

(Continued from previous page)

Powers and all lesser States, and are replacing Nationalism by Continentalism, a mere 15,000 black ex-Americans ruling 2,000,000 bush natives must take their politics from Uncle.

But why, you ask, send troops to Liberia when we cannot get enough of them elsewhere? "Bamako" may be the answer: Bamako being a small native town 500 miles the other side of the forest grassland. Here the Sudan-draining railway from Dakar is at its nearest to the Guinea Coast. Dakar is defended from land attack by the tortuous Saloum River to the south (see map), and by over a hundred miles of unbroken surf beach to the north; the plan might be to cut the railway that is the only route for supplies. The Free French and British forces lying round Lake Chad might then take over the Eastern Sudan and leave the Dakar half of French West Africa to starve on peanuts.

Frenchmen All

And if France naturally clings to her Sudan, why does French West Africa

cling to Vichy? The half million so-called Senegalese troops do it because they are trained to obey; and because the French Colonial administration—far-seeing, efficient, and free from colour prejudice—has made Frenchmen of them all. Besides, the West African Whites have painful if proud memories of September, 1940, also. When Metropolitan France capitulated, they were all for fighting on, and a launch sent to Dakar might have aligned all their resources under the Cross of Lorraine.

Dakar then—and hence the whole Sudan—lay helpless before any expedition that might have been sent against it. But by the time de Gaulle arrived with his small armada, various units of the French fleet had arrived, with 'planes and shells. The Governor (who had lost a leg to the Germans in 1917), was ready, and determined. "France," he said, "has confided Dakar to me, and I will hold it against all comers to the end."

"The end" is perhaps optimistic, but he has certainly held it so far.



NATIVE TROOPS OF DAKAR: They are all known as Senegalese, but are actually recruited from many different tribes

Book Review

HAIL CALEDONIA

THE GAEL FARES FORTH. By N. R. McKenzie. Whitcombe and Tombs, Ltd.

[T] is difficult to review a book that has already been reviewed very competently by a Prime Minister. But perhaps it is unnecessary. Mr. Fraser's foreword not only places the praise where it belongs, but leaves the picture in the setting in which it must be studied; and no review can do more than that. But it may be worth adding that while this is technically a second edition, it is in fact a new book. To begin with, a whole army of workers and camp-followers have turned all the material over a second time and sifted and weighed it. Not much has been dropped out, but a good deal has been added, and everything has been re-arranged and re-displayed. The first edition called for courage as well as for some perfervidness in the reader. The second lures him on. From dust-jacket to index it has been designed to extract fifteen shillings from him with a minimum of pain; and it succeeds. Until

he examines it he will remain shy, even if his ancestors came with McLeod. Put it into his hands and bang at once goes his pound. So there can be no risk that the sales will drag once a few copies get among the clansmen; but there may be a risk in recalling to readers with such blood in their veins that a house seventy years ago could be built for seventy pounds—and built to keep out anything but theological controversy. One fact that may be recalled with complete safety, however, and to our edification, is the influence on history of the dissenter. If Norman McLeod had been meek and mild, Nova Scotia would never have seen him; and if he had not been fighting the Labrador gales for 30 years when his long-lost son wrote from South Australia, New Zealand would never have seen him, or any of the McKays and McDonalds and McLennans and McMillans who came with him. What they have done in ninety years, aided and abetted, of course, by the Munros and Murdochs and Frasers and Finlaysons and two or three hundred others for whose names this page has no space, is now on record for all time—and costs less than three ties or twelve handkerchiefs.

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