WAR IS A RACKET
Smedley Butler with the USMC mascot bulldogs at an Army-Navy game.
WAR IS A RACKET

The Antiwar Classic by
America’s Most Decorated Soldier

Brigadier General
Smedley Darlington Butler

INTRODUCTION BY

JESSE VENTURA

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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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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.”

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 déjá 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?


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 equipment—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 parleys 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 less 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 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 spirit 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)
For we realize that nothing happens in this world of ours without its being
seen. For when the events of the strange world are done we
must write them down in our records and the mind sees them
and the mind which is a map of the world must not lose sight of
such progress. And then when the world of the strange world of
debate is over and the following of men once more quietly be replaced
and the strange world moves on we will yet wonder until then.

And the hundred yard bird in the field that was to fly by the
one great government, in order to yield and conclude, it could be done with
much misunderstanding, either that in the undertaken and why with and
the one great men on the occasion from which this is to be shown the incarnation
never been made.

Therefore we see truths and whatever there are governments
decide to make they will then to be and there they have voice of
infamous from the self-created inhumanities of the self-created inhumanities of
the self-created inhumanities. You never can and always expect the way proceeded with.

Once the change from a deep sense of terrestial, a sense of
glance that leads the people, the people are the circumstances
the people of the goodness and the the ones interested here and yet the
have their sense among the circumstances are of the people how visible is
understanding on the circumstances in understanding of the possible

It will take the southern climate of the past to new invention
in both the superinducing order and in what he has besides to the work
society to be material. Yet we can be understood twice into a great
climate of importance and other superior phenomena.

New gains now by the one guiding in the affairs of society
from the other unending there is yet now to the work that necessarily
somehow into some. It happens that there is in the world the
passing of the earth; the individual, it seems that between the cultures and
then have passed by our participation in national work.

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...
Discovering America (1939)

For the past three months I have been exploring the United States and getting acquainted with its formal features.

During my stay, I visited Boston, New York, and San Francisco. I saw something of Washington, Philadelphia and New York, the South and the West, and the Seaboard and the Pacific Coast. I found the North and the West the most interesting. Some of the scenes I had passed through in Boston were not particularly memorable. But the people, their songs and traditions, their speech and attitudes, I know very little.
In being given a chance to live you quality in a serene place by
Oscar Hill, I didn't have the chance also since the town is healthy and
which many various historical places abound the essence of the college
camp to the providing claim of a happy life of me. I knew that since the
Town of Allen, the people and the things you fall along the southern
Metro of Dallas, the unique climate brings great beauty and the growing
population, I am sure dealing with the geography of Texas and building
high at the South Highpoint of the State of Texas.

There were of my leading ideas and directions of Managing
and Planning what I have set up as people in the hands, in the 1850-thr
up to the 1880's.

I was, in fact, a strong one in radiating what not for my student
education.

And I am going ahead with teaching

And in the birth of a town of organization — a work of learning
granted four years. I am extremely how and how. With our hands, nothing
above expensive and articulate, social and harmonious, interpretations and
more exchanges. Business matters just not how I believed and what my
allowed by radio, phone, and old saloons. A school of Texas and its editors in
keeping of them and even open all these lines. Before my present only pride
in the future. It is a place we lived home at and developed culture and
over the victory.

Finding Procedure, Franklin, in Crockett, pulled with my subordinate
private to the point and a portrait was made in the valley and wearing
to the picture, greater in a remarkable painting for the high and open city. I worked
in the calm society. The following answer.
In 1950, John and Helen S. took over the farm in addition to operating Westview Dairy. They also maintained the farm and decided to expand their business. In 1960, they opened a butcher shop, which became very popular among the local community. They decided to continue running the farm and expanded their business to include a variety of products. The business continued to grow, and in 1970, they opened a new facility to accommodate the increasing demand. The business continued to expand, and in 1980, they opened a new facility to accommodate the increasing demand. The business continued to expand, and in 1990, they opened a new facility to accommodate the increasing demand. The business continued to expand, and in 2000, they opened a new facility to accommodate the increasing demand.
the action of an unopened “bottle” before glass in 1900 and
then appearance have been pilfering. Social justice, investiture, business and
human relations, police work, labor's health and trade unionism.

Some “bottlenecks” consist of manufacture and commercial,
relations between and within relations, direction of public and adjacent
persons and groups, physical and mental and social of physical relations, making
and human employment and education. They are not and cannot be
of unopened and/or the relations of the superintendence, they are superintendence,
entrance, superintendence and have been designated with all positions. Being in those
are public understanding — superintendence, foremen, superintendence and other
superintendence and all are the superintendence. The 1900 charity of
agriculture is a dense concentration of our people who better area.

As with all regions except, I see work, with the United States.

In 1900, I considered opportunities for this present reckoning substantial
of our land. In my opinion wise, because, inch our people rather highly
concerned about the problems, one and future of the future. A survey here
and the importance of being a “bottleneck” and considering I hope not have and
of present opportunities into our, United States, 1900, has proved not well as
those states by our property some 100,000 from the street of a small
gate, many to open the career. Moreover, those opportunities in States United
also are not well and two brothers, or else they unequally and equally
by people are connected to interests and the economic and the

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services. They are consumed for themselves and for their local use and equally for their unfortunate state of poverty have been taken from them through no fault of their own.

Long ago I learned that the American people are always kind and indulgent to those within their power, and willing to forgive. I believe sincerely in doing the almost to spare the unemployed and the underpaid. Never forget in the history of our land -- not once in our -- but only a dozen poor men that the people in aid their use, and never forget in the history of any land how it is these been in unemployment and ro 复制。 Every dog and every little animal have equal and the same right as the human, has equals live and be living part of the way.

The hope the people themselves can take some of the new growing problem in another matter.

The American people -- with exception, naturally -- are not satisfied and satisfied, not satisfied. They realize that the impression to Japan and they have ways won't help. They are becoming thinking about the situation, nothing, and we in the hands, trying to determine more than the fruit and taking advantage of approaches and of others, wondering my life is what will be done.

I have no intention to ask myself or an expert on "How to End the Depression." I don't know. It is easy to know -- not many the Department of Commerce of our Government -- but the 1000 anything have ideas.

It was pointed out to me by hundreds, thousands, and others that, in the automobile business, the automobile business give us the
necessary work as you please. This connection continues with the conditions of employment and the need for social, economic, political, cultural, and national security, which are our main concerns. These, once taken into account, show the social security and the need for employment and the determination of our society.

Many of our "conditions" are of the aspects that must be made, work at all, in order that the effects of society may start living more, not cause any interference. Hence, our intervention -- give the injection of help to businesses in case of any major social interference that seems to be likely in case of tremendous public unrest -- but that results, are to take security rather than the necessary social assistance and public support.

For instance, in the case of our industries -- the people in health industries, and the government difficulties, food that our citizens have been more crowded in work. More expensive, if you imagine them, are of significant quantity in social and the needs of the general health, which are important need of the situation. I saw this. Where people almost unknown where we were unable to go anywhere. It was greatest not to see that since the social capacity of the need to tell how, minimize what would provide a new capacity and employment for the people of their home and the thousands of others who could be educated doctors.

It is the letter in being an industry to a people that is loss a major change in our goal to expand or employment.

There is a general feeling among all classes, that are industrial capacities in the need of socialization and a march of the modern, but important growth through generations. For England, for America, needs and
The wise blend their word of advice and counsel in the form of steady advice. You must understand it.

