THE ANTIWAR CLASSIC BY AMERICA'S MOST DECORATED SOLDIER

WAR IS A RACKET

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Photo courtesy of the Butler family.

Smedley Butler with the USMC mascot bulldogs at an Army-Navy game.

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The Antiwar Classic by
America's Most Decorated Soldier

Brigadier General
Smedley Darlington Butler

INTRODUCTION BY

JESSE VENTURA

SKYHORSE PUBLISHING

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Butler with his wife, Ethel Conway Peters Butler, circa 1901.

Photos courtesy of the Butler family.

Butler with his son, Smedley Butler Jr.

Photo courtesy of the Butler family.

Butler at home with his cat.

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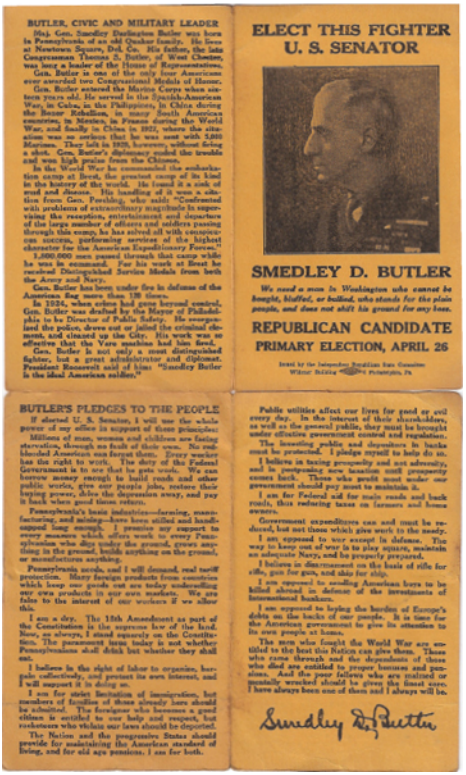


BUTLER, CIVIC AND MILITARY LEADER

Maj. Gen. Smedley Darlington Butler was born in Pennsylvania of an old Quaker family. He lives at Newtown Square, Del. Co. His father, the late Congressman Thomas S. Butler, of West Chester, was long a leader of the House of Representatives.

Gen. Butler is one of the only four Americans ever awarded two Congressional Medals of Honor.

Gen. Butler entered the Marine Corps when sixteen years old. He served in the Spanish-American War, in Cuba, in the Philippines, in China during the Boxer Rebellion, in many South American countries, in Mexico, in France during the World War, and finally in China in 1927, where the situation was so serious that he was sent with 2,000 Marines. They left in 1929, however, without firing a shot. Gen. Butler's diplomacy ended the trouble and won high praise from the Chinese.

In the World War he commanded the embarkation camp at Brest, the greatest camp of its kind in the history of the world. He found it a sink of mud and disease. His handling of it won a citation from Gen. Pershing, who said: "Confronted with problems of extraordinary magnitude in supervising the reception, entertainment and departure of the large number of officers and soldiers passing through this camp, he has solved all with conspicuous success, performing services of the highest character for the American Expeditionary Forces."

1,500,000 men passed through that camp while he was in command. For his work at Brest he received Distinguished Service Medals from both the Army and Navy.

Gen. Butler has been under fire in defense of the American flag more than 100 times.

In 1924, when crime had gone beyond control, Gen. Butler was drafted by the Mayor of Philadelphia to be Director of Public Safety. He reorganized the police, drove out or jailed the criminal element, and cleaned up the City. His work was so effective that the Vare machine had him fired.

Gen. Butler is not only a most distinguished fighter, but a great administrator and diplomat. President Roosevelt said of him: "Smedley Butler is the ideal American soldier."

ELECT THIS FIGHTER
U. S. SENATOR

SMEDLEY D. BUTLER

We need a man in Washington who cannot be bought, bluffed, or bullied, who stands for the plain people, and does not shift his ground for any boss.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE
PRIMARY ELECTION, APRIL 26

Issued by the Independent Republican State Committee
Wilmer Building Philadelphia, Pa.

BUTLER'S PLEDGES TO THE PEOPLE

If elected U. S. Senator, I will use the whole power of my office in support of these principles:

Millions of men, women and children are facing starvation, through no fault of their own. No red-blooded American can forget them. Every worker has the right to work. The duty of the Federal Government is to see that he gets work. We can borrow money enough to build roads and other public works, give our people jobs, restore their buying power, drive the depression away, and pay it back when good times return.

Pennsylvania's basic industries—farming, manufacturing, and mining—have been stifled and handicapped long enough. I promise my support to every measure which offers work to every Pennsylvanian who digs under the ground, grows anything in the ground, builds anything on the ground, or manufactures anything.

Pennsylvania needs, and I will demand, real tariff protection. Many foreign products from countries which keep our goods out are today undersselling our own products in our own markets. We are false to the interest of our workers if we allow this.

I am a dry. The 18th Amendment as part of the Constitution is the supreme law of the land. Now, as always, I stand squarely on the Constitution. The paramount issue today is not whether Pennsylvanians shall drink but whether they shall eat.

I believe in the right of labor to organize, bargain collectively, and protect its own interest, and I will support it in doing so.

I am for strict limitation of immigration, but members of families of those already here should be admitted. The foreigner who becomes a good citizen is entitled to our help and respect, but racketeers who violate our laws should be deported.

The Nation and the progressive States should provide for maintaining the American standard of living, and for old age pensions. I am for both.

Public utilities affect our lives for good or evil every day. In the interest of their shareholders, as well as the general public, they must be brought under effective government control and regulation.

The investing public and depositors in banks must be protected. I pledge myself to help do so.

I believe in taxing prosperity and not adversity, and in postponing new taxation until prosperity comes back. Those who profit most under our government should pay most to maintain it.

I am for Federal aid for main roads and back roads, thus reducing taxes on farmers and home owners.

Government expenditures can and must be reduced, but not those which give work to the needy.

I am opposed to war except in defense. The way to keep out of war is to play square, maintain an adequate Navy, and be properly prepared.

I believe in disarmament on the basis of rifle for rifle, gun for gun, and ship for ship.

I am opposed to sending American boys to be killed abroad in defense of the investments of international bankers.

I am opposed to loaning the burden of Europe's debts on the backs of our people. It is time for the American government to give its attention to its own people at home.

The men who fought the World War are entitled to the best this Nation can give them. Those who came through and the dependents of those who died are entitled to proper bonuses and pensions. And the poor fellows who are maimed or mentally wrecked should be given the finest care. I have always been one of them and I always will be.

Smedley D. Butler

Flier courtesy of the Butler family.

An election flier from an unsuccessful run at U.S. Senator in 1932.

Editor's Note

Major General Smedley D. Butler was an American hero. His knowledge and teachings not only improved our military, but our country as a whole.

With special thanks to Molly Swanton and the Butler family, as well as Christopher Ellis at the Marine Corps Archives & Special Collections, we have been able to not only publish Major General Butler's famous exposé, *War Is a Racket*, but several other essays, articles, and speeches.

While we have transcribed several of these works, we wanted to include some of them in their original format. Because of this, there may be marks or other comments on the documents. We at Skyhorse felt that showing the truest and most authentic form of General Butler's works would be best in remembering and respecting one of the most decorated Marines in United States history.

We hope that you enjoy his work as much as we have and that you'll gain much wisdom and insight from "The Old Gimlet."

Introduction

In my humble opinion, this little book should be required reading for every high school history classroom in America. *War Is a Racket* was written in 1935, but don't let that fool you. It's as relevant today—three-quarters of a century later—as it was then. Maybe even more so. There's an old saying, "The more things change, the more they stay the same," and Smedley Butler's hard-hitting assessment continues to hold a vital message to be heeded in our time.

The General was a man after my own heart. Having served honorably in the military—as I did as a Navy frogman—he knows whereof he speaks when it comes to war. He understands the soldiers who fight for their country. And he came to realize—and be outraged by—those making another kind of killing off of their blood, sweat, and tears.

You need to know some background about Smedley Butler in order to fully appreciate what you're about to read. He was born in 1881 to a prominent Quaker family in Pennsylvania, the oldest of three sons. His grandfather and later his father were elected to U.S. Congress. A fine athlete in high school, he left against his father's wishes shortly before his seventeenth birthday to enlist in the Marines after the Spanish-American War broke out. Lying about his age, Butler received a direct commission as a second lieutenant.

He had contempt for red tape, worked devotedly alongside his men, and rose quickly in the ranks. Butler went on to take part in just about all the U.S. military actions of his time: in Cuba and Manila, then the Boxer Rebellion in China (where he was twice wounded in action and promoted to captain at only nineteen), and then a series of interventions in Central America and the Caribbean. Those were known as the "Banana Wars," because the aim was to protect the Panama Canal and U.S. commercial interests in the region such as the United Fruit Company.

At only thirty-seven, Butler became a brigadier general. In command of a camp in France during World War I,

"[T]he ground under the tents was nothing but mud, [so] he had raided the wharf at Brest of the duck-boards no longer needed for the trenches, carted the first one himself up that four-mile hill to the camp, and thus provided something in the way of protection for the men to sleep on." [1]

That's the kind of guy Smedley Butler was.

He took some time off in the Roaring Twenties to become director of public safety in Philadelphia; running the city's police and fire departments. There his no-bullshit style got him into some trouble. The municipal government and its cops were
unbelievably corrupt, and from the get-go, Butler was raiding speakeasies while cracking down on prostitution and gambling. Let's say he wasn't too popular among the rich and powerful who were used to law enforcement turning a blind eye in exchange for their payoffs.

Plus, perish the thought, the general often swore while giving his regular radio talks. When the mayor told the press, “I had the guts to bring General Butler to Philadelphia and I have the guts to fire him,” a crowd of four thousand Smedley supporters came together and forced a truce to keep him in Philadelphia awhile longer. Resigning after nearly two tumultuous years as director of public safety, Butler later said, “Cleaning up Philadelphia was worse than any battle I was ever in.”

During the late 1920s, Butler commanded a Marine Expeditionary Force in China and was named a major general upon his return. Nicknamed “The Fighting Quaker,” Butler had been hailed as “the outstanding American soldier” by Theodore Roosevelt. He is one of only nineteen people to this day who have been twice awarded the Medal of Honor. He also received the Marine Corps Brevet Medal, the highest Marine decoration at the time for officers. All told, Smedley served thirty-four years in the Marine Corps before retiring from active duty in 1931, at the age of fifty. When he became a civilian, the man had been under fire more than 120 times. He gave his men maps of how to get to his house, in case they ever needed him for anything.

That was around the same time Butler had landed in hot water with President Herbert Hoover for publicly stating some gossip about Italian dictator Benito Mussolini, who it was alleged had
been involved in a hit-and-run accident on a young child. When the Italian government protested, if you can believe it, Hoover asked his secretary of the Navy to court-martial Butler! For the first time since the Civil War, a general officer was placed under arrest; confined to his post! A man with

eighteen decorations—outrageous! But I guess our appeasement of Fascist dictators isn't anything new. President Franklin D. Roosevelt, then governor of New York, volunteered to testify on Butler's behalf, and ultimately, Butler got off with a "reprimand" and his court-martial withdrawn.

But Smedley wasn't about to go "gentle into that good night," as Dylan Thomas's famous poem states. He'd been a good soldier, following the orders of his superiors—like when the Taft Administration asked him to help rig elections in Nicaragua. But in the course of his service, he'd seen too much and started giving lectures about what he'd observed, donating much of the money that he earned to unemployment relief in his Philadelphia hometown, as we were then in the midst of the Great Depression.

In 1931, a speech Butler delivered before the American Legion made the papers. In it, he said:

"I spent thirty-three years and four months in active military service, and during that period I spent most of my time being a high-class muscle man for Big Business, for Wall Street and the bankers. In short, I was a racketeer, a gangster for capitalism. I helped make Honduras right for the American fruit companies in 1903. I helped purify Nicaragua for the International Banking House of Brown Brothers in 1902–1912. I helped make Mexico
and especially Tampico safe for American oil interests in 1914. I brought light to the Dominican Republic for the American sugar interests in 1916. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenues in. I helped in the raping of half a dozen

Central American republics for the benefit of Wall Street. In China in 1927 I helped see to it that Standard Oil went on its way unmolested. Looking back on it, I might have given Al Capone a few hints. The best he could do was to operate his racket in three districts. I operated on three continents."

Wow! You don't think that raised some hackles? (And probably had some folks wanting to put Smedley in shackles.) Deciding to run for the U.S. Senate, Butler spoke out strongly on behalf of the World War I veterans who'd never been paid their promised bonuses. When their "Bonus Army" set up a protest camp in Washington, DC, in 1932, Butler showed up with his young son to cheer the men on; this was the night before the Hoover Administration was preparing to evict them. He walked through the camp telling the vets they'd served honorably and had as much right to lobby Congress as any corporation did. He and his son ate with the men and spent the night. But before the month was out, General Douglas MacArthur came charging in with an Army cavalry, destroying the camp. Several vets were injured or killed during the melee. Smedley Butler was furious; he didn't make it into the Senate, but he switched parties and voted for FDR for president.

And he wasn't done making waves . . . of tidal proportions. On November 30, 1934, Butler testified before a House committee in closed-door executive session. The story then leaked in three newspapers, and began: "Major General Smedley D. Butler revealed today that he had been asked by a group of wealthy New York brokers to lead a Fascist movement to set up a dictatorship in the United States."

You can read the whole story in a book called *The Plot to Seize the White House* by Jules Archer, which is still in print. I did a summary of it in my earlier book, *American Conspiracies*. It's a classic story of the power broker mind-set; that if you tempt someone with a big enough offer, they can't help but come over to your side. Not Smedley Butler. He had too much integrity.

Here was the thing: President Roosevelt's New Deal was considered downright anti-American and evil by the Wall Street crowd (as it still is blamed today by the radicals passing themselves off as legitimate conservatives). The president was taking on the stock speculators and setting up new watchdog federal agencies. He was putting a halt on farm foreclosures and forcing employers to accept union collective bargaining. He took the nation off the gold standard, which meant more paper money would be available to provide loans and create jobs for the millions of unemployed. Lo and behold, he even spoke of raising taxes on the rich to help pay for New Deal programs.

So a lot of titans of finance hated the man's guts. Butler even suspected some of them might have been behind a failed assassination attempt against him shortly before he was elected president. Then one day in 1934, to Butler's surprise, a bond salesman named
Gerry MacGuire approached him. The retired general smelled a rat, but decided to play along until he could figure out what was really going on. He let MacGuire court him for some months. The fellow turned out to be employed by financier Grayson Murphy.

Butler was told by MacGuire that some really important people with plenty of money wanted to establish a new organization. They had $3 million in working capital and as much as *$300 million* which they could tap into. Butler realized the truth of this when some captains of industry came together and announced they were forming a new American Liberty League that September. Its stated goals were "to combat radicalism, to teach the necessity of respect for the rights of persons and property, and generally to foster free private enterprise." The League's backers included Rockefellers, Mellons, and Pews, as well as two unsuccessful Democratic presidential candidates, John W. Davis (an attorney for the Morgan banking interests) and Al Smith (a business associate of the DuPonts).

MacGuire arranged to put Butler back in touch with a fellow he'd once served alongside, Robert S. Clark, an heir to the Singer Sewing Machine fortune and a by-now wealthy banker. Butler later remembered Clark saying, "You know, the president is weak. . . . He was raised in this class, and he will come back. . . . But we have got to be prepared to sustain him when he does."

So who was their choice to lead a government takeover? That's right, Smedley Butler. They knew how popular he was with veterans, and the idea was to have Smedley come out of retirement and lead another veterans' "Bonus Army" march on the nation's capital. They wanted to create havoc with as many as five hundred
thousand men at Butler's heels. Pressured by these events, so the twisted thinking went, FDR would be convinced to name Butler to a new cabinet post as a secretary of "general affairs" or "general welfare." Eventually, the president would agree to

turn over the reins of power to Butler altogether, under the excuse that his polio was worsening, and FDR would become a mere ceremonial figurehead.

You need to remember that this was the same time as Hitler's rise to power in Germany and Mussolini's consolidation of his dictatorship in Italy, so such ideas were very much in the air. But they picked the wrong coup d' dude in Butler. Smedley decided to bring a reporter friend in on the conspiracy, so it wouldn't be just his word against the plotters', and they worked together to gather more background.

After his testimony before the House McCormack-Dickstein Committee around Thanksgiving of 1934, the *New York Times* ran a front-page story with a two-column headline: "Gen. Butler Bares 'Fascist Plot' To Seize Government by Force." But most of the article was full of denials and outright ridicule from some of the bigwigs that he'd implicated, while the meat of Smedley's charges got buried on an inside page. *Time* magazine followed up with a piece headlined "Plot without Plotters," complete with a cartoon of Butler riding a white horse and asking veterans to follow him. "No military officer of the United States since the late tempestuous George Custer has succeeded in publicly floundering in so much hot water as Smedley Darlington Butler," the article said. Doesn't seem like the big media have changed their spots much over the last eighty years, does it?

The House committee went ahead with mounting an investigation, which lasted for two months. They verified that Butler had been offered an $18,000 bribe—no paltry sum in those days—and a number of other facts. The Veterans of

Foreign Wars commander, James Van Zandt, revealed that he, too, had been approached by "agents of Wall Street" to lead a Fascist dictatorship. Even *Time* came out with a small-print "footnote" that the committee was "convinced . . . that General Butler's story of a Fascist march on Washington was alarmingly true."

But then the committee's investigation came to a sudden stop and none of the alleged financiers were ever called for questioning. In fact, when the transcript of the committee's interview with Butler came out, every person he'd named ended up being deleted. "Not a single participant will be prosecuted under the perfectly plain language of the federal conspiracy act making this a high crime," said the ACLU's Roger Baldwin. I can't help but think of the current administration in Washington refusing to even consider prosecuting the Bush people for their involvement in torture.

When John McCormack, who chaired the committee and went on to become House Speaker, was interviewed years later about what had happened, he claimed he couldn't remember why they'd avoided going after the bankers and other corporate powers. McCormack did say in 1971:

"If the plotters had got rid of Roosevelt, there's no telling what might have taken place. They wouldn't have told the people what they were doing, of course. They were going to make it all sound constitutional, of course,
with a high-sounding name for the dictator and a plan to make it all sound like a good American program. A well-organized minority can always outmaneuver an un-organized majority, as Adolf Hitler did. . . . The people were in a very confused state of mind, making the nation weak and ripe for some

drastic kind of extremist reaction. Mass frustration could bring about anything."

That, again, feels to me like we're in a déjà vu today.

Smedley Butler didn't live a whole lot longer. He died at age fifty-eight on June 21, 1940, in the Naval Hospital in Philadelphia, after becoming ill with probable stomach cancer a few weeks earlier. But he left us all an amazing legacy in this book, *War Is a Racket*. It's an anti-war classic by a man who knew firsthand what he was talking about.

Like Smedley, I enlisted against my father's wishes, going into the Navy right after I finished high school. Every member of my immediate family is a war veteran. My father had seven Bronze Battle Stars in World War II. My mother was an Army nurse in North Africa. My brother is a Vietnam veteran. So I know whereof I speak, too, when I stand with General Butler against America's ongoing imperialist wars. I opposed the invasion of Iraq from day one, because we were lining our military up against another sovereign nation as an aggressor and an occupier. And who benefited from our lying our way into Iraq? The Halliburtons of this world, the war profiteer contractors and their banker backers.

Here's the way Butler puts it in chapter 3 of *War Is a Racket*:

"Beautiful ideals were painted for our boys who were sent out to die. This was the 'war to end wars.' This was the 'war to make the world safe for democracy.' No one told them that dollars and cents were the real reason."

He also points out that our national debt—such a rallying cry today—is directly tied big-time to "our fiddling in international affairs."

"We are paying it, our children will pay it, and our children's children probably still will be paying the cost of that war."

And he was talking then about World War I!

I also resonated strongly with Butler's noting the terrible dichotomy between those who promote these wars and those who must fight them. "How many of these war millionaires shouldered a rifle?" he writes. "How many of them were wounded or killed in battle?"

This goes along with something I've proposed in the past. If I ever became president, I'd push with every ounce of power I had for Congress to pass this into law:

Every elected federal official must pre-designate an individual in their immediate family who has to begin military service—the moment that official casts an affirmative vote toward going to war. This could be a grandchild, a niece or nephew, but someone. It doesn't mean they necessarily go to the war zone. What it does mean is that they and their family experience some personal discomfort because of this decision. Going to war *should* bring difficulty, especially to those who are the orchestrators or the authorizers. Right now, it's far too easy for them to go on TV with their bleeding hearts and give standing ovations to our service personnel. War should not be laissez-faire. If you're not willing to send someone from your family, how can you be so willing to send someone else's?

All in all, *War Is a Racket* demands a contemporary audience. We need real heroes for our young people to emulate, individuals who weren't afraid to take a stand for the sake of our country. I believe the story—and the words—of General Butler need to be as widely known as those of Washington and Lincoln. If this means making us think about the fact that wealthy people can sometimes be out for evil purposes, let the chips fall where they may. Thank you, General Butler, for your inspiration!

Jesse Ventura

1 Quote spoken by Novelist Mary Roberts Rinehart, after receiving a letter from U.S. Secretary of War Newton Baker.

CHAPTER ONE

War Is a Racket!

WAR is a racket. It always has been. It is possibly the oldest, easily the most profitable, surely the most vicious. It is the only one international in scope. It is the only one in which the profits are reckoned in dollars and the losses in lives.

A racket is best described, I believe, as something that is not what it seems to the majority of people. Only a small "inside" group knows what it is about. It is conducted for the benefit of the very few, at the expense of the very many. Out of war a few people make huge fortunes.

In the World War a mere handful garnered the profits of the conflict. At least 21,000 new millionaires and billionaires were made in the United States during the World War. That many admitted their huge blood gains in their income tax returns. How many other war millionaires falsified their income tax returns no one knows.

How many of these war millionaires shouldered a rifle? How many of them dug a trench? How many of them knew what it meant to go hungry in a rat-infested dugout? How many of them spent sleepless, frightened nights, ducking shells and shrapnel and machine gun bullets? How many of them parried the bayonet thrust of an enemy? How many of them were wounded or killed in battle?

Out of war nations acquire additional territory, if they are victorious. They just take it. This newly acquired territory promptly is exploited by the few—the self-same few who wrung dollars out of blood in the war. The general public shoulders the bill.

And what is this bill?

This bill renders a horrible accounting. Newly placed gravestones. Mangled bodies. Shattered minds. Broken hearts and homes. Economic instability. Depression and all its attendant miseries. Back-breaking taxation for generations and generations.

For a great many years, as a soldier, I had a suspicion that war was a racket; not until I retired to civil life did I fully realize it. Now that I see the international war clouds again gathering, as they are today, I must face it and speak out.

Again they are choosing sides. France and Russia met and agreed to stand side by side. Italy and Austria hurried to make a similar agreement. Poland and Germany cast sheep's eyes at each other, forgetting, for the nonce, their dispute over the Polish Corridor. The assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia complicated matters. Yugoslavia and Hungary, long bitter enemies, were almost at each other's throats. Italy was ready to jump in. But France was waiting. So was Czechoslovakia. All of them are looking ahead to war. Not the people—not those who fight and pay and die—only those who foment wars and remain safely at home to profit.

There are 40,000,000 men under arms in the world today, and our statesmen and diplomats have the temerity to say that war is not in the making.

Hell's bells! Are these 40,000,000 men being trained to be dancers?

Not in Italy, to be sure. Premier Mussolini knows what they are being trained for. He, at least, is frank enough to speak out. Only the other day, II Duce in "International Conciliation," the publication of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, said:

And, above all, Fascism, the more it considers and observes the future and the development of humanity quite apart from political considerations of the moment, believes neither in the possibility for the utility of perpetual peace... War alone brings up to its highest tension all human energy and puts the stamp of nobility upon the peoples who have the courage to meet it.

Undoubtedly Mussolini means exactly what he says. His well trained army, his great fleet of planes, and even his navy are ready for war—anxious for it, apparently. His recent stand at the side of Hungary in the latter's dispute with Yugoslavia showed that. And the hurried mobilization of his troops on the Austrian border after the assassination of Dollfuss showed it too. There are others in Europe too whose sabre-rattling presages war, sooner or later.

Herr Hitler, with his rearming Germany and his constant demands for more and more arms, is an equal if not a greater

menace to peace. France only recently increased the term of military service for its youth from a year to eighteen months.

Yes, all over, nations are camping on their arms. The mad dogs of Europe are on the loose.

In the Orient the maneuvering is more adroit. Back in 1904, when Russian and Japan fought, we kicked out our old friends the Russians and backed Japan. Then our very generous international bankers were financing Japan. Now the trend is to poison us against the Japanese. What does the "open door" policy in China mean to us? Our trade with China is about $90,000,000 a year. Or the Philippine Islands? We have spent about $600,000,000 in the Philippines in 35 years and we (our bankers and industrials and speculators) have private investments there of less than $200,000,000.

Then, to save that China trade of about $90,000,000, or to protect these private investments of less than $200,000,000 in the Philippines, we would be all stirred up to hate Japan and go to war—a war that might well cost us tens of billions of dollars, hundreds of thousands of lives of Americans, and many more hundreds of thousands of physically maimed and mentally unbalanced men.

Of course, for this loss, there would be a compensating profit—fortunes would be made. Millions and billions of dollars would be piled up. By a few. Munitions makers. Ship builders. Manufacturers. Meat packers. Speculators. They would fare well.

Yes, they are getting ready for another war. Why shouldn't they? It pays high dividends.

But what does it profit the masses?

What does it profit the men who are killed? What does it profit the men who are maimed? What does it profit their mothers and sisters, their wives and their sweethearts? What does it profit their children?

What does it profit anyone except the very few to whom war means huge profits?

Yes, and what does it profit the nation?

Take our own case. Until 1898 we didn't own a bit of territory outside the mainland of North America. At that time our national debt was a little more than $1,000,000,000. Then we became "internationally minded." We forgot, or shunted aside, the advice of the Father of our Country. We forgot Washington's warning about "entangling alliances." We went to war. We acquired outside territory. At the end of the World War period, as a direct result of our fiddling in international affairs, our national debt had jumped to over $25,000,000,000. Therefore, on a purely financial bookkeeping basis, we ran a little behind year for year, and that foreign trade might well have been ours without the wars.

It would have been far cheaper (not to say safer) for the average American who pays the bills to stay out of foreign entanglements. For a very few this racket, like bootlegging and other underworld rackets, brings fancy profits, but the cost of operations is always transferred to the people—who do not profit.

CHAPTER TWO

Who Makes the Profits?

The World War, rather our brief participation in it, has cost the United States some $52,000,000,000. Figure it out. That means $400 to every American man, woman, and child. And we haven't paid the debt yet. We are paying it, our children will pay it, and our children's children probably still will be paying the cost of that war.

The normal profits of a business concern in the United States are six, eight, ten, and sometimes even twelve per cent. But wartime profits—ah! that is another matter—twenty, sixty, one hundred, three hundred, and even eighteen hundred per cent—the sky is the limit. All that the traffic will bear. Uncle Sam has the money. Let's get it.

Of course, it isn't put that crudely in war time. It is dressed into speeches about patriotism, love of country, and "we must all put our shoulder to the wheel," but the profits jump and leap and skyrocket—and are safely pocketed. Let's just take a few examples:

Take our friend the du Ponts, the powder people—didn't one of them testify before a Senate committee recently that their powder won the war? Or something? How did they do in the war? They were a patriotic corporation. Well, the average earnings of the du Ponts for the period 1910 to 1914 was

$6,000,000 a year. It wasn't much, but the du Ponts managed to get along on it. Now
let's look at their average yearly profit during the war years, 1914 to 1918.

Fifty-eight million dollars a year profit, we find! Nearly ten times that of normal times, and the profits of normal times were pretty good. An increase in profits of more than 950 per cent.

Take one of our little steel companies that so patriotically shunted aside the making of rails and girders and bridges to manufacture war materials. Well, their 1910–1914 yearly earnings averaged $6,000,000. Then came the war. And, like loyal citizens, Bethlehem Steel promptly turned to munitions making. Did their profits jump—or did they let Uncle Sam in for a bargain? Well, their 1914–1918 average was $49,000,000 a year!

Or, let's take United States Steel. The normal earnings during the five-year period prior to the war were $105,000,000 a year. Not bad. Then along came the war and up went the profits. The average yearly profit for the period 1914–1918 was $240,000,000. Not bad.

There you have some of the steel and powder earnings. Let's look at something else. A little copper, perhaps. That always does well in war times.

Anaconda, for instance. Average yearly earnings during the pre-war years 1910–1914 of $10,000,000. During the war years 1914–1918 profits leaped to $34,000,000 per year.

Or Utah Copper. Average of $5,000,000 per year during the 1910–1914 period. Jumped to average of $21,000,000 yearly profits for the war period.

Let's group these five, with three smaller companies. The total yearly average profits of the pre-war period 1910–1914 were a
$137,480,000. Then along came the war. The yearly average profits for this group skyrocketed to $408,300,000.

A little increase in profits of approximately 200 per cent.

Does war pay? It paid them. But they aren't the only ones. There are still others. Let's take leather.

For the three-year period before the war the total profits of Central Leather Company were $3,500,000. That was approximately $1,167,000 a year. Well, in 1916 Central Leather returned a profit of $15,500,000, a small increase of 1,100 per cent. That's all. The General Chemical Company averaged a profit for the three years before the war of a little over $800,000 a year.

Then came the war, and the profits jumped to $12,000,000. A leap of 1,400 per cent.

International Nickel Company—and you can't have a war without nickel—showed an increase in profits from a mere average of $4,000,000 a year to $73,500,000 yearly. Not bad? An increase of more than 1,700 per cent.

American Sugar Refining Company averaged $200,000 a year for the three years before the war. In 1916 a profit of $6,000,000 was recorded.

Listen to Senate Document No. 259. The Sixty-Fifth Congress, reporting on corporate earnings and government revenues. Considering the profits of 122 meat packers, 153 cotton manufactures, 299 garment makers, 49 steel plants, and 340 coal producers during the war. Profits under 25 per cent were exceptional. For instance, the coal companies made between 100 per cent and 7,856 per cent on their capital stock during the war. The Chicago packers doubled and tripled their earnings.

