Tributes to

Abraham Lincoln

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources providing testimonials lauding the 16th President of the United States

Surnames beginning with

Win-Wr

From the files of the Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Winant, John G.

Winant Pays Tribute In Britain to Lincoln

London, Feb. 12.—(UP)—John G. Winant, American ambassador, paid tribute to Abraham Lincoln today at ceremonies during which the title deeds to the site of the home of Richard Lincoln, ancestor of the late American president, were handed to the British National Trust.

He praised the British for the many monuments erected to Lincoln's memory throughout the British Isles.

Winant, John G.

Winant Discusses Lincoln

LINCOLN, England, Feb. 12 (AP) —Abraham Lincoln would have grasped the reasons that have made Great Britain and the United States allies in this war, United States Ambassador John G. Winant said today at a luncheon commemorating the American emancipator's birthday.

"He, like we, hated the tyranny of man over man," Mr. Winant said.

"He was, as we are, the foes of any doctrine which seeks to enslave one race to another.

"He, like we do, always insisted that democratic government with all its faults was one form of government ultimately compatible with the dignity of the human spirit.

"He passed, as we have passed, through the valley of the shadow of death to the victory of a great principle.

"In these troublous, uncertain days, when all we love and cherish are at stake, this time-swept city which has stood close to 2,000 years gives added anchorage to hope and faith in the future of mankind."

Mr. Winant was given the freedom of the city in honor of the day.

Walter Winchell

Abe Lincoln: Gentle Saint and Iron Man

History itself is not above cruel little jokes. Speaking of Spinoza, the great philsopher, some years ago, President Nicholas Murray Butler said: "When he was alive, he was read by everybody and reverenced by no one; now, alas, he is reverenced by all and read by few indeed"...That is one of the great drawbacks to the solemn road the Lincoln Legend is treading toward the Sainthood of the Martyred President. Lincoln, in my opinion, wouldn't have liked it a bit. He liked all men too much to be placed in any position above them; he was too honest a thinker to mistake reverence for a symbol as support for a cause; and, finally, he was too much of a fighting champion among men to be satisfied with a placid footstool at the feet of the Gods.

Lincoln was tough and to the point. The greatest paradoxes in American history were encompassed in his personality. A comic merely burlesques, often broadly and vulgarly, the posturing of his times; but the essence of a humorist is that he plucks with sad and gentle fingers on the Timeless Harp of Tragedy... Nowhere is the deep sorrow of Lincolns' soul more evident than in his gentle, understanding humor; and nowhere is his hardness in battle more completely demonstrated than in his device of refusal by parable. Lincoln used a story as David used a slingshot—to slug a Goliath in the forehead with a rock. Lincoln's aim was on a par with David's.

For example: Literally swarms of office seekers infested the White House. Lincoln covered the situation in one brief story: "The King of England was out for a hunt. A farmer told him it was going to rain heavily. The king nevertheless went hunting—and was caught in a cloudburst. Feeling that the farmer had clairvoyant powers, he stopped off to reward him. 'Don't give the credit to me,' said the farmer. 'Give it to my jackass.' Whereupon the king committed one of the greatest blunders in history. He made that jackass a minister, and every jackass since has wanted to hold public office"...Once Lincoln was critical of a general, who received the full backing of the War Department: "Mr. President, those who ought to know say he is good." ... "Well," grumbled Lincoln, "if the people don't know he is a fool, they think they do, and it's all the same"...When a fighting officer flunked an examination in classical history by failure to identify two long dead heroes, he was denied promotion. Lincoln wrote on the examination papers: "This seems to be a quarrel between two dead men and a living officer. Give the job to the living man."

His analysis of the fundamental value of human society he stated with the calm and final courage only equalled by Tom Jefferson. They have the greatest application today. He felt that any government which attacked a Bill of Rights should be overthrown: But he thought that economic dislocation was no cause for revolution ...Thus, in his first inaugural address, he said: "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

But following the New York Draft Riots, he met a delegati[on] of labor union officials—[the] first in this country—To them he said: "T[he] able feature of a disturbance in your city last summer was the hanging of some working people by other working people. It should never be so. The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations and tongues and kindreds. Nor should this lead to a war upon property or the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

Thus, in two phases—on civil rights and on property concepts, Abe Lincoln is in flat contradiction of a modern droll character called Andrei Vishinsky.

The Gettysburg Address is classified as among the great pieces of world literature. It consists of ten sentences and took five minutes to deliver. The Orator of the day, Everett, took two hours and ten minutes...As a consequence, Mr. Lincoln had finished speaking before it was realized he had started. The news photographers were caught flat-footed; they were still putting up the cumbersome tripods—and the greatest scoop in history had passed.

When Lincoln sat down he remarked: "The speech is a flat failure. The people are disappointed." The Chicago Times said Mr. Lincoln had foully traduced the men who died at Gettysburg ...The Harrisburg Patriot said the meeting was arranged for the benefit of the President's political party and it was going to pass over the silly remarks of the President; that for the credit of the nation the veil of oblivion should be dropped over them... The Chicago Times inquired if Mr. Lincoln was less refined than a savage...The London Times opined that "anything more dull and commonplace it would not be easy to produce." The rest is history; more important to Lincoln than its inscription on a thousand monuments is its repetition by millions of school children.

Walter Winchell KALE SUN. 8:30 P. M.

Lincoln--Iron Saint

NEW YORK—History itself is not above cruel little jokes. Speaking of Spinoza, the great philosopher, some years ago, President Nicholas Murray Butler said: "When he was alive, he was read by everybody and reverenced by no one; now, alas, he is reverenced by all and read by few indeed." . . . That is one of the great drawbacks to the solemn road the Lincoln legend is treading toward the Sainthood of the Martyred President. Lincoln, in my opinion, wouldn't have liked it a bit. He liked all men too much to be placed in any position above them; he was too honest a thinker to mistake reverence for a symbol as support for a cause; and, finally, he was too much of a fighting champion among men to be satisfied with a placid footstool at the feet of the Gods.

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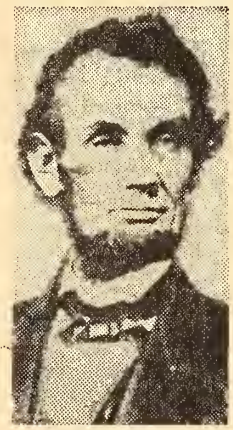
following paragraphs eliminated

Walter Winchell

Lincoln Could Be Comfort to LBJ

THINGS I NEVER KNEW 'TIL NOW [About Abraham Lincoln]—In a number of respects, **LBJ** and Lincoln have a lot in common. . . . Take the intellectuals. . . . Historian **W. E. Woodward** wrote: "The impression that Lincoln made at first showing upon the intellectual leaders of the north was far from favorable. . . . **Wendell Phillips** described derisively as 'a huckster in politics'; and **Edwin M. Stanton** [who later became his secretary of war] referred to him as 'the baboon in the White House.'

Charles Francis Adams, bubbling with long-distance admiration, went to the White House to see the new President and came away disillusioned Lincoln had told him a vulgar joke. . . . **Charles Sumner,** whose austere appearance [combined with indignation over secession] made him resemble a statue in temper, went to see Lincoln and was astounded when the first thing the President said was: 'I'll bet I'm taller than you; let's stand back to back, and measure.' " . . . Another frinstance: The war and the draft. . . Historian **Esse V. Hathaway** wrote: "When Lincoln's first term drew near a close, the people of the country were sick to death with war. The north bitterly resented the draft which Lincoln had to order to reinforce the troops fighting to hold the Union together."



ABE LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S MARRIAGE to Mary Todd was an unhappy one. His law partner, **William Herndon,** said, "If Lincoln ever had a happy day in 20 years, I never knew of it." . . . **Dale Carnegie** told how—shortly after they were engaged—Lincoln wrote Mary Todd a letter saying that he didn't love her sufficiently to marry her. . . . He gave the letter to his friend, **Joshua Speed,** and asked him to give it to Mary. . . . Speed tore up the letter and told Lincoln to go and see Mary Todd himself. . . . Lincoln did, and when he told her that he didn't want to marry her, she started to cry. . . . Lincoln could never stand seeing a woman cry—so he took her in his arms and kissed her and said he was sorry.

SPEAKING ABOUT an attack made on him by the Committee on the Conduct of the War for an alleged blunder, Lincoln said: "If I were to try to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing it until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, 10 angels swearing I was right would make no difference." [Most quoted of Abe's aces.]

Speaking of newspaper attacks, Lincoln said: "I'm like the traveler on the frontier who was lost in a wild country on a pitch-black night. A terrific storm was raging, yet tho he was buffeted by wind and rain, the glare of the lightning alone showed him the way. Suddenly came a crashing bolt and the traveler dropped upon his knees. 'O, Lord,' he prayed, 'if it's all the same to You, give us a little more light and a good deal less noise.' "

BURDENED WITH the pressures of the Civil war, Lincoln had to have some relaxation. In his own words: "With the fearful strain of war upon me, if I did not laugh occasionally, I would die." . . . His favorite funnyman was a clown, **Dan Rice,** who was the **Bob Hope** of his day. . . . **Don Gillette,** in his best-selling biography of Dan Rice, "He Made Lincoln Laugh," reports that not only did Lincoln go to the circus to see Rice perform, but also had extended visits with the clown backstage for additional relaxation.

Lincoln was a newspaper publisher for a time. In 1859-60 he was the owner and publisher of a German language weekly, the Illinois Staats-Anzeiger. . . . He used it to win votes from the heavy German population in Illinois.

Los Angeles Herald-Examiner
Los Angeles, California
February 12, 1965

By-line Walter Winchell

Winchell

Abe Lincoln, 1965

Mankind is reaching for the stars and shattering sound barriers. There are miracles in test-tubes and wonders in computers. Nevertheless, wisdom and courage are constant. Abraham Lincoln's words and deeds are applicable to every contemporary issue . . . He utilized words as David used a slingshot. When bigots attacked him, he responded: "When you Know-Nothings get control, it will read all men are created equal, except foreigners, Negroes, Jews and Catholics. When it comes to this I should prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense at loving liberty — in Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy."

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The words he delivered before a regiment in 1864 would be just as propitious if addressed to our troops in Viet Nam: "I happen, temporarily, to occupy the White House. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has. It is in order that each of you may have, through this free government which we have enjoyed, an open field and a fair chance for your industry and enterprise; that you may all have equal privileges in the race of life, with all its desirable human aspirations. It is for this that the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our birthrights. This nation is worth fighting for to secure an inestimable jewel.

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There is drama and humor in the subtle and irresistible forces which shaped his career. No man endured deeper personal anguish. And no man derived greater personal satisfaction from thoughtful laughter. With a single flash of wit he could penetrate the pretentious and bombastic. Moreover, he could demolish those who were victims of their own absurdity. His gift for laughter remains quotable and timely . . . Lincoln defined demagogues as "those who can compress the most words into the smallest ideas." He tipped office-seekers: "A politician's most valuable attribute is to be able to raise a cause which shall produce an effect and then fight the effect." His retort to snobs: "I know a man who wanted to be born in this country — but his mother wouldn't let him."

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During his epic debates with Douglas he coined his classic admonition: "No man is good enough to govern another without the other's consent." A dozen words encompassed the most effective definition of democracy."

He had no patience with aggressors and was aware of the folly of appeasement. The aggressors made him think of a farmer who said: "I ain't greedy about land. I only want what adjoins mine." Appeasers he dismissed as fools who turn their backs on the fire "and then find they have to sit on a blister" . . . Lincoln was always a realist and his personal philosophy was practical: "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody who stands right; stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong."

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Just glance at the headlines and you can see political struggles rocking the nation. Similar struggles were more savage during Lincoln's era . . . Although he attained the presidency with a decisive majority in the electoral college — he had a minority of the popular vote. The nation was split on almost every major issue. He was a hard fighter, but was never vindictive. He loved the soldiers who fought for him and had compassion for those who fought against him. He never once uttered a vicious word against the Southern people. He always spoke of Dixie's fighters as "these Southern gentlemen." Incredibly, the man who despised slavery never had any hatred against those who believed in it. He explained: "They are just what we would be in their situation."

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He was blessed with the moral strength that is so desperately needed in the world today. Lincoln was one of those rare politicians who combined practical ability with moral ideals transcending political expediency . . . He could have compromised on the slavery issue and allowed the festering spiritual infection to afflict the nation. But he refused to appease indecency . . . No man had a deeper devotion to peace. Nevertheless, he took drastic action when he discovered the conflict would not be reconciled amicably. Lincoln said this nation would not exist half-slave and half-free — and that inexorable logic obviously applies to the world of 1965.

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Incidentally, when Lincoln was a congressman he introduced a bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. It was defeated. Had the bill passed, it might have prevented the Civil War.

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In this fearful and dangerous world it is well to remember that while Lincoln's hopes occasionally wavered, his courage never faltered . . . His personal life was burdened with anguish. He was a failure as a businessman and was defeated for the Senate and vice presidency. His fight began against the forces of nature in an 18x18 cabin and continued against the forces of darkness. Lincoln was not just a fighter — he was a fighting champion . . . There have been times when Americans have tended to squander his precious legacy of wisdom and strength. Nevertheless, this nation's faith has been constantly renewed by Lincoln's living memory. His concepts have an immortality and his dignity reflects the basic strength of the human spirit. His mightiest triumph was not on the field of battle, but the part he played in binding the nation's wounds. Through the long night of strife Lincoln envisioned the bright dawn of decency. Where there is light — there is Lincoln.

Winkler, Rabbi Mayer

LINCOLN PROCLAIMED GREATEST AMERICAN

A sermon on "The Great Emancipator" was preached yesterday by Rabbi Mayer Winkler at Temple Sinai. Dr. Winkler said in part:

"Lincoln attained immortality while he was still living. Lincoln is a legendary figure in American history, but in the sense that legend sometimes contains more than the truth. Guiding the destiny of America in times of peril and tempest he was zealously safeguarding and protecting the sanctity of the Declaration of Independence which secured equality to all Americans and which is the basis of the Union. Even in his fight against slavery, he was always anxious not to overstep the principles laid down in the Constitution. The historian of today appreciates fully his cautious and conservative attitude toward the emancipation problem. Lincoln was a firm believer in the Constitution and in his wisdom and self-sacrificing devotion he helped to bring forth order out of chaos. The declaration of freedom of slavery is a product of that period. Lincoln was destined by providence to begin a new chapter in history which spells freedom and equality to all inhabitants. Lincoln, the great humanitarian, is a symbol and personification of true Americanism."

Winterburn, Florence Hull

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A Tribute from One Much Moved by Memories of His Career.

2-17-09

To the Editor of The New York Times:

I have just read, as well as I could for my tears, your editorial in your issue of to-day, on our beloved Lincoln. And I have to write to say to you that you wrote as one inspired. In all that you have been doing this past fortnight to awaken in our young people the sentiment of love for this noblest American, you have evidently been actuated by such a patriotic and fine spirit that the very children have felt your earnestness, and for the time have forgotten the sordid and contemptible little things that too often occupy their school hours, and have labored as one soul to bring the homage of their little tribute to the great storehouse of grateful appreciation that THE TIMES has opened up for us all. My little girl, too small to have known much before this about the President she has heard me speak of often, always as a dear, lost friend, is still poring over your reproduction of the old TIMES issue, and has just exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I love THE TIMES, it is so sympathetic to Lincoln!" A child's tribute, and an honest one.

I was a little child in Washington when our Lincoln was shot, and I remember, as if it were yesterday, all the awful results of that horrible night. Seven of my family were in the Union Army, and just across from our own house was a camp of soldiers. Never has any personal affliction affected me more deeply, and never have I in later life shed bitterer tears than did the child who loved Lincoln—when he was shot.

Well, every nation has its one white souled hero; we can set our own beside that of each. Arthur, Charlemagne, Bayard, Gonzalo, twenty others of whom I cannot think now, with agitation as it for a new loss swelling my heart, but none on earth, past or to come, that can stand higher than our martyred President—ever the noblest American of them all!

Thank you, dear TIMES, and you will forgive my occupying you for a moment to read such a weak and personal letter, for it is from an American woman, whose family has been for 300 years identified with the interests of her country, and whose dearest wish is that it should always remain worthy of its savior and hero—Abraham Lincoln. God keep his memory green!

FLORENCE HULL WINTERBURN.

New York, Feb. 12, 1909.

Winton, Harry

Lives That Endure

By Harry Winton

MANY lives leave no more permanent impression on the pages of time than are left by a pebble thrown into a stream —just a few feeble little ripples, and then—oblivion.

The month of February brings once again the commemoration of the birth of two men whose lives will never die —Washington and Lincoln. Why is it that these two men have made for themselves in history a place that will never fade? Some there are whose lives are remembered for some noble act, or perhaps some single act of valor that sets them apart, and the fusion of circumstances accords them mention. But for such isolated instances they would never have been lifted from mediocrity to the eminence of fame.

Men like Washington and Lincoln do live in the hearts of succeeding generations because of any one single act performed, but rather as the consequence of a lifetime of progress and achievement. Here were two men born and reared in almost directly opposite circumstances, yet both were imbued with the same qualities of sterling manhood, the qualities of truth, integrity, kindliness, justice and unwavering purpose.

It is not ordained that all of us can scale the heights of fame as did these noble men, but it is possible for us to leave some impress of our journey through the world. Those very qualities that made them great are dormant in each of us, but, too often, alas, remain obscured because of carelessness, indifference or neglect. The great lesson for each one of us in the lives of Washington and Lincoln, as I see it, can be briefly defined, and I would translate it in this wise:

Be something—have a purpose in life; be the master of circumstances, and not their victim. Be a worker, not a whiner; a doer, not a debater. And so today, the world needs more "sweaters" and fewer saviors—more "tryers" and not so many triflers. We can, each one of us, best perform our duty to our

country, to our loved ones, and to ourselves, by cultivating stability of character, by setting a definite goal and going toward that mark with unswerving steadfastness of purpose.

