people Mussolini has led, exploited, and disgraced. ~~Already~~... If the enemy should in due course be blasted from the Tunisian tip - which is our aim - the whole of the south of Italy, all naval bases and all munition establishments and other military objectives ~~which~~ wherever situated will be brought under a prolonged, scientific and shattering air attack. It is for the Italian people, forty million of them, to say whether they want this terrible thing to happen to them or not. One man and one man alone has brought them to this pass. There was no need for them to go to war. No one was going to attack them. We tried our best to induce them to remain neutral, enjoying peace and prosperity, and exceptional prosperity in a world of storm..

But Mussolini could not resist the temptation of stabbing prostrate France and what he thought was helpless Britain in the back. Mad dreams of imperial glory, lust of conquest and of booty and the arrogance of long unbridled tyranny led him to his fatal, shameful act. In vain I warned him. He would not harken:..... ~~One man's regime has created and brought....~~ Today his empire is gone. We have over one hundred Italian generals and nearly three hundred thousand of his soldiers as prisoners of war in our hands. Agony grips the fair land of Italy. This is only the beginning, ~~or~~ and what is there to show for it? ... One man's regime has created and bought these measureless calamities upon the hard-working, gifted and once happy Italian people with whom until the days of Mussolini the English speaking people ^{of the} world had so many sympathies and never a quarrel. ...

....As for Russia, when I was leaving ~~for~~ the Kremlin, in the middle of August, I said to Premier Stalin 'When we have decisively defeated Rommel in Egypt I will send you a telegram'; and he replied 'When we make our counter-offensive here' - and he drew an arrow on the map - 'I will send you one.' Both messages have duly arrived. As

I speak, an immense battle which has already yielded results of the first magnitude is moving forward to its climax. And this, it must be remembered, is only one part of the Russian front stretching from the white Sea to the Black Sea along which at many points Russian armies are attacking. The jaws of another Russian winter are closing on Hitler's armies. One hundred and eighty German divisions, many of them reduced to little more than brigades by the slaughters and privations they have suffered, together with a host of miserable Italians, Rumanians and Hungarians, dragged from their homes by a maniac's fantasy - all these as they reel back from the fire and steel of the avenging Soviet armies must prepare themselves with weakened forces and with added pangs for a second dose of what they got last year.

..... The ceaseless flow of good news from every theatre of war which has filled the whole month of November confronts the British people with a new test. They have proved that they can stand defeat they have proved that they can bear with fortitude and confidence periods of unsatisfactory inaction, I ~~show~~ see no reason at all why we should not show ourselves equal^{ble}, resolute and active in the face of victory. I promise nothing, I predict nothing.

..... But do not let us be led away by any fair-seeming ~~xxxx~~ appearance of fortune. Remember that Hitler with his armies and secret police holds nearly all Europe in his grip. Remember that he has millions of slaves to toil for him, a vast mass of munition, many mighty arsenals and many fertile fields. Remember that Goering has ~~xxx~~ openly declared that whoever starves in Europe, it will not be the Germans. Then facing facts, - ugly facts as well as encouraging facts - undaunted, we shall learn to use victory as spur to further effort and make good fortune the means of gaining more.

...The dawn of 1943 will soon loom red before us and we must brace ourselves to cope with the trials and problems of what must be a stern and terrible year. We do so with the assurance of ever-growing strength and as a nation with a strong will, bold heart and good conscience,

(From the Hindu, December 1, 1942.)

An Eton stripling training for the Law, - a dunce at syntax but a dab at Law, - one happy Christmas, laid upon the shelf his cap, his gown, and store of learned pelf, with all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome, to spend a fortnight at his Uncle's home.

Arrived, and past the usual "How d'ye do's?" inquiries of old friends, and College news: - "Well, Tom - the road, what saw you worth discerning? and how goes study, boy - what is't your learning?" "Oh, Logic, Sir, - but not the worn-out rules of Locke and Bacon - antiquated fools! 'Tis wit and wranglers' logic; - thus, d'ye see, I'll prove to you as clear as A, B, C, that an eel-pie's a pigeon: - to deny it, were to swear black's white." - "Indeed! let's try it." "An eel-pie, is a pie of fish?" - "Well - ahreed." - "A fish-pie may be a Jack-pie" - "Proceed." "A Jack-pie must be a John-pie - thus, 'tis done, for every John-pie is a Pi-geon!" "Bravo!" Sir Peter cries - "Logic for ever! it beats my grandmother - and she was clever! But hold, my boy - it surely would be hard, that wit and learning should have no reward. To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross, and then I'll give you" - "What?" - "A chestnut-horse." "A horse!" cries Tom; "blood, pedigree, and paces! Oh what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!"

He went to bed, and wept for downright sorrow, to think the night must pass before the morrow; dreamed of his boots, his cap, his spurs, and leather breeches of leaping five-barred gates, and crossing ditches: left his warm bed an hour before the lark, dragged his old Uncle fasting through the park: - Each craggy hill and dale in vain they cross, to find out something like a chestnut-horse, but no such animal the meadows cropped: at length beneath a tree Sir Peter stopped - took a bough - shook it - and down fell a fine horse-chestnut in its prickly shell. - "There, Tom - take that." "Well, Sir, and what beside?" "Why, since you're booted, saddle it, and ride." "Ride! what - a chestnut!" "Ay, come, get across; I tell you, Tom, that chestnut is a horse, and all the horse you'll get for I can show as clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so - not by the *misty*, fusty, worn-out rules of Locke and Bacon - addle-headed fools! all maxims but the wranglers I disown, and stick to one sound argument - your own. Since you have proved to me I don't deny, that a pie-John is the same as a John-pie - what follows then, but as a thing of course, that a horse-chestnut is a chestnut-horse?"