



Dexter Perkins

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

YIELD
OF
THE
YEARS



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YIELD of the YEARS

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YIELD OF THE YEARS



YIELD of the YEARS

An Autobiography

by DEXTER PERKINS



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Painting of Dexter Perkins
by John C. Menihan,
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For my grandchildren,
Dexter III, Matthew, and Martha

Preface

No student of history, reflecting on the long range of human activity in the past, is likely to estimate very highly his own significance in the cosmos. It is not with a view to exalting either my abilities or my virtues, or my accomplishments, that I have written this sketch of my life. The rationale of the book, assuming it has a rationale, is otherwise. First, it is a pleasure to reminisce when one gets to my age in life. Even if nobody were to read what I write, it would still be a pleasure to me. (And the book is likely, at the least, to interest my family and close friends.) Possibly it may be more. I would like to think that my experience and my insights, intensely personal as they both are, might be of some small use to others.

I must make certain acknowledgments in connection with this book. The title was suggested by Mrs. Kenneth B. Murdock, who once before gave me just the right title for another of my books (*The American Approach to Foreign Policy*). The manuscript was read by my dear friend Thomas G. Spencer of Rochester, New York, and his encouragement has meant much to me. My wife, as always, furnished affectionate but incisive criticism. From Llewellyn Howland III and Mary Rackliffe of Little, Brown and Company I derived both stimulus and cor-

PREFACE

rection. Finally, I must thank Miss Ruth M. Harper of Rochester for her assistance in preparing the manuscript for the press.

Finally, I should state that much of the chapter on my attitude toward teaching is reproduced from a speech which I made to the American Council on Education in the autumn of 1961 and which is published in the journal of the Council for January, 1962. My friend Logan Wilson, president of the Council, approves its inclusion.

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ONE

Boston and Beyond

Not so many years ago, I called up a friend of mine from my summer home in Harvard, Massachusetts, and told him I wanted to lunch with him before I went West. When we met, he said, "Are you going to California?" A bit abashed, I answered, "No, I'm going to Ithaca, New York."

From this the reader will deduce, I think, that I was born in Boston. Such, in fact, was the case; and not only do I still take pride in the fact, but I still feel a bit put out when the significance of my origin is not properly appreciated. I remember when I was a young student in Paris, a French count came to the pension where I was staying, and was placed next to me at table. "You are American?" he asked in a tone that suggested that I might come from Patagonia. "*Oui, monsieur,*" I said modestly. "From what city?" he asked. "From Boston," I replied, less humbly. His face lit up with recognition. "Ah! South America!" he said. This painful moment suggests another, equally wounding, which occurred to Bob Benchley, the humorist, who was my time at Harvard. He took a package addressed to Boston, Massachusetts, into a small provincial French post office. The postmaster got out his little book to see where

Boston was. Then he looked severely over his glasses at the patient Benchley, and said, "Boston, Wyoming, yes. Boston, Massachusetts, does not exist."

Does one have a right to be proud of the fact that one was born in Boston? Strictly speaking, I suppose not. Yet there is a flavor to the New England of the older stock that I cannot help feeling is distinctive. Take, for example, the question of conspicuous consumption. I have known many rich New Englanders, and seldom have I seen them splurge. Take public benevolence. There are tightwads in Massachusetts, of course. But in general, as the history of Harvard attests, the spirit of public giving was and is strong. Take respect for education. You have only to study the history of the region to recognize how deep-seated this feeling was. Of course I don't mean that these virtues were confined to the northeastern part of the United States. But they were, I think, deeply rooted in the culture, and I think I was in a degree conditioned by them. My own family, with increasing prosperity, lived modestly. Give away one-tenth of your income, my mother told me when I was a young man. And, of course, it was with all kinds of family encouragement that I went to Harvard and continued my studies there till I had attained the doctorate.

What about my family, in more detail? I know little of the Perkins side. However, I do have a third cousin, Richard Wait, a distinguished member of the Massachusetts bar, who is my neighbor in the summer at Harvard, Massachusetts. He tells me that we are related to the Harrington family, a member of which, Jonathan Harrington, was in the affray at Lexington on April 19, 1775, and was fatally wounded and died at his wife's feet, just off the village green. I had better not press my revolutionary ancestry further. Once, in an ebullient moment, I told my wife that I had eight ancestors killed at Lexington. Being an essentially irreverent spouse, she pooh-poohed me. So I took her to read the monument on the site of what we call "the

battle." The total number of deaths was only eight, and there were only two Harringtons. I never raised the question again.

On the distaff side I am a little better informed, though I have never been interested in genealogy in any systematic way. On the Farmer side (this was my mother's maiden name), there was Uncle John, my grandfather's uncle, who was sufficiently important to rate inclusion in the *Dictionary of American Biography*, and who got an honorary M.A. from Dartmouth College. While he never had a systematic college education, he was, in his way, a learned man, interested in antiquarian pursuits, and the author of a number of books. His brother, my great-grandfather, Jedediah, was the publisher of a newspaper in Hingham, Massachusetts, and was obviously a fairly important member of the community. When I occupied the pulpit at the Old Ship Church in Hingham in 1954, I found his name listed among the vestrymen, and the house which he occupied (which is still standing) shows him to have been a man of substance. In the same generation as Uncle John was Major Crooker, father of my great-grandmother. We have his portrait in our living room in Rochester. He is said to have been a veteran of the War of 1812. Having regard to the way many New Englanders acted in that famous contest, I am tempted to doubt whether he ever engaged the British in deadly combat.

My maternal grandfather I knew well. He lived with us until his death in 1915. Since he was born in 1831, I remember him only as a man of advanced age (advanced, at least, for a young sprig born in 1889). He was never very successful financially, but I think of him in long coat and tall silk hat, and carrying a cane. He seems to have attended all the best weddings and funerals (but I am not sure that his attendance was always solicited). He seemed to me to know a great many people, and I remember particularly walking down Commonwealth Avenue while he chatted with the then mayor of Boston. On another occasion he volunteered to collect a debt due my father. We

went over to some house on Tremont Street (not the best part of that thoroughfare) and he left me outside while he went in to plead for payment. Soon he emerged with the recalcitrant debtor, and high words were exchanged. The debtor swore. My grandfather shook his fist. "There! There!" he said. "Don't you swear before my grandson." I was much impressed with this evidence of my status.

I recall one other episode. Every year we went to the Food Fair in Mechanics Hall on Huntington Avenue. At one counter they handed out Aunt Jemima's Pancakes — delicious. They were so good that my grandfather and I went back for a second serve. "I think I have served you before," said the woman in charge. My grandfather took off his tall silk hat, and swept her a low bow. "If you did, I'm sure I was very grateful," he said. We got the pancakes.

How he did it I don't know, but he was always getting into the theater without paying. He just walked in and no one seemed to question his right. I remember how he took me to see *Ben Hur* when it first opened at the then new Colonial Theater. We had to stand, but we saw the play.

A very salient personality indeed was my maternal grandmother. Here again I am vague about details. Both her father and her mother died young, and she was taken into the family of Uncle Dexter Merritt. It is from him that our family name springs. For a time she went to a private school in Boston. But most of the time she spent in Scituate, until at the age of twenty she married my grandfather. The ceremony took place in the Unitarian church in Scituate, and the wedding trip was by rail to Albany, down the Hudson by boat, and thence home to Boston. My grandfather used to recite with relish an anecdote of their departure from Boston. They met a group of my grandmother's schoolmates. She introduced the groom as "my friend, Mr. Farmer." "I thought I married this young lady this morning," was Grandfather's reply. He was correct.

My grandmother was a staunch Unitarian (usually pronounced Un'tarian). Her sister was married in Boston and the ceremony was performed by Theodore Parker, from which I gather that the family was touched by the left wing of the Unitarian movement. At any rate she knew what she thought, and her feeling about other denominations was just a bit narrow. Catholics were "Romanists," a word of denigration. Many years ago my wife and I brought home some marvelous reproductions of many Italian pictures. My grandmother looked at them and then said apologetically, "You know, I'm not much interested in those Romanist pictures." But orthodox Protestants did not always fare well with her, either. Once when she was an old lady I brought a very distinguished friend of mine, a professor, to visit us at our country home. After he had left, somebody said something about his being a Baptist. "Baptist! Baptist!" said my grandmother in great surprise. "I didn't know a Baptist could be so nice."

The family legend of Mary Farmer's independence is worth telling. She evidently was not a docile wife, though there seems to have been little doubt of her essential devotion to her husband. On one occasion, early in their married life, my grandfather had a tantrum and departed for the cellar, threatening to take his own life. After a decent interval, he emerged again to find his spouse calmly knitting. When asked how she preserved her sang-froid, her answer was, "There wa'nt anything I could do about it." On another occasion, apparently during the decline of the family fortunes, my grandfather brought home a new buggy, inscribed with the letter "F" in gold. "F stands for Farmer, and F stands for fool," was his wife's tart observation. It was my grandfather who used to tell these stories. That he did so indicates his sense of humor; there was never any doubt about this.

My own relations with this dear lady were always wonderful. We lived, you understand, with my grandparents. There was

hardly ever a time when Gram was not ready to play with me. I remember the summer I was sixteen, and we stayed at a country place where there were few boys my own age. Gram and I went through Hoyle's book of games, playing every two-person game in the volume. And always she was ready to read to me, if I wanted to be read to. In fact, she was a great reader herself, and by no means conservative in her tastes. Once late in her life, she dipped into Aldous Huxley's *Chrome Yellow*. A cousin, about her own age, was curious to know her reaction, obviously expecting an outburst. "I'm too old to be shocked by the facts of life," was her reply.

Gram lived to be ninety, and to see her first great-grandchild, born in 1925. A visitor one day said to her, "Don't you think he's just the most wonderful baby in the world?" "I've known his father longer," she answered calmly.

So much for my grandparents as I remember them. Before I turn to my father and mother, I must speak of my maiden aunts (there were three of them in the house), and particularly of the one whose name was to become a household word, the celebrated Fannie Merritt Farmer. Aunt Fannie was born in 1857. She was a red-haired child, cheerful, energetic, and ambitious. Unhappily, at the age of thirteen, she was stricken with what was probably infantile paralysis, and was crippled for a number of years. The idea of a college education had to be abandoned. The records are not very complete, but for a long time she was in a wheelchair, and did a good deal of cooking at home.

At the age of thirty, apparently at the urging of my mother, she enrolled in the Boston Cooking School. She graduated from the school in 1889, became assistant director, and when the director resigned in 1891, she succeeded her as principal. She held this post until 1902 when she started a school of her own.

The idea of the cookbook came to her in 1896, probably at the suggestion of Mrs. William B. Sewall, president of the board of the school, to whom the book is dedicated. I remember well

when my aunt and my mother were writing it, and particularly I remember playing on the floor with notes for the forthcoming work spread all about. When Aunt Fannie took it to the Boston publishers Little, Brown, they declined to take it on a royalty basis, but they were ready to try to market it if she bore the cost of the printing — so modest were the expectations with regard to it. For years this remained the situation. Yet the book burgeoned, and sold on a remarkable scale. It was even translated into French under the impressive title of *Le Livre de Cuisine de l'École de Cuisine de Boston*. At one time, we were told, it was the most widely published book in the United States, with the exception of the Bible and *Little Women*. Today more than three million copies have sold through regular channels, with many more in paperback and through special agencies such as the Book-of-the-Month Club.

The thing that was most notable about Aunt Fannie was that she had a truly scholarly idea of her work. In the *Dictionary of American Biography* she is described as “the mother of level measurements,” perhaps an exaggerated phrase, but I believe that she was the first person to write all recipes with precision in mind, abandoning such vague terms as a “heaping teaspoonful” or a “scant cup.”

Moreover, she wrote, and got special satisfaction out of, another book called *Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent*, and in its time this book was a contribution of importance. Through it she came in contact with a Boston physician, Elliott P. Joslin, later a distinguished professor at the Harvard Medical School, and at his suggestion she gave a course of lectures there.

She was a great teacher as well as a scholar. She had a remarkable zest for direct communication, and her lectures, first at the Boston Cooking School and later at her own school, were enthusiastically praised. She was also a very generous person. She took pride in describing herself as a businesswoman. But

my mother always said that she never failed to answer an appeal for pecuniary aid, and that she really didn't know where she stood financially. The money rolled in from the book, and that was enough.

She had her peculiarities, of course. She raised a tremendous row when my father gave me, a boy of seventeen, a pipe to smoke; despite our Unitarianism, she had moments of interest in revivalism. But she was a cheerful and gallant woman, even after the paralysis which had afflicted her as a child struck her again in the summer of 1908. Thenceforth she was severely handicapped, but she continued her work at the school, and she lectured to within two weeks of her death. She died in January 1915, and her cookbook passed to my grandmother, from whom it descended through my mother to me.

And now to speak of my father and mother. The salient qualities of my father were strength and goodness. He was moderately successful in a business way, but his moral qualities are what stand out in memory. In these days when familial living is so much out of fashion, it is hard to imagine what such living meant. Remember that there were five in-laws — my grandfather and grandmother and three maiden aunts. I am sure that he much desired a home of his own. Yet he not only lived harmoniously with this company of relatives by marriage, but was a tower of strength in time of need, was patient, unselfish, helpful. As to his relations with me, I can remember only one occasion when he got angry, and that was a trivial one. He had an excellent sense of humor, a quality not strikingly evident on the Farmer side of the family. He lived until 1932, when he was seventy-three years old. His last illness — which was a long one — he bore with massive courage. In his goodness he was an example to me.

My mother was the best educated of the family. She had gone to the Bridgewater Normal School and had taught for a little while on the Cape before her marriage in 1882. It was from her

that I received the maximum intellectual stimulus. Her approach to a problem was always an intellectual one. Though in some ways she was deeply emotional, the element of judgment was always there. She served her family devotedly. She had a large part, as I have already said, in the writing of the cook-book, and after my aunt died in 1915 she edited the book until her death in 1929. During many years, 1915 to 1926, when the household had contracted and contained only my grandmother and my mother and father, she gave herself to her mother with unalloyed devotion. Though she would have loved to travel, she refused to go abroad until after my grandmother died in 1926. Then, in 1928, my parents, my wife and I went to Europe together. She enjoyed every minute of it, and kept voluminous notes on the journey. When she came home, however, tragedy struck. She was found to have a cancer, which had gone too far to be checked. Like my father, she bore herself in her last months of life with unflinching serenity and courage.

It has been one of my great satisfactions that she got so much joy out of my marriage in 1918. My wife and she were from the beginning kindred spirits, true companions. And I like to think of the way in which she handled my childish fits of temper. She would look at me patiently, and say, "Control! Dexter, control!" and believe it or not, this appeal to self-discipline worked, though I suppose there were divagations. To this day I value self-discipline as one of the very first of the virtues.

The other key words in her vocabulary were "unselfish" and "practical." Here again I hope I have caught a little of her spirit.

There is one other person who deserves mention in connection with my youth. This was Maggie. Maggie came to my grandmother in 1874. She remained devoted to the family until her death in 1941. She married in 1891, so she was not long an actual member of the household after my arrival on the scene. But she was called in on every occasion; she saw us frequently;

filled in when we needed help; was present in family crises, and was, indeed, the archetype of the loyal retainer. There are not many such left today.

Since she will not appear again in this narrative, I want to tell here a little more about her. The most touching incident is connected with my marriage. This occurred in Boston, and since I was about to go into service, and my mother was not well, it was a very quiet wedding with only the two families, the maids in the house, and Maggie in attendance. The morning of the wedding Maggie arrived with her wedding present. (I should say that her husband was at that time earning eleven dollars a week.) We opened an enormous box, went through layer after layer of paper, and found in the bottom a one-hundred-dollar Liberty Bond!

Years afterwards we entertained her in Rochester. We took her to Niagara Falls, where she did positively everything, even donning the yellow raincoat and going under the falls. On the Canadian side she became enthusiastic about sending postcards from a foreign country to all her friends. It was a grueling experience for me since her list was a long one. Indeed, it was typical of her that she should have an inexhaustible interest in people. I once had a letter from her in which twenty-six individuals were mentioned. And she spiced her conversation with references to her friends. "Mrs. Simkins has just had a baby," she would say. I would profess ignorance of Mrs. Simkins. "What," she would say, "you don't remember Mrs. Simkins?" And then would follow a substantial analysis.

Though my years at school were uniformly happy ones, the early ones are rather dim. I do remember that before I went to school, I had already learned to read. And I was promoted rapidly. In those days this was sometimes a source of suffering. At the Prince School, they had the absurd system of seating the students according to academic excellence. On one occasion,

when I was nine years old, I found myself, at the first reseating, in the fifth row. The pain was extreme, but I recovered in due course.

There is another episode which occurred at this time which I will never forget. Our teacher we used to describe, with childish precision, as "crosspatch Fairbanks" (God rest her soul). One day after recess she asked us all to go into the cloakrooms and see if we had lost anything. A little girl came back and said that she had lost twenty-five cents. Sensation! The next thing we knew, the culprit was led into the cloakroom. This boy was a depraved youth, aged nine, who smoked and swore. Well, while we all held our breath, a mounted policeman, without the mount, of course, appeared in the classroom. The policeman, in all his majesty, gave us a little lecture on the necessity of keeping out of the clutches of the law. Then he took the boy away. Rumor had it that the boy rode behind him on the horse provided by a munificent municipality. But this was not the end of the story. Years afterward, possibly forty years, I met that same policeman, now on foot, on Commonwealth Avenue. I went up to him and said, "Years ago you came into my class at the Prince School and arrested a little boy who had stolen a quarter." He thought for a moment, and then he said, "I remember it well. He put it in the sole of his shoe, didn't he?" That is precisely what he had done.

My tenth year was also notable for my first introduction to the theater. I cannot remember how old I was when I began to read Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*. But I do know that they soon led me to explore the originals. I loved them. It was the music of Shakespeare that appealed to me most, the magnificent rhythm of his words. In 1899 Julia Marlowe came to Boston in *As You Like It*. I listened from the second gallery. How beautiful she was, how soft her voice, how charming her bearing! And

how thrilling to hear from the Duke the words I had learned by heart:

*Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.*

That fall I made my own first appearance on any stage. I was selected by the teacher, on the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Washington, to read the Farewell Address. Does it seem possible that I, at the age of ten, was only one hundred years away from the demise of the Father of His Country? I haven't the faintest idea of the impression that my rendering produced; I do remember that I was scared to death, but that I somehow survived. No doubt the effect produced on the other ten- and eleven-year-olds was something short of lasting.

Age eleven brought me within the range of a foreign language. A small group of us was given an opportunity to study French. This was a great source of pleasure to my mother, who knew something of the language. In fact, one could go further back, for my grandmother, now nearly seventy, could still remember how in boarding school she had been taught to say, "*La lune est brillante. Je vois la lune.*" I loved the new study. All my life I have been curious about language. I soon began to read beyond the call of duty, and, excited by the linguistic challenge, began to take on German by myself. And what I began I kept up, so that I entered college with advanced standing in both languages.

I did not, however, always pursue the course of virtue. I am relieved to be able to report that the mischievous instinct in every healthy boy sometimes expressed itself in my years at the

Prince School. My great triumph came in connection with Charlie Howard, a playmate of mine, who later became a prominent Republican political figure in Massachusetts. One year he sat right next to me. We had a history teacher who was blind as a bat — and about as inspiring. I reached over and gave Charlie a good solid kick, and he landed on the floor. Lucretia — more respectfully Miss Bird — looked up and said, "Why, Charlie, what are you doing?" I have never enjoyed a more satisfactory personal triumph. There must have been other episodes which I have forgotten. For I remember that I was demoted to the sixth row, not on grounds of stupidity, but because the teacher said I would be happier there. It was at this time, too, that the first hint of romance entered my life — a very delicate hint. There was a girl in my class by the name of Clara Nelson. She was a bright girl, and sometimes she sat very near me. I doubt if she ever recognized my existence. But she lived not far from the school on Saint James Avenue, and I used to go and look at her front steps. Nothing more was necessary; indeed I would have been ashamed to appear "soft." And Victorian that I was, I had a positive distaste for gush. I remember going (in costume) disguised as the Little Minister to a party where they played kissing games. I was outraged. Little prig that I was, I lay in bed one night a little later thinking about the sanctity of osculation, the soldier saying good-bye to his beloved, the mother drying the tears of her child, etc., etc. The hortatory instinct appears to have developed early.

I graduated from the Prince School at the age of twelve, and went for the next four years to the Boston Latin School. This was the oldest high school in America, founded in 1631, and enjoying — I am sure deservedly — a very high reputation. And yet, as I think back upon those years, I cannot say that, with one exception to be mentioned a bit later, I had inspiring teachers. My history teacher was a flop. He played a dirty trick on me one day; he asked me to recite the whole lesson. Since I

had not studied it, I was soon involved in a maze of unrelated facts, repetitive statements, and plain imagination, until after ten minutes or so I gave up and was told to sit down. This gentleman had a stock joke, which I mention only to illustrate how tiresome some humor can be. He used constantly to suggest that "when you go walking with your sister, or somebody else's sister," etc., at which we were supposed to titter servilely. The mathematics teacher was no star either. He could not keep discipline. One cruel trick played on him was for some boy to bring a bag of marbles into class, then let them dribble out of his pocket, after which we joyfully kicked them. I remember one day when the uproar was indescribable. A third teacher, known for his explosive temper, taught us English. What I learned I cannot say, but there was a yell about him that we used at football games. It ran, "Sis, boom, bah, Sis, boom, bah, Red-nosed Stuffly Gross, Rah, rah, rah!" In the English class I once attained a remarkable dramatic success. We had to recite scenes from Shakespeare. I chose, on one occasion, a dialogue from *Macbeth*. "Hark, I hear a knocking at the south entry," I declaimed. At which some carpenters in the hall began pounding away on some job, I don't know what. "Hark, more knocking," I continued. More pounds, and applause from the class. Never again have I been able to adapt word and action so perfectly.

But to come to the great man of the Latin School, Henry Pennypacker, later director of admissions at Harvard. A big man with a big voice, he taught Greek and taught it with gusto. I liked it all so well that the year after I graduated from the school, and before I went to Harvard, I read the whole of the *Odyssey* in the original. I remember two of his quips. One day, a boy translated a passage about the soldiers "sweating." "No, no," roared Pennypacker. "Horses sweat, men perspire, and women glow." I also remember an occasion when, having prepared with the use of what in those days we called a trot, I took

the language of the trot without alteration, and declaimed, "And he sate him down, beneath a beauteous palm tree." "Fine, Perkins, fine," bellowed Pennypacker. "Where did you get that language?" Confusion.

My record at the Latin School was good, but not sensational. The first year I got the classics prize, the highest prize for classroom work in my room, and spent it (an augury of the future) on books on history. Yes, I got two for two dollars. The next year I failed to do as well, and had to content myself with the reading prize, offered for the best oral reading and open to the whole school. In my junior and senior years I got nothing. In fact, I was eighth in my class. The first seven got the coveted Franklin medals, from a bequest left by the great Benjamin himself. I came home in tears, though I was sixteen years old.

My high school years were a time of other activities besides school, of course. During all four of them, I took piano lessons. I couldn't have been stupider, and in those days teachers could be stupid, too. I was never taught to read music. I believe I appeared at one recital in the four years, at which I distinguished myself by counting out loud while I rendered with all the gusto I could muster some innocent musical lyric. I did once write the words for a piece of music, and I must say that this form of self-expression came more naturally to me than the keyboard. It still is a mystery to me why my parents thought these piano lessons would do me any good. Years afterwards, all that was left was a little da-da-da, DA, DA, da da, that would not have done credit to a child of ten. How much better it would have been if I had been taught music appreciation, instead of laboring away at the piano!

My passion in these years was the trolley car. What more exhilarating than the front seat of an open car, where you could see everything, and even talk to the motorman! I knew what was the longest ride for the traditional nickel, from Columbus Avenue at Rutland Square through downtown Boston, the

subway included, through Charlestown, up Winter Hill in Somerville and on to Clarendon Hill, fifty minutes for only five cents. Also, in 1904 I began to take down the numbers of every streetcar that I saw, with a notation as to the route of each. This ambitious venture kept me walking and riding all over Boston, and I got about ninety per cent of the numbers from one to 1597. What thwarted me at the end was that the streetcar company imported cars of a new type, with a wholly different system of enumeration, and perhaps this was what also cooled my enthusiasm, for I must have abandoned my enterprise by 1905. My interest in trolleys continued. I went to New York by trolley in 1905, and in the summer of 1906 I took my mother on a trip to Portland, Maine, with the first substantial sum that I had ever earned. My other boyhood amusements were simple. Inspired by my excursion into Caesar's *Commentaries*, I played Caesar in the backyard, with Alois Culhane, my neighbor, enlisted as Titus Labienus. But what I liked best was playing cards. I had a pack when I was four years old, and, except for Sunday, when they were banned, they were constantly in use. I learned poker and whist at this same time. I have never ceased to be glad that I developed this interest. For one who spends his working days reading, some other intellectual activity is a genuine boon. Let no one sneer at the word intellectual. Cards, at their best, require the exercise of both the logical faculty and memory, they encourage sociability without imposing any undue conversational strain, and they introduce the aleatory element that gives spice to life.

I graduated from the Boston Latin School in 1905. My parents thought me too young for college, and sent me down to the Sanford School in Redding Ridge, Connecticut. The school had just begun its first term; the headmaster, Daniel S. Sanford, had been headmaster of the Brookline High School. There were only five students the first term, and I never worked harder in my life. I have already spoken of reading the *Odyssey*. I wrote

constantly, but to no great purpose. I even acted in a play. Also, wonderful to relate, I was pressed into service as a milker. This was not my most distinguished success. The first animal subjected to my ministrations went by the name of Blue Kid. The name was apposite and became more so as time went on. I dried her up. The next beast with which I was associated didn't seem to be doing very well, either, under my protection. But I felt a little better one day when I discovered, as I entered the barn, that a calf (not her calf) was regularly getting his breakfast from my charge. Pastoral life, however, has never appealed to me.

Of my companions at Redding Ridge, I remember comparatively little. I remember Bayard Tuckerman, whose name I still see in the papers, and particularly I remember when Bayard bought a cow at the Danbury Fair, about seven miles from the school. Long after the rest of us had arrived at the school on the homeward journey, shouts were heard down the road as Bayard, with mingled threats, beatings and blandishments, escorted his acquisition to her new abode. I believe he sold the cow at a profit; it would have been like him to do so; he was, even then, a shrewd businessman. The other schoolmate whom I remember was Clement Bernholm. Clem was not the best of students, and in the summers of 1906 and 1907 I lived at his home in Newburyport, and tutored him. I will not fix the responsibility for the limited success which I enjoyed. But I have always liked one anecdote about this gay blade. When he was young, he had a French nurse. He strenuously objected to being addressed by her in her native tongue. "That's not my language," he used to say. A good point, at that.

Before I turn to my college years, I should say something more about my boyhood summers. Until I was nine (and I imagine that this fact reflected the family's economic status), we did not go away in the summer. But in 1898 we spent the first of four summers in Scituate. We inhabited a little house known as

the Jenkins cottage (it is still there), which was lighted only with lamps, and in which the privy (I mean "privy") was closely connected with the kitchen. We had a horse and carriage, however, and I learned a bit—just a bit—about equines. Once when I was holding Charlie, he started in a sportive moment to roll. I screamed with terror. On another occasion, I was told to go out and harness him. The family had been making candy the night before, molasses candy. I put the candy on a little shelf in front of his stall. Charlie reached over, and bolted it whole. I wept.

There are a few other memories. I had my first fireworks, beyond the conventional torpedoes and firecrackers, on our first Fourth of July at Scituate. I think my father, in those dim days, paid a dollar for a glittering collection of Roman candles and rockets. The exhibition was a success, and was repeated every year for quite a while.

There was a boyhood playmate near by, Wallace McNaught. Wallace and I indulged in such sports as chasing grasshoppers (a highly unproductive enterprise), playing croquet, and going down into the cow pasture with the declared purpose of chasing the bull there. We never did chase him and it was just as well.

Opposite our little house was a cabin inhabited by what we could call a hillbilly family if they had not lived in New England. His little daughter, about my age, was one of my companions. I remember telling her that I preferred that she not accompany me to the post office, because people might talk.

There is memory, too, of the Fourth of July, 1898, when I heard of the battle of Santiago, of drives to North Scituate Beach (a damn bore before the summer came to an end), and of visits to Hingham, where lived my great-aunt Ella, my grandfather's sister.

Aunt Ella was quite a character. She lived alone in a considerable establishment, though without servants. She had ac-

cumulated a rare collection of antique dolls and doll furniture. She was a spinster, and a spinster who became increasingly difficult the longer she spun. For a long time she came to Boston to have Thanksgiving dinner with us, and when I was young she was very good to me. As she got older, she got more and more eccentric and ornery. She had a grudge against my grandfather, because on the death of his father he had accepted his share of the small estate. By some devious reasoning she felt that it all belonged to her. A long time after, when my aunt had become prosperous, my mother and I went down to Hingham and presented Aunt Ella with a check for the original sum, plus interest. All we got was no thanks at all.

Aunt Ella's capacity for nasty comment increased with age. When I was engaged, she said, "I don't see how the young women of today ever get engaged, the young men being what they are." When I went down to see her, just before crossing the seas with the A.E.F., she expressed in the presence of my wife the opinion that it was a worrisome situation, "Frenchwomen being what they are." I shall never forget my wife's first meeting with Aunt Ella. My wife is a very warm person, and she put her arms around Aunt Ella's shoulders, and gave her a big kiss. The mingled look of surprise, pleasure, and frustration was something to remember.

Aunt Ella was born in 1847, and she lived to be a very old lady. I think she died in 1943. When a copy of her will was sent to me, I was not surprised at the first sentence: "I expressly omit to provide for my grandnephew, Dexter Perkins, or his issue." A woman who would take a football which bounced into her yard, cut it up into pieces, and throw the pieces back, could hardly have been expected to be a devoted great-aunt.

The summer of 1906 brought my introduction to the little town of Harvard, Massachusetts, where my Aunt Fannie built a house in 1914 in which I have spent at least a part of each summer for the last fifty-four years. The town is, in my judg-

ment, one of the most delightful in New England. There is the usual village green, with the Unitarian and Congregationalist churches confronting one another across it, the usual country store, where we have traded for years, the Civil War memorial, a weeping figure of no compelling artistic interest, the library, which goes back nearly a hundred years, the cemetery with quaint gravestones, some of them dating from the late seventeenth century. On Prospect Hill, to the west, is the site of Clara Endicott Sears's Italian villa, with a far-ranging view embracing Mount Wachusett and the rolling hills of central New England. Down a hollow east of the town is the Shaker cemetery, with simple gravestones, and some Shaker houses going back to the early nineteenth century, and there is Fruitlands, where Bronson Alcott established a short-lived Utopia, beautifully described by Miss Sears, who made the house itself a museum.

I add a special word about the Shakers. This extraordinary sect was founded by an illiterate Englishwoman, Mother Ann Lee, and goes back into the eighteenth century. The Shakers believed in the imminence of the second coming, in celibacy, in direct inspiration, and in hard work. They were a noisy and intractable lot at the beginning, and awakened considerable local hostility, but they had quieted down long before my time, and were peaceable hardworking people, engaged in raising herbs for S. S. Pierce in Boston. The settlement was withering away in the second decade of the twentieth century, but I remember the last surviving member of the group, Sister Olive, who died in 1918.

I entered Harvard College in the fall of 1906. There were entrance examinations, of course, but the competition was a long way from what it is today. Indeed, I never worried about being accepted. And — I blush to relate — my poorest mark on the exams was in history, where I received a D+. Of course in retrospect I blame it on my teacher. But the fact is that my high

school years were years of something less than brilliant achievement. Shall we put it down to adolescence? Anyway, regard for my reputation prompts me to set down that I was third in my class at the university. I like to say to ambitious parents that their children are very likely to have fallow periods when not much seems to be happening, and that they should not be too much agitated by this palpable fact.

My first year at the university I lived at home, and there is not much to record. I do have memories of English A. This course was prescribed, and it involved writing a brief essay every college day—if I remember correctly. An admirable idea! There is no way to learn to write except by writing—and reading. Without putting forward any pretensions to a literary style, I believe that I gained immensely in literary expression by this form of exercise. I remember three of these themes. One was on the New York gubernatorial campaign of 1906, in which Charles Evans Hughes was pitted against William Randolph Hearst. I treated the question a bit apocalyptically, I fear, but after reading Swanberg's brilliant biography of Hearst a few years ago, I have come to the fixed conclusion that I was fundamentally right. Later I was to write a biography of the New York governor. My second theme was on the subject, "Why I Am a Unitarian." This, I fear, was almost wholly conventional, based on the printed sermons I picked up at the Arlington Street Church. Yet it suggests that I was becoming interested in the faith to which I have adhered throughout my life. My third theme was of a burglar who was redeemed from sin by meeting a little girl as he was engaged in robbing her house. Saccharine was the word for it. And that burglar used language of an unusual literary excellence. My instructor, I remember, thought ill of this effort.

One of my other courses was English 28, a review of English literature, with a galaxy of lecturers. We began with Kittredge, and *Beowulf*. Kittredge was, of course, unforgettable. He

looked like Jove, and acted like Jove. He loved to stage a tantrum. On one occasion, when he had discovered a cigarette butt on the steps of Sever Hall, he entered upon a long tirade, ending with the words, "When *I* was a boy I used to sit *down* on the steps of Sever Hall." I remember Le Baron Russell Briggs, who read poetry with a tenderness I have never seen excelled. Indeed, I can still hear him intoning "And virtue's sum is but to know and dare," a quotation from John Donne, as I remember. We had George Pierce Baker, later filched away from Harvard by Yale, who lectured on the drama. It was a remarkable course, indeed.

Living at home, I made few friends. The person who was closest to me was John Bloodgood Worcester, my classmate in the Boston Latin School. He had something to do with my going to Perkins Hall the next year where I roomed with him.

I had done well in my studies, and continued, therefore, the scholarship with which I had entered college. But my second year was my most successful, and surely the most important from the point of view of my intellectual development. In History 1 I had one of the greatest figures of the time, the fabulous Charles Homer Haskins. Haskins, I was to learn later, had all the gifts. He was a marvelous undergraduate lecturer; he was equally at home in the graduate seminar; and he was a fine administrator, and a first-rate scholar. I am sure that he had much to do with my increasing interest in history. These were the days of the free elective system, and I mean "free" in a very wide sense. In my three years I never took a single course in science. I abandoned the ancient languages in which I had been so well trained at the Boston Latin School. Besides history, I took work in government, added another language to my repertoire, Spanish, and improved my German. I worked very hard; in fact, I was what I fear must be called a grind. A conventional pluggger I was, and not much of anything else. My attempt to introduce myself to track athletics was a dismal

failure, which I was forced to recognize when some Cambridge urchin, seeing me panting along at the end of a trail of runners, cried out, "See the baby elephant." This was most unjust, as I was not at this time particularly fat.

One thing I did which showed some special enterprise. I was asked by Edwin Ginn, the Boston publisher and peace advocate, to translate a little book written in the beginning of the seventeenth century, by one Emeric Crucé, and entitled *The New Cineas*. The allusion in this title refers to Cineas, the adviser of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus. Pyrrhus, on one occasion, was boasting of how he would conquer Italy. "What then?" said Cineas. "Then I will conquer Spain." "What then?" said Cineas. "Then I will conquer Africa." "What then?" "Oh, then I will sit down and enjoy myself." "Why not sit down now?" said the wise adviser. I cannot discover that this work of mine was ever published. In fact I do not know what became of it. But it stimulated my interest in the peace movement, of which the reader will hear more later.

In 1909 I was elected as a junior to Phi Beta Kappa. The Harvard system was peculiar, and worth noting. The election was a student election. Eight out of the first twelve in the junior class were elected by the junior eight of the preceding year who also chose the first forty-four seniors. In other words, the choice was based, not only on grades, but on the judgment of the undergraduates with regard to their fellows. I think it was a good idea. In fact I have long deplored the tendency to make election to this society a mere matter of routine, as it is in most institutions.

Harvard Phi Beta was interesting from another point of view. About my time we organized a dinner club, and met every Monday night. Elections took place in January, and so there was quite a lot of time to get to know one another. It was in this group that I first came to know Walter Lippmann, with whom I have maintained a limited connection throughout the years.

I graduated in three years with the class of 1909. As to what I should do next there seemed to be no question. I would go to graduate school at Harvard. And so I did. And though, as I shall indicate more fully later, I developed in my senior year a special interest in international law, there seemed to be no question that my general field would be history. So began five years of study which ended in a doctor's degree in 1914.

The man who played the most significant role in my graduate study was Archibald Cary Coolidge, known to his friends and students as Archie. Archie had a most distinguished lineage, springing from the bluebloods of New England, and also with one strain which went back in the direct line to Thomas Jefferson. His father, Coolidge once told me, was as a little boy taken to see his Virginia relatives. Among other places (this was in 1835 or thereabouts) he visited Montpelier, and saw James Madison. The former President had a severe toothache, and his face was done up in a cloth. The little boy never forgot it. So there was a man still living when I knew Archie who had seen a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1787. How brief the span of American history!

Archie had a slight speech defect. As a little boy he was taken to see his aunt, the famous Mrs. Jack Gardner. He came in from outside, and said, "Auntie, can I pick the weeds in the garden?" He was accorded permission. It was afterwards discovered that he had rooted up some precious Japanese *reeds*.

Archie had traveled enormously in his youth, and he had an enormous number of associations. He was also, by the standards of the time, a rich man. Yet I never knew him to say anything that savored of pride of association, or anything that suggested pecuniary means. He had what I like to think is the traditional New England attitude toward conspicuous consumption.

His influence at Harvard, where he became instructor in history in 1894, was profound. He immensely broadened the scope of historical studies. He had a leading role in persuading

Mrs. Widener to give the money for the great library which now stands in the Harvard Yard. He was the first editor (and a very good one) of the magazine *Foreign Affairs*. His book *The United States as a World Power* was a classic in its day. Looking back, I find there are few men in the academic world who exercised a wider influence on his generation than did Coolidge. I do not think I half appreciated at the time how extensive that influence was.

As an undergraduate I had never taken a course with Archie. But in the graduate years 1909-1910 and 1910-1911, I had seminars with him on the foreign policy of France. There were only five of us in the course, and my memory of all of them is vivid.

One was Laurence Packard, to be for the next fifteen years my closest friend and for ten of them my colleague at Rochester. Laurence came from Brockton, Massachusetts. He had had a remarkable record in high school, and had been the commanding officer of the student battalion in the Brockton High School. He had distinguished himself in his college years by being elected to Phi Beta Kappa as a junior. He had early resolved to work for the doctor's degree in history. As I think back across the years, I assess him in a long perspective. He was never at ease with the written word, and he cannot be described in the cant phrase that we all apply as a "productive scholar." But he had nothing less than a genius for instruction, and for firing others with enthusiasm for the study of history. He went to Rochester in 1913, with his graduate degree uncompleted. There he served for twelve years; after that he was at Amherst where for many academic generations he was one of the most loved and admired members of the faculty. Perhaps no member of his generation sent so many students on to graduate work. Despite his slight interest in writing, he was always reading. There was nothing routine about his instruction; it was the product of a restless and ever-searching intelligence. There was,

undoubtedly, a dogmatic streak in him; and I remember well that in the second year of the First World War he abandoned all pretense of proportion in his course in British history, and carried on what was really a prolonged indoctrination in the righteousness of the allied cause. But I must come back to him later, and resume my account of that seminar of Coolidge's.

A second member of our group was Theodore Lothrop Stoddard. Stoddard was the son of John L. Stoddard, the travel lecturer, and the idol of his mother. He was, I think, the most conceited man I ever knew. I remember how he used to come to my rooms in Little's Block, and instruct me on any question about which he had been thinking. On one occasion, I interrupted him with a contradiction. A look of blank astonishment came over his face. "Is that so? Is that so?" he exclaimed. "My God, could I have been mistaken?" Later he and I were to meet in Paris, where we were both engaged upon our theses. He would invite me to dinner, to be followed by an enthusiastic reading of parts of his masterpiece, with an occasional interruption to exclaim, "Isn't that wonderful? Isn't that perfect?" Still later, he visited me on one occasion in Rochester, and began, as usual, to extol his own high qualities. "Quite a Renaissance man, aren't you?" said my wife sweetly — or venomously, as you choose. Stoddard never got the joke. He never taught; but his book *The Rising Tide of Color*, was, in its way, a significant work, whatever one may think of his conclusions, or of his rhetoric. It stressed the rise of the yellow and the black races, and the problem for the future that this rise involved.

A third member of the seminar was Julius Klein. Klein, like Stoddard, did not long pursue an academic career. He taught for a time at Yale, formed some connection with Herbert Hoover, became Assistant Secretary of Commerce, and later went into the movie industry and made a fortune. He was undeniably able, and undeniably smooth. One day Archie brought into the seminar and carefully concealed under his coat

a new book on the relations of France and Spain (the subject of Klein's reports). "That's a most interesting book that has just been written on Franco-Spanish affairs by X," he remarked to us. "Isn't it?" said Klein, and went on to praise it lavishly. He was somewhat deflated when Archie hauled it out from behind his back and remarked, "It's just come into the library, I'm the only one that's seen it."

The last member of our quintet was Robert J. Kerner. Industrious, direct, and a bit grim, Kerner in afterlife succeeded very well. He became a professor at the University of California. He was Czech by origin, and his knowledge of Slavic languages was important — and unusual in American scholarly circles in the second decade of the twentieth century.

Was Archie a great teacher? I do not think so. He would be pungent in criticism, but for the most part he simply let us report, and said very little. And when I came to write my thesis he gave me little help on it. But he did suggest the subject, and it was one that was to influence my whole career.

In 1910 the commonly accepted view of the Monroe Doctrine was that the message of 1823 prevented the reconquest of the Spanish-American colonies by the powers of Continental Europe, then known as the Holy Alliance. Indeed, this belief lingers to this day. But Coolidge was skeptical about the matter. He pointed out to me that nobody — yes, nobody — had ever examined the diplomatic correspondence of the period with a view to establishing the facts. And he put me to work upon the topic. It led not only to my first book, but to three other books, and to a lifelong interest in American diplomatic history.

