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Appointment on the Hill

DOROTHY DETZER

NEW YORK: HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

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Printed in the United States of America

First printing

To the memory of

DON

Foreword

"THE ONLY good histories," said Montaigne, "are those written by the persons themselves who commanded in the affairs whereof they write." But if there is validity in this contention, there is also a flaw. No one individual ever commands alone in the affairs whereof he writes, nor do mutual experiences bring the same impacts, the same emotional response to those who share them. For no two chroniclers can see events with the same eyes; feel the compulsions of those events with the same heart; nor measure their significance with the same mind. Therefore, Montaigne's good histories will reflect not only the dogmas and bias, the aspirations and values of the participant who reports them, but they will inevitably spotlight him in the most conspicuous place upstage.

This book is no exception. It is a personal record, and like all personal records, it is heavily encrusted with "the most disgusting pronoun."

Yet the movement for peace which developed during the crucial years which spanned two wars was never a private crusade; it was a co-operative, shared adventure. A movement rises out of the expanded aspirations of a few, and those who are identified with it soon recognize that painful but paradoxical truth: how unimportant to a movement is any individual—*and* how important. He is unimportant since the Cause alone is paramount; he is important only because every deflection, every hesitant loyalty weakens that Cause. And if the Cause exists only for the promotion of a principle, and offers none of the seductions of power, it will attract a leadership which is both disinterested and dedicated.

It was under such a leadership that I served in the peace

movement for twenty years. That leadership included not only such moral and intellectual giants as Jane Addams and Emily Greene Balch—both winners of the Nobel Prize for Peace—but also such outstanding personalities as Hannah Clothier Hull, Dorothy Robinson, Gertrude Bussey, Annalee Stewart, Heloise Brainerd, Helen Beardsley, Esther Fisk Hammond, Bertha McNeill, Mary Farquharson, Stella Moos, Eugenia Intemann, Olive Reddick, Mercedes Randall, Peggy Hayes, Kathleen Hendrie, Helene Rea, Lilla Rose, Zonia Baber, Meta Riseman, Kitty Arnett, and my close colleague Mildred Scott Olmsted.

Some day when the history of the peace movement is written, it will not only record the contributions made by these gallant leaders and their many co-workers but it will also record the contributions made by those other laborers in the fields of peace and freedom—Oswald Garrison Villard, Frederick Libby, Nevin Sayre, Jane Evans, John Lathrop, Florence Boeckel, Richard Wood, and Norman Thomas to name only a few.

But in this book, I have not attempted to give a history of the peace movement nor any section of that movement; nor have I attempted to evaluate its efforts. That task, I believe, will require the perspective of time and the detachment of the scholar. But "Time is an honest fellow," and his ultimate judgment may be trusted.

Nevertheless, coning the truth of passing political history may require as many searchlights upon it as in coning a moving plane in the midnight sky; even the lesser beams may contribute toward the total illumination. For through the current revelations in official memoirs and political autobiographies, the ordinary citizen has been permitted to look over the shoulders of public servants who, during the long armistice, stood on the inside of the political window looking out. In these pages, I have only tried to give the view of one who stood close on the outside looking in. If this view of the political market place is not always inspiring, one must remember that

"the horizon is not at our elbow." One must turn and look outward. And there he will see those thousands of unsung but devoted folk who, in every village and town in America, are carrying on the long, stiff struggle for peace. Our future and our hope lie in this increasing company whose spirits are dedicated to the plea: "Here am I; send me."

D. D.

December 12, 1947
Leland, Michigan

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I WANT at the outset to express my continuing sense of humility and astonishment at the faith of Izètta Winter Robb whose persistence and determination catapulted me into writing this book.

I am indebted to Ellen Brinton, curator of the Swarthmore Peace Collection at Swarthmore College, for producing from those archives of the peace movement the necessary documentary material for my manuscript. I want to express my gratitude to Walter Wildman for his aid on the Russian chapters, and to Elizabeth Longley, Paul and Hede Massing, Frances Wickes, Frank and Gertrude Fitzpatrick, and Maud Sperry Turner for their helpful suggestions and criticisms during the preparation of the text. And finally I want to acknowledge my deep debt to Denver Lindley of Henry Holt and Company without whose constant encouragement and inspiration I could never have completed this book.

Further acknowledgment is gratefully made to *Fellowship*, the organ of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, for permission to quote a Romain Rolland letter; and to *Politics* for material from "The Iliad" by Simone Weil.

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"Fear not to sow because of the birds."

PROLOGUE

The White House Gates

SNOW was falling when I left the Penguin Club. It had been whirling down all evening with the lavish abandon of winter's first blizzard. I turned to the right on Eye Street, in the direction of Lafayette Square.

There was an enchantment about the park that night which was always to remain with me. As time passed, I came to know the park in many moods and seasons; often it was gay with summer and fat strutting pigeons, or was serving as the perennial rendezvous for lovers or statesmen or picnicking clerks. Years later, on a soft spring evening, I was to wait with it and a silent sober public on the day The President died. Then as always it seemed to reflect the spirit and the temper of the people.

But on that snowy December night in 1925, I walked through the square for the first time. The lamps seemed to hang like little captured moons, suspended among the trees. The bronze horseman—imprisoned behind the low circular fence—leaned against the sky in perpetual salute. The White House opposite was veiled in the blizzard; I crossed the avenue to see it more clearly.

Only once before had I been so close. During the spring of the previous year, I had traveled to Washington to attend a

congress of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. For several months I had been seeking an opening in the growing movement for peace. My interest was somewhat dampened, however, when, on the first morning, I slipped out of a conference session to make a brief pilgrimage to the White House. But I scarcely glanced at that dignified, presidential mansion. My attention was caught instead by a solitary figure picketing on the sidewalk. Every detail of her appearance and performance was recorded on my astonished mind. She paced along in high button shoes; out of these rose, like twin cylinders, a pair of black ribbed stockings. A hat—flat and grotesque—seemed to be pasted to the top of her head, while a banner, spanning a meager cotton bosom, blazoned the words—"DOWN WITH THE NAVY."

As I watched her walking up and down in front of the high iron fence, my mind wavered between admiration and apprehension. There was something so intact and detached about this solitary figure. None of the barbs of passing pedestrians touched her. To accept ridicule for the sake of a cause was surely the pinnacle of devotion. Yet in spite of my hesitant admiration, there was a quality—alien and forbidding—in this sidewalk demonstration. No doubt my apprehension harbored an uneasy concern, lest (should I become identified with the peace movement) I, too, might be expected to wear banners and quaint clothes in front of the White House. But a resistance deeper than the prod of vanity or shyness repelled me. One knew instinctively that war and its instruments could not be exorcised by negative slogans. Peace was an affirmative value —to be won step by difficult step. It required no shallow façade of glamour, but dignity was essential.

I was greatly relieved, on returning to the conference, to learn that the lone White House picket was not a part of that gathering. She was merely exercising, in a bizarre and individual fashion, her constitutional right of protest.

It was months later that I accepted with a pride I never lost, the national secretaryship of the Women's International League

for Peace and Freedom. Youth and inexperience prevented me from recognizing then the responsibility I was so proudly assuming. Often since, I have wondered at the rashness of those early officers of the League who entrusted me with the job. My equipment for the work was meager; it consisted chiefly of energy and a burning conviction. With these, the blessings of my family, and a small steamer trunk, I had arrived in the Capital on that snowy December day to begin a life which was to last across twenty eventful years.

As I stood in the blizzard that night looking through the iron fence at the softly lighted White House, I was filled with anticipation. The job ahead would stretch every capacity. There had been other openings, promising greater security or the allure of a sure respectability. But for me, peace had become an imperative. If I possessed an overserious sense of mission, it had arisen inevitably out of sober personal experiences.

Three years of relief work abroad with the Quakers, immediately following the First World War in 1920, had seared into my mind that catastrophe is no respecter of persons. Strange little twisted babies—the old, the helpless, and all those tangible and intangible values which could make of life "a charming walk across reality"—had been shattered by war. Even had it been possible to bury this experience in the hidden cellars of the subconscious, there was a personal, a living grief which could not be locked away by deliberate effort of will. It was too poignant, too close, too sorrow ladened. It lit the flame of immediacy and purpose to the work I was undertaking. For Don was dying.

Life without Don was inconceivable! Yet day after day, the corroding residue of mustard gas was desecrating and wasting each living cell of the lad who was my twin brother. Here was a fact neither to be evaded nor to be escaped, however the mind might reject or the heart rebel.

How utterly unaware I had been on that summer night in 1918 when he had enlisted! We had gone from our home in Fort Wayne to Chicago, Don and I. College in a world be-

fouled by war was unthinkable to us; we were bound for the barricades. In Chicago, we had joined a group of other teen-aged residents at Hull-House, and there charted our bearings for the future. Under the guidance of Jessie Binford, the wise and lovely chief of the Juvenile Protective Association, I was soon at work in the teeming slum area of the neighborhood. But Don was determined to enlist. This was not easy. Extreme youth, and the underweight which accompanies a too swift growth in adolescence were handicaps difficult to overcome. Don was turned down at one recruiting station after another. But quarts of extra milk, and the camouflage of a strange, emaciated growth which heralds the first mustache, finally brought results.

It was midnight when Don returned to Hull-House after being mustered in. We talked in excited whispers, sitting in the window seat at the foot of the stairs. After an hour we separated, he to go to the men's wing and I up that long stairway to the floor above. The steps creaked as I climbed them, and when I reached the top, Jane Addams was waiting in her study door. Her hair lay in a little gray braid on the collar of her dressing gown.

"Has Don been accepted?" she asked me at once.

"Yes—isn't it wonderful!" I answered.

"You are glad, aren't you?" she said with that gentle wistfulness which was always such an endearing part of her personality.

"I'm so proud—so terribly proud," I whispered back.

"That is best," she said. "If you can be glad and proud—that is best."

I did not appreciate then the depth and tenderness of her understanding. Jane Addams was a pacifist, and hence the target of a war-distempered public. Hers was the fate of all spiritual pioneers who do not conform to the lagging moral code of local Pharisees. But her spirit was "neither mired in self-pity, nor corrupted by any taint of spiritual pride."

It was wonderful that I would now begin my work in Washington under her leadership as international president of the

Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. This was a humbling fact, and a little frightening too, yet I was impatient to begin. I realized how ignorant I was of political affairs, but the direction was clear. My first grief and its bewilderment were a spur to the work ahead, but they had not been the central motivation. This had come through an awakening experience with the Quakers abroad. There I had seen them make of religion and philosophy a working formula; a personal way of life and a program of action. Feeding the hungry and loving your neighbor were not to them mere platitudes decorating the Judo-Christian dogmas; they were positive principles in human affairs. A Russian *paëk*—the monthly ration supplied to a starving peasant—must always be wrapped in a package of conscious compassion; and they brought to their task of mercy, as to life in all its aspects, a divine unconcern for reward. Spiritual laws, they held, were as reliable and inflexible as those that govern tides and seasons and fig trees. The thistles of hate and fear could be withered in a soil of unrelenting good will. Only mortals—unaware and tethered in time—were impatient for results. To the spiritually adolescent, moral action called for payment in a coin of immediate success. Often man did not have the insight to see that the laws of the spirit revolved on an axis of free movement, so that rewards were invariably delayed. . . . But evil means, however labeled and whatever the provocation, were self-defeating and would never fashion a noble end; for it was the means that determined the ends.

Had this been a philosophy confined to meeting house or cathedral, I would have viewed it with the normal skepticism of the young. But the "propaganda of the deed" had responded to the pragmatic test—it worked! If it worked in the smaller and more intimate areas of human relationships, surely it could be translated into the complicated field of political and economic affairs.

I was still to discover, however, that at times the very reliability of moral law in the stormy concerns of men and nations

could exact a penalty obliterating the gift of choice. . . . "If a fool jumps off a bridge, he does not break the law of gravity—he illustrates it! . . ." So war, piling evil on evil, could bury the political good so deep, that it was not there to be plucked at will like the one ripe apple among the sour.

If, on that snowy December night as I lingered in front of the White House, my inexperience oversimplified the staggering problems of peace, it yet fed the zeal of a convert. The wet snow chilled me and I walked on. Presently, I noticed that the iron paling beside me had given place to two stone columns supporting the graceful White House gates. I stopped astonished; they were open! The drive swept ahead in a curving arc, broken only by a path leading toward the executive wing. No guard or soldier policed that open entrance. It lay welcoming and exposed like the lawns of my own Middle West. This was the kind of thing that made America different. Imagine a palace or ministry in Europe so gallantly open to the world outside. Only in America was this wide-eyed courage possible. These open gates proclaimed the ways of peace. I realized then that they would only be closed by war. That would be the sign, the symbol of doom.

It was early in 1941 when the sidewalk along the iron fence was forbidden to the public. Tiny little sentry boxes sprang up to hug the coping, and only white-gaitered soldiers walked the old familiar street. Pearl Harbor was a horror lying still months ahead in the shuttered future. Yet for me war had already been declared; the White House gates had swung shut on their iron hinges—a clock striking the hour.

CHAPTER 1

Cold Samovars

DURING the gay, warm years of my Indiana childhood, I thought very little about what I would do "when I grew up." In my early teens there was a brief period when I decided to be a toe dancer and, as a dying swan, to swoon in a heap of tulle and tossed bouquets just as Pavlova did. As I was a fairly good dancer this dream was not wrought merely out of romantic fantasy, but it was a dream which received little encouragement from my wide-awake family. I was reminded that I was no beauty, and that the success of a professional dancer lay along a road paved with grueling work and perpetual heartbreak. So the dream died like the swan, leaving no tangible residue except a correct posture and overmuscular ankles.

During this period, I certainly never thought about the issues of war and peace. I learned from snatches of grownup conversation that the Spaniards were dreadful people who had once blown up an American ship, and that the droopily mustached Dewey whose picture dominated the center of some blue World's Fair plates was a great American hero. Then there was also the bedtime story of Jackanapes. From it I gathered that war was a sad but beautiful adventure. Its closing paragraphs led one through a series of rhetorical questions to noble heights.

"A sorrowful story and ending badly?—nay, Jackanapes, for

the end is not yet. A life wasted that might have been useful? Men who have died for men in all ages forgive the thought."

So when the First World War broke upon the world, my response had been a spontaneous and unquestioning acceptance of its declared purposes. "Making the world safe for Democracy" surely had no cynical connotations then. Americans were called upon to do their bit; the Detzers did.

Karl, my oldest brother, had gone with an early contingent to France and risen from a sergeant to captain of infantry. My handsome younger brother, Juny, later entered Annapolis, there to carve a successful Navy career. Don—my gay lovable twin, who had been a constant companion from babyhood—sailed for Europe immediately after his enlistment only to be invalided home a broken casualty a year later. Our parents were also immersed in war activities. Mother was vice-chairman of the Fort Wayne Red Cross and an officer in the State Council of Defense. Father—frustrated because his family responsibilities prevented him from joining the forces—compensated by innumerable personal sacrifices and was prepared to repel single-handed any Germans venturing up the muddy waters of the Maumee! The Red Cross turned down my application for work abroad because I was underage, so Hull-House became to me a "home front."

There, I met pacifists for the first time. Jane Addams and many other residents were pacifists. But there were an equal number who were not. Those of us who supported the war worked side by side with those who were pacifists on common civic problems without any sense of strain or criticism. I accepted this broad tolerance without recognizing its rarity. It seemed only natural to me since my mother—whose extraordinary mind and vivid personality swayed our family life—had always insisted that she was not so much concerned about what her children thought—just so they thought. I am not sure I wholly agree with this view, but it certainly created a lively home atmosphere in which freedom to think was recognized as an essential value.

When the war was over and the Quakers needed trained social workers for their relief work abroad, they naturally turned to Hull-House, and though I was a conventional Episcopalian and not a member of any "Meeting," I volunteered on the recommendation of Miss Addams. No salaries were provided by the Friends for their European workers. Instead, each received simple but adequate food, unheated lodgings, and ten dollars a month spending money. In addition there was a gray Quaker uniform bearing on the left sleeve a red and black insignia. In time, I was to discover that this "Quaker Star" generated in Europe more magic than money or passports, rank or power.

I was assigned to the Austrian Mission. Tortured, tragic, lovely Vienna immediately raised a multitude of conflicts in my mind. It was a dying city. Starvation was the result of a food blockade which the victorious Allies had imposed on their defeated enemies for nine months following the armistice. Thus had they wrested from the new republics of Germany and Austria reluctant signatures to Versailles and the separate American peace.

When the blockade was finally lifted, the Hoover organization—known throughout Europe as the ARA—undertook a mass-feeding program in the schools, and the Friends concentrated on relief for children under six and for expectant mothers. This type of relief took those of us who served with the Quaker Mission into thousands of Viennese homes, and it was in these homes that the first tormenting questions began to assail my heart and mind.

What had that Gülse baby done to the Allies, I would ask myself as I tried to forget the twisted, gnarled child and his perpetual whimper of hunger, or to blot from memory the haunted look in the eyes of Frau Lieper as she clutched in her arms her queer misshapen *liebling Franz*. These Viennese babies —86,000 of them—spoke no language, recognized no frontier, felt allegiance to no flag. Yet my own beloved America, with her gallant allies, was responsible for this little war on the chil-

dren. And here were Frau Gülse, Frau Lieper, and I, and millions like us across the world, segregated from each other only by artificial barriers of language and nationality, but bound together by the deep instinctual ties of women.

Herr Gülse had fallen in France and Herr Lieper on the Polish front. My own Jimmy—the golden youth of a first romance—slept, too, in the arms of an alien earth. Every instinct cried out against this wanton waste. It was wrong! It was wrong! It was wrong! Yet where was the answer to this ever-recurring phenomenon of destruction which stained each page of man's long history?

The old, confused, oversimplified reasons I had heard so often during the war, rose up to blind me. "Nobody wanted war, but—." "What would you do if a burglar got into the window and attacked your grandmother?" Was there no answer to these questions—no way to break through this vicious circle of mass violence? Perhaps the world was just a captive, locked in a prison of war! But I did not see then that the key to the prison was on the inside.

After two strenuous and absorbing years, I took my unanswered questions back to America. Old friends in the pleasant Michigan colony where my family had their summer home, seemed like strangers. In retrospect, I know that they had not changed; I had. Their absorption in boat racing and sailing, in golf handicaps and latest cars was the healthy and normal expression of modern American folkways. I had been so immersed in immediate issues of life and death that adjustment to these old familiar delights of summer was impossible. With complete lack of perspective or humor, I wired the Quakers please to send me to "the worst place in the world." A return telegram asked me to join a relief unit leaving in ten days for the Russian famine area.

Five of us sailed together in the middle of September, 1922. The party consisted of Julia Branson, a Quaker from Philadelphia; Emily Simmonds, a nurse; Heinie Smaltz of Iowa; Eddie Vail of California; and me. In Berlin, the Quaker Mission sup-

plemented our luggage with tea kettles, sleeping bags, bedbug powder, a pouch of "courier mail" and louse-proof underwear. These latter garments had been procured from supplies used by the German army on the Eastern front. They were fine, thin silk union suits secured by tight bands at the throat, wrists and ankles, and were worn next to the skin under the bulky warm Jaegers which were a necessary part of every outfit. There was a theory that lice slid on silk and hence would avoid it; but experience proved the theory to be quite without validity.

On arrival in Russia, we were briefed by the Moscow Mission for the final lap of our journey fifteen hundred miles east to the "Volga famine front." But before we left, there was time to visit the Kremlin (escorted through its fantastic mazes by a stocky, strutting commissar); to hear Trotsky speak in the Red Square; and for me to master three sentences in Russian essential to the peace of my American and Viennese-tempered mind.

"Do not beat the horse."

"You must not beat the horse."

"I will not pay you if you beat the horse."

Four of us made the trip to Sorochinskoye (our destination) on the Maxim Gorky, the crack Moscow-Tashkent express. It took us five days and nights, with many halts to take on wood for the engine and to give the trainmen time to rest. The coaches on the train had both "hard" and "soft" seats. We had hard ones which were less comfortable but cheaper, and reportedly less vermin ridden. There was a samovar at the end of each coach and *kipiatok* (a tap of boiling water) at the stations for making tea to wash down our dull travel rations.

When we reached Sorochinskoye, it was two in the morning, the Maxim Gorky being twenty-nine hours late. A cold driving rain made a total black-out of the village, and we stood on the station platform a drenched and weary company among the assorted lares and penates of our journey. Eventually, with the aid of a flashlight we routed out a rain-soaked peasant asleep on a *padvoda;* the peasant had been waiting at the station since two in the afternoon against the expected arrival of the Maxim

Gorky. Bed rolls, duffel bags and the pouch of precious mail were piled into the little sleigh, and holding onto each other, we followed it through the inky night toward the Quaker headquarters.

We were silent, tired and depressed as we trudged along behind the *padvoda*. The mud sucked at my boots and splashed through the heavy whipcord breeches of my uniform while tears of fatigue splashed down my cheeks. Then suddenly, we were all swept into laughter; for Eddie Vail's voice had rung out through the night echoing the hidden lament in all our minds.

"Oh Lord," he wailed, "and to think I left Pasadena—for *this!*"

But soon we were welcomed into the Quaker headquarters by bathrobed figures, and promptly shepherded to the Russian baths where steam and "petrol" could cleanse our vermin-infested bodies.

The field unit consisted of about thirty American relief workers. Some of them were scattered in the outposts of Totskoy, Grachofka and Gamaleyevka, and there was also a British unit at Buzuluk about fifty miles away.

The chief of the American Mission—handsome, blond, and twenty-seven—was an Ohio Quaker named Walter Wildman. Dr. Howard Fawcett, known to everyone as "Pop," and one or two others were of maturer years, but most of the personnel were men and women in their early twenties. Beside the Americans, there were Russian interpreters, mechanics, agricultural experts, and household workers. They were an interesting assortment ranging from former Russian aristocrats to peasants and Communist spies.

The Mission was housed in a great brick mansion which in the heyday of the czar had been the residence of a wealthy grain merchant who lived part of each year in Sorochinskoye. The little town was one of the chief grain markets and railway centers along the single track railroad which linked Moscow to the distant and ancient cities of Tashkent, Samarkand, and Old Bokara. During the Revolution the interior of the house

had been gutted, leaving only a substantial outer shell. The Friends had rebuilt the interior, making out of the first floor a rough dining hall and kitchen and tiny sleeping quarters for the men and converting what had been the second floor into a large Common Room with flimsily partitioned cells running along each side for the women's bedrooms. The office was in a little, pink stucco building on "Trotsky Boulevard," which, like all Sorochinskoye streets, was a sea of mud in summer, and in winter, a jungle of frozen ruts.

I was assigned to work in the headquarters district. The region covered an area roughly the size of Indiana with a normal population of about 500,000. The problems which faced the Mission were staggering. When I recalled Vienna with its world-famous medical men, and its civilized atmosphere, the contrast with Sorochinskoye was incredible. Even the starvation was different. In Vienna it had come gradually, and death was the result of rickets and tuberculosis and all the other by-products of malnutrition. But in Russia the famine had struck swiftly, and resulted in what was known as "sharp starvation."

Famines were not new to the Russian steppes. Droughts had often followed each other in agonizing procession. But against such disasters the peasants had learned to prepare themselves. In the fruitful years, they would lay up supplies of grain to carry them across the dreaded dearth of lean harvests. Then in 1914 came the war which depleted their surpluses; and this was followed by civil war and revolution. The Red and White armies had swept back and forth across the rich steppe lands swallowing up the last hoarded and cherished remains of the "Volga bread basket." Famine always rides as the rear mount of the Four Horsemen. It raced across Russia leaving nineteen million starving peasants beneath its evil hoofs.

Under normal conditions, energy, imagination, and organization could have been marshaled to outdistance this fleet-footed Death. But in the Russia of 1922, nothing was normal. Only one railroad ran through the wide famine area; there were no branch lines. The wagon roads, joining village to village, were

only wide enough to accommodate the very narrow sleighs, and even the horses were harnessed to these *padvoda* in Indian file. Hence, neither trucks nor cars could be used to carry the necessary provisions to the hundreds of outlying villages, miles from the railroad. Every *pood* of food had to be transported to them in sleighs. In the early months, even after the food had arrived in Sorochinskoye, peasants in villages only ten miles away had died of hunger because it was impossible to get provisions to all the villages simultaneously.

For during a famine, animals die as well as people. The starving horses had been killed and eaten so that when relief finally arrived, there were not enough draft animals to organize an adequate transport. The Soviet commandeered for this necessity every horse left in the area, and eventually an efficient system was established, but not before thousands had died who otherwise might have been saved.

There was something so bewildered and patient about these simple peasants, and one was heartsick at the obstacles which nature set in the way of saving them. Life was incredibly hard; starvation a relentless reality. The feeding could be undertaken only after conquering the immediate enemies of distance, lack of transportation, and the appalling cold. There were also a multitude of minor afflictions which plagued life on this primitive level: in winter the typhus louse; in summer the malaria mosquito; and in season and out—Bolsheviks.

The Bolshevik officials were an extraordinary group. The president of the local Soviet was a dull-witted, brutalized peasant, who had the scaly, adenoidal expression of a barracuda. In complete contrast to him was Rolf, a gay, imaginative Austrian. Rolf had once been a clown in a traveling circus, and during a Moscow performance in 1905, high in the air on a trapeze, he had made a quip about the czar. That moment of Viennese wit had sent Rolf to Siberia where he had slaved until the Revolution released him. But he still retained his sense of humor in spite of his official connection with the Soviet! Once during the summer when I commented on a

camel that protested with hideous screams the weight of his load, Rolf insisted the camel was not complaining—"only singing at his work."

But the really important member of the local Soviet was not its president or Rolf, but a man I shall call Tovarisch Saroff —the real dictator of the Sorochinskoye region. Saroff had been born in the Berlin slums, the child of a Prussian father and a Russian mother. Sometime during his youth the family returned to Moscow, and, as a boy of sixteen, Saroff joined a revolutionary group. He was immediately delegated to toss a bomb—during a religious procession—at the czar's carriage, and though the bomb did not explode, Saroff was exiled by the czarist government to Siberia where, for seventeen years, he had been chained in a salt mine. When the Revolution freed him, the experience had left Saroff with an advanced case of tuberculosis and a warped soul. But running like an invisible thread through his vicious character was a fanatical loyalty to the Revolution. A hacking cough constantly shook his tall, thin body, but he drove himself with a kind of frantic zeal, and a complete indifference to the rigors of sub-zero winters. As a Soviet official, he was not permitted to receive food or clothing relief, but when one of the Americans offered him gloves and underwear (Saroff having neither) from his own personal belongings, these gifts were refused. Only when every peasant in his district was so outfitted would he accept such luxuries, Saroff announced.

But despite such personal expressions of selflessness, Saroff was without exception the cruelest human being I have ever known. Hitler's performance ten years later was never more vicious, only more extensive. For by 1922, the local Bolsheviks had already perfected all the refinements of Nazi brutality. "Block arrest" and hostages, ruthlessness to children whom the accident of birth had placed in a class they condemned, were all tools of their political tyranny. Saroff despised the Quaker unit, and resented the necessity of this "bourgeois" relief. Nevertheless, the Soviet regulations required him to deal daily with

the Mission. No transport of food could be dispatched without his seal, and this was often affixed amidst a shower of sunflower seeds spat from his blood-clotted mouth with the fine abandon of hatred and contempt.

During the early winter, an incident occurred—involving Saroff—which was to have a profound effect on my entire life. At the time, I was only partially aware of the impact it made on my consciousness; but later I recognized that the positive results of this incident started the trend of my pacifist thinking.

I had an interpreter at the time named Klassen. He was a Mennonite and came from one of the small religious communities scattered here and there throughout Russia. The Mennonites are the oldest of the historic peace churches and, like the Quakers, their faith is rooted in a pacifist philosophy.

Klassen was a conscientious soul, gentle, rather dull but deeply religious. One night he was arrested as he returned late from the Mission warehouse where he had gone on an errand for me. The Soviet officials were apparently determined to "get" Klassen, for there had been smoldering threats ever since he had translated accurately an accusation made by Harry Timbers, a member of the Quaker unit, that a certain children's home was "kept like a pigsty." The fact that Klassen was only an interpreter and not the author of the accusation seemed to carry no weight with the officials. And now Klassen was accused of an act which was quite as fantastic. They said he had pointed a gun at a member of the Soviet. As a Mennonite and as a member of the Mission, Klassen would never have carried a gun. Moreover, in the perpetual black-outs of Sorochinskoye nights, it was impossible to distinguish one inhabitant from another as, wrapped in their great sheepskin coats, they all looked exactly alike. The Soviet acknowledged that the official was quite drunk when he made his accusation, and for this breach of party regulations he was "disciplined"; nevertheless Klassen had been locked up in the tiny local jail, awaiting not a trial by his peers but the judgment of the local Soviet.

After several days it came. Klassen was released with the following instructions: He was forbidden to work at the Quaker headquarters; he was forbidden to leave the village; and the peasants were ordered not to offer him any hospitality, or there would be a severe penalty.

The weather that week ranged from 25 below zero during the day to 40 below at night. Escape was impossible. No one could walk across the steppe in such weather; he would be caught even if he tried. He could not ride to freedom as all the horses were part of a guarded transport; and anyway, there was nowhere freedom from the long arm of the Soviet police.

The Mission was outraged by this new injustice to Klassen, and the following morning, the meeting which took place in the Common Room was a lively one.

For whenever there was a thorny problem, the entire household was called together. No one was required to be present, but everyone from the chief of the Mission to the peasant cooks in the kitchen were notified. On this particular morning, those of us who were not Quakers—and we constituted the majority—urged that the Mission wire the Moscow office to withhold further shipments of food until Saroff revoked his cruel and unjust decision about Klassen. We argued that if the peasants knew that they were again to starve, we could leave it to them to deal with the Sorochinskoye Soviet.

The Quaker members of the unit, however, opposed such action. They pointed out that food in a starving country was a weapon more powerful than machine guns or tanks, and that Friends could not use such weapons coercively even in a good cause. The food, they said, belonged to the starving peasants, and was only held in trust by the Mission. It was the Mission's to distribute for life, but not to be used as an instrument of power. The local Soviet must be persuaded to change its judgment.

At the time, this proposal appeared as rational and practical as appeals to the mercy of Hitler and Franco would have seemed in subsequent years. Yet before these conflicting views

could be resolved, a partial decision was forced upon us. The Soviet stationed guards at each door of the Mission, placing us all under a limited house arrest. This action was taken, they said, as a precaution to protect us from the wrath of the peasants. So the feeding in the village of Sorochinskoye had to be stopped; but throughout the rest of the area the distribution of supplies continued. This confinement did not prevent conferences with the Soviet. A solemn group of higher officials came from Samara to discuss the situation. They warned that the Red army might take over the Mission and we would all go to jail. Nevertheless Quaker "teams," spelling each other night and day at the Soviet offices, initiated an undaunted struggle for Klassen. There, they appealed, they begged, they reasoned, they persuaded, they prevailed upon. Often Saroff would ignore them; but when he arrived in the morning or left at night, when he returned from some outside errand or conferred with his colleagues, he invariably had to face those Quakers—hovering like the ever-present shadow of his lost conscience.

Days went by, only to be elbowed aside by the cold winter nights. Klassen, trusting to the austere ways of Quaker-Mennonite practice, wandered about the icy streets, hunched in his great sheepskin coat, his feet encased in tough, clumsy *valenkies*. But he knew the members of the Mission would let the Red army take them over before they would let him be sacrificed.

It was a cold, moonlight night when I accompanied Walter Wildman and Pop Fawcett to the Soviet. An overhead lamp threw its harsh, relentless glare over the cluttered office. Saroff, arrogant and unbending, scoffed and snarled at us, punctuating his contempt with spews of sunflower seeds or muttered oaths. When he refused to discuss the matter, Walter and Pop would sit silent and quiet, resting back on the "ample and unhurried leisure of God"; and when "the way opened," they would begin again. I was impatient with this "waiting," and bewildered by the strange inner confidence which seemed to possess

them. But I was also impressed. For I realized that they had what I did not have—a quiet, steady, sustaining faith.

On the following evening, when I came into the Common Room after our simple supper, I was restless and disturbed. For I felt we ought to "do something"; yet I was also strangely stirred by the experience of the night before. I needed to talk to someone about my inner confusion. I looked for Sydnor Walker. She was one of my dearest friends; she had a clear, direct mind which was capable of objectivity but not without real feeling. As I walked toward her, Karl Borders, our district chief, sat down and opened a file of papers.

"Salty, let's finish this work," he said to her.

I liked Karl; he was certainly one of the pillars of the Mission, but it was annoying that he should want to preempt Salty's attention just then.

Across the room, Jessica Smith, Anne Herkner, and Bob Dunn were all engrossed in a Russian lesson with the Countess Nadia Danilevsky. Nadia Danilevsky was another person with whom I could discuss my inner confusion. But she, too, was busy. Perry Paul and Eddie Vail were arguing mildly about a transport problem. Meta Becker, who managed the house, rose and left her sewing.

"What are you going to do?" I asked her.

"I must make some cocoa for the Soviet soldiers," she answered. "They must be awfully cold." And with that she and two of the Russians, Muca and Rosinsky, started for the stairway. Well that was just carrying the business of loving your enemy too far, I thought. Cocoa, indeed, for the Red army. Who knew what they might yet do to Klassen—

I wandered across the Common Room and stopped for a moment to listen to Katherine Amend and Nancy Babb (both in from their outposts), explaining some of their difficulties to Heinie Smaltz and the Prince Serge Galitzen.

"We haven't any more rats in Totskoy," Nancy was saying. "I always give an extra *paëk* of food to any peasant who brings me twenty-five rat tails; and now I have *bushels* of them," she

ended as though the possessor of a cartload of emeralds. Rat tails were all right in their place, I thought, but I was not interested in them tonight.

The door to Dr. Fawcett's room was open. He was sitting with a well-worn Bible open on his knee.

"Pop, may I come in and talk to you?" I asked, sitting down on the floor beside him.

"What is bothering you?" he asked gently.

"I can't understand the Quaker concept of justice," I told him. "Saroff has done a cruel, unfair, and vengeful thing to Klassen. It seems to me we should *force* him to change his decision. Yet you Quaker members are opposed to that."

"What Saroff has done to Klassen is incredibly cruel," he answered in his slow, halting way. "No one is denying that. But justice is rarely achieved through force. True justice is a by-product of a higher value. Read your New Testament," he said gently, tapping the Bible on his knee. "The Book," he went on, "never mentions it. Jesus talked only of love. For he knew that love—that good will which is all embracing—is the only power which can create real justice.

"You are a good fighter," he added, smiling down at me, "but I suspect that there will be many times in your own life when you will choose the ways of generosity rather than the demands of justice."

"Perhaps," I answered. "But though one may not always demand justice for himself, what about others? What about Klassen? How can you Quakers express love for him without getting justice for him? How can you let him suffer?"

"Klassen understands what we are trying to do," he said after a pause. "He would not want us to let thousands starve again. That would be just another injustice. And then we must not forget Saroff," he added. "Saroff needs our compassion and understanding in some ways as much as Klassen. He has never known anything but violence—the violence of poverty, of prison, of every kind of cruelty. We must not lose sight of this in dealing with him."

"But Saroff certainly doesn't understand such an attitude," I persisted. "He probably just thinks you are weak and soft. I doubt if he would understand anything but force."

Dr. Fawcett rose and walked to the window. He looked shrunken and frail as he stood peering out on the bitter, Russian night. Then as though half speaking to himself he murmured, "But there is always that of God in every man."

"Oh, Pop," I said skeptically, "if there was ever anything of God in Saroff, surely it was lost long ago."

"No," he said. "You are mistaken. It is always there if we can but reach it. And if we fail, it is not that Saroff is so vicious, but that we do not have enough moral stamina."

I got to my feet, patted his shoulder good night, and crossed the now empty Common Room to my own little cell. I pulled off my boots, and threw myself on the bed; I would undress in a moment. Now I was too confused and exhausted to move. But when I woke, a faint pink mist was pushing the sky away from the endless white steppe. There was whispering and the sound of hurried feet in the Common Room. I got up and went to the door. Meta Becker, already dressed in breeches and boots and sweater, was tiptoeing toward the stairway.

"Why are you up so early?" I asked.

"Walter has just come back," she whispered excitedly, "—and Klassen is with him!"

I gave a shout which wakened the entire household, and bounded down the stairs after her.

Members of the Mission have always differed as to the reasons for Saroff's capitulation. Some have contended that Saroff feared the reactions of his Moscow superiors; others that he feared the Mission would withdraw all feeding from the district as a final resort, and thus force his hand.

There may be some validity in these "realistic" contentions. I know the human heart is the tomb of many conflicting pressures. But I have never agreed that Saroff's action was motivated by fear. For whatever his vices, fear was not one of

them. And as I watched through those tense days, it seemed evident to me that the Quaker "inner light"—like an unseen root splitting a concrete street—had penetrated his muscle-bound spirit.

It was not an easy capitulation. In the eyes of the inhabitants, Saroff was the party; and the party—right or wrong—was sacrosanct. But Saroff had been persuaded that the party's eminence would be unimpaired by an act of justice; that "discipline" had been amply demonstrated; and that mercy should also hang among the banners of the Revolution.

The decision was reached through pooled concessions on both sides. The Friends agreed to send Klassen away from the Mission as soon as he was able to travel to his own village. So neither side triumphed; neither side was completely defeated. Nor was justice wholly served.

This bothered me a good deal. But as time went on, I became aware of some of the values which sprang from the non-coercive methods used by the Quaker members of the Mission. I saw that in conflict situations accommodations could be made without moral compromise, and that the results of a true spirit of reconciliation held none of the cravenness or cowardice of appeasement.

I was deeply impressed, too, by the spirit of my Quaker friends; for both in outward behavior and inward attitude, they seemed always to be free of that "last infirmity of a noble mind"—spiritual pride. And though the experience wrought no miracle of grace or humility in the warped personality of Saroff, his attitude toward the Mission altered in a subtle, almost imperceptible way. Thereafter, there seemed to be a kind of guarded acceptance of it—a faint, reluctant admiration and an effort to win its approval. The experience apparently blunted the sharp edge of his original antagonism and created a new climate for our future relations with him.

Saroff had always loudly declaimed that "all bourgeois of whatever nationality or race should be killed"; only then could the great objectives of the Revolution be won, he said. But

after the Klassen affair, he acknowledged to me that, though in his revolutionary wisdom he still held this same conviction, now he would find it distasteful to execute such wisdom himself on the members of the Mission. For, he confided, he had come to like us.

This confession was made as he and I rode together in a sleigh across the snowy steppe to some outlying villages on a tour of inspection. My German was very poor, and his always interlarded with Russian phrases, but in spite of these handicaps we could carry on a simple conversation without the aid of an interpreter. As we reached the first town and drove past a Greek-Catholic church, Saroff leaned far out of the sleigh, and spat at it.

When I questioned the angry gesture, he explained, "Religion is a superstition. It is evil. The church perpetuates this evil and makes of the peasants a *chernye liudi* (dark people)."

"But not all churches degrade religion or keep the people in ignorance," I argued. "The Quakers are a religious body. Do you feel like spitting at them?"

"I spit at all churches," he answered vehemently and then added, "but the Quakers are different. I do not understand their religion; they are not proud and ignorant like a church. If the bourgeois everywhere were like them, there would be no need for a world revolution."

This whole experience made a deep impression on me. I thought about it a good deal, often resisting the impact it made on my mind; at other times, turning over each aspect of those tense days as one does when searching for an elusive and necessary part of a picture puzzle. There seemed to me something in this experience which held a profound significance extending beyond the incident itself. Was the human spirit like nature, I wondered, abhorring a vacuum; so that when the ways of coercion were rejected, a new energy flowed in to fill the void—an energy which was not without reason but transcended it? Perhaps the ways of force and violence created in men a psychic obstruction which blocked the vitality of

this creative power. That might be one of the reasons for war.

I knew to be sure that the Klassen episode for all its cruelty and injustice posed a simple problem. Its contours were sharp; its evil limited. It carried none of the blurred confusions of international politics where ancient wrongs and current injustices combined to complicate each issue and policy. Nor was it burdened with the difficulties inherent in the economic struggle between nations. But the Klassen-Saroff affair did demonstrate the creative possibilities in direct moral action combined with unremitting good will.

For the Quakers' "more excellent way" did not deny the world's evil, nor did it ignore the perpetual rhythm of conflict which beats through life like the throb of a steady pulse. To the Friends, conflict was not the basic problem in human relations; they knew it was an inevitable and necessary aspect of growth. The problem to them was how to deal with conflict; how to resolve the antagonistic components of an issue into a creative synthesis.

As I talked to them, I began to realize that peace was not a dead-end street; a static state; some Shangri-La of an adolescent fantasy. It was not just a goal. Peace was also a process—a difficult, arduous, endless process; and the power of its moral validity might yet reclaim the last desert place of man's experience.

For his experience had always been outward bound. Since the early dawn of history, man had made friends with the stars and the earth, but not with himself. In his early search for the secrets of the universe, astronomy had come first; later physics and geology; next biology; then sociology; and now in psychology the search was leading him back to himself. Would this inward-bound experience reveal that the truth which swings the Pleiades, swings also the issues of men? For science was never a war against nature; it was the revelation of how to co-operate with nature's unalterable laws.

These ideas nagged at my mind, forming little islands of illumination and conviction.

CHAPTER 2

Loaves and Fishes

THAT faraway Russian winter also brought other experiences which left an indelible imprint on my mind. It was late January when there appeared at the door of the Mission, three leaders from the Bashkir Republic. They were tall, slant-eyed Mongolian types, and had come to beg relief for their thirty thousand peasants who were on the verge of acute starvation. Then it was that we discovered one of those accidents of fate which occur in spite of the best-laid plans of men and organizations.

The famine area in Russia covered such a vast territory that the relief groups had divided the work according to geographic blocks. The ARA (the Hoover organization) had responsibility for the largest block; the Swedish group another; the French another; and the Friends—both British and American—still another. But by some oversight, the Bashkir Republic had not been assigned to any of them.

For months, the people there had managed to struggle along on the yield of a slim harvest, but by January all their grain was gone and starvation had set in. Wires were sent at once to the Friends' Moscow office explaining the circumstances, and requesting that the Sorochinskoye Mission be authorized to extend relief to the Bashkir Republic, or that some other organ-

ization assume the responsibility immediately. But soon word came back from the Philadelphia and London offices of the Friends, as well as from the other organizations, that no more money was available for these extra allotments of food. All the home offices reported that their budgets had already been stretched to the limit, and that they were even then in debt. The American and British people had given generously. Millions of dollars had been contributed for relief, but now there were not enough funds to meet even the present obligations. Each organization told the same story; and each hoped one of the others would be able to carry this new financial load.

As always in a crisis, there was a general meeting of the Mission. It was a clear, cold, sunny afternoon when we gathered in the Common Room. Below, by the Russian stove, sat our three Bashkir guests. The cables from America and England were read. Must we tell those Bashkirs to go home; that we could not feed their people? There was a moment of discussion, then Walter Wildman called us to order so that the meeting as always could begin with a period of silence.

We seated ourselves around the room in a circle on the stiff uncomfortable chairs or sat in little groups on the floor. In that circle were Russian aristocrats and Communists; Quakers and agnostics; intellectuals and peasants. Among the Americans were men and women who had joined the Mission chiefly in a spirit of adventure; others because of their burning interest in the Russian Revolution. Some were there because they had been motivated by a general but vague desire to serve a social need; and there were also those who came in response to the Christian imperative—to feed the hungry.

Beside me sat the Countess Danilevsky, an intelligent, selfless, wonderful person. She had lost both her husband and child in the Revolution and had come to the Mission herself direct from a Soviet prison. On the other side was Perry Paul, a hard-working, energetic chap from New Jersey to whom the test of virtue was rising at five A.M. Beyond was the Prince Serge Povlivitch Galitzen. Serge looked like a fairy-story prince with

the handsome, interbred, weak face of a decadent aristocracy. Then came Bob Dunn, to whom life seemed endlessly amusing; and Hannah Pickering with her serene, quiet eyes; and Jessica Smith, her golden hair a flaming halo in the afternoon sun. Muca, a swart, pleasant Communist sat on the floor next to Ilya Tolstoy, the dashing and romantic grandson of Russia's famous author. A little blond peasant who worked in the kitchen sat stiffly beside Arthur Gamble, a trim, serious young Quaker.

That circle included the whole scale of social classes and social philosophies. It was overlaid with the same personality problems which vex the life of any small community—the occasional petty jealousies, neurotic tendencies, and maladjustments of various kinds. But through it ran also a spirit of rare nobility and quiet dedication, and the flame of many a joyous romance.

The bright winter sun streamed through the windows over that quiet circle. Out of those windows could be seen the bulbous towers of the church, and beyond the vast stretches of snow-covered steppe. Inside, stillness lay upon us like the warm rays of that afternoon sun. Occasionally, the vague noises of the village came up to us: the crunch of a cart along the snowy street; the voice of a peasant woman greeting another. But inside was Silence—a living, close Silence, charged with a vibrant sense of purpose.

Time seemed to wait. The rays of the sun faded slowly into twilight, giving place to the long, blue shadows of evening. It was dusk when automatically everyone shifted in his place.

"What do we do?" asked Walter.

"We feed," came a chorus of voices from the room.

Lights were turned up, and for a moment there was discussion about the quantity of food to be sent to the Bashkirs on the first load, and when the transport should be dispatched. Then the group separated. But all night long the house reverberated with the click of typewriters. Few went to bed at all. For at four in the morning, the mail pouch was to be locked and sealed, and given to the courier who was taking the early five

o'clock train to Moscow. Into that pouch went dozens and dozens of letters to as many American communities. They told the story of the Bashkir need. For we all knew that if supplies, which had been allocated for feeding in the Sorochinskoye district, were sent to the little republic, we ourselves must take the responsibility for replenishing the borrowed stocks.

When our letters reached the United States, much the same thing happened everywhere, differing only in minor detail. The letter which I had sent to my own family arrived in an afternoon post. After it had been read aloud, my mother went to the telephone. She called an old friend and neighbor, Claude Bowers, later Ambassador to Spain, but at that time the editor of the Fort Wayne *Journal-Gazette*. She asked him if he would drop in at our house on his way home to dinner that night to hear a letter from me.

The following day, my letter appeared in a prominent place in the *Journal*. It was followed by a moving editorial by Mr. Bowers. Fort Wayne arose to the appeal with an open-hearted generosity which was magnificent. Money for the Bashkirs flowed into the *Journal*. It came in hundred-dollar checks, in ten-dollar bills, in nickels, and fifty-cent pieces. Schools and clubs, churches and businessmen, newsboys and nurses—every type of person responded. Thousands and thousands of dollars were raised in Fort Wayne; but not only there. Wherever those letters went the response was the same. The largest single amount came from Chicago as a result of the moving appeals of Dorothy North. But wherever those letters went, they were a living spark touching into flame the compassion and kindness of Americans. And for the home office of the Mission, they provided a window through which contributors could see themselves as a part of this great humanitarian effort. When the final total was counted, it was like a modern miracle of the loaves and fishes. For those letters had raised three times the amount of money needed to supply food for the hungry Bashkirs.

When summer came and the harvest had been gathered, the

little republic arranged a ceremony to express its gratitude to the Mission. It was a touching ceremony with speeches and native dances in the street, and a bowl of "refreshments" eaten by the simple device of dipping one's fingers with a dozen others into the dish. The ceremony was concluded when three small Bashkirs came forward with bouquets of wild flowers gathered from the steppe. Their little figures were clad in loose, white garments made from the flour sacks. As they solemnly proffered their gifts, they bowed low from the waist—and across each neat little bottom was printed in purple ink "Minneapolis."

But months before that Bashkir ceremony, and months before the summer sun had turned the white steppe into a golden sea of waving wheat, spring had come to Sorochinskoye. But it did not come with the muted pace common to other regions of the earth. For in Russia, the seasons seem to crash the entrance of a new cycle in a stampede of urgency, and spring is like birth itself—hard, painful, convulsive. It is ushered in only after Mother Volga yields up her ice.

In 1923, the peasants awaited this event with patient anticipation. It was a clear, sunny morning when the news came from couriers posted along the bank that the thaw had started, and within the space of twenty-four hours the ice had gathered in an uncontrolled torrent to sweep down the river.

Messages from upstream warned of the inevitable flood, and the Soviet dispatched scouts to all villages ordering the peasants living near river banks to abandon their mud huts for safer ground. By noon of the second day, the steppe was echoing and re-echoing with the rush of crashing ice. The small tributary which ran through Sorochinskoye rose above its banks in an overflow many times the river's normal width. At the bridge the ice jammed, forming a wall of fantastic towers which pressed hard against the frail and primitive structure. The peasants gathered at the foot of the long runway to the bridge, transfixed with dread. It was as though life itself was held in suspension. That bridge was vital to the next harvest. For the fields around a village were worked in rotation so that the

used land could lie fallow and regain nourishment; the bridge was the threshold to the fresh fields awaiting the next planting.

