

THE CHURCHILLIAN

SPRING 2013 | VOLUME 4 | ISSUE 1

THE MAGAZINE OF THE NATIONAL CHURCHILL MUSEUM



CHURCHILL'S EVOLUTION AS A STATESMAN-WRITER • BELLOC AT LARGE
ANNUAL ENID AND R. CROSBY KEMPER LECTURE • THE WRITER'S COLLEAGUES



PHOTO BY DAK DILLON

Greetings from a distinctly chilly Fulton. For the first time in my eight years at the Churchill Museum, our Churchill weekend in early March was framed by heavy snow on the ground. Undeterred, however, in true Churchillian fashion the weekend went ahead and laid down a marker to be one of the best in recent memory.

A packed Church of St Mary for Professor Peter Clarke's lecture and a similarly well attended brunch bore ample testimony to what really was a wonderful weekend all around. The induction of new Churchill Fellows and

large turnout of Westminster students — many thanks especially to the Delta Tau Delta and Kappa Alpha fraternities in particular — added an extra dimension to the celebrations. More details of the Churchill weekend and photographs of the occasion can be found on page 28.

Professor Clarke's lecture this year explored a side of Churchill we are all familiar with, in some sense, but which has long deserved a more focused examination. Based on his scholarly discussion of the 'statesman as author' this year's Kemper lecture added to greatly to our knowledge of Churchill. In celebration of this trajectory this, the spring edition of *The Churchillian*, continues to explore the theme of the statesman- writer and we are delighted to hear from eminent Churchillian Richard Langworth on this very topic.

As we look ahead to the spring proper, please mark your calendars for an array of exhibitions and programs, more details on pages 34 and 35 respectively, and also for our Churchill Medal event to be held in April in St. Louis where we will honor former United States Ambassador Stephen F. Brauer in what is already shaping up to be a magnificent Churchillian event.

As ever, I look forward to seeing you all here in Fulton, at the National Churchill Museum on the campus of Westminster College!

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Executive Director,
National Churchill Museum

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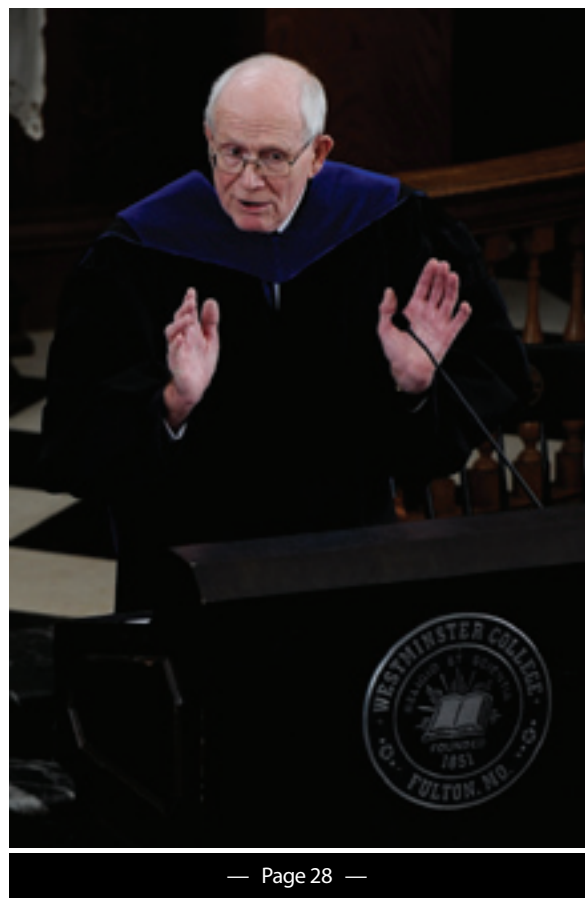
Rob Havers
Executive Director

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The National Churchill Museum is located on the Westminster College campus in Fulton, Missouri, and designated by Congress as America's National Churchill Museum. 573-592-5369, www.nationalchurchillmuseum.org

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Cover: "The Dream," 1947, oil on canvas by Sal Asaro, originally commissioned for the first edition of *The Dream* in volume form, published by The International Churchill Society 1987, reproduced by kind permission of the artist.

Photo above: Cambridge Professor Peter Clarke, guest speaker at the Enid and R. Crosby Kemper Lecture in March. Photo by Dak Dillon.

CORRECTION: In "Churchill's Relevance" by Justin Lyons (*The Churchillian*, Winter 2012), footnote numbers were inadvertently omitted, and certain long quotations were not distinguished from the main text. Our apologies to the author and to our readers. For a correctly formatted copy of this article, please email the editor.



Our author at work at his first stand-up desk, a crude affair which rested on a chest in his study. Later his son Randolph presented him with a fine mahogany version that stood on the floor but reached the same convenient height.

Churchill As WRITER

BY RICHARD M. LANGWORTH

Capturing all of Churchill the writer is an impossible task. There are so many facets to the subject that whole books written about it still come up short. (The best of them all, and still available on the secondhand market, is Manfred Weidhorn's *Sword and Pen*.)

This issue contains about 9,000 words (including some of his own) on Churchill the writer, but Sir Winston himself wrote 15 million—counting only those published in books, articles, speeches and private papers. Herein we can profitably consider

here two aspects of his work: his development as a writer, and one of his most influential writer-colleagues.

There is no doubt that Churchill had the gift of a memory approaching the photographic. As a schoolboy he devoured Shakespeare, the King James Bible, Macauley, Gibbon and Kinglake, key passages of which which he never forgot. As a young officer, idling away the long Indian afternoon, he absorbed Malthus, Shoenpauer, Kant, Plato's *Republic*, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Darwin's *Origin of Species*, and

the Parliamentary debates of the past forty years. "It was," he wrote afterwards, "a curious education...I approached it with an empty, hungry mind and with fairly strong jaws; and what I got I bit."

All his life Churchill was capable of reeling off vast tracts of inspiring words words. In 1943 Roosevelt, driving with him to what is now Camp David and passing through Frederick, Maryland, recited the deathless line, "Shoot if you must this old grey head"—only to hear the Prime Minister reel off every word of Whittier's "Barbara Freitchie." Here was the same mind that had regurgitated 400 lines of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* as a Harrow schoolboy over half a century earlier.

Churchill put his self-education to work in 1897-1900, reporting and lecturing on Queen Victoria's "Little Wars" on the Indian North West Frontier, in the Sudan and South Africa, in the fashion of his classical mentors: "I affected a combination of the styles of

Macaulay and Gibbon, the staccato antithesis of the former and the rolling sentences and genitival endings of the latter; and I stuck in a bit of my own from time to time.”

Aged 25, with five books and over 200 articles and reports from battlefields already behind him, Churchill entered Parliament, taking on the challenge of the House of Commons. Michael Dobbs, the historical novelist, wrote that no sooner do new MPs begin speaking in the Chamber “than they discover that the green carpet they are standing on has turned to sand. Sometimes they are able to make an impression in the parliamentary sands that will endure, some mark that will linger after them for their children and grandchildren to admire. More often, however, the footprints are washed away with the evening tide. And sometimes politicians discover they’ve stepped into quicksand that is just about to swallow them whole.”

In this testing venue Churchill scarcely put a foot wrong. His reading of past debates, his son wrote, “left him well equipped with the traditional parliamentary vocabulary: ‘upstairs’ for Committees; ‘another place’ for the House of Lords; ‘out of doors’ for speeches made away from Westminster; ‘my right honourable friend’ for the leaders of his own party; ‘the right honourable gentleman’ for the chieftains of the opposite side; ‘the honourable and gallant member’ for those who had held the King’s Commission; ‘the honourable and learned member’

for those who had some pretension to legal knowledge.” He was on his way.

We can learn much about a writer by the colleagues he associates with. Within and without Parliament, Churchill cultivated a wide spectrum, often including those whose politics he detested: Beatrice Webb, Arthur Balfour, George Bernard Shaw, H.G. Wells, Lord Rosebery, Somerset Maugham, Joseph Chamberlain, Hilaire Belloc. Churchill’s literary assistants included Eddie Marsh, an admired patron of literature and the arts; and Bill Deakin, who began with *Marlborough*, was still helping draft *The Second World War*. In his choice of literary colleagues and collaborators, Churchill was “quite easily satisfied with the best of everything.”

In 1940 we had dramatic proof that individuals do make a difference in history. For that was when Churchill, as Charles Krauthammer wrote, proved himself “uniquely necessary ... Yes, it was the ordinary man, the taxpayer, the grunt who fought and won the wars. Yes, it was America and its allies. Yes, it was the great leaders: Roosevelt, de Gaulle, Truman ... But above all, victory required one man without whom the fight would have been lost at the beginning. It required Winston Churchill.”

Churchill himself was not convinced: “I have never accepted what many people have kindly said—namely that I inspired the nation. Their will was resolute and remorseless, and



“A Family Visit” in *Punch*, 2 November 1938, as the clamor rose for Churchill to be appointed to the Cabinet in the wake of Munich. His ghostly ancestor says, “It was a great work, and I wish you could now add another chapter to your own career.”

Cartoon by Ernest H. Shephard

as it proved unconquerable. It fell to me to express it, and if I found the right words you must remember that I have always earned my living by my pen and by my tongue. It was the nation and the race dwelling all round the globe that had the lion heart. I had the luck to be called upon to give the roar.”

Past doubt. But it was a good thing that the roar was given by a professional writer.

Mr. Langworth is editorial consultant to The Churchillian and has been editor of the Churchill Centre’s quarterly journal Finest Hour since 1982. His latest book is Churchill in His Own Words (Ebury Press, 2012).



A GIANT BOWED IN ANXIOUS THOUGHT:

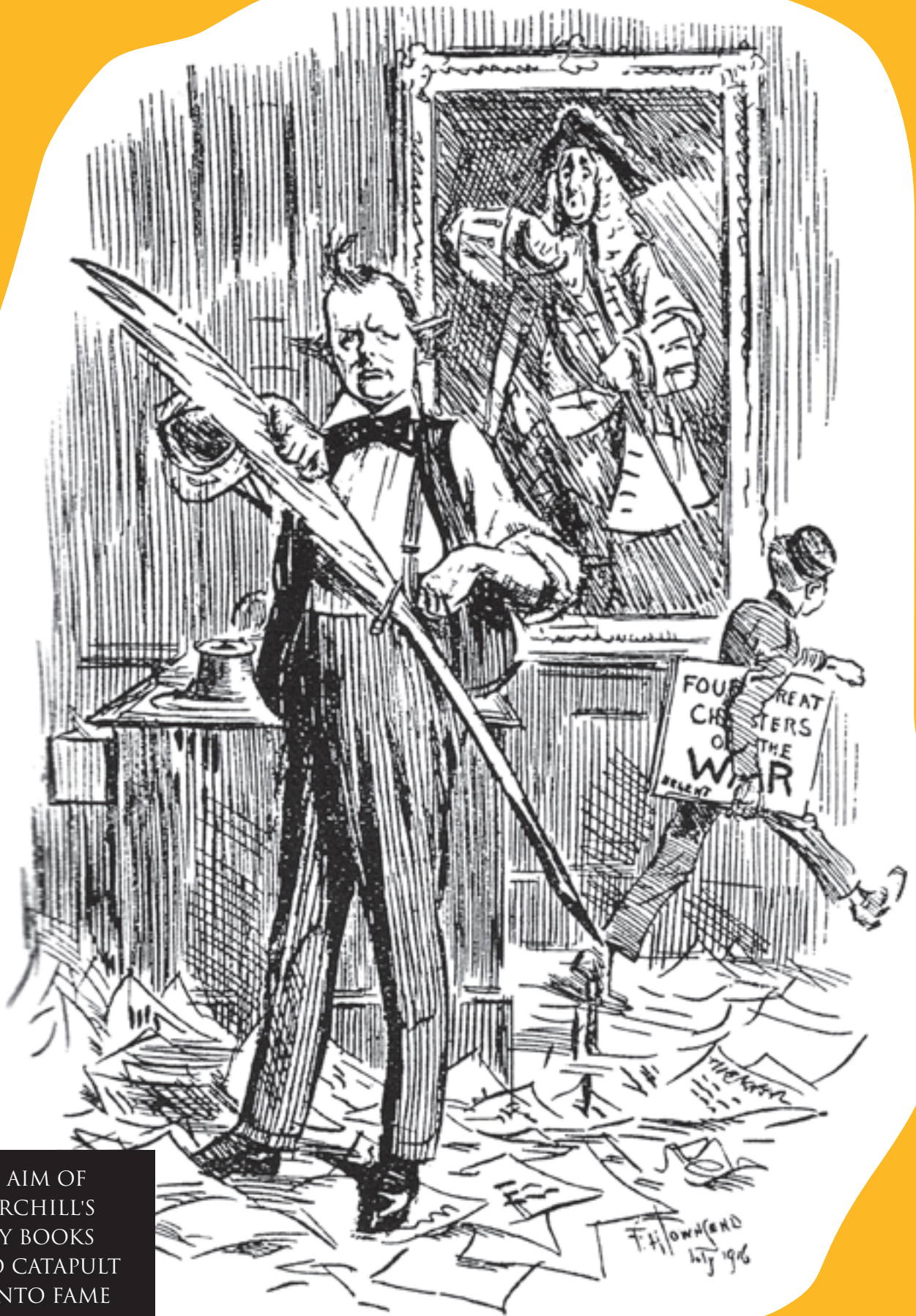
Churchill's Evolution as a Statesman-Writer

Sixty-four years ago Winston Churchill addressed a distinguished Boston symposium, convened to consider the science and technology of the second half of the 20th century. “I frankly confess that I feel somewhat overawed in addressing this vast scientific and learned audience,” Churchill said. “I have no technical and no university education, and have just had to pick up a few things as I went along.”¹

Very few national leaders have been writers. No American president comes close to Churchill’s fifty-one individual books (eleven posthumous) in eighty volumes. The nearest is Theodore Roosevelt with thirty-five, mostly about outdoor life; next is Richard Nixon with eleven. Yet “T.R.” is not regarded as a great writer, while Churchill won the Nobel Prize for Literature.

From the time Churchill was a boy he wrote spontaneously, with a versatility any writer would envy. He was always ready to retread passages from a book he was writing for an article or a speech, and he put speeches and articles together in compilations that became books. Contemplating his four-volume *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*, he remarked: “I shall lay an egg a year—a volume every twelve months should not mean much work.”²

In addition to his books Churchill wrote thousands of speeches and articles—in all roughly fifteen million published words. He never had writer’s block. When he went to work, usually late at night, he shut himself up in his study, banned loud noises, hired teams of stenographers, and arranged his papers at a stand-up desk. And there, padding up and down in his slippers, he reeled off prose in the small hours.



THE AIM OF
CHURCHILL'S
EARLY BOOKS
WAS TO CATAPULT
HIM INTO FAME
AND PARLIAMENT.

“I write a book the way they built the Canadian Pacific Railway,” he said. “First I lay the track from coast to coast, and then I put in all the stations.”³ This was, remember, when books were written painfully in longhand or by dictation, decades before anyone even dreamed of a word processor. “Nearly 3000 words in the last two days!” he wrote his wife in 1928...” I do not conceal from you that it is a task. But it is not more than I can do.”⁴

At the end of the last millennium, Churchill was the individual most often named by politicians, historians and periodicals as “person of the century.” *Time* magazine, which foolishly chose someone else, saw to it that Churchill was nominated by none other than Benjamin Netanyahu.⁵ Yet his fame always rests on his leadership in World War II. Relatively few realize

more volumes of history after that. His record is astonishing.

Churchill the Writer straddles even the six decades of Churchill the Statesman. He began as a schoolboy and published *The Island Race*, his last book—well, the last in his lifetime—a few months before he died. For many of those years he was the highest paid journalist in the world, earning up to five dollars a word from the best publishers. He won the 1953 Nobel Prize not, as many suppose, for his war memoirs, but for the totality of his output: history, biography, autobiography, political theory, memoirs, speeches, newspaper reports and articles, even a book about oil painting and an African travelogue.

He wrote about the most essential things in the world—throughout his life his quarrel was with tyranny—but also about everyday things:

uniquely, Churchill was a statesman-writer: not merely the only person in high office in both great cataclysms of the last century, he was the only one to write twelve volumes about his experience—with a certain understandable personal bias.

Writing and statesmanship went hand in hand, for Churchill lived politics, and writing furthered his political aims. The soaring oratory he made famous in World War II occurred because Britain was led by a professional writer. “This is not history,” he said of his war memoirs, “this is my case.”⁷ But he knew how influential his words would be. “...it will be found much better by all Parties to leave the past to history,” he said in 1948—“especially as I propose to write that history myself.”⁸

Of course his writing had a financial rationale—the salaries of

“CHURCHILL’S CENTRAL, ORGANIZING PRINCIPLE WAS ‘AN HISTORICAL IMAGINATION SO STRONG, SO COMPREHENSIVE, AS TO ENCASE THE WHOLE OF THE FUTURE IN A FRAMEWORK OF A RICH AND MULTI-COLOURED PAST.’” —ISAIAH BERLIN

that he was elected to Parliament in 1900 and, except for two years when he was thrown out, dominated the political scene until he retired as Prime Minister in 1955—and continued to serve another nine years after that. Twenty years is a good run for any politician. Franklin Roosevelt had only thirteen at the summit of affairs; eight presidents and nine other prime ministers had completed their service when *Time* named Churchill “Man of the Half Century” in 1950⁶—only to see him serve four more years at Ten Downing Street and publish seven

cartoons and cartoonists, daylight savings time, Moses, the Boy Scouts. He wondered, “Are There Men on the Moon?” or what he might do “If I Lived My Life Again.” He traveled to America and wrote about “The Land of Corn and Lobsters” and the War Between the States. And his work goes on, with continuous posthumous publication—notably his *Complete Speeches* (eight volumes, 9000 pages); his *Collected Works* (thirty-eight volumes, 19,000 pages), and 700 pages of letters to and from his wife, compiled by their daughter, Lady Soames. Perhaps

British politicians were and are low. To this day Members of Parliament share cramped, drafty offices, and the elaborate staffs maintained by American Members of Congress are unknown to them. Though born to an American society beauty and the son of a Duke, Churchill inherited no family wealth. He would later claim, “I kept my family by my pen,” and, “I lived from mouth to hand.”⁹ His pen was always busy because he had rarified tastes. In 1931 the manager of The Plaza Hotel in New York telephoned his room to ask if he needed anything special.

CHURCHILL
WAS WHAT PROS CALL
A NATURAL WRITER,
A STYLIST.

Churchill, posing as a servant, replied: “Mr. Churchill’s tastes are quite simple; he is always prepared to put up with the best of everything.”¹⁰

The best of everything included silk underwear (“I have a very sensitive cuticle,” he told his bill-shocked wife), a cigar bill running as high as \$200 a week in today’s money, and—though his drinking was vastly exaggerated, mostly by himself—vintage champagne and brandy. Chartwell, his beloved home in Kent, was a money pit, its two farms almost always in the red. He once told his colleague Lloyd George, “I’m going to make it pay, whatever it costs.”¹¹

He was what the pros call a natural writer, a stylist. In his autobiography, *My Early Life: A Roving Commission*, he claimed to have developed his talent for English because he was too stupid to learn anything else. In fact he was near the top of his class in many subjects. Not even the son of Lord Randolph Churchill could have made it out of Harrow without mastering Latin, so we should not take *My Early Life* too literally. But it is true that Churchill emerged from school a craftsman writer. A Harrow historian found a piece he wrote at the age of fifteen in 1889, about an imagined invasion of Russia from the west—a remarkably accurate forecast of what actually happened twice. He even set the date: 1914, the year World War I broke out in Europe.¹²

To review all of his writing is impossible here but here a sampling of his gems is always fun to assemble. These thoughts are derived from my book, *A Connoisseur’s Guide to the Books of Sir Winston Churchill*.¹³

THE RIVER WAR

With the help of his mother, Lady Randolph, and other influential friends, young Winston won early assignments as a war reporter. He had written five books by age 25, four of them were based on his military experiences in India, the Sudan and South Africa. (The fifth was his only novel, *Savrola*, which he steadfastly urged his friends not to read. When it was republished in 1956 he wrote in a new foreword, “The intervening fifty-five years have somewhat dulled but certainly not changed my sentiments on this point.”)¹⁴

The aim of Churchill’s early books was to catapult him into fame and Parliament. In 1900, after his sensational escape from a South African prison camp during the Anglo-Boer war, they did just that. But his grandest early work, which scholars have compared to that of Thucydides,¹⁵ is *The River War*, published 114 years ago—a brilliant history of British involvement in the Sudan. Though a century old, it remains insightful to our own time. Combined with Churchill’s personal adventures, there are passages of deep reflection about how civilized governments should deal with more primitive ones, and the religious zealots that often accompany them.

Far from accepting uncritically the superiority of British civilization, Churchill shows his appreciation for the longing for liberty among

indigenous Sudanese; but he finds their native regime defective in its inadequate protection for the liberty of its subjects.

In 1885 the Sudan had been overrun by Dervish tribesman under their religious leader, the Mahdi, culminating in the assassination of the British envoy, General Gordon, at the capital of Khartoum. Fourteen years later, London sent Lord Kitchener, at the head of a combined British-Egyptian force (including Churchill), to reestablish Anglo-Egyptian sovereignty. Notwithstanding the superiority of British weapons and tactics, the obstacles presented by the Nile, the desert, the climate, cholera and a brave, fanatical Dervish army were formidable.

My favorite passage from *The River War*, sadly excised in 1902, concerns Churchill’s visit to the field of Omdurman three days after British artillery had done its deadly work. And consider as you read this how unlikely it must have seemed from an ardent promoter of the British Empire at the height of its power. If you want to know what war can be, even today with precision guided missiles, you have only to read this description:

The sight was appalling. The smell redoubled the horror...I have tried to gild war, and to solace myself for the loss of dear and gallant friends, with the thought that a soldier’s death for a cause that he believes in will count for much, whatever may be beyond this world. But there was nothing dulce et decorum about the Dervish dead; nothing of the dignity of unconquerable manhood; all was filthy corruption. Yet they were as brave men as ever walked the earth. The conviction was

born in on me that their claim beyond the grave in respect of a valiant death was not less good than that which any of our countrymen could make.... Three days before I had seem them rise—eager, confident, resolved. The roar of their shouting had swelled like the surf on a rocky shore, confident in their strength, in the justice of their cause, in the support of their religion. Now only the heaps of corruption in the plain, and the fugitives dispersed and scattered in the wilderness, remained. Their end, however, only anticipates that of the victors; for Time, which laughs at science, as science laughs at valour, will in due course contemptuously brush both combatants away.