I do not want for a moment to imply that any of us by the development of these qualities will necessarily leave stamped on time, such enduring greatness as did Washington and Lincoln. Rather, it is an urge that we should "hitch our wagon to a star," because of the foreknowledge that we can not achieve the slighest modicum of success unless the development of these very qualities be our unceasing aim.

Neither do I wish to leave the impression that if you are following a business against which your very soul rebels you should doggedly carry on; because such a course evidences at once lack of courage to break loose and, even though it means a new start, to devote your determined energies to the line you most desire to follow, after you have made very sure that your choice is right.

No man can hope to succeed or be entirely happy engaged in work for which he has no inclination or aptitude. It is only the weakling, however, who fritters away the best years of his life drifting aimlessly from one job to another. The wise man heeds the terse injunction of the old Greek, "Know Thyself," because, if you know yourself, you know others, and the man who doesn't know himself is not likely to be much of an authority on others.

There is a particular niche in the world for each of us, although few achieve the halls of fame. None of us, however, can live wholly to himself, and each day we are writing pages in our lives that others will read and heed.

Doesn't it, then, behoove us to develop those essential qualities to which I have referred, so that, in however small a way, we may leave some enduring record of our sojourn in this good old world of ours?

Wise, Hon. John S.

WISE PRAISES LINCOLN'S WORK.

The Virginian Speaks of the Martyr President from a Confederate View Point.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—The annual dinner of the Union League Club of Brooklyn was given at the club house tonight. The club at the same time celebrated the birthday of A. Lincoln. The attendance was large, and addresses were made by the Hon. John S. Wise to the toast of "Abraham Lincoln"; the Hon. John C. Burroughs, "A Government of the People"; the Hon. W. Hepburn, "How Shall We Extend the Labor Field of the United States?" and the Hon. Z. P. Pangborn, "The Republicanism of Abraham Lincoln and Its Lesson for Us Today." Mr. Wise said in part:

"How long ago it seems since Abraham Lincoln lived and died. Never before have men seen a nation, first rent asunder in doubtful fratricidal strife, then reunited and hurried forward and all factions forget their bitterness; all acknowledge that results reached were best for all, and in which the actors in its bloodiest tragedy, forgetting the passions which stirred them of old, become calm philosophers upon the causes and results of their own struggles. I shall speak to you as one who, while yet a boy, embarked enthusiastically in the Confederate cause, and who, even at the hour of the foul assassination of Mr. Lincoln, was still in arms against the Federal Government.

"The outbreak of the war released Mr. Lincoln from every pledge that he had given to the South while endeavoring to maintain peace. He had unquestioned right to proclaim the freedom of the slaves as a war measure. A giant casting about him for means of coping with a powerful antagonist found a mighty bowlder on a mountain peak which released would go thundering down in the valley where the camp of his enemy was pitched. He saw the danger to his friends as it would leap along the mountainside, yet he knew it would fall with overwhelming force upon and crush his foes.

None but a bold, strong, independent nature would have assumed all responsibilities for the danger which the step involved to himself, his friends, and to his cause. Looking at its consequences, friend and foe alike now concur that it was a matchless stroke of a master hand. Lincoln will be remembered for all time to come by friend and foe alike, as the great, sad, almost lonely helmsman of the Union in the hour of its peril, who steered by the unfailing light of a single constellation, who, never veering a point, was always guided by his self-made chart, 'with malice toward none and charity for all."

Dr. Hirsch's Address.

Dr. Hirsch said:

Among Greek stories is one whose peculiar beauty struck me in the highest degree. The Greeks loved youth above all other things. They dreamed that somewhere there was a spring that would bring to old age the beauty of youth, that would invigorate and bring to the age-wasted frame the warmth of the past. Nations possess these springs which draw back the strength, courage, and enthusiasm of youth. The nation is old and tottering to its burial that cannot turn aside once in a while from the whirl and hurry of life to remember their great men who have died for the State and people. But that nation will remain young forever which in reverence and gratitude remembers the day when their great were borne to the grave and recites and recounts their glorious deeds.

Our generation is fortunate in being able to celebrate in one brief month the birth of the two greatest characters in the stormy history of our country—the two best, purest men of humanity, regardless of the restrictions of nationality, that we proudly call our own. It is a glorious thought that our State is the first to vest the anniversary of Lincoln's birth with the character of a legal holiday. Lincoln's anniversary precedes Washington's by a few days. Washington was the founder, Lincoln the preserver. Lincoln takes precedence in importance over Washington, the founder, the father of our country.

They say we are too much given to hero worship. Enthusiasm of any kind is liable to exaggeration. With the artist, the poet, or in the chaste suggestions of marble enlargement takes place. The gigantic measurements of the divine is attempted to be carried out in justice and in truth.

The ideal Lincoln is present to our minds, yet we know he lived, suffered, and died on earth. What matters it if we are hero worshipers? Man has to worship. Happy is that nation that can worship such men as Washington and Lincoln. Happy that nation whose great men are great not only in war but first in peace. Happy that nation the name of whose hero Washington recalls Hamilton, and the name of the statesman Lincoln recalls Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Chase, Seward, Stevens, and even our opponent, Stephen A. Douglas. These memories are precious. They are the greatest gifts God has given our American people. Lincoln's birthday signifies more than a sentiment. It signifies what the West has done. As Washington's name suggests the deeds of the men of the East, so Lincoln conjures up the West. It was the West with its passionate love of freedom, of quick life, of energy and push, of thirst for discovery, of a reach for earth's hidden resources, the ax-wielding, pick-handling aggressive West, that made memorable the years of Lincoln's Presidency.

It required a Western man to carry the conflict on to victory, and it is a glory that a Western State has given the dignity of a legal holiday to that Western man. As the East dignified the birthday of Washington, so Illinois, the Queen State of the West, honors her son.

Detracts from No Other's Fame.

We do not disparage Washington and our other heroes of his day. They builded better than they knew. They gave us at once a National Government and home rule. They made the States independent and interdependent. The Constitution was a miracle of statesmanship. This we owe to the fathers. But the fathers left us under the Stars and Stripes a cancerous growth. They gave us freedom, but not for all; liberty of the few with slavery under the flag. As this system grew it coveted the fields of the West. The West would not brook it. It needed room. It would not have its progress arrested. It would not have a social institution at variance with the laws of God. The West polished the diamond of American liberty.

Lincoln, Grau Sherman, and Sheridan made true the pretensions of our Constitution. They made this the home of human beings to live and enjoy liberty. In our own beloved State the clarion voice of Lincoln was first raised in protest where he said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. The new States must be free. If prudent counsels cannot prevail let the conflict come. Liberty must triumph."

When elected President he was known to be opposed to slavery. He counselled prudence. When at Antietam the Union forces were victorious, he struck the chains from the slaves and from that day the black race of the United States was freed. We can scarcely conceive what burdens rested on the President during the trying years from 1861 to 1865. He was distrusted by men of his own party, not understood by the people. Still, that honest man labored and tired not. That child of the people gave himself up to toil.

Those four years of stupendous labor have no equal in history. That hero has no peer in historic records. Give me the name of his peer among Princes or Kings, as named in song. Though people bow down to them as they display their wealth of retinue, or show the value of their inherited jewels, this child of the people outshone them in all the elements of greatness, goodness, gentleness.

Born in poverty, reared in poverty, hungry in body and mind, our country lawyer, legislative member, Congressman, disputant with Douglas, President in the stormiest time of our history, our martyred President dying in sight of victory, outshines any diamond in the crown of history. Such a man was our own immortal Abraham Lincoln.

He was not only great as a statesman, but he was one of the noblest men God ever sent to earth to delight and bless mankind. It was not so much what he became as what he remains. We know the stories of our great Generals, Presidents, and statesmen, but none of them remembered the days of their youth as did Lincoln. He was the same in the White House as in the log cabin. His heart was as wide as the country he saved. Consider the tenderness of his sympathy. He could not sleep while he thought of one deserter sentenced to be shot. He found time, this busiest of men, to cheer the widow and orphan. He will live in history when the deeds of men perhaps greater than he because of war records will be forgotten.

It was not the President but the man Lincoln that was the greatest benefaction our land bestowed on the world at large. What a land is ours which produced a Lincoln who put to shame the purple of old governments. How touching his tribute to our martyred soldiers at Gettysburg.

When Lincoln fell Kings bowed down to his illustrious memory. The President died but the Union still lived. The President's blood was shed. It was the last sacrifice of atonement. The loss then seemed irreparable. As we turn and look back at it through the years it seemed providential. He ascended heavenward as the prophet of old—the chariot of Israel and its horseman—further and further it ascended up to the skies.

Lincoln died for our country, let us live for it. Washington planted, Lincoln preserved the Union, let us be true to it. America! Land of Liberty, washed by the blood of freemen, hope of heaven, star of the morning. A child is born, the Prince of Peace. Is not the description of the ideal Prince of Peace the spiritual photograph of our immortal Abraham Lincoln?"

At the close of the program the audience joined in singing "America."

FRENCH OFFICIALS AT STOCK-YARDS.

Chicago Tribune Feb 13 1892

XIX

Wise, Hon, John S.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S TRIBUTE.

Hon. John S. Wise Responds Eloquently to the Toast "Abraham Lincoln."

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—The annual dinner of the Union League Club, of Brooklyn, was given at the club-house to-night. The club at the same time celebrated the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. The attendance was large and addresses were made by the Hon. John S. Wise, to the toast "Abraham Lincoln;" Hon. J. C. Burroughs, "A Government of the People;" Hon. W. P. Hepburn, "How Shall We Extend the Labor Field of the United States," and Hon. Z. K. Pangborn, on "The Republicanism of Abraham Lincoln and Its Lesson for Us Today." Mr. Wise said, in part:

How long ago it seems since Abraham Lincoln lived and died. Never before have men seen a nation first rent asunder in doubtful fratricidal strife, then reunited and hurried forward so that all factions forget their bitterness; that all acknowledge that the results reached were best for all, and in which the actors in its bloodiest tragedies, forgetting the passions which stirred them of old become calm philosophers on the causes and results of their own struggle. [Applause.] I shall speak to you as one who, while yet a boy, embarked enthusiastically in the confederate cause, and who, even at the hour of the foul assassination of Mr. Lincoln, was still in arms against the federal government. The nomination of Mr. Lincoln I pictured in boyish fancy as the elevation of a bad man by an insane faction, with a cruel quixotic purpose. The idea that he or his fellowers could or would prevail against the power of the South seemed to me utterly preposterous.

After reviewing the ascendency of Lincoln to the presidential chair as well as his war measures from the stand-point of a rebel, the speaker described the appearance of Lincoln in Richmond after the town had fallen and his original plans for reconstruction that were cut short by his assassination. Said he:

Into the deserted capital of the Confederacy swarmed the triumphant armies of the Union. 'Midst flame and smoke, the confederate standard was hauled down from its peak on the Capitol, where it had waved defiance for four historic years. The wearied, decimated army of Lee was staggering off, fighting at every step, toward its last stand at Appomattox. Women and children and old men were all that were left in the deserted citadel. Flames licked it, smoke shrouded it, gloom hung over it like a pall. It was then that the people of the confederate capital caught their first and last sight of Abraham Lincoln. Did he come as a conqueror, with flaunting bannor and gleaming sword? Did he enter in triumph and with threatening mien as Goth and Hun swept down on Rome? No. In his own simple, gentle way, Abraham Lincoln was standing at the deserted door of the Confederacy, with tears of sympathy in his eyes, rather than any smile of triumph on his face. The very embodiment of his own noble utterances, he stood there appealing to his enemies as his brethren, imploring them to end strife, restore harmony and accept happiness, as he saw it in store for them. Those confederates who met Mr. Lincoln upon this occasion were irresistably touched by the gentleness and earnestness of these appeals. There was nothing of doubt that he had pursued the right, as God had given him power to see the right. Yet was there no touch of malice in his heart, no sign of gloating triumph in his eye, no word of recrimination in his speech. His whole intense nature seemed concentrated in the one hope that strife was ended and harmony, union and love might be restored to his distracted country. His first effort was to find some one, a representative of the Confederacy, through whom he might communicate his plans for restoration. Of all the throng who had crowded the capital, no prominent man remained, except Judge Campbell, of Louisiana, who had been detained by illness. With him Mr. Lincoln communicated at once. He has left a statement as to what occurred, and no nobler testimonial to Mr. Lincoln is on record. His statement is that Mr. Lincoln's plan was to at once, through him, prepare calls for conventions in all the States of the Confederacy; that these conventions should assemble, repeal the ordinances of secession, accept the emancipation of the slaves and forthwith resume their relations to the Union; that, pursuant to this understanding, he repaired to the national Capitol to meet Mr. Lincoln and prepare those calls; that the night of his arrival the assassination of Mr. Lincoln occurred, and that, in fear of his life, he left the city immediately.

Thus failed the last great plan of Lincoln. How simple all this would have been. So thorough, and, in its simplicity, so characteristic of Lincoln! The South was shocked inexpressibly by the foul assassination of Mr. Lincoln. The world has never held the South responsible for the act of the madman. Yet, horrified as they were and stirred as were their generous sympathies at the cruel fate of their greatest antagonist, the Southern people knew not how much of hope for them, how much of love, how much of helpfulness in their hour of sorest need lay buried in the coffin of Abraham Lincoln. As he had been the mainstay of the Union, he could have gone further than any other man in the North would have dared to do in the way of kindness and forgiveness to his foes.

Wise, Jonah B.

RABBIS EULOGIZE LINCOLN.

Observe Anniversary of Birth by Special Sermons.

Numerous rabbis devoted their sermons yesterday morning to eulogies of Abraham Lincoln in observance of the birthday anniversary.

"If ever a man rose like Elijah from the earth that man was Abraham Lincoln," said the Rev. Jonah B. Wise, rabbie of the Central Synagogue, Lexington Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. "His redemption from the dust was a miracle. It was performed in the presence of millions of men and it made for their higher faith in their government and themselves.

"Lincoln had in him that greatness which comes of the earth itself. He was a man created from the dust and his type has made for the consecration of the meek. He came of a stock which had been bred to face intolerance and had accepted it as a social accident to be sturdily met and not whined over."

"The Jews and Lincoln's Birthday" was the topic of the sermon by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Schick, rabbi of the West Side Jewish Centre, 357 West Thirty-fourth Street.

"There is a great parallel between the Jews and Lincoln," said Rabbi Schick. "There is a specific significance in his life and in the ideals of the Jew. Both challenged slavery. Both cried out for the rights of man. Both sought for the spiritual life and less for the material. Both sought to make life more and more beautiful.

"Lincoln was a man of the Bible. He understood and sought to practice its profound idealism and its justice. The Jew is the child of the Bible and struggled to live up to the profound idealism it breathes in its every syllable.

"Lincoln was a man of peace. The Jew proclaims peace to be the great heritage of mankind. Lincoln struggled for simple living. The Jew is commanded to live simply and with justice to his fellow-men."

The Rev. Dr. Israel Goldstein, rabbi of Congregation B'nai Jeshurun, Eighty-eighth Street and West End Avenue, said:

"The American people choose to weave the wreath of legend only about those of its sons who are most truly expressive of its spirit and tradition. Upon the canvas of such personalities it projects the traits which are deeply rooted in its own idealism. In the short space of half a century the Lincoln legend has grown to overwhelming proportions.

"As politician, as statesman, as liberator, as religious mystic, Lincoln's personality is so rich that any one of its several phases would constitute a theme of engrossing interest. Like a resplendent gem radiating brilliance from every one of its many facets, the great martyr President is resplendent no matter from what angle viewed."

Wise, Jonah B.

RABBIS' SERMONS EXTOL LINCOLN AIM

Pope Pius XI Continued Fight of Emancipator, Rabbi W. F. Rosenblum Declares

DICTATORS IN CONTRAST

Rabbi J. B. Wise Depicts Pontiff's Democracy Against 'Program of Hate and Blood'

Pope Pius XI continued the fight of Abraham Lincoln for equality and brotherhood against bigotry and prejudice, Rabbi William F. Rosenblum said yesterday at Temple Israel, 210 West Ninety-first Street. The life of the Great Emancipator was a general theme of sermons by rabbis here.

"Lincoln died believing that American blood had hallowed a bond between men to stand equal before the law no matter what their race, their creed, their color," Rabbi Rosenblum said. "Pope Pius XI found himself faced with a recrudescence of these very bigotries and prejudices which had set brother against brother seventy years ago.

"The heightening of the class struggle in some countries, the fabrication of Aryanism in Germany and Italy, the failure of democracy to maintain itself in Europe and elsewhere saddened his latter years. Pope Pius XI was the head of one church but in his devotion to the principles of justice and brotherhood, he was the voice of modern prophecy."

Pope Held "Truly Religious"

Rabbi Herbert S. Goldstein at the West Side Institutional Synagogue, 120-138 West Seventy-sixth Street, declared, "Pope Pius XI was truly a religious man in so far that his ritual was translated into an overflowing love for all people regardless of race, creed or color."

Modern European dictators were contrasted unfavorably with Abraham Lincoln by Rabbi Jonah B. Wise at Central Synagogue, 652 Lexington Avenue.

"To place Abraham Lincoln alongside the political leaders of Europe today," Rabbi Wise said, "is to institute a comparison between 'Hyperion and the Satyr.' His noble face contrasts with their hate-distorted visages.

"His noble speech and scriptural language stands far removed from their embittered and flamboyant phrases. I firmly believe that the Lincoln program will be victorious in God's own time. Today the program of hate and blood seems triumphant. Democracy is being hauled in the dust in the triumph of autocracy."

"Lincoln learned and taught the lesson that a price must be paid for the things which are worth while in our national life," Rabbi Israel Goldstein said to Congregation B'nai Jeshurun, 270 West Eighty-ninth Street.

"The principle of union in the United States required in his time not merely avowal but sacrifice in its defense. We today need to be impressed with the same lesson, that a price must be paid for what is most worthwhile in our national life. It must be realized that at a time when democracy is being challenged not only abroad but in our own channels more than lip service is required."

Aid to Roosevelt Urged

"Mr. Roosevelt today has the same right to receive the helpfulness of his party members as Lincoln did in the days of political conflict seventy-five years ago," Rabbi Louis I. Newman declared in his sermon to Congregation Rodeph Sholom, 7 West Eighty-third Street.