And let us not forget the bankers who financed this great war. If anyone had the cream of the profits it was the bankers. Being partnerships rather than incorporated organization, they do not have to report to stockholders. And their profits were as secret as they were immense. How the bankers made their millions and their billions I do not know, because those little secrets never become public—even before a Senate investigatory body.

But here's how some of the other patriotic industrialists and speculators chiseled their way into war profits.

Take the shoe people. They like war. It brings business with abnormal profits. They made huge profits on sales abroad to our allies. Perhaps, like the munitions manufacturers and armament makers, they also sold to the enemy. For a dollar is a dollar whether it comes from Germany or from France. But they did well by Uncle Sam too. For instance, they sold Uncle Sam 35,000,000 pairs of hobnailed service shoes. There were

4,000,000 soldiers. Eight pairs, and more, to a soldier. My regiment during the war had only a pair to a soldier. Some of these shoes probably are still in existence. They were good shoes. But when the war was over Uncle Sam had a matter of 25,000,000 pairs left over. Bought—and paid for. Profits recorded and pocketed.

There was still lots of leather left. So the leather people sold your Uncle Sam hundreds of thousands of McClellan saddles for the cavalry. But there wasn't any American cavalry overseas! Somebody had to get rid of this leather, however. Somebody had to make a profit on it—so we had a lot of those McClellan saddles. And we probably have those yet.

Also somebody had a lot of mosquito netting. They sold your Uncle Sam 20,000,000 mosquito nets for the use of the soldiers overseas. I suppose the boys were expected to put it over them as they tried to sleep in the muddy trenches—one hand scratching cooties on their backs and the other making passes at scurrying rats. Well, not one of these mosquito nets ever got to France!

Anyhow, these thoughtful manufacturers wanted to make sure that no soldier would be without his mosquito net, so 40,000,000 additional yards of mosquito netting were sold to Uncle Sam.

There were pretty good profits in mosquito netting in war days, even if there were no mosquitoes in France.

I suppose, if the war had lasted just a little longer, the enterprising mosquito netting manufacturers would have sold your Uncle Sam a couple of consignments of mosquitoes to

plant in France so that more mosquito netting would be in order.

Airplane and engine manufacturers felt they, too, should get their just profits out of this war. Why not? Everybody else was getting theirs. So $1,000,000,000—count them if you live long enough—was spent by Uncle Sam in building airplanes and airplane engines that never left the ground! Not one plane, or motor, out of the billion dollars' worth ordered, ever got into a battle in France. Just the same the manufacturers made their little profit of 30, 100 or perhaps 300 per cent.

Undershirts for soldiers cost 14 cents to make and Uncle Sam paid 30 cents to 40 cents each for them—a nice little profit for the undershirt manufacturer. And the stocking manufacturers and the
uniform manufacturers and the cap manufacturers and the steel helmet manufacturers—all got theirs.

Why, when the war was over some 4,000,000 sets of equip-ment—knapsacks and the things that go to fill them—crammed warehouses on this side. Now they are being scrapped because the regulations have changed the contents. But the manufacturers collected their wartime profits on them—and they will do it all over again the next time.

There were lots of brilliant ideas for profit making during the war.

One very versatile patriot sold Uncle Sam twelve dozen 48-inch wrenches. Oh, they were very nice wrenches. The only trouble was that there was only one nut ever made that was large enough for these wrenches. That is the one that

holds the turbines at Niagara Falls! Well, after Uncle Sam had bought them and the manufacturer had pocketed the profit, the wrenches were put on freight cars and shunted all around the United States in an effort to find a use for them. When the Armistice was signed it was indeed a sad blow to the wrench manufacturer. He was just about to make some nuts to fit the wrenches. Then he planned to sell these, too, to your Uncle Sam.

Still another had the brilliant idea that colonels shouldn't ride in automobiles, nor should they even ride horseback. One had probably seen a picture of Andy Jackson riding on a buckboard. Well, some 6,000 buckboards were sold to Uncle Sam for the use of colonels! Not one of them was used. But the buckboard manufacturer got his war profit.

The shipbuilders felt they should come in on some of it, too. They built a lot of ships that made a lot of profit. More than $3,000,000,000 worth. Some to the ships were all right. But $635,000,000 worth of them were made of wood and wouldn't float! The seams opened up—and they sank. We paid for them, though. And somebody pocketed the profits.

It has been estimated by statisticians and economists and researchers that the war cost your Uncle Sam $52,000,000,000. Of this sum, $39,000,000,000 was expended in the actual war period. This expenditure yielded $16,000,000,000 in profits. That is how the 21,000 billionaires and millionaires got that way. This $16,000,000,000 profits is not to be sneezed at. It is quite a tidy sum. And it went to a very few.

The Senate (Nye) committee probe of the munitions industry and its wartime profits, despite its sensational disclosures, hardly has scratched the surface.

Even so, it has had some effect. The State Department has been studying "for some time" methods of keeping out of war. The War Department suddenly decides it has a wonderful plan to spring. The Administration names a committee—with the War and Navy Departments ably represented under the chairmanship of a Wall Street speculator—to limit profits in war time. To what extent isn't suggested. Hmmm. Possibly the profits of 300 and 600 and 1,600 per cent of those who turned blood into gold in the World War would be limited to some smaller figure.

Apparently, however, the plan does not call for any limitation of losses—that is, the losses of those who fight the war. As far as I have been able to ascertain there is nothing in the scheme to limit
a soldier to the loss of but one eye, or one arm, or to limit his wounds to one or two or three. Or to limit the loss of life.

There is nothing in this scheme, apparently, that says not more than twelve per cent of a regiment shall be wounded in battle, or that not more than seven per cent in a division should be killed.

Of course, the committee cannot be bothered with such trifling matters.

CHAPTER THREE

Who Pays the Bills?

WHO provides the profits—these nice little profits of 20, 100, 300, 1,500, and 1,800 per cent? We all pay them—in taxation. We paid the bankers their profits when we bought Liberty Bonds at $100 and sold them back at $84 or $86 to the banker. These bankers collected $100 plus. It was a simple manipulation. The bankers control the security marts. It was easy for them to depress the price of these bonds. Then all of us—the people—got frightened and sold the bonds at $84 or $86. The bankers bought them. Then these same bankers stimulated a boom and government bonds went to par—and above. Then the bankers collected their profits.

But the soldier pays the biggest part of the bill.

If you don't believe this, visit the American cemeteries on the battlefields abroad. Or visit any of the veterans' hospitals in the United States. On a tour of the country, in the midst of which I am at the time of this writing, I have visited eighteen government hospitals for veterans. In them are a total of about 50,000 destroyed men—men who were the pick of the nation eighteen years ago. The very able chief surgeon at the government hospital at Milwaukee, where there are 3,800 of the living dead, told me that mortality among veterans is three times as great as among those who stayed at home.

Boys with a normal viewpoint were taken out of the fields and offices and factories and classrooms and put into the ranks. There they were remolded; they were made over; they were made to "about face"; to regard murder as the order of the day. They were put shoulder to shoulder and, through mass psychology, they were entirely changed. We used them for a couple of years and trained them to think nothing at all of killing or of being killed.

Then, suddenly, we discharged them and told them to make another "about face"! This time they had to do their own readjusting, sans mass psychology, sans officers' aid and advice, sans nation-wide propaganda. We didn't need them any more. So we scattered them about without any "three-minute" or "Liberty Loan" speeches or parades.

Many, too many, of these fine young boys are eventually destroyed, mentally, because they could not make that final "about face" alone.

In the government hospital at Marion, Indiana, 1,800 of these boys are in pens! Five hundred of them in a barracks with steel bars and wires all around outside the buildings and on the porches. These already have been mentally destroyed. These boys don't even look like human beings. Oh, the looks on their faces! Physically, they are in good shape; mentally, they are gone.

There are thousands and thousands of these cases, and more and more are coming in all the time. The tremendous excitement of the war, the sudden cutting off of that excitement—the young boys couldn't stand it.

That's a part of the bill. So much for the dead—they have paid their part of the war profits. So much for the mentally and
physically wounded—they are paying now their share of the war profits. But the others paid, too—they paid with heartbreaks when they tore themselves away from their firesides and their families to don the uniform of Uncle Sam—on which a profit had been made. They paid another part in the training camps where they were regimented and drilled while others took their jobs and their places in the lives of their communities. They paid for it in the trenches where they shot and were shot; where they went hungry for days at a time; where they slept in the mud and in the cold and in the rain—with the moans and shrieks of the dying for a horrible lullaby.

But don't forget—the soldier paid part of the dollars and cents bill too.

Up to and including the Spanish-American War, we had a prize system, and soldiers and sailors fought for money. During the Civil War they were paid bonuses, in many instances, before they went into service. The government, or states, paid as high as $1,200 for an enlistment. In the Spanish-American War they gave prize money. When we captured any vessels, the soldiers all got their share—at least, they were supposed to. Then it was found that we could reduce the cost of wars by taking all the prize money and keeping it, but conscripting the soldier anyway. Then the soldiers couldn't bargain for their labor. Everyone else could bargain, but the soldier couldn't.

Napoleon once said,

“All men are enamored of decorations... they positively hunger for them.”

So, by developing the Napoleonic system—the medal business—the government learned it could get soldiers for less money, because the boys like to be decorated. Until the Civil War there were no medals. Then the Congressional Medal of Honor was handed out. It made enlistments easier. After the Civil War no new medals were issued until the Spanish-American War.

In the World War, we used propaganda to make the boys accept conscription. They were made to feel ashamed if they didn’t join the army.

So vicious was this war propaganda that even God was brought into it. With few exceptions our clergymen joined in the clamor to kill, kill, kill. To kill the Germans. God is on our side . . . it is His will that the Germans be killed.

And in Germany, the good pastors called upon the Germans to kill the allies . . . to please the same God. That was a part of the general propaganda, built up to make people war conscious and murder conscious.

Beautiful ideals were painted for our boys who were sent out to die. This was the “war to end wars.” This was the “war to make the world safe for democracy.” No one told them that dollars and cents were the real reason. No one mentioned to them, as they marched away, that their going and their dying would mean huge war profits. No one told these American soldiers that they might be shot down by bullets made by their

own brothers here. No one told them that the ships on which they were going to cross might
be torpedoed by submarines built with United States patents. They were just told it was to be a "glorious adventure."

Thus, having stuffed patriotism down their throats, it was decided to make them help pay for the war, too. So, we gave them the large salary of $30 a month!

All they had to do for this munificent sum was to leave their dear ones behind, give up their jobs, lie in swampy trenches, eat canned willy (when they could get it) and kill and kill and kill . . . and be killed.

But wait!

Half of that wage (just a little more in a month than a riveter in a shipyard or a laborer in a munitions factory safe at home made in a day) was promptly taken from him to support his dependents, so that they would not become a charge upon his community. Then we made him pay what amounted to accident insurance—something the employer pays for in an enlightened state—and that cost him $6 a month. He had less than $9 a month left.

Then, the most crowning insolence of all—he was virtually blackjacked into paying for his own ammunition, clothing, and food by being made to buy Liberty Bonds at $100 and then we bought them back—when they came back from the war and couldn't find work—at $84 and $86. And the soldiers bought about $2,000,000,000 worth of those bonds!

Yes, the soldier pays the greater part of the bill. His family pays it too. They pay it in the same heart-break that he does. As he suffers, they suffer. At nights, as he lay in the trenches and watched shrapnel burst about him, they lay home in their beds and tossed
sleeplessly—his father, his mother, his wife, his sisters, his brothers, his sons, and his daughters.

When he returned home minus an eye, or minus a leg or with his mind broken, they suffered too—as much as and even sometimes more than he. Yes, and they, too, contributed their dollars to the profits that the munitions makers and bankers and shipbuilders and the manufacturers and the speculators made. They, too, bought Liberty Bonds and contributed to the profit of the bankers after the Armistice in the hocus-pocus of manipulated Liberty Bond prices.

And even now the families of the wounded men and of the mentally broken and those who never were able to readjust themselves are still suffering and still paying.

CHAPTER FOUR

How to Smash this Racket!

WELL, it's a racket, all right.

A few profit—and the many pay. But there is a way to stop it. You can't end it by disarmament conferences. You can't eliminate it by peace parlays at Geneva. Well-meaning but impractical groups can't wipe it out by resolutions. It can be smashed effectively only by taking the profit out of war.

The only way to smash this racket is to conscript capital and industry and labor before the nation's manhood can be conscripted. One month before the Government can conscript the young men of the nation—it must conscript capital and industry and labor. Let the officers and the directors and the high-powered executives of our armament factories and our steel companies and our munitions makers and our shipbuilders and our airplane builders and the manufacturers of all the other things that provide profit in war time as well as the bankers and the speculators, be conscripted—to get $30 a month, the same wage as the lads in the trenches get.

Let the workers in these plants get the same wages—all the workers, all presidents, all executives, all directors, all managers, all bankers—yes, and all generals and all admirals and all officers

and all politicians and all government office holders—everyone in the nation to be restricted to a total monthly income not to exceed that paid to the soldier in the trenches!

Let all these kings and tycoons and masters of business and all those workers in industry and all our senators and governors and

mayors pay half of their monthly $30 wage to their families and pay war risk insurance and buy Liberty Bonds.

Why shouldn't they?

They aren't running any risk of being killed or of having their bodies mangled or their minds shattered. They aren't sleeping in muddy trenches. They aren't hungry. The soldiers are!

Give capital and industry and labor thirty days to think it over and you will find, by that time, there will be no war. That will smash the war racket—that and nothing else.

Maybe I am a little too optimistic. Capital still has some say. So capital won't permit the taking of the profit out of war until the people—those who do the suffering and still pay the price—make up their minds that those they elect to office shall do their bidding, and not that of the profiteers.

Another step necessary in this flight to smash the war racket is a limited plebiscite to determine whether war should be declared. A plebiscite not of all the voters but merely of those who would be called upon to do the fighting and the dying. There wouldn't be very much sense in having the 76-year-old

president of a munitions factory or the flat-footed head of an international banking firm or the cross-eyed manager of a uniform manufacturing plant—all of whom see visions of tremendous profits in the event of war—voting on whether the nation should go to war or not.
They never would be called upon to shoulder arms—to sleep in a trench and to be shot. Only those who would be called upon to risk their lives for their country should have the privilege of voting to determine whether the nation should go to war.

There is ample precedent for restricting the voting to those affected. Many of our states have restrictions on those permitted to vote. In most, it is necessary to be able to read and write before you may vote. In some, you must own property. It would be a simple matter each year for the men coming of military age to register in their communities as they did in the draft during the World War and to be examined physically. Those who could pass and who would therefore be called upon to bear arms in the event of war would be eligible to vote in a limited plebiscite. They should be the ones to have the power to decide—and not a Congress few of whose members are within the age limit and fewer still of whom are in physical condition to bear arms. Only those who must suffer should have the right to vote.

A third step in this business of smashing the war racket is to make certain that our military forces are truly forces for defense only.

At each session of Congress the question of further naval appropriations comes up. The swivel-chair admirals of Washington (and there are always a lot of them) are very

adroit lobbyists. And they are smart. They don't shout that "We need a lot of battleships to war on this nation or that nation." Oh, no. First of all, they let it be known that America is menaced by a great naval power. Almost any day, these admirals will tell you, the great fleet of this supposed enemy will strike suddenly and annihilate our 125,000,000 people. Just like that. Then they begin to cry for a larger navy. For what? To fight the enemy? Oh my, no. Oh, no. For defense purposes only.

Then, incidentally, they announce maneuvers in the Pacific. For defense. Uh, huh.

The Pacific is a great big ocean. We have a tremendous coastline on the Pacific. Will the maneuvers be off the coast, two or three hundred miles? Oh, no. The maneuvers will be two thousand, yes, perhaps even thirty-five hundred miles, off the coast.

The Japanese, a proud people, of course will be pleased beyond expression to see the United States fleet so close to Nippon's shores. Even as pleased as would be the residents of California were they to dimly discern, through the morning mist, the Japanese fleet playing at war games off Los Angeles.

The ships of our navy, it can be seen, should be specifically limited, by law, to within 200 miles of our coastline. Had that been the law in 1898 the Maine would never have gone to Havana Harbor. She never would have been blown up. There would have been no war with Spain with its attendant loss of life. Two hundred miles is ample, in the opinion of experts, for defense purposes. Our nation cannot start an offensive war

if its ships can't go farther than 200 miles from the coastline. Planes might be permitted to go as far as 500 miles from the coast for purposes of reconnaissance. And the army should never leave the territorial limits of our nation.

To summarize: Three steps must be taken to smash the war racket.

We must take the profit out of war.

We must permit the youth of the land who would bear arms to decide whether or not there should be war.

We must limit our military forces to home defense purposes.

CHAPTER FIVE

To Hell With War!

I AM not such a fool as to believe that war is a thing of the past. I know the people do not want war, but there is no use in saying we cannot be pushed into another war.

Looking back, Woodrow Wilson was re-elected president in 1916 on a platform that he had “kept us out of war” and on the implied promise that he would “keep us out of war.” Yet, five months later he asked Congress to declare war on Germany.

In that five-month interval the people had not been asked whether they had changed their minds. The 4,000,000 young men who put on uniforms and marched or sailed away were not asked whether they wanted to go forth to suffer and to die.

Then what caused our government to change its mind so suddenly?

Money.

An allied commission, it may be recalled, came over shortly before the war declaration and called on the President. The President summoned a group of advisers. The head of the commission spoke. Stripped of its diplomatic language, this is what he told the President and his group:

There is no use kidding ourselves any longer. The cause of the allies is lost. We now owe you (American bankers, American munitions makers, American manufacturers, American speculators, American exporters) jive or six billion dollars.

If we lose (and without the help of the United States we must lose) we, England, France and Italy, cannot pay back this money...and Germany won't.

So...

Had secrecy been outlawed as far as war negotiations were concerned, and had the press been invited to be present at that conference, or had the radio been available to broadcast the proceedings, America never would have entered the World War. But this conference, like all war discussions, was shrouded in the utmost secrecy.

When our boys were sent off to war they were told it was a "war to make the world safe for democracy" and a "war to end all wars."

Well, eighteen years after, the world has less of a democracy than it had then. Besides, what business is it of ours whether Russia or Germany or England or France or Italy or Austria live under democracies or monarchies? Whether they are Fascists or Communists? Our problem is to preserve our own democracy.

And very little, if anything, has been accomplished to assure us that the World War was really the war to end all wars.

Yes, we have had disarmament conferences and limitations of arms conferences. They don't mean a thing. One has just failed; the results of another have been nullified. We send our professional soldiers and our sailors and our politicians and our diplomats to these conferences. And what happens?

The professional soldiers and sailors don't want to disarm. No admiral wants to be without a ship. No general wants to be without a command. Both mean men without jobs. They are not for disarmament. They cannot be for limitations of arms. And at all these conferences, lurking in the background but all-powerful, just the same, are the sinister agents of those who profit by war. They see to it that these conferences do not disarm or seriously limit armaments.

The chief aim of any power at any of these conferences has been not to achieve disarmament in order to prevent war but rather to endeavor to get more armament for itself and les s for any potential foe.

There is only one way to disarm with any semblance of practicability. That is for all nations to get together and scrap every ship, every gun, every rifle, every tank, every war plane. Even this, if it were at all possible, would not be enough.

The next war, according to experts, will be fought not with battleships, not by artillery, not with rifles and not with guns. It will be fought with deadly chemicals and gases.

Secretly each nation is studying and perfecting newer and ghastlier means of annihilating its foes wholesale. Yes, ships will continue to get built, for the shipbuilders must make their

profits. And guns still will be manufactured and powder and rifles will be made, for the munitions makers must make their huge profits. And the soldiers, of course, must wear uniforms, for the manufacturers must make their war profits too.

But victory or defeat will be determined by the skill and ingenuity of our scientists.

If we put them to work making poison gas and more and more fiendish mechanical and explosive instruments of destruction, they will have no time for the constructive job of building a greater prosperity for all peoples. By putting them to this useful job, we can all make more money out of peace than we can out of war—even the munition makers.

So ... I say, “TO HELL WITH WAR!”

Memorial Day Speech (1931)

MEMORIAL DAY with its sad and sacred memories is here again. As each new Memorial Day comes around, we recall anew the great and tragic events that made the occasion for that day.

MEMORIAL DAY is one of the most SIGNIFICANT and BEAUTIFUL occasions of the year. It shows the sentiment of the people towards those who gave their lives for a GOOD cause, and it teaches a lesson in patriotism which is without parallel. MEMORIAL DAY cannot be TOO TENDERLY revered by old and young, by those who participated in any of the nation's great struggles, or by those who simply know of it as History. Our country each year is paying a GREATER tribute of respect to the soldiers—living and dead—and it is a SINCERE HOPE that this rule will be explained still more in the years to come.

There is a beautiful significance in the fact that, two years after the close of the Civil War, the thoughtful women of Columbus, Mississippi, laid their offerings ALIKE on the Northern and southern Graves. When all is said, this great nation has BUT ONE Heart. This act of these thoughtful women inspired the famous lyric of Francis Miles Finch, "The Blue and the Grey."

The ceremony of decorating the graves of the loved ones is almost as old as mankind itself. The Greeks and Romans had ceremonies in remembrance of their dead, as well the Druids.

In France they have this beautiful custom participated in by whole families. It was not until may 1868, however, that general John A.
Logan, National Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic and one of the great leaders of the Civil War, issued an order to the Grand Army naming the 30th of May 1868, for the "purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the Civil War." It was the purpose of General Logan to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it would be kept up from year to year while a survivor of that great conflict remains to honor the memory of the departed. The States took up the matter immediately and in many states MEMORIAL DAY is a state Holiday, and now in accordance with the Naval Regulations it is a legal Holiday, and each year the president designates Memorial Day by a Presidential Proclamation.

The youth of America should be thought through its schools the history and spirit of American institutions. Let these schools teach them this history and inspire them with this spirit. Teach the youth that it is the highest honour to say I AM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN. Let them hear the shot that was fired at Lexington, the shot that was heard around the world. Let them catch the pearls of the Liberty Bell and the sprit of Independence Day. Let them know of Lincoln's Gettysburg address, of the victories for the preservation of the union; Let them hear again of the shining and glorious victories of Dewey at Manila, of Sampson and Schley at Santiago, of Shafter, Wood and Roosevelt in 1898, and of Pershing's massive force in France, and of glorious victories so that Democracies might live.

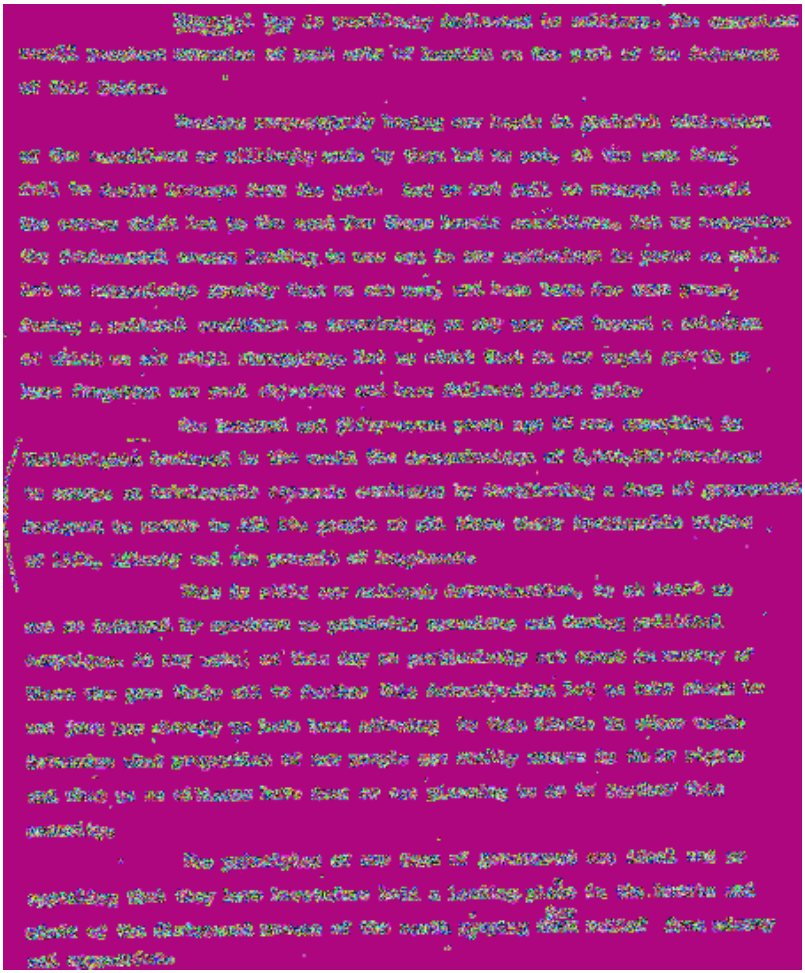
A famous speaker said a few years back. “I have only one sentiment for soldiers, cheers for the living and tears for the dead.”

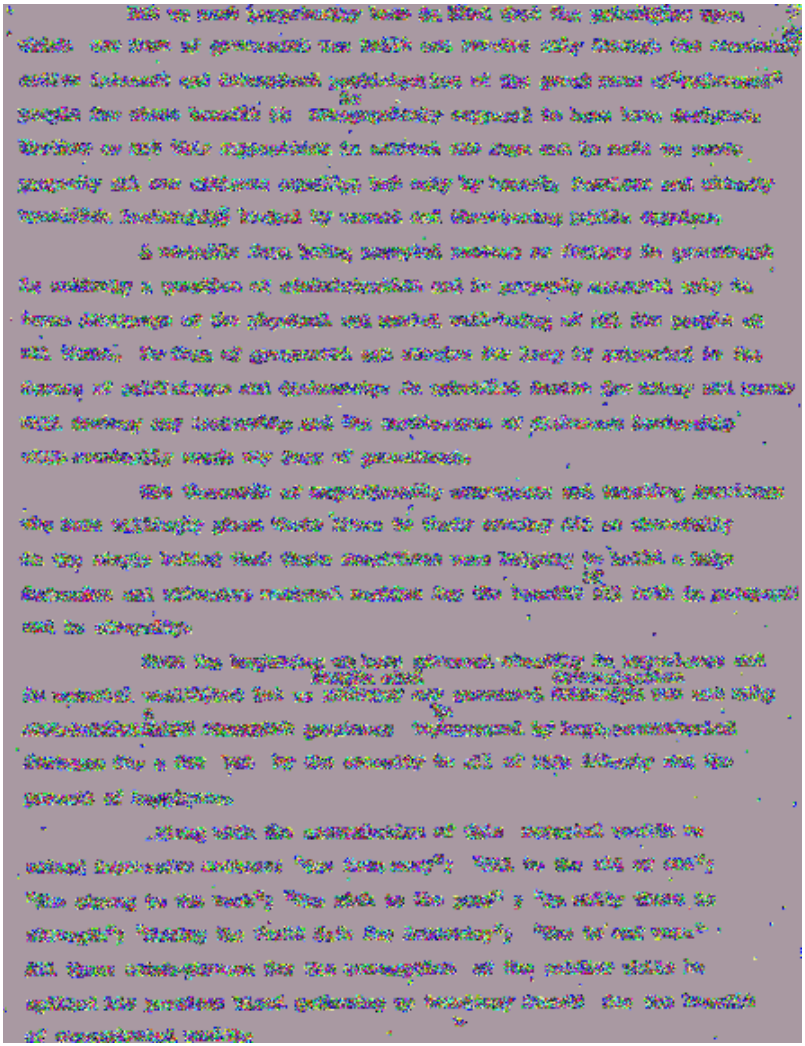
We recall with pride and gratitude how our citizens responded to the call in 1917, with a swiftness that was unheard of they sprang to arms. The flower of American youth was there. They came from schools, colleges, from offices, factories, and the farm, they became “History’s Graduates” in their defense of human rights and our free institutions. Five million of them now study veterans of the World War and truly typifying American spirit, the sprit of 1776, of 1812, of 1847, of 1861, of 1898.

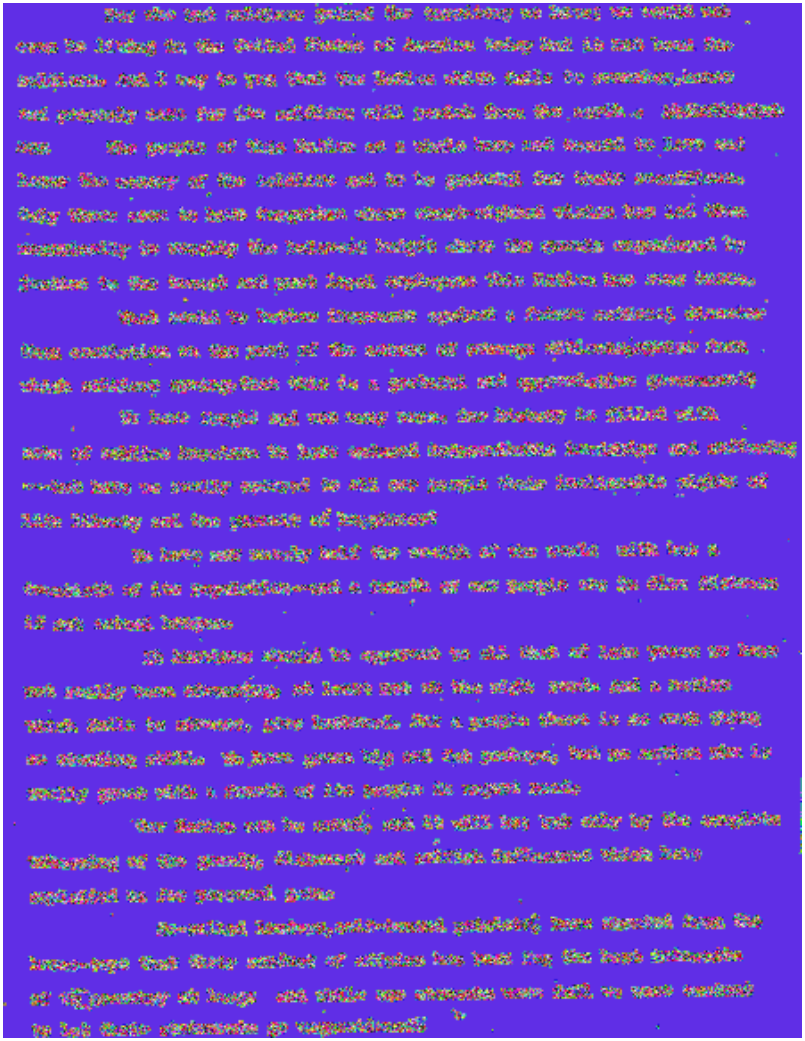
The same Legionnaires have taken over the duty of “Carrying on” the Memorial Day observance. Over the graves of our soldier dead they will wreathe flowers, symbols of devotion and gratitude, at these graves which are Nation’s Shrine, the Mecca to which the Legionnaires journey to renew their devotion to their comrades.