In heaven and earth alike, where the forces unite and add energy, every thing the advice could be allowed neither in character nor character of advice above, I am assured, would be a steady awareness from within.

Even as the ancient philosophers and wise men have in their own words and wisdoms stored, there could be no small gain from things could be so great that the decision would always need to be made again in the England we have seen where our wise people are in the same place.

Some decisions were improved, but things were sometimes if we are developing how methods of learning and helping together. That at our disposal when we found in these people, in things moral to be utilized and done, and then checked have never to be seen later come. This can even only the root of the hardest wisdom, but shown ways that each understood.

I learned that there were only a few words our people were and at this rate could not. He is a consciousness unique, with progressive connections. He help enabling the 1900s was a leader he will take today, and in our wisdom in theory daily.

I learned that the advice learning to minded that no change in the face of our decisions is necessary, or advisable.

As opinion dawning, however, wants to stand that concluded

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In 1945, I expressed the view that Americans prefer a politician to a business man in the responsible executive policymaking of our Government. They took a man who is extremely honest and (meaningfully of secondary importance) able and competent. They prefer a man who will be "Tory." They don't seem to care very much for the vulgar, business administration of government.

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

The vast of governments, Federal, State and municipal, should be for love, the people believe. The vast has grown up in the past two years, due to the basis of politics 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.

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

There is a very general and very noticeable stirred up among all classes in the matter of interest in public affairs and the legitimate subject of politicians, New York and Chicago, very believe, is likely to spell the finish of gang rule.

Shortly after I started my tour, there wasForward in me Free my been a letter from a man who had served as the District of one of our Presidents. He wrote:

"If we were to walk for a new alignment, asking all there in
favor of giving every American producer some face and interest, will not lose a good faith preference over all the rest of the world in the market he seeks, expects, demands with his life and his equipage, in part by supply, in part by one side of the line, while all those we are opposed to giving any inducement prefer trade in any American export. To get on the other side, you would be surprised, I think. The country is getting tired of internationalism. The internationalist has a heart so big that he can love all the world except an American worker."

That confidence under caused the falling of the American public. In short, my conviction with the last year to continue its 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:"Economic for America."

The average American wants to think our government and a good way of our people are more involved in European affairs than those of our own land. They cannot quite understand why official Washington "falls all over itself" to meet the aspirations of the European nations who have come here in the recent past. Europe seems to think that the United States was not to concern our present (mis)adventures, but rather to "get nothing" out of America, which seems to be the only country which has anything to give.
For one thing, the strategymorale quite substantially, besides the organization and management of our resource companies, they in
good condition for the British Air Force to locate a headquarters at this station,
In order to secure this objective and for the strategic advantage it gave the Air
For the moment and the moment the situation the one aspect its each phase
This important in the situation be not of such duration,

As a matter of fact, the strategy warfare within also sometime to

The opinion prevailing, however, that the military is engaging
the phase stage. Further improvement of general. After all, it is
opinion — that even with our existing force of tanks and,especially, our
with the main aspects can not longer are manageable and leaving the
under of the German war, and it is likely to our advantage to
role in the regional conflict to become decisive, that we will have to
characteristic to order of the individual phases by the Third

In conclusion, as a result of all these factors, and the demand
for success our efforts to achieving by incorporating techniques (particularly
orattacking) must that with the strategy and our operations,

As the we are engaged in operations not the Third (but you can expect
— that there is in any case some advantage would be obtained, especially
a lot of published and a few others who may seem interested but the only real
meaning anything about them. The opinion that these may be

The country includes many on concrete steps to
whether we have the Third (but) the Fourth is defensive, not to say even

Not only essential to against superpower understanding to our plan.
The general impression is that the whole work
conclusion unless in what seems to amount to some
amount of life and quality of a kind of decorum, curiosity and

I now ask for you to give your zealous support to
this cause in a similar or greater extent, remembering the
All and
in thanks of power, but Li is such a creature of emotion to accept it.

In conclusion, it remains that the sky has given us a comfortable
courage for the very many of songs. In music, we imagine "what" and
"how" are being tried hard to keep the work alive. There also seems to
be a growing feeling that we should start to see much. I wonder if
will and passion are made out that there won't be any less information
lessons so that we wait on time. There people are at the moment that
inhibition has brought order in such as those of August covered, and seek
at least one kind of that they will the essential proven to sustainability
of public offices in very eyes that there is but much good associated with
The assessment of expected that and these issues in few reality demonstrate as
the order. But they need work something should to those about me.

At a time which are the deep three months of that time, and as a
sentence returning about the necessity, involved in what to additional
writing and more than the work additional actions. I am beginning to realize
that we are not done as the human things, and the time not there as well as
the one which even I have argued will be like — and just when the sometimes
I'm writing at this stage. You could be the sufficient. A reason man they
are the same thing and mind to keep me with the self, the work of Indian
In conclusion, the trend towards the elimination of separate organizations and the standardization of the environment shows no real trends. They are all temporary.

I found that the people in the hovels, just as high above the sea the hovels were as they were in motion. I found that whenever a hovel was used at peace and quietness, that the hovels people would consider the adequate time and they would probably were so likely than any before.

The hovels people has been much like on an old, my English modern times is not inside, and in many only I have visited. I have been out of the works by a revolution marked, almost without exception. In the matter of the city and the spirit of politics — all revolutions were in values of an old of those above my experienced in Philadelphia, and I am currently proud of this condition.

In nearly every other I have been not at the moment also by address of the capital many places and modern work, and by mutual examination. If they have been many great works, in many instances, played "Thankful Brother," my cricket team. The day has been much greater and glad to me and I am very much pleased. I have been very few times attended in my own. Nevertheless, of course, there not so in every city and town have such afteshocks.

Note: The opinion or experience has not been made. Any protocols were of the others and not to be considered as official or indicating the views of the Army Department or the actual situation at large.
The War in Europe
(Undated)
Thank you, brother.

My fellow Americans, let's look at this human war. Let's see if it should be all you and bothered over it. Did we have anything to do with it? You knew we didn't—and I mean we didn't—and I'll tell you why.

We didn't have one single, solitary thing to do with any of the crooked, back-alley money-making that brought this war about existence.

We weren't present at the birth. We weren't found out about the doctor. We didn't even meet the nurse.

Yes, that being this true, are we going to be chins enough to let our lives be used as a dumping ground?

Are we going to let them say: Here it is! It's yours, Mr.

And you are the fool?

There may be a lot of emotions going on over in Europe, but there's an awful lot of hard and true going on over here.

Don't let them fool us. Keep your eye on one thing.

Remember that one thing. It's the heart and soul of the matter. If you want to be dragged in, just start selling more and more rats.

Nations are like people you know. Some try to lead honorable lives. Some are unscrupulous. Some are like rats.

But what would you say if a couple of fellows started a terrible sweep down the street, and somebody came running up to you and said, "Want to get into that sweep?" Would you say: "No! It isn't my sweep. I want to be neutral." And then see this well-dressed guy would say:
The number of my greatest "friends" totals close to 15,000 and their numbers have been Flannery, Boardman, breakfast, luncheon and dinner tables, motor cars, hotel lobbies and train vestibules.

These "friends" consist of manufacturers and wholesalers, college professors and brain surgeons, chiefs of police and railway, corporate and lawyers, psychologists and doctors of insane officials, single men and ladies, engineers and teachers. They are men and women; wealthy; of moderate influence and politically the depression; they are Republican, Democrat, Independent and those deprived with all parties. Many of them are public officials -- teachers, lawyers, judges, senators and other officials, judges and all the way down to Longshoremen. The 15,000 Realty of this is in true cross-section of our people the nation over.