Yet, because Churchill was an optimist, he concludes with a vision of

some distant age, when a mighty system of irrigation has changed the desolate plain of Omdurman into a fertile garden, and the mud hovels of the town have given place to the houses, the schools, and the theatres of a great metropolis, that the husbandman, turning up a skull amid the luxuriant crop, will sapiently remark, 'There was aforetime a battle here.' Thus the event will be remembered.¹⁶

That was Winston Churchill, the youthful idealist, at age 25.

THE WORLD CRISIS

In 1905 Churchill hired a man who was to become his chief literary assistant for thirty years—Edward Marsh, a classical scholar, a civil servant and a brilliant *littérateur*. Around the same time, Churchill stopped writing his books and

speeches in longhand and began dictating to teams of secretaries, with Eddie Marsh to vet his drafts. They made a marvelous team, and have left us with captivating exchanges about the craft of writing:

Eddie: You are very free with your commas. I always reduce them to a minimum: and use 'and' or an 'or' as a substitute not as an addition. Let us argue it out. W.

[Marsh replies:] I look on myself as a bitter enemy of superfluous commas, and I think I could make a good case for any I have put in—but I won't do it any more!

Eddie: No, do continue. I am adopting provisionally. But I want to argue with you. W.¹⁷

Once Marsh entered Churchill's sanctum with a sore throat, unable to spar with him. "What's this?" asked Churchill. "Is that resonant organ altogether extinct?"¹⁸ This marked the beginning of another long debate about hyphens. But I don't mean to trivialize. Marsh appears more frequently than anyone else in the Chartwell Visitors Book. When he died in 1953 Churchill, who seemed to outlive everybody, wrote, "He was a master of literature and scholarship and a deeply instructed champion of the arts. All his long life was serene, and he left this world, I trust, without a pang, and I am sure without a fear."¹⁸

Marsh helped Churchill write *The World Crisis*, his memoir of World War I, which started with Churchill as First Lord of the Admiralty. Before it was over he had fallen disastrously from power, commanded a battalion in Flanders, returned to the government as Minister of Munitions, and attended the Versailles peace conference.

If you want to read a "big book" by Churchill, look no farther. Like all of his war books it is highly personal. One of his friends called it "Winston's brilliant autobiography, disguised as a history of the Universe." And one of his enemies said, "Winston has written an enormous book all about himself and calls it *The World Crisis*."²⁰

Even if you do not read war books you will be entranced by Churchill's account of the awful, unfolding scene of World War I: the great power rivalries that caused the war; his own attempts at peacemaking; his failed effort to break the deadlock in Europe by forcing the Dardanelles, knocking Turkey out of the war and aiding the Russians; the carnage on the Western Front; how Germany almost won and then lost the war in 1918. The late Sir Robert Rhodes James regarded *The World Crisis* as Churchill's masterpiece, though noting rightly that "one can never quite separate Churchill the orator from Churchill the writer."²¹

The following excerpt from *The World Crisis* is the favorite of Gen. Colin Powell, who asked me for the attribution. It summarizes what we now call the Powell Doctrine, which is not to go to war unless your interests are directly involved and you have overwhelming superiority—very relevant at the moment.

In 1911, the Germans sent a gunboat to Agadir, Morocco, and almost went to war with France over it. Churchill is writing of the exchange of diplomatic telegrams that flew between Berlin, Paris and London as the Agadir Crisis deepened...

They sound so very cautious and correct, these deadly words. Soft, quiet voices purring, courteous, grave, exactly measured phrases in

large peaceful rooms. But with less warning cannons had opened fire and nations had been struck down by this same Germany. So now the Admiralty wireless whispers through the ether to the tall masts of ships, and captains pace their decks absorbed in thought. It is nothing. It is less than nothing. It is too foolish, too fantastic to be thought of in the twentieth century....No one would do such things. Civilization has climbed above such perils. The interdependence of nations in trade and traffic, the sense of public law, the Hague Convention, Liberal principles, the Labour Party, high finance, Christian charity, common sense have rendered such nightmares impossible. Are you quite sure? It would be a pity to be wrong. Such a mistake could only be made once—once for all.²²

Of course, as we now sadly know, the mistakes *were* made, and the world plunged finally into war three years later, with Churchill running the Navy. In fact, his resolution over Agadir had convinced Prime Minister Asquith to send him the Admiralty in October 1911.

In August 1914 Churchill did a prescient thing. Britain's Grand Fleet had assembled for a naval review just as the famous Austrian note to Serbia, which precipitated World War I, was sent. On his own authority, Churchill ordered the Fleet not to disperse but to sail in darkness through the English Channel to its war station at Scapa Flow in the Orkneys. This is Churchill's description of the passage of the armada:

We may now picture this great Fleet, with its flotillas and cruisers, steaming slowly out of Portland Harbour, squadron by

squadron, scores of gigantic castles of steel wending their way across the misty, shining sea, like giants bowed in anxious thought. We may picture them again as darkness fell, eighteen miles of warships running at high speed and in absolute blackness through the narrow Straits, bearing with them into the broad waters of the North the safeguard of considerable affairs....If war should come no one would know where to look for the British Fleet. Somewhere in that enormous waste of waters to the north of our islands, cruising now this way, now that, shrouded in storms and mists, dwelt this mighty organization. Yet from the Admiralty building we could speak to them at any moment if need arose. The king's ships were at sea.²³

That was Winston Churchill, now himself a "giant bowed in anxious thought," at age 49.

MY EARLY LIFE

Enough of war books — consider our author's most charming and captivating work, his autobiography, *My Early Life*, the book we should always suggest people new to Churchill read first (especially young people).

It is now established that Churchill took certain narrative liberties in *My Early Life*, which covers the years from his birth in 1874 to his entry into Parliament. For example, he was not nearly so ignored and abandoned by his parents as he implies. His nephew, Peregrine Churchill, showed me Lady Randolph Churchill's diaries, which prove that she spent a surprising amount of time with Winston and his brother Jack before they left for school.

ON THE BOOKSHELF



THE RIVER WAR



THE WORLD CRISIS



MY EARLY LIFE



MARLBOROUGH

“YOU WILL MAKE ALL KINDS OF MISTAKES; BUT AS LONG AS YOU ARE GENEROUS AND TRUE, AND ALSO FIERCE, YOU CANNOT HURT THE WORLD OR EVEN SERIOUSLY DISTRESS HER. SHE WAS MADE TO BE WOODED AND WON BY YOUTH.” —WSC, *MY EARLY LIFE*

Peregrine concluded: “Winston was a very naughty boy and his parents were much concerned about him.”²⁴

None of his exaggerations affects the wonderful treat provided by this most approachable of Churchill’s books, which one reviewer likened to “a beaker of champagne.”²⁵ If you were drawn to Churchill by *The Second World War*, his autobiography will be a revelation. The war memoirs chronicle a public struggle against national extinction; the autobiography charts a young man’s private struggle to be heard. But the same style and pace is there, the same sense of adventure, the piquant humour, the ability to let the reader to peer over our author’s shoulder as events unfold.

The late William Manchester’s introduction to one edition of *My Early Life* sets the scene for Churchill’s youth (as it does, incidentally, for the popular television mini-series *Downton Abbey*).

Readers must realize, Manchester wrote, that Churchill’s youth was “virtually incomprehensible to most people then alive.” The English aristocracy into which he was born at Blenheim Palace “was considered (and certainly considered themselves) little less than god-like.” Churchill’s class was master of the greatest empire in history, comprising a fourth of the earth’s surface and a quarter of its population, “thrice the size of the Roman Empire at full flush.” They controlled Great Britain

“to an extent inconceivable in any civilized nation today: One percent of the country’s population—some 33,000 people—owned two-thirds of its wealth, and that wealth, before two world wars devoured it, was breathtaking.”²⁶

But wealth, measured in land or inheritance or status, did not necessarily equate with ready cash. Winston Churchill had little handed to him, once family influence had placed him where he wanted to be. He could not have embarked on his thrilling war junkets to Cuba, India and Africa without the influence of his mother and other notables; yet once there, he was on his own, and he acquitted himself well.

His autobiography records these adventures in words which will live as long as English is read. Two excerpts demonstrate. The first is Churchill’s recollection of his examination in mathematics. It’s my personal favorite, because I had similar experience.

We were arrived in an “Alice-in-Wonderland” world, at the portals of which stood “A Quadratic Equation.” This with a strange grimace pointed the way to the Theory of Indices, which again handed on the intruder to the full rigours of the Binomial Theorem. Further dim chambers lighted by sullen, sulphurous fires were reputed to contain a dragon called the “Differential Calculus.” But this monster was beyond the bounds appointed by the Civil Service Commissioners, who regulated this

stage of Pilgrim’s heavy journey. We turned aside, not indeed to the uplands of the Delectable Mountains, but into a strange corridor of things like anagrams and acrostics called Sines, Cosines and Tangents. Apparently they were very important, especially when multiplied by each other, or by themselves....There was a question in my third and last Examination about these Cosines and Tangents in a highly square-rooted condition which must have been decisive upon the whole of my after life....luckily I had seen its ugly face only a few days before and recognised it at first sight. I have never met any of these creatures since.²⁷

Churchill’s account of passing out of the Royal Military Academy and into adulthood is as good an exhortation for youth as any, though it is now over eighty years since Churchill wrote it. Of course in those days one wrote “men” and today we would write “people,” but we must not be “generational chauvinists”....

I passed out of Sandhurst into the world. It opened like Aladdin’s cave. From the beginning of 1895 down to the present time of writing I have never had time to turn round. I could count almost on my fingers the days when I have had nothing to do. An endless moving picture in which one was an actor. On the whole Great Fun! But the years 1895 to 1900 which are the staple of

this story exceed in vividness, variety and exertion anything I have known—except of course the opening months of the Great War.

When I look back upon them I cannot but return my sincere thanks to the high gods for the gift of existence. All the days were good and each day better than the other. Ups and downs, risks and journeys, but always the sense of motion, and the illusion of hope. Come on now all you young men, all over the world. You are needed more than ever now.... You have not an hour to lose. You must take your places in life's fighting line. Twenty to twenty-five! These are the years! Don't be content with things as they are. "The earth is yours and the fullness thereof." Enter upon your inheritance, accept your responsibilities.... Don't take No for an answer. Never submit to failure. Do not be fobbed off with mere personal success or acceptance. You will make all kinds of mistakes; but as long as you are generous and true, and also fierce, you cannot hurt the world or even seriously distress her. She was made to be wooed and won by youth. She has lived and thrives only by repeated subjugations.²⁸

That was Winston Churchill, the seasoned philosopher, at age 56.

PRODUCTIVE WILDERNESS

The 1930s are often called Churchill's "Wilderness Years." Out of office, he was soon isolated by insisting that Britain rearm in the face of Hitler. Churchill was not a politician who takes the public pulse daily and engages in a non-stop popularity contest. He never hesitated to tell people things they didn't want to hear and—until his warn-

ings were proved all too real—he was alienated from his party. Yet this period was anything but a wilderness for Churchill the writer.

"I lived mainly at Chartwell," he recalled, "where I had much to amuse me."²⁹ Indeed he did, because as always, Chartwell was a terrific expense, requiring him to work feverishly. The lights burned late as Churchill labored on hundreds of articles, and some of his most compelling books: *My Early Life*; his eclectic set of essays, *Thoughts and Adventures*; his character studies of the great personages of his age, from Hitler to Roosevelt in *Great Contemporaries*; and his finest biography, the life of his ancestor, John Churchill, First Duke of Marlborough. No less a scholar than Leo Strauss called *Marlborough* "the greatest historical work written in our century, an inexhaustible mine of political wisdom and understanding, which should be required reading for every student of political science."