By noon, the Soviet officials were rushing about, shouting orders to the peasants and the men of the Mission who had joined them in this vital community struggle to save the bridge. Mme. Danilevsky and I, walking among the villagers on the bank, tried to reassure them. If the bridge went, another could be built; the Mission, of course, would help.

"Yes, but it would take time," some of them said; or

"All the men will be needed for planting."

Others accepted this impending disaster with a mystical resignation.

"It is God's will."

"*Nichevo.*"

As we paused to speak to an old peasant (a Mission favorite standing a little apart) we were surprised that he did not respond to our greeting. Then we noticed that his attention was concentrated not on the bridge, but on something farther up the river. Automatically our eyes followed his. The glare of the sun on the ice was so dazzling that it was a moment before we could adjust our vision. Then in the distance we saw, bobbing up and down, what appeared to be a raft on which were moving objects. Presently, we saw another; then another.

"What are those things?" Mme. Danilevsky asked the old peasant.

"Roofs," he replied.

"Roofs!!" we echoed and with that we began to run, stumbling through the impeding mud, and shouting for Arthur Gamble who had taken over Walter Wildman's responsibilities while the latter was on a trip to Samara. For we realized at once that the moving objects were people.

A few of the peasants living near the river banks had ignored the warning of the Soviet until too late. When the waters rose quickly, they were trapped, and their mud huts melted around them like sugar in coffee. In despair, they had scrambled to

their roofs for safety. Now the river was peppered with these swaying islands, dancing up and down like toys in the rushing flood and bearing toward that mountainous ice jam their burdens of human cargo.

It seemed an interminable time before we found Arthur working at the foundations of the bridge. Together the three of us pushed our way past the protesting Soviet guards to Saroff standing at the farthest point of safety up the runway.

"We must save those people," shouted Arthur. "How can it be done?"

Saroff gazed calmly out over the river.

"They disobeyed orders," he said. "Now they must take the consequences," and with that he shifted his attention back to the straining bridge. I grabbed his arm and shook it, and my voice rose above the tumult of crashing ice.

"They are people," I yelled. "People! not pieces of wood!"

"They disobeyed—" he began but his words were lost in a roar of laughter sweeping out to us from the shore. We all turned, astonished. The peasants and soldiers were slapping each other's backs in riotous merriment.

"What do you suppose is so funny?" I asked.

"Whatever they are laughing at, it is not funny," said Mme. Danilevsky, grimly pointing toward a group of women farther up the bank. The peasant women had separated themselves from the men and were standing in a little cluster—weeping. They leaned against each other in grief, or wrung their hands with despair pointing toward the river. Then we saw the cause of this monstrous levity. One of the roofs had reached the ice jam and crashed, spilling into the swirling current first a child, then a goat, then a man. The flood seized its helpless and screaming victims, lifting them for a moment above the river like a trophy of battle, then with a hideous sweep of power crushed them between the jagged ice cakes.

Arthur turned, sped down the bridge and presently he and the other men of the Mission were hurling ropes out into the

angry swollen river and even trying to launch a small flat-bottom boat. But the ice promptly wrested the craft from them and smashed it to splinters.

Saroff watched for a moment, then spat into the river.

"They are wasting their time," he said. "No one can be saved," and with that he turned again to the straining bridge. . . . From a practical point of view, Saroff was right. One after another the roofs crashed against the ice jam, hurling to their icy graves men, women, and children. With them would go all their hoarded wealth: a chicken which had been carefully nurtured; a painted box or a salvaged samovar. But rescue was impossible. Men were puny and impotent against the ruthless power of the flood.

And with each new advent of death, there rose from the shore like a Greek chorus a volume of coarse, odious laughter. But the merriment ended when the bridge finally rose from its mooring in a prolonged, agonized shudder, then collapsed, its shattered beams plunging helplessly down the stream on the shoulders of the triumphant ice.

And so it was that spring came to Sorochinskoye.

But many a spring had come and gone before that awful laughter had ceased to haunt my memory. What was the source of it? Was it only a form of hysteria, a kind of psychic façade to disguise the depth of too great an emotion? Or did it spring from the same manifest cruelty which prompts a movie audience to roar in delight when one comedian hurls a pie into the face of another?

Perhaps Thomas Wolfe was right that pity more than any other emotion is a "learned feeling since compassion is usually absent in children." Yet the tears of those peasant women were as spontaneous, as real, as unrestrained as the laughter of their men.

At the time I sensed only intuitively that the tears of those women held a value essential to life. I knew, of course, that women were not without violence and cruelty. Yet in general these dark passions seemed to stem from some personal, some

individual circumstance; in defense of their children or in the competitive struggle for a mate.

It was surely a moving fact that probably the first organization of women in recorded history was that small band of Jewish women who, in Biblical days, joined together to offer drugged wine to the victims of crucifixion. Those Jewish women had no power to strike at the root of this violence; they could only help in easing the torture of those thousands of condemned men, doomed to die in agony on a cross.

Surely it was significant, too, that in the history of civilization, women had never collected themselves in armies to kill other women. To be sure they supported their men in war, and in isolated instances joined the ranks of the fighters; but they were never the perpetrators of the waves of destruction that swept the world.

As I thought about it, I decided that women's most common and unpleasant fault—the too personal attitude—was like all faults the counterpole of a virtue; and the values of this virtue—which brought to a home the "gathered feeling," the sense of relatedness, the instinct of nurture—were values essential, also, in the wider relations of nations.

When I finally returned to America in 1923, I found I could not escape the impact of my Austrian and Russian experiences. I had seen what war and civil war and famine had done to millions of people; I knew the bitter, final fruits of unleashed violence. But I had witnessed also the creative potential in the Quaker's "more excellent way."

I had to work for peace.

CHAPTER 3

The Lion and the Tiger

LOOKING for a job is, no doubt, always a depressing experience. Fortunately for me, the experience was brief. After a tour of all the peace organizations in the country, I was offered the secretaryship of the League of Nations Association in Chicago. This offer came at the conclusion of a long afternoon with the association's board when my "qualifications" were examined, and my political ideas discussed. I accepted the offer with enthusiasm and returned at once to Fort Wayne to pack my belongings.

But when I reached home, I found a telegram awaiting me. It told me that certain members of the League of Nations Association's board had been disturbed by some of my political ideas, and therefore would I return for further questioning. I went back to Chicago immediately. The political idea which caused the chief concern was my attitude on recognition of Soviet Russia. Would I agree, I was asked, never to acknowledge that I favored this radical step? I thought about this question for a moment, then I told the board I could not deny my own convictions; however if I became the secretary of the association, I would always make it clear that these convictions were not shared by the League of Nations Association. After that I sat for an hour alone in an anteroom, waiting for the

decision of the board. It was a difficult hour, but to my surprise my appointment was confirmed, and I was told to report for work the following Monday.

As I rode back to Fort Wayne in a dingy day coach, the bleak November landscape seemed to reflect the state of my own spirits. Today it was recognition of Russia; tomorrow it might be some other issue. At the station in Fort Wayne, I sent a telegram back to Chicago. With regret, I declined the job.

When I ran up the steps of my home, the floodgates of defeat and self-pity opened, and I poured out my sense of failure to my sympathetic parents. My father was certain that the League of Nations Association was made up of dolts and asses. To be sure, he didn't believe in recognition of Russia either, but "his daughter—his precious daughter." My mother, however, laughed. She assured me that I hadn't had time to become a failure, and after I had been tucked in bed with dinner on a tray, she propounded to me one of those great and essential lessons of life. "When one door closes, another mysteriously opens."

It was three days later that I received a telegram from Hannah Clothier Hull, president of the United States section of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Would I consider, on a temporary basis, the national secretaryship of the League, it asked. I would, and I did. But the temporary arrangement expanded to a venture of twenty years.

The W.I.L.—the abbreviation of the long, clumsy but significant name of the organization—was my ideal of a peace group, and as soon as I began my work, I realized that in this job my heart would be at home. For the Women's International League was international in scope and democratic in action. It had national sections in twenty-two countries, and in Geneva, atop the old Roman wall, was the Maison Internationale—the W.I.L.'s international headquarters. Every three years, delegates from all the countries met at an international congress, and the policies of each national section had to be in harmony with

the decisions reached by that body. But aside from this, each section had a great deal of autonomy.

I found at once that, in the United States section, I had a wide range of freedom. This was made possible by the complete democracy of the organization itself. A small inner executive met once a month and a large board three times a year; but the really important meeting was the annual convention each spring. At this convention, I would present a "statement of policies," and an "action program" for the coming year. These were in the form of preparatory drafts and were submitted merely as a basis for discussion. Copies were placed in the hands of each delegate, and from the platform they were read line by line and point by point; each line and point was then moved, seconded, discussed, and voted upon. Often, it took several days before agreement could be reached and the policies and programs finally adopted. For the membership represented a wide divergence of views, and inevitably there were sharp differences of opinion. These conflicting views seemed to confirm the theory that "those who think alike do not think at all." For our members certainly did not think alike. But in order to avoid a majority opinion dominating the minority, it was the League's practice to try to reconcile conflicting views "by seeking a third way." This very democratic practice consumed an enormous amount of time and energy, and required skill in the arts of "creative discussion." But it was a practice which avoided the frustrations of compromise by furnishing the positive values of a new solution.

And when the draft was finally adopted, it provided me with an extraordinary measure of freedom. For within the framework of this democratically achieved program, I could function with the full authority of my organization behind me. I was always fortunate in having a "working board," and it was the board which furnished leadership and direction. But my work never had to be hampered by delays and uncertainties which a less clearly defined program would have entailed.

In the United States, the W.I.L. functioned primarily in the

political sphere. But its political activities were always rooted in a strong, radical, economic program. For the founders of the League had written into the very name of the organization a basic tenet—namely, that peace and freedom are corollaries. For the League held that peace without freedom is tyranny; and freedom without peace, anarchy.

It was enormously satisfying to me to work at the heart of an organization which recognized the interrelation of these two political fundamentals. For I had been inspired, as had others, by the advice Bernard Shaw had once given to a young Englishman. Fenner Brockway, who was to become in the First World War, England's most conspicuous conscientious objector, and after the war a distinguished member of the British Parliament, had gone to Shaw for advice when seeking his first job.

"If you were a young man," he had said to Shaw, "and just starting out in life, what would you do?" Shaw had replied: "I would try to discover what the Life Force of my generation was making for, and then I would make for it too."

To me, it seemed clear that the life force of my generation "was making for" a political and economic synthesis—never yet achieved in history—which would provide men with both security and freedom. And that was always the central focus of the W.I.L. program. For it was a program shorn of political romanticism; it dealt with hard political realities. But the spirit which animated its principles was permeated with the eternal faith that "the ideal can become the real" and that "impossible is a blockhead of a word."

As my work developed, I began to see that the government of my own country provided a pattern which might well be cut to fit the larger region of the world. For this government of federated states, which spanned a whole continent, had welded together in common loyalty every nationality, religion, race, and color under the sun. This same system could surely be developed on an international scale and, with the necessary controls, could in a short time assure security to all people. But in order to blend the values of security and freedom, I realized

it was now necessary to explore those flexible formulas which would provide the economic controls essential to security, without at the same time destroying the essence of political liberty.

That, as I saw it, was the real problem of peace. That was the north toward which the compass of the life force was veering; the direction toward which "the conscience of the world was tending." But the realization of this good society would surely be postponed as long as men's genius and energy and wealth were centered primarily on the pursuits of war. Man had to lose his life in peace in order to find it. Peace would not be handed to him like sweets on a platter; peace had to be won.

I was eager to throw myself into this difficult but rewarding struggle, and I was excited when my first assignment was directed toward a serious political problem—American imperialism. In 1925, U. S. Marines were occupying Haiti and Nicaragua in the interests of American investments, and in Mexico a crisis over oil had risen which threatened war.

My predecessor, Amy Woods, had drafted a resolution aimed toward meeting this problem, and she had secured its introduction into the Congress. It was known as Senate Concurrent Resolution 22, and, in stilted parliamentary language, provided that hereafter the employment of the Army and Navy for the protection of private investments abroad should be forbidden. This measure became the daring forerunner of the policy which the world was later to know as that of the Good Neighbor. But in 1925, powerful vested interests were enraged by the audacity of such legislation. For it threatened and exposed their aims which were as morally cynical and confused as those once emblazoned on the shield of the stout Cortez: "For God and Gold."

Senator Borah, "the Lion of Idaho," was chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. It was necessary for me to have his consent and co-operation to arrange the necessary hearings. I sought the advice of Frederick Libby, the director of the National Council for Prevention of War.

Mr. Libby warned me that it would be difficult to get to

Borah; the difficulty, he said, was Cora Rubin, the senator's secretary. She was a tiger guarding the senator's den! I decided to prepare myself to tame the tiger. For from Mr. Libby's account, I realized that such an undertaking would call for more than the goads of my enthusiasm and conviction. Cora Rubin would require the raw, red meat of facts.

For a week I spent every waking moment in the Library of Congress. There I learned about Mexican subsoil resources of oil; I studied the economic and financial aspects of the "banana republics"—their sanitation and customs' receipts; the duties of occupation troops, and the state of public order. Clutching my newly acquired knowledge, I went to the Capitol.

When I opened the door of Room 139 of the Senate office building, Cora Rubin—impressive and brisk—was dismissing an important-looking gentleman because "the senator is too busy to see anyone this week." She then neatly disposed of two Idaho constituents by decoying them with tickets to the Senators' gallery, and with equal skill persuaded four newspapermen that they "didn't want a story from the senator today."

By the time my turn came, I knew it would be futile to ask for Borah. I could, however, practice on Miss Rubin. I told her I needed her advice. After fifteen minutes of "practicing" I was waved to a chair.

"Wait there," she commanded. "If anyone comes in, don't give me away; but I'll ask the senator to see you."

From that day on Cora Rubin ceased to be a tiger to me and became a valued friend.

Borah was seated behind a desk heaped with mail and manuscripts, and bordered with a row of books on current political and economic subjects. Books—out of which protruded small bits of paper used as markers—were piled high on a near-by table or lay open on a black leather couch under the window. In later years when it became a Washington habit to brand Borah as an isolationist—inexperienced in foreign affairs and unacquainted with Europe's problems—I would recall Borah, the scholar. If, like all his contemporaries, he was at times

fallible in political judgment, at least he was never cravenly subservient to party dictation nor burdened with the tiresome dogmatisms of the "Geneva mentality."

He looked up from his desk with a frown when I walked into his inner office.

"What do you want?" he asked bluntly.

"A hearing, Mr. Senator," I answered.

"A hearing on *what?*" he demanded.

"On the evils of American imperialism," I said, suddenly embarrassed by this pedantic phrase.

"So you think we're imperialistic?" he asked, motioning me to a chair. "Why?"

Now was my chance! Handing him a copy of Senate Concurrent Resolution 22, I launched into my subject. He listened with concentrated attention and without interruption. His great outsized face captivated me. It was like an unfinished relief map—of wide planes and rugged gullies. In it were both power and integrity. One sensed at once the incorruptible quality of this strong, western, untamed personality.

When I had finished presenting the W.I.L. case for the hearing—and feeling rather proud of myself for remembering each important point—Borah asked me a technical question related to the Haitian occupation. My heart sank in a panic of failure. I didn't know the answer.

"Oh—" I fairly wailed, "I don't know."

He smiled.

"Neither does anyone else," he confided. "We had better find out. You may have your hearing."

The hearing was a success, and though the measure never passed the Senate, it served to focus attention on the evils of American imperialism in Latin America.

I have always been grateful that my first congressional steps were directed toward a political figure like Borah. In the years that followed my first hearing experience, I saw him hundreds of times on similar errands. Occasionally the policies of the Women's International League were opposed to those he was

advocating, but he always was willing to hear and weigh the arguments of an opposing side even when he tried gruffly to demolish them. I came to love him as a great American and devoted public servant. And I was perpetually fascinated by Borah as an orator. In debate, he was surely unexcelled.

When word would filter through the Senate lobby that the "Lion of Idaho" was speaking, I would dash to the gallery. Soon it and the adjacent press section would be filled with eager listeners, and the doors of the cloakrooms on the floor below would open as senators took their seats. Borah's speeches were like beautiful edifices—built solidly and with grace as the Greeks built their temples. His use of words, the little pauses, the drama he gave to such dreary subjects as finance or a harvest of potatoes, were all parts of a symmetric structure. As I did some speaking myself from time to time, I was always impressed by his extraordinary ability and skill. Surely his was a gift from the gods! Eventually I learned, however, what I should have known instinctively—that gifts from the gods are like faith, barren and unfruitful without works.

My discovery came quite by accident. When I wanted to see Borah during the busy period when he was chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, I would often establish myself at noon in front of the Senate restaurant door in the Capitol. There I would wait until a tray studded with grapefruit would be carried across the corridor and through a swinging shuttered door. That would mean the committee meeting was over, and that within half an hour Borah would climb the far steps of the Capitol to the Senate. If one then took up a position around the corner in the anteroom, it was possible to join him as he climbed the stairs and to dispatch with ease whatever business was necessary. Besides, he was always exceptionally amiable and open-minded after lunch.

Following this procedure one noon, I found Borah delayed beyond his usual time. His Negro messenger, Mr. Patterson, told me the senator was busy, but if I waited, he was sure I could see him. I strolled into the committee room in search

of some report with which to occupy myself while I waited. From behind a door at the far end of the room, I could hear a booming voice.

"Mr. Patterson," I asked, "whom is the senator listening to on the radio?"

"He's not listening to the radio," was the smiling reply. "He's practicing."

Pointing to a little window in the far door, Patterson said, "Want to see?" Borah was standing at one end of the room and, in ringing tones, was addressing the opposite wall. It was a wonderful lesson for a novice. The Senate's greatest orator practiced aloud! The effective little pauses, the emphasis on a word, the vivid, pungent phrases, the organ tones of his voice were not accidental and extemporaneous expressions of his great gift from the gods. They were the perfected skills of an artist.

When next I was scheduled to make a speech, I first found a secluded rock in the park, and from there addressed the assembled trees.

CHAPTER 4

The Fifth Estate

FROM the morning in 1925, when I first went to see Borah, the Capitol became a central focus of my work, and I became a lobbyist. No doubt, to many Americans, such an avowal can only appear as a bold and shameless confession. For I know that to the general public, lobbying is a vocation tainted with many unsavory connotations. Perhaps this is natural since virtue is rarely news, and hence it is the disreputable lobbyists who invariably make the headlines.

But there are good lobbyists as well as bad, and the good ones, I believe, have contributed in no small measure to the vitality and integrity of American political democracy. For American political democracy is no myth; it is a manifest reality. Out of my own long experience as a lobbyist in Washington, that fact, I believe, stands out in my mind more sharply than any other. Moreover, it is a fact which never ceased to surprise me. For the United States covers an enormous geographic area; it functions under a complicated, and sometimes clumsy, government machinery; it is infested by alert, moneyed interests; it is always contaminated by the unethical and unscrupulous breed of lobbyists. Yet I discovered that public opinion when informed, effectively organized, and buttressed with moral prin-

ciple could be the single most powerful factor in American political life.

To be sure, public opinion is not always enlightened. And even when it is, it can be thwarted by the pooled pressures of powerful interests. Yet my own experience demonstrated that those powerful interests can be checked and controlled by the will of an active and alert citizenship.

This would not be possible, of course, were it not for a sensitive and responsive Congress. And I believe few things irritated me more during my years in Washington than the ignorant criticisms of the Congress which emanate from the politically illiterate of our country. I was impressed increasingly during those years not by the failings of the Congress, but by its real caliber. This impression persisted despite the Bilbos and Rankins and Andrew Mays; for they are like the festers of a local infection which make us overconscious of the occasional poisons in the body politic. In fact, the House of Representatives reflects fairly accurately the qualities and capacities of an average cross section of the American public. Our congressmen are neither better, nor worse.

But the Senate is different. The upper house consists of a body of men far above the intellectual and moral level of the electorate, though few seem to recognize this fact. There are less than a hundred senators, and yet on their shoulders rests an appalling burden.

As citizens we expect the Congress to deal intelligently with a hundred different issues. We expect our senators and representatives to be experts on foreign affairs and fisheries; on banking and farm problems; on economics, military science, and labor; and we make them joint guardians of the public purse. They must initiate legislation, attend hearings, and participate each day in debate. They must guard the public interest through the process of Congressional investigations; they must handle enormous volumes of mail and be pleasant to constituents. And always, always behind them looms the party—the party which must be appeased or reconciled, aided, or humored.

It never can be forgotten. But the party is not the only body which cannot be forgotten. For in their offices, or on their telephones, or cluttering the halls of the Capitol, are the members of that alert, persistent, powerful, and relentless Fifth Estate—the lobbyists. They, too, cannot be forgotten or ignored, because, for better or worse, they are the public in action. As we know, it is not always a disinterested public which acts through them. Yet the lobbyists are usually as good or bad as the interests they serve.

Their activities follow no single simple pattern, nor is the field of lobbying limited to the Congress. That field is as wide as the government itself. And the techniques of Congressional lobbying differ. The term can include everything from the simple but laborious business of taking a poll of the Senate to changing a senator's mind. But this latter undertaking is rarely accomplished without support of strong opinion among the senator's constituents. Therefore the lobbyist is apt to adjust his activities to the strength he can muster in a given state. Hence, a lobbyist for the A. F. of L. can function on a broader Congressional front than can one from a Negro organization who must automatically eliminate any support from the voting South.

In my own work, I learned to spend little time trying to convert a military-minded senator or congressman. Instead I worked chiefly with those who were friendly toward the W.I.L. point of view. It was to them that I would go with suggestions of new legislation; for them that I would draft a bill, write a speech, organize a hearing.

However, when legislation reaches the voting stage, each lobbyist must count on whatever pressure he can get from the country. For it is the congressman's constituent and not the lobbyist who will cast a vote for or against him in the next election. The lobbyist is only the voice of a section of that constituency. And there are many and conflicting voices. I was always fortunate in being able to count on the W.I.L. membership to bring whatever pressure their numbers could summon,

no matter how limited that number might be. For the membership of the W.I.L. was politically alive and magnificently responsive.

And I found that it was at the voting stage where the lobbyist's greatest skill was required. For at that stage, he will know fairly accurately how many senators or congressmen are favorable, how many opposed to the particular piece of legislation on which he is working. But invariably there is a substantial bloc of men who have not committed themselves one way or another; and it is the balance of votes in this bloc which may turn the tide for a legislative measure. By the force of his arguments or the material he can supply, the lobbyist may be able to bring many of this group off the fence and into his side of the field. This accomplishment will depend on many tangible and intangible factors: the amount of constituent support the lobbyist can point to; the political wisdom of the measure; the moral values involved. But there are certain psychological, certain intangible factors which the seasoned lobbyist is not apt to overlook.

Our legislators are men and women, not robots; they are always under tremendous pressure and strain; they get tired, irritable—even as you and I. A senator coming off the floor after three hours of strenuous debate can look with a jaundiced eye on a complicated bit of legislation while, seated on a stiff lobby bench, you urge him to consider it. Yet at nine the next morning or called off the floor during a dull period of a session, he may find the measure has considerable merit. At times, an approach can be as significant as substance.

But the lobbyists do not fall into any one school. They can be divided roughly, I believe, into four categories: the business lobbyists; the government lobbyists; the bloc lobbyists; and the cause lobbyists.

The most conspicuous and publicized of these are, of course, the lobbyists who serve Big Business. It is they who, with justification, have given the Fifth Estate its bad name. To be sure, there are many business lobbyists whose ethics are above sus-

picion and reproach; but there are certainly a large number completely without moral scruple. These lobbyists are usually powerful and selfish, and they are always furnished with a fat purse. They function, of course, under banners of many colors. Sometimes they are lawyers from impressive firms; sometimes their cards are engraved with the fancy title "Public Relations Expert"; sometimes they merely label themselves the "Washington representative" of a vested interest.

Occasionally, a public scandal will expose the activities of the bad lobbyists to the country, so that the people can see behind the brass curtain of their nefarious undertakings. But I doubt if many persons are aware of another factor in the field of lobbying which is also important: the relationship of opposing lobbyists to each other. For that relationship is often strangely significant.

There were times, for example, in my own experience when I discovered that a minor function of the "opposition" was to try to deliver to their side "that Lady Lobbyist." I was never sure whether to be flattered or offended by such episodes. My human, but unreliable, ego might have prompted me to believe they were seeking my skill. But cold common sense and experience were more accurate guides. It would be cheaper, I knew, to buy an energetic opponent than to risk the possible loss of a fat government contract or the defeat of a measure useful to a vested interest in war.

So during the heat of such a legislative struggle, I have been approached (as have others) by the lobbyist of an opposing side. With a casual air he might saunter up to me in a corridor of the Capitol and invite me to lunch (which I always politely declined); or he might telephone and ask if he "could drop around." The first such offer, however, came one afternoon in the Senate lobby. I had sent in my card to Senator Norris who was on the Senate floor, and the page had returned with a message that if I would wait, the senator would see me at the conclusion of a debate in which he was then participating. I sat down on one of the benches that line the ornate walls of the

Senate lobby. Above me, on the ceiling, absurd fat cupids kicked their heels among garlands of flowers, and at the end of the hall a squat fireplace crouched beneath a high, oversized mirror. In the mirror, I could see approaching my bench a lobbyist for one of America's great corporations. I had noticed him often in the corridors and at hearings, and rumor had it that he was one of the most potent figures in the peace movement's opposition. He took off his hat, bowed slightly, and sat down beside me.

"I have promised myself for a long time to get acquainted with the 'Lady Lobbyist,'" he began. "May I introduce myself?" and he offered me his card. "I think we ought to know each other, don't you?"

"By their works, ye shall know them," I answered ungraciously. "Don't you think that is enough?"

He laughed a little too heartily.

"You mustn't be so cynical," he replied, "for I am really very sympathetic. I believe in peace too. But I am sure you'll never get it your way. And I suspect you must be very discouraged now as everything is going so badly for your side."

"I don't get discouraged easily," I assured him. "Besides you ought to remember your *Caesar*—the Ides of March have only come, not passed."

He smiled indulgently, and then with a puzzled air, he continued:

"I can't understand why a person like you wastes her time slaving for a peace organization. You are surely intelligent enough to know that even if you should win this round, in the end yours will always be a losing fight. Besides, I understand that you people who work for sentimental causes get only chicken feed for all the work you do."

"That's only too true—too true," I acknowledged, "and judged by your salary scale, I have no doubt our salaries must seem mere starvation wages. But then," I reminded him, "there are other values, or didn't you know?"

"Oh, come now," he scoffed, "don't give me that sentimental

line. I'm sure that what really intrigues you about this work is the excitement and fun of a legislative fight." Then he dropped his voice and became serious. "Don't you know that you can still play this legislative game, still have the fun and excitement, and be paid a good salary to boot? As a matter of fact, the officials of my firm have authorized me to make you an offer. We are prepared to triple your salary—whatever it is—if you will consider a job with us."

He looked pained and puzzled when I said, "I am sure that is very generous of them," and rose as I saw Senator Norris enter the lobby, his noble, gentle presence seeming to erase this distasteful encounter.

But at a later time, there was another lobbyist, also representing a powerful corporation, who became annoyingly persistent. Week after week, he raised the amount of each offer. I couldn't seem to persuade him that I didn't want the proffered job. He apparently believed that all I wanted was a larger salary. But I finally found a way to convince him.

"Suppose you send me that offer in writing or draw up a formal contract," I suggested. "I must see that offer in black and white, over the signature of your company's president."

But I never received a letter, or contract, and my vision of this framed exhibit on my office wall, or in the pages of some investigation report, never materialized. For such an agreement, he told me, had to be "made on the cuff," and after all, didn't I trust him?

But there were other opposing lobbyists who were openly hostile. No spurious offer came from them. They were always frank adversaries who fought without any scabbard to shield the blade. It was they, however, who occasionally provided me with the lurking but steadfast company of some very dull-witted "gumshoes." These tawdry agents followed me to restaurants and dinner parties; tapped telephones and rifled files; but they finally disappeared after I startled one of their number—lingering on a cold winter morning in a doorway opposite my office—by going directly to him and inviting him in to get warm.

I am sure the lobbyists of this vulgar and crass persuasion offer no real problem to most members of the Congress. Few senators or representatives are base enough to traffic with lobbyists of such elastic morals, and rare exceptions only prove the proverbial rule. For the moral problems which face congressmen lie more in a twilight zone of ethical behavior.

Men are not wafted into the Congress by a wand of chance. They arrive there only by the steep and difficult road of a federal election; and few arrive without support of "the party." And the party treasury does not fill itself. It is supplied, chiefly, by generous doles from the coffers of Big Business, or from the private pockets of those who serve an interest. If you support a party, you are apt to expect its support in turn. Thus your lobbyist can be very compelling without indulging in overt bribes or shady deals.

Herein lies the problem. For in a government system such as ours the lobbyist cannot be denied. His power, however, can be controlled. Business, like the rest of America, holds the constitutional right to petition the Congress. The lobbyist is the instrument through which it most often exercises that right. So the evil in the system is not the right of petition, but the secrecy; not the men who function as lobbyists, but the covert power at their command. That power may be derived from money or from party connections; it may stem from the solid weight of bloc votes; it may also spring from the potent prestige of government itself.

It is doubtful whether there is any complete solution to this problem of hidden power, but there is a partial one. For years the Women's International League (and many other groups) advocated a possible method of control. But it was not until 1946 that such a method was required. Now, through the passage of the LaFollette-Monroney Bill, the lobbyist is compelled by law to register, to reveal his salary, his expense account, and the bosses he serves. The public is now afforded a measure of protection through the penetrating light of this open record.

Unfortunately, the law does not apply to the second category

of lobbyists I have listed, and yet they are the most powerful of all—the government lobby. To many I am sure the term "government lobbyist" will seem incongruous. Yet these are the lobbyists over whom the American people should have the greatest measure of control. For the salaries of public servants come out of the people's pockets, and the appropriations which support each bureau and agency was the people's money before taxation transferred it so painfully to the vaults of the Treasury.

In the United States public policy revolves, as we know, on a double axis. For policy is initiated not only in the Congress, but also in the administrative branches of the government. We also know that the Congress and the administrative branches of the government are not always in harmony with each other. Hence, it is either a conflict in policy or a struggle over the budget which usually precipitates government lobbying.

When the Administration initiates a policy, the process is always the same, whether that policy is projected by the State Department, the Department of Agriculture, the War Department, or the Treasury. To illustrate this process, we might use two relatively current examples: in 1946, the State Department decided, for reasons of international economic stability, that it would be wise to loan money to Great Britain. In that same year, the War Department decided—Heaven only knows why—that, in this atomic age, the United States should change its traditional policy and saddle its youth with permanent, compulsory, military training. In both cases, the departments concerned were required, by the provisions of the Constitution, to obtain the concurrence of the Congress for these projected policies before they could be put into operation. Therefore, it was necessary for each of these departments to draft the legislation embodying the policy contemplated and to call upon the chairman of the appropriate Congressional committee (in the first instance, the Foreign Relations Committee; in the second, the Military Affairs Committee) to introduce into the Congress the projected measures. Following this procedure, a hearing on the measure is scheduled, and the department of-

ficials appear to discuss the contents of the particular bill and to advocate its passage.

At this stage of the proceedings a controversial question arises. Has that particular department the right to extend its influence beyond the hearing stage and to lobby actively on behalf of its measure in the Congress? In other words, has it the right to seek affirmative votes for its own legislation? The answer to this question is usually determined by the side of the fence on which one is standing. If you are standing with the Administration for the British loan, and against the Administration on military training, your attitude is sure to be quite inconsistent and illogical. For you no doubt would be highly gratified to see the State Department lobby actively for the loan, and equally incensed to see the War Department lobby for military training. Hence the perpetual controversy. There are many who believe that the only protection against the encroaching power of the government is to put a tight ban on government lobbying.

But I am convinced that however advisable such a ban, rigid control is impossible. And I believe that government lobbying not only is unavoidable, but, in a limited measure, justifiable. For the Administration must present budgets to the Congress, and defend them; it must advance programs; it must also aid the Congress in a thousand different ways. It is, therefore, inevitable that government officials will seek support for their policies on Capitol Hill.

Moreover, oftentimes a government department has more vision than the Congress. I recall a year when that splendid guardian of "our clients, the children"—the Children's Bureau —went down to defeat before a less socially-minded Congress. The bureau was fighting for life, not death; for babies, not battleships. Yet the same Congress appropriated, for "the bedding and boarding of the horses of the National Guard," five times the funds granted the bureau.

Hence, it seems to me that the dangers of the government lobbies, like those of business, lie not in the practice of overt

petition, but in the covert practice of concealment. It is the hidden tie-ups between a government department and a selfish business interest; it is the intrigues and the undercover deals which are the occasional but sinister by-products of government lobbying; for secret diplomacy is a government habit not confined to Foreign Offices.

From my own experiences, I feel strongly that the public ought to know if the Army and Navy are acting as Congressional shock troops for a vested interest in war. I am sure most Americans would be amazed to discover the number of gentlemen warriors—dressed in mufti—who fight battles only under the lofty dome of the nation's Capitol. They might be astonished, too, to discover how many have served faithfully and well as "fellow travelers" of war industries. The people should surely have some way to check the activities of civil servants—of whatever department—who use a public trust, not for the benefit of their country, but primarily for the benefit of those private concerns which are motivated only by profits.

But citizens have no way to check these facts now. If the LaFollette-Monroney Act were amended to include the government lobbyists, this step, to be sure, would not be an absolute guarantee against misuse of office, any more than the act now affords complete protection against the nefarious activities of private lobbyists. It would, however, provide an open record, and that record could reveal who lobbied, when, and on what. And with that record, as well as the one now required for private lobbyists, the public would possess a tool with which to secure a new and more effective measure of democratic control.

The third category of lobbyists, I have listed, fall under the general heading of bloc lobbyists. In this category can be included the American Legion and labor, various minority interests, and the farm blocs. Some of these lobbyists wear blinders, and are as arbitrary as business and as selfish. The American Legion is one of the most powerful in this category, and in my judgment, one of the most brash and unenlightened. But

most of those who work for group interests see beyond the frontiers of their own concerns, and act on a broad political front.

So, Jim Carey of the C.I.O., pleading before the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House for prompt action on an UNNRA appropriation, makes a creative contribution quite outside and above the realms of labor. And Anne Hedgeman, the beautiful Negro director of the National Committee for a Fair Employment Act, has demonstrated both the political shrewdness and the integrity of many of the minority lobbyists as she directed, with consummate skill, her core of able assistants—Jew and gentile, white and colored.

The public, I am sure, is unaware of the debt it owes to many of the obscure but devoted folk who, day in and day out, tramp the hard marble halls of Congress. These lobbyists rarely make the headlines, but it is they who consistently challenge, and often block, the avarice and rapacity of selfish interests. They know what is happening; they have a deep sense of obligation to their country; they have moral courage and intelligence; they are incorruptible.

Some of these lobbyists serve bloc groups, but others belong to that last and final category—those who serve a cause. This category includes the religious, educational, and humanitarian groups, and the peace movement.

Among their number is a man like Raymond Wilson of the American Friends Legislative Service. He has all the quiet wisdom and persistence of the Quakers. Gentle, courteous, highly intelligent and informed, he brings to his work at the Capitol a tenacity of purpose only equaled by his deep convictions.

Warren Mullin, who at one time represented the National Council for Prevention of War, was, to my mind, one of the most effective lobbyists who ever served a cause. He was always immaculately groomed and tailored, and he worked with the suavity of a diplomat, the skill of a politician.

I was too long identified with the cause lobbyists yet to have attained perspective and critical detachment. I have known all

their problems too well. I suspect that, at times, their zeal and persistence are irritations to the harassed and overburdened congressmen. I know, too, that there have been periods when the cause lobbyists have not grasped the significance of an important issue until too late, or when a too rigid adherence to principle has blinded them to the values of the half-loaf. But whatever their sins, secrecy is not among them. For "the Cause"—like the words of the dying Goethe—forever calls for "more light."

Light is the essential commodity of their trade. It is needed to clarify issues and to expose for the public the conflicting forces shaping a national policy. Without it every cause is crippled and social progress delayed. Dissemination of each fact and circumstance is the principle on which they function. For the cause lobbyists can muster none of the power held by the lobbyists who fall in the other three categories. They have neither the money of business nor the prestige of government nor the weight of bloc votes. Those who work for causes must man the political barricades equipped only with the power of moral principle, and the light which reveals it. The law which now requires the registration of lobbyists is hailed by them with relief and satisfaction.

This law which will help to check the abuses of lobbying is fundamentally an effort to keep our democracy healthy and clean. But it is also indicative of another trend which seems to me of tremendous importance.

In the United States, the Congressional hearing has been an old and effective mechanism which perhaps has not been fully appreciated by the American people. But the Congress, with its fingers in the grass roots and its eyes on the next election, has always been more responsive to the people's will than the executive departments of the government. For, except for the President and Vice-President, no member of the Administration is elected to office. And even though the appointment of a high official must be confirmed by the Congress, even then the Congress can only reject, not choose, an official. Hence the

Cabinet member and the department officials are not directly responsible to the people, but to the President. It therefore follows that the spaces which have existed between the government official and the people have been wide and distant.

In the State Department, which is the department I have known best, there was often in the past an attitude that foreign policy was much too intricate and specialized for mere men and women. It must be kept the special province of those who belonged to the right clubs and had the politically esoteric touch.

But that attitude has changed, and the change is probably due more to the vision of Chester Williams, a brilliant young official of the department than to any other person in the government. At the San Francisco Conference, Chester Williams initiated, with the approval of the Secretary of State, a new experiment. Each day for two hours, more than 350 representatives of organized opinion in America were given the opportunity to discuss with the members of the United States delegation, or the members of their staff, the current policies then before the Conference. To be sure, the officers of these organizations, representing a wide cross section of American public opinion, were not always in agreement with each other. The Chamber of Commerce and the C.I.O., for example, rarely see eye to eye even on foreign policy. But at times some policy —such as an international bill of rights—brought unanimity of opinion among all the groups. Often, too, it was obvious that this organized American opinion was far more advanced in its views than the government.

These daily forums placed government officials under a perpetual bombardment of suggestions, questions, and criticisms so that they were able to test fairly accurately the trends of the people's will.

This democratic experiment—which left the officials of other governments gasping with amazement—worked so well that after the San Francisco Conference, the State Department inaugurated similar forums at the department in Washington.

Often now, before a new policy is formulated (atomic energy control; trusteeships; the British loan, etc.), the representatives of organized opinion are called in. There they have the same opportunity for discussion, questions, criticism—putting the government on the spot, saying "Why now?" or "No" or "Consider this better way."

Of course, the State Department does not form a policy on the basis of this organized opinion. The department must take into account many other factors too: the press; related policies; political bargaining, etc. On the British loan, for example, the consensus of this organized opinion, while for the loan, advocated two courses which in the light of subsequent events showed a clearer vision, I believe, than the Administration's. First, the majority advocated that before any loan to a single country was granted a survey of all the loan needs of other countries be made; that these needs be evaluated in relation to America's full capacity to loan, and a general world-wide policy formulated on the basis of those facts. Second, if the British were in such dire need as indicated, the U. S. Government loan be without interest.

Neither of the recommendations was accepted, yet there is no doubt policies have been modified or re-evaluated as the result of this give-and-take method.

This effort to find a closer working relationship between government and people, to invite closer participation in the policy-making functions of the Administration, seems to me one of the healthiest signs of our dynamic democracy.

This is not to suggest, however, that I am unaware of the shortcomings, the limitations and even the evils which tarnish American democratic institutions. I have been exposed to too many of them. I know that the United States still must release many of the basic concepts of democracy from the worn-out institutions which now imprison them. Yet in a world in which the ideals of democracy have suffered such bitter defeats, where dictatorship has spread with such frightening speed, the positive directions and the upward curve of democratic practices

give me infinite hope. For out of the gropings and wisdom of the people will come values usually overlooked in the pressures of official life.

During my years as a lobbyist in Washington, experience taught me many lessons. I discovered the importance of timing, and the futility of pressing for policies too far in advance of public sentiment. I learned, too, that difficult spiritual lesson, "when having done all—to stand." I discovered also that "night and day alternate with fair regularity," and that this was a truth valid in the field of legislation as in all of life. The unpopular, the defeated measure often rode to success with the political turn of the seasons. There were always cycles, ups and downs, shifts of fortune. In my work, it was necessary to achieve the long view and to see the whole struggle for peace in historical perspective.

But intuition came to be a legislative guide as trustworthy as experience, and it was fortunate that from the very beginning of my work on Capitol Hill, I recognized instinctively that freedom of action was a primary value. If one gained the support of a congressman or senator today, it was quite possible that he would be in the opposing camp tomorrow. Henry Adams was probably right that "a friend in power is a friend lost." Hence I realized that social relationships were a luxury which might easily blunt the keen edge of detachment. I knew it would be impossible to sit at a senator's table and break his bread, without this very act precipitating a social obligation, however slight. Whatever the advantages (and there were enormous advantages), these were outweighed by the value of unhampered freedom.

Time proved the wisdom of my intuition. For I have seen the effectiveness of a cause lobbyist dissipated by Congressional friendships where no ethical considerations were in any way involved. For ethical behavior, while primary, is not the only criterion for an effective lobbyist. Freedom of action is essential; and that freedom I felt could only be secure when no close, personal relationships were established. My self-imposed rule,

however, did not bar all social contact in government circles; it did not close the doors of innumerable Washington drawing rooms where I met members of the Congress as guests of a common host. Nor was it so rigid that a special circumstance might not break it on very rare occasions. There were times when my crimson library served as the meeting place for committees which included members of the Congress. There were also—at infrequent intervals—small dinner parties for an out-of-town guest who wanted to meet a particular senator. But these few parties were given as a favor to a guest, and the invitation was always extended with this fact clearly indicated.

This self-imposed rule did not compel me, however, to work in an atmosphere devoid of all human friendship. It did not apply to that vast army of Washington officialdom which occupies the government departments. For only those of cabinet stature are actually responsible for Administration policy, and even cabinet members do not owe their positions to the votes of the electorate, but to their appointment by the President. Hence, social relationships with members of the government were not analogous to those with the Congress.

But social relationships, however delightful, were never a primary value in the work for peace. For only those who have struggled together in a common cause know the joys that stem from it. To sit in the gallery and listen to a senator deliver a speech you have written; to organize a successful hearing; to go each difficult step with legislation one has drafted, or is supporting; to see it become a law of the land or an act of Congress; to lose a hard, uphill fight, and start again; to encourage, to aid, to co-operate with understanding and sympathetic senators or representatives—all these were the stuff and substance of a rich, rewarding job.

At noon on December 8th, 1941, I stood as a tense Congress listened to the final bars of the national anthem. The President had spoken; within the hour, the Congress would declare war. The agony and blood of Europe and Asia would now

wash American shores. The long, difficult struggle for peace would some day begin again. Now each hard-won gain lay shattered in the bright, winter sunshine of the Capitol Plaza. I turned to leave and met the derisive gaze of that opposition lobbyist who, years before, had sat beside me on a Senate bench and offered me a job.

"How's peace?" he mocked, and rushed on.

For one brief moment, my courage faltered, and took the wrong turning. Then memory came to the rescue. I saw again the eager, shining face of Anna Garlin Spencer. She was eighty then, and I was very young. My first lobbying job lay just before me.

"You have a high privilege, my dear," she had said. "Never forget it. In the bewildering and defeated moments which are sure to come to you, always remember this: this old human race of ours has climbed slowly and painfully out of the dark only because a few in every age dared to walk ahead and face the sun. Peace is the next outpost up the steep and difficult highway. Go out on it proudly, and wear your pacifism—as a crown!"

I hailed a cruising taxi, and went back to my office.

CHAPTER 5

Conscience and the Press

"BURKE said there were three estates in Parliament; but in the Reporters' Gallery yonder, there sat a Fourth Estate more important far than they all. It is not a figure of speech, or a witty saying; it is a literal fact, and very momentous to us in these times."

"These times" was the nineteenth century, and it was Thomas Carlyle who thus embellished, and underlined, the words of Edmund Burke. Certainly, Carlyle's measure of the press almost a hundred years ago is also valid today, and those familiar with Washington circles will, I am sure, affirm that the Capitol's Fourth Estate is "more important far than they all."

When I first went to Washington, I was particularly fortunate to discover in the press, old friends from my European days. Among them were the Ludwell Dennys. The Dennys lived, at the time, in a beautiful old house of high ceilings and marble fireplaces on Four and One Half Street. In Revolutionary days, the house had served as a headquarters for General Washington, but in the nineteen-twenties, the neighborhood had faded into a pleasantly Bohemian, tree-shaded slum. The floor above the Dennys' was occupied by a sandy, spare, colorfully profane young man named Ernie Pyle. It was always de-

lightful to escape from the life of the Penguin Club (where I lived) to the welcoming and stimulating atmosphere of the old house, and its charming occupants.

I had first met the Dennys in Vienna. During a Saturday lunch hour at the Friends' Mission (which was situated in a shabby, baroque palace on the Singerstrasse) Frederick Kuh had appeared to enlist the co-operation of a few of us on behalf of a fellow correspondent—Ludwell Denny—whom he feared was dying. Everyone at my table responded at once. Katherine Amend, a nurse, whose energy and ability in a crisis were phenomenal, volunteered her services. Edna St. Vincent Millay and Griffin Barry, who were luncheon guests, hurried off on some necessary errand. Later, after a three-day search, Caroline Newton triumphantly unearthed in starving Vienna a dilapidated orange and a single egg.

When Lud had recovered, Fritz gave a party for the Dennys at a small Viennese restaurant opposite St. Stephen's. I remember the menu vividly. It consisted of watery cabbage soup; cabbage; and for dessert, a cabbage tart. But whether it was the cabbage or the excellent wine which Fritz provided, the occasion started a friendship with the Dennys which has only been enriched by the years.

"Peter" Denny, who was an artist, had the fresh, pink beauty of a wild rose and a spirit—generous, outgoing, and utterly selfless. It was wonderful to find her again in Washington, and a year later, when the Dennys moved to another old house on Eye Street, Peter persuaded me to leave the club, and take a garden apartment in the same building. "Every woman," she insisted, "needs a kitchen, and a grass plot." It was in this Eye Street house that I met, through the Dennys, a large cross section of Washington's powerful, diverting and lusty Fourth Estate.

Here, tall, soft-voiced Tom Stokes, back from a pre-campaign swing around the country, would reveal the inside conflicts of a party struggle; or after an evening of serious, and always exciting political discussion, the Dennys' book-lined rooms would

ring with the doubtful close harmony of Rodney Dutcher, Ray Clapper, John O'Rourke, and Lowell Mellett.

The Washington press includes most of the nation's top correspondents. They are hard working, sometimes cynical, always interesting. They know the seamy side of politics, and its merits, too, and can make or break an ambitious politician. The opinion polls of the Capitol press galleries, while at times cruel and harsh, are never the result of hasty judgment. The daily task of covering Congressional debates develops in newspapermen a sensitive awareness to sincerity or cant; to honest political effort or the inflated pretensions of political charlatans. Among their number are women of exceptional ability—Elizabeth May Craig, Sigrid Arne, Ruby Black, Mary Hornaday, Ruth Finney; and men of the caliber of Tom Stokes, Ernest Lindley, Barnet Nover, Marquis Childs, James Reston, and William Philip Simms, to name but a few. For the most part, correspondents of the Washington press are men of integrity and high intelligence, and they wield an influence beyond the scope of their news reporting or interpretation. Occasionally, among their number is a man of such exceptional intellectual capacity and political wisdom that his advice and aid are sought by both diplomats and government officials alike; Ludwell Denny was one of these.

And for me, Lud became a personal and professional mentor. During all my Washington experience, I never knew anyone—whatever his profession—with a more penetrating mind, or greater knowledge of history, economics, and politics. And Lud had the kind of wisdom which flowers only from that supreme quality—innate kindness. Much of the time, we disagreed on policy questions (though I never questioned his facts), and when Lud became a political editor of the Scripps-Howard papers, he frequently aimed blistering editorials at a government policy or Congressional measure which the W.I.L. was supporting. But political disagreements could never alter the profound respect I always held for his integrity and intellectual capacity, nor touch the deep friendship I had with the Dennys.

In the twenties, Lud was a United Press correspondent covering the State Department, and in those days, people had time to play. The Dennys were the center of a group who worked hard and played hard. One member of this work-play fellowship was a gingery-haired young man who walked with a swift, swinging lope, and whose frequent smile pleated his eyes into narrow slits. He was a Washington correspondent for the Baltimore *Sun*, and it was an occasion for celebration when the *Sun* granted this newsman a coveted—and now world-famous—by-line: Drew Pearson.

