

clear the Axis out of Africa and send them scurrying up the Italian peninsula.

But perhaps we are skirting Mr. Flynn's major point. He says there is a powerful group in the Government which is intent on making and keeping the United States of America a totalitarian state. He says that Congress has abdicated. He says the President has been given the power of the purse. He implies that in case of future crisis, the States may even rush through a constitutional amendment putting complete dictatorial powers in the President—look, he says, at the speed with which the Eighteenth Amendment was ripped out of the Constitution, when an earlier crisis came along.

Now in all these matters, Mr. Flynn arrays parallels by the dozen. He cites his authorities and he draws his conclusions. You can believe in his fears, or you can pass them up. But typical of his argument is the one which he advances to prove his contention that Congress is being pushed out of the picture. Not so long ago, he says, there was a concerted drive to discredit Congress. He doesn't say where that drive originated. He does say that the newspaper columnists were drawn into the plot. And he cites some bitter words of Raymond Clapper to clinch his point, saying that Clapper helped the plot along. In point of fact, Mr. Clapper's bitter words at that time—and they were strong, eloquent words—were essentially a plea for a strong Congress that would stand on its own feet and do its job. He cracked down on the weaklings and called for guts and integrity and the kind of Congressional backbone that makes constitutional, representative government work. And Mr. Flynn cites those words of Raymond Clapper, without quoting them, as a sample of the campaign "to discredit Congress."

We need critics. We need men with the courage to stand up in meeting and bawl hell out of us now and then. We also need men who not only know what's wrong, but who have some ideas about how to get things back on the right track.

Mr. Flynn has bawled hell out of us for some time now, and he has pointed an accusing finger in all directions. But when you get right down to it, his thesis seems to be that the world is going to pot, has been headed there for the past fifty years, and that the United States of America is in the last stages of democratic disintegration. And apparently he hasn't any idea what to do about it; if he has, he has pretty well kept it to himself. He says in so many words in this book that there isn't any program here.

Maybe it's just that he is in a

perpetual state of discouragement. A little over two years ago—in September of 1941, to be exact—he asked: "Is any material or spiritual thing of ours here in America involved to such a point that you are willing to raise vast armies, send them throughout the world and cripple your whole economic and social system for years in the effort?" America felt that the

answer was "Yes!" Japan emphasized that answer for us. We risked the future, because we thought a lot of things, both material and spiritual, were worth fighting for—if you can call going to war under those circumstances risking the future. But Mr. Flynn seems still to be of the same opinion, at heart, that he was less than three months before Pearl Harbor.

Vanguard of Reconquest

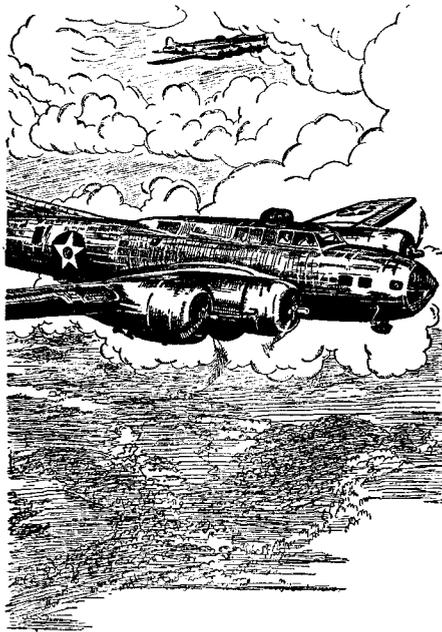
WINGATE'S RAIDERS. By Charles J. Rolo. New York: The Viking Press. 197 pp. \$2.50.

Reviewed by
CAPTAIN C. BROOKS PETERS, USMC

ORDE CHARLES WINGATE is a brigadier in the British Army. Slightly more than two years ago he was a major, not just another professional soldier who had attained his majority through length of service, but a man with a considerable reputation for daring strategy and tactics gained in fighting terrorists in Palestine and Italians in Ethiopia.

In the late spring of 1942, when the campaign in Burma was approaching a disastrous climax, Field Marshall Wavell had Wingate sent out to India to appraise the causes for the British defeat in that campaign, to "fathom the secrets of Japanese jungle warfare, and to plan a campaign which would be the vanguard of reconquest of Burma."

"Wingate's Raiders" is the history of that guerrilla campaign through which General Wingate led a body of several thousand highly and specially trained troops to test the efficacy of the jungle tactics he had evolved and simultaneously to destroy valuable enemy-held installations in Burma.



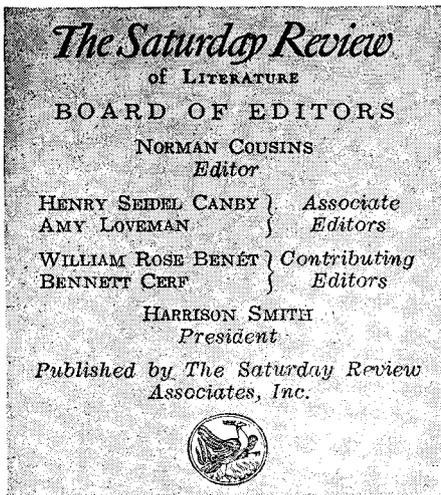
Departing India afoot, committed to avoiding even jungle trails when in the vicinity of the enemy so as constantly to be in the position to outflank the Japanese, Wingate's Raiders marched more than 1,000 miles in a trek which took them from Imphal in Assam across the Chindwin River, through Burma to and beyond the Irrawaddy River, and to within one 100 miles of the Burma road and then back to India.