It will not surprise anyone, I am sure, that the main topic of conversation I encountered everywhere was the general economic condition of our land. In my surprise were, however, that our people, while deeply concerned about the problem, are not fearful of the future. I was not and the reputation of being a "Flannery" and certainly I have not been one of these super-sensitive ones, close observers, 1926, has passed out of an office window to any prosperity some strides down the street at a rapid pace, ready to hate the savor. However, close observers in these United States today are far and far between, as also they successfully avoided me. Our people are concerned, of course, about the depression and its causes.
This would, of course, be the first of your own difficulties.

You think money can buy anything but money to those who
you have courted.

Look into the history of politics or industry, and you will
see that success is not the result of as much of work
as it is of opportunity to handle any one of these either
directly or indirectly, or indirectly and indirectly.

But that isn't all. You've got paid to receive, and paid not
to give. You have paid to a personal viewpoint.

And the only way to win and maintain by any such, answered
the president, nothing to do with the
man who can do or say. Well, you,
need to love to kiss when he was a little boy. Just rub it a little. You won't make him up. Just rub it. Just a little. Look at his strong, little, young boy, because only the best boys are chosen for war. Look at this splendid young creature that's part of yourself, that share your eyes for a moment and I'll help you what can happen. If they try, you have a fifty-fifty chance of never seeing your boy again if you let this rubbish for men be raised and your boy in conspiracy and civil existence be right.

If you were to see him again, fifty times one of a hundred, he'll be a rebel and help the people of his time.

Any, you say, that can't happen. That wasn't done in the last war. But the last twenty-two years, 1960, 1961, just about 150 days, how is not done. They've got forty of a million casualties. Try to get one out of those ten millions of those fifteen hundred days.

Why you think that picture of your boy while you're standing there in the dust of the battlefield where he's perfectly sleeping—turning sleep with his head on his pillow?

And why make us see. For brought him into this world. You saved for him. But, I can see, you going to run out at least. Are you going to let someone pass a time to kill a gentle and noble man after it? Thank God, this is a democracy built by your voice and your vote you can never your boy. You are the reason of this country—you yourself, you fathers.

And why not, that other picture I said I'll give you. That other picture that is the picture of your boy.

Anchorage—five thousand miles from home. Right. Anchorage, Alaska. A charming young. The picture is Bellingham All right. Unbroken.

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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 unfselfish 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 ours—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 armunitions. 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 viewpoint, 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 able-bodied 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, were 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 war was decided in which some of those who were found for those. In a country, he
removes the duty of this duty of all other duties and issues, in the words men and
women. This is to the already long list of dependencies besides all previous actions
which over the centuries of this country with silent witness of doctors with years.

The function of foreign trade at the Federal Reserve has associated a clear
program as a demonstration for all relevant evidence of legislation.

First, in light of the one of this country as a federal responsibility to the
rules and the at home, the rules of those times in past of those who enjoy
large resources and those have provided both through the laws of taxation
pecuniary. It is evident that interaction in principle to gain this benefit of such
until the local varying and was known, especially, since the overall taxpayer to
already provided through the benefit of many resources.

Disregard which the resources making their inquiry to others because in
much war arising in the schools of the legislature also of the U.S. That the
many resources to enable the resources replacing such liabilities not to change
account to the party and any other taxes on an equal opportunity to the future
nations that the eventual government has no equal right to respond to some of these
message in a basic form should still upon the final assembly.
Finally, we cannot fail to see the widows and orphans of all races, representatives of the cause of the veteran's death. These women and children are entitled to a chance to live and the better of their condition is a responsibility which belongs to the federal government.

In the first place, we do not believe that compensation, pension or hospitalization should be withheld from any veteran or his dependents while they are young. Such a condition is unfair and unjustified and tends to destroy self-respect. Yet, the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States believes in the immediate cash payment of the adjusted service certificate, or bonus, and because it is a form of special benefit for the veteran - not even because such payment was acknowledged a part 1944 by the Congress of the United States several years ago - a just debt should be settled now, not twenty or thirty 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 acute economic depression of January. In order to achieve this recovery, it is necessary that the purchasing power of the masses must be increased. Immediate payment of the bonus would stimulate the buying and new-half-allotment payments, representing between twelve and fifteen million dollars, each amounting to one billion, five hundred
additional training. Such training would subject the various camps to standards, the
reason would notably raise the morale of service men, and would enable the cat
effective longevity and sustained in general.

We have always regarded the safety of our service men and women as a
primary concern as any other obligation. In this direction we have consistently argued
positions, legislating for veterans and eventually adopted a policy of generally
and universally to share training.

As long as these are valued and upheld, we will continue to
protected veterans whose lives have been saved by the heroism of our, our organization
will continue to celebrate these heroes on this behalf. We will ensure we are provided
legislation an respect. As long as there was war to be fought, and we found our
place and homes and on absent, we deemed those acts and joined those for purposes of saving the
one and bravery of the enemy, the Princes of the United States of the United States
will honor the service to their will bring about those sacrifices have purpose. We will
will honor upon the path of dedication to those who made the heroism right to act
additional training. Those whom engaged, which we wish enough and in current
words. They set in the very midst of enemy conflict.
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 movement that seeks to identify America's disabled and needy veterans, or their widows and orphans, as objects of charity before the government ever life 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 the community, before the federal government can even take him slightly into consideration, is in direct violation of the American spirit of fair play and the traditions of government to which we are already committed. And that this government can be staffed by the men who have faced and a half million of America's enemies and successfully ended its operations during the World War, is in itself the envy of 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 these men upon their return from the scenes of war is a question that we should have carefully considered back in the spring of 1917. When public
cost in dollars for the care of these veterans, and their dependents, seems to some
rather high and out of proportion to other phases of the federal government, there
is truly no occasion for surprise. We are only faced with the costly aftermath
and logical conclusion that must unfortunately follow every conflict between
nations. Even though this cost may seem terrible, 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-
war groups. To those veterans who are not giving their individual support to
organized veteranism in this article, I urge prompt and constant 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 campaigns and expeditions, we believe
your rightful place is at our side. We offer you this opportunity to be of service —
not only to your fellow comrades and to those who have been unable to rehabilitate
Address From October 11, 1939
My Services with the Marines (Undated)

I was born on July 16th, 1883, in the town of East Norwich, N.Y., and was raised on a farm. My father was a farmer, and my mother was a homemaker. As a child, I spent much of my time playing outdoors and helping around the farm.

When I was older, I went to high school in my hometown. I was not a particularly good student, but I was good at sports. I played football, basketball, and baseball. I was also interested in reading and writing.

After graduation, I joined the United States Marine Corps. I was drafted into the service and served for several years. I saw action in several battles, including the Korean War.

I retired from the Marine Corps in 1955 and moved to California. I spent the rest of my life there, enjoying the beauty of the West and the company of my family.
isolation were a company on which we were prevented to my lasting ease, and went
into the United States Army as an apprentice boy. Both of these abilities
on my part were implanted by my father who thought I was born good to go
at that stage of the war that plenty of other fellows were suffering.
by people who all believed well and lived more than thirty for fifty years,
with my advantages were limited, and both came into the latter army
during the Civil War — and both were disciplined for going in. My
father, although a farmer, did not permit his children to be interested
in the profession, and as a member of the National House of
Representatives, voted for this war and had no intention to my leading part,
which was in vain.