"We must scrutinize Mr. Roosevelt's recommendations, but we must not throw them overboard just for the sake of being contrary," he warned. "A nation must do its utmost to cooperate with its elected leader at a time of crisis, and throw no stumbling blocks in his path merely for the sake of "teaching him a lesson.'"

"The conduct of an immortal such as Abraham Lincoln," said Rabbi B. A. Tintner to Mount Zion Congregation, 135 West Seventieth Street, "can always inspire us to purge ourselves of those sordid agencies that would tend to make America only mortal. The soul of Abraham Lincoln is immortal. That is the blessing, we hope, with which America will be forever graced."

"The great call of religion is liberty through the fellowship of right living," Rabbi Nathan Stern asserted at West End Synagogue, 160 West Eighty-second Street. "The spirit in which Abraham Lincoln toiled is an ever present example thereof."

Rabbi Joseph Zeitlin at Temple Ansche Chesed, 251 West 100th Street, praised the Temple of Religion in construction at the New York World's Fair "as an affirmation of the recognition of something of a reality beyond the infinite."

New York Times 2/13/39

Wise, Rev. Stephen S.

DR. WISE ON LINCOLN.

Incidentally He Takes a Fling at the Anti-Suffragists.

The Rev. Stephen S. Wise couldn't resist giving the anti-suffragists a rap in his talk on "Lincoln, the Commoner," at the Lincoln celebration held by the City History Club and the League for Political Education at the Hudson Theatre yesterday morning. Dr. Wise was dilating on the growth of snobbery in America.

"Why, there was almost a riot when, in 1830, the first coat-of-arms ever assumed here was adopted by a New York family," he said. "But now, dear me! you can't belong to the Anti-Suffrage Society unless you have a coat-of-arms."

Laughter from the suffragists and sniffs from the "antis" greeted this remark. After Dr. Wise sat down Robert Erskine Ely, director of the league, was observed to consult hastily with him. Then Mr. Ely came forward.

"With Dr. Wise's approval," he said, "I want to state in regard to a sentence in his address that it was not meant as a hit at any organization. We count some of the anti-suffragists among the good friends of the League for Political Education. And we try to be as fair here as the frailty of human nature will permit."

Dr. Wise's speech was a ringing plea for more of the spirit of Lincoln in the life of to-day.

"Lincoln trusted the common people," he said. "We hear a new doctrine to-day, the distrust of the common people. If Lincoln could trust them, why not we? Let no man call himself a democrat who is afraid to give the people more power.

"Lincoln abolished slavery, not only because it was an evil in itself, but because it was a symptom of that dread thing, the caste spirit, the feudal spirit. I very much fear that we are witnessing a recrudescence of that spirit to-day. One of the most dangerous evidences of this is the segregation of the children of the rich and the children of the poor in their schools. This is more serious than you think. If our children don't meet now as children, may not their later differences be magnified?"

Dr. Wise said it might astonish some doting mothers, but the most painstaking historian hadn't been able to discover that Abraham Lincoln was educated at a fashionable school.

"We need the spirit of Lincoln to-day," he said, "to enable us to give justice to the negro; and don't imagine, you smug Northerners, that it is only in the South that the negro is badly treated. We need his spirit to abolish child labor. We need it to save women from the necessity of going out from shops into a life of shame, because they are paid starvation wages. We need it when a handful of men on the Pacific Coast are seeking to drive us into an unrighteous war—which God forbid!"

Forty boys and girls, members of the Music School Settlement Orchestra, on the lower East Side, occupied the stage and played several numbers, conducted by David Mannes. Some of them were such tiny things that their feet didn't reach the floor as they sat in their chairs, but they handled their instruments like old hands as they played "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," Grieg's "Der Frühling" and other selections.

The children of the City History Club held one of their district meetings and gave a play written by their director, called "Nathan Hale." Louis Gross made a fine Nathan Hale. Young "Jack" Smith was General Washington.

HANDKERCHIEF WORTH A FORTUNE.

N.Y. [illegible]
2/7/07

Wise, Stephen S. (Rabbi)

LINCOLN EULOGIZED IN EXERCISES HERE

Combined Simplicity of Rustic With Grandeur of Epic Figure, Says Rabbi Wise.

DEMOCRACY'S GREATEST AID

N.Y. Times 2-13-22

Illustrated Divine Powers in Humblest Heart, Says Schulman—Celebrations Today.

Lincoln's Birthday was celebrated yesterday and last night with eulogistic sermons in churches and patriotic addresses and music at public gatherings. One of the unusual touches was the broadcasting of sermons and music by radio, so that wireless amateurs over a territory of several hundred miles were able to participate and repeat the words of the Gettysburg address as they came by radio from Newark, N. J.

There will be other exercises today, which will be observed as a bank holiday. Wall Street and many other fields of business will take a holiday, but the department stores and other shops will remain open.

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise delivered an address on "Abraham Lincoln: Man of God" before the Free Synagogue at Carnegie Hall yesterday morning. "The man who is great must love the truth. He must be fearless; he must be selfless, and his must be the gift of vision," said Rabbi Wise. He said that Lincoln met the test of these qualities and also that of magnanimity, which stamped him as supremely great.

"The lesson of the life of Lincoln," he continued, "is that character is all. Lincoln's greatness is in truth extraordinary. His was a rare combination of the simplicity of a rustic neighbor together with the grandeur of an epic figure. Providence has been bounteous to America. It has given us not only many great men but many types of greatness, and the greatness of America's great is not limited to the qualities of statesmanship.

Civil War Begot Greatness.

"Moreover, the great of America are not circumscribed by a single day or need. At the founding of America there arose a company of the great. In the middle period before the Civil War a number of truly great figures trod the highway of American life. The Civil War begot greatness, whether in the councils of leadership, Lincoln; or on the battlefield, witness Robert E. Lee.

"And in our own day the genius of America has not been sparing or grudging in its creation of the great. Roosevelt, with all his oddities and limitations, is yet great; and, in the day of greatest stress and noblest opportunty, America was led by a figure whom, despite current detraction and momentary dispraise, the generations will revere and call one of the earth's truly great—Woodrow Wilson.

"Lincoln was America incarnate. He was not a courtly being. He had none of the graces and manners of a courtier. He was just America—strong, rugged, unaffected—this son of the silences of the prairies which gave strength and sinew to his being. Lincoln was the faith and the practice of democracy. He was a simple, genuine believer in the realities of democracy. He enriched and deepened America's faith in itself and the future of humankind, out of whose lowliest ranks he stepped into highest place and ever bore himself with sublime simplicity."

In speaking on "Lincoln Day and American Democracy" at Temple Beth-El, Rabbi Samuel Schulman said in part:

"There is no man in the world's history who in his life has given such a convincing commentary as Lincoln upon the reasonableness of democracy. No one has so well illustrated the divine powers which may lie latent in the heart and mind of the humblest son of the people.

"A man may be born to the purple yet when his hour strikes he may not have the capacity. On the other hand, a man may be born in a log cabin in Kentucky, yet if he have inborn, divinely given powers of mind and heart, he will by an inevitable law rise to a royalty of character that will be universally acknowledged. Our democracy asserts the possibility of such leadership in any, even the poorest boy in the nation."

Witt, Peter

'Think About Lincoln,' Is Witt's Message From Bed

Cleveland's Commoner Refers Interviewer to 1932 Birthday Tribute to Emancipator.

Peter Witt, convalescent from three months' illness at his apartment at 1357 East Boulevard N. E., was interviewed yesterday and asserted, "The best thing any one can say today is: Remember that this country, after all, produced Abraham Lincoln."

"Let people think a bit about Lincoln," he added. "His birthday tomorrow ought to be the occasion for every thinking person to take fresh heart. Of all the so-called great men these United States have seen, he is the towering figure because he leaned on no one and forever preserved the grandeur of a common man."

Witt is still confined to bed, but his eyes are getting back a sparkle which a complication of ailments sought to dim. From the bed he waved one aggressive arm and said: "Look up the speech on Lincoln I read over the radio a year ago. I tried to bring out some of the glory, some of the pathos of the man."

Speech Was Broadcast.

The speech, printed some time ago in a pamphlet, was broadcast Feb. 12, 1932, over WHK. In it Witt said: "Lincoln was born in a single-room log cabin. It had one window, one door and a dirt floor. It was located in the wilderness of Kentucky, then the frontier. Neighbors were few and far between. Savage beasts and still more savage men roamed about.

"Thomas and Nancy Lincoln were his parents. They were pioneers of pioneer stock, brave and undaunted. Their lot, in common with all others who were fighting it out on that frontier, was a hard one. To physical comforts they were strangers. Everything they had was secured at the expense of hard and grinding toil. The ax and the grubber were their tools.

"But, hard as was the life they lived, it had its compensations. Freedom, economic freedom, was theirs; for land, from which comes all wealth, was practically free. It sold for 50 cents an acre.

No Starvation Then.

"The cruelty of unemployment was to these frontier people unknown. To look for a job not to be had was not dreamed of. To starve in the midst of plenty was beyond their imagination—as it should be beyond ours.

"The march to the west was on. Covered wagons were rolling by. Thomas Lincoln decided to go to Indiana, where better land was to be had for little more than the mere asking. It meant another trek, another hardship. To that they were accustomed.

"At Pidgeon Creek they halted. Between two trees they built a pole shed. It was closed on three sides, the fourth was open. In the corners were beds of dry leaves. With bear skins for covers, and a big fire at the open side, the cold of the winter months was tempered to the extent that such protection could temper the icy blasts that blew.

"Abe was of school age. The nearest school house was nine miles away. That meant a walk of eighteen miles a day for Abe and his sister Sarah.

Lincoln's First Great Sorrow.

"Again came spring to usher in the summer. With it came Abraham Lincoln's first great sorrow. His mother, Nancy Hanks, died. He was 9 years old, the age when a boy needs mother most.

"* * * Here they live for ten years. Again comes the urge to go west. Abe has grown to young manhood. In the new country, he continues in work that is rough, work that is hard. No matter how rough and hard the work or long the hours, he finds time to read. To his native ability is now added the wisdom acquired through the companionship of others in the books he reads.

"He becomes interested in politics. He is elected to the Legislature. He meets Ann Rutledge. They are betrothed. Then comes his second and greatest sorrow—Ann Rutledge dies.

"How deep the wound which only time will heal! How great the grief which he alone must bear! Is it any wonder he walks in a daze, finds consolation only at her grave, where he sits by the hour mumbling words only to be understood by those to whom in youth the same kind of sorrow has come?"

Lincoln, after once committing an "unforgivable act" in absenting himself from his marriage with Mary Todd years later, then called on her, Witt said, to tell her he did not love her.

"She bursts into tears; he takes her in his arms; he fails to carry out his purpose; in a little while they are married—before them lie 23 years of discord," Witt continued.

Meantime, Witt narrated, because "the broadcloth mob is for chattel slavery," the Abolitionist Garrison has been mobbed, Lovejoy slain, Wendell Phillips taught to become bitter and defiant toward the intolerant crowds. Lincoln, as a Whig, is elected to Congress, practices law; finally debates for the senatorial toga with Douglas and carries the popular vote but not the Legislature and the election. Then, at the Chicago Republican convention of 1860, Witt continued, "Lincoln's friends are there in great numbers—the hall is packed with them. Lincoln is the nominee . . .

Becomes Sixteenth President.

"It is March 4. With it comes the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as the sixteenth president. He will assume a greater burden than any other man was ever called to bear . . . All about him there is fear. Lincoln reads. His hearers listen. Fear and doubt are dispelled. They sense they are in the presence of one who stands head and shoulders above all around him."

A peroration, Witt said, that "will live as long as the language in which it is spoken remains as a means of communicating thought" was Lincoln's: "We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and every patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

PETER WITT GIVES LINCOLN TRIBUTE

Traces Entire Life in Birthday Memorial Address at City Club.

Peter Witt delivered his Lincoln's birthday memorial tribute to a crowded meeting of the City Club yesterday at 1 p. m. The address, which was broadcast, was spoken sitting down, as Witt several years ago was forbidden by doctors to deliver any more of his typical speeches.

The Orpheus Choir, under Charles D. Dawe, sang several numbers before and after the Lincoln tribute. Among them was the "Lord's Prayer," accompanied by the composer, Mrs. Josephine Forsythe Myers.

The Witt address, which was first given over the radio several years ago and since has been repeated each year, is copyrighted by the William Feather Co. and is here reproduced in full with its permission.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Man of Sorrow.

BY PETER WITT.

Since the formation of our government, 31 citizens have been elevated to the presidency. Some were big men, some were little men, some were men of great intellect, some were stupid, some were colorful, and some, not even drab.

In the test of time, the little men either have been or soon will be, completely forgotten.

Of the big men, only four stand out and are sure to live in the memory of our people as long as the nation endures. They are Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln.

Washington survives as the "Father of His Country," as the leader of Revolutionary forces which made our institutions possible.

Jefferson is remembered not only as the author of the Declaration of Independence, but as one of the few men of his day who really believed what he in that immortal document proclaimed.

Jackson Vanquished Bank of U. S.

Jackson has been the inspiration to all men who set out to surmount what seemed insurmountable. He challenged, he fought, he vanquished the great special privilege of his day—the Bank of the United States.

Last but not least comes Abraham Lincoln—Lincoln the great, Lincoln the humble, Lincoln the man of sorrow. He not only differs from Washington, Jefferson and Jackson, but differs from all other men who left their mark on the sands of time, in that he sinks deeper and deeper into the hearts of men as the days of his being grow more distant.

He was born 127 years ago today, in a single-room log cabin. It had one window, one door and a dirt floor.

It was located in the wilderness of Kentucky, then the frontier of our country. Neighbors were few and far between. Savage beasts and still more savage men roamed about.

Thomas and Nancy Hawks Lincoln were his parents. They were pioneers of pioneer stock, brave and undaunted.

Frontier Hardships.

Their lot, in common with all others who were fighting it out on the frontier, was a hard one. To physical comforts they were strangers. Everything they had was secured at the expense of hard and grinding toil. The ax and the grubber were their tools.

But hard as was the life they lived, it had its compensation. Freedom, economic freedom was theirs, for land, from which comes all wealth, was practicaly free. It sold for less than 50 cents an acre.

The cruelty of unemployment was to these frontier people unknown. To look for a job not to be had was not dreamed of. To want in the midst of plenty was beyond their imagination—as it should be beyond ours.

The roof that Abraham Lincoln was born under was his home for seven years.

The march to the west was on.

Covered wagons by the thousands were rolling by.

Thomas Lincoln decided to go to Indiana where better land was to be had for little more than the mere asking. It meant another trek. It involved another hardship. To that they were accustomed.

Bones Along the Trail.

Along the trail, as Carl Sanburg in his "Prairie Years" puts it, "they passed abandoned wagons with the prairie grass growing over the wheels. Household utensils rusted by the wayside and the bones of horses and men were common sights to behold." The answer to it all was their oft repeated declaration: "The cowards never started and the weak ones died by the way."

At Pidgeon Creek they halted. Between two trees they built a pole shed. It was closed on three sides, the fourth was open. In the corners were beds of dry leaves. With quilts and pelts for covers and a big fire at the open side, the cold of the winter months was tempered to the extent that such protection could temper the icy blasts that blew.

Abe was of school age. The nearest school house was nine miles away. That meant a walk of eighteen miles a day for Abe and his sister, Sarah.

In the spring Thomas Lincoln felled some trees. Out of the logs he built a cabin. This was progress.

The land between the stumps was cleared. The soil was broken. Corn was planted. The crop that was harvested provided most of the food on which they lived during the winter.

His Mother Dies.

Then again came spring to usher in summer. With it came Abraham Lincoln's first great sorrow. His mother, Nancy Hanks, died. He was 9 years old. The age when a boy needs mother most.

In a little while Thomas Lincoln went back to Kentucky. Abe and his sister were left to shift for themselves. The father seeks out Sally Bush. He knew her from childhood. She is now a widow with three children. He proposes marriage. She accepts. They are married. Her belongings are put in a wagon. The five start back for Indiana. They arrive at Pidgeon Creek. Abe and Sarah are introduced to their new "mammy" as their father puts it.

Here they live for ten years. Again comes the urge to go west. Abe has grown to young manhood. He is a few days past his majority when the start is made.

In the new country he continues in work that is rough, in work that is hard. But no matter how rough and hard the work or long the hours, he finds time to read. To his native ability is now added the wisdom acquired through the championship of others in the books he reads.

Betrothed and Bereaved.

He becomes interested in politics. He is elected to the Legislature. He meets Ann Rutledge. A courtship begins. They are betrothed. Then comes his second and greatest sorrow of his life—Ann Rutledge dies.

How deep the wound which only time will heal! How great the grief he and he alone must bear! Is it any wonder he walks around in a daze, that he is oblivious to all around him, that he finds consolation only at her grave, where he stands by the hour, mumbling words only to be understood by those who in their youth passed through the same cruel ordeal of grief and of sorrow.

He becomes a lawyer. He advances rapidly. He understands people.

Now comes to Springfield a girl from Kentucky. Her name is Mary Todd. She is the life of the gathering wherever it meets. She is escorted to parties by Stephen Douglas and Abraham Lincoln. She has the choice of two men who will be candidates for the presidency. They will oppose each other.

She chooses Lincoln. He courts her. They are engaged. The wedding day is set. The guests arrive. All is ready. The groom fails to appear. He does not love her and lacks the courage to tell her. An unforgivable act.

Married; Discord.

Months later he calls on her to tell her he does not love her. She bursts into tears. He takes her in his arms. He fails to carry out his purpose. The courtship starts anew. In a little while they are married. Before them lie 23 years of discord.

Ten years before, Garrison with his "Liberator" launched the movement of the Abolitionists.

Soon, with a rope around his neck, he will be dragged through the streets of Boston.

Broadcloth mobs in the north are the defenders of the infamous institution of chatel slavery in the south.