I had first heard of Drew when I was in Vienna. Tales would come to us now and again of the work being done by those in a sister mission in little Serbia to the south of us. Some of these stories concerned the sacrificial acts of a youth from Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, who was stationed in a high mountain outpost. Not only did he distribute relief supplies, we heard, but insisted, also, on sharing his own personal rations of bully beef and beans with the starving peasants. But I did not meet this saint of the Serbian mountains till I came to Washington.

Drew lived at the time on 30th Street in Georgetown, and on hot summer nights, there were frequent picnic suppers in his diminutive, high-walled garden. Often on these occasions, the Dennys and I would jokingly belittle the sacrifices of his Serbian days, and accuse Drew of having traded his dull mission fare for a more alluring banquet of Serbian salami. These taunts were precipitated by Drew's habit of disappearing down a garden stairway, and emerging with a hard, fat, red sausage which had hung in a row suspended from the cellar's ceiling. With great ceremony, Drew would slice for us thin slivers of the red, pungent meat until Peter and I protested that this Pearson *pièce de résistance* was rancid!—and why not, since those sausages had been hanging in the cellar since his return from Serbia several years before. But we could not alter Drew's delight in each spicy, rancid morsel; to him salami was indeed ambrosia though like the rose as sweet by any other name.

It was during this period that Drew told us in a casual off-

hand way that he had just completed arrangements to give a series of lectures at the Y.W.C.A. The lectures, to be delivered on Tuesday evenings during the following February, were to cover various phases of foreign policy. Drew seemed rather pleased with this transaction as the Y.W. had agreed to pay him $50 for the course. Today Drew's every word drips in gold, but in 1927 his lectures could be had at a dollar for the course.

Without telling Drew, when February came Peter and I purchased tickets for the series and on the opening night arrived gloved and spurred for the occasion. The lecture hall was a small pleasant room with paneled walls and perhaps a dozen rows of those uncomfortable folding chairs which after ten minutes would make the utterances of Demosthenes pall.

Peter and I took the two directly in front of the speaker's table. We had no difficulty however in selecting our seats. The audience could hardly be considered an impressive one. For besides ourselves it consisted of two stout ladies plucked full-blown and -bosomed from a Hokinson cartoon; an eager young thing with a notebook; and a rather crumpled-looking individual near the door who was obviously the janitor. This was the audience which awaited Drew's first lecture.

The chairman, a bit flustered, led him down to the front and depositing him in a chair, moved forward to make the introduction. After seating himself Drew raised his eyes to survey his audience. But his glance came to a full stop as it reached Peter and me. For a moment his face registered the startled expression of a faun in flight, but it changed quickly to one of distinct displeasure. He began making little flapping motions with his hands and rolling his eyes to indicate the door. But we held up our tickets and shook our heads to indicate that we intended to stay.

Drew's lecture was excellent, but I am certain it was one of the most difficult he ever delivered. That small audience of seven persons could hardly have been inspiring, and "those two geese," as he complained to Lud later that evening, "sitting there in the front row and gazing at me with rapt attention—make them promise they won't do it again."

But it was not lectures nor picnics nor political discussions which first catapulted me into the center of a lively press controversy. In the summer of 1929, the Women's International League had scheduled an international congress in Prague. I had secured passage on a ship sailing from New York on July 2nd. My passport had expired, and so on a hot June morning, I stopped in at the State Department to secure its renewal. A young clerk in the Passport Division instructed me to fill out a new application. I quickly completed the form and shoving it, my old passport, two dreadful photographs, and a ten-dollar bill across the desk, turned to leave.

"You," the clerk shouted as I went through the door, "come back here."

"What's the matter?" I asked with genuine surprise, seeing that his face was mottled with ill-concealed rage.

"I'm going to make you take the oath of allegiance," he announced belligerently.

"All right," I said, still puzzled by this strange demonstration of anger. "What do I do?"

"Read that," he ordered, pointing to a block of fine print at the bottom of the application blank. "When you have read it, sign your name, then stand up, and I shall administer the oath."

I sat down and began to read the fine print. "I swear," it ran, "that I shall support and defend the Constitution of the United States from all enemies, foreign and domestic. . . . I take this oath without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion, so help me God."

"I have never had to take this oath before, why must I do it now?" I asked.

"Most people just sign, and don't know what they are doing," he replied. "We don't usually require them to stand up and swear to it, but I am going to make you do it. We can't be too careful about pacifists," he added sharply.

So that was it; he knew who I was, and certainly disapproved.

"But I am afraid I harbor a 'mental reservation,'" I said. "Though, perhaps, you can interpret some of these phrases for

me; just what is the exact meaning of the word 'defend' as it is used in the oath?"

"It means," he said emphatically, "defense by *force of arms*."

"I don't think I can sign it then," I said.

"Then you don't get a passport," he announced, tearing my application blank into ribbons.

"Perhaps not," I said, beginning to be emphatic too. "But I doubt if you have the authority to deny one to me. Who is your chief?"

"You can try Mr. Savage across the hall, but I warn you; you won't get it," he shouted at my retreating back.

I crossed the hall. Mr. Savage was courteous, but concerned. He reminded me of the much publicized Supreme Court decision in the Schwimmer case. Mme. Schwimmer—a woman and past fifty—had been denied citizenship because of her refusal to accept the obligation to bear arms. I pointed out that I was not like Mme. Schwimmer, a European; I was an American. I could, if he desired, dig up a motley assortment of Revolutionary ancestors for him too. Mr. Savage shook his head. He would have to refer this matter, he said, to the legal division.

I took the elevator to the third floor. Mr. John Flornoy, a pale handsome man with nice Irish eyes, received me. I soon discovered he seemed more interested in the pacifist motivation behind my hesitation to take the oath, than in the legal aspects of the matter. He began by asking me that hoary old favorite known to all who have struggled for peace—"What would you do if a burglar got into the window and attacked your grandmother?"

"I might bite, kick, scratch, and use other such hysterical tactics," I replied. "I hope I wouldn't—yet one can never tell till put to the test. But what has a mythical grandmother to do with the issues of war and peace?"

"Well, I thought you were a pacifist," he answered.

"I am," I explained. "But you have posed a highly theoretical, personal situation as though it were analogous to war. War does not spring into life like a burglar into a window. It grows step

by evil step—through stupid and shortsighted policies, or through deliberate acts of injustice, or even just the good old sins of omission. And the pacifist in his effort to reverse this negative process will not co-operate with it."

"Very well; but that doesn't fully answer my question," he said. "I supposed pacifists would never, under any circumstances, use force."

"Mr. Flornoy," I said, rising and walking to the small marble fireplace, "I fear I am going to make another speech."

"Go ahead," he said, laughing, "but make it clear this time."

"There are various schools of pacifism, ranging from the religious and nonresister type to the Geneva kind," I began. "But, in general, the pacifist philosophy is something like this: force is like any of life's energies; it contains both positive and negative properties. Spiritual force, moral force, love—all these energies the pacifist sees as different manifestations of force; and they are real; they have power; but they are positive. The pacifist is not opposed to these creative aspects of force. Nor is he opposed to the kind of force which is employed in shoving a child off a railroad track; nor civilized control of the insane; nor saving a grandmother! Such force rises out of a moral spirit, and it contains immediate and foreseeable limits. But the force which degenerates into violence results invariably in evil. The pacifist sees war as an extreme manifestation of degenerated force. Hence he resists it. That's why I can't take an oath to defend by force of arms."

"So you would do away with police?" he asked.

"No," I said emphatically. "No, No! The police system is not like the military system. Police function under law, and their power is restricted to the apprehension of a lawbreaker; others perform the function of judge or jury. But the war system is subject to no code of law, nor concepts of impartial justice. It is merely naked anarchy."

"Well, now," he said, getting back to the business at hand, "what about this oath of allegiance?"

"I'm hampered by a mental reservation," I told him.

"But such an attitude," Mr. Flornoy protested, "is a luxury."

"Oh, Mr. Flornoy," I protested, "that luxury idea is worn out with age. The Emperor Diocletian used that same argument as an excuse for feeding early Christians to the lions. The Christians, he said, enjoyed the glory and peace of Rome and yet their 'superstition' forbade them to take the military oath. That was a civic luxury Rome could not countenance. Surely, the United States Government isn't going to use the same old argument and penalize me because I won't take an oath 'to defend' the Constitution by force of arms? Now, won't you give me my passport?"

"Golly!" he said, shaking his head. Then, "I'll tell you what to do. You take these ideas of yours back to your office and write a letter about them to the Secretary of State. Tell him all about this civic luxury you are demanding and why you want to go to Europe. Bring it to the Secretary's office this afternoon. Mr. Stimson will have to make this decision."

So the Secretary himself was to be the final judge.

Late in the afternoon I delivered a long explanatory letter to the State Department. I ended it by stating that I wanted to go to Europe to attend the Women's International League Congress—the subject of which congress was "The Kellogg Treaty—How to Make It a Reality."

That night I dined with Drew, and on the following morning he initiated a vigorous Pearson campaign on "the Detzer passport case." At every press conference he led the State Department correspondents in pushing the Secretary for a decision. Finally, the day before my boat was to sail, I received a message from the office of the Secretary of State: if Miss Detzer wished to take a substitute oath, she could secure her passport.

The young clerk looked on belligerently as I struck from the printed form the words "swear" and "defend," and inserted "I affirm" that "I will support the Constitution . . . so help me God."

The metropolitan press bannered the story. A new precedent had been established, the newspapers said; the State Depart-

ment (at least for the purposes of a passport, and in time of peace) recognized conscience. But when I sailed the following day, a storm was lashing the Atlantic as well as the splendid, tree-shaded spaces of Washington's Mall. The D.A.R. in a fury of shrill denunciation attacked the State Department's decision and demanded that Dorothy Detzer go back to Russia where she belonged! Apparently, to the D.A.R., conscience was a blight of Soviet origin—as to Hitler it was "a Jewish invention."

But though I had received my passport and been granted "the luxury of conscience," I was not like Mrs. Poyser who, having got her purple dress, had nothing more to wish for. I wished very much for the right to state my own case in "the free market of ideas," and not have it twisted into an unrecognizable travesty by the belligerent ladies of the D.A.R. When I read the papers which followed me to Europe, I felt about their attacks much as did the French politician who once said of an angry critic: "He tells me I am a Jacobin, a revolutionary, a plagiarist, a thief, a poisoner, a mad man, an impostor, a slanderer, a hypocrite, a filthy blackguard, a loathsome object, a raker of dust heaps. I understand what my opponent wishes to convey. He has discovered that he and I hold contrary opinions and this is his way of announcing the fact."

But though the attacks on me were almost equally ludicrous, it is always "an acute moment when one first steps out of that pleasant circle of normal acceptance and approval." For he who would help to break the ground of buried human capacities, often plows a lonely furrow. Yet did not history indicate that, in the economy of the ages, progress rested on values which could neither be bartered nor coerced? Man's high and immortal destiny would not issue from the womb of a more abundant death; it lay in the yet unexplored regions of life, and in that still, small voice—conscience.

CHAPTER 6

His Name Was Hitler

WHEN I reached Prague, the annoyances arising from the passport episode were quickly superseded by my delight at seeing, once again, the W.I.L.'s European leaders. I had met many of them when, three years before, in the summer of 1926, the Women's International League had held its fifth international congress in the city of Dublin. That summer had been for me a major experience.

Ireland was delightful; it treated its foreign guests to every kind of weather, every kind of hospitality, and every shade of Irish politics.

The sessions of the congress were held in the buildings of Dublin University where, at the opening reception, De Valera and Cosgrave met under the same roof, for the first time "since the troubles." To the Irish, this was an event of historical significance, though to the rest of us it seemed perfectly natural to see the two men standing on either side of Jane Addams, chatting amiably with her and with each other. Our Irish members had urged that the congress be held in Dublin for they hoped that this meeting, which would bring together peace folk from all over the world, might awaken in their own people a desire to heal the bitterness which years of strife had sown in Irish hearts. At least the congress would reveal that there

were "troubles," too, in other parts of the world, and yet that everywhere, growing movements of people were striving to resolve conflict situations through the abundant resources of "good will and pooled intelligence."

Delegates to the congress had come from more than twenty countries. Among them were French and German women who loved their own countries deeply, but yet realized that the unique contributions of both nations required the organization of a united, democratic Europe. Hungarian delegates were there who had experienced the folly of their own Irredentist movements and the tragedies of the "white terror"; there were Czechs struggling with a difficult minority problem. Wherever one turned, one saw women who came from lands torn by internal disturbances or threatened by foreign conflicts.

From a distance, I had admired many of these same women, when two years before, I had gone as a guest to the Fourth Congress of the Women's International League in Washington. I had been impressed then by their energy and intelligence, their linguistic skill, their ability to translate into living, practical terms the substance of a moral principle.

But at the Irish congress, I was no longer a mere spectator looking on from the side lines. In Dublin, I was a co-worker sharing the intense and stimulating activities of this great international body. The long hours of work seemed to bring me no fatigue; only a heightened sense of living. If a committee had to sit all night, ending its work in the early hours of the morning, there might only be time to tumble in and out of a tub before pushing on to sit with another committee at breakfast. After this would come the plenary sessions with all the complications of international conference; the endless translations from one into two other languages; the problems arising out of the differences in the Anglo-Saxon and Continental rules of parliamentary procedure; the conflicting political, and sometimes technical, interpretations of the same issue.

Then at the end of the long strenuous days would come "the

parties." For Ireland was generous and hospitable. There was one sunny afternoon when, in our best frocks, we strolled among parasols and gray top hats in the garden of an Irish castle. We admired the cabbage roses, and the cattle standing in the distant meadow just as cattle should; we examined the moat, the great hall full of armor, the battered walls and turrets of the castle—looking, too, just as a castle should. We talked to our hosts and their "county guests" about the horse show, the "troubles," the "terrible English." We ate strawberries and clotted cream out of great bowls of Irish silver, and we drove back to the city in two-wheeled carts to spend a fascinating evening with the leaders of Irish labor. There was one memorable supper on the garden balcony of Shaun O'Kelly's house in St. Stephen's Green. I sat between the poet Yeats and De Valera, discussing American Indians and eating quantities of lobster sandwiches. I knew nothing about American Indians, but "Dev" was an expert.

But not all social interludes were so pleasant. There was one terrifying night when I went for a drive. It was Mary MacSwiney, I believe, who had invited several of us "to see Ireland by moonlight," but this alluring prospect developed into a ghoulish tour of the neighborhoods where Irish heroes had died fighting each other or the "terrible English."

We swept out of Dublin at top speed and into the sweet Irish countryside, racing through the narrow, twisting, high-hedged lanes and never slacking pace for a donkey cart, a curve on a hill, or a stray, sauntering pig. The car was a model of ancient vintage, and as we sped over rocks and ruts, up dangerous roads and through sleeping villages, its joints rattled and creaked; but on we went, tearing through the night like haunted banshees. As we would approach some place where an Irish martyr had died, Mary MacSwiney would rise in the open car—only a finger touching the wheel—and sweeping her arm in an angry gesture, she would point toward a cottage window.

"There," she would announce, "there—in that room—they

killed Harry Boland in his bed," or, now with both hands leaving the wheel, she would gesticulate, "That tree—you see it?—that tree; there is where they hanged Kevin Barry."

But none of us in the car could "oh" or "ah" as we should. Death that night was not hiding behind a window or lurking under a tree; death was riding with us in the swerving motions of that uncontrolled wheel.

At midnight I staggered into the lobby of our hotel and, closing my eyes, sank down on a red plush couch. "Seeing Ireland by moonlight" had been an exhausting and doubtful pleasure. If God took special care of children and drunken men, he certainly took care of Mary MacSwiney.

"Dorothy Detzer," came a familiar, furry voice, and as I opened my eyes Jane Addams sat down beside me. "Are you ill?" she asked quickly.

"No, I'm not ill; I've been on a drive with Mary MacSwiney," I explained. Miss Addams laughed.

"You must think of that as an essential part of your Irish experience," she said. "It is a bit terrifying, I know. But then," she added, "I like to drive fast." Miss Addams rose swiftly and started toward one of the committee rooms. "They have just brought us some very nice midnight refreshments," she said over her shoulder. "Perhaps a hot drink will revive you."

When I had finished the hot drink and was feeling pleasantly relaxed, Miss Addams turned to me.

"The Executive," she said, "has just decided that you must be the American speaker at the public meeting tomorrow night. The subject, as you know, is on the general problem of imperialism, and we want you to discuss it from the American angle. Young people from other sections have already appeared before the congress, and we want to show off young America, too."

"Oh, I couldn't," I protested. "I'm not prepared."

"Oh, yes, but you can," she answered sweetly, but firmly, as she rose to leave. "You can speak on that subject from a full mind." Then turning she added, "Wear your pink dress; it's so pretty."

And I had been frightened by a mere ride with Mary MacSwiney.

I sat up most of the night working on that speech, and when I delivered it the following evening, it was probably adequate, but certainly not very profound. The Irish press in reporting the meeting described me as "a girl in a pink frock with blue beads, and a touch of American uplift." That "touch of American uplift" rankled.

The speech had been a difficult task for me, as it was the first time I had ever appeared before a large international audience, and I knew I had none of the assurance or ability of the young women from other countries. To me, they were perfectly wonderful. Four had already delivered addresses before the congress: Toni Jodai, a Japanese; Marcelle Capy from France; Dorothy Woodman, the pretty secretary of the British section; and Gertrude Baer, the secretary general of the German section.

Toni Jodai, who had made a speech on the rising tide of Japanese militarism and the "worsening" of U. S.-Japanese relations, had won everybody by her simplicity and earnestness. Dorothy Woodman had given a straightforward, clear, convincing speech packed with facts and effectively built. Marcelle Capy had swept her audience to its feet in cheering, shouting ovations. Marcelle, who had trained for the Paris stage, used on a lecture platform all the eloquence of her talent and training. She captivated everyone, and the Irish papers were lyric about her. "She is a wonderful orator," one of them reported. "We have no one to compare with her, man or woman. . . . Though perhaps half her audience are unable to follow the torrent of her liquid, full-throated French, they are spellbound by the woman herself . . . and when she sits down the roar of applause is deafening."

But the young member whose personality and ability interested me the most was Gertrude Baer. I knew that she had already distinguished herself when, as a young woman in her early twenties, she had occupied—under the Bavarian Republic

—the first position held by a woman as Under Secretary of State in the Ministry of Social Welfare.

Gertrude was a slim, dark, vital person with a clear topaz skin and the most expressive pair of eyebrows I had ever seen. But added to her tawny beauty was an extraordinary intellect. On the platform she spoke with intense, driving power and was equally at home in French, German, or English. And she not only brought to the congress deliberations a wealth of political information and passionate convictions, but also an uncanny political insight. Over and over again, she displayed greater knowledge of the problems of various European countries than the delegations which came from those countries themselves, and she could unravel and clarify the cross currents of a complex situation so that one could see the whole pattern of an issue with all its ramifications, not just an isolated segment.

At the time, Gertrude Baer was the only person I had ever met who seemed to me completely emancipated from any nationalist or folk feeling. She was an internationalist in every sense of the word. The world was in truth her home. She seemed incapable of that parish-mindedness which love of country so often breeds in people. And yet on one matter she certainly displayed no international detachment; on this matter she was intense, vocal, insistent. For Gertrude had apparently developed an obsession about an obscure political leader of an obscure political party in Germany. His name was Adolf Hitler. (And this was the year of our Lord, 1926.)

Though Gertrude acknowledged that other nations also were cursed with their Napoleons, she seemed to consider this new German brand the most dangerous. And no matter how important a subject occupying the congress—whether U. S. tariff policy, disarmament, the British in India, or the situation in the Far East—Gertrude's chief concern was to interpret world developments in the light of the rising Fascist movements. These movements, she warned the congress, might someday turn their aggressive and violent methods against the world as they were now turning them against any of their own na-

tionals who stood in the way. Hitler was "a man on horseback," she said, stirring up the discontent and humiliation of the defeated German people and molding it into a dangerous force. To be sure, the movement was still weak, the numbers in the Nazi party negligible; but the party was cutting across the usual barriers and welding together the Junker military caste, the impoverished *mittelstand* and renegade labor. But this was not all; the Nazi program, while couched in vague pseudo-socialist terms, was in reality a program of sordid reaction.

The new, struggling German Republic was now caught in a vise, she contended. On the one hand was the Communist party which was gaining a large and powerful membership, and leaning on Soviet Russia. On the other side was this new party, wooing Western capitalism and skillfully utilizing the capitalist fear of communism. But this situation was not hopeless, she said. If Germany's democratic elements were given a chance; if there was genuine support and help from the Western democracies; if they were encouraged to break up the great Junker estates and to destroy German militarism through effective control of German disarmament, these new movements could not get a foothold in the psychology of the German masses. The democratic forces in the world had themselves to be as dynamic, as audacious, as imaginative for democracy as the Nazi movement was for nationalistic pride and race supremacy.

Gertrude was strongly supported by the vigorous leaders of the German section—Frau Lydia Gustava Heymann and Dr. Anita Augsburg; and also by the secretary general of the W.I.L.'s French section. Mme. Duchene made a stirring speech on the evils of Italian Fascism, pointing out that fascism could not maintain itself indefinitely without resort to foreign war. She told us that the peace forces must recognize that the most potent enemy of peace lay in the spread of the Fascist doctrine, and that our job was to expose and explain in our own countries the dangerous directions of the Fascist and Nazi movements.

We Americans were so impressed by these warnings that our United States delegation to the congress discussed the advisability of sending me on a speaking tour across the country on my return to America in an effort to stir up public discussion of the issues Gertrude had raised. We felt that a more enlightened reparations policy might ease the terrible economic burdens of the German people, and thus stem the tide of Nazism. At the time, this certainly might have helped, but an enlightened reparations policy alone would not have been enough to block the march of Hitler's power. That power required positive and unqualified resistance on every political front. Its danger might have been recognized in the Swastika—an ancient symbol of the rising sun—which had been turned counterwise in the Nazi emblem as though some subconscious will to destruction had manifested itself, like a warning signal, in the backward swing of the design.

But before I left Ireland to return to America, there was a leisurely afternoon at the end of the congress when the "young secretaries" sat on a park bench and discussed the future. It stretched out before us like a close, warm, co-operative adventure. We could not foresee then that the forces which Gertrude had analyzed so vividly during the sessions of the congress were in a few short years to overshadow some of the comradeship of that sunny afternoon. For in time the same forces were to silence, for a long season, the quiet serious voice of Toni Jodai in Japan. Dorothy Woodman resigned from the W.I.L. to become the able director of the British Union for Democratic Control. Marcelle Capy seemed to lose the inner strength from which her convictions sprang, and was to lend her great and glorious talent to those in France who wanted to give Hitler a chance. Gertrude Baer went back to Germany and fought the rising menace of Hitler with all the power of her mind and spirit until the Nazis smashed the German section. Then she crossed into Switzerland, saving from bloodstained hands, the German membership lists which she wrapped around her body. With our Geneva headquarters as a base, she carried on the

struggle wherever people were free to listen, to speak, to act.

But during the intervening years, she and I had seen each other many times. We met at congresses, at the interim meetings of the international executive, and often at the September Assembly of the League of Nations.

It was in December, 1939, that I went to my last meeting of our international executive in Geneva. The "phony" war had started, but it was possible to go to Switzerland via Genoa as Italy was still a "neutral." I was determined to persuade Gertrude to return to the United States with me; but she refused. She was in a key position to help escaping refugees and to interpret to the W.I.L. events in Central Europe. She wanted to continue this work as long as it was possible for her to do so.

Therefore, I had returned to America without her. But the following spring during the period when the Nazi armies were driving everything before them, it seemed for a time that Switzerland would be the next focus of Nazi invasion. It was in the middle of May when, with increasing apprehension, I telephoned to Switzerland. I was tremendously relieved when Gertrude agreed to come to America at once if I could secure passage on a plane leaving Portugal for the United States. She couldn't get a permit to fly from Switzerland to Lisbon unless she was assured of space to America.

During the forty-eight hours after my telephone call, I haunted the Pan American Airlines. I begged, I appealed, I pulled wires, I called every influential friend who might be of help. But the answer was always the same. All passages to the United States were booked until September. It was with a heavy heart that I put in a return call to Switzerland. But when I reported my failure, Gertrude was undaunted.

"If you can't get me a regular seat," she suggested, "why not try to get your government to give up one of the two seats it always holds on every plane leaving Lisbon?"

"How can I?" I asked. "I doubt if the government would release a seat for an American citizen, so I feel even more doubtful about their releasing one for an alien."

"Dorothy," said Gertrude firmly, "if you really want me to come, you can get me a seat. I should like to leave on the June 10th plane. Why are you so discouraged by one setback? I thought you were a good lobbyist," she taunted jokingly.

The following morning at ten-thirty I was in the State Department sitting opposite the handsome chief of the Travel and Communication Division, Mr. Thomas Burke. I laid the problem before him and concluded by saying:

"I realize that I am asking the government to make an exception for one individual; and an individual who is not an American national. It's only one life, one person's safety, I know. But what is this war all about if it isn't a struggle between two principles—the value of the state against the value of the individual?"

Mr. Burke hesitated for just a moment, then he pressed a buzzer.

"I'll get Miss Baer on the June 12th plane if I can," he said. "I'll check with Switzerland at once to verify her visa, and I'll telephone you tonight what I have been able to do."

I rose to my feet unable to speak.

"Don't worry," said Mr. Burke. "We'll get her here somehow. You know," he added, "this is the kind of thing that makes a government job worth while." I could only gulp my thanks. For I was so grateful, so profoundly, utterly grateful; but more than that—I was proud. Proud that in my own government there were men who would cut through the hampering regulations, the impersonal bigness, and respond to a human situation. Of course, this did not always happen. I had known too well the overcautious, the indifferent, the rigid officials who were imprisoned in all the minutiae of bureaucracy, or who were guided only by the dead hand of arbitrary custom. But it was always heartening, and always a little surprising, to discover that in this enormous government machine there were also those with hearts, sensitivity, imagination.

It was late in the afternoon of June 14th that the American

executive committee of the W.I.L. drove out to La Guardia Field. By happy coincidence, our June meeting had been scheduled for that same day in New York. As the great plane wheeled above us and swung down to a safe harbor, our eyes were blinded by the dazzling afternoon sun and by our own emotions. So many of our European fellows were now dead or in torture—those valiant ones who for so long had fought the monstrous evil which was now wrecking Europe. Gertrude Baer stepped out of the plane and waved her hat. Thank God, thank Mr. Burke, thank the State Department! One more gallant soul had escaped from the Nazi terror.

An hour later we sat down to dinner in a private dining room at the American Woman's Association on West Fifty-seventh Street.

"Gertrude," Mildred Olmsted called down the table, "where is Madame Duchene?"

"Oh, yes, and do tell us about Frau Heymann and Frau Augsburg," put in Gertrude Bussey.

Gertrude Baer's black, mobile eyebrows turned somersaults, and her mouth flattened into a sharp line. Goodness, what had been said that could have offended her?

The door closed as the waitress left the room.

"Please—don't ask questions about our co-workers when anyone else is here," whispered Gertrude. "That woman," she said, pointing toward the door to the pantry. "You never can tell."

"Oh, Gertrude," I said with relief, putting my hand on her shoulder, "you are in America now."

"I may be in America," she answered, "but so are Nazi spies."

This Nazi horror certainly got into one's blood, just like the germ of a disease, I thought. But Gertrude would get over it; she was in America now. The door swung open, and we all looked at our waitress. She was a large, blousy blonde, and when I engaged her in conversation, she spoke with a thick, German accent. Perhaps she was all right; perhaps she was a refugee; perhaps she wasn't; one could not tell. We who were

Americans had not even noticed her during that first moment when we sat down at the table. But Gertrude's long experience had alerted her.

It was the following afternoon that I met Gertrude at three o'clock in the lobby of the Waldorf. She had lunched with Oswald Garrison Villard, and the lobby was a convenient cool place to spend an hour before I took my train back to Washington. The two of us settled ourselves comfortably on a couch and opened our brief cases. There were some pressing refugee cases which had to be discussed. The lobby was empty on that hot June afternoon except for Patrick Hurley who was deep in a conference with two men at the far corner of the room.

We had been discussing the refugee cases for about fifteen minutes when the gymnastics of Gertrude's eyebrows stopped my talking.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Dorothy, I think we are being watched by a Nazi agent," she said grimly.

"Oh, Gertrude," I protested, "remember, you are in America now." Then I added as gently as I could and as though reasoning with a frightened child, "What makes you imagine that there is a Nazi agent here?"

"Because of something he has just done to me," she explained.

Just done to her? Had she gone crazy? I was sitting right there beside her; nobody had *done* anything. Last night she had been suspicious of a waitress; now she was seeing spooks in the Waldorf.

"What are you talking about?" I asked as my eyes swept the room. But they came to rest quickly on a new occupant of the lobby. Sitting on a couch directly opposite us was a man; he was stocky with pale, blond hair turning gray at the temples, and a thick bullet head. He seemed to wear his well-tailored clothes with that indefinable lack of grace which is peculiarly German. There was no doubt that Gertrude was the focus of a concentrated interest.

"The fool," I said to Gertrude. "He's probably just trying to pick you up." But even as I said that, I knew there was nothing flirtatious, nothing of the "come hither" in that unpleasant, deliberate stare. There was something ugly and disturbing about it. Presently he rose from the couch and sauntered toward the newsstand. "What did you mean—he did something to you?" I asked as soon as his back was turned.

"He did this," she said—and holding a paper up in front of her face, she stuck out her tongue.

"He stuck out his tongue at you?" I asked in complete bewilderment and disgust.

"Yes—twice before I could tell you," she said. "Then I knew," she added tensely.

"But why would a Nazi—if that is what he is—why would he do such a thing as that?"

"It is one of their elegant methods of indicating that they have spotted a Jew," she explained. "It has happened in Zürich, in Paris, in Lisbon. It is nothing new; only now it is here."

This was incredible. But just then the man at the newsstand turned. He made a circular tour of the lobby, slowing his pace as he passed behind our couch; then he again seated himself opposite us. He dropped the paper beside him unopened, and resumed his insolent stare.

"Let's go on with our work," I said. "He can't hear what we say, if we talk quietly." We turned back to our papers. But every time I looked up I saw those cold blue eyes concentrated on Gertrude. At regular intervals, however, the man would rise and stroll through the lobby; he bought cigarettes, got money changed, procured timetables, and at the end of each new errand, he would pass slowly behind our couch; then again settle himself opposite us to resume his stare. It was like an uncomfortable, strange dream. Here were the two of us sitting quietly in the lobby of the Waldorf in the middle of a June afternoon. What could have been more prosaic, more remote, farther from the ugly malignancy of Nazi behavior? Gertrude had been in the United States less than twenty-four hours, and yet opposite

us sat a creature practicing the vulgarities of a little terror. It was insupportable. After he had completed his seventh detour behind our couch, I said, "Let's get out of here." It was certainly too difficult to concentrate on our work with that prowling customer around.

We gathered up our papers and began to push them hurriedly into our brief cases. The man opposite watched for a moment, then rose and left the lobby. Well, he was gone; but somehow the whole atmosphere of that pleasant lobby seemed to have been tainted. We gathered our things together and made our way slowly toward the middle arch leading toward the entrance on Park Avenue. The elevator corridor was dim and empty. Then we saw him. He was standing with his back to one of the elevator doors. For one fraction of a second we hesitated, and then hastened our steps. But as we passed, the man made a quick move forward, knotted his face into a foul grimace, and stuck out his tongue. The door of the lift opened smoothly, and swallowed his stocky figure. We rushed down the marble steps and out into the bright June sunshine.

The expensive, glittering atmosphere of Park Avenue was like a dash of cold water releasing the knot at my throat and washing out the unpleasantness of the last hour. So this was a momentary taste of what it was like—this strange, intangible thing which could be created even by an atmosphere.

"Gertrude," I said, "I'm going right back into that hotel and get the house detective, and tell him what has just happened."

"How can we know that man wasn't the house detective?" she asked.

"No," I said. "No. That I can guarantee—if for no other reason than that house detectives never make themselves conspicuous."

"But, Dorothy, what can you say? A man made a grimace at me; he wore a straw hat; he went up in the elevator. Thousands of men with straw hats go up in the Waldorf elevator. But even if he could be located what can we prove?"

Gertrude was right. What could we prove?

It was in the middle of the summer that I opened a metropolitan newspaper to see, peering back at me from the front page, a face that was disagreeably familiar. There was the same straw hat; the same arrogant eyes; the same insolent tilt of the head. The item which accompanied the picture was the first of a series which was carried thereafter as a running story for a period of three weeks. Those items can be summarized as follows:

August 1, 1940, *The New York Times*: "Dr Gerhardt Alois Westrick, noted German Supreme Court lawyer, who arrived in the U. S. early this year—is occupying the estate of Harold Cellars at 188 Mamaroneck Road (Scarsdale). Dr. Westrick *who has a suite at the Waldorf*, entered the U. S. on the West Coast. . . . There has been some curiosity in the neighborhood on the number of persons calling on the Westricks, and it is reported that several callers are prominent figures in American Industry."

A few days later the press reported that Dr. Westrick's automobile was the property of one of America's great oil companies and in securing the license Dr. Westrick had given false information about his place of residence. The license was promptly revoked.

On August 11th this item appeared: "Dr. Westrick, it now appears, is really the commercial counselor of the German Embassy . . . and is said to have $5,000,000 in a San Francisco bank."

When Sumner Welles, Under Secretary of State, was interviewed on August 21st, he would make "no comment" on the rumor that the U. S. Government had found the activities of Dr. Westrick detrimental to the best interests of this country. The press had asked this question because the day before, August 20th, Westrick and his party sailed suddenly from San Francisco on their way home to Germany via Japan.

CHAPTER 7

"But, Mr. President—"

THERE was a brief period, before the Nazi party became an active menace to the world, when life seemed to open up a new pathway to peace. Germany had a republican government; Russia was busy with her "new experiment"—and Geneva was busy with hers. So between 1928 and 1934, the activities of the peace movement forged ahead steadily both in Europe and America. The ridicule and suspicion, which had beset most peace efforts during the decade following the First World War, were gradually being dissipated, and a season of fruitful promise seemed to open just ahead. Not that the officers and members of the peace organizations saw a warless world as any easy or imminent possibility. They held none of the wistful illusions expressed by a young newspaperwoman who, on interviewing Jane Addams, inquired what her next activities would be "now that peace was just around the corner." For those who worked in the field of peace knew too well the complexities and tensions of contemporary international life; and they minimized none of the difficulties. But by the nineteen-thirties, the peace movement had come of age; it was alive, vigorous, self-conscious.

In the United States, as elsewhere, it was represented by a variety of organizations. To the casual outsider, this was often confusing. "Why don't all the peace people get together?" they

would ask. "Doesn't everyone want peace?" But that was just the trouble; everybody did. Everybody from beribboned generals and industrialists, who saw peace as the happy offspring of armed might and bigger and better munitions, to the Communist brethren who ranked peace as the first fruit of proletarian dictatorship. In Washington, an array of stalwart warriors appeared regularly before the Congressional committees of military and naval affairs monotonously trumpeting their pious and contradictory platitudes:

"I believe in peace, but—"

"I am a pacifist, but—"

"No one wants peace more than the military, but—"

War, like sin, could find no patrons. Only Mussolini dared to utter its praises.

So in 1930, there was general gratification when a five-power conference was convened in London to consider the limitation of naval arms. The five powers were the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan. To some of us, a conference on "limitation" seemed about as logical as amputating a gangrene foot inch by inch. Nevertheless, as the Red Queen had pointed out so wisely to Alice long ago, it was often necessary to run as fast as possible in order to stay in the same place. For the naval "holiday" instituted in Washington in 1922 would come to an end by 1936, and unless another race in armaments was then to begin, new naval agreements would have to be ratified. In the W.I.L., our enthusiasm was tempered by the fact that we knew a certain amount of political horse trading was inevitable at such a conference. In Washington in 1922, the United States had surrendered superiority in battleships in exchange for England's abrogation of her Japanese alliance. Power politics was still the secret weapon of international diplomacy. Often the diplomat was just a ward boss in striped pants. The ward, to be sure, was larger; the smoke-filled rooms more elegant; the language less vulgar; but the bartering and maneuvering, unhappily, the same.

Nevertheless, the first effort to organize the world for peace

was under way at Geneva. The League of Nations certainly was a league of victorious powers, and the principle of national sovereignty still muddied the waters of international accord; but beginnings—even clumsy, weak, timid beginnings—had to be made; and the League of Nations, at least, was such a beginning.

Now if at London, agreements could be secured to limit navies below the 1922 level, those agreements might, in turn, limit the tensions and suspicions which were always indirect factors making for war. The President on Armistice Day had stirred the country by promising to reduce our naval strength in proportion to any other nation. "Having said that," Mr. Hoover had concluded, "it only remains for the others to say how low they will go; it cannot be too low for us."

The U. S. delegation consisting of five members and headed by Secretary of State Stimson, sailed for London January 9th, 1930. The party included "experts" from the State Department, a large group of clerks and stenographers (who were later to fill the English press with complaints about English food) and six admirals to serve as advisers.

Britain had already announced that she was willing to "limit" her seventy cruisers to fifty if the United States would make "equal sacrifices." The United States had countered, at once, by offering to cut her eighteen battleships down to a mere fifteen if England would agree to "an equivalent reduction." Amputation by slow degrees was under way. Each nation was prepared to offer up a toenail. But this would not be done without a struggle. Japan resented the "5-5-3 ratio" in naval tonnage established at Washington in 1922, and asked that it be abolished. The big powers said "No," but they said it nicely. Mr. Stimson assured Japan that she was the great "stabilizing influence in the Far East." Then the Italians became a nuisance. They wanted parity with the French in the Mediterranean. The French said "No."—In the midst of the conference the French government fell. The delegates took a holiday until a newly

appointed delegation from the new French government could return to London.

But these were all subsequent trifles compared to the first big news to rock the conference. On January 20th, Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald demanded the abolition of all battleships. In London, the diplomats of the four guest powers stuttered with shock; their foreign offices at home reeled under the blow. And the Russians, snug on their faraway snowy steppe, leaned back and laughed.

Night after night, the lights burned late at the State Department. On Capitol Hill there was feverish excitement. The lobbyists for the great shipbuilding firms, the steel industry, and certain of the labor unions pooled their activities. They descended on senators in a powerful phalanx, urging them to denounce this Socialist sacrilege.

"You're a fine one," snapped one of these harassed lobbyists as we met on the marble stairs of the Senate. "Just see what you have done—you and Ramsay MacDonald!"

But during all the tumult and shouting, one Washington stronghold was strangely silent. The American flag which usually floated above the White House was tidy and furled; for the President of the United States was not at home. Whenever a President went off on a much-needed holiday, some crisis arose which seemed to require his presence in Washington.

For the naval conference soon was deadlocked. The proposal for the abolition of all battleships had been followed by the French with a demand for the abolition of all submarines. According to the cables we received from Madeleine Doty, our W.I.L. lobbyist in London, the U. S. delegation was not only opposed to both of these far-reaching proposals, but also unwilling to consider an Atlantic security pact whereby these naval powers would agree not to go to the aid of an aggressor nation. Instead the American delegation was standing firmly for "parity," a policy which—if adopted—would mean that the United States, instead of reducing its Navy, would be permitted to build more battleships and cruisers.

We protested this situation through telegrams sent every night from our Washington office to the President's retreat in Florida. In the State Department, where these messages were rerouted regularly, I was reproached "for writing to the President every day as though he were my mother." Finally, Prentice Gilbert, an official of the department, called me on the telephone to inquire how long this W.I.L. barrage was going to continue. "It's not your perpetual telegrams to the President which concern me now," he said, "but the thousands of letters which pour in every day from your membership throughout the country. In your office, you just turn on a spigot, and the State Department is flooded. We are trying to answer all the mail," he continued, "but I would like to have some idea how long this flood is going to go on. We are having to commandeer every typist in the stenographic pool to handle the letters."

I assured him "the flood" would continue as long as the United States delegation in London failed to carry out the pledges given by our government to the American people before the conference convened. But this State Department inquiry cheered me enormously. It was wonderful to know that the W.I.L. membership throughout the country responded so energetically to the letters I sent regularly to our state branches analyzing the situation and suggesting the action to be taken.

Mr. Hoover had been back in Washington for some time when, on April 24th, I crossed Pennsylvania Avenue from my office in Jackson Place to deliver by hand a letter to the President. There had been a fire at the White House, and during repairs the Executive offices were located temporarily in the State Department. The letter which I carried was signed jointly by the president of the W.I.L., Hannah Clothier Hull, and by me. It was a long letter beginning with a reaffirmation of the W.I.L. support of the President's announced policies for far-reaching naval reduction; and then expressing our concern over the persistent reports from London which indicated that the United States delegation was repudiating these official pronouncements and was demanding instead a naval agreement

which would guarantee an American building program. We acknowledged that private citizens, not knowing all the inside facts, might misjudge the real situation; but that every report, both official and unofficial, seemed to confirm our apprehension that, should the conference fail, that failure would rest squarely on the United States. We begged the President to instruct the American delegation to accept the proposals for a consultative pact, for abolition of battleships and submarines, and to withdraw its present demands for that empty bauble—parity. The letter ended rather gratuitously by declaring, "The responsibility in this crisis is yours, Mr. President."

The following morning as I entered my office I was told that "the White House was on the telephone." The call was from the President's secretary who informed me that Mr. Hoover had just read the W.I.L. letter, and felt it would be more satisfactory to discuss the contents of the letter with me than to attempt to answer in writing the questions it raised. Therefore, would I come and see the President at four o'clock that afternoon?

When I put down the telephone, I called my mother, who was visiting in Washington at the time, to tell her I might be delayed in attending a tea party which was being given for her by a friend that afternoon. "Mr. Hoover has sent for me," I explained.

"Oh, Dotty—," said my mother in great concern. "What have you done now?" At times, I am sure, my activities must have been a trial to my nice, conservative family.

Wearing my best suit and a new hat, I climbed the steps of the State Department at a quarter to four. I was naturally very excited; this was a new experience. On the press bulletin board in the anteroom to the President's office, my name was the last on a list of presidential callers for that day. I had been a member of W.I.L. delegations to the White House on various occasions, but at those times, the officers of my board had always carried the brunt of the interviews; I had been merely a silent partner. But now I was on my own; now I had the full responsi-

bility for whatever was to come. And eager as I was to "try my spurs," the sense of responsibility was uppermost. I tried not to indicate my inner concern, however, when two newspapermen sat down on either side of me while I waited. They were reporters from two intensely partisan Republican papers, and in the past, when reporting W.I.L. activities, had invariably marked us as "Communist controlled" or (what seemed to me even more damning) "sentimental busybodies." They were lingering in the outer office hoping, no doubt, to pick up some fragment of last-minute White House news.

"What have you come over to bother the President about today?" asked one of them with the same shade of malice in his tone which usually tinged his newspaper reports.

"I really don't know yet," I answered frankly, and then added as casually as I could, "You see the President has sent for me."

That bit of deliberate bragging had the proper effect, and I left them gasping their Republican astonishment while I was ushered into the President's temporary office. It was a beautiful, long State Department room completely empty of furnishings except for a desk and a couple of chairs at the far corner of a brightly waxed, uncarpeted floor. I made my way cautiously across this vast expanse of polished slipperiness, knowing that any misstep would send me sliding in undignified haste to the President's feet.

I executed the distance, however, without misadventure. Mr. Hoover's desk was as brightly polished and chaste as the floor I had just maneuvered. On it were only four objects: a small American flag; a bust of Lincoln; a bust of Lindbergh; and the W.I.L. letter.

After the preliminary amenities, the President addressed himself at once to the contents of the letter. He said he knew that the public was disturbed by "rumors" from London that the naval conference was deadlocked, and that the U. S. delegation was in great part responsible for this situation. He recognized, too, the sincerity of the W.I.L. in pressing for more affirmative action; but he felt sure, he said, that we would not be so vocal

and persistent if conversant with all the facts. In our letter, he reminded me, we had pointed out that private citizens were not always in a position to know the facts. He knew our interest, respected our energy; therefore, he had decided to take me into his confidence. If I understood the real situation, he hoped the situation itself would persuade me to divert the present flood of W.I.L. criticism into equally vigorous public support for the government's undertakings at London.

At this point, Mr. Hoover took from his pocket a key and unlocked a deep drawer in the desk. From the drawer, he drew out a bulky package of dispatches. "These," he said, placing the package on his desk, "are the decoded cables sent to me by the U. S. delegation in London. I want you to read them. For I am sure when you have done so, you will agree with me that your letter was based on a misapprehension."

Right there, I made a mistake. For anyone representing a segment of public opinion, as I was, needed above all to be independent and free. To be taken into the confidence of the government was to have one's hands firmly tied. For inside facts, so acquired, could not be used; I would be bound in honor to respect the confidential nature of those secret dispatches. And I did; neither at that time nor since, have I ever revealed to anyone what I learned from the fat package of decoded messages I read that day. But the experience provided a lesson which had to be learned. Thereafter, I never permitted myself to accept confidential information which, from time to time, was offered by government officials. But on that April day in 1930, my good sense was undermined by my intense desire to know the inside facts, as well as by the subtle flattery which such presidential confidence inevitably invokes.

I had been envious of Madeleine Doty, our W.I.L. lobbyist in London. She was right there on the scene, could follow every lead, investigate and act on each new problem. And now here was I, sitting beside the President with the inside facts buried in the yellow sheets piled on my lap.

I picked up the first cable and began to read; the President

picked up a pencil and began to "doodle." It took me almost an hour to read through the thick pile of confidential dispatches; and in that hour, there unfolded before me the whole inside story of that abortive naval conference.

When I laid down the last decoded cable, dated only that day, the President looked up from the paper he was covering with elaborate patterns of intricate circular designs. Four sheets had already been deposited in the wastebasket beside the desk.

"Well," said the President gently as he smiled across the desk at me, "don't you agree now that your letter was based on a misapprehension?"

I hesitated. I liked this shy, gray President. There was something strangely appealing about his very diffidence. He did not seem like the controversial storm center of editorials and cartoons, or even the formal official who received White House deputations. He was just a man in a blue serge suit with very kind, very tired eyes. My immediate instinct was a protective one. Who was I to add even a fraction to the heavy burden he carried? Yet I knew integrity demanded my first allegiance.

"No, Mr. President," I said after the momentary pause. "To me, those dispatches only confirm the rightness of our letter."

"What do you mean?" he asked, swinging his chair about in a motion of impatience. "Can't you see all the complications—all the difficulties?"

"Yes, I think I do," I answered. "They are even worse than I had imagined."

"Then why do you say those dispatches confirm the rightness of your letter?"

"Because," I answered, "these dispatches have convinced me that the U. S. delegation is allowing the difficulties to block the achievement of your announced policies."

Mr. Hoover made another gesture of impatience.

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"Mr. President, I didn't have to read these dispatches to know that the U. S. delegation in London is concentrating all

its effort on the principle of parity, and not on reduction, I answered. "That certainly is no secret; the press reports that fact every day. Yet you stated publicly, before the conference convened, that our country was prepared to reduce its naval strength in proportion to any other nation, and that it only remained for the other nations to say how low they would go—they couldn't go too low for us. But our delegation, instead of supporting the proposals now before the conference for the abolition of battleships and submarines, blocks those proposals by its demands for parity. And won't parity mean a new super battleship for us as well as an extension of our cruiser program? That, it seems to me, contradicts your pledge that the United States would go as low as any other nation. Therefore, if the conference fails, why won't the fault lie with the United States, Mr. President?"

"But since reading those dispatches," said the President, "you certainly must see that there are other factors which must be considered in this situation also; and because of those factors, you should realize that if the conference fails the responsibility will not rest on the United States."

"Mr. President," I said, "I am sorry, but I can't understand what you mean. The factors you refer to certainly complicate the problems. I can't, of course, know all that is involved by just reading those dispatches. But in spite of such limited knowledge, what I *do* know convinces me that the United States will be responsible for the outcome of the conference. And as we suggested in our letter, it would seem that that responsibility is yours, Mr. President."

Mr. Hoover looked as though I had struck him. He swung his chair around in a half circle so that his back was partly toward me. He gazed silently out of the window across Executive Avenue. Opposite, the White House grounds lay lovely and serene in the gathering spring twilight. Inside the room, there was only a prolonged silence, and the pallid dusk of early evening. What should I do? Should I leave? But one didn't just

leave a President; one had to be dismissed. I must wait; his was the next move. Yet after what seemed to me an interminable time, I half rose in my chair.

"Mr. President," I asked quietly, "do you want me to leave?"

The President turned slowly in his chair. "No, sit down," he said wearily. "I want to ask you a question." There was a long pause, then looking up he said, "What would you do now if you were President of the United States?"

This time, I felt as if the President had struck me.