We must as well honor these heroic and patriotic dead by being true men, and, as true men, by faithfully fighting the battles of our day as they fought the battles of their day.

Memorial Day Speech (1933)







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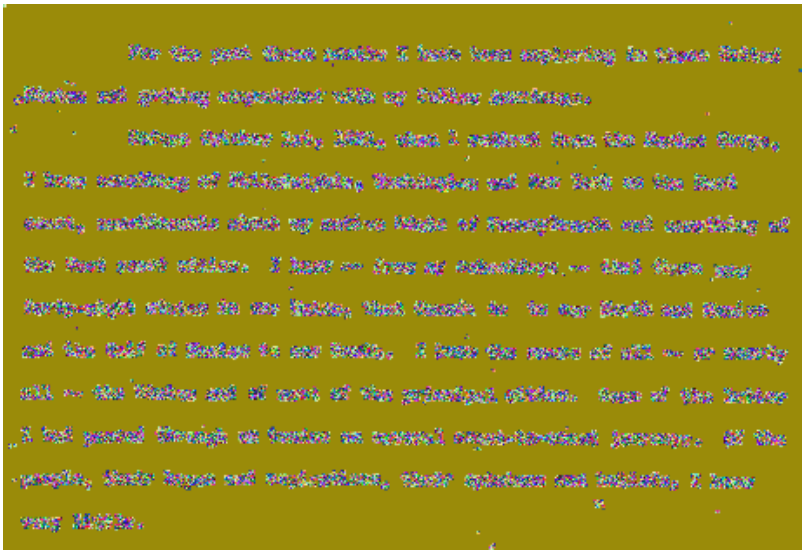
Today, the [illegible], [illegible] the information supplied to them in abundance, the citizens of our Nation [illegible], gained from any [illegible], part [illegible] or [illegible]!

Individually men have [illegible] power in our country in proportion to their wealth, have accepted again in our national picture in accordance with their own [illegible]. We have seen so discouraged the poor worker but we must not forget that behind the big Money 'interests' will [illegible] with [illegible] like [illegible] and them, [illegible] will last much longer than all the 'rugged' and their dollars.

Because we have in the history of every government an administration such [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] so [illegible]. I have every confidence that the President realizes all of this and that he will gradually and surely bring the [illegible] on the rather [illegible] of our [illegible] [illegible], and lead us along the road where the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness of all citizens is considered long before the importance of the dollar—to the land where the welfare of the man who has defended the nation with his body and his blood is considered [illegible], at least as quickly and as completely as the welfare of the 'patriots' who [illegible] to high [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible] the integrity of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

But we have today say to our [illegible] dead of all, those [illegible]: We have not forgotten; we are still, the [illegible] you gave so much to perpetuate and with the help of Almighty God we make solemn pledge that this is still a government of the people, by the people and for the people; and that this principle shall not perish from the earth."

Discovering America (1939)



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Greeley, Colorado; Laramie, Wyoming; Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah; Denver, Colorado Springs, Colorado; Albuquerque, New Mexico; Long Beach, [illegible], Los Angeles, Fresno, Oakland, Santa Rosa, San Francisco, California; Portland, Oregon; Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Washington; Lewiston, Idaho; Pullman, Washington; Butte, Montana; Valley City and Fargo, North Dakota; Minneapolis, Minnesota; [illegible], Illinois; Detroit, Michigan; Dayton, Ohio; St. Cloud, Minnesota; Madison, Brookings and Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Omaha, Nebraska; [illegible], Texas; Mansfield, Columbus, Ohio; Huntington, West Virginia; [illegible] and Akron, Ohio; Nashville, Tennessee; Atlanta, Gainesville, Jacksonville, [illegible] and Lakeland, Florida; Chicago and Rockford, Illinois; Duluth, Minnesota; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; [illegible]; St. Louis and Kansas City in Missouri; Bloomington, Indianapolis, Fort Wayne and [illegible], Indiana; Cincinnati and Cleveland, Ohio; Syracuse, Gloversville, New York; Boston, Springfield, Massachusetts; Hartford, Connecticut, and Waltham, Massachusetts.

In these cities and towns I made sixty talks and, in addition, spoke briefly at [illegible] breakfasts, luncheons, [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible], to a total of approximately [illegible] men and women.

The lecture business is the reason for this long and continuous hopping about, with virtually every night spent in a Pullman sleeper, but in the course of my skipping hither and yon, with a total disregard of state boundary lines, I am holding long conversations with all sorts of people, and it is these "interviews" that started my [illegible] of the United States of [illegible] and are [illegible] it in [illegible].

The circles of my household "teachers" behind above in 1969 and which characters have been Pulitzer, Nobel winner, breakfast, dressers and closet tables, notice wear, Nobel Bridge and which meditation.

Does "teachers" practice of maintenance and management, college performance and social motivation, details of policy and scholarship, aerobatics and Jerusalem, physicians and doctors of Between affiliation, creativeness and business, engineers and technicians. They are not rules; rooftop, of indicate characteristics not physics of the Expression, they are Experiment, Economics, Integrations and these diagnosis with all problem. Many of those are public affiliation -- Business, Economics, Science, connections and other affiliations not all the way close to Experience. The chief Quality of what this Year encourages of our people who Better over.

* * *

Or with and complete experts, I am sure, that the chief right of. Correspondence I recommend certificate for the present accurate condition of our land. So say occasion when, however, that our people, while deeply concerned about the problem, are not fearful of the future. I never have had the experiences of being a "Politician" and certainly I have not been one of those cross-legislative men, since December, 1969, has passed not of as million studies to our prosperity since standing down the street of a rapid grill, could be turn the corner. However, given disposition to those United States today are far out for between, or also they correspondingly wrecked us. Our people are concerned, of course, about the Expression and the Green

[illegible] They are concerned for themselves and for their land and equally for those unfortunate place areas of Cleveland have been taken from them through no fault of their own.

Long ago I learned that the American people are always kind and helpful to those under their dispensation, and today they are proving it. Private charity is doing the utmost to care for the unemployed and the other needy. Never before in the history of our land -- not even in war -- has such a demand been made upon the people to aid their own, and never before in the history of our land has a response been so immediate and so generous. Every day and hour I admire the organized the power, the united force and in taking care of the [illegible].

We hope the people themselves can take care of the new problem problem to another matter.

The American people or with exception, naturally -- are not exploitation and privilege, not exploiters. They realize that the depression is here and they have coming don't only. They are honest, thinking about the situation, considering what can be the results, trying to determine where lies the fault and taking questions of timeliness and of others, anxious to have what and be done.

I have no intention to set myself up as an economist, or as experts as "How to End the Depression." I don't know. It can come to pass -- not even the Department of Commerce or our Government -- but the 1930 administration have ideas.

It was pointed out to us by bankers, businessmen and others that, in the aftermath depression, the automobile business gave us the

necessary impetus to get going. This innovation industry with the spillover of employment and the next use of steel, chemicals, rubber, lead, zinc and aluminum, gave us our great prosperity. Every step things changed as it did, along came the motor industry with the next wave of employment and the tremendous use of our resources.

Many of our "instructions" are of the opinion that what we need, most of all, is rather that the chemic of industry may start moving once more, and come our industries. There is one industries -- also the injection of what are published to some of our major Scale industries that seem to be lacking in need of transfusion or major surgery -- are that needs have to take necessary action that the necessity arrived by politicians and great lawyers.

For instance, in the way of our industries -- the people in South Dakota, want the by agriculture Affiliation, that what the chemical our people have needs to grow. These dynamic, if you believed them, use of antibiotics available to people all the world of the United States, which are imported most of the origins, I am told. These people always ask: what the hell should be permitted to go broke. It was pointed out to me that since the annual industry of the state is "all dry," wheatgrass alone could provide a new industry and employment for the people of that state and for thousands of others who would be attracted thereto.

It is far better to bring an industry to a people than to have a people migrate to all parts in search of employment.

There is a general feeling, among all citizens, that our industrial organization is in need of rejuvenation as a result of the extent, but depletion growth through generation. Our England, for instance, made use

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changes in the personnel of the governing bodies is desirable.

I gathered in my interviews that Americans prefer a politician to a business man in the responsible executive positions of our Government. They want a man who is extremely human and (seemingly of secondary importance) able and honest. They prefer a man who will be "forceful." They don't seem to care very much for the market, business administration of government.

The general impression throughout the Country is that a change in National administration is desirable.

The cost of governments, Federal, State and municipal, should be cut down, the people believe. The cost has crept up in the past ten years, due to the desire of politicians to maintain their organizations and thus their power, at the expense of the taxpayer, by adding useless employees and building unnecessary things in a most extravagant manner.

They too feel, however, that large numbers of public employees should be discharged at this time. The wending-out process should be a slow one; vacancies should not be filled when they occur.

There is a very general and very noticeable stirring up among all classes in the matter of interest in public affairs and the Splendid financial condition of Philadelphia, New York and Chicago, many believe, is likely to spell the finish of gang rule.

Shortly after I started my tour, there was forwarded to me from my home a letter from a man who had served in the Cabinet of one of our Presidents. He wrote:

"If you care to call for a new alignment, nothing all there is

favor of giving every American producer free rein and invent, mill and sine a good faith preference over all the rest of the world in the market to sense, supports, defends with his life and is equipped, in part in supply, to stay on one side of the line, while all those who are opposed to giving any American any preference in any American market, to get on the other side, you would be surprised, I think. The country is getting tired of internationalism. The future nationalist has a heart so big that he can love all the world except an American worker."

Chet McGhegan seemed the feeling of the American public. At least, my conversations with the men seem to confirm his expressed belief.

I learned that the average American has come to the conclusion that the best thing for our land is to go back to the old fundamental rule of:

"America for Americans."

The average American seems to think our Government and a good many of our people are more concerned over European affairs than those of our own land. They cannot quite understand why official Washington "falls all over itself" to prove the adherents of the European nations who have come here in the recent past. Everyone seems to think that the visits were made, not to secure our present friendships, but rather to "get something" out of America, which seems to be the only country which has anything to give.

[illegible]

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[illegible]

The general impression is that we will require a lot more civilizing before we will agree to submit vital questions, matters of life and death, to a jury of Russians, Turks, Japanese and Venezuelans.

I have not found one man who would submit a question of sovereignty of the Zone to a decision of Belgians, Portuguese and Chileans. All are in favor of peace, but it is just a question of procedure to secure it.

Prohibition, it seems, has lost its big kick as a controversial subject for the time being, at least. Of course, the organized "wets" and "drys" are doing their best to keep the issue alive. There also seems to be a growing feeling that no matter what we do about it, conditions will not improve very much and that there won't be any less drinking, regardless of what is said or done. Most people are of the opinion that Prohibition has brought evils as great as those of liquor itself, and most of them are tired of what they call the constant parading of dishonesty in public office -- they mean that there is too much graft connected with the enforcement of liquor laws and that liquor is too easily obtainable at any rate. But they feel that something should be done about it.

§ § §

As I look back over the first three months of this tour, and as I continue traveling about the country, scheduled to visit 30 additional states and more than two score additional cities, I am beginning to realize that the men who make up the Marine Corps, and the Army and Navy as well -- the men with whom I have served all my life -- are just like the Americans I am meeting on this trip. How could it be otherwise? I realize now they are the same flesh and blood as those who till the soil, who work at lathes

In Detroit, we stood behind the counter in cosmetic establishments and in crowding towns, the mentalities check or mill books. They were all Americans.

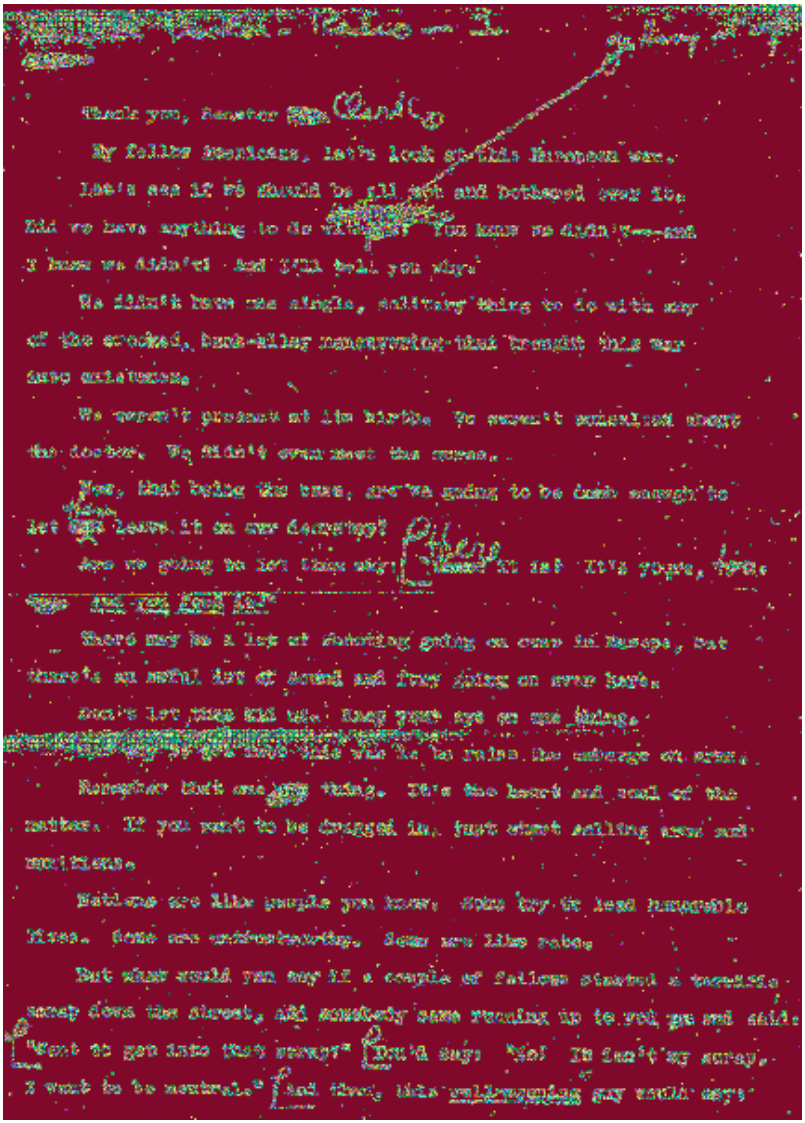
I found that the people in mills have just as high regard for the men in uniform now as they had in wartime. I met at discussed conference and at press and positions, but the American people still believe in an adequate Army and Navy -- possibly more so today than ever before.

The American public has been most kind to me on this, my initial return into a new field, and in every city I have visited I have been met at the train by a committee member, almost without exception, by the mayor of the city and the chief of police -- all politicians none is false if as an one of them when my experience in Philadelphia, and I am extremely proud of this distinction.

In nearly every city I have been met at the station also by officers of the regular Army, Reserves and National Guard, and, as general rule, by Army Recruiting Posts which, in every instance, placed "Good Medical," or favorable term. The Army has been most polite and kind to me and I am very grateful. I have even met the Naval officers in my town. Sailors, of course, have met me in every city and have been such attentive.

NOTE: The opinions or conclusions contained herein are private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Army Department or the Naval Service at large.

The War in Europe (Undated)



Thank you, Senator [illegible]

By fellow Americans, let's look at this European war.

Let's see if we should be all left and bothered over it. Did we have anything to do with it? You know we didn't--and I know we didn't. And I'll tell you why.

We didn't have one single, solitary thing to do with any of the crooked, hard-dealing maneuvering that brought this war into existence.

We weren't present at its birth. We weren't solicitous about the doctor. We didn't even meet the nurse.

Yes, that being the case, are we going to be dumb enough to let [illegible] leave it on our doorstep?

Are we going to let them say, "Here it is! It's yours, [illegible] and you look [illegible]"

There may be a lot of shooting going on over in Europe, but there's no metal let at sound and they going on over here.

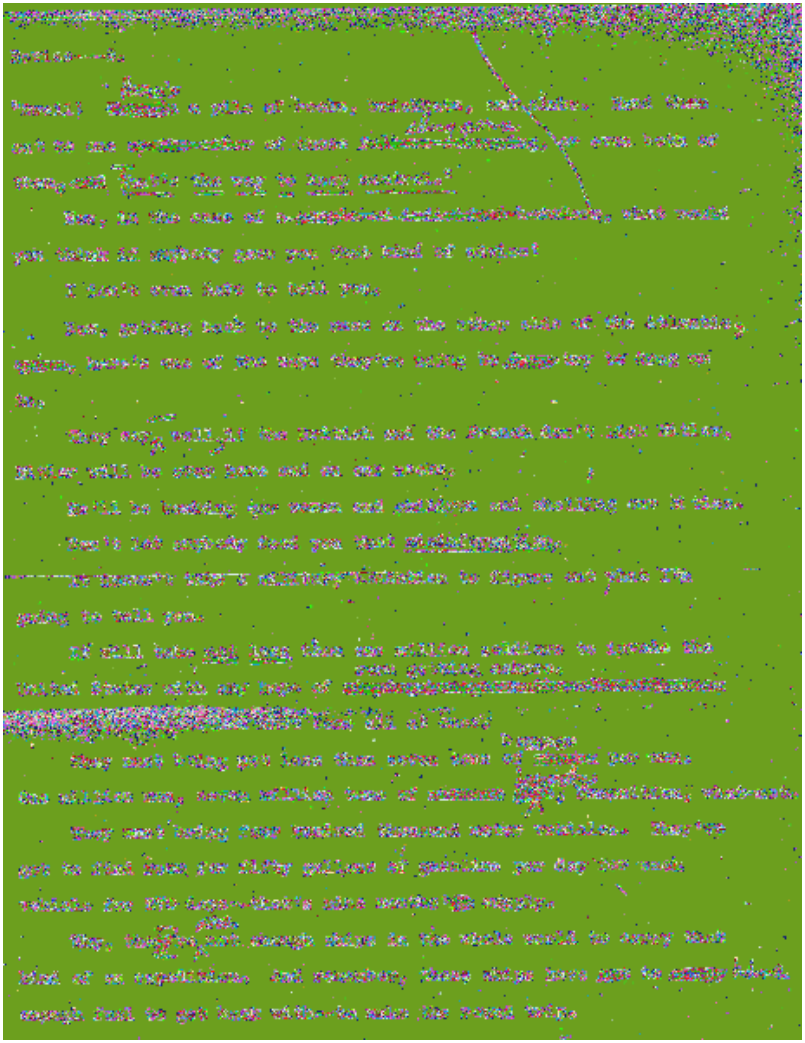
Don't let them kid us. Keep your eye on the ball.

[illegible] we're in [illegible] the [illegible] on [illegible]

Remember that one [illegible] thing. It's the heart and soul of the matter. If you want to be dragged in, just start selling arms and munitions.

Nations are like people you know. Some try to lead honorable lives. Some are [illegible]. Some are like [illegible].

But what would you say if a couple of fellows started a [illegible] down the street, all somebody came running up to you, pa and said: "Want to go into that [illegible]?" You'd say: "No! I'm [illegible] my [illegible]. I want to be neutral." And then, like [illegible] you would say:



[illegible]

1.

[illegible] you see there?

But people some more: they've got to have harbors to land in. Boats to get their planes ashore. You know, you can't stop 50 miles out at sea, drop a 50-ton armored tank overboard, and tell it to swim ashore and meet you on Broadway.

You know very well we're not going to open our [illegible] harbors to them, prepare docks for them, and invite them in!

New York harbor is the only big one we have on this coast, and to block New York harbor all you have to do is to dump two days' garbage in [illegible] instead of hauling it out to sea.

~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~

And don't forget that we happen to have a Navy and it's the best in the world.

Now, what about an aerial invasion?

Well, Colonel Lindbergh and Eddie Rickenbacker, the two foremost fliers we have, already have told you it's ridiculous to talk of [illegible]

~~[illegible]~~

And don't forget that we have an air force of our own.

So, my fellow Americans, let's take one thing at a time.

This war's in Europe. It isn't over here. And, it won't come over here unless we invite it. But the way to invite it is to sell bombs and munitions. They'll have the stamp of American labor on them and they'll have the U. S. A. [illegible] that'll bring about [illegible] of the invitation. [illegible]

Don't be alarmed. Nobody in Europe can afford to leave home. Why, if Hitler leaves Germany with a million soldiers to come over here, if he ever got back he'd find everybody speaking either French [illegible]

The number of my important "members" totals close to 2500 and their dispersion have been Pullman, Wood room, breakfast, luncheon and dinner tables, motor cars, hotel lobbies and train vestibules.

These "members" consist of manufacturers and newspapermen, college professors and train conductors, chiefs of police and salesmen, merchants and lawyers, physicians and doctors of between affiliate, stockbrokers and bankers, engineers and hobbies. They are men and women; wealthy, of moderate circumstances and citizens of the depression; they are Republicans, Democrats, Independents and those disgusted with all parties. Many of them are public officials -- Senators, Governors, mayors, councilmen and other officeholders and all the way down to dogcatchers. The 1920 Society of Mind is a true cross-section of our people the Nation over.

* * *

It will not surprise anyone, I am sure, that the moral basis of Scientology I commenced everywhere was the present economic condition of our land. It may surprise some, however, that our people, while deeply concerned about the problem, are not fearful of the future. I never have had the reputation of being a "Pollyanna" and certainly I have not been one of these sunny-optimistic men, since December, 1929, has proved out of an office window to the prosperity zone striding down the street at a rapid gait, ready to turn the corner. However, given disgruntlement in these United States today are few and far between, as also they unmeaningly avoided me. Our people are concerned, of course, about the depression and its cause.

this blood will be the blood of your own children.

Has blood money ever brought anything but misery to those who got the money?

Look what happened to the billions of dollars we made out of the last war.

It brought us a situation where even today--twenty years later--there are ten million of us out of work.

And if we allow ourselves to handle any more of this stinking blood money there'll be twenty million of us out of work--perhaps forty for the next fifty years.

But that isn't all. Let's get back to sense, and look at this thing from a personal viewpoint.

It's all very well and high-sounding to say that the Government [illegible] soldiers word, to enter the war--but who are you? Well, "you", right now, are the mothers and fathers of every able-bodied boy of military age in the United States. "You" are, you young men of fighting age and

you--the mothers, particularly!

The only way you can resist all this war hysteria and beating of tom-toms is by answering the love you bear your boys. When you listen to some well worded, some well-delivered war speech, just remember it's nothing but sound. I tell you that no amount of sound can make up to you for the loss of your boy. After you've heard one of those speeches and your blood's all hot and you want to blow somebody like Hitler--go upstairs where your boy's asleep.

Go into his bedroom. You'll find him lying there, pillow all mussed up, covers all tangled, sleeping away so hard. Look at him. Put your hand on that spot on the back of his neck--the place you

[illegible]

used to love to kiss them he was a [illegible] baby. Just rub it a little. You won't make him up. Look look at his strong, fine young body, because only the best boys are chosen for me. Look at this splendid young creature that's part of yourself, then close your eyes for a second and I'll tell you what can happen.

Now you [illegible] [illegible], that I have seen it, and I can describe it to you. Can you imagine it.

For first, you have a fifty-fifty chance of never seeing your boy again if you let this outrage go on and your boy is conscripted and sent overseas to fight.

If you ever do see him again, fifty chances out of a hundred he'll be a maimed and helpless cripple all his life.

Why, you say, that can't happen. That wasn't done in the last war. But the last Europeans are now [illegible] just about 150 years old to the point that a quarter of a million casualties. Try to put out of this war inside of [illegible] fifteen hundred dead.

[illegible] you this picture of your boy while you're standing there in the back of the bedroom where he's peacefully sleeping--crawling [illegible]

That boy belongs to you. God brought him into this world. You cared for him. But, I can prove. Are you going to run out on him? Are you going to let someone have a drum or blow a bugle and take him away from you? Think hard, this is a democracy and by your voice and your vote you can save your boys. Yes, are the heroes of this country--you mothers, you fathers.

And now the last other picture I will give you. That other picture that was on the picture of your boy.

Sevastopol--five thousand miles from home. Night. Darkness. Cold. A howling wind. The noise is terrific. All Hell has broken loose.

[illegible]

And you if you did still and allow this [illegible] go out if you allow this terrorist to march, this occupation to take hold of you, if you allow this attempt on Jews to be [illegible] if you allow our national symbols to jingle and blow away, I tell you that you are prepared to say no efforts to your boy.

I say you don't [illegible] let them do that! I say of you to sit down [illegible] and raise a message to your congressman and your senator or to our president.

[illegible]

That's your right—your constitutional right. That's your privilege.

[illegible] on right! [illegible]

They've been plaguing us a thousand years; since the dawn of history really. Don't let them put those blood-soaked fingers with the basics of our Phoenician boys.

Good night.

Avoiding War in the Pacific by Attending to Our Own Business (1939)

While my subject is "Avoiding War in the Pacific," it is felt that the American people are vitally interested in avoiding wars in all oceans and in all lands.

A practicable and workable technique to avoid wars in which the United States may become involved is not limited in its application to the Pacific Ocean and will work equally well in the Atlantic Ocean or the Black Sea—if those who work it are unselfish and honest.

If wars are to be avoided by our country it can be done only by determined and simple political action on the part of the great majority of our people—the trusting majority—which majority does not get up the wars, but which does fight them and which does pay all the bills in blood and money. So it is this great majority to which these words are addressed, in an effort to awaken their interest.

This great majority has neither the time nor the inclination to study the so-called economic causes of war; this majority is interested only in keeping out of wars of all kinds. This majority is not vitally interested in the means by which we are kept out of war. You must remember—wars do not just

occur—they are made by men. All efforts which keep us out will be approved, and there will never be a Congressional investigation into the steps taken or the methods adopted, which saved us from a war. There would be
nothing to investigate. Men who took a part in peace would be only too willing to publish to the world all their moves.

Editor's Note: Page two of this document was unavailable and is not included.

. . . bones—"to make the world safe for Democracy"—"I went fighting the business of wars." Rot—pure, unadulterated, sickening rot. (. . .) saying of their lives and their (. . .) which led those (. . .) die and are (. . .) on the (. . .) left behind (. . .) those whose financial condition would benefit (. . .) to lose.

Appealing peace slogans must be coined and there could be nothing more potent than, "Attend to our own business."

Then the question is—"What is our own business?" To answer that we must first decide what is meant by that word "Our." I contend that "Our," where war is concerned, refers to the people who do the fighting—those who make the sacrifices in blood and never-ending sorrow. I contend that the business of these people is the preservation and protection only of their lives and their homes. Certainly those who die and are maimed
on the field of battle and those left behind to the sorrow of their days cannot, by any stretch, claim an interest in foreign investments.

Our trade with Japan and China together in 1936 showed a balance of about five million dollars in our favor—about one-twelfth the cost of a battleship—and how many of those who might bleed would share in that five millions? We exported to China and Japan 251 millions of dollars worth of products in 1936 and imported 246 millions of dollars worth of their goods. There is nothing we must have from the East in order to live—and live happily and comfortably too. Of course it is desirable—highly desirable to have trade and friendly relations with the Far East.

It is also highly desirable to have amicable relations with the grocer but it certainly will not promote friendly relations if you keep standing in front of his store with a gun. The grocer, or the coal dealer, will not object to a man keeping a gun in his own front yard to protect his home—nor will he object to his keeping fierce watch dogs in his yard to protect him and his family from marauders—but he has every right to vigorously object and even be suspicious of his neighbour's friendly intentions if the neighbor insists on stationing savage watch dogs in front of his store. No, it is not neighborly, nor is it common sense to so maneuver as to force the owner of property to turn it over to you without just payment.

If a nation's reputation for fair dealing is good that nation can always get, by purchase, what it needs.

Now what do we mean by this phrase "Own Business." It does not necessarily refer to trade—in this instance it more properly refers to conduct. So we have "attend to our own conduct.'
Which means: take only a friendly, helpful part in the affairs of others—spread no slander about others—make no faces at

others with our Navy—keep our Navel manoeuvres at home—treat all nations alike.

Put all nations on a quota footing with respect to immigration—put our own foreign relations house in order. Tell the whole world just what we intend to defend with our armed forces. Let the world know that we do not intend to invade them or seize their property and that our armed forces are so designed that we could not invade even if a change of administration should cause a change of policy. This would set a fine example and establish us as a square-dealing nation. Then let us make publicly the necessary preparations to carry out our published policy.

In conclusion: when we announced what we intend to defend let us put our national flag over it and forbid the flying of our flag over anything else. Then we will banish our most usual and popular cause for our wars. Our flag belongs to all of us Americans and we Americans should have a voice in where it is flown.

Concerning Law Enforcement (Undated)

Thank you, —

My fellow Americans:

Let's look over this European brawl and see where we stand.

Let's see if we have contributed one single thing to cause it.

Let's see if even a part of the responsibility can be pinned on us.

Let's see if we have anything at all to do with it.

If we think it over calmly, we all know perfectly well that we did not have one solitary blessed thing to do with the making of this mess over there.

Did we have anything to do with any promises Britain and France made to Poland? No, we didn't.

Did we have anything to do with Hitler's land grabbing? No, we didn't.

Did we have anything to do with Britain and France declaring war on Germany? We certainly did not and were not even consulted.

These are the SMELLY things in this pit of European back-alley politics into which we will be pushed if we don't watch our step—if we are fools enough to raise the embargo on the sale of arms to these war-mad European politicians, if we are naive enough to allow ourselves to get all excited about this brawl that is going on over there, as brawls have, almost since the dawn of history.

Before they started this row over land and natural resources, did they ask our advice—much less our encouragement?

No, they did not, and we neither advised nor encouraged them, so why should we get all stewed up about it.

Just because people on the other side of the world insist on continuing their age-old practise of committing mass suicide, do we as a nation have to follow their example and blow out our brains too.

Are we to adopt a policy of sitting around this European cockpit and going to the rescue of our favorite cocks whenever they get into a fight they might not be able to win without us?