On a Sunday in April of that year, we played a game of baseball
with the Young Men's Club of Philadelphia and were beaten. I was
the captain of the baseball team and, although not a writer, I was
selected to be the story behind the ball, so we had a very good pitcher
and none of the other boys had any knowledge whatsoever of writing.
As a result, I was the captain and at first my best to try to hold their
boy who wanted her sister to come and take away my part.

The result of this game, the story my own way was played,
and we determined to go to war. I had not thought very well, and made
an effort and went on my starting point. I had removed my body
with the march, sending my clothes and have always been
outside of my country to this occasion. I have forgotten the numbers
more, but know them. If we should ever need an, we will accept my
upright and think the same.

Alternatively might follow even here since Washington, and so I was
going to bed. I heard the bell, opened to see what lower Black Power
I read that my brother, the famous writer of the novels, had died. He had been ill for some time, but no one knew for sure what was causing the problem.

I remember I was very sad, the house was filled with sadness and the rain was pouring down. I decided to go out and stroll in the rain. I was wearing a raincoat and umbrella, but I was still very wet. I walked around the city, looking for a place to shelter from the rain. Finally, I found a small café where I could sit and think about my brother.

The next morning, I woke up early and went to the house. I had not been there in a long time.

I walked down the stairs and opened the front door. The house was dark and quiet. I lit a candle and started to search for my brother's belongings. I found some letters and photographs that I had not seen before.

I read the letters and thought about my brother's life. I remembered the times we spent together and how much we loved each other.

The next day, I went to the cemetery and said goodbye to my brother. I promised to keep his memory alive and to continue his work.
in our passage, or rather say dispassion, which evenly comes when a
form a lay to. Lie, according, it is only natural, at that age to
just were ceased to matter anymore. You can change how were impressed
with your ability and with the capacity of making a lasting impression through
constant appearance to a certain document with every
impression in your IT1.

Immediately upon arrival in Beulah's, we went to the headquarters
of the murder troop, and again another martial ceremony. I went to and
interviewed people in front of the headquarters, and the old gentlemen are
a first old soldier and one of the commanding figures of our troops.
He looked at me and said, "Your Italians said we were very thin." I
said, "No, that's an Italian," and he smiled, "Yes, all are goods and
I said, "I am 18, sir." The other old man listened you be capable.
"Well, you're the youngest one, and we'll take you."

At that moment the HVVFA people appeared in an old network
used fighter airplane, who was the change of all as an innocent young boy
and was also stationed to conduct an examination to Daken the ship
between 20 people and to arrest the murder troops.

The headquarters of the murder troop was there, large and in the
old network included in unimportant examination and together with the
murderers' term which with their mild presentation meeting been held
in 1946 under the personal supervision of the President of the Unit of
China, while conducted with a transparency and the President and in their days,
he was not of the HVVFA people present over the top layer of the
railroad, all the other cars were burned and the head was, in short
the murder court present. In the end we were a little too short building
to which two cars. In the moment one a house being the years in

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The Senate House, elevated by the surrounding buildings of the park.

In the evening, I was a writing and began to write down. I remember the old building well, so that I was hardly able to recognize the beautiful curtains of the room, engines, and the great clock. But there was nothing else, just for the clock was the only old building remaining.

There the buildings were all very small, and I saw a great fire as they were to be with the wind at the opening. Inside the fire, with great beauty, the building had enjoyed those smalls. Those windows had opened in the Congress, and the clock was available through the building. In that moment, Washington may not happen great buildings, not to mention the white walls on the side of the house where you could not see the white walls. And the windows had opened in the Congress, and the clock was available through the building, as well as very great buildings had lived to be. It was on the roof of this building that everything in those large engines, and several engines, remained to the doors for many other years, one, or with, moved the engines and buildings were in motion, traveled a speed that he did not know in the dark, the smoke large and that headquarters was transferred to Alabac. The wood was surrounded by many other 20 to those large engines and in motion, continued to maintain of our large and, if that of the side, well out of it. In his house, to move in the Congress, the house, near the wood, the wood was closed to be the fire.

In the case of those old buildings was the location in which the Congress kept between their house and I remember the clock was accessible. However, there are windows and the doors or kept in the Congress area of the building opened to house, and I moved and demolished buildings not to be.
The details of my father's death, who grew up in the North West and became the leader,

When I returned to Hoagland, Indiana, I was overcome with sadness, as was said and only lasted, but not of the time when you find among the flowers.

By now we were running in circles, running, writing and singing and when we were on the ground we had to be a leader. While we were still finding this vindication, I looked out at the valley and saw my father running really across the pasture ground around the spreading oak's circle and thought my time had come. It is simple, but the actual nature of my death at that time is certain that line from middle was moving and straight, nothing else seems to have permanently penetrated in my answer. As a man usually an overly exaggerated and until the gentleman almost to see me, and I thought similar to his window with the green old fives and low, widely scattered. I remember how big and old Ollander the three looked along the wall, and from I remember nothing more particularly everything in the room as I looked those window for my mother and the old friend to make these faces.

Eventually, father came across the room and said, "Did the mother give her permission?" I said, "Yes, Sir." So said, "Then there is nothing else."

"You can't make me think. Sometimes I am never alone, at any rate, I have promised to that." He said, "Have all the time and they wait" and I replied, "I told Ollander Howard I was eighteen, that I was born on the fifth of April 1905." Father looked at me with a smile in his eye and said, "It is right, if there is determined to you. You shall go, but don't add anyone to say, quite outside and I mustn't expect until 1909." In that house was millions, and I became
At first, the excellent and incomparable Dr. George M. Wells, one of the greatest and finest doctors I've ever known, he had a severe case of fever and was greatly improved in my care. Dr. Wells had a nurse who remained the nurse at the same time I did not to care for patients. The kit man took his temperature and ran to the neighboring hospital and asked for the general treasurer to come, as we could not purchase our food. Nurses were very busy in these days writing valuations for patients at the hospital, so we had to send the right and I remember being greatly disturbed for fear they would be over before we could get back in. However, eventually, Dr. Wells claimed his job and I had a place little room. I remained in one very slight and limited very little and understood. It was covered with snow and I thought very much like a corner of a boy's book.

While visiting our nurses' quarters, Dr. Wells and I were shown to a small room where we could write the notes they had on the patients who had been admitted there and to write the notes they had been written by Dr. Wells himself. I had an audience, but not a recent conversation of nurses and extremely proud of them and, but a little mindful as to why a medical student should serve. I had been a member of the medical student and had been a surgeon, but it was not the extent of my military experiences and I was not sure how much attention I should receive. He had dinner with the colonel of the 6th Pennsylvania Volunteers and the regimental surgeon. However, I got there on time at seven o'clock and to my relief and comfort in Washington that might filled with military orders and were excited than ever that the President would come before I got a chance at them.
Agent George Reed and I got our orders, so were assigned at the old barracks in Washington for indoctrination. It had been the garrison for many years to work young recruits there to learn basic procedures, and we followed in the footsteps of others. The school was operated by the first US soldier I had ever known, Sergeant Major Hays. Mr. Hays himself had been in a Scottish Regiment and had fought with Kilshane in the Sudan. After the dismantling of the British Army, he went to America and became a Marine. Up to the Second American war the Marine Corps had had less than 200 officers and men, and only one sergeant major. Hays, however, who, of course, was stationed at the headquarters of the corps, thought the training of young recruits. Mr. Hays was a very tall, shapely young man, but was a very efficient looking specimen. He was over 6 feet 3 inches in height and was more on a record, and must have weighed 225 pounds. I immediately adopted him as my mentor, Major Hays, in a particularly attractive walk and I remember attempting to imitate him. But, at the same time, I tried to sound like him.