Perhaps it is true that only fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Yet I suspect that those are the pedestrian angels; the brave ones are surely winged with that urgent prayer for moral valor: "Do Thou, O God, stand by me against all this world's Reason and Wisdom."

"Mr. President," I said, trying to make my tone as light as possible, "I don't suppose a President of the United States will ever ask me that question again. And perhaps you will think that only arrogance or ignorance would lead me to answer it. I hope it is neither; for I want to answer it."

"Go on," he said. "I want to hear what you would do."

I took a deep breath. "Do Thou, O God—"

"Mr. President," I began, "you don't know it, but in one sense we have shared a tremendous experience. Only you were the chief of the American Relief Administration in Europe, and I was only an ordinary relief worker with the Friends' Mission. But however different our status in that work, we both know what war means to all the little people. If I were President of the United States I would never forget for one moment all those little people. Remembering them, I would discard all ideas of 'parity' and 'limitation' and 'reduction,' and I would offer at London a program so audacious and inspiring that the world would rise up and call me blessed. You can do that; you have the power. You would be opposed and vilified, of course, by the vested interests in war, but those are the ones who are never shot at or starved." I paused. "Why can't you do that?"

"I can't," said the President, swinging his chair around toward

the window again. "I can't. Besides, you forget this is not a disarmament conference. This is a conference on limitation."

"I haven't forgotten that, Mr. President," I said. "But certainly you can 'limit' things down to nothing. And what other nation has such an opportunity as the United States now? We have two big oceans on either side of us, friendly neighbors to the north and the south. Who threatens us? We are powerful, and rich, and safe. We could go farther than any other nation. If you would offer a program of real naval disarmament, supplemented perhaps with a positive economic program, think what that would mean for peace? Why can't you do something like that before it is too late?"

"I can't," he said. "I can't."

"Well, if you can't do all of that," I pursued, "why can't you accept the proposals for the abolition of battleships and submarines? If the other nations are making those proposals just as a bluff, why don't you call their bluff? But if they are honest, what a good start that would be. If the United States doesn't respond now, it may be forever too late."

The President was silent for a long moment; then he raised his hands in a gesture of futility, and dropped them on the desk. "I can't," he fairly whispered. "I can't."

I looked at the weary profile silhouetted against the window. In it was sadness, and worry, and frustration. "He's trapped," I said to myself, "trapped. He holds the most powerful position in the most powerful nation in the world, and yet for some reason the President of the United States is not a free agent." For at that moment, I was certain that Mr. Hoover was as eager as I to see our country make a far-reaching, creative contribution to the cause of peace. The infinite kindness which had made him years before the champion of hungry Europe was certainly the outstanding quality of this curiously shy, unhappy President. But I had been in Washington long enough to know that the Chief Executive is not only President of the United States; he is also the head of a political party. And experience had already taught me that "the party" can modify and

vitiate the finest instincts of its leader. In later years, one was to see President Roosevelt, with all his popular support, yield nevertheless to the sinister power of a Hague, a Crump, and a Kelly. The public could never know all the bargains made, all the compromises accepted, all the demands imposed behind the closed doors of a party caucus, before a presidential candidate was chosen.

Whether Mr. Hoover was now bound by such hampering commitments or whether there were secret factors, not revealed in the dispatches I had read, which prevented his acting positively in this crisis, I could not know. But I was convinced as I sat in the growing dusk of that long State Department room, that the harassed President in front of me had been defeated by circumstances he conceived to be now beyond his control.

I looked at my watch; it was six o'clock. I had been there two hours. I rose to my feet. "It is six o'clock, Mr. President. Don't you want me to go?" Mr. Hoover's eyes never moved from the window. It was a moment before he jerked slightly, as though just aware that someone had spoken.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Perhaps you would like me to go," I said.

"Oh, yes—yes," he answered. "Yes, of course."

"Thank you very much for letting me talk to you," I said, feeling a little at a loss to know how to end such an interview.

I turned toward the slippery darkness, and felt my way carefully to the door. The outer office was bright and busy. Joseph Cotton, the Under Secretary of State, was striding up and down impatiently. He stopped short when I entered the room.

"Well, I'll be—," he didn't finish the sentence. "If I had known it was you in there all this time— Well, I'll be—." I smiled at him. "You must confess, it is not every day that I can keep an Under Secretary waiting," I said. He opened the door without further ceremony and strode into the President's office.

I got my coat off the rack and went out into the lovely April evening. I would go to the office now and type a memorandum

while the events of the last two hours were still fresh in my mind. Tomorrow I would take it to the bank and place it in my safety deposit box. This was a memorandum which could not be dictated to a secretary nor put in the office files. For I was burdened with a secret; the naval conference would fail.

The little yellow lamps of Lafayette Square glowed softly in the twilight. A few pigeons still hurried among the crocuses, talking importantly to themselves. And across the world, diplomats wrangled about parity and ratios and tonnage. Unleashed force was marching again—marching against all the little people. When would men learn that salvaged navies—like manna saved —is Death?

CHAPTER 8

Women and Elephants

THE failure of the naval conference did not, however, defeat all our hopes or diminish our energies. There were other important issues which demanded attention. During the following year, the W.I.L. plunged into the Congressional struggle for American adherence to the World Court protocols, and independence for the Philippines. We organized Senate hearings on the Cutting Bill—a measure drafted by John W. Davis, which would permit alien conscientious objectors to become U. S. citizens. We continued our long struggle for the "Haitianization of the Haitian government" and the withdrawal of marines from Nicaragua.

The depression brought hunger marchers, and the "Battle of Pennsylvania Avenue." We published pamphlets, made speeches, and marched ourselves to the White House urging economic measures which would provide security to men and domestic peace to the nation. It was clear that brickbats were never thrown by those who lived in fine houses and ate three meals a day. There was certainly a direct relation between insecurity and violence. "Every man has a constitutional right to sleep under a bridge; but only the poor seem to exercise that right." We asked for a thirty-million-dollar cut in the Army and Navy budgets, not only to provide the government econo-

mies necessary for an adequate public works program, but also to postpone new navy building, granted under the London agreements, until after the Geneva Disarmament Conference which was scheduled to convene early in 1932.

But the most conspicuous W.I.L. undertaking for that year was a project focused directly on the coming conference. It took the form of a nation-wide campaign for signatures to a petition calling for total and universal disarmament. Our plan was to present these petitions to the American delegation at the opening of the Geneva conference.

Mabel Vernon, one of my colleagues, was in charge of this work. She organized a cross-country "caravan" of automobiles which started in California and came East, stopping at every city, village, and hamlet on the way, and sending off shoots of little caravans in many directions from the main highway.

It was a tremendous undertaking. The caravan routes first had to be mapped; then preparations made in every community on those routes to place our W.I.L. speakers and their petitions before the public. Mabel Vernon took advantage of ready-made meetings, like Rotary clubs and civic forums, but it was necessary to arrange for special public gatherings, too. There was all the business of welcoming committees, interviews with mayors and the press, and seeing that the caravans arrived in this place promptly and left in time to get to that place on schedule. But this was only part of the gigantic task. The caravans had to be provided with volunteers to drive the cars, and competent speakers who could give one, two, three or more weeks to such a strenuous campaign. The emergencies were endless: a broken arm, or a husband who, at the last moment, didn't want his wife to go; or the death of Aunt Susie. But Mabel Vernon's extraordinary organizing ability and keen publicity sense were demonstrated by the success of the venture. The newspapers loved it. The flag-draped caravans, the ceremonies on courthouse steps, the securing of signatures from prominent local gentry, all provided colorful subjects for newspaper pictures. And the extreme demands of our petition—

total and universal disarmament—lit the flame of endless press controversy so that the caravans provoked a running story across the country. For 130 communities, covering 25 states, were visited; thousands of speeches made; and four hundred thousand signatures affixed to this radical petition.

From time to time, during those hot summer months, I joined the caravan, speaking six to nine times a day, seven days a week. Meetings held in public halls, churches, drawing rooms, or legislatures were easy enough. But I was never able to develop that Union Square fortitude which is surely an advantage when one is required to stand up in an open car on a street corner and start declaiming to the thin air. To me, the vaunted glories of this kind of very, very free speech were enormously overrated. I never could decide which was worse: those first embarrassing street corner moments when one addressed only the empty cosmos, or the later moments when, one by one, a skeptical crowd began to gather around the open car. At this point, what did one do? Did one begin again, repeat one's arguments for the sake of the newcomers? But there were always more newcomers. It was all very disconcerting.

However, for me practice in this difficult art was limited. It ended one night when, after ten hours of speaking and traveling through New York State, the caravan made its last appearance for that day in the city of Rochester. After a hurried public dinner in the best hotel—where there were more speeches, more gathering of signatures—the members of the caravan were divided into teams, each team being assigned to speak at meetings in different parts of the town. Dorothy Cook, a member of our Washington staff, and I were delegated to undertake what was to me the most difficult kind of caravan task—"to create a meeting"—in one of Rochester's beautiful parks.

When we drove into the park, and I looked over our potential audience, panic overcame me. For the place was teeming with boisterous youngsters. Only once before have I experienced such paralyzing stage fright. That had been at the end of a speaking tour in England when I had been persuaded to cancel my

passage home in order to address an "important audience" which was determined to hear me. When I arrived at a far corner of England, exhausted after a difficult journey from London, the "important audience" gathered to hear me consisted of two nuns and four children.

The same panic invoked by that strange little group seized me in the Rochester park. But nuns and little girls were one thing; jeering adolescents quite another. I had never been disturbed by the occasional heckling of adult audiences. In fact, it was rather fun if one "knew one's stuff," had a strong voice and a soupçon of humor. I had tilted too often with Communist brothers or D.A.R. sisters to be ruffled by the usual kind of badgering. But that night in the Rochester park when a teen-aged youngster appropriated my first faltering words and began to mimic my performance with exaggerated but all too clever accuracy—plunging his companions into convulsions of laughter—my knees buckled, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth.

"I can't do it," I said to Dorothy Cook. "I just can't make a speech."

My devotion and admiration for Dorothy were unbounded, but they reached a new high that evening when, on seeing my panic, she leaped from the car, mounted a park bench, and took over. She joined the uproarious laughter, winning the lads with a story which she cleverly wove into a simple appeal for peace and disarmament. I can see her now, her sleek, patrician head silhouetted against the column of a giant tree, and her voice floating out across the park like music. And while she spoke, a sailor on a neighboring bench wooed his girl with as much abandon and unconcern as he would have, had we been furniture in a dim and secluded parlor. Never once during the speech nor through all the laughter did he slacken his wooing.

We secured no signatures to our petition that night. The taunting boys and girls were too young; the sailor and his lady too busy.

But for me, caravan adventures were few. The other parts of

our W.I.L. program demanded my time in Washington. However, one piece of work undertaken there had a direct and significant connection with our campaign for disarmament. The W.I.L. caravans were not only seeking signatures to the disarmament petition, but they were also stirring up public sentiment for the appointment of a woman to the American conference delegation.

Up to that time, no woman had ever served in such a capacity for the United States, and the immediate reaction of the government to this proposal was one of pained concern and shock. At first the State Department dealt gently and patronizingly with us. Queer people had to be mollified. It was difficult for us to convince the officials that women were persons, too; that they made up half the adult population, were allowed to vote, and permitted to pay quite a lot of taxes. However, as pressure for the appointment of a woman delegate grew, the government's resistance gradually lessened, too—though not its pained concern. Finally, the State Department announced that if the women's organizations "could get together" and agree on one woman, the Administration would take this matter "under consideration" and "maintain an open mind." To the officials it seemed wholly irrelevant and illogical for us to ask if the men all had to get together, too.

However, the women got together. The W.I.L. sent out a call to thirty national women's organizations. After many meetings and much discussion, the officers of these groups agreed to ask the Administration to appoint Judge Florence Allen, of Ohio. Judge Allen was a good fighter for peace, and we knew she could hold her own in any bevy of gentlemen delegates. But when, with a great sense of achievement, we presented the name of Judge Allen—by means of a letter signed by the presidents of these national groups which represented millions of members—the State Department was nonplused. Apparently it was disconcerting to discover that women could "get together." But then it developed that getting together was not enough. Judge Allen, we were informed, would not do. Judge

Allen was a Democrat. We thought Democrats were persons too, and we didn't see the Disarmament Conference in terms of a Republican caucus; nevertheless, we accepted this decision meekly, and we all got together again. There were more meetings, more discussions. This time the women's organization emerged with the name of a good Republican, Dr. Mary Woolley, President of Mount Holyoke College.

The State Department swallowed its dismay and disgorged a promise. Since the women had gotten together—thus performing a miracle—they must be repaid; Dr. Woolley would be appointed when the proper time came.

That accomplished, the W.I.L. turned its attention to the other delegates. We wanted to see labor, education, young people represented. Yet we knew before we began that this was a losing fight. It was inevitable that the same politically correct and uninspired gentlemen would go to Geneva.

As the time drew near for the announcement of the American delegation, there was lively speculation and discussion in the press. It was an open secret, however, that Dr. Woolley would be appointed. Dr. Woolley "had been promised to the women."

I was reading my office mail around nine o'clock on a mild December morning when Drew Pearson telephoned me.

"Dorothy, I have some bad news for you," he said.

"What is it, Drew?"

"This afternoon at four o'clock the President is going to announce to the press the names of the American delegation to the Disarmament Conference," he answered. "And I am sorry to tell you that Dr. Woolley's name is not among them."

"I just can't believe that," I said. "The Administration promised to appoint her; how do you know?"

"I've just seen the official list," he replied. "It's still supposed to be confidential but I have just had a look at it. I understand," he went on, "that there was some kind of Republican row at the White House last night. It seems that a few of the inside boys rebelled when they found Hoover intended to appoint Dr. Woolley. She doesn't belong to the inner circle, you know.

There was some discussion about throwing a bone to you ladies by appointing a Republican gal who could be carefully controlled. But they finally turned thumbs down on that too."

I thanked Drew for this "fill in," and assured him I would make the most of the hours left before four o'clock.

"Good luck," he said, "but you haven't much time. The press releases on the delegation are being mimeographed now."

I put in a call to the State Department at once. The Secretary of State, I was told, could see me the next afternoon, but not before; his schedule was full for the day. I tried the Under Secretary's office. He could see me at six in the evening, but until then he was busy receiving ambassadors and ministers. I next rang the office of one of the Assistant Secretaries, Mr. James Grafton Rogers. Yes, Mr. Rogers would be able to see me at twelve o'clock. I spent the intervening period before noon telephoning long distance or telegraphing to the various women's organizations, relaying to them the information Drew had given to me and suggesting immediate wires to the White House.

When I arrived at his office at the State Department, Mr. Rogers was, as always, pleasant and humorous. But I was not. I poured out my indignation in a vigorous denunciation of the Administration's "breach of faith."

"How did you find this out?" Mr. Rogers asked.

"Can't we just leave it that I have found out?" I said. "For I don't feel at liberty to reveal my source." Mr. Rogers dropped that question and began to reason with me. After all, this wasn't such a momentous matter, was it? One woman on a delegation couldn't affect the final outcome of a conference, anyway. Besides, I must know that the delegates didn't initiate policy; they only carried out the policy laid down by the government.

"Well," I said, "if it's so unimportant why do the men want all the places?"

A mixed delegation made things more complicated, he said, and there were enough complications without adding unnecessary ones. I said if by the complications he meant such things

as cigar smoke, shirt sleeves, and a bit of profanity I felt Dr. Woolley was sophisticated enough to accept such masculine proclivities.

No, no, no—that wasn't what he meant; this wasn't a ward meeting; this was an international conference. But I apparently had some romantic idea that one woman delegate would affect the outcome of the conference. He thought I ought not to be so naïve. Well, if she wouldn't affect the outcome, what was the objection to appointing her then, I asked; or did he mean to indicate that a man appointed in her place *would* affect the outcome just because he was a man.

Mr. Rogers laughed. "You certainly are a strong feminist, aren't you?" he said.

"No, as a matter of fact, I'm not," I replied. "At least, I'm not a feminist in the sense that you apparently are interpreting that word. No one could be antagonistic to men," I added, "who was brought up in a family with the kind of father and brothers I have. Any war of the sexes is distasteful to me. I really love your sex very much, Mr. Rogers," I assured him. "Men surely bring to life a very radiant quality. But even you must admit that men—bless them—have not yet made a radiant success of the business of peace."

"No," Mr. Rogers replied, "they haven't. I hope you women can do better. Someday you may have that chance."

"Yes, someday," I answered, rising and moving toward the door, "but men and women ought to do it together. It's a job which needs both, and needs both now."

"I'm sorry you are so disappointed," Mr. Rogers said sympathetically. "It's just too bad."

"It's not only too bad, Mr. Rogers," I replied, "it's also stupid."

"Stupid?" he said.

"Yes, really stupid," I repeated. "Has the Administration forgotten that elections come with fair regularity in this country?" I opened the door. "And, Mr. Rogers—*women and elephants never forget.*"

Mr. Rogers put back his head and roared with laughter. "Wait a minute," he called after me, "and please excuse me for laughing; but you said that with such deadly seriousness."

"Don't you think it's deadly serious," I asked, "when a government breaks faith with a body of its citizens?"

Mr. Rogers didn't answer; instead, he picked up the telephone. "Give me the White House," he said.

I waited at the door while the call came through.

"This is Rogers at the State Department," he said when the connection was made. "Could I see the President for five minutes this noon? It's important." There was a pause. "Fine, I'll be there at one fifteen."

Mr. Rogers rose, still chuckling, and walked down the hall with me. I went back to my office and ate my lunch on my desk as I dictated answers to the morning mail. It was two o'clock when the telephone rang.

"I have some news I think will please you," came Mr. Rogers' nice voice.

"Good, what is it?" I asked excitedly.

"The President will announce the delegation at four o'clock this afternoon as planned," he said, "and *your* Dr. Woolley will be on it."

"Hurrah," I said, "that's wonderful, wonderful. How did you accomplish it? What did you do?"

"Oh, I just borrowed the words of a lady I know," he replied. "I said, 'Mr. President—this is serious; women and elephants never forget.' "

It was on the afternoon of February 2, 1932, that the Disarmament Conference opened in Geneva. But the first plenary session was postponed for an hour so that the members of the Council of the League of Nations might answer an emergency call to discuss a disturbing crisis—the Sino-Japanese conflict. For at the very moment the gavel fell, signalizing the opening of the disarmament discussions, across the world on the far

Pacific, Shanghai was undergoing a storm of withering bombardment. Mr. Philip Noel-Baker was later to report:

> I know of people in responsible positions who believe that the conquest of Manchuria and other provinces of China was determined by the Japanese military leaders after consultation with the armament manufacturers of Europe; and that the date of their invasion was so arranged that it would present the Disarmament Conference with the League of Nation's covenant in ruins when it met. I should not care myself to take responsibility for that assertion. But there are certain facts which make it impossible to dismiss as absurd.

But the conference was not only burdened with this serious Far Eastern crisis; Europe, too, was seething with unrest and tension. Many Europeans saw world-wide depression as the inevitable whirlwind of debts and reparations. And so up the lake at Lausanne, a conference on reparations was meeting simultaneously with the disarmament sessions in Geneva. For the old conundrum of the chicken and the egg had arisen once more. To America's former Allies, the United States appeared as a greedy Shylock; for they held that recovery—and hence security—depended on a readjustment of the Allied debts. On the other hand, the United States—the great creditor nation—was unwilling to pare down these debts, if the funds so released were to be used for new armaments. To the citizens of the United States, another race in armaments was not the way to recovery and peace.

It was in such an atmosphere that the conference began. The delegates had before them the text of a draft convention which the League of Nations Preparatory Commission had taken five years to formulate. Trouble began at once. France was obsessed with one concern: security. Republican Germany was obsessed with another: Hitler. The delegates of the new

struggling Republic were convinced that unless they could take back to the German people some assurance that the inequality clauses of the Versailles Treaty would be modified by the agreements reached on disarmament, the Republic might fall to Hitler. Dr. Brüning, the German Chancellor, made an impassioned plea at the conference. "The German government," he said, "ask that their own disarmament be followed by general disarmament. This is Germany's moral and legal right which no one can contest." This plea was supported by Litvinov who, on February 9th, tossed into the conference hopper the Soviet's monumental plan for total and universal disarmament. Peace was indivisible, he said, and total disarmament the only infallible remedy.

The W.I.L. was elated. Here before the conference was an official proposal, submitted by one of the great powers, which translated into concrete terms the sum and substance of our W.I.L. petition. For the Soviet plan outlined in the most careful and minute detail the process by which disarmament might be accomplished. Never before nor since has any nation produced such a comprehensive blueprint for peace. But it was then the world's folly, and now the world's tragedy, that on February 25th the Russian proposal was overwhelmingly defeated. Support for it came from only three nations—the German Republic, Turkey, and Persia.

After that, the conference sank into a morass of technical bickering. Should the convention provide for the abolition of bombing planes or just outlaw "inhuman bombing"? Sir John Simon announced that Great Britain never—but *never*—indulged in inhuman bombing. God forbid. But the bombing plane was essential to Britain; it was needed to "police India." Should they allow super battleships, pocket battleships, or just ordinary everyday battleships? The debating, the bickering, the committee meetings, the perpetual recesses went on endlessly.

Then at the end of April came Germany's bi-elections, resulting in an enormous increase of Nazi seats in the Prussian and Bavarian diets. Brüning, who had gone to Germany for the

elections, rushed back to Geneva. He laid before the British and American officials the obvious meaning of those Nazi increases. He begged them to consider a plan for saving the German Republic. The plan he proposed was detailed and specific. But in brief, it provided that the Brüning government would guarantee to carry out certain definite undertakings in Germany if, in exchange, the Allied governments would agree to write into the disarmament convention certain provisions which, in spirit and substance, would negate the inequality clauses of the Versailles Treaty. Brüning argued that if he could take back to Germany a "token" of success, this achievement might well cripple the rising popularity of Hitler.

The British and Americans were impressed. Now, if France would concur, perhaps some formula could be evolved to help save Germany's Republican government. A wire was sent to Tardieu, who was in France for a political campaign, asking him to return to Geneva at once to discuss this matter. Tardieu succumbed to a "diplomatic cold," postponing his return for weeks. According to Wheeler-Bennett, the source of the "cold" was a report from the French Ambassador to Germany. For at a dinner party in Berlin, General von Schleicher had advised the French Ambassador that it would be wiser for France not to negotiate with Brüning as the latter's fall was imminent, and that the new chancellor who would come to power was a man who would be much more receptive to France's wishes. It was not the first time in history that statesmanship has foundered in the quicksands of dinner-party diplomacy. For with Tardieu's delayed return to Geneva, this opportunity passed into eternity, and in later years France was to learn with grief, the receptive qualities of the Reich's Chancellor.

But at the time there were few who knew of this historical incident. People were aware only that the Geneva deliberations were sinking deeper into technical doldrums. Then on June 20th, President Hoover put forth one last valiant effort to salvage the conference. From the White House, he issued a manifesto which, in substance, called for a one-third cut in

all land, sea, and air arms; and the abolition of chemical warfare. The hopes of the world rose once again.

To some of us who were lobbying at Geneva, these Hoover proposals were like a spiritual shot in the arm. But the effect was soon to wear off. The German Republic and the Soviet welcomed the American action, but France, England, and Japan were opposed.

I have always felt that had the U. S. delegation contained one outstanding personality—a personality fired with conviction and infused with deep moral responsibility—the results might have been different. But we had no such person. One could hardly expect the suavity of Hugh Gibson, the big-navy mentality of Claude Swanson, the solemnness of Norman Davis, and the timidity of Mary Woolley to stir and sway the conference. Some of us, in our limited way, tried to stir and sway *them*. But how does one sway the soul of a cabbage?

So the Hoover proposals were rejected without any real struggle. Power politics again won a little war against the people. Then on July 20th, the conference received a resolution which Sir John Simon stated "covered the widest base of agreement among the delegations." If that was true, it certainly was a base without any substance. For there was nothing in it of any permanent value or significance except one section outlawing chemical warfare. Three days later, on July 23rd, the conference—which had been meeting regularly for six months—voted on this bastard document.

My diary recalls that session which ended the world's hopes for disarmament:

"I am writing this as I sit in the gallery during the translation of a speech. As always it is exciting to see the world in one room. Yet how different are the parts of that world as represented by governments here. On the whole, the Russian delegation is so very, very young; the French so very, very old; the Irish so very, very clever. And except for Dr. Woolley and Mrs. Corbett Ashby of England, the floor is black with men, the galleries solid with women. I have been watching a Japanese

admiral who always seems to wear a kind of cat smile on his cruel, dissolute face. How I wonder what goes on in that Oriental mind!"

Later; Midnight—The Maison Internationale.

"The conference is over. The resolution adopted is another document of pious words and futility. But what a valiant fight for disarmament was made by those dear little countries—'the Straight Eight'; and how different they are, how much braver, how much decenter than the 'Crooked Five.' Most of the Straight Eight abstained when the vote came. They couldn't stomach this tragic farce, nor even make fun of it as did the Irish delegate who, when his turn came announced that 'The Irish Free State is always willing to vote *Yes* on nothing.' There were forty-one votes in favor, eight abstentions, and two against. The room was very tense and hushed when Brüning for Germany voted a resounding '*No*.' But the high point came when Litvinov simply shouted, 'The Soviet Union votes *Yes*—for Disarmament; *No*—for this resolution.' The gallery, packed with bourgeois women, was swept into such spontaneous, riotous applause for the Soviet delegate that the guards couldn't get order, and cleared most of us out.

"I was perfectly willing to go. Why stay to see the murderers of peace toss earth on the coffin of disarmament?"

CHAPTER 9

Let My People Go

TO the citizens of the Capital, a Washington summer is often an endurance race with time. In recent years, air cooling has made life more bearable for many, but in the early thirties, no such blessed luxury released America's government community from the sodden, breathless heat which, in May or June, settles upon the city.

It was on such a morning in July, 1930, that I arrived, wilted and depleted, at my office which was then on Jackson Place. The temperature, which had hovered in the nineties all during the previous night, was by morning again racing to top a hundred degrees. The heat wave had hung unbroken over the city for three torrid weeks and had produced in everyone a sense of acute misery, like the torment of an unappeased thirst.

Fortunately the office mail was light that morning. That was a blessing. Electric fans and Coca-Cola would help us carry through the morning work, and I would close the office early in the afternoon. During the past blistering fortnight, the government departments had released their staffs by three o'clock and "when the government went home," I let the W.I.L. staff go home, too.

As I read through the mail on my desk, it seemed as lifeless and uninspiring as the weather outside. But at the bottom of

the pile, I found a communication which stirred my curiosity. It was a letter from John Harris, secretary of the British Anti-Slavery Society, dated June 20, 1930, and addressed to Emily Greene Balch, chairman of the W.I.L. Board. Miss Balch had forwarded Mr. Harris' letter to the Washington office, with a covering note asking me "to handle it."

The content of the letter was in substance as follows: The Abyssinian government, it said, was planning to build a dam at the headwaters of the Blue Nile. For years, engineering companies from Great Britain, France, and Italy had been competing with each other for this construction job. But the Emperor of Abyssinia, the Ras Tafari, was anxious to escape from any economic domination by European countries. He had, therefore, assigned to an American engineering corporation the task of making a survey of the dam site; a preliminary contract, according to the letter, was now being negotiated between the Abyssinian government and a New York engineering firm. Then came the significant point of this communication: "Evidence exists," it said, "that the Ras Tafari has agreed to furnish slave labor to foreign concessioners." There was a rumor, it continued, that the projected contract contained such a section. Slave labor, it pointed out, and even certain types of forced labor were contrary to the terms of the League of Nations Anti-Slavery Convention; a convention to which the United States was also a signatory. The letter suggested that the W.I.L. might be interested in investigating the terms of the survey contract since it was obvious that the United States Government would not sanction American business firms' breaking the provisions of a solemn treaty to which the government was a party; nor would the people of the country approve of American firms making profits through the labor of slaves.

My immediate reaction to the letter was one of irritation and skepticism. I did not question the integrity of Mr. John Harris, but I did question the motives of certain people closely identified with the Anti-Slavery Society. Lady Simon, wife of Sir John Simon, was one of these, and anyone even remotely

connected with Sir John made my mind bristle. For if ever there was a living personification of Imperial Britain, Sir John was it. Hence I suspected that Mr. Harris' letter might have been prompted by those in the Anti-Slavery Society whose concern about the engineering contract was not wholly disinterested. It was quite conceivable, it seemed to me, that for strategic reasons, the British government might not wish to have an American business firm planted squarely at the headwaters of the Blue Nile; or it was equally conceivable that the letter might have been prompted by the usual resentment arising out of Anglo-American business rivalry. Whichever it was, I could see no reason for the W.I.L. using its good offices to further Britain's imperialist interests. For in the Empire, Britain had an infamous record on slavery herself. The Anti-Slavery Society reports on forced labor for private enterprise in the Kenya, Nigeria, and Southern Rhodesia were absolutely shocking. I put the letter aside.

But an hour later, I reread it. I knew that whatever Britain's policy toward submerged peoples might be, the Anti-Slavery Society was an altruistic and reputable organization, and Mr. John Harris, a man dedicated to the abolition of those remnants of slavery still existing in different parts of the world. It was possible that the letter had been prompted only by his own deep concern over this evil still flourishing in Abyssinia. Perhaps it was stupid of me to leap to conclusions so hastily. At least there was no harm in inquiring about that contract.

I called the State Department and got an appointment for four o'clock that afternoon with the Under Secretary of State, Mr. Joseph Cotton. At lunch time, I told the staff to close the office "when the government went home," and I myself returned to my own apartment. There, with a copy of the Anti-Slavery Convention, a small carton of ice cream, and a file of the Anti-Slavery Society reports, I settled myself in a cold tub until time to go to the State Department.

When that hour arrived I got into a white suit of crisp

Chinese grass linen, and relieved its tailored severity with a silver belt and a long silver chain.

When I reached the State Department, the clerk in the outer office announced me through the interoffice telephone, and I could hear the Under Secretary say, "All right, send her in."

I opened the door, and stopped short inside. Mr. Cotton, his collar open at the throat and his lap piled with papers, was sitting in his shirt sleeves, his chair tilted back at a precarious angle and his stocking feet propped on the desk. A crumpled tie hung over a limp, damp, seersucker coat on a near-by chair, and a pair of enormous white shoes lay abandoned in the middle of the floor like a couple of capsized boats. I closed the door and leaned against it laughing. Mr. Cotton peered at me for a moment through the frame of his tremendous feet, then swinging them to the floor, he greeted me.

"Aha," he said, "if it isn't a white knight in armor; and what errand of mercy brings this white knight to me today?"

"She's freeing slaves," I answered.

"Oh, my God," he exclaimed. "Couldn't she wait for cooler weather?"

"I'm afraid slaves, like the mail, can't wait for fair weather," I replied.

"You win," he said, grinning, as he began to button his collar and reach for his tie and coat.

"Oh, don't do that," I protested. "It just makes me hotter to see you do it."

Mr. Cotton shot me a look of gratitude, then glancing with distaste at the mangled tie in his hand, tossed it into the wastebasket, and with one stride, retrieved the shoes from the middle of the floor. "I'll put these on anyway," he said, sitting down on the couch. "Can't have a white knight see me without my spurs." When he finished tying his shoelaces, he waved a hand in the general direction of my chain and belt.

"Wouldn't you like to lay off some of that armor?" he asked.

I told him I would lay off my hat instead, and pulling it off, laid it on the couch. For a moment we talked about the weather; we couldn't help it. Nothing else could be dealt with that summer until the weather had been verbally disposed of. After we agreed on what we thought and felt about it, I handed him the letter from the Anti-Slavery Society. When Mr. Cotton had finished reading it, he looked up and asked, "What do you expect me to do about this?"

"I thought the government might want to have a look at that contract," I answered.

"Yes, we might; but we have no power to do so," he replied.

"Can't you just request to see it?" I asked.

"Well, and suppose we did, and the New York company refused?"

"Don't you think their refusal would be significant?"

"Not necessarily," said Mr. Cotton. "They could say it was none of the government's business."

"I thought it was the government's business to see that none of its nationals broke the provisions of a treaty," I answered.

"What makes you so sure the author of this letter knows what he is talking about?" he asked, adding: "You know, little white knights can be awfully gullible."

"You can be sure I am never gullible about Tory Britain," I responded. "As a matter of fact at first I was skeptical about that letter myself. You know, Lady Simon is prominently identified with the Anti-Slavery Society, and there is little I would put beyond Sir John. But then I realize, too, that wives can't always be responsible for their husband's views. We have a lot of good W.I.L. members married to avidly militaristic husbands. It is just possible, isn't it, that the information in that letter is accurate? American business firms have been known to do shady things in the past, haven't they?"

"Now, my brave little white knight, let me tell you something," Mr. Cotton said firmly. "American businessmen may have been knaves at times, it is true; but few of them are fools.

They are much too smart and worldly wise to get themselves into this kind of trouble. Moreover," he went on, "if a dam is going to be built at the headwaters of the Nile, African labor will of course have to be used. It is obvious that conditions in Africa are different from those which obtain here. Therefore, the labor arrangements will not be the same as those which our trade unions could demand. That is obvious. But it does not, therefore, follow that because the conditions will be different, slave labor will automatically be employed."

"No," I said, "but, Mr. Cotton, I have just spent a couple of hours with these," and I held out the file of reports from the Anti-Slavery Society on the top of which was clipped the Anti-Slavery Convention. "And as you know, forced labor is also contrary to the terms of the convention. From what I have learned from these reports, apparently some forms of forced labor are inevitable in Africa, unless the terms of foreign contracts are absolutely clear."

"What do you mean 'clear'?" Mr. Cotton asked.

"I mean unless a contract clearly provides that the foreign concessioners will deal directly with each laborer as an individual and not with his bosses," I explained. "From what I have been reading today, it appears that it is general practice in Africa for foreign concessioners to make their arrangements for labor with the native chiefs. The chiefs then appear to do a wholesale job of kidnapping, and force their victims to work for them. The concessioner pays the chief so much a head, and so though the concessioner may not be directly responsible for forced labor, he certainly is morally responsible. Besides," I added, "quite apart from the moral questions involved, haven't banks and business firms in the past gotten the United States into all kinds of difficulties abroad, because they demanded American marines to protect their investments?"

"I don't think you need worry in this case," Cotton replied. "It's true, American businessmen may not have the same ethics as you and I; but I repeat they are not fools. They know the

woods are full of little white knights bent on errands of mercy. So I don't think you need be concerned about Americans ever exploiting the peoples of Africa."

"Well," I said, "there is Liberia."

Mr. Cotton thrust out his jaw and looked at me intently for a second, then bringing his fist down with a thud on the desk, he almost shouted, "By God, you're right; there is Liberia."

He got up and walked to the window. His fingers played nervous little tattoos on the ledge. Outside, the heat rose and fell in shimmering waves above the blistered, famished trees of the Mall. Mr. Cotton stood for a long time in thought. Finally he turned to me.

"We can't have another Liberia," he said as though half to himself and then, "How would you like to do an errand for me?"

"Today?" I asked in a tone of concern.

"No, no; not today. You can wait till the heat breaks," he reassured me with a smile.

"What kind of an errand could I do for you?" I asked.

"I'd like you to go to New York for me," he answered. "I'd like you to see a friend of mine—the president of that engineering corporation."

"Oh, so you know him," I said with relief. "That's fine; it simplifies everything."

"Well. I'm not so sure it does," Mr. Cotton said, laughing. "Anyway, this is your baby. I want you to take it to him. Can you go to New York?"

"Yes, of course," I said. "But since you know him, I can't understand why you want me to see him."

Mr. Cotton raised his eyebrows and pursed his lips. "I have my reasons," he said. "Now let me tell you what to do. Call up New York and ask for an appointment with the company's president. You'll have difficulty getting it. New York businessmen are harder to reach than the President of the United States, as you know. And you tell the secretaries you'll have to talk to, that I, Joseph Cotton, Under Secretary of State, asked

you to see him. I think that will open the door; if not, let me know."

"But if I do get that appointment, what do you want me to do then?" I asked, still bewildered by this curious request.

"You tell him you want to see that contract."

"Oh, Mr. Cotton," I said. "What makes you think he would ever show it to me?"

"That's one of the things I want to know . . . how secret is that contract anyway."

"But even if he did show it to me, I certainly would have no idea what it meant," I persisted. "To you, a contract might say clearly 'we are going to use slave or forced labor.' But I wouldn't know; I am not a lawyer. And legal documents are all so cluttered up with 'first contracting parties' and 'second contracting parties' and 'whereases'—I'd be completely lost."

"I think if you get a look at that contract, you'll know," he answered.

I stood up preparing to leave.

"Mr. Cotton," I said, "you always do something to surprise me; but I'm not sure I like this particular surprise."

"It's an unorthodox request," he replied, "but then, you know, I'm never strong on protocol or conventions."

"Well, I'll do my best," I said as I left the room; then I re-opened the door quickly. "I forgot my hat," I explained.

Mr. Cotton picked the hat up from the couch where I had left it and for a moment twirled its rose-covered brim with apparent approval; then handed it to me.

"No, you mustn't forget that hat," he said. "You'll need it to wow that fellow."

But it was some time before either my hat or I were offered that opportunity. For when, on leaving the State Department, I called New York, I was shifted, as Mr. Cotton had predicted, from one polite secretary to another. When the president of the firm himself finally did take the telephone, he was certainly as surprised and bewildered as I had been by Mr. Cotton's request. He was cool, courteous, cautious. What did the

Under Secretary want me to see him about? I gave a general idea but didn't go into detail. I was told that it would be a pleasure if I would care to have tea at his residence on Sunday afternoon. I declined this pleasure, emphasizing that my errand was not a social one. I knew contracts would not be served on a platter of sandwiches at afternoon tea.

But as that gentleman's schedule made it impossible for him to make an office appointment before I left on a trip to Mexico the following week, I did not see him till August 12th. Then I found him extremely pleasant, very cautious, and from his manner apparently both irritated and amused.

I was very uncomfortable. I felt I knew how to approach officials of the government and members of the Congress; with them the relationship was clear. They were the "servants of the People," and like any citizen of a democracy, I was—in a strictly limited and fragmentary way—"the sovereign People." This was a fact I never forgot, nor did I let them forget it. And though such conscious awareness of the servant-sovereign relationship did not mean any abandonment ever of good taste or consideration, it did permit the assumption that in a democracy, public officials wanted and valued the opinions of the electorate on public policy.

But no such assumption could be possible with a private citizen. So I was not at all surprised when my request for a copy of the contract was categorically denied. Nor would this courteous but cautious financier agree to submit the contract to the State Department. He stated flatly, however, that slave labor would not be employed by his company in Abyssinia; and I was sure when he told me that, that he meant it. Nevertheless we did tangle politely on the less clearly defined areas of forced labor. Here, there were certainly twilight zones difficult to bracket into neat categories. But since the company would enjoy the co-operation of the missionaries stationed in Abyssinia, this fact should provide all the assurance necessary for "humanitarian groups" in America, he said.

I certainly had no quarrel with the missionaries. I had every

reason to believe that they were doing a selfless and important job in Africa. But there was surprise when I suggested that co-operation with the missionaries did not in itself always guarantee enlightened labor practice on the Dark Continent. I said I was not able to forget that Zulu proverb: "You had the Bible; we had the land. Now you have the land and we have the Bible." I, therefore, asked if the company also would be willing to secure the co-operation of the International Labor Office? If that office approved the labor standards, then there surely would be no more questions from "humanitarian groups" in America. But no value could be seen in this action.

To me, the interview seemed anything but useful, but when, a few days later, I reported to Mr. Cotton, he listened to my account with apparent satisfaction. When I said my errand had been a failure since I hadn't seen the contract, Mr. Cotton said, "Never mind. That's not important; but your suggestion about the International Labor Office is. And I have no doubt," he added, handing me a press release issued that day by the engineering company, "that this is a token of your visit."

The release said in part that the "Emperor of Abyssinia is radically opposed to slave labor," and when this corporation "undertakes construction work in Ethiopia, it certainly will treat as free men all natives that it employs, and will by proper construction camps and sanitation, introduce conditions of working and well-being that will meet the approval of enlightened humanitarians in the United States and elsewhere. The missionaries . . . are devoting particular attention to the medical and sanitary phases of their work. We have consulted them and they are prepared to welcome our co-operation."

But still I was not satisfied. A paternalistic humanitarianism did not of necessity guarantee adequate labor standards. In spite of the best will and efforts of missionaries, the evils of economic imperialism had too often led to ruthless exploitation of helpless people. I felt very sure that Mr. Cotton would find a way to check the labor sections of that company's contract. But

legal safeguards were necessary for similar situations in the future.

So when the Congress reconvened, I laid before various senators the need for legislation to control the terms of foreign contracts. Sometime later, Senator Burton Wheeler introduced a measure providing for Congressional investigation of the "terms of" and the "conditions under which" concessions had been obtained abroad by American citizens or corporations. And though this legislation never reached the Senate calendar, neither did that company ever build a dam at the headwaters of the Nile.

Why the project was abandoned, I have never known. When the preliminary survey of the dam site was finally completed, the press reported that the final contract for the construction job was now to be negotiated. But apparently these negotiations never developed into a final contract, and during this period the questions we put to the State Department regarding the terms of the pending contract—which we asked should be made public—were sidetracked by a newly appointed Under Secretary of State, William R. Castle. For in the early spring of 1931, Joseph Cotton had been taken suddenly ill, and died on March 10th.

And thus America lost one of its most charming and colorful public servants. To me his death was like a sharp, personal grief. For though I had never known Mr. Cotton except in his official capacity, every encounter with that gay, civilized, sardonic personality had been like a freshly-minted adventure.

And with his death, the doors of the State Department closed for a season, too, against all human appeal. In the months that followed, liberal opinion became merely the battered football of the department's "political desks."

It was during this period that a crisis arose involving another African people. But this time it was not slavery; this time it was rubber and rebellion. I was first drawn into this situation when, in the summer of 1931, Annie Graves—a member of the W.I.L.

living in Switzerland—brought two officials from the Liberian government to call on me at the Maison Internationale, the W.I.L.'s international headquarters in Geneva. The purpose of this visit was to lay before me a problem involving the very political integrity of the Negro Republic, and to solicit on its behalf, the aid of the W.I.L. Although I was acquainted with many vicious phases of American imperialism in Central and South America, I could hardly credit the story they told me. But an immediate checking and rechecking of their facts, confirmed the accuracy of the story.

The background of this episode is important. The Republic of Liberia, established by the United States for emancipated slaves following the Civil War, had survived the intrusion of surrounding colonial powers because of America's watchful interest in its welfare and development. In gratitude, the Liberians had joined the Allies in the First World War, and as a result, Monrovia, the capital city, had been partly demolished by German submarines. But after the war America's paternal interest in its political stepchild apparently ended.

For an America-on-wheels consumed about seventy per cent of the rubber output of the world; but Britain held a monopoly of the world's supply. Hence, not only the requirements of her motor-riding public altered the traditional relationship of the United States toward Liberia, but America's emergence from the war as a world power led the United States to seek, for potential military needs, a rubber source of its own. In other words, the British monopoly must be broken.

The Firestone Company was given the job. In 1926, it secured, from a corrupt Liberian administration, a 99-year lease on a million-acre concession at six cents an acre. Later, a League of Nations commission was to evaluate this land at not less than fifty cents an acre. Moreover, no part of this contract provided for compensation nor indemnity to Liberian nationals whose land might be appropriated under the lease. Had the Firestones chosen to do so, under the terms of the contract, even the city

of Monrovia could have been converted into a rubber plantation.

And true to imperialistic practice, loans were to follow the concession. The Liberian government, already heavily burdened with debt, tried to resist such a loan, but urged by the U. S. State Department, it finally consented. However, the Liberian legislature, now thoroughly aroused, insisted that none of the money to be borrowed should come from Firestone sources. The loan on the advice of the State Department was, therefore, floated by a company known as the American Finance Corporation, but none of the bonds ever came on the open market, and subsequently the Liberians discovered that the American Finance Corporation and the Firestone Company were Siamese twins; the money of the American Finance Corporation was Firestone money.

In the meantime the Liberian legislature had impeached its president. He had been accused of fostering slavery in the hinterland, and Secretary Stimson, to express America's shocked disapproval, withdrew American recognition of the Liberian government. Moreover, Stimson refused to renew recognition of the new Liberian administration though the new president was the man who had been chiefly responsible for his predecessor's impeachment. It was officials from this new administration of President Barkley's that I met in the library at our Geneva headquarters.

Liberia was a member of the League of Nations, and in its desperate financial plight, had appealed to the League for a plan of financial assistance and reconstruction. But aware that Liberia's independence was a constant thorn in the side of colonial powers in Africa, Liberia requested that the experts assigned by the League to draw up a plan of assistance be nationals only of nations which had no colonies in Africa nor concessions in Liberia. Thereupon, Lord Robert Cecil, chairman of the League of Nations Liberian Commission, promptly dispatched to the little Republic a Britisher, a Frenchman, and a Spaniard.

But the plan of assistance which these three drew up had a great deal of merit. It was an ingenious attempt to reconcile the independence of Liberia with outside supervision, and it provided, among other things, for a chief administrator responsible to the League of Nations' Council. But because of the Firestone concession and the loan, this plan could not be put into operation without the approval and co-operation of the United States and the Firestone corporation. This the State Department and Mr. Firestone refused to give unless the League Council would agree to appoint an American as the chief administrator of the League's plan of assistance.

It was during this controversy that I went to see Lord Cecil, chairman of the League's Liberian Commission. I was returning to America, and having talked to Liberian officials and the "experts" who had drawn up the plan of assistance, I wanted also to see the chairman of the commission. I knew that, armed with every point of view, I could work more effectively and intelligently on this problem in the State Department when I got home.

I wrote Lord Cecil asking for an appointment, and his reply setting a date for four o'clock a few days later, ended with that delightfully Edwardian conclusion, "I have the honor to be your obedient servant—Cecil."

It was a dull, drizzly day when I walked along the lake to the League. Lord Cecil was occupied with another caller when I arrived, but it was four o'clock, and tea, like Big Ben or Trafalgar Square, is an inflexible British institution. Lord Cecil's secretary—a handsome, well-tailored, personable young man, with a school-tie manner and a droll ready wit—poured me a cup, and immediately launched into a discussion of Africa. But I discovered, at once, that his attitude on the ultimate destiny of the Dark Continent might have been slipped from the pages of that ornament of pharisaical pomposity—the last will and testament of Cecil Rhodes. "If there be a God," Rhodes had unctuously postulated, "then what he would like me to do is

to paint as much of the map of Africa, British-red, as possible. The government of the world—by its finest race—is the aim I have in view."

Though God, in His wisdom, seems to have been somewhat remiss in whole-heartedly promoting this view, his lordship's secretary was not. He did it, however, with charm and humor while, for an hour on that gray Geneva day, he and I charged up and down the map of Africa tilting verbal lances across the tea cups. He pontificated wittily, but zealously, on the superiority of the white race and the infallibility of British institutions, while I, with equal zeal, tried in vain to puncture his dogmatisms.

When Lord Cecil's caller finally left, and his young secretary went in to announce me, the door was left slightly ajar so that I could hear what he said. "Sir," he began, "the American secretary of the Women's International League is here for her appointment. And, sir, I feel I should warn you; for she is not like most of the peace ladies who come to see you. She is under seventy years of age; has bought a hat since 1900; but talks like a Bolshevik."

When I was then ushered into his office, Lord Cecil—tall, gaunt, stooped—was smiling faintly.

"I don't talk like a Bolshevik," I smiled back defensively. "I only talk like a good middle-western American."

"Well, I shall judge," he replied, folding his long figure into a chair and sliding down to the small of his back. A great nose dominated his lean distinguished face, and his long tapering, aristocratic hands dropped like two transparent shells over the arms of his chair.

"Perhaps you can tell me," he began with a touch of sarcasm, "how long it takes to get to Geneva from your Middle West. A compatriot of yours, from that region of the world, seems to be taking quite a long time about it."

"A compatriot of mine?" I asked, puzzled.

"A gentleman by the name of Firestone," he replied. "He

comes from Ohio, I am told," he added, punctuating each syllable in Ohio in the unique British way.

"Have you been expecting Mr. Firestone here?" I asked.

"Yes, it was our understanding that he would come to Geneva," he answered dryly. "I have held up the meetings of our Liberian Commission for several months now awaiting his arrival. Your State Department's acceptance of the League's plan of assistance for Liberia seems to have been contingent on Mr. Firestone's approval. We should like to discuss the plan with him, but apparently he does not wish to discuss the plan with us."

"Lord Cecil, because I am an American, I trust you will not hold me responsible for either Mr. Firestone's conduct or the State Department's Liberian policy," I replied. "I heartily disapprove of both. When I get home, I hope to do what I can to get that policy changed."

"I am glad to know that some Americans are interested," he said. "The League wants to help Liberia—but that now depends on your government."