Are we to become so entangled in European high pressure politics that the main issue at our elections will be whether or not to allow political changes abroad?

If we are to make it our practise to take part in these cock-fights over there we should certainly vote on it—have it in all our national political platforms.

Twenty-five years ago we went abroad to bail out Britain and France, helped drench the gore-sodden fields of Europe with the blood of a quarter million of our finest boys—the pride of our manhood—helped sow the seeds of the present orgy—spent fifty billion dollars on that adventure.

But are WE to blame because Hitler built himself a great hair trigger war machine?

Are WE responsible that England and France did not build a machine to stop him?

Are WE culpable in any way because Hitler started before the other side was ready?

Provided Britain and France really want to stop Hitler, are WE to make up for their failure to prepare to do so by sticking out OUR necks and raising our embargo on arms?

Suppose you are walking down a strange street in a strange town in a strange country thousands of miles from your own home. You come across a brawl. You have no interest in it except that it is a fight. All of a sudden you hear one of the brawlers cry out in your native tongue as he swats his opponent: "I believe in Democracy." You don't know in the least what the fight is about but your sympathies are with the fellow who speaks your language. The believer in Democracy sees you and shout: "Come on and get in—we believe in the same things, and if he wins you'll be next, what's more."

You reply, "No, I don't want to. I'm a stranger and don't want to get mixed up in this. I like you but not enough to get into a fight over it."

“All right,” he says, “you gather up all the clubs, stones and brickbats you can get hold of and feed them to me, I’LL use them on the other fellow.”

Do you really thing that if you start handing your Democratic friend ammunition, you won’t get into it too? You can’t help it, if he’s losing, and if he wins, he will surely call you a scab, say he could have won by himself anyhow, and declare he owe you nothing.

On the other hand if you stay out of his fight, with which you had nothing to do in the first place, the argument that if the other fellow wins, he will give YOU a good beating too, won’t apply. You will have gone about your business, instead of butting into a fight
into which you did not belong, and the winner won’t find you right there ready to be chewed up next.

They say—well, if the French and British don’t lick Hitler, he will be over here and jump on our necks next. He’ll be bombing our women and children and shelling our cities.

Don’t let anybody feed you that rot. It doesn’t take military education to figure out what I am going to tell you:

It will take NOT LESS THAN ONE MILLION soldiers to invade the United States with any hope of getting ashore. These million men must come all at once. They must bring not less than SEVEN MILLION TONS OF BAGGAGE per man. One million men, seven tons of food, ammunition, whatnot.

For instance, just one item: They must bring four hundred thousand vehicles alone, tractors, trucks, tanks and the like. They've got to find room for fifty gallons of gasoline per day for each vehicle for 270 days—that's nine months' supply. Why there are not enough ships in the whole world, including our own—and we certainly wouldn't lend them outs—to carry that kind of an expedition. And remember these ships have to bring with them enough fuel to get back with—to make the round trips. We certainly aren't going to give them fuel over here to go home with. Any dumb cluck can see that.

But here's some more. They've got to have harbors to land in, docks to get their stores ashore. You know you can't stop twenty-five miles out at sea, drop a fifty ton armored tank overboard and tell it to swim ashore and meet you on Broadway. Remember, that with all the harbors, docks and ships of England and France at our disposal in the World War it took us nineteen months to get
1,900,000 men to France. And that though this expedition was headed for a friendly country and all possible help on the other side was ours, it took months of preparation after the United States had actually declared war before it was safe to send the actual troops over.

You know very well WE aren't going to open our harbors to them, prepare docks for them and invite them in. New York Harbor is the only big one we have on this coast and to block New York Harbor all you have to do is to dump two days' garbage in the channel, instead of hauling it out to sea.

Don't you see, it's all a question of supply—this invading business. Men and munitions, but chiefly munitions. Seems

that munitions always run out before the supply of man is exhausted.

Just figure it out for yourselves: For every man at the front you must start out from your home depots with a thousand lbs. of supplies: food, ammunition, gasoline, clothing, medical supplies, engineering supplies, spare parts etc. to say nothing of replacements of the above.

You must also send off for every day of his absence half a ton of stuff per man at the front.

Remember also that for every thousand miles you go across water on an invading expedition into a hostile land you must take ninety days' stores of all kinds. It is over 3,000 miles across the Atlantic—three times ninety is two hundred and seventy days—nine months. No, the supply of an European Army is out of the question—that is a Army big enough to land here.

There is another thing to remember: No fleet can operate more than 1500 miles from its base and Germany proper would
be the base of a Hitler invading fleet. No he couldn't get his fleet over here, or get it home again.

But—they say—he might build a BASE somewhere in South America. Well, my friends, those who got up that little idea overlooked the fact that it is further by a good deal from Berlin to South America than from Berlin to New York, so that the difficulties of transport would be immeasurably more complicated than they already are anyhow. And when he got to South America, he would be a good deal further away from

us, than if he had come straight over from Berlin. So don't let that frighten you. It is all pure propaganda and insane at that to talk of Hitler invading us.

And don't forget, that we happen to have a Navy and it's the best in the world too.

Now, what about an serial invasion? Well,—Colonel Lindbergh and Eddie Rickenbacher, the two foremost fliers we have, already have told us it's ridiculous to talk of an invasion by air or to talk or think about bombing New York from Berlin.

But suppose they do invent a plane that might be able to do it. That airplane has got to make the round trip too. And without landing. With the fuel with which it started. And even if they achieve a plane that will do that we have enough brains in this country to make some sort of machine that will destroy it before it hurts our woman and children.

And don't forget we have an air force of our own, and a fine one too.

So let's take one thing at a time.

This war's in Europe, it isn't over here. And it won't come over here unless we invite it. And the last way to invite it is to raise
this embargo and sell bombs and ammunitions. They'll have the stamp of American makers on them and they'll have the R.S.V.P. that will bring about that invitation. An invitation to go over there and join in the mess.

Oh but the bogey boo is that someone will come over here. Don't be alarmed. No one in Europe can afford to leave home. Why, if Hitler were to leave Germany with a million man to go anywhere, if he ever got back he'd find everybody speaking French or Russian. These babies would move in on him while he was gone.

No, there isn't a single crazy war dog than can come over here. We can build a defense of our own country that not even a rat, much less a mad dog could creep through.

Let's be consistent. We cry to high Heaven that we are a Christian and peace loving nation and therefore we don't believe in shooting people, bombing their homes, knocking down their cities with cannon.

And we really ARE a Christian and peace-loving people, and therefore it's unchristian, hypocritical and commonly of us to say to the British and the French: "Sure, we're against this fellow Hitler, but being Christian, WE can't shoot him, WE can't bomb him, but we'll be delighted to see YOU do it, and we'll furnish the guns and the bombs. That is provided you pay us double what they're worth. And in order that there may be no mistake about it this time, you'll pay us in advance.

"You see we're against going to war ourselves, but we're not against YOUR wars. You go ahead. We'll sell you the stuff."

But make no mistake about it. The time has come when we have got to answer the Big Question before us, and here it is:

How often are we going over there to bail out Europe? Will we have to do it every twenty-five years?

In addition to going ourselves last time, are we going to send our children today, are we going to be ready to send our grandchildren twenty five years from now? Isn't it time to make a stand about this thing here and now?

Are we so much interested right now that we want to contribute five million of the finest and strongest boys that the great Mothers of America have produced? Are you mothers and fathers so deeply interested that you want to furnish your sons? Well,—start selling them ammunition, and that's what you'll have to do.

Don't you realize that the money you'll get for your ammunition will be covered with blood? And as time goes on this blood will be the blood of your children.

Has blood money ever brought anything but misery to those who got that money?

Look what happened to the billions of dollars we made out of the last war: It brought us a situation where even today—twenty years later—there are ten millions of us out of work. And if we allow ourselves to handle any more of this stinking blood money, there'll be twenty millions of us out of work—maybe for the next fifty years.

But that isn't all. Let's go back to cases and look at this thing from a personal view point, which is the only one that counts in the long run: It's all very well and high sounding to say:

The Government declares war. To say helplessly: as individuals we have nothing to do with it, can't prevent it.

But WHO ARE "WE"?

Well, "we" right now are the mothers and fathers of every ablebodied boy of military age in the United States. "We" are also you young man of voting age and over, that they'll use for cannon fodder. And "we" CAN prevent it.

Now—YOU MOTHERS, particularly:

The only way you can resist all this war hysteria and beating of tomhoms is by hanging onto the love you bear your boys. When you listen to some well worded, well delivered war speech, just remember it's nothing but sound. It's your boy that matters. And no amount of sound can make up to you for the loss of your Boy.

After you've heard one of those speeches and your blood is all hot and you want to go and bite someone like Hitler—go upstairs where your boy's asleep.

Go into his bedroom. You'll find him lying there, pillows all messed up, covers all tangled, sleeping away so hard. Look at him. Put your hand on that spot at the back of his neck, the place you used to love to kiss when he was a baby. Just stroke it a little. You won't wake him up, he knows it's you. Just look at his strong fine young body—because only the BEST boys are chosen for war. Look at this splendid young creature who's apart of yourself, and then close your eyes for a moment and I'll tell you what can happen. YOU won't

actually see it, you won't be there, but I have seen it, and I can describe it to you.

But before I do that I have to remind you that you have a fifty-fifty chance of never seeing your boy again at all, if you let this embargo an arms be raised and your boy is conscripted and sent
overseas to fight. And if you ever do see him again, fifty times out of a hundred he'll be a helpless cripple or nervously shot all his life.

Have you ever been for one of those huge Veterans Hospitals it has been necessary to build to take care of the thousands of helpless and maimed cripples still with us from the LAST war?

If you have, you will not need a reminder of what war can do to your boy, how it can render his life useless and broken at twenty, and yet keep him cruelly alive through the whole span of it.

If you have not, I advise you to go and see one of them, for nothing could bring home to you more clearly or tragically the fact that in the last analysis it is your boy who is going to pay the piper. Few there are who come back entirely unsheathed, and some come back in such a way that you would find yourself praying for their release from pain.

Those withered, elderly, spiritless men who lie and sit so patiently in their wards day after day in those hospitals, waiting for the end as they have waited since they got there twenty years ago, weres the flower of our boys in their time. It is not age that has brought them to this pass, for their

average age is little over forty, it is war. Like the Unknown Soldier who was one of them, they too had mothers and fathers who felt towards them as you do about your boy.

Now get this picture of your boy, as you stand there in the dark of the bedroom, where has peacefully sleeping—trusting you.

You brought him into the world. You cared for him. That boy relies on you. You taught him to that, didn't you?

Now I ask you: Are you going to run out on him? Are you going to let someone beat a drum or blew a bugle and make him chase after it and get himself killed or crippled in a foreign land?

Thank God, this is a democracy, and by your voice and by your vote you can save your boy. YOU are the bosses of this country—you mothers, you fathers.

And that brings up another point: If you let this country go into a European war you will lose this democracy, don't forget that.

And now for that other picture I said I'd give you, that other picture that could be the picture of your boy, if you let him go abroad to fight. It may help you to build up resistance against all this propaganda which will almost drown you.

Somewhere in a muddy trench, thousands of miles from you and his time your boy, the same one that was sleeping so sweetly and safely in his bed when you watched him in a dead of night—is waiting to "go over the top." Four o'clock in the

morning, drizzling rain, dark and dismal, face caked with mad and tears, so so homesick and longing for you and home—thinks of you on your knees praying for him—frightened to death, but still more scared the boy next to him will discover his terror, that's your boy. Stomach as big as an egg, I know, I've had that sensation many times I was sixteen the first time anyone shot at me in Cuba, two thousand miles from my home, waiting the same way . . . God, the suspense!

Do you want him to be next Unknown Soldier? The Unknown Soldier had a mother, you know, and a father. He didn't just appear out of the air.

Do you want your boy, tangled in the barbed wire, or struggling for a last gasp of breath in a stinking trench somewhere abroad, do you want him to cry out: "Oh Mother, oh, Father, why did you let them do it?"

Think it over my dear fellow Americans.

Can't we be satisfied with defending our own homes, our own women, our own children? Right here in America?

There are only two reasons why you should ever be asked to give your youngsters. One is the defense of our homes. The other is the defense of the Bill of Rights and particularly the right to worship God as we see fit. Every other reason advanced for the murder of young men is a racket, pure and simple.

And yet, if you sit still, and allow this thing to happen, if you allow this hysteria to mount, this propaganda to take hold of

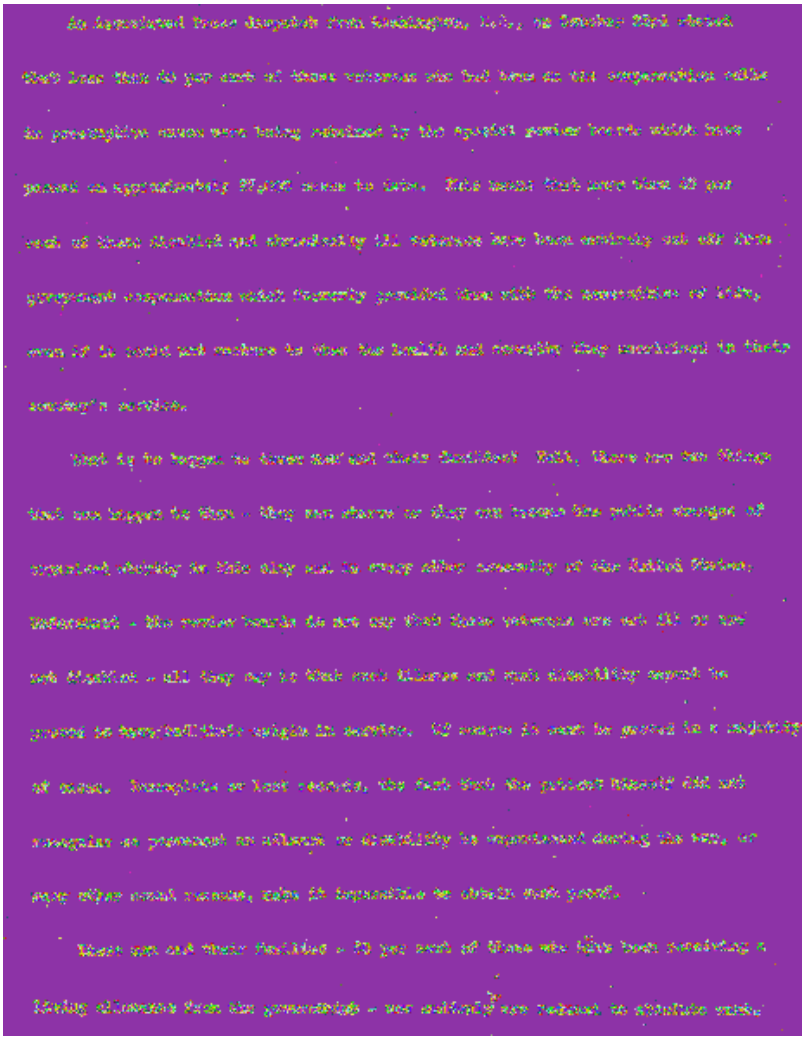
you, if you allow our national pockets to jingle with blood money, I tell you that you may as well prepare to say goodbye to your boy.

The meat of this whole American Coconut is the Embargo on Arms. Whether or not we run a real risk of becoming involved depends on whether we keep the lid on the Embargo. We know that if we keep it on we shall have no war profits. If we take it off we may make some money, but it will all be "stage money" and covered with blood to boot.

Keep the arms Embargo on tight: They've been fighting for a thousand years in Europe. Don't let them dot again those blood drenched foreign fields with the bodies of our American boys. Sit down this very minute and write a message to your Congressman, and your Senator, and your President. That's your right—your constitutional right of appeal. It's also your privilege. Right now, I firmly believe it's your duty, if you want to save your boys.

Good night.

Veterans' Rights (Undated)



The men are needed in each area of work could be found for them. As a result, it became the duty of the ship, and of other cities and towns, to ask these men and their families to the already long lists of dependent families not quite charged which were the responsibility of this existing public children of soldiers who grew.

The relation of foreign aid of the United States has provided a who fell prepare on a checklist for all veterans welfare legislation.

First, we believe the care of the veteran is a federal responsibility to be paid one out of federal funds. The bulk of these taxes is paid by those who enjoy large incomes and thus are have profited most through the fruits of America's prosperity. It is unfair and unjustifiable to place the burden of care upon the local community and upon local charities, where the will whether to already provided beneath the burden of heavy taxation.

Disagree which the veterans suffering from injury or disease incurred in actual war service in the amount of the legislative size of the T.V.A., while the main objection to relief for veterans suffering from tuberculosis has to injury, disease or sickness not due to wages this is to anti-suggestion. The T.V.A. has there that the federal government has an moral right to expect the care of these veterans as a burden that should fall upon the local community.

Thirdly, we demand relief for the widows and orphans of all veterans, regardless of the cause of the veteran's death. These women and children are entitled to a chance to live and the matter of their welfare is a responsibility which belongs to the federal government.

In the first place, we do not believe that compensation, pensions or hospitalization should be withheld from any veteran or his dependents until they can prove they are paupers. Such a condition is unfair and un-American and tends to destroy self-respect. Thirdly, the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States believe in the immediate cash payment of the adjusted service certification, or bonus, not because it is a favor or special benefit for the veteran - not even because such payment was acknowledged a just debt by the Congress of the United States several years ago and a just debt should be settled now, not twelve or fifteen years from now.

We maintain that immediate cash payment of adjusted service certificates would be a material and effective contribution to America's recovery from the worst economic depression of history. In order to assure this recovery, it is necessary that the purchasing power of the masses must be increased. Immediate payment of the bonus would distribute to three and one-half million veterans, representing between twelve and fifteen million individuals, each amounting to two billion, five hundred

[illegible] Both parent could attend the [illegible] meeting immediately, for the [illegible] would totally match the demands of [illegible] and [illegible] and world [illegible] jobs and [illegible] technology and business in general.

We have always regarded the care of our children and [illegible] and our [illegible] [illegible] as our first obligation. In this direction we have wholeheartedly [illegible] [illegible] legislation for [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] a policy of [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible].

As long as there are [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] and as long as there are [illegible] [illegible] these have been [illegible] by the [illegible] of [illegible], our [illegible] will [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible]. We will [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]! As long as there are [illegible] to be [illegible], and as long as [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for the [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible], the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] will [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. We will [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of our [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. They [illegible] to the [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible].

We believe, with the late Calvin Coolidge, that "the pension roll is America's roll of honor." We will fight with every ounce of our energy any measure that seeks to identify America's disabled and needy veterans, or their widows and orphans, as paupers or objects of charity before the government even lifts to assume its proper responsibilities in their behalf. The suggestion that a veteran, who has worn the uniform of the United States government in time of war, must be virtually destitute and a burden upon his community, before the federal government can even raise the pilgrim into consideration, is in white violation of the American spirit of fair play and the traditions of government to which we are already committed. The fact that this government had to create in its aid more than four and a half million of America's manhood to successfully conduct its operations during the World War, is no child of the many thousands of veterans who find themselves in need and physically incapacitated today.

We must not forget that there were more men enrolled in the ranks of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps during the World War than in all our previous wars put together. The cost of caring for those who upon their return from the scene of war is a question that we should have carefully deliberated back in the spring of 1917, when public sentiment demanded of Congress that we sign Germany to declaration. If a nation is big

cost in dollars for the care of these veterans, and their dependents, seems to seem rather high and out of proportion to other phases of our federal government, there is truly no occasion for surprise. We are only faced with the sorely aftermath and logical conclusion that must unfortunately follow every conflict between nations. Even though this cost may seem terrific, we must not forget that the loss of one's life, his health, or even a limb is something that can never be replaced through a pension or compensation.

These are the principles that characterize the program and activities of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States as it exists today. I sincerely advise the cooperation of all veteran organizations, and all patriotic societies, in a united movement that will help withstand the attacks of present day anti-veteran groups. To those veterans who are not giving their individual support to organized veterandom in this crisis, I urge prompt and consistent affiliation with some veteran organization. If you are eligible to the ranks of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, through overseas service in either the war with Spain or the World War, or intermittent campaign and expeditions, we believe your rightful place is at our side. We offer you this opportunity to be of service - not only to your disabled comrades and to those who have been unable to rehabilitate

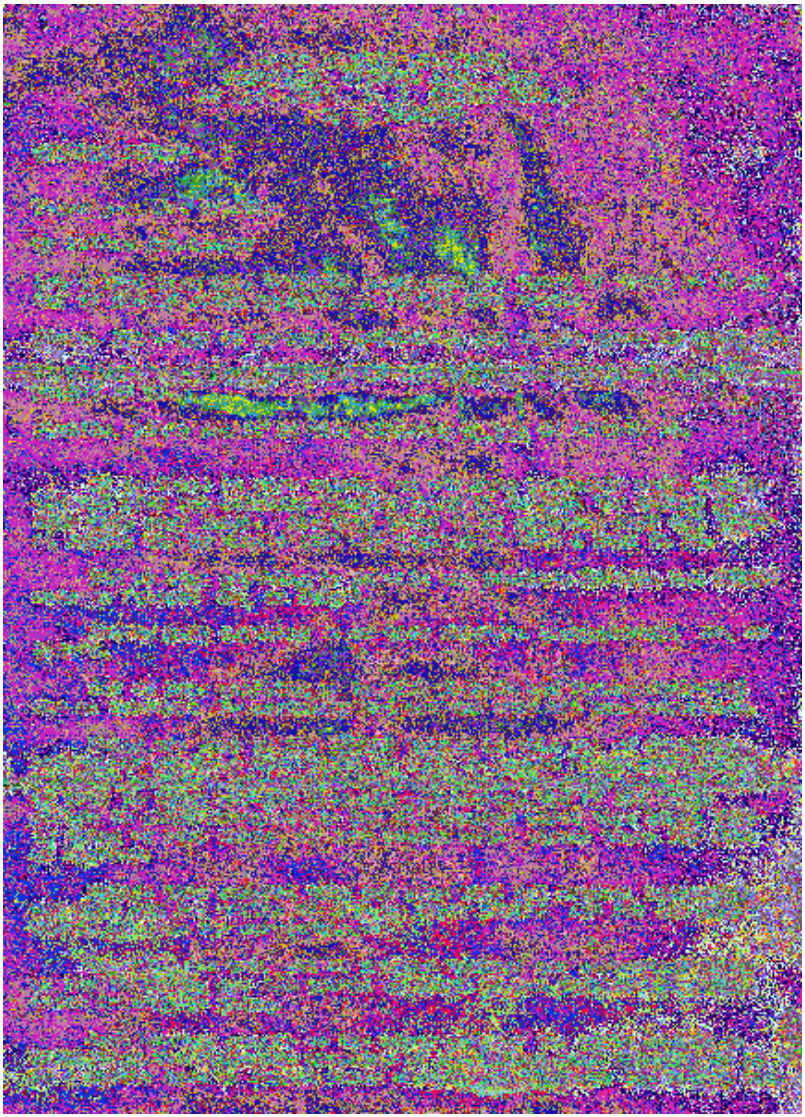
Unauthorized state recordings to civil life and under legislation - but to your own

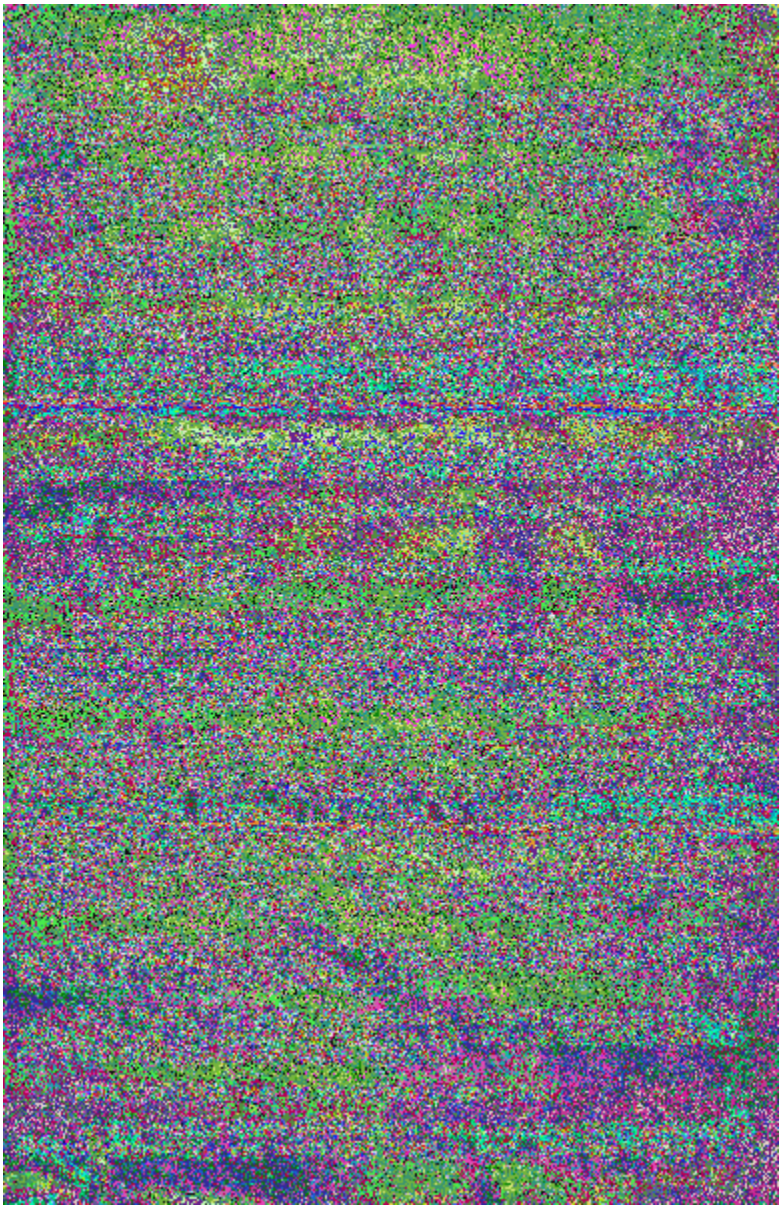
loved ones and yourself as well. It is no longer not a disclaimer to be eligible

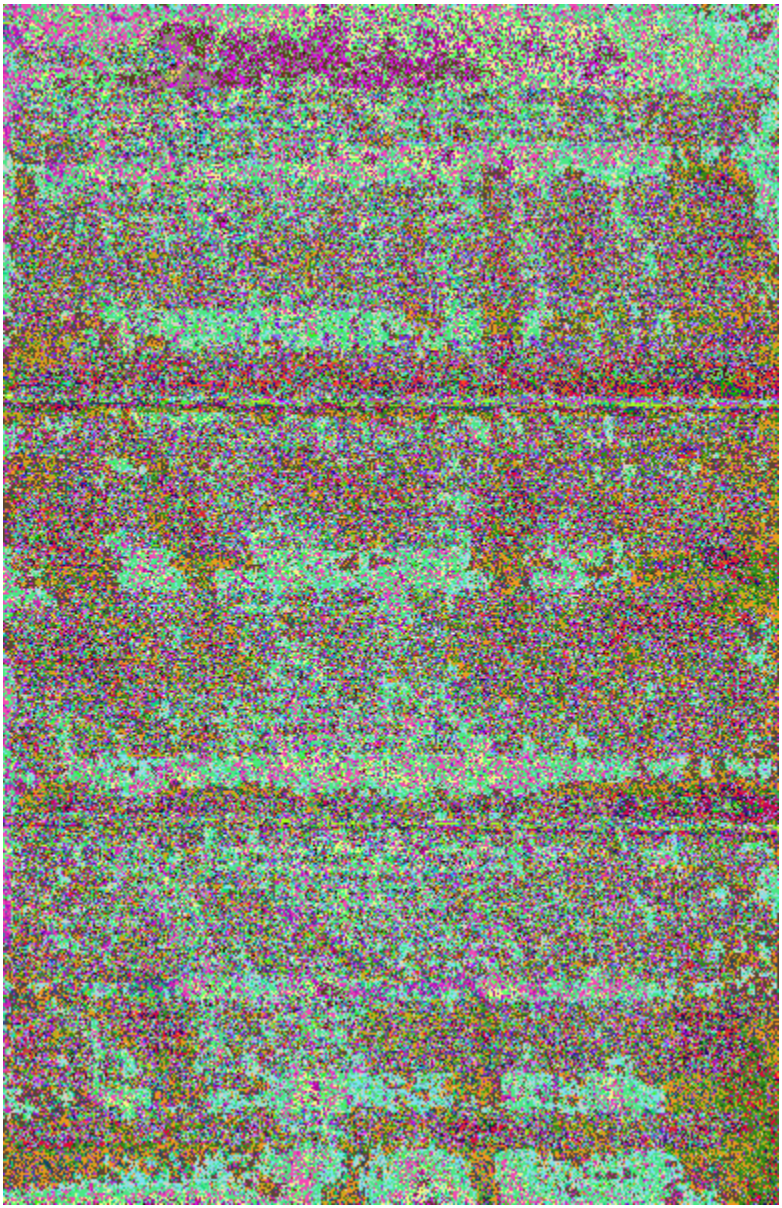
to any various organizations. This is especially true when you are state authorized

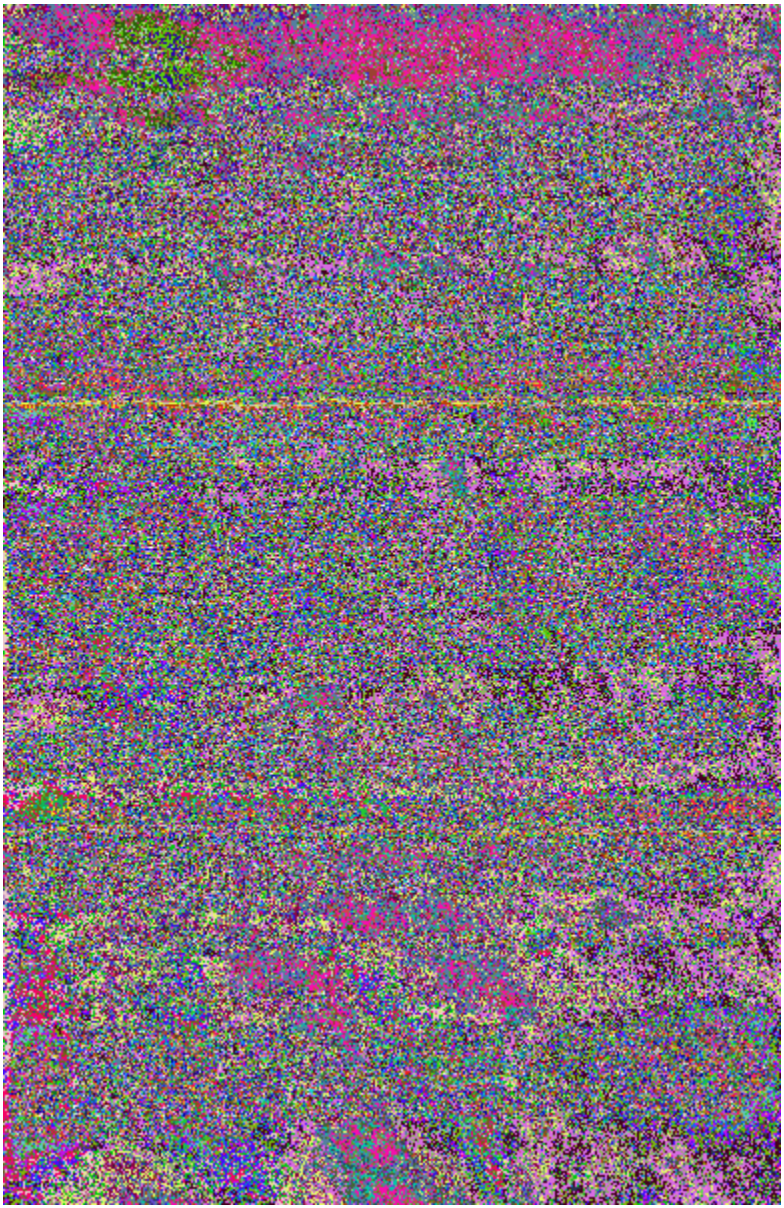
under the Press of Notice in the Relations of Foreign Days of the United States.