Thanks to Professor James Muller, three of the four titles above have been republished inexpensively by ISI Press and the University of Chicago, with *Thoughts and Adventures* and *Great Contemporaries* fully annotated and footnoted with modern notes on persons, places and intervening history; and an ISI edition of *My Early Life* is now being developed. Yet not one of these great works, read today, seems at all out of date.

Maurice Ashley, Churchill's leading assistant on *Marlborough*, wrote that his boss held Courage and Honor as the chief virtues—which could at times eclipse all other considerations. "He could be obstinate, and though he might yield to persuasion, he was hard to persuade," Ashley wrote. "That...is Churchill's main weakness as a

historical writer.... History had at first been a pleasant method of making money and in the end it was a means of self-justification. He never had either the time or inclination to absorb himself in it completely, or to revise his work in detail.³⁰

"But," Ashley continues, "there is no doubt whatever that Churchill possessed a powerful sense of history.... And as Isaiah Berlin has written, Churchill's central, organizing principle was 'an historical imagination so strong, so comprehensive, as to encase the whole of the future in a framework of a rich and multi-coloured past.'"³¹

A piece which summarizes Berlin's view is Churchill's 1930 article, "If Lee Had Not Won the Battle of Gettysburg," reprinted in *The Churchillian* two years ago.³² Many experts believe his articles are truer reflections of the real Churchill than his books, because they were never carefully polished, just reeled off. If so, this is an article to ponder again.

THE DREAM

Late in life Churchill gave in to the pessimism he had dodged before (despite reports to the contrary, he was never a manic depressive.) In the 1960s he told his private secretary, Anthony Montague Browne: "Yes, I have worked very hard and accomplished a great many things—only to accomplish nothing in the end."³³ Sir Anthony said he thought Churchill was referring to his failure to cement the "special relationship" with America, and to reach what he called "a final settlement" with the Soviet Union—although in his 1949 Boston speech he had predicted Communism's fall: "the soul of man thus held in trance or frozen in a long night can be



"The Dream," 1947, oil on canvas by Sal Asaro, originally commissioned for the first edition of *The Dream* in volume form, published by The International Churchill Society, 1987, reproduced by kind permission of the artist.

awakened by a spark coming from God knows where and in a moment the whole structure of lies and oppression is on trial for its life.³⁴

Regrets, he had a few, but then again, too few to mention? Perhaps. But it was to Churchill's lasting regret that his father never lived to see what he had accomplished. And thereby hangs a final story.

At dinner in late 1946, his daughter Sarah pointed to an empty chair: "If you had the power to put anyone in that chair, whom would you choose?" She expected him to say Caesar, Napoleon, Marlborough—but he took only a moment to consider. "Oh," he said, "my father of course."

Churchill then went on to write what he called a "private article,"

never published in his lifetime, about a winter night in his studio, where he is attempting to copy a portrait of his father. He suddenly felt an odd sensation, and there, sitting in his red leather armchair, is Lord Randolph Churchill, with his waxed moustache and his cigarette poised to light—just as Winston remembered him in his prime.³⁵

"What are you doing, Winston?" his father says. Winston explains, adding, "I only do it as a hobby." "Yes, I'm sure you could never earn your living that way," his father observes. Informed it is now 1947 Lord Randolph says: "So more than fifty years have passed. A lot must have happened. Tell me about it."

Then Winston Churchill, over 70,

recites to his 40-year-old father everything that has happened since Lord Randolph died in 1895, without ever revealing—and this is the supreme irony of the piece—the role Winston himself played in events.

He shocks his father by informing him that women have the vote, that socialists are in power, and that India is independent. His father groans: "What About Ireland? Did they get Home Rule?"

"The South got it, but Ulster stayed with us."

"Are the South a republic?"

"No one knows what they are," Winston replies. "They are neither in nor out of the Empire."

Lord Randolph is startled when his son mentions that there have

been wars: “Yes indeed, Papa,” Winston tells him. “We have had nothing else but wars since democracy took charge.”

“But wars like these must have cost a million lives.”

“Papa, in each of them about thirty million men were killed in battle. In the last one, seven million were murdered in cold blood, mainly by the Germans. They made human slaughter pens like the Chicago stockyards. Europe is a ruin. Ten capitals in Eastern Europe are in Russian hands. They are Communists now, you know—Karl Marx and all that. It may well be that an even worse war is drawing near.... Far gone are the days of Queen Victoria and a settled world order.”

Lord Randolph is stunned. “Winston,” he says, “You have told me a terrible tale. I would never have believed that such things could happen. I am glad I did not live to see them. As I listened to you unfolding these fearful facts you seemed to know a great deal about them. I never expected that you would develop so far and so fully. Of course you are too old now to think about such things, but when I hear you talk I really wonder you didn’t go into politics. You might have done a lot to help. You might even have made a name for yourself.”

His father strikes a match to light his cigarette. There is a tiny flash and he vanishes. The chair is empty. Winston writes: “I rubbed my brush again in my paint, and turned to finish the moustache. But so vivid had my fancy been that I felt too tired to go on. Also my cigar had gone out, and the ash had fallen among all the paints.”

And that was Churchill, chronicler of a century of peril, at age 73.

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Hilaire Belloc

The Writer's Colleagues

CHURCHILL AND BELLOC

Lord of English, Prince of Satire

Joseph Hilaire Pierre Belloc (1870-1953)—writer, sailor, poet, friend of Churchill—was born in France but educated at Birmingham and Oxford. He served with the French Artillery before becoming a naturalized British subject in 1902.

Between 1906 and 1910 he was Churchill's Parliamentary colleague, the Member for Salford South, Manchester: curious, since Salford was heavily Jewish and Belloc "suffered from an urbane anti-semitism."² This seems to have been his major character flaw, but Churchill tended to overlook the faults of his friends.

French though he was, Belloc looked more like John Bull than anyone: He wore a stand-up collar several sizes too large for him [and] was big and stocky and red of face."³ Churchill's nephew John Spencer-Churchill described him as "plump and cherub-like"....

He used to wear a three-tier cloak, which impressed me as exceedingly grand. My ambition was to have one like it myself one day. He used to take me sailing. We would start early in the morning, chug down the narrow Sussex lanes in his vintage Ford, lustily singing shocking French songs, and board his boat at Arundel.... Belloc was a devout Catholic, and undoubtedly his intellectual approach to the Catholic religion influenced my own interpretation of it in later years.⁴

English by choice, Belloc shared Churchill's reverence for France. Leo Amery remembers an Oxford Union debate in 1893 on the motion, "That at the present juncture the advent of a Dictator would be a blessing to the French people." Belloc replied with "passionate eloquence...reminding us of all that France had meant to human thought and human freedom, of how treacherously she had been forced into war in 1870 and how ruthlessly dismembered. It was one of the most moving speeches I have ever heard.... Belloc's eloquence prevailed and the motion was defeated."⁵

While Churchill was learning to be a cavalry officer, Belloc was a shooting star among Oxford's young Liberals. In his *Six Liberal Essays* he argued against the growing

"pragmatism" of the Liberal Party. Neither socialist nor capitalist, Belloc believed that British civilization had peaked in the High Middle Ages, led by beneficent Catholic monarchs, Charles II and James II. For him the last 400 years had simply entrenched the class system and handed control from a land-owning yeomanry to an aristocratic establishment—a view which would eventually disenchant him with politics.⁶

Belloc and Churchill were part of the Liberal sweep in the 1906 general election. Violet Bonham Carter, who wrote the magnificent *Winston Churchill As I Knew Him*, first met Winston at a party with Hilaire. Both men supported Irish Home Rule and Free Trade, but their early relationship was uneven. In 1906 they clashed over Lord Milner, Governor of the Transvaal, who had been accused of illegally flogging Chinese coolies. Belloc asked if he had really done anything wrong. Of course, Churchill shot back: he had authorized punishment while the Colonial Office had proscribed it, "a grave dereliction of public duty."⁷

Importation of coolies for work in the Rand coal mines was widely disparaged. Lloyd George called it "Chinese Slavery," though Churchill said that phrase was a "terminological inexactitude."⁸ Banning it seemed a good political ploy, but proved tricky. If cheap labor were not imported, taxpayers might have to compensate mine-owners for the losses they would suffer. The government waffled, to the ire of Belloc, "whose liberalism was always most intense when it could be allied with his savage hatred of the

*"To Belloc this generation owes big glimpses of the Homeric spirit. His mission is to flay alive the humbugs and hypocrites and the pedants and to chant robust folk-songs to the naked stars of the English world to a rousing obligato of clinking flagons."*¹

'gallant Albus,' 'fair young Wernhers' and 'tall Goltmans' of international Jewish finance." Ultimately the Transvaal took its own decision to send the Chinese home. "The experiment in semi-slavery had by then proved such a failure that not even the mine-owners wanted to keep them."⁹

Belloc and Churchill were again on opposite sides over Women's Suffrage, on which Churchill's views were "evolving" (to use a modern expression) while Belloc's had already evolved. Churchill's secretary, Eddie Marsh, recalled a heated debate when Belloc said he was glad opponents had not argued "the intellectual inferiority of women," a view, he said, "held only by young, unmarried men. The rest of us, as we grow older, come to look on the intelligence of women first with reverence, then with stupor, and finally with terror." Imagine, Marsh added, saying all this with "his French r's."¹⁰ But women were denied the vote until 1918.

Belloc was disappointed with Parliament. He'd had high hopes for the Liberal government, and his maiden speech had marked him as a brilliant orator. He now concluded that Liberal reforms merely offered "the propertyless worker perpetual security...in exchange for the surrender of the political freedom," confirming the "inferior status of the proletariat as the recipient of financial aid," conferring "a superior status upon those taxed to fulfill that obligation." The result, he said, was a permanent division "between laborer and employer, serf and lord, slave and citizen."¹¹

Such examples of "business as usual,"—as when his party refused to contemplate stripping the House of Lords of all power—soured Belloc on Parliament. He refused to run again in 1910, saying he was "weary of the party system."¹² Persuaded that things were really no different under a Liberal than a Tory government, he wrote an oft-quoted epigram:

*The accursed power that stands on privilege
And goes with women and champagne and bridge
Broke, and democracy resumed her reign
Which goes with bridge and women and champagne.*¹³

A distinguished poet and satirist, Belloc henceforth devoted his time to writing, producing 153 books of essays, fiction, history, biography and verse, as well as many articles. Few English writers, thought Churchill's friend Brendan Bracken, "could hold a candle to Belloc, in his day, for wit, hard logic and felicity of phrasing."¹⁴ Later his books arrived in such quantity and mixed quality that he was deemed a hack, but he was far from that. Today his most celebrated work is a group of nonsense poems, *Cautionary Tales for Children*; but in his time



In 1912 the thought of G.K. Chesterton (above) merged with that of his friend in what reviewers labeled "Chesterbelloc": their critique of Britain's body politic, *The Servile State*.

he was a famous critic of the establishment, notably in his 1912 book, *The Servile State*.

Anti-statist, anti-collectivist and anti-establishment, Belloc deplored the servitude of the industrial wage-earner and longed to reconcile his two great loves, "the soil of England and the Catholic faith."¹⁵ His book championed "distributism," a combination of broad land distribution, corporate organization of society, workers' control of the means of production, decentralization of power, and Jeffersonian democracy comprising a property-owning electorate. Like Churchill, Belloc had traveled in America; it is odd that he never seemed to suggest that the United States, with its class mobility and broad property ownership, came remarkably close to his vision.

