

GENERAL DE GAULLE'S ARMISTICE DAY BROADCAST

Today, November 11, in the depths of your tomb in the Vendée, Clemenceau! you do not sleep!

For surely the ancient land of France, by whose soil you are surrounded for evermore, has quivered from end to end and, with it, you too have shuddered.

Your bones trembled with rage when, on this sacred day, the insolent tramp of the enemy and the noiseless tread of traitors desecrated our native soil.

We used to call you the Old Tiger, and in your day we had guns that hacked the German ranks to pieces, invincible leaders, and an execution-ground in Vincennes where traitors met their just fate. We had you, who used to answer to all the whisperings of infamy: "The war! Nothing but the war! The country will know that it is defended!"

But now our arms have been surrendered into the hands of the enemy; French leaders have rushed into capitulation in order to increase their chances in the race for good posts and the firing-squads only execute true Frenchmen. And those who claim to govern our country only break their silence to order it to roll in the mud.

And yet, despite the shame of disaster, the sufferings of servitude and the ignominy of triumphant cowards, the whole of France, make no mistake, has found herself again on this eleventh of November, tense with the hope of victory and the oath of vengeance.

President Clemenceau! to-day, France looks above her sorrows. She sees that the enemy is indeed powerless to reduce our staunch and brave Ally, England. She sees the German armies held in check on every foot of the immense Russian front. She sees America advancing step by step towards the battlefields. She sees the growing Allied forces gathering on every front in the world to crush the invader. She sees her own flags, proudly held by loyal soldiers, floating among the combatants.

Father Victory, on the evening of that great November 11 when the crowd, drunk with joy, was hoarse with acclaiming you, you cried out the only words that fitted the occasion. You shouted: "Long live France!" Indeed, you did not cry these words in vain! France will live and, in the name of the French, I swear to you that she will live victorious.

When victory is ours and justice has been done, the French will come to tell you so. Then, together with all the dead who now form part of the very soil of France, you will be able to rest in peace.

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