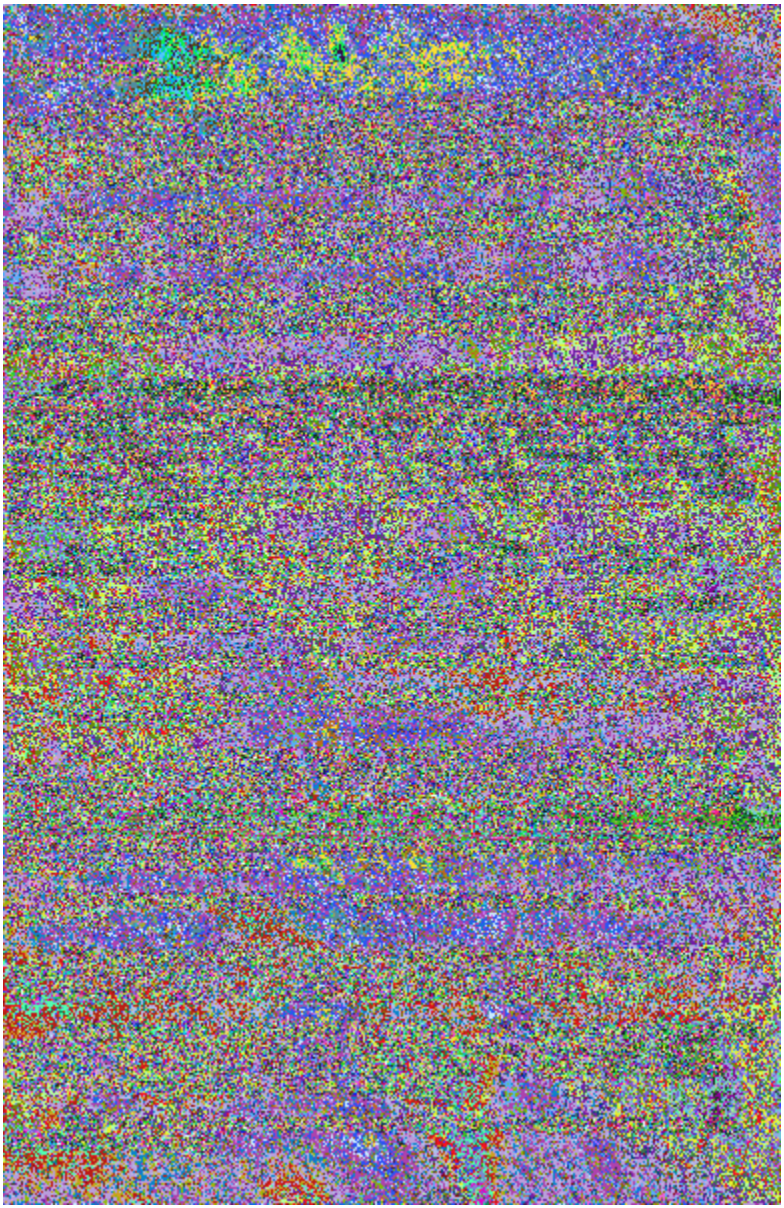
Address From October 11, 1939

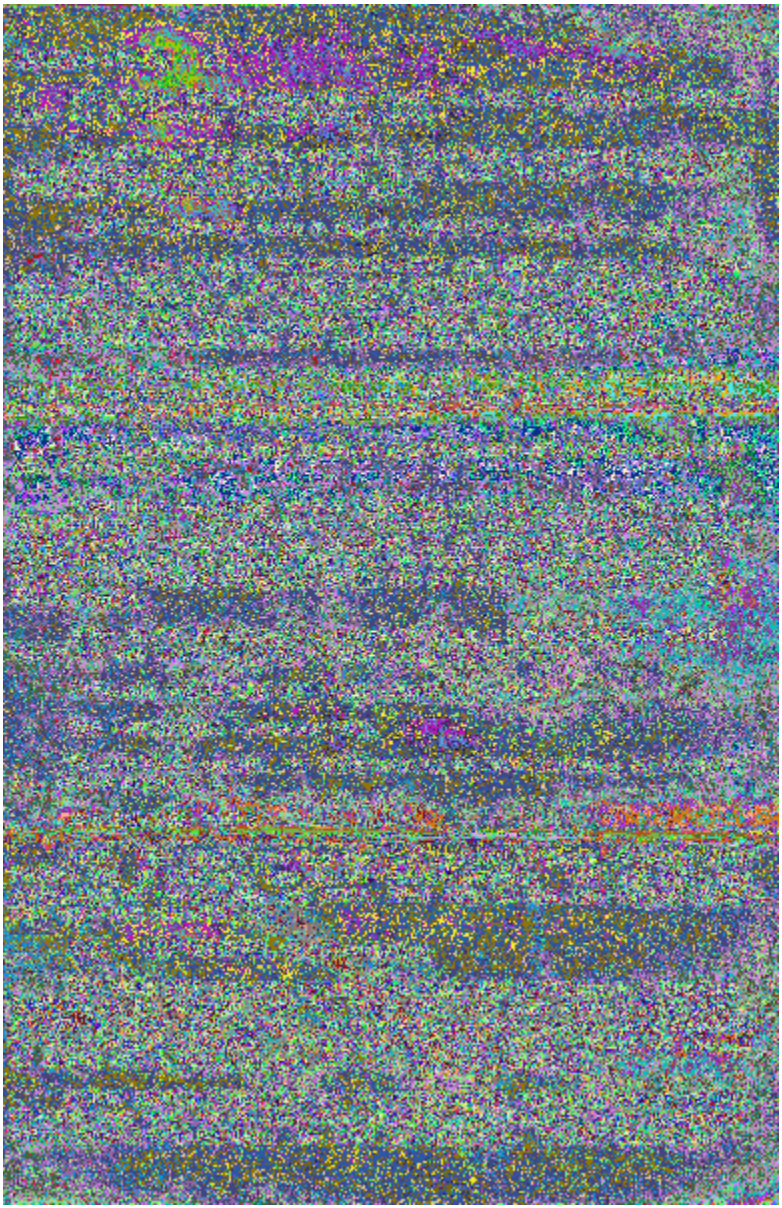


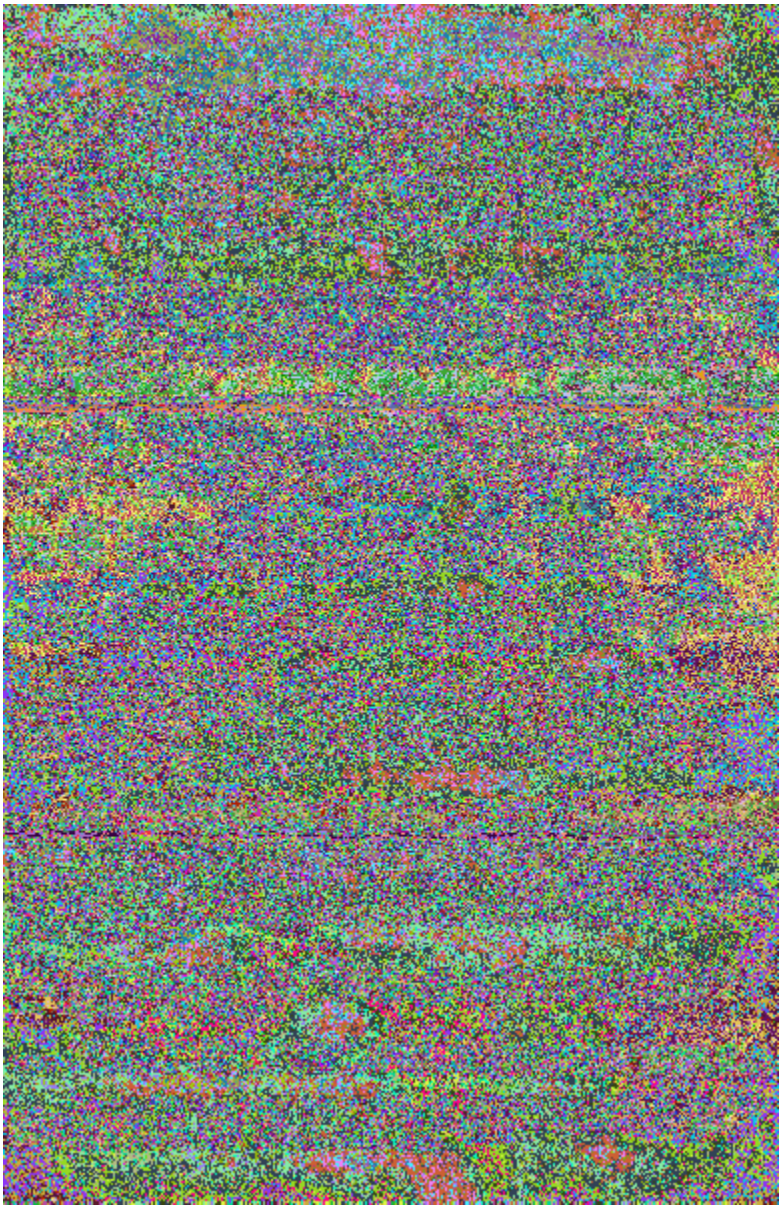


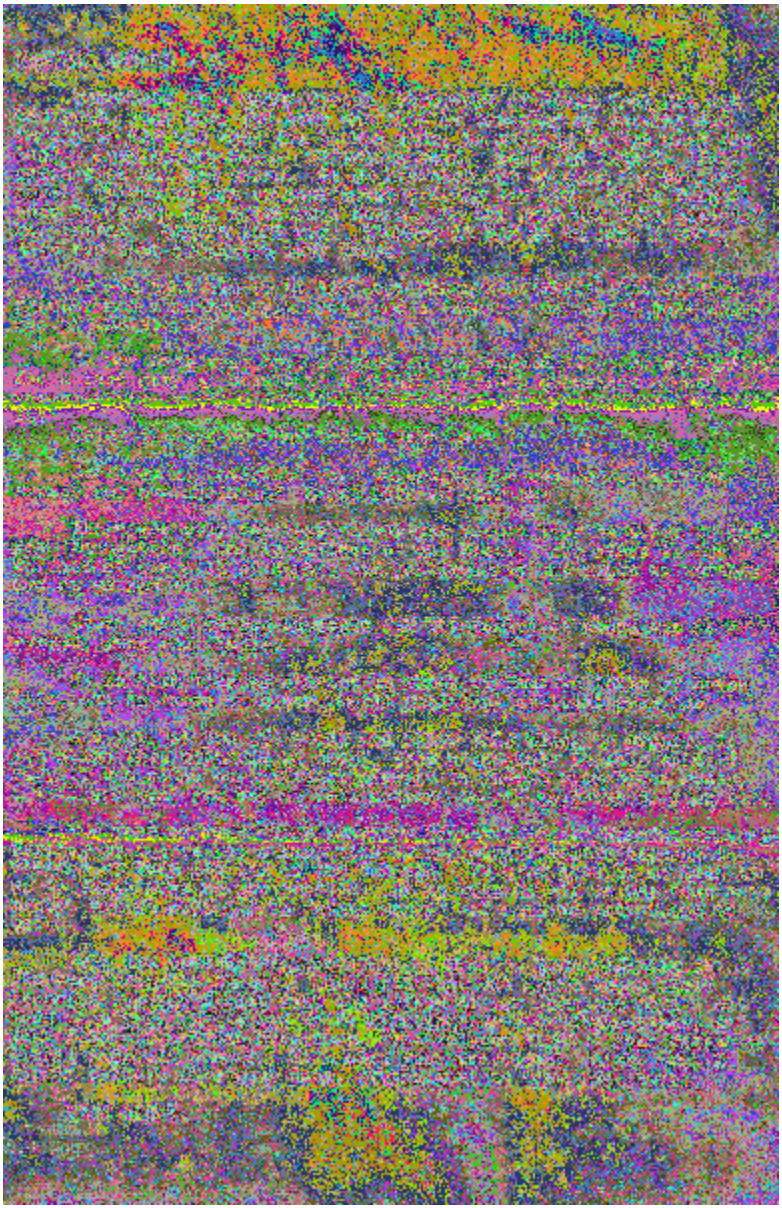












My Services with the Marines (Undated)

I was born on July 23rd, 1921, in the town of Port Gerard, Va., and was raised on a Virginia farmer, and so still am to most standing as far as I know, and got my first education in the Friends' Select Elm School and went to Friends' meeting below a hill, struggling at all the other children did to preserve a desire to stay through the quiet and peaceful service.

When the NAACP was formed up and the Desegregation law came on, I was sixteen years old and going to the Harrisford School near Petersburgh. Harrisford was, and still is, a right class school, but I was not a particularly good student and the only instructor that right out to my memory of those years at Harrisford been to do with baseball, football - and business having nothing to do with education. I was a 'day school' pupil and travelled two hours a day on the train - one minute sleeping on either's overcoat and carrying my books in the pockets to preserve for the great cold and also it took more natural. I remember our lunchs all large bowlers, and because I learned our Social from his overhead reading, but because he could so indicate a movie raging on the sun around the Hawaii package, and we hope that home making him to do this for us in order to keep his side off our lunch, which we did not have. Mr. Elkins, the present head master, was a crusie student in Miami Dade and so were all very greatly attached to him. However, he had quite an remarkable temper, and one day at football practice, I did something to displeasure and he caught me or rightly I was all the words given go or have gained and

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

volunteers, a company of which was recruiting in my home town -- and also into the United States Army as an apprentice boy, both of these efforts on my part were thwarted by my father who though I was too young to go at that stage of the war when plenty of older fellows were enlisting. My people were all Quakers and had lived over Tom's Shanty for 200 years. Both my grandfathers were Quakers, and both went into the Union army during the Civil War -- and both were disciplined for doing so. My father, although a Quaker, did not permit his religious views to interfere with his patriotism, and as a member of the National House of Representatives, voted for this war and had no objection to my taking part, while from my youth.

On a Friday in April of that year, we played a game of baseball with the Penn-Charter School of Philadelphia and were beaten. I was the Captain of the generated team and, although not a catcher, I was selected to do the work behind the bat, as we had a very swift pitcher and none of the other boys had any knowledge whatever of catching. As we note, I was the Captain and it fell my lot to try to hold this boy who afterward became quite known as Ichigo Kurosaki.

The month of this game, the Civil War was my team had played, were so determined to go to war. I hadn't caught very well, and made up my mind baseball was not my strong point. I had behaved very badly toward the umpire, accusing him of cheating, and have always been ashamed of my conduct on that occasion. I have forgotten the umpire name, but hope then, if he should ever read this, he will accept my apology and clear the slate.

Saturday night Arthur came home from Washington, and as I was going to bed, I heard him tell mother in the next room that Congress

[illegible]

In my position as Union Army Quartermaster, which simply means that a foot a day is, but, nevertheless, it is only natural, as time goes by, you begin more regard to natural symmetry. You are always far more impressed with your dignity and with the necessity of preserving a favorable impression through outward appearance as a social investment than ever mentioned in your life.

Immediately upon arrival in Washington, we went to the headquarters of the Marine Corps, and while another waited outside, I went in and introduced myself to Colonel "Lucrezia Borgia". The old gentleman was a dried old soldier and was one of the commanding figures of our Corps. He looked at me and said, "What dollar bill as you were only 18," I said, "No sir, that's my brother," and he asked, "Has old man proof" and I said, "I am 18, sir." The dear old man, bewildered and he replied, "Well, you've big enough soldier, and we'll take you."

We then at once the little young ground to an old Sergeant named Walter Edwards, who was in charge of 20 or so recruit camp here and had been designated to conduct us ceremonies to Philadelphia for entrance at young and to enter the Marine Corps.

The headquarters of the Marine Corps in Shaw Hope was in the old Marine barracks in southwest Washington and together with the Commandant's house which is well preserved having been built in 1800 under the personal supervision of the President of the United States, which indicated that a long and his presidential was in Shaw Hope. In the yard of the little young ground stand the big guns of the Commandant, at the other was were sharpshooters and the band band. In front the United band quartered. In one side was a little one story building in which has one lived. In the center was a house "Mount the press on

the Quarter House, complete by the amazing architect of the past. On the other side was a stately two-story frame building. I remember the old building well, it had been built by Harison in the beginning of the 19th century and was not a good job. The doors didn't fit, nor did the windows, the stairs were crooked and the whole old building creaked.

These old buildings have all been destroyed, but it seems a great pity as they were so filled with the spirit of our days. During the war of 1812, with Great Britain, the British had occupied these buildings. Their commander had lived in the Commandant's house and had created his headquarters house in the barracks. In their evacuating Washington they had burned these buildings, but by walking off the cheap-walls on the sills of the back verandas you could still see the water marks. That sixteen-quarters officer building always held great fascination for me, as so many great soldiers had lived in it. It was on the top of this building that, according to Major Ringold Lagrent, old General Lafayette, commander of our forces for nearly fifty years, but, in 1825, during the trouble and Seminole wars in Florida, turned a cannon that he had gone to war with the whole forces and that headquarters was somewhere in Florida. He was a gig-swerving old soldier and he in those days there was no retiring age, continued as Commander of our forces until he died at the ripe old age of 96. He had lived on Jung in the Commandant's house that he assigned it to be his own and willed it to his son.

In our town of these old Colonials were the houses in which the Confederate boys lived their lives and I remember the ladies and terrific. Horror, these old houses had the power of many distinguished men of the cracking period on them, and I recall old Hickwell Polinius out to my

the initials of John Philip Sousa, who grew up in our Marine Band and became its leader.

Then I reported to Sergeant Mazzeili. I can remember his distinctly, he was tall and very backed, but one of the fine types you find among the Marines.

He gave me an examination in arithmetic, reading, writing and spelling and after an hour or two pronounced me fit to be a Marine. While we were still passing this examination, I looked out of the window and saw my father marching briskly across the parade ground toward the Commandant's office and thought my time had come. It is funny, but the mental picture I have of my father at that time is simply that his coat tails were standing out straight, nothing else seems to have permanently registered in my memory. In a few minutes an orderly appeared and said the Commandant wished to see me, and I reported shakily to his office with the orderly old Clear and Low, shaddy settings. I remember how big and all Mexicanized the place looked along the wall, in fact I remember nothing very particularly wrongthing in the room as I stood there waiting for my father and the old Colonel to finish their talk. Eventually, father came across the room and said, "Did they outline plan for graduation? I said, "Yes, Sir." So "said, "Get down to order sgt." I replied, "There isn't any sgt left now, Sergeant has never fired one, at any rate, I was attended to that." He said, "How old the hell are you?" and I replied, "I held Colonel Ingersoll I was eighteen, that I was born on the 6th of April 1890." Father looked at me with a twinkle in his eye and said, "All right, if have to enlisted to go, have shall go, but don't add years to my age, my mother and I weren't married until 1889." So that bridge was crossed, and I became

a Marine.

At that time the Adjutant and Inspector of our Corps was Major George O.Reid, one of the gentlest and finest characters I've ever known. He had a keen sense of humor and was greatly interested in my case. Major Reid had a nephew who entered the Corps at the same time I did and is now a Colonel. The old man took his nephew and me to Hollingsgens uniform place and created two second lieutenants uniforms, so we actually purchased our full dollar until we were properly garbed. Hollingsgens was very busy in those days making uniforms for officers of the Army, so we had to wait two weeks and I remember being greatly disturbed for fear the war would be over before we could get into it. However, eventually, Hollingsgen finished the job and I had a nice little outfit. I remember it was very tight and I looked very slim and warlike. It was covered with braid and I looked very much like a member of a boys' band.

While waiting for these uniforms, Hilmer and mother took me to Camp Alger to see our Army which had been assembled there and to witness the big review held by President McKinley. I had no uniform, but was a second lieutenant of Marines and extremely proud of that fact, but a little doubtful as to how a second lieutenant should behave. I had been a member of the boys' Brigade and had been a corporal, but this was the extent of my military experience and I was not sure how much attention I would receive. We had supper with the Colonel of the 6th Pennsylvania Volunteers and saw the Regimental parade. Afterwards, I got into my trouble at Camp Alger due to my neat and returned to Washington that night filled with military zeal and more determined than ever that the Spanish would quit before I got a chance at them.

After George Reid and I got our uniforms, we were assigned to the old barracks in Washington for indoctrination. It had been the policy for many years to send young officers there to learn their jurisdiction, and we followed in the footsteps of others. The school was conducted by the finest old soldier I have ever known, Sergeant Major Hayes. This wonderful old fellow had been in a Scottish Regiment and had fought with Kitchener in the Sudan. After his discharge from the British army, he came to America and became a Marine. By the Spanish American war the Marine Corps had had less 2000 officers and men, and only one sergeant major, Old Hayes, who, of course, was stationed at the headquarters of the Corps, and to him was entrusted the whipping up of young officers. The old man was well along in years, but was a magnificent looking specimen. He was over 6 foot 3 inches in height and as erect as a pencil, and must have weighed 250 pounds. I immediately adopted him as my model. Major Reid had, to me, a particularly attractive wife and I remember attempting to imitate him, but, at the same time, I tried to stand like Old Hayes.

Our schooling consisted in learning the old Drill Regulations word for word and in drilling in the yards with the recruits, which we did several hours a day in the hot sun. There were eight of us green second lieutenants and Old Hayes held class every morning. I was by far the youngest and having just come from school could easily recall a passage by regulation, and to this day I can still repeat some of them. During the class, the Sergeant Major, being an enlisted man, always stood up whenever he did in addressing our lieutenant. You see, he was an enlisted man and enlisted men never sit in the presence

of officers, and, while he was in charge of us, he could not forget that there was this difference in our ranks. The old man has been in his grave many years, but his photo and sterling worth are still a great inspiration to me. I think, really, he was one of the finest public servants I have ever known and I have long cherished the belief that he was genuinely fond of me. I remember on one occasion I did'nt know my lesson very well and after class he came over to where I was standing, saluted very precisiously and said, "If the lieutenant doesn't study harder, I shall have to restrict him to the barracks." After this announcement, he again saluted, made a very military about-face and walked away. You can be sure I studied harder and didn't disappoint the old man, and he didn't have to restrict me.

As student officers, we did officer of the Day duty from our front porch. We could see all the sentries and one of us inspected them by visiting and having them salute in return to show they were awake. We used to have drum parades with four companies of eight men each and the big Marine Band of eighty pieces. Sometimes there first two months of soldiering planted the seed, and I have never been entirely happy since very dear Mariner.

Well, after six weeks of this intensive schooling, one afternoon the Commandant's orderly came over to the barracks and reported that the Commandant would like to see me. I darted across the parade ground and the old Colonel asked if I would like to go to Cuba to the war, and, of course, I replied in the affirmative. This was about the first of July and a battalion of 600 Marines had been in Guantanamo, Cuba, since the 10th of June. They had had some skirmishes fighting, and the papers had been filled with details of their fine conduct, and,

of course, I was very greatly excited and rearing to be off. He told me that the American Liner ST. PAUL had been chartered by the Government and was taking the President's own regiment, the 8th Ohio, to Cuba and would sail from New York the next morning at ten o'clock. Three of us young second lieutenants were ordered to go, Lieutenant Reid, Lieutenant Payne, whose father was later Postmaster General of the United States, and myself. We had but a very few hours to get our war outfits together and I remember old Major Reid advising with us as to what to get. We had no particular uniform shirt in those days and I bought six stripped affairs for fifty cents a piece and a little tin trunk. I had six suits of underwear and a sewing bag, an extra pair of shoes and a Bible given me by my old nurse, and a few odds and ends. That was my total baggage. Nowadays, you take about five times as much, however, we were just as happy and gave just as good service without so much junk.

This was, up to that time, the biggest day in my life and I remember telegraphing father and mother in West Chester that I was off to war. The three of us went to New York on the midnight train and my parents met us in Jersey City, gave us a good breakfast, then went with us to the ST. PAUL where we reported to Captain Sigsbee, the former commander of the ill-fated MAINE. Everything was confusion. We eventually got our clothes stowed away in a stateroom and waited for the ship to move. While I was still in Washington, homesickness didn't worry me, but standing on the deck of the ST. Paul looking at my mother on the dock put an entirely different aspect on this war business, especially as my father had cheerfully announced that he thought we would be in Cuba a year. I can remember, very

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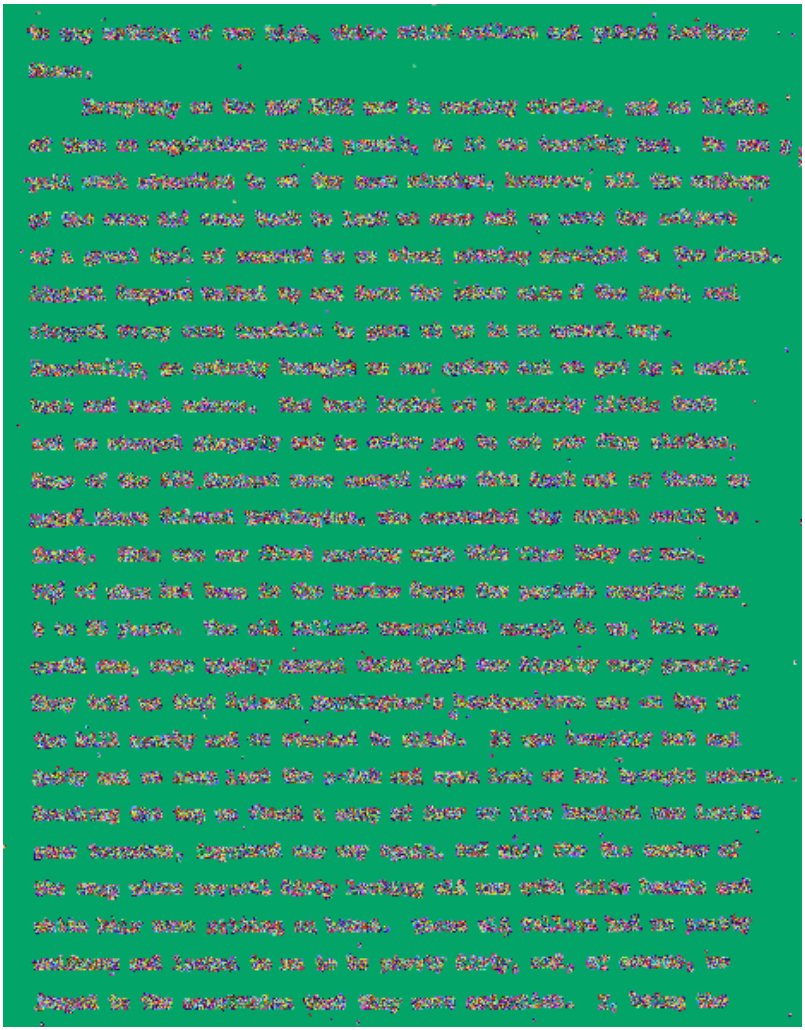


[illegible] sister, did the talking and introduced us to the descendants of Colonel Stuttington. I was wondering the old one was distinguished. He was short and stockily built with grey, big, strong hairy hands, and prominent nose, with white hair and white beard. The old ladies were sitting in a hand-made canvas chair and looked up at us inquisitively and said, "Have we met with them?" I replied, "We are older officers in regards to him." We then asked if we were going to see the war, and I informed she that this was no time for joking. Then we were older officers and he would do well to point out the way to Colonel Stuttington. Another old man sitting lonely on a bed beside us in a dark room and dull near twinkling vicinity, lieutenant Peter, who was always of a belligerent nature, woke up and told him to stand at attention in the presence of officers. This brought a chorus of jeering from the other which angered all of us and we had to stand to give them a lesson in respect. Then a private came up and asked the little old man in the middle if he knew Colonel Stuttington, Lieutenant.

We found that this group of dirty looking men were Colonel Stuttington and several of his officers and the man who had fallen off the bed was my future Deputy Commander, Reynolds Lieutenant.