The Servile State was the first appearance of "Chesterbelloc," expressed by Hilaire and his close friend G.K. Chesterton.¹⁶ Belloc had converted Chesterton to Catholicism, and wrote for *G.K.'s Weekly*; the two were England's leading lay exponents of Catholic doctrine, with what Robert Blake described as "ceaseless hammering of 'the system' and their disagreeable streak of anti-semitism—partly a French importation, partly a reaction to the great break-through of the rich Jewish financiers into society and politics under the earlier patronage of Edward VII."¹⁷

This likely produced disagreements with Churchill, who if anything was a pro-semite, especially after Belloc and G.K.'s brother Cecil produced a violently anti-Jewish journal called *Eye Witness*. Churchill's colleague Herbert Samuel, and his co-religionist Rufus Isaacs, wished to sue *Eye Witness* for libel, but were dissuaded by Asquith. "Prosecution would secure it notoriety," the Prime Minister said. "We have broken weather," he went on somewhat irrelevantly, "and but for Winston there would be nothing [positive about the Liberals] in the newspapers."¹⁸

"But for Winston" there would be nothing positive in the Admiralty, either. When the Dardanelles fiasco forced Churchill to resign as First Lord and join his regiment at the front, Belloc and other friends "drank Winston's health and sang the French children's song that poked fun at the First

Duke of Marlborough, 'Malbrouck s'en va'en guerre.' (Marlborough goes off to war)." They congratulated Churchill for "breaking loose from his official bondage to the gang of incapables that had been making a fool of the British Empire."¹⁹



"This trench is wrong. It doesn't agree with my map." Belloc purchased King's Land, five acres in Shipley, Sussex, for £1000 in 1907, and thereafter became a passionate advocate of the county.

Cartoon by Leonard Ravenhill in *Punch*, 27 June 1917.

One of their bogeys was Andrew Bonar Law, the Tory leader who in 1915 brought his party into coalition with Asquith at the price of denying Churchill major office. Bonar Law, a worthy but plodding figure, briefly Prime Minister after the war, died shortly afterward. He was an unhappy participant in the 1916 struggle that saw Asquith replaced by Lloyd George as prime minister, which Churchill welcomed. WSC sometimes quoted lines composed by Belloc: "Of all Prime Ministers I ever saw, The least remarkable was Bonar Law..."²⁰

By the 1920s Belloc had befriended all the Churchills. Johnny recalled his father, Winston's brother Jack, renting a summer house in the South Downs: "...we were near enough to Belloc for him to visit us....At the end of a course he liked to get up from the table with an apology, leave the room and reappear in a few minutes with an enormous omelet, which he had cooked himself. He was a very good cook....I remember being absolutely mystified at seeing him hanging out of a top-floor window one day. He had a bottle of brandy in his hand and was carefully dripping the precious liquid into a bowl placed in the garden below. 'This,' he assured me in all seriousness, 'will add ten years to its age.'"²¹

Belloc shared Churchill's interest in Marlborough. While WSC was writing Marlborough's life in the 1930s, Belloc published *Six British Battles: Crécy, Poitiers, Blenheim, Malplaquet, Tourcoing, Waterloo* in November 1931; and *The Tactics and Strategy of the Great Duke of Marlborough* in July 1933. Churchill drew his friend's work to the attention of his literary assistant, Lt.-Col. Pakenham-Walsh:

I do not know whether you have read this rather suggestive account of the Blenheim March by Hilaire Belloc....and we will have another discussion when I get nearer to it.²²

Here is rather an interesting book by Hilaire Belloc which has just reached me....He makes a great point of the dip in the ground at Ramillies which shielded the counter march.... I expect he is right about Marlborough keeping everything open on his march to Blenheim.²³

But while Churchill thought Marlborough's victories had contributed to British glory, Belloc thought they had entrenched the class system and rule by elites. In stimulating evenings at Chartwell they hashed over their differences, and Churchill cited Belloc in his bibliography. Belloc was asked to review Churchill's first volume but declined because, he said, the fee was too low. Possibly he did not wish to criticize his friend. The attack on Churchill's hostile portrait of Belloc's favorite Catholic monarch was left to Malcolm Hay's *Winston Churchill and James II*.²⁴

It was characteristic of Churchill to solicit the historical views of those who were not career historians, such as Belloc and Alfred Duff Cooper. Duff told Churchill that a "partisan history" like *Marlborough* "knows more of the truth of the matter than the Dryasdust cold blooded historian can ever get at after sifting all the evidence and applying his microscope to the faded ink."²⁵

What a joy to have been to be present at such conversations! "Wit, charm, genius for friendship, conversational brilliance, all these are transitory qualities not easily captured," wrote John Charmley. "Bob Boothby recalled a lunch with Duff and Belloc when 'the food was excellent, the claret superb' and where he would never again 'hope to listen to talk of such

incandescent brilliance'. . . Belloc started to recite some of his own poems, but laughed so much that Duff had to finish them." A dinner in 1936 was "enlivened by the poet singing 'Provençal lyrics' and reciting French poetry and Jacobite ballads: It was quite a unique experience—but not to be repeated."²⁶

Churchill was a young 65 when war came again to Britain, but Belloc was an aging 69, and in no way ready for it. Uniquely and sadly, he had lost his first son in World War I, and would lose his second son in World War II. He did not like the modern world—liked less the horrific blacked-out streets of shattered London. The England of his time was far away, and "probably the only place he could have flourished as he did. Churchill offered him a high honor in the name of the King, in the twilight of Belloc's life, when the bombs were bursting over Britain. Belloc turned him down courteously."²⁷

Earlier he had gladly accepted such honors. In 1934, Pope Pius XI had decorated him with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregory the Great for his services to Catholicism as a writer, while Oxford had given him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. He shared with Churchill the distinction of being the only persons to have their portraits hung in the National Portrait Gallery while they were still alive. He should have accepted Churchill's honor, for this "loud and opinionated Anglo-Frenchman was more unpopular than he realized."²⁸ He had attacked too many sacred cows to suit the establishment. He had been, in the 1930s, a Franco supporter in the Spanish Civil War, a position that pleased no one.

In 1947 the Labour government set up a royal commission on the press, an act Lord Beaverbrook regarded as "persecution" (particularly since he was one of its targets). It charged that Beaverbrook kept a blacklist of people who were never to be mentioned in his newspapers: an odd lot, including Belloc, Paul Robeson, Haile Selassie and Noël Coward. But the commission decided that the list was simply intended to name libel risks. Belloc had been mentioned many times in the Beaverbrook press (but never sued).²⁹

Four days before his eighty-third birthday, while Belloc was dozing before the fire in his daughter's home, he fell into the flames. He was so badly burned that he died in hospital on July 16, 1953.³⁰ He was buried in his beloved Sussex at the Shrine Church of Our Lady of Consolation, West Grinstead. He was mourned by few, but one of them was Winston Churchill.

After the war Hatch Mansfield, Churchill's wine merchants, bought up all the '28 and '34 Pol Roger champagne in France for Churchill's exclusive consumption. In 1954, they investigated Chartwell's cellar and pronounced it a "shambles." Ralph Mansfield threw out the dross and instituted a cellar book, which was scarcely necessary: the cellar consisted almost entirely of Pol Roger, vintage Hine and Johnny Walker Black Label.

One set of bottles, pronounced "awful," was designated for the bin, but Sir Winston intervened. They contained a white burgundy, which Churchill had personally bottled with Hilaire Belloc.³¹

No, said Churchill. Let them rest.

"We sit by and watch the Barbarian ..."

Faith is to be fought for and, once won—if won only precariously—cherished and watered, but not watered down. So too with the civilization crafted into being for us by the Faith: it must be loved and defended. We might all read Belloc's meditation "Wall of the City": within, the busy commerce of decent men who go about the pots and pans of life and who worship God as He is carried through the streets in the monstrosity—and without, the enemy.

Belloc articulated that enemy for his own time. The enemy is the barbarian, but he always used the word analogically; and the older barbarian before the walls comes off better than his modern counterpart.

The Barbarian within is the man who laughs at the fixed convictions of our inheritance. He is the man with a perpetual sneer on his lips. He hopes—and that is the mark of him—that he can have his cake and eat it too. He will consume what

civilization has slowly produced after generations of selection and effort, but he will not be at pains to replace such goods, nor indeed has he a comprehension of the virtue that has brought them into being.

Belloc could be describing just about everyone you met at your last cocktail party or faculty meeting. Listen to Belloc in words written from the solitude of the Sahara, as he pondered the ruins of Timgad:

"We sit by and watch the Barbarian, we tolerate him; in the long stretches of peace we are not afraid. We are tickled by his irreverence, his comic inversion of our old certitudes and our fixed creeds refreshes us; we laugh. But as we laugh we are watched by large and awful faces from beyond: and on these faces there is no smile."

—Frederick D. Wilhelmsen,
The Catholic Writer 2 (1989)



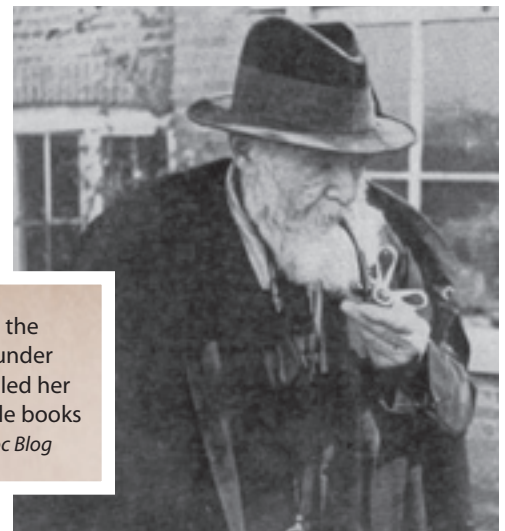
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15. Fiske, *Belloc to Churchill*, 18, 29.
16. *Ibid.*, 33.
17. Robert Blake, *The Conservative Party from Peel to Churchill* (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1970), 192.
18. Robert Rhodes James, *The British Revolution: British Politics 1880-1939* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1976), 271.



Left: The young Belloc spoke with "passionate eloquence" in many an Oxford Union Debate.

Photo courtesy of Belloc Collection, MS1998-004, Box 2, Folder 21, John J. Burns Library, Boston College, Massachusetts.



Right: Belloc in old age. "He tramped the length and breadth of Sussex, slept under her hedgerows, drank in her inns, sailed her coast and wrote several incomparable books about her." Photo courtesy of Hilaire Belloc Blog

19. Ted Morgan, *Churchill: The Rise to Failure 1874-1915* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1983), 607.
20. John Colville, *The Churchillians* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1981), 63.
21. J.S. Churchill, *Crowded Canvas*, 42-43.
22. WSC to Lt.-Col. Pakenham-Walsh, 9 February 1933 (Churchill papers: 8/321) in Martin Gilbert, ed., *Winston S. Churchill, Companion Volume V, Part 2, The Wilderness Years 1929-1935* (London: Heinemann, 1976), 524.
23. WSC to Pakenham-Walsh, 13 July 1933 (Churchill papers: 8/323), *ibid.*, 629.
24. Feske, *Belloc to Churchill*, 204, 206, 272 (n.128). Malcolm Hay, *Winston Churchill and James II of England*

- (London: Harding & More, 1934).
25. Alfred Duff Cooper to WSC, 9 July 1933, in Feske, *Belloc to Churchill*, 204.
26. John Charmley, *Duff Cooper* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1986), 93.
27. Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, "Hilaire Belloc: Defender of the Faith," in *The Catholic Writer: The Proceedings of the Wethersfield Institute 2* (1989): 83-95.
28. Fiske, *Belloc to Churchill*, 20.
29. Anne Chisholm-Davie, *Beaverbrook: A Life* (London: Hutchinson, 1992), 457-58.
30. Catholic Authors, op. cit.
31. Dalton Newfield, "International Updates," *Finest Hour* 37, Autumn 1982, 4.