In fact, Archie did even more: he secured for me in 1911 a *bourse* (grant) at the *École des Sciences Politiques* in Paris, given by James Hazen Hyde. Hyde was a wealthy man, president of the Equitable Insurance Company. He became known in New York for the magnificence of his entertainment. On one occasion he brought the famous French actress Réjane across

the ocean with her entire company to entertain his guests at a private party. It was, you may be sure, a lavish affair. But scandal intervened; the exposure of insurance practices by Charles Evans Hughes led to Hyde's exile, and by 1911 he had established himself in Paris, where he posed as the friend of Franco-American understanding. The scholarship which I held was one of his projects for promoting this worthy end. I have always thought it extraordinary that Coolidge gave me this scholarship before I had passed my general examinations for the doctorate. He must have thought better of me than I did of myself, for I worked like a nailer in preparation for the general exam, reading eight hours a day in the summer of 1910 and again in the summer of 1911.

So we come to my first trip to Europe. Laurence Packard had a scholarship, too, and we set forth on the thirtieth of September 1911 on the maiden voyage of the good ship *Rochambeau* (ten days from New York to Le Havre). I remember very little about the voyage. But I do recollect that we passed through the Grand Banks in the midst of a storm, and saw many, many fishing boats tossing in the gray waters. It made me think of *Captains Courageous*, which I had read not long before.

Arriving in Paris, we installed ourselves in a little hotel in the Latin Quarter. For the benefit of more recent visitors to Paris who have found the expense of a visit to that city substantial, I should say that our room cost us forty-five francs a month (nine dollars at the then rate of exchange), and that our meals were normally one franc ten centimes each. We ate at a place called Ratinaud on the Boulevard Saint Michel. For the princely sum just mentioned we got soup, a meat, two vegetables, a dessert, *pain à discrétion*, as the menu put it, and either wine, beer or the milk of the Infant Jesus, as the bottled milk available was touchingly described. No wonder we blew ourselves from time to time at the *pâtisserie* across the street,

where each little cake cost as much as four cents. The fares on the buses were fifteen centimes, second class, and twenty-five centimes first class; why go first and waste ten centimes? It was much pleasanter to stand on the platform.

Paris, in 1911, in so far as the center of the city was concerned, was very much like the Paris of today. True, there were fewer automobiles, and not a stoplight anywhere, if I remember correctly. But the *grands boulevards* were much as they are today; the traffic in the Place de l'Opéra was as tangled then as now; the Place du Palais Royal and the rue de Rivoli have not changed; on the Left Bank children played in the Luxembourg Gardens as they do today; and the Café des Deux Magots was doing business with the same kind of people that it did years later.

There had been a diplomatic crisis in the summer of 1911, the Agadir crisis over French ambition in Morocco, and Paris in the autumn gave very decidedly the impression of nationalistic sentiment. Military bands marched around the city, playing martial airs, and ending, at each stop, with the Marseillaise, in which the crowd frequently joined. There were nationalistic plays in the theaters, and one of these, *Alsace*, I remember with a certain pang. The leading role was played by the great actress Réjane, and one of her lines was, "And while a single French heart beats in Alsace, the German pigs shall not call that country theirs." This was all very well, but the night I saw the play I went with Lothrop Stoddard, who wore fierce imperial moustaches and who laughed raucously at the most incendiary lines. Fortunately, though there were plenty of boos, our lives were spared.

Besides the theater there were other evidences of nationalism. When I went to lectures in the *École des Sciences Politiques*, references to the Germans by the lecturers were apt to be punctuated by boos or shuffling of the feet. There were many meetings at the foot of the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de

la Concorde (the statue was, of course, draped in mourning), and the tone of the press was not exactly conciliatory. No doubt there were countercurrents of peaceful sentiment, but France had not had a really important war since 1871, and just as jingoism in the United States burgeoned at the close of the nineties, so in France, it expressed itself in the second decade of the twentieth century.

Packard and I had plenty of time for diversion. We bought an abonnement for the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, and there almost every week in the fall of 1911 we saw la divine Sarah in her famous roles. I remember with particular vividness *L'Aiglon*.

Of course we visited all the spots that one visits; I remember particularly our first visit to the Invalides, where Napoleon is buried. We were accompanied by a Harvard junior Phi Bete, of a vintage a little later than my own. As we stood gazing down on the porphyry sarcophagus, thinking great thoughts (perhaps), this worm burbled, "Boney was a great man, wasn't he?" I regard this as the best example of banality in a long life.

I like to think of little incidents that illustrate the French bourgeois sense of economy. There was, for instance, the woman who ate in a little restaurant near the Bibliothèque who ordered only six oysters, ate them carefully, drained out the oyster water, and then drew a piece of French bread from her bosom and thus completed her meal. I like to think, too, of the little shop near the École where I bought some bonbons one day. I asked for a *quart de livre*. The woman put nine bonbons in a little paper tray. They weighed down the scale. She took out the biggest one, and the scale bobbed back. Then she went solemnly to the case, got a tiny little bonbon, and brought it back. So I got my nine. Still a third instance of economy is connected with the pension in which I stayed in 1912-1913. We had one day creamed spinach, garnished with eggs. Mademoiselle served very carefully. But an English girl, unsatiated, said,

"*Encore un peu d'épinards, s'il vous plaît.*" "Oui," said Made-moiselle, "*mais pas d'oeufs.*"

What the average Frenchman knew about America in 1911 was not much. Indeed, in the offices of the Compagnie Transatlantique was a map of the United States. All the area west of the Mississippi was described as Kansas, up to the California border. The only cities indicated were Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and — Newport. I remember being asked several times during that first visit to Paris what my impression was of the Indians. I was not able to provide any satisfactory reply.

My academic life began about a month after my arrival. In general the École was not a great experience. The instruction there was in the main elementary for one that had passed his general exams at Harvard. There was absolutely no contact between the teachers and the taught. The work was nothing but lectures, some of which were good and some were not. Two teachers I especially remember. One was the renowned geographer Vidal La Blache, who spoke in a monotone and so slowly that the effect was soporific in the extreme. Since he rarely departed from his book, I did not attend very long. The course, by the way, was described in the catalogue as *Géographie Générale*. It was the geography of France! The other teacher was Louis Renault, who lectured on international law. He was a very distinguished man, and he had vivacity as well as learning. Incidentally, in some way I did receive from him an invitation to call on him. When I did so, the political campaign of 1912 was heating up in the States. Though my spoken French was not impressive, I made an earnest effort to instruct him in the situation. As I got up to go, aware of the fact that I had inflicted considerable punishment on his native language, I started to apologize. "*Oh! Ne dites rien,*" he said with an irony that I appreciated. "*Je le trouve extraordinaire.*"

I was also engaged in research, of course, in connection with my doctoral dissertation. Part of my work was at the Bibliothèque Nationale, one of the great libraries of the world. It was ill lighted (I am not sure that there was any electricity at the time), and one had to stop work on dark afternoons. The catalogue was in a fragmentary state consisting of bound volumes with the names of authors, but only down (as I remember it) to the letter F. There were some subject catalogues on special subjects, also in bound volumes, and not always kept up to date. There was a special series running from the eighteen seventies to the eighteen eighties. As for using the books, nothing was to be taken out. The runners who brought them were anything but urbane — or accurate.

I also worked at the Quai d'Orsay, in the archives of the foreign office. The room in which I worked was open only from three to six. It was unventilated — or nearly so. It was approached by a grand staircase on which there was a massive portrait of Napoleon III. It was still there many years later, despite the political changes of nearly a century since his day.

Since the wheels moved slowly at the Quai d'Orsay, and since Laurence had his difficulties getting admission to the Sorbonne (he exploded with rage when they required a French translation of his Latin diploma), we had plenty of time for travel. At Christmas we went to Bonn, and had Christmas dinner with my good friend and whist companion at Harvard, William Graustein. We went up the Rhine, seeing all the principal cities, crossed Switzerland in a steady rainfall, tramped on the Italian Riviera, spent some time in southern France, and returned to Paris at a total expenditure of a hundred dollars apiece. A little later we also took a short trip to the cathedral cities of northern France.

But something much more exciting was to come. Sometime in February I received a letter from Archie saying that he was going to take a rest abroad, and asking if I wanted to accom-

pany him nominally as his secretary, but really as a traveling companion. Of course the answer was yes, so I was off. I took the train from Paris to Monaco, and there awaited the arrival of Archie's vessel. (It was the *Caronia*, on which I was later to cross the Atlantic as a soldier in the A.E.F.)

From Monaco, Coolidge and I sailed for Naples. Landing at Naples, we took the night train for Rome, where we established ourselves in the Excelsior. Ever since that first visit, Rome has been one of my favorite cities, as indeed it must be for any historian. Standing in the Forum, one can see at a glance the temple of Castor and Pollux, 484 B.C. and the column of Phocas, A.D. 608. There are not many cities that can in this way sum up the development of a millennium.

One vivid memory of that first visit to Rome has a diplomatic flavor. In 1911 the Italians had invaded Tripoli, seeking to take this province from the Turks. They had the flimsiest pretexts for doing so; the thing was nothing else but a big grab. Well, the Italian foreign minister, San Giuliano, asked the American ambassador what he thought of this little enterprise. The reply was masterly. The ambassador put a finger to his lips, and said, "Ssh! I'm so afraid somebody will say 'Panama.'" This answer would not have pleased Theodore Roosevelt, who to the end of his life was sensitive on the subject, and the facts as to Tripoli and Panama are not identical, but it is still true that this was a highly adroit reply.

A third reminiscence of Rome in 1912 has to do with a meeting with Henry Clay Frick, who was staying at the Excelsior, and whom Coolidge knew. It has been pleasant to me, when writing of the growth of the steel industry, and of the Homestead strike, to have this visual image of one of the toughest — and ablest — of American entrepreneurs of his generation.

When we got to Rome, it was Coolidge's intention to go on to Tripoli and see a little of the war. For the first time in history the Italians were using planes in combat, if it can be called

combat. But the war was not going so brilliantly that the Italian government wanted American observers, and we had to change our plans. North Africa was our objective, but it took us some time to get there. We crossed from Naples to Palermo, then moved on to Taormina, with its magnificent theater, and Etna belching smoke not far away. In the course of this leg of our journey, we had to change trains at Messina. Archie went to get the tickets stamped, and was delayed, and I was swept away toward our destination, without money or tickets, or anything else useful to a traveler. I had to stay in the railroad station at Taormina until another train, bearing my mentor, arrived about an hour and a half later.

From Taormina we went to Malta, and thence to Tunis, of which I remember almost nothing, except that it was — quite properly — called *la ville blanche*; thence by train to Algiers, and on to Oran. And now began a real adventure. Coolidge was anxious to visit the oasis of Figuig, lying just on the border of Morocco and Algeria, and the scene of a bit of skirmishing not long before. Figuig was about three hundred miles down in the Sahara. To get to it we traveled by train to a place called Beni-Ounif, which had once been the terminus of the railroad built to tap the rich trans-Saharan traffic. When we got there, the rail line had been pushed further, and what we saw was what had been a substantial town, reduced to almost nothing by the extension of the railroad. We put up at a modest hotel, and in the morning, after a light breakfast, mounted the Arabian chargers — I suppose they were chargers — at the hotel door. This was the first time in my life I had ever been on a horse. As soon as I was hoisted on, we left town at breakneck speed, with me entirely out of control of the situation. However, as I clung to the beast's neck, a consoling thought presented itself. People think the Sahara is level. Not so. A good deal of it is quite *mouvementé*, as the French would say. I saw red sandstone mountains ahead, and I developed the conviction that my steed

might run out of wind as soon as he left the level ground. I think this was what happened. At any rate, I got control of him, and we visited the oasis. In my childhood imaginings I had always thought of an oasis as one palm tree, with a bit of green around it. The oasis was about seven miles square, and contained a rich variety of fruits — oranges, lemons, figs, and so on — along with a considerable quantity of grain — mostly wheat. Of course there was a water problem, and sharp quarrels over water rights, but the native population could hardly be described as indigent, though the children were naked and the men clad only in loincloths. Two things particularly impressed me. One was that the only sign of civilization was the spectacle of two men making gunpowder. The other was that the only non-Arab in the place was a Frenchwoman who had retired from a prosperous brothel in Algiers. I did not inquire what she was doing in Figuig.

Returning to Oran, we took ship for Tangier. We stopped at the Spanish port of Melilla, which had been held against the Moors since 1492, and was one of the important places in what was then the Spanish zone of Morocco. On a moonlit night, we approached Tangier, and the vast bulk of Gibraltar came into view. Gibraltar is impressive when approached from the Atlantic. But I have always felt that the Mediterranean approach is even more so. It was, indeed, for a young traveler, a great experience.

In Tangier we made arrangements for the high point of our travels, a journey by caravan into the interior, with tents, many servants, a Moorish guard (about seventy years old, armed with an ancient carbine), and a dragoman. In the course of this trip we met Raisuli, the famous brigand who had kidnapped an American citizen named Perdicas in 1904, and who provoked a ringing cablegram to the sultan from President Roosevelt at the time of the Republican convention. "Perdicas alive, or Raisuli dead," it said. The telegram was effective, but only after

a ransom had been paid. By the time we went to Morocco, Raisuli had become a man of business, was governor of an important area, and lived in an imposing edifice (that is, imposing by Moroccan standards) closely resembling a small-town bank.

Of my encounter with Raisuli I shall quote from a letter which I wrote recalling the episode in 1931.

It was on this trip that we met Raisuli at Arzila. We arrived at this town the second day out from Tangier and pitched our tents on the beach outside the walls. It was then about four in the afternoon. A little later we started on a stroll through the town, and much to our surprise heard voices speaking English. We turned and discovered two women missionaries, the only non-Moorish persons in the town. We told them that we had letters to Raisuli, and they informed us that he was dispensing justice in the marketplace and offered to lead us there. We followed them, and found Raisuli seated cross-legged and dispensing evenhanded justice, at least I hope it was evenhanded, to a considerable company of Moors. We conversed with him briefly through an interpreter.

He was a magnificent-looking man, over six feet tall, broad-shouldered and muscular, with extremely brilliant brown eyes, high forehead, and flowing beard.

After our conversation we returned to our tents, and about sunset we noticed a flock of sheep being driven into the town. Suddenly two men who seemed to be amongst those in charge of the flock secured a great ram at the head of the flock and coming toward us laid him down on the ground before us as an offering from Raisuli. A little later others came bringing chickens, Moorish bread, and Moorish butter, and similar gifts. I remember that we had mutton in various forms for several days thereafter.

We saw Raisuli again with a red-haired little boy who was one of his numerous progeny.

Morocco became a French protectorate in 1912, indeed while we were there. On our way back to Tangier we were passed by

the horseman carrying the text of the treaty. The compact was greeted in Fez with immense hostility, and with a frightful massacre of the Europeans. But that part of the country where we had been traveling was in what was then the Spanish zone, and I cannot recollect that we met with any hostility.

One more incident of this trip. After leaving Larache we camped at a place called El-Ksar where the Portuguese had suffered a bloody defeat at the hands of the Moors in 1578. The governor had us to tea, and we sat on the floor conversing with the aid of the dragoman, and belching, as is the Moroccan way of signifying an appreciation of hospitality. A little later our friend called on us. He had hardly arrived when our dragoman departed, and we were left facing our guest without a language in which to communicate. Then I had an inspiration. Out of the depths of my consciousness I dragged up the Moorish word for tent — *zadok*. Our friend's face lit up. And we had a good time instructing each other in our respective languages.

I said good-bye to Coolidge in Gibraltar where he took ship for the United States, and I went back to Paris. I stopped at Cordova, Seville and Madrid, and at the second of these places I heard of the sinking of the *Titanic*. The scope of this disaster only became clear when I got back to the French capital, and read the American papers. How strange that this tragedy connects itself with the Widener Library! Harry Elkins Widener, son of a wealthy Philadelphia family and a bibliophile, went down on the *Titanic*. It was in his name that his mother presented to Harvard the spacious building which holds the major part of the university's books today.

It was April when I arrived in Paris. I worked for a bit in the archives, and then crossed the Channel and set foot for the first time on British soil.

And what things stand out at the distance of fifty years? As in Paris, the cheapness of things — 8d for supper was what I generally spent. Second, the gold sovereigns shoveled out in a

little scoop when I went to the bank to get money. Third, the King's Birthday—a magnificent show with George V at the head of his troops. Fourth, the theater, exceedingly inexpensive if you sat in the pit. Of the sights familiar to every traveler I shall say nothing, but, writing to one of the Irish Home Rulers in Parliament, I received an invitation to lunch on the terrace of the House of Commons. This, you may be sure, was quite a thrill.

I sailed for Boston early in July. When we put in at Queens-town (today, Cobh), I bought the Irish papers, and learned to my intense satisfaction that Woodrow Wilson had been nominated by the Democrats for the presidency.

I returned to Europe in the fall of 1912. I sailed from Boston to Liverpool, spent a few days in London, and then started for my research work in St. Petersburg. I crossed the North Sea from Great Grimsby to Göteborg (where I learned that *Humm-omelette* in Swedish means lobster omelet, not ham omelet), and then by the Göta Canal to Stockholm. This was a three days' trip and still one of my memorable experiences. The canal, which connects Göteborg with Stockholm, makes use of the Swedish lakes Vänern and Vättern, with marvelous scenery, and at certain points where locks are frequent it was possible to get out, walk across country and rejoin one's ship. I hope it is so today. Stockholm gave in 1912, as it gave in later visits, the impression of great prosperity. It is well named the Venice of the North, because of its numerous islands. I got so wrought up that I even wrote a sonnet about it, or rather a translation of an ecstatic comment by some European, name forgotten.

*One morning God in playful mood inclined
Takes from the earth a bit of Scottish seas,
A piece of Naples strand, with villas lined,
A craggy island of the Hebrides,*

*Then from the Urals, lofty mountain peaks,
A piece of evergreen Canadian fir,
And lastly a Parisian quarter seeks,
To season all with vigorous life and stir.
The whole combined, and smiling joyfully,
He poured into a giant mixing bowl,
And stirred the mixture well with ready hand,
And thus made Stockholm,
Sweden's heart and soul,
The crowning jewel of a radiant land.*

From Stockholm I sailed to Petersburg via Helsinki, where I spent only a few hours ashore, and marveled at the Finnish signs on the streetcars, the most unintelligible-looking language that I had ever seen. Arriving at Petersburg, I found lodgings on the Nevsky Prospect, and there I stayed for more than a fortnight; then a few days in Moscow, and back to the West — if you want to call it that — toward Berlin.

What of Russia? The first and most potent memory is — bed-bugs. It is a pity to begin this way about a great country — but no doubt communism has ended all that. I had them every night in Petersburg, though I protested with such eloquence as I possessed in the Russian language. When I went to Moscow I decided to splurge. So I went to a big hotel in the Red Square. I had them again. The only night I did *not* have them, well, that story comes later.

The Russia of 1912 was, certainly, somewhat less prosperous than Western Europe. There were fewer automobiles by far than in London or Paris. At the newspaper stands, where there were bulletins on the Balkan Wars (then in progress), I noticed quite a few persons who couldn't read, but had the news read to them. There was poverty (though nothing like so overwhelming as I was later to see in Calcutta or Lima).

But on the whole, looking back, I think many Americans do not realize how far Russia had gone before the Revolution of

1917. Ill-informed people sometimes speak as if the Bolsheviks started from nothing. This is decidedly not the case. The technological revolution was already well under way in Russia before 1917. The Communists had this to build on. The fact is one of great importance, and should be connected in the mind with Russia's immense material resources. Take these factors, and combine them with a people long habituated to rule from the top, and it is easy to see why, by the comparative standard, the Soviet Union has done better than most countries in applying Communist doctrine.

Moscow was of a different order from Petersburg. The church of St. Basil's gave to the Red Square a flavor very different from that of any Western capital. As for the Kremlin, though I can hardly reconstruct many details at a distance of fifty-five years, it seems to me one of those buildings that effectively characterizes a society. In the Escorial, one has a vivid picture of the Spain of that dour monarch Philip II. In the Kremlin, one has a vivid picture of the grim tyranny of the Russian tsars. But I have another memory of it over the years. I remember an ikon of a Madonna, with the Virgin completely surrounded by a field of diamonds. What a vivid picture of the Church it presented, and how intelligible it makes the antireligion of the Communists! One other impression I have of Moscow is a memory of the Tretiakov Galerie, an indication of the Russian interest in contemporary art.

Leaving Moscow, I started on my way to Berlin. I intended to stop at Warsaw, but on the train I met a delightful youth who persuaded me to go straight on to Germany. When I told him that my passport was not in order, he said he would go to the police in the station in Warsaw, and fix things up. He did go to the police and told me everything was all right. It wasn't. When we got about thirty miles from the frontier the guard came through, and I was put out in pitch darkness at a border station. There was one droschke on hand, and when I indicated

a desire to go to a hotel, the driver took me to his own establishment. There were six men sleeping in the first room we entered, but luckily the second, which contained two beds, was vacant. With the carefree attitude of youth, I went right to sleep, though I did take the precaution to lock the door. In the morning I sought the breakfast room. Such filth I have never seen, a pile of rolls covered with cobwebs in one corner, a tablecloth that defied description. And the privy—words fail me. While I ordered tea and a boiled egg, with the feeling that these forms of nourishment could not be dangerous, a rabbi entered the room, with a knife in his hand. He kept walking up and down muttering, and whetting the knife against his thigh. I retained my outward composure, but the idea of a minor pogrom in reverse did occur to me.

After breakfast I strolled through the town, while my host went to the police with my passport. I met a man from Chelsea, Massachusetts, and we became quite friendly, so friendly, in fact, that he struck me for a loan. I repulsed this gesture, but it was agreeable to see someone who had been in America.

In the afternoon, with my passport in order, we got the train for Berlin. It was pleasant at the customs to see neat little German barmaids dispensing Munich beer, and to feel that I was in a country of which I knew something from earlier experience.

I stayed in Berlin for several weeks. I could not get into the archives, and it took twenty-four hours to get a book from the *Königliche Bibliothek*, and there wasn't much there for me anyway. I caught a glimpse of the Kaiser one day as he rode down the Linden, and went with a Harvard friend of mine to see the Sistine Madonna and the *Grünes Gewölbe* at Dresden. But the big thrill was the day of the American presidential election. The *New York Times* invited all Americans to partake of chicken sandwiches (all white meat) and champagne at the Hotel Adlon. There about three in the morning, I heard the

news of Woodrow Wilson's election, and retired happily to bed.

After three weeks in Berlin I traveled in a leisurely way back to Paris, where I remained until I sailed for home in late June. The months there were largely consumed in my work at the École, in studying for my examinations and in working on my thesis. But a month in the spring I spent with French friends. These friends were connected with cousins of mine. Madame Gélis, about my mother's age, was the daughter of an American woman. Her half-sister, Amy de Horrach, had an Austrian count for a father. Monsieur Gélis was a prosperous merchant. And finally, there was a daughter of my generation, Hilda. The family, taken as a whole, had scads of money, some of it through Tiffany, and some of it through Morgan Harjès. Amy, much more dynamic than her sister, had one of the greatest butterfly collections in Europe, occupying one whole floor of an apartment on the Boulevard Haussmann, with a map indicating the location of her expeditions which were busy hunting butterflies in all parts of the world. Hilda was especially a patron of the arts, and financed some important singers and performers. I remember particularly Clara Haskil, and Flagstad, in the days when her neutral stand in the war had brought her unpopularity. I shall never forget going to the opera with Hilda, and seeing the conductor turn to her with a special bow. She *did* look very grand, with a diamond necklace, and clothes that I am at a loss to describe.

These good people, thinking I looked a little peaked from my studies, took me in at their country house at Maisons Lafitte in the spring of 1913. Rich though they were, with the services of a substantial staff, they were by no means ostentatious, and there were no enormous parties. Once that spring we motored to Rheims, where Hilda was in a chorus of the Amies de la Cathédrale. It was a lovely trip, and what is deeply etched in my mind is the medieval castle—or fortress, if you will—of Coucy. This, at the time, was one of the most magnificent ruins

in France. It was a walled town, with a central tower with immensely thick walls, and an air of the past which I found wanting when Packard and I had visited Carcassone in the winter of 1912. Coucy was destroyed by the Germans in the First World War.

With these lovely people, I maintained a warm relationship which lasted to the end of their lives, and I am constrained to add some further reminiscences about them, not of the early period. I was told by Hilda that, during the First World War, Madame Gélis was informed that a company of French soldiers would be quartered on them at Maisons. "Why, we haven't enough sheets!" was her comment. This sounds a bit foolish, but it illustrates the gap between real life and the life of my friends.

After the war, they bought the château of Louveciennes, not very far from Paris, the home of André Chénier, and of one of the marshals of Louis XIV. I shall never forget one visit when my wife and I went there by taxi. Approaching the gate of this very grand estate, the taxi driver could not believe that we intended to enter. Finally, on the other side of the gate, I saw the gardener, and stepped out to hail him. The gate was opened, and the taxi swept through it, but without picking me up. I ran behind and, to increase my chagrin, found that I did not have enough money to pay for the cab. So I was temporarily financed by the butler.

We visited the Gélis-Didots many times after the First World War, and my son, who was a soldier in the Second World War, did the same. In 1940, the German High Command in Paris quartered a group of officers at Amy's on the Boulevard Haussmann. They were noisy, and Amy was affronted. What did she do? She went to see General Stülpnagel himself, got an entrée, and told the general she wanted these people removed. Bowing to this grande dame, the general acceded.

Hilda, too, was taking no nonsense from the occupiers. She

had a little place in Brittany in the town of Perros Guirec. During the war, she found herself relegated to the third floor, while German officers occupied the rest. They decided to be gracious, and invited her down to dinner. They made the great mistake of serving her one of her own Burgundies, chilled. Looking them in the eye, she said, "*C'est affreux*. One does not chill Burgundy." This sharp remark to the then conquerors was not appreciated, but she scored, nonetheless.

Perros Guirec brings up another memory. The family gave, out of their own resources, a *bateau de sauvetage* to the French navy. It was launched at Cherbourg, and was to proceed to Perros, where there was to be a fitting celebration. We were there waiting for the great event. We waited — and waited. Finally, well toward dusk, the *bateau*, weaving a distinctly irregular course, came into the harbor, and out of it came the happiest, and the most disorganized, intoxicated crew that I had ever seen. I have never seen Frenchmen as exuberant.

After a happy spring at Maisons in 1913, I sailed, as I have said, for the United States. I had not completed my thesis, and after a quiet summer I spent the next year at Harvard, assisting in one course, rewriting my thesis, and attending courses in the Harvard Law School. This last had nothing to do with my choice of a profession — I firmly intended to become a teacher of history. My work at Harvard Law was avocational, but exciting.

The teacher who was most anecdotal was Edward Warren, usually known as the "Bull"; he had a ferocious temper, a source of great amusement to unfrightened students. One day he came along the line, and nobody could answer his question. His face began to get red, the veins stood out on his forehead, he ground his teeth, and growled, "Sometimes I think my patience is Christlike!" On another occasion, being irked by one of my friends, he looked at him severely and said, "Mr. S——, you ought not to be a lawyer, you ought to be a plumber." Yet

on occasion he was gracious. One day, after numerous failures by my fellow students, he turned to me. I answered correctly. A mellifluous smile came over his countenance. "Mr. Perkins, Mr. Perkins," he said, "you're like water to a thirsty man." Nor was he without depth. One of his remarks that I shall always remember, the mark of an intelligent conservative, was that almost any rule was better than no rule. This was a provocative way of saying that many legal questions are highly complicated and that there is much to be said on both sides. To generalize more broadly, the simplistic view of life, however satisfactory to the simple, is not adequate for the educated man. To find the balance between moral dogmatism on the one hand and moral inertia on the other is a lifelong task.

Warren was only one of a series of great teachers at the Harvard Law School. There was "Sammy" Williston, whose technique was very different. Indeed, I have never known a man more patient, more considerate, more kind, especially in dealing with the less luminous of his students. There was Ezra Thayer, whose clarity and poise were conspicuous. There was Roscoe Pound, probably one of the most influential teachers of his time, a legal philosopher of the first order, and a man who left a deep impress on the law. Pound, however, was the least effective in the classroom of any of those that I have mentioned. He mumbled rather than lectured, and seemed to be indifferent to the class before him. Perhaps this was not always true; but it was true of the course in Roman law which I attended.

In the meantime, while taking the various first-year courses at Harvard Law, I worked away on my thesis. In the spring it was accepted, and shortly after that I took the special examination which was the final step in the work for the doctorate. It was, as I remember it, a routine affair, not a bit like the general examination which I had taken in 1911 before going abroad, and in which I was grilled for about two hours. On the great day in June, I stood before the president on the platform in

Sanders Theater, and was in the time-honored formula admitted to the company of scholars and men of learning. My Aunt Fannie was in the gallery, climbing up there despite her physical difficulties, and my doctor's robe was one that she gave me, and that I still wear at academic functions after these many years. I was ready to begin my career.

Looking back over these first twenty-five years, what strikes me is the unalloyed happiness of my youth. The family atmosphere was remarkably serene, even when trouble struck, as strike it did in the illness of my youngest aunt. As to money, there was little discussion; there was no feeling of poverty, and no feeling of affluence. I had contributed to my own education, tutoring during my undergraduate years, acting as a guide in the Harvard Yard during the summer of 1909, procuring assistantships in the years in graduate school. I was helped more than I realized, I am sure. But it was not pecuniary success that mattered to me. I wanted to teach.

TWO

Widening Horizons

By the time I received my doctor's degree in June of 1914 I already had a job, though there was not precisely a rush to secure my distinguished services. The University of Cincinnati offered me a salary of a thousand dollars to teach a course in ancient history, a course in British history from the Norman Conquest to the present, and a course in international law. In the first two of these subjects I had had virtually no work in Harvard. But no matter. Those were the days when one took what one could get, instead of demanding a chance to express oneself in some narrowly limited field in which one had written one's thesis. It never occurred to me to complain.

Cincinnati was a new world to me. In fact, though I had been to Europe twice, I had never been further west than Albany. It was a city of moderate size with a heavy infusion of German culture, a political boss of unsavory character, and a record of outstanding Republican orthodoxy. What made it attractive to me was, first, that I loved teaching, and second, that I made there one of my longest and deepest friendships. I found M. J. Hubert ensconced in the room just opposite mine on the third floor of the lodging house in which I took up my abode. He was

teaching French at the university. He was merry, intellectually lively, and in every way a good companion. My association with him has lasted to the present time, and on the many visits he has paid to us he has been one of my favorite bridge companions.

The thing that stands out in my memory about my year in Cincinnati is that I toiled like the devil. I remember only tidbits of recreation — an occasional visit to the German theater, the Café Foucar where with a sloe gin fizz we got free all the roast beef we could eat, a binge at French Bauer's where they served a monstrosity called "strawberry bonbon," an occasional squiring of one of my girl students, and participation in a French play (author forgotten) where I acted the part of a benevolent mariner named Uncle Robert.

I remember vividly a very bright Negro in my class. When the actor Forbes Robertson came to town in *Hamlet*, I decided to take my colored friend to see him. When I went to get the tickets, it seemed prudent to say that I would be accompanied by a Negro. The ticket agent said that he could not sell me seats in the orchestra, but would give me seats in the first balcony. When we got there, we found that the seats all around us were vacant. We had been isolated. This in the home of the underground railway!

In the spring of 1915, I received an invitation to go to Rochester to be looked over for a job. Laurence Packard was already there, and had been for two years. He was, after all, my closest friend. The idea of being his colleague was irresistible. On my visit to Rochester I stayed with Dr. Rhees, the president, and his wife. I had been reading Oscar Wilde in Cincinnati and had seen Margaret Anglin in a superb production of *Lady Windermere's Fan*. On a table at the Rheeses' I spied a copy of *De Profundis*, and when it came time to go upstairs, I said, "I think I'll take this up with me." "You don't want to read that,"

said Mrs. Rhees. Can you imagine anything like that today? But I got the job.

From a worldly point of view Rochester might well have seemed in 1915 a less promising place than Cincinnati. It possessed an endowment in the neighborhood of two million dollars. Its faculty was so small that at the beginning of my tenure there we used to meet in the president's office. The total enrollment was not more than five hundred.

Yet from the beginning I never regretted my choice. To be with a close friend (I roomed with Packard for two years) was a deep satisfaction. I found another close friend in Raymond Dexter Havens, professor of English, later to be professor at the Johns Hopkins and the author of a monumental study on *The Influence of Milton on English Poetry*. Raymond was the jauntiest and best-balanced bachelor I have ever known, with a penchant for declamation and a singularly lordly manner in the classroom.

Small though the faculty was, there were some remarkable men on it. Herman Leroy Fairchild, professor of geology, had been president of the American Geological Association. John Rothwell Slater, chairman of the English department, possessed a range of knowledge that few teachers of any generation could equal. "Uncle Bill" Morey, professor of history, had published in his special field, and was renowned for his penetrating use of the Socratic method in the classroom. These individuals were close to eminent and there were many good teachers and scholars.

Of special interest was Dr. Rush Rhees, the president. I have known many college presidents. In the breadth of his achievement, Rhees was remarkable. He had been a Baptist minister when he accepted the presidency at Rochester in 1900. He was still in the years of preparation for great things when I came to the city. But when he laid down the office in 1935, he had given

to his institution a secure place in the field of American education. In terms of advance, in terms of the comparison between Rochester in 1900 and Rochester in 1935, he must, as it seems to me, rank high in the list of American college presidents. He laid the foundations of a great medical school; he laid the foundations of a distinguished school of music; he immensely strengthened his arts faculty; and he enormously increased the financial resources of the institution.

In politics Rhees was a conservative. I have never been able, in contradistinction from some of my academic friends, to see why this is a sin in a college president. He must, of course (like any college president worth his salt), be devoted to academic freedom. But, even in this essential sphere, he may be better off if he finds it easy to get along with a board of trustees which is likely to be composed of businessmen. I do not argue that this is a matter of principle. I merely state that conservatism is no disqualification.

In only one respect, as I look back, was Dr. Rhees's conservative bias a handicap. He never believed in coeducation. The women were forced upon him in the early part of his career. When he got a chance he separated the two campuses. In the long view, this was a mistake. It was redeemed when the old campus was abandoned by President de Kiewiet in 1953.

Rhees knew how to handle a faculty. He gave us wide scope in the questions which most interest academicians. He was no autocrat. He did not make the mistake that Robert Hutchins made at Chicago in trying to mold a faculty to his own dream. He let us make the important decisions as to curriculum; he gave heads of departments wide scope in the hiring — and firing — of personnel. And, beyond any president I have known, he was respected and, by some of us at least, beloved. His wisdom in dealing with an individual struck me forcibly my first year of teaching, when I lectured one day in the general course in European history on the relation of science and re-

ligion in the modern world. In this lecture I said that while men still prayed, they no longer prayed for rain; they left that to the meteorologists. This disturbed one of my students, and my comment got to Dr. Rhees. He did not call me in to reprove me, but when I was talking to him one day he alluded to the incident. "Say anything you like," he remarked, "but remember that it may have consequences." This seems to me a perfect injunction to a young teacher.

I remember another remark of his which I was wise enough to keep in mind. Answering my criticism of another member of the faculty one day, he said to me, "This is not one of his aptitudes." How charitable and wise this judgment! We all have our aptitudes — and our ineptitudes.

One of my early memories of Rhees is of compulsory chapel, which, of course, ended with a prayer by the president. At the end he always came to the words, "Jesus Christ, who taught us to pray, saying," after which we all recited the Lord's Prayer. It used to be a matter of fascination to me to see how he would get to the necessary tag. He would be picking posies in some faraway field of discourse, and it did not seem possible that he could make the connection, but he always did. It was wonderful.

Speaking of religion leads me to say a few words on my own religious development. I joined the Unitarian Church in Rochester, and soon taught a church class. Then, as later, I found in the church interesting and independent people who became my friends. And it was not long before we got a minister who was really extraordinary. His name was Ludwell Denny, and he came to us fresh out of Meadville Seminary. He left the ministry after a few years and ended up as chief foreign correspondent of the Scripps-Howard newspapers. He was the best pulpit man I have ever known, and his ten sermons based, phrase by phrase, on the Sermon on the Mount were among the best I have ever heard. We used to prepare the publicity for

these discourses together, and we produced some pretty lurid ads, as I remember it. The church grew, and is still growing. The minister emeritus was one of the great figures of Unitarianism, William Channing Gannett. He was a gentle and soft-spoken man, transcendentalist in his approach, famous for sermons that were apt to be somewhat prolonged, and known to me particularly for a discourse entitled "Dust Will Keep, But Violets Won't." When I think of him, I think of the compliment he once paid me. "You have a face that smiles easily," he said. I hope it's true. I also remember once he asked me straight out what I believed in. "I believe in the dignity of human effort," I replied. I would give the same answer today.

The great event of this first year at Rochester was extracurricular. In my class in European history was a young woman who quickly attracted my attention. She was, beyond a doubt, the brightest girl in the class. She treated me with an easy informality which I found more attractive than an attitude of girlish admiration. She commonly wore a sailor suit with a red necktie, and when I assigned essay questions instead of "fact" questions, she always had something interesting to say. But I was cautious. The Rochester tradition did not allow for young instructors to take out or even to call on their students. I early decided to break the tradition, but with due regard for the temerity of the enterprise, I resolved that I would call upon her in the Christmas vacation, wait a month before calling again, and then gradually reduce the intervals. By June — well, we would see about that when we came to it. I regret to say — or do I regret it? — that the schedule got a bit gummed up. One day in June I came home from a visit to Wilma (her name was Wilma Lois Lord), and announced to Laurence that I was engaged. Being himself fancy-free, he was by no means delighted at my enterprise. Somewhat peevishly he said, "You must go see Dr. Rhees at once." Looking back, I cannot see that

it was any of the president's business, even in 1916. But I did it, without any reply but a word of congratulation.

Though I may be thought partial, I cannot forbear to say that after fifty years of married life, my wife seems to me today, as she did then, a most remarkable woman. What I want to stress is the perfect balance of her character. I like to say of her that she is equally removed from excessive apprehension and futile regret. She lives effectively in the present, and not only effectively but with a degree of thoughtfulness for others, of generosity and tolerance that I have never seen surpassed. She is also my companion in play, to a degree that is rare even in the happiest of marriages. But I shall stop at this point, lest I become maudlin.

We were engaged for nearly two years. In the climate of the time, to have married an undergraduate would have been a most daring thing to do. We never even considered it. But we had to make a slight concession toward the end of my fiancée's senior year. I was about to go into the service, and we naturally wanted to be married before I went overseas. We were, but this presented a difficult problem for the college, for the spring term had not quite ended. My wife was called in to consult with the dean of women, an admirable person, Annette Munro, who neatly solved the embarrassing problem of a married woman in the classroom. Wilma had been elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and she had carried a heavier than usual load. It was explained to her, therefore, that a faculty committee had decided that she would get her degree without further course work or examinations, but that any appearance on campus henceforward would be strictly incognito.

Shortly after our marriage I was inducted into the armed service. Packard had enlisted in 1917, just after the declaration of war. I had chosen to remain until called. In June of 1918, I went to Camp Devens for entry into the army, and after a brief

time was sent to Camp Dix, for incorporation into the 87th Division, bound for France. After a short period of training (all too brief, it seems to me, if we had had occasion to enter combat), we were ready for departure. On the night of the twenty-fourth of August we were aroused, at three in the morning, for embarkation. We stole down to the waiting train in utter darkness (secrecy must be maintained). Of course, it was light when we reached the Jersey side of the Hudson, and high noon when we crossed the river. There were more delays, but about five we were aboard the transports. As we steered for the open sea, a chorus of steam whistles and cheers came from the great city. It was possibly the most public private exit that could have been devised.

Naturally, for a mere private, accommodations were not lavish. We slept in hammocks, and the feet of one of my comrades (malodorous feet) were close to my nose. After a couple of nights, I scouted around for a better place to repose, and found that with the aid of a life preserver I could balance very nicely on a watertank. It was a bit cold, but quite tolerable, nonetheless. We sailed a zigzag course, and after about ten days saw the coast of the north of Ireland, and started down the Irish Sea. A flotilla of destroyers came out to meet us, and I imagine we cut quite a figure as we steamed southward. And at Liverpool the reception was a heartwarming one. Substantial crowds cheered us as we landed, shouting encouragement and God bless you's. It was a moving moment.

Either just before or just after our escort arrived, there was what we were told was a submarine attack. At any rate there was a great deal of firing. My ship was in the center of our convoy, and my reaction was one of detachment. This, I think, was the normal attitude of my comrades. At Liverpool we entrained for southern England. Occasionally the train stopped at a station, and some of the doughboys would get out and graciously assure the Tommies on the platform that now there

was no doubt about the outcome of the war. This must have been extremely comforting.

At Winchester we were taken to what was described as a "rest camp." The name was well chosen; we climbed a high hill with packs on our backs, and repose was what we needed at the end of the journey. We were not allowed to leave the camp, and though I could look longingly at the cathedral that was all I could do.

After a few days we started for France. We crossed in a storm, which scared out of their wits some of the boys whose experience with deep water was limited, and went to another "rest camp," as conveniently situated as the last, and even drearier. Then one fine night we entrained again, this time not in the passenger coaches that had been thoughtfully provided for us in England, but in the famous *huit chevaux quarante hommes* which were standard in France. I shall never forget the delightful whimsy with which the boys greeted their new transportation. Choruses of baas and moos rent the atmosphere. We traveled for two and a half days, naturally with very little sleep, and detrained at the town of Saintes, in central France.

Because I spoke French, I was given permission to stroll in the town. I ran across a barber who, with an eye to business, asked me if I could make him a sign in English. This I did. Mellowed by this act of helpfulness, he invited me upstairs to have a glass of wine, while Madame tranquilly nursed her baby nearby. As we talked, he felt more and more drawn to this potential hero whom he saw before him. "*Ne soyez pas trop audace,*" he said. "*Cachez-vous un peu.*" The warning was a touching one, but hardly in line with the best military advice.

A day or two later the captain and I had to go to a French barracks in connection with the supply problem. There we met a French colonel, with whom I conversed at some length. When he told me that Woodrow Wilson was the greatest man since Saint Louis, I was thrilled beyond words. The judgment was, of

course, excessive, but that it was made is some faint evidence of the hopes that the President of the United States had aroused as the war approached its end.

From Saintes after a decent interval we were moved north to the little village of Gièvres, not far from Romorantin. We were just setting up our pup tents when the first sergeant hailed me and said, "Report at once to the colonel." So I walked down the usual poplar-lined road till I came to regimental headquarters. "Are you Dexter Perkins?" said Colonel O'Shea. I answered in the affirmative. "Are you sure you are Dexter Perkins?" said the good colonel. I again answered, "Yes." "Well, I have a commission for you," said the colonel, "as a first lieutenant, and you are to report at General Headquarters at Chaumont." This was news, indeed. The colonel then invited me to lunch. I remember (I doubt if I approved) one of his comments. "Ireland is no place for the Irish," he said. "They should come to America and govern the country."