Four years before, Lovejoy at Alton, Illinois, denies that slavery is a God-ordained institution. He pays the price. A bullet through his heart lays him low.

A little later a young man will emerge from an aristocratic home in Boston. Wendell Phillips is his name. He will become the orator of the Abolitionists. Friends will shun him. Enemies will pelt him with eggs. He forgives the former, he defies the latter. His style of oratory will be

different. His attacks will be bitter, his facts relentless, his logic unanswerable, his appeals sweeping all before him.

People Divide.

The people commence to divide. The struggle of the century is on. It will end on the battle field. Five hundred thousand young men, the flower of the nation, will go to untimely graves.

The abolitionist movement does not appeal to Lincoln. He is a Whig. As such he is elected to Congress. He serves one term. Then back to Illinois to practice law

Soon a new political party will be organized. He will join it. Four years later that party will nominate him for the office of United States senator. His opponent will be Stephen Douglas. They will stage seven debates. National attention will be focused on Illinois. The extension of slavery will be the topic of discussion. Lincoln will carry the state in the popular vote, but will lose the Legislature. Douglas will succeed himself.

Two years later the second national convention of the Republican party is held in Chicago. There are many candidates for the presidential nomination. Lincoln's friends are there in great numbers. The hall is packed with his followers. When the balloting is over Lincoln is the nominee.

Democrats Split.

The Democrats meet in Charleston. Douglas has a majority of the delegates but cannot muster the two-thirds necessary to win the nomination. After ten days of bitter fighting the convention takes a recess without making a choice. The party is split. When it again assembles it will meet in two places. It has two nominees. Douglas leads the northern wing.

The campaign is on. It is a colorful contest. The "wide-awakes" are marching. Little do they think that in eight months they will march again—carrying muskets instead of torches.

On the question of slavery Abraham Lincoln still remains silent. He disappoints the abolitionists. When the votes are counted, because of the split in the Democratic party, Abraham Lincoln is elected.

To Springfield come the seekers for place and position. The burden of office is upon him. He discovers what all others similarly situated have discovered, that while a few come to put something into government the many come to take something out.

Off for Washington.

The time arrives for him to leave Springfield. Before doing so he travels many miles by train and by horse and buggy over roads that are muddy. His journey ends at a log cabin. He himself helped build it. It is the home of the woman that mothered him, Sally Bush. He takes her in his arms, kisses her, bids her goodby. It is the last time they shall meet.

With a voice choked with emotion, tears trickling down his cheeks, Abraham Lincoln from the platform of the car that will carry him to the Capitol, bids his friends, his neighbors, and his townspeople, goodby. When they see him again he will be on his way to his final resting place.

* * *

A month will pass before he reaches his destination. At all places where he stops, feeling is intense. It is openly predicted he will be assassinated before Washington is reached.

South Carolina had already declared itself a sovereign state. The legislators had voted to raise and equip a volunteer army of 10,000 men. Other states were following in her wake.

The great experiment in democratic government, now 72 years old, is to be tested in the fire of conflict.

Was it, this government of, by, and for the people, as Lincoln put it, to perish from the earth? Only time would tell.

A Great Leader Arrives.

It is March 4. With it comes the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as the sixteenth president of the United States. He will assume a burden greater than any other man was ever called upon to bear.

The ceremonies begin, Stephen Douglas stands by. He holds Lincoln's hat. The oath of office is administered. He delivers his inaugural address.

All about him there is fear.

In the southland the people are united in rebellion. In the north they are divided on how to do what must be done.

Lincoln reads. His hearers listen. Fear and doubt are dispelled. They sense that they are in the presence of a great leader, one who stands head and shoulders above all around him. So he will stand until his task is done.

He says: "This country with its institutions belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

He understands his country's institutions. He knows the rock on which they rest.

He concludes with a peroration that will live as long as the language in which it is spoken remains as a means of communicating thought between men.

Let me read it. "I am loath to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle field and ever patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

In six weeks the inevitable will happen. Sumter will be fired on. Lincoln will live through four dark years. His sad face will be a consolation to the millions who will weep and who will mourn. Of him, it will be said as Robert G. Ingersoll put it, "clothed with almost absolute power he never abused it except on the side of mercy."

The war is nearing its end. He has been re-elected. Again he takes the oath. Bitterness is in the hearts of all except in the heart of him who assumed the burden, who carried the load, who wept with the mother, who consoled the widow. Because his life had been one of sorrow he could feel, he could say, what others could not even think. Listen to his words:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

In five weeks Grant will meet Lee at Appomattox.

The cruel war is over. Night has passed. Day is here.

The great character in that awful drama needs relaxation. He goes to the theater. For a moment he is left unguarded. A shot is fired. Abraham Lincoln is mortally wounded. He is carried into a house across the street. The next morning he breathes his last.

Stanton emerges from the death chamber. To the world he says, "Now he belongs to the ages."

PERSIAN 11 and 33

Wolfe, Rev. Paul

books and papers published in the unphonetic spelling of English.

4. The global alphabet with greater legibility of 12-point type could be printed on about one-half the paper otherwise employed in printing such books, or papers, as now published.

5. It would take only half the cost in the mails because only half the weight.

6. It would take only half the storage.

7. Being stenographic, it could be written with the pen several times as fast as writing with ordinary script.

8. But, above all, it would equip the individual in a knowledge of vocational instruction; would stimulate his creative power and multiply the production of the American people in factory, field, in the forest, in cultivating the soil, in gardening, in animal industry, in horticulture as well as agriculture, in building homes with all the modern conveniences where intelligent labor would be available at the crossroads.

9. It would teach people how to take care of their physical health and would develop in the United States innumerable sports and entertainment already developed in Russia to a high extent.

I remind you that the Army is teaching many languages conversationally by small pocket books, through which, using vocal instruction and phonograph records, our soldiers and sailors are able to carry on social and business conversations within 3 or 4 months; but they are compelled to spell the foreign words out phonetically instead of one spelling in global letters which would suffice. Using the global letters to write Spanish phrases, for example, and English phrases of identical meaning in parallel columns would enable them to quickly learn to pronounce correctly the Spanish through the eye, thus avoiding the necessity of a trained teacher, with the expense of a trained teacher and the limited scope of such teaching. The interlinear system could rely on the printed word alone and would enable an American soldier to teach English to a Spaniard and would enable the soldier to learn Spanish by the aid of any Spanish speaker, even illiterate but who spoke the Spanish language. The "each one teach one" plan has had great success under Dr. Laubach, as he so fully explains in his book. The world can be taught English speedily by this mechanism and Americans could speedily learn other languages. The material for all these books is immediately available. I again call your attention to the commissioners of education of the nations of Europe and their London meeting, where they urged a world language to follow the war, preferably English or French. The children of America could thus be taught any desired foreign language.

It would equip the people to take advantage of multiplied laboratories and fit them to expand the production of transportation and communication through the multiplied forms now being developed, especially including the airplane and radio.

For the above and other reasons, I am appealing to you and to the other leaders in education in America to cooperate in giving to the children of America, and to the illiterates of America, the mechanism by which within a few weeks to learn how to read, write, and print in the English language.

I appeal to you to use your great office to encourage the printing of selected books in the global alphabet for the instruction, education, and higher standards of living which can be made the fruits of the new system within an incredibly short time.

My dear Mr. Commissioner, I am not unaware of the tax upon your time and attention by many official duties, but I pray you to consider the importance of first things first and to give to this system your personal blessing and cooperation.

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT L. OWEN.

Lincoln—Can We Learn From Him?

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. WINIFRED C. STANLEY

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 29, 1944

Miss STANLEY. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the RECORD, I include an excellent address delivered by the Reverend Paul Wolfe, of the Brick Church, New York, N. Y., upon the occasion of the annual Lincoln Day dinner held on February 12, 1944, under the auspices of the National Republican Club.

Mr. Chairman, Governor Dewey, Governor Edge, members of the National Republican Club, distinguished guests, and friends, it is a pleasure to address you again. I have been asked to speak about Abraham Lincoln.

You all know the eulogies of him—his sense of duty, his vast good nature, his noble humanity, his broad good humor, his unerring common sense. Tonight, instead of repeating these eulogies, instead of praising him, let us try to learn from him.

Abraham Lincoln was elected the sixteenth President of the United States on November 6, 1860. It was a disquieting election. It had dealt with large issues, the authority of the Federal Government, the economic and political position of slavery, but it had not settled those issues. No single party and no single candidate received a majority of the votes cast. There were not a few people who pointed out that the election had expressed no clear majority will.

Abraham Lincoln, the successful candidate, was comparatively unknown. Wendell Phillips in Boston said he had an empty mind. Emerson wrote later that his unknown name was heard coldly and sadly.

Perhaps the most disturbing fact of all was that the election had been charged with moral sentiments, it had aroused passions. You can make everything else out of the passions of men except a government that will work. The election left America with a Government that did not work.

Within 3 months seven Southern States had set up the Confederacy. In the Cabinet at Washington were men who were actual leaders of the secession movement. The National Government did nothing. President Buchanan said the Southern States have no right to secede. And he also said the Federal Government has no right to stop them from seceding. President Buchanan was stopped at dead center.

But if the President was weak, Congress was not much stronger. In each House committees were appointed to deal with the crisis. In each House the committees reached approximately the same verdict: Nothing could be done. Tom Corwin of Ohio wrote to Lincoln: "I have been for 30 days in a committee of 33. If the States are no more harmonious in their feelings than these 33 men * * * we must dissolve."

Public opinion was no more effective than Congress. From Massachusetts came a petition signed with 36,000 names pleading for some compromise, anything but war. From Massachusetts came another petition signed with 37,000 names pleading for a firm stand, anything but compromise.

On February 4 delegates from 21 States assembled in a peace convention in Washington. These delegates came with the best intentions to preserve the Union. If high hopes and earnest desires could have done it, the Union would have been preserved. But when the convention adjourned its major accomplishment was a record volume of eloquent oratory.

The Chief Executive, the Congress, public opinion, all at dead center. This was the Nation and this was the Government of which Abraham Lincoln was chosen Chief Magistrate. By his firmness and his courage he brought order and strength to it. What was it that Abraham Lincoln did? I invite you to examine his conduct between November 6, 1860, and March 4, 1861.

First of all, he kept silent. Between February 27, 1860, when he made the Cooper Union address in New York, and March 4, 1861, when he delivered his first inaugural address in Washington, Abraham Lincoln made not a single major speech. Of course, he was urged to speak. He was urged constantly. Where did he stand on the tariff, on slavery? The conservatives wanted to be reassured. The radicals wanted to be reassured. Lincoln replied "There is the platform; there are my previous speeches." For the good men of the North and South he was willing to repeat his views 70 and 7 times. "But," said Lincoln, "I have bad men to deal with, men who are eager * * * to base new misrepresentations." Lincoln did not encourage them.

After the election the clamor for a public declaration increased. John A. Gilmer wrote from North Carolina wanting "a clear and definite exposition" of Mr. Lincoln's attitude. Lincoln wrote a long and courteous letter. He gave the pages of the volume of his debates with Douglas on which pertinent statements would be found. He asked, "Have you ever read the Republican platform or my speeches? If not, why should any additional production of mine meet a better fate?" The editor of the New York Times, Henry J. Raymond, wrote. Lincoln waited 2 weeks to answer it. Then he said further statements would do no good. "They seek a sign and no sign will be given them." Lincoln kept silent.

Now why did Lincoln do that? He did it because he had respect for himself and respect for his statements. He thought words meant something. The purpose of talking was to state a truth. When a truth had been stated, when he could not improve on the statements, why should he play into the hands of mischievous men?" To press a repetition * * * upon those who have listened is useless; to press it upon those who have refused to listen and still refuse would be wanting in self-respect * * * excite the contempt of good men and encourage the bad ones to clamor more loudly." (Letter to Truman Smith.)

Or again he was silent because he had the notion (naive to us, perhaps) that the platform of a party meant what it said. He wrote that he was not at liberty to shift his ground in regard to the platform and that if he did shift it the party had a right to denounce him.

Or again he knew the pitfalls of undefined terms. What is "coercion"? What is "invasion"? This is what he said to the legislature at Indianapolis: "When men wrangle by the mouth with no certainty that they mean the same thing while using the same words, it perhaps were as well if they would keep silence."

But perhaps the chief reason for the silence of Lincoln was that he knew there is a right time and a wrong time to speak. There is a time when speaking carries authority and conviction. At Philadelphia on his way to his inauguration Lincoln said: "I shall speak officially next Monday week if ever. If I should not speak then, it were useless for me to do so now. If I do speak then, it is useless for me to do so now." On March 4, 1861, Lincoln broke his silence and uttered the magnificent first inaugural address.

Can we learn from Lincoln? We Americans are a wordy people. We have efficient agencies of communication—the radio, the novel, the press, the magazine, the newspapers. We have a great many people who make a living by using words—preachers, commenta-

tors, columnists, correspondents. It is difficult for us to imagine that words are not the chief instrument of government, that public opinion may be created by actions as well as by propaganda. It is difficult for us to recognize that after all a man, a government, or a nation stands or falls not by words but by deeds. Lincoln understood this. If democracy is to survive, we must understand it.

Before Pearl Harbor a native of Asia remarked that the representatives of the democracies were the "talkee-talkee people." The Japanese were the "walkee-walkee people." If we had had the wisdom to talk less and to do more, there might not be so many dead in the cemeteries at Tarawa.

Lincoln kept silent. What else did he do?

In those 4 months Lincoln played politics. He was the head of a party. For the first time in its history that party would be in power. The party was not united. It contained Democrats who had bolted Douglas, Whigs who had tired of defeat, Radicals who wanted slavery abolished. Lincoln understood that it was up to him to see that there was harmony.

So he played politics. He built a Cabinet to head his administration. In the Cabinet were the four Republicans who had been his closest rivals for the nomination to the Presidency. There was Seward, there was Chase, there was Cameron, there was Bates. Lincoln chose them not because they were close to him or close to one another but because they represented the various elements of the party which he was called upon to lead. His business as the head of the party was not to read men out of it but to read men in.

Yes; Lincoln played politics. Perhaps that should not surprise us. All his life Lincoln had been a politician. He had attended caucuses, conventions, conferences with county chairmen, State leaders. He knew the people in his own precinct. He knew how they would vote. He knew that of the 23 ministers in his town only 3 would vote for him.

All his life he had been a politician. He had started out in Sangamon County running for the legislature. He had debated with Douglas, quarreled with Democratic editors as early as 1840. When his own county refused to support him for Congress, Lincoln was big enough to support his rival. When he was unable to control sufficient votes to be elected Senator in 1855, he threw his votes and his support to Trumbell. Trumbell was elected. It made Mrs. Lincoln so mad she wouldn't speak to Julia Trumbull. But Lincoln spoke. Men liked that. They said he kept faith with other men. He worked with them. They said he was close to people, common people, close to the way they thought and the way they acted. He handled people well. He was a good politician.

That knowledge and that experience stood him in good stead when he went to Washington. The Presidents who have failed have been the Presidents who couldn't handle people, who didn't know how to get along with Congress. Lincoln knew how.

It was Sunday afternoon, March 3, 1861. The House of Representatives had the Force bill on its docket. Boteler, a Representative from Virginia, was afraid the Force bill might pass. He went to see Lincoln. He told Lincoln that if the Force bill did not pass, there was a chance that Virginia would remain in the Union. Would Lincoln stop it? Lincoln thought the bill could be stopped. He said, "I may promise you it will be." Boteler asked if he might announce that on the floor of the House. "By no means," said Lincoln. "That would make trouble. What right have I to interfere with the legislation of Congress? Whatever is done must be done quietly."

At 10 o'clock on the evening of Sunday, March 3, 1861, the Force bill was called up for consideration. Hardly had the bill been announced when a Republican Congressman, Washburn, from Illinois, was on his feet; he moved adjournment. His motion was not accepted. Immediately Hickman, a Republican from Pennsylvania, was on his feet. He moved adjournment, but before he could be recognized Cochrane, a Republican from New York, had the floor. He moved adjournment. The motion was put. The House adjourned 77 to 60. The Force bill died. There was still a chance to keep Virginia in the Union.

Two years later Congress passed the Habeas Corpus Act. Lincoln had suspended the right of habeas corpus because of the war emergency. His action had been challenged. Lincoln referred the matter to Congress. If the constitutional procedures which safeguard democracy had been neglected Lincoln was willing to return to them. To be sure! How can a man talk about government of the people and by the people if he scorns the people's representatives? Congress on its part authorized the President to suspend the writ. And when the Habeas Corpus Act was passed a Senator said: "The Executive is as much clothed with authority and bound in duty * * * as we are." (P. 155, vol. 2, War Years.) Lincoln knew how to work with Congress.

Can we learn from Lincoln? Can we learn that in a well-organized democracy, power is entrusted not to a man, but to a man and a party? Responsible political parties are essential for free government.

Of course there are politicians and politicians, good ones and bad ones. There are politicians who say, "I am right. I have intuition. I know what needs to be done. I don't need anyone who disagrees with me. I am the party." Hitler is that kind of a politician. He has intuition. He knows what policies to adopt, what plans to follow. He doesn't need a single representative in the Reichstag. He burned the building down.

But there is another way—the American way—Lincoln's way. It teaches that party organization and party responsibility are the life blood of democracy. It is out there in the precincts, in the town committees, in the county organizations that democracy lives. No substitution of pressure groups, of particular interests, labor, or business, or sections can preserve the democratic process. That requires the two-party system. When that system fails the result is political chaos. This system makes allowances for differences. It seeks to unite men—to harmonize points of view. It's the tolerant way—the democratic way. It keeps freedom alive. It makes a nation strong.

But Lincoln was more than a politician these 4 months. He was a thinker. He was making decisions. He was selecting the policies by which the issues which the election had left unsettled would be settled. He was becoming a statesman.

Buchanan had been willing to "surrender a part or the whole of the Constitution in order to preserve the remainder." Lincoln could do that. He could let the South go. Many men favored such a policy. It would get rid of slavery. Some men thought no other policy possible. How can you coerce 8,000,000 people?

Other men said compromise. Make peace with the South on her own terms. Give guaranties regarding slavery.