Belloc At Barge

At his best, Belloc was capable of whimsy, satire and aphorisms that his friend Winston Churchill ardently admired.

MANKIND & NATIONS

→ It is sometimes necessary to lie damnably in the interests of the nation. All men have an instinct for conflict: at least, all healthy men.

→ The prospect of refreshment at the charges of another is an opportunity never to be neglected by men of clear commercial judgment.

→ From quiet homes and first beginning,
out to the undiscovered ends,
there's nothing worth the wear of winning,
but laughter and the love of friends.

→ It has been discovered that with a dull urban population, all formed under a mechanical system of State education, a suggestion or command, however senseless and unreasoned, will be obeyed if it be sufficiently repeated.

→ Every major question in history is a religious question. It has more effect in molding life than nationalism or a common language.

→ I do not know what Mr. Chesterton is going to say. I do not know what Mr. Shaw is going to say. If I did I would not say it for them. I vaguely gather from what I have heard that they are going to try to discover a principle: whether men should be free to possess private means, as is Mr. Shaw, as is Mr. Chesterton; or should be, like myself, an embarrassed person, a publishers' hack. I could tell them; but my mouth is shut. I am not allowed to say what I think. At any rate, they are going to debate this sort of thing. I know not what more to say They are about to debate. You are about to listen. I am about to sneer. (1928)



Belloc (center), chairing a 1928 London debate between Shaw (left) and Chesterton.

→ Do not, I beseech you, be troubled about the increase of forces already in dissolution. You have mistaken the hour of the night; it is already morning.

→ When friendship disappears then there is a space left open to that awful loneliness of the outside world which is like the cold space between the planets. It is an air in which men perish utterly.

MAXIMS & EXPRESSIONS

→ All that which concerns the sea is profound and final.

→ Always keep a hold of Nurse
For fear of finding something worse.

→ To walk because it is good for you warps the soul, just as it warps the soul for a man to talk for hire or because he think it his duty.

→ I'm tired of love; I'm still more tired of rhyme;
but money gives me pleasure all the time.

→ If we are to be happy, decent and secure of our souls: drink some kind of fermented liquor with one's food; go on the water from time to time; dance on occasions, and sing in a chorus.

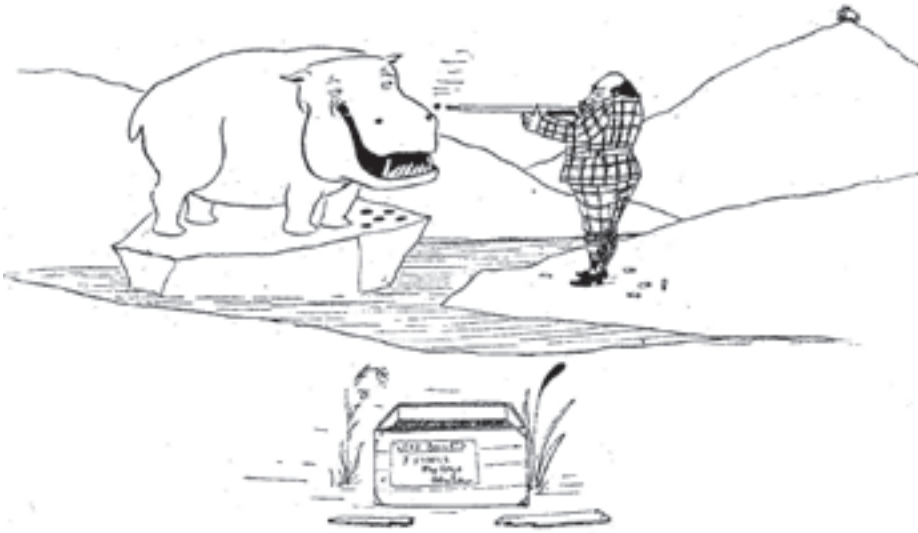
→ Loss and possession, death and life are one,
There falls no shadow where there shines no sun.

→ Is there no Latin word for Tea? Upon my soul, if I had known that, I would have let the vulgar stuff alone.

→ I have wandered all my life, and I have traveled; the difference between the two is this—we wander for distraction, but we travel for fulfillment.

→ These are the advantages of travel, that one meets so many men whom one would otherwise never meet, and that one feeds as it were upon the complexity of mankind.

WHIMSY & SATIRE



→ *On Big Game Hunting*

"I shoot the Hippopotamus with bullets made of platinum, because if I use the leaden one his hide is sure to flatten 'em."
Illustration from Belloc's *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*
(London: Duckworth, 1896)

→ *On the Accession of Edward VII:*
There will be bridge and booze 'till
after three
And, after that, a lot of them will grope
Along the corridors in robes de nuit,
Pyjamas, or some other kind of dope.
A sturdy matron will be sent to cope
With Lord ---, who isn't quite the thing,
And give his wife the leisure to elope,
And Mrs. James will entertain the
King!

The Rich arrived in pairs
And also in Rolls-Royces;
They talked of their affairs
In loud and strident voices...
The Poor arrived in Fords,
Whose features they resembled;
They laughed to see so many Lords
And Ladies all assembled.
The People in Between
Looked underdone and harassed,
And out of place and mean,
And Horribly embarrassed

ON WRITING

→ History is a matter of flair rather than of facts. You saw all those books which your staff were collecting for me this morning? I have a flair that not one of them contains a single fact which is of the least use to me. I shall not return to the library.

→ You cannot hope to bribe or twist
Thank God, the British journalist.
But seeing what the man will do
unbribed There's no occasion to.

→ Writing itself is a bad enough trade, rightly held up to ridicule and contempt by the greater part of mankind, and especially by those who do real work, plowing, riding, sailing.

→ **Any subject can be made interesting, and therefore any subject can be made boring.**

→ Write as the wind blows and command all words like an army!

→ The Llama is a woolly sort of fleecy hairy goat, with an indolent expression and an undulating throat; like an unsuccessful literary man. And I know the place he lives in (or at least — I think I do) It is Ecuador, Brazil or Chile — possibly Peru; You must find it in the Atlas if you can.

→ **Just as there is nothing between the admirable omelet and the intolerable, so with autobiography.**

→ Great artistic talent in any direction...is hardly inherent to the man. It comes and goes; it is often possessed only for a short phase in his life; it hardly ever colors his character as a whole and has nothing to do with the moral and intellectual stuff of the mind and soul. Many great artists, perhaps most great artists, have been poor fellows indeed, whom to know was to despise.

→ He does not die that can bequeath
Some influence to the land he knows,
Or dares, persistent, interweath
Love permanent with the wild
hedgerows;
He does not die, but still remains
Substantiate with his darling plains

→ Be at the pains of putting down every single item of expenditure whatsoever every day which could possibly be twisted into a professional expense and remember to lump in all the doubtfuls.

→ I am writing with a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. The nib is of pure gold, as the Throne of Charlemagne in *The Story of Roland*. Indeed it is a pen so excellent that it reminds me of my subject—the pleasure of taking up one's pen.

→ **When I am dead, I hope it may be said: "His sins were scarlet, but his books were read."**

ONCE MORE THE ROAR

By far the most popular Churchill question on the Web since there was a Web was: “When will William Manchester publish his third volume?” The first two—*Visions of Glory 1874-1930* and *Alone 1930-1940* packed all the high style of Manchester’s classics.

Alas those two volumes, published 1983 and 1988, were followed by a long silence. Manchester suffered a stroke in 1998, and a few years later concluded that he could not finish. Before he died, however, he wisely chose his friend Paul Reid, a skilled newspaper journalist, to assemble his notes and produce connecting tissue for the final volume. “I wanted a writer, not a historian,” Manchester said.

Every word of this book, though inspired by Manchester, was signed off on by Paul Reid. To paraphrase Churchill in *My Early Life*, Reid affected the “staccato antitheses, rolling sentences and genitival endings” of his friend, but “stuck in a bit of my own from time to time.”

Although Manchester (curiously) insisted that Churchill’s story was over in 1945, and planned no coverage of the last twenty years, Reid realized that those years embodied among other things Churchill’s final goal: peace itself. He gave this attention, and wound up with a flourish at Bladon in 1965. But the book is mainly devoted to the lion prime minister of World War II.

Though not omitting Churchill’s failures, it is on the whole positive. But that is also the verdict of history. None of the respected critiques, from Alanbrooke’s Diaries in 1959 to this day, have significantly changed history’s view. Richard Langworth wrote, “Churchill’s faults like his virtues were on a grand scale, but the latter vastly outweighed the former.”

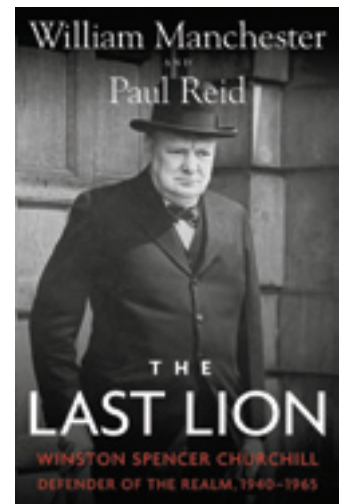
And it is to Paul Reid that we owe the puncturing of several old myths that Churchill suffered from severe depression, that he was the aging, vacillating character portrayed by Lord Moran; that he tried to prevent a Second Front in France; that he was anti-Semitic, not pro-Zionist; that he rode roughshod over his generals, and so on. Reid does admit that Churchill did put away large volumes of alcohol, but denies he was an alcoholic, and he has this right: WSC’s intake, though steady, was diluted, either by water or meals. Virtually no one ever thought him the worse for drink, though sometimes they thought him the better for it!

A virtue of *Defender of the Realm* is its relative lack of errors. Manchester in his volumes made some big ones, and sometimes got key place names wrong. Reid employed a small army of experts who went over the manuscript, and personally considered every objection, either to fact or his own opinions.

One valid criticism of the book was leveled by Andrew Roberts, who wrote that the nature of Reid’s assignment prevented his taking the measure of significant scholarship since Manchester’s stroke. Roberts mentions such writers as “Robert Blake, Arthur Herman, David Reynolds, David Carlton, William Roger Louis, Allen Packwood, Geoffrey Best, Christopher Bell, Max Hastings, Carlo d’Este, Barbara Leaming, Jon Meacham, Brian Lavery, John Ramsden, Sebastian Haffner, Klaus Larres, Taylor Downing, Lynne Olson and Philip White.” As a result, Roberts concludes, this is a book of the late 1980s and early 1990s.

But that is what it almost had to be. Manchester was depressed before his stroke, telling friends that so many official secrets had now been released that he feared he would have to start over. Volume III is a product of its time. But so are several other classic works—like Robert Rhodes James’s *Churchill: A Study in Failure* (1972)—which will always rank among the standards.

What we have is a worthy finale to Manchester’s great work, and as an fine introduction to Churchill for new readers as Martin Gilbert’s famous *Churchill: A Life*, or the superbly balanced books of Paul Addison and Geoffrey Best. It puts the reader on Churchill’s shoulder as he faces the most frightening and cataclysmic events within living memory. No, he didn’t win the war, as Charles Krauthammer wrote: his greatest achievement, when Britain and the Empire stood alone, was not to lose it. —MICHAEL RICHARDS



William Manchester and Paul Reid, *The Last Lion: Winston Spencer Churchill: Defender of the Realm 1940-1965*. Little Brown, 1232 pages, illus., \$40.