"May it not be possible, Lord Cecil, that in turn America's approval of the plan will rest on an abandonment of the predatory policies of the great powers in the League—at least as they relate to Africa?" I ventured. "To me, it appears that Liberia's caught in one of those proverbial vicious circles."

Lord Cecil lifted his eyebrows and hands in a gesture of surprise. "I do not follow you," he said.

"I'll try to explain what I mean," I replied. "As I understand it, Liberia has made several requests. First, I am told, Liberia has asked that the chief administrator of the plan should not be a national of the United States—because of the Firestone concession—and also not a national from a nation holding colonies in Africa—that certainly includes Britain and France. She has asked also, I believe, that the meetings of the League of Nations commission be open, and that Liberia be given the same consideration as other defaulting governments. Why aren't these valid requests?"

"The plan of assistance provides that the chief administrator shall be subject to the Council of the League," Lord Cecil replied. "Therefore, if the administrator is a national of any country which is a member state of the League—whether that state holds African colonies or not—I think you can be assured that the interests of Liberia will be amply safeguarded."

"The Liberians, however, don't accept such an assumption, do they?" I replied. "And considering the Big Power constituency of the Council, aren't they justified? Why isn't it possible for you to agree to appoint a chief administrator who is a national—say of Switzerland, or of one of the Scandinavian countries?"

"I do not see that it is necessary to promise that," Lord Cecil answered with apparent annoyance. "The competence of the administrator is the important question, not his nationality."

"Do you mean to suggest," I asked, "that no competent administrators could be found among the Swiss or Scandinavians?"

"No, that was not what I meant to imply," he answered with increasing irritation. "What I wanted to emphasize was that if the chief administrator comes from any member state of the League, there can be no cause for concern."

"You did mean to imply, however, that you are definitely opposed to an American?" I asked.

"If the Council of the League is to take responsibility for the plan, the chief administrator must be subject to it; an American could not be, since America is not in the League," he answered.

"That, of course, is true; but I doubt, Lord Cecil, whether the United States Government will accept the plan if a national of one of the colonial powers contiguous to Liberia is appointed as chief administrator. I may be mistaken; yet I suspect that the only hope of agreement lies in the request made to you by Liberia—for a Scandinavian or Swiss administrator."

"I would say that your point of view seems to me quite extreme and radical," he replied, as though the whole subject were quite a bore.

"Well, if my point of view be Bolshevik—," I didn't finish

the sentence but rose to go; obviously, I was getting nowhere.

"No, it's not Bolshevik," Lord Cecil answered, pulling himself up to his great height. "I would call it unrealistic Middle Westernism." And he smiled.

"Perhaps it is," I agreed, "but the Middle West can also produce strong doses of what apparently to you is realism." Then I added, "It comes in a Firestone brand." This time I smiled. We shook hands and I departed.

Back in Washington, I tried to see Stimson or Castle, but at each request for an appointment, I was relegated to the Liberian Section of the State Department. The chief of the section was a young man named Ellis Briggs. Like Lord Cecil he also saw the W.I.L. proposal as "unrealistic," but obviously for different reasons. This did not surprise me, for I had discovered long before that the words "realistic" and "unrealistic" were employed chiefly as verbal tourniquets to stanch the flow of argument which, for one reason or another, appeared unanswerable, unorthodox or distasteful.

Unfortunately it is not possible to impose rules of discussion procedure on government officials, but there have been times when, at meetings of widely divergent groups, I have been able to secure an agreement between the constituent bodies to strike from the vocabulary of our mutual discussions the words "realistic" and "practical" and all their derivatives. It is then amazing to discover how difficult it is for those who feel strongly—or inadequate—on any subject to refrain from using, against those holding opposing points of view, these two prize weasel words of creative discussion.

And I discovered, too, that in the political sphere "realism" when stripped of its silky, diplomatic draperies is usually nothing more than that ugly sow's ear, *Realpolitik*; and *Realpolitik* was surely the sum and substance of America's Liberian policy. Mr. Firestone never went to Geneva, and hence the League's plan of assistance could not be put into operation. So in January, 1932, following the lead of other governments, Liberia declared a moratorium. That action apparently drove Firestone

into a state of frantic agitation, for the State Department dispatched at once to Liberia a special representative to examine and report on the whole situation. The special representative chosen for this job was one General Blanton Winship, late of the War Department, and a man steeped in the traditional attitudes both of the Army, and the old South toward the Negro.

The following June, Lord Cecil called a meeting of the Liberian Commission in London, and Blanton Winship and Ellis Briggs, who attended for the United States, emerged from the sessions with a brand new plan of assistance. Of this plan, Raymond Buell, author of an authoritative history of Africa, was later to write, "It is doubtful if, since the days of the Congo Free State, a private corporation has been able to obtain more far-reaching powers in a backward country." For under this new plan, the chief administrator would have had the power of an absolute dictator; the Liberians would have been denied the right to use any funds for their own schools (education was to be turned over entirely to the missionaries); and Liberia would be forbidden to grant any concessions to another foreign power without the consent of the chief administrator who had to be an American. Firestone agreed to drop the interest of the loan from seven to five per cent, but this was a small concession compared to financial adjustments in other countries at the time. In other words, this plan of assistance, as it was quaintly called, would in reality have permitted an American corporation to hold Liberia in bondage for a century: in economic bondage through the concession; in financial bondage through the loan; through prohibition of Liberia's own educational institutions, in cultural bondage; and through the appointment of American government administrator, in political bondage.

The W.I.L. renewed its efforts on behalf of Liberia. We organized deputations to the State Department; we appealed to America's Negro community; we laid before editors the documentary facts; we got radio time and stirred up Congressional interest. But nothing seemed to dent the State Department's

determination to carry out their revised plan. Nevertheless, their determination was effectively and directly thwarted; Liberia refused to sign. For months she resisted both sweet promises and dire threats.

Then, on August 26th, I received a cable from Geneva informing me that the British and U. S. Governments had sent a joint secret communication to Liberia offering recognition to the Barkley government upon its acceptance of the Winship plan. To me, this seemed the crassest kind of political blackmail. Liberia desperately needed the recognition of these two great powers, but the price asked was staggeringly high. When I read the cable, I leaped from my desk, stopping only long enough beside my secretary to dictate a wire to Liberia's Secretary of State. "Don't yield: Detzer," it read; and then I dashed to the State Department.

There I asked Mr. Briggs if I could see a copy of the British-American communication to Liberia. He looked momentarily startled, and then denied there was such a communication. I insisted there was; he insisted there wasn't. After about twenty minutes of this sparring, I took off my hat and hung it on the hatrack. "Mr. Briggs," I said, "I want a copy of that secret note. I know it exists. I can wait till I get it," and I sat down and opened my *New York Times*.

I know that there are times when citizens have no right to interfere with a government process. Publicity is not always advisable during negotiation; I know too that there is a Logan Act. But secret diplomacy is surely contrary to the best tradition of our country, and whenever or however practiced, is clearly an offense against the dignity of a democratic people.

I said this to Mr. Briggs. I told him that if the joint note was to the best interests of America and Liberia, it surely could not be hurt by the clean light of day. As an American, I was protesting secret diplomacy on principle, and in the case of Liberia, secret diplomacy in practice.

Mr. Briggs left me to read my *New York Times*. He was gone

a long time. I had no doubt that he was consulting his superiors —and perhaps the British Embassy—on this one-man sit-down strike in his office.

It was early afternoon when Mr. Briggs returned with a copy of the joint communication. It read:

> His Majesty's Government and the Government of the United States are convinced that the present Plan of Assistance provides an opportunity which they are informed is not likely to recur for Liberia to obtain the assistance which she requested from the League of Nations. They consider that the present proposals will provide a solution of the problems confronting Liberia. Upon the acceptance by Liberia of these proposals, . . . His Britannic Majesty's Government and the Government of the United States of America will be prepared to recognize and enter into full diplomatic relations with the existing Liberian Administration.
>
> British Legation
> American Legation
> August 25, 1933

When I had finished reading it, I looked up and said, "May I have a copy of this?"

"No," said Mr. Briggs, looking worried and concerned.

"It doesn't matter," I said. "I just wanted to confirm my information, because as you no doubt suspect, I wish to give it to the press."

"Yes, that is what I knew," he said.

I started to go and then turned back. "Mr. Briggs, may I ask you a question? There is something which disturbs me almost as much as secret diplomacy. Why did you tell me, when I came here this morning, that no such joint communication existed?"

"I had no authority to confirm it," he answered.

"Yet you knew from what I told you that I knew that secret

note did exist," I pursued. "There is an ugly little word for such a denial of the truth."

"Oh, we don't consider such a denial a lie," he explained.

"How do you justify it then?"

"We call it a 'diplomatic evasion,' " he replied.

Chewing on that, I went down the marble steps to the second floor, and turned down the corridor to the pressroom. Among the reporters pounding out afternoon stories were several I knew.

"Would any of you like a story on a bit of neat diplomatic blackmail?" I asked. "If so, I think you may find it by asking Mr. Briggs in the Liberian Section for a copy of the joint communication from the British and American Governments delivered yesterday to the Liberian government in Monrovia."

"Where did you find out about it?" one of them asked.

"I can't reveal my source," I answered, borrowing a favorite phrase of theirs. They laughed and bounded up the stairs. I knew that the press stories, which would appear in all the papers the next day, would help; but they would not be enough. The press had been excellent, and yet so far had not altered the State Department's policy. That, I realized, could be done by only one person—America's new Democratic President.

Six months before, I had stood on a bleak March day beside my father as Mr. Roosevelt took the Presidential oath. Like most Americans, I had experienced a sweep of new life and hope, and in the intervening months, I had watched a new government release the latent energies and fresh, dynamic ideas of a great people. The complexion of government departments had changed. They were now young, audacious, imaginative. Only the political desks of the State Department seemed the same.

That afternoon when I returned to my office, I found a message from Morris Ernst inviting me to have cocktails with him at the Mayflower at five. I was delighted; Morris was always great fun, and I could anticipate a party of amusing people and an hour of gay bantering conversation. But to me Morris was

not only a delightful host; he was, I felt, perhaps America's most useful private citizen.

When the party broke up, I lingered and told him my Liberian story.

"The President is so busy with the domestic situation and it takes weeks to get an appointment with him. Yet I know he would do something about this problem if only I could find someone who would reach him quickly. I just know he would. Morris, how can I reach him quickly?"

"If I were you I'd write just what you have told me to Felix Frankfurter; you can tell Felix I suggested that you write him."

That same evening I dictated a long letter to Professor Frankfurter at Harvard. I outlined the Liberian problem and ended by saying that I had such faith in the kindness of the President that, if he could be persuaded to take his mind off America's terrible domestic problems for ten minutes, I felt sure he would be moved to alter a policy which was so palpably unfair to a helpless people.

A few days later, I received a brief, handwritten reply: "Your letter of the 26th has come," wrote Professor Frankfurter, "and a very lucid document it is. I shall do what I can." Then a week later came a second note of one line. "Your letter," it said, "has been read by the highest authority."

Early in October, the press announced that the President had requested Secretary of State Hull "to review the United State's Liberian policy." And a few weeks later, when the Council of the League of Nations met, the Council endorsed a greatly revised plan of assistance submitted to it by the Roosevelt Administration, and this plan Liberia promptly signed.

Its provisions were far from perfect, but at least it excluded the worst features of the Winship document, and recognition was not made contingent on Liberia's signature.

A little before Christmas, I received a letter from L. A. Grimes, Secretary of State for Liberia, which touched me profoundly. It read in part:

> I sincerely feel that the modified view of the American government . . . is due more to your efforts than to those of any other single individual. This government so appreciates your untiring efforts on behalf of the Republic that it ventures to hope that . . . you will accept a token of appreciation from a grateful people; which token if you will consent, will be given you in the form—of an insignia of the Order of African Redemption.

In reply, I expressed the sense of pride and humility which this expression of gratitude brought me. I told Mr. Grimes I felt that to wear a decoration of the Liberian government would be a distinguished honor. But it was an honor which with deep regret I would have to decline. Whatever I had done to help preserve Liberia's political integrity had been undertaken, I pointed out, primarily on behalf of my own country's moral integrity. His people would surely understand that my inability to accept this token of gratitude was based only on the conviction that I must never hamper my freedom of political action by accepting "honors" for any undertakings. I did feel, however, that any recognition of this effort could properly be conferred on the organization which I served: the Women's International League for Peace—*and Freedom.*

CHAPTER 10

Closing the Open Door

ON a Saturday morning toward the end of September, 1931, I carried my breakfast tray out to the small screened terrace of my garden apartment on Eye Street. Washington was hot and sultry that morning, and only the grass and a few forlorn, starchless zinnias testified that summer was really over. I curled up at the end of a long chair and succumbed to the ever-recurring delight of morning coffee. But that delight was quickly overshadowed by ominous headlines bannered in the morning papers.

The day before, September 18th, an "incident" on the Mukden railroad in distant Manchuria had precipitated open hostilities between China and Japan. The news was brief and contradictory, but it was evident that the long-smoldering conflict had finally flamed into bloody war.

When I reached my office, I called Ludwell Denny.

"How serious is this news from Manchuria?" I asked. "Am I right in thinking it may be something more significant than another local Chinese conflict?"

"It's still a local conflict," Lud replied, "but, potentially, the situation has all the makings of a major war. I am afraid it may be very serious unless the Pacific powers act quickly."

"Act through the League of Nations?" I queried.

"The powers certainly can act through the League, yes," he answered, "or through the Nine Power Pact. We are a party to the pact, so the United States could invoke it herself, and not wait for action through the League."

"Is there any more news?" I asked next.

"It's coming in every minute," he answered, "but it's still pretty confused."

When I put the telephone back in its cradle, I asked my secretary to bring me from the files a copy of the Nine Power Pact. This treaty, ratified in 1921 by nine powers, affirmed the principle of the Open Door in China; guaranteed the integrity of its territories and administrative independence; and provided for consultation among the signatory powers should these principles be threatened.

After studying the pact for an hour, and conferring long distance with the officers of my board, I sent a wire to the White House. The telegram urged the Administration to invoke the pact at once, and, as provided in Article 7, "to consult" with the other signatory nations regarding suitable joint action to check hostilities.

Over the week end, the press reported that the various powers were viewing the "Sino-Japanese situation with grave concern." But in spite of this reported concern, none of the Pacific powers had as yet moved to invoke the Nine Power Pact, nor to put into operation any of the rest of the world's extensive peace machinery.

On my way to the office Monday morning, I stopped at the State Department. I had not made an appointment, but I was nevertheless received pleasantly by a young official in the Far Eastern Division. In the interview which followed, he expressed a point of view which seemed to me a classic in diplomatic logic.

The State Department, he told me, was "studying the situation," and though it regarded "the Sino-Japanese conflict as serious," it did not hold it to be "critical."

"Do you mean that the United States isn't even going to

consult with the other powers as they are pledged to do in Article 7 of the Nine Power Pact?" I asked with concern.

"There is no such commitment in the pact," he informed me.

"There isn't?" I said. "Then, what is the interpretation of Article 7?"

"That Article merely provides that the powers *may* consult with each other should circumstances appear to warrant such a step," he replied.

"Good heavens," I exclaimed, "what kind of circumstances could governments conceive which would warrant consultation more? Asia's aflame."

"You peace people always get so excited over every little local conflict," he complained. "How would you like it if Japan protested every time the United States sent marines to Nicaragua?"

"I think that would be just dandy," I replied. "Unfortunately, there is no Nine Power Pact guaranteeing the integrity of Nicaragua."

"Well," the young official interrupted, "you must remember that the government must always use discretion when invoking a treaty."

"Discretion?" I repeated. "Discretion? What would happen to domestic law, do you think, if federal officials used discretion in applying it to lawbreakers?"

"I don't see any logical connection," he answered shortly.

"Well, the connection as I see it is this," I explained. "If a person commits a murder, he breaks the law against murder but he does not destroy the law. Law is not destroyed when it is broken; it is only destroyed when it is not enforced. It seems to us that this applies to international law as well as domestic law."

The young official waved this argument aside. Such a contention, he said, might be valid theoretically, but unsound practically. "For after all," he pontificated, "you have to be realistic."

Gagging once again on that word realistic, I left the department. I knew that this young official had no control over policy,

and when possible it was always wiser to "go to the top." So ten days later, as the conflict in Manchuria increased in extent and fury, a W.I.L. deputation waited on the Secretary of State.

At this interview it was evident that Mr. Stimson was deeply concerned over developments in the Far East, but just as deeply annoyed by the concern of a disturbed public. Mr. Stimson's bearing toward ordinary folk always seemed infected with a lofty papa-knows-best attitude. And though, at the time, he would give no assurance that the United States would invoke the Nine Power Pact, in subsequent years, we were to learn that the Secretary did make repeated efforts to do so, and that each attempt was blocked by the rigid opposition of the British.

So those first crucial months went by, marked chiefly by diplomatic protests to Japan and diplomatic bickerings between the powers. At the outbreak of hostilities, China—under Article XI of the Covenant—had appealed to the League of Nations, and after four months of discussions the Council appointed a commission of inquiry, headed by the Earl of Lytton. Yet it was not until April 14th—seven months after the "incident"—that the Lytton commission finally arrived in Manchuria.

But during the early weeks of the crisis, when the governments seemed to founder in a welter of indecision and uncertainty, the peace movement, both at home and abroad, was feverishly active. For the movement everywhere recognized that the Manchurian crisis had precipitated the first major test of the world's peace machinery, and it knew that effective control of international lawbreakers hinged on a prompt and all-out use of the instruments of pacific settlement. To the peace movement, the time-lag of governments promised only disaster.

The W.I.L. records for that early period contain memoranda of nine State Department visits in the month of October alone. We raised questions and submitted policy proposals. We asked that the government make public the diplomatic notes between the United States and Japan, not only for the purpose of keeping the American people conversant with Administration policy in this crisis, but also "as a recognition of the primary principle

of open diplomacy." We discussed the advisability of withdrawing ambassadors; of executive action against the shipment of arms; and against the extension of loans and credits to nations at war. We raised questions about an economic boycott and the reasons for the government's failure to invoke either the Kellogg Treaty or the Nine Power Pact.

Finally, in December, the Congress reconvened, and the W.I.L. transferred its activities to the Hill. Under instructions from my board, I began a search for a senator or a congressman who would sponsor simultaneously two pieces of complementary legislation.

The first, drafted in the form of a Congressional resolution, called on the government to invoke the Nine Power Pact and, failing that, to offer its good offices to mediate the Far Eastern conflict. The second piece of legislation was a bill to embargo arms to nations at war. We believed that these two measures—one affirmative, the other restrictive—would complement each other. For it seemed obvious to us that if the United States Government was to act creatively in this crisis, its nationals must be restrained from feeding the war with American munitions. We knew that the contesting nations would hardly be convinced of America's good will and disinterested judgment, if its citizens were making profits out of the blood and agony of Far Eastern battlefields.

However, I could not find any member who would sponsor simultaneously these two measures. I was unable to convince anyone of what seemed to us the wisdom of this dual policy. But in January, Hamilton Fish, a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee and a Republican, introduced into the House an arms embargo bill of his own. I went to see him at once. Mr. Fish agreed to secure a date for hearings on this bill, if I would take the responsibility for organizing the hearings. I accepted this responsibility with enthusiasm, and by the time Mr. Fish had secured a date from the Foreign Affairs Committee, I had secured an impressive list of witnesses.

Thirty-two persons—representing a wide range of public opin-

ion—agreed to testify in favor of the Fish embargo measure, and the Foreign Affairs Committee assigned five days for the hearings.

At ten o'clock on the morning of February 9th, I proudly led my first band of witnesses to the Capitol. Among them were a bishop from Boston, a dirt farmer from Iowa, a wounded veteran from Philadelphia, and a prominent labor leader from New York. When we reached the Foreign Affairs Committee room, we found it already packed with people. Every chair at the press table was occupied, and an overflow crowd stood two deep along the walls.

Several days before, the W.I.L. office had sent releases to the newspapers listing the witnesses for the hearings and at the same time had dispatched notices to interested organizations. The response, clearly indicating intense public interest, was gratifying indeed.

As the members of the Foreign Affairs Committee drifted in, one by one, and took their places around the long, oval table, each in turn gazed with astonishment about the crowded room. When the chairman—the late Mr. Linthicum of Maryland—arrived, his astonishment sent him at once into a whispered huddle with the minority leader of the committee. Finally Mr. Linthicum arose at the end of the long table and rapped for order.

"The chairman," he began, "would like to request the ladies and gentlemen here present to step into the corridor for a few moments. The committee is obliged to go into a brief executive session; but it will not detain you in the corridor for more than five minutes."

We all arose obediently and filed into the hall. But the five-minute executive session stretched from ten-thirty that morning until ten minutes to twelve. During this exasperating wait, everyone paced up and down restlessly, diverted only by an occasional reporter who, on boldly invading the closed room, was as promptly ejected. Finally, just before noon, Hamilton Fish, scarlet with anger, appeared in the doorway. Apologizing

first to the impatient witnesses and then expressing his own bitter disapproval and resentment at the action taken, he reported that the committee, by a majority of one, had just voted to cancel the hearings. Then, stuttering with rage, he strode to the elevators. I, stuttering with amazement, strode into the committee room. Mr. Linthicum was gathering up some papers at the far end of the long table. I dropped into a chair beside him.

"Mr. Congressman," I said, "would you be permitted to tell me why the hearings have been canceled? The witnesses have taken time and paid railway fare because they were notified that they could testify today on the Fish Bill. Don't you think they deserve some explanation?"

"I am very sorry about the witnesses," Mr. Linthicum answered. "It is unfortunate that they have been inconvenienced, and out of pocket for this trip. But this Fish bill is dynamite!" Then, pointing toward the small press table in the corner, he asked, "Did you see the number of newspaper reporters who were here this morning? Had this hearing been held, every newspaper in the country would have carried provocative headlines tomorrow morning. We can't risk that. When we voted a few weeks ago to have these hearings on Mr. Fish's bill, we had no idea there was so much public interest; but now we know it would be a mistake to stir up a lot of policy discussion and editorial comment."

"But why?" I asked. "Don't you think the public has a right to consider and discuss with their representatives questions of policy?"

"It's not a question of the people's rights," he answered. "But this bill could have unfortunate repercussions: if the Chinese thought we might cut off munitions, they would surely be offended. You wouldn't want that, would you?"

"I should think, Mr. Linthicum," I replied, "that it would be better to offend the Chinese with discussion than to kill them with munitions." But Mr. Linthicum was moving toward his inner office. I turned around. A few congressmen still

lingered, talking in small groups. I waited till one of them, whom I knew fairly well, had disengaged himself, and as he started for the corridor, I joined him.

"Mr. Congressman, won't you tell me what is behind this canceled hearing?"

"Aw—you know the Japs," he said airily. "If they thought we were going to stop sending them munitions, they might get mad. That would be bad business. We don't want to offend them," and with that he breezed into the elevator.

I walked back toward the committee room. Why were congressmen suddenly so aware of the sensibilities of the Chinese and Japanese? They had never been so concerned about "offending" them when the Oriental Exclusion Act was under public discussion. The W.I.L. had fought hard for the abrogation of that act, but at every hearing to consider placing Oriental immigration on the quota basis, we had been shocked anew by the inflamed, unscientific, and irrational comments of certain race-ridden congressmen.

"We don't need any yellow bellies here," one would say; or "We can't pollute America by opening our doors to a lot of inferior, slant-eyed races." And then there were always those classic irrelevancies: "How would you like your daughter to marry a nigger?" or "I suppose you want to marry a Chinaman with pigtails." What Negroes or the length of hair had to do with the quota system was never clearly revealed. But any discussion of the Oriental Exclusion Act inevitably raised, in the racially conscious congressman, some irrational matrimonial obsession. Munitions, on the other hand, would seem to promise a more softening effect.

As I again reached the committee room, Congresswoman Ruth Bryan Owen—a lovely, silver Juno—swept gracefully into the hall.

"Mrs. Owen," I said, falling in step beside her and appealing to her as one woman to another, "I need your help. Is it true that the hearings were canceled this morning because the

majority of the committee feared that public discussion of the Fish bill would offend the Chinese and Japanese?"

Mrs. Owen smiled. "I think, my dear, that it would be more accurate to say that the majority of the committee didn't wish to offend the State Department."

So that was it: the State Department. Well, there was something you could really get your teeth into. I went down the steps of the Capitol, got myself into a yellow cab and deposited at the farther end of Pennsylvania Avenue, I went up the steps of the State Department. Assistant Secretary of State James Grafton Rogers said he would see me.

"You're looking very glum," Mr. Rogers greeted me as I came into his office. "What's the matter?"

I made a long guess, and plunged.

"Mr. Rogers, I wonder if you would be willing to tell me why the State Department suppressed a hearing before the Foreign Affairs Committee this morning?"

"Why, Miss Detzer," he protested, "you know the State Department can't suppress a Congressional hearing."

"I thought it had no legal authority to do so," I replied. "But something strangely akin to that happened between ten-thirty and twelve."

"This morning?"

"Yes, hearings on the Fish bill."

"Oh, the Fish bill," said Mr. Rogers. "Are you interested in that bill?"

"Very interested," I replied. "The W.I.L. spent weeks organizing the hearings. We had thirty-two witnesses scheduled; we had been promised five days of hearings. Then this morning, for some mysterious reason, the hearings were canceled. I am under the impression that mysterious reason was the State Department."

"I think you are unduly upset about this," Mr. Rogers said in his usual pleasant way. "It is true, the chairman of the committee did consult the department this morning. He knew that the Secretary had told Mr. Fish last week that the Administra-

tion was not prepared to announce a policy on any arms embargo measure now. So when that crowd gathered this morning, Mr. Linthicum decided to consult the department."

"And the department said 'thumbs down' on the hearing?"

"The department considered the hearings inadvisable at this time."

"Well, really, Mr. Rogers," I protested, "things have come to a pretty pass if people can't discuss public policy with their own representatives without the interference of the Administration."

"I tell you—you are giving too much weight to this matter," Mr. Rogers insisted. "It's purely academic at this time."

"Munitions are academic?"

"Yes," he said, "if none are being shipped."

"Do you mean to tell me that no American companies are shipping munitions to the Far East?"

"That's the information I have been given."

"Where can I get that information—or may I quote you?"

"You had better get your confirmation from the Far Eastern Division," he advised me.

I thanked Mr. Rogers, and went down the hall. In the Far Eastern Division Mr. Rogers' information was categorically confirmed. They could give me no figures on the shipment of munitions to the Orient because no munitions were being shipped, they told me.

I left the department thoroughly deflated and crossed Seventeenth Street to a drugstore. There, drinking in libations of self-reproach with a chocolate ice cream soda, I took stock of my mistakes. The W.I.L. had certainly leaped to conclusions too hastily; that was obvious. I shouldn't have gone barging around the Hill agitating for an arms embargo before checking the necessary facts. But I knew why I had thrown myself so vigorously into this undertaking. It had been the influence of Fenner Brockway.

I had first met Fenner Brockway in the fall of 1929 when, as a member of the British Parliament and secretary of the

Independent Labor Party, he had come to America on a lecture tour. Fenner was well known in labor and political circles throughout Europe, and during the First World War had spent two years in solitary confinement as a conscientious objector. I knew that his book, *English Prisons Today,* written out of this experience in collaboration with Stephen Hobhouse, a Quaker, had had a healthy and far-reaching effect on the antiquated prison system of England. After the war, as a labor member of Parliament, he had distinguished himself as a leader in the fight for India's freedom, for labor's rights, and for civil liberties.

When I heard Fenner lecture, on his first trip to America, I had been impressed both by the brilliance of his mind and the quality of his spirit. But it was not till the following summer that I really came to know him well. Then, at conferences in Amsterdam, we worked on the same issues, fought for the same policies, danced at the same "socials," and at night with Dutch, French, and Polish friends laughed, and argued, and walked the old gray canals till breakfast. It was during these summer conferences that I came to realize how very superficial was my own knowledge of international affairs. It was, I suspect, the clarity and all-inclusiveness of Fenner's approach to them—coupled with his impatience at "fuzzy-mindedness in so many good people"—that made me determined to dig more deeply and think more clearly. For Fenner never dealt with the isolated segments of a problem, but always with the intermeshing of the economic, political, and social forces underlying them. But while his knowledge was wide and profound, he was never ponderous, and I think it was that rare and delightful combination of a penetrating intellect, intense moral fervor, and persistent infectious gaiety which inspired all of us so much that summer.

And he had certainly opened our eyes to the power of the munitions industry. He made us see how its tentacles clutched at the heart of governments, banks, and the chauvinistic press, and through its hold helped perpetuate a divided world.

"The next war," he had predicted, "will probably start in the Far East. When it does, the munitions industry will as always play both sides of the street; but in the Far East, there is a chance to stop it by starving the war machines. The East has neither the industry nor raw materials to carry on long without the financial and material help of the Western powers."

Well, it was interesting that Fenner was wrong about the United States. I would have to write him and tell him that at least America wasn't bowing before the gods of war. But only two days later, February 11th, I discovered buried on the back page of the Washington *News*, a small but intensely significant item. It read:

"Richmond, Virginia. Large quantities of nitrates believed to be for the Sino-Japanese War are being loaded this week in three ships at the wharf of the Atmospheric Nitrogen Company, at Hopewell, Virginia.

"A Japanese ship of 10,000 tons capacity, and a British boat of 5,000 tons are expected to sail in a few days for destinations not yet announced. A German ship of 3,500 tons will be ready to sail shortly, while a French boat of 6,000 tons is landing later in the week to receive cargo."

Something registered in the back of my mind. I took from my bookcase Ludwell Denny's *America Conquers Britain* and turned to the index. Yes, there it was on page 330. The Atmospheric Nitrogen Company, it said, was a subsidiary of the Allied Chemical and Dye Company. The latter was closely interlocked with several other industries, and was a heavy stockholder in U. S. Steel and the Texas and Gulf Oil Companies. The Gulf Oil Company was Mellon-owned. And Andrew Mellon was the Secretary of the Treasury. The distance geographically between Andrew Mellon, in the Greek temple on Pennsylvania Avenue, and the Atmospheric Nitrogen Company in Hopewell, Virginia, was short as the crow flies. The distance industrially and financially was circuitous and involved. It was certainly unlikely that Andrew Mellon even knew about those ships at Hopewell; nevertheless here was an instance of the tie-

up of industry and government which Fenner had pointed out.

Two days later, February 13th, I went to Philadelphia. The Pennsylvania branch of the W.I.L. was holding an all-day conference on "The Manchurian Situation: A Challenge to Disarmament," and I was scheduled as one of the speakers at a large luncheon at the Bellevue-Stratford. The other speakers who preceded me spoke brilliantly, but there seemed to me something abstract and theoretic in what they had to say. Listening to them, I made a swift decision; when my turn came, I dropped my prepared speech and, without drawing conclusions or making accusations, I told my experiences of the past few days. I recounted the story of the canceled hearings, my trip to the State Department, and I read the item cut from the back page of the Washington *News*. In closing, I listed the interlocking directorates of the Atmospheric Nitrogen Company and of the far-flung Mellon interests. Then I sat down.

Every reporter at the press table in front of me leaped to his feet and dashed for the door. "It was such a swell Pennsylvania story," they told me a few minutes later, "that we had to spill it over the telephone in order to make the evening papers." But it made none of the evening papers. Every Philadelphia paper "killed" the story except the *Record*, which after much pressure carried a brief item in its final edition the following day. The story was found "too hot," "too controversial," "too strong" for Republican-controlled, Mellon-dominated Pennsylvania.

At its annual meeting two months later, the W.I.L. as usual passed a series of political resolutions, one of which was in time to send reverberations around the world. That resolution called for a government investigation of the munitions industry.

CHAPTER 11

The Bloody Traffic

DURING the week following the adjournment of the 1932 annual meeting of the W.I.L., I spent every waking hour on Capitol Hill. There was still time before the summer recess of Congress to discuss with senators the mandate I had received from the convention—to get an investigation of the munitions industry.

Such an investigation was not an original or new idea. At both the 1915 and 1919 international congresses of the W.I.L., the organization had gone on record in urging such action internationally. At numerous times the League of Nations had considered measures for curbing the growing power of the munitions industry. Articles had been written, pamphlets issued, books published on the "Secret International" of the "Merchants of Death" and its influence in fomenting wars. Basil Zaharoff, "the munitions king," was now a familiar though shadowy figure striding with sinister steps through the headlines of the daily press, government reports, and the pages of lurid fiction.

Everywhere there was a growing and general distrust of an industry whose profits flowed from the coin of blood. The Sino-Japanese situation in the Far East and the Chaco war in South America had both heightened the public concern, and Wash-

ington had never been more alive to, or more conscious of, the people's will. The Roosevelt administration had brought to Washington an army of young, intelligent, energetic men and women who had lifted the government out of the lethargic routines of bureaucracy. The time was ripe for an investigation.

I selected from the list of ninety-six senators twenty whom I thought might consider sponsoring the necessary legislation. But their answers, varying only in shading and emphasis, were the same: "Do you want me to commit political suicide?" Many of these senators said that such an investigation was essential; none seemed willing to accept the responsibility for it. Only Senators Norris and La Follette seemed genuinely concerned.

"I'd do it in a moment," Norris had said to me, "but I am too old; too old and too sick. This job will be hard. It will require energy and perseverance. I have the perseverance, but not the energy. Keep at it; you will find a senator to do it."

"It must be done, Dorothy," young Bob had said, "but I can't do it now. I am carrying all the legislative fights I can. Perhaps later."

In the meantime other organizations had joined in the effort to get an investigation. The National Council for the Prevention of War, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the National Council of Women were all demanding that the government act, and Frederick Libby, Jeannette Rankin, Nevin Sayre, and many others were invaluable in advice and help. World Peaceways, under the able direction of Estelle Sternberger, was spearheading a publicity campaign to make the country munitions-conscious. But still no senator could be found to undertake the sponsorship of investigation legislation.

During the early summer of the next year, when the Senate was investigating American banking interests and every paper had carried pictures of J. P. Morgan with a midget on his lap, the W.I.L. submitted a series of questions to the committee which we believed to be pertinent. We asked that the following information be obtained:

What munition companies are connected with the Morgan bank?

On what joint boards do they serve?

What stock in munitions companies does the Morgan bank hold?

Has the House of Morgan financed any loans to these companies having deposits with it?

What foreign loans has it made to Central and South American countries and to Japan?

But we were told by members of the banking committee that though those questions were important and interesting, they were not relevant. With that avenue of information closed, we turned our attention in another direction. The National Recovery Act had passed the Congress, and the blue eagle of the NRA was now spreading its wings on the doors of every American industry. Through the NRA's "code authority," it seemed possible that some check might be made on the munition makers. The W.I.L. therefore sent to the President the following memorandum:

"In view of the growing public concern over the activities of the munitions industry, we would respectfully submit the following recommendation:

—That the President appoint to the committee known as the Code Authority, a special representative whose sole responsibility shall be to watch the munitions code

as it relates to the domestic sale of small arms and machine guns (to bandits, kidnappers, etc.)

as it relates to the export and import, manufacture, and control of arms for the purposes of war."

The office of the Secretary of State informed us that Mr. Roosevelt had found the W.I.L. memorandum "very interesting and important," and had sent it "with a favorable recom-

mendation to General Hugh Johnson, chief of the NRA, for his consideration." But within a week, the department sent word that General Johnson had reported to the President his unqualified objection to the plan and that the White House was therefore abandoning it. Thus we seemed unable to discover any indirect methods to check the activities of the munitions industry.

In the fall, using the growing public pressure as a lever, I resumed my search for a senator who might sponsor a Congressional investigation of the munitions firms. But if there was a difference in senators' attitudes, it seemed marked only by a greater fear and resistance to the idea than there had been in the early summer. It was on a snowy day the week before Christmas that I waited outside the senators' private dining room in the Capitol, and joined Norris as he came through its swinging door. As we walked along the corridor together, I told him of my failure, of my tremendous discouragement, and my need for his advice.

"Come to my office at the end of this afternoon's session," he said, "and I will see what I can do to help you." When I arrived promptly after adjournment, I found Senator Norris already at his desk. In front of him was a list of the members of the Senate, and in his hand a thick red pencil.

"Let's go right down this list together," he said, pulling up a chair for me beside him. "We'll eliminate all those senators whom, for one reason or another, it will be futile for you to see. And then when we have done that, I will take the names that are left and advise you on the best approach to each."

With his pencil poised, he began the process of elimination.

"He could do it," Norris would say, pointing to a name. "That man has great intellectual gifts. But I am afraid he is a moral coward." And the red pencil, with a swift heavy stroke, would discard that name. Then, perhaps hesitating for a moment, Norris would reject the next on the list.

"You had better not ask him," Norris would explain. "You

see you might persuade him to do it," he would add with a smile, "and that would be unfortunate; for he's too close to the Army." And the red pencil struck out another name. Occasionally I would question these rejections.

"What's wrong with that man, Senator?" I would ask. "He certainly isn't close to the Army, and I thought he had lots of moral courage."

"He has," Norris would reply, "but he has lots of copper in his state, too. We need him right here in the Senate. If he undertook this investigation, the interests in his state would crucify him. We can't let that happen."

"Tell me, Senator," I would say when another name had received the lacerations of the red pencil, "why are you eliminating him? There certainly is no copper in his state."

"No, but he comes up for election the next time," Norris would explain, "and he is going to have a tough fight. He mustn't be in the middle of an investigation; for he would neglect it or lose the election. We mustn't risk either."

The red pencil went on eliminating, eliminating.

"He's a good man," Norris would comment, "but he really is stupid," or as he hesitated momentarily, "That senator has brains and integrity, but oh, he's so incredibly lazy."

Sometimes Norris would pause for a long time. "What a good job he would do," Norris would say, shaking his head with regret as he drew his pencil almost tenderly through a name, "but he is carrying such a load with that labor bill of his and he is really ill."

Slowly, carefully, thoughtfully, Norris went down the list till he finally came to the end. Then he picked it up from the desk and held it out in front of us for better inspection. We stared together at the multitude of red, horizontal stripes. They ran like a crimson ladder straight down the page. Every name but one had been rejected. That name, a single line of shiny, black letters, lay alone and unbroken among the red; it spelled Gerald K. Nye, North Dakota.

"Nye's our man," said Norris, leaning back in his chair. "Nye's our man. He must be persuaded to do it."

"But, Senator, he's turned me down twice," I protested. "Why do you consider him the best man for the job?"

"Nye's young, he has inexhaustible energy, and he has courage," Norris replied. "Those are all important assets. He may be rash in his judgments at times, but it's the rashness of enthusiasm. I think he would do a first-class job with an investigation. Besides," Norris added, "Nye doesn't come up for election again for another four years; by that time the investigation would be over. If it reveals what I am certain it will, such an investigation would help him politically, not harm him. And that would not be the case with many senators. For you see, there isn't a major industry in North Dakota closely allied to the munitions business. Go and ask him again, Dorothy. If he refuses, then I'll have a talk with him. I think together we may be able to persuade him."

I left the Capitol with a sprightlier step and a lighter heart, and walked all the way home along Pennsylvania Avenue. Senator Norris had helped me and encouraged me, and those were things to make anyone proud. But it was not just his generous aid which had re-energized my mind and elevated my spirit; that had come from the man himself. Norris was a giant of integrity—humble, gentle, yet politically wise, and guided always by what was lofty and good. To be with him was to experience the magic of goodness.

As soon as the Christmas recess was over I telephoned to Senator Nye.

"I want a full, uninterrupted hour with you, Senator," I said, "and I want to do all the talking." Nye laughed, assured me he was a good listener, and suggested that I come to his office at five that afternoon. Nye was as good as his word. He listened quietly, and with apparently growing interest as I went step by step through a long, carefully prepared memorandum. When I had finished my hour's dissertation on the munitions industry —what facts were known—what were not known—what was

needed to be known—the increasing public pressure for an investigation—I ended by telling him that Senator Norris considered him "our man."

"Did Norris say that?" he asked with a kind of wistful pride.

"Yes, he has tremendous faith in you, Senator," I answered. "He says you have both the energy and courage necessary for this investigation, and he thinks it imperative to have it."

Nye sat silent for a little while, tapping his fingers together; then he got up and walked to the window. Beyond, in the soft winter evening, were the snowy trees and the wide spaces of the sloping Hill. Finally Nye turned.

"I'm afraid my conscience won't let me refuse you again," he said. "I'll do it."

It was on February 8th that Nye introduced into the Senate his resolution for an investigation of the munitions industry. But this action had been preceded by a series of conferences with various interested people. For it was essential first of all to draft a measure which, in spite of all the Senate opposition, was possible of passage and yet would guarantee an effective investigation. When the draft had finally been completed I became very impatient with Senator Nye. It seemed to me that he was hesitant about introducing the resolution. For a month he carried it around in his pocket, and at the end of each Senate session would explain "that the psychological moment for putting it in had not yet come."

Finally at noon on February 8th, when Nye came out to the lobby in response to my card, he stopped only long enough to say hurriedly, "Get up to the gallery; I'm tossing her into the hopper right now." And with that he sped back to the Senate floor. I didn't wait for the elevator, but dashed up the marble staircase, and in the gallery wedged myself into a seat in the front row. Nye was already standing in front of his desk when I got there, maneuvering for the floor. When recognized by the chair, Nye snapped his fingers for a page, and with the proper parliamentary phrasing, dispatched the resolution to the desk.

It read: "That the Foreign Affairs Committee be and is hereby authorized and directed to investigate the activities of individuals and corporations in the United States engaged in the manufacture, sale, distribution, import and export of arms, ammunition and other implements of war—"

I waited, leaning over the parapet of the gallery, in breathless excitement. Now the fireworks would start, now the Senate fight would begin. But nothing happened. There was no commotion, no angry questions, no shouted protests. To the right of me a bored press gallery looked on indifferently. Nye sat down, the resolution was accepted and ordered sent to the Foreign Affairs Committee. Across the floor, Senator Ham Lewis rose in his place. His frock coat, putty-colored spats and waistcoat, the famous pink whiskers, all gave him something of the overstuffed, elegant solemnity of a plumed hearse horse. He started to protest, then with a flourish of coattails reconsidered, and sat down. Nye rose, nodded briefly toward the lobby, and I went down the marble steps to join him.

"Weren't you surprised," I asked, "that no one questioned the resolution?"

"No, not particularly," he answered. "I told you I had been waiting for the right moment. It came today; didn't you notice that none of the senators who might have objected were on the floor? I had a bad moment, however, when Lewis got up, but as always he is so slow."

I realized then, what I was to learn many times later, that Nye was a skillful and shrewd parliamentary tactician. His hesitancy in introducing the resolution had been deliberate. He wanted it to have a chance. But immediately troubles began. Senator Pittman, chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, refused to deal with it, and he in turn taking advantage of Nye's absence from the floor one day a month later, secured unanimous consent to have the resolution transferred to the Military Affairs Committee. This act of Pittman's was a major blow; for the members of that committee were predominantly and vigorously military minded. With the resolution in their hands one

of two courses seemed almost inevitable—either they would kill the resolution outright by refusing to report it favorably to the Senate or, by assuming responsibility for the investigation themselves, they would whitewash the most important facts.

We set to work at once. The following day a small lobby committee met in my office to organize strategy, and after hours of conference we worked out a twofold plan by which we hoped to rescue the resolution from the Military Affairs Committee. First of all we proposed to the committee that the Nye and Vandenberg resolutions be combined. The Vandenberg resolution called for "a review of the findings of the War Policies Committee." The latter committee had been a special board appointed by the President at the request of the American Legion to study means for taking the profits out of war. For months the board had held public hearings and I had appeared before it for the W.I.L., pointing out that to take the profits out of war it would be necessary to take them out of preparation for war. Needless to record, no such recommendation appeared in the findings, but the board had been dissolved without the Administration's acting on any of its proposals. So Vandenberg, through his resolution, was requesting the Senate to review them. By combining the Nye and Vandenberg resolutions, the measure would gain a double-barreled support from two diametrically opposed wings of public opinion—the peace movement and the Legion. The second part of the plan which we proposed to the members of the Military Affairs Committee was that the committee recommend to the Senate that the investigation be put in the hands of a "select committee" which would carry out the provisions of the combined resolutions.

The Military Affairs Committee accepted these proposals, and reported favorably to the Senate the combined resolutions with the recommendation that the Senate appoint a select committee of seven with power to subpoena persons and data, and with a $50,000 appropriation to carry out the investigation.

The next step in the long parliamentary process led to the

Senate Committee of Audits and Control, which had to approve the appropriation. That committee reduced the amount to $15,000, but while that was a disappointment this smaller appropriation would be an adequate start. And so the Nye-Vandenberg resolution went to the Senate calendar "pending as order of business #623," and the big job had begun. For now it was necessary to win a majority of the Senate if the resolution was to pass.

The first problem was to find out just where we stood. I asked Jean Frost, the chairman of the W.I.L. lobby committee, to make a poll of the Senate, and under her able direction, ten volunteers went to work on the Hill. In a week's time they had secured a clear breakdown of the task ahead. The report Mrs. Frost gave me indicated that there were:

In favor of the resolution	20
Opposed to the resolution	45
Unwilling to commit themselves	29

With this report we had something substantial to work on, and for the time being I set aside the names of those both in the favorable and unfavorable lists, and concentrated first of all on the uncertain 29. In terms of the final vote, those 29 represented the balance of power. I therefore asked Jean Frost to poll that group again. This time I wanted an answer to the following question: "Would those senators tell us why they were unwilling to commit themselves?" Twenty-two of the twenty-nine stated that their decision would rest on the policy of the Administration. Here were the all-out New Dealers; most of them could probably be won by a party decision. So our next move had to be directed to the State Department.

Some years before, when Secretary Hull had been a member of the Congress, he had shown an active interest in the whole munitions problem, and already Joseph Green, an official, had been appointed as the munitions expert of the State Depart-

ment. I went to see Mr. Hull. For an hour he sat and twirled his glasses and talked colorfully of "those —— —— munition pirates," "those —— dirty brigands." Hull has the appearance of a scholar and a gentleman, but when he got mad he talked, with a faint lisp, like a Tennessee mountaineer who shoots from both hips.

"You don't have to come to me about this investigation; I'm for it," he said. "But the Administration policy won't depend on me; it will depend on the attitude across the street," and he jerked his thumb in the direction of Executive Avenue and the White House.

"'Across the street' is a little more accessible to you, Mr. Secretary, than it is to me," I said. "And our opposition is powerful. Time is important right now. If the Administration would give a nod of approval, it would certainly help the New Dealers in the Senate to come to a decision on how to vote. Don't you think you could get a statement of the Administration's policy?"

But though the Secretary wouldn't commit himself then, later he must have gone "across the street" for the State Department, on March 19th, announced its approval of an investigation. With that announcement we added, in one stroke, twenty more votes to the favorable list. With forty assured, we began a campaign throughout the country to win enough of the opposition senators to assure passage of the resolution. The peace movement, the churches, labor, all rallied to the struggle and began a barrage of telegrams, letters, and deputations to the Senate. This was supplemented everywhere with meetings and conferences. In Washington the W.I.L. organized a mass meeting at the Belasco Theatre, while organizations in New York and Chicago held simultaneous ones. Gradually one by one senators were being converted to an investigation, but there still were not enough to assure passage of the resolution.

In the meantime every move made by Senator Nye to bring his resolution to the floor was blocked by the opposition until April 12th. On that day the Senate was in the grip of the tax

bill. After a week of debate it had "again resumed consideration of H. R. #7835 to provide revenue, etc." Pat Harrison of Mississippi had been driving to put the bill through to a vote, but for days had been frustrated by the introduction of endless amendments. On the 12th, Bob La Follette had consumed hours with a very elaborate and complicated amendment to the tax bill. When that had finally been disposed of, Senator Nye got the floor.

MR. NYE: Mr. President, I send to the desk an amendment and ask that it be stated.

PRESIDING OFFICER: The clerk will state the amendment.

In a monotonous, rapid, loud voice the clerk began to read. The Nye amendment to the tax bill provided for a 98 per cent tax on all incomes over $10,000 in case of war. Having secured the floor, Nye launched into a long, detailed speech on his amendment. It went on and on for more than an hour. He talked about war and death and taxes; and he dwelt on the evil of munitions. As soon as Nye sat down, Vandenberg was on his feet and claimed the floor. He "applauded the Nye amendment" and with that he was off on an equally long discussion of the amendment's provisions.

Pat Harrison watched the clock with increasing exasperation. Finally, he rose and strode angrily across the floor to Nye's desk. The pantomime which followed was extremely diverting. Harrison scolded; Nye shook his head, and Vandenberg talked on. Harrison, throwing his eyes and hands to the heavens, resumed his seat. He had discovered that Nye had secured eleven senators to speak on his amendment, and had figured that the time to be consumed would cover five days.

Pat Harrison rose on the floor and interrupted Vandenberg.