Still other men said stand by the Union. Don't give an inch. Recapture the lost property. That meant war. Former Governor Moorehead, of Kentucky, begged Lincoln not to resort to bloodshed. All the waters of the Atlantic, he said, will not cleanse your hands from that blood.

Still other men said let there be war. This is a great moral crusade. This is a death blow at human bondage. Now is the time to free our country forever of social wrong.

Events—foggy events—had arisen which confused public opinion and blurred political judgment.

I have told you Lincoln was a party politician. He was. But the party had no answer to these events. No collective judgment could penetrate them. To search out the path, to see the way forward, Lincoln had to go on ahead of his party. He had to go alone. This was the first test of Lincoln's statesmanship. No man can be the great leader of a nation who remains a partisan.

I do not know by what Jabbok's Brook or with what midnight wrestling Lincoln strove with his adversary and cried, "Tell me thy name." I only know he wrung from those events their secret and he emerged a prince with power and conviction. The Union could not be dissolved. The South could not go. This was no time for compromise. He would be patient but he would be persistent. He would exhaust all peaceful means, but he would not hesitate to resort to stronger ones. No war could be as disastrous to the cause of freedom as a peace bought at the price of disunion.

But if war came, for what was he fighting? Was he fighting to abolish slavery? Was the chief issue a moral and social problem? Or was he fighting for the Union? Was the chief issue political? You know the answer he gave. The chief issue was the Union. And by the Union Lincoln meant the Constitution, the people whose will it expressed, the laws operating under it. Lincoln meant that whole system of institutions by which a free people exercising their freedom had ordered their life. He was fighting for the Union.

Here are his words. To Congress he said, "I have thought it proper to keep the integrity of the Union prominent as the primary object of the contest.

"In considering the policy to be adopted I have been anxious and careful that * * * the conflict shall not degenerate into a * * * revolutionary struggle."

To the man who urged him not to plunge the Nation into bankruptcy and go to war, Lincoln replies, "If ever I shall come to the great office of President of the United States, I shall swear that I will * * * preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. That is a solemn duty. I shall undertake to perform it. It is not the Constitution as I would have it, but as it is, that is to be defended."

Are these really the words of Lincoln? Is this the great humanitarian whose brow was furrowed by the remembrance of 3,000,000 men in bondage? Not slavery but the Union? Not social reform, but the Constitution?

Yes; these are Lincoln's words. And in those words you understand how and why Lincoln was a great humanitarian. Lincoln perceived that social reform cannot take place in a political vacuum. It requires the enlightened traditions of freemen. He saw clearly that it was within the Federal Union and under the Constitution that permanent social gains would be made. Indeed, that was what he did. By rallying his fellow countrymen to the cause of the Union and the Constitution, he was able in course of time to emancipate the slaves and to abolish human bondage within the Republic.

Can we learn from Abraham Lincoln? He refused to interpret a great war as a revolution. He refused to permit social reform to take precedence over the Constitution. In so doing he was able to direct contending forces toward a common goal, to organize the general tumult into a national will; he was able to unite the Nation.

I repeat, can we learn from him? Recently, in this city, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court spoke on the "divergent and uncompromisable outlooks" within the Nation; the right moving further to the right; the left moving further to the left. "Political parties," he said, "are badly divided, racial animosities and competitions are assuming a more ominous and sullen aspect."

That is only too true. Yet how could it be otherwise? Since World War No. 1 there has been an increasing tendency to state every problem of government in terms of particular groups, to encourage divisions, to appeal to passions. We have been brought up to think of ourselves as wage earners, employers, workingmen, farmers, capitalists, men with particular and selfish interests, rather than citizens of a common country with common interests.

Within recent years we have been summoned to a social crusade. In waging that crusade we have been told that we live in an age of rapid social change; that, in the solution of the problems before us, the Federal structure of our Government, the Constitution, the decisions of our law courts are not aids and helps but barriers and hindrances. A social philosophy must be substituted for our inherited institutions.

Let me interrupt for a moment. The expression "Fascism comes from the left" is receiving wide circulation among us. The expression is true. The danger to democracy comes from those who rely on a social philosophy rather than from those who support constitutional and democratic processes.

And, as though the crusade at home were not sufficiently divisive, the war has been used to create further divisions. We have been told that this war is part of a world revolution; it is "a people's war," a war of the common man. And who is the common man for whom the war is fought? Well, the common man is not all of us. The common man is only some of us, some special and preferred class. So this war has been made into a battle of some of us against the rest of us.

Oh, the folly of it! This war is not a revolutionary war. It is not primarily a war for social gains for some of us. By all means let us hope that social gain will come out of it. But that is not the cause of the war. If it were then we had better not fight it. Hitler has a better program of social gains than we have. He offers to everyone who will say "Heil," security, full employment, equality, high wages, vacations. But he offers it at the price of a man's soul. "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

We are fighting this war for our souls, for the right to be freemen rather than slaves to an omnipotent state. Therefore this is a people's war. Therefore it is a war of the common man and the common man includes all of us from the poorest coolie on the Yangtze to the noblest aristocrat in the House of Commons. It is a war for all of us; for our right to be souls. We are fighting this war to preserve, protect, and, if possible, extend the institutions and traditions of freemen.

To win this war our great need is unity, a conception of our common humanity; our great need is someone who will express that conception.

We are fighting a war and the war is not yet won. We do not know when it will be won. If the American people are wise, they will expect a long war. To win it will require staying power, the sort of endurance here at home which American and British soldiers are exemplifying this night on a beachhead in Italy. That endurance will require unity.

And when the war is won, we must win the peace. That too will require unity, a President that will work with and respect Congress, a Congress that will believe in the President, a country that has confidence in both. Above all, it will require a leader who will appeal not to group interests, to love of gain, or selfish passions, but a leader who will appeal to our souls, to our love of country, our reverence for God, our aspirations and hopes which bind us to each other and to all humanity, "the dead to the living and the living to the unborn."

Eighty-three years ago an unknown man who embodied these principles of democratic leadership was inaugurated President of the United States. As he took the oath of office he looked out upon a torn and divided people. And when he spoke to those people he appealed to their common humanity, to the better angels of their nature. Let me paraphrase the closing words of his inaugural address.

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield (in Africa and Italy) and from every patriot grave (at Guadalcanal and Attu), to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched as surely they (these chords) will be by the better angels of our nature."

Soldiers' Absentee Voting Bill

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. JOHN E. RANKIN

OF MISSISSIPPI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 29, 1944

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, under permission granted me to extend my remarks in the RECORD, I am inserting an editorial from the Booneville (Miss.) Independent, issue of February 24, 1944, headed "RANKIN makes hard fight," quoting an article by Mr. George Morris which appeared in the Memphis Commercial Appeal on February 14, 1944.

The matter referred to follows:

RANKIN MAKES HARD FIGHT

Our Congressman, JOHN E. RANKIN, has been doing some big things in the House of Representatives. He may not get results, but he has rendered a high-class service to the Nation and a very distinguished service to the South in the great fight he has made for the rights of the States in the matter of legislation. The minute the Nation ceases to recognize the rights and powers reserved to the States by the Constitution of the United States that minute this Nation starts on a downward slide. The Union is made up of different States, and the Constitution reserves to the States the right and the power to legislate, regulate, and control their own affairs so far as it does not interfere with the local interests of other States.

Our own JOHN RANKIN'S speech made in the House a few days ago is recognized as one of the most powerful and sweeping arguments ever made on the floor of Congress. George Morris, who writes from Washington to the Commercial Appeal, pays a great tribute to Mr. RANKIN in the following letter to the Commercial Appeal of Monday, February 14. Mr. Morris writes as follows:

"RANKIN'S SPEECH

"WASHINGTON, February 13.—At the conclusion of the speech of Representative RANKIN, of Mississippi, advocating passage by the House of the Rankin soldier vote bill, the reporters for the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD inserted: 'Prolonged applause, the members rising.' The remarks inserted by the reporters were the most elaborate permitted in the sedate RECORD.

"The tribute paid Mr. RANKIN was an ovation not witnessed on the floor of the House since the days of the President's popularity. It was a tribute the House pays one of its Members probably not more often than once in a generation. It is not once in a generation that a Member of the House rises to the heights attained by Mr. RANKIN on that occasion. The speech, by common consent, was one of the greatest ever delivered on the floor.

"The speech was not a sudden inspiration. It was perhaps the climax of a lifetime of study and devotion to the Constitution, heightened by the gift of superb oratory. Throughout the discussion of the bill there was rancor and resentment against the President's message denouncing Members of the Senate for perpetrating a fraud upon the soldiers and upon the American people for passing the Eastland-McKellar-McClellan bill, charging Members with voting with tongue in the cheek, and demanding that Members stand up and be counted, as though they were insincere and ashamed of the measure they supported.

"Also, throughout the debate, supporters of the administration or Worley bill, written by Hubert T. Wechsler, of the Department of Justice, repudiated the President's language and put themselves on record as having no sympathy with the President's charge of fraud, dishonesty, and cowardice.

"In fact, in an effort to cool the tempers of Members, administration lobbyists, discovering that the message reacted against the President, were said to have given assurance that the message was written by Samuel Rosenman while the President was out of the city and did not know its contents.

"Mr. RANKIN made no reference to the President's charges. He defended the Constitution and denounced those who attacked it. Members agreed that the time had arrived for patriotic citizens to go to the defense of the Constitution. A canvass of congressional mail showed that the public generally was willing to leave the issue of determining how soldiers should vote to Congress in the belief that it is becoming sufficiently trustworthy and independent to be relied upon to insist upon a constitutional method. Members of the armed forces manifested slight interest beyond pleading that they be not overwhelmed with propaganda and be protected from being voted en masse and forced to cast their votes under military direction.

"The only pressure groups active in the soldier vote issue were the administration, the political action committee of the C. I. O., the Communists, and a few other Red and left-wing organizations, all pumping for the administration bill. Mr. RANKIN enjoys the hostility of all such groups, including the administration to which he has given partisan loyalty even when it stretched his conscience to the limit.

"It was no set speech Mr. RANKIN delivered. He did not read a paper. He made his best points under the nagging of those seeking to harrass him. A Tammany representative sought to impugn his party loyalty. Mr. RANKIN replied: 'I voted for President Roosevelt every time he has run and I expect to vote for the Democratic ticket this time no matter who is the nominee.

"'I voted the Democratic ticket in 1904 when President Roosevelt voted the Republican ticket. I voted the Democratic ticket when Mr. Knox was running on the Republican ticket. I voted the Democratic ticket when the Taft administration was going down to defeat with Secretary Stimson as a Republican in the Cabinet. I voted the Democratic ticket when Mr. Ickes was a Bull Mooser. I voted the Democratic ticket when Harry Hopkins was a Socialist. I do not want any fly-by-night or fair-weather Democrats to try to tell me how to vote.'

"Then the Tammanyite tried another tack: 'Did the gentleman,' he asked, 'vote for Al Smith when he was running for President?' That was another one down Mr. RANKIN'S alley: 'I not only voted for Al Smith,' he replied, 'but I stumped both Kentucky and

Ohio for him.' These were just diversions—detours from the main issue, of course.

"In conclusion he declared: 'Mr. Chairman, they can abuse me all they please, and I will answer them all in due time. Since I have been a Member of this House I have not submitted to being browbeaten or intimidated by anyone on the outside. I have tried to follow my own conscience and to represent the people of the First District of Mississippi. I have tried to do what I thought was right. When my conscience is clear and when I have studied this one, I am not afraid of all the forces of evil. * * * When I turn to behold for the last time that flag behind the Speaker's desk, or to take a last long lingering look at the receding dome of this Capitol, I want to feel in my heart that I have done my best, that I have fought the good fight and have kept the faith. So far, in all sincerity, I can say that—

"'"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."'"

Last Dairy Herd Sold

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF

HON. JOHN PHILLIPS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 29, 1944

Mr. PHILLIPS. Mr. Speaker, various members of the House Committee on Agriculture have from time to time reported on the sale of dairy herds. Those of us from California in particular, have reported on the difficulties of dairymen in that State. O. P. A. prices, set below the prices established by the State milk control administration as the lowest possible prices if dairymen are to stay in business, plus the rising cost of hay and other feeds have united to make dairying increasingly difficult. The most recent report I have from California stockyards is that approximately 50 percent of the cattle received there are dairy cattle.

I reported some time ago that not a single dairy was left in the Palo Verde Valley, one of the richest agricultural areas in the country, and now I report that the only remaining dairy herd in my home town of Banning has been sold at auction. Under leave to extend my remarks, I include the following news item from the Banning Record of December 23, 1943:

BANNING'S ONLY DAIRY HERD SOLD AT ONTARIO AUCTION

Banning's only herd of dairy cows was sold at auction last week because the owner, Vern Owen, became tired of losing money month after month.

Owen, owner and operator of the Sun-Up Dairy, took his herd of 48 high-grade cows, 35 calves, and 2 bulls to Ontario last week and had Colonel Caldwell sell them to the highest bidder. Owen states he received $4,000 less for the cows than he paid for them a year ago, and that he has had an operating loss of about $400 a month for some time.

A year ago milkers received $70 a month and lodging, he said; now they receive $250 a month and lodging; dairy feed has advanced from $30 to $62 a ton during this same period, and hay from $10 to $33.

Thus it is impossible to continue in the dairy business at present ceiling prices set by O. P. A., so Banning's only dairy has suffered the fate of dairy herds throughout the Nation, Owen declared.

Owen has 600 acres of land planted to grain and alfalfa, so he'll raise the feed and let others feed it, he said.

Hall Furlough Clubs To Support Red Cross

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF

HON. EDWIN ARTHUR HALL

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 29, 1944

Mr. EDWIN ARTHUR HALL. Mr. Speaker, under leave granted to extend my remarks in the RECORD, I include the following radio address delivered by me over Station WNBF, February 26, 1944:

Dear friends of the triple cities and my congressional district, tonight, I feel that I am speaking not only for myself but for the patriotic women of the Hall Furlough Clubs when I express the hope that every man, woman, and child in our locality will get behind the Red Cross in its drive to raise funds this year. Our boys across the seas and the unhappy and suffering peoples all over the globe have great need for the healing hands of our angels of mercy, the Red Cross nurses, who bring forth a silver lining to every black foreboding cloud of war.

I think it is significant and heartening to note the reassuring presence of a great business leader as chairman of the Broome County Red Cross campaign this year, Mr. George W. Johnson; a man who in the midst of his ponderous responsibilities of directing a great war industry has consented to devote a part of his energies to this important Red Cross work. Good luck to you, Mr. Johnson, and may you enjoy the united support of all of us at home.

While I am on the subject of the Red Cross and nursing, I wish to direct a few remarks to the local members of the New York State Nurses Association. Some time ago you expressed to me your interest in the Bolton bill. Last week, I received a letter from Mrs. Lydia Schultz, president of Binghamton City Hospital Alumnae group who wrote, "May I ask you on behalf of the nurses, to give this measure your utmost consideration?

"We feel our professional knowledge and training are essential to the military service. Therefore, we should have full rank, the same as women of other organizations in the service."

With Miss Schultz's statement, I fully agree. You nurses have undergone many years study and training for your jobs. You have made great sacrifices to attain your goal. You must, then be rewarded by due recognition and I pledge to you my support in your fight to bring this about.

Perhaps the foremost of all to whom honor and respect of the American people should be extended are the Gold Star Mothers. Those who have lost sons in either the First or Second World Wars. Those great patriots are deserving of the highest possible praise we can give them.

No one but a mother can know the depth of sorrow, the degree of pain, the days and years of anguish which follow her the rest of her life after the loss of a beloved son. Only yesterday, he was, in quick succession, a toddling child, a schoolboy, a young man filled with the zest and joy and desire to live. Nothing I can point to will adequately describe the work, the sacrifice, the hopes and fears each mother endures to raise her son to manhood. Suffice it to say that her own life sinks when his death comes. The shock is numbing but the long years during which full realization of her loss starts forth are the mother's actual burdens.

To you Gold Star Mothers of my district, I say, the Hall Furlough Clubs salute you! They want you to have your just due from your fellow Americans. Of late many Gold Star Mothers have written me, asking my support of H. R. 3843 which was recently introduced in Congress. My answer to you, dear Mothers, is that I look forward to the day this measure comes before the House so that I can vote for it.

Last week, another Hall Furlough Club was organized, this time on the south side of Johnson City. The officers elected are, president, Mrs. Dorothy Orzel; vice president, Mrs. Marion Hamilton; secretary, Mrs. Robert Taylor, and treasurer, Miss Leah Carkuff.

We wish them every success and know that their sincerity of purpose, their determination to back up their fighting men on the home front, their loyalty and patriotism will serve as an inspiration for the boys who will return to them after victory is won.

Garnishment Bill—Experience of Reconstruction Finance Corporation

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF

HON. ESTES KEFAUVER

OF TENNESSEE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 29, 1944

Mr. KEFAUVER. Mr. Speaker, in considering H. R. 2985 the Members will find the experiences of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation of interest. Under leave to extend my remarks, I include a letter from Mr. Charles B. Henderson, Chairman of the Board of Reconstruction Finance Corporation, dated November 13, 1943. The letter is as follows:

RECONSTRUCTION FINANCE CORPORATION,
Washington, November 13, 1943.

Hon. ESTES KEFAUVER,
House Office Building,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR MR. KEFAUVER: Reference is made to your letter of November 9, 1943, with which you enclosed copy of H. R. 2985, which, if enacted, will permit garnishment of the salaries of Federal civil officials and employees.

Prior to February 12, 1940, when the Supreme Court decided *Federal Housing Administration* v. *Burr* (309 U. S. 242), it was the opinion of our counsel that R. F. C. was not subject to garnishment, but the creditors of R. F. C.'s employees continually harassed the Corporation by having writs of garnishment served upon it. Much of the time of one lawyer was occupied in caring for such cases. The decision in the Burr case, holding that Government-owned corporations which can sue and be sued are subject to garnishment, settled the rights and liabilities of all parties, and, we believe, was advantageous to R. F. C. so far as personnel administration is concerned.

Before the decision in the Burr case, the Corporation kept no record of the number of writs of garnishment served upon it or of

Wood, John
Congressional Record
February 13, 1951

Birthday

Congressional Record

United States of America

PROCEEDINGS AND DEBATES OF THE 82d CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION

Vol. 97 WASHINGTON, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1951 No. 27

Senate

The Senate was not in session today. Its next meeting will be held on Thursday, February 15, 1951, at 12 o'clock meridian.

House of Representatives

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1951

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

Rabbi Harry J. Kaufman, Beth Sholom Congregation, Washington, D. C., offered the following prayer:

Sovereign of the Universe: In these challenging days our hearts are turned to Thee in prayer.

Be Thou with those who guide the destinies of our Republic.

Shepherd them with Thy wisdom that their judgments may be true and pure.

Grant them of Thy love that they may know the heart of all the people.

Send before them Thy pillar of light, to unite all Thy children in finding the road to enduring peace.

By Thy grace and manifold blessings Thou hast made this land the chosen of all nations.

Help us to remember that if we be chosen, it is not for privilege but for responsibility, not to be served but to serve, not alone to gain liberty but to grant it.

O Heavenly Father: Let be heard Thy word speaking to America through the Prophet even as Thou didst speak to ancient Israel.

I the Lord have called thee in righteousness and have taken hold of thy hand and kept thee and set thee for a covenant of the peoples, for a light of the nations; to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon and those that sit in darkness out of the prison house. (Isaiah 42: 6.)

Amen.

THE JOURNAL

The Journal of the proceedings of yesterday was read and approved.

PERMISSION TO ADDRESS THE HOUSE

Mr. WOOD of Idaho. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend my remarks.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Idaho?

There was no objection.

LINCOLN DAY ADDRESS

Mr. WOOD of Idaho. Mr. Speaker, one of the interesting oriental ideas concerning the development of the soul of man was that which compared it to the lotus, a sort of a water lily of the east. With its roots embedded in the unlovely but gently nurturing mud at the bottom of a stagnant lake, the lotus pushes itself upward to the sunlight, to emerge gloriously above the surface of the lake—a pure white flower; the very antithesis of that from which it sprang.

The divine chemist who builds the souls of men sometimes takes the most unfortunate environments, the worst apparent marital unions, and the most sordid appointments of life to create for a waiting world, in the extremity of need, a man with all the mental and spiritual qualities to lead a people out of all the perils they have ignorantly and selfishly created for themselves, a spiritual Moses able to lead them to the promised land of freedom and greater achievements.

There is also another eastern legend which states that, due to the idea that man lives many lives, each life being just another day in the divine school of life, he eventually, at the close of his life experiences, graduates from that school with the spiritual degree of master.

With this due preparation, he goes forth into the world as a master of life, to teach and lead his brethren in the world the more perfect way of a full mental, moral, physical, and spiritual liberty. As they are able to grasp and follow his teachings, they follow the stars of their destinies. If they do this, they become more like the master, as did the boy in Hawthorne's tale, the Great Stone Face. Should they not be able to understand his message, they sometimes crucify the master or murder him.

If the mythologies of the east had no other message to give us, they might still be of worth in pointing a moral and adorning a tale. Possibly we lost something of great value when we forgot the beautiful tales they told of the struggles of man to attain divinity, in the similitude of the fully burgeoned lotus.

Perhaps, in the modern urge to condition men to an unlovely regimented existence, we have forgotten the fact that in the soul of all men there is a force which, when fully developed, gives such men a very special ability to lead mankind out of slavery to freedom, from darkness to light. When such stresses come, such men spring into evidence as suddenly and spectacularly as did Athena when she sprang fully armed from the head of Jove to do combat for the gods on high Olympus.

Such a great soul was Abraham Lincoln. He was born of mediocre parents, as we are apt to rate them. He lived in squalid surroundings. He was even denied the benefit of a public school. He had no cards to a public library; no entrance into school clubs or debating groups; no college nor fraternal organizations; no membership in any learned organizations, which a college or university degree might have enabled him to join.

Abraham Lincoln was self-taught. His compositions, for be it remembered he was a creator, were written with a piece of charcoal, while lying flat on his stomach before the simple fireplace of the family's log hut.

It is very easy for me to picture in my own mind the image of the great creator of all that is, the great thinker, brooding over this simple fallow soul, whispering into his waiting ear the great messages he was afterward to give to his countrymen, and pointing the way to lead a slave race to the freedom of the great day.

Evil must die. The sacred scriptures of all nations proclaim this. It is the basis of every lesson of life. It is the foundation of history, of logic, poetry, and all the arts. Only the good shall finally be perpetuated. From the beginnings of the fire mist through all the trials and tribulations of man; from that day when the blood of murdered Abel cried to the Lord God from the ground where Abel lay, down to the mass murders of Stalin, the modern Genghis Khan, with the mountains of the skulls of his murdered fellow countrymen remaining the chief mementos of his crime-scarred existence; all these must yet pass, with only the good, the beautiful, and the true remaining. The lines of battle are clearly drawn. Only sophistry may confuse the dividing line.

And there is that in the soul of man which immediately recognizes the lines of battle, if he has not conditioned himself to disregard truth for self-aggrandizement. Men instinctively know what is wrong, what lifts us upward to the stars, and what drags so many millions of us to despairful depths. Not more knowledge is what we need, but more action.

Abraham Lincoln lived and wrought at a time when he was needed most. Perhaps no other man could have accomplished his task; for, after all, God is the great conservationist. He rarely equips two men to do the same job. Back of the great debates between Douglas and Lincoln was the finger of God, pointing to the physically unprepossessing Lincoln, saying: "This is my beloved son, hear ye him."

Due to human selfishness the greatest stumbling block between God and man, America had erred. They had dragged the black man from his home and people in the jungles of Africa, had imported him to America in hell ships, and had sold him on the block like cattle and sheep. They had enslaved him for pelf in the cotton fields of the South. His cries of anguish rose to Almighty God until He determined the time was ripe for the epiphany of the Great Emancipator, the friend of all mankind, the savior of the Union, Abraham Lincoln.

The battle was grim between the forces of evil and those of good. Lincoln was in peril every moment as he came to Washington for his inauguration. Public sentiment was dangerously divided as to the rights and wrongs of slavery. On the one hand was the rights of the property holder; on the other was the God-given spirit of freedom for all mankind. Which was to conquer? Lincoln chose the right; the eternally right. He espoused the right of all men to self-determination, their right to choose and work out their own destiny, without let or hindrance of creed, caste, or color.

The tides of battle swayed this way and that. There were many dark days. Tradition has it that Lincoln spent much time in prayer, seeking the same guidance in extremity Christ had sought in the garden of Gethsemane, asking for wisdom to guide his people to victory for the right.

Finally victory crowned the banners of the North. As the tides of battle finally turned, and being fully cognizant of what would be the aftermaths of war, Lincoln made his historic journey to the battle-scarred field of Gettysburg. On the way, free for a few moments from the burdensome cares of State, he jots down on a piece of scrap paper a few notes of that which was to be the greatest speech of all history, a masterpiece of English diction, and the finger pointing the way to the designs of the Almighty for the after-war period. How tragic those designs were not followed. What evils resulted from their being forgotten in an upsurge of worship of pelf and self-aggrandizement.

Peace at last. But a troubled and suspicious peace. Money-grubbers from the North seeking to perpetuate and magnify the feud between brethren. Pelf against magnanimity. Separation against brotherliness.

What might the great Lincoln not have achieved in healing the gaping wounds between the North and the South had he not been struck down with the bullet of a crazed murderer? One of the greatest faults of a modern society, even yet, is that we permit dangerous, unbalanced misfits to range about freely, until the fatal result of such a mistaken course of action becomes evident in the murder of innocents, the needless sacrifice of lives worth a thousand times more to society than the warped and crooked souls of the killers. Far transcending the rights of the individual is the right of society to protection against the unlimited freedom of the mentally unbalanced.

The immortal Lincoln was thus struck down, when America still needed him greatly, and the mediocrity thus projected into the seats of the mighty, was not able to fully complete the regeneration of America from the wounds sustained in the Civil War. The South would have quickly recovered from the animosities engendered from an armed conflict, even though they were the losers. Their resentment against the rule of the carpet-baggers from the North still smolders. Can you not realize what stern action Lincoln would have taken against the crimes of these gentry?

Every visitor to Washington, seeing the Lincoln Memorial for the first time, is hushed in soul, and becomes immediately reverent. Even the taxi driver, whose constant familiarity with historic Washington tends to make him somewhat blasé, becomes as hushed and reverent as his passenger. What a most tremendous force has spiritual greatness. And on the other hand, what a promise and earnest of the future it is, when on occasions like this we are daily reminded by such a recognition of the kinship of the divine in mankind, that there truly is a force in the souls of men which shall still attain divinity.

Perhaps the beauty of this great Memorial, showing Lincoln as if he were still brooding over his beloved America, is magnificently complete as it is. It ill becomes me to suggest any change. But if one wished to carve out the similitude of the growth of a soul in marble, the other side of the monument might show Lincoln as a boy, laid on his stomach before the fireplace of his boyhood log hut, tracing with charcoal on wrapping paper, the designs which were to later make him famous in perpetuity. The apotheosis of a great soul. Again the growth of the lotus.

It is a difficult thing to attempt to project the possible action of the great minds of the past into the present. It is not even easy for us to do it for our own futures. But a great speaker has said that we can only judge of the future by the past. Using that for a criterion, what might Lincoln have thought of some of the modern trends in America?

What do you think he would have thought about our membership in, and our acceptance of the domination of, the United Nations? No matter which way our sympathies lie in the noble, even if abortive, attempts of that body to attain international unity, what might he have thought of an America divided against itself, of a partial surrender of the indissolubility of the Union he loved, and for which he was willing to commit this country to an internecine war to preserve.

Knowing his passionate love of freedom and the rights of the minority, what do you think he would have thought of our partnership in the rape of Eastern Europe, of the enslavement of Poland and the Baltic provinces, the double-crossing of China, as she tremblingly looked to us for support, even as did we to France and Lafayette? Would that eloquent voice have remained still to the wrongs in which we have acquiesced?

If Lincoln dared to throw all the forces of the United States against a dissolution of the Union, solidly resting upon the thesis that a state divided against itself must fall, what do you think he would have said and done against the thought of permitting a super-government, whose vote would outbalance us 59 to 1, to direct the destinies of the Union he loved, even in the regulation of our internal affairs, insofar as they might affect the well-being of the peoples of the superstate. In other words, if the UN should vote that we in America should be taxed a hundred million dollars to feed the hungry in India, they would have the power to do it. It is true they have not yet thought it wise to use that power, but the authority so to use it is still implicit in the Charter.

Might he not have rather acquiesced in the division of the Union here at home? Might he not rather have seen the flag of the Confederacy flying over the South than the flag of the UN flying over the divided allegiance at Lake Success? For, after all, the Confederate flag was an American flag. These people were Americans, only separated from us by the question of slavery, and that troubled situation would have righted itself within 20 years with the advent of modern machinery.

Wood, John
Congressional Record
February 13, 1951

Birthday

None can deny that we are in partnership at Lake Success with nations who have no interest in us except to mulct us of billions, or to propagandize us with their hated and alien doctrine. They are energized traps for the ignorant and unwary of America. Would the powers that be ever have dared to place Lincoln there as one of our representatives? And if they had, what do you think he would have said and done there? How would he have answered Vishinsky or Malik? What would he have done about Korea? What would he do now about it? Would he acquiesce in the daily doings at Lake Success? Would he?

That eloquent and wise soul, still brooding over his beloved America, might be heard throughout this land of his, still thunderously declaiming that a nation divided against itself cannot stand, and a thousand times more so when we form unions with such malignant and bloodstained mongrels as Russia and its satellites. However, we are now told that we must not use the word "satellite" in relation to Yugoslavia. The antirealists, presently presiding over the destinies of America, have decided that due to our Yugoslavian loan, they are now our friends, and the enemies of Soviet Russia. Tito, the bloodthirsty murderer, whose hands are red with the blood of our innocent aviators, whom he ruthlessly shot down because they accidentally flew over a small corner of his territory, has never disclaimed one jot or tittle of his complete and present firm adherence to the Communist Party line, and he has repeatedly warned that in any international conflict he would side with his enemy Stalin; but we are told that gold may buy true friendship, that words do not mean anything, and that wishful thinking may take the place of stark reality, and that we may build a nation's security and future on the foundation of such weasel words. What a naive people we are.

Our enemies have one saving grace. So far they have always told us exactly and truthfully what they planned to do. Hitler told us that he would occupy the Ruhr. Mussolini made no secret of his plans to devastate Ethiopia. Japan told us she would regulate the internal affairs of China against banditry. We did not believe them. We felt that human beings could not be base enough to do such things. Perhaps Americans would not, but our copartners in the United Nations have taught us a good deal about crimes against mankind and modern duplicity. When Alger Hiss wrote the text of the United Nations, we accepted it. We thought that good could come out of evil; that we might accomplish some great world good by thus compounding with evil. Ladies and gentlemen, we cannot; and we did not.

Can you visualize where Lincoln would have stood against all this modern sham, sophistry, and claptrap? That great American would have uncoiled his ungainly length, and his great voice would have eloquently thundered against the soul-destroying, un-American sophistry of the United Nations.

We Americans need to stop dead in our tracks. We need to scan the broad panorama of trends in this great land of ours, and try to constructively plan for the future of America. Never in the history of men have the stakes been so great. Never has freedom's candle burned so low. The world is waiting for a great message of freedom. America must give it. That is the only divinely appointed destiny we have.

No man having lighted a candle puts it under a bushel, or dilutes its light by exposing it in the midst of a circle of faint and dimly shaded beams; he rather places it on a hill where its rays may cut the darkness asunder with its gleams of brightness.

Similarly, we have lost our identity in the welter of ignorance and hypocrisy which is dominant in the deliberations of the United Nations. We are no more the white knight among the nations, and we have lost the imposing position we formerly enjoyed, whereby the oppressed and suffering of the world stretched out their yearning arms to America, the heaven of opportunity for them. Step by step, to the extent that we identify ourselves with this organization, we stultify and degrrade our previous glorious history and heritage.

America existed in the mind of Lincoln as the most sublime thing his brilliant mind was able to envision: "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people." If he were present with us today, do you think he would countenance the sublime entity he loved being exchanged for a hodgepodge of chicanery and strife, wherein we are outvoted 59 to 1? Perish the thought.

Do we have the renewed vision of being true to the ideal of a strong and free America, released from the alien chains of internationalism? Are we great enough to once again stand for the kind of America Washington and Lincoln wished us to be? Strike off the chains of internationalism, and arise once again like a giant refreshed by sleep to point the way to true brotherhood because we have attained it within our own national economy. Dilution decreases strength. Mixing with incompatibles tends to explosions. Ruskin taught in his essay on the formation of a diamond the importance of unity. Mankind is still waiting for the vision of a free America, leading the world, as a bright and shining light, unmixed with the alien and nation-destroying idea of a world government.

It is very easy for me to picture in my own mind the image of the great creator of all that is, the great thinker, brooding over this simple fallow soul, whispering into his waiting ear the great messages he was afterward to give to his countrymen, and pointing the way to lead a slave race to the freedom of the great day.

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The battle was grim between the forces of evil and those of good. Lincoln was in peril every moment as he came to Washington for his inauguration. Public sentiment was dangerously divided as to the rights and wrongs of slavery. On the one hand was the rights of the property holder; on the other was the God-given spirit of freedom for all mankind. Which was to conquer? Lincoln chose the right; the eternally right. He espoused the right of all men to self-determination, their right to choose and work out their own destiny, without let or hindrance of creed, caste, or color.

The tides of battle swayed this way and that. There were many dark days. Tradition has it that Lincoln spent much time in prayer, seeking the same guidance in extremity Christ had sought in the garden of Gethsemane, asking for wisdom to guide his people to victory for the right.

Finally victory crowned the banners of the North. As the tides of battle finally turned, and being fully cognizant of what would be the aftermaths of war, Lincoln made his historic journey to the battle-scarred field of Gettysburg. On the way, free for a few moments from the burdensome cares of State, he jots down on a piece of scrap paper a few notes of that which was to be the greatest speech of all history, a masterpiece of English diction, and the finger pointing the way to the designs of the Almighty for the after-war period. How tragic those designs were not followed. What evils resulted from their being forgotten in an upsurge of worship of pelf and self-aggrandizement.

Peace at last. But a troubled and suspicious peace. Money-grubbers from the North seeking to perpetuate and magnify the feud between brethren. Pelf against magnanimity. Separation against brotherliness.

What might the great Lincoln not have achieved in healing the gaping wounds between the North and the South had he not been struck down with the bullet of a crazed murderer? One of the greatest faults of a modern society, even yet, is that we permit dangerous, unbalanced misfits to range about freely, until the fatal result of such a mistaken course of action becomes evident in the murder of innocents, the needless sacrifice of lives worth a thousand times more to society than the warped and crooked souls of the killers. Far transcending the rights of the individual is the right of society to protection against the unlimited freedom of the mentally unbalanced.

The immortal Lincoln was thus struck down, when America still needed him greatly, and the mediocrity thus projected into the seats of the mighty, was not able to fully complete the regeneration of America from the wounds sustained in the Civil War. The South would have quickly recovered from the animosities engendered from an armed conflict, even though they were the losers. Their resentment against the rule of the carpet-baggers from the North still smolders. Can you not realize what stern action Lincoln would have taken against the crimes of these gentry?

Every visitor to Washington, seeing the Lincoln Memorial for the first time, is hushed in soul, and becomes immediately reverent. Even the taxi driver, whose constant familiarity with historic Washington tends to make him somewhat blasé, becomes as hushed and reverent as his passenger. What a most tremendous force has spiritual greatness. And on the other hand, what a promise and earnest of the future it is, when on occasions like this we are daily reminded by such a recognition of the kinship of the divine in mankind, that there truly is a force in the souls of men which shall still attain divinity.