When I told my captain the great news, I was promptly moved into the officers' quarters, and there I stayed for a week or so before I was ordered to proceed. By this time Bulgaria had left the war, and the scent of victory was in the air. At Chaumont I was assigned to the Historical Section, under Colonel Robert M. Johnston, who had been one of my teachers at Harvard. There were other officers from Cambridge in the group, and our task was what the name suggests, to prepare for the writing of the history of the war. We had a pleasant mess, and what I remember most in those first weeks was that Ruth Draper spent Thanksgiving with us, and entertained us with some of her readings.

Not so long after our arrival, the colonel asked if I would like to visit the front. I would like nothing better. So one day at the end of October I set out for that part of the line which was held by the 28th Division. On the way I passed through Domrémy, the little village where Joan of Arc spent her childhood. It

looked much the same as I imagine it had looked nearly five centuries before. When we got to the lines, I went first to Division Headquarters, where I stayed for a few days, with nothing more exciting than the bursting of a single shell a hundred yards or so down the road. Then I moved up to the front lines. There we were under irregular bombardment, but felt fairly snug in our dugout. One day the captain asked me if I wanted to go out on a raid. The idea appealed. But let not the reader marvel at my courage. The captain and I directed the raid from a tree out in no-man's-land. When the raid had accomplished its purpose — the taking of a few prisoners — the shelling began. Naturally we retreated, and as we ran for shelter, I felt much as I imagine a mouse must feel in a cornfield when pursued by man. Yet somehow or other, I was objective about it at the same time. I just didn't think anything was going to happen to me. It seemed wise to withdraw from this locality, but that was all.

Only once more was I under shellfire. When my assignment was over, I started back for the road that ran behind the lines, and told the chauffeur to come and get me at a specified point. Unhappily, just as I reached that point, the Boches began shelling. The chauffeur, prudently enough, decided to postpone picking me up. So I had to lie down in the ditch, in such shelter as I could find, until the shelling ceased. Again I can't remember any other emotion except that this was unfortunate, but wouldn't last forever.

The reader will perceive that this is no heroic story of military service. How I would have acted in a really sticky situation I do not know. But I can say that at no time in my months of service did I ever worry one little bit about my skin. I just did what was suggested to me, and it wasn't much.

One other observation about my few days at the front. What impressed me was the mingled ennui and danger of war. There in the dugout my military friends had precious little to do. Most

of the conversation was about girls, and as the reader will imagine, it was distinctly physiological. To me this kind of reminiscence seemed dull, if not unpleasant, but it seemed to comfort the narrators.

I had scarcely returned from the front when, on the afternoon of the tenth of November, Colonel Johnston called me in and said that I was to go up to Paris and prepare a report for the general on the law of occupied territory. At ten o'clock that evening I got on the train at Chaumont, and after standing all the way, arrived in Paris at the Gare de l'Est at three in the morning. I looked down the Boulevard Sebastopol, where I had bicycled with Laurence Packard. It, like every other important street, was lit by blue lights to protect the city from air raids. I tried to find a hotel to take me in, but they were all full. Finally I wandered into a little place near the Opéra, lay down on the floor with my army overcoat under my head, and tried to sleep. At about six, the newsboys wakened me with the news that the Kaiser had fled, and that the armistice had been signed. I got breakfast, and at half past nine or ten went to the American embassy. With the military attaché in full uniform, we invaded the Bibliothèque Nationale, and demanded that I be given admission to the stacks, and allowed to take out books. In the ecstasy of the moment the demand was granted. I have often wondered how many other American professors have ever shared this privilege! In the evening I went to dinner with the Gélis-Didots. During the meal, the news came that a great crowd had gathered before the house of Marshal Foch, and that he had come out on the balcony and addressed it, with his napkin around his neck *en bon papa*. After dinner we went downtown. The blue lights of the early morning had been taken down and the white lights of peace were blazing along the boulevards. A great crowd gathered in the Place de l'Opéra and the French singer Chenal came out on the balcony and sang the Marseillaise. The whole throng took up the song in

one mighty paean of praise and joy that the war was at end. What hopes were born that night, and what dreams were to be dissipated!

The dreams were *my* dreams too. For a brief space it looked as if a new world might indeed be born. During December the papers were full of the impending visit of President Wilson to Europe. On Christmas Day the President arrived in Chaumont. I got up early to see him come in, and there were tears in my eyes as he got out of the train to the shouts of the crowd, "*Vive Wilson! Vive le Président!*" In the morning we drove over to the little town of Humes, and there the President and his wife reviewed forty thousand American troops. It was possible to hope that the objectives with which he came to Europe would be realized.

In the months that followed, we in Chaumont saw these objectives from a European point of vantage. In a sense I was fortunate, for in February I was transferred from the Historical Section to G-2, where it was my business to prepare reports for General Pershing on the course of the Peace Conference. I wonder if they ever got beyond my colonel; and even if they did, I am bound to say that the materials provided us were not substantial. Since I had several assistants I was not overworked. In fact, I spent some of the time when I was on duty reading the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as a pastime. I fretted at the trends in the Peace Conference, as was entirely natural, and yearned for the day of my return. This came in June, just before the signing of the peace treaty. After the usual delays including a fortnight or so at Saint-Aignan, in the valley of the Loire (where I had a chance to see many of the French chateaux of that region), and a week or so at Bordeaux, I sailed for the United States on my thirtieth birthday. I landed at Newport News. After a few days I was given a company to take to Camp Upton for demobilization. When we landed in New York, I rushed up to a YMCA man, pressed a ten-dollar bill

into his hands, and told him to send some flowers to my wife. It never occurred either to him or to me after this suggestion that I had not given him an address.

When I called the roll at Upton that night, several of my company were missing, AWOL in New York. I had visions of being kept in the service indefinitely while they were located. But they all turned up next morning; the final papers were prepared, and on the tenth of July I was demobilized to begin again my life as a teacher and scholar.

The early years after my resumption of teaching were not particularly eventful. Conformable to the pattern of the times, I spread myself thin. I taught a general course in American history, a general course in European history, a course in citizenship (at that time compulsory for all seniors), and a seminar in historical research with Laurence Packard. Can any respectable academician imagine such a program today? Yet I believed then, and I believe now, that it was useful to my development to take a wide view of history before I dug deeper.

In a small way I began to get recognition both in the academic world and in the community. I had two articles in the *American Historical Review*, both based on my thesis. I received my first offer — from the University of Nebraska — not a brilliant offer, but nonetheless satisfying to my ego. In 1920 I was elected president of the City Club, and it was due to me that the club for the first time in its history had a woman speaker — Jane Addams. She was magnificent! We also staged an excellent debate on the League issue in the fall campaign, with fiery little Fiorello LaGuardia as the anti-League speaker. I remained on the board of the club for several years thereafter.

I was also — I want the reader to take this seriously — elected a member of the Pundit Club. This organization was founded in 1854, and claims to be the oldest club of the dinner-club type formed west of the Hudson. It has a competitor in the Literary

Club of Cincinnati, founded in 1849. But whereas the Literary Club held no sessions during the Civil War, the Pundits did. We met every fortnight, and after dinner heard a paper read by one of the members. We then went around the circle for comment. Many of the leaders of Rochester were in the club, and the meetings were — and still are — a great joy.

At the university a substantial change took place in 1925 when Laurence Packard went to Amherst. I became chairman of the history department, a post which I held until 1953, when I went to Cornell. From Packard I inherited Hugh Mackenzie, who taught the general European history course until his death in 1946. In the winter of 1925 there came to the department Willson H. Coates, with British history as his special field. In the fall of the year, on my initiative, the president appointed Arthur J. May, who took charge of the general course in European history in the Men's College. In 1930 I appointed G. G. Van Deusen, my former student of the class of '25, and a Columbia Ph.D., to take part of the work in American history.

Rightly or wrongly, I kept the department rather small during the greater part of my incumbency. But I think I may fairly say that the quality was high. Mackenzie, who taught the women, was a teacher of immense capacity. I think he was one of the best classroom men I have ever known. Arthur May delighted generation after generation of students in the Men's College, and in due course launched himself upon a notable scholarly career as a student of Eastern Europe, particularly of the Hapsburg Empire. Willson Coates became an important figure on the campus because of his philosophic quality, and published the important diary of Simon D'Ewes, and was later to devote himself to significant work in the field of European intellectual history. Glyndon Van Deusen became well known in connection with the history of the Middle Period, and has written copiously. His latest work is a biography of William H.

Seward, in which he has had the use of the Seward Papers in the University of Rochester, which his own energy largely secured for us.

What is interesting is that of the men I have mentioned, four of us served together for over twenty years, three of us for more than twenty-three, and two for twenty-eight years. We worked together in brotherly harmony, lunching each Thursday noon at my home, to discuss affairs of common interest. Morale was high, and our intimacy a precious possession to me.

At this point I should also mention the good fortune I had in my secretaries during my long tenure at Rochester. Nothing matters more to a scholar and administrator than efficient aid in this department. From 1928, I had five collaborators—Margaret Frawley, a very able girl who left Rochester after a brief period; Alice Morrissey, now Mrs. O. J. MacDiarmid, now a Doctor of Philosophy and a scholar of reputation; Ruth Van Deusen, whose abilities were of the first order and who was the wife of my colleague Glyndon Van Deusen; Cora Hochstein, a summa cum laude at Rochester; Ralph Bates, who eventually won a Harvard Ph.D.; and last, but most important, Marjorie Gilles, who took up her work in 1938 and remained with me until her marriage to John Christopher of the history department in 1957. This autobiography would be defective in a vital spot if I did not record here my admiration for her abilities, her mastery of detail (not one of my strongest points), and her personal devotion. She remains one of our closest friends.

In the meantime my contacts outside of Rochester began to multiply. In point of time the first of the people of distinction I came to know was Carl Becker. Shortly after the war, the historians of western New York began to meet at the Lincklaen House in Cazenovia each spring. Becker was among the number. A quiet man who rarely shone in a crowd, he was simply delightful in private conversation. At that first meeting, I had a

long talk with him about my scholarly work, and he listened with an interest I found flattering.

As a stylist Becker seems to me to have few rivals. In the long years he spent at Cornell (he came to Ithaca in 1921), he was not a conspicuously good lecturer. But his books have a special flavor. They are a curious mixture of scepticism and liberalism. They are profoundly original. The best, in my judgment, is *The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers*. Only a short time ago, one of my friends at the Harvard Law School stopped me on the street to say that he had never ceased to be grateful to me for pointing out that work to him. Its thesis was that the eighteenth-century rationalists merely substituted a new faith for the old one which they rejected.

Becker was president of the American Historical Association in 1932, and I sat next to him the night of the association dinner. I remember his saying that Hoover was the stupidest man who had ever been President of the United States. Such a sweeping judgment, I believe, is very unjust; but it illustrates how a scholar can lose his sense of scholarship when he deals with the contemporary.

Another of my earliest friends outside my Rochester circle was Arthur M. Schlesinger, Senior. I met him in the stacks of the Widener Library in the summer of 1924, and we hit it off at once. His political views were not far from mine, and his historical judgments, also, ran along similar lines. In the autumn of 1924 I learned that he had been appointed to a Harvard professorship. Since throughout the years I have been often in Cambridge, from that time forward I had frequent opportunities to see him and to get to know with warm affection both him and his wife and sons.

In my own generation, incontestably, Schlesinger was one of the leaders. His *New Viewpoints in American History*, written when he was still quite a young man, illustrates the freshness of

his approach, and his capacity for suggestive generalization. *Political and Social History of the United States*, of which he was one of the editors, indeed the chief editor, gave a new dimension to American historical study. I am not speaking of the distinction of the individual volumes; on this subject there would be divergent judgments. But the enterprise, taken as a whole, was one of ambitious scope, and its significance very real. In his articles Schlesinger had an instinct for the jugular; he rarely wrote without suggesting a new idea, or revitalizing an old one. He was also a great graduate teacher, and a wonderful critic. There are literally hundreds of graduate students who can attest to his intense personal interest in them, and to the care with which he read what they wrote. On my own part, I asked him to read many of my books before publication, and always profited from his commentary. Nor should even the briefest reference to him omit a word about the service he performed with the Nieman Fellows in Journalism at Cambridge. His home was open to them on Sunday afternoons (as it was to others), and they took full advantage of their opportunities.

As I have said, our political views were very similar. But he never let me forget my divagation in 1928, when I had voted for Herbert Hoover. And he was, I think, more deeply committed to F.D.R. than I ever was.

Where we diverged was with regard to the importance of the classroom, particularly the undergraduate classroom. He had a tremendous faith in the power of the written word, and poured the greater part of his energies into writing, and into encouraging others to write. I, on the contrary, feel that direct contact with people, and the wisdom that ought to emanate from history in the classroom, is of the highest importance.

About the same time I got to know Schlesinger I came into contact with the dean of historians in his generation, J. Franklin Jameson. Jameson had accepted an article of mine for the *American Historical Review* as early as 1920. I was impressed by

the fact that he was able, despite years of research on my part, to point out an article on my subject in one of the French historical periodicals which I had not read. He gave me excellent criticism and even accepted a second article which I sent in the next year. Jameson had established a sort of historical convivium which met during the summer at Branford, Connecticut. The setting may be accurately described as simple; the food was far from inspiring; the rooms were small; and the toilet arrangements primitive — to be frank, in the form of privies. There was not much to do but talk, with J.F.J. taking a large role, and play croquet. It was very likely through this contact that, on the death of John Spencer Bassett in 1928, I was offered the job of secretary of the American Historical Association. This brought me into closer association with Jameson, who was on the executive committee, and I had many contacts with him until his death in 1937.

This was a very great man in many ways. In his early career after the attainment of his doctorate, he had taught at Brown University, and had been an influential member of the faculty. But he found his real *métier* when he was chosen as editor of the *American Historical Review*, and as the chief of the historical section of the Carnegie Institution. In both capacities he was superb. As an editor he was careful, critical and helpful. At the Institution he presided over highly important bibliographical and archival projects, which were of great use to other scholars, and agitated pertinaciously and, in the final result, successfully for the establishment of the National Archives. After a long period in this job a difficulty arose. The director of the Institution became enamored with the study of pre-Columbian America. The emphasis placed on this work was not congenial to Jameson. It represented to him, as he once said to me, a shift from the most significant of living societies to the deadest of dead ones. (Not an objective judgment, but yet there was something in it.) At the same time Jameson was

nearing the age of retirement. He accepted, therefore, the post of director of the manuscripts division in the Library of Congress, and continued till his death in 1937. There again he proved of immense service to countless historical scholars.

Let it not be thought that Jameson's sole function was to assist others in expressing themselves in the study of history. His writings, no doubt, are less important, but there is one that was a chef d'oeuvre, especially when one considers when it was written. This is the series of essays entitled *The American Revolution in Its Social Aspects*. This little book was not published till 1926, but it was based on lectures delivered a long time before, indeed, at the beginning of the century. At a time when the claims of social history had not been recognized, Jameson sketched in masterful fashion the social developments of the revolutionary period. The book has value even today.

Jameson seemed to many of those who met him a rather cold person. He was indeed grave, and somewhat formal in manner. But under the air of reserve was a warm and immensely kind man, as many of those who knew him could testify. Nor was he lacking in humor. I remember that in 1929 we were on the train with the Jamesons on our way to a meeting of the association at Chapel Hill. The conversation turned to the subject of finding things. My wife made some disrespectful comment on my capacities in that regard. "Do you remember, Catherine," said Jameson to Mrs. Jameson, "the time I found your bead bag?" "Why, J. Franklin Jameson," was the reply, "if you did find it, it's the only thing in your life that you did find." Jameson's face assumed a mock severe expression. "I won't answer that," he said. "I'm like the Irishwoman who, coming out of church, was accosted by a neighbor who proceeded to abuse her. Turning, she gazed severely at the critic, and said, 'I'm in a state of grace now, but when I git out of it, I'll tell ye what I think of ye.' "

Equally amusing was Jameson's retort to his son on one occasion when we had the Jameson family to dinner. In the course

of the meal, Francis, as I remember him a somewhat confident youth, vouchsafed the opinion that the greatest living American author was James Branch Cabell. This brought a protest from his father. "But Father," Francis continued, "this is a very subtle writer. It is easy to miss his points. He needs to be read more than once to be fully appreciated. Have you read him carefully?" "Francis," was the retort, "I am not as modest as you are. If there had been anything in James Branch Cabell, I would have found it the first time."

To carry the story of my contact with Jameson a little further, at Oslo, in 1929, at the International Historical Congress, I found Jameson's command of foreign languages remarkable. He had traveled little abroad, compared with many of us. Yet, by sheer intellectual effort, he participated in the discussions in French and German, speaking slowly but faultlessly. It appeared to me almost a tour de force.

In 1936 I spent the autumn in Washington. I worked a good deal in the Library of Congress and very frequently I took Jameson home in my car. He was seventy-seven years old, and had been at his office since nine in the morning. Yet he was always fresh, and I could always look forward to an interesting conversation. Even at the end of the day he was lively and vigorous. It was his immense intellectual vitality that fascinated me. In his political views he was thoroughly conservative, and not at all enthusiastic about the New Deal. Considering his age and his background, this was not difficult to understand.

The secretaryship of the Historical Association brought me in contact with some other very interesting members of the profession. One of these was Dixon Ryan Fox, who was for some years on the executive committee. Fox was for a time professor at Columbia and was co-editor with Schlesinger of *A History of American Life*. But in the middle of his career he forsook history for administration and became president of Union College, and a very good one. I think of him chiefly not in relation to his

work, but because of his inexhaustible and pungent humor. Once when we were having a meeting of the executive committee of the association, Jameson happened to remark of Simeon D. Fess, then a Senator from Ohio, that he had had him as a graduate student at the Hopkins. My curiosity aroused (I took a dim view of Fess as a statesman), I asked what kind of student he was. Gravely and judiciously, as always, Jameson replied, "He was an earnest youth; he worked hard; he wanted to learn." At which Fox interposed, "What prevented him?"

On one occasion Fox was sitting next to an officer of the D.A.R. "Are you a Son of the American Revolution?" she asked him. "No," he replied, "I am a son of the Irish famine."

A third remark which gave me great comfort in view of the abominable newspaper pictures of him that I have seen was his reaction when I showed him a picture of himself in a Rochester paper. "Looks as if I was coming up for air," was his commentary.

The secretariat of the American Historical Association also brought me in contact with Charles A. Beard. Of course his fame was already established when this contact took place. *The Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States* had appeared in 1913. I reflect with some satisfaction that when I read it in the first years of my teaching I did not fall for the argument. In particular I was troubled by the intimation that all the members of the Constitutional Convention who held the securities of the Confederation (no matter whether their holding was small or large) were on this account the advocates of a strong federal government. Not only were there contradictions in the list (that is, securities holders among the least enthusiastic), but it seemed to me contrary to common sense that a man with a small amount of bonds would be likely to be dominated by this fact in the deliberations of the Convention. It was not, therefore, as a worshipful follower of Beard that I first got to know him.

Nevertheless, I believe that he was, almost beyond question, the most influential historian of his generation, not only through his various texts, but through his influence on individuals. And if this was so, it was precisely because he was a partisan, because he molded history to promote his convictions. His presidential address to the American Historical Association is virtually an appeal to take a point of view; pallid indifference is what he most scorns. I remember once when he and I were speaking on the same program at the University of Buffalo. In the course of my remarks, I stated (off the cuff) that the most influential history (whether we like it or not) was often partisan history. Beard smiled in agreement.

It is obvious in the present context that Beard's penchant for causes led him far astray in the latter years of his writing. The isolationist thesis, so contrary to the rising temper of the turn of the thirties, had begun to interest him in the middle of the decade. His convictions became deeper as time went on. His last book, I regret to say, was really a polemic, not a serious work of history.

My active period as secretary of the association lasted only until 1932. In that year we appointed Conyers Read of the University of Pennsylvania as executive secretary, on salary, who was to devote full time to the affairs of the association. I remained a corresponding secretary with very limited duties till 1939.

In my more active years as secretary, the time came for one of the first international conferences in the field of history, held at Oslo. For me, the high point of the conference was not in the papers which were presented, nor even in personal contacts with foreign historians, but in my meeting with King Haakon. This was not the first king I had seen. In the early days at Paris I had seen King Peter of Serbia received with pomp at the Quai d'Orsay. And the next year I had seen King Alfonso of Spain drive through the Place de la Concorde on his way to the

foreign office. But Haakon I actually met, and the circumstances were amusing.

The king attended the first day of the conference. The papers were very long; the historians were geared to prolixity. Toward the end, however, Alfred Kidder, a year before me at Harvard, was called on. Showing real consideration for the royal guest — and others — he said that he would condense his paper into ten minutes, and did so. The king then hied to the palace. Well, the next day some of us went to a royal reception. After being greeted by some charming ladies-in-waiting, we went along the receiving line in which the king and queen were standing. We were about ten persons removed from royalty, when Haakon stepped out of the line, came up to Kidder and said warmly, "That was the best speech of the Congress you made yesterday."

On another occasion we were taken to see a stave church of great antiquity. Halvdan Koht, the distinguished Norwegian historian who was leading the group, then called upon some of the tourists to give their opinion on the figures carved on the wooden side of the church. Rostovtzeff, one of the great scholars in the field of ancient history, and then at Yale, opined that there was little doubt of the Siberian origin of these representations. Glotz, of Paris, a classicist, was entirely clear that they were Cretan in their provenance. Puig y Catafalq, a Catalan historian, had not the faintest doubt that they were Iberian. These divergences of view intrigued me. I went up to Koht and said that I had another theory, that I believed they were derived from an American visit of the Vikings. "There's a man in the insane asylum that thinks that," was his reply.

Koht, by the way, was an impressive figure. In his long career he came to be one of those few Europeans who really understood America. His book on the United States is a classic. He was foreign minister when the Germans entered Norway in 1940, and was driven into exile for a term of years. But later he

returned to politics. His son-in-law, Sigmund Skard, is also a notable figure.

In 1931 came a decisive moment in my professional career. I was offered a job at the Johns Hopkins University. Hopkins was, of course, a much more distinguished university than Rochester. It offered also the allurements of proximity to the State Department archives, naturally of great interest to the diplomatic historian. And there was Raymond Havens, whom I have already mentioned as one of my closest friends. Yet I turned it down. My salary was raised, I was given a secretary, and liberal arrangements with regard to leaves. But above and beyond this lay my attachment to the teaching of undergraduates.

At about the same time as my Hopkins offer I became the president of the Harley School, a small day school in Rochester which my two boys attended almost from the beginning of their education. I was chosen, I think, because of my close relationship with the teachers, and with their problems. This post I held for a long time, up to 1944, when my younger boy was graduated, and even after that I was decorated with the title of chairman of the corporation, a title which I still hold. The school had only been founded in 1925, and at times the going was rather tough. There were years when I eked out the revenue by giving a series of lectures. There was a splendid spirit among the parents, however, and in the long run the school prospered. It has today an assured position under a very able headmaster.

My position with regard to private schools is not unequivocal. I am the product of a public school, and my years in such schools were uniformly happy. My three grandchildren, the offspring of my older boy, are doing well in the public schools of Ann Arbor, where their father is a professor in the University

of Michigan. If one is in a position to choose, what is the case for the private school? There is, I think, more intimacy between teacher and taught. There is more flexibility in administration and less bureaucracy. There is, as it seems to me, more opportunity for fruitful experimentation. The danger lies in the creation of an exclusive spirit, in the possibility of snobbery. But looking at the behavior of my two sons, I cannot see that there is even a touch of snobbery about them. And in their social and political views (they are now both over forty), they are certainly liberal.

Yet my strong sympathy with the public school has remained, and was, on the whole, reinforced toward the end of the thirties by my appointment as chairman of a committee to examine the school system of Rochester. Our mandate was a narrow one, concerned chiefly with economy. Our recommendations were good enough, and were buttressed by expert advice by a distinguished educator. But what was more important, I caught a glimpse of the immense problem in the field of public education, and a wider view of its significance.

As I think back on that period, it seems to me that there is no group of public servants that deserve fuller support or that perform a greater service than the schoolteachers. The problems of the elementary schoolteacher are legion, especially the problem of discipline, and the problem of stimulating children who come from homes where such stimulus is lacking. They work very hard, with a teaching load that would make a college professor flinch. It takes an iron constitution and massive resiliency to deal with young children day after day, and not a little of the same qualities to deal with adolescents of high school age. The financial rewards are by no means proportionate to the task set. And there are many teachers whose devotion approaches nobility, and whose wisdom in dealing with their charges is profound. But the very scale of education creates a profound problem. Particularly under contemporary

conditions, it will take leadership of genius, and teachers of real dedication, to deal with our problems. We as citizens have a heavy responsibility to see that leadership and funds are provided.

Another task which came my way in the thirties was my appointment as city historian. The Democrats had come to power in Rochester in 1933, and I was thought, with some reason, to be a Democrat. So when an opening in the office occurred, I was asked to fill it. I was in no position, of course, to devote full time to the job, and so indicated. In the summer of 1936 I appointed as my assistant and full-time collaborator Blake McKelvey, a Harvard Ph.D. who had done his work with Arthur Schlesinger. By degrees I diminished my own salary and increased his, and finally I had the satisfaction of securing his appointment as my successor. Nothing I ever did has given me greater pleasure. In his long service Blake has published three important volumes on the history of Rochester, innumerable articles, a history for the schools, and a more general work on urban history. I have no hesitation in saying that, owing to his labors, Rochester is most favorably known among students of urban history.

The middle thirties were years in which my wife and I got much pleasure out of our growing children. Our older son, Bradford, was born in 1925. Our younger son, Dexter, Jr., followed in 1927. It was not long before they were able to travel. We took them to Washington for the egg-rolling in 1933, and the next year began a series of trips to the Caribbean, an area about which I was to write a little more than a decade later, and which has had for me a substantial fascination.

Take Haiti, for example, which we visited in 1934 and in 1940. Its history is redolent with romance. There is Toussaint L'Ouverture, the liberator of the island from its French colonists; there is Dessalines, the bloodthirsty tyrant who completed the work; there is the amazing Henri Christophe, who built

himself an empire in the north, with a royal court, an imitation of the Trianon in the villa of Sans Souci, and a great gloomy castle, La Ferrière, looking out over the Caribbean. He named his daughters exotically, Athénaire and Améthyste, and among his courtiers were the Duc de Limonade and the Conte de Marmalade. Take Soulouque, the Negro illiterate who made himself emperor in imitation of Louis Napoleon in the 1850's and whose royal jewels were in the Bank of Haiti when we visited Port-au-Prince in 1940.

But, despite its picturesqueness, what a gloomy history! Haiti's best period, make no mistake about it, was during the American occupation; the roads were safe for the predominantly peasant population to travel; the Haitian people were no longer the prey of revolutionary factions; improvements were made in the field of public health, and, to a limited degree, in education; some American capital flowed in with results that trickled downward to at least a part of the population. Haiti today is in retrogression, under one of the worst of its rulers, its population pressing on the means of subsistence, its economy declining, its government notorious. It is often said that it is worse off than it was under colonial rule one hundred and eighty years ago.

In writing of Haiti, there flashes across my mind the gala movie performance held in Port-au-Prince in honor of the president of the republic. There is a sort of irony in the fact that the film exhibited was Walt Disney's *Snow White*. But what also intrigued me was the sight of the Haitian upper classes, beautiful Haitian women dressed formally in black, and often dripping with diamonds. I think, too, of the all-Negro pension where we stayed at Cap Haitien, and of the brilliant and dashing colonel whom we met there.

A second Caribbean area for which we learned to develop a special interest was Yucatán. Here is the seat of the ancient

Mayan civilization, which was so primitive in one respect that it never knew the wheel, but which had a calendar which was extraordinarily accurate, and which, even without the true arch, built magnificent temples in stone. The romance of Mayaland is increased by the fact that this civilization disappeared almost without trace just before Columbus landed in the New World. It is perhaps true, to quote J. F. Jameson again, that the history of this society is irrelevant to the major line of Western experience, but it is fascinating, nonetheless.

A third area we have come to view with special interest in the Caribbean is Guatemala. In this half-Indian country one sees a simple race close to the soil; one sees garments (especially the huipils worn by the women) of so many hues that they cannot be counted; one sees relics of paganism such as the idols in the woods near Chichicastenango; one can witness the ceremonial of the Guaxachip Bats, based on a calendar transmitted by memory, and going back to the era before the Great Discovery.

In these years of travel in the thirties, I had also my first lectureship abroad. The Commonwealth Fund provided for a four weeks' lecture series at the University of London, and I was invited to give these lectures in 1937. I chose as my subject Latin American relations with the United States and Great Britain in the early period of Latin American independence, and I find it fortunate now that they were never published. They seem to me in retrospect to be one of the least satisfactory things in the field of writing that I ever did.

It was fun, of course, to be in London with all my family. But looking back, I am led to think that brief lecture series of this kind accomplish very little. This conclusion has been reinforced by my later experience. This does not mean that it is futile to send American scholars abroad. But the condition of success is that the scholar shall be there for a considerable period, that he shall be interested in making wide contacts, and get to know

intimately members of the society he visits, and that he should be willing to learn as well as to teach. These conditions are not fulfilled in all European lectureships.

From London, when the lectures were over, we went on our biggest binge with the family, first for a brief visit to France, then to Egypt, to Israel, to Syria, by the Taurus Express to Constantinople, then to Athens, and finally for several weeks to Italy before we sailed for home. In all we were gone from America from late in January to almost the end of June.

What most impresses an historian on such a journey is the vast time span in the Middle East. The history of Egypt from the first pharaohs to the Roman conquest is more than three times as long as the whole history of the Roman Empire. When Julius Caesar came to Alexandria in 45 B.C. he was nearer to us in time than he was to the early builders of the pyramids. It is much the same with the story of what is now Israel. The most vigorous period of Jewish rule antedates the founding of Rome. And for striking historical contrast, look at the history of Greece, which in the short space of a century or two produced a culture which is a vital part of the Western heritage.

Two personal memories of this trip are particularly vivid. Motoring through a rather sparsely settled part of Greece, we passed a shepherd sitting quietly beside the road playing on his pipe, totally oblivious to the world around him. An enchanting sight! And in Rome we had a marvelous example of the working of the Italian mind. We were in a horse-drawn cab on the Via dei Fori Imperiali. On a wall was a handsome series of marble maps. One depicted the Roman Empire at its height, another the empire of Mussolini, including, of course, the recently conquered Ethiopia. Our cabby leaned back to talk to us and winked. "We're an empire now," he said. "Perhaps it's a good thing; perhaps it isn't. Who knows?" What skepticism! One heard nothing like this in Berlin under Hitler.

In the thirties, as well as our European trips, we gave the

children a reasonable glimpse of their own country. We spent some time in the South in the vacation periods. Monticello, which I have seen many times since the thirties (I lectured at the University of Virginia in 1959), has a special place in my heart. I think of Jefferson, the architect, a great name in the history of the craft, of his sense of beauty, and his sense of gadgetry, the bed that was let down from the ceiling, the sundial so arranged as to cast a shadow indoors. I think of Jefferson's grave, on the stone of which are the words, "Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and founder of the University of Virginia." Not a word about the presidency! Here was a man who put his faith in ideas. I think of the beautiful campus of the university, and of the hills beyond. And since my sense of humor is usually present, I think of my son, Dexter, Jr., who, visiting Monticello and seeing the statue of a weeping woman, and being only ten, remarked somewhat ungrammatically, "Is that him dying?"

Next to Charlottesville, I love Charleston, with its fine old houses and its view of the harbor and of Fort Sumter. And I shall never forget the cemetery at the head of Meeting Street, and the tombstone of James J. Pettigrew, with its noble motto, "He met life with stoic courage, and death with Christian faith."

Thirty years later, the marshes of Glynn still awaken memories of Sidney Lanier, and of a kind of sensuous beauty that moved me at the time. As for Florida, there is flavor to Saint Augustine, of course, and many fine views of the sea. But Florida never really won our hearts, nor did it win the hearts of the children.

In 1940 we made our first trip to the Far West. Santa Fe, and Taos and Acoma, the Grand Canyon, Los Angeles, Carmel, San Francisco, Salt Lake, the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, all these came within our view. The children had a magnificent time,

and so did we. Majestic scenery, fascinating experiences in the national parks, the Golden Gate; but there is really no point in prolonging the travel narrative. It is well to see America, and get some notion of its diversity and its magnitude. But I unblushingly confess that it is Europe that fascinates me most when I feel a sense of wanderlust.

For me as for many others the year 1941 ends one period in American history and inaugurates another. On Sunday, December 7, a friend of mine called me to say that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. The next day President Valentine invited me to lunch with Walter Damrosch, whose Boston Symphony was to play that evening. After lunch we went into the drawing room to hear President Roosevelt speak. At the close the strains of the national anthem struck the air. And we three, we three alone, rose and stood solemnly and sadly as the notes of the Star-Spangled Banner faded away. That night we took our two sons to the symphony concert. As Damrosch entered the stage, he faced the audience and commanded it to rise in one magnificent gesture. And once again the Star-Spangled Banner. My boys that night were sixteen and fourteen. I knew what the music implied. But I saw no other course than war. How I had reacted politically to the events that preceded I shall describe in another chapter.

THREE

Middle Life and Thereafter

In 1941, had I looked back on my life, I would have thought it an extremely fortunate one. But 1941 was only a median point. More than twenty-five years of teaching were still ahead of me; a whole variety of activities opened up in the fifties, and extensive as our travels had been in the thirties, in the fifties and early sixties they were to be more extensive still.

Of course the years of the war itself were limiting, in a sense. I taught an enormous course on the men's campus in American naval history. For the most part, the experience was not a thrilling one. The level of student capacity was not what I had been used to. These young men very naturally had their minds on other things. And my lectures came after a period of drill in the great outdoors. I worked hard, but I doubt that the results were impressive.

But I had another job which I found fascinating. I became a War Labor Board chairman on a minor level. I dealt with cases in an area restricted by Buffalo on the one side and Utica on the other. I immensely enjoyed this job, and I found that I could settle cases satisfactorily to both parties. None of my decisions, either sitting alone or with two colleagues, was ever

appealed. Of course this is not difficult to explain: board chairmen were guided by specific rules laid down in the legislation of 1942. They did not have to settle knotty questions without guidelines. And this made an enormous difference. In addition, the spirit of patriotism operated powerfully to make both sides accept the decision when it was made.

I had, however, some illuminating experiences. On one case involving very substantial wage claims, the representative of labor, at the hearing, brought with him a claue of twelve men, and then proceeded to harangue the panel. I am a strong believer in the catharsis afforded by oratory, whether convincing or not. But when he got through, I said to him, "That was an interesting speech, Mr. K, but it was weak on the facts. I propose therefore to adjourn the hearing. I shall be happy to reconvene the panel when you can present a better-documented case." I met him in the hotel lobby later, and he said, "You were right. I'll do better next time." And he did.

In another case, the union had asked for health insurance. There was not the remotest justification for our acceding to this demand in the statute under which we were operating. But, obedient to the principle, stated above, I let him run on for a while. The lawyer representing the company exploded. "I wish you'd expedite this case," he said, "and let me get back to my legitimate business." "Do I understand," I retorted, "that the settlement of a labor controversy in time of war by peaceful means is not legitimate business?" That settled his hash.

Still a third case was most enlightening. The union representative lived in Rochester. I had drafted a report and sent it to him and to the representative of the company. I had a telephone call from him. "I'll go along with that, Doc," he said (it was always reassuring when they called me "Doc"), "but can't you sprinkle a few dissents through the report for me?" I told him I couldn't, but assured him that whatever he wanted to say would be appended to the report.

An interesting aspect of the work I did in this field was the readiness of the contestants to accept one's judgment, once you had built up their confidence in your own attitude. In private conversation with labor men, I frequently let it be known that I was a Roosevelt man. In the hearings, on the other hand, I paid particular deference to any objections raised on the side of industry. And I never drew up a report which did not attempt to do justice to both. This reminds me of a remark once made to me by one of the greatest of labor mediators, William Leiserson. With regard to a very sticky case he said to me, "I gave one side the decision and the other side the language."

I must recount one other episode. In a very small case in Rochester, the union representative proved under question to be wholly wrong. With him sat Tony Capone, a highly honorable and able man, the head of the Trades and Labor Council. He uttered never a word. Later, he told a friend of mine that he could find no objection to my point of view, and did not have the heart to intervene.

All in all, I repeat, the circumstances were favorable to the solution of all these cases. I came out of the experience with an increased faith in the innate reasonableness of both American labor and American capital.

In the spring of 1945 I was commissioned to go to the conference at San Francisco which was to draw up the Charter of the United Nations. My job was to write an historical account of the conference, and this I did. I shall speak of my historical reactions in a later chapter. Let me here merely record the most vivid of my reminiscences. I was, of course, on the periphery of the affair. But I attended the general sessions and the press conferences, and had an opportunity for a private interview with Edward R. Stettinius, who was at that time the Secretary of State.

One of the key figures of the conference was Molotov. In the public sessions Molotov spoke in an even and monotonous

voice; his face was inexpressive; he said the most annoying things without any sign of emotion. In particular, the Soviet gambit about "Western imperialism" was brought out again and again. He had a chance, however, to learn something about American society — which he probably muffed. I remember especially one press conference. Sixteen Poles had been arrested by the Russians for "diversionary activities." The American newspapers worked up a great hue and cry, and Molotov consented to be interviewed. "Will these men be tried?" was one of the questions asked him. "They'll be tried if they're guilty," was the reply. The conference exploded in laughter.

On another occasion Molotov was taken to see a great industrial plant. He asked one of the workmen how much he was earning. A figure was cited. "By the week or the month?" he asked. "By the day," was the astounding reply. On the way back one of his escorts heard a conversation with the minister in his car. The escort knew Russian, which Molotov did not realize. Some skepticism was expressed that the worker was telling the truth. They couldn't make up their minds.

There were, of course, many interesting personalities at the conference. I have vivid personal impressions of only a few. I remember Bidault for his crisp manner in debate, and his obviously keen French mind. I remember General Smuts, who, however history may judge him, looked the part of a great statesman. In the American delegation the man who stood out was Arthur Vandenberg, vain and a little pompous, but very clearly convinced of the importance of the conference, and highly competent in discussion with the press. Stettinius, as I have already said, I had a chance to meet. Of his disinterestedness there could be no question. But I got no impression of expertise; he was new to his job, and seemed hardly at ease.

I dare say no conference has been organized on the scale of the meeting at San Francisco. The most extensive publicity job had been arranged. Representatives of the churches, of business,

of labor, of education, were all there. And throughout the conference the spirit of optimism was apparent. The note was not precisely that of exaltation; it was rather of clear resolve to do what needed to be done. The discord behind the scenes had to be searched for; the atmosphere, so far as the public was concerned, was one of hope.

It was while the conference was in session that there came the news of the German capitulation, and of the suicide of Hitler. I had a very special and personal reason for greeting the news with relief, for my older boy was in the American army in Germany, and had been in the front lines since February. Of course there still remained Japan, but at least one half the job had been done.

In the autumn of 1945 my wife and I went to Cambridge, England, where I was to occupy the newly founded Pitt chair in American history. During the first two terms, I gave a general course in American history, and had the satisfaction of being listened to by the largest and most appreciative audience of undergraduates I have ever addressed outside the United States. The work was hardly exacting. The first college term lasted from mid-October to mid-December. By that time everyone was tired, so we rested till mid-January. The second term lasted till mid-March. By that time the fatigue was extreme, so we rested again until early in May. As for the third term, it was not expected that I would teach at all. I mentioned to one of the history faculty that I would really enjoy having another go at it. (It was only five weeks, anyway.) So I gave a series of lectures on American foreign policy, which, like my early ones, were well attended.

There is, I think, no more gracious university education in the world than that of the ancient British universities. In the physical sense, as is well known, they are lovely beyond any American campus that I have seen. (I may be prejudiced, but I prefer Cambridge to Oxford.) In the spring the Backs at Cam-

bridge are beyond description. Such flowers I have never seen elsewhere. And while the colleges vary much in architectural beauty, King's Chapel is certainly one of the finest buildings in England.

I love to think of the organization of the university. The colleges are independent units, with their own funds, and their separate bands of fellows. In most of them the chief officer is the master, but at King's and, I think, at Queen's, this title is provost. Usually these dignitaries are chosen by the body of fellows, but there are two exceptions. The master of Trinity is nominated by the Crown. When the time comes to choose him, the king's messenger comes to the gate and asks entry to deliver His Majesty's commands. The fellows assemble in the common room, and do as they are told. The messenger withdraws, and a new master has been chosen. At Magdalen, the nominating power is in the hands of a local dignitary, the lord of the manor of Audley End. It so happened that at one time not so long ago, the individual in question was an undergraduate at the college.

The fellows of a college are a closely knit body. They dine together at the high table in the college dining hall, and then frequently foregather in the common room, where port and claret are poured by the junior fellows, and where coffee is served. There are also—luxury of luxuries in England—cigars. And best of all there is often excellent conversation.

The common room at John's, my college, is one of the finest rooms in Cambridge, seventeenth century in design, and lighted only by silver sconces. What a sight it presents when the college has a feast, the table glittering with silver, of which the oldest piece (1613) is known as "Mr. Brown's cup," and with the shimmering light of the candles and the blazing fire on the hearth!

There are so many memories of John's that I must restrain my reminiscent sense. At the outset, I was admitted a fellow in a little ceremony in which I knelt before the master, took the

requisite pledge of loyalty, and signed my name in a book which was a continuous record since 1613.

The fellows had certain privileges, one of which was to buy wines from the college cellar at prewar prices. I was told that I could have twenty-one bottles during the year. When I visited the steward to inform myself more fully, I asked if it was an academic or a calendar year. With a pleasant academic smile (he was a professor), he told me he thought it was a calendar year. I have never again had such a collection of liquor as I had at Cambridge, much of it well aged, as, for example, a Mont-rachet of 1893.

I took part in the second term in a little ceremony peculiar to the college. St. John's was on the site of a monastery, and the monastery had inaugurated the custom of distribution of two loaves of bread, a gallon of soup, and a pound of meat every Thursday for the first thirteen Thursdays of the year to fifty deserving poor of the vicinage. This custom was continued by the college, and on the appointed evening one of the fellows presided. Of course I seized the opportunity. I went to the college kitchen, was given a bit of the soup to taste, and stood watching while the fifty deserving poor filed by.

I made many friends in the college, among them the distinguished mathematician Louis Mordell, an eminent figure in the theory of numbers, and one of the finest and gentlest men I have ever met, Claude Guillebaud, the nephew of the great economist Alfred Marshall. The association was long continued after I left Cambridge.