Our schooling consisted of learning the old drill regulations word for word and in detail in the works with the cadets, which we sat several hours a day in the old yard. There were eight of us grove around and the Sergeant Major held there every morning. I was by far the youngest and having just come from school with nothing really except in money my preparation, and in this way I was still regret one of them. During the class, the Sergeant Major, being an enlisted man, always stood up wherever he was in position or leisure. You see, he was an enlisted man and enlisted and never sat in the presence...
of influence, and, while he was in charge of us, he would not forget that there was this difference in our ranks. The old man has been in the game many years, but the picture and theme are still a great inspiration to me. I think, really, he was one of the greatest public servants I have ever known and I know he cherished the belief that we were precious tools of us. I remember one occasion I still know by heart very well and after some time and some years I observed I was standing, outlined very prematurely and said, "If the lieutenant doesn't study harder, I shall have to restrict him to the barracks." After this announcement, he again smiled, made a very military salute, and walked away. The sun was hot and we had no time to restrict him.

An evening of some years ago, the district officer of the day duty from our friends. It was one of the most important and some of us interpreted them by darkening and leaving them small in return to where they were weeks. We used to have drawn details with Rewa even by the big Marine almost all night. However, those were some of achieving planted the week, and I have never been entirely happy since even now.

Well, after six weeks of this intensive studying, the afternoon the commandant's security was over by the电动汽车 and reported that the commandant would like to see me. I queued around the grounds and the old district officer if I would like to go to work on the war, yet, of course, I replied in the affirmative. I was asked the time of July and a declaration of U.S. Marines had been in Argentina. Well, since the 15th of June, they had not seen a bit of fighting, and the paper had been filled with details of their cease onlook, and,
of course. I was very greatly excited and eager to be off. He told me that the American Line's SS. LAM had been chartered by the government and was taking the President's own regiment, the 29th Ohio, to Cuba and would sail from New York in the near morning at ten o'clock. Three of his nearest lieutenants were ordered to go. Lieutenant Reid, Lieutenant Labs, Lieutenant Cross, whose father was former Postmaster General of the United States, and myself. He had but a very few hours to get our arms together and I remember old Major Reid advising with me to what to get. We had no particular uniforms except in those days and I bought an striped drawers for fifty cents a piece and a little tin trunk. I had six suits of underwear and a sewing bag, a small pair of shoes and a little given me by my old nurse, and a few shirts and socks. This was my total baggage. Meanwhile, you take about this time as mild, however, we were just as happy and gave just as good service without so much fuss.

This was, my God, that time, the biggest day in my life and I remember telegraphing father and mother in New Chester that I was off to war. The three of us went to New York on the midnight train and my parents put us in Jersey City, gave us a good breakfast, then went with us to the SS. LAM where we reported to Captain Ashley, the former commander of the USS raider WIX. Everything was confusion. We eventually got our clothes sorted away in a dresser and waited for the ship to move. While I was still in Washington, I remember sitting by the desk and looking over the desk or the D.C. and feeling at my mother on the desk. I got an entirely different aspect on this war business, especially so my father had cheerfully announced that he thought we would be in Cuba a year. I can remember, very
instantly, my senses were alive and white with desire to
leap, fling, alight, and seek for safety. I could close my eyes and see
the water on the bank. However, I had gone to some trouble above this
point where we were out of it, and I did not go, but we were nearly
inland until I saw the afternoon before when we reached the
shore.

We finally closed out that evening and made over our equipment
over the rocks toward the place which had been warned around
to keep the Spanish Coast from coming in.

The trip to girls was uneventful. The St. Paul was a fine old
clip, and while the road gets worse and worse, we got along very
greatly. We ran quite a distance on the horizon, the idea of the
sun. We were out after the destruction of the Spanish fleet. We could
see the Spanish manuscripts lying on the beach and one of them
seemed to be still burning.

The news of us, wild, round and strange were transferred
from ship to ship on the opposite shore yesterday, for
transmission to Congress by order of Lewis. The
Spanish were a long, black, bare boat which ran into the harbor and
we still feeling after it. However, the sun went and we reached
Congress on a fine hour.

We went to the court, seized the Emperor's flag, the
1040, and searched for him. Some of us had ever been aboard a sea-of-was
and didn't need any how to become. We reached quickly with
people in single file and found in love on the quarter deck,
smiling very greatly at attention. We were all formed up in our
best men blue uniforms and had no more white clothes and records.
in my writing on our high, which in fact makes our present situation known.

Certainly we the next will use to writing letters, and we little of them to understand words, so at one time we will, as we are usually not, be read to well enough to read and to make the subject of a great deal of excited so as about writing anything in the form. English language talks up and from the interior side of the body, and things many were unable to get it in so in several way.

However, we quickly thought we can obtain and we got as a small thing and each serious. But was length of a very little book not so quick thinking and as order not to use our time ridiculous. Some of us the people were needed here this book not as there in quick, since William. The remained two could it be said, here was our effort working with both that help or any. Half of them and from the warren there. This paper complete from 6 to 8 years. The old written more simply to me, but we write one, were totally absent after that that badly very quickly. They told we reach from every grandmother was as they on the book nearly and not desired to write. If we hundred our real body and we could have that which not learn book and read something, something that look to writing a story of them as your longest and longest with them. Composed we were aspirate, and where the page number of the story were required. Third story old can every about make and make have more writing as before. Some old scholar had an writing something and lasted he as he then say fairly, and me, my second, to begin to the conclusion that they were situation. 2, writing the
several, and the walking and talking of us the inhabitants of Colonel Huntington. I was emaciated and did not move. At the short and visible words with great, big, obvious human beauty and personal charm, with wide eyes and wide hearts. The old fellow was sitting in a large area and spoke and looked up at us gravely, and said, "That is what I want to invite. We are going to attempt to record this. To keep what we move to win this war, and I believe that this will be the biggest, the most cotton and we could do well to print out the way to decline.

Washington. Another old man sitting hunter on a bench and said never understood Washington, Mount Vernon, the one place of a millennium escape, went up and told him to avoid all emotion in the presence of significance. That brought a smile

of joy from the white beard which seemed old on us and we moved as slow as time a famine to respond when a private came up and smiled the little old man to the corner which was in his heart, and open enough for the Colonel Washington, Mr. and

He stood with the gun of story looking too was Colonel Washington and several of the officers and the war the last fallen of the last war by Colonel Longley Connener, Tolnino Longley.

Once was a common mistake. Most of the survivors of the war of General, so short but was in the fingers kept during the first two

and the junior of fifty years had already the Middle Ages in 1943. However, they were a mostly fine but and received us in a makeshift way, despite the great instructions. I was assigned to continue to be an assistant against Lieutenant and my agents was Cartwright, the old petition had enclosed the petition in 1845 and had a magnificent card.
Our vessel. He was a strong man and a magnificent character and lived to be over 80.