Perhaps the beauty of this great Memorial, showing Lincoln as if he were still brooding over his beloved America, is magnificently complete as it is. It ill becomes me to suggest any change. But if one wished to carve out the similitude of the growth of a soul in marble, the other side of the monument might show Lincoln as a boy, laid on his stomach before the fireplace of his boyhood log hut, tracing with charcoal on wrapping paper, the designs which were to later make him famous in perpetuity. The apotheosis of a great soul. Again the growth of the lotus.

It is a difficult thing to attempt to project the possible action of the great minds of the past into the present. It is not even easy for us to do it for our own futures. But a great speaker has said that we can only judge of the future by the past. Using that for a criterion, what might Lincoln have thought of some of the modern trends in America?

What do you think he would have thought about our membership in, and our acceptance of the domination of, the United Nations? No matter which way our sympathies lie in the noble, even if abortive, attempts of that body to attain international unity, what might he have thought of an America divided against itself, of a partial surrender of the indissolubility of the Union he loved, and for which he was willing to commit this country to an internecine war to preserve.

Knowing his passionate love of freedom and the rights of the minority, what do you think he would have thought of our partnership in the rape of Eastern Europe, of the enslavement of Poland and the Baltic provinces, the double-crossing of China, as she tremblingly looked to us for support, even as did we to France and Lafayette? Would that eloquent voice have remained still to the wrongs in which we have acquiesced?

If Lincoln dared to throw all the forces of the United States against a dissolution of the Union, solidly resting upon the thesis that a state divided against itself must fall, what do you think he would have said and done against the thought of permitting a super-government, whose vote would outbalance us 59 to 1, to direct the destinies of the Union he loved, even in the regulation of our internal affairs, insofar as they might affect the well-being of the peoples of the superstate. In other words, if the UN should vote that we in America should be taxed a hundred million dollars to feed the hungry in India, they would have the power to do it. It is true they have not yet thought it wise to use that power, but the authority so to use it is still implicit in the Charter.

Might he not have rather acquiesced in the division of the Union here at home? Might he not rather have seen the flag of the Confederacy flying over the South than the flag of the UN flying over the divided allegiance at Lake Success? For, after all, the Confederate flag was an American flag. These people were Americans, only separated from us by the question of slavery, and that troubled situation would have righted itself within 20 years with the advent of modern machinery.

before the Nazi flyers' machine guns along French and Belgian roads in the summer of 1940.

Perhaps some Germans also felt sympathy for those victims. But they dared not protest in Hitler's Germany. So now they, along with their countrymen who applauded the blitzkrieg of defenseless cities, must reap the whirlwind loosed by the man whom Germany raised to power and almost to deity.

The bombing of cities is Hitler's creation, copied from Mussolini, rehearsed in Spain, perfected against Polish and Dutch cities; and halted by the English. And to say that the Nazis did not "obliterate" London because of any humanitarian motive is to be naive.

The protest quoted above obliquely questions "the absolute certainty" that Allied bombings of Germany are shortening the war. This raises the disturbing question: If the protesters doubt the absolute certainty, then why do they think these missions are continuing? Do they suspect that our bomber crews delight in the thought that they bring death and injury to civilians, or that the Allied Command has lost thousands of men and millions in equipment simply to spread terror?

The protest also stresses the fact that 18 months of mass bombings have not broken civilian morale. Such a consideration is wishful thinking. The bombing of Germany is a military campaign, aimed at the sources of supply and transportation, and at the vital nerve centers of enemy planning and authority.

If bombs had paralyzed German production and daily life by now, this costly campaign would be halted. They haven't, so the bombings continue.

Let anyone who thinks this war can be won by confining air action to front lines take a look at the stalemate in Italy? And let him try to count the American dead on the road to Berlin if Germany's ports and railroads and factories remained untouched!

Paying for Past Follies

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. ROY O. WOODRUFF

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 29, 1944

Mr. WOODRUFF of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, we are today, in the midst of this terrible war, paying dearly for the past follies of foolish politicians, selfish bureaucrats, and irresponsible, ill-advised theorists as well as would-be autocrats, who were determined to make America over in order that they might have jobs for the rest of their lives at the expense of the overburdened taxpayers.

The hardships and the privations which the American people are today undergoing; the vast confusion, maladministration, and the disruption of American lives caused by point pricing, food scarcities, and black markets—all these are the result not of a sudden emergency arising like some tornado over the land, but of 10 years of unwise political experimentation with the American economy.

In their heyday, the Tugwells, and the Wallaces, and the Hopkinses, and the Corcorans, and the Cohens, and the Ezekils, and a score and more of other gleeful experimenters and planned-economy politicians, were going strong on their theory and practice of killing little pigs, wantonly slaughtering brood sows; plowing under cotton; paying farmers not to plant, and penalizing farmers for planting.

Back in those days, any citizen, farmer or otherwise, who attempted to point out that farm machinery had to be kept up, that farm land had to be worked for crops instead of being left to produce only weeds, that if men could not farm as a way of life they would leave the land and go to the factory, such worried Americans were contemptuously characterized as Tories, and Economic Royalists, and Copperheads, and worse.

Today, as the people are paying a terrific price in privations for these political and economic follies of the last decade, the Tugwells and the Wallaces, and the Hopkinses and the Corcorans, and the Cohens, and the Ezekiels are keeping pretty mum about those days when they slaughtered little pigs by the millions, and wantonly destroyed the brood sows by countless thousands, and plowed under the cotton and the corn. They have come forward—one or two of them, at least—with new world panaceas which demand of the American farmer an enormous production with which these power-hungry politicians now pretend they will try to feed the world. But just remember that every time anyone has to stand in line at the ration board, and use scarce gasoline and scarcer tires to go back again and again, and every time anyone has to deny themselves some item of food or clothing to which they have normally been accustomed—just remember that they are paying the price which a good many of us warned that they would have to pay in those days of wanton destruction of animals and vegetable crops. The people are today paying the penalty for the foolishness and the political aberrations, and the bureaucratic arrogance and insolence of a decade of New Deal experimentation and disruption of the American economy by the Wallaces, and the Tugwells, and the Hopkinses, and the Corcorans, and the Cohens, and the Ezekiels.

The American farmer has not had an easy way of life in America. He has had, however, the best way of life of any farmer in the world, hard as it has been. He has had many long, lean years, and those who now point to the fact that farm income has risen to a high level, look only at the momentary returns; they are not thinking anything about the long, lean years that stretch behind the American farmer; nor are they thinking much about the long, lean years which may stretch ahead after this war is over.

All the American farmer has ever asked at the hands of his Nation has been a chance to be independent; to run his farm within reasonable limits as he saw fit; to produce under conditions where he had a fair chance to produce at a reasonable cost and sell at a reasonable profit. The American farmer is the most solid, independent, and sound-minded citizen in the United States. He, least of all the citizens of this country, wanted to be a ward of the Government. He wanted to stand on his own feet and make his own way by his own efforts, asking nothing more than parity of opportunity and parity of price.

Of course, American farmers could not endure as a permanent proposition a condition in which the prices of everything they had to buy were rising while the prices of everything they had to sell were falling. No other businessman, no other industrialist, could endure and survive such conditions as those.

The farmer was perfectly willing to cooperate, and did cooperate, in soil conservation and flood control, and in erosion prevention. Those were and always will be proper governmental functions. The trouble in the last 10 years—the folly for which all the folks are now paying in point stamps, and ration stamps, in high prices and black markets—is not the price of soil conservation, and flood control, and erosion prevention. It is the price of the grievous mistakes, the deceptions, the miscalculations, the maladministration, and the conniving of those who would change our Government into a Communist dictatorship or a Fascist dictatorship—those connivers and plotters and conspirators who used soil conservation and flood control and erosion prevention as a cover-up and as an excuse to try to put the American farmer into a strait jacket; to handcuff and leg-iron him, and keep the keys in the political bureaus at Washington. That is where the damage was done; that is how the damage was done; that is the damage the people are paying for in privations, scarcities, point pricing, rationing, black markets, high prices and insolent regimentation and bossism by the O. P. A.—the same O. P. A. that a committee of the Congress within the last week has found far exceeded its legal powers and authority, distorted the directions of the Congress and usurped controls to which it was not entitled.

These experimentalists, these termites who were gnawing away at the pillars of Americanism and the foundations of the Constitution under the guise of setting up a planned economy, never seemed to think or to realize, as the gentleman from Ohio, Hon. THOMAS A. JENKINS, recently pointed out, that "No one ever went hungry on a surplus." Instead, their great slogan was the "ever-normal granary." The tragedy was that under the Wallaces and the Hopkinses and the Tugwells, the ever-normal granary was allowed to be a granary which went empty in our first year of the war.

Mr. Speaker, it has been said by some bureaucrats that the American farmer is never satisfied. That is true, and it is that spirit of always demanding something sounder and better that has made America the greatest Nation in the world; that has made the American Government the greatest government in the world; that has put American living levels higher than any other in the world; that has given America the best wages and working conditions ever achieved in the world. If the American farmer had been satisfied, we would still be living in the days of the oxcart, the squirrel rifle, the ax and the hoe. The American farmer never will be satisfied so long as

Woodruff, Roy O.

there is anything wrong with his Government or his country that he believes can be rectified by common sense and common effort. One thing the American farmer has been satisfied with, very satisfied, indeed, is our American Constitution and our American Constitutional republican form of government. I can tell you something else the American farmer has been vastly satisfied with, and that is the Bill of Rights.

It was only when a bunch of plotting politicians, scheming revolutionists, and starry-eyed theorists undertook to make the American farm and the American farmer over, and to jam him into a planned economy in which the Bill of Rights would be but an empty phrase, and the Constitution an outworn form, that the farmer began to fight back and demand that tinkering with his business and his way of life by irresponsible bureaucrats such as the fellow who advised the farmers to take the shoes off their horses at night to save metal, cease.

We are asking the American farmer today to help win the war, and to help save the peace by producing more and more and ever more goods and fibers. The American farmer will not fail his country if he is given half a chance, and anything like a fair deal, while he sweats and toils to serve his fellow men. But the American farmer will never consent to be a peasant farmer; to be a serf tied to the land; to be regimented for years after the war; to be made the tool and pawn of politicians plotting for places of power in world politics, as they plotted for places of power in American politics.

The American farmer will never consent to these New Deal schemers using the American economy—and wrecking the American economy—in their postwar world plots for some kind of an American socialized imperialism.

Mr. Speaker, that is why the students of affairs in the United States are convinced that the American farmers are turning back to the Republican Party to rescue this Nation from a clique, the members of which are more concerned with exploiting world affairs for their own purposes than in conducting our Government for the benefit of all the people.

It occurs to me at the moment that it has been four score years ago that Abraham Lincoln stood on that crude platform at Gettysburg and out of the wealth of his wisdom as a man of the soil, said:

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war; testing whether that Nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. * * *

That this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Mr. Speaker, 80 years from that distant scene among the hills of Pennsylvania, we are again engaged in a great war—a great world war—to determine whether this Nation can continue to endure under God, whether it shall have a new birth of freedom after this war, and whether it shall be perpetuated as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, and not perish from the earth.

Bombing Raid Over the Continent

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF
HON. GORDON CANFIELD
OF NEW JERSEY
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 29, 1944

Mr. CANFIELD. Mr. Speaker, Sgt. W. L. White, Jr., of 181 Madison Avenue, Clifton, N. J., in my district, is a freckle-faced tail gunner on a Martin bomber B–26, commonly described as a Marauder, in the Three Hundred and Twenty-third Bombing Group, Four Hundred and Fifty-fifth Bombing Squadron, somewhere in England.

Today I present a portion of a letter Sergeant White recently sent his father, W. L. White, Sr., describing one of his experiences in a bombing raid over the continent. It is as exciting as it is inspirational.

I am indebted to Ed Reardon, popular columnist of the Passaic (N. J.) Herald-News, for bringing this letter to my attention.

Tomorrow I shall present copy of a letter Sergeant White wrote the father of one of his comrades, a 22-year-old Kansas farm boy, "just another top gunner," who was killed in action in a mission over France.

The letter follows:

Then the flak really began, and the freckled-face gunner didn't like flak—and a guy can't fight back at the stuff—and he felt that ugly, shivering sensation start in the backs of his legs and end up in the pit of his stomach. He rocked from side to side in his tiny compartment, taking the bounce with his shoulders as the plane convulsed in violent evasive action.

The flak burst close in the formation, black and businesslike, and it "har-oomphed" like an old man coughing in his sleep. The gunner huddled within heavy flying clothes and flak suit, rolled back and forth and warily watched the skies. He watched the large formation, behind, plowing doggedly through the black cloud residue of anti-aircraft explosives; fresh bursts appeared in the cloud like thrown-up handfuls of Smith Bros. cough drops, and around his own ship the freckled tail gunner saw and heard the flak viciously punching at the weaving, feinting medium bombers.

Finally the formation banked into its final run while the bellies of all the ships yawned in unison as the bomb bay doors opened. Now the evasive action ceased; now the pilot's nerves must be of steel as he holds a steady course for the bombing run. Cold turkey for flak, thought the gunner, and the flak did seem to increase—close and tense. Every few seconds the plane shuddered and rocked a little as flak concussions and fragments hit home. Noise and vibration increased because of the open bomb bay doors. Following a sharp lurch and a distinct "splat", someone rather gayly yelled over the intercom—"Anyone see any daylight showing through?" The bombardier's voice came through, strangely clear despite the rasping interference in earphones, "Hold it steady, skipper, yeah. Right about like that—'good'—oops—just a hair to the right—one skinny blond hair to the right—that's it!" A short pause, then, 'O. K. boys, there 'they go." Bombs away!

Some of the noise diminished as the bomb bay doors closed, then it hit; the plane grunted with the impact. "Easy boys," came the pilot's reassuring voice, "right engine. I don't know how badly, but bad, I think! I'm going to feather the propeller—hold everything!"

The tail gunner saw smoke pouring past his left window. It trailed straight back in a slightly wavy ribbon. He thought it looked nice—sort of graceful, fluid-like. He watched the bombs tumble out of the planes in the rear formations. He remembered it was Sunday and thought that a lot of Sunday dishes were going to be broken that day. And then he noticed that his ship was dropping away from formation, and he began to get scared for the first time.

The Spitfires hovering around overhead, and behind saw it drop back too, and about six came in close to escort the straggler. Like swallows, thought the tail gunner, lovely, lovely swallows flitting and gliding in and out. Slowly, but very positively, they were dropping back and losing altitude. The ship was beginning to vibrate, causing a great many little noises that combined to make anonymous roar—ammunition in the tinny racks rattled loudly, loose parts on the machine-guns and windows rattled, too, as did tool boxes and other unfastened articles.

When the top turret gunner's voice suddenly screamed in the tail gunner's earphones, nothing was distinguished except, "fighters" and "two o'clock." The freckled tail gunner's pinched face peered out of his left window and his hands tightened on the machine gun grips. The fighter, as it went past was just a streak, and the gunner's fingers tightened on the triggers partly through instinct and partly from surprise. He saw his tracers sink into the Focke-Wulf across the nose and wing. Two Spitfires flashed by on the fighter's tail; all three planes were so close and the interval so constant that they looked tied together.

A short while later the two Spitfires spiraled lazily up again, looking like indignant hens who had just chased an enemy out of their chicken house. The English Channel was now in sight.

The tail gunner wondered, in a detached sort of way, if the water in the Channel was very cold that day. A detached sort of way until the increased vibration and noise made him realize again their position. But it was strange how he thought of the smell of burning leaves in the fall—back in Jersey; and how, when he was a kid in grammar school, he used to walk up his street on Saturday mornings and smell that smoke and see the misty air and the near-naked trees through the mist. He used to say the trees were stripped down to their shorts about then.

The smoke past his left window was heavier and it poured back with more body to it because of the lower, warmer altitude. He heard the left engine cough once—not exactly a cough, but rather a faint clearing of its throat, but that was bad enough. And elm trees like tall, graceful, haughty women—selfish, too, for aren't they the last to grow leaves in the spring and the first to lose them in the fall? Funny, trees have personalities.

The vibration had now increased so that it shook the tail gunner. His face was white and scared and pinched, and his freckles stood out like warts. Why these thoughts racing through his mind?—pictures. A desire to eat grapes, those big purple ones; should have sketched that old fellow in London; and reading Dickens when he was a kid and feeling the

Woods, Charles Coke

LINCOLN AND LIBERTY.

BY CHARLES COKE WOODS.

Abraham Lincoln, rail-splitter, storekeeper, boat captain, everybody's big brother, lawyer, member of the Illinois Legislature, President of the United States, savior of the American Union, emancipator of four million slaves—the great statesman of the world. He was a man sent from God.

GOD IS ALWAYS SENDING SOME LEADER IN THE LARGER MINISTRIES OF MANKIND.

He sent Socrates, Aristotle and Plato in the larger ministries of philosophy. He sent Angelo and Raphael and Phidias and Turner and Hogarth and Rembrandt in the larger ministries of beauty. He sent Handel and Mozart and Beethoven and Stradivarius and Paganini and Jennie Lind and Nordica and Ira D. Sankey in the larger ministries of music. God surely sent in the larger ministries of a living literature William Shakespeare, John Bunyan, John Milton, John Ruskin, Alfred Tennyson, Victor Hugo, James Russell Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Holmes, William Cullen Bryant, Emerson and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

As great educators in the larger ministries of mankind it was God who sent us Froebel, Pestalozzi and Horace Mann of the American schools of the people.

Will anybody say that God has not sent us leaders in the larger ministries of reform? Who but God sent those sweet and mighty ministries of Lady Somerset, Mary A. Livermore and Frances E. Willard and Clara Barton? And who but God sent Savonarola, Martin Luther and John Wesley?

And we see coming over the white hilltops of freedom those other mighty ministries of human liberty. There is Wilberforce of England. There is Louis Kossuth of Hungary. There is Garibaldi, who dares to wrench asunder the temporal power of the Pope. There is the courageous Karl Schurz of Kaiser-cursed Germany. And there are today, thank God, a million Germans in Germany whose bleeding hearts and burning brains and big bludgeons are beating against the brutal palace in Berlin. Great God of liberty and of love, help them to discrown that king, to dismantle that throne and to beat that Prussian palace into dust.