Occasionally I got to know someone outside John's. One of my pleasantest memories is of George Macaulay Trevelyan, who was master of Trinity. I dined in hall with him, and on one occasion he rallied a group of professors to hear my interpretation of Woodrow Wilson. It was, I think, a measure of his scholarship that he told me after my talk that it had definitely altered his view of the President.

I connect my association with Trinity with Trevelyan's charming wife, and with a story that she told us. She was the daughter of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and her family background was radical, even — shocking to relate — republican. On one occasion when she was a little girl, she and her brother attended a Christmas party at their church. Part of the entertainment was a kaleidoscope, and at one moment a picture of the queen appeared. In the darkened room were heard hisses. The vicar put on the lights. "Who hissed?" he demanded sternly. "We did," said the future Mrs. Trevelyan and her brother. "And why did you hiss?" "Because we're disloyal," was the reply. Beyond this the story does not go.

Of course sport plays a great part in life at Cambridge. The year I was there the American students and soldiers — of whom there were many — organized a college which they called Bull College and a team to challenge one of the other colleges at football. Streamers went out all over Cambridge: "See the great match — Pembroke, 1346 — Bull, 1946." To satisfy the Americans it was agreed that half of the match would be played by British rules, and half by the rules of American football. This led to a slight difficulty. The Americans made the usual substitutions during the American half. But the British did not get the idea. They simply added to the number of their own team until a roar of laughter brought the little impasse to an end.

There were also bumping races on the Cam. The Cam is narrow, so the shells, instead of competing side by side, are arranged in line, and when one shell bumps into the one ahead, the bumped shell drops out. The Americans had a shell, and in a moment of egalitarianism, they chose a girl cox. She directed her craft with such vigor that she sank the shell ahead of her. The humor of this was not entirely appreciated.

I did quite a bit of speaking in and out of Cambridge that year. Early in the year, I spoke at St. Catherine's College, popularly known as "Catt's." I was introduced by a brash under-

graduate, who quoting from Clemenceau presented me as coming from a country "which had gone from barbarism to degeneration without the usual interval of civilization." The face of the master was a study as the youth pronounced these words.

In London I spoke to the Royal Geographical Society, and was introduced by Averell Harriman. It was the first time that I had met him, but not the last. I find him one of the greatest American public servants of his generation.

On another occasion I attended a dinner at which the American Isaiah Bowman was to be honored. Bowman sat on the right of the chairman, Lord Rennell of Rodd, and then there was Halifax, and on Halifax's left, I. Looking at the public record of this former foreign secretary and viceroy of India, I find much to criticize. But I think I have never met a man whose goodness and poise were more evident. He made on me a very profound impression. On one of these occasions I was taken home — stone sober, I ought to say — by a British field marshal.

Every fortnight I broadcast to Rochester. My dear friend Allen Stebbins, of the Rochester Savings Bank, had arranged for this. It was quite a thrill to go to the BBC building at the appointed hour, see the operator take up the phone, say, "Hello, New York," and put me on in less time than I can take to tell it.

And of course I saw the House of Commons, and the redoubtable Churchill. The session, however, was not a particularly interesting one, and I remember not at all the subject of the debate.

In the long vacation periods we had plenty of time for travel in England. We went down to Cornwall for the Christmas vacation, and up north in the spring. I shall never forget the day — the crystal-clear day — when we stood on the Roman wall at Housestead, and looked out over the moors at the very spot

where a Roman soldier stood guard something like nineteen hundred years before.

Looking back on 1945-1946, I can say with clear conviction that this was my happiest teaching experience outside the United States.

Another memory of Cambridge comes back to me. Bertrand Russell was there and used to walk down the middle of Trumpington Street so that nobody could possibly miss him. Once I got into a taxicab with him. I have never been treated so patronizingly as I was in this case. My wife had a different source of grievance. She went once to the Cambridge Union to hear him speak and heard him denounce the United States as the author of all the evil since the war. As I write these lines, I come from reading his autobiography. A genius, no doubt. A well-wisher of humanity, and a man capable of colossal personal selfishness. Let it go at that.

On my return to Rochester in 1946 I was chosen as president of the Rochester branch of the newly created United Nations Association. I held this post until 1949. Of my views on the Charter I shall speak later. But it was gratifying to see the Rochester branch grow, until it became the largest in the country outside New York City. I must add, however, that the credit belongs far less to me personally than to the wonderful support given to the United Nations idea in the community. It gives me pride in Rochester to think of it.

In 1949 I received an invitation to give the Gottesmann lectures at the University of Uppsala. I was unable to accept for the full term, but on the first of March my wife and I flew to Sweden. We had a particularly difficult flight, and one episode of it has been deeply etched in my mind. We stopped over in Iceland, where the so-called hotel was composed of a series of Nissen huts. On approaching the proprietor of this hostelry to ask him if I could have a bath, I received the hospitable reply, "Sure you can have a bath. There is no soap and no towels, but

you can have a bath." It reminds me of the day a quarter of a century before when we entered a brand new hotel at Tetuán in Morocco. Our room shone with the most modern plumbing fixtures. The only difficulty was that they were not connected with any water system!

But to come to Sweden. We spent two months there, housed in a hotel not far from the university. The hotel fare was not distinguished, but there were excellent restaurants in the town. Early in our stay, we discovered that Professor Kenneth Murdock of Harvard and his charming wife were also at Uppsala where he, like me, was lecturing at the university. Thus began a friendship which has been continued, and which we value highly.

I cannot say that in terms of teaching this was one of my most rewarding experiences. The attendance at my lectures was small, never exceeding twenty-one, even when buttressed by my wife and the Murdocks. Sweden, of course, had been neutral in the war, and perhaps this accounts in part for the meager interest in American foreign policy. When I offered a seminar on some aspects of the diplomacy of the United States, I had few students, and these not very exciting, or even very well equipped from the linguistic point of view. Nonetheless, one of my favorite books — I speak as an author — came out of the experience: *The American Approach to Foreign Policy*. But I shall deal with this volume in a later chapter.

My most interesting experience in Uppsala came when the rector of the university, Dr. Berg, invited us to go with him and his wife to visit a famous castle not far from the city. The owners, Baron and Baroness Van Etten, had modernized a small part of the palace, and were living there, but the rest was a museum. Going through this museum, my eyes fell on a portrait of Eva Brahe, the mistress of Gustavus Adolphus, Sweden's national hero. Around her neck was a string of pearls. A few minutes afterwards we were introduced to the baroness. On *her*

neck were Eva Brah's pearls. And still another curious episode. There was a Russian tutor in the family. I had seen him in the foreign office at St. Petersburg in 1912.

One of the most interesting contacts we made in Sweden was with the Cortal Altes, a Dutch couple whom we met at a hotel when we took a brief trip into Dalecarlia. Mr. Cortal Altes — perhaps he had a title, but he never spoke of it — had been the grand marshal at Queen Juliana's coronation. His wife was the daughter of a German field marshal, but had long since given up her allegiance to the Fatherland, and was more Dutch than the Dutch. During the war she had a young German officer quartered in her house. One day in a gay mood he said, "We Germans know how to make war better than anybody else in the world." "Yes," said this spirited female, "and I'll tell you two things you don't know how to do; you don't know how to make peace, and you don't know how to make friends." One day this same young officer came to tell her that he had been ordered to the Eastern front. He held out his hand; "*Auf Wiedersehen*," he said. She retorted promptly. "I can't say '*Auf Wiedersehen*,'" she remarked. "I wish you a happy return to your home and family, but I can't say '*Auf Wiedersehen*.'" Toward the end of the war this young officer was back again, and she met him in the street. Her manner was far from cordial. "I was so afraid the neighbors would see us," she remarked.

The Swedes themselves had never been under occupation, of course. They were sometimes a little apologetic about their neutrality in the war, especially since in the early period their attitude was of some assistance to the Germans. But they took great credit to themselves for assisting the Danish Jews who took refuge in their country, and in other works of mercy. At this time, when we are able to view the events of those years with some detachment, it is not difficult to understand the Swedish position. They would probably have been swiftly over-

run, and they might also, as they frequently argued, have jeopardized the independence of Finland.

During my lecturership in Sweden we spent a ten-day vacation with our good friends the Valentines. Alan was president of the University of Rochester but was ECA administrator in Holland at the time. The Dutch spring was delightful, and I shall never forget the sight of the tulip fields from the air when we took the plane back to Stockholm. We visited the magnificent museum where so many of Van Gogh's paintings are exhibited, and of course saw the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, with its great collections of Rembrandts. But special incidents seem to be dim in my mind. We simply had a good time with our friends.

In May and June we were back in America, and on the twenty-fifth of June we saw our older boy, Bradford, married to Nancy Tucker. The advent of a daughter-in-law brought us a new source of interest and affection, and we have rejoiced ever since in this union, and in the three children who have issued from it.

In July we were off to Europe again, little reckoning the deep impact on our lives of what was ahead. I had been invited some time before to teach at the Salzburg Seminar, but had to refuse an invitation extended in 1948. Now in 1949 we were able to go. The seminar had been founded by a group of Harvard men who had the generous idea of providing some instruction for young Europeans in the ways of the United States. One of their number, Clemens Heller, was partly Austrian, and by a curious chance he met in a European railroad train the widow of Max Reinhardt who was part owner of Schloss Leopoldskron, Reinhardt's castle outside Salzburg. Heller managed to get her consent to use the castle as the base of operation. With amazing enterprise he and two other young men, Scott Elledge, a graduate student, and Richard Campbell, an undergraduate, got a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, and as early as

1947 they had established themselves in the Schloss, collected a faculty, and students from all over Western Europe. By 1949, when we arrived there, the seminar was functioning with a teaching staff of ten, and with something like ninety students. On the side of comfort there were a few deficiencies. The beds were not only the most uncomfortable, but also the most vocal, in which I have ever slept. One hesitated to turn over lest one wake those in the next room, or the next to that. The food was in no sense luxurious, and the chef was not always sober. But the spirit of intellectual excitement was delightful, and the members of the faculty were a most interesting lot. The other historian was Henry May, now a distinguished member of the faculty at the University of California at Berkeley. Another teacher for whom I was to develop a deep affection was Daniel Aaron, professor of American literature at Smith College. But all the staff was highly competent, and the participants eager and enthusiastic. The town, as everyone who has visited it would testify, has a peculiar charm, with its Festung towering over the city, its fine churches and its narrow streets. Despite the fact that it thought of itself as sophisticated, and was proud of the Salzburg Festival which brought throngs of visitors to Salzburg from all over Europe in the summertime, it had an air of the past — and still has.

A visit to Berchtesgaden was most rewarding. At that time it was still possible to go up to the Eagle's Nest, Hitler's mountain aerie, as a matter of fact rarely visited by him, but an interesting symbol of his power. Here, to my great delight, a U.S. army canteen was selling Coca-Cola to visitors.

At the end of the session, a little difficulty arose. I had been told that my expenses would be paid, but had imprudently bought my own tickets, looking forward to reimbursement at Salzburg. But when I asked for the refund, I was told that there was no money. I bore this with equanimity as a contribution to a worthy cause, and as a result I was made a member of the

executive committee. When the committee met in Cambridge that fall, I asked some pertinent questions as to finances, only to hear that the seminar was bankrupt. The consequences of this curiosity was that I was invited to become its president. Never was a rise to high office easier. Nobody else seemed to want the job.

As it happened, I was on sabbatic leave the second term. So I was free to see what I could do. The first thing, of course, was to get a knowledgeable and public-spirited businessman to assist me. Most fortunately I found just the man. Frederick P. Muhlhauser was about to terminate his association with a Rochester firm. He was looking for something interesting. Without thought of financial reward, he volunteered to go in with me, and see what we could do. And so, in a meeting of those interested in the seminar held in Cambridge in the winter of 1950, Fred and I were invested with full authority to save the seminar if we could. We had somehow to work off a debt which came to nearly thirty-five thousand dollars and to find the funds to carry us over the first year.

Of course we made immediate appeal to those friends of the institution — and there were quite a few — who had given in the past. But obviously their support would not be enough. We had to think in terms of the foundations.

It so happened that Florence Kluckhohn, the wife of the distinguished scholar Clyde Kluckhohn, had an entrée to Chester Barnard, the president of the Rockefeller Foundation. Both Florence and Clyde had taught with me at Salzburg, and both were ready to be useful. So we sought out Chester Barnard (Florence was with us) and made our plea. He told us that if we would raise fifty thousand dollars, he might give us another fifty thousand dollars. He also required that we incorporate, which would make gifts to the seminar deductible from income tax. (This little point had been completely overlooked by the young men who had started the seminar.)

We were able to meet these two conditions. In a brief period after our meeting with the Rockefeller people, I was able to secure a substantial grant from the Commonwealth Fund and another from the Old Dominion Fund. Personal contributions continued to flow in. But there was an anxious period while we waited for a binding commitment from Rockefeller. As a matter of fact, when I sent Muhlhauser to Europe to assess the situation there, and to place our occupancy of the castle on the basis of a reasonable lease (a very unreasonable lease was in force), I told him that I would cable him as to the Rockefeller grant, and that if it did not come through, he was to come home and we would wind up the seminar. The reader will imagine with what delight, therefore, we got the final assurance from Mr. Barnard.

And there was a tragedy that hectic spring. One of the supporters of the seminar had been F. O. Matthiessen, a distinguished scholar of highly publicized and very controversial political opinions. Matty, as he was called, had taught at Salzburg in the summer of 1947. Muhlhauser and I had hardly gotten going before word came that the U.S. army, which was still in occupation of western Austria, with headquarters at Salzburg, looked on the project with a bilious eye, and especially on Matty. I even received word from Salzburg that the seminar might be closed if Matty were to teach there again. The situation was a difficult one, though in retrospect I am inclined to think that the army was bluffing. I never thought of yielding to this type of pressure. I confess I even considered going to this distinguished teacher and asking him what he would do in the current situation. But it was about this time that news came of Matty's suicide: he had jumped from a window of a Boston hotel.

Before I leave these events, I should pay due tribute to Theodore Hoffman, who, throughout the miserable winter of

1950, somehow kept things going at Leopoldskron. There was little fuel, and none too much food, but the thing was done.

Salzburg has been one of the great experiences of my life, and one of my deepest satisfactions. The budget has been balanced ever since that first year, and though the financial need is constant, the situation today is better than it has ever been before. In 1957, we raised the money to buy the castle, and since then it has been thoroughly renovated. With the castle we bought a substantial amount of land.

The essence of the Salzburg Seminar lies in a principle which I believe to be at the heart of the most successful education, the principle of close association between teacher and taught. Almost as important is the companionship of Europeans of fourteen or fifteen nations in a common enterprise. And, in addition, are the values that come from the contact of American scholars with European intellectuals, and their wider knowledge of the European scene. Today the seminar has an alumni list of over four thousand; an enviable roll of American scholars who have taught there, and an established reputation throughout Europe. It should be added that the European participants are not, for the most part, students; they are young men and women in the late twenties and early thirties whom we expect to play an important role in the Europe of the future. In part this hope has already been realized.

The widening contacts which I made in connection with the seminar probably had something to do with two extremely pleasant events which took place in June of 1953. One was the award of an honorary degree of Doctor of Letters from Harvard. The second was my election to the Harvard board of overseers for the usual six-year term. I can think of nothing in my career that has gratified me more.

One other event belongs to my closing years at Rochester. In 1952 I became moderator of the Unitarian Churches of the

United States and Canada, the highest office in the gift of my denomination. At first I hesitated to accept this post, since my religious views hardly conformed to the traditional Unitarianism in which I had been brought up. But all doubts were allayed when at the first meeting I addressed, a minister came up to me and said, "I'm a nontheistic humanist. What are you?"

Presiding over the Unitarians was great fun. I remember particularly a meeting at Andover where the question to be decided was whether in certain fields to merge with the Universalists. There was substantial debate which I finally succeeded in bringing to an end. I called for a viva voce vote. A roar of ayes followed, and then a few negative mutterings. I was about to declare the motion carried when someone jumped up and shouted, "I ask for a count of hands." Naturally, I appointed tellers, and had the count. It was something like 212 to eight. Someone moved that it be made unanimous. "No, sir," said an excited member, "I object. It was not unanimous and it must not be made unanimous." I subsided.

Unitarianism has moved more and more to the left during my lifetime, and many members of the denomination now object to the term "Christian." Without entering into any discussion on this matter, I may fairly say that I have never met more good minds and more fine spirits than I did in my association with the Church. There is a leftist group whose views on some current matters I deplore. But the independence and the social concern of the large number of Unitarians elicits admiration.

In 1953 occurred a most unexpected change in my life. As in the case of my Harvard honors, the acceptance of the presidency of the Salzburg Seminar played a part. One of my early appointments to Salzburg was Henry Myers, professor of English at Cornell, with a special interest in American literature. Myers was one of the noblest men that I have ever met. Deeply pessimistic in the cosmic sense, he was yet a great positive force.

Just at this time, as it happened, he was chairman of a faculty committee to recommend the appointment to a new and well-endowed chair at Cornell in the history of American civilization. The funds for the chair had been given by Mrs. John L. Senior of New York and her two children. Myers suggested my name, and I went down to Cornell to be interviewed. But the idea of leaving Rochester and resettling in Ithaca was not one that attracted me, and I turned an offer down. Shortly after, we left for Europe and Salzburg. At Madrid a letter came from President Malott, offering me a magnificent apartment in the Law School tower, and suggesting that I give the job a trial for one year. This I did, and at the end of that time I was so intrigued with the possibilities of the new chair that I consented to stay. I taught, therefore, at Cornell for almost six years.

I shall speak only briefly of my life at Cornell. They were very happy years indeed. In the Law School tower we had an ideal living place on the sixth and seventh floors, overlooking Lake Cayuga and the hills beyond. (Needless to say, there was an elevator.) I gave only one course, and that soon became popular enough to satisfy my ego. I also gave public lectures, and these were very successful indeed. On the average, after the initial period, at least five hundred people came out to hear me, and in my closing lecture in 1959 I filled Bailey Hall, with a capacity of over two thousand. I had also much time for writing.

We also made many new friends. Of these, one of the most interesting was our association with Frances Perkins, the Secretary of Labor in the Roosevelt administration. Very wisely, the Labor School at Cornell had given her a kind of roving commission as a teacher. I love to think of some of her little quirks. They were often connected with her New England origin, and illustrated the conservatism that lay behind her social liber-

alism. On one occasion, for example, we had Paul O'Leary and his wife Hattie to dinner with her. The next day she greeted me with the remark, "Charming people, the O'Learys! How do they happen to be named O'Leary?" On another occasion she was declaiming about the prevailing custom of calling everybody by his first name. "Come, Frances," I said, "I can't remember when you ever called me anything else." (I had known her since 1945.) "Don't you call your secretary by her first name?" "Certainly not," was the reply. "Miss Dangerfield — for twenty years."

Frances had many political anecdotes, of course. One that I particularly cherish was of a labor meeting somewhere in Pennsylvania. It was a nonunion town, and she had had a conference with the members of the company union. But another group of militants was waiting for her on the stairs. She was stopping to talk with them when the burgess came bounding up the stairs, shouting, "You can't meet here without a permit." "All right," said the Secretary, "then we'll meet in the park across the street." "No, you can't meet there. It's against the law." She looked up the street; she spied the American flag flying from the post office building. "All right," she said, "we'll meet in the post office." And they did.

On another occasion, she had called a meeting between the auto manufacturers and representatives of labor. On the night before she was called up by Alfred P. Sloan, at that time head of General Motors. He announced that he was not coming to the meeting. She exploded. She told him it was his duty to come. "No, I'm not coming," he bellowed. "I'm worth seventy million dollars, and nobody is going to push me around." He didn't come, but somewhat later Miss Perkins was talking with Myron Taylor. Mr. Sloan's name came up. Seeing a peculiar expression on her face, Taylor asked what she was thinking. "Well," she said, "he once told me that he was worth seventy million dollars, and that nobody was going to push him

around." "He said the same thing to me," was the steel magnate's reply.

Another recollection that interested me was one of a meeting with Mr. Justice Stone. Miss Perkins was worried about the constitutionality of social security legislation. She met Stone at a party. In the conversation that ensued, she voiced her doubts. "The taxing power, my dear. The taxing power," was the Justice's soft comment. I wonder a little about this, but this is the way she told it.

I asked her once how she got along with President Roosevelt. "I didn't take any of his blandishments," was her reply. "Whenever I had a conference with him, I went straight back to my office and dictated a memorandum stating my understanding of our conversation and asking him to confirm it." Prudent woman, Frances Perkins.

We continued our association with Frances till her death. She was a brave and wise person, with sadness in her life and courage in her heart. In her last years at Cornell, she lived at the Telluride House, and bestowed a grace of her own upon this club of promising young men.

There were other friends at Cornell. Eva Howe Stevens, known from her Rochester days, and her husband Robert, the dean of the Law School, were among our favorites, socially and at the bridge table; Morris Bishop, witty and urbane and with a charming wife; Maurice Neufeld of the Labor School, whose broad interests made him a joy to talk to; and of course President and Mrs. Malott. In the president I found a university executive who had courage and decisiveness, and who managed to get along well with one of the most independent-minded faculties that I have ever known. There is no denying that he left Cornell a far stronger place than he found it.

During my tenure at Cornell I received an honorary degree (LL.D.) from the University of Rochester. I was presented for the degree by my good friend Bernard Schilling, in words so

gracious and so witty that, despite the fact that they open me to the charge of egotism, I am going to set them down here.

In this century of common men, let us cherish the few examples that remain of men who by the exercise of great natural gifts seem to have achieved the full possibilities of human versatility and energy. Among these let us enroll the name of Dexter Perkins. Trained entirely at Harvard, he set forth uncontaminated by baser associations upon a lifework in teaching and learning, in religion, philanthropy and public affairs. His academic labors were divided between one year elsewhere and thirty-eight years at Rochester — in his own judgment an equitable distribution of time. At the head of his voluminous contributions to diplomatic history stands a monumental study of the Monroe Doctrine, followed by a rich and varied commentary on foreign policy, biography and social history. His tenure of the Unitarian papacy was marked by the clemency of his cathedratical pronouncements, thus adding to his vast command of earthly diplomacy a supernatural dimension. First holder of the Pitt chair in American history and institutions at Cambridge, lecturer at the National War College in Washington, president of the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies, president of the American Historical Association, head of the Harvard Foundation for Advanced Study and Research, member of the Harvard board of overseers, and now in the autumnal glow of his undiminished energy John L. Senior professor in American civilization at Cornell — but like Gibbon, one can only desist from an endless account and say that he has shown what riches a single life may contain. In recognition of his long service to its cause and with acceptance of the enlarged international distinction he has added to its name, the University of Rochester now honors the achievement of Dexter Perkins.

There were to be other academic honors in the future, from Pittsburgh and from Tulane, but the two I have mentioned have, very naturally, a special place in my heart.

Finally, in the Cornell years, I must mention my presidency of the American Historical Association, in 1956. I gave my presidential address in Saint Louis on the subject of teaching,

and I shall refer to it in more detail in a later chapter. It was a special gratification to have my wife, my sons, and my daughter-in-law present.

My appointment at Cornell expired in 1959. But not my connection with that institution. As long as Dean Malott remained president, I went back twice a year to deliver public lectures as I had during my tenure, and to enjoy my Ithaca friends. Audiences held up surprisingly. Also, to leap over the last decade, I had numberless invitations to talk from all over the country, and within the next decade I must have occupied the rostrum in over one hundred institutions. I treasure this experience. Almost invariably I found dedicated and lively teachers, and student audiences which responded warmly to my lectures. I wonder if we realize the immense scope and variety of American higher education. No other country has anything like the same number of young people in institutions of higher learning. It would be ridiculous to contend that all of these turn out to be geniuses, or even persons of broad cultivation. But the gain is immense. Most of these students, even if they are not themselves brilliant acquire a respect for the intellectual process, and this I consider fundamental. Many of them acquire an avocational interest that lasts for a long time. And, on the side of technical training, so essential in this high-powered technological society, no country can rival the United States. Best of all, the nation has come to realize that money spent in education, large as the sum is, is one of the best investments that can be made.

In addition to these brief experiences on many campuses, I have had some longer-term appointments at home and abroad. In 1961 the Ford Foundation invited me to give a series of lectures at the School of International Studies at New Delhi. And so we set off for our first visit to the Far East in the autumn of 1961.

On the way we spent a short time in Japan. What is most

striking about this country is the unrivaled capacity of the Japanese to assimilate and incorporate the values of Western economics and to a certain extent of Western society. Looking at the matter from the historical viewpoint, is there any more impressive natural phenomenon in the non-Western world than the development in a country of relatively meager industrial resources of one of the most vigorous and varied economies of today? The capacity to learn from others exists in varying degrees in the countries of the world. The Japanese have not only constructed a remarkable economic machine, but they, of all the non-Western peoples, have grappled effectively with the menace of overpopulation, and have developed an educational system which fosters their remarkable economic growth. Why is this so? I am not bold enough to answer the question. But it may certainly be said that no other people has done so much with so little.

From Japan we journeyed to the island of Formosa, or Taiwan. We stayed only two days and saw only the capital. But whenever I think of the island, I am led to reflect on the contrast between the inefficiency of Chiang Kai-shek's old regime on the mainland, and the results of his long rule on Taiwan. One is aware of this in the shortest of visits. Here is a society in motion, a society that has made great economic progress, and carried out a program of land reform which is one of the most ambitious in the world. Obviously, it is a simpler matter to govern twelve and a half million than five hundred million. But obviously also, a society which gives some play to individual enterprise releases energies which are cabined and confined under communism.

Thence, via Hong Kong and Bangkok, to India, where we took up residence in New Delhi, and where I was to teach during the next three months.

With regard to the teaching, I wish I could be more cheerful than I can be. I had a very small class, usually seven. With the

exception of my very able assistant, they did not know enough English to take notes on my lectures. They spoke English, but I have never been very good at understanding my native tongue when spoken with a foreign accent, and theirs was distinctly exotic. There were a good many holidays. I must frankly say that, with due gratitude to the Ford Foundation for this opportunity to see the world, I do not think that the investment in me was worthwhile. Of course I am not going to generalize as to other Americans teaching in India. While I was at New Delhi, Professor Robert Mathews of Ohio State University was giving work in his own special field, the field of American law. I am sure that he had a much more rewarding experience than I did. My friend John Russell, director of the library of the University of Rochester, went to India in connection with his field, and had a thoroughly satisfactory period of service. But American foreign policy was apparently not a matter of deep interest to very many Indians.

I shall have to go further and say that I came away with a critical view of the Indian educational system. It was modeled on that of Great Britain, on the Britain of Lord Macaulay. It still rested far too largely on the traditional foundation, on education for the law, for medicine, for civil service. It was not educating anything like enough technicians to meet the needs of India's economy. An illustration of its defects is to be found in connection with my own little group of students. They were being prepared to take a doctorate in the field of international relations. But the door to the practice of their new learning was limited. The Indian diplomatic service was closed to individuals over a certain age. Most of my students were over that age. They might get no job at all, or they might have to go out in the sticks and teach some subject with which they were imperfectly acquainted. They might not even get their degrees. India is the only country that I have visited where a man may put on his calling card, as a mark of distinction, "Failed for the

degree M.A." My friend Mathews told me that there were many more people training for the law than India could absorb. The system was far from adapted to the needs of the population.

I dined one night with the highest educational authorities of India. More charming and sophisticated men I have never met. The fault lay in the inertia of the system, not in the individual figures.

At New Delhi we were thoroughly briefed in a series of lectures from which we derived great profit. But the lecture by the director of the School of International Studies aroused a good deal of criticism. He was pointing out that the Indian culture was eclectic, that it took what was good in other cultures and rejected what it did not need. "For example," he said, "we admire American democracy, and wish to adopt democratic methods ourselves; but on the other hand, we admire Russia's social sensitiveness and wish to imitate that also" — as if there were no social sensitiveness in America.

While we were in India, with an election coming up, President Nehru decided upon the annexation of Goa. It seemed a bit curious that this great leader, who had so often deprecated international violence when practiced by others, should have resorted to violence himself. Whenever I spoke critically of this action, I was reminded that Goa was Indian, and had to be rescued from Portuguese oppression. To me, it seemed easier to assume that India has joined the club of the aggressors, and that the Goans were perfectly happy smuggling goods into India under mild Portuguese rule.

As I write, I find myself giving the impression of a hostile critic of India. I would not accept this judgment. I wish no ill to India and know as well as the next man that there are many devoted Indians, that the twenty years of independence have been accompanied by marked progress, that there is much to admire in the Indian past and in the Indian present. It is not

ill will, but a sense of difficulties that oppresses me when I try to see the Indian picture as a whole.

Take, for example, the question of language. There are numerous languages in India, at least twelve of which are spoken by as many as ten million people. Yet, in the face of Indian nationalism, the central government has limited, rather than encouraged, the use of English, the one tongue that might serve to bind together the disparate linguistic groups. Take the question of the cow. The cow, as we all know, is sacred. In the face of this religious belief, literally millions of cattle are permitted to live, to consume no small part of Indian crops, without yielding any advantage to the economy. Take the question of caste. The government has made a brave effort to deal with it. Yet it still remains an obstacle to social and economic advance. Take the religious picture. At its best, Indian religion is represented by Buddhism, one of the noblest of the world religions, with a pronounced ethical content. At its worst, on the other hand, and with far greater numbers, Indian Brahmanism (not ignoble in its origins) is a crude polytheism, without pronounced ethical meaning for an advanced civilization. Take the nationalistic impulse itself. It has often stood in the way of accepting the foreign capital that could do so much for the development of the country. Take the socialist philosophy of Indian leaders. It has been a questionable doctrine for a country which needs to tap every source of economic energy, and which has within its border not a few entrepreneurs of capacity; indeed the Indian entrepreneur can be very good indeed.

But let me turn to some of our experiences in India. On one occasion, not far from where we lived, we saw a religious leader who had allowed himself to be buried alive — for what end we were not told. He had been underground for nine days, fed through one tube, and breathing through another. When he was released from his prison, he was surrounded by a sub-

stantial crowd of admiring friends, who paid sincere homage to his religious devotion.

On another occasion, we saw a most interesting religious demonstration. According to the astrologers (and astrology is taken very seriously in India), the conjunction of two of the planets was imminent, and might result in world catastrophe. In order to meet this danger, large numbers of religious leaders gathered together on the banks of the Jumna to pray. My wife and I went to observe the proceedings. We were permitted to talk to their leader, one of the holiest men in India, and even told that we might be permitted to touch his feet. And we received from his hand a kind of cake that he had personally blessed. My own prestige on this occasion was considerably enhanced when my wife informed her guide that I had been the moderator of the Unitarian Universalist Church of North America.

The flavor of India is like the flavor of no other country that I have visited. I remember that driving back to Delhi from Agra and the Taj we had to stop at a railroad crossing to let a train go by. There was not a soul in sight as we approached. Within a minute the following appeared: a man with a large dancing bear, a man with a small dancing bear, a man selling parakeets, a man with a trained monkey, and a dozen or so enterprising local lights with products of the vicinage. Or take our visit to the animal refuge of Thekkady. From a vantage point at our hotel, looking out over lake and hill, we saw a wild elephant emerge from the water, where he had been almost totally submerged, and move with stately tread up the slope. On the crest beyond, bison were grazing, and in the trees monkeys chattered. It would not have been difficult to see a tiger, but one did not come our way. Or take Benares, in many ways a modern city, but with the crowds bathing in the Ganges, and such a collection of the deformed and the mendicant as I have never seen in

any other place, the old and new jostling each other in a fashion almost melodramatic.

When it comes to temples, one has everything. For myself I like best the stupas at Sanchi, dating from the early Buddhist period, with sculptures of great delicacy and realism. But if one wants something more riotous, one can find it in Khajuraho or in Madura, not so much beautiful as unusual. At Khajuraho, which dates from the ninth century, the sexual motif is present ad nauseam, but it is impossible to observe without amazement a carving of a gentleman performing the act of love standing on his head! Puri, Conakry, Bubaneswar — here is a collection of buildings to satisfy every taste.

As for beauty, there is no doubt about the Taj, and I am not going to repeat the ecstasies of others. But one of the scenes that sticks most in my memory is an evening at Mysore, when we sat in a magnificent garden attached to the hotel and watched a massive array of fountains spread their colored rays over the scene. Nor can I forget our first view of Jaipur, the pink city, as it was rightly called, or the high castle of Amber, not far away, where we had our first — and what is likely to be our last — elephant ride. There is one form of locomotion even less satisfactory, as I well remember from my visit to Egypt in 1934, that is, a camel. But I do not recommend elephant riding except to persons of the most tranquil temperament who do not care when they get anywhere they are going.

The religious life of India cannot fail to interest. India was, we all know, the home of Buddhism, and it was under the linden tree at Sarnath that the rich man's son, converted to a life of meditation and piety, preached his first sermon. He preached a noble gospel, unhampered by a complex theology, a gospel that took full account of man's depravity, and found the way of deliverance through rightness in conduct, in thought and in inner discipline. His early followers fashioned no image

of him; they were content, at the most, to depict only his footprints. But in due course the initial simplicity disappeared and the statues of Buddha are familiar to every student and to every traveler.

Buddhism makes little strain on the credulity of man. But Brahmanism, with its three principal gods, and its innumerable subordinate deities, is something else. A more lavish mythology can hardly be imagined. And with the mythology come the great epics that rival any similar compositions that I know anything about.

When I returned from India I was approaching the age of seventy-three. Since then I have taught two terms at the University of Pittsburgh and two at Wells College, delivered five sets of lectures at the University of Rochester, given the Patten lectures at the University of Indiana and the Fulbright lectures at the University of Wales, revised two of my books and written a third, and accepted many invitations to teach elsewhere. It would be tedious to describe each of these experiences. There are episodes in connection with some of them, however, that stand out in my mind.

For example, the year I was at Pittsburgh was the year of President Kennedy's sharp challenge to the Soviet Union on the issue of Russian missile weapons in Cuba. The night the President was to speak, I had been invited to give a talk on American foreign policy. Previous to my appearance on the platform, I was invited to dinner by the presiding officer. He had with him a small radio, and over the air came the voice of the President. My wife says that a peculiar glaze came over my face as I strove to adjust myself to the facts. In the end, I gave a very different discourse than that which I had intended. Only those who have had the same experience can appreciate the pain involved in scrapping one's prepared speech and improvising a new one in the interval between seven and eight in the evening.

At Wells, the moment that I shall never forget was the day

that President Kennedy was assassinated. That day I was in Rochester. But one of my students telephoned me, asking me to come back and speak to the student body. This I did. I quoted from Macbeth:

*Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.*

I dwelt on his remarkable qualities, and closed with Garfield's famous comment after the death of Lincoln, "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives!" It was for them and for me a moving occasion.

I must say one word more about Wells. Here is a small women's college, a striking contrast with Cornell, or with the Rochester of my later days there. It had something very worthwhile, something I was glad to recapture in the evening of my professional career, a kind of simplicity, a sense of intimacy, a quietness combined with seriousness, that I enjoyed. I should be sorry to see this kind of institution fade from the American scene. Nor do I believe it will.

Indiana was a great experience. Here was a large state university which had been raised from a fairly lowly status among the institutions of its kind by a really great president, Herman B. Wells. It was a place vibrant with activity, with a notable history department whose members I rejoiced to know, with a responsive student body, and with a remarkably wide range of cultural interests. One of the thrills of my six weeks there was a reunion with two other veterans in the field of diplomatic history, Julius W. Pratt, then teaching at Notre Dame, cool and judicious as ever, and Samuel F. Bemis, one of the grand old men of the profession and, like Pratt, a long-time friend. The

three of us spoke at a student meeting arranged by my good friend Professor Robert Ferrell.

One of the episodes that sticks in my mind is a talk I had with a Russian scholar. I was introduced to him by my friend Jim Byrnes, one of the finest scholars in the field, and we indulged in a pleasant private conversation. But what struck me was his reaction when I said that no American government had the slightest intention of attacking the Soviet Union. He looked completely astounded. Such, I concluded, is the depth of suspicion with regard to American purposes. It is a pity that so sinister and unfounded a view of our policy exists among learned men in Russia, and is, no doubt, communicated to students.

My visit to Wales was altogether delightful. Here as at Wells was the note of intimacy, not always found in more eminent institutions, and a delightful faculty group as well.

In completing the list of visiting professorships I must mention my visit to the University of Colorado in the fall term of the academic year 1968-69. Nowhere have I been happier, or met more charming colleagues or a friendlier reception. Finally, in these latter years, it has been pleasant to occupy the rostrum again at Rochester, to see so many of my former students coming to hear me, and to savor once again the atmosphere that had meant so much to me in my earlier years.

I shall not, at this point, philosophize on what my career has meant. This I propose to reserve for treatment in the pages that follow. I shall only say here that the story I have told in outline is one of a very happy-life. To say this is to say a great deal, is to celebrate the joys of academe, which, when united with a happy marriage and a family to be proud of, offers a picture that any man might envy.

FOUR

Scholarship



As I look back on my career, I reflect that I have written no less than seventeen books. This reminds me of a remark made by J. Franklin Jameson. Jameson was asked on one occasion if he had read Harry Elmer Barnes's latest book. "No," he replied, "he writes faster than I can read." There may be unkind people who would say something of the same kind about me. But of course I wouldn't admit as much. History professors at universities of repute have a lot of time to devote to literary pursuits—long vacations, sabbatic leaves, and special grants from foundations. Under such circumstances, the wonder is that so many of them produce so little.

These various volumes of mine are of different types, specialized research, more generalized surveys, essays, and a textbook. I should like to begin this chapter by discussing the question of specialized research, and by indicating what I have tried to accomplish in this field.

At the outset, I am firmly of the opinion that college administrations attach far too much importance to what is known as "publication." It is, they say, much easier to judge than work in the classroom. Maybe. But in the prevailing climate of

opinion, as it seems to me, it is difficult to accept this view. The temptation is to put too much emphasis on quantity. There is all too often unwillingness to assay with care the real significance of a given piece of work, to discover to what degree it is an original contribution to knowledge as opposed to a repetition of an old theme, to assess carefully the quality of good judgment, to pay due heed to literary style, to ask how wide an audience a book commands.

Of these various matters, the most important is judgment. When a man distorts the facts, when he uses them to support a theory, when he shows no real sense of balance, this should be taken into account. I think of a book on Cuba by a well-known diplomatic historian which is full of errors and which shows not even an elementary knowledge of economics. To put the matter another way, while a wide variety of opinions and a wide variety of theses should be not only permitted but encouraged in the field of history, there should also be evidence of scholarly sobriety in the way in which a given point of view is presented. In short, the quality of the mind behind a given work is fully as important as the number of pages written or the variety of sources consulted.

Furthermore, speaking generally, I do not feel that historical research stands upon the same basis as research in the sciences. In the latter, one can never quite tell what will be the practical consequences of what may seem mere idle curiosity to a harshly practical mind. Newton watching the fall of the apple, Darwin on the *Beagle*, Einstein meditating on the nature of the atom, all were thinking in terms of pure scholarship, not in terms of applied science. And they all powerfully influenced the history of man. The risks involved in discouraging speculative activity would be enormous. It did no credit to a recent Secretary of Defense that he sneered at theoretical research. He was, in fact, profoundly wrong.

But it is not so in history. Research may indeed illuminate

the past. But the kind of minute inquiry that is the fashion today rarely makes a contribution of a practical kind. In the field of history, if one wishes to be influential, it is the philosophic essay rather than the exploration in depth that is apt to have its influence on human conduct.

Yet I must not be misunderstood. I am not depreciating research; I am only seeking to put it in its place. Let me quote from my presidential address to the American Historical Association.

I intend, most certainly, no slur upon what is called, sometimes a little exaggeratedly, productive scholarship. For the college teacher, instruction and research are both fundamental. They ought not to be separated. There is no real dichotomy between them. It should be clear, even to the most enthusiastic teacher, that research, in one sense of the word, is indispensable to the practice of his profession. We need to be ever-inquiring if we are to be effective teachers. It is easy to let our instruction degenerate into routine; to give the same lectures year after year, with the same stale jokes in the same context, with the same unexplored generalizations drawn from the same available secondary works, and with the same sometimes soporific effect upon the innocent victims of our instruction. To be worthy of our calling, we must possess, first of all, the instinct to go on learning. When a teacher has ceased to ask questions, when he has ceased, in other words, to cultivate the spirit of research, he has ceased to be effective. . . . We can never know enough to teach as we would like to teach. We must always be acquiring new insights, asking new questions. Furthermore, we are in grave danger of imprecision. It is, of course, the mark of a poor teacher that he never generalizes, that he confines himself to mere episode, mere narrative. But it is also the mark of a poor teacher if he generalizes wildly, with inadequate data. Research is the means by which we discipline ourselves, by which we make ourselves more careful, more accurate and more profound.

It is possible to go even further. There is an intellectual excitement in research that can be communicated to others. To make it clear that it is fun to learn, fun to explore, fun "to follow knowledge like a

sinking star" is to perform a service. In the complex world of today it is more necessary than ever before to penetrate more deeply into the facts. Much of what we communicate either by the written or spoken word will be forgotten. But if we can set before our students the necessity for respect for the data we shall be doing a great deal indeed. Respect for the intellectual process, respect for the data, and respect for the process of *getting* the data, these are among the most precious possessions an educated man can have. Research is an exemplification of this process.

In what I have just written I have used the word "fun." We do not always have to be thinking of the social contribution we are making. We can do things for pure enjoyment. And to fashion a phrase, to order the materials, to delineate a problem, to make vivid a situation, to present an example of careful organization and of a clear and vigorous exposition, all this has an intrinsic value. It is just what I have intimated; it is "fun."

With these things said, let me turn to my own writings, and to what interests me most in retrospect with regard to them. I shall not say much of the chapters I contributed to Samuel F. Bemis's *American Secretaries of State*. They seem to me in retrospect a reasonable piece of work, but in no respect notable. I cite here only a phrase, and an impression. The phrase was one used by John Quincy Adams, in a famous despatch to our minister at Madrid. He was reproaching the Spaniards for not keeping the peace on the Florida border, and incidentally — or more than incidentally — defending Andrew Jackson's high-handed invasion of that province. "The United States," he wrote, "can no longer tolerate an action which compounds impotence with perfidy." That seems to me a masterly way of putting things, and applies to other situations than that to which it was addressed.

