foolishness, but it was innocent in the Marion lynchings, or rather no more guilty than many others in this ordinary place in America’s heartland who continued to believe in ‘us’ and ‘them’” (A Lynching in the Heartland: Race and Memory in America, pp. 41-42).

Carr understands her family story as a “model for the larger American family with its repressed history of racial traumas: not just slavery but something as recent and as shared as Jim Crow” (p. 27). Fair enough. But can a city, like an individual, be “traumatized”? Can a city have a “psyche”? Carr uses too easily the popular term “collective memory.” I much prefer James E. Young’s sense of “collected” memories of a society (or a city) as the “aggregate collection of its members’ many, often competing memories” (The Texture of Memory: Holocaust Memorials and Meaning, p. xi). Carr’s search reveals plural and clashing memories of this searing event. The lynching registered differently for many whites than it did for many blacks—a “justifiable punishment versus a day that would live in infamy” (p. 103). This grim reality subverts the widespread and overly simplified idea that the work of memory is by definition “healing.” Remembrance can tear a community apart as well as help it come together.

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Five Days in Philadelphia
The Amazing ‘We Want Willkie’ Campaign of 1940 and How it Freed FDR to Save the Western World
By Charles Peters

Charles Peters, founder of the liberal magazine The Washington Monthly, thinks something magical happened to American politics in 1940. The Republican party’s nomination of native Hoosier Wendell Willkie for president, he argues, allowed the American people “to rise a notch or two above the usual limits of human nature” (p. 5). Without Willkie’s support for Franklin Roosevelt’s destroyers-for-bases deal and his tacit approval of the peacetime draft, Peters believes that the United States would have been, at best, even less prepared than it was for the Second World War. At worst, the victory of an isolationist Republican would have led to a
nightmare, perhaps resembling the homegrown fascism described in Philip Roth's *The Plot Against America* (2004). Unfortunately, Peters's book is an unsatisfying synthesis of potted history and reform tract, and it paints a misleading portrait of Willkie.

The book seeks to portray the 1940 campaign as a turning point, primarily because no interventionists succeeded in challenging Roosevelt and secondarily because Willkie refrained from excessively exploiting isolationism. That “triumph over partisanship” (p. 4) inspires Peters, who believes that by understanding how Willkie and Roosevelt found common ground on serious issues, Americans today can become more generous politically. In keeping with that mission, Peters romanticizes Willkie's campaign, writing at one point that the wealthy Willkie was “Mr. Smith bound for Washington” (p. 51). His account of Willkie's GOP nomination win (a victory surprising not only because it was Willkie's first campaign but also because he had been a lifelong Democrat) is competent, but his treatment of the actual campaign—the crux of the book—lacks drama. Peters stumbles on details, implying, for example, that Willkie spent only a few thousand dollars on his campaign. (In reality, according to Steve Neal in his 1984 Willkie biography *Dark Horse*, the campaign spent at least $16 million.) Peters also crams too many extraneous details and digressions about his own boyhood into the book, causing it to lose momentum.

Willkie was less statesmanlike and more interesting than Peters portrays him. A womanizing, hard-drinking industrialist and lawyer, Willkie was also a recognizably modern politician whose success resulted not from skill at retail politics or the support of political bosses but from the unlikely combination of native talent, an accident of history (the timing of Germany's invasion of France), and media bias. (Neal points out that without the support of Henry Luce, there would have been no Willkie candidacy. Peters barely acknowledges this fact.) A political amateur, Willkie decided after winning the nomination that he had nothing to learn from the professionals. Consequently, he proceeded to alienate and insult virtually the entire Republican party machinery, even as he endeared himself to much of the electorate and the media, a tactic that predictably scuttled his bid for the GOP's nomination in 1944. Willkie usually charted an independent course, but he could nevertheless compromise his principles for political gain: late in the 1940 campaign, for instance, he charged that a vote for Roosevelt was a vote for war, a statement he laughingly recanted a few months after the election. Willkie, then, was less a savior of American democracy than a supremely gifted but completely untrained candidate—although he was more right than wrong on the only issue that mattered.
Peters’ s choice to all but ignore the latter stages of Willkie’s public life, particularly his role in helping to banish isolationism from American political discourse, is perplexing. Willkie contributed no original ideas to the debate over U.S. foreign policy, but his massively best-selling *One World* (1943) was an effective sales pitch for world government and greater post-war U.S. involvement in international affairs. More understandable is Peters’s reluctance to confront the tension between his thesis and his ideals. Unarguably, it was right for the United States to have fought the Axis Powers, and so Peters applauds Willkie for giving cover to FDR’s preparations for war. But for someone like Peters, who believes that the people should determine government policy through democratic institutions, there can be no more troubling outcome than denying citizens the option of staying out of a world-shattering conflict. If there was a real chance that voters would have chosen an isolationist in 1940, then Peters must explain why he celebrates the fact that voters were barred from making such a grievous error. A book tackling that topic would be a probing exploration of the conflict between democracy and truth. Too bad it remains unwritten.

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**Ernie Pyle’s War**

*A Documentary on Ernie Pyle, World War II Correspondent*

DVD. Produced by Todd Gould.

(Indianapolis: Indiana Historical Society Press, 2005. 30 minutes. $19.95.)

Just as Edward R. Murrow was the best-known radio journalist of World War II, so was Hoosier native Ernie Pyle the best-known print journalist. But far more documentaries have been made about Murrow than about Pyle. Certainly Murrow’s bosses at CBS vigorously promoted their man, and his career continued into the age of video, while Pyle was never comfortable posing for promotional pictures. Only a few moving films of Pyle are known to exist, and only a single film exists in which Pyle speaks (an excerpt of which opens this documentary). But it’s also difficult to make a video about Pyle because he was a writer and a storyteller. One of his Scripps-Howard bosses referred to his Mark Twain-like quality. Without pictures, documentarists face a challenge in bringing a writer to life. Gould’s documentary is only the third to focus on Pyle. While an Arts & Entertainment video pro-