"Mr. President, I am very anxious to move ahead as rapidly as possible with the revenue bill now before us. I would make this suggestion. The Senator from Michigan [Vandenberg] referred to a resolution now on the calendar providing for the appointment of a committee to investigate this question [munitions]. I would suggest that that resolution be considered at

this time, and that the amendment [98 per cent tax] of the Senator from North Dakota [Nye] be referred to that committee when it shall be appointed."

My heart sank. I was desperately anxious to have the investigation authorized, but we were still short five votes. It would be terrible to have the Nye-Vandenberg resolution fail now.

VANDENBERG: Mr. President, that would be agreeable to me.

NYE: Mr. President, I shall be quite willing to have that course taken. . . . Then I will move—

HARRISON: Mr. President, if the Senator will merely ask unanimous consent for immediate consideration of his resolution, I think that will accomplish the purpose.

NYE: Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of Calendar number 623, being Senate Resolution 206, providing for the appointment of a special committee to investigate the subject matter which has been under discussion.

PRESIDING OFFICER: Is there objection to the request of the Senator from North Dakota?

The presiding officer held his gavel poised; I held my breath. On the floor below, Huey Long was strutting about the chamber cracking his knuckles, and gazing at the galleries with the furtive look of a bad boy who has just pulled the wings off a fly. Freddy "Rowboat" Hale, chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, was engrossed in a copy of the Washington *News*. Senator Copeland, the inevitable red carnation in his buttonhole, was sleeping peacefully. Barkley appeared to be writing a letter. Norris put his hands flat on the desk in front of him. Bob La Follette moved back from the cloakroom door. Nye and Vandenberg leaned forward tensely like runners at the start of a race. Every man in the press gallery stood up and waited.

The gavel fell. "Without objection," intoned the presiding officer. The U. S. Senate, without a dissenting vote, had authorized an investigation of the munitions industry.

CHAPTER 12

Peddlers of Death

THE "select committee" appointed to investigate the munitions industry was a good one. It consisted of Senator Nye, chairman, and Vandenberg of Michigan, Clark of Missouri, Pope of Idaho, Bone of Washington, George of Georgia, and Barbour of New Jersey.

Several days after the membership of the committee had been announced, I went to the Capitol to see Senator Nye. I found Nye's outer office crowded with a large and strange assortment of people. Fortunately, I had made an appointment by telephone so that it was only a few moments before Nye's secretary ushered me in to see him.

"What is the meaning of that large crowd in your front office, Senator?" I asked him.

"Oh, those people are all applying for the job of chief investigator of the Munitions Committee," he told me. "But there have been so many, I haven't had time yet to interview them all."

"It was about the chief investigator that I wanted to see you," I said. "Some of us feel—as I am sure you do, too—that the effectiveness of the investigation may hinge in large part on the qualities and capacities of the person selected for that job. Have you found any promising applicants?"

"Yes," Nye replied, "there is one who interests me very much. The committee is planning to interview him tomorrow."

"Do I know him?"

"I don't think so," Nye answered, "but you do know his brother who is an official in the State Department."

"But, Senator," I said after a moment's hesitation, "do you really think that would be wise?"

"Why not?" Nye asked.

"It just seems to me," I said, "that as a matter of sound practice, it would be better not to appoint a person as chief investigator who has any direct or indirect connection with the government. Awkward situations could arise which might easily become embarrassing for the committee or the investigator."

"I hadn't considered that angle," Nye said. "I was interested only in the man's qualifications. I think they are good. The committee wants to get on with the job at once, and we planned to come to some decision about the appointment tomorrow. If you have anyone else to suggest, send him along."

I left Nye's office with a sense of concern. To me it seemed essential that the committee appoint to its staff no one even remotely connected with the government or, for that matter, with the munitions industry or the peace movement either. For however conscientious and incorruptible a man might be it was obvious that a connection with the munitions industry would automatically warp his judgment; that a connection with the peace movement could easily prejudice his attitude, and a government connection, at least subconsciously, temper his detachment.

I went to the telephone and called several people who had shown an active interest in the investigation. I suggested to them that we meet for lunch at the Tally-Ho Restaurant on Seventeenth Street. Three were able to come: Florence Boeckel of the National Council for Prevention of War; William Stone of the Foreign Policy Association; and Pat Jackson of Labor's Non-Partisan League. At lunch I told them my concern, and

for an hour we discussed possible people we might recommend to Nye for the job of chief investigator. But, for one reason or another, we could think of no one who if available was adequately equipped to do it. Then, just as we were about to separate, Pat Jackson suddenly snapped his fingers and brought his fist down hard on the table with characteristic enthusiasm and emphasis.

"I've got it," he said, "I've got it. I have just thought of an ace investigator: Steve!"

"Steve?" we echoed.

"Steve Raushenbush," he answered. "Can you imagine anyone better?"

"You're right," "Of course," we said in unison, and then interrupting each other, "Where is he?" "Would he be available?" "What is Steve doing now?"

"Steve is somewhere in Pennsylvania," Pat told us, "and I believe he's between jobs."

My acquaintance with Stephen Raushenbush was only a casual one, but I knew that behind a shy and quiet exterior was a first-class intellect, and the proficiency of an experienced investigator. He was already recognized as one of the country's leading experts on the subject of that "portable climate"—coal. But it was not only Steve's training and equipment for the job which made me respond so quickly and enthusiastically to Pat's suggestion. In his fearlessness, and in his passion for human progress, Steve was carrying on the crusading social gospel of his famous father, Walter Raushenbush. "Courage," I had once heard Steve say to a group of students, "courage should not be measured by what one does, but by what one loses when he does it."

Pat Jackson volunteered to try to reach Steve by long distance telephone, and I repaired at once to the Capitol. Jeannette Rankin, who at the time was "covering the Hill" for the National Council for Prevention of War, offered to help. She agreed to see Senators George, Pope, and Barbour about Steve, and I would see the other members of the committee.

A page took my card first to Senator Nye on the Senate floor.

"Senator, I think I can suggest an ace investigator," I said, borrowing Pat's words, when Nye came out to the lobby.

"Good, we are interested in all comers. Who is he?"

I told Nye Steve's name; what Steve had done; the books he had written; and I volunteered to ask the Congressional Library to send copies of his books to Nye's office that afternoon. Nye took my card, turned it over, and placing it against the lobby wall said, "How do you spell his name?" I, who am so notoriously a bad speller that I probably couldn't spell my own name had I not practiced it for so many years, made a long desperate guess and obliged.

"I hope you can have him here by tomorrow morning," Nye said; "we want to make a decision then."

I next sent my card in to Senator Vandenberg.

"What kind of hell are you proposing to raise with me today?" he asked with a smile.

"You malign me, Senator," I smiled back. "And I've come to make one of my usual constructive suggestions."

Vandenberg laughed. "All right, shoot your constructive suggestion; what is it?"

"It's a man," I told him, "an excellent chief investigator."

"You needn't send us any wild-eyed radicals," he warned.

"Certainly not," I replied, "not with you on the committee, Senator."

"Well, get him here tomorrow if you think we ought to consider him. What's his name?" I told him. "How do you spell it?" Vandenberg asked. Unperturbed, I obliged again.

I next saw Senator Bennett Champ Clark. He was merry and cordial. Steve sounded like the kind of chap they needed, he said. But how did you spell his name?

That was a question, however, which Senator Bone did not have to ask. He knew about Steve's work in the field of coal and electric power and his name alone was enough to catapult Bone into an hour's discourse on the "power barons" in the

state of Washington, the conditions in the coal fields of Pennsylvania, the drafts in the Senate lobby, and the qualities of his Quaker grandmother.

It was five o'clock before I got to a telephone to call Pat.

"Oh, Lordy, Dorothy," Pat said, "I can't find Steve."

"Oh, Pat, but you must," I insisted. "I think we can get him appointed, but he must be here by tomorrow."

"Well, I've telephoned the length and breadth of Pennsylvania but I'll keep at it."

It was one o'clock that night when the telephone woke me.

"I've finally found him," Pat announced triumphantly. "And Steve's definitely interested. He's catching a train from Harrisburg right away. I told him we would breakfast with him at the station at nine and give him the dope."

We had finished our coffee the next morning, when Steve pulled from his pocket a folded brown paper bag. "I had to sit up all night on the train," Steve explained, "so I occupied the time by drafting the kind of plan for an investigation I believe should be undertaken, should the committee consider me for the job."

Apparently the plan (presented to the committee later that morning) impressed them. For within twenty-four hours after we had initiated our Raushenbush campaign, no other candidate was considered for the job. Steve, appointed as chief investigator, gathered about him an excellent staff. Among them were Alger Hiss, who later was to become an official of the State Department, and still later the secretary general of the San Francisco Conference; and Robert Wolforth, and Josephine Burns (now Mrs. Stephen Raushenbush).

Under the direction of the committee, Steve and his staff spent the summer collecting data, examining files of munitions companies, and preparing for the public investigation. I was in Geneva the following September when the hearings began. Though I knew that the committee's revelations would receive wide publicity in the American press, I was surprised and unprepared for the interest which the investigation aroused in

Europe. The corridors of the League of Nations buzzed with discussion of the Senate hearings, and proposals for similar investigations were quickly advocated in various parliaments.

On the opening day of the hearings, Drew Pearson devoted his Washington column to my part in pressing for the Senate investigation. His story, cabled to Europe, made me suddenly a focus of attention for correspondents from Turkey to Latvia. But it was the social repercussions precipitated by Drew's column which baffled but diverted me most. For overnight, I seemed to achieve the meteoric popularity usually associated with channel swimmers and sweepstakes champions. The role of lady lioness was quite new and highly entertaining to me.

The morning I arrived back in Washington, I went at once to the Capitol. The large caucus room, where the hearings were being held, was crowded, and photographers were snapping pictures of the four solemn Du Pont brothers who had been subpoenaed by the committee. Suddenly a photographer's flashbulb exploded accidentally, and that quartet of star munitions makers let forth a resounding scream and leaped into the air.

During the weeks that followed, the Du Ponts seemed equally agile in defending their munitions empire. To them, the corporation's profits of 400 per cent during the First World War seemed only the good fruit of sound business. And they seemed not the least embarrassed by the disclosure that during one of that war's most crucial periods, they had refused to build a powder plant—deemed essential by the government—until their corporation could be guaranteed what they stipulated as an adequate "margin of profit."

The long, exhaustive investigation—so painstakingly directed by Stephen Raushenbush—produced a sordid record of intrigues and bribery; of collusion and excessive profits; of war scares artificially fostered and conferences deliberately wrecked. Week after week and month after month, Nye and his energetic committee cross-questioned and examined, subpoenaed and revealed, building up an astounding record. But as Nye and each

member of his committee were so often to testify, it was Steve —quiet and self-effacing—who was the genius of this undertaking.

As time went by and the investigation piled one unsavory scandal on top of another, the caucus room reflected both the anger of an outraged public and the defensive defiance of the munitions kings. The latter with their staffs, lawyers, and friends, gradually appropriated the left side of the big room, while their critics drifted to the right. And during the testimony, the munitions lobbyists would sit, glum and harassed, glaring across at "those meddlesome pacifists."

If only they could unearth some scandal about those pacifists which would divert the public's attention from the munitions makers and focus it on the opposite side of the room. So "the mountain labored, and brought forth a mouse." It was a fabulous little mouse neatly conceived from my brown fur coat and leather handbag.

The coat, an elegant one of dyed ermine and mink, was a prized possession. It had been a gift from one of my dearest friends, Mrs. Frank Fitzpatrick of New York. I wore this luxurious gift with pride and joy, and on the limited occasions when it went with me to the Capitol, it was always accompanied by my enormous handbag. The bag, which I had purchased in London for the purpose, was large enough to accommodate the usual woman's minutiae as well as the bills, papers, and Congressional reports which were a daily part of my equipment.

This bag and coat, I suddenly discovered, had become objects of the munitions lobbyists' concentrated attention. It was obvious that no peace worker could afford such a coat. Where had it come from? Who had given it to me? And why? The search for the mythical donor developed into a major enterprise. My own frank explanation of the gift was repudiated as "stuff and nonsense." It must be linked, they were convinced, with the sinister and mysterious "person" who supplied the contents of that enormous purse. This "person" was always to

remain a shadowy figure without identification. But the treasure he provided for the purse was allegedly a definite amount. That amount was, according to these imaginative lobbyists, $62,000. Why they did not fancy a round and tidy sum I have never known. Perhaps to them, $62,000 carried a more genuine ring than a neat $60,000 or $70,000.

Nevertheless, according to the caucus room gossip, I had plucked this tempting morsel of greenbacks from the depths of my black bag, and waved it before the avaricious eyes of Senator Nye. Nye had succumbed; the munitions investigation was the bitter result. And for my part in "undermining free enterprise" and "patriotic business" there was the reward of a magnificent fur coat. This amazing fable has never died. Even in 1946 it was still stalking my steps.

Unfortunately, however, the careful and important recommendations of the Munitions Committee were not to live. Those recommendations, accompanying the committee's reports to the Senate, were presented in a series of interlocking legislative measures. Together these measures formed not only a comprehensive and far-reaching program for the maintenance of peace, but also supplied bulwarks to safeguard the rights of the American people.

The Neutrality Bill, providing for an embargo on arms and loans to nations at war, was the only legislation even partially enacted into law. But even it was crippled by its "half-measure" provisions, and was never intended to form an isolated policy plucked from the context of the entire program.

Surely, no Senate committee ever rendered to the American people a more intelligent or important service. It was the nation's loss that it did not comprehend it.

CHAPTER 13

That Man

IN the late summer of 1935, the tiny city of Geneva lay like a jewel box in the lap of its mountains. The clear cobalt lake, the flowers, the parasols, the *Plage*—all reflected the sharp bright colors of precious gems. But the mental climate of the town carried none of the sparkle of its decorative façade. The faces of the League delegates as they gathered for the September sessions were grim and tense. Through all the bunting and national flags which fluttered from motorcars and public buildings ran the threads of foreboding. For Mussolini was threatening to blast his way to empire through the back door of Africa, and on the farther slope of the Alps, Hitler was plotting for the Rhineland. The continuation of war in the Far East had already blemished the League's prestige, and now these new orders of aggression and tyranny were jeopardizing the very life of its frail authority.

It was on a day late in August that Frank Hanighen climbed the outside stairway—hugging Geneva's ancient Roman wall—to the Maison's little garden nestled on the top of it. Frank, one of the co-authors of the *Merchants of Death*, had come to bring me dispatches, just received in the League of Nation's pressroom, reporting the passage of an emasculated Neutrality Bill the day before in Congress.

We discussed our disappointment and apprehension. It would have been preferable, we knew, for the United States to have no embargo legislation at all than for the Congress further to obscure American foreign policy by the enactment of this inadequate measure. For to many of us, American policy appeared as devoid of affirmative purpose as a mathematical "cipher to the left."

Since the turn of the century, the Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door in China had been the only two consistent canons of American foreign relations. And these were canons pruned from that withered flower of yesterday—Nationalism. In the United States, there was as yet no general recognition of the fact that, technically, the world had changed from remoteness to contact, as economically, it had changed from need to potential abundance.

Moreover, the United States had refused to assume, through membership in the League of Nations, any common political responsibility for the peace of the world. These facts, it seemed to many of us, laid upon our country a moral obligation to purge itself of those black markets in Death which fed and succored the war parties of Europe and Asia. A comprehensive Neutrality Act, scrupulously administered and loyally observed, would not only restrict the traffickers in arms, but might advance—through the positive properties so released—creative leadership for peace. Fortunately the life of this present law would be brief, and in six months the Congress would have to review its provisions again. Perhaps by then, the swiftly-moving events in Europe would testify to the need of a more enlightened and integrated foreign policy.

But my concern over the inadequacy of the Neutrality Law was soon dimmed by the drama of the Quai Wilson. On the afternoon of September 4th, the Council of the League met to consider the Italian-Ethiopian crisis. The sessions were convened in the new Disarmament Building which was as modern and fresh as tomorrow's news. The center of the Council Hall was dominated by a U-shaped table, and at the rear of the room

the floor sloped up in a series of terraced tiers to form the press and public galleries. The wall opposite these galleries rose to the full height of the building, and was constructed chiefly of glass. This giant window, like the screen in a motion-picture theater, revealed against its transparent surface the pleasant, placid vistas of Geneva beyond.

At the U-shaped table on that eventful afternoon sat the representatives of Europe's great powers. Sleek, handsome Anthony Eden was among them, and Pierre Laval—his swart face a written record of evil. Beyond sat Litvinov, denuded of his Swiss and Russian guards whom he had left with his top hat at the door sill. At the end of the table, like a symbol of "smartly polished corruption," slouched the elegant figure of the Baron Aloisi of Italy.

A hush answered the fall of the gavel.

"I call to the council table," intoned the chairman, "the representative of Ethiopia."

"*J'appelle à la table du conseil—*" echoed the French translator.

In the far corner of the crowded hall, there arose a small black man. His ill-fitting European clothes hung on him with the loose, limp dejection of papa's suit on an adolescent. For a moment Tecle Hawariate of Addis Ababa hesitated; then he walked slowly, timidly, to the Council table. In that strange, diminutive figure seemed embodied all the tragedy and weakness of the world's dark races.

With arrogant ease, the Baron Aloisi arose to answer the Council's summons.

"Ethiopia was a barbarous country," he declared, "unfit to associate with civilized nations." (The Swiss Guards rushed up and down the steps of the galleries hushing the guffaws of the press and the public.) Aloisi's voice rose shrilly. "In spite of Italy's urgent and recognizable need of colonies," he said, she had risen against Ethiopia only "in defense of her security, her rights, and her dignity." Apparently to the Fascist Baron, as

to Aaron Burr, truth was "whatever could be boldly asserted, and plausibly maintained."

Ethiopia's case was defended eloquently by Professor Jeze, a French lawyer, and he was followed by Spain's Salvador de Madariaga. Madariaga reminded the delegates that nations, like men, also had nursery days, and that it was infamous when great states dared to "disturb the rhyme of peoples." But the rhyme of peoples—disturbed so persistently throughout the centuries by the nations represented around the U-shaped table—was viewed only as an esoteric abstraction on that bright September afternoon. For naked Power had mounted the saddle to trample mankind.

Looking down from the gallery as one delegate after another rose to utter the exalted ambiguities of diplomacy, I wanted to stand up and shout: "Gentlemen—you, down there—look up; look up, out of that window." For out of that window was life—normal, healthy, abundant life. A child's laughter as she rolled a hoop on the grass; her little dog; flower beds; white swans on the lake; a workman with his pipe—all these were the mystical tokens of peace.

But I did not shout, and no one looked out of the window. The speeches went on; the sun sank below the lake; and on the floor below, the gathering autumn twilight transmuted the figures of men into lengthening shadows of tomorrow's tombs.

During the tense days that followed, the independence of Ethiopia was never again to be discussed in the halls of the League. A committee of five, appointed by the Council to examine the situations and recommend measures of pacific settlement, reported to the Assembly on September 18th. In identical notes forwarded to Italy and Ethiopia, the committee advanced a program for partitioning the latter economically, politically, and culturally, and placing her under the aegis of the League. Ethiopia submitted at once, but Italy angrily refused; and on October 10th, the League declared Italy an aggressor, and as provided by the Covenant, applied sanctions against her.

In the meantime, five days earlier, Roosevelt had issued a neutrality proclamation for the United States announcing that he was compelled to "recognize the simple and indisputable fact that a state of war existed between Italy and Ethiopia." Since the passage of the Neutrality Act in August, the President had been under a constant barrage of American public pressure to invoke the act in the Far Eastern conflict. But he did not then, nor at any time in the future, officially recognize the "simple and indisputable fact" that since 1931 a state of war had existed between China and Japan. This discriminatory policy, which was contrary to the first provision of the act making it obligatory on the President to impose an arms embargo on belligerents in the event of war, led to an effort that winter to transfer these mandatory provisions to the Congress. But the forces of the Administration defeated this effort just as the vested interests in war defeated our raw materials amendment. The temporary law was extended, however, to May, 1937, and we succeeded at the last moment in adding a provision for embargoing loans and credits.

Then on January 15th, Japan, enraged by the refusals of other governments to grant her parity, withdrew from a five-power naval conference which had been convened in London. This action of Japan's precipitated an inflammatory speech by Senator Pittman in the Senate. The speech, coming as it did from the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, was naturally interpreted as a reflection of Administration views, and the timing of the speech as a spur for additional military appropriations.

The combined budget estimates, projected for the Army and Navy that year, came to an approximate total of 800 million dollars. This figure represented a "new high" even for the habitually expensive services, and it was obvious that the tax increases required to sustain such a program could not be wrested from tax-shy Americans without definite provocation. The inciting Pittman speech certainly served as a crafty if transparent mechanism to advance that purpose.

Hence, when the defense budgets were being considered by the Congress, I requested time to testify before a Senate appropriations committee on behalf of the W.I.L. Previously, it had not been our custom to squander much energy opposing "funds for the forces." For though it was obvious that great military establishments fostered nationalistic rivalries and competitive arms races, we knew that, basically, armies and navies were only the outward and visible symptoms of debased international conditions. We were confident that in a co-operatively organized international society, armaments would become as dated as the dodo, and fall of their own weight. We recognized, too, that peace could not be sought merely as an end in itself since intrinsically peace was a by-product of the creative conditions and moral dynamics of life. Hence it was to the conditions and dynamics that the W.I.L. primarily addressed its efforts.

These convictions, however, were not shared by the public at large. To most Americans, armaments (that is, one's own national armaments) still produced the illusion of security. Hence the "services" were popular, particularly the Navy. And I doubt whether many persons who entered the House Naval Committee Room were as annoyed, as I always was, by the fallacious title inscribed under an oil painting which occupied one of the walls. The painting depicted a battleship plowing through foaming seas straight into the room, its multiple guns bristling above its decks like the stiff, obscene mustaches of a magnified horsefly. Under this ferocious battlewagon was the paradoxical inscription "Peace."

Fortunately, the appropriations room in the Senate boasted no such virulent "art" to divert my attention. It was a compact little room, chaste as a monk's cell, and on the morning of the hearings on the naval appropriations, the end of its oval table was occupied by only two witnesses: an able and suave official of the Navy Department and me. In protocol-ridden Washington, rank always takes precedence, and so on that morning according to custom, "brass" was to come first.

The naval official prefaced his testimony by opening in front

of him a large and impressive kind of chart, perhaps three feet square. In bold black letters printed across the top were the words "U. S. Naval Policy." That title bewildered and fascinated me. How could the Navy have its own private policy? According to my understanding of the principles of American government, the Navy was an instrument of policy, never a policy-making body in itself. Policy, I had supposed, was the joint province of the Congress and the State Department, and was formulated by them in a dozen different ways: through diplomacy, directives by laws, conferences, day-by-day undertakings and agreements. In the event of an unresolved conflict, the Congress, through a declaration of war, was empowered by the Constitution to employ the Navy to enforce its policies. But even in such an eventuality, the Congress was sovereign, the Navy its servant. The testimony of my fellow witness, however, was based on no such old-fashioned theory of government. Reading from the chart in front of him, he outlined a program and laid down a policy which to me was absolutely hair-raising. In one sentence, he nonchalantly abolished the traditional "Navy Triangle," that pie-shaped line of defense running from Alaska to Hawaii to Panama. In its place he bent the triangle into a series of circles to encompass the world. Reading from the chart in front of him, the official announced that it was now the Navy's "policy" to protect "our interest, our rights, and our commerce in all the sea lanes of the earth." He did not, however, stop to specify which rights, whose interests, and what kind of commerce was to receive this blanket protection. But he did declare that the contemplated Navy must be made powerful enough to lick simultaneously any combination of foreign navies wherever they might be in any of the far-flung waters of the globe.

The senators, usually so jealous of their prerogative as policymakers, and quick to put in its place any government department daring to usurp this function, were docile and meek. One or two asked apologetically if they could obtain a copy of the chart "in order to study it more carefully"; but they were in-

formed by the official that it was pretty "hush-hush" material and he doubted if permission could be secured from the Navy Department to grant such requests. At my right hand the chart lay open on the table. Stamped clearly across the bottom were the familiar words "Government Printing Office." I made a mental note of that. If the senators didn't secure that chart, I would.

To the apparent surprise of the young official, when my turn came I advanced no futile program for sinking the Navy, whatever my sentiments at that moment were. Instead, I concentrated on only two points: With what I hoped was unmistakable clarity, I first suggested that the Congress reassert itself as a policy-making body and not delegate its constitutional responsibility to a "functional" branch of the government. And second, I urged that before any new appropriations were granted for the pursuit of this new and as yet unauthorized naval program, the Congress re-evaluate the entire government budget in relation to America's foreign policy, trade policy, financial policy, et cetera. *All* of these policies, I argued, should fit together like concentric circles to form a total and consistent program for the maintenance of peace.

To sustain my appeal for a review of the whole budget, I analyzed certain current figures which I suggested were morally untenable—that the Congress, for example, was allocating more money for the upkeep of military cemeteries than for the Children's Bureau; that at a time of grave international crisis abroad, when the country required a competent and adequate foreign service, the State Department funds for an entire year were less than those expended by the armed forces in a single day. These cold mathematical facts, I contended, revealed a confusion of values which was patently uncivilized.

The senators thanked me for a "stimulating and important contribution to their thinking," but needless to record, promptly voted an unrevised budget on the naval appropriation. Only 16 votes in the Senate and 52 in the House were cast against it. But even this insignificant opposition represented the largest

number of votes registered against a naval budget during my years in Washington. This fact did not, however, dispel the myth so persistently circulated during the Second World War that "the pacifists had disarmed America."

But at the time I was not concerned with myths; I was concerned with a naval document. Enclosing a dollar bill, I wrote to the Government Printing Office requesting as many copies of "U. S. Naval Policy" as that amount would buy. Promptly by return mail, I received two large charts and three pocket-size editions of this very hush-hush document. If it was as secret as the navy official had implied, the Government Printing Office apparently had not been made cognizant of the fact.

One of these charts I took with me to a monthly meeting of the National Peace Conference in New York. The conference was composed of officers from forty national organizations, the membership of their combined constituent bodies numbering in the millions. I was a member of the conference steering committee which had become increasingly disturbed during the winter over the direction and the contradictions in American Foreign Policy. My pocket-size chart which they examined that day only deepened their disturbance. The following week the committee asked for an interview with the President.

Stanley High, an old friend of the conference, and at the time a member of the President's staff, delivered our request. Mr. Roosevelt immediately responded by inviting the steering committee to the White House for dinner. That invitation precipitated a mild disagreement among us. Some of the members looked on a White House invitation as a "command"; they considered it bad taste and discourteous to decline. But others of us contended that the social atmosphere of a dinner party would not be conducive to the frank and free discussion of controversial issues which was the object of our request. Our "regrets" sent in answer to this invitation were, I suspect, fairly unique in White House social annals. But with our regrets, we reiterated our request for a "business conference." The President, however, seemed determined to feed us. Promptly

he extended a second invitation, this time to tea. This second invitation left us no alternative but to accept.

It was March 13th that we met at five o'clock in the White House hall. There were eight of us: Dr. Walter Van Kirk, the chairman of the conference and an official of the Federal Council of Churches; William Stone of the Foreign Policy Association; Josephine Schain of the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War; Estelle Sternberger of World Peaceways; Dr. Henry Atkinson of the Church Peace Union; Dr. James Shotwell of the Carnegie Peace Foundation; Nevin Sayre, of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and I. Stanley High and Caroline O'Day, a warm friend of the Roosevelts and at the time a member of my board, joined us.

The Lincoln study was warm and delightful on the bleak March afternoon, and the President, as always, cordial and affable. He was seated on a little couch at one side of the beautiful room which was enhanced for me that day by the presence of three dear, dignified dogs. They rose to welcome us, waited to be petted, and then established themselves as living hazards in the path of the passing tea tray. The President was soon entertaining us with a dramatic story. It was not one of those stereotyped stories thrown out as a life belt to salvage conversation. It was a current account of an ambassador's experience with Benito Mussolini. The President was bubbling with humor and exuded the charm and gaiety which had already become part of the American legend. His jaw would shoot forward with emphasis, his merry laugh punctuate some ludicrous point; and his long cigarette holder outline with invisible strokes each exciting detail of the episode. As I listened enthralled, my mind registered one of those totally irrelevant impressions which flit into consciousness unbidden. For Roosevelt, I observed, was the most casually dressed President I had known, just as Coolidge had been the most fastidious. The President's tie, knotted off center, ran down into his vest on the bias, and on the sleeve of his rough tweed coat, a button dangled by a thread. But these sartorial details were endearing,

not disturbing; and I was disturbed. For opposed as I was to many of his policies, and critical of the direction of American foreign relations, this man Roosevelt always "got me." In his presence I found my heart and mind completely untrustworthy.

On a previous occasion, when a W.I.L. deputation had called on him, his captivating charm had completely undermined our plans and intentions. We had gone to the White House to protest the President's failure to invoke the Neutrality Act in the Far Eastern war. As chief executive, he had sworn in his presidential oath to uphold the Constitution and the laws of the land. The Neutrality Act was clear and specific: "Upon the outbreak or during the progress of war between or among two or more foreign states, the President shall proclaim such fact, and it shall thereafter be unlawful to export arms, ammunition, or implements of war," etc. Dr. Gertrude Bussey, then president of the W.I.L., was to put our case. If the chief law-enforcing official of the government failed to carry out the law—whether he liked the law or not—such laxity would inevitably foster contempt for law in the people, etc., etc. Mildred Olmstead was to follow this protest with an appeal for a more affirmative policy in support of the new Republican government in Spain; and Ruth Colby was to urge executive support of Congressional measures providing for the rescue of the victims of the Hitler terror.

But we hadn't fortified ourselves sufficiently to meet the characteristic Roosevelt technique nor the captivating Roosevelt charm. The President had taken the ball and carried it down the field while we stood by as fascinated spectators. A half hour later when McIntyre had opened the door to announce the next visitors, we realized that we, who had come to tell the President what we wanted our government to do, had stood silently by while the President had skillfully prevented us from opening our mouths.

That earlier experience had taught me a lesson; and as I now drank my tea and listened to his story about Mussolini

and an ambassador, I tried to analyze the magic of this delightful personality. Moved as I was by the bitter tragedy of his handicap, I knew that at least for me it was not this misfortune which affected me primarily. I had known others who had risen just as triumphantly above similar crucifixions, but who had emerged without any residue of the ruthlessness which the President's gallant struggle had apparently left in him. Franklin Roosevelt certainly defied any emotion of pity. But as I watched him over my teacup, the source of his extraordinary power seemed suddenly revealed to me. It was, I decided, his transcendent vitality, his tremendous capacity for life—that lighted, shining quality which radiated from him, making every other person in his presence seem dim and bloodless and tame.

These thoughts were interrupted by the voice of Walter Van Kirk, steering us toward the business at hand. In simple and direct terms he described the function of the National Peace Conference—the breadth of its constituent bodies, and then, the government policies these organizations questioned. He concentrated on three points: the Administration's failure to invoke the Neutrality Act in the Far East; the provocative Pittman speech; and the mounting "defense" expenditures.

The President replied that he was delighted that the peace movement was getting together. It was always easy to get unity among conservatives, he said, as they only wanted to maintain the status quo; but when forty organizations could work harmoniously together and reach common agreement on issues, that was a major achievement. As for the Neutrality Act, we must recognize that as President he must "work politically." We were, of course, correct that the law was mandatory, making it obligatory on him to act. However, he considered that the "timing" of the action was left to his discretion. The law, it seemed to me, could hardly have been more specific about timing, but the President had moved on to another point. There were, he said, a lot of arguable questions about the Neutrality Act. Take the peace movement's demand for an amendment

to include an embargo on raw materials. Did we want an embargo on food, for example? Would that shorten a war, or would it be moral?

Walter pointed out that the term "raw materials," like munitions, would have to be defined, and specified; and that the peace movement had always advocated that food should not be included in such a definition. The President replied that he was glad to have that point clarified; he considered an embargo on food absolutely immoral. (In later years, during the momentous struggle to extend the "Greek plan" of feeding to the children of America's allies in western Europe, I was to realize how great can be the gap between the word and the deed.) But on that March afternoon, I could not foresee their contrast.

The President moved on to the Pittman speech. That "was regrettable"; it had been a mistake, he said. He would try to correct the unfortunate impression it had made on the country when he delivered his next public speech. As for Japan, we needn't worry about her. She would stop her aggression soon; she hadn't the raw materials or the money to hold out much longer. His primary concern about Japan was in relation to South America. Should she, for example, try to lease for 99 years, say, some area of land in Ecuador—then the U. S. would have to act. He believed in the Monroe Doctrine in its "original pristine beauty." As for the Navy, the President went on, he would state categorically that it was only for the defense of the continental U. S. It was terrible to spend 50 million dollars on a battleship; he didn't intend to increase the number of American ships unless the building programs of other nations forced him to do so. At this point, I put in a question.

"Mr. President," I said, "would you be willing to expand your statement? Just what line do you envisage when you speak of the 'defense of the continental U. S.'?"

"I mean, Miss Detzer, the old tried and true Naval Triangle —Alaska, Hawaii, Panama," and he transcribed the line with his cigarette holder in the air.

"Then, Mr. President, there is no change to include the Philippine Islands, for example?"

"No," he said. "Hawaii is the farthest point of that triangle: Hawaii's important. If we didn't have her, we would have to have a larger Navy."

"Well then, Mr. President," I pursued, "what is the meaning of the new 'U. S. Naval Policy'?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," he replied.

"I'm referring to that document, Mr. President, which extends our defense line around the world, and calls for a Navy large enough to defend 'our interest, our rights, and our commerce in all the sea lanes of the world.' "

"That's nonsense," the President said heatedly. "You ought to know better than that. It's never been the policy of my administration to defend American investments anywhere abroad. You certainly know that it was I who substituted the Good Neighbor policy in South America for the old policy of marine intervention. That holds for every other part of the world, too. Does that answer your question?"

I gave myself a mental nudge. Don't get soft now.

"I am afraid it only confuses me more, Mr. President," I answered. "How is it possible for the Navy to publish a 'U. S. Naval Policy' so in conflict with yours?"

"There is no such document as 'U. S. Naval Policy,' " he answered with increased annoyance. "What gave you such an idea?"

I rose to my feet quickly, walked over to the couch, and sat down beside the President. Pulling from my purse the pocket edition of that controversial document, I held it out in front of him.

"Mr. President, look," I said, pointing to the title, and reading " 'U. S. Naval Policy.' Would you explain line 4?"

Mr. Roosevelt jerked the pamphlet out of my hand, held it out in front of him at arm's length, gazed at it in amazement, and began to read hurriedly down the page. We all sat silent, waiting in an atmosphere charged with suspense. It was broken

surprisingly. With a gesture of quick anger, the President lifted his arm and flung the document spinning across the room. The dogs jumped, the rest of us blinked, and the President thundered, "Never saw the damn thing before in my life."

Bill Stone rose, retrieved the disheveled pamphlet, and every one else shifted uncomfortably.

"The Army's too big," the President announced as in turn he retrieved his calm control. "It's ridiculous to have 160 thousand men under arms." Next year he'd try to get it back to 140 thousand. That, he said, was sufficient for the Army.

Dr. Shotwell steered the conversation to Italy and the Kellogg Pact. The President said he had raised the issue with Mussolini who had told him to go to hell. This interesting statement was interrupted by one of his secretaries, who walked to the couch and spoke quietly into the President's ear. We all rose. It probably was time for us to go. "Oh sit down," said the President, "it's only the Secretary of the Navy who wants to see me. You don't mind keeping him waiting, or do you?" and with that he put back his head and roared with laughter.

I smiled down at that gay, lifted face. What a President! How magnificent had been his domestic policies; how mad he made me by the inconsistencies in his foreign policy. But, oh, how I loved the man!

CHAPTER 14

Assorted Company

THE Women's International League was, like me, a "joiner." It belonged not only to the National Peace Conference but it was also a constituent part of other federations and "specialized" groups. Knowing that united action on any given issue strengthened the possibility of that issue's success, we co-operated whenever possible with other organizations working in our general direction. But these joining proclivities were not without critical control. The national board examined and weighed each request for common undertakings with caution and discrimination. From experience, we knew that so much time could be spent "co-operating" that our own program could easily suffer from neglect. But there was also an added reason for our prudence. Emily Balch had expressed it with delightful pungency.

"When I was very young," she once told the board, "I found myself tempted to join a movement for dress reform. But I resisted the temptation; people, I decided, who worked for one unpopular cause should be economical in practicing their 'queernesses.'"

In its general functioning, the W.I.L. tried to benefit by this wisdom. As it was, our guiding principles compelled us to oppose those "streams of tendency" which seemed to us to

deflect into destructive channels the moral currents of our Western culture. Hence, those persons who were imprisoned in a status quo mentality naturally stamped the W.I.L. as "radical," "different," or "extreme." But labels, however exaggerated or distasteful, caused us little concern. We knew that the steep road of human progress had always been defaced by offensive signboards. The hypersensitive, the too fastidious had better not attempt the ascent. But for those who ventured, common sense was a useful companion. Like Emily Balch, it cautioned us against a general habit of nonconformity.

Thus it was with a good deal of uncertainty that in the spring of 1934 I laid before the national board of the W.I.L. a new request for co-operation. It was a request, however, which I was very eager that the board should grant. For I had been asked, as national secretary of the W.I.L., to join with the directors of three other groups in signing a "call" for a meeting to organize an American branch of the League Against War and Fascism. The three other co-signers were to be: Roger Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union; Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist party; and J. B. Mathews, who later was to become an official of the American League, and still later, the secretary of the infamous Dies Committee.

I had attended, as an observer, the great congress in Holland when the international body of the League Against War and Fascism had been founded. That had been a tremendously exciting and stimulating experience. The vigor of the labor delegates who had come from all parts of the world had stirred me with new hope and enthusiasm. Jouhaux, the great labor leader of France, was there, and workers from the Spanish and Chinese trade union movements; there were anti-Nazi Germans who had come to the congress "underground," and delegates from the slowly awakening continent of Africa.

There had been one particularly exciting session when a Belgian dockhand had leaped to the platform and called for an antiwar pledge. If the workers everywhere would strike

against war, he said, their capitalist bosses could not force them to fight.

"Lay down your tools, Comrades, when the next war comes," he had shouted. "If we refuse to load the ships; if we won't run the railroads; if we don't turn a wheel, or enter the pits—we can win the war against war. For we, the workers—whatever our flag, or whatever language we speak—are closer to each other than to the bosses of our native lands.

"Comrades, raise your hands with me. Let us pledge allegiance to each other—and to Labor, our common Fatherland. 'We shall never kill each other; we shall only war against war.' "

With cheers and bravos, men leaped on their chairs, shouted their pledges, clasped each other's hands, and in the universal language of music, sealed their vows in rousing choruses of "Solidarity Forever," and the "Red Flag."

They were right, I felt; labor *did* have the power to stop war. If the workers everywhere could attain a loyalty to each other transcending allegiance to national flags and artificial borders, the war parties in every country could be thwarted.

But I was equally stirred by the strong anti-Nazi sentiment which permeated the congress. The banners of liberty, democracy and the rights of man floated as high as those for peace. To be sure, I was a little puzzled by the enthusiasm for these symbols of freedom expressed by the Communist brethren who attended the congress.

"Yes, you may have political freedom in America, but what good is it?" said one of the "comrades" to me. "For with it goes also your freedom to starve, freedom to die in your great depressions; that's not our idea of freedom," he ended contemptuously.

I could see, even while I resisted it, that there was a certain logic in what that "comrade" said. Obviously, his was a distorted view; but then he had never lived in a land where political democracy existed. And I knew, too, that freedom had many properties. If the Communists saw economic freedom as a

greater value than the political freedoms enjoyed by the Western democracies that fact should not prevent us from co-operating together against war and fascism.

The cruelty and oppression of the Soviet dictatorship, I told myself, was no doubt a temporary phase of the Revolution—one of those ugly dregs left in the wake of all great tidal movements in history. The democratic liberties I held so dear had gone through muddy waters, too. Only time had refined and cleansed them; yet in the process, time also had tended to freeze those freedoms into political molds. If these precious values were to be amplified, or even maintained, new insights had to be released in men, and new democratic institutions fashioned from the old. For freedom was like life; it did not stand still. It carried within itself both the seeds of growth and the seeds of death. Nazi Germany had demonstrated how quickly and violently freedom could be killed. And yet how many centuries it had taken to win, one by one, all our proud liberties.

Looking back through the pages of history, one could follow each difficult step in its long process of growth. The Renaissance and the Reformation, liberating man's mind and spirit, had planted those seedlings of political democracy—freedom of worship, freedom of speech and writing, freedom of research (science). From them had developed "freedom for enterprise"—that root from which the machine age and capitalism had sprung. And capitalism, solving the problem of production, had conquered man's age-old enemy—scarcity. But, as always, the solution of one problem seemed only to resolve itself into a new problem; and capitalism in solving the problem of production had created a new problem by destroying the former relationship between work and energy.

I knew that had I lived in an earlier period of history, and gathered wood for my oven or carried water for my bath, I would have expended energy to serve those needs. But living in the contemporary world, I could push a button on my electric stove or turn a tap in my tub, and nature responded without benefit of muscles. But not only that: I could press a button

which turned on a thousand lights with no more expenditure of energy than I would use to illuminate a single bulb. These miracles of the machine age—destroying the old balance between work and energy, and widening the gap between the production of goods and their distribution—had created a paradoxical world in which plenty and insecurity walked hand in hand.

The emergence of Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany had surely demonstrated that unless men could work out the problems of security, violence would result; and violence would not produce security.

Dealing audaciously and creatively with this basic problem seemed to me the supreme challenge of our age. For on its solution hung all those corollary problems: international peace; domestic freedom; the "unfinished business" of race; and the gradual liquidation of those congealed aggressions known as empires.

Therefore it seemed to me only intelligent for the W.I.L. to join hands with all those forces marshaled against the banded power of war and fascism. But the national board of the W.I.L. was not so easily convinced. The League Against War and Fascism contained a minority of Communists. Communists, the board pointed out, were not emancipated themselves from the evils of violence and oppression. I argued, however, that the W.I.L. had worked unceasingly for the recognition of Soviet Russia, not because it shared Russia's political theories—far from it—but because the W.I.L. believed that the United States should establish friendly diplomatic relations with de facto governments. Why then didn't it follow that as an organization we should establish friendly relations with de facto Communists? That was certainly a fallacious argument, but at the time, I was convinced of its logic.

After a great deal of discussion and many misgivings, the board finally granted me permission to sign the "call" for a meeting to form an American branch of the League Against War and Fascism. So the call went out over the signatures

of that galaxy of strange bedfellows—Roger Baldwin, Earl Browder, J. B. Mathews, and me.

The meeting it projected brought together representatives from dozens of organizations and hundreds of trade unions. An American branch was duly organized, and plans laid for a Congress to be held that fall in Madison Square Garden. This first organization meeting was followed by a series of conferences in preparation for that big event. These conferences were quite different from those I was accustomed to attend. The order and complete democracy of the W.I.L. and the peace movement were in direct contrast to the turbulent, boisterous sessions of the American League. It was somewhat disconcerting to discover that the Communists imagined that if five of them yelled louder than twenty other members of a subcommittee, the noise they made constituted an affirmative vote on a given question. Or that it was perfectly ethical to postpone a vote on a motion until most of the committee members present had to leave to catch trains. I was also both fascinated and appalled at the way their goose-step minds marched on each issue with the ordered, regimented precision of a Prussian army. But in spite of their tactics and their fettered mentalities, I was determined to learn how to work with them.

Communist philosophy now dominated a sixth of the earth's surface, and was the creed of political minorities in every country. It was essential, it seemed to me, for all groups working against war and fascism to establish with the Communists a modus vivendi. If in order to do so the rest of us had to learn to yell or outsit them, we could. But one thing was certain: if we were going to maintain democratic practices at our meetings with the Communists, we had to be as disciplined and determined in preserving those practices as the Communists were in frustrating them.

But these inside difficulties did not pose the only problems which co-operation with the Communists raised. My signature affixed to a "call" also signed by Earl Browder precipitated all kinds of tiresome attacks. The national board was accused of

being "Communist-controlled" and I, a "tool of the Reds." I never could understand why people always imagined that the Communists possessed some kind of magic which would destroy both one's mental powers and moral conviction. Why did it never occur to anyone that instead of the Communists converting us, we might convert them? At least by talking to them and working on common ventures, one could try to modify their attitudes.

There was, for example, my experience with that big, raw-boned stevedore from a water-front union who served on a subcommittee with me. I was the only woman on that committee and from the beginning that stevedore was consistently rude and offensive. The rest of the committee consisted of a rather timid churchman; a youngster from a youth group; a mellow, civilized instructor from Columbia; and six mild and rather conservative trade unionists. The stevedore was the only Party member among us, but what he lacked in fellow comrades he made up in aggressive behavior. For some reason, which I could not fathom, he considered me a symbol of "the parasitical owning classes." And nothing I could say would convince him that I owned not a stock nor a bond nor a foot of land. His resentment and bitterness roused my sympathies, however, rather than my antipathies. Such unrelieved hatred could only have stemmed from harsh experiences, I was sure. This moved me to try to win his confidence, to break through the rigidity of his extreme class consciousness. Here was certainly an opportunity to practice the arts of creative, personal pacifism. His bitterness, I decided, should be overcome with understanding; his hatred with good will. So for each blast of profanity leveled at me, I looked at him as if puzzled, but unperturbed; for each discourtesy, I apologized as though it had been my own; and for every monotonously reiterated "get-the-hell-out-of-here" I would offer a cigarette. My campaign worked miracles. But they were miracles which proved even more difficult than the cause which prompted them. The stevedore took to wearing collars and inviting me to water-front saloons for a beer.

The collar, disguising an active Adam's apple, was an improvement, but the saloon invitations certainly took ingenuity to "regret." I usually was able, however, to maneuver them into cafeteria meals with the crowd or a ride back to my hotel on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus.

But to me this experiment in dealing with a difficult human relationship seemed to confirm my contention that all one had to do to work successfully with the "comrades" was to walk that "second mile." The firmness of this conviction was dented only by Norman Thomas.

I knew Norman well, and there were few men I admired more or whose good opinion I coveted so much. For to me, Norman Thomas stood as the finest product of American civilization. His intelligence, his sensitivity, his integrity, his moral energy and courage, his fine-tempered justice were all gifts used for the common good. If he was skeptical of co-operation with the Communists, I knew it was not just because of a conflict between Socialist and Communist ideologies.

"Well, if you can work with them, fine," he had said to me. "But I shall be surprised if a person with your adherence to peace principles can long find common ground with those who adhere only to Soviet expediency. The Communists believe the end justifies the means; and you that the means shape the end. That's a pretty deep and fundamental cleavage."

Well, Norman might be right, but the pressure of my own work in Washington and the extra responsibility for the congress in New York left me little time just then to think this matter through. I did, however, make a mental note to tell Norman that after a stormy session of the League's executive, the Communists had been roundly defeated on a motion to bar from the congress sessions a trade union which they labeled a "Trotskyist-Lovestoneite cell." That certainly ought to convince Norman that the Communists, in spite of their adherence to Soviet dictation, could not dominate the congress. The rest of us could always outvote them.

The so-called Trotsky union was a big and important one,

and, as the congress was to be strictly nonpartisan, every group was welcome but Fascists. The Communists didn't take their defeat gracefully, but the vote was so overwhelmingly against them that they had to submit. Word was sent to the union that delegates would be welcomed at the opening of the congress the following day.

Madison Square Garden was jammed for the first session. It was a bit rowdy and unwieldy as mixed groups, numbering in the thousands, are apt to be. But the speeches were good, the audience responsive, and the spirit lively and keen.

At the second session we got down to the business. I sat with the executive on the platform. It was J. B. Mathews, I believe, who presided that day. The rules of order were adopted, committees appointed, and the report of the credentials chairman read. When the report had been completed, I realized—to my amazement—that the controversial "Trotskyist union" had not been listed as one of the co-operating groups. At once, there were demands for explanation from the platform and from every part of the floor. The Communists blandly explained that they had ejected "those Trotskyist traitors" from the hall. In the pressure of arrangements, the Communists apparently had obtained control of the doors. I was enraged at this deliberate defiance of the executive's overwhelming vote, and in the ensuing hour of acrimonious debate I took the floor with a dozen others to denounce this breach of faith, and to call on the delegates to sustain, by a vote of confidence, the executive's control of the congress. The vote sustaining us was far more substantial than I had dared to hope. The chairman, therefore, ordered the guards at the door to admit the "Trotsky" union at once.