The other point seems to me extremely important. John Quincy Adams, as every historian knows, was an atrabilious

man. His famous *Diary* is full of criticisms of almost everyone with whom he came in contact. Henry Clay was "in public as in private life essentially a gambler." This is a typical judgment. But in his eight years in the cabinet there are very few signs of harsh criticism of James Monroe. Monroe, except through his famous Doctrine, has left no very strong impression on historians. He seems to the superficial observer or analyst a rather dull man, plodding forward with the aid of his Virginia friends, in his earlier years by no means remarkable for sound judgment, and not very exciting in the presidency. Yet after reading Adams, one pauses to reflect. How comes it that this acid New Englander could, in eight years of close association, speak almost always with respect of the President? Is it possible that in his years in the White House there was a kind of solid quality about Monroe that Adams respected? One gets that impression. Monroe was not one of the Presidents who, in the field of foreign affairs, delegated the widest powers to his Secretary of State, as did Warren Harding and Dwight Eisenhower. In the enunciation of the Doctrine itself he played not a subordinate, but a leading role. Criticism he took and accepted. But he was no echo of the dour New Englander.

I turn from this first substantial publication of mine to my first book. I have already mentioned that it sprang from a thesis subject suggested to me by Archie Coolidge concerning the origins of the Monroe Doctrine. I have also indicated that I did my first documentary research on this subject when I went to Paris in 1911, in the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères. By the time I crossed to England the next winter it was already clear that the commonly accepted idea of a nefarious design on the part of the Holy Alliance to reconquer for Spain her American colonies was baseless. The materials in the Record Office strengthened this impression. In the fall of 1912, as the reader already knows, I went to Russia and came upon a rich file of materials. Somewhat to my relief,

they were in French, for although I had by this time a reading knowledge of Russian, my command of the language was imperfect. (I may say incidentally that I have never seen more beautifully organized archives than I found in the Winter Palace.) By the time I got back to Paris in November of 1912, I thought I was ready to write my thesis.

But things did not move smoothly. The draft I submitted to Coolidge in the spring of 1913 was not satisfactory, and it was made clear that I would have to spend more time on it after I got back to America. I labored at it, in fact, during a large part of 1913 and 1914, and it was accepted, as I have said earlier, in time for me to get my doctor's degree in June of the latter year.

When I think of that thesis I blush. It is in the Harvard library, and anyone who wants to see what a thesis was like in 1914 should take a look at it. It was wretchedly typed, filled with amendments in ink, meager in form, and altogether different from the book of which it formed the foundation, and which was not published till 1927.

How did it happen that it was accepted, and how did I delay publication for another thirteen years? Neither question is easily answered. As to the first of these, is it possible Archie was being charitable? This does not seem like him. Perhaps it was the fact that I had developed a really important proposition that explains the acceptance of my screed.

But why so long before publication? Nowadays every young scholar pants to rush into print. But in 1914 the pressure was much less insistent, and anyway, I was not possessed of any vaulting ambition to be noticed. Then before long there was the war; service in the army in 1918-1919, two summer trips to Europe with a new bride in 1920 and 1921, and above all a passionate interest in instruction. Somewhere along the line, moreover, I got the idea that for completeness I ought to see the Spanish, Prussian and Austrian archives, and these tasks were

not completed till the late spring of 1924. Taken altogether, these facts offer a reasonable explanation of my long delay.

In any case, the delay was fortunate. My first book, published in 1927, was something very different from my thesis. I took a broader view of my subject than I had in 1914, writing not merely of the possibilities of the central theme, the purposes of the Continental powers with regard to Latin America, but putting the whole story in a larger setting, with a much more penetrating analysis of Russian policy toward the United States than I had incorporated in my earlier work and with fuller discussion of the American side of the Doctrine. (I cannot help asking the question whether it is not frequently true that it is a mistake to rush into print too early. Meditation and reflection are as important as the actual digging in the writing of history.) The book closes with some significant generalizations which would have been impossible for me in 1914 and which were inserted, indeed, only after some prodding from Coolidge. These were three in number: first, that the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine was of great importance in the ideological struggle between absolutism and democracy; second, that the technique of the message (the message to Congress, as opposed to a diplomatic note) was an interesting example of what later was to be described as open diplomacy; and third, that the message had a powerful influence on later thought with regard to foreign policy.

These are important generalizations; the wonder is that in later writings on the Doctrine they have been relatively little noticed. The diplomatic historians are too little interested in the connection between foreign policy and intellectual history.

But it is equally to be remarked that the central thesis of the book has not had the impact on more general works that I hoped. That thesis, as the reader will realize, is that the danger of action against the colonies by the Continental powers was nil. Not only did they have no serious intentions but they did

not rate high the capacity of the United States. In this connection, I want to cite the very interesting despatch from Tuyll, the Russian minister in Washington, written after the delivery of the message. After declaring that the United States, acting alone, was hardly to be feared at all, Tuyll went on:

The American government is far from finding in its treasury the pecuniary means indispensable to equip a considerable armament. It appears extremely doubtful whether it would succeed in obtaining the authority to impose sufficient taxes for such a purpose unless it was a question of defending from menacing attack the principal states of the Union, and even in such a case it would, to all appearances, find itself a prey to considerable embarrassment. It is also doubtful whether it enjoys either at home or abroad sufficient credit to float loans sufficient to defray the expenses which such an enterprise would entail.

It would probably succeed in sending out a squadron, and it would ruin the commerce of its enemy by means of its numerous, bold, and indefatigable privateers. On the other hand, it is difficult to imagine that it would succeed in raising forces sufficiently imposing to paralyze the efforts of a powerful expedition, directed against New Spain, or against Colombia, and basing itself in every case at Havana. It would succeed only with difficulty in sending aid of any kind, maritime aid excepted, in money, for the reasons explained above; in troops, because they are few in number, and because, in such circumstances, it would have to guard its own coasts. . . .

But will the American government wish to wage a war of this nature? The lofty tone in which it has just expressed itself seems to make such a war a necessity. After having put itself forward with so much arrogance, it would compromise itself in the eyes of its own people, it would lose all its prestige with foreign governments, if it consented to remain the spectator of an expedition directed against the Spanish colonies, of which it has so loftily proclaimed itself the defender. However, the sluggishness inherent in the forms of a federal republic, the scanty powers and means of which this government disposes, the lack of inclination of the inhabitants of this

country to make pecuniary sacrifices which offer them no bait of considerable and direct gain, the irritation which would be aroused among the merchants by the cessation of their commercial relation with France, Spain, and the North, the serious damage which the privateers of Havana and Porto Rico would do to the merchant marine of the United States might in some measure calm the warlike ardor of this government. But what is still more probable is that these facts will tend to make such a war, if the federal government should decide upon it, rather a demonstration which circumstances have rendered indispensable, and which is entered upon reluctantly with the secret desire of seeing it ended as soon as possible, than one of those truly national enterprises sustained by every means, and with every bit of energy, which might make it a very embarrassing obstacle.

The attitude which the government of the United States has assumed is undoubtedly of such a nature as to demand in an American expedition undertaken by Spain and her Allies a considerable development of means and of military force. But once the decision is taken to attempt it, I should not think that the course taken by the United States, unsupported by Great Britain, would be of a nature to change such a decision.

The essence of the matter, therefore, is that the Monroe message was mostly *brutum fulmen*, a striking example of the American tendency to allow rhetoric to go beyond the bounds of practical statesmanship.

Writing today, however, I find that I missed a couple of points that a longer and more considered view might have led me to incorporate in this first book of mine. The first is the faulty logic of the message. Monroe was assuming, first, that the Latin American republics resembled the United States in their political forms. Acidulous old John Quincy Adams thought differently. He obviously accepted the message. But he had written not very long before asking whether in fact "there is any other feature of identity between their cause and ours, than

that they are, as we were, colonies fighting for independence." The statement is an extreme one. But so was Monroe's.

Moreover, in its geographical scope the message, in my present view, was an absurdity. To assume that what happened in Argentina or Chile affected "the peace and safety of the United States" was an assumption far beyond the facts. It is by no chance that in its actual application the Monroe Doctrine has been almost invariably invoked simply to justify our interests in the Caribbean.

Writing today, I would emphasize more than I did the parallelism between the attitude of the West toward Russian communism in the 1920's and thereafter, and the European distrust of American republicanism in Monroe's time. The language of Metternich with regard to the message excites reflection from this point of view.

These United States of America [wrote the Austrian Chancellor], which we have seen arise and grow, and which during their too short youth already meditated projects which they dared not then avow, have suddenly left a sphere too narrow for their ambition, and have astonished Europe by a new act of revolt, more unprovoked, fully as audacious, and no less dangerous than the former. They have distinctly and clearly announced their intention to set not only power against power, but, to express it more exactly, altar against altar. In their indecent declarations they have cast blame and scorn on the institutions of Europe most worthy of respect, on the principles of its greatest sovereigns, on the whole of those measures which a sacred duty no less than an evident necessity has forced our governments to adopt to frustrate plans most criminal. In permitting themselves these unprovoked [*sic*] attacks, in fostering revolutions wherever they show themselves, in regretting those which have failed, in extending a helping hand to those which seem to prosper, they lend new strength to the apostles of sedition, and reanimate the courage of every conspirator. If this flood of evil doctrine and pernicious examples should extend over the whole of America, what would become of our

religious and political institutions, of the moral force of our governments, and of that conservative system which has saved Europe from complete dissolution?

The volume I have just been analyzing gave me the idea of proceeding further, of writing a comprehensive account of the evolution of Monroe's message from 1823 to the most recent times. Not long after its publication I was invited to give the Albert Shaw lectures in diplomatic history at the Johns Hopkins University. This I did in 1931, carrying the history of the Doctrine down to 1867. The lectures were published thereafter in book form. With regard to this book I will be brief. It is voluminous, I now believe somewhat too detailed, and it does not suggest to the general reader questions half as interesting as those of the previous volume.

The principal conclusions of interest to the generalist are these. Monroe's declaration was hardly noticed in the period between 1826 and 1844. It was strikingly revived by James K. Polk in his message to Congress in December 1845, with special reference to the famous paragraph that dealt with noncolonization, and with American interests in California, Texas, and Oregon in mind. After 1845 references to the message of 1823 become more frequent. But the word "Doctrine" does not appear until 1853, and during the rest of the decade the principles of Monroe are cited pretty generally by the Democratic Party, but not by the Whigs. But with the Civil War the situation changes. The attempt of Spain to reassert its sovereignty in the Dominican Republic, and the more ominous attempt of the French to set up a monarchy under the Archduke Maximilian in Mexico roused American opinion, and the invocation of its principles becomes general. Though Seward discreetly never mentioned the Doctrine by name (after a severe rebuff from Spain for his rough language to that government), there was in the press and in Congress plenty of reference to Monroe's dogma. The na-

tionalization of the Doctrine, indeed, may be said to date from the sixties.

Perhaps the most striking quotation in the book is the following, published in a Mexican newspaper, the *Imparcial*, and approvingly commented on by the French ambassador in Mexico in 1858. "Ambition, the abuse of strength, and aspirations towards universal domination are the distinctive traits," he writes, "of both Russia and the United States. Russia aspires to dominate in Europe in the name of despotism, and the United States to dominate in America in the name of liberty. The principle of monarchy, imposed with all its exaggerations and abuses by the sabre of the Tsar and the lance of the Cossacks, and the democratic principle, imposed by the rifle of Yankee adventurers end in the same result, absolutism and tyranny." In language less acid, the same thing, it is true, had been said by Alexis de Tocqueville. But I found the *Imparcial's* comment intriguing. I wonder if General de Gaulle agrees, in substance, if not literally.

I must add one word on my chapters on the expulsion of the French and the Emperor Maximilian from Mexico, which forms the theme of a large part of the book. I found the diplomacy of Secretary of State Seward in edging the French out of Mexico intriguing and admirable. He gradually stepped up the pressure, never forcing things to the point where he might provoke a French reaction of prestige but making increasingly clear the opposition of the United States to the whole enterprise. But one summer at Harvard I lectured to a group which contained the Mexican chargé d'affaires of the moment. "How about us?" he said. "What about the gallant resistance of the Mexicans themselves?" He was right. Thus does the nationalistic emphasis creep into history. I had paid far too little attention to the point he raised — though in fairness I should say that I had not omitted it entirely.

In connection with this work I have the pleasantest memories

of my two weeks' visit to Baltimore. I stayed in the Hotel Stafford, overlooking Mt. Vernon Place, one of the stateliest and most attractive squares to be found in America. I was the recipient of much Baltimorean hospitality, and at the invitation of Dr. Raymond Pearl, one of the leading figures in the school of medicine, I went to a stag dinner at which H. L. Mencken was one of the guests. The conversation was not particularly edifying, and I found Mencken's bawdy anecdotes a little boring. But it was evident that under his veneer of cynicism was a kind and warmhearted man. I remember, too, one little episode that amused me a great deal at the time. Mencken had married a few years before. As the evening proceeded, he kept looking at his watch. At precisely 11:45 he rose, and said that he must be getting home. It was evident that this stormy petrel, this public brawler, was as meek as a mouse when it came to the voice of his spouse.

One of the other guests was Millard Tydings, who had just been elected to the Senate after a term in the House of Representatives. "Which do you enjoy more, the House or the Senate?" someone asked him. "The Senate," was the reply. "There you can be honest five years out of six."

My next book was one which covered the Monroe Doctrine from 1867 to 1907. Like the previous volume, it was the result of a series of lectures delivered at the Hopkins, this time in the autumn of 1936. As with the two volumes that preceded it, I had carefully searched the European archives. Through the good offices of William E. Dodd, our ambassador in Berlin, I secured access to the German foreign office correspondence, and I went to Berlin to examine it in the summer of 1935. It was quite a job, for a good deal of the most valuable material was in German script, handwritten. Fortunately I had prepared myself for this ordeal on the way over. Each day on the boat I wrote out long passages from printed material in German longhand. Then the next day I read it back to myself. By the time I

reached Berlin I found that I could get along fairly well with the despatches, and I profited largely from what I found there. I also spent some time at Canterbury, where the British documents were housed. This, of course, was easy sailing.

My third volume traced what is perhaps the most interesting period in the history of the Doctrine. With Grant comes the incorporation into the Doctrine of what I have named the no-transfer principle, by which the United States expressed its opposition to the transfer of any American territory from one European power to another; with President Hayes comes the invocation of the Doctrine in connection with the question of an interoceanic canal; with Grover Cleveland arises the remarkable controversy with the British over the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela, in which Cleveland demanded, in the name of the principles of 1823, the arbitration of the question at issue; under Theodore Roosevelt there comes the matter of the Anglo-German blockade of Venezuela in 1902-1903, and the transformation of the Doctrine into a justification of American intervention in the Caribbean (i.e., the Roosevelt corollary).

I will not weary the reader with the details of these various episodes. But in the case of one of them, the Venezuelan blockade of 1902-1903, I believe that my researches were of special importance, and have not been as fully accepted as I could wish. They concern the remarkable story circulated by Roosevelt himself as to the manner in which he brought the German government to heel by threatening it with the use of force if it did not desist from action against this Latin American state. Let me quote his own words with regard to this matter, as they were set down in a famous letter to William Roscoe Thayer in 1916, at a time, be it observed, when T.R. was in a state of conflagration against Germany. The quotation must be a long one, but it is difficult to deny its interest.

There is now no reason [Mr. Roosevelt began] why I should not speak of the facts connected with the disagreement between the United States and Germany over the Venezuela matter, in the early part of my administration as President, and of the final amicable settlement of the disagreement.

At that time the Venezuelan Dictator-President Castro had committed various offenses against European nations, including Germany and England. The English Government was then endeavoring to keep on good terms with Germany, and on this occasion acted jointly with her. Germany sent a squadron of war vessels to the Venezuelan coast, and they were accompanied by some English war vessels. There was no objection whatever to Castro's being punished, as long as the punishment did not take the form of seizure of territory and its more or less permanent occupation by some Old-World power. At this particular point, such seizure of territory would have been a direct menace to the United States, because it would have threatened or partially controlled the approach to the projected Isthmian Canal.

I speedily became convinced that Germany was the leader, and the really formidable party in the transaction; and that England was merely following Germany's lead in rather halfhearted fashion. I became convinced that England would not back Germany in the event of a clash over the matter between Germany and the United States, but would remain neutral; I did not desire that she should do more than remain neutral. I also became convinced that Germany intended to seize some Venezuelan harbor and turn it into a strongly fortified place of arms, on the model of Kiauchau, with a view to exercising some degree of control over the future Isthmian Canal, and over South American affairs generally.

Influenced by these considerations, Mr. Roosevelt, so he says, tried "for some time" the usual methods of diplomatic intercourse. Germany "declined to arbitrate"; she "declined to say that she would not take possession of Venezuelan territory, merely saying that such possession would be temporary—which might mean anything." Accordingly the President "assembled our battle fleet," so his story runs, "ready to sail at an

hour's notice," and told John Hay that he would see von Holleben, the German ambassador.

I saw the Ambassador [continues his letter], and explained that in view of the presence of the German Squadron on the Venezuelan coast I could not permit longer delay in answering my request for an arbitration, and that I could not acquiesce in any seizure of Venezuelan territory. The Ambassador responded that his government could not agree to arbitrate, and that there was no intention to take "permanent" possession of Venezuelan territory. I answered that Kiauchau was not a "permanent" possession of Germany — that I understood that it was merely held by a 99 years' lease; and that I did not intend to have another Kiauchau, held by similar tenure, on the approach to the Isthmian Canal. The Ambassador repeated that his government would not agree to arbitrate. I then asked him to inform his government that if no notification for arbitration came within a certain specified number of days I should be obliged to order Dewey to take his fleet to the Venezuelan coast and see that the German forces did not take possession of any territory. He expressed very grave concern, and asked me if I realized the serious consequences that would follow such action; consequences so serious to both countries that he dreaded to give them a name. I answered that I had thoroughly counted the cost before I decided on the step, and asked him to look at the map, as a glance would show him that there was no spot in the world where Germany in the event of a conflict with the United States would be at a greater disadvantage than in the Caribbean Sea.

A few days later the Ambassador came to see me, talked pleasantly on several subjects, and rose to go. I asked him if he had any answer to make from his government to my request, and when he said no, I informed him that in such event it was useless to wait as long as I had intended, and that Dewey would be ordered to sail twenty-four hours in advance of the time I had set. He expressed deep apprehension, and said that his government would not arbitrate. However, less than twenty-four hours before the time I had appointed for cabling the order for Dewey, the Embassy notified me that his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor had directed him to request me to

undertake the arbitration myself. I felt, and publicly expressed, great gratification at this outcome, and great appreciation of the course the German Government had finally agreed to take. Later I received the consent of the German Government to have the arbitration undertaken by The Hague Tribunal, and not by me.

This extraordinary narrative was widely disseminated, and it is still widely believed. Indeed, one of the most recent historians of Roosevelt's foreign policy reiterates it, and one of the most recent biographies of T.R. treats it equivocally. Yet my analysis, made nearly thirty years ago and constantly reviewed in my own mind, with the benefit of subsequent research, convinces me that I am as right today as I ever was in regarding it as one of the most extraordinary legends connected with the history of American diplomacy.

My examination of the documents in Britain and Germany reveals first that in 1901 the German government sounded the government of the United States as to the possibility of a blockade, or even of the "temporary occupation of different Venezuelan harbor places." There was no objection from the State Department, though the German ambassador saw both the President and the Secretary of State the next day. The idea of a temporary occupation, however, was abandoned before the blockade took place in the latter part of 1902. When the blockade was actually instituted, Germany showed an early concern for the susceptibilities of the United States. Five days later, it accepted American mediation, and though the blockade was continued until the terms of reference of the arbitration should be determined, it is clear that no enterprise of conquest was even remotely considered. There is not a word of any such purpose in the correspondence of the German foreign office. As for Roosevelt's yarn about an ultimatum; here, too, there is powerful negative evidence that it was not true. There is not a word on the subject in the archives of the Wilhelmstrasse; there

is not a word in the despatches of Sir Michael Herbert, the British ambassador in Washington; there is not a word in the State Department; there is not a word about any special orders to the Navy Department; indeed the fleet assembled under Admiral Dewey at Culebra was broken up before the final settlement of the Venezuelan episode; there is not a scrap of contemporary evidence that substantiates the Roosevelt narrative. It is to me inconceivable that a sophisticated individual like T.R. should use such sharp language as he said he used to a diplomatic representative of another power in the circumstances outlined; and had he done so, some word of it would have penetrated into the diplomatic correspondence of the time. On the positive side, given Theodore's immense egotism, and the climate of opinion at the time of the letter to Thayer, it is not strange that he drew the longbow a little — more than a little — in describing his view of the past.

The imperialist note in the Roosevelt period I shall comment on a little later. With regard to my third volume I want merely to insert a commentary which has delighted me for years. It was made by Ulises Heureaux, the mulatto dictator of the Dominican Republic from 1882 to 1899, a ruthless but not altogether unattractive figure. When he was reminded that the judgment of the future might be unfavorable, he remarked that he did not care what history said of him since he would not be there to read it. There is an engaging quality in this jaunty defiance of the members of my guild.

The last of my volumes on the Monroe Doctrine, first published in 1941 and republished and expanded in 1955, was an attempt to bring the story of the Doctrine down to the present. From an archival point of view my researches were necessarily more limited, since no European government permits free access to its archives for the relatively recent period, and even the State Department, with its massive *Foreign Relations* series, is good only to 1944. Still, I was able to trace the broad lines of

the development of the Doctrine, the gradual decay of the Roosevelt corollary and the development of the nonintervention principle, the impact of the Doctrine on the League controversy and on our relations with Nazi Germany, and to end both the earlier and the later editions with some generalizations as to the place of Monroe's dogma in American diplomacy. There is one broad principle which I think worthwhile to mention here. The Monroe Doctrine remains a cherished doctrine of the American people. But the sophisticated recognize the fact that to the Latin American mind the words convey an offensive implication of superiority, even of hegemony. It is best, therefore, not to use them in communication with other nations. Let me give an illustration. In October 1962 President Kennedy had to take sharp action against the implantation of Soviet missile weapons in Cuba. He did so in a remarkable speech delivered on the twenty-second of October. I noted, in talking with a high official in Washington, that in it there was not a single word with regard to the Monroe Doctrine. "That was not inadvertent," was the reply.

In one sense my fourth volume marks an important shift in my writing. It was the last piece of thoroughly intensive investigation that I have performed. Of course, I do not mean that I have not tried in my writing during the last twenty-five years to take care of my facts, and to verify my data. But my interest has been in broader narrative, rather than the deeper digging of my earlier period. There are risks in such writing. But I have been lucky in being challenged very seldom. And there is, I think, a special contribution to be made as one grows older in turning from the minute and detailed to the search for insights that will be useful to more than the professional historian.

My first attempt of this kind was a little book called *America and Two Wars*, published in 1944. It was a brief survey of American foreign policy since 1898, with the emphasis on the diplomacy of the United States with regard to Europe. It was

written with a sincere desire to be useful in facing the issues that might arise out of the war. My analysis of the past I find reasonable enough. At any rate, there is not much that I would change. But the narrative seems to me quite conventional, as I look at matters now, and my attempt to give guidance for the future not very satisfactory. My suggestion that the day of isolationism was ended does not seem to be particularly revolutionary today. The same may be said of my view that the times called for a fresh view of our domestic economy, and an avoidance of the follies that led to the Great Depression of 1929-1932. More troubling to me is the note of ill-considered optimism. I did not come near estimating at their true value the difficulties of the postwar era, though I was not wholly indifferent to the threat created by the Soviet Union. And as for practical formulae for the future, I had not a word to say that seems to me particularly useful.

Interesting, as I look back, is my reserve with regard to the idea of a new effort to reconstitute the League. The agitation for a new effort I noted with a good deal less than the faith which I displayed in 1919. I had at least graduated from the view that there was a simple panacea for the ills of humanity in the international sphere.

As I contemplate this work, I am led to philosophize on the role of the historian in contemporary international affairs. Does he have a special role to play, a special function to discharge? The answer, as I see it, is both yes and no. All public questions are best understood if they are seen in reference to the past. The scholar ought to be able, therefore, to illuminate a contemporary issue by explaining its origins. He ought also to be of assistance in the process of decision by giving a high place to rational argument based on the data. Great controversies are usually suffused with emotion; it is a public service to stress the rational, as contrasted with what is felt. It is the scholar's business, indeed, to do just this. Whether he reaches many people

with his commentary will, of course, depend upon the special circumstances of each individual case. If he is an influential person in his community, if he is widely known or if he has access to those who will have to make the decisions, he may play a very useful role indeed. But he can hardly fail to be modest as to his own importance.

As a matter of fact, particularly in the field of foreign policy, one sees only the top of the iceberg. Having taught American foreign policy for fifty years, I am more and more impressed with the way the contemporary view yields to the more mature and balanced judgment of a later epoch. Part of this is due to what Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in a wise phrase, has described as the "inscrutability of history." The element of chance is always present. The death of a statesman, a shift in the economic climate, an election or a revolution, a change in the public mood (of this more later) may influence fundamentally, or at any rate very deeply, the course of events. In the present we see as through a glass darkly.

I am not saying, of course, that the historian has no business to express himself on current policy. I repeat that his training and the habit of self-discipline ought to give his opinion more than average value. I certainly would not want to see him always remain silent. His right to speak is to be recognized. But that right, I contend, should be exercised with restraint.

To continue with my own career, I now come to the only book I ever wrote that was not published. I state this without regret. In 1945 I was, as I have said, appointed historian of the San Francisco conference that drafted the Charter of the United Nations. I attended the conference, and duly set down the story of the proceedings. Somewhere my narrative may have seen the light of day. But I do not know where. Nothing in my memory of the course of events suggests to me that a great contribution to the history of the United States has been missed!

My next book, begun during the last year of the war, was in

the Harvard University Foreign Relations series, edited by Professor Donald McKay and Sumner Welles. It dealt with the area of the Caribbean, with special reference to relations with the United States. As I first presented the work to Mr. Welles, it was almost purely historical — conventional diplomatic history. He suggested — indeed he insisted — that I enlarge it to include an examination of the political, economic and social climate of the states of the Caribbean. I profited immensely from his advice, and produced a better book in consequence. As I look back, I think he was right not only on specific but on general grounds. Diplomatic history had too often been written with only the documents as a basis. It is a fruitful, perhaps even a necessary, enterprise to explore in some detail the nature of the societies with which one deals.

In writing this book I learned a great deal. One of the lessons was that there is a great deal of overgeneralization about Latin America and, a fortiori, about the Caribbean. Take, for example, the frequent allusions to the menace of overpopulation. It is true that the birthrate in all the Caribbean area is remarkably high. But it is not true that the threat of excessive population is in most cases imminent. With regard to Haiti, this threat exists. With regard to El Salvador, it is on the horizon. But in no other Caribbean state is there a serious problem in terms of population density, and even making allowances for the substantial amount of noncultivable area in some of these states — the jungles of Panama or of Petén — there are very considerable areas not yet exploited from the agricultural point of view. What has just been stated obviously relates to the question usually described as "land reform." The radical left talks continually of land redistribution. But the real facts of the situation suggest, not redistribution, but land settlement.

An important question with regard to the Caribbean is the role of the foreign entrepreneur, and particularly of United

Fruit, which plays a considerable part in Central American demonology. There are discreditable episodes in the relations of the great fruit companies with the Central American republics. Moreover it is highly intelligible that a foreign corporation, disposing of resources which rival those of the republics themselves, should be viewed with suspicion and distaste and malaise. But the distorted judgment of the radical left on these American enterprises deserves to be flatly refuted. Many of the charges made are contrary to fact. For example, it is alleged that the American companies engross the best lands in the country. The facts are otherwise. The lands used for banana culture are for the most part lands that would not be used at all, and the extent of these holdings is much exaggerated—seven per cent in Panama and Costa Rica, four per cent in Honduras, one per cent in Guatemala. And in addition, these lands are also devoted to experimentation with other crops. There is also much talk of exploitation of the worker. In reality, the rate of wages paid by the fruit companies is high, and collateral benefits, notably in the field of health, substantial. In addition, the American enterprises pay taxes, not as much as their critics would wish, but not insubstantial. They reinvest substantial sums in the area. They are a constructive, not a maleficent, force.

There is another broad general question that has interested me in connection with my writing on the Caribbean, that is, the question of military rule. To many Americans the role of the army in Latin America is unqualifiedly bad. There are plenty of cases where it *has* been bad. Selfish and sinister dictators have, beyond a doubt, frequently exploited their peoples, and ruled with little scruple, and even with brutal violence. Trujillo in the Dominican Republic is a case in point.

Nor is it to be denied that, ideally speaking, the armed forces should be the servants of the state, and not its masters. But this does not appear to me to be a reason for lumping together all

governments headed by military men. The truth of the matter is that, except in Costa Rica and in Panama, army participation in politics has been endemic. Rather than condemn all military rule indiscriminately, it would seem wiser to judge by results, by the sympathetic attitude of the ruling group toward social progress and rational economic growth, by its willingness to consider a return to civilian rule, and by its expertise in the practice of government. It is also worthwhile to observe that, while military rule persists to a substantial degree in most of the Caribbean states, it tends to be less reactionary than in the past, and a tendency to return to constitutional methods is more apparent.

The third question worth examining here with regard to my study of the Caribbean is the question of communism. What was my view with regard to this problem? I did not deny the possibility of Communist penetration into one or another of the governments of the area, or even of the establishment of a Communist regime. Any society with gross social inequalities and plagued with serious economic problems may conceivably have to deal with a radical movement on the left, and the subversion of the democratic process. But in general I took the view that the successful establishment of a Communist government ran counter over the long pull to the Latin American temperament with its strong individualistic bias and periodic reaction against tyranny, to the character of the Caribbean economies based largely on the production of staples for exports, and to the aversion of the military classes to the doctrines of the extreme left.

To my mind the Cuban revolution illustrates an important point. Its success was due in no small part to the dissolution of the armed forces. It was the breakdown of the military authority that made Castro possible. I do not mean that all was well in the Cuba of Batista, of course. The regime was corrupt and brutal and had lost all moral foundation. But it is an historical

fact that the Cuban army faded away at the end of '58 and the beginning of '59. The Luder won by default, not by military victory, and he gave Cuba not what most progressive-minded Cubans wanted, a purer and socially minded democratic regime, but something else.

These observations, which were, of course, not stated in my book in 1947, were stressed in my revision of 1963. It is a fact that every successful Communist movement has been preceded by the decay of the armed forces. This was true in Russia in 1917; it was true in China in 1945. It was true in Eastern Europe after the Second World War. The point is of supreme importance. It does not mean that new Communist revolutions will never appear. But it puts the possibility of such revolutions in a clearer light. Not social discontent alone, but social discontent which has undermined the authority of the army and destroyed its morale, is the situation which brings about a Communist takeover.

In my second edition I say something about the ousting from power of the proto-Communist regime of President Arbenz in Guatemala in 1954. Too much has been made of the role of the CIA and of Ambassador Peurifoy in connection with these events, though both were of substantial importance. But the central fact is that the Guatemalan army turned on the president. It was this that produced his overthrow.

I must say a word here about the events that took place in the Dominican Republic in 1965. In the face of serious disorder American troops were landed in this little state in the first armed intervention on the part of the United States that had occurred in decades, and in action that contravened the non-intervention pledges given to the Latin American republics in the conventions of Montevideo (1933) and Buenos Aires (1936). Whether, as the administration claimed, there was serious danger of a Communist movement remains a moot question. But it is not this question that I wish to discuss here.

What interested me was the final outcome of this episode. At the time there was much head-shaking and hand-wringing on the part of "liberal circles" in the United States. But what happened? The Organization of American States approved the action of the United States; several Latin American states sent troops; there followed a successful attempt to restore order; a free election was held; it resulted in the choice of a highly regarded Dominican — no Tory certainly — who has carried on a successful administration to this day. Few episodes, in my opinion, more clearly illustrate the shaky character of contemporaneous judgment than this one. Before pronouncing condemnation on the action of our government, critics would often do well to see how things actually come out.

My work on the Caribbean — the first edition, that is — was followed by a little book published by the Oxford University Press entitled *The Evolution of American Foreign Policy*. This is a summary, and to summarize a summary seems a doubtful exercise. But, as is always the case when one writes, one learns something fresh. What was borne in upon me through my work on this volume was the role that nature plays in the destiny of nations. What other people, unless it be the Russians, has inhabited an area of such immense natural resources, suitable to the growth of a modern industrial nation, has occupied so large an unsettled or sparsely settled area, has enjoyed in its geographical position so important a degree of security? Americans have a right to be proud of their achievements; but the pride should be tempered by the recollection of their immense good fortune. Similarly, those who applaud the achievements of the Soviet Union should bear in mind that conditions similar to our own have played a substantial part in what has been achieved. That the Communists have built a modern state in the last half century in Russia in no way proves that communism is the wave of the future. To a docile population habituated to control, and to very substantial technological

progress under the Tsars, were added almost incomparable resources. No wonder great things were accomplished.

Let me turn now to what is, I think, my favorite book, *The American Approach to Foreign Policy*. The result of the lectures given at Uppsala in 1949, this book was not published till 1952. But it has been translated into at least ten languages (strikingly, not into French) and was reprinted in 1963.

Most of the writing in American diplomatic history has been episodic and chronological in form. In this book I attempted to analyze American diplomacy under such headings as "The American Attitude Toward War," "The American Attitude Toward Peace," "Is There an American Imperialism?" and the like. And I think I can fairly say that this is the most reflective book I have ever written.

I shall put away the temptation to comment on it in much detail. But I do want to mention some of the ideas which it contains. One of these is the idea of rhythm in foreign policy. I owe the idea of this analysis to Arthur Schlesinger. In 1947 Schlesinger published a most suggestive article on the oscillation of conservatism and liberalism in American domestic politics. From a close examination of the political history he came to the conclusion that periods of domestic reform were followed by periods of relative inactivity. He even went so far as to try to plot out the length of these divergent periods, and came to the conclusion that periods of advance averaged out at about sixteen years, and periods of relative calm at about fifteen years. There are risks in any such interpretation, questions of definition and of analysis. But the broad idea was to me extremely suggestive, and I came to the conclusion that I would try the same thing in the field of foreign policy. My analysis indicated that there was indeed a kind of rhythm, periods of relatively pacific feeling were followed by rising nationalism and war, war was followed by intense nationalism, which gradually ebbed and gave way to a new period of pacific mood.

This conclusion was attractive to me not only because of its intrinsic interest, but because I had for some time been coming to the feeling that the writing of foreign policy took little account of what can best be described as *changes in mood*. It is a great mistake to describe great movements, either in domestic or foreign affairs, in purely intellectual terms. Every mood has, it is true, its intellectualization, but it is mood nonetheless. This is obviously true in autocratic states, where the temper of the ruler may determine the course of policy. But it is equally true in democratic states. Behind the decision of statesmen, even the most powerful, lies the public sentiment, sometimes limiting, sometimes insisting on action. This is, of course, a chastening thought. It diminishes, alike for the observer, the diplomatic historian and the citizen, the significance of the rational process. But pleasant or unpleasant, it appears to me to be true.

It seemed possible, however, to go further than this. I came to the conclusion that periods of depression are, in general, periods of conservatism in foreign affairs. As recovery sets in, however, the euphoria which arises in the field of domestic affairs tends to spread to foreign policy, and to engender a kind of national self-confidence which flowers in a more assertive diplomacy. Thus the War of 1812 came after the commercial upturn which followed the abandonment of the disastrous policy of the embargo; the Mexican War came after the years of depression 1837-1842 had been succeeded by a period of improvement; the Spanish-American War came after the return of prosperity following on the disastrous depression of 1893; the entry into the First World War came after the minor economic decline of the Wilson administration had been followed by war prosperity; the entry into the Second World War came after the bad years 1937-1938 had been transformed into years of economic growth; the Korean War came with the economic upsurge of the late forties.

From these facts a more important fact tends to emerge. If changes in the economic mood, as it might be called, tend to generate changes in the political mood, then it is possible that if we iron out the oscillations in the economy, we shall at the same time be moving toward international stability and a more peaceful era.

Such a conclusion, of course, must not be pushed too far. In international affairs, the impact of other people's decisions may affect fundamentally and powerfully the course of events; a direct challenge may be offered the nation when it desires peace, and the challenge may have to be accepted. There are other factors to be taken into account in considering the course of diplomacy since 1952, when my book appeared; yet it may with some reason be argued that the increasing stability of the American economy, in the years since then, has operated to limit the bellicose instinct. I am, the reader will understand, not dogmatic about this, but the idea merits consideration.

In *The American Approach* I also analyzed the American attitude toward war, to see what could be gained from an historical examination of the problem. I came to several conclusions that seem to me important. First, the United States, though it has been involved in war about as often as any great power, has in every case where it took up the sword been slow to abandon the hope of peace. It has never gone to war over an incident. For example, the American people were no doubt affronted by French policy for some years before informal war came in 1798. Again, the most irritating episode in Anglo-American relations in the troubled period of the two Jefferson and the two Madison administrations was, beyond question, the assault of the British frigate *Leopard* on the American war vessel the *Chesapeake*, but it was not until five years after the event that the United States took up arms. The war with Mexico may be thought by some to have been produced by the Mexican crossing of the Rio Grande in May of 1846, but

in fact it had been determined upon before that event. The war with Spain was *not* produced by the explosion of the *Maine*; public sentiment had been gathering in behalf of the Cubans since 1895. Coming down to the two world wars, it is significant that the sinking of the *Lusitania*, while it provided the issue which led to the eventual entry of the United States into the war against Germany, preceded by nearly two years (May 7, 1915 to April 6, 1917) the actual declaration of war, and that the sinking of the *Athenia* at the beginning of the period 1939-1945 produced hardly more than a ripple on the surface of American opinion. It is dangerous, of course, to speak with dogmatism in the complex field of human affairs, but it seems correct to say, on the basis of our history, that while a dramatic incident may heighten the popular indignation that leads toward war, there must be for America a longer train of causes actually to produce an armed conflict. In one mood, an incident will have little or no effect; in another it may add fuel to the existing flame; but it can never be regarded in and of itself as the explanation of an American resort to arms.

Another generalization which I presented in *The American Approach* is that ideological considerations have a powerful influence on American policy. Violations of neutral rights played a large part in the War of 1812, despite the fact that it could be argued that one could hardly protect American shipping by going to war; the appeal made to the American people in 1917 was based on German contempt for international law, and it is even doubtful whether the country could have gone into the war without this direct provocation; the challenge to the United Nations Charter played a central part in the Korean intervention of 1950. On another level, the sympathy with revolt against oppression goes far to explain the war with Spain.

Another factor which has played an increasing part is the

maintenance of the national security. As we have seen, Monroe's invocation of this principle in 1823 seems somewhat exaggerated, but in later invocations of the Monroe Doctrine the security emphasis is more plausible. The argument of danger from a German victory was in the background in the events of 1914-1917. And in 1941 the security element becomes overwhelming. What kind of world would it have been if the psychopath who ruled over Germany from 1933 to 1945 had prevailed? What if Hitler had possessed, in advance of all others, the weapons which exist today? Imagination boggles at the question.

No thesis is more false than the thesis that capitalism is the cause of war. The economic system against which Marxists declaim today is itself a relatively recent development. There were wars long before it was born, and there may be wars when some other system replaces or modifies it. In particular, the thesis that the great states of the West were driven into imperialism by the decline of markets, or the limited character of the markets, at home, ought to be put in limbo for all time. Colonies were never as important as the critics of the Western order suggested. But they have less significance than ever today, when we have become aware of the vast unsatisfied desires of the mass of the people in the more advanced states, and of the means of satisfying these desires. We shall have to look deeper than this to explain the bellicose instinct in man.

The American Approach was the last book I wrote while teaching at Rochester. When I went to Cornell in the fall of 1953, I taught only one course. I therefore had ample opportunity for further writing, and a number of works fall within my five and a half years' tenure there.

The first of these was a brief life of Charles Evans Hughes in a series edited by Professor Oscar Handlin. The scale of this book was not such as to provide new materials quarried

from intensive research. Merlo Pusey's work is still the place to go for an understanding of Hughes. The best I can say of it is that the interpretation was a balanced one (it was so regarded by Paul Freund, who read the manuscript), and that it was an interesting exercise to study a great conservative in some detail. In commenting on this work, I think — somewhat wryly — how I lashed myself into a passion in my advocacy of Woodrow Wilson in the campaign of 1916. I do not mean that I regret my vote at that time. I merely mean that the republic might have survived — and even flourished — under a different choice.

Contemporaneously with the publication of my book on Hughes, I published a small pamphlet entitled *Popular Government and Foreign Policy*, the crystallization of six lectures on this theme that I had given for the Ford Fund for Adult Education. These lectures address themselves to one central theme, the capacity of democratic states to deal with their international problems. It was written at a time when some very distinguished men were wringing their hands at the blunders which they said were made in the foreign policy field. Hans Morgenthau, George Kennan, and above all Walter Lippmann, were profoundly depressed by the existing state of affairs. Sentiment, not reason, these men argued, dominated. Illusions abounded. The decisions were often wrong.

There was force in this point of view, of course. But it seemed to me then, and seems to me now, that these worthy individuals were succumbing to a kind of pessimism that is neither scholarly nor useful. Errors there were, are, and will be. Error is natural to man. Defects in the democratic process as regards foreign affairs there will be; too much conversation, too great a tendency to be bound by principles, rather than by the facts of each special case, friction between the executive and the legislature. But what about the nondemocratic states? Was the conduct of their affairs a model of wisdom? Where

is Mussolini? Where is Hitler? Where is Tojo? And as for the Russians, just how bright have they been? They might have had friendly relations with the West, if they had not been the prisoners of their own doctrine. They might, in theory, have saved the world a massive competition in armaments. Is not the cold war, with all its human and economic costs, largely their responsibility? This last question I shall try to answer later. Here I merely remark that criticism which turns to defeatism is not very useful. When I go back to 1955 and find Walter Lippmann describing the democracies as "a declining power in human affairs," I am tempted to wonder whether he had not succumbed to the day-of-doom psychology, whether he had not been infected by the noxious journalistic habit of seeing everything as a crisis. I prefer a calmer view, in the interests of scholarship and judicious action alike.

In 1957 I published in the series edited by Daniel Boorstin a book on *The New Age of Franklin D. Roosevelt*. It has been one of my most successful books, having been translated into several languages and enjoying a very substantial sale. It is only a brief narrative, and it may be that it is overweighted on the side of foreign affairs. But I think I may fairly say of it that it is reasonably detached in tone, and may be valuable to the general reader on account of this detachment.

There were to be more books to come, but with the fifties my interest in intensive research had pretty well disappeared. I was more concerned with generalization than with digging deeper in a narrow field. It was in this spirit that I wrote, again in 1957, a little book called *The American Way*, a brief analysis of American politics and of political ideas; that I carried through a textbook on American history in collaboration with my friend Glyndon Van Deusen covering, on my part, the period since 1876; that I accepted invitations to lecture at Virginia and at Tulane, producing in the first instance a book on *The American Quest for Peace* and in the second

instance a book on *The United States and Latin America*, and some years later, under the auspices of Indiana, based on the Patten lectures, a little volume on *The Diplomacy of a New Age*, a series of essays on American diplomacy from 1945 to 1966. In this same period my friends and colleagues at Rochester brought together a certain number of my speeches and essays in a volume described as *Foreign Policy and the American Spirit*.

