

851.

A CALL TO YOUR CONSCIENCE.

We have entered the third year of the greatest war since the birth of Time. Two years of tragedy, disaster, almost despair. We have endured unbelievable trials; we have weathered unimaginable storms; we have fought a long, wearing defensive-battle on many fronts --- and the British Empire is still standing -- Steady as a rock. We have astonished the world of faint-hearts who expected to see us fall; now is the time for us to advance and smash Nazi Germany once for ~~all-time~~ ^{ever}.

We may congratulate ourselves on much ~~of~~ ^{of} the past; but as we enter this new phase of the war we shall do well to examine our conscience. Ask ourselves; what are we doing for Victory? Nobody is such a fool as to think that every young man lying in the sun is a slacker; he may be resting from many gruelling hours of exacting duty. But you know many men and many women who are still living selfish lives; who still make no contribution to the war effort; who still are content to let someone else do the work and the worrying and take no share themselves; who still don't realise that we in Britain are fighting for our lives.

Aircraft workers have done a wonderful job: we needed enough fighters to save Britain and we got them: we ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~not~~ got enough bombers ~~to~~ to drop a thousand tons of bombs on Germany in one week; ~~in August~~ ^{in August}; let's have enough to drop ten thousand tons a week in December. You're doing well: ask yourselves if you can do even better.

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(2)

857

The call is now for tanks; tank factories have turned on the steam and production has leapt upwards; ask yourselves if you can do even better.

Armament workers are going great guns; but in every kind of factory and in every other kind of war work, there are some who are not giving a hundred per cent effort. Ask yourself if you are giving all you've got to Britain's effort for victory: ask yourself if your life and your family are not worth just a little bit more.

This is your land; your ancestors kept it sacred from the heel of the invader; this is your heritage and your right, to live in liberty and at peace; ask yourself if you want to read in this lovely ^{country} ~~scenery~~, instructions in German telling you what you must do for Hitler. Ask yourself ^{if} you want to see in Britain, the things that we shall show you in the land of the Soviet.

507

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This is the start of the advance --- in Kowno, in Lithuania: before Stalin's scorched earth policy could be put into effect. Nazi barbarians in a field of standing corn; in the path of the Nazis, always --- death, destruction, misery. ~~Not a day has passed~~ ~~the Russians have suffered terrible losses; fighting the way that conquered the rest of Europe the peasant guerrillas have worked miracles; but their casualties have been what you might expect when untrained men ^{opposed} met crack troops.~~

Once again the Luftwaffe has been engaged on fearful destruction; ~~this time they met their match in the great Red Air Force --- but still they could create awful devastation.~~

This is the German mentality: this is the race we ~~fight~~ ~~in 1914~~ have been fighting ~~again~~ for two years; these pictures were shown to Germans and to neutrals as a glorious example of German handicraft: ~~this grim, deliberate work~~ is what Germany is proud of.

This is another feat of German arms; short range shattering of little farm buildings, somebody's office; the joy and the comfort and the livelihood of decent men smashed to fragments by the juggernaut of Russian lust.

~~It is hard to believe that less than three months ago this land was at peace.~~ In the place of green fields and tall trees there are belching smoke and black ruin; the stink of high explosive; the self-inflicted wounds of the Soviet people who must destroy a part of themselves to keep the whole from defeat.

(8D1)

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X It's up to us to see that Nazis cannot do this to Britain; to work so hard --- to grow so strong --- that Hitler will not dare invade --- because he still will invade^{us} if he can.

This is an attack on a Soviet aerodrome: Nazi warplanes swept out of the clouds on that Sunday invasion morning --- with no declaration of war. Germany got in the first blow --- but the heroic Red Air Force have since been paying back with interest.

Britain needs bombers; the gallant Soviet Union too needs bombers; for despite all the losses we shall pay back in full the destruction Germany has wrought in the world at large. We've got to win this war; you have seen what we're up against. Nothing less than your greatest effort can do it.