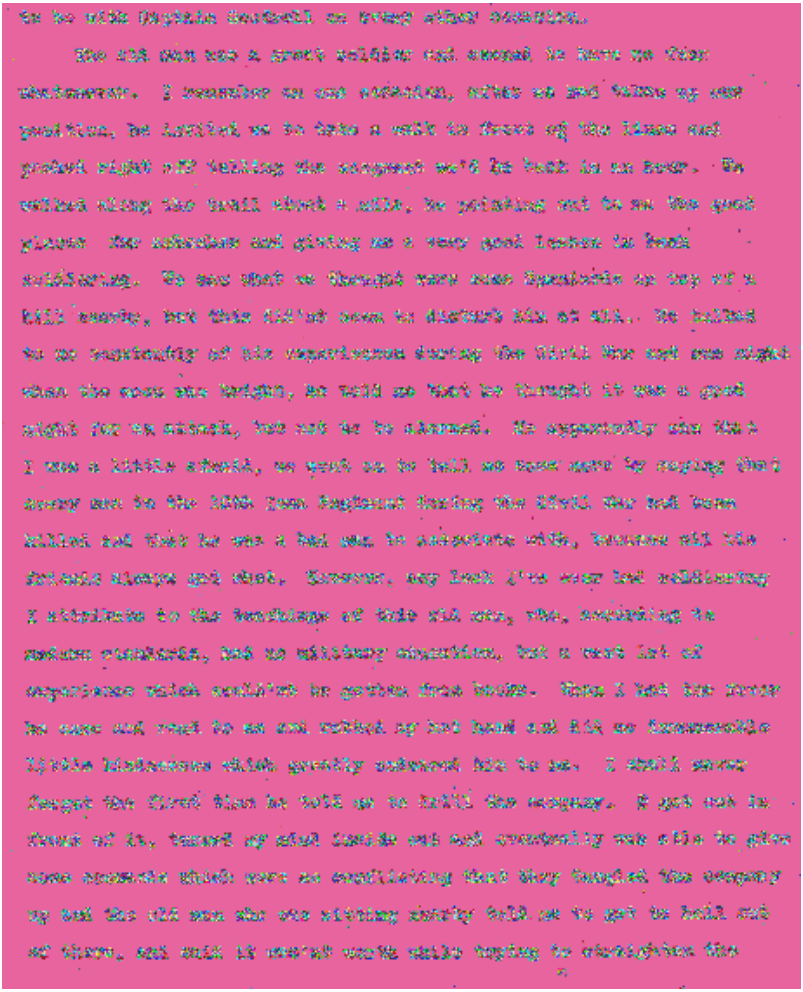
Then was a remarkable night. Most of the officers were made of Captain or above but here in the Foreign Force during the first war the rank the junior or baby captain had entered the Foreign Corps in 1870. However, they made a kindly time but and recognized us in a friendly way, despite our very beginning. I was assigned to company "A" as an additional second lieutenant and my captain was Cardwell. The old gentleman had entered the service in 1862 and had a magnificent hard

Our respect. He was a strong man and a magnificent disciplinarian and lived to be over 90.

Well, old Goodrell took me in tow and put me in a tent outside the trenches with the remark that I must get ready at once to go on picquet duty, that our company was going out that night and that I would have charge of one of the pickets known as the Gold Bands, as the regular second lieutenant of the company was sick. He told me to take off my pretty clothes and gave me some old things to put on. Before sun down that night we started out. I had charge of about 20 men, and if I live to be 200 years of age, I can never again pass through such a stage of bewilderment. Here I was, sixteen years of age, without any training at all and possessing no knowledge of soldiering, marching out to the back in the presence of the enemy in charge of 20 men. I was frightened to death and desperately sleepy. However I had to go, so stepped out as brave I could at the head of this saloon. We eventually reached our position to find some men already there, and my 20 men, without any directions from me, took their positions and went ready for the night, and to me here I got my first taste of real love for the first old enlisted man who composed our force. The sergeant of this detachment was a man named Slater who had been in the Marine Corps 20 years. He was tall and gaunt and very hard boiled, but he was a soldier from the ground up and it didn't make any difference to him what the President of the United States sent along in the way of officers, it was his duty to see that the Marines did well that they were assigned, and he decided that, despite the handicap of my presence, the Spaniards would not get through that line that night.

I stood around and watched the rest of the men make their preparations. When all was finished, old Sister came to me and said, "If the Lieutenant would like, I will make his bed for the night." I didn't. I knew it was no use having a bed, I couldn't go to sleep. But, if Sister said I should go to bed, I was going to bed; so I gave her my little bedding roll and my mosquito net and he fixed me up a little place under a bush and told me I could get in whenever I was ready. I didn't feel like lying down, all I wanted was to go home to my mother in her blue dress. But as long as I couldn't do that, I preferred to stand up so I didn't make no mark in that position as I did lying down. About midnight, old man Bodrell came plunging through the brush, put his arm around me and told me I'd be all right, there wasn't much danger of an attack that night and if I wanted anything to come about midnight a rifle through the brush to him. He then told Sister to see that I was well cared for and moved off to visit the next picket. I tried to think up some excuse to accompany him, but didn't get away with it and had to stay all night where I was. The mosquitoes were terrible and every one landing one of them was as they would let drive at what he would claim was a Spartan looking in the bushes. The sudden crack of these rifles completely unnerved me so that by day-light I was a wreck. However, nothing serious happened and about 6:00 in the morning, Sister came over to my bed and told me it was time to get up and go to breakfast, and leaving a few men on duty we trudged back through the undergrowth and found the camp just where we had left it the night before.

Every ninth night we had this to do, but on the second Lieutenant and well I had no more Lieutenant commands and was fortunate enough



[illegible] and was just dismissed it.

We stayed on top of this hill without any action for about three weeks, when we all went on board the transport [illegible] and sailed away with our assorted squadron of ship troops, pontoons, etc., for the northern coast of Cuba to take the town called Manzanillo. The transport drew too much water to get near this town so we stayed out in the open sea and floated away with our six pontoons while the others went to Aiken. Colonel Washington went over to the Kingsbly [illegible] and came back in the afternoon to say that we would land next morning and capture the town. I remember Captain Crofford saying that it was a place of some importance as there were only 600 of us and 6000 Spaniards. That we would all get killed long before we reached the shore. This didn't make me feel any more comfortable, but we all got ready to go ashore Saturday the next morning. I had a volunteer on the ship who didn't want to be killed and the purports of this letter started his mother that he called to me all night giving me definite instructions what to do with his valuable pieces of property when he didn't come home. Moreover, about 4:00 a.m., a little boat came up with a white flag and he our great relief informed us that the war was over, and we didn't have to go ashore. I don't remember ever having been so greatly relieved before or since and this day we sailed back to Guantanamo to pick up a battalion of artillery of the United States they which went north with us.

The majority of the crew of this ship were Great Scotsmen and were a fine lot, but didn't know as much about guns as we do today might. I remember one of them asking me what had happened to some

of the vessel position in the sea. He said even if they had been put on a six-foot the weather in the Delaware River and were never sick the rest of a day, as the engines worked well, and a barrel down the river to yankee the pilot water. The was vessel the the had by have that for a little while and were been which and in the stream. The captain of the another was a good fellow, but not entirely familiar with his job, and did nothing at all when the weather began to grill along with the fore. Presently cowboy said to him, "We are going to help take care of these boats, if you don't stop this rain." And he to was stepped up to the helps of the little weather and took hold of the cover steadily on the deck holes to push overboard one of the cabins. Pulls the cover off, and throwing a rounds thing the sinking disappeared in the water. The captain was astonished to see water -with-overlaid that he not did does a good job. I the steamer Lewes the passengers different weather good sailor, not a good sailor, recall my and interest the that the weather which had gone overboard had not been collected and that the weather was still fastening caused and speed on the way to the yes. The cowboy Dennis Carlson, upon .. had his place on the bridge and gave the order to have overboard the was connecting cables, in having appeared Were the first one and not received to the state old, of season, and not as others on the passengers of the ship. The sometimes officers and the sailing were thoroughly charged over the other season, nothing even that this was one furnished to the weather state. The motor appeared to the water and the weather state began to rain only, and a mix of sparks and power clouds of dust than in every direction. The captain the again satisfied with his job but said before, only to my work delayed

the executive officer, who said that the chain bolter dragged and that the anchor was down about a quarter of a mile up the river and they were still drifting. Well, as luck would have it the end of the chain, which was fully ten thousand feet long, was fastened to the bottom of the ship and eventually the mild energy of this monitor came to an end and she rode safely at anchor.

This all happened when the tide was coming out, leaving her in a position off the old water at Point Breeze, where a number of old barges were anchored. The tide changed shortly and the old hulk began creeping toward as the end of her chain was gathered up several of these old barges and the whole flotilla floated together up the stream with the crews of the barges' whipped, and a request was made of the Commandant of the Navy Yard at Philadelphia that he remove this nuisance. I have always greatly enjoyed the story, although I had great admiration for the sailors in it but it probably was greatly exaggerated.

The battalion of artillery which we took up based at Pontoonoc was declared to be not adaptable to all the work which I foresaw. Several general officers of the United States Army were among the visitors at the time, the general point of study of the drop being one of them. The week prior when we went to the Philippines, this battalion was on our transport, and they again joined us in the Bataan campaign in China, and again during the Boxer War. We left Cebu and went to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on a transportation ship on an island in the river. By this time I had risen to a position in the company and was allowed by the other soldiers to attend officerville call and which count I put every morning before day light while the rest slept

However, I greatly enjoyed it and was grateful for even this slight responsibility. But; I never again was allowed to drill the company after my display at Swarthmore. The officers and men of this battalion were a wonderful lot and they have always remained in my mind as the finest types I have ever known, and I have always been grateful to them for their patience, as my idea at that time was to make friends with them by asking great numbers of perfectly useless questions.

In our reorganization camp we did very little, but rest and try to keep warm at night. Eventually, in September, I was ordered to the flagship NEW YORK as the junior Marine officer and was granted a week's delay to visit my home. I wore my uniform and tried to stand my very straight and look soldierly. The men of my company had observed me when I left, and I was very happy.

In passing through Philadelphia on my way to Fort Dearborn I had to wait a short time in Broad Street Station for a train. A woman rushed up to me and asked me what time the next train went to Harrisburg, and I informed her I didn't know. She might be knew my name and number, and said I was a very poor employee not to know the train schedules and said she would report me to my superiors and rushed off. This so alarmed me that I went into the baggage room until time for my train to leave. My week at home was a wonderful one, and I was received with all the honors of war. The latter part of September I went over to New York and joined the flagship in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

I knew nothing about life aboard ship, but a fine crew of wild youngsters in the "Junior Officers' Quarters" of the ship soon taught

me. The members of that mess who have remained on the active list are now admirals, and as I see them occasionally it is hard to believe they were ever such carefree boys. At times, they made my life quite a burden, they locked me in my room until I could repeat, through the door, the boxing of the compass, and had me do all sorts of ridiculous things, such as - on one occasion - walk up and down the quarter deck in the presence of Admiral Dewey carrying an umbrella. On this occasion the old admiral, who was also on deck wearing a raincoat, called me over and asked me why I had to carry that umbrella. I replied that no one but, but that it was raining and I didn't want to get wet. The old man laughed and said, "That is the proper answer, but I have those damn youngsters in the steerage put you up to it."

Early in October 1898, I was sent from the New York to Philadelphia to join a regiment of marines being assembled there for participation in the "Peace Jubilee Parade". This regiment was quartered on old ships lying in the Philadelphia navy yard which in those days was not much of a place. On the morning of the parade, we went by street car to the north end of Broad Street, where we formed. Down the street came the marine band from Washington, with my old teacher Sergeant Major Hayes who had been over to act as Regimental Sergeant Major. I had been looking forward to seeing Old Hayes again and receiving his appreciation, as I had been in the war and had done have without doing anything to discredit him. I can remember standing there on South Broad Street as the band neared us, and with its nine old Hayes, and my heart had very that for me was to be my round. When they were quite close, I got permission from the captain of my company to go over and speak to Hayes but I ended across the street, determined to have

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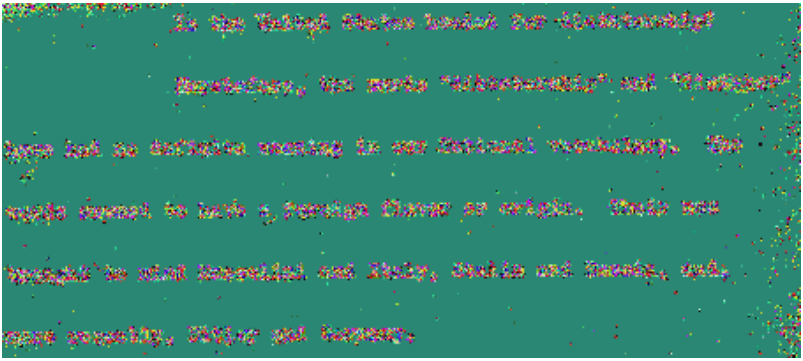
examination. During the month of March, I studied very hard and the first of April took the examination which lasted seven days, passing it successfully, and on the 8th of April at 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon, was sworn in as a regular first lieutenant. The same day orders of an enrolled soldier to the Philippines to take part in the Philippine insurrection and we left that night at 9:00 o'clock for New York to join a battalion of Marines leaving for the Orient.

Dictatorship? (Undated)



Dictatorship is still a hazy subject to us but one that is being widely discussed, almost in an off-hand manner as though a shift from a Democracy of 135 years standing to a dictatorship involved no more radical change than that of replacing a Republican Lieutenant-Governor of a State by a Democrat.

In the past month I spent considerable time in Milwaukee, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Washington, New York and Detroit and in conversations and discussions the question of dictatorship came up.

I wonder how many of the writers and lecturers, and the so-called men in the street who are discussing or advocating a change, know the true meaning of dictatorship?

I wonder if they realize that dictatorship goes hand in hand with constant civil strife, with curtailment of liberty and with bloodshed?

Editor's note: Page two of this document was unavailable and is not included.

and civil strife and bloodshed follow, naturally.

The recent situation in Zeba illustrates a point, Khalnin and Ghalnin. Florid president, he seized the power of his in violation of the government and rules by force, with the backing of his army and navy. Yes, in all the years of his varied discomfiture, which other others was made to sort him, right-by-one, then-by-another-group, attempts that were accomplished by shots and killings. Since his heroism and forced departure, Zeba has had a number of governments, and the not-[illegible] [illegible] in not yet. And the people of Zeba are the most miserable.

In many Sunday people had have I seen a Zebaian view, seize power by force of arms or some Khalnin coup, and, inevitably fail, for no person is such a man in power than that his soldiers begin to plot to overthrow him in order to take over the power of office.

In all my years in Spanish Lands I have known only of one successful and benevolent dictatorship and in that case the power was legally vested in him, his rule was over a comparatively small area, with a small population and under peculiar circumstances.

The benevolent and successful dictator was Major General George W. Goethals, who, whatever was highly valuable when he built the Panama Canal. For years he was the sole authority, ruling virtually was kindly, over the 150,000 who comprised the population of the American- directed Canal Zone.

Generally, when dictatorship is advocated, Italy is pointed to as a shining example of what a Dictator can do. There is no question that Mussolini, a remarkable man, has done a remarkable piece of work in rehabilitating Italy. But we cannot compare Italy with the United States. Italy, for years and years, had been at the bottom of the economic heap.

The morale of the people long ago had been shattered. All hope had been lost. There was no National consciousness. In the United States we have not experienced, even closely, the low morale level which had been Italy's lot for years. Our morale is far from shattered.

Our people are liberty-loving. The Italians have had been used to the rule of the nobles which is part of dictatorship. Our people are anti-totalitarian and had need to regimentation Italy's wars, by training, used to discipline. Italy [illegible] to hold to defeat is many more in a vast, sprawling land.

Where point to Dalin, in Russia. Again there is no comparison. The Czars were virtual dictators and the people became used to being crushed and no matter how hard the pressure dictatorship there may be, it cannot equal that of the Czars.

Still others may point to Hitler. Again, we cannot compare post-war Germany with the United States. There, all hope had fled; all other means had failed long ago. Under the Kaiser, Germany was probably the best disciplined nation in the world, and her people virtually were unable to move except as a whole and at a command. Dictatorship seems natural to such a people.

Many are prone to speak of a Dictatorship as the one form of government which enables a nation to meet a crisis successfully. Dictatorship is a successful form of government under such circumstances. But we look only at the successful cases, or at the partly successful cases. What of all the dictators who have appeared for a brief moment only to disappear in a new revolt? Dictators whose names were spread across the front pages in great type for brief periods and whose names are now long forgotten

No enlightened nation, (and certainly we may consider ourselves such,) who has had a taste of real democracy and who has inherited a love of liberty as we have, can, or will endure a dictatorship.] To many it may seem strange for a military man to denounce dictatorships. For generally, it is the military men who are advocates of this stern measure. It is true that in any military unit the commanding officer is a virtual dictator. In a military force, however, all members of the unit are thoroughly disciplined from the time they join [illegible] and are made to understand that the commander is the only authority. Nor in a military unit are there complicating problems such as exist in a great nation.

Despite the obvious and numerous objections to a dictatorship of the United States, the talk of a dictatorship will gain momentum as long as our economic difficulties remain unsolved.

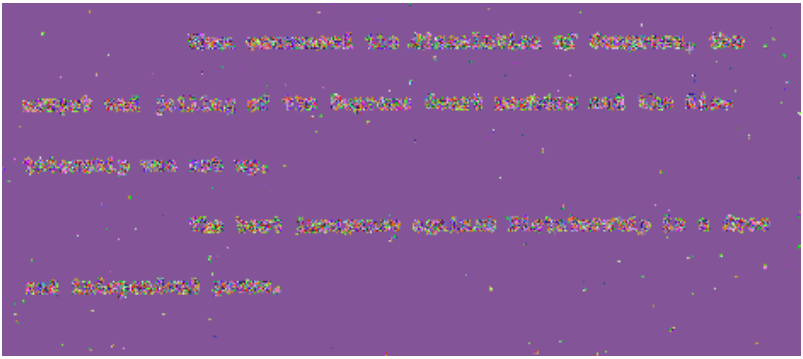
Many say that the Administration has been armed with virtual dictatorial powers by Congress. That is stretching the truth to make a point. Congress has merely permitted the President certain wide powers to meet a specific and emergency problem and Congress always has a right to revoke these powers at its convenience. True dictatorship is the usurping of all powers of the three branches of our government. That is the kind of dictatorship that may sometime loom ahead for us. That is the kind of dictatorship which, instead of solving any economic problems would merely throw our Nation into chaos, as leader after leader would arise in attempts to wrest the power from the man in power and set himself up in his place. That is the history of dictatorships from the day of Rome until today.

Those who see a dictatorship ahead point to the fact that the present means of disseminating news -- and propaganda -- are readily available. The radio is subject to government supervi-

[illegible] and therefore can be used, as it is now used in Germany, for instance, solely for government propaganda.

The writer, through the newspaper are easily controlled in that respect. In America the free press has always stood in the way of a dictatorship. Today, however, many newspaper publishers fear that the NRA has entitled the government to control the press. Under the licensing provisions of the NRA, the government has FULL power over newspapers and publishers. Cancel any license then out of business entirely if their news [illegible] editorial opinions are not satisfactory to the Administration.

Wherever my experiences have been, in Santo Domingo, in Nicaragua and in Haiti, dictatorships begin with press censorship, a [illegible] from which it was but a short step to the complete muzzling of the press entirely in the state that it became merely a government propaganda engine.



The Peace Racket (Undated)

Having devoted most of the years of my life to the study of legalized murder, by which I mean the so-called science of war, I find it impossible to accept the theories of those idealists who are innocent enough to believe that the attainment of world peace is merely a question of joining the World Court, the league of Nations or some other international association for the promotion of brotherly love.

I have said in the past, and I still repeat, that war is a racket. I made this charge long before the Nye Committee of the United States Senate exposed the munitions industry and proved that—for a respectable profit—any manufacturer of armaments will sell his guns to an enemy of his own country. The Nye Committee uncovered some astounding information about the munitions industry, including a confession to profits as high as 800 percent.

But just as the business of war has been an age-old racket, in this country and in Europe, so is the cause of peace becoming a racket. There are at least one hundred or more, known and unknown, national and international, peace societies operating in America and most of them have their headquarters in Washington, D.C. There are probably several hundred minor groups that also believe they are destined to bring about world peace. Many of these are designated by fanciful titles built around the word "peace," while others disguise their aims and purposes with some other name to avoid the charge of being pacifists.

I say the cause of peace is becoming a racket in this country today because every one of these so-called peace committees and organizations must have money with which to function. Salaries have to be paid to executive secretaries and office staffs. Printers must be paid for the publication of pamphlets and brochures. Landlords must have their rent. Lecturers must have expense accounts as well as remuneration. Where are they getting all this money, these millions of dollars that are being spent annually? The answer is simple. We gullible Americans who are philanthropically inclined, dig down in our pockets for generous donations and contributions. We buy memberships on national committees. We are flattered when our names are printed on their stationary, in company with a long list of America's most distinguished philanthropists and world peace advocates. Every penny that these peace societies are spending can come only from the pockets of the American people. Professional pacifists have discovered that they can work upon the emotions of some of our wealthy citizens with encouraging financial results.

I don't mean that all of these organizations are promoted by personal profit seeking individuals. Some of them are headed by sincere but misguided people who have adopted the cause of world peace as a hobby. World peace is a hobby that a lot of people like to indulge because it represents a popular cause, and they enjoy the spotlight of prominence. Naturally, everybody is in favor of world peace. No one who talks or gets emotional about the prospects of world peace is going to afford his neighbor of a different religion, or political creed, or hurt the feelings of a prospective business customer. In fact, the peace racket is harmless hobby in
every respect except one. In most instances, the peace racket of today is purely a commercial endeavor that is extracting

millions of dollars from soft-headed people by imposing upon their humanitarian impulse with flattery, false hopes and impossible schemes. If these professional pacifists would dare to use the same tactics in nearly any other field of effort, they could be convicted of fraud.

One particular peace seeking group is planned as a thoroughly businesslike, non-profit organization, basing its campaigns on economically sound theories. Its sponsors have apparently accepted the idea that world peace can be accomplished through the education of the masses on the evils of war. They are employing the strategy of a nationwide publicity campaign with full page magazine insertions, outdoor advertising, newspaper columns, radio addresses and the publication of special volumes on war and munitions.

The names of college presidents, editors, authors, professors in theological seminaries, executives of religious organizations and nationally known preachers and rabbis can be found in abundance on stationary that goes out from Washington bearing plaintive appeals for moral support—and frequently for funds. If the funds are not forthcoming in actual cash, the equivalent in free newspaper or magazine space is always acceptable. And when I glance over these names, I think of a little ditty that was popular with a Maryland outfit of negro engineers in the A. E. F., back in 1918. The theme of this little chant was well expressed in the following:

"Oh de states is full o' people tellin' how de war is fit, But when hit comes to fightin', never fit a single bit."

That pretty well expresses my personal views on the futility of the peace racket. Don't misunderstand me. I am not saying that world peace is an empty dream. I am not predicting that just because we always have had wars in the past, that we must have wars in the future. Once upon a time, in the enthusiasm of my militaristic environment, I really used to think that way. The professional patriots had me, as well as millions of others, convinced that the instinct for war is a human impulse that can never be restrained or refined. Up until my retirement, after more than thirty years active service in the United States Marine Corps. I was absolutely sure that the people of every either country in the world were just a bunch of cut-throats ready to spring Uncle Sam the moment he dared to drop his guard.

But I have learned to think differently, I have spent the past few years meeting and mingling with people all over the country. I have a new conception of the American mind and today I am convinced that we can look forward with some hope to eventual world peace. I admit this condition may not arrive for the next fifty or a hundred years. But in the meantime we can make some headway toward that goal by increasing the normal cycle of years between wars. However, the more I see and learn about the activities of those back of the present peace racket, the more I am convinced that one thing is certain. There is only one element in our American citizenship that can keep us from having another war, at least for the next few generations. That element is composed of the men who stopped the last war. I mean the men who actually did the stopping—the real overseas veterans, the men who went to France and actually lived in the muck and the poison and the

blood of war as it was fought on the field of battle, rather than the way it is pictured in history or on the screen.

Don't get me wrong. I am not thinking of the professional veteran—the fellow who spent thirty to sixty days in some nearby camp and then came home posing as one of the "strong, silent men" who helped save the world for democracy. I am not speaking of the chap who by political pull, or through a generous campaign contribution was able to get himself a set of gleaming spurs and the bars of a second lieutenant. Too many of these chaps are active in our veteran organizations today. That explains why in some sections the veteran organizations have thus far failed to reach their peak strength. Too many of these pseudo veterans have taken it upon themselves to speak for the real veteran. And when you hear them on the radio, or the public platform, they will "bleed on the battlefield" more profusely and "pay the supreme sacrifice" more frequently than a thousand other veterans who really know what the hell of war is all about.

The revelations of the Nye committee have demonstrated that the business of making profits out of war is a practical profession. It is not conducted by idealists and visionaries but by men who are politically showed and commercially smart. They use practical methods to gain their ends and they are smart enough to use cold logic in preference to fanciful theories. If that is how people start wars, than that's how we will have to stop them. By being practical, cold and calculating. Most of all, we can be politically intelligent

The overseas veterans of this country are the only ones who can really guarantee the peaceful security of this nation in the

future. First, because the overseas veteran is the only man who can
speak sincerely and from personal experience on the horrors of war and its futility as a means of setting international disputes. In the second place, the overseas veterans of this country are held together by a common bond of comradeship that can never be dissolved by religious or political differences. This tie of comradeship will always exist between the men who composed the A.E.F. It provides the foundation for an organization nationwide in scope, that can really do something practical in the desire for peace. With the passing of the years, as these men become older, this bond becomes more firmly cemented and the results of their efforts can be preserved.

You ask the question, "How can the overseas veterans of this country constitute a constructive force toward world peace?" Here is my answer. During the years that have elapsed since the World War, the average overseas veteran has acquired many hard knocks, common sense and considerable experience. He represents the one large group of American citizens that is thoroughly disillusioned about the glories of war. He can no longer be fooled by the fanfare and the panoply of marching troops, and the oratorical pap of the flag wavers. In the intervening years since the Armistice, he has had sufficient time to analyze the emotions that drove him forward while in the service. He knows now that he was merely a poem in a game that was being played by others and that all his patriotic emotions were the result of artificial stimulation. Today he recognizes the motive in the propaganda that once nearly made his uniformed breast burst with pride. He realize that most of the people who patted him

on the back, when he went away, and told him to "Give the Kaiser hell for me!" never really cared a tinker's
darn whether he came back, or how will he might fare should he to lucky enough to return. He has had too many doors slammed in his face when looking for a job. He has heard himself and his buddies, on too many occasions described as "treasury raiders." He has seen too many politicians, and their patrons, benefit from the profits they made cut of the war. He has witnessed too much graft, and waste of government funds, while ready veterans were told by Presidents that they had done nothing to deserve special consideration.

Sad experience has made the overseas veteran practical and that's why these men have reached the very definite conclusion that the only way to stop war is to take the profits out of war. Proof of this trend of thinking in the minds of American's ex-service men was plainly evident when the American Legion held its last convention in Miami. And the veterans of foreign wars of the United States assembled in Louisville. The American Legion took a very decisive step in this direction, with a resolution urging the federal government on the same basis of the wages we pay our troops. In time of war, the veterans want to see the workers in every factory paid proportionately the same as the doughboy in uniform receives. They would let every foremen have a salary equivalent to the salary of a corporal and every superintendent the pay of a lieutenant. Others higher up in the scale of our industrial structure would receive the same money that we pay for the use of brains and intelligence in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. They are entitled to no more. As far a wealth and properties are concerned, the government should have the same right to take over a building or a manufacturing plant as it has to draft a human

being. As a direct result of this universal draft plan being fostered and promoted by veterans, I am predicting that legislation of this character will actually be approved by this or the next session of Congress.

But these veterans will not be content with merely a wartime blow at profiteering. They recognize, in the existing methods and means being employed by the manufacturers of munitions, a constant menace to the peace and security of America. They demand that the threat of war be destroyed before it becomes too late. These veterans ask immediate federal control of all munitions plants. They would put these wholesalers of death and destruction out of business without waiting until the belligerents get a chance to arm themselves for war. They would prevent the promotion and instigation of wars and choke them off before their inception. They would stop the sale of arms and arrangements, in this country, in peace times, to nations that may later declare war upon the United States and use these same guns to annihilate armies of American young men.

Among the ex-service men of American we have a group of citizens whose loyalty and patriotism can never be questioned. Nobody can accuse them of being pacifists or conscientious objectors. No one can accuse them of being internationalists. No one can charge that these men, who have already demonstrated their respect for American's traditions, will deliver this country into the hands of its enemies. As leaders of the movement for world peace, this is the only group of citizens that can hope to inspire and attract the moral support and the confidence of the people as a whole.

Unfortunately, the problem of veteran welfare legislation in this country has been a political football from the very beginning. The need to overcome the injustices the truly deserving disabled veteran has suffered, as a result of this situation, has made the ex-service men of this country politically smart. And each succeeding election shows that they are rapidly becoming smarter. To hold their own, they have learned they must resort to the same political tricks, and the same organized pressure, that other groups employ to accomplish their objectives. More than one million veterans are today affiliated with the five major veteran groups. Within the not far distant future, the great majority of America's approximately four and one-half million ex-service men will be banded together as members of these various associations.

Peace will come to this country when we make it impossible for anyone to profit through the promotion of wars. We can never hope to remove the profits of war until Congress passes the necessary legislation. Congress will never adopt such legislation until the individual members of that body are told that they have to vote accordingly or sacrifice their places on the government payroll. The only one who can speak to a politician, and get any degree of attention, is the voter in his home bailiwick. If a sufficient number of these voters make their demands simultaneously. Mr. Congressman will vote to keep his job. After all, the average congress member comes from a district where are no munitions plants and he need not worry about treading on tender toes.

The five major veteran organizations in this country are well organized in every Congressional district. The ex-service men represent the one organized force that can act in this direction.

If those wealthy idealists, and peace loving philanthropists, are sincere in their desires for peace, they will abandon their fancy theories and look these facts source in the face. If they have to give money to the cause—let them spend it in cooperation with the veteran organizations whose individual members will constitute a nationwide force of personal instructors in an educational campaign for peace. By themselves, and with their relatives, veterans can influence the imposing total of at least twenty million votes, and twenty million votes will just about control any election in any man's country. When our peace advocates eventually realize and appreciate the fact that world courts, international leagues and foreign entanglements are merely institutions designed to create further controversies, they will throw these absurd ideas overboard and turn to the who brought our last war to a close to keep us from becoming involved in the next one.

Although this program is fundamentally national in scope, it has a definite relation to the peaceful security of the world as a whole. If the veterans in this country are permitted to demonstrate to the veterans of other countries how they too can lead their people away from the dangers and the havoc of war, the movement is certain to become international. The veterans of France, England and Germany have already proved that they constitute a dominant force within the confines of their own boundaries. They too will be impelled to demand federal control of munitions plants in their respective countries. And when this is accomplished, the people of the world will be closer to universal peace and brotherhood among men than the fondest dreams our most ardent pacifists have ever anticipated.