The first of these books treats of my political philosophy. I tried to show how both liberals and conservatives have, in their separate ways, served the country well. For the details on this point, however, I refer the reader to the book itself.

In it, in addition to the chapters on conservatism and radicalism, I have analyzed the history of American socialism, and traced its decline. And I have commented on American radicalism. No radical myself, I have tried to understand the deep sense of current injustice that lies behind radical movements, and have analyzed the radicalism of the past, Abolitionism, national prohibition, anarchism, and communism. "The radical," I have written, "is a man whose sense of difficulties is blunted, one might almost say destroyed, by his sense of the current evils, whose vision of the future distorts his insight into the problems of the present." Vested interests mean nothing to him. Public order means nothing. "He may view with sympathy the use of physical force to bring about his new society. . . . While his objective may be a generous one, even a noble one, he himself may not be generous. The hate which he feels toward those who stand in his way is often fully as powerful as the love which he bears to those whom he hopes to rescue from oppression." Yet, I have written, he has his place. His business is to rouse men from complacency, and it would be a pity not to let him be heard. He rarely has good answers to the problems of society. But his critique may be valuable.

In the concluding chapter of this little book, I suggest what are the fundamental strengths of the American way: the prag-

matic spirit, the libertarian spirit — that is, the unwillingness to submit to centralized authority in both the political and economic spheres — and finally and supremely important, the faith in education.

None of this is very novel, but I have an affection for this little book entirely unrelated to its very modest success. And, to indulge a bit of vanity, I like particularly the sentences summarizing the antithesis of conservatism and liberalism, and coming out on the liberal side. "Man," I have written, "is indeed, from one angle of vision, a miserable being, tormented by fear, racked by unnecessary passion, the victim of his own follies and his own delusions. But as man has fear, he has also hope. It is this hope that to some degree a better world may be fashioned out of the present one that sustains American liberalism. The liberal tradition in America is the record of man's aspirations and his faith, and when, if ever, these things pass, America, as we know and honor it, will have passed too."

As regards the other books mentioned in my account of my writing in these latter days, the most essential elements will appear in the following chapters on politics and on foreign policy. I shall not attempt to digest them one by one here.

I close this chapter as I began by expressing my profound respect for the scholarly spirit, for the discipline which it inculcates, for the new insights that it reveals, for the joy that it provides in the act of creation which is involved in historical writing.

But there is something more than this in the world. I have always wanted to influence people more directly than through the printed word. The values of history, I have always felt, can be most effectively propagated in the classroom. It is therefore to my life as a teacher that I now turn.

FIVE

Teaching History

On the first or second of May 1898, as I remember clearly, I lay on my stomach in the living room, and read the account of the battle of Manila Bay. Turning the date over in my mind, I said to myself, "When I grow up, I'm going to tell people about this." The patriotic thrill which I felt at the time might have been less intense had I known what I found out later, that we clobbered a helpless Spanish fleet, and that on our side only one man lost his life — a "very stout man" who died of heat in the engine room. But unromantic as are my current memories of the engagement, that day is for me the beginning of my interest in teaching.

Of course I do not mean that I then and there determined upon my future career. My parents never pestered me as to what I was to do when I grew up, and I moved gently into the conviction that I wanted to become a college teacher. But during my year at the Sanford School, although I was not yet seventeen, I was given an opportunity to do a bit of teaching, and I discovered with satisfaction that my contemporaries would listen to me.

As an undergraduate I had no especial chance to develop this

interest. But in 1909-1910 and 1910-1911, I was an assistant in the Harvard history department, and I soon found that I wanted to go further than that routine demanded of me. I formed a little club of some of the abler of my students, and we met at frequent intervals in my dormitory room. As I write these lines, I find it interesting to record that only a little while ago, I received a visit from Elliot Slater, for a substantial period president of the American Export Lines, who was one of that college group. And I also find that Walter Taylor Fisher, another member of the group, and the son of a Secretary of the Interior in the Taft administration, has had a distinguished career in Chicago in business and at the bar. The impulse that led me to form this group was expressed again when I was an assistant in Government 1 in 1913-1914. I remember particularly organizing a study club, and having a Boston politician, the chairman, I think, of the Democratic city committee, come out and address us. The cynical way in which he spoke of politics, and of brazen vote-buying (these are the days of Jim Curley), was enlightening, if not edifying.

Nineteen hundred and fourteen, and I was ready to begin my teaching career as an instructor in the University of Cincinnati. I worked like a nailer in the summer of that year, finishing, that is writing out in detail, my first ten lectures in English history. In the beginning weeks at Cincinnati I seemed to myself to be extremely ineffectual. I simply was not interesting the students. "Am I no good at this game?" I asked myself. Then I came to lecture number eleven, for which I had no prepared text. It was on the social life of England in the early Middle Ages, I remember. As I began to talk from notes, instead of reading, the class sat up. I had gotten hold of them. I finished that hour with a very definite feeling that I might make good after all.

The experience of my first year taught me something else. Somebody told me in the course of my teaching that my voice was too high. Conscientiously, I tried to remedy the matter. So,

in the summer of 1915, I took instruction in elocution at Harvard. I remember little of my instructress, except that she was a naturally grave person, with the warmth of a codfish. Under her guidance, I mounted the platform in Holden Chapel. "Sail on, sail on, O! Ship of State!" I declaimed with the most careful enunciation of every syllable, and so on and on. Nothing I ever did was more useless. Though I kept up the lessons for a time, I soon decided that what I gained in diction was more than balanced by what I lost in freedom from self-consciousness. At my present advanced age, I can look back and say that mannerisms do not matter a whit in the long run. They may be of some slight importance in the first contact with an audience. But if you have something to say, and if you behave as if you wanted to say it, some little tricks of manner are of no importance at all. That I can guarantee from my long experience. For, with many doubts as to the universality of my genius, I can say with some confidence that I am a good lecturer.

This matter of lecturing I regard as of fundamental significance. In our preparation of college teachers we pay far too little attention to the art of exposition. The woods are full of able men, men with something to say, who drone along from a manuscript, hunched up in front of their notes, oblivious to their classes, and lethal in their effects. There is another type, less deadly, which rattles off the text so fast and with so little emphasis that the student is bewildered, rather than instructed. There is no reason why this should be so. At some time in the process of graduate instruction, the aspiring professor should be taught the elements of exposition. He should be told that it is his business to talk, not read, to repeat the significant points, to use the inflection of his voice to point up the most important facts, to subordinate the detail to the generalizations, to look at the class, not at the ceiling (there is always a bright boy or a pretty girl on whom one can fix one's attention), to make it clear that he is having a good time. There is no good reason

why the capacity to lecture should not be more fully developed in the graduate schools. Guidance in this matter is shamefully neglected.

I would, however, carry the point a good deal further than I have just done. I will not say that there are no occasions when a man may with propriety read a paper, rather than talk. And as late as 1944 (though perhaps I should have known better), I read the Taft lectures which I gave that year at the University of Cincinnati. But in the main I believe deeply in the spoken word. When I gave my presidential address to the American Historical Association in 1956, I drafted the address, of course. But when I came to deliver it, I took notes on the text, and spoke from the notes. The warmth with which my effort was greeted justified the experiment.

There is more to be said on this subject. If one is talking and not reading, there is much more likelihood that new thoughts will occur in the process of communication, that fresh insights will come to the mind in the midst of the process of lecturing, that the personal aside, or the illustrative anecdote will effectively enliven the discourse. I do not mean, of course, that a good lecturer will ramble. But he should be at ease to think a new thought, or coin a new phrase, or alter an old emphasis, as he proceeds. It will be easier to do this if he is not tied to a text.

Some of my academic friends take a very snooty view of lecturing. They seem to regard it as an inferior form of instruction. They want a method, they often say, that teaches students to think. The most effective answer to this criticism that I have ever heard came from one of my teachers at Harvard, Robert Matteson Johnston, now long since gone. "A lecture, a good lecture," he used to say, "is an example of a man thinking. And by the grace of God that example may be communicated to the hearer." It does not always happen, but it *can* happen.

We hear a great deal about discussion. If an assignment of

reading has been made, if the class is small, if the quality of the students is high, there is much to be said for an exchange of views, as compared with handing down the law from on high. But the larger the group the more difficult the use of this method. The more vocal students are not always the most intelligent; their self-confidence often bears no exact relationship to their knowledge or reasoning powers. The comment of undergraduates, moreover, is often painfully irrelevant. Awhile ago I was lecturing on Vietnam. In the discussion period which followed I called attention to the fact that there were from 700,000 to 900,000 refugees from the north in South Vietnam, and that these people would be roughly treated if Ho Chi Minh and his northern friends had their way. "Yes," said one youth, "but these are all Catholics." What logic!

The discussion method has special dangers in history. For one thing, the chances are that some of the participants will be unmindful of the great truth that one cannot reconstruct history by hypothesis. They little realize how complicated human events are, and how impossible it is to discuss what might have been. Or they are ready to engage in confident prophecy about matters where the only prudent course is to reserve judgment. Or they will ventilate their prejudices and cling to them at all costs. It is indeed true that discussion may make them aware of these very errors, but the same thing can be done at less cost of time and effort by a good lecturer.

We must remember, too, that the body of facts in history is enormous, that a broad foundation of fact needs to be laid to form a basis for opinion, and that the danger of superficiality is a real one.

But let me turn to the two large questions which are to be asked with regard to teaching history. What are the satisfactions it affords to the teacher? What is the social usefulness of such teaching?

Let me say at the outset that part of the pleasure is histrionic

— the satisfaction of being heard, of being admired, or at least being listened to with a certain amount of deference. My younger boy hit the nail on the head after he had delivered his first lecture to a class at Columbia. "How did it go?" I asked. "Pretty well," he replied. "I think I have some of the family ham in me."

Another satisfaction lies in the fact that one is telling about what actually happened. "Tell me a true story," the little boy says to his father. History is, or at least pretends to be, a true story. No doubt it is only partially true, passing as it does through the media from which it is derived, and conditioned by the temperament, the prejudices, the hopes and fears of the storyteller, but true enough to have a special charm. Let others, let my friends in the field of literature, rejoice in the art of imagination; give me the pageant of the real.

Of great significance is the fact that the historian, like the philosopher, is a generalist. It is possible, of course, for a scholar in any field to be a broadly cultivated man, and to communicate the broad view of life to his students. There are, however, in my judgment, fewer of these people than there used to be. And anyway, there is a difference between most disciplines and history. The historian has a mandate to examine every aspect of human life. It is a part of his job.

As I look back, I rejoice in the breadth of my experience as a teacher. For ten years I taught Rochester's general course in European history, extending from the days of Rome to the present. Not only did I profit from this experience, but I became deeply convinced of the desirability of the historian's knowing the broad story of European culture. Today, quite rightly, historians spread themselves over every society in the teaching of history. But it still remains indispensable, from my point of view, for the historian to understand the main themes of our common Western civilization.

Urged on in part by the need of supplementing my salary, I

reading has been made, if the class is small, if the quality of the students is high, there is much to be said for an exchange of views, as compared with handing down the law from on high. But the larger the group the more difficult the use of this method. The more vocal students are not always the most intelligent; their self-confidence often bears no exact relationship to their knowledge or reasoning powers. The comment of undergraduates, moreover, is often painfully irrelevant. Awhile ago I was lecturing on Vietnam. In the discussion period which followed I called attention to the fact that there were from 700,000 to 900,000 refugees from the north in South Vietnam, and that these people would be roughly treated if Ho Chi Minh and his northern friends had their way. "Yes," said one youth, "but these are all Catholics." What logic!

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did work in extension courses, selecting fields in which I wished to extend my knowledge. I gave a course in American religious history, another in the history of American medicine, another in the history of American art. Whether this justification of the broad view is or is not convincing to the reader, I have gotten great satisfaction out of excursions into many different fields.

Take the history of American religion. What a fascinating story it is! The variety of religious faiths that have flowered in the United States is impressive. Here, for example, is Mormonism. My friend J. F. Jameson, an irreverent critic of the Book of Mormon, once said to me that anybody who could believe that could believe anything. And he pointed out that the acceptance of Joe Smith and his teachings was an interesting evidence of the state of American culture in the eighteen thirties. We do not have to believe in the Book of Mormon (as many fine citizens do) to find interesting this important work, and the life of the man who wrote it. Mark Twain said that the book was "Lethe in print." But the more philosophical will ponder on the state of culture that it reflected, and will recognize that Mormonism has now an established place among the American sects. Or take Christian Science. Most religious prophets have been youthful. But Mary Baker Eddy came to the fulfillment of her religious mission in the evening of life, and whether we accept her teachings or not (and I do not), she had something to say about the influence of the mind upon the body that is worth reflecting upon. Take Unitarianism. Here is my own faith, and I was glad, in teaching the history of American religion, to have to learn something about it. It has undergone a remarkable evolution. The denial of the Trinity, of course, came early, and references to that doctrine were deleted from the prayer book in King's Chapel, Boston, as early as 1785. But since the first sectarian breach in the New England churches, Unitarianism has undergone a remarkable development. With William Ellery Channing, it remained essentially

Christian, and had a touch of mysticism. With Theodore Parker it became more rationalistic. Today it is far to the left, giving, in many instances, no special place to Jesus, indifferent to personal immortality, and challenging traditional conceptions of God.

I found it equally interesting to give an extension course on the history of medicine. What I don't know about this subject is still a great deal. But I know enough to understand that the growth of modern medicine is a relatively recent matter, closely related to such events as the germ theory, and, in America to Abraham Flexner's searching survey of medical education in the United States in 1910. I realized, too, what I think few people understand, that war has had a tremendous impact on the development of medicine. Those who can think of war as sheer destruction might well reflect on this as one of its consequences.

Now all this, to some people, will seem very superficial. But when the historian steps out of the more conventional fields—politics, economics, foreign policy—he approaches his story with a different viewpoint than the specialist, and one that may be suggestive, if not profound. In the field of religion, for example, he will see reflected in the American experience that individualism, that diversity, which has much to do with the American character, and which illuminates all our history. He will also see in it a reflection of American culture in one of its most important aspects. In the history of medicine, he will be fascinated by the social effects of medical progress, by its influence on the birthrate, by its impact on the aged, by the manner in which social legislation reflects the contributions of the physician.

But what I am really saying here is that history, by assuming, as it does, that all the life of man is its province, is a particularly interesting subject to teach.

Another satisfaction in teaching history is the satisfaction of

revising one's conclusions. It may be that this satisfaction exists in all disciplines. But I should imagine that the binomial theorem or the second law of thermodynamics remains pretty much the same for the teacher and that it would be dangerous to tamper with them. In teaching history the story you tell in the classroom is different every year. The fight over the League of Nations looked different to me in 1920 than it does today. The short perspective is one thing; the long perspective is another. The body of facts is one thing at one time; it is another thing at another. It is as if one were to gaze at a picture: stand close to it and you get one impression; stand well away from it and you get another. The fun consists in that very fact. One thinks one has a reasonably just insight into the New Deal. Let a few years pass, and the interpretation will change. Looked at near to, the figure of Franklin Roosevelt may seem to dominate the scene. Looked at a little further away, the New Deal may appear as a great social movement of which the President, in spite of his major role, was in many respects a symbol.

In other words, I know of no more athletic exercise, in the intellectual sense, than to teach a general course in American history year after year. Routine? Nonsense. A standing invitation to revise, to reinterpret, to discover.

History in the classroom involves a wide gallop over the fields tilled by man. The teacher will be talking to people; he will be telling them a story. Sometimes the story will be dramatic, and he must feel the drama; sometimes it will be a humorous story, and he must feel the humor; sometimes it will bear on the whimsical chances by which human affairs are determined, and in an age that seems at times to wish to reduce everything to law it is wise to think of the unpredictable.

Let me illustrate.

I said that there was drama in history. Of course the drama can be communicated by the written word. But how delightful it is to tell the story to young men and women and to feel in

them the sense of excitement that animates the teller. Let me choose a single episode to illustrate the point — the events that took place in East Prussia, on the twentieth of June, 1944. Here the wicked man who had directed the fortunes of Germany since 1933 had his headquarters. From this site he directed the military campaign against the Russians, a campaign that was going far from well.

On the Western front, catastrophe impended. The forces of the Allies had landed in Normandy a few weeks before. They were sweeping back the German forces across the hedgerows of Normandy and threatening to take Paris. But as disaster approached, there had arisen in Germany a group who believed that the only course left to save Germany was to get rid of the monstrous figure who had brought the country to the verge of ruin.

The plans had been made; the lines of communication had been established; the setting up of a provisional government had been discussed; and on that hot July day of 1944 the emissary of the conspirators, who had gained access to the dictator, had penetrated to the German headquarters on the Eastern front. He carried a bomb in his brief case, a bomb which might change the history of the world. It must have seemed to him as he came to the fulfillment of his mission that the chances of success were high indeed. So they would have been if Hitler had held the staff consultations of that day in the dugout where they were customarily held. The dugout was not very large, and, had the bomb exploded there, the concussion would in all likelihood have killed everyone in the shelter. But the staff consultation was held in the open air, since the dugout was being reinforced and since the weather was hot.

Stauffenberg, the young man with the bomb, placed it under the solid table at which the Fuehrer was standing and found some excuse for withdrawal. The bomb exploded, but in the open air its effect was far from total. The German leader him-

self was partially protected by the table. He was deafened, his trousers were torn off, he was hurt, but he survived. He was once again in command of the situation. He broadcast to his people that he was safe.

If there is drama in history there is also humor. I shall illustrate the point from the life of Theodore Roosevelt. But don't think me flippant about Roosevelt. He was a great President, and, to me at any rate, he seems greater as time goes on. There is something gusty about him, something joyful — a fine quality in a man. When he was impatient with President McKinley for not going to war with Spain sooner than he did, he described his chief as having "the backbone of a chocolate éclair." When Roosevelt became Vice President, Senator Platt, who had had a part in the engineering of his nomination, said he was going to Washington to see Theodore "take the veil." But I can do better than this.

There is no scene in modern history more delightful than that of Roosevelt at the funeral of Edward VII. I shall let him tell the story in his own words, only prefacing it by the remark that he described the affair as "a regular wake."

Everyone went to the table with his face wreathed and distorted with grief. Before the first course was over, we had all forgotten the real cause of our presence in London. I have never attended a more hilarious banquet in my life. I never saw quite so many knights. I had them on every side. They ran one or two false ones on me, and each had some special story to pour into my ear. Finally, when I met a bewizened little person known as the King of Greece, he fairly wept out his troubles to me. He insisted I must make a speech on the subject of Crete. "But I can't speak on Crete," I insisted. "Then you must write what you think about Crete. You know that Europe is acting abominably towards Crete," he tearfully said. "I cannot discuss Crete even with you," I said. "You must mention Crete in some of your speeches," he at last yelled. Finally I walked away from him while he was pitifully muttering and spluttering Crete to me.

they are too fat to hang there another minute." As for the emperor himself, "Of art," said the President, "he knows nothing."

Another of the satisfactions of the teaching of history lies in the element of chance that it contains. There is something fascinating, in a universe that is supposed to be governed by law, in seeing how often the purely fortuitous influences human events. To illustrate the role of chance, take, for example, the episode of which I have already spoken, the plot against Hitler in July 1944. After all it came very near succeeding. If the meeting had not been held in the open air Hitler would probably have been killed. "If one of the persons present had not happened to push the brief case containing the bomb a little further under the table and away from his chair," says Wheeler-Bennett in *The Nemesis of Power*, "the Fuehrer would have been no more." If the German general who was to break communications with Berlin had not failed in his task, it might have been possible for the conspirators in the capital to have established their claim that Hitler was dead and to seize possession of the radio and other means of communication there. If Goebbels had not been able to get in communication with the dictator from Berlin, events might have run a different course. And if the plot had succeeded, what then? What a field of speculation is opened up! What an opportunity for the play of fancy! Surely the war would have ended sooner than it did. The military and political situation would have been drastically altered. The story from then on would have been a different story.

Let us look for a little at the chance element in the history of the United States. Take, for example, the cession of Louisiana by France to the United States in 1803. At the outset of the negotiations with Napoleon Bonaparte, the administration of Thomas Jefferson did not intend to buy Louisiana. It was anxious to acquire the port of New Orleans and the strip of

land known at the time as West Florida, but that was the limit of its ambitions, and the limit of the instructions of the special emissary sent to Paris, James Monroe.

The offer to cede the vast area west of the Mississippi was no more than a matter of personal caprice on the part of the emperor of the French. He had, for a time, nourished the ambition to build an empire in the New World. He had attempted the subjection of the island of Santo Domingo, formerly a French colony. His plans had gone awry there, and he had been forced to make great expenditures in money and men. Moreover, the expedition intended to prosecute the campaign in the island was frozen in by the cold winter of 1803. In a violent reaction against the colonial idea, and in preparation for a new war against England, Napoleon made the offer of the whole province of Louisiana, and Monroe and Livingston (Livingston was the minister on the spot) accepted. It need not have been the way it was, save for the will of one man. And here again what vistas are opened up to speculation when one ponders this extraordinary doing!

Let us take one other episode, the sinking of the *Lusitania*. In the winter of 1915 the Germans initiated submarine warfare. What were the rights of the United States in the premises? In particular, was the American government entitled to demand protection for its citizens on the vessels of belligerents? The question was a knotty one, and, when it first arose, it concerned only a seaman who had voluntarily gone into service on a British ship and had lost his life in a submarine attack. While the administration hesitated, fate intervened. The great liner *Lusitania* set sail from New York. As it raised the coast of Ireland, it slowed down, steering a straight course, not zigzagging as the captain was instructed to do. By the merest chance, at just this time a German submarine sighted the liner but did not identify it. It let fly its torpedo. And in only a few minutes the great ship sank beneath the waves. Over a hundred Ameri-

cans lost their lives. A mighty burst of indignation swept the United States. The submarine issue was sharpened immeasurably by circumstances in part fortuitous. And in the long run the American stand led to war.

One can multiply examples of chance in history. When the landing took place in Normandy in 1944, it so happened that the weather was bad just before the men touched the beaches and was bad soon afterward. What would have been the course of history if great storms had frustrated the landing?

And now let me ask the fundamental questions. What is the value to society of the teaching of history, and what are the satisfactions to be derived from it?

There is one obvious service rendered by the teacher of history. This is to stimulate others to a way of life which they will find rewarding and stimulating. If one teaches with enthusiasm, if one pours oneself into one's subject, there will be young people in one's classes who may come to think that the *finest* thing in the world would be to become a professor of history. Not so long ago James B. Conant said to me that behind the best graduate work there always stood a teacher; I would expand his remark, to say that behind the desire to become a college professor there usually lies a teacher also.

It is impossible for me to know just how many individuals I have touched with this fire for history. At Rochester and at Cornell I always had large classes, and a reasonable proportion of my students over the years have gone on into graduate school. But these persons may have been as much touched by some of my colleagues as by me; I have no way of knowing.

But the service the teacher of history performs in this way is to my mind limited. The opportunity to train disciples is undeniably more restricted than it is in the field of science. History for most students does not offer the prospect of a career; it has very limited vocational significance. I use the word vocational, it will be understood, in no derogatory sense. It ought to

be a dignified word, and I would not for a moment maintain that a discipline which is, for the most part, pretty useful so far as maintaining a living is concerned is ipso facto on a superior level to a discipline which leads toward an active career in the laboratory or in the world of affairs. I am merely saying that history is different from some other subjects and that the difference ought to be recognized.

That difference consists in the fact that the college student will not apply directly the research knowledge of the professor. What will remain with him is not the conclusions to which the teacher has come in the field of his intensive effort, but something very different. Most of the factual material covered in the classroom he will not remember. But he may remember an attitude of mind, a habit of thought, a sense of warmth for mankind, a belief in the dignity of human effort and in the possibilities of human goodness. He may acquire an attitude toward the facts that will last longer than memory of the facts themselves.

In the first place, it is to be hoped, he will get something very fundamental, the scholarly approach to the problems of life. It has been frequently remarked that ignorance is less dangerous to society than knowing what isn't so. The ignorant man may be immobilized by his very ignorance. But the individual who is ready to express his opinion, and even to urge others to act on that opinion, when he hasn't the slightest idea of the complexity of the problem, is a menace to society. We particularly need a respect for the factual approach in politics, economics and foreign affairs. We listen with a certain respect to the specialist in higher mathematics or in nuclear physics. But we are not so modest in the fields I have just mentioned. The woods are full of people who have firm opinions in these fields based on very limited knowledge. It would be a great service if we could persuade the students in our classrooms that the first prerequisite to an opinion is to study the data.

It is no doubt utopian to imagine that in public matters that deeply engage the emotions, we can get universal acceptance of the necessity for careful study before expressing oneself. But because we in the classroom cannot expect the total reformation of society, or the acceptance of the scholarly point of view by our students, provides no reason for not trying to teach them to rise above superficiality, to check their emotions against the facts, to listen to those who know more than they do.

I am not suggesting that the specialist himself may not err. I am merely suggesting that he be listened to. And on this I feel strongly. Our society is an increasingly complex one. It is more dangerous than it used to be to play one's hunches. The necessity for a substantial body of facts as a prelude to action becomes more and more insistent. If we can teach students this, we have taught them a good deal.

There is a cognate value in history that ought to be stressed. Historical study helps to form the habit, not only of studying the facts, but of weighing the pros and cons. What most of us begin with in youth is a collection of prejudices derived from our associations and our status in society. These prejudices need to be corrected by seeking to understand conflicting points of view. In the long run, in a democratic society, both peace and progress depend upon the reconciliation of divergent viewpoints. How can one reconcile them, if one does not try to understand them? The historian, by approaching public problems with a degree of objectivity, assists materially in this process.

He will start, too, with a very important point in mind. The one thing that history teaches most clearly (I revert to a point already touched on) is the impossibility of the static view of politics, or of society. Things do change; to understand that they change is the beginning of wisdom. This does not mean that one becomes the passionate advocate of every proposal that

looks to the alteration of the existing order. It means merely that a specific proposal should be examined with an open mind, with a realization of the necessity for adjustment that is fundamental in dealing with the problems of society. It means something more. It means that the criteria to be set are based on what is good for society, not what is good for some interested group. I realize that it is utopian to expect the average man to judge impartially a question which touches his own interest deeply. But there are many questions for all of us where it is possible to practice some detachment. It is a healthy exercise for the historian to emphasize the social interest, and to teach his students to recognize the existence of such an interest.

The examination of political and social problems in an objective spirit has another virtue. It inculcates tolerance. There is nothing more destructive of political wisdom than the habit of labeling people, of dividing them into categories. To a certain type of liberal all conservatives become reactionaries. To a certain type of conservative, all liberals become radicals. The truth of the matter is that we need both the point of view of the ardent seeker for a better world, and the cautious critic of proposals to create it. This central truth I discovered years ago in reading a passage from William Edward Hartpole Lecky's *The History of England in the Eighteenth Century*. It is so relevant to my present purpose that I insert it here.

The distinctions between content and hope, between caution and confidence, between the imagination that throws a halo of reverent association around the past and that which opens out brilliant vistas of improvement in the future, between the possible dangers of change and that which sees most keenly the defects of existing institutions and the vast additions that may be made to human well-being, form in all classes of men opposite biases. . . . The one side rests chiefly on the great truth that one of the first conditions of good government is essential stability, and on the extreme danger of a nation's cutting

itself off from the traditions of its past, denuding its government of all moral support, and perpetually tampering with the main pillars of the state. The other side rests chiefly on the no less certain truths that Government is an organic thing, that it must be capable of growing, expanding, and adapting itself to new conditions of thought or of society; that it is subject to grave diseases which can only be arrested by a constant vigilance, and that its attributes and functions are susceptible of almost an infinite variety and extension with the new and various developments of national life. The one side represents the statical, the other the dynamical element in politics. Each can claim for itself a natural affinity to some of the highest qualities of mind and character, and each, perhaps, owes quite as much of its strength to mental and moral disease. Stupidity is naturally conservative. The large classes, who are blindly wedded to routine and are simply incapable of understanding or appreciating new ideas, or the exigencies of changed circumstances, or the conditions of a reformed society, find their natural place in the conservative ranks. Folly, on the other hand, is naturally radical. To this side belongs the cast of mind which, having no sense of the infinite complexity and interdependence of political problems, of the part which habit, association, and tradition play in every healthy political organism, and of the multifarious remote and indirect consequences of every institution, is prepared with a light heart and a reckless hand to recast the whole framework of the Constitution in the interest of speculation or experiment. The colossal weight of national selfishness gravitates naturally to conservatism. That party rallies round its banner the great multitude who, having made their position, desire merely to keep things as they are; who are prepared to subordinate their whole policy to the maintenance of class privileges; who look with cold hearts and apathetic minds on the vast mass of remediable misery and injustice around them, who have never made a serious effort, or perhaps conceived a serious desire, to leave the world in any respect a better place than they found it. . . . On the other hand, the acrid humors and more turbulent passion of society flow strongly in the radical direction. Envy, which hates every privilege or dignity it does not share, is intensely democratic, and disordered ambitions and dis-

honest adventurers find their natural place in the party of progress and change.

The points that I have been discussing do not relate alone to American history in the recent period. They can all be stressed in many forms of historical instruction. Understanding of varying religious beliefs, of different social orders, of differences in national temperament, of the practical working of human institutions, can be advanced by many forms of history that do not relate to the last ten minutes, or to the United States. Indeed, one of the things that most Americans need is some comprehension of the fact that what works well in the United States may be totally unworkable in a different order of society. Many of the errors on our foreign policy (and of this more anon) derive from the ingrained national habit of judging other nations by the criteria that we have set for ourselves.

There is still another aspect of history that has deepseated value. The teacher of history offers an opportunity to his students to learn from the example of the wise, the good, and the brave, who have played their part on the center of the stage. He offers his students an opportunity to profit from the multiplied experience of those who have gone before. He offers his students a chance to see great questions in a longer and calmer perspective than that of the moment, and the varying points of view of men of his own or any other age in relation to one another, not as dogmas, but as hypotheses, not as revealed truths, but as stimulating expressions of a segment of the total view.

Let us look then at this matter of personal example. One of the individuals who most intrigues me, and who has much to suggest to the young, is Benjamin Franklin. I have often read to my classes the passage from his *Autobiography* in which Franklin explains his technique with regard to disputation. As a

young man, he tells us, he delighted in entangling others in inconsistencies, and in putting them in the wrong.

I continu'd this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence, never using, when I advanced anything that might possibly be disputed, the words "certainly," "undoubtedly," or any others that gave the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, "I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so"; "it appears to me," or "I should think it so or so, for such and such reasons"; or "I imagine it to be so"; or "it is so, if I am not mistaken." This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions . . . and as the chief ends of conversation are to inform or to be informed, to please or to persuade, I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat every one of the purposes for which speech was given to us.

It is possible that some youth or maiden in my classes has profited from these observations.

Franklin has something to say, too, with regard to the sound political principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. This is a maxim which the young need to remember. It becomes vivid in Franklin's closing speech to the Constitutional Convention of 1787.

Mr. President, I confess that there are several parts of this constitution which I do not at present approve, but I am not sure that I shall never approve them; for having lived long, I have experienced many instances of being obliged by better information or fuller consideration, to change opinions even on important subjects. It is therefore that the older I grow, the more apt I am to doubt my own judgment, and to pay more respect to the judgment of others. . . . In these sentiments I agree to this Constitution, with all its faults, if they are such, because I think a general government is necessary for us. I doubt too whether any other Convention we can obtain may be able to make

a better Constitution. For when you assemble a number of men to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you inevitably assemble with those men all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfish views. From such an Assembly can a perfect production be expected . . . ? Thus I consent, Sir, to this Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that it is not the best. The opinions I had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good. — I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad — Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die.

Wholly different is the value of observing the life of Washington. The great thing that I have emphasized with regard to him is, first, resolution, and, second, judgment. The story of the Revolution is a story of the steely loyalty with which the Father of His Country served the revolutionary cause. Consider how bleak that cause looked at more than one moment of the struggle. In the summer of 1776 Washington had an army of over twenty thousand men. In the defeats of Long Island and White Plains and his retreat across the Jerseys that army shrank to barely three thousand. Yet he held on, and on that famous Christmas crossing of the Delaware he beat the British at Trenton, and in some degree redressed the balance. Consider the situation in 1781. Never had the revolutionary cause looked more dismal. The Continental currency had sunk to a new low; desertions in the army were common; the troops of the Pennsylvania line had mutinied. Yet once again Washington rose to the occasion. He made the great forced march to Virginia, and, with the aid of the French, cooped up Cornwallis in Yorktown and brought the war to a victorious end. No finer example of tenacity is to be found in the history of any nation.

But this is only a part of Washington. His career as a statesman is a remarkable example of high quality. Washington was not a brilliant man. But he had the consultative gift. He was "equally removed from exaltation and despair." Lecky said of

him that of all American statesmen he was the most invariably judicious. The solid qualities more than overrode the lack of brilliance. Washington was a supreme example of the fact that character and judgment are more valuable in public life than virtuosity or a scintillating mind.

Consider Lincoln. The Lincoln of myth is not the Lincoln to whom I want to call attention. Lincoln was late, not early, in meeting the issue of the extension of slavery. His views on the Negro have been misunderstood; he was by no means a believer in social equality, or in the capacity of the Negro to rival the white man. His great speeches are few. Yet there is in him a magnanimity, a nobility, that commands our deepest admiration. "I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom," he once said. "With malice towards none, with charity towards all" are the words of the Second Inaugural. Is it not conceivable that young people, when they hear these phrases, will remember them, that they will stick in their minds and possibly influence their conduct? I think also of stories that illustrate Lincoln's greatness in another way. A man had come to him to get a job, and the President had sent him to the Secretary of War. The man came back after an interval and told the President that Stanton had told him that Lincoln was a damn fool. It would have been easy to take offense in these circumstances. But what did Lincoln say? "Well," he said, "if Stanton says I am a damned fool perhaps I am one; he usually knows what he is talking about." No false dignity there, no temper, no littleness, no sense of self-importance. Or take again Lincoln's comment on his renomination in 1864. "I do not allow myself to suppose" that it has been concluded that "I am the greatest and best man in America," but rather that "it is best not to swap horses in crossing the river." Is it not possible that, hearing this, young people will come to value a little more highly the virtue of modesty, the lack of self-importance that lies behind these words? "I humbly confess that I have not

controlled events, but that events have controlled me." How beautiful this modest view of a great leader.

Behind these observations of mine on the function of the historian, I am sure that the reader will have discovered that I believe that the teaching of history is a moral exercise. In fact, I believe this deeply. I do not mean that the college teacher on the rostrum should turn himself into an exhorter or that he should make irrelevant excursions into the field of ethics at the expense of the clear and interesting exposition of his subject. I admit freely that young people today are quite unreceptive to exhibitions of ostentatious and self-conscious virtue. But I believe that moral values can and ought to be communicated, communicated along the way, suggested, infused. And I have plenty of evidence in the comments of my former students that while they have forgotten the facts, they have frequently remembered the attitudes.

My zeal for the teaching function runs through my whole career. But I have had some special opportunities to turn it into practical channels. In 1947 my department at Rochester initiated a program for the doctorate in history. This program had some special features intended to emphasize the role of teaching. Each one of our students was required to assist in the general course which, from the first days at Rochester, was known as History 1. This course covered the whole period of history (though the emphasis was heavily on the Western world from early times down to the present). I thought it valuable, as did my colleagues, that young people prepared to teach history should have some idea of the broad pageant of the past, and of the many different ages in which man has grappled with his problems. These graduate students were not left to themselves. We visited their classes, and gave them what I believe to be helpful criticism on their technique.

In addition, we required our students to deliver regular lectures before undergraduate classes, not pieces of minute

research, you will understand, but such lectures as they would have to give before such classes elsewhere. And here, too, their technique was criticized, and ways of improvement suggested.

We also required them to take a seminar in the philosophy of history with my friend and colleague Willson Coates. We did this on the hypothesis that there ought to be some counter-agent to the highly intensified work of the thesis and to the study of minutiae.

The inauguration of this program gave me another opportunity. In 1958, encouraged by my good friend Boyd C. Shafer, at that time secretary of the American Historical Association, application was made for a grant from the Carnegie Corporation to study the general subject of graduate work in history. The grant was made, and I became chairman of the committee. The members of the committee were Jacques Barzun, provost of Columbia University, Fred Harrington, provost of the University of Wisconsin (now its president), Edward Kirkland and Leonard Krieger, both distinguished historians, and the secretary himself, whose services to the profession I have always admired. The director of research for the committee was John L. Snell, then at Tulane University. It is difficult to praise too highly the work that Snell did, or the value of his own thought. Our report was published in 1962.

The report dealt with various aspects of the graduate problem. But a very considerable part of it was devoted to the question of teaching. Some of the recommendations that we made are directly connected with the program which I inaugurated at Rochester. Some of them go further. In new appointments, for example, the committee recommended that specific information should be demanded as to teaching quality from the institution from which the applicant comes, that the candidate should be invited to lecture before the appointment is made, that in the early stage of his teaching he should be encouraged to ask for advice and exposed to criticism, that he

should not be overburdened with outside responsibilities, committee work and the like, that his teaching load should not be too heavy, that superlative teaching should be rewarded by public honors and by increases in salary and status. I will not go into detail on this matter, for the report is easily available. But I feel strongly on this matter.

I should not close this chapter without some allusion to my teaching activities in other institutions than those with which I have been directly connected. I believe that I have learned much from these contacts. They have confirmed me in the view that I have held from the beginning, that in my profession we absurdly overvalue ability to write books, usually books for a limited audience. In my journeyings, which have involved visits to something like forty states, I have met many, many history teachers whom one only needed to talk with to see that they possessed in their own communities a substantial influence, and were a powerful force in the lives of their students. They were, again and again, exceedingly well informed, and they had a sense of dedication to their profession. As I contemplate the current scene, with the tendency for the most successful members of my profession to be indulged with very light teaching loads, and with salaries utterly unknown in my earlier days, I think with more warmth than ever of those many fine teachers who never attain fame, but who are as useful members of society as those who have established a reputation in the wider world. Above and beyond the search for the facts and the presentation of the facts, above and beyond, even, the search for and the discovery of new insights, is the impact of a teacher on those who sit in his classroom. There are values that transcend learning, as well as knowledge in learning. And to seek to transmit these values, without arrogance, with humility, and with wisdom, is, in my judgment, the central task of the teacher of history.

SIX

Politics

My earliest political memories which are at all clear are of the campaign of 1896. My family, of course, were Republicans. They managed somehow to convey to me the idea that the republic was in deadly danger and that the election of William Jennings Bryan would be equivalent to the dissolution of society. I remember distinctly telling one of my cronies that if the Democrats won, the dollar would be worth only fifty cents, a precocious but hardly an accurate judgment of the campaign.

The tension of the election of 1896 must have been extraordinary to register on a little boy of seven. It is interesting to look back upon it many years after the event. I still believe that in the conditions of the time Bryan was wrong, and that departure from the gold standard in 1896 would not have been in accord with the economic interests of the United States. Furthermore, as we now know, a rise in the gold supply and improvement of the process of gold refining were soon to knock the bottom out of the Democratic argument that there existed a great need for a broader currency. On the other hand, currency devaluation is not the ultimate word in sin. There have been too many examples of this in the last seventy years to view the matter

with the sense of tragedy that was so common in the Bryan campaign. The language of Republican oratory in 1896 seems extreme in retrospect, as much campaign oratory does.

As for Bryan, my long-term view of the Great Commoner is not the view my parents held at the time. Bryan had some qualities that extort admiration, and the chief of these was sincerity. He was freer from the habit of equivocation than most American politicians. In 1915, when, as Secretary of State, he differed from his chief, he resigned his office, an act the wisdom of which may be questioned but which was one of great, indeed of almost unprecedented, courage and devotion to principle. In addition, Bryan voiced with eloquence the political discontent of his time, and stimulated the movement of reform that checked the tendency toward plutocracy in the United States. He was by no means judicious in his choice of remedies, but as a critic he had a distinct value. As an orator, viewed objectively, and defining an orator as one who could move men by the power of words, he certainly stands in the front rank. An old friend of mine, a teacher in the Chicago schools, heard him deliver the famous Cross of Gold speech in the Democratic convention of 1896. No believer in free silver, she found herself moved to tears by the obvious integrity and passion of his oratory.

I have another memory of Bryan which comes from a much later episode, and which does not reflect favorably upon him. In religion, Bryan was a Protestant fundamentalist. He repudiated the theory of evolution, and spent the last years of his life crusading against it. Indeed, he virtually died in the defense of his ideas, being stricken with apoplexy shortly after the famous Scopes trial of 1926, in which he defended a Tennessee statute which forbade the teaching of the evolutionary hypothesis. In the course of his agitation, he came to the University of Rochester, and I heard him speak. I was not in sympathy with his general view, and was troubled by the ignorance which his

speech revealed. And I felt real resentment when he said, "I'd like to see what these professors would teach if they had their salaries cut down." Only an essentially narrow and ignorant man could make a comment like that.

Of my memories of the Spanish-American War I have already written. I saw Admiral Dewey when he came to Boston. I climbed a lamppost to get a better view. My parents presented me with a copy of *The Rough Riders*, and I remember reading it with admiration of its principal figure. It would certainly never have occurred to me then to think of Mr. Dooley's famous observation that the book ought to have been entitled *Alone in Cuba*.

Politics in the year 1898 led me into sin. In the fall McKinley came to Boston and my father took me down to Summer Street to see the great man go by. I can see him now, sitting in the open carriage and wearing an air of benignity which I have no doubt was the reflection of his own nature. The next day I wandered downtown and reached the South Station a few minutes after the President had left for New York. I came home and told my mother that I had shaken hands with McKinley and that he had patted me on the head and called me a good little boy. This story naturally produced a sensation. What enterprise in one so young! It was but natural that when we had company my mother would make proud allusion to my personal association with the Chief Executive. This was all right at first. But as time went on the enjoyment palled, and I began to feel more and more scorched and seared with sin. Finally, I mustered up my courage and one day when I was alone with my mother, I said, "Mother, I never did shake hands with President McKinley." Being a very wise woman, she merely remarked, "Didn't you?" and the catharsis was accomplished.