Do we know how and when this poison plant of human slavery got planted in our land?

Let no one dream that the damnable doctrine of "The divine right of kings" is indigenous to American soil. Our Pilgrim Fathers who came over in the Mayflower four hundred years ago were disciples and apostles of freedom, every one of them. There was not a single slavery seed in the fields and gardens of their planting. How did human slavery get rooted in our soil. How did tyranny from over the sea plant this tare in our dooryard? This question is pertinent now while the vile plague of Prussianism is seeking with all its serpentine selfishness to enslave the world. Prussianism

States the farmers were given chiefly to the cultivation of rice and indigo. This made slave labor seem indispensably profitable.

It is interesting that a machine helped to redeem the slave situation in South Carolina and Georgia. Whitney, a Connecticut school teacher, who lived in Georgia, invented the cotton-gin. Before this invention a slave could clean only about five or six pounds of cotton a day. But with the cotton-gin he could clean one thousand pounds a day. Within a few years after the invention of the cotton-gin the export of cotton increased from 200,000 pounds to 38,000,000 pounds. Under this stimulus slavery ceased even in these States to be a commercial necessity.

Under these conditions three classes of sentiments sprung up. Three classes of people sought to control the government. The people of the North sought to confine slavery to the localities where it had already obtained footing. The people of the South sought to extend slavery by the admission of new slave States. The third class were the abolitionists of the North who sought its entire overthrow throughout the entire country.

In the seventy years' war over slavery the first battle was fought in the Federal convention of 1787. The result of this convention was registered in three important compromises. Jefferson declared that the Missouri question was the most important that had ever threatened the Union. He said he had never had such misgivings, even in the darkest hours of the Revolutionary War as he had on that Missouri question.

But the period of compromise on every supremely great question is bound to pass. Compromises on supreme issues are not the conditions of permanent progress. In 1831 William Lloyd Garrison arrived on the scene and established the newspaper known as "The Liberator." It was wholly devoted to the immediate and complete abolition of African slavery in America. Garrison's paper was a veritable firebrand of freedom. It was a mighty factor in the great conflict.

In the election of James K. Polk to the Presidency in 1844 the North and the South were completely arrayed against one another on this great question and issues growing out of it. Great things were doing in those days. The fires of freedom were flaming everywhere. Even Daniel Webster, the great Secretary of State under Fillmore, was overthrown by the leaping lightnings of liberty. The desertion of free-soil principles lost him his throne. Massachusetts deserted him and Charles Sumner swept into power, pledged to "fight slavery to the death." At the close of Fillmore's administration "Uncle Tom's Cabin," written by a woman, the daughter of a minister, and a sister of the great Henry Ward Beecher, shook the heart of the world. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was one of the mightiest helps America had in

A TOAST TO LINCOLN

(With a cup of clear, cool water from the old well)

BY CHARLES COKE WOODS 2/12/25

Here's to the baby born in a cabin without a floor, rocked in a cradle hewn from a log and nursed at a mother's breast whose very life was love.

Here's to that cabin baby who smiled himself away to sleep in his mother's arms while forest winds sang lullabies around the chimney top; who snuggled down to sleep and dreamed a baby's dreams while nested in the heaven of her arms; the sleepy smoke from that old faithful fireplace crept slowly up the chimney's throat and lost itself among the shadows and the dark; the watching stars looked gently down upon the cabin roof that sheltered him and crickets crooned their even song to help the infant sleep of him who some day should awake the world.

Here's to the laddie who played where squirrels played when acorns fell among the fallen forest leaves; who followed where the deer tracks went to find the waters cool that gurgled from the hillside spring; whose lips were sweetly stained and often so with juices of the wild blackberry that tangled in among the bushes and the trees; here's to that laddie who early swung the ax against the tree to practice him for toppling thrones of tyranny and striking shackles from the slaves; here's to him who climbed the hills of manhood and of might and beckoned us to follow him.

Here's to the youth of homely face and giant strength who sprawled before the friendly fireplace to learn the truth of freedom and of love that burned its way at last around the world; to him who saw the slaver's auction block and heard the serpent hiss of the cruel lash and swore him by Jehova God that he would some day strike "that thing" and strike it hard—to him we pledge our lasting memory, our loyalty and love.

He knew the weariness and sweat in all the dusty ways of toil. He knew the happiness of children's play and joined with them betimes in frolic and in sport. And none knew better than this man of mercy and of might to weep with those who wept and, when the need was great, to stoop him in the dust and lift another's load. He was a man of friendliness and peace, but giant wrongs must step aside and clear a path for him. He held a torch that scared the dark and made all tyrannies afraid. When pomp and pride had scrawled their names in darkness and in dust the golden pen of truth wrote his in living flame across the sky and on the souls of men.

When storms of war swept wide across the land he pleaded for peace, he prayed for peace and when he felt he must he fought to give the world a peace-united land. For every foe forgiveness blossomed like a lily in his heart and flowed in fragrance from his lips. No more could hate become his guest than deadly night-shade bloom could find a place among the fragrant boughs of early May-time apple trees. He had the lover's gracious heart for all mankind.

Here's to him who, when the war was done, went healing everywhere. He brought compassion's healing hand to all the beaten and the bruised. He brought the light of hope to desolation and despair. He touched the sobbing lips of woe with laughter and with song. Here's to him, the man of healing and of help.

Here's to the babe of the old log cradle, to the lad of the touseled hair, to the sprawling youth before the open fireplace, to the woodchopper and toiler in the common ways of men; here's to the great, good man who took our country in his heart and showed us how to find the way to lasting brotherhood and peace. Here's to the brave soldier, the faithful servant of the people, the far-visioned statesman, the martyr of freedom, the sun-crowned Abraham Lincoln, who "belongs to the ages."

ANOTHER LOOK AT LINCOLN

Los Angeles Times 2-12-29.

BY CHARLES COKE WOODS

Before I was born Abraham Lincoln boarded with my grandfather, John Branson, eight miles from Springfield, Ill. Mr. Lincoln was surveying through that part of the country and, like any good American citizen, enjoyed wholesome food, an abundance of which he got at my grandfather's table.

My father, Rev. G. W. Woods, a Methodist preacher, used to meet Mr. Lincoln incidentally on the old board sidewalk in Springfield. He told me that he was amazed at the look of the towering man the first time he saw him and began thinking, "What an extraordinary face that man has; how giantly tall he is; and who ever saw such far-looking eyes?" A few days later, in company with a country neighbor, that same tall personage appeared, and again they passed each other. After passing Mr. Lincoln, my father asked the neighbor, "Who is that man? I meet him every time I come to town; he is a most remarkable appearing man." The neighbor replied, "Why, that is Abe Lincoln." My father said, "I've been hearing and reading a good deal about Lincoln, but that is the first time I have had him pointed out to me."

I have a friend, a Presbyterian minister now far advanced in years, who told me that when he was a boy 7 or 8 years of age, his father took him to some great State function to see Mr. Lincoln. The boy thought he would do well to hang to his father's coat tail and keep from being trampled down by the crowd. He was in line with the rest, between his father in front of him and another man just behind him. Arrived at the spot where the President stood, the boy looked up into the great man's face. To the child's astonishment the tall man bowed low, smiled, and took the boy's hand between his two big hands and said gently, "I'm glad to see you, my little man; I hope you will grow up to be a good man and a useful citizen." For one throbbing moment the great man, forgetting the crowd and the great occasion, gave his big, loving soul to the hungry heart of that little boy. And to the end of his years the boy, now an old man, will carry the memory and influence of that moment.

An artist-photographer in Southern California was telling me that he went to Springfield, Ill., to photograph some places and buildings where Lincoln and Douglas had held out in the old days. He found with difficulty anybody who remembered where Douglas had stopped, but again and again he found elderly men and women who recalled easily a number of places where Lincoln frequently stopped. One fine old gentleman pointed out an old hotel: "Say! I've seen Abe settin' there in a chair many a time, with his long legs stretched and his feet resting on the railing of the porch." Something about Lincoln made the very places he stopped or stayed immortal in the memories of those who saw him.

Last summer at the beach I was sauntering by a quiet spot where I observed a little old man and woman seated side by side. The man had been a soldier of the '60's and wore the button. It is likely that she, as his young sweetheart or bride, had helped in that great struggle to be a brave soldier. Never having seen them before, still I felt free to remark in passing, seeing that he was reading aloud some book while she was knitting, "You must have something interesting." The old soldier looked up and smiled, saying enthusiastically as he did so, "You bet! It's about Lincoln." I think they were reading Bacheller's fascinating story, "A Man for the Ages." It is likely that this soldier had marched to battle under this commander-in-chief of our armies. It is probable that he had felt the clasp of his hand and heard the sound of his voice. He had actually seen this man who now "Belongs to the Ages."

In reading this story, I was much interested in seeing the name of Sangamon county, Illinois, the county in which I was born. Of course the name Springfield, the capital city of Illinois, occurs several times in the story. I used to go there with my father when he went in from the farm to sell apples and apple butter. I was in the historic old city again recently. The memory of Lincoln hangs over it all like a halo of glory. I stood in the old Lincoln home, where he stood when he was notified that he had been chosen to the highest office in the gift of the nation. Once more I climbed to the top of the granite shaft which marks the last resting place of his sacred dust. I had climbed that winding shaft once before, when a little boy, with my brother and sister.

My father and mother were acquainted with the Ridgleys mentioned in Bacheller's story. They were also acquainted with the Rutledges, "Lincoln's Real Sweetheart." The story of his and her last meeting, when Ann was at the edge of the Silent River, is in this story of "A Man for the Ages." The story of his staggering sorrow and triumphant recovery—it is all woven into this work of genius. Love, laughter, tears and tragedy—they are all here.

* * *

I was asked a few years ago in a Kansas county seat to make several speeches on Lincoln. My father was living with us at the time, and I asked him into my study for a fresh interview concerning his memories of Mr. Lincoln. That day he told me this story: "When Lincoln was surveying in the neighborhood where your Grandfather Branson lived, eight or ten miles west of Springfield, he boarded with your grandfather and grandmother. Near the little village one day he noticed several men standing by a store or blacksmith shop. One large fellow seized a small man and threw him down. Lincoln, standing by his surveying instrument, called, 'Why don't some of you fellows take that big fellow off of that little fellow?' That was always the characteristic Lincoln question. That was the leading question with him in the '60's when he was President, and history knows that it was Lincoln who pulled 'the big man' off. But, at the little village that day, the loafers gave indifferent reply to his question. Patiently, but firmly, he repeated the question, 'Why don't some of you fellows take that big fellow off the little fellow?' Then he planted the legs of the surveying instrument a little more firmly, and strode deliberately over to the group where the scuffling was going on. He seized the big wrestler by the seat of the trousers and the back of the shirt, whirling him over on the ground by the side of the little victim. The Emancipator sat down on the big fellow's chest, pulled up a bunch of Illinois smart weed, crushed it in his hand, then rubbed it thoroughly under the nose and in both eyes of the big bully. Then he arose, smiled, and walked slowly back to the surveying instrument and resumed his work." I believe this Lincoln story by my father is genuine.

* * *

Peter Akers, the famous and scholarly pioneer preacher of Illinois, came out from his home in Jacksonville to preach at Prospect, our country church. He was then 90 years of age, and, after an interesting sermon, took chicken dinner with our family on the farm a mile or two from the church. I was a mere boy, but I remember two or three remarkable stories he gave me out of his wonderful experiences. On one occasion, Mr. Lincoln, then practicing law in Springfield, went in a carriage with some other gentleman to hear Dr. Akers. The preacher was unusually swept that day with the spirit of prophecy. The man of destiny listened with rapt attention. On the return trip from the camp ground in the carriage with the other men he had little to say. His head was bowed and his eyes lowered.

At last one of the company said, "Mr. Lincoln, what did you think of the discourse?" He answered thoughtfully, "Gentlemen, I think it was one of the most remarkable discourses that it has ever been my privilege to listen to. And I think the preacher's statement that our country is about entering upon one of the greatest struggles, if not the greatest, in its history,

is correct. And I believe that the State of Illinois is to have a prominent place in that struggle, and, gentlemen, though you may think it hardly modest in me to say it, I can't help but feel that somehow I'm to be mixed up with the whole affair." After-history made it plain that the soul of Peter Akers and the soul of Abraham Lincoln must have both "listened in" to the God of Nations that day.

I was under kindergarten age, playing out in the yard with my brothers and sisters on a day in April. It was well toward evening when my father and mother came riding home from the old town of Waverly, some twenty-five or thirty miles southwest of Springfield. When my father said, "whoa" to the horses they stopped promptly, and before getting out of the wagon mother said, "Children, we have some very sad news to tell you. Abraham Lincoln was assassinated last night in Washington." The sadness in her voice was like the low tolling of a funeral bell, and her face was shadowed with the deepest grief. When under the stress of some great sorrow it was never easy for my father to utter himself in words, and I do not recall that he spoke a word on that memorable evening in April.

Our world of men is still on tiptoe trying to catch the voice and measure the height of Abraham Lincoln. And we know that Stanton's words, just after the great heart beat its last, were inspired prophecy: "Now he belongs to the ages."

Wooley, John G.

JOHN G. WOOLEY.

The dramatic orator who will talk to the men of Lincoln at the great Oliver theater meeting at 3:30 today. Admission free.

PASTOR PRAISES LINCOLN VIRTUE

2/13/35 — Journal-Gazette

Speaks Before Rotary Club at Sturgis

(Special to The Journal-Gazette)

STURGIS, Mich., Feb. 11.—"The world today needs the things for which Lincoln stood," declared Rev. George Woomer of the Burr Oak Methodist church in an address, "Lincoln—the Man," given today before the Sturgis Rotary club.

Rev. Woomer listed as Lincoln's most outstanding virtues, his sympathy, patience, humor and religious faith.

Congressional Record
February 11, 1957

Lincoln's Legacy

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF

HON. JIM WRIGHT
OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, February 11, 1957

Mr. WRIGHT. Mr. Speaker, on tomorrow the Nation will celebrate the birth of President Lincoln. It is timely that we recall some of the circumstances of his life.

In a crude hunter's hut deep in Kentucky's desolate woods, it happened. On a bed of poles covered with corn husks, a cold February wind penetrating the cracks in the cabin, Abraham Lincoln was born.

What dreams dared poor Nancy Hanks Lincoln entertain on that bleak Sunday morning of 1809? Hounded by gossip and consigned by her wedding vow to share a woodsman's hardship on a barren farm that had cost 66 cents an acre, what a difference it might have made to her could she but have lifted the curtain of the future and foreseen the marble shrine on the Potomac which now attracts more than a million visitors a year.

She died 9 years later, convulsed with pain on a wretched dirt floor pallet of leaves and bearskins. Her last words were a halting, whispered plea to Abraham and his sister to live right, to be kind to each other, to worship God. Perhaps she knew he would not forget.

Life was never easy for Lincoln. He was dogged by defeat, bounded by failure, stalked by tragedy. The idyllic youthful love he shared with Ann Rutledge ended in abiding heartache. He failed in business, fell deep in debt, had a legal judgment lodged against him, finally left New Salem for Springfield on a borrowed horse, felt the frustration of repeated political defeats.

At the age of 49 he confessed:

> With me the race of political ambition has been a flat failure.

After his loss to Douglas for the Senate, a newspaper lamented editorially:

> Hon. Abe Lincoln is undoubtedly the most unfortunate politician who has ever attempted to rise in Illinois.

This is the man who was strangely catapulted into the Presidency at perhaps the most critical moment in the Nation's history. Even there, he seemed at first doomed to mediocrity, even failure. His cherished dream had been to forge a settlement of differences and save the Union. He saw this dream dissolve before his eyes, the bands of union crumple and ignite.

His generals failed him, his Cabinet snubbed him, the public reviled him, even his wife is said to have held him in contempt. A nation at war was of no mood to embrace Christian charity, and it was this of which Lincoln was made.

When McClellan showed his contempt, Lincoln offered to hold his hat. When Salmon P. Chase humiliated him and plotted against him, Lincoln praised Chase and made him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. After Stanton had scorned him as an imbecile and a gorilla, Lincoln made him his Secretary of War.

When the North, finally tasting victory, would mete out a vindictive full measure and more to the prostrate South, Lincoln, too big for vengeance, proposed that the Southern States be paid $400 for their slaves. Not one member of his Cabinet would agree.

In the end, even death was not merciful. For 9 long hours after the assassin's bullet had pierced his head, Lincoln suffered. It remained for Stanton, his former detractor, to speak the fitting tribute:

> There lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen (and) now he belongs to the ages.

The plea of poor Nancy Hanks was not in vain. The legacy she bequeathed has enriched the Nation and the world. It was the patience and humility with which she embued her son that did, in the final analysis, save the Union. Today, almost a century and a half later, enshrined in marble and in human hearts are the most profoundly Christian words ever spoken by a head of state. If you have not read them lately, they will bear reading again, slowly, while remembering that they were uttered at a time when all about him raged the hot hatred of war:

> Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purpose. "Woe unto the world because of offenses; for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh."
>
> If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him. Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."
>
> With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Wright, Mary R.

Standard Times, New Bedford, Mass.
Feb 12, 1956

Writer Offers Praise Of Lincoln's Role

To the Editor of The Standard-Times:

We are glad that you lived, Abraham Lincoln, and to the world showed that a united America could still live on. Although obstacles came, and sorrows untold, a land of free men was ours and so would remain.

An assassin's bullet shortened your life, but the soul of you lived on, to strengthen your way of life. Our country kept in safety by men such as you will keep Old Glory afloat.

In spite of dictators and traitors who would destroy, we hold our heads high, as we sing, "He has sounded forth the trumpet that will never call Retreat, our God is marching on."

And those who have left us to make men free, and have entered that land beyond the Great Sea, have left instilled in the hearts of men, the love of a great brotherhood of man for man. With the Great Commander leading the way, America is here forever to stay.

MARY R. WRIGHT
Dartmouth

WIN-WR

DRAWER 27

Tributes