Let's Quit Kidding Ourselves (Undated)

Arecent newspaper paragraph reveals that statisticians have completed a survey of the mental capabilities of the American people and have come to the discouraging conclusion that one per cent of our population are morons. Based on a population estimate of 120 million individuals, these statistics would indicate we have well over a million morons numbered among our friends and neighbors in the United States. Personally, if this situation exists, I feel certain that this estimate most also include those who are alarmed by statistics cited in support of economic theories. That fairly sums up what I think of statistics and statisticians, and our professional economists who quote statistics to confirm the logic of their conclusions.

Every book, every magazine and every newspaper today offers a variety of causes for the depression and a thousand and one theories that are guaranteed to save the United States from complete collapse economically. The air lanes are loaded with oratorical panaceas and cure-alls. Nine out of every ten people you meet on the street can point out one hundred different weaknesses in our present economic system. At least eight out of these nine are voluble disciples of some different school of thought.

During the past few years I have traveled this country from stem to stem. As a lecturer I have addressed probably several

hundred thousands people, including those who membership in Rotary Clubs and Chambers of Commerce, as well as those who might be classed as charter members of the so-called masses. The majority of my audiences have been composed of former sliders. This means I have been speaking to a cross-section of America's citizenship, because when Uncle Sam decided to equip his male population with uniforms and markets, back in 1917, he took his recruits from the counting houses, as well as the factories.

In keeping with an insatiable desire to know what the average man's thought are on the popular questions of the day. I never passed up an opportunity that might help me in my personal survey of conditions in different sections of the country people everywhere have been grist to my mill--newspaper publishers, farmers, bank clerks, shop-keepers, cotton growers, manufacturers, and those who are working as well as those who are unemployed.

As a result of these interviews, I have reached one definite conclusion. If one percent of our population are morons, as the statisticians contend, then the remaining ninety-nine percent of our people are suffering from an epidemic of delusions that threaten to tear down the moral fibre and character of the American people, unless something happens in the near future in the form of industrial recovery.

I am not trying to solve an economic situation that is without parallel in the history of this country. But I am convinced that we will accomplish little or nothing toward the goal of preventing our economic difficulties after this depression has been put to rout until the people of this nation decide to face the facts and recognize

truths as they actually exist. Ever since 1929, when we learned to our dismay that there is nothing permanent in prosperity builded upon a synthetic foundation, we have been trying to find some get-rich-quick method of defeating the depression. We have been bombarded with hundreds of different schemes and theories, all of them designed to over-come the evils of hard times without taking into consideration the causes.

Despite all the recovery measures being ballyhooed by the Longs, Coughlins, the General Johnsons, the Townsends and the Liberals and the conservatives, of both the Democratic and Republican parties, I maintain that the major evils that exist today will never be eliminated until the American public regains its common sense and quits kidding itself in anticipation of miracles.

I wear no collegiate cap and gown, and I possess no degrees that might identify me with professional wisdom. I know practically nothing of the scientific theory of economics. My knowledge of the mysteries of monetary manipulations is confined to marine corps pay checks, my monthly domestic bills and household mortgages. In fact, it is the absence of these qualifications and these collegiate degrees that qualify me—in my opinion—to express my views on this particular subject. My vision has not been beclouded by the scientific conclusions of students whose practical experience has been confined to the perusal of ponderous tomes written by students before them.

In 1917, the total gross public debt of the United States was less than 3 billion dollars. The public debt per capita was $28.57. By 1932, the public debt had increased to nearly 20

billion dollars, with the per capita debt increased to $155.85. By the close
of the present fiscal year, federal treasury authorities state that our public debt will reach a total of approximately 30 billion dollars. It requires no economic brilliance to understand why taxes are high when our public debt is high—or vice versa.

According to all reports on November 11, 1918, Germany lost the world war. But today the per capita public debt in Germany is only $37.65 while in the United States it is $64.09. It would certainly appear from these figures the report of Germany's defeat was grossly exaggerated.

Before business conditions went hay-wire, back in 1929, our national income amounted to 90 billion dollars. With an income of 90 billion dollars, a tax bill of 10 billion dollars was no serious drain on the pocketbooks of the American people. But when that income is reduced by one-half, and our tax bill jumps to its present status of 15 billion dollars, the circumstances are something to worry about.

Fundamentally, Uncle Sam is merely the head of a household. His problems, on a larger scale, are identical with yours and mine. The moment we, as individuals, permit our expenditures to exceed our incomes, we invite grief. The average man learns from and experience that a beer income is insufficient for champagne tastes. The thrill of "keeping up with the Joneses" can only be temporary, because sooner or later the sheriff or the wolf is waiting at the doorstep. Our politicians and our economic experts may be able to cite a thousand different reasons for our present plight. They can probably likewise suggest a thousand different economic prescriptions. They can point to statistics from here to the

moon, and recite theories from now until Doomsday, but unless they recognize
that neither Uncle Sam, nor anyone else, can perform the miracle of spending more than he earns—they are wasting their ammunition with a barrage that is landing far beyond far beyond its target.

Obviously, the tremendous burden of taxation required by the federal government is the first result of a deficit in the federal treasury. Heavy taxation, far beyond the tax limits of the average individual income, creates a similar deficit in the bank accounts of the Americans people. If we can reduce taxes to the point where they should be, in proportion to our national income, we will release the brakes on the machine of national recovery and once again the wheels will turn under their own motive power.

Unfortunately, Uncle Sam is hardly in a position to reduce taxes while his overhead expenses are still soaring to the heights. The government must have funds with which to function or it faces bankruptcy. Here is the point I seek to establish. The Americans people themselves are primarily to blame for the bills Uncle Sam is forced to meet today. Back in the days of easy money, we clamored for fine roads, elaborate public buildings, improved harbors, palatial post offices, federal subsidies for the development of aeronautics, and numerous other luxuries that our fancies or whims suggested. Much to our chagrins, we have discovered that these governmental favors and services must be paid for and maintained, even though surpluses become deficits and the national income is reduced by fifty percent. In other words, we, as individual citizens, have ignored the fundamental principle that the piper always wants his pay and that there is

only one sure-fire method of keeping out of debt. Pay as you go!

The fad of the moment is to blame congress for all the ills that beset the American people. Congress, as a group, is an abstract body and any orator can direct his shafts at the House of Representatives, or the United States Senate, without much fear of reprisals. Of course, this hardly applies to public officials, because members of congress are naturally resentful of criticism coming from any other individual who is also on the public payroll.

I hold no particular brief for members of Congress, aside from the fact that they are ordinary human begins, endowed with the average amount of intelligence and the same impulses and instincts that motivate the thoughts of the average man or woman. The career of a Congress member after all, is no different than the career of any other business man. Every doctor, lawyer, professional soldier, merchant, farmer, and manufacturer is in reality a business man. Each is engaged in the business of earning a livelihood. Likewise, the art of being a politician is also a business. These men are selling their services as representatives of their constituents. If a majority of a Congress member's constituents demand that he vote favorably on a pending appropriation bill, he can either set accordingly or to be prepared to return to civilian life. There are probably a few members in congress who are situated solely by an unselfish desire to serve the nation as a whole. But the rank and file of these men, most of whom are lawyers, have practically abandoned their private enterprises and have no other major source of income aside from their salaries as either senators or representatives.

In other words, the politician is not the man to blame for our present terrific tax bill. He only favors an appropriation when he feels his supporters demand either his vote or his resignation. Politicians, including the man who hold public office in cities, countries, states—as well as those in congress—have only been doing what they have been forced to do by public sentiment and by the pressure exerted upon them by organized groups of voters. If the politician is guilty of a crime, he is guilty of doing exactly what thousands of others would do if they were in his position. He has been holding on to the only job he has.

There are those who tell us that we can never achieve progress or development—either as a nation or as individuals—until we go into debt. I might agree with this theory, to some extent, but when this debt grows beyond the proportions of reason and sound economics, the theory falls of its own weight. Progress is futile if its benefits are not permanent.

We—the people of American—must come to our sense. This is still the government of Abraham Lincoln's day—of, by and for the people. America must go forward. American will go forward. But let us go forward with the deliberate knowledge that our foothold on the ladder of progress is secure. Let us practice as a nation, the good judgment and sound business principles, that each of us must adhere to as individuals if we wish to avoid financial ruin. We can achieve this through our own efforts if we will stop to remember that we are the ones who must pay the bill and that the luxuries and benefits of progress and development will never be permanently ours until we can pay for them with the cash in hand. Let us desist

in our demands for appropriations from public funds until we have surpluses that will pay the costs.

Business and industry can never prosper under the yoke of terminal taxes. Remove this yoke and the people themselves will be freed of the one big burden that creates poverty and unemployment.

We can change, revise and modify our present system of taxation to our heart's content. Personally, I am convinced that certain changes are absolutely essential. I have always held the opinion that those who derive the most from the benefits we enjoy, under our form of government, should contribute the most toward its maintenance. To be specific, I believe in graduated income taxation, inheritance taxes, gift taxes and an adequate levy of taxes on public utilities and those large corporations that would find it impossible to build up such surpluses in any other country. In other words, those who profit the most by government preferment, aid, federal tariffs and protective legislation should contribute the most toward paying the cost of government.

In emergencies, Uncle Sam—as a private individual—should be able to mortgage his holdings or his accumulation of wealth. It is perfectly logical for Uncle Sam to borrow on his financial standing in order to weather the storm of a depression or any other economic crisis. At the same time, even during this borrowing process, Uncle Sam should take steps to pay back the money that is borrowed by tapping the great depositories of accumulated private wealth. We, as individuals, strive to leave this life without passing the burden of family debts to our children. Likewise, I believe that the federal government should conduct its economic affairs in

away that will guarantee freedom of debt for the generations to come.

My views on the subject of taxation should not be confused with those of politicians who preach “seek-the-rich” merely as a vote getting slogan. I refuse to abandon the principle that all of us, regardless of how rich or how poor we may be, are indebted to the government itself for certain benefits that all of us enjoy. Therefore, I believe that each should bear his proportionate share of the cost, based on his ability to pay and the size of his purse. And when this country is in the grip of distress, those who possess the greatest surpluses of wealth should be required to contribute the most toward wiping out existing deficits.

However, revision of our tax system will by no means bring a complete solution to America’s problem. Our troubles will still be with us if we continue to ignore the basic principles of simple economics. No man has ever acquired prosperity and comfort by spending more than he earns. It is folly for us, as individuals, to think that the federal government can accomplish such feats of magic. Ruinous taxes will continue to be the underlying cause of unemployment, and a constant drain on the resources of business and industry, as long as the people of this country ignore the feat that none of us can ever hope to get something for nothing. We, the people, must foot every bill incurred by Uncle Sam. As long as we forget this obvious feat, and until we modify our demands upon the federal government, and public officials, in keeping with our ability to pay the cost involved, we can hope for nothing but continued distress and painful deficits.

America's Veteran Problem (1936)

Peculiar though it may seem, it has taken us eighteen years to finally discover who won and lost the World War. The Allies may insist they were victorious in the "war-to-end-wars" and point to the Versailles Treaty as proof of Germany's defeat. On the contrary, Germany has ignored the Versailles agreement with an arrogance reminiscent of Hohenzollern ambitions. Under Adolph Hitler, Germany has reconstructed its war machine and today that country is as great a threat to world peace as it was prior to 1914.

In recognition of the stark, brutal truth, we are forced to admit that the World War was a source of profit only to the ammunitions makers while the soldiers—the soldiers of Germany and Austria, as well as the soldiers of England, France and the United States—are the only ones who have suffered losses that can never be repaired.

The men whom we mobilize into armies of robots, artificially imbued with a fierce desire for blood, not only lose out in the economic battle for self-preservation, but they lose step with civilization as a whole, even if they are lucky enough to come back with arms and legs intact. Men whom we train to be killers, in time of war, are never again the same individuals whom we draft from the fields, from the factories or the shops before they become human machines of war.

When war was declared on April 6, 1917, we immediately proceeded to build “murder factories,” or cantonments, in all sections
of the country. We took boys out of school, young men from behind counters and husky farm lads from the wheat fields, and placed them in the hands of professional soldier instructors in these various assembly plants. During the course of several weeks of rigorous training, we remolded these young Americans. With the tools of severe discipline, strict military supervision, soldier psychology and hate-provoking propaganda, we transformed four million lovable, easy-going American youths into grim-jawed, determined, blood-thirsty killers. They were carefully coached in the use of the bayonet and even told how to grunt and swear as they rushed at a helpless victim. Hard boiled sergeants showed these mild mannered youngsters how to withdrawn a bayonet from the body of a slain enemy with the least possible delay. A hob-nailed boot on the chest of a prostrate body, with a sharp, upward twist, they were told, would do the trick with neatness and dispatch.

With the aid of liberty Bond orators, especially trained war department speakers and specialists in propaganda, we filled the minds of these young men with a loathing for the enemy. By the time they reached the front lines in France, after night long hikes and hungry marches in the rain and of Flanders, they knew the world was mad and they want mad with it. Then came the weary days and nights of scuttling back and forth in rain-filled trenches, sleeping in the slime and the muck of rat-infested dugouts, the constant fear of either a barrage from their own guns, or the guns of the enemy, ceaseless bombardments and deadly gas. Numbed with fright,

their ears deafened by the constant roar of big guns, their nerves wrecked by the shock and concussion of exploding shells, these men caught in the cauldron of war, lost their youth almost over night.

Finally, the Armistice brought this havoc to a conclusion. Man had spent his wrath and his strength. Even the professional soldiers who had lived their entire lives as disciples of the war gods were disheartened and soul weary.

We brought these men back to America and shipped them to the cantonments nearest their homes. In less than sixty seconds after they received their final discharge, we again regarded them as civilians. Although they were given intensive training in the art of becoming killers, we gave them no help or training in their readjustment, mentally and psychologically, to the ways of peace. All too abruptly, Uncle Sam gave each of them an honorable discharge and a railroad ticket. We sent them back to their parents, and their loved ones, still dazed and numbed by the horror and chaos of war. There were no orators, no lecturers, no psychologists nor philosophers to help these men understand the transformation that had taken place within themselves, or the changes wrought by the war upon society as a whole. The vast majority of those who made up our armed forces, literacy tests revealed, were mentally incapable of making this diagnosis for themselves. They were young, provincial, unsophisticated and unsuspecting when they were taken from their homes. While they were gone they learned only one thing—the lust for blood.

International bankers may have lost their investments, nations may have lost territories, great military figures may have lost

their prestige, and civilians, of both the Allied countries and Germany, may have lost some sleep. But the man who battled with
the elements at sea, or crept forward on their stomachs under a hail of bullets, suffered the only irreparable losses that wars create when they sacrificed their bodies, their normal outlook on life and their youth.

Today we have more than a hundred government hospitals filled to capacity with those lads we sent back to civilian life following the Armistice. They are no longer boys in years but of the average age of 45. Mentally and physically, the great majority of them might as well be 60 and 70. Approximately 350,000 World War veterans are receiving help and care from the federal government in the form of compensation for disabilities that have interfered with complete rehabilitation. These men, however, compose only a small percentage of those two million overseas veterans whose shattered bodies and wrecked nervous systems are constant reminders of the experiences they underwent eighteen years ago. In addition to those drawing so-called pensions, there are more than 500,000 World War veterans suffering from disabilities that are either directly or indirectly traceable to their services in the A.E.F. but for whom the federal government has neither a sympathetic care nor a helping hand. This total is augmented as the passing years rob other veterans of their powers of resistance to disease and neurotic ailments.

Immediately following the World War, the federal government discovered it was necessary to adopt certain rules and regulations in dealing with the disability problems of four million veterans. These rules and regulations, embodying certain general principles, have been applied to World War

veterans as a whole and without regard to the individual veteran's type or length of service.

In the beginning, Uncle Sam decreed that every veteran entitled to disability compensation would have to prove, beyond a reasonable doubt, through Army records and affidavits, that his disability was directly the result of his service. Officials responsible for these regulations undoubtedly felt the treasury of the United Status demanded such safeguards against fraud and deception. To a degree, they were right. Among four million human beings, it is only natural that a certain percentage will possess knavish instincts and cheating impulses. This holds true if these four million human beings are soldiers, bankers, lawyers, farmers,doctors or even ministers of the gospel. Segregate four million people in any section of the United Status and you are certain to find a similar percentage of thieves and forgers, murderers and crooks, income tax evaders and grafting public officials.

In applying these strict rules and regulations to a group of men who were suddenly taken from their homes, crowded into the holds of ocean-going ships and rushed across the seas to a foreign country, where they were told to kill or be killed, there are certainly some grounds for tolerance and understanding, even at the sacrifice if economy. For about two years, our government naturally showed a desire in this direction. In 1930, Congress enacted a law known as the "Disability Compensation Act." It was created for the aid and assistance of World War veterans unable to provide legal proof and testimony that would convince the federal government their disabilities were actually incurred while in the service. Those who conceived this humane act recognised that the bookkeeping facilities of the A.E.F. were far from

perfect, that the A.E.F. was primarily concerned with winning the war and
not with the maintenance of records and that the individual veteran was not to be blamed for the inefficiency of former plumbers, or cowboys, or butchers acting as company adjutants or field clerks. They recognized the fact that Companies and Divisions were moved from one point to another under cover of darkness. They recalled that sometimes for days these men were out of touch even with their food kitchens, and their munition supplies, to any nothing of their bookkeeping equipment.

This law also took into consideration the fact that thousands of veterans suffered from hunger and exposure,in the cold and in the rain, in a way that left no immediate marks on their bodies. Any number of front line veterans will testify that they were not always warned of the presence of gas. The poisonous gasses let loose by the Germans had a vicious habit of seeking low places. Many a doughboy suddenly jumped for cover and protestion into the pit of a shell hole, only to find it choked with gas, deadly in effect. At times these men caught only a whiff of these vaporous poisons—not enough to overcome them completely or force them to seek first aid. Instead, they sputtered and coughed, and kept on fighting. Many a veteran even refused to confess to a touch of gas for fear his comrades might question his courage, or suspect him of building up an alibi that might take him to safety in the rear. Others feared a trip to a field hospital would mean separation from the payroll and buddies who provided the last human link with what was left of civilization. Every A.E.F. veteran will recall the loneliness and hardships of soldiers who became annals, attached to strange outfits and perhaps forever separated from their own organized units.

Back in 1917 and 1918, the man of the A.E.F. were healthy, vigorous and in the prime of life. If they came through a skirmish with their limbs in place, they felt sure their stamina would help them overcome the dangers of infection in a slight shrapnel wound or a whiff of gas. They preferred to beg for a dab of iodine, or a couple of C.C. pills, rather than risk losing the companionship of their own comrades.

None of these youths ever suspected that advancing years would weaken resistance powers to shattered nerves or weakened lungs. If they did, it never occurred to them that Uncle Sam would some day say, "There is nothing on your service record to support your claim. We have no legal evidence, and no witnesses, to prove you inhaled this gas, or this growing infection in your leg is an old shrapnel wound."

None of Uncle Sam's doughboys ever thought that he would have to have a group of eye-witnesses to testify they saw him lying for hours in a rain-filled shell hole while doing patrol duty; none of Uncle Sam's doughboys,during the bombardment of Verdun, or in the midst of the Argonne slaughter, ever paused to reflect on the necessity of having a personal audience or a camera to observe every act he performed, although the heaviest fighting usually took place in pitch darkness and it was worth a court-martial even to light a cigarette.

The law that took all these facts into consideration, the Disability Compensation Act, lived less than three years. It became effective in 1930 and in 1933, was repealed by the so-called Economy Act, designed to "maintain the credit of the nation." With one stroke of the pen, our lawmakers suddenly decided that 500,000

World War veterans, suffering from disabilities that made it impossible for them to work even if they could find employment, would have to shift for themselves. At that particular time, the country was in the grip of a sudden hysterical demand for economy. In response to this clamor, the politicians decided that political shrewness required action. They armed the budget up one side and down the other, searching for an expenditure that could be eliminated and still only antagonize that group which represented the smallest organised band of voters. They picked on the veteran.

Despite all the predictions of panic and calamities, the reduction in veteran expenditures was the only major step taken to reduce the costs of the federal government. As soon as this was accomplished, the fad for economy became unpopular and was forgotten by the politicians. On the contrary, they immediately launched upon a spending spree that would put the traditional drunken sailor to shame. For example, we threw 500,000 veterans, each of them disabled physically, into the streets and took away their compensation, ranging from $12 to $40 a month. We turned around and created the Civilian Conservation Corps, with jobs for 300,000 boys and young men, for a flat wage of $30 a month. We repudiated the man who was physically unable to take care of himself, and who had proved by actual service his right to expect a favor from the federal government. We took to our hearts, and to our pocketbooks, the young and physically able individual whose only claim for favorable consideration from Uncle Sam was the fact that he happened to be living within the confines of the United States.

The circumstances that made the Disability Compensation Act both logical and humane were by no means repealed when the law itself was wiped from the statutes. Those sames circumstances exist today in even a greater degree. Because of these conditions, the American people may just as well resign themselves to the fact now that sooner or later we must have a general pension act that will provide care and compensation for World War veterans suffering from disabilities that make it impossible for these man to take care of themselves.

This World War veterans pension act is inevitable. Its advent is as certain as the dawn of tomorrow. The politicians who prefer to confine federal expenditures to appropriations that can be divided among their campaign contributors, can howl as they please. The United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Economy League, the Manufacturers Association, the American Liberty League, and the many other groups that are anxious to keep down federal expenditures in order to keep income taxes at a minimum, know that the demand for a World War pension act is on the horizon. Down in their hearts they also know,despite all the opposition they may be able to promote, that a World War pension act will eventually be enacted.

That group of industrial leaders, bankers, and others commonly regarded as representative of “big business,” the individuals who compose the memberships of the organizations named above, are fiercely opposed to a World War pension act because the burden of cost naturally be met through taxation.Uncle Sam derives the major portion of his revenue through income taxes. Every step

to increase governmental expenses is a threatened increase in income taxes.

Big Business insists the federal government is not responsible for the care and welfare of America's disabled veterans and these men must either care for themselves, or depend upon the charity they can get from relatives, or their local communities. With the hope of protecting themselves against an increase in income taxes, those who oppose the suggestion of a World War pension prefer to discredit the veteran, his sacrifices and the services he rendered to the nation in time of war by castigating him as a "treasury raider" and a "parasite upon the body politic."

When congress eventually enacts a World War pension act, the responsibility of veteran welfare will be placed upon the shoulders of the federal government where it properly belongs. These men were drafted for the protection of the nation as a whole—and not to defend the boundary lines of any particular township, city or state. It therefore becomes the duty of the nation, as a whole, to share the costs of war and the care of its disabled soldiers. This is not only a moral obligation. It is a sound so economic policy that divides the burden of cost between all taxpayers in all sections of the country. It is neither fair, nor equitable, to force any one particular state,and its citizens, to assume the major burden of this expense.

In the eighteen years since the Armistice, World War veterans have moved from one state to another, seeking climatic conditions that are best suited to their health. In the southwest alone, thousands of veterans from other sections of the

country have settled to live in the only climate that offers relief from tubercular afflictions.
There is no reason why the tax-paying citizens of Arizona and New Mexico should be forced to assume the responsibility for disabled veterans who have moved to their states from every other part of the country. After having lived for years, and paid taxes, in Pennsylvania or New York, thousands of veterans have moved to other states in search of employment,or for some other reason. The same condition holds true in every corner of the country. As a result, one state may have a large veteran population while a neighboring state may have comparatively few.

There is one inescapable fate in the aftermath of every war. The bill must be paid. It is inevitable that the people themselves must pay that bill. This expense may be met either directly or indirectly through federal state or local taxation or charity. We have not yet reached that stage in America where people are left to die or suffer in the streets. If disabled veterans are unable to get help from the federal government, they will be forced to turn to local agencies. Nevertheless, the people will pay. If these veterans are left to charity, the care of veteran organizations, the American Red Cross, county and state poor farms and hospitals—the burden of cost still rests upon the individual citizen. However, unless this cost is shared by every taxpayer in the country, we saddle the expense upon the shoulders of a few, within the confines of certain countries and states. By dividing this cost between taxpayer's as a whole, the proportionate share of each taxpayer's contribution will be that much smaller. This deduction involves no mysterious arithmetical computations and no complicated theories. The problem is national in

scope. The solution is simple. The sooner this fact is accepted by the American people at large, the more
quickly will we be able to dispose of our disabled veteran problem and definitely remove it from the field of politics.

Under existing conditions, and even after we have given our disabled veterans the consideration they deserve, the soldiers who took part in the world war will still be the only real losers in that unforgettable conflict between nations.

Government Aid for Veterans (Undated)

Well, if you boys haven't taken the wind out of my sails! I'm telling you—I'm a changed man. "Gimlet-eye!" "Stormy petrel!" Me? Huh—I'm a cooling dove—I'm a woolly lamb that's forgotten how to say baa-a. I'm going around these days with a smile stretched across my face from ear to ear.

Because why? Because you boys are yourselves again, that's why! And is it good to have you back? Why, doggone it, you've got me all sentimental. Just a few months ago I thought you'd all gone forever. I couldn't seem to find a single trace of the boys I used to know. I thought they'd all gone and changed into a lot of dummies standing around with "Kick me" signs pinned to their coat tails. Oh, I heard 'em whining some, and here and there were still a few that stood up and talked like men, but most of 'em were just so many silly geese. They acted like they were out to show they "could take it!" Who wants a soldier who only knows how to "take it?" What does it prove? A straw dummy in bayonet drill can take a lot of punishment, too, so that's nothing to brag about.

But there, I'm not mad. I still get a little hot around the collar when I think of the miseries and injustices and rotten discriminations you have been up against for years—and I haven't forgotten that we've still some distance to travel—but on the whole I'm mighty well pleased with the way you boys

have gotten together and backed your enemies up against the ropes.

You see, I'd just about give up all hope. I honestly thought you blessed dim-wits had forgotten how to fight. All I could see was you taking punches—punches on the chin, punches that had you groggy. And that damn near had me delirious! Here I was, going around yelling my head off at you, and thought you didn't even hear me. Congress and Wall Street, and our leading "financial geniuses," whatever they are, and the Economy League and a lot of stuffed shirts who strut on the millions of dollars their crooked old grand-dads sold their souls to the devil to get, were calling you names and kicking you downstairs and blaming you for everything from the price of wheat to the last California earth-quake—and you were taking it. First, you let them use you. I don't blame you for that. I've been doing the same thing all my life and I don't know yet how it can be helped.

It's pretty easy to be "against war." Who isn't? Except, of course, the munitions manufacturers and the ghouls who are only too glad to translate human lives and blood and all the other hideous penalties of war into terms of personal profit. But being "against war" doesn't do us much good when war is once declared. It's only a very ignorant person or a fanatic who believes that individual opposition to war, or individual refusal to participate in war, can do away with war. If every man, woman, and child in the United States refused to have anything to do with active participation in war, that still wouldn't affect the causes of war which are international hatred, nation ambition and envy, and racial differences and economic rivalries.

No, the world being what it is, and human nature being what it is, you can't do away with war merely by recognizing war's bitter
futility. Once this country is in a state of war, there isn't anything for you and me and every other red-blooded man in the United States to do except to try our best to make it as short as possible. Secretary of War Dern recently made a fine, intelligent speech in which he said that it isn't the Army that causes war—people cause war and the Army stops it. He's right and only a shallow, superficial, half-naked mind could think otherwise.

But I'm getting away from my subject. I was saying that solders and sailors and marines do the dirtiest and most dangerous jobs in the country when they're called upon. It isn't that we like to kill. We don't really enjoy handling the gun or the bayonet that sends a human soul out into the great unknown, we don't prefer army rations to any other food we ever ate, and most of us have better beds at home than we get in the trenches or in No Man's Land. No—you know and I know—and anyone with a grain of sense should know that men fight wars because there are wars to fight and because, as men, there isn't anything we can do except fight. It's our job. It's any man's job to fight when his country is at war.

But the thing that burns me up is the way governments and people change once a war is over. Yesterday's heroes become today's blackguards, treasury raiders, snipers behind the lines, and everything else down to and including yellow dogs. A man sacrifices his job, his wife and children, his health and his happiness, and then, when he's down and out, sick, perhaps maimed, if he so much as asks his country to give him enough medicine to keep from dying, enough food to

keep from starving, and enough money tob pay for a roof over his head, millions of our "best people"—meaning
the richest and stingiest—and bankers and newspaper editors and big income tax-payers, raise their voices to heaven in loud, long yells of protest and rage.

And there was a time not so long ago when you boys actually seemed to be letting them get away with it. They took away your hospital benefits, they took away your disability compensations. They let you go jobless and hungry, they demanded impossible proof of the service connection of your injuries and illnesses, and they blamed you for everything that was wrong anywhere in this whole country. And it seemed to me that you began to actually believe it yourselves. You wouldn't get together. You squabbled among yourselves. You couldn't get far enough away from your own personal viewpoints to see the thing as a whole. You wouldn't coordinate—you couldn't cooperate. You just sat and whined and waited for somebody else to fight your battles for you.

At least, that's how it seemed to me. But glory be, you came to life! For you did get together and you did act and you did get somewhere, didn't you? I've been in and out of Washington quite a lot there last few months. I've been able to watch what your Commander-in-Chief and your legislative committee have been doing. I've followed the militant, unceasing battle that Foreign Service has been making for the V.F.W. legislative program and policies. I've been tickled to death with them all but—I'm even more delighted with the way you veterans have backed up your leaders. You've done what had to be done—you told Congress—told 'em through Jimmy Van Zandt and George Brobeok—told 'em with thousands upon thousands of personal letters and

telegrams. Told ‘em with your mass meetings, and your veterans’ rallies and through the newspapers you’ve taught to see the light! And it worked!

Congress didn’t pass the Independent Offices Appropriation bill over the Presidential veto just because they were tired of being good, obedient little boys. They didn’t upset Mr. Roosevelt’s nice little apple-cart just to hear the crash. Congress passed that bill because you veterans and your organizations told ‘em to—literally. You told ‘em why and you told ‘em how. You have some good loyal friends in Congress. With their assistance, and the weight of your own united, single-purposed thought and effort, you put over a real concession in veteran legislation.