Politics obviously didn't mean much to me in 1900, but the assassination of President McKinley stands out in memory. What is clearest is that for a few days after Czolgosz's attack it

looked as if McKinley might recover. Indeed, he might have, if medical science had been what it is today. I have a vivid recollection of reading how the President sat up in bed and had tea and toast, and even of my mouth watering at the idea. I also remember that he smoked a cigar. And when the grim news of his death came, I, of course, burst into tears.

President Theodore Roosevelt in these childhood years did not mean a great deal to me. I was still too young to appreciate the impact that he was making on the public mind, and of course I still had no political principles except my inherited ones. But in 1904 I went to Tremont Temple with my father to see the election results projected on a screen, as was the fashion in those days. When the returns came in from the little town of Gay Head on Martha's Vineyard — thirty-two for Roosevelt, none for Parker — my delight was intense. I wrote a story for my high school paper, appropriately named "The Conversion of Higgins," describing the way in which the sole Democrat in a New England town was terrorized into voting the Republican ticket.

I think I saw Roosevelt only twice in his subsequent career. He came to Harvard in 1910 after his safari in Africa, and I remember his walking up Quincy Street with Charles Evans Hughes. It was on this occasion that, after having vowed not many days before to abstain from politics, he made the decision to plunge into the New York gubernatorial campaign.

He came again to Cambridge in 1914, and I heard him deliver a lecture on ethics in Sanders Theater. I was by this time probably prejudiced against him because of his attitude toward my hero, Woodrow Wilson. But what he said seemed to me to be the purest pragmatism, a little too strong for my taste. I was doubtless unjust to him, but he seemed to be arguing that anything that worked was all right.

I remember a small anecdote from this visit, however, which shows him in a more attractive light. He was entertained at

luncheon by one of my professorial friends. He had been reading De la Gorce's monumental study of the career of Louis Napoleon in a book called *L'Histoire du Second Empire*. As he commented on it, he remarked, "Louis Napoleon makes me think of Heraclius," mentioning a great Eastern Roman emperor of the eighth century. I wonder if *any* other President of the United States would have been able to pull off a comment like that. How valid the comparison was I do not know.

Roosevelt grows on one as one teaches American history. He had an immense gusto, an immense joy in living. And that quality increasingly commends itself to me as I see more of life. There are too many pallid personalities in this world. However, to assess Roosevelt as a President is a difficult matter, because he evokes such strong feeling. In foreign affairs, he not only welcomed a world role for the United States, but had what has been rare in our chief executives down to recent times — a clear view of the role of power in international affairs. His championship of conservation was of immense importance, as was his attack on the plutocratic spirit. His accomplishments are less significant than his attitudes; his energy, his versatility, his buoyancy all make him one of the most attractive figures in the history of the presidency.

There is, of course, another side to the matter. In his view of war Roosevelt was a juvenile and a romantic. At the time of the Venezuela crisis of 1895, he wrote, "If it wasn't wrong, I would like to see a war," a surprising statement from an adult, it seems to me. There was also in him a monumental egotism. This, however, I do not take too hard. As I have written elsewhere, while it is dangerous to believe too much in oneself, it is still more dangerous to believe too little. The world is often well served by men of immense self-confidence (like De Gaulle in the long perspective) even though such men sometimes err from too much faith in themselves.

Let me add with regard to Roosevelt that the historians,

taken collectively, do not seem to me to have done him justice. In 1946, and again in 1957, my good friend Arthur Schlesinger polled a group of American historians, asking them to grade the Presidents from A for excellent to E for flunking. Roosevelt polled some A's, but more B's. This I think is wrong. With whatever faults you will, he is to me one of the great chief executives, though I cannot say that I appreciated him at the time.

From 1904 to 1908 my political recollections are few. I remember the day that the Japanese attacked the Russians at Port Arthur, and, possibly because my father was an importer of Japanese goods, I was a strong, if ignorant, partisan of Japan. The conference at Portsmouth in 1905 attracted my fugitive attention. But this is about all I have to record until 1908, which was, of course, the year of a presidential election. Then, my traditional party allegiance held firm. It was strengthened by the activities of my college roommate, who used to hold revivalistic sessions for William Jennings Bryan in our common college bedroom. These sessions sometimes lasted until one or two in the morning, and their tone confirmed my worst fears with regard to the Democrats. I cannot remember that at this time I had the slightest desire for a change in the political or social order, or that I even thought much about the matter. I was at ease in Zion.

But a change was taking place. My sophomore year, 1907-1908, I took Economics 1 with Frank W. Taussig. No lecturer whom I have ever listened to was more effective. The class was enormous, for those days, and I sat in the back of the auditorium of the New Lecture Hall while Taussig strolled to and fro on the platform. He never declaimed, and there was always a certain air of tentativeness about his conclusions. Yet somehow or other, he managed to instill into my youthful mind the idea that the protective tariff was not the palladium of this country's liberties. A more dogmatic tone might easily have

repelled. It was later to be a lesson to me that to overstate the case is often to lose the argument. And there was even more to the matter than that. Taussig represented then, and later, the essence of the scholarly spirit, the essence of the spirit of free inquiry. I cannot remember that I ever exchanged a word with him, but as I think back to those far-off days, my faith is confirmed that the teacher may, without any visible evidence of the fact, be exerting a profound influence on those whom he teaches. One cannot put one's finger on this kind of thing, but, as with life in general, one sometimes diffuses something or other, good or bad, that cannot be seen or touched or even felt at the time.

The reaction to Taussig's teaching was a delayed reaction, in part. As I have said, I didn't care for Bryan in 1908. But in 1909 I began to read the papers with a political interest in mind. The first debate of the Taft term was on what came to be known as the Payne-Aldrich Bill. The Republican Party had given many of the voters to understand that the tariff was to be revised downward. Instead, though the President secured slight concessions in the last stages of its enactment, the bill was obviously a high protectionist measure. For the first time I began to think of voting the Democratic ticket. I was by no means certain of my partisan allegiance, and I continued to feel, naturally enough considering my origins, that the Democratic Party as represented by the Democrats of Boston was hardly the organization to command my allegiance. These were the days of John F. Fitzgerald, the grandfather of President Kennedy. To me Fitzgerald represented plain cheapness in politics. I was not able then, and am not able now, to estimate objectively his political career. I only know that I wanted nothing to do with him. It would never have occurred to me, as it did many years later, that in an age when there was a deplorable insensitivity to the sufferings of the poor, and a snob attitude toward the immigrant, men like Fitzgerald performed a

social function that ought to have been understood. The singing of "Sweet Adeline," one of the favorite ditties of the time, by Fitzgerald, as a candidate for mayor, created repulsion, not respect. Possibly I was not sufficiently educated from the musical point of view! Music has never been my strong point.

Something else happened in 1909, however, which had an influence on my political orientation. I heard Woodrow Wilson give the Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard in June. I brought away from that meeting a personal impression that most certainly interested me in the president of Princeton as a presidential candidate in 1912.

The year 1910 added a new dimension to my political evolution. This was the year of the great revolt of the Democrats and insurgent Republicans against Uncle Joe Cannon, the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The contest was dramatic. Taking advantage of the rules, a young Congressman from Nebraska, whose name was George W. Norris, introduced as a matter of constitutional privilege a resolution calling for a change of the rules of the House, which entrusted very wide powers over legislation to the presiding officer. The Speaker ruled the resolution out of order, and a heated debate ensued. The House was held in continuous session for more than thirty-six hours, while Cannon strove to get a majority for the defeat of the Norris proposal. Members slept on cots in the House itself, or were hailed out of bed to answer to roll calls. The outcome was a victory for the insurgents. And I was delighted.

At this distance I begin to wonder a little. The "reform" of the rules in 1910 seems to me to have resulted in a segmentation of power that is the enemy of effective legislative action. To increase the power of the chairmen of committees has not particularly improved the situation, it seems to me, or made the House a more coherent body. The power of the Speaker has been largely transferred to the chairman of the Rules Committee, who has wide control over the course of legislative business,

and who has at times abused this power, exercising it without much public control, and under far less scrutiny than the Speaker.

Nineteen hundred and ten was the year of my first vote. I cast my ballot for the Democratic candidate for Congress to my great satisfaction and, I feel sure, to my father's disgust. Indeed, my apostasy from Republicanism which began at this time was, in the years immediately following, the source of many an argument. Had I been a little more perceptive and more considerate of my mother's feelings, I would have realized that to attempt to convert a man of fifty from his long-held political faith was an over-ambitious enterprise.

The tide was turning for me more and more rapidly. I have already mentioned the immense impression made on me by Woodrow Wilson at the Phi Beta Kappa Day meeting in 1909. His election as governor of New Jersey was followed by a display of leadership on the state level that was impressive indeed. I began to feel strongly on the subject of his nomination for the presidency.

As for Taft, poor old Taft! Here was a man of very substantial abilities, with a highly successful administrative career behind him before his accession to the presidency. There were features of his administration that might well have appealed to me. His advocacy of arbitration treaties on an advanced model was one of them. His attempt to carry through a reciprocity agreement with Canada was another (even though it failed). His promotion of further legislation regulating the railroads, his continuation of trust prosecutions (successful prosecutions) I approved. But the limitations were more significant than the achievements. The Payne-Aldrich Bill of 1909 seemed to me then as it seems to me now a plain violation of the pledges of the Republican platform of 1908. Somehow or other, he managed to identify himself with the more conservative elements in the Republican Party. And as 1912 came on, and he was com-

pelled to fight Theodore Roosevelt for the Republican nomination, his tone became less and less acceptable to me. By 1912 I could not possibly have voted for him.

Once again, poor old Taft! His failure to win reelection I set down chiefly to the fact that all his experience in government had been on the administrative side. He simply did not understand the political game. In perspective he seems a better President than he did while in office.

I do not think I ever saw Taft during his presidency. But I saw him twice at a later time. One of these was when he spoke in Rochester to a convention of teachers. His geniality and his good nature were evident. And he told a story with a point to it that I remember. He was speaking of the necessity of parents backing up the teacher in the latter's efforts at discipline. An irate parent whose child had been sent home came to the principal in a state of high indignation. "You think you can run this school just as you damn please," he said, glaring at the administrator. The principal looked him in the eye. "Your language is coarse, and your manner is offensive," he said, "but you grasp the idea."

I have only a few memories of the campaign of 1912. I did not get back from Europe until July and returned to Europe in early September. But I have some later impressions worth a word or two. There is no better *bon mot* in politics than Chauncey Depew's comment after the divisive Republican convention of 1912. "The only question left," said Depew, "is as to which corpse gets the most flowers."

Even today my sense of humor is tickled by the contrast between a letter Roosevelt wrote to Taft in 1909 declaring that he was one of the best Presidents in history, and the language the Rough Rider used in the campaign, describing him as a "puzzlewit" and a "fat head."

As I have already stated, the 1912 election took place while I was in Europe. I looked forward with eager pride to the day of

the inauguration. When it came in March 1913, in my little pension room in Paris I read with tears in my eyes the closing words of the first inaugural. They stay with me now. "This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Men's hopes await upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes are turned toward us to see what we shall do. Who will live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men to my side. God helping me, I shall not fail them, if they will but counsel and sustain me."

It has been easy for those who have no great enthusiasm for Wilson to forget or depreciate the achievements of his first eighteen months in office. He came to the presidency with the clearest, most coherent and most penetrating idea of the nature of the office of any Chief Executive. It was a master stroke when, at the very beginning, he made the decision to address Congress in person instead of by written message, as had been the case with every President since Jefferson. It was again a real innovation when, without abandoning the general message which each President sends to Congress at the beginning of a session, he wrote short and pithy messages on concrete subjects. He was a great party leader. As was widely recognized at the time, he exercised a leadership over Congress (particularly in the first two years) of almost unprecedented power. The result of all this was some of the most important legislation ever enacted in any presidential term. Wilson broke the spell of protectionism with the Underwood tariff bill, which owed much to the pressure he exerted on Congress. The Federal Reserve Act is one of the most fundamental statutes in the history of the country. The Federal Trade Commission Act has lasting importance. All these measures are in large part the product of clear-minded and decisive leadership.

There were moments, too, of high political courage. In the Democratic platform of 1912, there had been an endorsement of

legislation exempting American vessels from the payment of tolls in the Panama Canal, and Wilson might well have felt bound by that pledge. He became convinced, however, that such policy conflicted with our treaty engagements with Great Britain. He recommended repeal of the legislative provision, against the opposition of the legislative leaders of his own party in the House. Yet he prevailed.

It was not easy to be a Democrat in Rochester, to which, the reader will remember, I was translated in 1915. At that remote date, the best people were all Republican. In this connection, I am reminded of a story that relates to a later electoral contest, but which beautifully illustrates the point. My nextdoor neighbor, Mrs. Dodge, the widow of a professor of biology in the University of Rochester, was deeply distressed by the Roosevelt victory of 1936. A friend attempted to console her. "After all, Louise," she said, "a majority must have voted for the President." Louise bridled. "Who is this majority?" she said. "I don't know any of them."

If this was still true in 1936, you can imagine the situation in 1916. I was very, very vocal and very committed. So was my friend and roommate, Laurence Packard. When one of the newspapers described us in an editorial as "a noisy minority" we circulated a manifesto for Wilson to the members of the faculty and triumphantly refuted the journal's claim. We debated whenever we could. But the high point was a visit to Buffalo to hear the President. I was treasurer of an organization known as the Woodrow Wilson Independent League, and collected perhaps three hundred dollars for the good cause. This got me and my fiancée seats in the great auditorium at Buffalo where the President spoke. I shall never forget his opening words. After the wild applause had died away, Wilson began, "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen. The issues of a great campaign are often ephemeral." How amazing that Wilson could still keep a sense of detachment on the very eve of the

vote! How sad that at a later period he was blind to this important truth!

Election eve in 1916 gave us no definite information on the outcome of the struggle. The Eastern states were piling up Republican majorities, and it looked grim for the Democrats. Around midnight, there was flashed upon the screen across the street from the newspaper office a despatch that indicated that Kansas was going for Wilson. This made me take heart, for in the *New York Evening Post*, to which I subscribed in those days, David Lawrence (then, you will be surprised to know, an ardent Democrat) had predicted (as the event proved, with amazing accuracy) that most of the West would be for the President.

But Wednesday morning the election was still in doubt. I stood before an excited class that morning and still remember what I said to them. "Win or lose," I declaimed, "Woodrow Wilson is one of the great Presidents of the United States." Time has not altered my judgment as to that, but on the other hand, I marvel that I was so intense.

Thursday, too, was a day of suspense. It was clear that the result now hinged on California, and in those days the returns were slow in coming in from the mountain counties. So we waited impatiently. My room in the dormitory was constantly invaded by students who wanted to get the latest news. I bought papers almost hourly, without result. It was not till Friday morning that I got the returns. Rising early, I strolled down Main Street, and met the newsboy with the authentic news of a Wilson victory.

I will deal with the war more fully in a chapter on foreign policy, but it goes without saying that my admiration for the President was profound, and that I was a strong supporter of the League of Nations. In 1920 the choice was easy. I spoke frequently in Rochester in behalf of Cox, and once under rather amusing circumstances. The Rochester Ad Club had

invited me to express my views. But the day I was to address this group Warren Harding came to town and was brought to the club by George Aldridge, the Republican boss of Rochester. Of course he was invited to "say a few words." I remember those words. Looking very stern and noble (viewed in profile from the right side Harding could look noble) and weighing every syllable, he delivered himself of this ringing sentiment: "Gentlemen, I believe that the advertising business is the greatest business in the world." After he left, I got up and in a feeble voice told the crowd to vote for Cox.

Yet despite the landslide for Harding, 1920 was not heart-breaking for me. The result could have been easily predicted. And one was not as sure on the day after election that Harding would actually scrap the League as one came to be when he was inaugurated in March of 1921.

I do not mean, of course, that I was contented. A candidate for President who could say, as Harding did, that government was "after all a very simple thing" was not my beau ideal of a Chief Executive. On the domestic side one of the first pieces of legislation was a new high tariff bill, my *bête noir*. The repudiation of the League naturally confirmed me in my Democratic leanings. Nor was there anything in the Coolidge administration to suggest a departure from my usual political prejudices — or convictions.

Coolidge, despite an undistinguished record, has an appealing side. His brevity, of course, is legendary. A well-known Boston matron sat next to him once at dinner. She seems to have had heavy going. Finally she remarked, "What's your hobby, Mr. President?" "Holding office," was the President's reply. Shortly after Coolidge left the presidency, he had his picture painted by Charles Hopkinson, the eminent Boston artist. Hopkinson arrived at the house in Northampton which was then the Coolidge abode about six o'clock. The bell was answered by Cal himself. "Had your dinner?" was the question.

"No," said Hopkinson. "We have," said Cal. What followed I do not know.

I must say something more about Coolidge. As I view him from the standpoint of an historian, Coolidge perfectly suited the mood of his times. Like many other Presidents, he did not conceive of the presidency as a post of leadership. A different man might have been troubled by the wave of speculation which characterized the latter part of his term and would have sounded the alarm (as Hoover tried to do). But such an act would have been out of character for him, and might well have been ineffectual. He certainly could not have been expected, with his reverence for the business mind, to have intervened, or even to have suggested action to the Federal Reserve Board. One cannot think of him as a distinguished administrator. Yet it is to be remembered that he appointed to the Supreme Court Harlan Fiske Stone, surely one of the most distinguished in the list of the Justices. There is a deal of wisdom, too, in an observation of his which has stuck in my mind — "Leave time for administration to catch up with legislation." And finally, this curiously repressed man — as he seemed to many — committed to paper in his *Autobiography* this remark on the death of his son: "When he died, the glory of the Presidency went with him."

At this distance, Coolidge induces another reflection. He was never a real reactionary. He simply registered the euphoria of the epoch. He was truly representative in many respects, and yet in the simplicity of his personal life he is individual and admirable. The academic postmortems are likely to be harsh on Coolidge. But there were very few people who at the time could have pointed out the pitfalls of the prosperity of the twenties. Certainly the Democratic Party had little to offer.

These were the days of Al Smith as governor of New York. Here was a colorful personality for whom I could vote with enthusiasm. Indeed, I know of no governor of New York who

made a more powerful impression, who seemed more deeply knowledgeable of the affairs of the state than he, or whose standards of administration (despite his Tammany origins) were more admirable. Smith, in the language of the day, was a "wet," but this was not one of the reasons for my admiration for him. It was not until much later that I came to see that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was in the public interest. From 1922 to 1928 I still hoped something from what Herbert Hoover was to call an "experiment noble in purpose."

Al's daughter married a college classmate of mine, John Warner. The wedding was a magnificent one, with a whole bevy of Catholic prelates in attendance. Smith's comment on it was that it was "the greatest spectacle since *Ben Hur*."

A friend of mine told me of a little exchange between an upstate member and Smith in the New York Assembly. The member in question had brought in a very badly phrased bill, and Smith was trying, without success, to get him to change the language. Finally, impatient at the resistance of his colleague, he said in his Bowery twang, "Well, I only know one rule of grammar and that's this. When a pluperfect adjective follows a noun, add a plus."

Despite my admiration for Smith, I could not warm up to him as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States in 1928. I thought him essentially a provincial, a provincial of the metropolis, of course, but not a man with the broad kind of experience that seemed needful in a President. On the other hand, Hoover attracted me. His work on relief during the war, and afterwards in the Soviet Union, appealed to my humanitarian instincts. His administrative capacity, of the very highest order, was an additional reason for supporting him. And his world outlook, as I then thought of it, was still another reason for wishing to see him elected. So I voted for him with considerable enthusiasm.

This was not done without a rift in the family. My wife voted

for Smith. The difference between us agitated my small son, who was used to a picture of family unity. I heard him telling another little boy, "Father voted for Hoover, and Mother voted for Smith. You can't vote for both of them you know."

My first view of Hoover was at the meeting of the American Historical Association in Washington in 1927. Hoover was slated to speak. I imagine, as a matter of personal recollection, that a large part of the audience was disposed to think well of him. He did not even appear till long after we had sat down to dinner. During the meal he scribbled a few notes. When called upon, he spoke about ten minutes, and then left. This would have been intelligible if he had been under the burden of the presidency — though not judicious. But in a Secretary of Commerce the effect was not one to rouse enthusiasm.

In the presidency Hoover was a great disappointment. One of the first measures of his administration was the passage of the Hawley-Smoot Bill, one of the worst exhibitions of the protectionist spirit. I can never forget that more than six hundred economists appealed to the President not to sign the measure. And yet Hoover, who was assumed to pay special heed to expert knowledge, whom we thought of as bringing the scientific spirit into government, paid no attention to this appeal. I never felt the same toward him after that.

The Hoover years were the years of the Great Depression, as everybody knows. I wish, in retrospect, that I had been more sensitive to the human suffering that it caused. I was no militant for any kind of government action for the public relief that was so obviously necessary. But of course the trend of events led me to look again toward the Democratic Party in 1932.

I was not, however, a Roosevelt man. My strong feeling about the League made me somewhat prejudiced against F.D.R. In order to get the support of William Randolph Hearst, as it seemed to me, he repudiated all thought of any connection with

the League of Nations. Nor did his equivocal attitude toward Tammany Hall arouse my enthusiasm. True, he came out right when a stark issue of corruption was placed before him. But he was no flaming apostle of good government.

It is not quite fair to Roosevelt to dwell on this point. He was an imaginative and competent governor. But at the time, my choice for President was Newton D. Baker who had been Secretary of War, a very able Secretary of War, in the Wilson administration. I had heard him speak once during that period, and was impressed by a story which he told. He said that he was walking in the mountains of West Virginia and came to a crossroads where an old woman sat in the doorway of a hut, smoking her pipe. He stopped and asked her the way to Martinsburg. "I dunno," she said. "It's twenty miles from here, but I dunno down which road." "I have often wondered," added Baker, "if my periphery is sometimes as limited as that of the woman who didn't know the way to Martinsburg." Such modesty thrilled me.

Out of context, in a sense, I must narrate another story about Baker that is full of wisdom. It was told me by Paul Bellamy, the editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. I sat next to Bellamy at a dinner meeting in Cleveland in 1939, at which I was the speaker. He told me that at the time of Roosevelt's attempted purge of the Supreme Court, he (Bellamy) got very much wrought up and decided to go and see Baker, who was practicing law in Cleveland. Baker listened for some time, puffing his pipe as he listened. Finally, he spoke, and what he said was this: "I'm sorry for you, Paul. Were I to attempt a judgment on the President's proposal, I would want to immerse myself in a study of Supreme Court decisions, I should want to consider all aspects of the question, and finally I might be able to make up my mind. Again, I'm sorry for you, who have to go to press tomorrow morning." If any of my readers are disposed to think, from this little story, that Baker was incapable of decisive

action, they are wrong. His record as Secretary of War suggests no such thing. But he liked to think things through, and, as a scholar, I admire this quality.

But back to 1932. That I would vote for Roosevelt, once he was nominated, was a foregone conclusion. Dour, grim and reluctant to take positive action in the field of relief, Hoover was now not a bit attractive, so far as I was concerned. But my enthusiasm was strictly limited. Roosevelt's campaign sounded no clear call to me. With the cynicism — or realism — of old age I do not expect much from presidential candidates. But at the time I was dissatisfied. Raymond Moley tells a story about the campaign that explains my state of mind. Moley was asked to write something for Roosevelt on the tariff. He brought him two speeches, one for lower duties, one for protection. The President looked up. "Can't you weave the two of them together?" he said. I heard this anecdote much later. But it would have made me boil had I heard it in 1932.

The election, of course, was a walkover. And it so happened that I had a meeting in Philadelphia on the day before the inauguration. So, when the meeting was over, I took the train for Washington, and was in the plaza before the east front of the capitol when the new President delivered his inaugural address. It is not important to analyze it, and were I to do so, I should find things to criticize. But no one who was there will ever forget the *tone*. Its vibrant optimism was thrilling. "We have nothing to fear but fear itself," is a generalization that one could pick to pieces, but the hope and the confidence that lay behind it were just what the nation needed.

Nor should those who are critical of Roosevelt forget the circumstances in which it was delivered. The banks had closed. There was no way to cash a check in Washington. And yet in the course of a brief two weeks the President by prompt and effective action, restored public confidence, and the banks were reopened. In that first month of his first term, Roosevelt awak-

ened an enthusiasm among businessmen (a fugitive admiration in many cases, if you will) that was amazing. In the midst of these events I spoke to a highly conservative group in Rochester. They applauded my praise of the President to the echo. I am glad that I had the sense to tell them that they might not like him so well before his term was far advanced. Of course I was right.

In the long period from 1933 to Roosevelt's death in 1945, I was for the most part sympathetic with the President. But I certainly felt none of the enthusiasm that I had felt for Woodrow Wilson. The deviousness that was a part of Roosevelt's nature troubled me a bit, as did his flirtation with the isolationists in his first term. The real reason for this was that by the thirties I had become much more the observer than the intense partisan (as I think an historian should be). This does not mean that my voting, at least on the national level, was not pretty consistently Democratic. It merely means that my reasons for doing so were less emotional. The essence of the matter lay in this. The Great Depression had made indispensable important changes in the role of government. The Democratic Party under F.D.R. had shown itself ready to consider and put into effect these changes. Indeed, what I have just said applies not only to the Roosevelt terms, but to the longer view that brings us down to our own time. In such an age as ours receptivity to the idea of change is fundamental. There is little room for the stand-patter in our present society.

Extreme conservatives complain about the increase in the powers of government. But how could these changes be avoided? Take, for example, a question that has no relationship with high politics, the question of the regulation of motor traffic. When I got my first car in 1916, I just went out into the country, plunked down six hundred dollars, got into an Overland, and proudly drove away. There was no license for me, and no license for my car. And I don't think there was a single traffic

light between the little town where I bought the car and the place I lived in Rochester. Can anybody imagine that this situation would be tolerated today?

What applies in this case applies to much larger questions. Just what, I ask my conservative friends, would you repeal of the New Deal? Would you cease to regulate the stock market? Would you put an end to social security? Would you deny that it was necessary for the federal government to regulate the relations of labor and capital where national interests were involved? Would it be practicable to return to *laissez-faire* in the field of agriculture? Most of them would not give an answer which implied a return to the past.

This is not to say that everything that was done in the New Deal period was wise, or that everything it did should stand unmodified to the end of time. The National Recovery Act seemed to me then and seems to me in retrospect, on balance, to have been a mistake; at any rate it did not survive the movement of public opinion or the judgment of the Supreme Court. The Wagner Labor Relations Act was modified and, in some important respects, improved by the Taft-Hartley Act. The wisdom of minimum wage legislation can be debated. But looking at the matter broadly, what was done had to be done. And as a matter of practical politics, there is not the slightest chance that it could be repealed. Acquiescence in change, acceptance of change as a rule of life, this is essential for the historian. Even if one did not approve of it, to sigh over it would be futile. And it must also be remembered that the static society is the society where change, if it comes, is most likely to be violent.

There is another element in my thinking much more prominent by the time I was in the forties than in the earlier period. I believe that the two-party system is one of the great American political inventions. Both parties are looking for the center, the center at a given moment of time, for in this great and moderate people of ours it is in the center that the votes lie.

Both parties, as I have said in another place, are devoid of fixed principles. Both parties have their conservative and liberal wings. There are people who believe, with my respected friend James M. Burns of Williams College, that a sharper party alignment would be useful: the Democrats being the liberals and the Republicans the conservatives, I suppose. But if such an alignment existed, the pendulum would be much more likely to oscillate between extremes. Legislation might be adopted and then repealed. Experiments would be tried and abandoned. Party warfare would be more bitter and probably less rational. Furthermore, not all questions are susceptible of being described as liberal and conservative. In foreign policy, it is very difficult to draw such lines. In domestic affairs, many questions are too esoteric, too technical, to admit of categorization. It is, I think, an advantage that American parties have not divided as sharply on doctrinal lines as some people desire.

These views, while not persuading me to vote Republican in any presidential election since 1928, have powerfully influenced me in state politics. I have wished to build up there the most intelligent elements, and I have voted for far more Republican than Democratic governors, and often for Republican Senators. And, of course, I can see no sense whatsoever in narrow partisanship when it comes to the government of the city or the county. Competence, in my judgment, is what should count most.

Before moving on to the post-Roosevelt years, I should say something about what I learned when I wrote a brief account of his administration. This work set me thinking about a fundamental historical problem, the role of the individual as compared with that of the social forces in society. I was surprised to find, for example, that the major measures of the Roosevelt administration were passed by bipartisan majorities, reflecting in this way the spirit of the times. One of the most important, the Wagner Act, placing the rights and privileges of labor on a

new foundation, was less the work of the President than of Senator Wagner and a massive majority in Congress. The agricultural legislation of the New Deal had its origins (though it was not enacted) in earlier administrations. One could go further in writing down the personal role of the President in the massive legislative program of the New Deal.

The way I put to myself the problem mentioned above is this. Roosevelt did not originate many of the reforms of the thirties. But he presided with gusto over an era of social change, and gave it the most powerful sanction of the presidency. In addition, his heart beat for the less fortunate, for the dispossessed. This, in my judgment, was no pose; his sympathy was sincere. In this sense, he was a pioneer in the movement of social concern that has lasted down to our own day.

Before coming to Roosevelt's successors, let me append my comments on the elections, as I think of them in relation to the losers. In 1936 I found Landon a decent man, by no means a hardboiled reactionary. But he never succeeded in impressing his personality upon the voters and I knew he was beaten before he started. I remember, by the way, in connection with the campaign, that in 1936 I presented Walter Lippmann for an honorary degree at the University of Rochester. He was optimistic about Landon's chances. This curious judgment is reminiscent of the more famous bit of pontification in 1932, when he described Franklin Roosevelt as "a pleasant man who would like to be President."

As to Willkie, while I understood the wave of emotion and sympathy with the Allies that brought him the nomination, I was very doubtful about the wisdom of selecting as President a man without wide political experience. Politics is an art, and it has to be learned. I don't think that Willkie had the political gifts. I met him long after the presidential campaign at the house of the president of the University of Rochester. Perhaps he would have been more impressive if he had not had a severe

cold. But he seemed heavy and dull, and I cannot recall a single interesting thing that he said in the course of a long evening.

My thoughts with regard to 1944 are different. I respected Dewey and had voted for him for governor in 1942. I thought he waged a dignified and restrained campaign. I thought — and still think — that he was true presidential timber. There are certainly moments when — like all candidates — he descended to the partisan game. But his occasional derelictions in this regard are redeemed for me by the remark which he made at the Gridiron Club after his defeat in the election of 1944. "I thought," he said, "that I heard the voice of the people, but it must have been some other noise."

I come now to the death of Roosevelt. The afternoon that I heard the news there was staying with us one of our friends whose enthusiasm for the President was, to say the least, limited. Yet when I came in from the telephone to announce what had happened, the expression on her face was an involuntary tribute to the passing of a great man.

I remember, too, listening to the funeral cortege on its way to the White House. As it turned into Fifteenth Street the voice of the announcer broke, and sobs came over the air. Again, what a commentary!

It is amazing, however, how the hatred of Roosevelt has persisted long after his death. He had his limitations, of course. He was, as I have said, often devious. His administrative methods sometimes exposed him to severe criticism. But his humanitarianism was sincere; he presided with courage over an era of inevitable social change; he commanded a confidence and a loyalty given to few chief executives. There is no denying that he played a major role on the American stage and on the stage of the world, and that he saw clearly the menace of Hitlerism. He bulks large — very large — in the thirteen years that he occupied the presidency.

Roosevelt's death raises troubling questions for the historian.

There are many signs of deteriorating health from the summer of 1944 to the April day in 1945 when he died. So close an associate as William Hassett, one of his secretaries, records in his memoirs that Roosevelt had not long to live in the summer of 1944. Yet his physician, Marvin MacIntyre, has stated in his account of the President that a physical checkup in November 1945 revealed no organic weakness. There may have been in this a bit of wishful thinking, but I do not believe it can be said that the American people were willfully deceived.

And so we come to Harry Truman. Here was a man who had been in small-time politics in the not very savory Pendergast machine in Missouri. Elected to the Senate in 1934, he had, it is true, done an excellent job as chairman of a watchdog committee on the rearmament program. Yet he owed his nomination to his connection with Robert Hannegan, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and to the widespread conviction among politicians that the incumbent Vice President, Henry Wallace, had to be ditched. There was little to suggest that Truman would make an excellent President of the United States.

In domestic affairs Truman had the perception, and perhaps the conviction, to identify himself with the liberalism of the times. I did not realize it at the time, but his was one of the first voices raised on the issue of civil rights. He sponsored many progressive measures. Yet he had the courage on more than one occasion to challenge the power of organized labor, as in the railroad strike of 1946. In historical retrospect, he has many admirers who did not vote for him at the time, and in retirement he has enjoyed a remarkable prestige. His fighting qualities enabled him to win a close election in 1948.

Since 1948 I have come to know Truman in my capacity as a member of the board of the Truman Library at Independence. I think of him with genuine admiration and affection. He had, I think, two remarkable qualities, qualities indispensable in the

presidency. The first was the capacity for decision. Once in a while he acted too quickly. But what is important is to act. It takes courage. Truman had courage. And when he thought he was right he was ready to face the consequences. The ability to act, however, in a successful executive, must be united with the ability to get sound advice. I give an illustration of this from his own lips. While he was President, Harlan F. Stone resigned as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. What to do about the choice of a successor? "First," said Truman, "I called up Charles Evans Hughes." "Mr. President," said Hughes, "What you need now on the Court is an organizer, a man of executive type. You have him in your cabinet in Vinson." "Next," said the President in telling the story, "I called the only Republican on the Court, Justice Roberts. He told me the same thing. I sent in the nomination forthwith, without even consulting the cabinet."

It is certainly true that Truman found partisanship easy, perhaps too easy. There are not many men who could have laid it on as he did in the campaign of 1948. He got along well, perhaps too well, with professional politicians. Yet one of my friends who for a time attended cabinet sessions, and therefore saw him at close range, said that on these occasions he was a model of dignity and of wisdom. He stands in my mind for one of the great things about American politics, the capacity of a man of no great previous eminence to grow in the presidency into a person of genuine stature. This, of course, was what happened to Lincoln. In the same way it happened to Harry Truman.

Before I turn to the election of 1952, I must say something about the rise of Senator Joseph McCarthy. Needless to say, I share the repulsion with regard to him that was common to almost all of the academic community. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that he has been our only successful national demagogue. Nobody else that I can think of has exercised so evil a power over a substantial part of the electorate. It is pain-

ful to remember how often he was deferred to in his prime. He seemed to me when I heard him on television to have an evil face, and his disregard for facts was monumental. I only saw him once in person. It was during the hearings chaired by Senator Mundt with regard to McCarthy's charges against the army. In the course of these hearings, as many of my readers will remember, McCarthy launched a ferocious attack against a young Boston lawyer, and was rebuked for his recklessness by Welch, the counsel for the army. As it happened, I was in the hearing room at the time. I had gotten tired reading microfilm at the Library of Congress, and strolled over to the Senate Office Building to see what was going on. As Welch finished his rebuke to the Senator, the audience applauded violently. A few minutes later as I left I heard the Senator say to one of his aides, shaking his head in puzzlement, "What did I do wrong?" This remark is an excellent illustration of a moral sense so blunted as to be beyond the ordinary imagination.

In the election of 1952, I was probably more indifferent to the result than in any campaign in a long time. I recognize the charm which Adlai Stevenson exerted on many of my friends. And on the only occasion when I met him, and when my wife met him, we readily agreed that he possessed that quality. But I was not impressed with his campaign, and I saw in him, as many others have seen, a man whose verbal gifts and whose wit and whose obvious good will did not guarantee the qualities of leadership that make a great President. It may well be that such a judgment was unfair. But my coolness was also due to the fact that the Democratic Party had been in power for twenty years. It could reasonably be argued that after a period of reform, a period of relative quietude was in order. There were scandals, too, which suggested that a brief sojourn in the wilderness would do the Democrats no particular harm. Finally, in the field of foreign affairs, it seemed clear that Eisenhower would follow in their broad lines the policies of the previous adminis-

tration. This, indeed, had been the meaning of the struggle in the Republican nominating convention. That struggle I had followed with intense interest. The defeat of Robert Taft and the nomination of Ike diluted the distrust which I might otherwise have felt for the Republicans.

Eisenhower I met only once. In 1947 I had been invited to lecture at the National War College (an invitation which was repeated for the next fourteen years). Ike was at that time chief of staff, and I had an opportunity to have a brief conversation with him. The qualities that recommended him to the American people were instantly apparent. His simplicity, his obvious naturalness, his dignity, all made an appeal. It would have been quite impossible for me in 1952 to have worked up a passion against him.

Nevertheless, as I view American politics with the eye of the historian, it is not difficult to understand why Eisenhower did not make a great President. Even the most jaundiced Republican must admit, in retrospect, that he was lacking in the political gifts, that he failed to strengthen his own party in Congress, and that he was dependent for six of his eight years in office on the support of a substantial group of the Democrats. Moreover, his conception of the presidency was, to a high degree, that of an administrative chief, not that of a great national leader. One of the most obvious illustrations of this was his reaction to the epoch-making decision of the Supreme Court in the case involving segregation in the schools in the spring of 1954. In the six long years after that event, the President never deeply felt the meaning of the new challenge. He acted when he had to, as in Little Rock, but he never caught the profound significance of the civil rights movement.

I add one further comment by one of his staunch supporters and associates which I heard only a little while after he had left office. The conversation turned to Eisenhower's publication of his *Memoirs*. "Poor Ike," said my informant, "he wants to prove

that he was a great President, and the thing simply cannot be done." To repeat this is not to forget that the academic judgment on Eisenhower is often far too harsh. His administration lacked inspiration; but it was in the central not the lower range among administrations.

The campaign of 1960 was something else. My feelings were much stronger than in either of the two preceding campaigns. This time I had had some personal contact with both the candidates. In 1956 in the course of campaigning, Richard Nixon had come to Cornell, where I was teaching, and I had had a chance to meet him at a small party given by the president. When we were introduced, and he was told that I was an historian, he put his arm affectionately around my shoulder and said, "I concentrated in history at dear old Whittier." He then took me aside, sat me down with him on a sofa, and proceeded to chat at length. His conversation was highly intelligent. He had just been to Indonesia, and he seemed to me to have a careful eye for the really important facts with regard to that country. Yet there was something too political about him to suit me. Perhaps I was unfair, but I felt that every remark was shrewdly addressed to what he thought were my prejudices.

In retrospect this judgment ought not to be thought of as too condemnatory. The political gifts are essential in the President of the United States. Since the technique of the office requires an intelligent interpretation of the public will and of the public mood, there is much to be said for the capacity to understand what people are thinking. But somehow Nixon's approach seemed just a bit too calculating.

By 1960 I had also come in contact with John Fitzgerald Kennedy. In 1953, it will be remembered, I had been elected to the Harvard board of overseers. In 1958 Kennedy was elected to this body. He came quite often to the meetings. It is the practice for each overseer to report on some department of the university. Kennedy might have had history, but that was al-

ready in my hands. He was given astronomy, about which he could hardly have had an extensive knowledge. Yet his reports were very far from perfunctory. He seemed to me to be demonstrating an excellent mind, and a real gift of lucid exposition. His manners were perfect; there was nothing brash about him, but he was at perfect ease. It was obvious that he had humor. On the whole, the impression was no less than winning.

It is too early to judge John Kennedy, as the historian judges. I am too old to adore, and I find many of his admirers extravagant. But I think he had remarkable gifts, nonetheless — a capacity for cool and detached judgment, combined with the ability to act when action was necessary, a sense of proportion, and an immense self-discipline (no doubt partially due to his physical problems). He was not in my judgment a warm person, but he had an intellectual understanding of the need for meeting the problems of a dynamic society. He was not bound by dogma, or diverted by little expediencies.

Of the President of the United States at the time of this writing, I shall say only a few words. The evidence is by no means all in. It will not be in for some time. In the Senate Johnson displayed great gifts as a party manager. In 1964 he rode the crest of the wave in a campaign unusual for the sharpness of the issue between the Democrats and the Republicans, and for the political ineptitude of the Republican candidate. Since then he has had to face as difficult problems as have ever confronted any President, a war that seems to have no end, and that disturbs many Americans, a civil rights movement that raises all kinds of difficulties and all kinds of problems, and an electoral defeat in 1966 that has hampered him in his dealing with Congress. I will add a little further commentary. Johnson was a remarkable parliamentary manager in his years as majority leader in the Senate. His technique had been that of dealing with the men of power in every field. He has not proven very successful in arousing the loyalty and the admiration of the

average citizen, and he has, for reasons not altogether justifiable, earned the hostility of many of the intellectuals, and much of the press. Yet I dare say that he is deeply interested in the well-being of the less fortunate of our citizens.

I end this chapter with a paeon of praise to American democracy. Time and again, the American people have demonstrated their gift for compromise and adjustment, as against radical change or blind conservatism. More and more they pay heed to special knowledge, recognize it and reward it. Their genius is empirical, based on what will work, not on utopian dreams. Sometimes waves of passion sweep over them, as in the sad era of Joseph McCarthy. But common sense returns; the demagogue falls by the wayside. In their capacity for self-government, for the successful operation of one of the most difficult enterprises in the history of man, they can be proud of their past and hopeful of their future. They will make mistakes, of course. But these mistakes will not be irremediable. They will be corrected. The republic stands today as a remarkable example of a government based on the masses, yet competent to deal with problems that call for special judgment and the long view.

SEVEN

Foreign Policy

As I look back and reflect upon the evolution of my views in the field of foreign policy (a field which has, as the reader knows, occupied much of my teaching and writing), what impresses me is how typical of many an American my own development has been. The innocence of youth has faded; faith in a simple remedy for the appeal to violence has been dimmed; the magnitude of the problem becomes apparent. Above all, and this I shall have to say frankly at the outset, pacifism as gospel seems to me illusory and dangerous. Peace, if it comes, will rest upon organized force, not upon innocent good will. Reinhold Niebuhr has put the matter in a nutshell: "Love without power" (I paraphrase) "will in the long run, or perhaps the short run, be overcome by power without love." I was a long time coming to this view; I reproach myself, student that I was of international affairs, that I awakened slowly to this essential truth; but perhaps just because this is true, what I have to say here may have some value for my readers.