General Wingate wished to test, among other principles, the practicability of taking ordinary troops "born and bred for the most part to factories and workshops" and by special conditioning and training building a force capable of meeting, and beating, the enemy in jungle warfare. He wished also to experiment with the feasibility of supplying a sizeable body of men exclusively by air-drop, thus rendering his communication lines invulnerable, and to test the extent to which it would be possible for a field commander to direct and coordinate by radio the activities of small groups of his force scattered at considerable distances through the jungle.

The hazardous journey undertaken by General Wingate and his men is recorded in considerable detail in "Wingate's Raiders." Unfortunately the author of the volume, Charles J. Rolo, was not along on the trek. He has culled his information from official confidential reports and from conversations with two of the officers who participated.

Mr. Rolo has not quite succeeded in making his tale live. It is largely impersonal, a recountal of the route followed by the expedition and the major obstacles which it encountered. It conveys none of the terror which is an enemy-infested jungle and to this reviewer seems slightly detached from the horror which is this war.

For those interested in the personality of General Wingate, "the New Lawrence," the book is pregnant with anecdotes and photographs. Mr. Rolo gives copious evidence to substantiate his claim that General Wingate is "an eccentric, with the reforming zeal of an evangelist and the intellectual fervor of an Old Testament prophet."



WHAT WOULD LINCOLN DO?

YOU scarcely need to ask what I will do. What would you do in my position? Would you drop the war where it is? Or would you prosecute it in the future with elder-stalk squirts charged with rose-water? Would you deal lighter blows rather than heavier ones? Would you give up the contest, leaving any available means unapplied? I am in no boastful mood. I shall not do more than I can, and I shall do all I can to save the government, which is my sworn duty as well as my personal inclination. I shall do nothing in malice. What I deal with is too vast for malicious dealing. [July 28, 1862.]

* * *

The subject is one upon which I have thought much for weeks past, and I may even say for months. I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men who are equally certain that they represent the divine will. I am sure that either the one or the other class is mistaken in the belief, and perhaps in some respects both. I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say that if it is probable that God would reveal his will to others on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed he would reveal it directly to me; for, unless I am more deceived in myself than I often am, it is my earnest desire to know the will of Providence in this matter. And if I can learn what it is, I will do it.

These are not, however, the days of miracles, and I suppose it will be granted that I am not to expect a direct revelation. I must study the plain physical facts of the case, ascertain what is possible, and learn what appears to be wise and right. The subject is difficult, and good men do not agree. For instance, the other day four gentlemen of standing and intelligence from New York called as a delegation on business connected with the war; but, before leaving, two of

them earnestly beset me to proclaim general emancipation, upon which the other two at once attacked them. You know also that the last session of Congress had a decided majority of anti-slavery men, yet they could not unite on this policy. And the same is true of the religious people. Why, the rebel soldiers are praying with a great deal more earnestness, I fear, than our own troops, and expecting God to favor their side. . . . What good would a proclamation of emancipation from me do, especially as we are now situated? I do not want to issue a document that the whole world will see must necessarily be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet. Would my word free the slaves, when I cannot even enforce the Constitution in the rebel States?

. . . Let me say one thing more: I think you should admit that we already have an important principle to rally and unite the people, in the fact that constitutional government is at stake. This is a fundamental idea going down about as deep as anything. [Sept. 13, 1862.]

* * *

I suppose that while the political drama being enacted in this country at this time is rapidly shifting its scenes—forbidding an anticipation with any degree of certainty, today, of what we shall see tomorrow—it is peculiarly fitting that I should see it all, up to the last minute, before I should take ground that I might be disposed (by the shifting of the scenes afterward) also to shift. I have said several times, and I now repeat to you, that when the time does come, I shall then take the ground that I think is right—right for the North, for the South, for the East, for the West, for the whole country. And in doing so, I hope to feel no necessity pressing upon me to say anything in conflict with the Constitution; in conflict with the continued union of these States, in conflict with the perpetuation of the liberties of this people, or anything in conflict with anything whatever that I have ever given you reason to expect from me. [Feb. 19, 1861.]

* * *

I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. . . . I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that

all men everywhere could be free. [Aug. 22, 1862.]

* * *

The war continues. In considering the policy to be adopted, I have been anxious and careful that the inevitable conflict shall not degenerate into a violent and remorseless revolutionary struggle. I have, therefore, in every case thought it proper to keep the integrity of the Union prominent as the primary object of the contest on our part, leaving all questions which are not of vital military importance to the more deliberate action of the legislature. [Dec. 3, 1861.]

* * *

The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless. [Dec. 1, 1862.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

**Interlude:
Song of the War**

By Carlos Bulosan

MY dear, when you come back,
look for me in the familiar day.

Look under the sound of the wind,
and in the vast tracks of the sky.

When you come back, look for me
in the passing of warring years.

My dear, look for me only
in the grand havoc of your fears.

And if you come back to me
just to live through another day,

My dear, live only for me;
if you come back to me.

The world divides in my heart,
and the future is a knife in my hand.

My dear, the pain drives me to fear,
and makes all thoughts obsolete.

The fear upon my side is the pain
that burns all my hopes.

It's the hand that touches the future,
and you, my dear, my dear.