After standing at the edge of the platform while the vote was taken, I resumed my seat at the back of the stage. A few chairs from me, Earl Browder sat calmly sharpening a pencil. At the far end of the hall, the doors were opening and amidst a mixture of welcomes and catcalls, the Trotskyist union filed in. Browder pocketed the pencil, folded his knife and then,

rising to his feet, strolled slowly to the front of the stage. He stood for a moment, his shoulders drooped, his hands in his pockets, and gazed wearily out at the delegates. Then with a sudden movement of his arm he made a swift, circular motion. In less than an instant, the floor below swelled into a mass of shouting, rioting men. The Communist delegates, responding to what had obviously been a riot signal from Browder, had descended en masse on the unsuspecting Trotskyist union. With fists, with flying leaps, with rubber truncheons, and mysteriously produced clubs, they swept in waves upon the entering file of delegates.

For a moment I sat rooted with horror. The platform in front of me rose up like the deck of a moving ship while the stooped figure of Earl Browder whirled in a mist like a dervish. But outrage galvanized me into action. In one sickening heartbeat I crossed the stage to Earl Browder's side as Mary Fox closed in upon him from behind. She seized his right arm, as I grabbed his left.

"Give the signal to stop that fighting," we screamed in unison as we shook him. "Call them off!" "Stop it!" "Give the signal; do something." Our voices rose like thin whispers above the rioting stampede on the floor. Earl Browder, his arms pinned between us, stood inert as a trussed fowl.

"Give the signal! Give the signal!" we went on repeating. Browder might have been a stone for all the response we got. Not a muscle in his face moved. I turned in desperation to appeal to the other men on the platform, then realized that none was there. With the first burst of rioting, they had leaped to the floor to try to stop it. Mary Fox and I had been left alone on the platform with Earl Browder, and apparently Mary and I were the only ones who had seen that secret signal.

As I turned back to agitate his arm again, my eyes fell on my new friend—the big, blond stevedore. With the deliberate movements of a slow-motion picture, he was rising on a chair among the rioting men on the floor like a viking mounting a

rock. With a roar, he raised his arm in the air, and with a swift swing of a chair rung laid open a "Trotskyist's" head. A new wave of sickness swept through me. Then I swung around, and with both hands knotted into fists, I beat against Earl Browder's chest. "Earl," I yelled, "give the signal, give the signal. You've got to do it—*please!* Earl, please!"

A spasm of pain broke across Browder's face. "All right," he said, "I'll do it if you'll just get off my feet."

Apparently with each blow on his chest I had, quite without knowing it, been tramping tattoos on his feet.

Browder raised his arm, gave a short, quick signal. The comrades reluctantly fell back, men began to pull themselves together, resume their seats. The beaten and bleeding men were helped to the rear. At the entrance to the hall, the doors burst open and a half dozen policemen swept in. There was a momentary commotion; the chairman rapped with his gavel; and the meeting was again in full swing.

I turned and felt my way toward the little stairway that led down from the back of the platform. If I didn't get out into the air at once I knew I'd be actively sick. I was halfway down the little staircase when I saw swaying toward me in a drunken rage one of the editors of the *Daily Worker*. I stopped where I was; perhaps I'd better return to the platform.

"You're a fine Fascist," he bellowed as he reeled toward me. "Why did you have to go and stop a good fight? I'll show you," and with a stiff, straight arm he swung full at my shoulder. The force of the blow threw me off balance, and my heel, catching on the edge of the step, sent me sprawling full length to the floor below.

When I came to, a few minutes later, my head was pillowed on the knees of a "comrade doctor."

"You'll be all right," he assured me airily, "you mustn't pay any attention to him," and the doctor jerked his thumb toward the figure of my recent assailant pinned between two of his colleagues from "the Party."

In 1937, the W.I.L. withdrew from the American League Against War and Fascism. Rough treatment we could take, but the grossly distorted interpretation of the League's policies by the Communists made further "co-operation" impossible.

The hesitancy of the W.I.L. board in joining the American League and Norman Thomas' doubts of our ability to find common ground with the Communists, were sound instincts. My judgment was wrong. Yet in spite of the outcome, I have never regretted that we attempted this co-operative undertaking. "All experience is an arch to build upon," and our experience with the Communists in the American League taught me that there is no basis for co-operative ventures where there is no basis of moral integrity. The clash of ideas, the conflict of thought can be healthy adjuncts to human effort, but only, I am now convinced, when they are secured by the veracity of the pledged word. Trust and good faith are the necessary underpinnings of co-operation.

This conclusion, however, is not predicated on any shallow illusion that Communist integrity can be induced by going to war with the Soviet. Nor do I hold that communism can be purged from America by driving the party underground. Communism and fascism will die, I am sure, only when democracy develops creative and functioning alternatives to them.

No one has expressed so well what I feel as Romain Rolland. In 1935, he sent the following letter to his old friend Henri Barbusse, chairman of the League's international body:

"It is not true that the end justifies the means. The means are still far more important to the true progress of humanity than the ends. And this is due to the fact that the end (so rarely and always so incompletely attained) modifies only the external relations among men, whereas the means shape the mind either according to the rhythm of justice, or according to the rhythm of violence. And if it is according to the latter, no form of government will ever be able to prevent the oppression of the weak by the strong. . . . I do not wage battle against one 'reason of state' to avail myself of another. And

militarism, the public terror, or brutal force are not sanctified for me because they have become instruments of a Communist dictatorship instead of being the instruments of a plutocracy. . . . We seek, for those who shall come after us, to save and to concentrate the forces of reason, of love, of faith, which will aid them in weathering the tempest when, having accomplished its work of a day, your credo will be lost in shadows, compromised in the injustices of combat, or led astray by the indifference which follows fatally upon the heels of all victories exclusively political."

CHAPTER 15

The Turbulent Thirties

DURING the turbulent thirties, the Communist party was not the only faction in American life which generated explosive situations. There were those other forces—loosely designated in liberal circles as "reactionary"—which at times instigated turmoil also. The W.I.L., it seemed to me, was often caught between the upper and nether millstones of these two opposing wings of political opinion. The "left" saw us as sentimentalists of the owning class—people of "bourgeois morality" and "bourgeois bank accounts." But to the "right," we were "radicals," "Reds," and "creatures of Moscow."

It was shortly after our withdrawal from the League Against War and Fascism that I was exposed to a mild buffeting from one of these circles of the "right." I had been scheduled to make a speech for a local branch of the W.I.L. in a central Pennsylvania town. It was to be an evening meeting so that husbands also could come, and was to be held in the auditorium of one of the high schools.

I was extremely busy that winter carrying a heavy legislative program. As a result, during the weeks which preceded this speaking engagement, I was unable to give much attention to the distressed letters which came from the able and energetic chairman of the W.I.L. branch. The local post of the American

Legion, she reported, had been kindled to white heat on learning through a press announcement that I was scheduled to speak in their home town. The commander of the post had immediately gone into action. He appealed to the mayor, the district attorney, the police, the press, and the school board to rescue the town from the dangerous and subversive utterances of "that Communist Dorothy Detzer." The W.I.L., never subservient to witch hunters, went into action too. In turn, it appealed to the mayor, the district attorney, the police, the press, and the school board to rescue free speech and free assembly for the community. For days, a political storm raged through the pages of the public prints, through the offices of the city hall, and in the parlors of the local townfolk. The officials, discovering no legal way to prevent my coming, tried to appease the Legion by withdrawing the permit for the high school. The W.I.L., undaunted, promptly secured an invitation to hold the meeting in the largest church in the town. But after a week of perpetual bombardment by the valiant veterans, the church in turn capitulated to the Legion, and withdrew the invitation.

The chairman of the W.I.L. branch was the wife of a progressive clergyman whose church, though smaller, was of the same denomination as the capitulating one. If that larger communion wouldn't permit the W.I.L. to hold a meeting within its hallowed walls, their church would. New announcements were printed and duly circulated.

But the gallant lads of the Legion were still adamant. Since the city fathers wouldn't do their duty, the Legion would. "If that woman dares to enter the town," the intrepid warriors shrilled, "we will carry her out of it again on a rail." This stirring challenge was relayed to me across the telegraph wires to Washington. If I dared to come, the stalwarts warned, I would do so at my own risk.

When my train arrived an hour before the scheduled meeting, and I descended to the station platform, a fluttering bevy of W.I.L. ladies swept in to surround me. Behind them in a

kind of wedge formation was a detail of plainclothes police. I was shepherded across the station to a waiting automobile, and with an imposing escort of cars, whisked briskly through snowy streets to the parsonage near the church.

My W.I.L. colleagues, I felt, were really much too concerned for my safety. I was curious about my unknown opponents and disappointed not to have met them face to face. And after all, what was the procedure of carrying a person out of town on a rail?

However, an hour later as I walked into the chancel of the church, I realized that at least part of my curiosity was to be satisfied. Every pew was crowded, and sitting in solemn rows were the boys of the old A.E.F.

The chairman of the W.I.L. moved with quiet dignity toward the pulpit. There was a faint, nervous tremor in her voice as she bade us all stand for "The Star-Spangled Banner." The organ rose in a swell of familiar notes as voices swept up in volumes of lusty "oh, say's." After the last words of the national anthem had merged into the muted rustle of an audience resuming its seats, the rector rose to offer prayer. God was petitioned to give us light to see, vision to accept, and courage to seek the Truth as to each of us in our several ways God in His wisdom had revealed His Truth. Amen.

In the audience, throats were cleared and positions shifted as the chairman waited to begin her introduction. This was a moment I never relished. Introductions always embarrassed and frequently startled me. And how I hated those life histories which clearly "dated" one. After years of speaking, I had developed theories about the business of introductions. Introductions should be limited, I felt, to the correct pronunciation of the speaker's name, and the briefest word to indicate the background of authority from which he spoke. But tonight, I knew that no such brevity was to be expected. The Communist bogey would have to be laid. The chairman attacked that task with spirit and imagination, molding me through the magic of

words into a kind of snappy combination of Jeanne d'Arc and Saint Theresa.

Feeling anything but medieval, I walked forward and took hold of the American flag. Usually the presence of the flag in the chancel of a church offended me. The sanctuary of the Cross should be preserved alone for that sacred and eternal symbol, I felt. But that night, Old Glory could speak to that audience as I never could. This flag, this beloved flag of ours, what did it really stand for, I began. Well, those men out there in the audience who had fought under its stars and stripes in a great war—they must know. They no doubt could tell us its meaning—the meaning of the freedoms it symbolized: freedom to speak, freedom to peacefully assemble, yes and freedom to differ. That was democracy. From there I moved into a discussion of current issues, pulling no punches, offering no compromises.

When the speech was over and we were singing the last stanzas of "America the Beautiful," a note was handed up to the chairman. It was a request from the post commander for an interview with me.

"You don't have to see him if you don't want to," she whispered as she passed along the note. "But, of course, I do," I whispered back.

Twenty minutes later, I was guided through rear halls to the scene of our rendezvous—a church parlor. It was a typical church parlor, its melancholy dreariness accentuated by harsh overhead lights. But as I crossed the threshold my always too acute sensitivity to atmosphere was dispelled by the droll picture which greeted my eyes. Drawn up in formation across the middle of the room were six stout rocking chairs. In them, fluttering back and forth like sparrows on a limb, were six officials of the local Legion.

I smiled at them. "You boys wanted to see me?" I asked, taking a rocking chair placed to face them.

"Yes, we do," said the spokesman, looking at me fiercely. There was no response to my smile.

"Well, what can I do for you?" I asked.

"We want to know whether you are a Communist."

"No," I said quietly, "I am not a Communist."

"How do we know you are telling the truth?"

"You don't," I answered. "I can only assume you will take my word for it."

"Nothing doing," snarled the spokesman, "you got to prove it."

For a moment my good temper forsook me. Who did these Legionnaires think they were anyway to tell me what I did or didn't have to prove? But my sense of humor returned quickly. Leaning forward and dropping my conciliatory tone, I seized the offensive.

"How dare you have the impertinence to ask me to prove anything to a group like you?" I demanded. "I should think you would shrink from even coming into the presence of a respectable woman—you—you nudists."

"Nudists?" they echoed with amazement as their rocking chairs swept forward in a snap of protest.

"Yes, nudists," I repeated, "and you needn't try to deny it."

"But we are not nudists," they protested in chorus as my "communism" was completely forgotten in the intensity of their own defense. "We aren't nudists, I tell you," the spokesman shouted above the rest, while with a curious subconscious gesture, he began to button his coat. "Don't you believe us?" he persisted. "I swear to you, none of us are nudists."

"Nothing doing," I answered, "you've got to prove it."

For a moment, the rocking chairs seemed to be poised in flight, then they swung to rest on a titter of embarrassed laughter. The "boys" had grasped the point, and had the grace to laugh. But even though the ice was broken, their suspicions were not. And all efforts to destroy those suspicions through logic and reason and documentary evidence were dismissed as slick tricks because I "had more education" than they. But this was not true. Each of those men—a soda clerk, two barbers, a garage mechanic, a printer, and a hotel dishwasher—had been

graduated from American high schools. If that was the limit of their formal education, it was the limit of mine also. No, the chasm which separated us—except in its superficial aspects—was neither cultural nor social nor even political. It was a moral abyss. For there is no bridge across the burning pits of race prejudice. And in the vulgar parlance of that Legion band I was a "nigger lover." And nigger lover—by some strange alchemy of words—is always synonymous with communism.

As I talked to those Legionnaires for an hour under the harsh light of the church parlor, I found them likable, pleasant fellows; I was sure they were the kind of Americans who would be good to their mothers and kind to animals. Yet on the subject of race they were vicious—pathological.

This attitude was not new to me. I had met its scorching ferocity even under the Capitol dome. There had been that incident in 1934 when the W.I.L. was working for the passage of the Costigan Anti-Lynching Bill. Negroes, who had come to Washington from northern cities to testify in favor of the measure, had been forbidden access to the Capitol dining rooms. So when the hearings had been completed, a few of us decided to put this issue to the test. Negroes were citizens and paid taxes. If their own government held them as "untouchables" what hope was there of changing racial practices in other areas of American society. Howard Beale, a distinguished professor of history, organized our "test." He arranged to have white people take Negroes to the Capitol restaurants each day for a week as their guests.

On the first day, I walked into the public restaurant of the Senate with a Negro newspaper girl. I had eaten in that restaurant several times a week for almost ten years. It's a small room, and when we arrived that day all the tables for two were occupied. But in the middle of the room there is a square pillar, the four sides of which are encircled by a counter, like a picnic table built around a tree. After seating ourselves at this counter, and consulting the menu, we gave our order to Mr. Paul Johnson, the courteous Negro head waiter. He had just

returned to place our plates before us when a bellow rent the dining room. The bellow emitted by the restaurant manager was followed by his dapper figure swooping upon us from around the corner of the pillar. He was a thin, gray, tight-lipped little man with whom I'd had difficulties before.

Now digging his fingers into my shoulder till it hurt he blared, "Miss Detzer, you know you can't do this to me; you know you have no right to do it."

"Do what?" I asked, struggling to withdraw my shoulder from the painful grip.

"You should know we don't allow niggers in this dining room." The faces of the waiters, who had stopped their work to watch, were studies in patient control.

"Please look around you," I said. "There are six Negroes right here in this dining room. Only they are standing up and my friend here is sitting down; that's the only difference." This observation seemed almost to give the man apoplexy. Negro waiters were to be tolerated, but the graduate of Bryn Mawr college who sat beside me was not. Loosing his grip on my shoulder, the infuriated manager pushed between us and swooped up her plate.

"Miss Detzer," he said, his voice trembling, "you may have your lunch, but that nigger can't." The gentle, pretty girl at my side winced. "Are you game?" I said to her quietly. "Here's a fork," and I pushed my plate between us. "We can share my lunch," I said.

At this gesture the tense faces of the Negro waiters broke open into smiles. But the tense face of the manager broke open into outrage. Emitting another bellow, he turned and rushed from the room. But he was back at once, and again a hand was clamped down on me from behind. But this time it did not dig into my flesh with sharp, nervous fingers; it fell heavily like a sandbag spanning my shoulder. I looked up to see towering over me the enormous figure of a Senate policeman. For months now the great height and bulk of this "Colossus of the Lobby" had had almost as much fascination for Washington tourists

as the Capitol rotunda. In a high falsetto voice—coming so ludicrously from that blue-coated giant—he minced nervously: "Miss Detzer, you know I just hate to do it, but you know I got to."

"Got to what?" I asked.

"I got to arrest you," he answered sadly.

"Have you a warrant?" I inquired.

"I don't have to have no warrant," he explained, "'cause you're obstructing the peace of the Capitol."

I laughed. "Where are you going to take me?" I asked.

"We got a calaboose downstairs," he informed me as I moved across the restaurant propelled by that enormous hand of the law. But in the corridor my arrest was thwarted. Pocketing his watch like the White Rabbit as he came hurrying toward us up the hall was Senator Capper.

"Well, well, well," he said as we met, "what is this all about?"

"She's obstructing the peace," the officer explained with some embarrassment.

"Oh, no, no, no," protested Senator Capper, "Miss Detzer would never do that," and putting one arm around my bruised shoulder and linking the other arm with my Negro friend's, he steered us off in the other direction.

As far as I know it is still impossible for America's minority citizens to eat in the restaurants of their nation's Capitol. But one can take one's Negro colleagues to the cafeterias in government departments. However in the early thirties no such general arrangements had as yet been established. So for "eating meetings" it was necessary to go across town to restaurants in the Negro sections.

These excursions, which in miniature posed the whole problem of social equality between the races, raised resistances not only in those who were ignorant and prejudiced but at times also precipitated controversy with those who were genuinely interested in the W.I.L. program.

Why did we have to jeopardize the appeal of that program by cluttering it up with the irrelevant issues of race, we were

often asked. What had race to do with the issues of peace and freedom? But to the W.I.L., race was basic to those issues. An organization whose membership included Hindus, Chinese, Japanese, and Negroes could neither be unaware of the dangers inherent in racial tensions nor indifferent to the values of interracial solidarity. For even if this problem were examined only in the narrow light of its "practical"—its amoral—aspects, the relevancy of the race issue to peace and freedom was to us abundantly clear. In a world in which the whites were outnumbered three to one, it seemed incredible that the ultimate significance of that fact did not even temper the behavior of some of the self-styled "realists." If the Christian imperative to love your neighbor was viewed by them as otherworldly nonsense—like the Wobblies' "pie in the sky"—they yet claimed to be guided by the dictates of "enlightened self-interest."

But to the W.I.L., self-interest—enlightened or otherwise—could never be an end sought for itself. For if life's profoundest expressions of reality lay in the eternal paradoxes (you must lose your life in order to find it; you cannot keep love unless you give it away) then self-interest, too, could only be realized when merged with the interests of all. In the case of race, Lincoln had stated it specifically: "Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves and under a just God cannot long maintain it."

To us, these mysterious but inflexible moral laws were principles to be applied in every realm of life. Race was no exception. And in applying them to racial issues, one received rewards far beyond the insipid satisfactions reaped as the fruits of mere negative good will. Difference always seemed to bring enrichment to life; it was not to be avoided. We would run out to meet it. Were not those who closed their doors and hearts to a "different" race only blighting themselves?

Never was this conviction more truly confirmed for me than during the spring of 1935. For it was during that spring that Howard Kester brought the first contingent of sharecroppers to Washington. In New York, when I had first met Howard—

a slim, tall graduate fresh from a southern divinity school—he had just reached a major decision. For him, there was to be no conventional life in a parish church of the North. The compulsions of his awakened conscience were sending him back to the South. In Arkansas he had thrown his energies into helping the sharecroppers help themselves. These laborers—black and white—had slowly come to the realization that only as they worked together could they pull themselves out of that quagmire of a dead economy—the peonage system of the South. To do this they were organizing themselves into a union; the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, it was called. This union, open to both races, was viewed by the plantation owners not only as a threat to their feudal system of indentured labor, but also as a symbol of Yankee interference from the North. But my friend Howard Kester was no Yankee. He was a "Southern Christian gentleman" in the most literal and true meaning of the phrase.

The job he had undertaken was dangerous. The "riding bosses" who patrolled the plantations were always "trigger happy." Meetings to organize the union were ruthlessly broken up. The Negroes and whites were beaten and sometimes shot.

But the sharecroppers were not the only victims of an outworn system. The plantation owners and the small landholders were trapped in it too. An eighteenth-century agrarianism could not keep pace with the twentieth-century industrialism of the North. The resulting dislocations sharpened the tensions between the owners and their black and white laborers and increased the repressive methods habitual in the South.

But to the sharecroppers, the risk of violent death was preferable to the anguish of slow starvation and the indignity and hopelessness of serfdom. If some must die, their union at least must live. Through it, they might wrest a better future for their children.

It was shortly after Howard Kester and Norman Thomas (making a trip through the South) had miraculously escaped from a lynching party near a town romantically named Bird-

song, that I received an urgent message from Howard. He was planning to bring a group of sharecroppers to Washington to appeal for aid and protection from the Federal Government. This he knew was going to be risky business. For in order to get the sharecroppers out of the state, it was going to be necessary to run the gauntlet of numberless "riding bosses." Howard knew they would prevent this trip with bullets if necessary.

I shall never forget that April afternoon when two dusty Fords drew up in front of the W.I.L. office, and ten exhausted and bedraggled men climbed out. Howard, unshaven, dirty and gaunt, was no longer the trim divinity student I had known in New York. Now there was maturity and a new light in his thin, fine face. Looking at him I could understand the tribute Norman Thomas had paid him: "It's only the wisdom and inner strength of Howard Kester which has prevented a massacre in Arkansas," Norman had said.

Climbing out of the Ford behind Howard was an old Negro with a bullet in his shoulder. The bullet had been placed there by a riding boss in an effort to stop the Negro as he swam a river to join Howard at their designated meeting place. Next out of the car was a white sharecropper whose back was bleeding again. As an organizer of the union he had been beaten and left for dead. But Howard had found him.

The staff and I went to work at once. The two victims of the riding bosses were piloted around the corner to the Emergency Hospital, while the others were welcomed into the office to be rested and fed. Then on the following day, we began the job of making the government "sharecropper conscious." We helped organize an open air meeting in one of Washington's central parks; we took the sharecroppers to the Department of Agriculture, to the Capitol, and the White House. And wherever that little band went they moved the hearts and awakened the compassion of Americans. But the problem they posed was deep and wide, and there were no easy solutions.

Today the union is well established, and sharecroppers, while

still a submerged minority, are not a forgotten one. Some day their union may become a lever to raise up a new South.

But in that long-ago spring, I was touched not only by that first brave little band of sharecroppers but I was touched also by the qualities of my own staff. I had become accustomed to the receptions some of them received when they went to Washington parties:

"Oh, here comes the glamorous W.I.L.," or "Behold, Washington's loveliest." This recognition of their "glamour" filled me with justifiable pride. But it was a pride which encompassed more than their decorative attributes. The grace which delighted Washington drawing rooms was fashioned from sturdy stuff.

There were Mary Hull and Elizabeth Wheeler who helped me lobby on Capitol Hill. Mary and Elizabeth were very different types but each remarkably effective in her own way. Mary had the kind of matchless beauty and charm which could open doors of government offices usually closed to less alluring peace folk. And Elizabeth—the golden, blonde daughter of Senator Burton Wheeler—had an easygoing western friendliness which belied a quality of undaunted persistence. During the World Court fight, I delighted to watch Senator Wheeler, torn between pride and annoyance as Elizabeth lobbied with vigor and skill against his own anticourt position.

In the office, Lois Jamison—now Mrs. Thomas Eliot of Boston—acted as my executive alter ego. Lois was such an intelligent and engaging creature that I had employed her to be my assistant after interviewing her for only five minutes. Katherine Fitzgibbon—a direct, humorous, boyish person—served as our financial secretary, and Ella Bell, our Negro bookkeeper, had endeared herself to all of us. But the person around whom our office revolved was Hulda Randall, my personal secretary. For Hulda possessed unfailing good humor without any cloying Pollyanna-ishness; she was selfless but never obsequious. And in an office of highly individual and temperamental ladies, Hulda was our steady balance wheel.

So if I was proud that Washington drawing rooms saw my staff as glamorous, I was infinitely prouder that the sharecroppers saw them as angels. For they were: gay, practical, energetic angels. There was Hulda Randall rising betimes to prepare breakfast for them at the office because there was no place in the neighborhood where the Negro sharecroppers could eat. And Elizabeth Wheeler guiding them through the Capitol to the senators who could help; and Mary Hull, rolling up the sleeves of a Paris frock in order to dress the wound of the old Negro; and Lois Jamison, pretty as a picture in a hat with a cluster of lemons on the front—leading the strangest and most appealing picket line which ever marched a Capital street.

That first sharecropper week will always be vivid in my memory. And today, I prize as one of my most valued possessions a token I received from that little band. In gratitude and recognition of what "you girls of the W.I.L. did," the sharecroppers made me a life member of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union!

CHAPTER 16

They Plowed the Sea

FEBRUARY 16, 1936, marked a day of rejoicing for liberals all over the world. For it was on that day that the "Popular Front" won 263 seats in the Spanish Cortes. The victory, giving the Republican forces a clear majority in the Spanish government, consolidated—through elections—the "revolution by consent." With war raging in Ethiopia and the Far East, and fascism rampant in Italy and Germany, the news from Spain broke through these moral black-outs like the first, faint streaks of dawn.

But this dawn of a new day for Europe was only a mirage. Before the end of another summer, Hitler was to move into the Rhineland; Mussolini was to annex Ethiopia; and Franco was to plunge the Spanish people into civil war.

The following winter, I arrived back in Washington from my Christmas holidays on the morning of January 5th. As I entered my office the telephone was ringing. Pat Jackson, very much excited, was on the other end of the line.

"Dorothy," he said, "I have just learned that tomorrow—in his annual message to the Congress on the State of the Union —the President is going to ask for legislation to embargo arms in civil war."

"Oh, Pat," I said, "that means he wants the power to embargo arms to Spain?"

"Yes, that's what it means all right," he answered, "and there are rumors that it's to be pushed through tomorrow as soon as the message has been read. The resolution has already been drafted."

"Pat, I can hardly believe it," I said.

"Well, will you help in the fight to defeat it?" he asked. "I'm trying to rally every group I can. We only have today and tomorrow."

I hesitated before I answered. How well I remembered the hours of discussion on this very question when the original Neutrality Act was being drafted. And how in the end, a section on civil war had been rejected. For the senators, sponsoring the legislation, had contended that the law must not be made into an instrument for freezing domestic tyrannies. Its purpose must be directed only toward curbing international war.

"Pat," I said, "I feel sick about this civil war resolution. Yet, if we can get the Congress to include a provision in the resolution making it mandatory on the President to embargo arms not only to nations fighting a civil war but also to those nations which are supplying munitions to the nations in civil war—that at least might be an indirect value for Loyalist Spain."

"Perhaps it would," he answered, "but there can be no guarantee that the Administration would do that any more than it has carried out that provision in the regular Neutrality Act."

"Well," I said, "we ought to benefit from the lesson we have learned in that instance. If we could get the Senate to draft this resolution so that embargoing arms to nations fighting a civil war was made *contingent* on embargoing them to the secondary supplying nations—then the resolution could not be used to discriminate against Loyalist Spain."

"You won't help to try to defeat it?" he asked.

"I can't do that, Pat," I said. "Don't you see that the W.I.L. can't do anything which would appear to give even tacit support to the traffic in arms or to any kind of war. That would

be contrary to everything we stand for. But, I *can* work for provisions which would keep our country from penalizing Loyalist Spain. And I can work for adequate time to debate the issue."

"Swell," he said, "if you can just do that—swell."

"I'll see you on the Hill."

I put down the telephone with a heavy heart. Brave, gallant Loyalist Spain! And now America planned to desert her. But one could be sure that Italy and Germany wouldn't desert Franco. How could the President take this action and ever keep house with his conscience again? For he certainly wasn't bound by any pacifist convictions, that was clear. Well, but then, what about my own convictions? Never mind the President's. I didn't have to live with his conscience; I had to live with my own. Were my convictions just inflexible dogmas unrelated to life? Was I just cleaving to some doctrinaire principles as the government was cleaving to no moral precepts at all—just veering and tacking with every shift of the political winds? Might it be possible that in this one case—just this one case—arms could be justified? And yet and yet—under God, could one ever justify selling death anywhere, at any time, for any purpose?

"I'm going to the Hill," I said to Hulda Randall, "and I don't know when I'll be back."

At the Capitol, I took up a position between the senators' elevator and the Senate door. There would be no time to follow the usual custom of sending one's card in to the floor. All afternoon I paced back and forth across that small marble space—buttonholing senators before they went into the chamber, buttonholing those who came out through the door.

"Mr. Senator, may I delay you for just a moment? It's about the resolution to embargo arms to nations in civil war. You probably know that tomorrow the President is asking for such legislation in his message."

"Yes? Well, what about it, Miss Detzer?"

"Two points, Mr. Senator. First, it would seem that such an

important issue calls for adequate debate. The measure, as you of course realize, is directed against Spain."

"Can't see why it needs debate at that. We have a Neutrality Act, haven't we? The President wants to implement what is already American policy."

"Well, that's my second point—the question of policy. In view of the fact that Germany and Italy are supplying quantities of munitions to Franco, wouldn't it be more in keeping with the spirit of American policy to make any embargo on arms to Spain contingent on embargoing arms to supplying nations also. Don't you think the Congress should write that into the law and not leave that question to the discretion of the President?"

"Oh, I don't think it's necessary to go that far. All we need to do is give the President the power to lay embargoes on the secondary powers, and he'll do it."

"Well, if you feel so sure that he will do it anyway, what would be the objection to making it mandatory? Such a provision would only confirm the support of the Congress."

"Glad to have your views, Miss Detzer. It's nice to have seen you; pretty cold, isn't it?" and he disappears through the Senate door.

"Mr. Senator, may I speak to you a moment? It's about—"

"Mr. Senator, could you give me a moment—"

"Senator, I apologize for stopping you—"

On and on, back and forth, buttonholing, waylaying, interrupting, pursuing all afternoon till the Senate goes home. The next day, January 6th, the Congress listens at noon to the President's message on the State of the Union. Five minutes after it is finished, resolutions giving the President the power to embargo arms to nations in civil war, and to nations supplying arms to nations in civil war are introduced into both Houses. But there is no clause making one action contingent on the other.

Back and forth, back and forth, all afternoon.

"Mr. Senator, may I talk to you a moment? On the resolution—"

"Mr. Senator, on the civil war resolution—"

"Mr. Senator—"

"Sen—"

Bob La Follette came through the smokily etched swinging door.

"Bob, what about the resolution on civil war? Have they begun to debate it?"

"Oh, that's all over, Dorothy. The resolution just went through: eighty-one to nothing."

I went down the steps of the Capitol and hailed a passing taxi. In the cab I sank back in the corner, kicking off my shoes. I was tired—tired all over. My feet were tired, my mind was tired, my heart was tired. I looked down at the list of the Senate still clutched in my hand. Idly as we drove down the wintry avenue I began to count the check marks penciled in front of senators' names. No wonder I was tired: I had talked to 72 men in the course of two afternoons.

Forty-eight hours later, on January 8th, the President laid an embargo on arms to Spain. That same afternoon, I went to the State Department. I wanted the figures on munitions shipments to Russia, Germany, and Italy. The figures I received indicated that Russia was receiving a limited quantity of arms from America. However, Germany and Italy together were buying quite substantial amounts. There was little doubt in my mind that these latter purchases were immediately relayed to Franco Spain.

The W.I.L. began a campaign at once. Letters, telegrams, meetings, and deputations hammered at the government to embargo arms to "all the secondary supplying countries." But we failed. We could no more move the Administration to take this action than we could to secure its support for an amendment to the Neutrality Act for embargoing raw materials in the Far Eastern war. To our question "Why did the United States embargo arms to Spain and not to China and Japan?"

the Secretary of State, in a letter dated December 21, 1937, replied: "Our rights, our interests, and our obligations in China differ greatly from those in Spain."

The moral implications of this reply seemed to us as confused as its political implications. For between 1937 and 1941, the United States had bought from Japan 702 million dollars worth of gold, thus creating a purchasing power which permitted Japan in turn to buy from the United States the following percentages of her total imports:

	1937	1938	1939
Scrap iron and steel.......	87.56	86.76	91.00
Aircraft and parts	70.19	71.92	63.45
Petroleum products	62.71	65.57	61.16

So in spite of "our rights, our interests, and our obligations in China," our scrap and steel went into Chinese bodies. But not only did the United States follow this indefensible policy. In 1938, the British Government, while embargoing arms to Spain, approved a German loan of 750 million pounds to stabilize the Nazi economy. And on Armistice Day that same year, Winston Churchill—looking like a proud pudding—paid a touching tribute to the German people. "I have always said," he announced, "that if Great Britain were defeated in war, I hope we should find a Hitler to lead us back to our rightful position among the nations."

But at no time did the shortsightedness of Anglo-American policy seem more evident to me than during the last hideous weeks before the Spanish Republic fell.

It was toward the end of March when Jay Allen called me long distance from New York. He and Constancia de la Mora (wife of the Loyalist air chief) were flying to Washington, he told me. Would I help them see government officials in a last-minute effort to save the lives of Spanish Republicans now facing certain annihilation? If we could persuade the government to dispatch American warships then in Mediterranean waters

on a mission of rescue, thousands of Loyalists might yet be saved who already were crowding the docks and beaches of Spain.

For forty-eight hours we scarcely slept. Midnight; all day; all night; on the telephone; by telegraph; waylaying; pushing past secretaries; begging, pleading, appealing, praying—the three of us fought that last battle of Spain. But the government still would not "involve" the American people even in this service of mercy.

On March 28th, the white flag of surrender was raised over a stricken Madrid. Four days later, the President of the United States lifted the arms embargo and recognized Franco Spain.

That day, democracy died in Europe. And echoing up the centuries came that bitter cry of the Spaniard Simon Bolivar: "All who have served the Revolution—plowed the sea."

CHAPTER 17

No Room in the Inn

AT meetings of our national board, the officers often would remind themselves that the W.I.L. was neither a relief agency nor a society for the rescue of individuals. Our organization, they would point out, did not have the facilities effectively to perform these functions, nor did such endeavors fall within the scope of our program. There were many other groups organized for just such purposes; our job should be limited to the field of policy.

But in spite of these firm resolutions, it was impossible to fit our work into any such categorical straightjackets. For our aims embraced freedom as well as peace, and the freedom content of our program constantly demanded action on behalf of some individual or minority group. It seemed that every country at one time or another yielded to the degradation of religious or political persecution or crucified some local Sacco or Vanzetti or Tom Mooney.

There had been the savage treatment of the Nazarenes in Yugoslavia; the "terror" perpetrated by the Poles on their Ukrainian subjects; the annihilation of the kulaks by the Soviet government. And always the W.I.L. "took stands"; always, we strove to turn upon these atrocities the white heat of civilized

outrage; always, we were organizing meetings of protest, making pilgrimages to embassies, releasing statements to the press.

It was in 1931 that Peru became the focus of such a world-wide struggle to save the life of an individual. That individual was the Peruvian Aprista leader—Victor Raul Haya de la Torre. In liberal circles everywhere, de la Torre was a beloved figure. For he was the spearhead of that movement in Peru to emancipate the submerged masses. All through the twenties I had heard stories about him; about his courage; his brilliant mind; his personality; his striking good looks. De la Torre's photographs pictured a rather thick-set young man with a dark aquiline face and football shoulders. But nothing in his appearance suggested to me the handsome, dashing hero he was said to be. Yet everyone who knew him was apparently as captivated by his romantic personality and looks as by his remarkable qualities of leadership.

As a student in Peru, de la Torre had organized the radical agrarian Aprista Party. To the disinherited peons, his name spelled magic; but to Peru's tyrannical government, it spelled only trouble. In 1923, when de la Torre led a group of students in a political protest demonstration, a riot—perpetrated by the police—resulted in the death of one of his close colleagues. De la Torre's stirring funeral oration at the grave of his friend led to his exile, and—in the event of his return—a price on his head.

In the middle twenties, during my trips abroad, I would often hear of the exiled leader. I would hear of his life at Oxford, or reports of a speech in Berlin; or perhaps an account of his conquests in Paris. And always there was something dramatic and colorful about the figure of Haya de la Torre.

It was some years later when it began to be whispered that "Haya has returned to Peru." With a price on his head, Haya, they said, was "deliberately courting death." Now new stories began to circulate. Haya was "again leading the Aprista party from his secret hideouts 'underground.'" He was "existing on bananas—living in some cave"; he was "moving every night

from one hiding place to another"—always hunted, always in danger.

In 1931 while still a fugitive from the dictatorship, de la Torre was nominated by the Aprista Party as their candidate for President. The elections, carefully controlled by the military junta, gave de la Torre's presidential opponent—General Sanchez Cerro—a victory by 50,000 votes. On assuming power, Sanchez Cerro announced at once that he was going to "get" de la Torre; and he did. Apprehended and imprisoned in an underground cell, the Aprista's hero was condemned as a traitor.

In the meantime, all over the world, the liberal forces rose up in a storm of protest. A petition for de la Torre's life was circulated throughout the Americas and abroad. Romain Rolland, George Lansbury, Sinclair Lewis, and thousands of others signed it.

In Washington, I joined the group which carried the U. S. petition to the Peruvian Embassy. It was a bright sunny afternoon when our delegation went on its errand. We were received in a small reception room so smothered in velvet hangings that it was airless and oppressive as a tomb. The Ambassador—Señor Don Manuel de Freyre y Santander—was a sleek, dark little man elegantly turned out in striped trousers, highly polished nails, and spotless spats and vest. The astringent austerity of his bearing denoted a cynical and slightly decadent professional diplomat.

In complete contrast to the ambassador was our spokesman, Oswald Garrison Villard. Mr. Villard as always was direct, eloquent, uncompromising. His vigorous defense of de la Torre, his denunciation of Peruvian tyranny, and his fiery appeal for justice broke through the velvety oppressiveness of that embassy room like the rays of the afternoon sun. In his passionate plea for human freedom he personified for me American liberty itself.

The ambassador, obviously impressed, listened to Mr. Villard. He would convey our sentiments to his government, he said. No doubt, since the petition carried so many distinguished

names, there would be some kind of a reply. In that event, would Mr. Villard indicate with whom he should communicate?

Mr. Villard turned and looked over the members of the delegation. "Dorothy," he said, "you are the only one of us who lives in Washington. I shall give the ambassador your name."

It was six weeks later when I received a call from the Peruvian Embassy. Would I do the ambassador the honor of coming to the embassy the following morning?

The following morning was cold and rainy and the reception room where I waited was even more sepulchral than before. But the ambassador was as suave and elegant as ever. He "begged to report that his Excellency, General Sanchez Cerro, was not impressed by the American petition." His Excellency regretted that so many good United States citizens had been misinformed about that radical revolutionary—Victor Raul Haya de la Torre. For the man was a scoundrel who would, if he could, bathe Peru in blood. It was a government's responsibility to make an example of such villains. His government would.

The cold finality of this statement horrified me. De la Torre was still alive, even if a prisoner; so I had assumed that the world-wide petitions for his life had done some good. I felt responsible, too, as the lone representative that morning of Villard's delegation; but more than that I was always appalled by the spirit of vengeance—"that egotistical corruption of the sense of justice." And now that one of those wretched South American Napoleons should dare to tamper with the life of de la Torre! As I listened to the correct ambassador in front of me, he seemed to merge—as in those mysterious permutations of a dream—into the tyrant Sanchez Cerro himself. I lashed out at him with all the power of my outraged feelings. I denounced the "monstrous barbarity," the "bloody savagery," the "vicious stupidity" of political tyranny. I pointed out the futility of trying to kill ideas by killing men; and like Sebastian Castellio, declared that "to burn a man is not to defend a doctrine; it is to burn a man."

The ambassador listened patiently, his placidity broken only

by an occasional lift of an eyebrow, or a mild gesture of protest with his pale hands. But behind his eyes, there seemed to lurk the faintest suggestion of a smile.

"Madam, I understand your distress," he said gently. "I am sorry for your sorrow. I have never had the pleasure to meet this de la Torre. But I am told he is—shall we say?—a very romantic young man. It is a pity he is so headstrong, so untamed; it is a pity."

"Mr. Ambassador," I said, "you had better save your pity for Sanchez Cerro. He may need it if he creates a martyr by murdering de la Torre. Generals, you know, who are tyrants rarely die in bed."

I rose to leave. The ambassador moved toward me and put both hands gently on my shoulders.

"Madam," he said soothingly, "Madam, I give you an advice: do not worry."

"Do not worry?" I repeated somewhat puzzled by this "advice."

"No, do not worry; do not grieve," and he spread his hands open like a fan. Then in a confidential whisper—

"Sanchez Cerro, I am sure, will never kill your lover."

"Lover?" I fairly screamed. "What are you talking about? I have never even *seen* de la Torre in my whole life."

"Ah, Madam," he protested, waving his finger back and forth in front of me like the pendulum of a clock, "Madam does not deceive me. No woman fights like such a tiger for the life of a man—unless he is her lover."

"Mr. Ambassador," I said firmly, "this is America; not France."

But the ambassador's prediction that Sanchez Cerro would not kill de la Torre was correct. For within a few short weeks an assassin's bullet had killed Sanchez Cerro instead. The new government which came to power released the romantic prisoner. And today Peru's most distinguished political leader is Victor Raul Haya de la Torre.

But tyrants like nations never seem to learn the lessons of

history. Only three months before Sanchez Cerro died by a bullet in Peru, Hitler came to power in Germany.

It was that year that the W.I.L. began the heartbreaking and difficult task of aiding refugees. The problem was so colossal and the American immigration regulations so thwarting that of necessity we were compelled to limit most of our efforts to aiding our own people. Those people we knew; those we could vouch for; and as it was with the majority of anti-Hitler forces, our members in Germany—if not liquidated or in concentration camps—were certainly in deadly peril. So while our refugee committee, and the other refugee organizations in America, struggled with the complicated business of securing the required affidavits of support, the visas, the exit permits, the ship passages, and dealing with all the other technical details—the W.I.L. launched at the same time an unremitting struggle to modify the rigid immigration laws.

But for some unaccountable reason, the immigration committees of the Congress have always contained the most unenlightened, the most inflexible members of that body. And so their concern over the Nazi persecutions abroad was much like Grey's concern over Walpole's gout: "The pain in your foot, I can bear." For the dim perceptions of these men gave them neither a sense of identification with the suffering of others nor any awareness of that symbolic truth that an open hand is shaped not only to give, but to receive. So they failed to realize that in providing sanctuary for refugees, America in turn would receive values to enrich herself.

Often during those early years of the Hitler regime, when I went to Europe, I would return to America sick with shame and humiliation that my own beloved country was so inhospitable to these tragic victims of Nazi persecution. For when one actually saw and talked to these refugees—mothers, adolescents, distinguished professors, simple workmen, children—they ceased to be "refugees," "cases," some mathematical number at the top of a file. Like Dostoevski, one knew that people were people, not keys on a piano. And if one had ever loved a Jew, the

agonies and indignities perpetrated on any Jew were perpetrated on him.

But not only were the immigration committees of the Congress callous; often I was to find the same moral insensibility in the American consular officials abroad. Among them I found men openly anti-Catholic or anti-Semitic or just without any feelings at all. Unfortunately, where these human failings existed, they were given unbridled scope. For over the course of the years, the State Department had developed a policy, which during the tragic thirties would permit a limited and prejudiced official to indulge his warped point of view.

This State Department regulation provided that the decision to grant a visa to a foreigner wishing to travel to the United States rested alone with the consular officials. Neither the President of the United States, nor the Secretary of State, nor any other member of the Cabinet, nor the members of the Congress, nor even the Chief of the Visa Division in Washington—according to the rigid interpretation of this regulation—could overrule or interfere with a decision of the "Consul in the field." Perhaps in less tragic times this regulation had validity. It was originally promulgated in order to protect the country from a misuse of political pressures at home. For if the issuance of visas rested alone in the decision of the consular officials abroad—who were on the spot and thus could investigate each application—this regulation could prevent some congressman from using his political influence on behalf of a constituent to secure a visa for some "undesirable alien." Thus the purpose of the regulation had been sound. But regulations, like men, may outlive their usefulness. And with the emergence of the refugee problem, this rule placed in the hands of a limited number of men a power which literally could spell life or death to thousands. The truth that "power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely" was certainly evident in the results of this regulation.

To be sure the consular officials carried a heavy responsibility during those years. They had to guard against any ersatz ref-

ugees who were only Nazi agents in disguise. Hence, had they submitted to pressure without thorough investigation, such negligence would have been as grave a misuse of power as submitting to any latent prejudices.

But in the vast majority of cases it was not too difficult to obtain a refugee's political record, and many of us felt then as we do today—that the United States had a moral responsibility to go to the rescue of the victims of tyrannical governments. But for every refugee given sanctuary in this country, thousands who might have been saved were left to be slaughtered when the Nazis marched across their borders. Today, few of these martyrs of democracy are still alive to help build a new and decent Germany.

Only once during those years was I able to override a decision made by one of the consulates. That was after I had returned from a meeting of the international executive committee of the W.I.L. in Geneva in December, 1939. The war in Europe had started, but I had gone to Switzerland via Italy, which at that time had not yet become belligerent.

When the sessions of our five-day meeting were over, Gertrude Baer had asked me if I would see a group of refugees living in Geneva. She told me that all of the refugees' papers were in order, but none could secure an American visa from the Consulate in Zurich. For two days I sat in the little library of the Maison talking to these people. As they showed me their papers, they would whisper their hopes that I might help. For even though they were temporarily in free Switzerland, they had not yet lost the habit developed during the terrifying existence under the Nazis of whispering everything they said.

The first man I interviewed was a prominent Catholic layman from Bavaria. The affidavits of American friends guaranteeing his support in the event of his ever becoming a "public charge" in the United States showed a financial backing amounting to more than a million dollars. These affidavits had been signed by several wealthy and well-known American Catholics as well as by the Mayor of New York. But nothing I could do or say

would move the Consulate in Zurich to issue the man a visa. The refusal was based on nothing tangible; and as in the cases of the other refugees I had interviewed, it was the same.

There was one refugee in Geneva who stirred me more than any of the others. He was a lad of eighteen. His father—a distinguished Viennese jurist—had been a Jew, his mother a Gentile. Both were "liquidated" in the gas chambers of Lublin. Franz had escaped under terrible difficulties across the Austrian border into Switzerland. The Swiss had agreed to harbor him as long as his passport was in order. But when I saw him in December, 1939, Franz's passport was going to be valid only till the first of the year. Then it would expire. The Nazi Consul in Switzerland had refused to grant him a new one. So Franz, who had friends in America, had secured the required affidavits of support and all the other documents necessary for entrance into the United States, that is, everything except the essential visa. That, the consulate had refused to grant. Franz—a slim youth with an intelligent, sensitive face—sat beside me in the Maison library and whispered:

"Miss Detzer, I do not wish to appear hysterical or dramatic; but I shall never let them send me back to Austria. Why should I be sent to die in Lublin, and not here? You see these"—and he poured from a little envelope six white pills—"the day my passport runs out, I shall take these, unless I can secure my visa to America."

"Franz," I said, "I will get that visa for you."

But no pleading, no arguments could move the consular officials. So I went to the Swiss passport officials.

"I'm going back to America," I told them, "and I intend to get that boy's visa. But I have to have time. Won't you extend his permit to stay in Switzerland till the first of February?"

"We'll give you a chance," was the reply. "We'll extend it for a month beyond the expiration of his passport; but not longer."

The first day back in Washington in the early part of January, I went straight to the Visa Division of the State Department. There I went over all the "cases" I had interviewed in the

Maison library, and I begged for an immediate "review" of the consulate's refusal to grant a visa to Franz.

"But, Miss Detzer, you know the department regulations forbid our interfering with the decisions of the consulate," the officials said.

"I know that is the rule; but because a man is in the consular service doesn't mean he can't make a mistake. I think if you will examine this case you will agree that the consulate has made a mistake."

"But we haven't the right to interfere."

"Look here," I said. "Has it come to your notice that there is a war on? You are letting a regulation take precedence over the lives of human beings."

"Sorry. But not even the President could interfere with a decision at the consulate."

"I've noticed the President isn't so awed by regulations," I said. "I suspect he wouldn't be by this one either. Perhaps you will require me to test him out on it."

"Well, I don't think it will be necessary to do that," the official hastened to say. Then he added in a confidential tone, "We'll just go over this one case and see what we can do."

"That's fine; when shall I hear from you?"

"Oh, check with us in a few days."

So every few days I'd trip over to the Visa Division and "check." But each time the answer was the same. "We are so busy we haven't been able to get to that file yet."

As the first of February began to draw near, I began to be extremely anxious. So I went to the Swiss Embassy to see if it might not be possible to get another extension of Franz's passport. After I had paid for several cables back and forth across the Atlantic, word came back that the request was refused.

"We're a little country," the embassy official explained. "We are doing everything we can to help the refugees; and many slip across the border every day. Your country is so big, so far away from all the trouble. The United States ought to take as much responsibility for these people as we do."