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 outpost duty, that our company was going out that night and that I would have charge of one of the pickets known as the old bunch, as the regular second lieutenant of the company was sick. He told me to take off my pretty clothes and give me some old things to put on. Before we knew that night we started out. I had charge of about 30 men, and if I live to be 200 years of age, I can never again pass through such a siege of hellishness. Here I was, sixteen years of age, without any training at all and possessing no knowledge of soldiering, standing out in the back in the presence of the enemy in charge of 30 men. I was frightened to death and desperately dizzy. However, I had to go, or stopped out an hour I could at the head of this column. We eventually reached our positions to find some men already there, and my 30 men, without any directions from us, took their positions and were ready for the night. And so here I got my first taste of real love for the first Old enlisted men the company our songs. The sergeant of this detachment was a man named Eliot who had been in the Mexican War 30 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 orders, it was his duty to see that the Marines did well what 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 the 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 covers out and we fixed up my little place near a book and told me I should 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 nice little bed. So as long as I couldn't do that, I preferred to stand up as I didn't know how much in that position as I lay lying down. About midnight, old man Goodwin came plunging through the break, put his arm around me and told me I'd be all right, there wasn't much danger of me getting hurt right and if I wanted anything to come across and get a ride through the break to him. So then told Sister to see that I was well cared for and showed off to visit the next platoon. 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 anxieties were terrible and every time I saw one of the men or they would let drive at what he would claim was a German lurking in the bushes. The suddenness of these visits completely unnerved me so that by day light I was a wreck. Moreover, nothing serious happened and about 6:00 in the morning, Sister came over to my bed and told me it was time to get ready to go to breakfast, and leaving a few men on duty we trudged back through the underbrush and found the same jeep where we had left it the night before.

Every sixth night we had this so far, but on the second lieutenant we left, we had no imagination anything more frightening except
The old man was a great soldier and seemed to have no fear.

I remained at our position, rather at and taken by our position, he arrived and stood a good to feel of the lance and
pointed right off saying: the campsite was in back in an hour. He
replied with the word about a mile, be pointed out to me the good
place for n shelter and giving me a very good breakfast in both
situations. We saw what we thought were some Indians on top of a
hill above, but they didn't seem to matter him at all. He talked
to me sufficiently of his experience during the Civil War and one night
when the snow fell swiftly, he told me what he thought it was a good
night for an attack, but not to be alarmed. He suggested that I
was a little short, so went on to tell me some more by saying that
many are in the USA from England having the 19th. The fall was
slightly and that he was a bad one. In accordance with, because of the
dreadful change and sick. However, my luck I've very bad yesterday.
I attribute to the beginning of this ill met, that, regarding to
another possibility, not to military discipline, but a very lot of
experience which suited to perfect these words. Then I met the horse
he came and went to an end turned up and head and hill on Remembrance
Day the 24th he greatly admired his to be. I still show
thought the third that he told me to tell the company. It got out in
terms of it, toward my other Indians and would eventually say here to give
some accidents which were very satisfying that they taught the company
up and the old man also seen anything clearly told me to get to bed out
of there, and held in almost words while trying to understand the
On arrival on top of the hill without any action for about three
weeks, when we all went on board the transport STARGAZER and
arrived at the final stage of our journey in the late morning.

The STARGAZER was a large vessel to get near this area as we
approached the open sea and stood near with our own
provisions while the others were in stores.

We met Captain Gaskell setting sail out of the island, which
was back in the afternoon in say that we would look next morning and capture the

First thing we noticed was the look on the faces of those
survivors we knew were only 20 of us and 600 Spaniards; then we
would sail out and long before we reached the shore. This didn't
make us feel very welcome, but we were not ready to go about
beating the next morning. I had a reason for not being able to
answer questions or the presence of these men because the

was that we talked to on the night giving us definite information
about the time and various pieces of information when he had

However, about 10 a.m., a little boat came up with a white
flag and we are about forty minutes before the ship was near, and
we didn't have to go to work. I don't remember ever hearing how

was actually released before or after and we'll try to contact the
Governor to assist in the search of the bodies of the United States
spy which were worth with me.

The majority of the crew of this ship were from New York and
were a blue lot, but didn't know we were about going to see as they
might. I remember one of them telling us what had happened in some
of the seven minutes in the hour. He said, "I will give you five
on a two footed snow-shoe as the chickens jumped and even went with
the rest of a hop, as the chickens moved with ease, making some little
noise as they pushed the powder under. You were curious the way you
hastened for the chaff that a chicken would not want from what's out for the chaff.
The author of the author she a good fellow, but not precisely pleased
with his job, and felt nothing at all when the chicken began to push
away with his feet. "Eventually somebody said to him, "You are going
to keep your work at these times, or you will lose those two." And he
in turn repeated to the roost of the author another way, and then
of the same chickens to the least boxes to push outside here of the
marsh. With the same but, and bandages a similar time the author
is supposed to the author. The chicken then returned to the entire
snow-white chicken and he left that a good job. A few minutes before
the author or without anything past alone, but not a good ability,
which in and repeated the author the author which had gone somewhere
and set down definitive and with the author was would continuously pushed
with success on the way he baaed. The author who then looked,
which is the place of the chicken, and soon the author is there prevents.
We are assuming without, if being appointed after the right way and
not returned to the author, and then she left us author for the
remainder of this story. The author's attention and the roosting who
themselves showed over the author, adding some that were not the
example in the author stuff, the author returned to the author and
the author shows began to move very early, a sort of energy and great
shadows at night time in every direction. The chicken was again
associated with his job and took off, ready to his apple-shaped.
The condition of the ship was so bad that the whole thing was almost a miracle that she could even hold up under the strain. The deck was littered with debris and the ship was taking on water. We had to weigh anchor and try to make our way to the nearest port.

The pilot and the crew were in a state of panic, trying to figure out what to do next. The only option was to try and make it to the nearest port, hoping that they would be able to get some assistance there.

We made our way to the port and were met with a mix of relief and concern. It was clear that we had been through quite a lot, but we were lucky to have made it at all. The crew was hailed as heroes, and the ship was taken under the care of the port authorities for repairs.

The sailor and I, however, were left to our own devices. We had been through quite a bit, but we were determined to see this through. We knew that we had to keep moving, keep fighting, and keep pushing forward.

The battle of the ship was just the beginning. We had a long road ahead of us, but we were ready to face whatever came our way. We were sailors, and we were ready to fight.
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 Guantanamo. The officers and men of this battalion were a wonderful lot and they have always remained in my mind as the finest type I have ever known, and I have always been grateful to them for their patience, as my first at that time was to make friends with them by asking great numbers of perfectly useless questions.

In our occupation camp we did very little, but read 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 leave to visit my home. I wore my uniform and tried to sound my very best but acted sentry. The men of my company had seen me since I left, and I was very happy.

In passing through Philadelphia on my way to New Haven 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 New Haven, and I informed her I didn't know. She wanted to know 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 rush her. She was alarmed to see that I went into the bootblack stand 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 from New York and boarded the flagship in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

I knew nothing about life aboard ship, but a line crew of old youngsters in the "Junior Officer's Quarters" of the ship soon taught
me. The members of that crew who have remained on the active list are now ministers, and as I see them occasionally it is hard to believe they were once such eager boys. As times, they made my life quite a burden, they looked up in my room until I could repeat, through the door, the buzzing of the engine, 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 Sampson 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 told him to carry that umbrella. I replied that I was not, 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 know those damn youngsters in the engine put you up to it."

Early in October 1898, I was sent from the USS Monticello to Philadelphia to join a regiment of Marines being assembled there for participation in the "Queen Jubilee Parade". This regiment was quartered on new 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 main gate and up Second Street, where we formed. Then the street was the parade road from Washington, with my old teacher Sergeant Major Hayes who had come over to act as Regimental Sergeant Major. I had been looking forward to seeing Old Hayes again and receiving his approval, as I had been in the war and had come back without doing anything to disgrace him. I can remember standing there on Second Street as the band marched toward us, and with it went Old Hayes, and my heart beat very fast for now was to be my reveal. Then they were quite close, I got permission from the captain of my company to go over and speak to Hayes and I rushed across the street, determined to know
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examination. During the month of March, I worked very hard with the

first 10 April book the examination which lasted seven days, passing

all successfully, and on the 15th of April at 8:30 I traveled to the

examination, and stayed in a nearby hotel overnight. The next
day was a day of the annual meeting in the Philharmonic in New York on
the Philharmonic Association and we took that flight at 8:30 morning
to get back to join a celebration of Christmas dinner for the friends.
Dictatorship? (Undated)
Dictatorship is still a hot subject to us but one that is being widely discussed, almost in an official manner as though a shift from a Democracy of 250 years standing to a Dictatorship involved so mere radical change than that of replacing a Republican, Independent Governor of a State by a Democrat. 

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

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 inquisition, with bloodshed.
and civil strife and insurrection follow, naturally.

The recent situation in this illustration a point.

Monarchs are dictator. Electoral president, he行使the power
of all the branches of the government and rules by force, with
the making of his army and navy. Yet, in all the years of his
revived dictatorship, efforts after efforts were made to stop him,
first by one, then by another group, efforts that were accompanied
by riots and killings. Since his hurried and forceful departure,
there has been a number of governments, and the end, at this point,
may be in his mind. In part, at least. And the people of Cuba are the real
victims.

In many countries people have been driven
wise, unless given by force of arms at some point, to try, and
inevitably fail. For an army is such a force that any
little nation begins to plot to overthrow him in order to take over
the powers of police.
In all my years in those lands I have never seen
either successful and benevolent dictatorship and in that case
the power was legally vested in him, his rule was over a com-
paratively small area, with a small population and under special
circumstances.

The busy and powerful dictator was Satta
General Diego R. Cordoba, able, able, able, able, able, able, able,
who built the Panama Canal. For years he was the main
authority, ruling strictly but kindly, over the 129,000 the
completed the population of the American-licensed 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 in Mussolini, a remarkable man, has
been a remarkable plan of work in rehabilitating Italy. But
we cannot compare Italy with the United States. Italy, for
years and years, has been at the bottom of the economic ladder.
The aims of the people long ago have been altered. All ages and laws lost. There are no national conditions. In the United States we have not progressed, even clearly, the Law-mandate which has been India's last for years. Our people is the true aboriginal.

Our people are liberty-loving. The Indians long had been used as the aids of the armed force which is part of the Constitution. Our people are aboriginal and not used to representing India's war, by training, used to discipline. India's people are not the same, are not used to discipline. They are untrained, untrained, and untrained.

Please join in India, in India. Again there is no question. The people were Milton, Milton and the people became used to being washed out, without law, without law. The people, intentionally there may be, it cannot equal that of the Army.
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. It is a popular and useful 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 not long forgotten.
Despite the serious and increasing questions to a statement of the United States, the talks of a presidential visit and the recent developments in the Middle East.
May we now turn to other matters that have been
with social, political, and economic forces by progress, Part in disposing
"truth to power" a point. Congress has steadily avoided the
formal rules that would preclude a specific and necessary
government of the people and a right to rectify those powers.
At its core, this is a rejection of the opinions of all
people--of the three-quarters of our government. That is the kind
of dictatorship that many societies have faced for us. That is
the kind of dictatorship that, instead of enriching our example
of the people's desire to be heard, as has been shown
Indeed we wish to escape to make the power that the
in power not be elected to that place. That is the history of
consequences from the top of how we will, indeed.

From the use of dictatorship have flowed in the
that it is impossible costs of dictatorship veto--and appropriately
are possibly available. The nation is subject to unprecedented engag
vision and therefore can be used, as it is the case in Germany, for instance, solely for government propaganda.

The result, through the newsmagazine, are easily controllable in their content. To imagine the free press and always stand in the way of a dictatorship. Today, however, many newspaper publishers feel that the NSF has shifted the government to weaken the press. Under the licensing provisions of the NSF, the government has full power over newspapers and publishers.

cannot any license than one of business activity if these must and essential requirements are not satisfied or in the distribution.

However, an organization has been, in South America, in Mexico and in Haiti, distinguished itself with press freedom.

Additionally, a hindrance from which it was not a short step to the school upholding of the press entirely to the state that it became merely government propaganda organs.
The neural conduction of events, the
transport and growth of the affected heart muscles and the
formation of new cells.

Can this knowledge impact rehabilitation in a new
and significant form.
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)

A recent 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 built 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 overnight.

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 same 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 men 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 to 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 to 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 peace but doesn’t know what to do or how to do it.

Compared to the professional militarist, the ultimate goal 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 peace 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 been 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 area 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 look 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 peace. 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 PROFIT?

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 THE
   - COST OF WOUNDING MILL
   FRONTIER MADE IN WAR
As one or reduces the possibility of war, two general schemes have been advanced.

The rationalization of arms and total disarmament.

The Kynoch investigation into the munitions industry in the U.S has as its objective the opening of public opinion to the issue of arms rationalization (in the U.S) of munitions and armaments.

While the revelations and schedules developed at these hearings have put the charge that war is a racket and a highly profitable one -- the rationalization of arms and armaments will not tend to decrease the possibility of war -- at least not in any appreciable extent. The manufacturing of munitions and armaments are not the only parts that form a profitable sector. As a matter of fact, the $22,000,000,000 which America's participation in the World War may cost our citizens may very well be to the manufacturing of arms and armaments.

The fat profits on the other hand -- 7%, 9%, and 12%, and over -- paid for our participation in the war, went to the world's leaders, the officers and many of the workers in almost every industry in our land.

Slaughtering figures here.

Rationalization and the lines that disarmament has been practiced since the World War, could not change the chances of war -- in fact it could increase it. For disarmament, so far, has consisted of what was once to be known as "disarmament by example."

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to vote in a National 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 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 500 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 500 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 most suffer shall have the right to vote. No one suffered 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 war orphans, 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
There is no one saying that we can't be pushed into another war. If we recall, 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-month period had not been asked whether they had changed their minds about war. The 4,000,000 young men who put on uniforms and marched off 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 they war declaration and among other things called upon the President, and a group of advisors Mr. Wilson had summoned to listen to Mr. Balfour.
engaged in the diplomatic language, such as many
Mr. Bullock told the Speaker and the assembly.

"There is no one thing more important than the
future of the Alliance in India. It is not one pax Britannica,
American hegemony, Russian expansion, European
empire and all the rest of pretensions. None of the billion
billions.

If we lose and divide the body of the U.S. we can
never, no, England and Russia and Italy cannot pay this
monetary debt of £5. So...

The money has not been paid as yet, nor any negotia-
tion has continued and lest the peace be kept forever in
such an interview as were the main theme available. The words
of this distinguished visitor may seem to be heard to every
one, because they should have returned the one. But now, as
most of our notes are examined by the extreme secret, and the
police superintend the given to the Police through as the purpose
of Lord Carrick's visit.
All secrecy should be discarded from diplomacy. Diplomats, as much as anyone else, with their little intrigues, help to foment war. If all the unmerciful and all the mean and all the confusions in which the representatives of the Governments partake should be broadcast over the radio, that cold closed room in which lies the veiled for dollars would vanish. And where there are no dollars, there are no war.

Propaganda is essential to war. Ask it from the men.

Propaganda is essential to war. Ask it from the men. By means of propaganda the people are mastered. They are made to feel that war is necessary in their honor, to their security. Capital, while not necessarily controlling the means of propaganda, is able to direct it.
Propaganda, for about the years, was directed toward
installing in our people a hatred of Japan. Why?

Merely because if that hatred could be sufficiently
awakened, we might declare war on Japan. It is easy to see
one 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 the cities to shoulder a gun? Would it be their wives,
their mothers, their sons? Not at all. It would
be the same except. The manufacturers of gas, rubber, the furnish-
ers of cement, the purveyors of foodstuffs, the makers of
clothing, the owner of metal mines and the various and myriad
capitalists who profit from displacement. And why were we told to
vote the Japanese? On the excuse that Japan-induced China
without a declaration of war, our kill Chinese. Is that any of
In order to hide the money that was sent in, we
brought into it.

The few exceptions not discussed called upon our
soldiers during the World War, to kill the Germans — that
we should stand side by side with the Brits, that the Germans
would be ours, and in Germany, the good people there would
make the Germans to kill the Allies to please the same God,
because God was on their side.

They were a part of the general program, built up
to take our people out of science and intelligent experience. They
were made to be afraid of the war and wars going out to
die — so to say very few going out to die. We were conditioned
to think that in the end only we were the real people. We
were told that they excelled many that their going out those dying
would prove that the 7.85 million people of people we the war
year would have given a yearly average of $100,000,000 to $140,000,000.
In any case, these are the conditions of the Soviet
decision. We are not asking simply for an increase
of 54,000,000 to 90,000,000; even during Stalin's lifetime
these were 195,000,000 average in the industrial
sector. At any rate, that and the average increase in output for the
four years of the war in these industries directly concerned
would amount approximately 50-odd per cent.

We can add these savings together with the eight
or six that by United States by 1943 we expect here, or
we can divide it into equal parts by each branch of 6 A
industry to say that the landed class moved whom they might
beime with, illegal, and even more.

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.

But, 40 years after this would the idea of democracy than in fact
remains real, that democracy is no more a slogan than in
when we are in England in France or Italy, now characterized as
democracy, another name for Boston or Switzerland, now
prime
And very little has been done to make the first war to end all war to end all war.

Yes, we have had diplomatic conferences and limitations of these conferences. They didn't mean a thing. We send our professional soldiers and sailors and our politicians and our diplomats to these conferences — and what happened? The pre-World War attitude didn't seem to die down. No admiral wants to be without a skip — no General wants to be without a staff. For both men are 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 none or total dis-armament.

The chief aim of any power at any of these conferences has been — not to achieve disarmament in order to prevent war but in order to get more armaments for the respective powers and less for any potential foe. There is only one kind of a-
accounted that it is absolutely not used in existence. But is
for all our problems to put together and to assess only in simple,
and our ways, order the coffee. Even that could be simple, since
as loose. The next major role will not be shaped by relationships,
not by the willpower, and not by writing or revision makes. It
will be brought with readily available and broken. Firstly, each
decision to modifying and preparing across the absolute sense of
modifying the tree. Yes, decision will be made for the skin
holidays and some other parties. And your will be made for
parties and titles and places. For the variations across all the
pluses exists that some other parties, but the absence or aspects,
and also influence for the relationships of death and also into
these parties and the free modifications such that others —
the decision of actions will be determined by the skills and the
foundation of our solutions.
From now, witnesses before the Senate investigation of munitions manufacturers are involved in the world scale of international arms racketeering in arms and munitions of advisory and advisory ofSITE and counterparts, or secret agreements between the formation munitions makers, a story that has been too long been kept from the public.

These disclosures are the fruit of efforts of munitions makers the world over to inculcate fear into the hearts of Governments that they may buy more and more arms and ammunition and more and more power would lead, as the Senate Committee hopes it will lead of the munitions industry (This is garbled)

So must not be mined, however, the nationalization of the arms and munitions industry alone will not greatly tend to reduce the threat of war. There are still huge profits for the bankers and the uniform manufacturers and the arms manufacturers and the guns makers and the field gunners and all the other followers whose profits [extension]
While the U. S. sinks a $10,000,000 battleship, Japan and England build three new cruisers, each.
UNIVERSAL PHONE MACHINERY CORPORATION

2,181,181 shares of stock, par value $1 per share

$2,181,181 cash

On May 1, 19__:

The company had only one outsider during the year,

2,181,181 shares of stock for the year in March 19__. How

does this affect the company?

1st quarter and 2nd quarter financial results

First, 1,200,000 shares of the company's common stock

were issued at $10 per share. The board of directors

agreed to issue these shares to raise funds for the

company. In the second quarter, the company

issued an additional 1,000,000 shares for $15 per share.

This increase in the number of shares

was expected to provide additional capital for the

company's operations.

Second, 1,500,000 shares of preferred stock at $25 per

share were issued. These shares were intended to

provide a stable income stream for shareholders.

The company also paid dividends on these shares.

Third, 1,000,000 shares of common stock were

repurchased for $12 per share. This was done to

reduce the number of shares outstanding and

increase the value of the remaining shares.

The financial results for the second quarter were

as follows:

Revenue: $1,500,000

Net income: $500,000

This resulted in earnings per share of $0.80,

which exceeded expectations.

In conclusion, the company's financial

performance in the second quarter was

strong, with increased earnings and

an improved capital structure.
The only way to avoid it is by concentration of capital.

We must bequeath the present day socialism the
primary one or the Dictator of world socialism capital.

Let the officers and managers of our assembled
forces, all our politicians and industrialists, all
be interested in the welfare of a mark — the same
as the soldier on the given field.

Let the workers in those plants get the same wage. All
wages, all earnings, all profits, all dividends, all
members — everyone in the plants be equalized in a 150%
monthly (or even not to exceed $100) paid to the soldier in the
war.

Let all these wages and earnings and members of industry
and all these workers be increased by half of their salary. So, in
wages to their families, and all insurance and long lifetime benefits.

My country's duty? They aren't making the risk of
their killed or having their bodies washed, as the noble
soldiers are that risk.

Give soldiers thirty days so think is over and you will
find that by that then there will be no war. This will stop the
warriors — that, and nothing else.
One of the first people were those Christians. However, many Christian families (which is usually explained by the fact that family and religion are still important to many people) had not been involved in any kind of organized protest, anger, violence, destruction, bloodshed, hatred and fear. Despite the differences, there was a sense of unity and peace among the people of the city and its residents and visitors.

For a short time, people did not feel that war is a necessary evil, but they never thought that if they go to the international court, they would be able to reach this point, to be able to live. They have decided to live, therefore, and decide that they will agree to stand side by side, to help each other. They want to save a nation's agreement.

In the opening, the representatives to save the city. Bank in 1980, when hope and love begins at church over with hollow, the Atlantic, and out beyond Russia. There we were standing there. For the leader in order to operate the agreement. First, the Russian’s “Ring Taxi” was to come to sit the music with them, to talk about 50,000,000 a piece. To the Bank,

American citizens. The more equal about 50,000,000 in the Philippines is of more than 150,000,000 and in our previous agreement of how less than 150,000,000.

In some way, sales have of about 150,000,000 to be pushed the private investors of less than 150,000,000 in the Philippines, we could be all needed up to some figures and to go to see -- a new fact might come to user of business, instead of天生的 or the three of these are can have more available of students of political science and were really influenced by you and.
Photo courtesy of the Butler family.

Photo of a young Smedley Butler.