In Germany the antagonist grew like a weed. The evil was prepared; and the climax for which Churchill's life had been a preparation moved closer; inevitable now, more terrible and more squalid than any that faced his ancestor the periwigged Duke.

Throughout the ‘30s it was Churchill who warned the west of these men. He spoke, he wrote, he nagged, he lost friends. He gained a reputation for irresponsible ambition. They spoke as clearly as he: they flourished – Churchill stayed in the wilderness. He was right.