I told him I agreed, but left the embassy with a heavy heart. The next morning—January 28th—I received a cable from Gertrude Baer. Franz, she said, would be deported on February 1st unless the visa came through. Couldn't I do something?

With the cable in my hand I rushed across the street to the Visa Division. Oh, they were very sorry; they should have informed me before. But the State Department had decided it must stick to the regulation; it couldn't reverse a decision of the consulate. I left the Visa Division and went down the hall to a public telephone. There, I called the office of the Under Secretary of State. If those small bureaucrats were choked on their own regulations, I knew Sumner Welles was not.

During the years Mr. Welles had served as the Under Secretary, I had gone to see him often and had come to know him fairly well. If to others he appeared formal and cold, I had learned that behind his aloof bearing was an aware and human person. Usually my errands to Mr. Welles concerned some government policy which the W.I.L. either questioned or opposed. But never had I known him—either by an inflection of his voice or by any shading in his flawless manners—to express contempt or impatience with a minority point of view. Sumner Welles always discussed each issue on the merits of that issue; he did not summon any of the red herrings of "realism" to support a government position. And above all he never offended one's intelligence by a tawdry resort to "diplomatic evasion"; nor was he callous about human values. That his extraordinary qualities of statesmanship should now be lost to the American people seems to me a major tragedy.

On that day in the winter of 1940 when the life of an obscure lad in Switzerland hung in the scales of regulations and indifferent men, I knew that Sumner Welles would respond to a human situation. But Miss Clarkson, his pleasant secretary, informed me that the Under Secretary was out of town. He was not expected back for several days.

My sense of defeat lasted only a moment. There was no time

to bemoan the Fates. I put another nickel in the telephone and called the office of the Secretary of State.

Could I see the Secretary on an urgent matter, sometime that day, I asked. In a moment Mr. Hull himself spoke into the telephone. "If you would like to come in and see me at once, you may," he said.

"Mr. Secretary, I would like to tell you a rather long story," I said as I sat down by a desk piled with files and papers. "Do you have the time now to let me do that?"

"Yes—I can take the time," he replied.

So for almost an hour I related my experiences with the refugees in Geneva and the consulate in Zurich. I told him of each person who had whispered to me his despair in the Maison library; I told him of the negative response to each case I had received from the men in the consulate. And last, I told him of Franz.

"This problem is now urgent, Mr. Secretary," I said. "I have just received this cable today."

Mr. Hull pulled at a black ribbon around his neck, and fitted his glasses to his nose. Then letting them slip from his face he said, "Miss Detzer, I should like you to do something for me: I should like you to tell this whole story to Messersmith. He is the Assistant Secretary immediately responsible for the Visa Division."

With that Mr. Hull picked up his interoffice telephone, and when the connection was made, he said, "Messersmith, Dorothy Detzer is in my office. I am asking her to go down and see you now. I want her to repeat to you what she has just told me. Then we can talk about it later today." Messersmith was apparently reluctant to see me. But with each protest, Mr. Hull repeated his request.

I thanked the Secretary for letting me see him so promptly, and he rose and walked with me to the outer office. "I would like you to escort Miss Detzer down to Messersmith's office,"

he said to his secretary, and then shook hands, and said good day.

After a few minutes' wait, I was ushered into Messersmith's private office. He was sitting at his desk, a pile of papers on his knee. Across from him was a newly appointed Assistant Secretary, Breckinridge Long. As I walked in, Mr. Long rose and bowed. I bowed too. But Mr. Messersmith neither greeted me nor rose from his chair. I didn't expect him to. Mr. Messersmith had never been distinguished for his manners.

It was certainly unimportant that he should practice them on me. But when some months before I had gone to his office with Emily Balch, he had remained seated too. Miss Balch—the joint recipient of the 1946 Nobel Prize for Peace—was certainly one of America's outstanding and distinguished women. At the time we went to see Messersmith, she was seventy years old. Yet during a fifteen-minute interview, Messersmith had sat and Miss Balch had stood. If his lack of conventional manners could have been overlooked, at least I felt that his habitual bad temper could not. "Unless," as I said later to Miss Balch, "he has ulcers."

Fidgeting with the papers on his knee as I now walked into the room, Messersmith snapped unpleasantly, "Why do you want to see me?"

"I *don't* want to see you, Mr. Messersmith," I answered.

"Well, why under the sun are you here?" he snorted.

"Because your chief, the Secretary of State, has requested me to come," I said.

"All right—what is it?" he asked angrily.

"It's a long story," I replied.

"A long story?" he fairly shouted. "I haven't time for any long stories."

"You cannot find the Secretary's request more distasteful than I do, Mr. Messersmith," I responded to that.

"What's it about?" he asked as he continued to half read and half rummage through his papers.

"Visas," I answered briefly.

"Visas? Why don't you go to the Visa Division instead of bothering the Secretary and me?"

"I've *been* to the Visa Division," I answered. "That's why I'm here." Beyond the desk Mr. Long still stood, a quizzical expression on his face; and on the near side of the desk I stood, waiting to begin my story. Mr. Messersmith spent several moments absorbed in his papers, then motioning in the general direction of a chair he said, "Well, why don't you begin?"

Mr. Long and I both seated ourselves. The Secretary had told me to tell Mr. Messersmith "everything"; so I did. But it was a tiresome undertaking. For all the time I was talking, Mr. Messersmith continued to read or shift the papers on his knee. When I finished and placed on his desk the cable I had received that day, Messersmith glanced at it, then tossing it back at me snapped, "Well, what do you want me to do about it?"

"I don't want you to do anything about it," I answered, "but I presume the Secretary does."

Messersmith made a despairing gesture. "You know the regulations," he said, abandoning his papers at last, "you know the rules. You know there is nothing I can do. And yet you come here and waste my time and the Secretary's time trying to force us to break regulations," and he turned back to his desk.

"What are the regulations compared to a man's life?" I asked.

"Rules are rules," he informed me. "We can't break them for sentimentalists like you."

"I'm not asking you to break them for sentimentalists like me," I replied heatedly. "I'm asking you to break them for the moral integrity of this country—and for Franz; yes, and for all those like Franz about to fall into the bloody hands of Hitler."

"Well, I don't care what you ask," he threw back, his voice rising. "If the Swiss won't keep him, let him go back to Austria; he's not our responsibility."

We boil at different degrees, and at that remark my boiling point rose higher than Messersmith's. I rose from my chair so filled with indignation that "my heart in the nick of my throat was caught." Across the room, Mr. Long got slowly to his feet.

"Mr. Messersmith," I said, my voice trembling with emotion, "Franz is no longer a burden on my heart; I put that burden on you. To Almighty God, there are sins of omission as well as sins of commission. You can explain that boy's murder to him; I shan't have to. Good day, Mr. Messersmith," and I turned and started from the room. I had reached the outer office when Messersmith's voice followed me in a virtual scream.

"Come back here," he ordered. "Come back here and sit down." Leaning across the desk, he picked up the telephone. "The Visa Division," he said. Then, "I want to send a cable; here it is." Into the telephone he dictated a message which in substance said this:

> To the Consul General, Zurich:
>
> The Secretary of State and I wish to know why you do not grant a visa to Franz ——. An immediate reply is required. Signed: Messersmith.

"Now are you satisfied?" he growled.

"As far as Franz is concerned, yes," I said. "As far as the consulate is concerned, no. Nothing can be satisfactory till that situation is changed."

Franz received his visa the day before his passport expired. With special papers, he sailed for America the following week. In March, on a visit to the White House on another errand, I took the opportunity of relating my experiences with the Zurich Consulate to Mrs. Roosevelt.

"I shall speak to Sumner about it," she said.

Whether Sumner Welles was responsible for the action that followed I have never known. But in April, the Consul General in Zurich was transferred to another post.

CHAPTER 18

"Ares Is Just—"

"ARES is just and kills those who kill."

"Those who take the sword—"

The dawn of December 7, 1941, muted these stern warnings. Clinging to the radio on that raw Sunday afternoon, I was numbed by the same bewildering desolation which once had overwhelmed me at the news of an impending death. Then, all the conscious steeling of the mind, all the discipline of the emotions—so carefully erected against the inevitability of that loss—had been shattered by the reality of death itself. Now, too, there was no sudden surprise, no unexpected shock; only the hideous, sickening horror that war had really come.

But this horror was surcharged with a personal panic. Juny, my younger brother, was in command of a destroyer at Pearl Harbor. The Japanese, the announcers were saying, had virtually destroyed the fleet. Had this war already blotted out Juny's life as years before another war had blotted out Don's? And what of Dotty, the gay, affectionate, sparkling girl who was my sister-in-law; and those engaging young Detzers—Diane and Don and Dave? Before news came that they were safe, the days turned upon each other like the blank pages of a dummy book. But even when that personal fear had finally been dispelled, the fact of war could not be.

The blood and agony of Europe and Asia would now wash American shores. The long, unceasing struggle for peace had been lost—Mukden, Abyssinia, Spain, Poland, and now Pearl Harbor.

Though no one had anticipated that Japan would attack Pearl Harbor, the imminent possibility of war had gripped the Capital for weeks. Stanley Jones, who had come to Washington, had so stirred the churches with the seriousness of the impending crisis that many of the clergy had joined together to establish prayer services right around the clock. At midnight, at four in the morning, at high noon—some church was open, some minister conducting a service for those hundreds of District citizens and federal officials who, on their knees, were seeking guidance and repentance for the world's blundering governments and peoples. Far across the Pacific, Chinese and Japanese Christians had responded to the appeal of Stanley Jones and were holding simultaneous services for twenty-four hours a day.

If, as always, there were many in these communions whose Christianity was strictly muscular, nevertheless, as Carlton Hayes once cynically observed, the Church itself "has always been vaguely haunted with the spirit of Jesus." That haunting spirit was clearly evident during the momentous weeks before Pearl Harbor. For the churches were not only giving religious sustenance to their people; they were also making one last desperate effort in the final struggle against war.

In Washington, some of the leaders in the church and in the peace movement pooled their spiritual resources and their practical activities. In the morning, at an early hour, they would gather together in some church room or meeting house. There, centered in stillness, they would wait receptively till out of the "living silence" would come direction and courage for the work of the day. Then, reinforced by a sense of united purpose, they would separate—each to undertake a particular task.

Not that those who formed this small group held any illusions that they alone had a corner on the Truth and the Way.

They knew that even the illumination which rises from the intuitive levels of the human spirit—when the conscious mind is stilled—is a glass we see through darkly. But if "man only thinks when prevented from action," so too the Kingdom of God is not easily accessible to the perpetual hustlers.

During the tense weeks before Pearl Harbor, those early hours of meditation centered our inner energies and released vitality for the fever and heat of the day. At the close of each period of meditation, there was always a brief discussion led by Stanley Jones, or Orris Robinson, or Clarence Pickett. Then from the united decisions, each one present would set forth on the duties assigned to him for that day: the White House; the Japanese Embassy; Sumner Welles; the Foreign Affairs Committee; the State Department again; cables; formulas; suggestions. War hung suspended over the nation like the blade of a guillotine. If only men could tap those springs of moral energy which would bring a reprieve. But even as our hearts hoped, our minds echoed the ancient lament of St. Jerome: "Well may we be unhappy for it is Rome's sin which has made the barbarians strong."

In the months that followed after the war had begun, one question was put repeatedly to those of us who served in the peace movement. That question had many variations, but in substance it was usually the same: "Now tell me, what would you peace people have done, had you been running the government at the time of Pearl Harbor? Just how would you have stopped the Japs then?" or "You pacifists who sit around and do nothing—you don't care whether the Japs and Germans overrun our country, do you?"

Usually, these questions were only rhetorical vehicles to carry the freight of scorn or ignorance; but this was not always the case. Sometimes these questions were asked by those who, in less tragic times, had found foreign affairs "boring." But it was different now. For their sons had suddenly become sacrificial instruments of those same foreign affairs.

In the questions of such people I could sometimes detect a

wistful hope that the peace movement might yet reveal some trick solution, some mysterious formula (overlooked by governments) which might even now be employed to stop the slaughter. When such questions were put to me, there was often bewilderment or dismay when I would reply that war was perhaps the only logical method for our government to use in meeting a "Pearl Harbor." No other method, I would point out, had been developed to take its place. War was the only instrument ready at hand. The peace movement, I would explain, had no mystical hocus-pocus, no rabbit-out-of-the-hat formula which overnight could make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. "If you tell me you desire a fig," said Epictetus, "I tell you there must be time. Let it first blossom, then bear fruit, then ripen." Peace, like Epictetus' fig, only withered without cultivation. No firm fruit could ever be grown in that sunless climate of "too little and too late."

Raymond Fosdick had put it succinctly in another way: "Take what you want," he said, "and pay for it." Men wanted the Good Life but they would not pay for it. They put down on paper their desire for peace, but they laid down in steel their preparation for war. In the twenty years between the two wars, the energies of the political world had been directed primarily toward predatory ends. The defeated nations had been centered on seizing property, the victorious nations on cleaving to property; scientific genius had been prostituted to bigger and better bombs; wealth had been buried in the terminal expenditure of armaments. Even the financial ledger revealed the break between the word and deed. In those twenty years between the wars, the entire world had been willing to spend less than 135 million dollars for all the processes of international co-operation. But now that amount was being blown to atoms minute by minute in World War II. And where our treasure went, our youth went also.

But during the war years, the peace movement did not close its doors nor cease its efforts. There were many things to be done, and it is to the honor of our country that we were allowed

to do them. Hating every manifestation of violence, we condemned the action of Japan and Germany with perhaps more feeling than others, even while we recognized our country's share of responsibility in producing it. And except for one small and extreme wing, the peace movement did nothing to obstruct the war effort. This policy was not rooted in prudence, but in principle.

We believed passionately in democracy. The people of our country—through their elected representatives—had spoken by a declaration of war. Therefore, in this terrible ordeal for our nation, we would do nothing which would circumvent the will of the people. This did not mean that we threw our energies into the war effort nor that we let our hearts or minds be conscripted. We knew that the unique genius of democracy did not spring from the rule of the majority, but from respect for the minority. And we were grateful that this basic principle was not lost in the unnatural atmosphere of war. But had our country been unable to sustain this political balance of democracy we were prepared to pay those penalties which, in other centuries, heretics had always paid. However, except in the cases of certain conscientious objectors, martyrdom was not exacted, nor did the peace movement become a casualty of war.

So the W.I.L. was able to function with a wide measure of freedom. We threw ourselves into a variety of undertakings: the Congressional struggle to obtain a Federal Anti-Poll Tax law; the abrogation of the Oriental Exclusion Act (which was finally lifted for America's ally, China); we joined the effort to secure a permanent F.E.P.C. (Fair Employment Practices Commission); we fought for executive compliance with the laws regarding conscientious objectors, and the constitutional rights of American citizens of Japanese ancestry.

Nor did our efforts on behalf of refugees cease. As I look back on that war period, I believe there were few moments so black for me as those which fell like a pall over one bright blue-eyed morning. I had worked till after midnight the night before, and was "sleeping in." A long-distance call from Balti-

more woke me. It was from Dr. Gertrude Bussey, professor of Philosophy at Goucher College and President of the W.I.L. in the years just preceding the war. There were few women in the organization for whom I felt such deep devotion. Gertrude Bussey had been not only a friend of many years, but a constant inspiration. I loved the processes of her mind, her delicate, delightful humor, her passion for human justice.

"Oh, how nice," I said as I heard her voice, "how lovely to hear from you. Something special you wanted to ask me about?"

"No," she responded, her voice freighted with emotion, "I only wanted to talk to you. For I know that you are as utterly unstrung as I am over the news in the morning papers."

"Oh, what news?" I asked. "I haven't read the papers yet; what is it?"

"Those two thousand Jewish children in Spain—" she answered. "Oh, Dorothy, they've been shipped to Poland."

"Oh, no," I protested, my voice breaking too, "that couldn't happen."

"I am afraid it's true," she answered. "It's so hideous I can't bear it. I felt I had to talk to you. I wish there were comfort in knowing we did everything we could to prevent it. But there is no comfort even in that."

Those two thousand small Jewish refugees had been gotten out of Germany—one way or another—to the safety of Spain. Most of them now were orphans, and had become public charges. To please Hitler and relieve itself of the burden, Franco Spain had threatened to send these babies—the majority were under twelve years—to Poland unless some other country would take them in. In Britain and the United States there had been frantic, desperate efforts to save them. The Jewish organizations, the churches, the peace movement for weeks had been fighting to rescue them. But quotas and regulations and visas lay like booby traps to blast their young lives. No appeals moved the governments, too busy fighting a war. The blunting process which dulls all compassion had set in.

Those Jewish children were sealed in boxcars and dispatched

to Poland. Did the echo of their fear and torment vibrate through the terror launched by their brothers in the Palestine of 1947?

That day those babies were sent to Poland has never ceased to haunt me. Others, we might not have saved; but those sealed boxcars are a stain on America and Britain forever. We would suffer only the little children with proper passports to come unto us.

It was some weeks later that I spent a week end with my friend Frances Gunther. Her shy, appealing, little-girl quality raised in me a new sense of protectiveness for all those in every land "too gentle to proclaim themselves." But Frances would use the rooted sorrow locked in those sealed boxcars, as a gangway to new endeavors.

"Dorothy, I want you to meet Peter Bergson," she said to me as we talked of ways and means which might be used to save the remnant of the Jews in Europe. "Peter has some ideas which I think would interest you; you might find it useful to work together in Washington."

Peter Bergson, a Palestinian Jew, was the leading force in the Emergency Committee to Save the Jews which was just then being organized. I joined the Emergency Committee at once. I found that on many questions I disagreed profoundly with Peter Bergson, though there was always logic in his point of view provided one accepted his premises. But in spite of disagreement on many matters, I was convinced that on the crucial question of rescuing Jews from the occupied countries Bergson's plans were sound. The policies of those other Jewish groups, with which I felt in more general sympathy, did not, it seemed to me, approach this problem with nearly as much clarity and directness. For Peter Bergson had sharpened the focus of the Emergency Committee to one objective. On that it concentrated; on that Peter Bergson hammered. "The problem is not how to save the Jews," he would reiterate with tireless persistence. "The problem is only *where* to send them when they've been rescued." That had certainly been true of those

2,000 children in Spain. They could have been saved; but no country would take them. Palestine was the one spot that would welcome Jews and the one place they wanted to go. But temporary havens in other lands could be established.

"We can get people out of occupied Europe," Peter Bergson would say. "They have managed to get across the borders by the thousands. But then the only place they can go is 'illegally' to Palestine. If they are caught on the way they are shoved back across a Nazi border. We need a right of way through Turkey; we need inter-government arrangements which will overcome the present passport regulations; we need havens of rescue. Only governments can do that."

I co-operated with the Emergency Committee in every way that I could. Its directions were charted by officials of the government who had the courage to join and by members of the Congress who were vitally interested. Senator Gillette, with eleven other senators, and Will Rogers in the House introduced companion resolutions in the Congress which called on the Administration to create "a commission of diplomatic, economic, and military experts to formulate and effectuate a plan of immediate action designed to save the Jewish people of Europe from extinction at the hands of the Nazi government."

An active and vigorous campaign of lobbying was initiated at once: hearings, interviews, publicity, persuading, explaining—For months, the Capitol was the seat of unremitting pressure. I had other Congressional irons in the fire, but I helped the Emergency Committee as much as I could. Finally, toward the middle of January, a poll of both houses promised a sufficient margin of votes to insure passage. The measure was then slated for the calendar, and on Monday, January 24th, it was scheduled to come up for vote.

The political wind does not blow where it listeth; it runs along the ground. Now its murmur carried to the Administration the angry rumblings of the grass roots. The country, no longer indifferent to the plight of the Jews, was roused to a fever of indignation over the government's failure to act to

save them. If that bill went through the Congress, Republicans might be able to take equal credit with the Democrats for forcing through this humanitarian move. For Bob Taft's name was on the measure, and his skill and energy behind it. Hence, its successful passage would be due in part to the minority party.

On Saturday, January 22nd—two days before the vote was to be taken—the President "jumped the gun," and announced that he was establishing an emergency agency to be called the War Refugee Board.

We rejoiced at this action; that agency could not be established too soon. But those who had worked so long to make this happen knew that—on the record—this undertaking was the result of the leverage applied by a nonpartisan Congress on behalf of an aroused public.

The board which the President had appointed was an energetic one. It consisted of the Secretaries of State, War, and the Treasury with John Pehle, an able young official of the government, as its Washington director. This board immediately assigned special representatives to "effectuate," on the fringes of occupied Europe, this belated mission of mercy. No other war agency, I am sure, undertook a more moving task; none executed its assignment with more intelligence and devotion. Through it, thousands of Hitler's victims, both Jew and Gentile, were saved who otherwise might have perished. But tragedy lay again in the old problem of "too little and too late." The powers of this board should have been established ten years before.

During the same months, when we were struggling to secure a government rescue agency, the W.I.L. was also working on a related problem. And it was a problem which had been intensified for me because of the failure of the government to act in another human situation. During the early air raids on London, there was a wide movement in which the W.I.L. shared to send "mercy ships" to Europe. American vessels crossed the Atlantic each day with cargoes of munitions and supplies. Those ships, we felt, should bring back on the return voyage human cargoes

of children. But that effort, too, was thwarted. No such mass evacuation was permitted. The ships were not suitable for children, we were told. Bombs, we pointed out, did not exercise such fine discrimination. Nevertheless we failed.

Then when the Nazis overran France, Belgium, and Holland, the food rations of those countries were soon reduced by the Nazis to below subsistence level. Rickets and tuberculosis among children resulted at once.

Again a movement was started to try to save children. Howard Kirchner and his Committee on Food for Small Democracies; Clarence Pickett of the American Friends Service Committee; the W.I.L. and dozens of other groups joined their forces. It seemed reasonable to believe that an effective program of controlled feeding could be undertaken even with the Germans occupying western Europe. For such a program had been effectively set up in Greece. Though the Nazis held that country, they had permitted the ships of neutral nations to bring food and medical supplies from the Allied nations to Greece. There, these supplies were controlled and distributed by the citizens of neutral nations. The Germans had respected the terms of the agreement; they had not touched these supplies and they had stopped shipping out of Greece the native foodstuffs. Wholesale famine had thus been abated.

But the British Government and our own military men opposed extending the plan to western Europe. Their argument was that the Germans must be made to carry responsibility for the occupied countries. From a "realistic" standpoint that argument might have had validity. But from a moral and even practical standpoint it seemed to us indefensible. The Germans, it was obvious, would not feed those people. In the last war, we pointed out, the Christian nations refused to feed their enemies; now in this war, they were even refusing to feed their friends. A physically depleted youth, already suffering the psychic shocks of bombing, hardly promised the best material for a normal Europe after the war. Wasn't it possible, we argued, that the starvation of German youth after the First

World War explained in part the emotional instability which later had sent thousands of them into the Hitler youth movement?

Saul Padover was to confirm our contention. Germans, he testified, who were questioned by military government immediately following American occupation of Germany, almost to a man linked the concept of democracy with hunger. For their only experience with democracy had been under the Republic; and the Republic had coincided with the period of hunger which followed the First World War. But our efforts now were not on behalf of the Germans. Germans were the only well fed people of Europe. They were consuming the food taken from the countries now under the Nazi heel. It was these democratic countries which concerned us.

An empty stomach is never conducive to reason. Might not Russia—pointing to the neglect of the great democracies—use this fact to twist and warp the minds of suffering peoples, using their despair as a lever for communism? If the Greek plan had worked in Greece, why not elsewhere? At least it could be tried. If the Germans did not observe the terms of the plan, it could be stopped.

In the State Department there was mild and lukewarm sympathy expressed for the plan. But Britain and the United States apparently had a tacit agreement that neither would undertake anything opposed by the other. Unanimity on everything must be established. So the British opposition was a convenient device for State Department "buck-passing." Yet it was evident that on matters considered essential to our government, political bargains could be driven with Britain. Our only hope for such action lay in securing a directive from the Congress.

Senators Gillette and Taft were persuaded to sponsor together a Congressional resolution, thus making the measure nonpartisan. This resolution (Sen. Res. 100) called on the Administration "to set up systematic and definite relief for stricken and hungry countries . . . this relief to be based on agreements by the belligerents for protection of native and imported food"

as in the Greek plan. The resolution, introduced February 11, 1943, became an immediate focus for a campaign by dozens of organizations throughout the country. Letters, telegrams, deputations poured into the Congress. But it was only after nine months of unceasing work that I was finally able to secure time for a hearing on the bill. And even then, we were only promised one day before a subcommittee of the Foreign Relations Committee. Senator Elbert Thomas—that very civilized gentleman from Utah—was made the chairman of the subcommittee. But in spite of the fact that only one day was scheduled for the hearings, I anticipated the public interest and lined up enough witnesses so that if the time were granted at the last minute, the hearing could be kept running for a fortnight.

The first day was to be shared by Herbert Hoover and Clarence Pickett of the American Friends Service Committee. So a few days earlier, I dropped in at the Foreign Relations Committee to inquire where the hearings were to be held.

"Well, right here," said the clerk, "in the Foreign Relations Committee room."

"It won't be large enough," I protested. "None of you seem to realize the public interest in this bill."

"Oh, this room will be big enough for any crowd that comes," he insisted.

But by nine-thirty on the morning of November 4th (1943) the crowds had so overflowed the committee room that they were blocking the corridors. It was necessary at the last minute to transfer the hearings to a large caucus room. But even that wasn't large enough for all the people who wanted to get in.

Hoover's testimony, built on a careful survey of the facts, was impressive; Clarence Pickett's testimony, buttressed with the great tradition of the Quakers, was inspired. When the hearings were over, I found myself suddenly surrounded by Gillette, Taft, and Thomas.

"We'll have to keep these hearings going," they said. "Who else have you on that list of yours?" "Can you get some other witnesses here by tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, they will be here," I answered. "Howard Kirchner can come (he'll need a whole day) and James Wood Johnson of the Save the Children Federation. After that I have twenty-four more who want to testify."

Our one day of hearings was extended for four full days—piling up facts and figures on the hunger in central Europe; recording the appeals of organizations for relief in Belgium, Holland, and France; producing evidence from the Greek government on the effectiveness of the plan there.

When the hearings were over, the subcommittee promptly reported the measure favorably to the full committee. But each step in the Congressional process takes time and energy. It took weeks of time and persuasion to get the full committee to act. When it finally reported the measure favorably and sent it to the Senate, it was early December. But there the measure bogged down under a full calendar. However, there is a device which can bring quick action. I suggested it to Senator Gillette.

"Why can't you get the resolution up for vote under a 'unanimous consent motion' and have it passed before Christmas?" I asked him. "What better gift—save Peace—could America offer her starving Allies on the Great Birthday?"

But there were complications. An unanimous consent motion means what it says: it must be unanimous. One negative vote, and the chance is lost. The Administration—knowing the opposition of the British and its own military people—did not want to be faced with this mandate from the people just then. Barkley, the Administration leader in the Senate, was ordered to block any unanimous consent motion. But Administration orders have at times been overridden by Senate leaders. The pressure for the bill from the country was enormous. With that as a lever, I pressed to "get the bill out of the Senate by Christmas." I worked on Thomas, Gillette, and Taft; they worked on Barkley. And though their reports were discouraging, I wouldn't give up. Certainly at the last moment, the Administration—if not moved to pity for its starving Allies—would

surely see the psychological spur such Senate action would give to European morale.

On the last afternoon, before the Christmas recess, I established myself in the front row of the Senators' gallery. Thomas and Gillette and Taft had promised one last try. As they moved across the floor together toward Barkley, my heart walked with them. Barkley would certainly hold out no longer. He wasn't just a Senate leader; he was also a man. He wouldn't want to gag on his Christmas dinner, would he? I looked down from the gallery hopefully. The three senators had surrounded Barkley, backing him up against a Senate desk. The pantomime revealed an argument; those three backs told me so. Taft, straight, his hands in his pockets, his balding head moving as he spoke; Gillette, tall, white, stooping a little as he brought one fist down with emphasis into the palm of the other hand; Thomas, leaning forward, gentle and persuasive. But Barkley, red and belligerent, stood unyielding. Finally he pulled away and went back to his seat. Taft turned around and lifting his hands in a gesture of defeat left the floor. Thomas and Gillette looked up at the gallery and slowly shook their heads.

I sank back in my seat with a feeling of utter defeat. Hungry people! and we had to fight so hard to feed them.

"I'm so sorry," said a voice at my elbow, "I know how disappointed you are," and Senator Gillette sank into the seat beside me.

"Oh, Senator, how nice of you to come up here," I said.

"Well, I just wanted you to know how I sympathize with you. I'm so sorry. We'll try again after Christmas," and he was gone. How kind of him; how considerate to come up to the gallery. But that was just like Gillette.

"It's too bad, but we couldn't move Barkley." I turned with surprise; it was Taft. He stood on the step leading down to the first row, and leaned over my seat. "I hope you don't feel too badly. You did your best; we did our best. We'll begin again after Christmas," and Taft smiled and disappeared. Now if that wasn't considerate of Bob Taft. . . . These senators

coming up to the gallery to offer a sympathetic word. They had worked hard, too. They knew how I felt.

I sat back. If these men could be so understanding perhaps Barkley would have a change of heart before the end of the afternoon. And all those senators down there—so well fed, so safe—it wasn't possible, was it, that they were only gold-plated savages?

It was probably ten minutes later when I heard a voice beside me. "Why don't you go home?" it said. Senator Thomas was slipping into the seat beside me.

"Oh, Senator, I hoped that maybe, just maybe—"

"No," he said gently, "nothing will happen this afternoon. Barkley will vote against a unanimous consent motion. Nothing can be done today. So I think you ought to go home."

"Oh, what difference does it make?" I whispered back. "What does it matter—going anywhere?"

"Well, I'll give you one good reason," Thomas said with a smile. "I don't want to have to sit down on that floor the rest of the afternoon and see you up here looking like a monument to Desolation."

With that tears coursed down my cheeks.

"Come on now," said Thomas, pulling me by the arm, "you're going home. Try not to think about any of this for a few days. The fight isn't lost. Get a good rest over Christmas."

I got myself to my feet, and went down in the senators' elevator with him. At the Senate floor, Thomas got out. "Chin up," he said, "and a good Christmas."

It was February 15th before the resolution finally went through. The pressure from the country had been so great that it passed both houses unanimously. Under any circumstances, a unanimous vote was a major achievement. In wartime, it was a miracle.

But this clear mandate from the people now sank in a morass of government pressure like a stone in the sea. Therefore we turned our energies to the State Department. I have memoranda of three conversations I had with Edward Stettinius, then Un-

der Secretary of State, between March 1 and June 6. The last memorandum runs in part as follows:

June 6, 1944
5 P.M.

Memorandum:
Interview—with Edward Stettinius,
Under Sec of State
by Dorothy Detzer

Subject: (a) Feeding
(b) Peace Terms

When, three days ago, I made an appointment to see the Under Secretary this afternoon, I had no way of knowing that this would be D-Day. I am under the impression that Mr. Stettinius hadn't known it either. He has just returned from Europe this week and his schedule was so full that my appointment was delayed 45 minutes.

During the wait I talked to Marc Childs and John Gunther. Neither believes the feeding program can go through now.

Point (a): The Under Secretary told me that after tremendous difficulties in England, he had finally secured agreement from the British Government to permit ships of food to go to Marseilles and other French ports. He implied, though he did not say so directly, that these arrangements had to be made against stubborn British objections. But he did have a "right-of-way signal" from the joint military staffs of both Britain and the U. S. (See Memorandum of interview with Stettinius March 10th.) So it was finally arranged. If his plans work out ships will sail next week. But with the invasion, he is not sure whether all his arrangements won't evaporate.

Those plans did evaporate, and though food followed the armies, the devastated lands held little promise for a postwar harvest. UNRRA was one attempt to meet this need. But in spite of UNRRA the W.I.L. did not believe relief was enough.

Not long after my return from six weeks at the San Francisco Conference, we presented to high government officials and to every member of the Congress a plan for postwar reconstruction. This plan was the brain child of my assistant, Elizabeth Haswell. She had "cleared" it with economists, financiers, bankers, the Federal Reserve Board, and other agencies of the government to confirm its feasibility and soundness. Everywhere she went she was told that it was financially and economically possible and wise. The problem lay alone in the political acceptance.

This plan, drafted by Miss Haswell in complete detail, was in brief as follows: First—that at the end of the war the United States Government retain all its wartime controls over industry, labor, material, and foods; that the Congress then allocate for European and Asiatic reconstruction an amount, in money and goods, equivalent to the amount spent in one year by the United States for war purposes; that the government use every publicity and cultural device to "sell" this idea of peaceful reconstruction to the public just as it had sold the needs of war.

We believed first of all that with strong government backing this plan was possible. The sense of united purpose engendered for a war of destruction could surely be transformed into a constructive crusade. With such a "sacrifice," our people might do much to restore America's moral authority which was shattered over Hiroshima. Moreover, with such a plan, America could undercut the appeal that Soviet Russia was bound to make to the conquered peoples. The Marshall plan of 1947 would now appear to me to have justified all our struggle for the Haswell plan of 1945.

To be a pacifist in wartime is a strange and sometimes difficult experience. "Don't be a pioneer," warned Dean Inge. "It

is the early Christian who is got by the lion. The safest mountain paths are those trod by mules and asses. Follow them." But however wise this advice, it is also true that the turtle never gets anywhere till he puts out his neck. In former times that performance was often hard on the neck; but in these latter days, it is usually harder on the spirit.

For in the circumstances of war, the pacifists must accept certain psychological penalties for his unorthodoxy. He is isolated from that almost mystical exaltation which comes to those sharing in a common struggle against a common foe. During this time the pacifist must be able to understand and wait unperturbed, while his most precious values are twisted and distorted into an unrecognizable travesty. Otherwise, as Jane Addams once noted, "it is easy for the pacifist in wartime to travel from the mire of self-pity to the barren hills of self-righteousness—and hate himself equally in both climates!" They alone are spared this journey who aspire to follow that healthy petition: "Where we are wrong, make us willing to change; where we are right, make us easy to live with."

But all painful experiences seem to have their compensations. During a war, the pacifist can measure the firmness of his convictions; the clarity of his intellectual perceptions; and he can learn to know who are his friends. And as in many of life's deepest afflictions, some particular personality may emerge to give new and deeper significance to all the great and eternal values.

For, "when it is dark enough, you can see the stars."

During the dark period of the war, there was one person whose fixed star shone upon our small W.I.L. world with a transcendent radiance. That person was Dorothy Robinson, the president of the organization during the war years. It was she who "quickened our better hopes" and held us to the conviction that if our way cannot win as fast as we wish, in the long run, the other way cannot win at all.

"Go with mean people and life seems mean; then read Plutarch and the world is a proud place." Dorothy Robinson made a world even sodden with war—"a proud place."

EPILOGUE

Fear Not to Sow

ON a hot night toward the end of September, 1946, an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for many months, called to ask if he could come out to my house and spend a few hours before taking a late plane back to New York. When he arrived, we settled ourselves with cooling drinks on the screened terrace which leads to my diminutive Georgetown garden.

"Now tell me," said my guest as he leaned back in the corner of the couch, "have you decided what you are going to do—now that you have resigned from the W.I.L.?"

"Well, I had hoped that for a time I might be like Romeo at the masquerade—just a candle-holder, looking on," I answered. "But perhaps you'll be surprised; I have been asked to write a book."

"Good—splendid," he said enthusiastically. "What's the book to be about?"

"Oh—perhaps it might be described as 'The Life and Times of D.D. as a Peace Lobbyist,' " I replied.

"What!" he said, putting down his glass abruptly. "You don't mean that you are seriously considering doing that, do you?" And he began to drum nervously with his fingers on the arm of the couch.

"Why not?" I asked defensively. "Why shouldn't I?" And

then I added, "What is the meaning of the disapproval you are so plainly tapping out on the arm of that couch?"

He picked up his glass quickly again.

"Well, frankly," he said, "I think it would be a mistake for you to write that book."

"Mistake?" I repeated. "Then you must have some good reason; out with it."

There was a momentary pause, then he followed my injunction. "I just don't think you ought to waste your time writing the history of a failure," he said.

"Failure?" I echoed incredulously. "—the history of a failure? What do you mean?"

"Well, what else could you call your work, but a monumental failure?" he asked. "Didn't we just have the worst war in history? Did you peace people stop it? Look at the world"—and he threw out his arm to indicate the battered universe.

Long after my caller had left for his plane, I sat in the stillness of my little garden and pondered what he had said. It was curious, but I had never thought of my work as a "monumental failure." Certainly, in the immediate, popular sense of the word, he was right; it had been just that. But failure, like success, has many faces. Hadn't Hitler, on becoming Chancellor of Germany, achieved what in worldly terms might have been considered a monumental success; yet, who coveted his success now? But that was the difficulty with words. You could use the same ones to express quite different concepts. In the political vocabulary, there were many such words—security, peace, justice, liberty, weakness, strength. Yes, take the word "strength." How often brutality was interpreted as strength!

It was like the advertising space in that Sunday morning paper at the San Francisco Conference. There on the left-hand page, printed in beautiful lettering beside the tall, brooding figure of St. Francis, was the lofty prayer of that beloved Christian saint: ". . . where there is hatred, let us sow love; where there is injury, pardon; . . . grant that we may not seek so

much to be consoled, as to console; to be understood, as to understand. . . ."

Above the prayer was a message to the conference delegates. "The City of St. Francis welcomes you," it said. Then on the opposite page, in bold letters, was an open letter to the residents of San Francisco. In substance, it ran something as follows: Citizens of San Francisco, arise! The Japanese-Americans again threaten to return to our fair city. We must never let this community again be polluted by yellow enemies, etc., etc. To the authors of that letter, love, concord, and understanding had no meaning in terms of race.

But there was not only this kind of moral confusion; there was intellectual confusion as well. How typical was the remark of my caller that evening—making the peace movement a convenient whipping boy for the world's desperate state.

And yet the peace movement, as an organized functioning movement, was less than fifty years old; the war system—in one form or another—was as old as recorded history. It was a tough system to uproot. Certainly the peace forces of the world had as yet scarcely dented it. Their efforts could offer no material for a success story of the popular magazine variety. But perhaps even the "history of a failure" might carry significance; and that significance could be exposed to the "silent processes of judgment."

For, as I sat in my quiet garden looking back over my years in Washington, certain factors stood out which to me were not without relevance for the world of tomorrow. Perhaps it was my awareness of these factors which had blunted all the impacts of defeat. I began to sort them out—to re-evaluate them again.

There was that gratifying factor—the vitality of American democracy. Yet how many Americans took it for granted, or lightly cherished it. But I knew of no other country where the representative of a minority organization could have functioned as I did in Washington. I had been the instrument of no important political faction; I had controlled no large balance of votes;

I had not been the spokesman of consistently popular ideas. Yet I had always been able to lay the concerns of my organization before the highest government officials and get a hearing for them. And what I was able to do, others did also. That the concerns I presented had often been rejected, or at times only partially accepted, did not alter the fact that the opportunity to present them had always been there.

And if one shared that reflection of Victor Hugo's, that "there is one power mightier than armies, and that is an idea when its time has come," then he could struggle through the long birth pangs of an idea knowing its "time" rested securely in the certain order of God. For didn't violent processes, when successful, always require measures of violence to maintain them? The police state, where minds were regimented and unorthodoxy penalized, surely created within itself its own doom. For the police state not only violated personality but cut off from itself the fresh flow of ideas essential to political institutions. In spite of many negative factors in American political life, surely this stagnation would not take place as long as the healthy processes of our democracy were maintained. And that those processes had remained alive and vigorous during a period when dictatorship was in the ascendancy in many parts of the world was due I knew in no small part to the activities of the peace movement.

Related to this factor wasn't there another which had even greater significance for the future . . . namely, that our government and people did seek new forms of democratic expression? The State Department's experiment, inaugurated at the San Francisco Conference, was a significant example.

But my hopes lay not only in the American scene. The new and serious sense of international responsibility which Americans were beginning to feel for the effective functioning of the United Nations was surely on the credit side of the world's dark ledger. Perhaps, I thought, America is really growing up. For couldn't Stanley Jones' index of the life of men be applied just as aptly to the life of a nation? "Infancy

is the period of dependence; adolescence the period of independence; maturity the period of interdependence."

Yet on that warm September night I knew that political hopes were not the only values which had flowered from the rich, long years I had spent in Washington. I realized that the experiences of those years had also established for me certain fixed faiths; they had brought a cohesion to my convictions which no storms of a day could now shake or uproot. That those storms intensified the sense of grief I felt for the suffering of millions of our fellow men; that they sharpened my concern for our uncertain future, did not alter—only deepened—those convictions. This was true even though I recognized that the problems of our postwar world were vastly more tragic, more dangerous, more difficult, more extensive than those which had followed the First World War.

Was it perhaps the deeply-established habit of the "long view," or awareness of the mystical validity of "the more excellent way," which was preventing me from sharing the bewilderment and sense of panic which contemporary conditions now invoked in so many others? For, instead, I was sure that bewilderment and panic would have been mine if, after the long orgy of competitive hate and slaughter, the world had reverted to its former pace and status. Had a genuine peace, kindness, progress toward the good society emerged from the collective evil of war, then to me life would indeed have seemed like "a tale told by an idiot" with "the other planets using our world as their insane asylum." For the moral universe would have proved itself as unreliable as our physical universe would seem if a ball tossed in the air should suddenly hang suspended, or the sun skip a day, or an oak grow from the seed of a cabbage. But the moral universe had not been untrustworthy; after the wind, we had reaped the whirlwind. Man apparently could not escape the penalties of broken law, whether it was a defiance of the law of gravity, or a violent resistance to evil, or that equally self-defeating way—appeasement, a resigned acquiescence to evil.

How long ago Jeremiah had thundered, Behold I set before you the Way of Life and the Way of Death. A civilization which had spawned a Buchenwald, a Pearl Harbor, and a Hiroshima surely was moving toward the Way of Death. But it was not only the ancient prophets who pointed out the choice; there were contemporary anthropologists who have done the same.

Had they not told us that energy directed toward power dies? The mammoth, the saber-toothed tiger, the Irish elk—all those great animals so dominant in the jungles of prehistoric man—had apparently destroyed themselves by concentrating their energies on perfecting their aggressive or defensive powers. Those great beasts were now fossils in museums.

It was the small, insignificant creatures of the primeval world, which had directed their energies neither toward bulk, nor shell, nor fur, but had developed awareness, intelligence, adjusted to their environment, accepted pain—it was these meek creatures that had evolved into man, inheriting the earth.

In the first dim dawn of his history man's ethics were certainly crude—only a little above that of the jungle. Those ethics, described so vividly in the fourth chapter of Genesis, gave us his ancient code: "And Lemech said unto his wives, Ada and Zillah, Hear my voice; ye wives of Lemech, hearken unto my speech: for I have slain a man for wounding me, and a young man for bruising me."

In the bronze age, death had been the answer to wounding. Surely it had been a great moral advance when thousands of years later a new code had been evolved: a wound for a wound, an eye for an eye. Yet today, the political state still lived by this code. But wasn't it science as well as the evolution of conscience which warned us now that it was too late in the day for this ethic? In a world of death rays and split atoms, security apparently could rest only in friendship, survival only in that moral code which would overcome evil with the affirmative, the creative, the good. Evidently no other code would work.

For if man, like a collective Prodigal, squandered his inheri-

tance in a riotous pursuit of death germs and greater atom bombs, in violence and coercive power, who could say how soon his treasure would be reduced to husks fit only for swine?

Yet the creative possibilities in life were infinite; misdirected energy could always be redirected. One knew that the fiercest of dogs—the police dog—could have his great energy used in the service of violence or, as a Seeing-Eye Dog, in the service of responsibility. Man—the highest form of animal—apparently was forced to make his own choice.

Were there not scattered through the pages of history all those dead civilizations which had made the wrong turning? But there were records too of men whose insights and courage had changed the currents of their day. There was that crucial period in seventeenth-century England when a political mistake was a crime, as it was now a crime beyond the iron curtain. It was in the year 1678, during the impeachment proceedings against the Earl of Danby, that the Earl of Carnarvon delivered a parliamentary speech which illustrates so compactly the chain of all coercive force.

"My Lords, I understand but little Latin, but a good deal of English and not a little of the English History, from which I have learnt the mischiefs of such kinds of prosecutions as these, and the ill fate of the prosecutors. I could bring many instances, and those very ancient; but, my Lords, I shall go no further back than the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, at which time the Earl of Essex was run down by Sir Walter Raleigh. My Lord Bacon, he ran down Sir Walter Raleigh, and your lordships know what became of my Lord Bacon. The Duke of Buckingham, he ran down my Lord Bacon and your lordships know what happened to the Duke of Buckingham. Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, ran down the Duke of Buckingham, and you all know what became of him. Sir Henry Vance, he ran down the Earl of Strafford, and your lordships know what became of Sir Henry Vance. Chancellor Hyde, he ran down Sir Harry Vance, and your lordships know what became of the Chancellor. Sir Thomas Osborne,

now Earl of Danby, ran down Chancellor Hyde; but what will become of the Earl of Danby, your lordships best can tell. But let me see that man that dare run the Earl of Danby down, and we shall soon see what will become of him."

Germany ran down Poland, and every one knew what had become of Germany; Japan ran down . . . The chain of coercive force carved its own links.

"He made a pit and digged it," sang the Psalmist, "and has fallen into the ditch he made. His mischief shall return on his own head, and his violent dealings shall come down upon his pate."

Was it not Violence then which was the True Enemy—Violence which, in its final overt expression, was war? It could be personified in the person of a Hitler, or recognized in a police state like Soviet Russia, but surely behind the façade of men and nations stalked the True Enemy. For Violence was not only an overt evil; it could be a covert evil too. Violence could lay waste personal relationships as well as a city. It could manifest itself in the spirit of anti-Semitism; it could fester in starvation policies; it could hide behind selfish immigration laws; it could perpetuate a punitive peace; or it could reveal itself in all those little tyrannies of an inflated ego.

Each in its own way—violating human dignity, violating the right to life, to human affection—could strike the spark which in the sure pace of time could flame into a Pearl Harbor, a Stern Gang, a third world war.

In her essay on the *Iliad,* Simone Weil had described its course so well. "To define force," she wrote, ". . . it is that *x* that turns anybody subject to it into a *thing.* Exercised to its limit, it turns man into a thing in the most literal sense; it makes a corpse of him. . . .

"From its first property (the ability to turn a human being into a thing by the simple method of killing him) flows another, quite prodigious too in its own way, the ability to turn a human being into a thing while he is still alive. He is alive; he has a soul; and yet—he is a thing. An extraordinary entity

this—a thing which has a soul. And as for the soul, what an extraordinary house it finds itself in! Who can say what it costs it, moment by moment, to accommodate itself to this residence; how much writhing and bending, folding and pleating are required of it?

". . . Its power [that of force] of converting man into a thing is a double one, and in its application double-edged. To the same degree, though in different fashions, those who use it and those who endure it are turned to stone. . . . Subjugation of the human spirit to force is in the last analysis [subjugation] to matter."

If the concentration camp, the gas chamber, or war could turn man into a thing, hadn't science now produced, from the unseen atom, a monster which could turn our world into a thing? But perhaps as the skill and the knowledge of the physical scientists had been pooled to breed this Frankenstein, the insights and the wisdom of the moral scientists (the philosophers, the Church, the psychologists—those who deal with the business of living) might now be pooled to rescue the world from its subjugation to matter. For the moral appeal is the only universal appeal.

Not that I believed the moral scientists possess some secret knowledge to the Way of Life. That way had certainly been charted before. And if its highest ethical expression was to be found in the family unit, might it not have been that in that small area of human relations men had learned that he who would be his brother's keeper must first become his brother's brother? There, too, the strong had learned not to grab from the baby but to cherish that precious but bothersome potential value and bring it to maturity. In the family, life was shared—its bread and sorrow, its responsibilities, its material and spiritual resources. There, too, one first learned the lesson of that strangest but most profound of all life's paradoxes—that he who would keep love must give it away.

To build the foundation of such a family of nations was surely the supreme task of our age. What else was so important,

so vital? But what a task it was; what a struggle each step of the way! To succeed, meant to alter the political, economic, social, cultural, and moral structure of our society. Did Man have the vision, the wisdom to move forward on all these fronts, or would he stumble and plunge backward into a new Dark Age? Perhaps, it would depend on whether he could learn to recognize the True Enemy and overcome it with the genius of creative good will.

Somewhere across the roofs of Georgetown a clock struck four. It was time I went to bed. But I was not tired; my heart was at leisure with itself. For now I realized that to have played even an insignificant part in the mighty struggle for peace was to have served in the most radical revolution in the history of mankind. To be sure, the Great Revolution still foundered—a monumental failure; but that it would some day triumph was the credo of my faith. Niemoeller was right: "Life is not that which we know and plan for, but that which we believe and dare." And, surely, only those who dared to sow—in spite of the birds—would ever reap a harvest.