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These Republican leaders have not been content with attacks upon me, or my wife, or my sons -- they now include my little dog, Fala. Unlike the members of my family, he resents this. Being a Scottie, as soon as he learned from the Republican fiction-writers that I had left him behind on an Aleutian Island for two days, and then had sent a destroyer back to find him -- at a cost to the taxpayers of two or three or ten or twenty million dollars -- his Scotch soul was furious. He has not been the same dog since. For myself, I am accustomed to hearing malicious falsehoods -- such as that old, worn-eaten chestnut that I have represented myself as indispensable. But I think I have a right to object to deliberate lies about my dog.

But enough of the past for tonight. The people of this country know it too well to forget -- or to be deceived into forgetting. Too much is at stake to forget. There are tasks ahead of us which we must now complete with the same will and skill and intelligence and devotion which have already led us so far on the road to victory.

There is the task of winning this most terrible of all wars as speedily as possible and with the least cost in lives.

There is the task [we share with all the other United Nations --]