

**BBC: DRAFT SCRIPT CONFIDENTIAL: "REPORT FROM LONDON"- Pre-recording
Obituary W.S.C**

"Winston ...Churchill ... is ...dead". The words are like great boulders falling silently down a cliff into the sea. For those who are old enough to remember one (or both) of the World Wars there can be no doubt whatsoever; the greatest man of our age has gone from among us. Of all the tributes paid to him during his lifetime and since his going I choose the one made at the time of his retirement as Prime Minister: "Not only did he shape and write history: He is History itself."

I had the privilege of hearing Sir Winston's last major speech in the House of Commons on March the First 1955 – just over a month before his retirement as Prime Minister. It was a survey of the sombre world situation. Sir Winston paused, placed his hands around the despatch box (about the size of a small suitcase), lying on the Commons table and said. "It is now the fact that a quantity of plutonium, probably less than would fill this box on the table, would suffice to produce weapons which would give indisputable world domination to any great power which was the only one to have it." And it struck me how amazing it was that this very man, Prime Minister well into the second half of the twentieth century, had, as a young subaltern, taken part in the last great cavalry charge of the British Army at Omdurman in the Sudan in 1898. In the years between he was the only statesman to play a major role in both world wars and incidentally to write the history of both in no less than ten volumes.

His continuous membership of the House of Commons dated from 1924 – and, before he had already sat for 21 years in Parliament, so that his membership spanned some 60 years. In that time he held most of the great offices of State, including the 7 great years as Prime Minister. He began a Conservative; then crossed the floor of the House and served for 16 years with the Liberals taking (it is often forgotten) a leading part in the introduction of major social reforms before the first world war. Back with the Conservatives again after 1922 he was one of their sharpest critics in the years before the second world war. He won his greatest fame as the Leader of the all-party war time coalition. Then rebuffed by the electorate in 1945 he busied himself with the causes close to his heart, including the unification of Europe- and returned to No. 10 Downing Street in 1951, to retire four years later, in his eightieth year.

Yet he found the time to write more than 30 volumes (for which he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature, to compose thousands of speeches, some of which will endure forever in the anthologies of great oratory, to travel throughout the world, first as a war correspondent, then as a statesman. And just to "fill in time" he painted with very considerable ability – and, when he was younger, was an enthusiastic amateur brick-layer. The world will not see his like again. This is Robert McKenzie in London.

THE GREAT DELIVERER - p. 2

" And he died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honour." There is a patriarchal grandeur and completeness about the life of Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL such as the Chronicler saw in the career of KING DAVID, who had leapt into fame while still a stripling, had contended in the forefront of domestic conflict, had led a united people against overwhelming odds, had never faltered, never lost faith in their cause and their destiny, and came out with them at last into a little space of tranquillity before the end. He drank delight of battle, whether with shot and shell against the forces of tyranny that he hated, or in the bloodless contests of the Parliament he loved; but he never struck a foul blow. He outlived all his enemies, save the very many whom he converted into friends. None of those with whom he was from time to time at issue has any power, or today any wish, to diminish his towering stature. He is secure of his fame among the great deliverers. He belongs to his country; he belongs to the Commonwealth; he belongs to the world; and now he belongs to the ages.

" His personality", as BAgEhOT said of PALMERSTON, " was a power."

"Winston is back", cabled the Admiralty to the King's ships at sea in September, 1939; and from the outset the Germans recognized as clearly as did the Navy that here was the dauntless and implacable enemy of all their designs. Around him, as one by one the free peoples were swept into the whirlpool of total war, the greatest leaders of the United Nations gathered and declared their faith. With far less material force at his back than either of his partners at the head of the alliance, he could match the authority of ROOSEVELT even on the Capitol and carry the same prestige of leadership in war and politics to Moscow.

He stood at the very heart and centre of the confederacy for freedom, as the younger Pitt once stood; and he has this in common with Pitt, that he had the capacity and the ambition to be a great peace Minister, had not his times summoned him to the direction of war. He shared with his senior colleague LLOYD GEORGE the honour of founding the welfare state. When his own time for preeminence came, his ascendancy over his colleagues was greater than that even PiT achieved.

In that respect, as in much else, his closer affinity is with Pitt's father, the Great Commoner. Like Chatham he was ardent and imperious, spoke with a commanding force that gave to his very words the quality of deeds, embodied the vigour and resolve of a supreme national tradition and, drawing his strength from the contemporary life of his people, possessed the genius to interpret that people to itself and then to address the world with its authentic voice. He controlled every faculty of the orator, from the majestic and moving appeal to the imagination, to the forcefulness of direct, unadorned and even colloquial trenchancy. He could use the homeliest language without ever descending below the level of the grand style. His dramatic instinct gave him an impeccable sense of timing and contrast: he could draw even the unseen audience of his broadcasts into a sense of active communion1940 with himself. His speeches will live, and not only in the memory of his contemporaries still under the spell of glowing phrases. Never has the spoken word taken the colour of a greater cause or served it more decisively.

In the hour when all but courage failed, Churchill made courage conscious of itself, plumed it with defiance and rendered it invincible.

No War Minister in British history. has brought to his task the training and experience with which CHURCHILL was armed. He began, like CHATHAM, as a cornet of horse, and unlike CHATHAM, had led his men in battle. He remained a lifelong student and critic of war,

whose estimates were sharpened by the memory of war itself. His insight into strategy, which no civilian statesman has rivalled, was proved in his monumental biography of his ancestor, the greatest of English soldiers. His military sense and spirit were exercised not only in two world wars but in preparation for them both. It was mainly due to the memorable partnership of CHURCHILL and Prince LOUIS OF BATTENBERG at the Admiralty that the Navy was ready in 1914; it was no fault of a statesman in the wilderness, who spared no exertion to give warning of a greater menace than the Kaiser's, that the nation was unready in 1938 and 1939. In both conflicts he planned greater enterprises of offensive war which challenged controversy and led to his being accused of meddling with matters beyond his comprehension. But, on the whole, military historians of the First World War have confirmed CHURCHILL's judgment, holding that the defence of Antwerp made victory possible on the Marne, and that the abortive attack on the Dardanelles, if it had been prosecuted according to CHURCHILL'S own design, might have deflected the whole course of war. On his conduct of the latter conflict, which he directed, so far as his allies would permit, on CHURCHILL'S principle of holding the enemy in the grip of sea power and using it to sap their strength at the remoter fringes of their dominion, the verdict is still in suspense. All the world now knows, what only a few in places of high responsibility knew at the time, that his apparently effortless authority over the whole conduct of war was in fact exercised through a daily conflict of wills with his chief professional advisers, who on occasion opposed him not only on tactical detail but on major strategic principle. Whether risks were needlessly taken, whether victory could have been achieved at less cost in blood and treasure, whether a different kind of victory, leaving a better world order than we now enjoy, might by other means than CHURCHILL'S have been won--these are questions that cannot yet be finally answered. What cannot be doubted is that the nation's ablest captains of war, the men whom CHURCHILL chose as supreme commanders and staff officers and whose choice the tact of victory and the consensus of their professions have ratified, including the men whose day-to-day differences with the Prime Minister have been most canvassed, were all agreed that they would rather suffer the strain of constant disagreement with their political chief, and see their skilled advice overruled even in matters of strategical life and death, than accept the direction of any other man.

CHURCHILL'S demonic energy and driving power seemed only to increase with the advancing years. His long journeys to Washington, Quebec, Moscow, Casablanca, Yalta, Cairo and Teheran, which contributed decisively to the war effort and to the unity of the alliance, would have taxed a much younger man. Yet he was not careless of his strength. His working day-and-night--may have been the despair at times of colleagues who ordered their lives by a more conventional time-table. It was, however, well designed to conserve his physical and mental energies. It was popularly supposed that a man so incisive in action must have a corresponding power of quick decision. On the contrary, Churchill was cautious in his approach to the greater problems, and sometimes his hesitation imposed irksome delays on men of quicker if narrower judgment. At times he could be intolerant of opposition and resentful of even friendly criticism. But he had a right to masterful ways, even if he had not constantly disarmed his opponents by inviting them to share a sly smile at his own expense.

Not the least endearing of his qualities was an individual sense of humour engagingly mischievous at times, and part of that eternal youth of which he seemed to have been granted the secret. Over the House of Commons in wartime he established an ascendancy that no other statesman of his day approached. Yet with all his feeling for the great institution of Parliament, and with all his deep loyalty to its tradition and purpose, he was never the

complete master of the mood of British politics. He had been known-and that long before the catastrophe in the election of 1945-profoundly to misjudge the people whose undisputed leader he was to become. There came, however a season when, rising above himself and identifying himself with them and their whole history, he was the inspiration of their national resistance at its greatest. He drew his incomparable courage from all he knew and felt about the British people, and at that tremendous climax he gave it back in fullest measure. He became one with his country as few Englishmen since ALFRED had been and as Washington had been one with that other nation of Englishmen to whom he was so proud to be affiliated. It is as a great Englishman that he will hold his imperishable place in the history of the Empire and the world. Never will the name of WINSTON CHURCHILL be separable from the " finest hour " , from the pride and heroism of 1940.

Yet even as he led his country and the Empire through the shadows of total disaster towards the light of victory, he was aware that they were advancing into a world in which patriotism, even imperial patriotism, was not enough. The sense of dedication to something larger than this, which had sustained him as with ROOSEVELT he formulated the terms of the Atlantic Charter and the United Nations, enabled him to bear what seemed to him the bitterness of ingratitude when the British electorate, in deciding to whom to entrust the vast intricate and crucial business of reconstruction, turned abruptly from the man to whom, more than anyone, they owed their freedom to choose. It was not in his character to withdraw from the battle to the tranquil dignity of an elder statesman in the House of Lords: he would continue in the thick of the political conflict until he could win back the confidence of his countrymen. But meanwhile, if he was not permitted to lead his country, he could still lead the world. The authority of his name was international, and he used it inter-nationally. He had always been at heart a romantic, and now he was inspired by the romantic vision of the Europe that might be, of the harmony of the English-speaking nations that must be, if the practical choice of life or death for western civilization, the threats to which he understood better than any man, was to be surmounted. The great speeches in which he turned the thoughts of Europeans and Americans to the idea of giving concrete shape and organization to their common inheritance, though they were not of a kind to yield a full harvest in a short term of years, may yet come to be remembered in the perspective of the ages on an equality with his grandest services to his own time. The sense of communion in the larger movement of humanity remained with him while he continued to lead his party in opposition; and when he was at last called back to power his deepest thinking remained devoted to the building, in a darkening international atmosphere, of combinations for peace comparable with the grand alliance that had won the war, and to finding a way for western civilization as a whole to come to terms with the antipathetic civilization that had arisen in the east.

This romantic-practical hope was the chief preoccupation of his last political years; one other element of romance had inspired him always, his intensely personal dedication to the service of the Throne. The distant devotion he had felt for the venerable QUEEN who had given him his first commission, nourished through half a century of service to four successive royal masters, was laid in warmest affection and loyalty at the feet of the young girl to whom he surrendered his last charge; and when with the tendance of his vast public experience he had guided her first steps and seen her taken to the heart of all her peoples, his public work was done. By her, when the end was in sight, he was admitted into the noble fellowship of the Order of the Garter. He had been offered the same great honour by KING GEORGE the Sixth on the morrow of his electoral defeat; but WINSTON CHURCHILL did not

accept consolation prizes. Yet this, to his romantic heart, was a prized and appropriate reward, for it set him in the immemorial tradition of the worthies of England, installed him beneath "armoury of the invincible knights of old", and wedded to the splendour of their achievements his own services to country and Commonwealth, in peace and war, in office and out of office, in counsel, speech, and action, in politics and in literature. He dies sure of his majestic place in history, and leaves to his countrymen a name inseparable from their proudest and bravest memories.

THE GUARDIAN

WINSTON CHURCHILL - p. 2

« In Winston Churchill has died the greatest Englishman of his time, full of years and honor. The days when his shoulders held up the sky are still fresh in the minds of all but the young: and then he served and saved not only his own countrymen but the whole free world. Unlike most eminent persons he can at his death be given at once his place in history: it is not likely that posterity, when it sees him in perspective, will change to any great extent the judgment of his contemporaries. One difficulty in summing up his career is its abnormal length. He was in Parliament longer than Disraeli and nearly as long as Gladstone. Though the Victorian age was one of rapid change neither of these men found the political and social life at the one end of their career so totally different from life at the other end as did Churchill, and, of course, neither had to fight a monster such as Hitler of guide Britain in such peril. His career was divided by the year 1940. If he had died little before that, when he was already over 60 years old, he would have been remembered eloquent, formidable, erratic statesman, standing personage, but one who was not to be put in the class of such contemporaries as George or even Arthur Balfour. Yet all the qualities with which he was to fascinate the world were already formed and matured.

They awaited their hour for use.

The hour came when he took the leadership of the country in the Second World War: a war which could almost certainly have been avoided if the British Conservative Government had followed the policies towards Germany which he had urged in the years preceding its outbreak.

As a war leader Churchill made some mistakes, as he himself admitted. But without Churchill would Britain have survived in 1940 and 1941? Would the resolution of the country, its instinct not to submit or yield whatever the apparent hopelessness of its case--would these old warlike qualities of the British people have been able to express themselves in action? And if Britain had gone down then, could any nation or group of nations have prevailed against the Nazis and their Allies? By radiating his own personality among his countrymen Churchill animated them to conduct themselves with something of his own fortitude, resourcefulness, and grim gaiety.

By his light

Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts.

Literary art proved to be a most formidable engine of war. In an age of mechanism and outward drabness Churchill's splendor of language had the power to release great energies and was at least one of the factors which in 1940 saved the country from ruin. And

not only Britain. We remember the way his words and example- in the phrase which he used to Britain itself - glowed and burned through the night of Europe. He was far more than the great leader of the British Commonwealth. He was the man who had summoned back to life the spirit of liberty and hope in a world prostrate and stunned beneath the shock of the Nazi onslaught. He will hold a place such as no other Englishman has ever held in the folklore of distant peoples and remote places. He will be the symbol for millions of the power of the love of liberty and the love of country to create a power of endurance that can outdare an overwhelming challenge.

In keeping with the drama which marked his life, Churchill was thrown from office by democratic vote at the moment of victory. More strictly, the Conservative Party, at the head of which he had chosen to put himself, suffered the defeat which had long been waiting for it. But the setback was in a sense personal, too. It was his fate that in spite of his gifts he had only at exceptional moments the full confidence of his fellow-countrymen. This lack of trust cut across all parties. Labour feared what it called his class bias. Some Conservatives thought that he was not biased enough; they felt that, with his past, he was not a sound party man, and they did not like the warmth for his former associates, the Liberals, which he never wholly extinguished.

A sentiment very widespread was that Churchill was to be kept only for great occasions: he was too incalculable or dangerous-for politicians' daily food. All these feelings helped to keep him out of office for six years until October, 1951. He fumed and fretted; to many the Leader of the Opposition seemed a much-dwindled figure compared with the war leader. Not that he was ineffective at this time: his speeches at Fulton and in Europe helped on the movement towards European union. As soon as he was again Prime Minister, he set himself to build one of his " grand designs," this time for peace. Though age had lessened his vigor, except on great occasions, he was the undisputed author of the foreign policy of his Cabinet.

He also gave purpose and direction to Britain's effort to share in the " great deterrent" of the nuclear and thermo-nuclear age.

The influence of these decisions will be with us for years yet. But today it is his lifelong character rather than particular policies which are to be commemorated. Among his many superlative qualities, one endeared him particularly to his countrymen. He was a great man of action who displayed by instinct, even in the heat of struggle, the admirable virtues of moderation and compassion. Coleridge, speaking of Napoleon, said that all great men are apt to be great and relentless hunters of men. Churchill enjoyed struggle, but was not a political Nimrod.

His countrymen never had to fear from him for their liberties or moral values, and he never regarded them as pawns in a game for world power. If some word can sum up his career it is magnanimity-greatness in combat and also greatness in tolerance and reconciliation or moral values, and he never regard them as pawns in a game for world power. If one word can sum up his career it is magnanimity-greatness in combat and also greatness in tolerance and reconciliation."

THE QUALITIES OF A GENIUS – P. 2

MR. HAROLD WILSON, said on television last night that we were mourning " the loss of the greatest man any of us have known." The Prime Minister said the five years of Sir Winston's war leadership "brought forth the qualities born in him, the qualities he had nurtured.

*First, the quality of Indomitable courage. Never in the hour of greatest peril doubting ultimate victory, he could at once rebuke and inspire fainter hearts than last his own. **ning*

Second, his power to evoke an undeniable response. Winston Churchill had, through his power over words, but still more through his power over the hearts of men, that rare ability to call out from those who heard him the sense that they were a necessary part of something greater than themselves.

Third, the quality of humanity. The man could who move armies and navies, and embrace the world in one strategic sweep, could himself be moved to uncontrollable and unashamed tears at the sight of an old soul's cheerfulness In a shelter or of a street of devastated houses, at the thought of the human realities which lay behind the war communiques."

Mr. Wilson added: " The words and deeds of Winston Churchill will form part of the rich heritage of our nation and our times for as long as history comes to be written and to be read."

THE NOBLEST BRITON – p. 6

IT is not a moment for weeping when the Old Warrior goes home. The full life has been rounded off with a long and tranquil evening. The darkness has fallen gently.

It is not a moment for weeping when the Old Warrior goes home. The full life has been rounded off with a long and tranquil evening. - The darkness has fallen gently.

It is not a moment for weeping, but when the news was flashed round the world a messenger of grief entered the hearts of tens of millions of men. The strongest will feel this sorrow most. Sorrow because of the glory of the man who, in a dismal hour, had renewed the pride and stature of humanity.

Sorrow out of gratitude for the past, the leadership in battle, the light shining in darkness. Churchill had lived his finest hour and had told us it was ours. Sorrow because he had still an with us example to give to a stumbling with us world. But if there must be grief there should be no gloom. This man's life was a testimonial freshly written to the immortal vigour of the British stock.

He was frank, natural. He felt deeply and lived openly on the surface. Nothing was held back. He was easily moved to tears but could quickly control them.

The graces of mockery and impish fun saved him from solemnity.

DAILY MIRROR

THE SAVIOUR OF THE NATION

A tribute by John Beavan (Mirror political editor) – p. 9

THE day Winston Churchill cast his spell upon us was May 13, 1940.

The war was nine months old and the faith people had in Neville Chamberlain was dangerously thin.

Then, when the Commons debated the failure of the campaign Norway, too many Tories refused to give him support.

He asked Labour to join a coalition under his leadership. Clement Attlee no. But he believed Labour would join a coalition under someone else.

On the morning of Friday, May 10, Germany invaded Holland and Belgium. That same night, May 10, Churchill became Prime Minister.

On the Monday May 13, he spoke briefly in Commons and his warrior's words went straight to the nation's heart:

« I would say to the House as said to those joined who have this Government: have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat:

You ask what is our policy? I will say: It is wage war, by sea, land and air, with all might and with all the strength that God can give us;

To wage war against a monstrous tyranny never surpassed in the dark, lamentable catalogue of human crime. That is our policy.

You ask, what is our aim? I can answer in one word:

Victory--victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror, victory, however long and hard the road may be. For without • victory there is no survival.

I REMEMBER the day Winston became Prime Minister. I was reporting the party Labour conference at Bournemouth.

Attlee came down from London to seek the advice of the party executive on the terms Labour should demand for entering a coalition.

He telephoned his conclusion to London and took the train. Still the rank and file did not know quite what was going on. But at night they learned that

Labour was to serve under Churchill.

Doubts

There was no rejoicing. For though Churchill had been warning the nation for years against Hitler's dangerous ambition, to the average pacifist Labour man he had seemed to be an imperialist jingoistic warmonger and an enemy of the working class.

And so the conference that night was full of muttered doubts. Churchill was still suspect, even as a war leader.

Too impetuous people believed, too unstable, too ready perhaps to embark on mad military adventures that would be costly in blood.

Nobody could have guessed that within weeks Churchill was going to be loved and venerated as no man had been in the history of the British nation.

Winston was an elderly gentleman nearly 65. He was overweight and he took a drop to drink.

" He was an aristocrat-the nephew of a duke and by now a High Tory. He had been a soldier at lime when the cavalry charge was still tactic of battle.

Yet this plump. Victorian gentleman became our greatest public hero.

Patient

He was more like a commander-in-chief than a Prime Minister. He was always pugnacious but he was patient too in the years to build-up to D-Day.

His speeches were above the crowd. But in every one of them there were phrases which could be repeated -and imitated- by the office boy. the men and women in the busy factories and the air stations. the drab, quiet barracks full of waiting men, the sailors on the treacherous seas, the troops sweating in desert and Jungle.

THE past was all forgiven. Sometimes I would marvel as my heart warmed to him that this was the man whom I had first heard spoken of as " Brimstone Churchill the Gallipoli murderer."

This beloved figure was the man who in another age had sent troops to Tonypandy to quell the striking miners. The man who had relished the defeat of the workers in the General Strike of 1926; the man who had wanted to turn back the clock in Russia and had written of " the foul baboonery of Bolshevism": the man who had fought to the last ditch to prevent 400.000,000 Indians advancing to freedom.

I cannot think of an example in history of a man who had created so many enemies turning them into his idolators.

He gave us a slogan: Be grim and gay. And so, we were -civillans and soldiers, rolling out the barrel in the local, drinking tea at the ARP, singing in the air raid shelters.

fire-watching with amorous typists training and scrubbing out the Nissen huts to the Forces Programme, with ITMA and Tommy Handley.

We had our other heroes, of course, the long-haired RAF boys with wings, sailors crossing the grey menace of the Atlantic, the dashing Mountbatten, the wiry Montgomery Houseboats cane true, the quiet, slim, tongue-tied George.

But the hero of them all was this plump little 19th century politician in his old-fashioned clothes or his ridiculous siren suit. He won us by his golden words, which spoke all the unvoiced hopes in our hearts.

June 4th, 1940, on Dunkirk: « We shall on to the end... we shall defend our island, what ever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches,

we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills, we shall never surrender... »

Churchill sustained us in the years of waiting for D-Day. Often the news was black. Then the turning point came. Hitler invaded Russia and we no longer stood alone. Next came the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour.

Churchill became one of three - with Roosevelt. His very greatest days were over. Now the war was with the generals.

When the victory in Europe came, Churchill renounced rhetoric:

"This is your victory! It is the victory of the cause of freedom in every land. In all our long history we have never seen a greater day than this. God bless you all."