Kit Freudenberg
Director of Development

The record is written – the power of words

Last year, the Lang extended family established permanent support for an exciting new program at the National Churchill Museum through an award for outstanding speech and essay performances by pre-collegiate students. To be known as The Lang Prize, it will be awarded in memory of Howard B. Lang, Sr., Howard B. Lang, Jr. and Arthur P. Lang. These three gentlemen, devoted sons, husbands, and fathers as well as men of courage, faith and conviction, exemplify Churchill qualities that the National Churchill Museum seeks to foster and brings to schools through this competition.

These men serve as inspirations too. Mr. Howard B. Lang, Sr., lawyer and judge, graduated from Westminster College in 1908. He was one of the fortunate few present in 1946 as Churchill spoke in Fulton. Mr. Howard B. Lang, Jr., lawyer, a prosecuting attorney and later President of Shelter Insurance, served as Mayor and civic leader in Columbia, Missouri. Mr. Arthur P. Lang, World War Two veteran, wounded near St. Lo during the D-Day invasion in Normandy, was an attorney, a civic leader, and later an executive at Shelter Insurance.

The interest in Churchill that exists today comes from a fascination with what made him the man he was and is testament to the power that his life and leadership continue to inspire. This interest is re-kindled again in the younger generations through school and extra-curricular activities such as this annual Churchill contest =.

Generous support from Mrs. Martha Lang Delmez and family and Mrs. Khaki Lang Westerfield and family will establish, in perpetuity, permanent support for this annual Churchill competition; honors Howard B. Lang, Sr., Howard B. Lang, Jr., and Arthur P. Lang – and brings Winston Churchill and his legacy to life not just for our time but for all time.



RECIPROCAL MEMBERSHIP PRIVILEGES EXPANDS 700 PARTICIPATING MUSEUMS

For National Churchill Museum supporters far afield, the reciprocal museum program gives members at the Member of Parliament and above level additional membership privileges to over 700 participating museums. As you travel or within your community, you are welcome to enjoy these museums and historic sites with free or reduced admissions and parking, discounts at museum stores and restaurants.

For more information, visit the Museum website at www.nationalchurchillmuseum.org/. For the reciprocal museum list, visit <http://www.nationalchurchillmuseum.org/reciprocalmuseums.html> and <http://timetravelers.mohistory.org/>.

To upgrade your membership for these privileges, contact me at 573-592-5022 or at museum@churchillmemorial.org.



Liz Murphy
National Churchill Museum
Archivist/Curator

This Spring in the Archives

The archives and exhibitions are busy this spring at the National Churchill Museum. The annual Churchill Weekend has barely finished and we already looking ahead to a busy spring and summer. In April the Museum will accept the Exemplary Community Achievement Award from the Missouri Humanities Council on behalf of the “Kingdom at Work” Project, the project that brought *The Way We Worked* from Washington, D.C., to Callaway County. All of our major partners pulled together to write letters of recommendations for this award and together with popular acclaim, we are receipt of this prestigious prize. This award is only given to two projects per year, and is given to projects that have, “made a special contribution to a community’s understanding of and support for humanities-related endeavors.” We are very proud of this award and project and very much look forward to the next *The Way We Worked* type experience.

On June 10 we will open our main summer exhibition once again looking back to World War II with: “World War II Navy Art: A Vision of History”. This exhibit pays homage to the Navy Combat Artist Program which was launched in August 1941 and recorded how the war was fought from a very particular perspective. The pieces (primarily watercolors) take the viewer to the front line in a very

personal way. The Navy sent eight artists to serve in combat areas and record their impressions of the action. This small number produced over 1,300 drawings, watercolors, and paintings, which were used to illustrate books and magazines, and toured the country in exhibitions designed to inform and raise public morale. They documented a variety of actions in the European and Pacific theaters, including the Normandy invasion, the campaigns in North Africa, and the bloody invasion of Okinawa. The art on show captures the experiences of war and the men and women who fought in it.

Make plans to be the first to view this exhibit on June 14 from 5:30-7:00 pm at our Opening Event.



Louis Riggs of the Missouri Humanities Council Board of Directors announces The Exemplary Community Achievement Award which will be accepted by the museum on behalf of the Museum for their work with the Kingdom at Work Project, done in conjunction with *The Way We Worked* Exhibit. *Photo by Dak Dillon*

School and Community Update



Mandy Plybon
Education & Public Programs Coordinator

“There is nothing that gives greater pleasure to a speaker than seeing his great points go home. It is like the bullet that strikes the body of the victim.”

—WINSTON
CHURCHILL
APRIL 28, 1927

As this issue of *The Churchillian* arrives I will be at the peak of field trip season. Every year I see returning teachers with familiar faces and new teachers with brand new faces here to learn about one of the world’s greatest leaders. A lot of them know nothing about Winston Churchill; most are just starting to learn about World War II in the classroom. It is always gratifying to see students interacting with each other and the exhibits; watching them find their answers on the scavenger hunt or pull their friends over to see something they found and thought was “cool”.

It is extra special watching “those” students, you know the ones, those that incessantly mutter and whisper when someone is giving direction, those that sit in the back looking around instead of facing forward, and those that look at you with the most blank expression making you doubt your effectiveness as a teacher. It is these students that I like to watch, not for the obvious possibility of misbehavior, but to see if they will make a connection and where. Thankfully, I have been pleasantly surprised when it is these students that offer the most insightful comments and often ask the best questions. It is especially gratifying when they connect with Churchill the man, the one that grew up not getting the attention or approval he needed from his parents, who

overcame a terrible stutter, bad grades, and not being completely understood. In these moments, these students recognize how similar their lives might be, see how Churchill fought his way to the top, never losing sight of his goals or his visions, and, I hope, see how they can overcome their own struggles and challenges.

It is my belief that youth need to be given opportunities to cultivate the confidence and self-esteem needed to become leaders in their community. The Museum’s Education Department and Board of Governor’s Education Committee along with two volunteer teachers, Randy and Becky Pierce, are working on a new competition to replace the existing essay writing contest. The new opportunity is an oratory competition for middle school students. We will start heavily marketing this new endeavor with gifted programs as we feel they might be able to incorporate the competition into their classroom curriculum. Our goal is to have everything set and materials ready to go by May 2013, in time for teachers to include the competition in their 2013-2014 curriculum. The first competition will take place either fall 2013 or winter 2014. Students will be given a Churchill quote as a prompt for creating their oration piece. Preliminary contests at each school will follow with a final competition at the Museum.

THE 2013 CHURCHILL AND THE ENID AND R. CROSBY KEMPER LECTURE

Despite the distinctly chilly weather and copious amounts of snow on the ground the 2013 Churchill weekend, with its centerpiece event, the Enid and R. Crosby Kemper Lecture proceeded undiminished and we were rewarded with a bumper crowd in the Church of St Mary. Distinguished Cambridge professor Peter Clarke spoke on the topic of Winston Churchill, the statesman as author to a packed audience. This theme, one that formed the basis of his recent book, was one that nicely complimented Sir David Cannadine's efforts the previous year that discussed the statesman as author. Professor Clarke began his address with an exposition of the complexities of the Churchill family via a vignette that paid homage to the trial and tribulations feature in the popular television program, *Downton Abbey*. This set the set tone for what was to follow with a lively and insightful discussion of Churchill's long and highly successful career as a writer, an endeavor that Churchill rightly claimed was his 'profession', in parallel with his life as a politician and world leader. A packed Kemper brunch had preceded the lecture with many attendees graciously sponsoring students to attend as well. Seven new Churchill Fellows were inducted and then a reception followed during which Peter Clarke signed innumerable copies of his many books. All in all a wonderful event!

Photos By Dak Dillon



(1) A great crowd for the Kemper Lecture brunch in Backer Dining Hall at Westminster College (2) Mr. Louis Riggs, a Board member of the Missouri Humanities Council, announces that the National Churchill Museum has won the Councils preeminent achievement award: The Exemplary Community Achievement Award for 'The Kingdom at Work' Project. (3) The 2013 Churchill Fellows assemble for a group photograph: from left, Dr. Monroe Trout, Mr. Robert G. Muehlhauser, Mr. A.V.L. (Van) Brokaw III, Senior Fellow Dr. James Schmuck, 2013 Enid and R. Crosby Kemper Lecturer Professor Peter Clarke; Ms. Nancy Carver and Phil White. Honored in absentia Mr. Jack Taylor and Ms. Candice Millard. (4) Westminster College President Dr. Barney Forsythe delivers his welcome at the Kemper lecture.



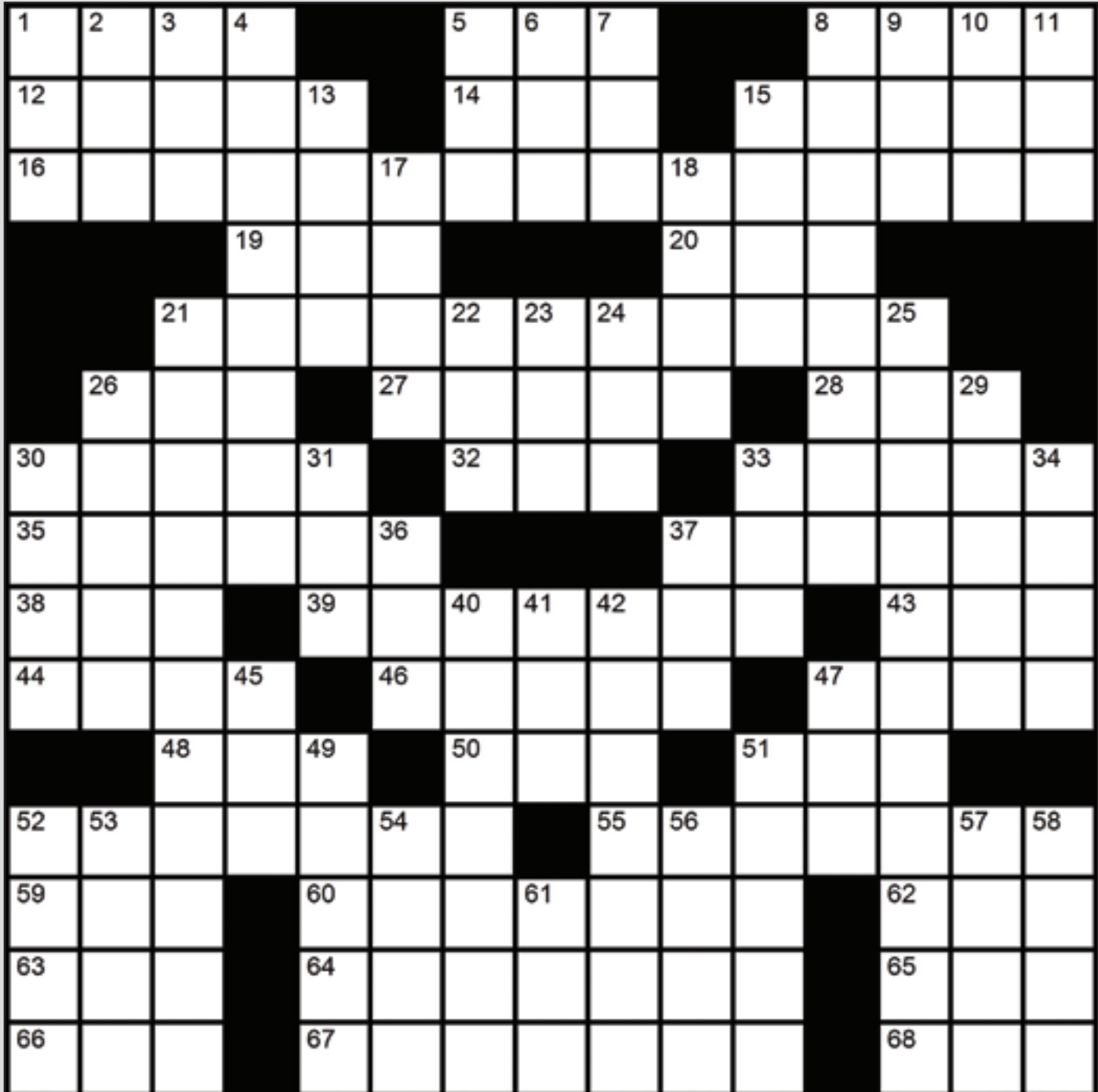


(5) Dr. Trout receives his Churchill fellowship medal. (6) Professor Clarke holds aloft a gift to mark his visit: a signed copy of a photograph taken by Mr. Scott Porter of Winston Churchill on the occasion of his time in Fulton in 1946.