I grew up in an era when the dominant mood of America was peace. Since 1815 there had been no large-scale conflict in Europe. Since 1865 there had been no large-scale conflict in the

Americas, save for a bloody struggle in Paraguay—hardly noticed in the United States. True, we had fought a war with Spain in 1898, but this was hardly more than a military picnic. In Europe in the first decade of the twentieth century there were ominous signs for those who knew how to read them, most especially, the growth of German nationalism. But at the time of the first Moroccan crisis (1905) the possibility of a European war on a grand scale seemed to have been exorcised by the Conference of Algeciras. Austria's annexation of the Turkish province of Bosnia Herzegovina in 1908 passed without a conflict, despite the hostility it aroused among the South Slavs. When I graduated from college in 1909, men were dwelling on the folly of war. They were preparing not long after to celebrate a century of peace between the United States and Great Britain. The Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907, however little they may have accomplished, seemed another happy augury. Norman Angell's *The Great Illusion*, which was published in 1910 and which I read not very long after, confidently predicted that the economic interest of the world in stability would prevent armed conflict. Leading Americans like Charles William Eliot and David Starr Jordan exuded confidence in the pacific character of the future.

It was easy for me, an idealistic youth, to believe in goodness and to minimize the forces of evil in the world. In these years I dreamed that a way might be found to abolish war between civilized nations. And in my senior year in college I took a course in international law, and in an immature way came to the conclusion that here was an answer to the problem of power and that I wanted to teach the subject. Part of my graduate work was in this field. When I got my fellowship to study in France in the fall of 1911, one of the inducements was that at the *École des Sciences Politiques*, which I was to attend, was Louis Renault, one of the most renowned international lawyers

of the period. When I got my first job in Cincinnati in 1914, I stipulated that I was to have an opportunity to teach a half-course in the law of nations.

In the summer of 1914 came the First World War. I remember very well the day that the newspaperman came up the drive with the Sunday papers, the first of August, 1914, and the look on my father's face as he read that Germany had declared war on Russia. He looked as if the skies had fallen in. And what is striking to me now is that though I had taken an interest in contemporary diplomacy, although indeed I had been in France in 1911 and 1912, and had an opportunity to observe the growth of the war spirit in France, I was by no means prepared for the outburst of hostilities. I resembled most Americans in believing that we had progressed beyond the point where a world war was possible.

In the policy of neutrality which Wilson followed I was strongly behind the President. As I look back, I think I saw the struggle through his eyes. As we now know, Wilson was not indifferent to the idea of a German victory. But he cherished the hope that the war might be brought to an end through American mediation, and he placed in the forefront of his thought the maintenance of legal principle. Did he, as later critics were to insist, discriminate in favor of the Allies? In one sense, yes. He avoided a sharp challenge to Great Britain and France; he responded sharply to German violations of law. But there was a world of difference between Allied and German conduct. The Western powers were interfering with trade; the Germans, in initiating the submarine warfare against merchant vessels, were infringing on the long-established principle that such vessels, whatever their cargo, could not be sunk without making provision for the safety of their passengers and crew. This infringement, to one trained in international law as I had been, seemed a serious breach in the legal order, on a wholly

different plane than interference with commerce, with regard to which it is fair to say that the principles of law were somewhat cloudy.

It is not strange, then, that I supported the President, at the same time cherishing the hope that he could avoid a direct confrontation with Germany. When the *Lusitania* went down in May 1915, with the loss of over one hundred American lives, I was behind Wilson in his protest, and also in his exercise of patience. It is not always remembered that after a long period of note-writing that provoked the scorn of such nationalists as Theodore Roosevelt, the President secured the actual suspension of the U-boat war in the spring of 1916.

One day that spring Dr. Rhees called me in and asked if I wanted to attend a dinner meeting at Washington of a new organization called the League to Enforce Peace. The principle on which this organization was based was that the nations of the world would act collectively to put down an aggressor. We have learned today that things do not work out just that way. Very regretfully, but entirely clearly, I have come to the conclusion that collective security, in the broadest sense, is impracticable, that so varied are the interests of nations, and so widespread the desire to keep out of trouble if one can, that it has not been possible to rally all governments against a law-breaking state. But fifty years ago the idea did not seem impractical; it seemed an excellent specific for the evil of war. You may imagine, then, my feelings that evening when I sat in the great ballroom on the top floor of the Willard, and heard the President, in a dry, thin voice, but in precise language, commit himself and his administration to the central idea of the League to Enforce Peace. I can see that scene now. Former President Taft presided. And as the President came to the crux of his argument, while cheers broke out all over the room, Taft lifted his huge bulk, and waved his napkin enthusiastically. It was easy to believe that a new and great idea had been born.

I have already indicated my passionate interest in the election of Wilson in the campaign of 1916. After the election I continued to hope for peace. And I read with enthusiasm the "peace without victory" address of January 1917.

Then came the breach with Germany, the severance of diplomatic relations as Berlin declared unrestricted submarine warfare. Even then, my fundamental aversion to war led me to hope that an all-out conflict could be avoided. Events, of course, were to prove me wrong.

There are two incidents in the winter of 1917 that deserve recollection. Though my father was an orthodox Republican, he and my mother generously offered to take my fiancée and me to the inauguration. When we got to Washington we learned that the President's request to Congress to authorize the arming of the merchant ships of the United States had been filibustered to death in the Senate. And that night, as we were having dinner in our hotel, Senator Robert La Follette, one of the filibusterers, came in with a company of friends and sat down at the table near us. The band struck up the Star-Spangled Banner. At La Follette's table most of his friends remained seated. But the Senator, with the saddest and grimmest expression that I have ever seen, rose while the strains of the national anthem died away.

In the middle of March came the first Russian Revolution. One afternoon I bought the newspaper and read that the tsar had been dethroned. I cannot remember my own reaction, but writing in the historical vein, I have often wondered whether this was not a substantial factor in leading the President to the decision for war. It seems to me that ideologically it cleared the air. It had been difficult to depict the war as an out-and-out struggle of democracy against autocracy with the Russians fighting on the allied side. But the March revolution changed all that, and I know that Wilson, no doubt naively but surely, felt that a new and democratic Russia might rise from the ruins of

the old. Another point. The chances of allied victory, it could be perceived, were diminished with the change of government in Russia. Could she, would she, continue the war? Was it not more than ever necessary for the United States to enter the struggle, if the democratic nations of the West were to win? These thoughts were not stressed by the President in that eventful period. But for many Americans, I am sure, they constituted a reason for entering a conflict which these same Americans had been anxious to avoid.

In April came war. I was in Boston visiting my parents at the time. I read the President's request for a declaration of hostilities with complete conviction that he had done all he could to avoid the struggle. It was hard to believe that it had come, and that not improbably I would be in it, but the issue seemed to me inescapable. Of my personal experience in the conflict, I have already written.

The events which I have just described suggest some analysis of my later historical judgment of the period. No one of our wars has left behind more divergent interpretations among the historians. There are those who hold that Wilson's attitude was too rigid, and that war might have been avoided had he been more flexible. On the other hand, with the passage of time the view has been put forward that the United States had a profound security interest in preventing the victory of Germany, and that since the President's policy tended to that end it is to be commended. And there are those, including the most distinguished students of the Wilson period, who believe that no chief executive could possibly have failed to defend the rights which Germany challenged.

No one can tell what would have been the outcome had the United States not entered the war. Time and time again I have had occasion in my teaching to assert that confident judgment on the history that never happened is risky business for the historian. The events in the international scene are so com-

plicated that it is best not to be dogmatic. We simply cannot reconstruct history by hypothesis.

Without our intervention would Germany have won an all-out victory? Would she have dominated the Continent, but failed to bring British seapower to its knees? Would a stalemate have postponed revolution in Russia with all its tremendous consequences? These are all important questions to which a definitive answer is impossible. But recently a young scholar in a noteworthy book has underlined, more strikingly than ever before, the scope of German ambition, and therefore the dangers of German success.

In my interpretation of the period, on which I have lectured for many years, I am thrown back on the facts, as distinguished from the speculations. What are these facts? In taking his stand on the submarine issue the President was supported by the majority opinion of the nation. This was true partly because the legal issue bulked important in the thought of many people, and because it was fortified by the disposition of the majority of the American people to sympathize with the cause of the Allies. The issue of national safety did not bulk large in people's minds by comparison. On this question the nation was divided. There were powerful elements who did not accept it, large numbers of German-Americans as well as large numbers of Irish-Americans who had their eyes on the repression practiced by Britain in Ireland at the same time that she was defending the principles of democracy in war. There were also large numbers of Americans who hoped fervently that the United States could avoid involvement, who remembered, perhaps vaguely but nonetheless with conviction, the principle of nonentangling alliances, and who would have seen direct intervention on the allied side as a violation of American tradition. Wilson acted from conviction, in choosing the ground that he did choose, and his position was, in my judgment, that position which best maintained the unity of the American people, and made it

possible, when war came, to enter the struggle with the maximum amount of national unity. This I have maintained for many years.

Nonetheless, subsequent generations, and especially the college generation of the twenties and thirties, often found it hard to accept the necessity of enforcing a legal principle. Why not warn Americans off the merchant ships of the Allies? Why contend for a principle in view of the risks involved? The question has been asked me time and time again, and, as we shall see, it was reflected in wide segments of opinion in the nineteen thirties. It provides an interesting example of the inability of one generation to understand the motives and rationale of another. Intellectually, it is easy for men in time of peace to recoil from the kind of decision that may mean war. Such people cannot reconstruct the emotional suppositions that actually governed action, or the feelings of horror, to make the point more concrete, that filled many American breasts at the time of the sinking of the *Lusitania*. You have to live through a period to understand it.

This last observation tempts me to a digression. It is a peculiarly American habit to reinterpret our history in the pacific spirit. Why fight the British in 1812? You cannot vindicate neutral rights by war; they go on being violated. Why was not a compromise found in 1861? Why didn't McKinley, when the Spaniards had stretched concessions as far as they could go in 1898, pay attention to the concessions? I am not going to embroider these points. But I say again that those who raise them fail to understand the climate of opinion which produced war. "Man," said Alexander Hamilton, in one of the pithiest of comments on the human condition, "is a reasoning and not a reasonable animal." Wars do not come about in cold blood. They are an expression of the element of passion in man. And passion is roused not necessarily because man is wicked, but sometimes because man is a moral animal who deems cer-

tain things worth fighting for. Will it always be so? Let us postpone dangerous prophecy at least until the end of this book.

But let us go back to international law. It is quite clear to me in the perspective of history that in 1914 my generation overestimated the promise of a world ruled by law. It took me some time to come to this conclusion. I am not speaking, for the moment, of special devices for the maintenance of peace, the Covenant of the League, the Kellogg Pact, the Charter of the United Nations. We will come to them a little later. I am speaking of the view still held by many in the United States that it is possible to construct a worldwide legal system by which all the peoples of the world will be governed. I formulated my views on this subject only a few years ago when I gave the James W. Richards lectures at the University of Virginia. Let me summarize the argument here.

I must begin by making it clear that within a limited range legal principles are usually observed, if not invariably, in the intercourse of nations. There is a certain amount of what, within the United States, we call common law, traditions and conventions which are heeded by the great body of organized states. There is a very substantial body of treaty law, which, again, is for the most part binding in practice. And there is an age-old habit, still practiced, to justify international acts by reference to fixed legal principles, sometimes in very ingenious if not very convincing ways. But the considerations do not affect the generalization that a world system of law does not exist, and is not likely to exist.

One may go further. There has not been, and is not, any international legislature capable of formulating a far-reaching code for the regulation of international affairs. Indeed, attempts to codify international law have been limited in scope and limited in effect. There is no court which can formulate the law, and be sure that its mandates will be obeyed. In the early

twentieth century a hope might have lain in the relatively wide consensus as to international conduct that existed among the most advanced nations. Today we have the Communist states, with their own notions of international legality, and indeed of international morality. And we have the newborn states of Africa and the Middle East, which, like the Communists, proceed from different premises than those of the prosperous states in their view of international relations. If the relatively stable world of the early twentieth century could not grapple with this problem, what is the likelihood that it can be solved by the world of today?

To return to the narrative, I have already said that I was deeply moved by the Wilsonian program. From the day when Wilson landed in France in December 1918 to the day when the treaty was signed, I followed events with hope in my heart. And I was an ardent supporter of the Covenant when it was finally drafted, and submitted to the Senate for ratification. We all know what followed. The treaty became involved in one of the bitterest partisan controversies in American history. The Senate made many reservations to it; the President asked his supporters to vote against ratification. He went further; he wished the issue to be thrown into the campaign of 1920. The overwhelming defeat of the Democrats was followed by withdrawal of the treaty, and by the making of a separate peace with Germany. How are we to judge these events? Was the failure due to obstinacy on the part of the President? Or was it due to deeper causes? Might the American adhesion to the Covenant have ushered in a new period of peace? Or was the Wilsonian dream itself foredoomed? Critics of the President have often blamed him very severely, and Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt, with a recklessness of judgment almost without parallel, have fixed on him pretty nearly all the evils of the world since 1919. What is the historical judgment, and what has time revealed with regard to the concept of collective security?

In the first place, it is to be stated candidly (and I thought this at the time) that the President's tactics were deplorable. In 1918 he called for a Democratic Congress. This was intelligible, in view of his strong feeling for party government and party responsibility. But it could be justified only by success and it ended in failure. His naming of a peace delegation without regard to Senatorial representation is also highly debatable. Indeed, in 1908, in one of the best of his books, Wilson had written of the course that a President of "unusual sagacity" might follow. This was to keep himself in "confidential communication" with Senate leaders while "his plans are in course." It can hardly be said that he did this in 1919. True, there were serious personal and political difficulties involved. But one has an uneasy feeling that in this matter, too, the President failed.

These questions, however, do not seem to me crucial. What bothered me at the time, and still bothers me, was the rigid attitude of the President in dealing with reservations to the treaty. His error was compounded when he insisted on throwing the League issue into the campaign. It could have been foreseen that passion and equivocation would take the place of an appeal to reason. It could have been foreseen that the Republicans would face both ways, luring many supporters of the League ideal into their rank, and at the same time wooing the irreconcilables. It could have been foreseen that the right-wing Republicans (many of them sincere in their opposition) would weigh heavily on the decision of the party if it were returned to office. These things I saw at the time. Indeed, I was deeply troubled, too, by the President's tone in those months of 1919 when he went to the people with the League issue. In one of these speeches he spoke of "this ultimate hour of the world's life." This was a phrase too apocalyptic for an historian. Man is never saved — and never lost — in a single moment. He seeks to save himself and he loses himself again and again.

Yet the historian understands Wilson's psychology. The President believed that there must be set up an order which could not be changed by war. He did not take the point of view that the settlements of 1919 were perfect or inviolable. But he *did* take the view that force must not be used to overturn them. Believing this, he placed central importance on the famous Article X of the Covenant, which declared that the territorial integrity and existing political independence of the members of the League must be respected and preserved. The Senate watered down this article. It stipulated that the article should be binding only when Congress, in each particular case, so determined. This not only weakened the Article, but it also challenged the right of the President to use the armed forces without specific approval by the national legislature. That Wilson should resist this move is certainly not entirely unintelligible.

The story of the failure of the treaty has many facets. Would ratification of the treaty have ushered in the brave new world of which Wilson and his supporters dreamed? Here again, as in the matter of our entrance into the war, is a hypothetical question. It is possible to argue that an act of high affirmation on the part of the American Senate and the American people in 1919 and 1920 would have altered the course of history in a fundamental way. But there are many reasons for not accepting this view. Those who see in the defeat of the League only the expression of partisan malignity seem to me to be in error. Time has convinced me that the American people, though they wanted "some kind of League," as the phrase went, were by no means ready to commit themselves wholeheartedly to the coercive sections of the Covenant, and to pledge themselves to resist aggression wherever it occurred, if not by military means at least by an economic boycott. There was sincere conviction behind the views of some of the opponents of the Covenant. And it is highly significant that after the triumphant election of

Warren Harding to the presidency, the sentiment for the League was not strong enough to compel the administration to resubmit the treaty with appropriate reservations.

In one respect the failure of the treaty clearly influenced events. It deprived the United States of any official representation on the Reparations Commission, set up to assess damages on Germany. This also may, therefore, have been an indirect cause of the unhappy events of 1923, the French occupation of the Ruhr, and the passive German resistance, with its accompanying riotous inflation, which followed. But the reparations question was out of the way within a decade, and bears little relationship to the events, the awesome events of the thirties.

As I look back upon the events I have described, what astonishes me is the vitality of the League idea. Like many other people, I shared Wilson's view that the defeat was but temporary. In 1923 and again in 1925, in the first case in a dispute between Italy and Greece, and in the second case in a Balkan dispute, the League appeared to be serviceable in composing the quarrels. And in 1925 came the Geneva protocol, which extended the provisions of the Covenant, and which was unanimously adopted by the Assembly of the League.

The protocol offered a second chance for the United States to exert its influence in favor of international action in the interests of peace. But there now occurred an episode which has not sufficiently engaged the attention of historians. When in 1925 Sir Esmé Howard, the British ambassador at Washington, sounded out Secretary of State Hughes as to the American attitude toward the protocol, the Secretary spoke of the Geneva document (completely unfairly) as implying "a proposal of a concert against the United States," and went on to say that the application of sanctions against another state might be "inimical to American trade," and that "there was one thing that he believed could be depended upon, and that was that this Government from its very beginning had been insistent upon the

rights of neutrals and would continue to maintain them." This sharp language meant that the United States would not cooperate with the League to keep the peace. It was reaffirmed in a second conversation, after consultation with President Coolidge. This stab in the back to the League idea ought to be seen in perspective. No one can say with assurance that a different attitude on the part of the United States would have consolidated the peace of the world in the twenties. But the episode leaves a bad taste in the mouth, nonetheless. This, of course, I did not know at the time. My faith in the League idea lasted through the interwar years. And I found two ways to express it. One, of course, was in the classroom. But in addition to that, I wrote regularly on international affairs for the Rochester evening newspaper. Coming back from the army and wishing to serve the good cause, I had called on Frank E. Gannett, who had just taken over the *Rochester Times-Union*. He gave me a very sympathetic hearing and proposed that I write regularly on the editorial page. This I did for a long period, lasting from 1919 to the middle thirties.

In the early twenties one leading theme was reduction of armaments. This was not only an obeisance to the peace spirit generated by Wilson, but it was also dictated by prevailing economic notions as to the necessity of frugality in government, and of reduction of swollen expenditures.

At the outset there was what looked like a brilliant success in this field at the Washington Arms Conference of 1921 and 1922. Secretary Hughes managed to bring about an agreement for the restriction of capital ships and aircraft carriers based on existing ratios. The longer view was to prove this achievement a very temporary one. In the second place, the reparations question, which had seemed vexing at the time of the Treaty of Versailles, yielded to treatment. By the terms of the treaty, impossible burdens were assessed on Germany. But in the agreements of 1924 (the Dawes Plan) and 1929 (the Young Plan)

progress seemed to have been made in dealing with the problem. Thereby the Locarno treaties and the admission of Germany to the League were other happy omens for the future. The proposal of the Harding and Coolidge administrations for American adhesion to the protocol creating a World Court, though not accepted by the Senate in satisfactory form, nonetheless made it appear that the United States was moving in the right direction. With these various steps I, of course, sympathized, and used my editorial pen to support them.

In two respects, however, I was not in accord with the trend of the times. I did not share the increasing body of opinion which was sharply critical of the Treaty of Versailles. The reparation clauses I thought harsh, and I severely condemned the French occupation of the Ruhr in 1923. But the longer view suggested that these terms would be modified. As to the territorial arrangements in Europe, they seemed to me, on the whole, to be based upon the principle of nationality, and therefore acceptable. I would have admitted that there were exceptions — the prohibition of Austrian union with Germany except by vote of the Council of the League, the incorporation in the newborn state of Czecho-Slovakia of the large German-speaking area of the Sudetenland, and the Italian occupation of the Tyrol. But at the time these did not seem to threaten peace.

What I overlooked was the climate in which the peace treaty was negotiated, a climate which little recognized the necessity for considering German pride and German feeling. The manner in which the Versailles pact was imposed on the new Reich was humiliating. The attempt to fix Germany with total responsibility for the war was bound to be resented. And the territorial terms, however judged, were not likely to be accepted if Germany regained her military power. In not taking account of this latter possibility, the peace treaty was based on sand. None of these things did I see at the time.

On the other hand, I was not captivated by the negotiation in

1928 of that extraordinary document known as the Kellogg-Briand Pact, for the outlawry of war, which was negotiated by Secretary Kellogg, and signed with great fanfare by most of the nations of the world in a great meeting at Paris in the summer of 1928.

Looking back on this episode, the drafting and ratification of this treaty seems to me one of the most extraordinary chapters in the history of American diplomacy. The topic has been treated with great skill by my friend Professor Robert Ferrell of the University of Indiana. Here we have one of the most striking examples of a treaty forced upon a reluctant State Department by a militant public opinion. It is difficult to reproduce the enthusiasm that the idea of the outlawry of war aroused. But what is still more interesting is the extraordinary political simplicity that lay behind it. "The history of the origins of the Kellogg-Briand pact," writes Professor Ferrell, "shows that American popular understanding of the great problems and policies of post-1918 international affairs was appallingly naive. Moreover, some of America's most respected citizens, possessing the cherished visible signs of education, proved themselves almost as benighted as the public they sought to lead." In another place Ferrell says that the professional diplomats had "to cope with a public opinion whose only virtue often was that it was public and opinionated." Quite so!

What is interesting in retrospect is that so few people had the courage to say what they thought. Secretary Kellogg, it appears, came to believe in his own handiwork. But it is very doubtful that Calvin Coolidge had any particular faith in it, and it is still more certain that William R. Castle, the highly sophisticated Under-Secretary of State, was not in any way deceived as to its utility. Now and again a Senator had the hardihood to speak out. Senator Bruce of Maryland delivered a scathing speech in the debate on ratification. Carter Glass made a striking statement of his lack of faith. Less courageous was Senator

James A. Reed of Missouri, who in private described the treaty disrespectfully as "an international kiss," and when asked how he would vote, declared that he would vote in the affirmative. "Do you think I want to be hung in effigy in Missouri?" he queried.

What was my own view at the time? I was, I repeat, not a bit seduced by the pact. I was far too good a Wilsonian for that. But I nourished the hope (an extravagant hope, as appeared in the sequel) that it might be the stepping stone to some closer association with the League. In part, therefore, I shared the euphoria with which this extraordinary document was surrounded.

The late twenties and the early thirties saw not only the movement for the Kellogg Pact, but further discussion of disarmament. I have already mentioned the Washington Arms Conference of 1921-1922. Let me pursue the general subject a little further. There were special reasons why the conference had been successful. It came in the wake of the tremendous sentiment for peace developed by the controversy over the League. It came, also, at a time when the economic climate, the fear of great expenditures, was at its height. It was successful because, as the price of agreement, Japan was virtually guaranteed security from aggression in the Far East, assured by those clauses of the treaties which forbade the extension of American naval power to the Far Pacific. Furthermore, it dealt with a rather simple problem. Agreement on capital ships and aircraft carriers involved no complicated system of inspection. It was hardly possible to build such craft clandestinely. And it involved types of craft with regard to the building of which there was serious doubt. The usefulness of the capital ship was a matter of debate. The importance of the aircraft carrier was not as yet fully envisaged. Briefly, the agitation for reduction of armaments was satisfied in an area where the problem was easiest. Finally, it came at a time when the demand for govern-

ment economy was very strong. What was done, however, was of short duration. In 1929-1930, when a new conference was called at London, to extend the principle of reduction of naval armaments, only three of the five nations could agree on a treaty, and this agreement lasted only four years. By 1934 the rising tide of militarism in Japan had led to the denunciation of the Washington treaties as well as those signed at London.

With regard to land armaments, I had my first chance to observe the difficulties in the way when I studied the Geneva Arms Conference of 1932. The questions that prevented agreement were fundamental. One of these questions was the French insistence on binding security guarantees on the part of the United States if any reduction was to be reached. Beyond any hope of solution was the question of inspection. Considering the amazing variety of weapons available in war on land, the feasibility of keeping guard over their proliferation was monumental. An effort to attenuate this problem was a proposal to differentiate between offensive and defensive weapons. But when an attempt was made to define such weapons, it was discovered that each nation had its own ideas. To the British, small tanks seemed purely defensive, though to some other powers this was nonsense. The Americans argued with a total absence of humor that aircraft carriers were defensive; the Japanese thought they were meant for offense (as they were). To put the matter bluntly as the authors of *The United States in World Affairs* for 1932 declared, "Every conceivable type of weapon was eulogized by some delegation as being in all respects defensive." It might be added that almost invariably the weapon so eulogized was possessed in quantity by the nation that did the eulogizing.

Above and beyond the technical difficulties, however, was the stark and ugly fact that two nations of great power were engaged in an attempt to alter their power situation drastically. These nations, of course, were Germany and Japan. To talk of

arms limitation in the face of Hitlerian nationalism and Japanese nationalism was derisory.

In the long period since 1933 the world has seen, not a reduction of armaments, but such massive expenditures in arms as then could hardly have been dreamed of. I have sketched the elements of the problem in my Virginia lectures of 1959. The essence seems to me that success in this field will follow on, not initiate, relaxation of tension on the political side. In any case, it will be difficult, for any agreement must preserve, not alter, the existing balance of military power. Modest progress has been made with the American-Russian agreement to abstain from testing on land and sea and in the air, but the central problem remains. Possibly the immense burden of armaments will in time make an understanding between the Soviet Union and the United States possible. But it will come about, in my view, only when the Kremlin makes up its mind that it cannot profitably continue the present competition with the United States.

To revert to the period of the thirties, these years provide an interesting example of the way in which foreign policy is — or at any rate may be — formed in the United States. People have the idea, some people, at any rate, that the President is all-powerful. But in the first six years of the Roosevelt administration, one of the strongest of our chief executives was compelled to accept policies which he secretly deprecated, and which were contrary to his own view of the national interest. Perhaps one of the reasons why I never developed for Roosevelt the enthusiasm that I had had for Woodrow Wilson may lie in the fact that he proved so ineffectual in guiding public opinion during these years.

The story of revisionism, as it was called, has often been told, but deserves recapitulation. One of the first important books which hinted at the idea that Wilson was lured into a war which might have been avoided was C. Hartley Grattan's *When*

War Came. A famous article in *Fortune* in 1934 laid the foundation for the widening belief that wicked war profiteers had had a good deal to do with American policy. An arms investigation in the Senate, headed (for reasons difficult to explain), by a North Dakota Senator, Gerald P. Nye, fed the flames of the revisionist movement, condemning Wilson for failure to observe the true principles of neutrality. A Yale law professor, Edwin Borchard, wrapped the argument in legal phraseology. And in 1935 Walter Millis, in a book disastrously well written — and therefore quite influential — presented in appealing fashion the thesis that it was all a muddle from beginning to end.

This indictment I never accepted, and do not accept today. That the history of the First World War should be rewritten was perhaps to be expected; every generation sees the problems of the past in a different perspective from that of the generation preceding. To repeat what I have already said, there is a fundamental reason for this, especially when it comes to the history of war. War is passion; it springs from passion and ends in passion. Thus it is not strange that a new generation fails to understand the emotions and the accompanying rationalizations out of which the conflict sprang. This much, it seems to me, is to be admitted.

Nonetheless, there are things strangely wrong with regard to the revisionist judgment of the war period, and of the treaty which followed it. A capital error in revisionism is the assumption that had another course been followed, a happier and better world would have resulted. To make such a judgment ought to be deemed impossible for a mind disciplined to rigorous thinking. The facts of history are far too complicated to permit *any* confident generalization as to what would have happened if that which did not happen had happened! We cannot project with mathematical certainty an alternative course of action. It is foolish to try.

How seriously the revisionist gospel affected the course of politics in the thirties it is, of course, impossible to say. It has been argued that it encouraged Hitler in his ambitious projects, giving him assurance that the United States would keep out of a world struggle. But this is by no means certain. Though sometimes ignorant of and contemptuous of American power, Hitler knew enough not to provoke the American government, and it was only with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor that he accepted a direct confrontation with the United States.

In the repeal of the neutrality legislation of the thirties I had a small part. But I was no militant, even in 1940 and 1941. As a teacher, as a radio commentator, by participation in such agencies as the Foreign Policy Association, I sought to do my bit to enlighten public opinion. In general I supported the Roosevelt administration in its European policy and was lukewarm in its attempts to bring pressure on Japan. With Pearl Harbor, of course, I became a complete supporter of the war.

There has been a revisionist movement with regard to the policy of Roosevelt, as there was one with regard to Wilson. It has been claimed that he wished war with Japan, and that he wilfully exposed the American fleet at Pearl. This is nonsense. Roosevelt's object was to "baby" the Japanese along. He did, indeed, give aid to the Nationalists in China, and he gradually restricted, and finally cut off aid to Nippon. In this he was propelled by public opinion. But to him the European struggle was the central matter. And rightly so. Just imagine the kind of world that would have been born if the psychopath who led the German people had attained victory, had found the secret of the bomb, and had made the whole world the object of his ruthless ambition!

I cannot say that in the period of the war I was one who foresaw the kind of world that would come after. I was over-optimistic of the possibilities of understanding with the Soviet Union. I still hoped, more than time has justified, for a major

role for the United Nations. But many people felt that way. It was only with 1945 that the international climate began to change, and that there was ushered in one of the most extraordinary periods in the history of mankind. For the last quarter of a century my task, as writer and teacher, and as citizen, has been to try to describe that world, and on occasion, to add my voice to others in the formulation of policy. Twice I have been offered important posts in Washington; but always I have preferred the role which I have just described. Rightly or wrongly, my choice has always been the classroom, the press, and the forum rather than government service. What do I believe today?

First then let us look at the prospects for an international order. As I have already said, my faith in international law has long since diminished. World law seems to me a dream, inconsistent with the varying outlooks of states of varied mores, and varied conceptions of justice.

But what of the ideal of collective security, which I accepted with such enthusiasm in the days of Woodrow Wilson, and for which I still entertained hopes in 1945? It is first of all to be noted (though it was by no means clear at the time) that the veto given to the great powers by the Charter of the United Nations immensely limited and still limits the possibilities of effective collection action. The veto has been used liberally by the Soviet Union, which shows no sign of believing in collective action against an aggressor. It is likely that it will be so used in the future.

In one case, owing to the absence of the Soviet Union from the Security Council, collective action was actually tried. I allude, of course, to the intervention in Korea in 1950. But the results were not impressive. Only sixteen nations contributed to the United Nations force, and some of these contributions were only token. Ninety per cent of the burden of the war fell on the South Koreans and the United States. The struggle ended, not

with a peace accepted by both sides, but by an armistice. To say this is not to say that American policy in 1950 was wrong. Had we tamely acquiesced in the North Korean aggression, we might well have given the signal for aggression elsewhere. But in terms of the doctrine of collective security the episode contains little hope for the future.

Just after Korea, an attempt was made to provide the Assembly with the means for collective action in case the Council could not act. But the history of the Assembly in recent years does not give much room for optimism. The large number of states that have been admitted, the natural tendency of many of these states to avoid involvement in the controversies of the great powers, makes it pretty certain that the machinery of collective security will not function in practice. The union of *all* states against an aggressor implies a unanimity as to what constitutes aggression which is difficult to come by in a world of conflicting ideologies, conflicting interests, and varying forms of government and interpretations of the international scene.

To say these things is not to say that "the peace-making machinery" of the world institution may not be used at all. The way is open for collaborative action on the part of the member states to take steps among themselves where a specific dispute endangers their interests. Under imaginative leadership there always lies open the opportunity to use the Charter in a constructive way, as it was used in 1956 in the dispute between Egypt and Israel, or in the question of Cyprus, or (despite grounds for criticism) in the Congo. But it must be understood that unanimous action on any question will be difficult to attain.

This is by no means to depreciate the value of the United Nations organization in international affairs. One of its transcendent values lies in the opportunity it provides for quiet consultation on international issues, for continuing contact and

for better understanding of the problems of the individual states. Just because this kind of thing is not dramatic is no reason to undervalue it.

Speaking from a more national point of view, the presence of the United Nations in New York offers to the United States a tremendous opportunity to familiarize other nations with the American realities. The image of the United States abroad is often a false one. The immense power that this country wields, the enormous scope of its economic activity, the success — always in the comparative sense — of its economic system as compared with the realities of communism, when witnessed at first hand have their impact on the representatives of other states. Nor is this all.

The specialized agencies of the United Nations — the World Health Organization and the Food and Agriculture Organization, to mention two of the most conspicuous — provide useful approaches to some of the most difficult and pervasive questions of our time. The statistical data collected in New York open the door to the treatment of all kinds of social and economic problems. We should be much the poorer without them.

But let us go back to the idea of collective security. That idea has not been without influence on American policy. The Charter itself provided specifically for regional agreements under the auspices of the world organization. This provision has made possible the series of agreements into which the United States has entered since the end of the war, the North Atlantic Pact, the Rio Treaty, the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. All of these represent a departure from traditional American policy. So, too, do the commitments made to Japan, to Korea, to Nationalist China. It can be argued with some force that the League concept, while never fully accepted, powerfully influenced American policy away from unilateral to multilateral action for the maintenance of peace.

To assess the validity of these agreements is a difficult matter

for the objective historian. Perhaps something can be learned by looking at each one of them in turn. The most important of these, in my judgment, is the North Atlantic Pact, negotiated in 1948 and ratified by the Senate by an overwhelming vote in 1949. The assumption behind this pact is a simple one — it is that a Russian invasion of Western Europe, and Russian possession of the technological and natural resources of that area, would endanger the security of the United States. It was stated forcibly to me by Averell Harriman in 1950. The hypothesis behind it is sound. We do not know, of course, that the Kremlin had any intention of invasion, and one of the most eminent analysts of our foreign policy, Professor Louis Halle, has come to the conclusion that Stalin had wearied of an expansionist policy long before his death. Yet the Russian attempt to squeeze the West out of Berlin suggests that, if not faced with superior force, the Kremlin might be up to one or another little game. It could be argued that the chief deterrent to Russian aggression lies in the fear of nuclear war, and in the awesome power of the United States, and that the alliance is of secondary importance. But this is a superficial view. Not only is the alliance a factor looking to the unity of Western Europe, a form of cooperation, but it has a profound moral significance. It threatens no one; it *may* be an important instrument of peace.

Of the Inter-American Treaty (which antedates the North Atlantic Pact), it must be said that its value is chiefly moral. Physical invasion of the Western world is hardly likely. If it occurred, the overwhelming part of the burden would fall on the United States. Yet it meant something in 1962, when the Russians attempted to implant nuclear weapons in Cuba, that every state in Latin America allied itself with the United States. And the confrontation that took place at that time, the courageous stand of President Kennedy, has done something to diminish the appeal of communism to the nations of Latin America, and thus to improve relations with the other republics

of the New World. I have dealt with this confrontation in my Bloomington lectures. The question of our commitments in the Far East is a much more complicated matter. Speaking abstractly, I have never been enthusiastic about our policies there. I would agree with my friend Professor Bemis that the annexation of the Philippines was a mistake, that we have an exaggerated view of our interest in China, that our association with Chiang Kai-shek was of doubtful value, that we have exaggerated the importance of Southeast Asia in relation to our national security.

But all this is unimportant, if one is an historian. What has to be admitted is that the thrust of American policy has been toward increasing participation in the events of the Far East. The practical question, then, is not whether the commitments ought to have been made, but how they have worked in practice. Have they imposed an undue burden upon us? Have they been useful to the participating parties?

With regard to the island states, Japan, the Philippines and Taiwan, the answer to the first of these questions is no. And the answer to the second question is yes. The leading power in the Far East is Japan. Our occupation policies, and particularly our land distribution policy, paved the way for the development of one of the strongest economies in the Orient, and our pledges to defend Japan have never been challenged. In this case, indeed, the maintenance of a free Japan is, in my view, a genuine and positive interest of the United States.

The commitment to the government on Taiwan has involved only the most insignificant sacrifices. The Chinese Communists, in their designs on the island, have been held in check with a minimum of effort. And excellent positive results have flowed from the alliance. On the economic side, Taiwan is now independent of American aid and has developed a remarkable economy, with a far-reaching program of land distribution (eighty-three per cent of the peasants own their own land) and

with a flourishing foreign trade. As to the Philippines, there has been no foreign threat whatsoever.

But what of our policies on the continent of Asia? When we entered Korea in 1950, I still hoped for the vindication of the policy of collective security, and supported the administration accordingly. In defense of our policy two other things can be said. It is possible to argue that had we not acted, the blatant aggression of the North Koreans might have encouraged the Kremlin to further adventure. It has also been maintained — for example by George Kennan — that North Korean conquest of the South would have been a dagger aimed at Japan, to which we had strong commitments. Looking back, I still incline to think our action wise. But historian that I am, I recognize the difficulty of absolute judgments. If revisionist history is judgment by hypothesis, so in a sense is judgment on what actually happened. We have a right to an opinion, but it must be a modest one.

I must make two other points with regard to the Korean War. It was signalized by the greatest challenge ever offered any President by a field commander. In removing General MacArthur, President Truman performed an act of the highest courage, and one essential to the preservation of American institutions. And secondly, the administrations of both Truman and Eisenhower contented themselves with something less than total victory — that is, the unification of all Korea. The point suggests that already by 1952 we had begun to learn the lesson that there are limits to what force can accomplish unless one wishes to take intolerable risks.

And now we come to Southeast Asia, where what I say will probably discontent all of my readers. Let me reiterate that I have never been keen for commitments in Asia. I doubted from the beginning, from the SEATO treaty of 1954 (and even further back), whether the fate of the French succession states was a fundamental interest of the United States. As I stated in

my Indiana lectures, I also have had doubts about the "domino" theory. Perhaps the best I can do with regard to the situation at the time of writing is to repeat what I said in my Indiana lectures in 1966. The question, as I see it today, is not whether our intervention was justified. A strong argument can be made in the negative. But once in, and far in, the question is, what next? I have welcomed the approach of the Johnson administration to the negotiating table, and wish it had taken place sooner. But I do not believe that unconditional evacuation of South Vietnam is practicable politically, or justifiable in principle. We cannot hand over the South Vietnamese to the tender mercies of the North. Logically, what is needed is a supervised and free election in Vietnam, and evacuation of both American and North Vietnamese troops. But logic is often not life, and I must decline to prophesy and so to judge. I will only add that a peaceful Vietnam could be assisted in a massive economic development by the United States if peace is restored.

Discussion of our alliances naturally raises the question of nuclear power. It is a sad thing that in this world of ours the nations of the world are engaged in a nuclear competition which diverts or may divert national resources from better handling of domestic problems, and weighs heavily on both economies. Will such a competition be arrested? Will some kind of agreement come about? Reverting to the experience of the thirties, described in detail in my Virginia lectures, I am clear on one or two points. Agreement on armaments can come about in only two ways, first, by the pressure of these vast expenditures on the economy, second, a coeval improvement in the political relations of the superpowers. Both of these possibilities exist. The burden of armaments is felt both in the Soviet Union and the United States. And there are signs that both powers are wearying of the competition in the ideological sphere for the favor of other states, or at any rate indisposed to let that competition bring them to the brink of armed conflict. A new

balance of power is being created. We are not likely to challenge the Soviet Union in Eastern Europe. Moscow is less and less likely to challenge us in Western Europe or across the Atlantic. I believe the confrontation over Cuba in 1962 (the details of which are treated in my lectures at Bloomington) was an immensely sobering influence in this regard.

I will go further along the path of optimism. The nub of the question in my view lies in Winston Churchill's cathedral phrase that peace may be "the sturdy child of terror." As matters stand today, both the great nuclear powers know that if either of them resorts to nuclear weapons on a massive scale, it will suffer a deadly retaliation. This is a factor for peace.

The reader will ask, no doubt, what of the question of China? It seems probable, according to the Department of Defense, that China is on the verge of producing intermediate-range ballistic missiles, and perhaps an initial intercontinental ballistic missile capability in the early 1970's. Yet so vast, by comparison, is the nuclear power of the United States that the use of this capability, except as a threat, seems highly unlikely. In the case of the Soviet Union, mutual destruction would attend a nuclear war. In the case of China, the United States might suffer substantial damage, but the results for China would be utter disaster.

Before ending this chapter, let me state my reactions to the international economic developments of the last twenty years. There is a record of achievement in this field in so far as the West is concerned that justifies the optimistic view. The first step was taken before the end of the war in the Bretton Woods agreement, and in the setting up of an international banking system. The second step came in the Marshall Plan, one of the great seminal ideas of the postwar period. I warmly supported the plan at the time, and I may have had some influence in my own community, as a member of a special committee of the Chamber of Commerce which recommended support of the

plan. It was promoted by positively brilliant statesmanship on this side of the water; but what is equally impressive is the ability of the European states (except those under the Russian heel) to work together in the development of the plan, and to take the necessary measures to secure its success.

Alongside the Marshall Plan goes the movement for development of the Common Market, and for reduction of tariff barriers, often furthered by the United States. Here the picture still has its shadows. It is possible that instead of movement toward generally freer trade, we shall see a Common Market Europe develop a protectionism of its own. Nonetheless, the progress has been substantial, and offers hope for the future.

Our economic relations with Latin America I dealt with in the Tulane lectures. I stated there three important conditions of progress, a welcoming attitude toward American private capital (combined, of course, with reasonable measures of control and of taxation), an attempt to deal with the difficult problem of price stabilization with regard to staple exports of many of the Latin American states, and educational and social improvement. I also traced there the growth of the movement of foreign aid through public agencies. But the problems are very difficult, and one cannot escape the fact that essentially the growth of Latin America depends upon the wisdom with which the Latin Americans manage their own affairs, whether they avoid a riotous inflation, whether, more generally, they manage their economies with wisdom, whether they maintain ordered progress.

For Asia and for Africa, the problems are still more difficult. I have already alluded to my reaction to the situation in India. Think of the difficulties in many of the African states, with shallow natural resources, a low educational level, the paucity of administrative personnel, the rudimentary state of that technological knowledge which accounts for the extraordinary advance of the West, and, too often, hostility to foreign capital

which, if welcomed and wisely regulated, might provide the basis for a substantial advance, and, last but not least, a portentous population problem. Of course the situation varies from state to state; the picture varies from utter bleakness to genuine hope. But from our present viewpoint, it suggests that for many parts of the world a time of troubles is ahead.

To deduce from these considerations that we should deny to the undeveloped world financial support is to go too far. But it seems clear that more and more such aid will come through international institutions, such as the International Bank, and that it will not be on the scale to accomplish sensational results. I have stressed these points in the lectures which I gave at Bloomington in 1966.

Do I end in pessimism? In despair? I do not. In youth one finds simple answers to complex questions. In old age one knows better. In youth one trusts; in old age one knows that power, no less than good will, that emotion no less than intelligence, rules the destinies of nations. But I repeat the phrase which came to my lips forty years ago — I believe in the dignity of human effort. I believe that for each of us there is a way to serve. The results for each of us will be modest. But the mass effect of wisdom and good will is significant in human affairs. If it cannot redeem society, and bring about Utopia, it can do something to make the world better. The effort must be made.

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