Every Spanish-American War veteran—every blind World War veteran—every one of those 29,000 totally disabled presumptive cases whose names have been restored to the government pension rolls by the Independent Offices Appropriation bill, have the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States to thank for that fact. It’s no secret that another veterans’ organization, whose name I need not mention because you know it as well as I do, did what the V.F.W. refused to do. They compromised! They went so far as to tell Congress that they were sure the President would sign the bill if it included the compromise measures—75 instead of 100 percent restoration of outs. They must have felt plenty silly when Congress believed ‘em and accepted the amendments and then President Roosevelt vetoed it anyway. And they must have felt even sillier when Congress passed that bill over the veto by such a huge majority that it was perfectly evident the bill would have been safe—amendments or no amendments.

At this time of writing, nobody knows what's going to happen to H. R. I, the "bonus" bill. No one can even guess. A lot of editorial writers and other bright boys guessed on the other and they guessed wrong. Lots of people were plenty surprised when H. R. I was passed by 295 to 125 votes in the House. By the time these word are in print, the immediate cash payment of adjusted service certificates may be a closed issue for this Congressional session. It may pass the Senate. If it does, the President's pretty sure to veto it, as you all know. If he does, I think it still has a mighty good chance of being passed over his veto. The first and greatest hurdle it must jump is the Senate vote.

In the meantime, you and I—and every other soldier and veteran in the United States, must keep on working and fighting and pulling together. Even with the Independent Offices Appropriation act, even if the bonus bill passes, we must not forget for one moment that there are still 500,000 sick and disable veterans in this country of ours who have been completely eliminated from the federal pension rolls. We must not forget that these men are just as much the victims of war as the men who lost their lives on the battlefields of France. We must not forget that we—you and I and the V.F.W. and veterans in general—must stand together between those 500,000 men and death—between them and their families and starvation or charity.

Men, this war ain't over yet. I've a mighty strong suspicion that this fight is a permanent fight. We've not only got to keep the veterans' welfare legislation we already have, but we've got to go and get more. We can't stop until every disabled veteran in this United States is being cared for by his country as he ought to

be cared for. We can't stop until every heart-broken widow and orphan of a veteran is being given at least a decent living and a chance to live.

If there's anything under heaven that makes me jump up and down and howl with rage, it's the way the United States of America is treating the wives and children of the fine-husky, brave lads and men who died in its honor and defense.

"Thirty dollars a month," we tell these sad-eyed women. "We broke your heart and took away the men you loved and robbed your children of their fathers' love and care, so in return, and by way of cancelling our debt to you and yours, here's $30 a month for yourself and $6 or $8 each for your minor children."

Isn't that big-hearted?

No sir, let me tell you something. As long as there are wars—which means as long as human nature endures; as long as there is human pride and selfishness, and the age-old death-struggle between right and might—just so long will honest, decent, civilized men and women have to fight the forces of greed and power and wealth and man's natural sinfulness.

And just so long will soldiers have to fight their own as well as their country's battles. If there's one thing the last year should have taught us, it is that legislation is never a permanent quantity. Just when it gets to the place where this country is doing the decent, fair, honorable thing by the men whose service and sacrifice have made this country what it is,—a new Congress will convene and start meddling with the

statute books. They pick on the laws having to do with government aid for veterans.

The Chip on Uncle Sam's Shoulder

as told to
Barney Yanofsky (Undated)

If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire.—Matthew xviii, 9.

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I refuse to accept the theory that war is inevitable.

I believe it is stupid to assume that men must fight periodically as an outlet for pent-up hatreds and jealousies. I am not convinced the Creator gives his benign blessing to war as a means of ridding the world of its surplus population.

I find it impossible to agree with militarists who preach the necessity of massive armaments in order to preserve peace. Nor do I have much patience with the pacifist who pretends to believe he can free the world from the scourge of war if people will simply refuse to bear arms under any circumstances.

There are three classes of militarists in America. The first class includes the brass hats in the active military service,

These men are naturally anxious to perpetuate their careers in the profession they have chosen. Expansion of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps automatically increases the prospect of promotions. In the regular service, the buck private aspires to the chevrons of a corporal, no corporal is happy until he becomes a sergeant, the sergeant is unhappy until he becomes a commissioned officer; the "second looie" yearns for bars of silver; the first lieutenant craves the double
bars of a captain; the captain visualizes himself as a major; the major pines for the status of a colonel, and so on up the ladder of military success and bigger pay envelopes.

The second class of militarists in this country is composed of bankers who specialize in foreign investments, owners of ships that travel the high seas, exporters who make their profits through world trade, the makers of munitions and those who deal in commodities the government always needs in tremendous quantities when it goes to war, such as cotton, oil and wheat. All of these have exclusively selfish objectives in view, and they want Uncle Sam ton have the biggest Army and the biggest Navy in the world to preserve their profits.

The third group of militarists in this country represents honest and sincere patriotic citizens of the type who believe all they are told—without stopping to analyze the motives of the tellers. They are ordinary citizens whose homes are their most cherished possessions. Clever propaganda has convinced these misguided people that the lack of a huge national defense program is a direct threat to their individual homes. These people are convinced an enemy army in apt to swoop down on them any moment, set fire to their homes, murder their children and rape their women if Uncle Sam is unable to

send a powerful fleet of battleships to the harbor of Timbuctoo, on the other side of the world.

Just as some people have adopted the custom of shouting for the biggest Army and Navy in the world, as a profession, others have taken up the practice of preaching pacifism as a career. I have no sympathy with this group because it is content merely with preaching abstract theories that mean less than nothing to
the honest soul who wants to work for peaces but doesn't know what to do or how to do it.

Compared to the professional militarist, the ultimate gaol of the sincere pacifist is more praiseworthy and righteous when he pleads wistfully for world peace. My condemnation of the pacifist is confined to those of his kind who make a personal profit through the dissemination of impractical philosophies that ignore the human element in the causes of war for fear of offending the sources of their contributions. I will never be convinced of the sincerity of these who profess a desire for peace for America, and the world, until they show gumption enough to go after these goals with the same practical methods a politician adopts to gain his objectives, or a shrewd business man employs in the promotion of his profits.

If America hopes to force the idea of peace down the throats of other peoples, we must first demonstrate we can keep ourselves out of war. The dove of peace may seem to be hovering over the tables of international peaces conferences and discussions. But when diplomats, statesmen and politicians are gathered around those tables you can be sure the dove of peace is only a vulture in disguise.

Every international peace conference that has ever bean held with the purpose of preserving the powerful relations of the major powers of the world has been a complete failure. They have failed because those who participate in these parleys are present only to map guarantees of protection for their mutual possessions and sources of revenue. They are profit-minded and not peace-minded. The subject of peace is only a smoke screen to shield their cagey maneuvers in the fields of diplomacy and international
intrigue. Their peace pacts have been splendid instruments of harmony—until somebody started a war.

Stripped of all camouflage, competition for world trade stands out as the cause of nearly every major war in the history of the United States and the world at large.

In the term "world trade" I refer to international financial loans and credits, and the purchase of foreign bonds by investors, as well as the buying and selling of ordinary merchandise and commodities.

Those who framed our Constitution were not unmindful of the profits to be made through trade with other countries. The story of the Colonies discloses that friction with England, the mother country, was first aggravated over the subject of free trade and the right of the Colonists to sell their wares to customers outside the British Empire.

Back in 1775, America was desperately in need of the profits to be made from trading with the East Indies and European countries. In those days the sustenance of the Colonies depended upon our exchange of goods with other countries. Our forebears were still struggling with a wilderness, leasing

in machinery and equipment that could produce many of the necessities of life and ordinary comforts.

But even in those days we had prominent citizens who were amassing great fortunes as merchants and ship owner who were profiting from business negotiations abroad. You will find the names of some of these individuals who were engaged in this profitable business affixed to the Declaration of Independence at the time of its adoption.

This was the are in which America adopted the policy that demands "freedom of the seas"—a phrase that was partially responsible for the Revolutionary War, and for every war the United States has had since them with another country. This "freedom of the seas" policy has been the chip on Uncle Sam's shoulder ever since we found out we could lick even the British Empire if our shores are invaded.

Since 1775, America has witnessed a tremendous rise and fall in its fight for world trade, Recent years have given birth to great strides of progress in other countries. The spread of education and enlightenment, the adoption of modern business methods, machinery and equipment designed to create volume production, has forced America to share its world trade business with other nations. Alarmed by their dependence upon America, these countries have contrived to make themselves nearly independent of commodities they formerly purchased from the United States. Others have adopted American business tricks in order to compete with and undersell Uncle Sam.

The losses the United States has suffered in the field of world trade leave this country today a favorable trade balance of

insignificant proportions. In 1937 we are exporting less than 10 percent of all we produce in the United States. In 1929, just before we felt the full effects of the depression, the value of our merchandise exports amounted to more than five billion dollars. In 1934, our merchandise exports dropped in value to hardly more than two billion dollars. In 1954, our merchandise exports dropped in value to hardly more than two billion dollars. In 1929, the value of our imports was approximately four and one-half billion dollars and,
three years later, it amounted to about one and one-half billion dollars. Over a period of years our favorable trade balance has not amounted to more than approximately one-half billion dollars annually.

In 1917, when our export business was nearly four times as great as it was in 1910, four years before the World War started in Europe, our exports were worth approximately six billion dollars and our imports nearly three billion dollars.

In 1910, we had a favorable trade balance worth about 279 million dollars, which is indicative of the value of our world trade in years unaffected by war or economic depression.

For the sake of argument, let us assume that three billion dollars worth of world trade was at stake in 1917 when Germany's submarines threatened to throttle America's foreign trade and take possession of the highways of the seven seas for the Fatherland in the event of a German victory.

To save three billion dollars worth of world trade, plus the money invested in European securities, we jumped into a war which experts say to date has cost us at least fifty billion

dollars in money alone, to say nothing of the lives that have been ruined or lost.

We will still be paying for the World War for a generation or two to some and the final bill will probably amount to at least 100 billion dollars. All this sacrifice in dollars alone to protect a normal favorable trade balance of not more than one-half billion dollars and our "freedom of the seas" policy.

America must face the cold brutal facts. The people must eventually decide whether or if we want to sacrifice our manhood
on the field of battle, and struggle under the load of taxation that is created by wars, merely to save the business enterprises and profits of a handful of our citizens.

World conditions have reached the point that forces America to lock elsewhere for revenues than the loan profits available in world trade. We can no longer hope to compete with countries in the Orient, and in Europe, where people will labor at back-breaking jobs for a mere pittance. Cheap labor costs in Europe, and in the Far East, are making it possible for our competitors in world trade to undersell the American manufacturer and merchant. South America can buy, from Japan or Europe, commodities at a price delivered to its own door step far more cheaply than the American manufacturer can sell these same commodities F.O.B. his own factory.

There is nothing we can do about this situation unless we want to make peasants and slaves of the American working man, unless we want to destroy our high standard of living conditions in the United States, and renounce those principles

of social justice we have adopted in order to place the American masses on a comparatively decent living plane.

I am sure this thought is repulsive to the average American. The very suggestion we should reduce our standard of living in this country, in order to bid for world trade on equal terms with our competitors, is repugnant to every clear thinking, fair-minded, patriotic American citizen.

With the realization this change in world trade conditions no longer justifies an international policy that commits us to war if a foreign power, involved in a war with some other country, interferes with our shipping, we should be ready to abandon that relic of the ancient past—our freedom of the seas policy. There is no longer either an economic or on humanitarian reason why this "sacred cow" of American traditions should not be led to the butcher's block.

Here then is the battleground for the militarist who insists he is only interested in preserving the peace and the pacifist who proclaims his desire to spread the doctrine of brotherly love.

The constitution of the United States provides legal methods and means for any changes the people may so fit to make in its intents or purposes.

If the sincere workers for peace will mobilize their forces in every community just as the practical politician does in every precinct, the legislators in every state will be quick to approve the necessary amendment to the Constitution of the United States. When a sufficient number of states approve this amendment to strike the "freedom of the seas" policy from

the Constitution of the United States, the United States Congress will act accordingly.

The legislators in the individual state legislatures, and members of the House of Representatives and the United States Senate, will respond to the will of the voters because the voters are their source of bread-and-butter.

Those who honestly crave to keep America at peace must organize their adherents in every Congressional District. They must confine their activities to this one particular objective, untainted and unhampered by partisan politics, and both major political parties will eventually see the handwriting on the wall.

If the preachers, the teachers, the editors and the orators who clamor for world peace will lend their efforts to this movement to keep America at peace, must organize their adherents in every Congressional District. They must confine their activities to this one particular objective, untainted and unhampered by partisan politics, and both major political parties will eventually see the handwriting on the wall.

If the preachers, the teachers, the editors and the orators who clamor for world peace will lend their efforts to this movement to keep America at peace, then the ultimate objective of international harmony is not a vain delusion.

Under this proposed amendment, we can retain our world trade—or what is left of it—without loss in times of pence. If a war should break out between two foreign countries, the private owners of American ships will know they sail the high seas at their own peril.

If they land their ships for the transport of cargoes consigned to one of the belligerents, they will know the loss is exclusively theirs and that Uncle Sam is not obligated to go to war in their defense. We need never deny the sale of our commodities to any country that wants to buy these commodities on the docks of an American seaport. Admittedly, the situation is unfortunate for the small power that lacks adequate shipping facilities. But war and the wholesale slaughter of Americans on the field of battle would be extremely unfortunate for the United States.

The banker or industrialist who still wants to invest his stockholders' money in foreign enterprise can continue to do so. But he
will know beforehand that no A.E.F. will be created to protect his overseas investments when war breaks out.

The politician tells us this method of avoiding war will never be effective because the farmer, the cotton grower, the oil field worker and others will raise a storm of protest if denied the opportunity of profiting from high prices for their products in times of war. I grant this situation creates a difficult problem but it is not impossible of solution. The stabilization of marketing condition with steps to eliminate the "lean years" would help stamp out the cry for war-time profits. Moreover, America can consume all that it produces if all of its citizens are granted opportunities for a decent livelihood and the nation's wealth is more fairly distributed among our under-privileged, underfed and underclothed millions.

War is a cancerous infection. Like cancer it can be stamped out if treatment is timely. The doctor who wants to stamp out

an infection will first seek the cause of irritation. When the irritation is stopped, the infection itself ceases to spread.

Let us be the first to admit to the world that our greed for profits through world trade is an irritation to war we intend to remove. Let us resolve that henceforth the United States—as a nation—will confine the strength of its military forces strictly to protection against any invasion that threatens America—not merely to preserve the rights of the privileged few who make money in world trade—but the rights and the welfare, the happiness and the homes of all our citizens.

War Is a Racket (Draft)

1. WAR IS A RACKET

2. WHO MAKES THE PROFITS?

3. WHO PAYS THE BILLS?

4. HOW TO SMASH THE RACKET.

5. DISARMAMENT AND DEFENSE.

6. TABULATION OF WAR DEAD AND INJURED
   WAR COSTS BY NATIONS
   COST OF KILLING MEN
   COST OF WOUNDING MEN
   PROFITS MADE IN WAR

Another necessary step is a plebiscite before war can be declared. A plebiscite — one of all the voters, not a plebiscite of those who could be called upon to do the fighting and the dying. There wouldn't be very much sense in having the 19 year old president of the chemical factory or the film-producer, semi-aged head of a garment factory who based to join a military contract in war, voting on whether the boys should go to war or not. They would never be called upon to carry a rifle. So, though it's tough to be the start as we do not start — no, only those who could be and are going to stay behind should have the privilege of voting on whether the young should go to war, but there is equal punishment for penalizing the voting to those affected. Many of our states limit their citizens in the voting. In most, it is necessary to be able to read and write if you wish to vote. In some you must own property. It would become a simple matter such as for the sum of military age to explain we may not be the ones fighting the World War, and to be physically examined and those who could pass and who would be called upon in any conscription to have such would be eligible

To end or reduce the possibility of war, two general ideas have been advanced.

The nationalization of arms and total disarmament.

The Nye Senate investigation into the munitions industries in the U S has as its objective the arousing of public opinion to the extent of the nationalization in the U S of munitions and armaments.

While the revelations and accusations developed at these hearings have put the onus that war is a racket and a mighty profitable one -- the nationalization of arms and munitions will not tend to decrease the possibility of war - at least not to any appreciable extent. The manufacturers of munitions and armament are not the only ones who find war a profitable racket. As a matter of fact of the $50,000,000,000 that America's participation in the World War cost our citizens only [illegible] went to the manufacturers of arms and munitions. The rest profits on their war [illegible] this is -- you, and you, and you -- paid for our participation in the war, went to the great bankers, the officers and many of the workers in almost every industry in our land.

Barney figures here.

Disarmament along the lines that disarmament has been persisted since the World War, would not lessen the chance of war -- in fact it would increase it. For disarmament, so far, has consisted of what has come to be known as "disarmament by example."

to vote in a National plebescite. They should be the ones to have the power to decide, and not a Congress, few of whose members are within the age limit, and fewer still in physical condition to pass the requirements.

A third step is to make certain that our military forces are truly forces of defense only.

The ships of our Navy, for instance, should be specifically limited to within 200 miles of our coastline. That is ample, in the opinion of our Naval experts, for defense purposes. Our Nation cannot start an offensive war if its ships cannot go further than 200 miles from its coastline. Our planes might be given a little more territory for purposes of reconnaissance, say 500 miles from the coast. The Army should never leave the territorial limits of our Nation.

Only those who must suffer shall have the right to vote. We are suffering in the U S to any great extent during the World War except the soldiers, and of course their immediate kin in the form of worry, etc. Yes, we didn't have as much sugar as we wanted, although we grew more sugar than ever before and we had our wheatless days, although we grew more wheat than

ever before and we grew more and more fat and lazy than ever before, but there was no suffering here. There was enough food to go around to all the civilians and what happened to all the surplus food that was given for the soldiers? And food which was saved on our various rationing, sugarless, meatless days? Why, you say, it was sent to feed the soldiers. Well, it never got there. Because the soldiers were always hungry. They lived on half rations all the time. So now that anyone that piled up in these great warehouses out West and in these granaries during the War years that was due to the action of the agricultural bright that has accompanied our farms from that day to this. This surplus hung over the human like a kind of the Damocles and kept prices down and made necessary those numerous ill-fated agricultural legislations contrived by administration after administration.

There is no use saying that we can't be pushed into another war. If we recall ~~[illegible]~~ Woodrow Wilson was re-elected President in 1916 on the platform that he had kept us out of war and on the implied promise that he would keep us out of war. Yet, five months later he asked Congress (and Congress did) to declare war on Germany. The people, in that five months' period had not been asked whether they had changed their minds about war. The 4,000,000 young men who got on uniforms and marched up or sailed away were not asked whether they wanted to go forth to suffer and die. What caused our Government to suddenly change its mind?

The truth is not generally known.

It is known that Lord Balfour, of England, representing the allied cause visited our shores shortly before that war declaration and among other things called upon the President, and a group of advisors Mr. Wilson had summoned to listen to Mr. Balfour.

Divorced of its diplomatic language, this is what

Mr. Baldwin told the President and the nation:

"There is no one blaming anybody any longer. The

nature of the billion is left. If we can get American Bankers,

American Municipal securities, American speculators, American

insurance and other war profiteers, give us six billion dollars.

As we have not stolen the help of the U S A we don't

have, we, England and France and Italy cannot pay this money

back to us and Germany won't. So....

But money has outlawed so far as any one capitalist

nation examined and but the press was invited to be present

at this interview and were the radio then available, the words

of this distinguished visitor would have been heard in every

home, America would not have entered the war. But this, as

most war news was stopped. On the contrary, not a

public expression was given in the White House as to the purport

of Lord Balfour's visit.

All money should be eliminated from diplomacy. Diplomats, as much as anyone else, with their little intrigues help to foment war. If all the utterances and all the terms and all the conditions in which the representatives of the Government partake should be broadcast over the radio, that cold blooded manner in which lives are staked for dollars would vanish. And where there are no dollars, there are no wars.

Propaganda is essential to war. Ask it prove the way. By means of propaganda the people are aroused. They are made to feel that war is necessary to their home, to their security. Capital, quite not necessarily controlling the media of propaganda, is able to direct it.

Propaganda, for almost two years, was directed toward instilling in our people a hatred of Japan. Why?

Merely because if that hatred could be sufficiently created, we might declare war on Japan. It is easy to see who was behind the anti-Japanese sentiment in this country. Those who would profit by such a war. Well, who would profit? Would it be the young men of our Nation who would leave the factory and the farm and the schoolhouse and the football field, and go willing to slaughter a great Nation? Would it be their mothers, their sisters, their sweethearts or their wives? No. It would be the same crowd. The manufacturers of gun powder, the munitions of armament, the purveyors of foodstuffs, the owners of shipping, the owner of metal mines and the various and sundry capitalists who profit from bloodshed. And why were MEN to be asked to hate the Japanese? On the excuse that Japan invaded China without a declaration of war, and killed Chinese. Is that any of

war ordered? Maybe, if we look back in our history we might

find a similar instance. If we recall in 1914, American Marines,

(and I was one of them) and Corpsmen were ordered to land

on the shores of a foreign power (Mexico -- the Vera Cruz Incid-

dent) fully armed, and there to shoot and kill.Mendacia. GS

There was no declaration of war. Didn's the same administration

order General Pershing and the army to Mexico, still a friendly

nation, to shoot down Mexicans?

An relation to this war market that even God is

brought into it.

The few examples our sleepyeyed critic knew not

children during the World War, to kill the Germans -- that

the war on our side was just it was like this: that the Germans

should be slain, and in frenzy, the good preachers began calling

upon the Lamb to kill the Allies to please the more God,

because God was on their side.

That was a part of the general propaganda, built up

to make our people see enemies and nation enemies. Ger-

tain ideals were pictured for the men who were going out to

die -- as to why they were going out to die. So one mentioned

to them that dollars and cents were the real reason. So our

lads went on they assumed easy that their going and their dying

would make this the 7 great aggressive profits for the war

years which has been a yearly average of $140,000,000 to $240,000,000

So we told them that the earnings of the Detroit

Interests (We mean the Our Detroit) would jump from an average

of $4,000,000 to $22,000,000; that Detroiters Steel's earnings

would jump from $4,000,000 average to $40,000,000 average.

So we told them that the average increase in profits for the

four years of the War of these industries directly concerned

would increase approximately 500 per cent.

No one told these American soldiers that they might

be shot down by soldiers made by their own brothers here, or

that their ships might be torpedoed by made with U S

labor; nor that the United wire fences were built they might

receive lockjaw were made here.

They were told that they were going to war to make the

world safe for Democracy, and that this was a war to end wars.

Well, if peace other war would have less of Democracy than we had

then and because, what business is it of ours whether Russia

or Germany or England or France or Italy were Democracies or

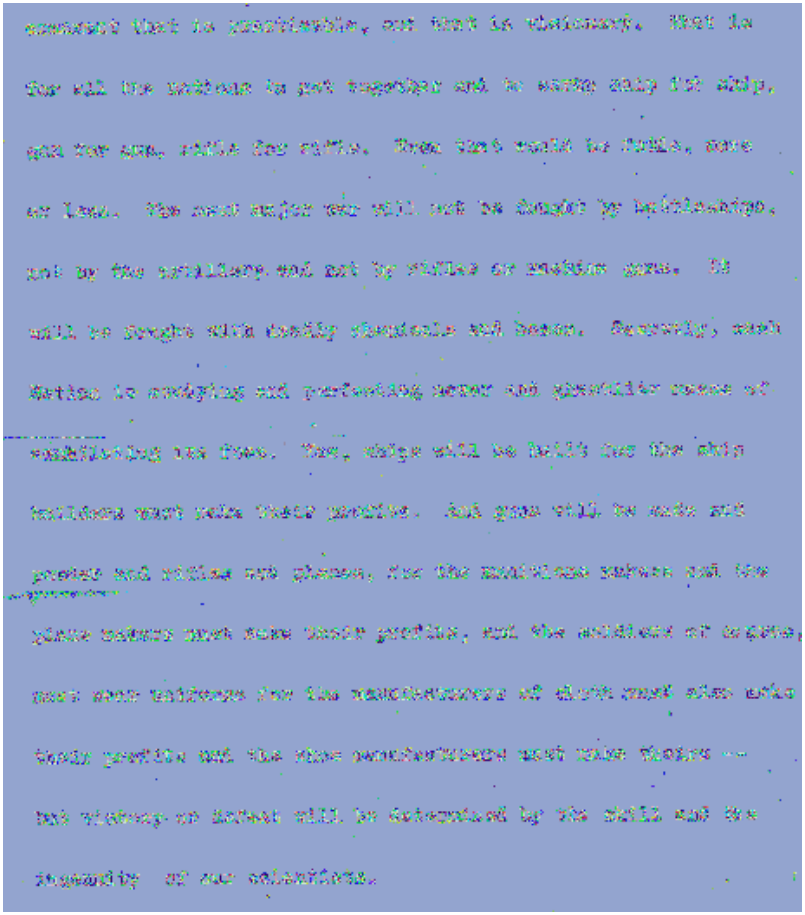
autocracies; whether they are Bolshevik or Democratic. The problem

is to preserve our own democracy.

And very little has been done to make the last war the war to end all wars.

Now, we have had disarmament conferences and limitations of arms conferences. They don't mean a thing. We send our professional soldiers and sailors and our politicians and our diplomats to these conferences -- and what happens? The professional militarists don't want to disarm. No admiral wants to be without a ship -- no general wants to be without a command. For both mean men without jobs, and at all these conferences, lurking in the background are the minister agents of those who profit by war. They see to it that the very little is accomplished in the way of limitations of arms or total disarmament.

The chief aim of our power at any of these conferences has been -- not to achieve disarmament in order to prevent war but to endeavor to get more armament for the respective powers and less for any possible foe. There is only one kind of disa-



Even now, witnesses before the Senate's investigation of munitions manufacturers are involved in the sordid sale of international [illegible] profiteering in arms and munitions of perjury and bribery, of plots and counterplots, of secret agreements between the international munitions makers, a story that has [illegible] too long been kept from the public. These disclosures are the frantic efforts of munitions makers the world over to instill fear into the hearts of government that they may buy more and more armaments [illegible] and more and more power should lead, as the Senate Committee hopes it will lead of the munitions industry (This is garbled)

We must not be misled, however, the nationalization of the arms and munitions industry alone will not greatly lead to reduce the threat of war. There are still huge profits for the bankers and the uniform manufacturers and the shoe manufacturers and the pipe makers and the food purveyors and all the other followers whose profits [illegible]

While the U. S. sinks a $10,000,000 battleship, Japan and England build three new cruisers, each.

35,000,000 pairs shoes, hobnailed service shoes

4,000,000 soldiers 8 pairs each

28,000,000 pairs left over

His regiment had only one pair all during the war

20,000,000 mosquito nets for use of soldiers in France. Never even taken to France

150 Cavalry and 1,000,000 McClellan saddles

Spent 1,000,000,000 dollars building airplanes that were never off the ground. We used foreign ones. Liberty motor planes ? 12. Used them after the war but during the war never had a plane or one in going. Still have thousands of these Liberty motors on hand. Jenny planes used for training only but had no combat planes

Undershirts cost 14 cents and sold for 30 cents to 40 cents -- to the Government

4,000,000 sets of equipment stored, knapsacks, etc. that would have taken a year to use. Are now being scrapped because they are being changed

40,000,000 yards of mosquito netting to make further nets. 4,000 washboards, 25,000 sets of harness. Six 42" wrenches. Only one had ever been made that big and that holds turbines at Niagara Falls. Put on freight cars each one weighing a ton. Then shunted all around the United States trying to get someone to use them.

$16,000,000,000 profits made during the war

Not a horse or a mule was used, but they made 6,000 buckboards. 150,000 loaded vehicles to France.

Sold equipment to France on promise of $400,000,000 which they never paid.

Canned willy.

Congress investigated for two or three years all special expenditures of War Department. All this was in it. Report of Committee on War Expenditures.

Re 242,000,000 dollars worth of ships that wouldn't float. Seams opened up and they sank. Never used any.

100 were lying off Quantico for years.

[illegible]

The only way to stop it is by nationalization of capital before nationalization of the farmer's outlook.

Our chief labour the proposers may sponsor the public ownership of the Rhodes it most necessarily required.

Let the officers and directors of our managing fraternity, and our politicians and politicians enhance and distributions all to distribution — for instance a scale — the same want as the law to our business off.

Let the workers in these plants get the same wage. All workers, all operations, all positions, all directors, all managers — everyone in the Nation be remunerated to a fixed monthly income not to exceed that paid to the soldiers in the trenches.

Let all state banks and insurance and to shares of industry and all these accounts be taken pay half of their monthly fees as rent to their families, and pay interest and pay liberty bonds.

Why shouldn't they? They aren't risking the risk of their million or having their million sacrificed as far as which destroyed. The soldiers are that risk.

Once we that, taxing days to think is over and you will not have to pay them there will be no war. This will stop the market — that, not soldiers stop.

One of our a few people with huge fortunes. Brazilian minimum additional benefiting (which is primarily explained by the fact for their own benefit) and the general public shareholders the bill -- a bill that reduces a horrible amendment of unemployment protections, complete indian, shareholder wills, workers rights and taxes, economic instability and health-threatening risk-taking of the only for generations and generations.

For a great many years I have known that our is a market, but never dream to which I and the international our global pertaining equal, so they are being. They are showing other way. Russia and Florida need not agree to stand side by side. Unemployment finally hurry to make a similar agreement.

In the Senate, the amendment is more direct. Both in Bill, China Japan and Russia Congress, we should our old friends, the Republican, and not Democrat Party. Then we have financial chaos. For the least is to return as against the Democrats. Wall Jack Brown's "Wall Street" policy seem to get by trade with China in about $90,000,000 a year. In the Fail-Square Schools we lose space about $400,000,000 in the Philippines in 50 years and we have private investments there of less than $300,000,000.

To mean that China trade of about $90,000,000 or to protect the private investments of less than $300,000,000 in the Philippines, we would be all willing up to have Japan and to go to war -- a war that might cost us tens of billions of dollars, hundreds of thousands of the lives of Americans and many more millions of thousands of physically stronger and very healthy maintained young men.

Photo courtesy of the Butler family.

Photo of a young Smedley Butler.