(7) The Westminster College Choir and the magnificent Mander organ in the Church of St Mary combine to render a marvelous performance of the hymn Jerusalem. (8) The Church of St Mary, Aldermanbury, with a capacity crowd to hear Peter Clarke speak (9) Professor Clarke responds to questions submitted by the crowd at brunch. (10-11) Professor Clarke hard at work!

THE CHURCHILLIAN CROSSWORD



Crossword designed by Richard J. Mahoney and Brendon Emmett Quigley

If you like this crossword feature, please let us know! Email us at museum@churchillmemorial.org.
 Puzzle answers to be published on the Museum's website, www.NationalChurchillMuseum.org, after April 1, 2013.

ACROSS

- 1 "A wee ___" (WSC's morning ration, perhaps)
- 5 Clemmie signature drawn in love letters to WSC
- 8 "Short of actually being conquered there is no evil worse than submitting to wrong and violence for ___ of war" (WSC, 1927)
- 12 Followed Holtz at Notre Dame
- 14 Top numero
- 15 Transmission-repair company
- 16 START OF A QUOTE BY WSC
- 19 Before adjustments, as in statistics
- 20 As First Lord of The Admiralty, WSC changed the Navy from coal to ___
- 21 QUOTE, PART 2
- 26 Pa. team, on scoreboards
- 27 Nickname of cousin and childhood friend of WSC -- the occupant of Blenheim, 9th Duke of Marlborough
- 28 Take place
- 30 ___ fat
- 32 Itinerary abbr.
- 33 Make ___ (clench)
- 35 Nickname for WSCs favorite cigars?
- 37 Tracker
- 38 Chicago lyricist
- 39 QUOTE, PART 3
- 43 WSC broadcast Oct 1940. "Francais! C'est ___, Churchill, qui vous parle..."
- 44 Chapter X "The ___ Boat" (American author Winston Churchill's novel "The Crossing")
- 46 Macbeth, for one
- 47 Biggest stars, briefly
- 48 Stephen of the silver screen
- 50 QUOTE, PART 4
- 51 Game-console rival of Xbox
- 52 Tightens, as the stomach muscles
- 55 "War of the Worlds" weapon
- 59 Only WSC museum in ___ (Fulton, Mo.)
- 60 END OF THE QUOTE
- 62 ___ Pacis (ancient Roman monument)
- 63 1794 patent awardee Whitney
- 64 Country on the Red Sea
- 65 Paddle
- 66 Thither
- 67 Clipped the most
- 68 Fraternal group member
- 22 "You do your worst, we'll do ___ best" (WSC to Germany, July 1941)
- 23 Tonnage content laid on London by German aircraft
- 24 Lands End, England-to-Blenheim dir.
- 25 Describing WSC, FDR, Stalin in WWII
- 26 Investigate
- 29 Put an end to, legally
- 30 Footslog
- 31 Piglet's mom
- 33 ___-weekly (newspaper type)
- 34 "Action ___ day" (Famous WSC red sticker attached to important memos)
- 36 Prepare to play the cello
- 37 Litigious person's cry
- 40 What things may disappear into
- 41 WSC was rarely seen without one
- 42 Artillery battery-military-assignment for WSC daughter Mary
- 45 Had no catching up to do
- 47 Locale of major WSC speech 1949 "Mid-Century Convocation"
- 49 "Healthy citizens are the greatest ___ any country can have" (WSC observation)
- 51 Didn't miss
- 52 A nephew of Donald's
- 53 Site of WSC sculpture honoring WSC's failed effort to free Norway from Germans
- 54 Belonging to some Berliners
- 56 Dolly and her types
- 57 Russian body of water
- 58 WWII American
- 61 Drunk's woe, with "the"

DOWN

- 1 WWII insecticide
- 2 When repeated, enthusiastic
- 3 Bygone greeting
- 4 What screaming may exacerbate
- 5 Snarly dog
- 6 "___ one can rat but it takes a certain amount of energy to re-rat" (WSC comment on changing parties from Conservative to Liberal and back again)
- 7 "A bridge ___ far" (Arnhem in WWII)
- 8 Guaranteed
- 9 Muscle test, for short
- 10 "Oh," in Osnabruck
- 11 Crumble
- 13 Spirited behavior
- 15 Ovid's "others"
- 17 Has title to
- 18 Artful
- 21 Subject of the WSC quote "In the depths of that dusty soul there is

LETTERS TO *THE CHURCHILLIAN*

FISH, BUT NOT TEA

I have heard Winston Churchill said that tea was as important to the war effort as ammunition. I wondered if this is something you had come across, and if you knew of documentary evidence for it?

—Fred Windsor-Clive, *KEO Films, London*

From the Editors:

We assume you mean the drink and not the custom. We *do* know he said, “We must have a policy of ‘utmost fish,’” but there is no well-known remark about tea—a drink he avoided. We searched his published canon words “tea war” and “tea ammunition,” without result.

About the custom of afternoon tea, we can offer you the comment of his *Life* editor, Walter Graebner, from his book, *My Dear Mr. Churchill* (London: Michael Joseph, 1965), 52:

“Churchill never bothered with the English rite of afternoon tea. Even when guests had stayed over from lunch, he usually sent them off to the dining-room with Mrs. Churchill, and dropped in himself only at the very end of the meal. Tea at Chartwell in any event was somewhat of a nursery affair, and more often than not consisted of assorted grandchildren in high chairs, a bevy of nannies, the usual number of dogs and only one or two stray adults. When Churchill did turn up it was usually with a whisky and soda in hand and a cigar in his mouth. He would arrange himself in a comfortable chair and watch the proceedings from the sidelines.”

Churchill’s attitude toward tea is perhaps best summarized by his friend Hilaire Belloc, elsewhere in this issue: “Is there no Latin word for Tea? Upon my soul, if I had known that I would have let the vulgar stuff alone.”

Email us any questions about Winston Churchill under the sun, and we’ll get the answer from our panel of experts! Send your questions, comments and general musings to TheChurchillian@nationalchurchillmuseum.org.

CHURCHILL'S VOCABULARY

I am translating a book by Kató Lomb from Hungarian into English, and wonder if there is any truth to two alleged Churchill quotations:

1) Churchill was allegedly asked whether, in the postwar world, we should endeavor to eliminate multilingualism and all peoples should speak the same language. "Of course," he supposedly replied: "English!" I could find no source for this statement. Maybe it was expressed differently, or said by someone else?

2) Otto von Habsburg wrote of Churchill: "Once I asked him, 'Is it true that you know 45,000 English words?' 'It is,' he replied, 'and I learned the bulk of this vocabulary from the works of a hardly known 19th century author.'" I can find no other source for the 45,000 words or the 19th century author.

—Ádám Szegi, Budapest, Hungary

From the Editors:

We could not find and tend to doubt both quotations. Churchill did see English as the universal language; he never wished to eliminate other languages. Quite the opposite: In 1906, supporting the establishment of the Taal as the language for Boer inhabitants of South Africa, he said: "The recognition of their language is precious to a small people."

He was keen about "Basic English," which you can look up on the web. It is a constructed language of fewer than 1000 words, invented by Charles Ogden in 1930. He thought Basic English could become a kind of all-purpose language with which all peoples could communicate. In a way he was on the right track, since English has now become the lingua franca of the Internet.

How would anyone know the extent of Churchill's vocabulary? We could find no reference to von Hapsburg's quotation. Indeed, we suspect 45,000 is a low figure. He probably knew more words than that!

Despite our doubts about the quotation, Churchill's favorite 19th century author was probably the historian Alexander William Kinglake (1809–1891), whose work WSC highly admired. When asked how to excel at writing history, Churchill once replied: "Read Kinglake." There are lines in Kinglake's *The Invasion of the Crimea* (1863) which scholars have compared to Churchill's style.

WORLD WAR II NAVY ART: A VISION OF HISTORY



Minesweeper Before Corregidor by Dwight Shepler, Watercolor, February 1945

**JUNE 10, 2013 –
AUGUST 11, 2013**

**EXHIBIT OPENING EVENT:
JUNE 14 5:30 – 7:00 PM**

»— The Navy Art Collection brings its second show to the museum! Commemorating all who served this exhibit focuses on the Navy Combat Artist Program which sent Navy Artists into action to record military activities. Follow the artists into combat and experience WWII as they did.

**FOR MORE INFORMATION, CONTACT LIZ MURPHY AT
573-592-5626 OR LIZ.MURPHY@CHURCHILLMEMORIAL.ORG**

»— Exhibition is included with price of museum admission. —«



{ WESTMINSTER WEDDINGS }

Contact our
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for Details!

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APRIL

7 Watercolor Awards Ceremony
& Gallery Opening

1:00 pm-3:00 pm

30 Homeschool Day

9:00 am-4:00 pm

MAY

9 Walking Alone:
Songs of World War II concert

6:00 pm-7:00 pm

\$5.00/adults 18+

\$2.00/5-17 & Westminster College students

JUNE

7 Friends of the Churchill Museum
Celebration of the Royal Birth


4:30 pm-6:30 pm

For more information, contact
573-592-5369.

10 WWII: A Vision of History
Exhibit Opens

14 WWII: A Vision of History
Exhibit Opening Event at the
Museum

5:30 pm-7:00 pm



NATIONAL CHURCHILL MUSEUM
501 Westminster Avenue
Fulton, Missouri 65251

NATIONAL
CHURCHILL
MUSEUM

Walking Alone SONGS OF WORLD WAR II

Join us for an evening of songs, stories, and insightful commentary!

“Walking Alone” is based upon the premise that everyone understood what was at stake during World War II, not only for the nation but also for each man in combat and each sweetheart, wife, and lover left behind. The program is a mix of oral concert and history lesson, highlighting everything from novelty numbers to portrayals of men in combat, but eventually focusing on the patriotic anthems of the day and the deeply moving love ballads of parting, separation, and the longing to return.

May 9, 2013 • 6-7 pm

AT THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, NATIONAL CHURCHILL MUSEUM

The evening honors the anniversary of the Church of St. Mary dedication (May 1969)

Admission: \$5.00 (adults 18+)

\$2.00 (5-17, Westminster College students) Children 5 and under are free

RESERVE YOUR SEAT TODAY!

Call 573-592-6242 or email mandy.plybon@churchillmemorial.org.

Sponsored by:

