

Oral History Research Office

The Reminiscences of

CHESTER G. DAVIS

See also Appendix  
(filed after index)  
containing a second  
version of p. 389-423

## The Reminiscences of

CHESTER C. DAVIS

These reminiscences are the result of a series of interviews with Mr. Chester C. Davis held by Mr. Dean Albertson in December 1952 and January 1953.

The interviews were held under the auspices of the Oral History Research Office, and were subsidized by the Bancroft Fund of Columbia University and the Old Dominion Fund, Inc.

The interviewer's questions have been omitted from the account. The questioning was primarily in the form of topics suggested to Mr. Davis concerning which he might have some intimate knowledge. No editorial insertions have been made other than the brief synopsis of the donor's activities and the index.

The language of the narrative is substantially that of Mr. Davis since all interviews were transcribed from tape-recordings. The completed manuscript has been corrected by Mr. Davis, and the validity of the information it contains has been attested to by him.

## Chester C. Davis - Chronology

- 1887 Born, Dallas County, Iowa
- 1911 B.A. Grinnell College
- 1911-1917 Newspaper work, South Dakota and Montana
- 1917-1921 Editor and Manager, The Montana Farmer
- 1921-1925 Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor, Montana
- 1925-1926 Director of Grain Marketing, Illinois Agricultural Association
- 1926-1928 Agricultural Service for Farm Organizations
- 1929-1933 Executive Vice President, Cornstalk Processes, Inc.
- 1933 May 15-December 15, Director of Production Division, Agricultural Adjustment Administration
- 1933-1936 Administrator, Agricultural Adjustment Administration
- 1936-1941 Member, Board of Governors, Federal Reserve System
- 1941-1950 President, Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis
- 1940-1941 National Defense Advisory Commission
- 1943 March-June, War Food Administrator

I was born on November 17, 1887, on a farm near Linden, Iowa - just a wide place in the road in Dallas County. Linden is about forty miles west of Des Moines. Dallas County is the county next to Polk, in which Des Moines is located. I think it just has a post office now, or perhaps a general store. In 1928 Mrs. Davis and I drove back around there on a black dirt road, but I don't remember much about it.

We moved over to the county west of Dallas, Guthrie County, after I'd had a little country schooling - perhaps the first two grades was all. The first thing I remember is the fire that burned down the house on the farm my father had just bought, and living in the granary while they were building a new one. I remember the granary. I don't remember the fire. I don't think the family was there at that time. I think we were just about to move to the farm. I would have been three and a half or four years old, I guess, about that time. It was just before the hard times of '93 and '94 hit Iowa.

I remember little things like my brother, who was three years younger than I, crawling around on the floor and dropping a little jewelry that a cousin who was visiting us had let him play with. He dropped it down through a crack, and there was a great commotion when they tried to

recover it. He was probably six or eight months old, so I would have been just under four. That's the earliest recollection I have. Of course, at that time I didn't realize just what was happening.

My father, who was born in 1852 and who was close to forty at that time, had been a tenant farmer and was working "up the ladder." He acquired personal property - work stock, livestock, farm equipment - and bought this farm. We called it the Birchfield Place. He bought it, and within three or four years lost it again. There were a series of misfortunes. The fire destroyed the house. He had to borrow money to build a new house. Then there was the period of 1893-94, which might be called a recession now, but it was a panic then. Prices went all to pieces. That was before the days of inoculation against hog cholera, and I remember hog cholera swept out the biggest quick asset we had - the hogs. He had gone on the note of someone fairly close to him who had defaulted, and my father got stuck for that. Anyway, it really put him through the wringer. The rest of his life he tried to make up for it by just working twice as hard as anybody else. He died a comparatively young man in 1904. He was only fifty-two.

My mother was born in Ohio, and my father was born

in Indiana. The whole history of my father's family is of their moving westward. My great-great-grandfather, on the Davis side, came out of Pennsylvania to Ross County, Ohio. My great-grandmother's family moved from Kentucky. They both came into Ross County. The maternal side of my family came into Ross County in 1798 from Kentucky. The Pennsylvania movement was about the same time. Ross County, Ohio, of which Chillicothe is now the county seat, was pioneer country then - indians, wolves, and so forth. The next move in my father's family was up to Noblesville, Indiana - that's Hamilton County, Indiana. That's where my father was born. While he was just a young man, they moved to Iowa.

My grandfather had intended to go to Fort Des Moines, I remember being told, but stopped to visit relatives in Marion County, which is south of Des Moines. They were driving overland, and a visit in those days could be for months. He liked it and finally took up land, under the conditions where you pay \$1.25 an acre, or something like that, north of Knoxville, Iowa - that's the county seat of Marion County. They stayed there and didn't go on to Des Moines.

I think the story is much the same in my mother's family. I know that her great-grandparents came out of

the Atlantic area - the Chesapeake Bay area. I know very little about them, except that. I wouldn't know the stages by which they came to Ohio, but they settled in southeastern Ohio, although my mother and father didn't meet until both families met up in Iowa in Marion County. That's where they were married.

My mother died in 1936. She was a wonderful woman, really. As I look back on it now, I would say we were generally very poor after my father's death. He died on the farm in Guthrie County. He had bought a little place and was starting up again. He was trying by hard work to get a new start. When he died I was seventeen. My mother was a very gentle woman with a burning ambition that all the children should have an education. She was determined that they all have the best that could be had, although she knew very little about it. She loved to read. In the period in which she lived, I don't think she had what you would call a high school education, even, but she was a well-educated woman. She read widely. She had intellectual curiosity. She loved to just talk to people. She was dark-eyed, and white-haired when she was fairly young. She was just a very gentle woman. She was very soft spoken and kindly. I never heard her say an unkind word about anybody in my life.

I would judge that my father was about my height. He didn't take on the middle-aged spread that I have. He wore a little short beard. In his youth I think he was very active and fun loving. He played the violin by ear, and loved it. But as life pressed harder on him, he had to give all that up. I can remember him playing the violin. He played the "Arkansas Traveler", the "Irish Washer Woman", and all that sort of thing. In the communities in which we lived Dad's music, and dancing, were generally regarded as sinful. I was told that he used to play for the barn dances, and so forth, around. I don't remember.

It seems to me that I remember the birth of my younger brother, who is three years younger than I. It seems to me that I remember my father rocking in the chair, debating about his name. I seem to remember that. They say you don't remember that early, though, so I don't know.

My first recollections of my father are of his working. He felt that all of us had to work. He broke us into our chores very early. I remember the first signs of the paralysis that finally made him an invalid. It was my birthday, and he and I were husking corn on the Reynolds farm out at Panora, Iowa. We lived near there in Guthrie County. He had rented some land from the wealthy family of that community, the Reynolds. They were an old Yankee couple whose children included some of the leading bankers, subsequently,



of that age. There was George M. Reynolds of the Continental Illinois in Chicago, and Arthur Reynolds, I think of the same bank. George M. Reynolds, I remember, was the big banker of his time in Chicago. We were out husking corn on my birthday, the seventeenth of November. I would rather have done something else, I remember. My father, as a special treat, stopped at the church supper. They had a chrysanthemum show in Panora on the second floor of the little wooden opera house. We had dinner there and saw the flowers. My father was kind of pathetically anxious to do something for the children, but had no resources.

After my father died, first my mother struggled to see that the children got through high school. After that she encouraged us to go on to college. There were six children - three boys and three girls. There was Pearl who was born in 1875. She was the oldest. Frank was born in 1877. Harriet - Hattie, as we called her - was born in 1880. She's the only one who is not living. Ida was born in 1885. I was born in 1887. The youngest was born in 1890. His name was Lewis. They all lived except Hattie. She died around 1916.

Pearl is twelve years older than I am. She had a lot to do with the direction my own life took. In a way,

she was the second mother. She was a very active, energetic woman - still is - with itchy feet. She married Charles R. Gannaway who, after they were married, got through his medical course. He was a doctor. I always thought, due to her own eagerness to see what was on the other side of the hill, she kept him moving around quite a bit. Finally they went into the Near East. Dr. Gannaway wasn't exactly a medical missionary. He was head of the medical mission for the Near East relief in the period of the Armenian difficulties. They were there from about the time of the massacres, and so forth, that took place in World War I, and on for quite a while. They were in what is now Turkey, Syria, and Lebanon. While they were there they adopted a little Armenian girl - they brought her back to this country and adopted her. She's a very happy mother of a family here now. She had been left at the hospital in Beirut by her mother who was in one of these parties - what we call D.P.'s now - being driven through by the Turks. My sister and her husband sort of mothered the little girl when she seemed almost certain to die, and brought her back to this country. Pearl is a very kindly person. Dr. Gannaway died about eleven years ago, and my sister remarried. Her husband is Frank E. Field, for thirty years a missionary in China. They now live out in Pasadena, where I live.

Frank's at Morro Bay in California. He had, I think, the most engaging and the finest personality of any of the Davis family. He never had much formal education. He and my father didn't get along. My father was irritable, with the hard work, really, as I see it now. Frank was full of energy. He liked to have a good time. Frank tells me that the trouble came because he was on the high school football team, and they had a game on a Saturday when my father thought the corn needed husking. Neither one gave in so Frank, as we used to say in those days, "ran away from home." He packed up and went out on his own. He was just starting high school. I remember just the commotion it caused in the family when Frank left. I think he went to Chicago. He later was in the Spanish-American War. He's just a natural politician, and out in California he was active in local politics. He's retired now, and living at Morro Bay, California. He was deputy sheriff for quite a while in Kern County. He's a great guy.

Harriet - "Hattie" - also married a doctor, who was a classmate of my oldest sister's husband. Hattie and her husband, my younger brother Lewis and his wife, and Ida and her husband, all moved out to the desert - as it was called locally - west of Blackfoot, Idaho, to homestead. This was at the time it was believed that you could accomplish

miracles by dry-land farming. Their moving was foolish, as I look back on it. It was in the period of westward movement in 1915 or thereabout. It was a pretty remote area which, incidentally, did not stand up as farming country, and the farms have all gone back to desert. There's an atomic energy plant and proving ground there now that's taken them all in.

Hattie had an attack of appendicitis, and being so far away, it became acute before they could get her to the hospital. She died on the operating table. She was a doctor's wife, but they were a long way away and transportation was not very good. She was the mother of four little girls. She was a very sweet, gentle woman, a good deal like my mother.

Ida and her husband left the homestead and moved into the irrigated area out of Idaho Falls. It's one of the best farming sections outdoors. They own and operate the largest chinchilla business in the world. The last time I talked to my sister they had, I think, 4500 chinchillas. That's a lot of chinchillas. But, ahead of that, he was a very successful farmer, and owns a great deal of property there. I suppose Ray, her husband, could buy and sell all the rest of us. Lewis moved to Los Angeles, where he's in a little meat market business.

Lewis, Ida and I all graduated from Grinnell College in Iowa. My mother was determined and she had it instilled in us - me perhaps less than the others - that it would be a fine thing to get an education. I didn't have any more idea of what a college was like when I went to college than a pig has about Latin. I just didn't know anything about it. It came about kind of through this oldest sister of mine.

We were on a farm in Linden until I was around seven years old. We then moved into Guthrie County to a farm west of Panora. In Linden I remember standing on the scales and being weighed in the store. I didn't weigh very much the first time I was weighed - I don't remember what it was. I remember going into town, occasionally. We called it going into town. There was just a general store. I don't remember very much there. I remember, of course, the country school - the "readers" we used, and things of that sort. I wish I could get hold of those old Barnes Readers that I think we used. We had McGuffey's around there, too, and I bought a set of them a while ago. But I believe the McGuffey's had been changed a good bit before they were discontinued, and were different from the days when we used them. This really was a country school - I mean it - I mean this one room business.

I don't remember a great deal about the move to Guthrie

County. It was sort of an adventure. We moved out of the lovely rolling hill country about two miles west of Panora. We crossed the middle Raccoon River - 'Coon River, we called it. It looked as big as the Mississippi to me, then. There was an old mill that we used to consider quite a romantic place - Lenon's Mill - right where the road crossed just above the dam. The road ran up Reese's Hill. There was a coal mine on it. It seemed like an enormous hill. We went two miles west of town, where we lived. My father had bought a little piece of land there, and my father's father had bought an additional small piece - and I mean small piece! We had forty acres that were about half a mile separated from the homestead, but the little place where we lived was only seven acres. I remember negotiations for that. My father's father helped him buy that. Then we rented an adjacent sixty acres, which my father was subsequently negotiating to buy when he died.

At the time we moved there, it was pretty much unplowed land. It was hilly rolling land. Much of it was in good hardwood timber - white oak and black oak. We used to prefer the white oaks for posts. There was walnut. There were wonderful woods which had no value except for fuel or fence posts on the farm. I can see now that the effort was a continuation of the old practice of clearing the

land - getting the woods off it in order to grow a crop. I don't remember log-rollings. It wasn't that much of a timber country. I remember working in the woods. We'd cut and saw the wood up into four-foot lengths for cord wood, and then make fence posts out of the best of it. We even used blasting powder on some of the white oak to blow it open, in order to get it split. It didn't split as easily as the black oak, as we called it. It wasn't a straight grained wood.

Looking back on it, the thing that impresses me most is what happened to that land in a little over a generation. It was beautiful rolling land. It was black land that had been in grass or timber. Then as it was cleared we put it to crop. We left that farm about at the time of my father's death in 1904. My father was totally helpless at the end. It seems to me that his period of partial and increasing invalidism must have stretched over two years. In the meanwhile my mother, of course, was exhausting every resource we had trying to run down this, that, or the other cure, or something that would help. He dies when I was seventeen. I was about fifteen when we left the farm and moved into Panora. My father had complained of headaches. He had had a runaway accident years before. My oldest sister and my older brother both believed that part of my father's trouble came as a result of an

accident that he had when the team ran away with him. This happened shortly after we'd moved onto that Birchfield farm in Dallas County. That was when we moved from Knoxville up to Dallas County. The team ran away, and he was kicked on the head. He always bore the scar over his left eye. They say he was never well after that, although I didn't realize that.

I remember his headaches. I think the first day I ever thought that my father wasn't, perhaps, wholly sound was that birthday when we were husking corn. In the middle of the day he went into the barn there at the Reynolds place. He said he wanted to rest. He lay down, and an hour or so later when he came out he said that his whole body had gone to sleep, just as we used to say our foot would go to sleep, and that it was awfully hard for him to start moving again. I remember he told me that he felt very refreshed and rested after that. He spent a long time in a wheelchair, and then finally was in bed. This was out on the farm which we had to let go. That's the one west of Panora. We moved into a house that I think we took in on trade, in Panora, and that's where my father died. I was in high school. I remember my sister and I were called home from high school on the day my father died. It was either on my birthday or the day after that he died, I



remember. It was my seventeenth birthday.

I remember this birthday when we were working. I remember also the day my father died. He hadn't been lucid in his mind, but this day when we came up I was standing at his bedside with my younger sister. We had come from school. He knew it was my birthday and he spoke about what a big boy I was getting to be, which wasn't true - I wasn't a big boy. But he spoke of that. I don't recall birthdays. I don't recall that we had parties. The only party I can remember was when we were living at the Birchfield place. The people generally had their social life around the church, and they held what they called "socials," and one of them was at our house. I remember oyster stew and canned peaches were the two delicacies. The oyster stew was made of cove oysters, out of cans - the old cans with steer heads on them. The two went well together - they were wonderful! We had oyster stew and then the canned peaches for dessert. Both were very rare. It was the first time I'd had oysters.

In my early recollections my father was jovial and happy. Then, of course, he was worried. He was always worried. He was a rip-snorting Democrat. His father had been a very ardent Democrat. He had me reading Coin Harvey literature in the first William Jennings Bryan "free silver"

campaign. I really absorbed it. I remember, when we lived west of Panora, that I had a boyhood friend named Bruce Gilbert, who lived about a half mile from where we did, farther out along the road. Bruce and I were the best of friends, but his family were very ardent William McKinley supporters. Bruce and I locked horns and wrassled - we called it fighting - through the whole recess one time over politics. I could quote Coin Harvey on free and unlimited coinage of silver as long as anyone would listen.

I think the Gilbert family moved west. Bruce was the youngest of a bunch of sturdy Scotch youngsters. It was a very fine family. He became a good friend when we both went to school in Panora from our homes out west of the town. We didn't have consolidated school districts yet. This district, I imagine, wasn't wealthy enough to support a school. It didn't have one. So we attended school in town, two miles away. We used to drive back and forth with a horse and a little buggy, up and down Reese's Hill where the mud would get hub deep, it seemed like sometimes. We had a little gray horse. We drove back and forth. The Gilberts sometimes would drive with us, and sometimes we'd drive with them. That continued through grade school and on into high school. We walked or rode. It was only two miles, but it seemed like a long way then.

I was a small boy. When I was married I think I weighed 125 pounds, or something like that. If anybody had ever told me that I would weigh as much as I do now, I would have regarded him as a hopeless liar. I was very thin. I'm five feet seven and a half inches tall. I was wiry and could do a man's work, all right. When we lived on the farm while my father was becoming less and less active, I was the one at home to take over the little farming that we were doing. My oldest brother, as I said, had left home. He was in the Philippines in the Spanish-American War. I used to handle the stock and the little farming that we did. Frank left home about eighteen or twenty years before my father's death. The accident happened to my father in 1890-'91 - around there somewhere. I don't remember Frank very well. The accident happened to my father right at the time of the move to Birchfield Farm when the house burned. I've heard my mother talk about it. I have no recollection of that at all. I don't remember if he was laid up for any length of time after that. Knowing him, he probably wasn't. As soon as he could get around he'd be up.

I was much closer to my mother because our relationship continued over a longer period of time. She never ceased to be an active influence in our lives up to the time of her death. She died in Idaho Falls, where she had

a little house in town in order to be near my sister, who was the one who anchored there. That was Ida. I think I was closer to my mother even when my father was alive. We were in the house and around more, and my father from dawn until dark was out at work. He didn't have any time to play with us. He couldn't give too much time to us. My mother always did. That's no criticism of my father. Under the circumstances I think it's natural that we were closer to my mother.

I was closer to Pearl than to the others. When I was near the end of my third year in high school at Panora, probably I was a little hard to handle. I was full of nervous energy, I suppose, or something. Anyway, at the end of my junior year I was determined not to continue on in high school, and the authorities were equally uncertain as to whether I should continue. This older sister of mine, Pearl, whose husband Dr. Gannaway was then practicing medicine at Lake City, Iowa, asked me to come up and live with them and enter high school there, which I did. I finished high school there. She had at different times been a second mother. So I went and lived with them for a year, and finished high school at another high school. My grades were all right. They were passing grades. It was taken

for granted that I was at the bottom of a hell of a lot of things that I really didn't do, around there. I had been picked for discipline once for something that I didn't do. I knew who had done it. It was just a case of getting cross-ways with the authorities.

I was not particularly happy and not particularly unhappy. I was just restless. I think I was nervous - they called me a nervous child. It just meant that I was restless in classroom, restless in the assembly room - the place where you go when you're not in recitation. I was undoubtedly troublesome to the teachers. I don't think there's any doubt about that. I think I was sort of regarded as a devilish kid. I wouldn't want to classify myself. As I recall it, I was given credit for a lot of things I didn't do.

It was sort of a foolish thing that I was unjustly accused of. The teacher had left the assembly room. They would leave one teacher in charge of assembly when she wasn't hearing recitation. Her name was Mary Stanley. It was along in the marble season, and one of the boys stood up and took a big glass marble - it seemed as big as a walnut - and threw it so it careened around the corner of the wall and made a noise like the building was coming down. The teacher came in just as the rattling was going on.

The room was in an uproar. She didn't say anything, but came down and sat right down in the seat next to me. That evening before school closed, the principal who was a very fine man named Mr. McKinley called me in and told me to take my books home and said that I didn't need to come back for two weeks." There was no question of asking, "Did you do it or didn't you?" at all. It was just, "Stay home for two weeks." Well, of course that broke my mother's heart. I was a good deal like Tom Sawyer and the sugar bowl. While I hadn't done that I might have done many other things that would have justified what they did, so I didn't have much say. At the end of that year, anyway, my older sister thought I'd do better if I had a change of scene, and I think, on the whole, I did. I think it was a good thing.

I was not too upset in this period. I was active - full of nervous energy. I didn't get into too many fights - a few, I suppose - as many as anybody, but I wasn't particularly quarrelsome. Maybe I was pretty careful about the selection of my fights, for I don't recall taking a bad beating. Neither was I what you'd call a brave boy. I wasn't going out looking for trouble. I don't remember any pranks, particularly, in that period, and those in the later days I think could just as well be forgotten.

I think the struggle that my father had and what I saw was happening all around Iowa at that time did leave a mark, although it was only my very accidental association with M.L. Wilson which turned me back into active work with farming. I had left the farm. After we left that farm west of Panora just before my father's death so that he could be in town and my mother could be in town with him, I never returned to the farm except for the fact that the only occupation a boy could have between the time school let out and the time it picked up again was working on a farm. That was really not the only one, but it was the only one that occurred to me. So I'd go out summers and work on a farm. I finally got so I was a full farm hand, and I got \$23.00 a month - which was considered good - and board, of course. That was considered good man's wages at that time. I don't remember how much butter was then, but I imagine that twenty cents would be a very high price. We traded it. They didn't sell butter. If you made butter, you took it into the store and I suppose you got credit. I think that twelve to fifteen cents would be a high price. You traded that butter in, and you took back cloth and thread and other things. I wouldn't be surprised if those wages would equal \$200 or \$225 now.

I've spent a lot of money to find out what my facial

spasm is. I first began to notice a twitch in the left eyelid - I think perhaps the lower eyelid - in 1923. I was then the commissioner of agriculture in Montana. I think the title is Commissioner of Agriculture, Labor, and Industry. The symptoms became increasingly severe. I've had a very extensive course of clinical examination, and for a time treatment, but I finally just realized that it's the kind of a thing you've got to learn to live with and forget, so I don't think about it.

To begin with it was just a small twitch, and then it spread over the area that's covered by the seventh facial nerve. It's not, so the neurologists tell me, related to the general nervous condition. They think there is some source of infection somewhere that has just tripped that nerve, which is a motor nerve and not a sensory nerve. There is no pain connected with it. It's just an over-active seventh facial nerve. The reverse of that is what I think they call Bell's palsy, when the left side of the face covered by the seventh nerve becomes paralyzed. Henry C. Taylor had that at one time. At one time I was paralyzed there, but that was induced by a surgical operation which should never have been performed. It was the severing of the seventh facial nerve back of the ear, and then suturing it so that it would grow back together again.



We had moved to Evanston, Illinois, in the early summer of 1925. Along about '27, somewhere, I went to Dr. Hugh Patrick who was the head of the neurological work at Northwestern University - a man who was a dean in his profession - a very tough little Scotchman. He showed me a cabinet of just hundreds, it seemed, of photographs of patients who had come to him with this identical difficulty. One was an Italian ditch digger - a big tough cookie - you could tell from his picture. Another was a big fat colored woman.

When I relax it's just the same. The chief difficulty - the one that caused me to seek treatment - was interference of sleep at night. When you're trying to get composed, it's just like somebody is standing by your bed jerking your face.

Hugh Patrick said, "I can't tell you what causes the trouble. It may be your teeth. I'd recommend that you have your teeth examined. I recommend that you trace any possible source of infection, but I don't think the chances are good you'll find it. They rarely do. I can treat the symptoms. The treatment for the symptom is to inject straight grain alcohol into the seventh facial nerve by a hypodermic injection back of the ear. If it's successful - if you catch the nerve or get right next to it -

it will induce a partial paralysis. You've interrupted the spasm. After a little bit you'll recover your muscular control, but the impulses won't come through and you'll have a period of maybe a year or maybe a few months when you'll be free from the annoyance of the spasm."

I told him to go ahead. It's an extraordinarily painful thing. He didn't deaden the area. He just shot it in there, and you just had to grin and bear it. Well, I had that a few times. It would work for a time after the injections - sometimes more and sometimes less. Then Dr. Patrick went abroad, and left his practice with another doctor there in Chicago. I'd rather not name him. He's still alive and active. It was recommended that I go to him. He said, "I wouldn't fool with the alcohol treatment, but I think it's worth taking a chance to sever the nerve." If I had just realized that his diagnosis was that it was a habit spasm and that if you broke the habit there was a chance you'd recover, I wouldn't have let him perform the operation, because it was deadly. It brought about this sag on the left side of my face, because it was the same as total paralysis of that nerve. I used to wear adhesive tape, trying to hold the face up, on his advice. That was in 1929, 1930 - that period around

there. Perhaps it was '30 or '31. I don't know. As I recall, it was when things had cracked wide open and there was a real depression on.

When the nerve finally healed and united, the spasm impulses came through long before any muscular control of the face returned. Total control of the face never has returned. The spasm was more severe than ever. It was a very disastrous experience.

I should have developed the philosophy sooner of forget it and live with it, because that's what you have to do. It isn't in my mind at all, now. There still is that problem of composing it at night, but I get plenty of sleep. I never have sought psychiatric help for it. Hypnotism has been suggested. I've talked with some pretty good psychiatrists, all right, as friends, but I have never consulted any professionally. I'm too old to worry about it now. I've known a few people who have this spasm, mostly in less severe stages, but some I've known are worse. I remember a chap, when I was at Great Falls, Montana, who was a linotype operator and a poultry breeder on the side. He was an officer in a little poultry association we started for shows and promotion of better poultry breeding in Great Falls. He was elected president of it. I remember how horrified I was at his condition. He had the spasm on both sides. I used to ask him if it hurt.

It always seemed to me that it must be painful. It never was. I didn't understand it then. I don't now.

It bothered me for a while when I had to make a speech, but public speaking was always painful for me, anyway. Even the thought of making a talk was an agony. When I finally made up my mind that this was something I had to do, I just would go ahead. I don't think the spasm had any effect on my public life. I notice almost uniformly that as people become older in their association with me, they invariably say, "Why, it's so much better now. I don't notice it," which, of course, is just because they've become acquainted with me. The one amusing thing about it is that I don't know which eye closes as if I were winking. There apparently is one, because in meeting strangers I frequently find them winking back at me. I've seen that for years. It's a sympathetic response. I would advise anybody else who has this facial trouble just to forget it right from the start, just let it play its course and realize that you can learn to live with it.

My mother was a deeply religious woman. My father, I remember, walked the trail for Billy Sunday who was holding a revival service in this little town of Panora. That pleased my mother, though it didn't last as far as any active connection with the church was concerned. The rest of my

family except Frank and me are all very active church people. I haven't been active in the church. Out in the country we had the church known as the Church of the United Brethern. We called it the United Brethern Church. It wasn't a Campbellite church, as we knew them in that area. There are a lot of the United Brethern and Church of the Brethern in Indiana and across the Middle West. They had the community church because it was the only church in the neighborhood. It was out in the country, not in Linden, but out in the country near our farm. Of course, we all went to church. My father drove to church. Everybody drove to church.

The family connection, later when we moved to Panora, was Presbyterian and then Congregational. Mrs. Davis and I were married by a Congregational minister in Bozeman. It might have been a Presbyterian minister, by George! I don't know that we had a Congregational minister. It was one of the two. Anyway I know his name, even though I don't remember his religion.

They used to hold revival services, I remember, at Panora. I suppose I was in my mid-teens, then, when attending one of them regularly I had a great burst of enthusiasm and joined the church. But the reaction following that was terrific. It was one of just unconscious shrinking from it.

I judge I was about fifteen when this happened. It was a combination of music - the moving hymns they used to sing - and the mass enthusiasm. So I joined the Presbyterian church there at Panora. It was what they call a genuine religious conversion, but I think it was mass hysteria, almost. But I felt it. I was really burning. I never analyzed my reaction, particularly. I just went over in the other direction. It was not a reasoned agnosticism, but just a desire to keep as far away from it as I could, a desire not to have anything to do with the high pressure aspects of religion. It was a reaction from the emotion, and I wonder if most people don't experience that. When they respond to that emotion, I wonder if the pendulum doesn't swing the other way with them for a time. The reaction was within a matter of weeks - very soon. The revival moved on to the next town, probably, and I calmed down. I felt somewhat ashamed. I felt not despondent, but let down after the high peak of the idea.

The others have been active church workers, in the main. My younger brother Lewis out in Los Angeles County and his wife sing in the choir and are very active in the church. My older sister is very determined to get my wife and me active in their church out there. We haven't been

active. I like to give to the church, but I'm a little reluctant to become active because I think the disposition will be to move in on you and make you do church work, and I like a little leisure when I can get it.

I think religion has played a great part in my life, but it isn't a formal religion. It would be difficult to put into words. It's a confidence that there is a power which one can draw on in times of need and decision, which doesn't fail you. For that reason, as much as anything else, I've had an underlying optimism in the face of much evidence that denies optimism, as far as the course of the human being on earth is concerned. I have a feeling that by stages and with many ups and downs, we can evolve here on earth - I don't mean in my time - a progression which will avoid the dark ages toward which we would be headed, otherwise. I believe in prayer in the sense that I've expressed.

I know very little about the United Brethern church. I think it's nearer the Congregational type of church. I have never been a student of religion. I have known a few men who have belonged to that church, since. We had an application in the Ford Foundation for support to the "heifer project," supported by the United Brethern. It's

certainly a well-intentioned move to assist in the exportation of bred heifers of good blood to add to the productive resources of other people in other lands. It may be a good idea, but you want to turn it over and look at the other side. I'm a skeptic about transplanting American methods and American idea - and American livestock breeds - to other cultures. The church throws me a little, too, in the missionary field. I met a young man and talked to him in India a year ago last summer. We brought him down from up near Kashmir, up north of Delhi. I wanted to talk to him because he had been described to me as a young man who'd been out there as a missionary, I think for the Presbyterian board, for a number of years, who knew several of the vernaculars, who could talk to the natives, and understood the natives. The natives liked him. I thought perhaps when we came to establishing a representative there, if we could have a man like that for a matter of six months, at least, to help our man get started, it might be worthwhile. Even this man, who was very deeply emotional about helping India work out her problems, when I asked him whether he'd be interested, said, "Well, in our talk we haven't touched on the one thing that would interest me. Are you seeking to make Christians of the men we're working with and the people in India?"



I told him, "Let's define the term Christian, first. If that means that we're going to try to get them to accept formally the Christian religion, I'd say no. If, on the other hand, it's an attempt to broaden the concept of brotherly love and translate it into life, yes." I asked him, "How big an area do you work with?" He told me. I asked, "When you became associated with the mission, how many professed Christians did you have? - if you're applying this test of success." He told me. I said, "How many do you have now?"

He was a little reluctant to say, but he said, "Well, we've got about the same number." In other words, his life had been a failure, by that test. I don't believe that you can take our philosophies and transplant them bodily. You've got to build on the values that are there and try to get some good from them, as well as trying to assist them with anything that is transferable out of our culture. I have never felt confident, at any time, that I knew the answers to some of these tough questions. I am equally skeptical of the other man's thinking when he has all the answers.

I realize that doesn't make for effective leadership when you want to sway people and win causes. When you're in a fight like the McNary-Haugen fight, you give

it the works. The only leader who is any good in a fight like that is one like George Peek, who just sees one side. For leaders like George Peek, it's black on one side, it's white on the other. He just goes right down the line and hits hard. That's the kind of a man who gets results in legislation or in any drive to try to force a quick change in a point of view. Now, there are places where that'll work, and there're places where it won't. But even there, George and I were completely apart in our point of view after we had gone through the 1928 campaign, and particularly after the possibility emerged of a change of administration.

Today I can rationalize a defense for the McNary-Haugen fight without reservation. The McNary-Haugen fight, I think, did as much to dramatize the defects in the protective tariff system as anything could have done, by carrying on to its logical conclusion the application of the protective system to the unprotected segment of the economy. I think it would have done some temporary good, but as we watched the procession of events through the 'twenties when this country exported capital in the form of loans to the amount of billions, it became perfectly clear that we had to have a change in our whole philosophy of trade between this country and the rest of the world. Those loans subsequently turned out to have been grants,

because they were not repayable. George never agreed to that. He never saw it.

After the 1928 campaign, I told George that I had trotted my last heat on the McNary-Haugen philosophy of 1924-'26, that the adjustment to the fact of our emergence as a big creditor nation was something we had to turn our attention to. Of course, even then we were in the very preliminary stages of what happened after World War II. I said that I didn't believe the McNary-Haugen Bill, as such, would meet the situation as we saw it clearly then in 1930, approximately.

It wasn't a religious feeling that drove me into the farm fight. It grew out of the fact that we had a condition in the northern Great Plains area which I saw clearly and at first-hand. It was a condition of economic injustice - not intentional, imposed injustice but a situation where we were at the mercy of world markets in an economy which was cushioned in so many of its other important segments. I lived out in the Northwest in the days of sweeping bank failures, foreclosures, hard times and the Non-Partisan League.

I doubt if the origin of the course that I took from 1917 on in respect to agriculture can be found in my adolescent period. I think it started with my experience in

Montana. I had, of course, this unrealized understanding of what had happened to my father. I'd seen what had happened there and of course, I suppose that made an impression, but I wasn't brooding over it. It wasn't really in the surface of my mind, I did have some things as a result of those years which were simply invaluable to me throughout my life. I had lived on a farm - lived with livestock, done the things that you do on a farm - and had been privileged to carry it through to the point where I was a full-fledged farm hand. I never had technical training in agriculture. I went to a liberal arts school, and I took a liberal arts course. But that farm upbringing branded me unconsciously, and was of great help in understanding and giving me a sense of activity on the farm that you just don't acquire too readily otherwise. I think that much I had. I didn't come out of it with any sense of injustice. I always was for the "underdog," but I think most people are - that is, they have sympathy for the fellow who has got the short end of the stick. The disposition I think I've had is that when I see a problem I think immediately in terms of action - what can you do about it? - what can be done about it? My own security has never been much of a concern to me, really, much to my wife's discontent.

I think the term "fighting" describes my actions with George Peek, all right, but I don't think of myself as a fighter, however. It might have been fighting. I guess people would call what I did in the Montana period and on through the 'twenties fighting. But I do not think of it as fighting in a Non-Partisan League sense. I didn't try to find the personal devil. I didn't believe there was one who was responsible for the farm troubles of the 'twenties and 'thirties. I thought it was a problem of trying to set forces in motion that would balance the scales, somewhat. That's what I was thinking about. It wasn't a case of picking out the International Harvester Company or the Minneapolis Grain Exchange and blaming them. I'm beginning to realize that it must sound awfully conceited to start a self-analysis like this.

I think this is it. I think that I've always - and it's been a handicap many times - had an instinctive tendency to balance the scales. If I'm with a group in which everything that was done in the Roosevelt administration is thought of as evil, why then I'm on the defensive. On the other hand, if I'm with a group which says there was nothing but good in it and its opponents were purely selfish interests calculated to lead the country into trouble, then my disposition is to take the other side. That isn't a case of justice.

I think it's being cursed with the ability or the tendency to look at both sides of the question. I didn't call names in the McNary-Haugen fight. I didn't say that selfish interests were out to grind the farmer down. I had associates who did, and who could at that time stir up the farmers much more successfully than I. But here was a situation in which the part of the country I lived in depended pretty much for its cash income on crops produced and exported, at a time when surpluses from several of the commodities weighted the world market. The plan George Peek and Hugh Johnson had evolved for the treatment of our exportable surpluses, in such a way that we could maintain an independent price behind tariff protection for the crops consumed at home, made sense to me as a market stabilizing device. In that, our whole concept - carried on through until political forces came into the picture - was that the operation could be done at the expense of the crop. That is, it wouldn't be straight treasury subsidy.

I think I have a disposition to try to bring about a balance in my associates. I don't know if it implies that things were only at one time out of balance, for they always are in one way or another. In this world things certainly aren't in equilibrium. I feel now very strongly about the problems we have in this country with our racial minorities and the inequality of opportunity for them. On the one hand,

I don't go with those who believe that you can pass a law and correct all those injustices and make a Negro over and change his place in society this week. But on the other hand, I think it's one of our great problems which I am very anxious that not only the Foundation but every other force be brought to consider and work on. I have felt about our farm program, that in the period in which the farmer is relatively very well off, the farm program should be held on a standby basis and should not be a continuous program that pours out all the money it can get from the Treasury. The tendency exists to do this and partly to keep an organization alive.

In my childhood it never occurred to me that I wasn't getting my fair share of whatever there was to get. We were what you'd call a poor family, but it never occurred to me that we were, particularly. We had plenty of books. We had a piano. The girls were taught music. It didn't occur to me that I was poor when I was in college either. There was no favoritism in our family. We were all great people, to our mother. She was the one who carried on. I wouldn't think my father had a favorite. It might have been, with him, Hattie, who was so like her mother and so angelic, really. Pearl, my older sister, was restless and energetic and driving. I suppose she was more like me than any of

the other children were. My wife says I'm like her in having what she calls the itching foot, that is, that I won't stay put. She thinks that these trips to New York are motivated, at least in large part, by my desire to take a trip, which God knows isn't true! We are alike. I'd say that my father probably liked Hattie - she just appealed to him, perhaps - although it did not show itself in any discriminatory actions.

My grandfather, my father's father, had a nickname for every human being he was closely associated with. He was a very remarkable character, and to me he used to be a model. He was unconsciously the most profane man I ever knew. He was about my size - snappy, quick acting, quick thinking, bright-eyed right down to his death. He nicknamed my older sister Pearl, Little Devil. He never found a nickname for Hattie. Mine was an odd one - Johnny. I was dark in coloring. There was in Panora the son of a Welsh washerwoman, Johnny Jones. Johnny was - as I know now - a subnormal kid. I don't know how old he was. He was undeveloped mentally. His mother took in washing in this little town. She was always kind to all of the kids. They didn't live very far from us. This Johnny Jones was almost as black as a Negro, and of course, because I was



dark my grandfather called me Johnny. I was always Johnny. He called Pearl Little Devil, but he couldn't tag any name on Hattie. She was just so kind and gentle and good. She grew up to be that kind of a woman. So I think that if my father had a favorite, it was Hattie. My mother absolutely had none. We were all fine. All of the in-laws were fine. She saw good in everybody.

Pearl always kept a kind of maternal eye out for me. The others did not have the same opportunity. My older sister is responsible for the fact that I went to college at Grinnell. You know, you used to be able to teach school with a high school education and a little normal training. Lewis and I, of course, were just raised together as a couple of kids. We played together. I was very close to Lewis. Ida and I weren't particularly close, though we used to ride back and forth to school together and we got along fine. For a time in high school - one winter, I remember - mother arranged to have a room for Ida and me. It was really a little one-room house on the lot of another house. We rented it. It had a little stove in it. We stayed there. We always got along fine, and still do. I admire her very much. I feel about Pearl something like I do about M.L. Wilson, that at what may have been critical times in my life

- at least at two stages - she was there to help. One stage was in high school. Pearl was there, and what she did undoubtedly had a lot of influence on what happened to me. The other was when she and Charles Gannaway, her husband, started me off to college.

I remember Pearl first coming back from the school to which she had been sent after high school. It impresses me that it was at Le Grande, Iowa. I don't know now what kind of a school it was. It wasn't a normal school. She went there more for musical training - piano and voice - than for anything else, and it probably was a very short course. I remember her coming back and living with us. I remember the fact that she was very competent at organization. She organized parties - church affairs - would sing in the choir, play the organ, or do whatever needed to be done. I suppose the most impressive recollection I have of her is of her driving a team of bay ponies to Panora and then turning north for about two miles where she taught what we called the Diehl School. It was a country school and she got \$27.00 a month. She would drive, hitch and unhitch that team of ponies. She would drive there and back. Oscar Diehl, who was of that family, used to come to the house to "beau" her, you know. I always admired the team he drove. But my sister, driving this, to me, very fast-moving team of ponies back and forth to school made quite an impression on me.

Pearl asked me to make my home with her and her husband in Lake City, Iowa, before I entered my senior year of high school at Panora. I did, and enrolled in the Lake City High School for my final year. I think I was a difficult youngster to get along with, but she and her husband - and I haven't given him as much credit in this as I should - were extremely patient with me, and they got me through high school. Lake City was in Calhoun County, northwest of Des Moines. Her husband's name was Charles R. Gannaway. He was a doctor. He was one of several brothers. His father was a small contractor in and around Panora. After he married my sister he went on to acquire his medical education. He attended the state university of Iowa and finally got his degree from Northwestern University. He was practicing in Lake City, Iowa, at the time. That was only one of the occasions when they were extremely helpful to me.

The next occasion followed my graduation from high school, when they were solely responsible for my going to Grinnell. I was working on the Northwestern Railroad at what I hoped was a temporary job, on the section. We didn't pound spikes. We tamped ties. You do that with a shovel, and firm up the roadbed. That's what we were doing that summer, anyway, on the Northwestern Railroad west of Denison, Iowa. My sister and her husband, without consulting me, arranged to get me a scholarship at Grinnell which took care

of the tuition, through the influence of Dr. Gannaway's brother who was a professor in the political science department at Grinnell. Tuition then meant just what you paid the college - not your board and room, or anything like that. It wasn't very high. As I recall it, it was something like \$63.00 or \$64.00 a semester. They got the scholarship for my freshman year and they saw me off to college. Otherwise, it would never have occurred to me that I'd go on to school. I didn't have any more thought of college than I did of the ministry, at that time - and I didn't think of that. I certainly had not thought of college until they called me up and said that this could be done.

I remember that when they saw me off on the train for Grinnell, my resources outside of the clothes I wore and my tuition were the change out of the ten-dollar bill from which I bought my railroad ticket. I didn't have any resources other than that. There were a lot of people who attended college at Grinnell who were in that fix, and it didn't prove to be very difficult.

That's where my sister and her husband had a rather decisive influence. It seemed like a good idea to go to college. It didn't fill a felt need. I didn't realize that I wanted to go on with my education. I hadn't really looked around yet after getting out of high school.

High school did not mean to me a good time, hard work, or athletics. It was the thing to do. My mother was very

interested in seeing that all the children got an education. In those days, completing high school meant getting an education. I don't think going to college was the thing to do that it is today.

I always read a great deal in high school. I read everything I could get - biography, fiction. I read constantly. I did like politics and political history. I read the Horatio Alger series, but I think that was before high school.

I played a little baseball in high school. That was all. I wasn't particularly athletic. Until my senior year I went to the Guthrie County high school in Panora, Iowa. I lived a large part of the time out on the farm two miles west of town, and there were chores to do. I didn't stay in town too long. I would go in to school and then go right back out home. I did the milking and whatever had to be done around the farm. I wasn't passionately fond of any of the chores, as I recall it. I liked to work with horses. I liked that, I think, the best, but I think I liked milking the least. That's mere drudgery - still is!

Philip Hare Davis, my grandfather, was a very interesting character. Hare was his mother's family name. He was about my size, except for the bulge in the middle that I have. He didn't have it. He was a slim, erect, fast-moving man. He was probably the most inoffensively profane man I've ever known in my life. It was just natural with him. I've

heard the story in my family of how my gentle grandmother married him with the intention of breaking him of that habit, but it was just as natural with him as it was to breathe. It was extremely picturesque, and would be called vulgar today. It was earthy, and just flowed from him. Then he'd simulate excitement with the kids. He'd take me out hunting in the woods, near the farm home. He got me an air rifle once, and we'd go out hunting. He would make it a great adventure - seeing something behind every bush. He was not a well-educated man. He was a farmer, trader, and what they called a horse doctor, but not a graduate veterinarian. He was just handy with things. He was well respected in the community around Knoxville, Iowa.

I don't think I could appraise his effect on my life. I admired him. I certainly never dreamed of matching his vocabulary. That would have been unpopular at home. I haven't tried to emulate him. Oddly enough Mrs. Davis's grandfather, from the description she gives of him, must have been almost exactly the same kind of a fellow - loved horses, a great trader, and extremely profane in the same nice sort of a way. It was just a part of his vocabulary.

I reached Grinnell in the fall of 1906. The senior class then was the class of '07. My contact with Grinnell started before I reached the campus. On the day coach going

toward Marshalltown, where we changed to go down to Grinnell, an older boy - he impressed me as very much older - introduced himself to me. We learned we were both going to Grinnell. He took me under his wing. We went to call on the superintendent of schools at Marshalltown who was a young graduate, and then went on down to Grinnell from Marshalltown. He was Oliver Ellsworth Buckley, who has just retired as head of Bell Laboratories for the American Telephone and Telegraph (A.T. and T.) system. He became a very great scientist in his field.

We arrived in Grinnell in the early evening. They had the custom then that new students were all greeted at the train by volunteers - upperclassmen. The man who picked me up was a shy-appearing fellow, short and dark. His name was E.B. Benger, and he recently has retired as one of the great chemists of the DuPont Company. He had a great deal to do, I think, with the development of nylon, and one thing and another. He's very well known in the DuPont organization. I corresponded with him after he became prominent in the DuPont organization, but I never met him after he left college. But those two fellows just happened to be distinguished scientists afterward. Those happened to be the two first men I met.

Grinnell didn't have dormitories for men. There was one girls dormitory, but none for men. The custom was to room around the town with the townspeople. Benger took me over to the house in which he lived where there were eight or ten boys,

and they put me up there a day or two. Then I found a place where I was to tend furnace and do errands and work for my room. You'd study at nights. That's the way you did it. I started with the simple things - that is, odd jobs. You didn't get a regular job unless you were lucky. I remember that they were just in the transitional stage at Grinnell between seventeen and a half and twenty cents an hour. The conservatives held that seventeen and a half was about right for college students, but the more liberal group had advanced to twenty. It took a lot of work. I worked for my room. I did errands and tended furnace, and so forth, for the family where I held my room. The room would have been four or five dollars a month - not more than that.

You didn't board there. The lowest board in Grinnell at that time seems incredibly low now. They had two or three students' clubs - boys' clubs, they called them - where one or two men would manage and other students would do the work. The managers did the buying and planning of the meals, and so forth. It was a co-op. They were the lowest priced. In my freshman year, the lowest was \$2.50 a week for board. Now, that seems incredible, of course. That shows why it was easier to do, in those days, what so many of us did - that is, work your way completely through school without outside help. I worked my way completely through school. A lot of people did.



My tuition was paid for the first year. The second year I got my tuition for ringing the chapel bell. It wasn't just the chapel bell, but it was the school bell. I had to be there at quarter of eight for the first strokes, and then toll the bell for about five minutes before the chapel hour at nine. I forget the routine. I know my sister sent me her watch so I'd have something to get to the bell on time with. That got me my tuition the second year. The third year I was chairman of the employment committee of the Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA). The college, itself, didn't directly run an employment service for the boys who were there, but the YMCA set up a committee which assisted boys in getting their employment. The chairman was given his tuition by the college in recognition of that service. In my final year - the first and second semesters were divided by one year's absence - I paid my tuition, because I was then the business manager of the college paper, the Scarlet and Black, and in those days the editor and the business manager were allowed to retain what they could make the paper pay over and above the cost of printing and so forth. That provided just about enough money to carry a boy through school.

I think if I could have waved a wand and become what I would have liked, I would have become a writer. I would have loved to write. I would have enjoyed being a creative writer, which I never was. An opportunity to try out for

the Scarlet and Black staff came up, I think, in my second year. They'd give you a try out. You'd take an assignment and go out and cover a story and come back and write it. If you were willing, they'd take you on. The competition wasn't too severe, as I recall it. Newspaper work was glamorous to me. It just seemed about the most attractive thing I ever heard of. I did get excited about that. It was the first thing that I recall getting excited about in college.

I'd never been particularly attracted to farming. I might have been if ours had been a well-established and smooth farming operation, but the way it was I didn't care, particularly, to go back to it. The last job I had as a hand on a farm, the man believed that four-thirty was the time to get up in the morning. He not only believed it - he practiced it! I always worked on farms during the summer before I got to college. Then I didn't go back to the farm. This had been the summer before I went to Lake City to high school. Four-thirty was pretty early in the morning, and you couldn't possibly get through at night in time to get enough sleep, it seemed to me. No, I was not attracted to the farm. There was an unattainability about the newspaper business. The idea of being a newspaper reporter just struck me as something pretty attractive.

I wasn't with Pearl and her husband very much during

college. We corresponded. I don't know whether I ever told them about my newspaper work. I didn't chronicle what I did. I never was much to dwell on what had passed or what I had done, so I would tell them I was well, and so forth. Pearl's place in my life has been stupendous. She always encouraged me but never even tried to guide me. Having a little more conception of what college or university life was, she was the one solely responsible for my move at that time. Now, I don't know what I might have done otherwise. I might have become awake, or I might have gone on and become an officer of the Northwestern Railroad. I don't know what would have happened. I don't think I had a sense that I was going to go somewhere. I wasn't particularly ambitious at that time. I was an energetic person - nervous energy. I was always doing something.

Later I became aware of something from other people's appraisal that I was not aware of, myself - that I did have a faculty for getting things done. That finally dawned on me in college, but very late, because the fellows at Grinnell were giving me credit for carrying things through that we would undertake. It never occurred to me that I possessed the faculty at all until after a few lessons it finally dawned on me in Grinnell where I discovered that other people are likely to place a higher estimate on your capacity than

you, yourself, do. With great surprise it finally dawned on me that if you just keep your mouth shut and go ahead and work, other people will advance you. You don't do it yourself. I don't believe I have ever sought a job in my life, since I left college. I don't think I ever have. I put it to my sons this way: If you do the job you have, to the very best of your ability, you don't have to be looking over your shoulder for opportunity. It will tap you, and you'll be ready. The unhappy person is the one who is worrying because he isn't advancing or because he isn't advancing as rapidly as he thinks he should, who is trying to help fate out a little bit by trying to use influence to get a job or pushing for something for which, perhaps, he's not prepared yet.

I assume I may have thrown enormous energy into anything I did. I began to awaken to the fact that I could do things when I was in college. I was diffident and, I know, inclined to rate myself short. It was only in the last years of college that I became dimly aware of some of the truth which Ralph Waldo Emerson expressed so well in his "Essay on Self Reliance". I didn't read it at that time but I did, later, and it expressed so well what had been finally impressed on me.

This was brought to my mind when I was elected to the board of the college junior Annual, "The Cyclone". They used to have these college yearbooks. I suppose they still do. I

began to hear talk that I was going to be selected as business manager. It struck me as completely surprising, and what helped to open my eyes the most was a bit of advice from a man who was in the class of 1908. He was a senior when I was near the end of my sophomore year. He was a good friend. We called him "Dopey", which was a nickname. His name was George McIlrath. He's a lawyer in Kansas City now. We were loafing up in my room - two or three men - and someone said, "I hear you're going to be business manager of the Annual."

I said, "Why, no, I'm not." I named a man. I said, "He's a lot better than I am for it. He'd be the man." I said it very sincerely. I wasn't being coy.

McIlrath sat up in bed and said, "Don't let me ever hear you say again that somebody can do something better than you can. Even if you think it, keep your mouth shut. You don't have to say it. You may not be the best judge. That's a lesson you've got to learn." This struck me as an astounding philosophy, but later I realized there was a great deal of truth to it.

The business manager put me in charge of advertising. Rustling the advertising was really the thing that brought me into being business manager of the college paper in my senior year. I liked editorial work better than advertising. I was shy. I was very shy. I remember when I went to Des Moines -

which was just like taking a trip to London or Paris today - to try to knock over the merchants for the usual space in the college annual, I was surprised at the incredible results - the fact that they were not only very courteous and generous with their time, but they were very helpful. I came back with more advertising than they'd had the year before, which surprised me very much. It really did.

I had had a feeling of inferiority, which is illustrated by the fact that for a very long time I didn't apply this lesson that "Dopey" McIlrath had given me. When I did I learned with surprise that if you just keep your mouth shut, other people would give you credit for a great deal more wisdom than you possessed. Let's take the Federal Reserve System as an illustration of this. It's a good one. I can't think of anybody who was less well informed than I on the problems and principles of central banking when I was appointed to the board of governors by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1936. Now, there was a wonderful group of men on that board, all anxious to be helpful. There was a case where I kept still for quite a long time while I was absorbing some of the principles of what is not an easy subject to move into. I would say that not one commercial banker out of a thousand really comprehends the principles of central banking and how the Federal Reserve or a similar bank functions in the credit, monetary,

and fiscal picture. Well, I had no idea of it. I think the records will show that as a member of the board of governors I was very silent for two or three years.

At Grinnell I did too many things to do well the things that were really important. The opportunity for a balanced liberal education was there, and I came out without having made the most of it. I suppose all men would say something of the same sort. My grades were good, with one exception which amuses me a little. In the junior year course in psychology I think we irritated the kindly professor a little too much. My roommate at that time was James Norman Hall, who has written Mutiny on the Bounty and Men Against the Sea, and other outstanding books. As I recall it, we each collected a "D" in our course in psychology our junior year. It amused me even more when Norman's first book was published. It ran serially in Atlantic Monthly. That was "Kitchener's Mob". It was the story of the British Tommy as Norman saw him, as he lived in the trenches with him. It was a beautiful piece. I remember the passage in which Norman paraphrased accurately William James on these several layers of consciousness and capacity that you peel off and draw on in times of stress. I thought, "I bet J.D. Stoops, our old prof, will be amazed when he reads that." For some reason we just didn't get along well in that course, and I collected that "D".

We had a Phi Beta Kappa there, and my grade average tied with the one who was chosen. I wasn't chosen because of that irregularity, but they voted me in a few years later. I had pretty good grades - better than were due me, I think. I worked hard. I was engaged in many outside activities, and that meant that I didn't really put the concentrated effort on my schoolwork that I should have.

I was a moderate leader on the campus. It may have been that the younger classmen regarded me as one of the leaders. The Junior Annual position was elective. I never ran for a political office, in college or out. I think the only time I was threatened with it was in Montana in the 1924 election. Governor Joseph M. Dixon, with whom I was very closely associated, didn't want to run, and he used to say to me, "Chester, if you just weighed twenty-five or thirty pounds more you'd trot this heat instead of me this fall. I don't want to do it, and I think you could make it." I was active, in a sense, in that campaign. He was one of the greatest natural political leaders I have ever met, on the national scene or any other.

A good deal of my energy at Grinnell went into making a living. Then I was attracted by the opportunity to do things in outside activities. I enjoyed that. There wasn't enough time. I have always wished I could be two people - one, for example, sitting in here talking to you, and the other in there at my desk, you see. I have no idea why I did those things.



I have no idea why one fills his life full. Now here's a jump clear to the present [1953]. When I see a man like Paul Hoffman with his incredible energy, why then I wonder why I've been so idle. Of course Mr. Hoffman never seems to have enough time! I've never seen a man in my life, though, with more energy - and purposeful energy - than Paul Hoffman. In my experience, I think he's almost in a class by himself. He's very restless - never still - always doing something. He prefers to fly between California and New York by night so that he can be at the office the next morning early. He does it all the time, and then returns the same way. Well, I like to go on the day flight myself. I like to take books along and read - escape books. I have always enjoyed adventure stories. When I feel that I've gotten my things in shape, why then if I can take an hour or two to read it does me good. When I think I've done about all I want to do, then if I can steal an hour or two, I'll do it.

I'll take the day flight and be in the hotel that night. When we're both going to a meeting in New York, he'll take the flight at night. In the morning he'll come in just as fresh and sparkling - all he needs is a shower and a shave and he's in there pitching. He enjoys it. He enjoys very much the pressure of public life. I don't think I do - not, certainly, to the extent he does. I enjoy a sense of accomplishment, of

getting something done as well as I can. Looking back, I wouldn't say that I've always done well. I don't mean getting something done just in the sense of going through the motions. I mean wrapping up the package neatly - getting it done and put aside. I enjoy that, but I suppose all people do. There's not haste just for the sake of getting the job done. There're sometimes circumstances, like having a date line on the job, that bring haste to it. I would rather develop things in an orderly way and get them done, and I want to see the edges tucked in as I go along. I enjoy that.

I enjoy many of the aspects of public life. I enjoy the occasional opportunity to bring a young man along and shove him ahead so that he's ready and can take over. There's been a lot of satisfaction that has come from watching a young man grow. I suppose that satisfaction would come even more to people who are teaching than it would to people who are in public life. A young man who is barely forty has just been elected first vice president of the Federal Reserve bank of St. Louis, a young man with whose development I've had something to do. There's a lot of satisfaction in that. That means that, with all things being equal, he's marked for the presidency of the Federal Reserve bank of St. Louis in a comparatively few years' time. I do enjoy things like that.

The word fight means a struggle to me - not personal

conflict. I don't think of fight in terms of a feud with anybody. I think of fight as a phase of your life, of your attempting so many things such as attempting to get things done. There are conditions toward whose improvement you'd like to contribute something. There are problems of organization that require the adjustment of all kinds of conflicting personalities, and all that. I suppose there's a lot of fight in me. Fight means getting a job done. I don't ordinarily personalize problems in the sense that somebody becomes the embodiment of evil and I feel I have to go out and get him. Fight doesn't mean that to me.

I think I'm an emotional person, but not more than the average person. I think I'm probably more emotional than people think I am. I don't know how other people think of it, but I know that I'm sometimes surprised at the appraisal other people make of my calmness and dead-level quiet. I think I'm emotional. I'm not as emotional on causes, like the Agricultural Adjustment Administration (AAA), as a lot of men I know. I think I've been handicapped by the disposition to try to see two sides of a question as I go along. The man who is going to be a successful leader of a cause is the man who shuts his eyes to everything else except the end he seeks. That was George Peek's way. I'm handicapped from the standpoint of leadership by the ability, capacity, or tendency to look at

the other man's point of view, to see the other side. George Peek had the capacity for leadership, that single-mindedness of purpose that led him to a dogged course on the McNary-Haugen Bill which survived to his death. I don't think Henry Wallace had this. M.L. Wilson is a great philosopher, and M.L. sees all sides of the question about as well as any human being I know. He isn't the crusader. He works patiently on a problem with an awareness of all the factors. He's able to move other people successfully by his very analytical understanding.

When I came out of Montana on the invitation of the elder Wallace, Henry C. Wallace, and spent my first months in Washington on what later became the McNary-Haugen Bill, I think I was as worked up about the situation of the farmers and ranchers out in Montana as anybody else. The remedy which evolved then, which seemed the best we could think of at the moment to meet the immediate situation, did not thereby become an end in itself to me. It was the means to the end of improving the situation under the conditions that existed then. Subsequently, when the conditions changed or at least when our understanding of the conditions became clearer, it seemed to me that other things had to be done than would have been accomplished by the McNary-Haugen Bill. George Peek always felt that that was the answer, even when he became aware

that the rest of the world was not in the position to take our surpluses.

The end justified the means to a good many men who were not on the George Peck side of the fence. There were a good many "end justifies the means" boys in the Triple-A in the 'thirties. I hope I wasn't one of them. I don't think I was.

The end is what I like to see clearly defined, and then I like to develop the means that are appropriate to that end. That doesn't mean that the end overrides the choice of means. By using the Alger Hiss episode as an example I can define what I mean by a man to whom the end to which he is passionately devoted excuses any kind of behavior that leads to that end. This took place in the period leading up to 1935, and is said in the light of what we have learned subsequently, much of which we did not know then. I'm convinced that we had in the Triple-A many people who were interested in shaking down the existing social-economic order and reshaping it in a way they were convinced would be better for mankind. Therefore, anything they had by way of an opportunity to do that would hasten the shaking-down process and the building up of the kind of political force they wanted, they would consider justified even though it was an extremely upsetting proposition in an organization created by Congress for a specific purpose.

But I've wandered away ahead of my story, so let's get

back to Grinnell. I hate to contradict James Norman Hall's book, My Island Home. He has us meeting on the train from Colfax to Grinnell when we were both freshmen. He writes that we compared notes and found that neither one of us had any money. He pictured me as a much more confident young man than I really was, and himself as a complete hick, while really as I saw it it was precisely the reverse. Norman and I met at Grinnell, and formed a friendship that lasted to his death. My younger son is named Norman Hall Davis. He was one of the great men of Grinnell in my time, and I think people recognized it in Norm, and that isn't generally the case, I think, in college. He knew what he wanted. He loved beauty. He loved the beautiful in music and in literature, and he got more, I imagine, out of his college courses in English literature than anyone else there at the time. Writing wasn't just an accident with Norm. He wanted to write back when I first knew him. I think he probably had something to do with my own ideas about writing.

Norman was shy and inclined to be a little reticent, although he loved people and got along well with the college men. He always had a distrust of what he called - probably not originally - the tyranny of things. He always was determined that he never would be tied down with possessions that would limit his freedom to move about and see what he wanted. The

difference between us is perhaps illustrated by the way we spent two summers. One of my summers at Grinnell I got a job on a cement sidewalk construction crew. We didn't have the mixing machines. We turned it with a shovel. Norm and I said goodbye at the end of the school term. Norm had arranged to get passage on a cattle boat to England. I stayed and worked on the cement sidewalk gang, and Norm went on a tour to England. He made several trips to visit the scenes of the English writers whose works he could quote by the hour and whom he loved. I would stay at Grinnell and grind away, and then we'd meet again in the fall. He always was determined to be free to move about.

I think this will help to explain him. When he came out of the war, he had served under three flags. He had gone in in '14. He had signed up as a Canadian in the early volunteers in London. He had been bicycling up in the hills in Scotland, and when he came out he realized that the war was on, which was something of a shock to him. He would go down where they were signing up the volunteers for the making of the British army, and he doesn't describe it this way in his biography but this is the way he told it to me. He said, "You know, Chet, I'd go down there and line up with those fellows in the long queue that led up to the sergeant's desk, just to talk to them and get the feel of it. I did that two or three mornings. I dropped out just before I got to my turn. But you know, one morning I went on through and I just signed up." That's how he said he got in.

He had a very deep feeling about the world situation that led him into the war, all right.

He was pulled back out of the trenches after a year or so. His relatives got him an honorable discharge by working with the State Department, I think, when Norman's father was near death. He came back, but was restless in Colfax. When he sought to get back to the war he found to his astonishment that he could get into the Lafayette Escadrille which was just forming. He became a flyer then. I have his letters telling of his experience when he was first shot down and wounded. He was creased on the head, shot through the thigh, and one bullet just missed his lungs. They were flying those flimsy crates. He said there were seventy-six bullet holes in the wings of his machine when he crashed in the French front-line trenches. He was back flying again in a matter of weeks, really. Then when we went into the war he was transferred into the American air-force with the rank of captain. He was shot down again and taken prisoner.

When he got out at the end of the war he was completely fed up with "civilization." He had much the same feeling at an earlier time after he had worked for the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He then wrote to me in Miles City and wanted to know if he could get a job as a sheep herder where he could have complete solitude, out in Montana. He quotes this in his book - he even quotes my letter



in the book. I told him I thought he could. Then some other developments came along and it never took place. Norm always wanted to get away out of the beaten path.

When he came out of the war, he and Charles Nordhoff wrote the history of the Lafayette Escadrille. Ellery Sedgwick of the Atlantic Monthly encouraged them to go to the South Sea islands and that's where he spent the rest of his life. We roomed together in our junior year. There were two professors and I think two other students besides Norman and me in Chapin House at Grinnell.

Harry Hopkins was two years behind me in Grinnell. I knew his next older brother somewhat better than I knew Harry. His name was Rome. He's now dead. Rome had a great deal of natural ability, but was a good deal of a hellraiser and he didn't complete his college course. He was a very popular young man. I knew Harry fairly well. Harry was coming along in the Scarlet and Black, also. I knew Harry very well in later years in Washington. Harry was well liked in Grinnell. He was a tall lanky chap. He was a good basketball player, worked hard around Grinnell, and was highly regarded.

When I went out to Montana, with another man, I became owner of a little country paper. We were looking for someone to come out and run it, and I remember corresponding with Harry to see if he would like to come out and take a crack at it. That was after he'd finished in 1912. Then I heard of him

occasionally but we didn't correspond. We weren't that close. One day I was in the anteroom of the office of Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, when Harry walked in. He was calling on the secretary. He told me that the President had asked him to come down to help out on some of the plans then being made to meet the unemployment situation. Harry had been President Roosevelt's welfare department director in New York State. Then, of course, down through the period of the 'thirties and 'forties I saw Harry frequently. I wasn't as close to Harry as I was to Norman. Norm and I were classmates and roommates. I was two years ahead of Harry. It makes a little difference, unless you're thrown in the same room. Harry lived at Grinnell. His parents lived there.

I had the unique experience of getting Paul Appleby his first job in college and his first job out of college. I was chairman of the committee on unemployment in the YMCA at Grinnell when Paul came down from Newton, Iowa, and he didn't have much money. His family's was a well-known name in Grinnell. He had had sisters, at least, who had gone through ahead of him. He needed work, and I was able to place him waiting on table at one of the boarding houses there, which was lucky in a sense for him because those things usually come after a little time, as they're permanent jobs. Paul came out to Montana to take over the newspaper job that I'd corresponded with Harry Hopkins about. He was editor of the Belgrade Journal for a

while. That would have been around '13, I imagine.

My odd job phase at Grinnell didn't last too long. Early in my freshman year I got a job waiting on table at the Grinnell Cafe. Again, to illustrate what prices were, I remember the evening meal with dessert was twenty-five cents at the Grinnell Cafe. I waited on counter. It was just a counter place. It was twenty cents for the dinner without dessert, and twenty-five cents if you had dessert. Then after the Thanksgiving break I got a job washing dishes in the girls' dormitory. That was permanent for me through the rest of that year. Grinnell was strictly coed, so you had no difficulty meeting girls there. They were a very fine lot. The next year I had a laundry agency for the local laundry. I think that's what most people remember me for in Grinnell, for the enormous piles of laundry I used to carry down the street in a basket with a strap over my shoulder. I'd carry one of those big oblong baskets just heaped with packages of soiled laundry which I'd pick up and later deliver and collect. That was the deal then. Then in my junior year I continued that, and in my senior year I worked on the college paper. I think perhaps I got the laundry job because the owner of the laundry lost his agent and asked me to undertake it. I didn't go and try for it, I recall. That was a regular student activity, and it always seemed to me like a very good one. I think somebody,

perhaps, proposed me for the job.

Nobody had any class feeling about working students at Grinnell. The young man who waited on table might date the most sought-after girl at Grinnell. There were no castes in Grinnell. There were no fraternities or anything of the sort. I think traditionally the Greek letter fraternities are not permitted there. They have now a complete system of dormitories, and they have their halls and so forth which in a way fill the need. I'm sure Grinnell doesn't recognize Greek letter fraternities.

However, boys are always trying to set up fraternities even when it's verboten. Late in our junior year a group of men whom I liked very much organized a secret Greek letter fraternity. They asked Norman Hall and me to join. It was just before we broke up for the summer. We did, and went through the initiation as you do for a secret fraternity - paddles and all that. It was local, of course, although they expected to be connected with a national if it were permitted, and they hoped it would be, sometime. I don't even remember what it was called. It was a Greek letter. We didn't continue. Norm and I both reacted against it during the summer and came back determined that we were going to get out of it. We felt that it wasn't square with the college. Both of us felt the same way. I don't know whether it continued or not. I rather

question whether it did, although the same people continued to live in a house that had been chosen as its center, and it was a good outfit. But I don't think they continued with it. I had some very close friends that were outside this fraternity, and I felt that this would be a kind of turning my back on them. It just didn't seem comfortable. Interestingly enough, Norm had reached the same conclusion when he came back in the fall.

Robert Maynard "Bob" Hutchins tells a story of Oberlin which is interesting in this connection. Oberlin had the same rule on Greek letter fraternities. I think ten out of the eleven members of the first-string football team were fired out of college when it was learned that they had joined a Greek letter fraternity, which was a blow to Oberlin as a football institution and which may have had something to do with Bob's subsequent attitude toward football. I don't know. When Bob got through with his testimony before the House investigating committee on football, Mr. Donald L. O'Toole, a lame duck Congressman, said, "I want to know about your attitude on football. It seems to me that that's as un-American as anything I ever heard of."

Bob said, "Well, maybe so." The pay-off was when Bob said, "Well, it seems to me it might be better if the colleges had race horses. The jockeys could wear the school colors and they could ride the races, and the horses wouldn't have to pass the entrance examinations."

It has been my observation that men's characteristics don't differ with occupation, so I don't want you to think that story illustrates my attitude toward Congressmen. You find the same kind of people; farmers and bankers are much alike. People don't stratify too easily, you know. There're a lot of mixtures of good and bad. You take a cross-section of society and you'll find the same emotions and the same dispositions. In Congress it's the same way. On the whole, I think Congress is made up of surprisingly hard-working and able people, but there are a lot who don't contribute much, and many who contribute a lot more than they're given credit for. I really never had any serious trouble on the Hill. I think that August Herman Andresen, if you talked to him today [1953], would respect me. I would rather see Clifford Hope chairman of the House committee on agriculture, however.

In January, 1910, I left college to go to work in Redfield, South Dakota. That was before the last semester of my senior year. The editor of the college paper while I was business manager was George A. Clark. George Clark was a purposeful student. He knew where he was going. He knew he was going to get married right after he graduated, and he had decided upon a political career. He had picked South Dakota as his scene, and in the fall of 1909 he had gone to Woonsocket,

South Dakota, and had bought the Woonsocket Times. One of the considerations was the promise of the man who sold him the Times, who had the unusual name of Peter Jerusalem Benz. Benz promised George that within a year after he took over the paper he would secure him a federal appointment of no less rate than postmaster at Woonsocket. That was the consideration. George was thinking in terms of a political career, at that time. George wanted to finish his college and then get married. As far as I was concerned, I had no particular objective in mind, and it seemed like an adventure. So when George asked me if I would go to Woonsocket and run the paper until he could come out and take over, I said I'd be delighted. That was editorial work, and I was to run the whole paper, too.

It was apparent the minute I saw Woonsocket that that would never do as a place for George. There were three weekly papers in a little town of about a thousand. They were all starving, and his was probably the least lucrative of the three. George then made another trip to South Dakota and bought the Redfield Journal Observer at Redfield, South Dakota. That was ready to be turned over to me. I stayed in Woonsocket for about a month and then went on up to Redfield and ran that paper until George came out.

In the meantime, the people of the Aberdeen Daily News had asked me if I'd like to join their staff, so when Clark

took over I went to Aberdeen with the title of city editor. I realize now that you got that title in lieu of salary. I only had one reporter - a girl. She was a good reporter, too. I was city editor, and it sounded big, but \$18.00 a week wasn't so big. Still, I had the title. I held this job until it was time to go back to Grinnell. I went back in mid-year to pick up just the last semester. I had already completed one-half of my senior year, and I went back, then, in the holidays, in the break between 1910 and 1911.

I had an interesting experience there that taught me something. As one of the features in the Aberdeen Daily News I developed a page of sport news. There weren't too many sports. I had known a wrestler in Iowa whose younger brother was in Grinnell. That brother is now [1953] here in San Marino, California. His name was Stanton Turner - a great man. Stant spent his life subsequently in the Philippines as head of the YMCA there. He capped it off with about four years of interment in Santo Tomas. He was interned there. He had an older brother named George who was a wrestler of the Frank Gotch period in Iowa. Gotch was world champion wrestler, and was from Humboldt, Iowa. This George Turner had taken me, once, into Gotch's dressing room to meet Frank Gotch. Turner had moved out to South Dakota, and he was a rancher at Selby out west of Aberdeen.



George came in to see me one day and said it would be kind of fun if we could get some wrestling going around South Dakota, so I commenced to smoke it up. We promoted some matches in Aberdeen and around there.

Gotch had retired, and a man had assumed the title who lived in the Twin Cities. I had assisted in arranging a match for the Christmas holidays at Pierre, South Dakota, between George Turner and this fellow named Matson, I think, who held the world's title. I was only giving it news. A saloon keeper named Bob Hall in Aberdeen was the actual promoter. About a week before the match, Hall called me over to see him. He lived in an apartment over the saloon. He had a very bad cold, and he said he couldn't go through with this. He talked me into assuming the responsibility of promoter of the match down there, and taking it over. I cashed in everything I had and went down to Pierre and promoted that match. A blizzard hit the night of it, and it just peeled my pile down to the point where I barely had enough money to get back to Grinnell when I got through. This taught me something about the ways of promoters and saloon keepers. I know now that Bob Hall was simply getting out from under a failure.

The one friend we had there was Peter Norbeck - now Senator Norbeck. I had met him occasionally. His home was in Redfield. He was then lieutenant governor. He came to the

wrestling match, and I remember I took his money. I hated to do it, but we didn't have enough of a crowd in there. We had it in a big barn of a place. It was twenty below zero, and there was a blizzard. We didn't have more than fifty people in the house.

When I got back to Grinnell I floated my first bank loan. I went into George Hamlin at the bank and borrowed \$100 to help me out in my last half year. He had known me because my first experience in a bank had been as janitor in his bank building. I used to clean out the bank, during one of the periods there. I finished with the class of 1911.

Looking back, I see Grinnell as a great experience in democracy. It was certainly one of the most democratic communities and institutions I've ever known. There's a very real sense of brotherhood and helpfulness there at Grinnell that I think branded the people pretty much who were there at the time, not all of them but a lot of them. It was a place with a minimum of class distinction, a place where anyone no matter what work he did had the same social and political - in the school sense - opportunities as the men who came down with his way paid and full leisure. I imagine there are many such institutions, but that certainly was true of Grinnell.

Then it had some great men. The two men on the faculty who impressed me most were Jesse Macy and Charles E. Payne. Jesse Macy was a Quaker. He had collaborated with Lord James

Bryce on Bryce's The American Commonwealth, and they had collaborated on Macy's The English Constitution. Macy was one of the great men of his generation, and I took all I could take under him. He was a tall kindly Quaker - had a white beard - a handsome, imposing man. Macy first awakened my interest in civics and political science. He was a great teacher.

The other one is a man of whom Hall writes a great deal in his book, Charles E. Payne. He was subsequently head of the history department - he wasn't at the time. Payne had lost both legs as a boy. I think it was in a train accident, although he never told me. They were off just across the thighs. He had artificial legs. Payne lived in Chapin House that year, the same house that Hall and I lived in. I got very close to Payne through an incident or an accident during the week we moved into Chapin House. My room was next to his. I'd been staying there that summer so I moved in early, and Payne had moved in early also. I could hear him clumping back and forth in his room. He was unpacking his books and putting them in the bookcase, although I didn't know what he was doing at the time. Then I heard a crash in the hall and silence, so I went in. I had barely met him. He was helpless so he couldn't get up. I picked him up. He had broken the apparatus on one of his legs at the knee joint. I went down to a blacksmith shop and got a couple of pieces of scrap iron

and fixed him up. He was in a panic. He thought he would have to go back to his home in Terre Haute, Indiana, to get a replacement, because that was where he had bought his artificial legs. I knew of a place. I'd seen it in Des Moines on the street up from the depot to the Eliot Hotel. I knew where it was. I described it to him, and I told him that I knew he could get his leg fixed in Des Moines. They were displayed in the windows, you know, and all that. I took him down and put him on the train. He could have held up an elephant on the scrap iron repair job but it had no flexibility. Looking back on it, I think it's odd that I didn't go down to Des Moines with him. It just shows that when you don't have any money, those things don't occur to you. The idea of taking a trip to Des Moines and putting out the money to do that just never occurred to me. He, also, would have been sensitive about taking my time to do it, so I put him on the train and he got it fixed. Well, that broke the ice with us. After that we were good friends. He and Norm Hall and I were life-long friends.

He was a great man. He was a great internationalist. He was a thinker far beyond most of the people at that time. I think Payne marked a good many of us. I know Paul Appleby was devoted to Payne, and Hall was. Hall deals with him quite a little in his book. Payne tried to get both of us to teach.

He told of the compensations in a teacher's life. It terrified Norm. He couldn't think of it. It didn't appeal to me, particularly, and for one reason. During my college course and for years afterward, I wouldn't get up and make a talk. I was terrified at facing an audience, and the idea of getting up before a classroom and talking had no appeal to me at all. Norman was much the same way. He made one lecture trip after he came back from the war just to get some money to help finance his way to Tahiti. His description of that in his biography is exactly the description he gave me. It was the most terrifying experience he ever had in his life, but he made a little money out of it.

I think if I had devoted less of my energies to what you might call campus or outside activities and more to the classroom, I could have developed some real intellectual interests there at Grinnell which I would have carried on. I didn't. There's just so much energy you can put into things. I do discuss philosophical matters with M.L. Wilson, for instance. I tend to listen more than to talk. I wish I had been a writer. However, I have no complaints, at all. I've enjoyed what I've done. But I still think that if I could successfully do creative writing, I could get more satisfaction out of that. I have accumulated a modest pile of rejection slips in my time. The only articles I've ever sold are factual rather than fiction. That's all.

I know my oldest son can write. I know he writes well. I think he's in a spot where he can develop it. I expect he may do something. I don't know. He's with Gordon Gray's papers in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, as a feature writer.

His name is Chester S. Davis - the S for Smith, his grandfather's name. Chet finished at the School of Foreign Service at Georgetown on a scholarship he won from Eugene Meyer's paper. Then he graduated from Harvard Law School. He was married in his senior year. The Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) was recruiting from his class and since he was anxious to get income he signed up. He was a special agent for five years. That is what led him to his newspaper work.

Gordon Gray wanted to try the experiment of putting someone on his staff who was skilled in investigation, who had come up that route rather than by writing as a reporter. Thinking it over, they thought first of the FBI as a recruiting ground. Chet had been stationed at Winston-Salem for a while, and he knew the town. He had then moved down to the Mexican border. Gordon Gray called him and asked him to come up and talk with him about coming on, with absolute freedom to deal with any social, economic, or political question of general interest in North Carolina. Chet took it. He's now a member of the editorial board and takes his turn running the editorial page, but his main interest is the production of a one-page feature in the

Sunday combined issue which is a by-lined, illustrated article on any subject he chooses. Many of the things he has written have had a good deal of influence in North Carolina. He's writing some good stuff. I think that's what he'd like to do. That's it. He'd like to write.

No one called me "Chet" in Washington. The only people who call me Chet are the Grinnell people. M.L. Wilson calls me Chester. Since my son is generally known as Chet, I think I prefer Chester. I'm used to it. My wife calls me Chester.

This is another thing Grinnell did for me. While I was on the college paper I made the acquaintance of the men who ran one of the Grinnell papers. There were two papers and one of the two was the old Grinnell Herald. The Herald editor asked me if I would spend one summer as their reporter. It was at the end of the period when I had run the business end of the college paper. So I got a chance to work then under some competent editorial direction. I began to really learn how to write a news story, how to write a head, how to make up a paper. So I worked that summer at that, the summer of 1909. That was all the experience I had to take out to South Dakota. I gained plenty of experience in South Dakota. Then I was fortunate in Aberdeen to fall under an editor who was really competent, John Sanders. Aberdeen was the place I went after I had finished running the Journal Observer at Redfield. That was in the interval between the two semesters of my senior

year.

Meanwhile we had moved my family down to Grinnell. My mother was living there with us. A day or two after graduation I received a telegram from the Daily News asking if I would come back. So I went back up to Aberdeen and stayed there a little while. Then I had an offer from Miles City.

This is how my family happened to move to Grinnell. My sister Ida, the next oldest, had finished high school, taken a little teacher training work, and was teaching in a high school out in western Iowa. My brother had not quite finished high school. He was three years younger than I. Mother was living where my sister was out in Westside, Iowa. I don't know how the idea developed in conversation, but I figured that if the family would move down to Grinnell and we could find a small place there, we could pool our efforts and it would be possible for my sister, who was teaching but had never gone to college, and my brother to go to college. My younger brother wasn't really out of high school yet. He took preparatory work in Grinnell to complete his work. So my mother moved down, and we found a small place there. We lived at home, and we all worked. We supported my mother. Prior to that, my sister had taken care of her with the help of the other members of the family. She had stayed with Ida, but we had all contributed what we could. When she came down



to Grinnell, Lewis worked and Ida worked and I worked. We all three were in college my junior and senior years. They got through school that way. So I was at home when the wire came asking me to go back to Aberdeen.

I went to Aberdeen in June, 1911. I worked there for a short time, only for a month or so. I had a wire from the Miles City Star offering me what was a considerably better position. In the meantime I had formed this plan. My sister Pearl and her husband were then located in Seattle where he was practicing medicine. They were good friends of Scott Bone, who was publisher of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Between us we cooked up the idea that if I could get to Seattle with some experience back of me, I could get on the P.I. staff. I had my eye on the West, but thought it would be well to take it by jumps. The first opening came with this wire from Miles City, and I went over there and edited the Miles City Star. A printer - a linotype operator - who had been in Aberdeen had moved to Miles City, and he had told them about me. So the telegram came - as an offer, and I went over there. This was the summer of 1911.

I stayed at Miles City and had typhoid fever that fall. The people were awfully kind. I was taken into the Sisters Hospital. I had been in the doctor's office on the street picking up news. It was Dr. J.H. Garberson's office. He was the Milwaukee surgeon there. Miles City was the Milwaukee

division point. I was in his office and he looked at me and said, "I'm going to take your temperature." I had 106 degrees temperature, and he shot me into the hospital. I had typhoid then. I hadn't felt so good, but I hadn't realized what it was. That was the closest call I've ever had, I suppose. In the meantime, in Bozeman, Montana, two weekly papers had both decided to start dailies. I don't know how the offer came from Bozeman, but I had decided before I went to the hospital that I was going to move on to Bozeman and had agreed to come over when I could conveniently leave Miles City.

I really don't know how my appointment at Bozeman came about. They had heard something of me. I had chances at that time to go to both Bozeman and Missoula. I was working west toward Seattle, and had stopped at Bozeman for rather a trivial reason, I suppose. A boy whom I had known well in Grinnell was going to college there, and I thought I'd just stop off at Bozeman - being intermediate - and then take a chance of getting on to Missoula later. His name was George Roosevelt. He was sort of a distant cousin of the Roosevelt we heard of then - the Theodore Roosevelts. We had made the deal sometime before for me to come there and work. I had had an offer from them. I don't know who had told them of me. They were starting a little afternoon paper, the Bozeman Courier. The Avant Courier had been the pioneer paper's name, and the Avant had been

dropped long before I got there. I had a lot of fun digging into their issues of thirty-five years before. I got there January 1, 1912. I created a "thirty-five years ago" column, and combed each old weekly for enough to fill the six daily issues. I liked Bozeman very much.

The young county agent in Custer County, of which Miles City was the county seat, was a man named M.L. Wilson. I met him there just once, and I don't know that either one of us remembers it clearly. M.L. moved on to Bozeman then, from Miles City. But he had been the county agent in Custer County - one of the original county agents out in that part of the country. I remember his name very distinctly, but I don't remember a meeting with M.L. until in Bozeman. But both of us think we did meet in passing in Miles City. I wasn't there very long, and he was leaving.

The Bozeman Courier was a little afternoon daily. First I was the news editor, and then editor. The editor moved on to Butte, and I succeeded him as editor. It was just a little daily newspaper with the "pony" United Press service. The Bozeman Chronicle had the morning field, with Associated Press service. It had more resources, and it lasted in the daily field. The Courier, after a year or so, dropped back to a weekly. They couldn't make two dailies stick, and the one I was on didn't stick.

I thought it was a wonderful town, with mountains hemming

you around. When I came there, I walked up the main street of Bozeman with snowbanks on either side higher than my head, where they'd dug out. But when you came to the intersection, it almost seemed that just at the end of the street there were the mountains. It was a great fishing place then. It's not so good, now. The tourists have killed a lot of fish since then.

I suppose the most important thing that happened there was that I met my wife. Her name was Helen Smith. She had returned from the kindergarten school she'd been attending in Chicago. It was the Christmas recess, just a year after I'd arrived there - the Christmas of 1912. A mutual friend arranged a date, and we were married in August of '13.

The paper was a Republican paper. In the election of 1912 it supported Theodore Roosevelt throughout the pre-convention campaign, but when the Bull Moose Party bolted the paper stayed regular and supported William Howard Taft. The owner, a man named Henry Sears, determined the policies.

I needed the job, and I wasn't interested in moving on right then. I wanted to stay a little longer in Bozeman. I had become interested in trout fishing and of course in 1913, which was shortly after the election, I had met Helen, so that was as far West as I ever got. We courted on fishing trips. That was not unusual there. I put the paper to bed in the

afternoon. Then a friend who had an automobile would come by with his current gal, and we'd be off to the canyons and fish. Wonderful fishing! I stayed on because we were married and her home was there, and remained there until 1917.

I met M.L. Wilson very shortly after I went up there. I remember the first meeting well because I thought he was a very brusque individual. That was my first impression of him. M.L. had called a number of the then fairly new county agents in for a conference at the college, and I was scouting news wherever I could so I dropped out to see him. I asked him if there was any news about it and he assured me there wasn't. He wasn't intentionally brusque, but he was busy and had a lot on his mind. I thought there was surely a story in it, so I was a little persistent about it. As I recall it, I didn't dig up much on that. But I came back thinking M.L. wasn't particularly cooperative. I'd heard he was a very fine fellow. We really didn't begin to work together until, oh, probably '14 or '15.

The paper supported a straight Republican ticket. I wasn't particularly active in the Samuel V. Stewart campaign. I hadn't been there very long. I wasn't particularly active or interested in politics. I believed in T.R. I wasn't so particularly interested, except as you get interested in team play when you're with a political newspaper. But I wasn't

particularly interested. It seemed a foregone conclusion that Woodrow Wilson was going to get elected, and I hadn't been particularly interested in state politics - hadn't been there long enough.

I think it was in 1913 that we went back on a weekly basis. I supplemented my income by corresponding for the Butte Miner and the Montana Record-Herald in Helena. Outside of trying to establish a home, that was my main occupation. I didn't start working with the college and with M.L. until I think along in 1914.

M.L. started to use me in a very minor way. He was working with an association in the Twin Cities which was interested in promoting better varieties of flax and better flax culture. M.L. wanted me to work with him in preparing some posters, bulletins, and other material. I began working with him then. I think that was in 1914 and '15. I know it was in '15 and then '16 that I used to go with him when he'd go out to call on county agents. I worked with the new county agents to teach them how to write news stories - how to get out their little Farm Bureau News. The Farm Bureaus were county organizations intended solely to multiply the effectiveness of the county agents and the extension workers at that time. The state Farm Bureau federations and the national federation didn't come along until several years later. As

part of their extension movement, they issued these little papers with perhaps four, sometimes six, and sometimes even eight pages. They were three-column affairs. The county agents welcomed a little help with make-up, news story style, how to write headlines, and so forth. I'd go out and work with M.L. like that. I did some work in helping edit some bulletins, get them in a little more popular style.

In that way I grew to know M.L., but our association became much closer after I had left Bozeman. At Bozeman, I helped M.L. with three lines of work. I helped him with the flax publicity, his work with the county agents on some of their problems he thought I could help them with, and with some bulletins the college was putting out. He wanted a little help in trying to popularize them - putting them in layman's language. I was not on the college payroll, at all. I was just working with M.L. and, to some extent, with some other men at the college. It was a friendly relationship and it developed into a very important one.

Harry Hopkins and I corresponded. I wanted to see if Harry would be interested in coming out to edit the paper which Mr. Sears and I had bought in the town adjacent to Bozeman, Belgrade. The town was just a wide place in the road, but at that time when the small town was more important it was the center of a very productive wheat area and general farming area. Mr. Sears and I finally traded that paper for a quarter section of irrigated land over in Park County.

I had another farm interest - you could never call it a farm, however. A former college friend of mine had come to me in Aberdeen. He didn't have enough money to complete filing on a desert claim he had wanted to acquire in Park County. You could take a half section of land as a desert claim and in three years time if you developed an irrigation system that brought water to a portion of the land you could acquire title to it. The residence wasn't so strict on the desert claims as it was on the regular homesteads. I advanced the money for his initial filing fee. He came back again and again when I was in Aberdeen, and I staked him a little. When I went out to Bozeman I was in the county next door to him. He finally proved up on it. When our affair with Mexico broke out, he was anxious to cut loose and realized then that the farm didn't amount to anything and couldn't be made to amount to much. So I took it off his hands and borrowed money on it. So I had those two pieces of farm real estate in Park County. Those were side issues that were not profitable.

I didn't go over and live there. In both cases we leased to adjoining operators. As soon as I saw the half section I knew that it didn't have any possibilities. I don't know what sold him the idea except land hunger which was characteristic of that period. We had been brought up to believe



that all land was valuable and that the price could only go in one direction, and that was up. When I saw the land I realized that it couldn't be made to amount to much. It was rough and broken - very little arable land on it. I imagine it's now incorporated in a range operation for either cattle or sheep up there.

Harry didn't want to come out to edit the paper. Paul Appleby came. I think Paul was on the loose then. He had finished school. He also had been on the college paper. I had known of his work there. He came out and did a good job running the paper. He didn't stay long. There wasn't much opportunity out there. Shortly after he left we traded it for this land. Paul and I had no difficulty out there. We were good friends. I followed his career then when he was publishing an Iowa magazine. I think J. Stuart Russell was associated with him on that. Stu is now the Des Moines Register and Tribune farm editor. Then Paul went to the Des Moines Register as an editorial writer, and we corresponded some then. I rather lost track of Paul when he moved back to Radford, Virginia, and I didn't see him again or hear from him again until we showed up in the Department of Agriculture in 1933.

My acquaintance with the Non-Partisan League really developed in 1917 and the years following when I moved to Great Falls to edit the Montana Farmer. The Great Falls Tribune had started the Montana Farmer some years before and

published it as a great big sheet - I think a seven-column affair - with twelve pages, but not in the usual form for a farm paper. The editor, Harvey Griffin, had bought a ranch in western Montana and was leaving the paper, so Mr. Oscar M. Warden who was one of the partners who owned the Great Falls Tribune property came over to Bozeman to talk to the people at the college about an editor. M.L. was the man Warden wanted for his editor, and M.L. told him he wasn't an editor and didn't want to be but that there was a young fellow down on the Courier who could do it. After talking around at the college, Warden came down to see me. I accepted and agreed to go to Great Falls in April of 1917. Great Falls was more nearly in eastern Montana than in west central Montana, as Bozeman was.

I decided to go because it paid more and it was an adventure. I was still moving some, but in this case it looked like a real opportunity to tackle something new and exciting. But it was something about which I had considerable misgivings. You see, while I had been raised on a farm and all that, I hadn't been technically trained in agriculture and my associations with farm organizations or farm people had not been anything but just personal since I'd left school. However, it really was an exciting change. With M.L.'s assurance that he'd stand by me and help me all the way, and with the feeling

that the people at the college were very friendly and very cooperative, I made the move. I was anxious to try out something else, which I still think was a good idea which worked out pretty well.

I had an idea that the Montana Farmer was using too much material that was in the form of canned stuff, more or less, from the college - hand-outs. Men from Montana State College were most of the department editors. I had an idea that it would be interesting to try to find out the farmers and ranchers who, themselves, were doing significant things, and encourage them to write the story, or to try to get out and see them and get it, myself. I thought we should begin to fill the paper more with communications from the farmers who were farming and doing these things than from the classrooms and experiment station. I think it was a good move. I think it paid off. We changed the paper into the then standard farm paper format - magazine style - somewhat like Wallaces' Farmer is today.

Shortly after I went up there the manager left, and they made me editor and manager. It was a very interesting period. I enjoyed it a lot. My wife liked it very much. She always has been slow to make changes, and has always been sort of a rebel against her environment the first few years after we have moved. Since we've moved frequently, it means

that she's constantly in an uproar. Great Falls was windy. It was out on the edge of the Great Plains, and it was new. Before she left there she loved it. She wouldn't have wanted to return to Bozeman, but she found plenty to complain about in Great Falls. I think she liked Montana while she was living there. I don't think she would want to go back. I know she wouldn't. I'd like to spend part of my time up there. My father-in-law has some ranches up there which are down in the valley and which are crossed by some spring creeks, as we call them - that is, spring-fed creeks that don't freeze over. They are magnificent for the eastern brook and German brown trout. It's some of the best fishing ground. Nobody's fished it much. I always felt that it would be a wonderful thing to take the lower place where the creek, Bull Run, crossed, and then feed out of Bull Run into a good-sized pond. Watercress just grows naturally around there, and I could develop a lot of tame trout right in my front yard. I'd like to have that as a summer place, and go up there for a few months in the summer.

While I was up there I had plenty of time to fish. Bozeman was a small town. Even when the paper was a daily, we'd go to press always before four o'clock. It's a little north there, and stayed light a long time. It would just take a few minutes to get out into the canyons, and you could have your line in the water shortly before five o'clock. I

would do that two or three times a week, and then on Saturdays and Sundays. I didn't get so much fishing in at Great Falls. It was a little farther and I was working harder. Things were more exacting. You know, a job gets to be sort of routine after a while. You develop your sources of news and they feed it to you. That, I think, was one reason why I was so interested in taking that Great Falls job. It was new and different from just another job for a daily newspaper man. Out in Montana you didn't play golf. The outdoors was there. Fishing was a perfectly natural thing, and I did enjoy it there.

One of my great regrets at Miles City was that I was so busy trying to make an eastern standard newspaper stand up in that town that I didn't really get out and get the flavor of one of the last remaining cow towns. At the time it was a real cow town. Freighters loaded up in the middle of Miles City's main street with twelve, sixteen horses, for a trip to ranches 150 miles out. The ranchers were in and out. The cow punchers were in there. The saloons had thrown their keys away - that's the way they put it. They never locked up. Miles City was just full of colorful characters, and I was so busy trying to run a newspaper just as I would back in Sioux City or Des Moines, Iowa, that I didn't get to enjoy them. Well, at Bozeman I got more fun out of it. It was a

lot of fun. I always regretted that I didn't get the feel of Charlie Russell's West. I got to know Charlie Russell in Great Falls, later. But Miles City was a place to really experience that - to get out and ride - get out on the ranches. They were a very hospitable people.

I did do at Bozeman what I wish I'd done at Miles City, except Bozeman didn't have the same atmosphere. It wasn't a cow town. Bozeman was an irrigated valley. It was a farming community and a college town. The fishing there was new to me. I had never done anything except what you call still fishing on a lake or in Coon River, Iowa.

The offer of the job at Great Falls attracted me and challenged me. It was very exciting. It was the kind of thing I didn't know whether or not I could do. I was not a trained agriculturalist. I had always assumed that to be editor of a farm paper you should be expert in something. But it worked out all right. I think that the four years I was editor of the Montana Farmer I was successful. I think the paper developed and grew, and I know I had as much fun out of that as out of anything I've ever done in my life. I got to know the farm and ranch people over the state very well, and enjoyed it thoroughly.

I don't know if I considered very much the significance of the trade for the job in Great Falls. I knew what I was acquiring, and that was a feeling of being in touch with things

of greater reality than I had been in touch with on the daily paper. The newspaper reporter deals with passing events, but when I got to dealing with the problems of making that new land productive, I felt I was in touch with something of greater reality, something more tangible and substantial. It was a new country. You see, the great flood of population had opened up the range land. They were just getting settled onto it. They were having some fine years, which subsequently turned into poor years. There was a feeling of growth and expansion and adventure in the whole farm field at that time.

The Non-Partisan League had been developing in North Dakota - western North Dakota, particularly, right adjacent to the eastern Montana line, so of course it spread over into eastern Montana. When the first signs came on the horizon that dry-land farming wasn't all that the railroad circulars had made it appear to be, why of course the Non-Partisan League began to spread. I attended a number of their conventions. Several were held in Great Falls.

The farmers' organizations, right at that time, were the Society of Equity, and the Farmers Union, and the Farm Bureau. One of the first things I did with the Montana Farmer was to get the existing farm organizations, except Equity which had its own paper, to make the Montana Farmer their

official paper, and I told them I'd give them space in it for reporting their doings, and so forth. I then encouraged the development of a lot of breed associations, livestock associations, which also was extremely interesting. The purebred livestock boom was on, and the bubble didn't break until the early twenties. There was this speculative business of the breeders going to each others' sales and bidding up the prices, and the outsider got rocked when he got in because the price level was artificial. The artificiality was not as apparent to me then as it is now. It was exciting to attend the sales and have bids sent in which you could handle, and so forth, and to build up advertising.

It really was exciting to build up that newspaper. You had the feeling that you were really creating something. It confirmed the hunch I'd had before that it isn't necessary to confess your ignorance at every turn, that if you just kept still in farming circles you could get by with the reputation of greater wisdom than you possessed. In the meantime, I was diligent to learn all I could. It was quite fun. It also broke down my unwillingness to make a public talk, because it soon became apparent that I had to talk. And so I used to talk, although it was agony - believe me! But it was training that I wouldn't have had, otherwise. I don't think I ever got over my fear. I never got over the point where



making a talk wasn't a matter of some concern to me. I always thought, "Well, now, will this be the time you're going to make a total flop and be unable to talk?" which had been my horror before I ever made one.

One of my most amusing experiences was my first one at Bozeman. They have a semi-pro fire department with a few salaried men, and the rest volunteer. To honor the organization, business men put on a firemen's social session annually. Shortly after I went to Bozeman I was asked to speak on their program at the social session. It's a pretty gay affair. Bozeman, as all Montana towns were, was very free with liquor, and the social session was high, wide, and handsome. Sober talk wouldn't go, so I had spent a great deal of time working out a parody in the sense of just twisting the characters of the prominent people precisely in reverse as nearly as I could, and then telling a story as seriously as I could. It was built up around some foolish thing or other. I knew it was all right if I didn't forget it. In casting ahead, I felt probably the biggest danger would be that my mouth would get dry and then it'd be difficult to talk. So, without testing it I thought if I just chewed gum without any ostentation I'd keep the saliva flowing and get along fine. The talk went over big - the first part of it - and they were really cheering and whooping and hollering. Everybody was in a mood to laugh.

Then to my horror I realized that my mouth had gone dry, and I still had that chewing gum there. I forced the words out, but it became an absolute muscular test of whether my tongue could tear loose. I finally absolutely gummed down and had to stop and ream my mouth out before I could finish. That was quite an experience. I didn't repeat the gum-chewing experiment. I don't recommend that anyone else try it. There were ludicrous things about this business of learning to get up and talk. I subsequently have had to do a great deal of it, but it was in the Montana Farmer days that I did more of it.

In the meantime, of course, I saw a lot of Wilson. I worked with him a lot. He counselled me on the important things. We worked together. He was an enormous help. Wilson was a great man to me, from the first time I really got to know him, on through. He is a man who has continued to grow, but he was a big man in his interests and in his human qualities right from the beginning. He was an institution in Montana, even in those days. There have been fewer fundamental changes in Wilson than one would think possible. He then had the same curiosity, the same interest in many divergent lines. He was a man of broad interests then, just as he is now. He was interested in the causes of human behavior. He was interested in how to get at those causes and produce desires

for change. He was already one of the leading amateur collectors of Lincolnia in the country. He lost in the fire at the homestead at Fallon, Montana, what was a very valuable Lincoln library. I think there were 800 volumes, or something like that, and articles, and so forth, lost in the fire there. That was Wilson of that time. He continued to develop. He was a great student of the American Indian and a collector of artifacts. He was well informed about the Indian. He knew and appraised agricultural movements in a way that was fascinating to me. All those things that mark Wilson as the elder statesman marked him then as a very young man.

I have great admiration for him, which really is affection. Of course, I have the sense that probably more than any other individual Wilson has marked and changed the course of my entire life. There was time after time when, during important changes, Wilson was on the scene and was an important figure. My sister and my brother-in-law and M.L. Wilson, undoubtedly, and George Peek were the outstanding people who had an influence on my life. Wilson has to be at the top of the list, really.

I was always interested in his philosophical discourses. We had a mutual friend, Uncle Sam Hampton, who used to make speeches. I hired him on the Montana Farmer to go out and attend farm meetings and try to increase circulation. Uncle

Sam used to tell me, and I think he told M.L. the same thing repeatedly, "Now hang the fodder low. You boys are likely to get out there and pitch it too high. Hang the fodder low." I had no difficulty, because I guess I naturally thought low. I always thought M.L. did "pitch it low" - keep it within reach. I had no difficulty talking to farm groups. I don't think that I stood still for M.L. long, or that he wasted much time on me. I'd talk to M.L. about problems of action. Then when he would discourse on other lines, that was just so much net gain. But we'd get the action advice, all right, because M.L. also has been a man of action. At the same time, he's deepened and enriched his philosophy and his grasp of human behavior.

He's the one who said that I must move from Bozeman to Great Falls. He said, "You must do it. You can do it, and the paper needs life and you ought to get up there and do it." He wouldn't, and I was the next choice and so I did it. It was the same way with the next job I took, as head of the state department of agriculture. I thought the move to Great Falls was a move on into a new and interesting field, and a more responsible field. It was an advance in income. It was an opportunity which the Bozeman Courier didn't offer. It was an opportunity to move on, with a risk which now attended it since I had a wife and a son at that time. My Seattle

ambition disappeared after I got to Great Falls. Otherwise, I suppose, if this opportunity hadn't come along I would have attempted to move on to Spokane, probably. I knew we'd get out of Bozeman - I hadn't intended to stay there all my life. It was a pleasant place, however, and I wasn't in any particular hurry to go. It was a lot of fun.

I wanted interesting work and some escape from the extremely tight budgets on which we operated in Bozeman. We had had poverty in my childhood. Bozeman had a few wealthy people, but most of the young people with whom we were associated, as the phrase goes, "did their own work" - all of them did - so we weren't conscious of poverty. On a gross income of not to exceed \$40.00 a week, which was about what I scraped up with my correspondence and from the paper at Bozeman, we weren't buying any farms. I wasn't about to buy a farm to go on a farm. I used to go down with my father-in-law frequently to the ranch and walk over it and talk about his problems with him. I was not particularly concerned, except as a family proposition. My wife says it bored me. She likes to remind me that my trips with the doctor and tramping over the ranch bored me. It bored her, and she says it bored me, too. I suppose it did. Farming was not much in my thinking then.

There were opportunities to go into business that would

have been the right choices from the standpoint of income. Money isn't a prime consideration in the life of any civil servant, and if you're doing your job you just don't think about your personal affairs. I know during the thirties and forties I paid no attention, whatever, to investments. I wasn't interested in the up's and down's. I had had my fingers burned once in the late twenties when I'd tried to figure what wheat was going to do. It was really in the early thirties.

Interesting work and challenging work are the things that have concerned me. A challenge is a test of whether you can do something or not. I have tackled jobs all along which I felt were probably beyond me. That's a challenging thing - to see whether you can ride the horse or not. I think more young people tend to be diffident than overconfident, to be more doubtful of their capacity than assured of it. I have always tried to dress up and give them "Dopey" McIlrath's advice to me - don't ever admit for a minute in your mind, or to let anybody see it, that you can't do any job that comes along. But it's interesting to have it put to the test. I don't care for a job after it becomes largely routine, unless it carries with it the opportunity for outside activities that are purposeful and exciting. Now, I think I could have stayed as president of the Federal Reserve bank of St. Louis as long

as they would have kept me and would have been extremely busy, because the opportunity there to participate in movements for the economic development of that interesting part of the United States was endless, and it was something Federal Reserve banks have not ordinarily done.

I wasn't motivated by causes, unless participating in the better use and development of resources is a cause. That is the thing that I have probably been more interested in the last fifteen years than anything else. There was some of it in the Triple-A, although we were primarily concerned with income. Later in the Federal Reserve system there was this opportunity to activate bankers to use the leadership they naturally possessed to promote the better development and the wiser use of the resources in their communities. I don't know whether that's a cause, or not, but it was an objective that was very interesting. For me, the trouble with "causes" has been that I always see the other side of the thing. It just isn't all one side. That is a handicap to the leader of a cause, all right. You've got to be singleminded - almost fanatically so - to lead a cause. I have never been that devoted to a cause. I can see the weaknesses in many of the things that I was active in.

I think the owners of the Montana Farmer were proud of what happened. I think they watched with kind of an

amused tolerance while we were getting it underway. They took great pride in the property that the paper developed into. It became, and still is, a very good piece of the Great Falls Tribune property. Mr. Warden is dead now. He's a boy who came out from New England to Great Falls. He and William Bole bought and developed that property. Both of them were New Englanders.

The Non-Partisan League interested me very much. I sympathized with what they were getting at. I thought that the leaders were using pretty bad tactics in selling their bill of goods by personalizing the business man whom the farmer dealt with as the devil and the cause of all his misfortunes. Yet, on the other hand, I felt equally critical of the grain trade and the state chambers of commerce, and so forth, for their aloof, patronizing and superior attitude with respect to the farmers. There were ways in which they should have joined hands, but the business leadership was not smart, either. I think the Non-Partisan League was a fairly normal development. It used to shock me sometimes to discuss with some of the farmer members - many were not paid leaders, or anything of the kind - and realize how far they accepted the completely socialistic doctrine. It used to shock me that some of those Scandinavian farmers and others who were developing pretty good farms up there did not have the pride in



ownership of land that I'd expected. We'd get to discussing what the state ought to do, and I'd contend that there was some virtue in their doing it for themselves - individually and cooperatively. The reliance I had sort of had on the farmer's pride of ownership of his land was rudely shocked sometimes.

The Montana Farmer never fought the Non-Partisan League. We reported, as news events, most of the developments. I think we treated them sympathetically rather than scornfully, but we didn't buy their bill of goods. I don't know whether I consciously determined that socialism was not for me. It didn't appeal to me. It didn't seem to make sense, as far as the farmers were concerned. On the other hand, we were trying to strengthen and develop the cooperatives as much as possible up there. That seemed the hopeful way rather than state ownership. They had many hard times in the grain co-ops there in Montana, and there were a lot of things to complain about. We were producing at that time a very high protein wheat in Montana. It was dry-land wheat with a high protein content. The grades on which it was bought and sold didn't really reflect the inherent values, the premiums, which the high protein wheat bought. There was the natural complaint against the Montana millers that they bought their wheat at Twin City prices, minus freight, but sold the flour on a competitive

basis with outside flour. Well, looking back on it, I don't think any of the flour millers were getting rich from the deal, but you can understand how the farmers felt. I've heard the same story all my life about packers, but promotion of a full-grown new local packing institution generally fails. The farmers feel they ought to be able to pay the high price for the hogs and then sell the product cheaper than the outside product. Well, it doesn't really work that way. I had nothing personally to do with the Non-Partisan League. I met and knew and talked with most of the leaders, at one time or another, but I was a little skeptical about that quick and easy way to settle the difference.

The crop failure that followed 1912, of course, gave impetus to the Non-Partisan League. Followed by years that were better in some respects, worse in others, it really brought the Montana farmers and ranchers into a pretty tough condition by 1921. These people had come from all over the Middle West and settled on homesteads, plowed up that wonderful prairie land, and had great June rainfalls and great crops for several years. Then before I left the state, there were winters and seasons where well-educated people who had moved into the state with something of a stake, walked off and left it, where their families pieced out their meat with gophers, and underwent real hardships. Those were tough times. That

subsequently led us all to search for some activity that could bring prices up. We were struggling with the problem of getting markets that would reflect the true value of our wheat, for example, but the movement hadn't developed. With the Non-Partisan League churning all around you, you were naturally thinking of what could be done. It really didn't hit Montana as a real problem until the break in prices in '20 and '21.

The Non-Partisan League continued. Lynn Fraser was Non-Partisan League governor of the state. It continued all through the period in which I was commissioner of agriculture. Fraser was in North Dakota. Samuel V. Stewart during the war years, and he called one of the first conferences I attended on emergency relief for some areas that had been hard hit by the '17 drought.

There isn't much to my story on up to 1920. It is just one of growth and development of the paper, and my increasing awareness that the farm problems weren't simple. I was aware that we had some years of trouble ahead of us in Montana. Of course, there was a war on. I made my first trip to Washington in that period. David F. Houston was Secretary of Agriculture, and he called the farm paper editors in for a conference, which was quite an exciting adventure for me. That was either in '17 or '18. It was November. The man I teamed up with more

than anybody else was Ben Lawshe, who came down representing the Dakota farmer. Ben and I went on into New York together. It was the first time I'd seen New York. I never have liked New York, but it was a tremendous excitement and I suppose I did more sight-seeing around New York than I've done subsequently.

It was an interesting experience meeting the farm paper men. I particularly remember Clifford V. Gregory. It was the first time I'd met Cliff. Carl Williams was another who was very vocal and active in this meeting. He represented the Oklahoma Farmer. He was a member of the Federal Board later. I remember George Irving Christie, who was Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, impressed me as quite a finished character. I met Chester Morrill. Christie was with Houston in the department. I went in to talk to Morrill and, I think, to Charles J. Brand about grain grades. Chester Morrill was in the department, and was interested in grain grades and grain standards. That was something I was very much interested in, so I went to talk to him about some of our problems. I sat in and listened while he was holding a hearing, I remember, on rye grades. Of course, I got to know Chester very well in the Federal Reserve organization later. But he was in the Department of Agriculture then. He was important in the grain standards, packing, stockyards, and the regulatory activities.

I thought of packers and stockyards in connection with Chester Morrill because of this development: Henry C. Wallace, who was the Secretary in the Warren G. Harding Cabinet, subsequently offered me a position in the Department which would have combined the packer and stockyards and the grain standards administration. He wanted to bring all the enforcement agencies into one. Morrill, at that time, had part of it. That is the reason why I identified Morrill with packers and stockyards back in that first meeting. But I'm sure he was associated with the grain standards at that time as well.

I thought Charles J. Brand was a very imposing looking gentleman. He was a good egg - but very pompous. I thought highly of Charles. He was that sort, but fundamentally he was an awfully nice fellow. I don't think he was a good administrator, although he had a reputation for being one. In our Triple-A set-up he proved to be a terrific bottleneck. I had told Henry A. Wallace that he would be.

I didn't meet Henry A. Wallace in 1917, and I don't think his father attended that meeting. I don't remember who represented Wallaces' Farmer. I'm sure Henry A. didn't, because Henry A. in the early years when I was beginning to become acquainted was more of a retiring economist - statistician type. He was not active in the editorship of the paper. His father was, at that time. I don't recall who was there for Wallaces'

Farmer. I don't think Donald R. Murphy was. I had gone to school with Don's brother, and his name would have impressed me. M.L. didn't go. There were just representatives of farm papers.

I met W.J. Spillman. I think M.L. assisted me in my hotel reservation, and he had given me notes of introduction to the man who was in charge of the division of extension into which Montana fell. His name, I'm sure, was Lloyd. I saw a little more of Spillman later, but Spillman and Lloyd I met in the Department, all right, at that time. I confuse what I'd heard and read of Spillman a little bit, although I have a very clear picture of Spillman in my mind as I saw him and talked with him. He was somewhat like John D. Black - kindly and a little painstaking, slow, and interested in young people. I had the feeling that he was quite interested in our problems in Montana.

I got to know Henry C. Taylor so well in the 'twenties that I am not sure that I met him at that time. My first associations with H.C. Taylor are closely tied up with Henry C. Wallace, in 1924 in Montana and a great deal in Washington, too, in '24 - late '23 and '24. I doubt if I saw Henry Taylor in 1917.

The Department fascinated me. There was a dignity about the old red brick building where the Secretary was then housed.

Of course, this was all new and quite glamorous to me. I spent some time, when I could, up on the Hill. That was very interesting to see it in operation. That's, I suppose, a boy's normal reaction to coming into the nation's capital about which so many pictures had already formed. I always felt that I'd like to be in Washington. I always had an interest in political history. I used to read it a great deal. Believe me, it never occurred to me that I would be in Washington but I thought it was a wonderful place. There used to be a dictionary of American politics that was published. I acquired one in high school days, and it was a Bible. My grandfather raised me on Coin Harvey's literature in the '96 campaign. I'd always been interested in politics, but I think most boys are. It never formulated itself in a program. I wasn't thinking in terms of my being in government. I just thought it was a wonderful place and a wonderful thing for the men who were there. I didn't take the next step and say, "Now maybe someday you'll be down here." That never occurred to me. I should say it didn't!!!

When I made the visit to Washington, I was still thinking in terms of being an editor. That was fairly early in my period with the Montana Farmer, and I was very anxious to do something there. We were concerned with working out cooperative arrangements with a number of farm papers - the Pacific-Northwest

Farm Trio and other farm papers - not in the standard farm paper group of Wallaces' Farmer, Prairie Farmer, and so forth. I was beginning to work on that. This was to promote the use of state farm papers by national advertisers, and then to consider other problems of common interest. It was sort of a small publishers group. I was concerned with an increase in our advertising as well as I was with policy, because I had the responsibility for both on the Montana Farmer. It was a new paper, and to get on the national advertising lists is quite a struggle. Then you have, of course, the competition with the national farm papers for the place in the advertiser's budget. You can make more of an impression if you're joined up with a bloc of states and sell a whole area, than if you're trying to maintain yourself individually. So we were working on that at the time. I was very much concerned with the problems of the Montana farmer, and it never occurred to me that I'd be going back to Washington someday.

We got our national advertisers. We started the association that's since changed and strengthened. The Montana Farmer is on the good lists and is doing very well now. The Rocky Mountain News was one of our competitors. It was published by an old man R.N. Sutherland, who was really a relic out of the pioneer days. He was a kindly old gentleman. It was a weekly farm paper published in Great Falls. Then there



was the Montana Stockman and Farmer. It was published in Helena, owned by the Record there. It was competition. Wallaces' Farmer and Prairie Farmer had no circulation out there. The nationals did - Dakota Farmer did, some. It catered to the purebred livestock people, and conditions were sufficiently alike that Dakota Farmer had quite a large circulation there. The Pacific-Northwest Trio and the Washington Farmer got over in western Montana. I think, by the time I left, we had pretty well taken over the field. Montana has big average farm holdings, and its population is low. So we didn't have many farm families to work with, but we had a high percentage of them as readers and they have a very high percentage today. We became a member of what is called the Audit Bureau of Circulation so that we would have a bona fide audited circulation figure to give to advertisers. That had not been true before, so a comparison with the figures before I came would not be on the same basis. It's my impression that by the time I left we'd approximately doubled our circulation. It wasn't a big circulation. Perhaps when I left it was sixteen, eighteen thousand. Perhaps now it is 30,000. The advertising had gone up more than the circulation. I think the publishers were satisfied. I was.

Montana was the period when I became acquainted with the farm people. I met P.V. Cardon. He was a very attractive

person who was quite a friend of M.L.'s. He was extremely helpful. The Moccasin Experiment Station was not too far from Great Falls, and it used to be fascinating to go down there and see him. My impression was that he was a very finished operator. I had a high regard for him. He was articulate and knew what he was trying to do. That was my impression of him. Cardon and Wilson were different. Wilson comprehended the research mind, but he wasn't a researcher, himself, and Cardon was a research man, interested in research in the proper sense. He really understood the function of an experiment station, I thought. I learned a great deal from him.

I suppose, in a sense, I was the man at that time who took what both of them had to say and sort of put it out. This was unknown land to me, and these men who were responsible in their positions at that time, like M.L. and Cardon, looked like pretty finished performers to me. It was new land to both of them, too, but the difference was that they had been trained for this line of work and I hadn't. They were trained in agriculture. That accounts, some, for my lack of assurance and my admiration of the men who had the basis for assurance in it.

I wish I could have gone to war. We had two babies, and my wife had a cyst or tumor which she had developed with my older son. We were too inexperienced to understand it, so

the child and the tumor amounted to almost half her total weight when the child was born. She's a small woman, and it left her far from well. And our second child was on the way right at the peak of the war. Her father delivered both boys. Against my urging, he insisted upon performing the surgery after our first child was born. He hadn't told us about the tumor until after the baby came. It left her so we were concerned over her health. I've always had the feeling, that anybody would have, that your boys someday are going to ask you, "Where were you in 1917, 1918, and so forth?" I didn't join up. The draft had passed me up simply on the ground of the family situation, and I didn't volunteer.

I remember the elction of 1920 very keenly. That was the year, of course, in which Burton K. Wheeler was nominated by the Democratic party with the endorsement and support of the Non-Partisan League. Joseph M. Dixon, who had been United States Senator from Montana, had retired. He owned a controlling interest in the Daily Missoulian, and had a dairy ranch at the foot of Flathead Lake at Polson in a beautiful place there. Joe Dixon had come out of retirement, and all of us younger men were thrilled. My chief impression of that campaign can be summed up in the word disappointment. I was disappointed, after Dixon was nominated by the Republican party, in the nature of his campaign against Burt Wheeler - much, I

think, as followers of Dwight D. Eisenhower felt during the campaign against Adlai Stevenson after he had secured the nomination. The Eisenhower supporters had zeal and crusading enthusiasm up to the Chicago convention, and there was a feeling of disappointment and flattening out in the campaign as it proceeded. Stevenson made a magnificent impression. He made talks that were impressive, and Eisenhower was somewhat disappointing. It was that way with Dixon. I guess we expected so much. He made what struck me as a very mediocre instead of fiery campaign. He wasn't promising that he was going to do anything and everything and set the state right.

Montana, of course, was a metal-mining state from territorial days on. The Montana constitution had been written, understandably enough, by men who were friendly to the development of the copper industry. That's putting it in the gentlest terms I can. Written into the constitution were all the safeguards that can possibly be imagined which made, many of us felt, an inequitable distribution of tax load. The owner of real property was getting socked - farmers and home-owners and all that. Incomes were not taxed. The metal mines taxation system, safeguarded in the constitution, was a perfect insurance against mining companies being required to carry the portion of the load that was proportionate to their returns. The Anaconda Copper Company (ACM) had been caught up, I think, in its own

political machine so that it was more or less helpless to escape. They had felt for years that the way to play the game was to control the nominees of both parties, and they generally had succeeded. When Burt Wheeler was nominated by the Democrats with the backing of the Non-Partisan League that was anathema. When Dixon was nominated by the Republicans, that was very little better. He was not their choice. But between Burt Wheeler, with the Non-Partisan League - the devil - on his back - which just sent cold chills running up and down the backs of the merchants and business men of Montana - and Joe Dixon, why the company had no choice. It had to support Dixon in the campaign.

We wanted Dixon's campaign to be about the equalization of taxes, but that was played down very very much. I remember making an appointment and going to see him at the Placer Hotel in Helena, one time. Of course, I was not in politics. The Montana Farmer was completely nonpolitical. The Montana Farmer was owned by a paper which was Democratic, the Great Falls Tribune, which was one of the leading Democratic papers. I had hoped for so much from Dixon that I made an appointment and went up to see him in his hotel room. I just screwed up my courage and told him I was let-down and disappointed by his campaign, and that many of the younger men of the state felt the same way. I said that here we had hoped for so much from

him in the way of leadership, and he was putting on a campaign that was not offensive to the most conservative people there. I said that Burt Wheeler, on the other hand, was out-promising the moon. Dixon was a chain cigarette smoker, and he started walking up and down the hotel room, puffing away, not at all angry but interested.

When I got through he said, "Well, now, Chester, let me tell you something. Let me just give you a little lesson in practical politics here and now. Do you think I could get anywhere in this election by trying to out-Non-Partisan League Burt Wheeler? I mean, now just ask yourself that question." He said, "I'll answer it for you. I couldn't. The company [ACM] didn't want me as the nominee. They don't want me now as governor. The company didn't want me nominated, and they don't want me elected. But they have to go along with the conservative elements of this state, which just can't take Wheeler. They just feel they can't take the Non-Partisan League, and so the company is in a fix. Now, my job is to carry on this campaign in a way that promises them nothing. You haven't seen me signing anything away. But on the other hand, I've got to get the votes of the conservative element of this state or I won't be elected. That's all there is to it."

I went away somewhat reassured, but still thinking he

ought to make a few faces at them. When he was elected and delivered his message to the state legislature, it was a bombshell! He really went from start to finish, and he lined up the things that Montana needed, most of them requiring constitutional amendments. They started with the metal mines tax and a call for a permanent and independent tax commission. The tax commission was ex officio then, and if you got the secretary of state and the governor and the state auditor elected, why then you had the state tax commission because they were its members. He had plans for a severance tax on the metal mines and a tax on the development of hydroelectric power, and so forth. It was a complete revision of the tax system together with some other reforms the state needed. The other reforms were mainly in the direction of a shorter ballot, with more responsibility centered on the governor and less on elective officers who made up boards and commissions that really controlled the state. It was to me an electrifying document, and the Montana Farmer carried an editorial on that, which hailed it as a great event, without consulting the owners of the Tribune. It was to me. It was a great one.

Dixon in his campaign had promised, among other things, the creation of a strong department of agriculture, combining all of the state activities that dealt with agriculture. I thought he had stressed it too much because he made it the

center of his agricultural policy. He promised, as he put it, to go out and get the ablest man he could find in the state and pay him enough to get him, and to build up a real department of agriculture that would do great things for the farmers and ranchers of the state. That sounded to me like promising a great deal for a department, but on the whole his message was a good one. He had campaigned on this department of agriculture issue. Our paper didn't support anybody. It was a farm paper, and as such we didn't take a partisan attitude, but I did write an editorial on his first message, with a great deal of satisfaction.

The commissioner of agriculture business actually didn't develop until after Dixon's message - after he'd taken office and things had drifted along. It was in March before the governor reached the point where he was trying to make a choice. I probably had a talk with M.L. back in December. I don't remember that talk. I remember this. M.L. and I had talked a number of times and I had told M.L. and I had told Governor Dixon that Wilson was the man who had to be the commissioner of agriculture. It was true that I had no idea of doing anything but running the paper in Great Falls - it was true right up until the evening that he locked M.L. and me in the room. I have no doubt that M.L. and I discussed what the governor was intending to do and the fact that he was looking for a man, but



I don't remember that conversation as having anything to do with me. It never occurred to me at all that I would be Commissioner of Agriculture. I thought of M.L. as being the one, all the way through. All during the campaign I'd figured that M.L. should be chosen. So we may have discussed it and discussed who would be the man. I know I had conveyed to the governor my feeling that Wilson was the man to take it.

I had not had a great deal of contact with the governor. I had gone up to see him at the state house when I was going through, to discuss this question with him. I talked to him about M.L. That was early. Then on another occasion when I had to go to Bozeman to deliver the commencement address for the short course graduates - I'm sure that was in March - I stopped to see the governor. I think he had called me and asked me to stop by and see him. I talked to him about Wilson again and he said, "Well, M.L., unless we can make him change his mind, won't take it."

I said, "I know he's not seeking it but I believe he'll take it."

"No," he said, "he won't. What do you think of George M. Lewis of Manhattan?" George Lewis ran the Manhattan Ranch Company. He was a graduate of Dartmouth, I think, and a very strong liberal and a well-informed man.

I said, "If M.L. won't take it, I think George Lewis

would be wonderful."

He said, "Well, I think so, myself. Wilson won't take it. I'm going to try Lewis."

I said, "He'd be a good appointment." He had been one of Dixon's strongest supporters in the 1912 campaign when T.R. was the candidate. He'd followed Dixon all the way through.

So I went over and made my pitch at the graduating exercises. I was on the street downtown when I was called to the telephone office, which was just off main street. It was a long-distance call, and it was Dixon. He said, "Can you get on the train and come right back here? It looks as if the mantle on this thing is going to have to fall on you."

I told him, "Well, now, it just sure isn't." Then I really became concerned about Wilson. I said, "Let's get Wilson in there and let's make him take it."

"Well," he said, "I'd love to have M.L., I'd love to have you, but the point is we're going to have to name somebody and name him right away." M.L. was up in eastern Montana in Plentywood, I think - clear up in northeastern Montana. I got him on the phone and he arranged to come right in and I arranged to meet him at Great Falls so we could ride in to Helena together and talk this over. We did. We came down on the train and went to the governor's house after dinner. The governor came in and we talked about the state of affairs, pleasantly, in a little library that he had there. Finally

he arose and he excused himself and said, "Now, I'm going to go and leave you two gentlemen here, and when you come out I want you to tell me which one's going to be the Commissioner of Agriculture because I'm going to name him in the morning. It's one of you two, and you've got to fight it out between yourselves."

M.L. and I sat and looked at each other. I don't remember the conversation. I know this, that Wilson would not take it. He would not take it. He felt that his life work was in education, and he did not want to get over in an administrative job of this sort. He reassured me that I could do the job and do it successfully, and he was insistent that I should. The upshot was that he wouldn't and I could take it - I was free - so when we went out we told him I would be the appointee. I would say that's the second time when, at a very critical point in my life, M.L. was standing there. I know this. I know Dixon did call George Lewis. I know he offered it to George Lewis, and I know George Lewis said he couldn't take it - couldn't afford to leave the ranch - but that he should get me. Lewis said me instead of M.L. Now, the chances are Dixon and he had discussed M.L. and he had understood that M.L. would not do it, because Dixon was convinced, I'm sure, that M.L. wouldn't take it. Whether he offered it to M.L. - as I think he did - beforehand, I don't

know. I'm sure he did because he was so positive that M.L. wouldn't take it.

This job carried with it \$5,000 a year, and I was quite sure that that would please Mrs. Davis. I had a profit-sharing arrangement with the Montana Farmer, but it would have been somewhere around \$3,600, I would imagine. To me \$5,000 salary was wonderful. There weren't too many of them in Montana. I think the governor, himself, was the only officer in the state that was paid more. I was confident that that would please Mrs. Davis. We had no particular attachments in Great Falls, except that she had a lot of good friends, and my work was interesting, and all that. This was, to me, sort of one of those breath-taking affairs that I certainly had not anticipated. It had not been even intimated to me that I was under consideration, although M.L. might have expressed to me the opinion that I'd be a good man for it, but I would excuse that as bias on his part. He may have. But until Dixon telephoned me, the thought really had never entered my mind that this would come, and I did not seek it at all because, again, it seemed like the kind of a job that I wasn't particularly well qualified to do. Again, agriculture was a recently acquired interest. I felt that others could do it a lot better than I could.

In each case where I've had that feeling, I've questioned

whether my training and capacity adapted me to that job. It hasn't been a serious question in recent years. It's the kind of a thing you can get over. It used to be a very serious question. I didn't know how the hell I could make a success of this job, but it's good for your glands to undertake things that you think you can't do. I suppose I rushed into this one without thinking, because I thought about the job and the nature of the job and what could be done to make it helpful to Dixon and to the farmers. I was thinking of all those things, which was a reason why I felt that a great leader like M.L. would be better. He had the confidence and the acquaintance of the farm people of the state to a degree that nobody else even approached. I don't think I feared that I would fail, but I felt that Dixon was entitled to the best the state could give him and I genuinely felt that M.L., and I would include George Lewis, both would have gone in and brought to it not only experience but a position of solidity in the farming and ranching life of Montana that I didn't have. I was perfectly honest in indorsing George Lewis. I certainly didn't want to let Dixon down because my feeling for Dixon, at that time and throughout my term with him, was one amounting close to hero worship.

I have a book written by Oscar King Davis. He wrote Released for Publication - the story of the 1912 Campaign. In it there's a full-page picture of Dixon, a preposterous

thing, with a funny old hat on - a good picture of Dixon. He devotes a page or two in his book to Dixon, who was the pre-convention campaign manager of Theodore Roosevelt, and later the chairman of Bull-Moose national committee. He said that of all the men he had ever met in his life, Dixon had the highest degree of political genius. He rated him the tops of any political leader he had ever seen. I never met anybody that I thought was a better political leader or leader in a political government than Joe Dixon. He certainly fought the fight - and, of course, he wasn't re-elected. But he really drove through the changes and rewrote the political structure of the state, particularly in the taxation field. Many of the advantages were not retained but you don't lose them all. I think Dixon's four years were four great years, although they were years of considerable unhappiness and anguish so far as the company was concerned.

I think I called Mrs. Davis up that night, and told her. She was very pleased and excited about it, but when the time came to make the move she really hated to move down to Helena. Helena was the capital, but it was still only about 12,000 or 13,000. It's an interesting city. It grew on the two sides of Last Chance Gulch, a placer mining gulch. The hills are steep as they go up either side. It's built right up the slope of Mt. Helena, which would be a mountain on the plains

but isn't so much of a mountain as compared to the Rocky Mountains. It's an old mining town. I think Great Falls, when I was there, was about 28,000 or 30,000. Mrs. Davis had made her friends, and that has been the trouble with all the moves we have made. I think she's suffered more than most women do. You'd think that roots would become inured to rupture so that you could tear them up a few times and then they'd only be tentative in the way they set up, but not with her. She sinks them deep. Most people would regard a move from St. Louis to San Marino as not a bad move, yet it has been harder for her to become adjusted to the change here, I believe, than in any other move we've made.

I became secretary of agriculture of the state of Montana in April, 1921. The state legislature, following the governor's message, had to enact legislation consolidating the activities and creating the new department, which it did. The reason Dixon felt he had to make the appointment was that the bill had been enacted, the department was created, and it was headless. That took place in late March or very early April.

I had nothing directly to do with the tax program. That was outside the department which I headed. My department included other things than agriculture because it, after all, was a constitutional office and the legislature simply added

things to it. It was known as the Department of Agriculture, Labor and Industry. Along with other appointees of the governor, I supported his program. To the extent we could we were influential with our friends in the legislature. He didn't ask us to campaign or do anything outside the line of our duty, but I remember doing what I could to try to influence some of the farm members of the senate and house on some of the matters.

I didn't have an agricultural program when I went to Helena. I wanted to see if we could make the department a rallying point for the farm interests of the state. I wanted to see if anything could be done to improve some of the conditions surrounding grain marketing there. I was not wholly thinking of co-ops. I was thinking of the old problem of handling grain in such a way that the farmers got the premium paid for the high-protein wheat grown in that part of the country. We had a number of official grades, and number one and number two northern were the grades given to the hard spring wheat grown there. Those grades applied to wheat regardless of whether it had low or high protein content, provided its weight per bushel and other external characteristics met the requirements.

Montana had a lot more grain than it had storage facilities for within the state. Farmers sometimes liked to deliver



their wheat and take a warehouse receipt for the storage of the grain, in expectation of a more favorable market later. Sometimes they had a feeling that the market was down at the time of harvesting and marketing, and they always were optimistic it would be better later. That wasn't always the case, but because of that feeling the practice of delivering wheat to elevators and taking a warehouse receipt had grown to be quite common in the state. But the elevators were not storage elevators. Their total capacity didn't permit holding the wheat at the point of delivery, so the warehouse receipts then in use gave the elevator man the option of making delivery of the wheat at the point of receipt, or at the terminal markets in the Twin Cities where they were permitted to deliver wheat of like grade. Wheat being a fungible product, it couldn't be agreed to deliver identical lots of wheat. Like grade might mean wheat which actually had a market value of ten or fifteen cents a bushel less than the wheat the farmer had sold, because of the variation in protein content.

I think one of the continuous struggles I had was an attempt to devise and require the use of a new warehouse receipt which would require delivery of grain not only of like grade but like quality, in order to insure that the farmer got the added value which the high quality of wheat grown out on the northern plains there entitled him to. We prescribed a

change in the warehouse receipt then in use. There was considerable difficulty about it. We established a grain testing laboratory with a service to enable the farmers to determine what their protein content was. You can't tell by looking at it. There was considerable difficulty. I think we got some improvement worked out in that.

One of the most difficult problems that arose during my term as commissioner grew out of the failure of one of the large cooperatives that had been started a few years before I took office. The Montana Grain Growers had grown out of the Equity and the old Farmers Alliance movement. It was a movement to set up a chain of country elevators and to market the grain under central direction. It was a bonded company, as all the grain marketing concerns - private and cooperative - were. This practice of issuing warehouse receipts and shipping out the grain got that co-op into real trouble. It got the department, which had the responsibility for administration of the grain laws of the state, into plenty of trouble. The management of this cooperative had been delivering grain at terminal, selling it, and then attempting to protect itself by the purchase of futures, instead. It got caught when the spread between the option which the future held - which is simply a contract on somebody's part to make delivery at some future date - and the cash market worked against them. The first

intimation that we had of trouble was when they had difficulty making actual delivery on warehouse receipts. It wasn't the middle of the depression as far as the nation was concerned, but it was right in the depression as far as Montana knew it.

As soon as the situation was known, we put inspectors on it. We closed them and called the bond. They immediately went into receivership. The attempt to realize on that occupied a good deal of the time of the division there. The bonding company failed, also, and we had a real time - which is one of the lessons that there's no magic in the cooperative. A cooperative can succeed only if it has excellent management and gives the same kind of service at less cost or better service at an equal cost than the farmer can get from the merchants who are not cooperative merchants.

Aaron Sapiro didn't have anything to do with this. The Sapiro movement reached the state following this. It was during my term there that the Montana wheat growers were organized along the Sapiro contract lines. It reached quite a number of farmers. The plan consisted of the three-year contract giving the cooperative the exclusive right to market the wheat. This was a part of the similar movement that covered all of the western states - the western wheat growers - which were under A. Sapiro contracts. That was not related to the Montana Grain Growers.

The basic difficulty was the continuing drought in Montana, and the falling prices. Two years before I went into office, we had an experience that really flattened the livestock industry in the state. The year 1919 followed a year of drought and low feed production in the state. It was a long and very severe winter. The cattle population was high and the prices were high, too, so the farmers and stockmen, generally, bought feed, where they didn't have enough to carry their stock through, wherever they could find it. Counties would organize crews and send them back to Minnesota and Wisconsin, to contract for acreages of slough hay and cut it, bail it, and ship it back to Montana. Slough hay is very poor feed. Prices got too high. One extreme case I knew of in Great Falls, Montana, was when the costs amounted to \$90.00 a ton by the time the hay was laid down there, and it was very poor feed.

Well, after going in debt and using up their resources to feed the cattle through the winter of 1919-1920, the break in cattle prices came. The cattle that had been carried through at a high price didn't command enough return on the market to pay even the feed costs for the winter, let alone what they were worth. That added to the spotty and poor grain crops and created a basic condition that was very difficult to deal with. That really started the agitation and the drive to

do something to offset the drop in farm prices that had taken place. It was realized that there was very little you could do about the rainfall. Farm prices had taken a dip. Following May, 1920, it really got bad.

There was very little you could do about the problem of dry-land farming. There was disillusionment about dry-land farming. Some people who stayed it through have really transformed the state today, but at that time they were just struggling and trying all the practices that the college and experiment stations had developed. Still, you couldn't produce moisture when the moisture wasn't there. There was very little you could do. I wasn't under any illusions, I think, as to what a state department or a state could do to meet a situation like that. It was a case of just trying to deal with the problems that might offer some hope of help. Very soon - about midway in my four-year term-we were preoccupied with various plans or thoughts as to what could be done to help out the situation.

I constantly leaned on the people at the college and the farm leaders of the state. There were a number of fine earnest men in the legislature. The lieutenant governor was an old Granger and Farm Bureau man, a close friend of mine. His name was Will McCormick. He's dead now. He was a home-spun "David Harum" sort of a man. I think my four years there

were interesting because, while I don't think we accomplished much to carry out the governor's high promises, I think we did organize a good state department of agriculture. I think the lessons learned there were more of a negative character than a positive one. I learned to distrust magic solutions, all right. I learned the hard way the limits to voluntary cooperative action by the farmers, themselves. During the 'twenties this led me to be very skeptical of the claims that were made for the Sapiro-type cooperatives. The basic condition under which they operated was that the farmers were subject to the world price. The fundamental difficulty with the Sapiro plan was that no matter how thoroughly a commodity is organized, the members of the cooperative are still not one-hundred percent of the total. They'll be short of one-hundred percent. The attempt, through voluntary action, to stabilize and strengthen the market for the whole commodity had to be at the cost of the members. That is, if a portion of the crop were withheld from market in order to secure a desired price, that meant that the returns which the members received would be currently less by the proportion of the crop that had not been marketed. Of course, they could borrow against that, but even so there were certain responsibilities assumed by the members which were not assumed by non-members. But since the effect sought was to influence the market price for all the

commodity, those who were not members got the full benefit without paying any of the cost. Those who were members were holding the umbrella over the outside producers.

My conclusion was that those who were inside would be subject to a constant pull to get outside and cash in and let the others carry the load. It led me to think, when the real break came on us in the '30's, that the machinery of government was required to help equalize the load over all the producers of a commodity provided the majority of them favored the action. That is something of the principle in the city improvement districts, the drainage districts, and so forth. Those were lessons that were being learned - but slowly.

In this period, I didn't make many trips to Washington until the winter of 1923-'24. I did not know Henry C. Wallace until he came out to Montana accompanying President Harding on his trip to Alaska. When I went down to Washington in '23-'24 it was at his invitation, and I worked very closely with him for a matter of several months. I followed the Harding agricultural conference in January with a great deal of interest and some disappointment. But I was completely busy in Montana and I didn't get active in this until after the middle of 1923.

I had the sense of belonging to an administration that really was accomplishing something in Montana. I had that feeling. In the department there was a great deal of frustration.

The satisfaction came from what appeared to be the friendliness and the cooperative attitude on the part of the farmers and stockmen of the state in all the little things we were trying to do. But as I look back on it, it was not a period of accomplishment as far as any great addition to the welfare of the farmers of Montana was concerned. This was my first crack at administration except for the relatively simple administrative responsibilities of the Montana Farmer. I didn't have much of a staff at the Montana Farmer - two or three field men and the office staff, but I thought of it as an administrative job. Administration meant to me the selection of competent people and the delegation of authority to them in their field, and then giving them enough supervision to make sure that they cleaned up as they went along. No policy had been laid down in the basic law of the Department of Agriculture. The policy was more or less played by ear and determined by staff conferences and consultation with the sort of an informal Council of Agriculture which I set up with the farm leaders. Council seemed to be the appropriate word for it. I set it up shortly after I came in in 1921. It was composed of the heads of the farm organizations. It was informal in the sense that it wasn't provided for in the legislation. It was composed of the heads of the Grange, Farmers Union, Farm Bureau, and what cooperatives there were. While the livestock



growers had preserved the independence of the livestock sanitary board and the state office that looked after brand registrations, which were not in the department of agriculture, our relations were cooperative and very close. So the livestock men were represented on the council. I don't think that's where the name Council of Agriculture came from later on. I wouldn't imagine that they had any national impact. It's a perfectly natural name to describe something.

Policy, then, such as there was, grew out of our internal staff discussions, our discussions with leaders in the state capital - members of the house and senate who were concerned with and informed about agriculture - and out of this council of outside advisors, plus consultation with the college pretty much. That gave such policy light as we had. Because of the problems with the Montana grain growers, that part of our action was pretty much a rear guard action, although I think we made some progress on the problem of getting the values for the wheat growers. I think the failure of the Montana grain growers enabled us to help check the practice which almost could be considered conversion of wheat - the practice of buying it and selling it on the market and then trying to protect yourself by hedging rather than by owning the actual wheat. I suppose some good things came out of it, but as I've checked back over the years I haven't felt that the contributions of the department

lived up to the governor's high hopes, by any means, although he didn't seem to be dissatisfied with it. It probably was possible to do more than we did, but it was impossible for me. I could see nothing else to do. I don't know what more a state department could have done.

Our policy came from Farm Bureau, Extension, and other organizations. Farm Bureau was fairly new. It was in its infancy. The Grange had strong able leadership and a good membership in some localities, but as a state-wide body it wasn't too strong. Of course, the ritual which held the whole family interest was an important part of the Grange, but the Grange in the West and nationally from that time on was concerned with policy, all right. The Farmers Union was very active. It had several members who were members of the legislature. I think the Union was stronger than the Grange. The Farm Bureau had a more evenly distributed membership because it was a federation of county farm bureaus which had been set up by the extension movement.

I didn't go to Harding's agricultural conference in Washington, but I followed it with a great deal of interest. We began to hear names we hadn't heard before - George N. Peek and Hugh S. Johnson. This was the first time I'd ever heard those names. I hadn't met those men yet. I imagine I heard about "Equality for Agriculture" at this time. The term was

associated, of course, with the Peek-Johnson presentation in this conference. Subsequently it hadn't been a rallying cry in Montana, in '22. It didn't begin to be used until after the middle of '23, as I recall. The conference didn't yield much. I don't know that we expected much. The results were not particularly impressive. I sent for all the reports I could get and read them. It was in '22. I discussed the "Equality for Agriculture" plan with some people in Montana. The problem of dealing with the "surplus" was in our minds, and it was obvious that there were some people thinking of it down in Washington at that time.

The Capper-Volstead Act didn't particularly mean anything to us in Montana. We were interested in the Intermediate Credit Act - that was '23. As far as I personally was concerned, I thought the Fordney-McCumber (tariff) Act was bad medicine. I think that feeling was generally under the surface, because when we began to think in terms of action the idea of making the tariff effective for agriculture, as long as the country was committing itself to higher tariffs, was one that didn't require much selling. Farmers understood that.

Nationally, I was not close to the Farm Bureau at all during these years - 1922, '23, '24. In the state I was no closer to it than I was to the other farm organizations. Probably I had more direct contact with the cooperatives than I

did with any of the farm organizations. I don't remember any trips to Washington during these years. The Montana state budget was tight. The idea of making a trip to Washington, unless on call or urgent business, at state expense wouldn't have occurred to me.

I think these were happy years for me. I think they were happier in the doing than I think of them in retrospect, because there always was the sense of activity, and of doing new things. The sense of disappointment that surrounds those years I think is the feeling that I have looking back on them rather than the feeling I had at the time. There wasn't anything personal that made me unhappy in those years. In business it was a period of bank failures. I was caught in a bank in Helena for a little - not much. I only lost what I had there. But that was the general situation all over the state. Banks were closing. Then, of course, the result of the election in 1924 was a shock and a terrific disappointment to me. I didn't expect Dixon to be defeated because I thought he had done such a marvelous job as governor that it was unthinkable that the state would reject him. I suppose I was quite idealistic about it, and I didn't know the facts of life in politics, notwithstanding Dixon's words of wisdom to me four years before and notwithstanding the fact that he told me repeatedly as we went into the last year that this was going to be a tough fight

and that he had no confidence that we could win it.

I think I worked hard as commissioner of agriculture. There was not much fishing. I remember one trip I took with a man, which produced the best fishing I ever had in my life. I went with Bob Parker of the college, who was the active man in the state entymology office, to check the Montana-Idaho boundary line for alfalfa weevil infestation. Idaho had it and Montana was free. We were maintaining a quarantine, but it was always a little bit questionable as to whether the weevil had drifted across the border or not. It was easy to do. So I went with Bob Parker and we personally scouted the alfalfa fields along the Montana-Idaho border. That was in the summer of 1922. When we left our hunt for weevil, we cut back, followed what were really the headwaters of the Missouri River, the Jefferson River branch, up to the ultimate marshes, and came out by west Yellowstone and started on to Madison. On Grayling Creek we hit a pool where as fast as we could cast we brought in rainbow trout of a remarkably even size - of about a pound and a half - and Grayling, which are beautiful native fish and have a spread of fin like goldfish. They're just irridescent in the water. We would bring them in just as fast as we would cast. When we had taken all the fish we thought we could dispose of, we released them when we brought them in.

My older son is a fisherman. He grew to be a very good fisherman. We used to say he could catch fish where there aren't any. I told him about that for years, and ten years later - it was the sixteenth of July, I remember, of whatever year it was - I returned to Montana from the East and went back to that hole with my son. By coincidence I met Bob Parker and his son at the same hole. We didn't catch any fish. I had no idea that Parker would be there. But he had been telling his son, also, about the fishing, and it happened on the same day. I came half-way across the continent to take Chester, and Bob who lived in Bozeman brought his boy up. There we were. We didn't get any fish. Chet hooked onto one big one, but he didn't land it. We did have that fishing, but on the whole there wasn't much time for fishing. We didn't do much of it in those four years.

In June, 1923, Harding and Henry C. Wallace came through Montana. I remember an evening with Secretary Wallace at Governor Dixon's home, which was quite a thrilling experience. Wallace wasn't a voluble man, but deeply serious about the agricultural situation. It was the first time I had met him. Well, he was a stocky, sandy red-haired, ruddy complexioned Scotchman. He gave you the impression of solidity and deep earnestness. He had very great curiosity about the conditions in Montana. Obviously from his talk with Dixon, he had a great

deal of concern about the struggle that was going on in the government between Interior and Agriculture over the old perennial figure of the forest department, and the tug-of-war with the President that obviously was going on. I understood that it was a battle that Wallace was winning, at the time, with Harding. There was some evidence of tension with the Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover. All that listening to the governor and Secretary Wallace discuss those questions, of course, was better than a front-row seat at the theater. It was very interesting. I don't remember anything that was said - just impressions. The whole matter was crystallized, of course, when Henry Taylor came. That was a little later.

I met President Harding on that trip. As a matter of fact, by accident I was presented to him twice. He called the shot the second time. He said, "Why, you and I have met," which surprised me considerably because I thought he was meeting a lot of people around there. I hadn't intended to gang up on him, but it just happened that I was in another group and was shoved along. Harding was a very handsome, impressive-looking man. I think he looked very much the figure of the President. Obviously, his mind was somewhere else while he was meeting people in Montana. He seemed preoccupied, concerned, because he must have known then of developments in the administration which didn't hit the front pages really until

after his death. He must have been aware of them. I remember Dixon's remark following his death that no man could have been more fortunate in the timing of his death than Harding was, because the returning of his body across the country was marked by a great deal of mourning and great public respect. I remember Dixon's conclusion that some months later it would have been a little different.

I am aware that H.C. Taylor was along on this trip. He was with the party at Helena. I think that was the first time I met him. I had known of him a great deal, of course - heard a lot of H.C. Taylor. We didn't really get down to discussing "Equality for Agriculture" until Taylor came to Helena on the subsequent trip he made out west that summer. A sense of contact with Henry C. Wallace was something new that was added by this visit. He was interested in the Montana department, in what we were trying to do. He asked me many questions about it. I gained a feeling of acquaintance with him, notwithstanding the fact that he was very preoccupied and busy, also, on the visit to Montana. Houston was a very cold precise person. The conference with the farm editors he carried on well but carried on just like a man who is doing a chore. With Wallace there was a sense of personal contact. He was far from a dour individual. He was, I think, in many respects, a good deal more of a man's man than Henry A. Wallace.



A man's man is a man who enjoys relaxation and is at ease with other men in a social sense. Henry A. Wallace very rarely was at ease with other men in just a social way. Henry A. was ordinarily just not at ease with people. I am thinking not of my personal experience with Henry C. Wallace, but of his participation in the little poker sessions of the Harding era; the way he enjoyed golf, and liked to get out with men. He would quietly tuck a little chew of tobacco up under his lip. I imagine when he and Harding were together they openly enjoyed taking a chew of tobacco from the same plug and just talking as men do. I never could conceive of Henry A. relaxing and talking with men that way, as his father did - just a casual enjoyment of human companionship, and relaxing in it without leading up to the settlement of problems of any sort. I think that was the kind of a man Henry C. Wallace was.

Montana gained nothing that I know of from the visit of the President and the Secretary of Agriculture. I was on vacation up on Flathead Lake when Harding died in San Francisco. Mrs. Davis and the boys and I had gone up on Flathead Lake.

Eugene Meyer and Frank W. Mondell came west in the fall of 1923. I think they came before Taylor. I remember distinctly when they came to Helena, and Eugene Meyer remembers very well, too, the meeting in Helena to which we had brought men from all over the state to discuss the agricultural situation.

It had been widely advertised that Meyer and Mondell were coming to confer with the people of the West about conditions, and to discuss possible remedies. That was my understanding of it. They discussed conditions, and invited comments and suggestions. It was obvious they were thinking in terms of emergency credit rather than any other relief action. I remember expressing another point of view and questioning the efficacy of more credit to meet the conditions in Montana, in a discussion we had from the floor at that time. I was, of course, affected by the feeling of many of the farm people out in Montana that Eugene Meyer was not primarily interested in the welfare of the farmers, which was an opinion I subsequently changed as I grew to know Meyer better. I shared that feeling at that time. I thought he was primarily interested in just placating and calming down the storm in the West for political reasons. I don't know that I associated him in my mind with Mr. Hoover, but I associated him with the administration, with the financial powers of the country. I thought that they were dealing very superficially with the symptoms and not attempting to get at the causes of our troubles.

I have discussed this trip to the West with Eugene Meyer, since. Evidently, he regarded my part in it as a bit of heckling. I've grown to know him very well and admire him. On numerous occasions he brings it up, jocularly, that I was a

fire-eater and that I certainly tried to make it tough for him out there. I don't think I was a fire-eater, but I did want to make it a little tough for them. I was thoroughly against what they were talking about, and I wanted to make it a little tough. But I'm pretty sure I didn't. I wasn't the type to shout and wave my arms. Challenging them from the floor was something I had to force myself to do, but I felt the questions had to be raised. And they were in the minds of others there. I never was an orator, and the questions were raised deliberately and, I hope, clearly. I haven't the remotest idea what I said, except that I know it was concerned with getting over the point of view that there were some difficulties here that could not be met by extension of emergency credit, and that the Montana farmers and ranchers were already burdened with more debt than they could handle and piling more on wouldn't solve their problems. It was my opinion that we had to get at some way to make the products of the farms and ranches bring more money.

I was frankly surprised, on meeting Gene Meyer years afterwards, to find that our meeting had made an impression on him and stayed with him. I hadn't expected it to, although another session with Mr. Meyer at the time of the agricultural conference to deal with the problems of the northwest, called by Mr. Calvin Coolidge in Washington, I think perhaps tended to deepen Mr. Meyer's impressions a little bit.

I think I was calm in those days. How does one tell? I have done very little thinking back on those years. I don't look back very much, so my memory on some of these things isn't sharpened by continued reflection on them. When a thing's passed, it's passed, and I haven't gone back to mull events over in my mind. I know I was a great deal thinner than than I am now. I didn't weigh over 130 pounds on the hoof. I probably was quick moving, but I never was a rabble rouser in talk in private or public. I didn't do that. I don't think that I was well defined in my opinions, but I was fairly firm in my feelings about things. I don't know that I rationalized them too clearly.

With some regret, I admit that my attitude at the time was probably that Mr. Meyer represented the enemy. Knowing Eugene Meyer since, I know that he was sincerely concerned about the conditions in the West. While Mondell was more of a professional politician than Meyer and his coming along on the trip didn't make it look like an objective economic mission, nevertheless they had a very respectful hearing in Helena and elsewhere in the West. There was no packed meeting and no disorder. I imagine that most of the people in the meeting would have given a rising vote of confidence to Eugene Meyer. Only the agricultural leaders had this feeling of antagonism. We had bankers and leading business men in the meeting, as well.

So there wasn't unanimity of opinion as to what should be done about agriculture, even in Montana.

On October 13, 1923, Henry Taylor and I arrived in Helena from Great Falls. He was crossing the state, being passed from hand to hand, as I recall it, by extension personnel. I'm not sure whether Nils Olsen was with him on that trip, or not. Olsen came through a subsequent time. Taylor was a shrewd questioner, and he was asking questions as he came across the state. I went down to Great Falls to meet him, and we came on into Helena. It's a matter of a few hours from Great Falls to Helena. We talked about the situation in Montana against the background of the developing national situation in agriculture. He was full of questions as to what I thought the causes of the difficulties were, what I thought might be done, and particularly what the farmers might be thinking about. He asked if we - the people in Montana - had followed the discussions in the agricultural conference that had been held in '22, and if we had formed any opinions about any of the variety of suggestions that had been made there. We went to the Placer Hotel when we arrived in Helena. M.L. spent that evening with us. I may have brought down the lieutenant governor - I don't know. His name was Will McCormick. He was present at the dinner meeting that night.

That night we went to Governor Dixon's for dinner. I don't think we had a drink before dinner. As I recall it,

Governor Dixon never served any liquor in his home. During the period I was closely associated with Dixon, I don't believe I ever saw him take a drink, although in his earlier years Dixon had consumed his share of liquor, so I've been told. It wasn't served at the executive mansion in those four years. So we didn't have a drink, I'm sure.

It was a very interesting evening in which Henry Taylor really conducted a seminar. During the meal the conversation was general, but afterward he employed the Socratic method of bringing out points of view. Some people in Washington, who questioned the purposes of his trip, I've been told, felt that he employed it to lead people to a certain conclusion - to the support of the export corporation idea or plan which had been developed by Peek and Johnson in their brief as a move to remedy the conditions we were in. I think this Henry Taylor always disclaimed, but always with his tongue in his cheek a little bit. There was no question about it, but he was doing it skillfully and fairly. I mean, he wasn't foreclosing any other consideration, because we discussed many. What he had to say was very interesting. The conference that night seemed to open up certain possible courses of action that interested me very much. Senator George William Norris had been discussing plans for action. There'd been many others that involved complete and direct government intervention. But the idea of

imposing a charge on the entire crop to accomplish its marketing in an orderly manner that would segregate the surplus for disposal while maintaining a price back of the tariff wall that was more nearly related to the costs of making the crop, was something that our experience and our education in cooperative marketing made appealing. I don't think there's any question but that Henry Taylor led the discussion along lines that invited those favorable conclusions, as far as that general line of action was concerned. Of course, I can't distinguish that feeling from things I learned later.

I knew that Henry C. Wallace had asked the economists associated with him to bring together such consultants as they might want, from time to time, and make a survey of possible courses of action and come up with a recommendation as to what was the most workable and practical in the situation. I learned later that Wallace had reached the conclusion, himself - he subsequently told me this - that the disposition of economists was to talk endlessly on all sides of a question but not to jell on any course of action. He said that he had made up his mind that the time had come for action, and he found a ready ally in Henry C. Taylor, who was the head of the newly created Bureau of Agricultural Economics. I heard Henry C. Wallace address a group of Chicago business men that fall of 1923, at the time of the International Livestock show. Then himself, he

made a statement which very cautiously raised the question, and suggested the answer. That was on November 12, 1923. I was present at the meeting which he addressed.

All this confirmed the feeling that while Taylor did not say so at the meeting in Helena, he with others had pretty thoroughly canvassed the situation and had come to the West to find out what the people were thinking about and whether they had reached any consensus of opinion or feeling on any other line of action. He asked questions which started people to thinking on these lines. Now, when Taylor subsequently was recalled to Washington as a result of some suspicion that he was lighting a prairie fire, I know that he rested on the assertion that he had just asked questions. I think Henry C. Taylor was trying to stimulate the people to think about a possible course of action.

I, as well as the others there, was groping for something to swing in behind. We had not swung yet. I think Taylor's visit was the catalyst that precipitated the action. If Dixon arose to leave early at that dinner, it would have been characteristic. I attended many dinners at the governor's home, and he frequently did that. I don't recall his leaving. It was my impression that he sat through the evening with us, which would have been rare, I think. Dixon was carrying a very heavy load.



I don't remember the immediate step after this dinner, but in general I remember planning with M.L. Wilson a course of action in Montana which we subsequently followed. It was not long after that that I addressed a meeting in Bozeman, which was the first meeting I ever talked to, about this question. I don't recall the date. It might have been that winter at the short course. There were two meetings - one in Bozeman and one in Billings. It was in 1923. We put forward what we called the export corporation plan. I suppose that I made the most convinced and unqualified talks at that time I ever made on the subject. The more you study a question, the more you're inclined to qualify your conclusions a little bit, and at this time we were anxious to get export corporation leagues going. The farm leaders of Montana and I were working together there.

We communicated with people from other states. George Jewett was the head of the American Wheat Growers Association. This was a Sapiro-type organization. George Jewett had his headquarters in Denver. We got George Jewett going. We got men in other states going, and we formed the Montana Export Corporation League with the support of the Montana Wheat Growers, headed by Dwight Cresap and C.N. Strawman. It got very active in starting what we called little local export corporation leagues to explain and arouse interest in this movement.

My idea of the sequence of the two meetings is that I talked first at Bozeman. It was the first public talk I ever made on the subject. I was not particularly worried about it. The proposition was very clear in my mind. The Bozeman meeting was not called for the special purpose of advancing the Export Corporation idea. It was a general session of the Annual Farmers' Week to which I spoke. I presented the subject much more simply than the subject required. It was so simple in my mind that when I got down to Washington and saw the then working drafts of what became the McNary-Haugen Bill in Charlie Brand's office, I was appalled by the complexity and the detail of it. Wilson, Jewett, and I really started the so-called export corporation leagues over the West. We then called a meeting in Billings of all the representatives of these leagues and the farm organizations. Governor Dixon was entirely in support of my doing this.

I don't think Taylor at the time of his visit mentioned my coming with the Department. I think all he talked about with me then was that he thought it was very important that I arrange some way to come down and spend some months in Washington. I imagine he did so because I was from a state where the feeling was strong and I was willing to take the leadership. I could do more publicly than M.L. could do in his position. I think Taylor thought I would be useful to Henry C. Wallace

as a sort of unofficial liaison between the secretary's office and the Senate and House on possible legislation to meet the farm situation. The idea sounded all right to me. I'm pretty sure he mentioned this on this visit, although it wasn't formalized until I met with both of them again in Chicago in November.

The thought of going east was in our minds. M.L., of course, was fully aware of what Taylor was doing. M.L. and I both felt it was time for action and this looked like the direction in which to hit. That Billings meeting is the one that raised a sum of money for the purpose of paying my expenses on a trip to Washington. Jewett was very active in other states getting things moving. We didn't, as I recall, make any trips outside Montana to start it. Similar action grew up in other states. I guess we hit the trail first.

I think it's correct that the money raised in Billings paid my way to Chicago in November, 1923. I had had a telegram from Taylor asking to meet him and Henry Wallace in Chicago, and had complied. I think I went alone. W.L. Stockton, the president of the Farm Bureau, might have gone down at that time. I don't know. He and I went to Washington together later. Secretary Wallace and Henry Taylor were in Chicago attending the annual meeting of the land grant colleges, but while there the Secretary addressed the luncheon meeting of Chicago business men

at which he made the cautious and guarded statement which was a public endorsement of the principle of government action to assist in segregating the surplus of wheat, with the cost to be borne by all the marketing units of the commodity. This meeting had a great deal of significance to me. I remember I attended this luncheon with a couple of Ohio State College men. One was Sam Guard, who was with the Breeders Gazette. He still runs it, although it's not now the kind of a Breeders Gazette published in those days. Another was a man named Glen Hayes. There were probably one or two others at our table. I remember pointing out to them the significance of Wallace's statement, which seemed to me to be a commitment on the part of the administration to support this type of legislation for the farmers. It was a guarded one. It was something along this line - "After careful study, it has seemed to us that this kind of approach might be the most effective one, in a practical operating sense, to take." It was not more than that. He described it in about a paragraph of his talk, but to me that was very significant. I don't think the papers of Chicago caught it or played it up so much because they hadn't been conditioned to recognize the words and context, as some of the rest of us had. I did not meet H.A. Wallace there, and I didn't meet George Peek until later after I had spent some months in Washington.

I went to Chicago and returned to Montana. As I recall it, we held the Billings meeting after that, at which we raised the money for the trip to Washington. I then went to Washington at Wallace's invitation. All I really knew when I went down was that the Secretary wanted me there. It was very early in 1924 that Stockton and I went down to Washington. I don't recall whether or not we went on the train together. M. L. might have gone with us. I don't know. I went to the Harrington Hotel in Washington. That's where I stayed during that entire period. I reported to the Department as soon as I could, reporting both to H. C. Wallace and to Taylor. I was taken over and introduced again to Charlie Brand. He gave me a copy of the then incomplete draft of the legislation, which had no name yet. I went to Washington at Wallace's invitation - I'm not sure he spelled it out before I went down there - to act as liaison with Congress. He was meticulous in not wanting any of the Department employees to do any work on the Hill, but he wanted somebody in whom he had confidence to act unofficially as liaison with the Congress on this legislation. I was asked to go down to do it. Governor Dixon okayed my trip.

I was not to be paid by the Department. Montana continued my salary, and voluntary contributions to the fund paid my expenses. I had no thought of my future beyond going down and doing what I could to advance Congressional action and consider-

ation of this thing. I was an unofficial lobbyist for the Department. I suppose there has been something like it before or since, but I don't know. I expect that line of activity can be found in many departments. In my subsequent testimony before Senate and House committees, I identified myself as the Commissioner of Agriculture of Montana and the representative of these voluntary associations which had asked me to go down there.

I remember the Coulter Bill very well. It subsequently became the Norbeck-Burtness Bill. John Lee Coulter was not a member of Congress. He was president of North Dakota Agricultural College. The idea was to make emergency credit available, particularly for livestock purchase, for farmers in the northwest. It was definitely a regional bill. It was for loans to wheat farmers for cattle to change their type of farming. It didn't appeal to me. It didn't appeal to my associates in Montana. You couldn't wave a little money over there and convert the North Dakota wheat growers into dairy producers. We felt sure that this thing wouldn't work.

I worked with Brand - went over the legislation, made suggestions, and started working with him. Almost immediately a call was issued by Mr. Coolidge - whose chief adviser on it was Mr. Hoover - for a northwest agricultural conference, which was held in the early months of 1924 - February 4, 1924. I don't

know whether M.L. Wilson was there continuously, but he was there during that period.

I believe Mr. Stockton and I were the first to talk to President Coolidge about what was to be the McNary-Haugen bill. Mr. Scott Leavitt, who was our Congressman, arranged the appointment and took us over. I'd known Scott very well. He'd been forest supervisor in Montana and been elected to Congress from Eastern Montana, and he was quite fired up on our proposition. So he took Stockton and me over to see President Coolidge, and we discussed this idea with the President. He was polite but noncommittal. The only thing I remember most distinctly was that he asked, "What do the business people think of this? The flour men and the meat men, what do they think of it?" Stockton and I followed up within the next day or two by talking to two men who were very close to President Coolidge. One was Frank Stearns, who was a close personal friend of Coolidge, a merchant, and lived with him at the White House while in Washington. The other was William Butler, who subsequently became Senator from Massachusetts. He was a very shrewd cold proposition. Those two men were closer to Calvin Coolidge, we were told, than anybody else. I don't think Mr. Coolidge understood the problem, and we hoped to find someone close to him who would study it.

Stearns was very sympathetic, said it sounded pretty good. Butler repeated the same line, that he felt it was something to

which business would be opposed. He also sounded the soon to-be-familiar cry that it was economically unsound. I remember asking Richard T. Ely once what he considered economically sound. He said, "I would say that anything is economically sound that employs economic means to accomplish a desired economic end, if it works." Obviously, you can have a judgment as to whether something is economically sound or politically or socially desirable, but you can't from a text book say: "This thing's economically unsound because it attempts to interfere with the 'law of supply and demand'." If it uses the factors of supply and demand to a certain end and it works, that according to Ely would make it economically sound. I remember using that line frequently in the discussions we had.

I stayed in Washington a matter of three or four months on that trip. I made one trip back to Montana, but my wife and children remained in Helena. I talked almost daily with Gilbert N. Haugen and Senator Charles L. McNary during the period. I was one of the first witnesses for the bill in the Senate. After the hearing Senator McNary asked me to come to his office for an extended discussion of the bill. He brought in Glenn E. McHugh, of the Senate legislative council, who was sitting in on the Senate hearings, and drafting changes in the bill. McNary and I for a long while kept discussing the way the legislation would work, because he was trying to get many



questions answered that were in his own mind and to visualize the operation of the plan. Of course, the way Charlie Brand produced it was a hell of a lot more complicated than I or others had conceived of it. I had not yet met Peek, Johnson, or Henry A. Wallace. I met Hoover in this period, but it was in response to an invitation on a collateral development that took place while I was down there, following this northwest conference.

The early part of 1924 was pretty much centered on Washington. As I said before, February 4, 1924, I attended the President's Conference on Northwestern Agriculture and Finance. It was called by Mr. Coolidge, and his original invited list was made up in the Department of Commerce by Mr. Hoover. It was heavily weighted with handlers of farm crops - bankers, railroad men, industrial and business leaders, and so forth. There was only a scattered representation of agriculture.

I remember going to the White House to see Judson C. Welliver who was an assistant to Mr. Coolidge. He had been assistant to Mr. Harding. He was a great ghost writer. I tried to get over to him this thought, that in the announcement of this conference President Coolidge, in any message to the conference or announcement in advance of it, would be exposing himself to real attack if, with its proposed make-up,

it was called a northwest agricultural conference, because it wasn't agricultural in its make-up. I had the thought that Mr. Welliver could get that over to Mr. Coolidge.

The tug-of-war between Wallace and Hoover resulted in broadening the list and in invitations being extended to a number of us who were active on the other side of the fence to attend the conference, which we subsequently did. It was a meeting that was planned to produce indorsement of the Coulter Bill - the Norbeck-Burtness Bill. It did, but the agricultural members subsequently withdrew and developed their own set of resolutions and presented them because they wanted to express their point of view clearly, and it couldn't be done through that meeting. So we adopted a statement which was prepared and issued, which pointed out the inadequacy of the proposed treatment and came out with a strong plea for the other type of legislation. That meeting was encouraged by Secretary Wallace, all right.

As I recall it, Charles Donnelly, who was president of the Northern-Pacific Railroad, was the chairman of the resolutions group. Our conference with him may have secured some modification of the resolutions that were officially adopted, but they weren't adequate from our point of view. Ours wasn't what might be called a rump session. It was just a separate meeting of the people who were predominantly farmers or associated

with farm organizations or activities.

I didn't meet George Peek until much later in Moline, and then it was almost by accident. That was when I was returning, finally, after we had had our first Congressional set-to on the bill. I was returning to Montana. I arranged to meet Mrs. Davis in Moline. It was summer then. Peek was not in Washington during any of this early period, at all. I didn't hear his name a great deal in connection with this early stage of the campaign.

Wilson, Coulter, Leavitt, Brand, Taylor, Wallace, and I were all active in the conference. As I remember, George Jewett became the active floor leader in these activities. I was one of the men who surrounded him closely, and there was Stockton from Montana. Wilson was very influential, but not as openly active. He kept the fires going out in Montana. We had a small group. Frank Murphy came in very soon from Wheaton, Minneseta. I think Frank got in there in the very early months. I'm sure Frank was there at the northwest conference. Frank testified before the Senate and subsequently before the House committee.

I remember a series of Tuesday night "schools" held in the House caucus room. We had some very interesting sessions there in the spring of '24. They probably were called under Gilbert Haugen's name, all right. I think Brand appeared. I

know I did, and Frank Murphy. We were attempting to explain the legislation and answer questions of senators and representatives who were from the agricultural states and were much concerned to get our story under a less formal atmosphere than at a committee hearing.

We set up an informal organization which brought in as many of the farm leaders as were around Washington and were interested. I'm not quite sure as to when the different Farm Bureau presidents began to fall in line. The difficulties in the northwest came first. They only moved into the corn belt later. Early in the session one of the jobs Secretary Wallace wanted me to do was to meet and talk with men like Charles Hearst who was president of the Iowa Farm Bureau, while he was in Washington, with Sam H. Thompson, then president of the Illinois Agricultural Association, William "Bill" Hirth of the Missouri Farmers Association, Bill Settle of the Indiana Farm Bureau who was very active in the wheat growers' cooperative movement and quite a cooperative leader, and others. Earl Smith didn't become the head of the Illinois Agricultural Association until later, but I met Earl fairly early in the movement on one of my stops in Chicago. James R. Howard, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation never did get steamed up over the plan, and it was much later when Edward "Ed" O'Neal, the vice-president, got warmed up on it. Old man John

Trumbull of the Kansas Farmers Union and Charlie Barrett who was head of the National Farmers Union were there. Those were men I was working with, many of them at Secretary Wallace's suggestion. When they'd come to see him and ask him what it was all about, it was convenient for him to refer them to me and let me work on them. That was going on all this time. I'm not sure of the sequence, but we were appearing before hearings, also, arranging witnesses, and seeking to broaden the base of our support. One of the first organization steps was taken when George Jewett set up his headquarters in the old Franklin Square Hotel. In those early days George Jewett was the active "field general" of the drive for what we called the export corporation plan.

George Jewett brought the resources of the American Wheat Growers - it was a Sapire-type wheat cooperative - thoroughly back of that. They were chiefly in the West, though they affiliated with organizations that extended into the Midwest. He brought in a young man from California named Ray McClung, a newspaper man out there. McClung was his handyman - assistant. We began to build up volunteer recruits from the outside as farm leaders became interested. Their interest usually grew out of the advance of distress and bank failures into their part of the country.

This was the beginning of the whole McNary-Haugen fight.

It carried on under different names and different organizations through the spring of 1928 when the last bill had been vetoed and we failed to pass it over the veto. Up to the spring of 1924, Peek had no part in the drive except for writing pamphlets and following developments closely. George had really planted the seeds in Washington when, after the Harding Agricultural Conference in 1922, he remained in Washington and interviewed as many important people as he could. During early 1924 I do not believe George was in communication with any of the farm groups. Neither was I in touch with farm groups in any organized, formal way, although informally I was very close to the group that was gathering - George Jewett and the others. This group was informally organized because it didn't adopt any name that included all of the group. At this stage no name was used, except the wheat growers had their organization. The others came in under the names of their own organization. We weren't organized in a "Committee of Twenty-Two," "Corn-Belt Committee," or anything like that, as we were later.

Gray Silver sat in the meetings. He was very skeptical, and had a leg in each camp. He was a very smooth operator - an experienced lobbyist in Washington - and he looked on these unorganized men who came in from the country simply as people to keep in touch with and see that they did no harm. Since some of his own people were among them - state Farm Bureau presidents

- he was apparently sympathetic. But Gray never "belonged." He wasn't interested in what we were. He was beginning to get interested in the movement to build up a new grain cooperative with headquarters in Chicago - The United States Grain Growers to which he later turned his attention. The United States Grain Growers was a capital stock organization with some interesting promotion aspects. I should say that my work at this stage was to testify in behalf of the McNary-Haugen Bill, and to interview as many people as possible with respect to it, always reporting to and advising with Secretary Wallace.

The drafting of the first McNary-Haugen Bill was primarily Charlie Brand's work, with the help of the House and Senate legislative counsel. Most members of both legislative counsels were involved in it at one stage or another. Frederic P. Lee was on it from the Senate side, and E.C. Alvord from the House side. McHugh was on it. Alvord later became a leading tax lawyer. After he left the House legislative counsel he went with Ogden L. Mills to the Treasury as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of tax legislation, which he carried through the Hill. He left that position to set up an office in Washington and established a very lucrative practice in tax law.

In the early spring of 1924, I advised Governor Dixon that Secretary Wallace had asked me to come into the Department

of Agriculture to reorganize and bring together in one office the enforcement and regulatory activities of the Department. I had taken it up with Governor Dixon and his answer was a telegram on April 18, 1924, expressing his regret and the hope that I would stay with the Montana work until September first or October first. I then told Secretary Wallace that I would not be available until after the election in Montana in November. That's where it stood when Secretary Henry C. Wallace died that fall.

There is one other bit of history that followed closely on the meeting of the northwest agricultural conference, because I know that some of the developments took place while men were there who were attending that conference. Secretary Wallace was very much concerned over legislation that was being drafted through the advice of the Department of Commerce which would have put an end to the agricultural attachés abroad as employees of the Department of Agriculture. That was another - and I think a principal - cause of difference between Secretaries Wallace and Hoover. I felt strongly on the question, myself. I felt that these agricultural attachés were the eyes and ears of agriculture abroad, and I felt, in common with my associates in the farm groups, that it was important to keep them in agriculture and not move them outside. I undertook to circulate a round robin, which was signed by the heads of quite a large



number of farm organizations, protesting against it. I then received a call from Secretary Hoover at the Harrington Hotel asking me to come to his office, which I did. He told me he had heard of the round robin. He wondered if I had heard all of the facts of the case and the reasons why this change was advocated by the Department of Commerce. We had some discussion of it. I told him that if the bill were to be reported out of committee - it had actually been introduced - then I would put a copy of this round robin on the desk of every member of the House and Senate. Otherwise, I didn't intend to use it. He knew this document had been circulated. I felt quite sure that Gray Silver was the man who kept him advised.

A few days after that I received word from the attorney general of Montana that he had received a wire from the Secretary of Commerce asking under what auspices I was working in Washington, whether I was there at the expense of the state of Montana. The attorney general didn't carry it any further than the inquiry. That, I know, irritated Mr. Hoover very much - this little byplay. It wasn't part of the main business. We felt, rightly or wrongly, that Mr. Hoover was a leader of forces who were opposed to ours, a feeling, of course, which George Peek held vehemently when he came in the picture.

Gray Silver probably thought he was acting for the best interests of the Farm Bureau. He was not yet committed. His

organization was not yet committed on this program. I'm reasonably sure that Secretary Wallace didn't trust him. I think Taylor felt that Mr. Hoover was a party to his recall from the field.

We gave the McNary-Haugen Bill the works. One reason why the early efforts weren't as effective as the later ones was because cotton and tobacco hadn't yet come in. This was really a grain belt deal, with what sympathizers we could pick up outside. Passage in House and Senate was not a possibility until the cotton and tobacco cooperatives, and subsequently the cotton and tobacco Congressmen and Senators, came in. Our friends could count noses, and it didn't look possible for the legislation to be passed at this time. There wasn't the strength. We didn't represent the populous states. We didn't have enough states, that was all, at that time.

As soon as I could leave after the defeat, I arranged to have Mrs. Davis and our younger son meet me in Moline. Mrs. Davis had been visiting in Wisconsin. She had a cousin who was the head of the sales organization for the John Deere Plow Company in Moline, who had visited us in Montana. It was arranged that I would meet Mrs. Davis in Moline to visit for a day or two with her cousin, and then we'd return home. While there I asked Ernest Johnson, my wife's cousin, about George Peek - asked if he were in Moline. George Peek was quite a

figure in Moline. He always was a positive force in the farm implement business, as he was a positive force in everything he undertook. Johnson said yes, that he was quite sure he was in town and he knew he was interested in the things I'd been doing, so he called George Peek on the telephone. I remember his approach was sort of in the way of - "Now, possibly if you have time, my cousin would like to see you." Ernie was a little dubious as to whether George would be interested, but George Peek couldn't wait. He said, "Bring him over right away. I want to talk to him." He knew I had been in Washington, and he was very anxious to get the first-hand story. He was going to make a speech, I remember - I think locally - in which he was going to discuss this farm issue, and he was very anxious to have a first-hand report on what had taken place - what the forces were, how they divided. I remember I asked him to give me a desk and a typewriter, and I wrote a few pages. I said, "This might be useful to you." He encouraged me to do it.

So we saw quite a little of Mr. and Mrs. Peek while we were there. We stayed there only two or three days. I was very anxious to get home, and I really thought I was through on this thing. I liked George Peek very much. He was an attractive, forceful, and extremely engaging man. Of course, he could be very rough and tough, too. He had strong likes and dislikes. They were an extremely attractive couple. Both are

dead now. While I enjoyed my visit with him, I was anxious to get home, back to Montana and back to my work, and I thought that I certainly had done all I could do for the cause. I wanted to clear up my work and get back and see if I could be of any assistance to Governor Dixon in the campaign.

I was planning to go into the United States Department of Agriculture for the new regulatory work that fall. The Packers and Stockyards Administration was only one of the names. They were going to combine the regulation of grain futures, the grain standards act and all that into one - it might have been a bureau, I suppose - and I was to head it. Morrill was to go into other work. He went with the War Finance Corporation, then followed Eugene Meyer to the Federal Reserve Board.

Peek and I decided nothing at that time. I simply told him everything I knew about it. He was extremely interested. He didn't even indicate to me his future plans beyond indicating that he thought he would go down to Washington and look the scene over - something of that sort. That's all he said to me at that time.

We met General Hugh Johnson in Moline on that trip. George Peek, Hugh Johnson, and two or three others were associated in the management of the Moline Plow Company, which had

been taken over by bankers, representing the bond holders. They, in turn, had made a management contract with Peek, Johnson, Phil Nolan, and two others, under which it was planned to liquidate the indebtedness through operation rather than by forced sale, under terms that would leave the management group in control of the company when they had paid off the debts. George Peek felt - his reasoning was very direct - that you can't make any money out of a busted customer and he was willing to do anything he could to pump new life blood back into the farming business, which was then in a pretty bad way. George Peek didn't like to lose. George was a good fighter. Nobody likes to lose, but it was less popular with George than nearly anybody I ever knew.

I met Johnson at the railway station. He was a rough and tumble guy, obviously tough, outspoken. I think he gave you the impression of a man who had lived hard, perhaps dissipated hard - he looked as if he were a hard drinker. I don't know whether he was or not at that time. I could see that George was slightly disapproving in his attitude toward Johnson. I could see there was not the entente cordiale between them that might have been anticipated.

I had heard the name Bernard M. Baruch before this time. I thought of him as a successful Wall Street speculator. I don't know if Peek or Johnson mentioned his name at this time,

but they did frequently thereafter when Baruch became interested in and a supporter of the equality for agriculture movement. I knew of their war industries board service. When Baruch became chairman, George had been the commissioner of finished products. Johnson was also in the group because it was there George and Johnson got to working together. George took Johnson back with him to the Moline Plow Company. There were reasons for their not being so cordial. Instead of giving the group time to work out the program George Peek had outlined and which was covered in the management agreement of the Moline Plow Company, some of the bond-holding group tied in with a man who had an attractive plan for getting some of their money out fast through liquidation and sale of property, and George felt that Hugh played along with that group when he himself insisted on fighting it out in Federal Court. The result was a contract settlement which was, I think, considered quite satisfactory from the standpoint of the management group. I don't recall the details of it, but I know that George felt that Hugh had not backed him up as he should have done, but on the contrary had given aid and comfort to the liquidators.

My wife and I went by train to Helena. We had been there only a few days when I received a telephone call from George Peek. Or it might have been a telegram. He said he and James Mitchell, who was then chairman of the board of the Federal

Reserve Bank of Minneapolis and quite a prominent citizen of the Twin Cities, were together in Washington, and were insistent that I arrange my affairs in Montana to enable me to come on back to Washington. I did return, and spent some time working with George, taking leave again from my job as Commissioner of Agriculture. I went via St. Paul where I stopped and talked to Mr. Mitchell, meeting him for the first time. The American Council of Agriculture was organized at St. Paul at a somewhat later date. One of the understandings with George was to help lay plans for the meeting which organized the American Council of Agriculture. I spent some time in Washington, some in Moline. I think this was all in July. Things were moving pretty fast. We were very anxious to pull the pieces together and start again. My schedule seemed busy at that time, all right.

Among other things, we started our negotiations with Governor Frank O. Lowden and Judge Hiram Bingham of Louisville. We at least tried to get them to attend the meeting in St. Paul of the American Council of Agriculture. Through this period I was talking with Walton Peteet whom I had met in Washington. He was an interested onlooker in this first McNary-Haugen fight, rather sympathetic but still feeling that the cooperatives could do the job themselves. He was the Washington representative and secretary of the National Cooperative Council made up of the Sapire-type cooperatives.

I don't recall whose idea the American Council of Agriculture was. Frank Murphy was very active in it, and others in St. Paul and Minneapolis. George Peek was active in it. I don't know who threw the idea out first, but we felt it was necessary to bring all the forces we could under one tent instead of operating as a loose informal group as we had been before. The idea of the American Council of Agriculture was to formalize, more or less, for this particular purpose the equality for agriculture movement, and to realign our forces and get busy to push the bill through Congress. That's what we were setting out to do. Frank W. Murphy of Wheaton, Minnesota, was Chairman, B.A. Selvidge, also of Minnesota, was Secretary, and R.A. Cowles, Treasurer of the Illinois Agricultural Association, was Treasurer. In the meantime, the Illinois Agricultural Association, the Iowa Farm Bureau, the Indiana Farm Bureau and a number of other Farm Bureaus - had jumped into the fight with both feet, so that we had that added strength. Their representatives attended the meeting in St. Paul, also a number of Farmers Union leaders. Bill Settle was there, Hirth was there, I'm quite sure, and Charlie Hearst was there. Sam Thompson was there. Whether Earl Smith came along at that time or not, I'm not sure. Earl was a prominent member of the board of the Illinois Agricultural Association. He was not its president at that time. The Farm Bureau came into the movement by more



or less simultaneous and independent interest. Sam Thompson was the Illinois Agricultural Association man, although he was elected president of the American Farm Bureau during this fight, in the early winter of 1925; Earl Smith was then elected president of the Illinois Agricultural Association. The American Council of Agriculture issued a public statement of principles and purposes following its meeting. I think this organization served its purpose - served its purpose very well.

I didn't stay East too long this trip. It wasn't possible for me to devote all my time to this work. I worked with George Peek on some revisions we both thought would be helpful in the bill, and got back to Montana just as soon as I could. George Peek was a very good friend, and very considerate, as the last paragraph of this letter shows:

Moline, Illinois  
August 20, 1924

Mr. Chester C. Davis  
Commissioner of Agriculture  
Helena, Montana

Dear Mr. Davis:

The enclosed clipping will give you some inside light on the Moline Plow situation. Up to date I have been one-hundred percent supported in my contentions by the court decision. Just where it will all land before I get through I do not know.

I believe the next few days are going to be important ones in the agricultural situation. If the President complies with our request to take the subject out of partisan politics, that is one thing; if he does not, of course that is quite another. My friends among the farm leaders are not going to be kidded and, as you know, they have a pretty good insight on the situation in Washington.

I am delighted to hear that your young son is recovering from his late indisposition and sincerely hope his recovery will be rapid and complete. Mrs. Peek joins me in cordial regards to both you and Mrs. Davis.

Sincerely yours,

George N. Peek

Of course, we had continued activities in the Montana department that I had to take care of. I accompanied Governor Dixon on some of his campaign trips in 1924. I made only one political speech in the campaign. That was the night before election, at Hardin, Montana, which was sort of headquarters for the Crow Indians. It was quite an experience. I came into Hardin and I found them in a considerable uproar. Governor Dixon was the Republican candidate for governor, and the week before the Democrats had made a big roundup. President Coolidge had just signed the bill making the members of the Indian tribes voting citizens, and this was the first election in which they were to have a vote. There was considerable activity in both parties to line up the Indian vote. The story I heard in Hardin was an amusing one. A number of the big candidates for office - Senator Walsh, a candidate for re-election, the candidate for governor - had spoken at a big rally in Hardin the week before. Word had been sent out to all of the Crow Indians across the reservation to come on in because these important white fathers were going to meet with them and talk. The Indians accepted the invitation, and by horseback, cart, and every way except automobile, they converged on Hardin. After they had settled in the flats outside of town, and set up their tepees, a delegation of chiefs called on the chairman of the Democratic County Committee and pointed out that they were there, that their lodges were

empty of meat, and they wanted to know what to do. There was some telephoning, and the Democratic county chairman arranged for the purchase of some steers that they drove out to camp. They continued that until the day of the rally. The Indians learned politics in a hurry! At the last, when the steer meat ran short and the feeling was running a little high in the Indian camp, the County Committee in desperation sent word to the restaurants that they could feed the Indians and charge the Democratic Committee the bill.

I heard this story in one of the restaurants where I was sitting up at the counter taking a lunch, myself. The man who ran the restaurant said, "You know, we had one buck come in here and eat twelve chicken dinners that day. Things are a little tough because the bill hasn't been paid yet." Neither the Democratic Committee, nor the Republican, had any more money than they needed. So that was the setting when I addressed the meeting. It was the only political speech I ever made in my life, and I don't think it was a very good one.

We lost the election. The leaders of the forces that opposed Governor Dixon had been very shrewd. They had picked Judge John E. Erickson, who subsequently went to the United States Senate and was a judge from northwestern Montana as their candidate. The Scandinavian name has an enormous voting appeal in Montana, as it does in the Dakotas and Minnesota.

They concentrated opposition on Dixon. I didn't have the slightest idea that he was going to be defeated, which shows I was not politically experienced. He kept assuring me that it was going to be tough, and he was not at all sure he was going to make it. He'd even had a tough fight in the primary to defeat the chairman of the state railway commission, who'd been put up against him. He had come through that, but the vote against him gave him a tip-off that the thing would be tough. It wasn't like the previous campaign where the Non-Partisan League had backed Wheeler, which drove all the conservative forces to support Dixon. So he was defeated. Of course, in the meantime Secretary Wallace had died so I had completely washed out the idea of going to the Department of Agriculture.

The Montana Wheat Growers cooperative came to see me and asked me if I would take over the management of that. The Illinois Agricultural Association asked me if I would consider coming with them. Sam Thompson of the American Farm Bureau had the bright idea of making me the Washington representative, but he wasn't man enough to budge Gray Silver. He didn't have enough support in the organization. So I finally went down to Chicago, talked with the Illinois Agricultural Association, and agreed to come with them on the expiration of my term in April as director of grain marketing. I moved down there then

in the spring of 1925. I continued as Commissioner of Agriculture until my term expired. It gave me a little opportunity to overlap and work with my successor. It may not seem so, but I was very much interested in what we were trying to do in the department, and my successor was a good friend of mine. I had a chance to work with him and talk with him some. On the evening of the expiration of my term I was on my way to Chicago.

An experience like that, when I felt that certain corporate interests really controlled the politics of the state, didn't leave me with the feeling that there was very much future for me in Montana, so I was ready to move. We lived in Evanston for eight years. It was pleasant. We lived right on the lake. My sons went to school there. I don't like the city too well. I don't care for Chicago, particularly. I didn't find it unpleasant in Evanston where we lived. I didn't attend the President's agricultural conference in January, 1925.

After the election, President Coolidge came to Chicago to address the Annual American Farm Bureau Convention. I had gone back to Chicago for a conference with the Illinois Agricultural Association. George Peek took me out to meet General Charles G. Dawes. We spent some time with him in his beautiful Evanston home. George had corresponded with Dawes, who in turn had brought some of the questions up with Sir Josiah Stamp, who had been an associate of his on the German Reparations Mission.

I had forgotten all about the telegram, dated March 3, 1925, stating:

President O'Shea writing stop If you are seeking permanent connection in West, recommend you give serious consideration to subject matter of letter and see O'Shea first opportunity.

Signed: George C. Jewett

That, of course, was George Jewett who was head of the Wheat Growers cooperative. O'Shea was president of the Federal Land Bank at Spokane, and he had in mind for me a position in his organization, but I had already committed myself to the Illinois Agricultural Association.

I am also reminded of the telegram dated March 16, 1925, addressed to me at Helena, stating:

Our board unanimously passed a resolution asking you to take charge of our organization work along the lines of our recent conversation. Action contingent on other states adopting program. Please do not commit yourself until we can make a definite offer.

Signed: B.D. Hollenback

That was from the Montana Wheat Growers. I had made up my mind by March 16, but had made no announcement of it.

Meanwhile, after a short period in which Howard Gore served as Secretary of Agriculture, the appointment had gone to William M. Jardine, President of Kansas State College. Jardine had been one of the land grant college heads who had expressed himself as opposed to the McNary-Haugen Bill. Since he came

from Kansas where we had real support from the organizations, we didn't view the appointment with enthusiasm, although we weren't surprised. Jardine was a very pleasant man, personally. I remember shortly after he had taken office George Peek and I called on him in Washington and talked the situation over with him and attempted to feel him out and see if he would be a cooperator. I remember that we walked out from the old red building in silence as we left. Finally George turned to me and uttered just one four-letter word which was exactly the word that was in my own mind.

The spring of 1925 was a period for getting settled in Chicago and for getting acquainted with the workers on the Illinois Agricultural Association staff. It was my expectation and intention to work as a staff member on any jobs assigned. The chief problem in grain marketing confronting the Association had to do with the United States Grain Growers Inc. The Illinois Agricultural Association was inclined to oppose the movement which was counting on Farm Bureau support. One of the things they asked me to do was to get all the information I could together about it. The Board hadn't really made up its mind. They were skeptical, but were in the process of examining into the whole proposition. I spent a great deal of time working on that, getting all the information together I could. It looked like a phoney to me - a promotion proposition. The association took that position.



The other thing we wanted to do was to see if we could work out some plan for the effective amalgamation of the country cooperative elevators of Illinois into a more cohesive marketing organization. In that we were working with a very strong organization on the other side. That was the association of the country grain elevator cooperatives. They were one of the first forms of cooperative organization, and somewhat limited in their usefulness although they had been important as single unit elevator operations. I concerned myself with the attempt to develop a program which would be attractive to the single unit cooperatives and at the same time would move in the direction of an integrated grain marketing system. We weren't thinking in terms of only Illinois, although we were working primarily with Illinois. We were also working with elevator and Farm Bureau groups in other states to see what we could come up with. It wasn't successful.

I thought that my job with the Illinois Agricultural Association would have nothing to do with the McNary-Haugen Bill, but it didn't work out that way. More and more demand was made on my time to participate in conferences, documentation, correspondence, drafting, all relating to the McNary-Haugen Bill. It began to get really burdensome. But that developed as I went along. George Peek was the leader then. He had some

able and strong associates. Jewett was becoming less active. The Sapiro grain cooperatives had begun to get into real difficulty. They had rough sledding, and Jewett had plenty to do. I don't know at just what period he withdrew from active leadership. It was not a case of breaking with the movement, but I think Jewett became more and more preoccupied, and the wheat associations became less and less potent, as memberships dissolved, and some of them didn't carry on. I couldn't put the date on when the wheat cooperatives began to weaken, but by midyear in 1925 they had become relatively less important in the McNary-Haugen movement.

The same factors brought trouble to the other cooperatives which had started out with much stronger membership. For instance, the Burley and Dark tobacco associations and the Bright tobacco association - had signed up in some cases in excess of eighty percent of the growers in their organizations. The American Cotton Cooperative Association and the Staple-Cotton Cooperative Association, which were two separate cooperatives dealing with cotton, were becoming interested because of the problem of holding their membership in line while they were attempting the job of stabilization for the entire crop. The Staple-Cotton Cooperative had excellent management and a specialty commodity to deal with. They survived and have had a continuous existence as a very strong and ably-managed

cooperative. The American Cotton Cooperative Association has had a number of changes in its form, and at that time it was really in some difficulty. In the period of '25 and '26, these cooperatives really brought pressure to bear within the states in which they were operating, which gave us enough strength to pass the bill.

Peek and I didn't disassociate at any time. I went to work for the Illinois Agricultural Association, but George still continued to call on me. I was constantly in conferences and meetings, and I know the people in the Illinois Agricultural Association thought this was a very proper job for me. These things were naturally turned over to me in the Illinois Agricultural Association by Sam Thompson and later by Earl Smith.

Sam Thompson is still living in his home in Quincy, Adams County, Illinois. He was a tall, lean, kindly man who inspired confidence in anyone he met. Sam Thompson, when I last saw him, was active in the little bank he controlled in Adams County. He still owned his farm land. He didn't live on his farm. I went up to see him two or three times, and enjoyed meeting him. He'd become very hard of hearing. Thompson was a simple man, not possessed of much formal education. But he had a very great sincerity and great persuasiveness because of it. He could get mad and he wasn't any push-over, but he wasn't the hammer type. He was more the anvil type.

J.R. Howard always impressed me more as the farm organization politician. I think J.R. Howard was the first president of the American Farm Bureau. Oscar Bradfute came along later from Ohio. He was a pompous, good-natured chap, with no great depth, and of course I was not sympathetic with him because he wasn't sympathetic with us. When Sam Thompson came in, of course, it completed the swing. In 1924 we didn't have the American Farm Bureau with us. I think the shift came at that 1925 winter meeting of the American Farm Bureau Federation in Chicago. The later North and West St. Louis meeting was quite important, and that was the first meeting Henry A. Wallace attended. But in May, 1925, we didn't have the American Farm Bureau. The organization really came with us when Sam Thompson was elected president. We couldn't move Bradfute. One of the things Thompson wanted to do but wasn't able to do was to replace Gray Silver as Washington Representative of the Farm Bureau.

Ed O'Neal was vice president, and as vice president he directed the legislative operations in Washington. That was pretty much the function of the vice president. At that time, Ed was not wholly sold on the McNary-Haugen Bill. His interest in the legislation didn't come along until '25-'26 when the cotton growers came in. But when O'Neal joined us he was powerful, hard-hitting and a very able, smooth operator. He's

one of the most genial and lovable of men. In 1924 Ed would kid us along on our proposition and express great interest in and admiration for what we were accomplishing, but was not heart and soul for it at that time.

Earl Smith is an extraordinarily able man - a good type executive. He had arisen as one of the younger members of the board of the Illinois Agricultural Association to the point where he was elected president when Sam Thompson became president of the American Farm Bureau. Earl is one of the closest friends I have had. He had extraordinary abilities of leadership. He never could be tempted to move on to the National Farm Bureau presidency, even years later when I would think most of the leaders of the American Farm Bureau wished him to, and after he had served with great distinction as vice-president of the national organization. When Ed had reached the stage when for his own interests retirement was indicated, Smith wouldn't permit his name to go before the Convention. Earl was never ambitious for it. He really wasn't. When he retired - and retired voluntarily from the Illinois Agricultural Association - he had no ambition to move on. I don't mean that Earl might not have been tempted, for example, if somebody had tagged him and said, "I'd like you to be Secretary of Agriculture," or something like that, but he never sought to advance in the Farm Bureau organization beyond the leadership of the Illinois

Agricultural Association which was, of course, the most powerful single unit in the American Farm Bureau Federation (AFBF). Earl was not ambitious in farm organization circles, except as he was ambitious to make the Illinois Agricultural Association serve its purposes. He was very able as an administrator. He was a leader, believe me! Earl really controlled his organization.

On May 12-13, 1925, the Grain Belt Federation of Farm Organizations (Corn Belt Committee), was formed at Des Moines. I was there. The Corn Belt Committee became the vehicle through which Frank Murphy worked, although Bill Hirth was chairman, and Frank Murphy only the head of the legislative committee. Bill and Frank were two odd ones to be teamed up together. Frank Murphy actually, from the standpoint of leadership, took it over. Bill Hirth was a good deal of a single-tracker - something of a lone wolf.

It was quite a job keeping a group of those prima donnas pulling in team harness. Bill Hirth had been a dictator in his Missouri Farmers Association. He was deeply and emotionally sold on this proposal. While he would sit in at meetings, Bill was a great hand to go off by himself and write a long manifesto that he'd bring in and want us to issue. Then they'd turn it over to me. I remember several times when I'd go over it and then turn it back to Bill. He'd bring it up at a subsequent

meeting and I've heard him say, "You know, this Goddam thing didn't have much merit when I first produced it, but by the time Chester got through with it it was utterly without merit, but I now present it to you." He was a lovable fellow with a great deal of power over the Missouri delegation.

Frank Murphy really made himself the spark behind the Corn Belt Committee, much to Bill Hirth's disgust. Murphy wanted a vehicle which he could operate, himself. This organization did quite a lot of work, and was responsible for some confusion as well. After the "Committee of Twenty-Two" got going, we had it with George Peek as head at the Lee House, and we had the Corn Belt Committee with Frank Murphy operating at the Hamilton Hotel, and there used to be some amusing developments of cross-purposes.

In October, 1925, Governor Lowden advanced a plan which embodied the McNary-Haugen principle but relied heavily on co-operatives for administration. Walton Peteet and I had been corresponding. He had come to see me. He had discussed the difficulties of some of the cooperatives. He was impressed by the argument we had made repeatedly that the cooperatives which tried to handle these widely-grown commodities on the Sapiro principle carried the seeds of their own dissolution, with their members bearing the cost of stabilization of the whole crop, and the non-members taking a free ride. Of course, they

were seeing that work out on every hand, so Peteet and Bill Settle (who was in both camps - he was a Farm Bureau man and he was also a very strong Sapiro cooperative man), had several informal talks with George Peek and me. Then a meeting was arranged with Judge Hiram Bingham, Frank Lowden, Peteet, and Bill Settle. Bingham, publisher of the Louisville Courier-Journal, was Chairman of the Board of the National Cooperative Council, the Sapiro organization. I'm not sure whether Bill Hirth came up to that meeting or not. George was very much the instigator. I'm not sure when that was. Lowden's plan was announced in October of '25. In the interval before the St. Louis meeting, these negotiations were going on, all right. I remember we discussed with Lowden, Bingham, and so forth, the possible avenues of approach to the cotton and tobacco cooperatives of the southern and border states. Bill Settle undertook to go down and see them - make a swing around and talk to them - because he, himself, was well known in the cooperative circle. That took place in the interval between the announcement of the Lowden Plan and the St. Louis meeting in which the southerners participated.

Peteet's headquarters were Washington at that time. He was the secretary of the National Cooperative Council, made up primarily of Sapiro cooperatives. Peteet had come out of Texas, and he was a disciple of Sapiro's - a very sincere and devoted



one. He had seen an opportunity for wedding the cooperative movement and the McNary-Haugen movement, and with his help we had arranged this meeting.

Later the meetings that we had at the Lee House with the American Cotton Cooperative Association were quite important. These boys from the South were very suspicious and shy about their contacts with the organizations from the North. I remember they set up their headquarters at one end of a hall in the Lee House, and we - George Peek, Frank Murphy, I think Bill Hirth, and others - were headquartered at the other end. We found a common denominator in Judge Xenophon Gaverno - he was Irish, by the way, not Greek - from Canalou, Missouri. The judge was an ex-Yankee who had moved from Kewanee, Illinois down to southeastern Missouri in the "boot-heel" there, which is a very productive cotton area. He was a member of the board of trustees of the American Cotton Cooperative Association, but he being an ex-Illinois man understood the North, so he paddled from one to the other with proposals and counterproposals as we were discussing the possibility of the bill being shaped to be useful to cotton. We'd been thinking in terms of wheat and corn, the consumption of which, directly or indirectly, was preponderantly domestic so the export item was not relatively important. When we talked of cotton, we were talking of a crop which exported half or more of its domestic production. There were many

things that needed to be worked out.

The leader of the cotton cooperative group - that is, the chairman, not the executive manager - was Dr. B.W. Kilgore of North Carolina. He was an extremely gentle, patient, quiet man who felt that there was a chance for a union and worked patiently at it. The manager was a man named C.O. Moser, who had been a former extension worker in Texas. He'd become active in this as a part of the Sapiro movement. Moser was, of course, concerned with something that would work for cotton, but at the same time he really felt the need for some place to light with the Sapiro cooperative.

We held these meetings. We also, somewhat later, held sessions with the tobacco cooperatives. The legislative strength really grew out of that union of the South and the West which was symbolized, we thought, by the meeting at St. Louis. But these things were taking place in the meantime. In December, 1925, Bradfute was defeated and Sam Thompson became president of the American Farm Bureau. Then Earl Smith succeeded as president of the Illinois Agricultural Association.

Baruch backed the American Council of Agriculture financially because he believed in it. He believed in equality for agriculture. I don't mean that he believed in the details of the McNary-Haugen Bill, but he believed that we were employing devices that some of American industry had used and he sympathized

with our efforts. Then, he was a friend of George Peek's. I've talked to Baruch a number of times about this. He believed in the basic importance of agriculture. He felt that the nation was crippled by the weakness of this important segment of it. I talked to him a number of times. I'm quite sure he wanted to help the movement along, although I don't want that to imply that he had studied the plan we were advocating and was satisfied with it in all particulars.

My only connection with him was through my association with George Peek, not Johnson. I never had any connection with Johnson at all until I was Administrator of the Triple-A and he was the National Recovery Administration (NRA) Administrator. George and Hugh had more or less drifted apart. While I recall one or two occasions when Johnson sat in on some discussions, he was not active in this at all beyond the preparation of the original briefs. In that I'm sure that the idea was George's and the language was Johnson's.

I would imagine that some of Peek's ideas were also Baruch's ideas on other matters. I don't believe Baruch contributed ideas to the McNary-Haugen plan, so called. I saw no evidence of it. He contributed money and moral support. I really have no reason to believe that Baruch was the man behind the ideas in this movement. Baruch's interests were much wider

than agriculture. I knew of his association in support of James F. Byrnes. I imagine there were many others. George was not in any sense dependent upon Baruch, although he had great respect and admiration for him. He was neither financially nor mentally dependent upon him. George was capable of making up his own mind. He was absolutely his own man. I had no question about it. He was very devoted to Baruch. There was no question about that either. Baruch was "the chief" to him. Baruch's connection with all this movement was a very tenuous one. I really think I was in a position to know. It was through Peek, entirely. I don't know whether Baruch did all he felt he could to help. Before I came into the picture I think Baruch was one of the men George discussed this idea with and that Baruch had at least not discouraged him - not knocked it down. George talked to many people in 1922 in Washington and in industry. I believe Baruch was one he had talked with.

The Illinois Agricultural Association was relatively affluent. At the time I joined the Illinois Agricultural Association it had 60,000 members who were paying at the rate, at that time, of \$15.00 a year. A portion of that was retained for the county Farm Bureau, a portion went to Illinois, and a small portion off to the American Farm Bureau Federation. That

was a very high membership and high income for a farm organization. They had an excellent system for collection. The memberships were for three years, and the members were encouraged to authorize an annual draft on them through their banks for the amount, so there wasn't a collection problem. They had a good budget. It was tightly administered. I had forgotten they had made a contribution to the American Council of Agriculture, but I understand why they would, whereas some Farm Bureau with \$5.00-a-year dues or less, and a much smaller membership, would participate in the start but wouldn't kick through on the budget. The American Council for Agriculture didn't last long.

I don't think I participated in the meeting in Des Moines, in December, 1925, of the American Council of Agriculture affiliated with the Corn Belt Committee. I was not going to all these meetings. I was only answering calls when people came in to see me. I imagine that's where Frank Murphy of the American Council of Agriculture came in on the Corn Belt Committee. Peek was president of the American Council of Agriculture, but Frank really ran it. George went on to other things and used that as a vehicle of expression, all right.

The All-Iowa Agricultural Marketing Conference in Des Moines, following the organization of the Corn Belt Committee and the American Council of Agriculture, led to Governor John

Hammill's call of the governors of eleven states to a conference. George was active in that conference. He promoted that and cooperated with Hammill in it. During this period, Peek and Murphy were the guiding lights, with the other farm leaders more or less active. George unquestionably was the continuous thread in that period.

As the period divides in my mind, in '25 and '26 I worked for the Illinois Agricultural Association and tried to give it my full effort, but an increasing amount of my time was called on in this other work. I think of '27 and '28, then, as the period after I'd left the Illinois Agricultural Association, and with Walton Peteet had set up Agricultural Service. We did not incorporate the partnership. It was just a name. We had offices in Washington and in Chicago. In that period I worked as closely as possible with George Peek. George Peek took the responsibility of underwriting Agricultural Service and raising the money for it. He may have had money in that from Baruch. I know he received funds from Woods Brothers of Lincoln. He, himself, contributed more heavily than anybody else. His brother Burton Peek was a contributor. He is counsel and, I think, still chairman of the board of Deere and Company. Then from Peteet's side we were retained by the cotton-tobacco co-operatives. We received funds from them. But George Peek was the underwriter of the movement.

I met Harry Butcher when I passed through Chicago in 1924

or '25. He graduated from Iowa State College at Ames in '24. He came to the Illinois Agricultural Association as director of information, so of course I was closely tied in with him during all of '25 and on until I left the association. I strongly recommended him for the position that moved him to Washington. He and his very charming wife, Ruth, were just a couple of gay and eager youngsters. Butch had a great deal of ability. He became quite interested in what we were doing. I visited in their home a great deal, and when Mrs. Davis moved down, we were good friends.

In January there was the battle in the American Farm Bureau Federation over who should be appointed Washington representative. Ed O'Neal backed Gray Silver and Sam Thompson backed me. Sam Thompson lost. Ed O'Neal hadn't come completely over. There was a lot of history back of that. Gray Silver had cooperated with Ed in the Alabama Farm Bureau's great promotion of the development of Mussel Shoals. Ed O'Neal didn't know me very well. I didn't know it was much of a battle. I think Sam Thompson wanted to bring me in as Washington representative and he couldn't do it. I didn't participate in it. I had sized the thing up, as I recall it, pretty early. Thompson had spoken confidently of it when he assumed the presidency that this was one thing he wanted to do. Then the grapevine or some other source of information tipped me off that the situation

didn't look right. I assumed that Thompson had never made a real effort on it.

The legislative counsel wrote the Dickinson Bill, which was introduced into the House on January 4, 1926. George and I had gone down and talked to Congressman Lester J. Dickinson of Iowa about it. It brought in the cooperatives. It was a part of the evolution which accompanied the growth of the interest of the cooperatives. It had other features in it which I think weakened it a great deal as a working instrument, but that gave it a little more "sex appeal" as far as votes were concerned. A good many of the compromises as they came along tended to weaken the original fabric. When the cotton people came in and really moved up, they found the cotton Senators and Congressmen willing to go along on everything except the commodity's paying its own way. They introduced the idea of getting, for a period, at least, a direct appropriation from the Treasury to take care of them.

In that period we met and worked with some extremely able men. Two from the Cotton Staple Association were very impressive. One was Alfred Stone and the other was Sam Bledsoe. Al Stone had had an amazing history. He was a very brilliant man. Bledsoe was sharp and incisive and a very keen trader. When they came to town Senator Pat Harrison and the others got very much interested right away, but they didn't want the cotton growers to have



to put up the money - Harrison and the others. So, regretfully on the part of the cotton staple people, they came back with the word that the Mississippi and the other cotton belt delegations would support the bill but they wouldn't go along if the equalization fee applied at once to cotton. Pat Harrison was a great deal more interested in Sam Bledsoe and Al Stone and the cotton growers than he was in Baruch. I really saw the thing develop play by play when these people were working on their Congressmen. I used to talk to Pat Harrison about it. If he had discussed it with Baruch and Baruch had said, "Why, why don't you go ahead and support it?" it would certainly have been helpful, but I have no reason for thinking that that took place. I know that these cotton organizations packed a lot of political weight. The Staple-Cotton Cooperative Association membership comprised the aristocracy of the Mississippi delta, and the American Cotton Cooperative Association had a good many of the others. So there was abundant motivation there without looking for Baruch in the picture, in my opinion. The Dickinson Bill became the second McNary-Haugen Bill. There were other drafts and changes, but that's my recollection.

I was very active in the Executive Committee of 22. We called it the Executive Committee of 22 and then shortened it to the Committee of 22. There were two representatives from each of those eleven states whose governors were invited to the

conference. I participated in the activities in Washington when they came back from that meeting and began to work. They sent Frank Warner, who was secretary of the Iowa Bankers Association, down. Governor Hammill came down, and George Peek and others. We still were at the Lee House. They issued a press release. I worked with them in setting up the Washington end of the activity, but I did not attend the meeting at Des Moines. Peek was very much a leader of this. This wasn't just for publicity. It was for power - for votes. I think Hammill, himself, may have volunteered to try to get some of the governors together to organize the states. This has to be seen against the background of deepening concern on the part of the farmers. In the cornbelt they had got out from under the worst of the post-war depression and were really on the upgrade in '26, but banks were still in difficulty and recovery was spotty. There was real concern, and it was against that background that Hammill called the governors together. George then helped direct the formation of their executive committee under which his activities for the rest of the fight were pretty much carried on. Frank Murphy and some associates didn't merge headquarters, although we worked together constantly. They worked under the name of the Corn Belt Committee. There was the Committee of 22, the Corn Belt Committee, and then, of course, the farm organizations, each in their own right,

pulling their way, and the cooperatives and others doing what they could.

The Corn Belt Committee really acted as a spark plug and kept the fire under the other organizations, kept them activated. The nerve center for the latter stages of the McNary-Haugen fight grew around George Peek and the Committee of 22. Another nerve center was the Corn Belt Committee, largely with Frank Murphy. I'm sure that Bill Hirth continued at least a nominal connection with it, but Bill preferred to operate directly. He preferred most of all to operate as the Missouri Farmers Association. Frank Murphy found it very difficult to be second to any man. Russ Wiggins (now managing editor of the Washington Post), was associated with him as his assistant for a time. Russ was just as enthusiastically committed to this as anybody could be. He came from a newspaper and a farm section, (Wheaton, Minnesota) and was concerned with it. Here are farm organizations with a very considerable line of activity, very wide interests - legislatively and otherwise - which diluted their attention. Then here were these nerve centers that were paying attention to nothing else but this. From these nerve centers the impulses would go out that would help activate these other farm groups in situations where help was needed and where their weight could be thrown to advantage. A central office management was required, and they more or less gave it. Otherwise,

the farm organizations would have pushed but would have been completely uncoordinated and relatively less effective, I think.

I wrote material, wrote speeches, sat in on the drafting of bills, interviewed people. We would now be called consultants, I think, if we were in Washington. At the time the American Council of Agriculture was formed my interests and commitments were in Montana. I may have been a member of the board. I don't remember whether I was or not. I went to Agricultural Service, not the American Council of Agriculture. This was really a purely personal service of Walton Peteet's. We were the servants of these groups. They retained us, and we worked for them just as today Washington consultants are retained to look after people's interests. We were working in that line. We were lobbyists. The intention was that I would maintain my office in Chicago. We did maintain one there. Walton Peteet had the Washington office, but because activities shifted back and forth I spent considerable time in the Washington office. That continued for two years or really through the May 1928 defeat and the failure to pass it over the veto. Then I felt, with George Peek, that we had one more job to do, after which I felt I was completely through. That job was the political conventions.

The Fess-Tincher Bill, January 29, 1926, is one of the best illustrations I ever saw of the effectiveness of debate.

This was part of my work with the Illinois Agricultural Association. The Fess-Tincher Bill contained an appropriation which would have provided the money for the purchase of those Rosenbaum elevators in Chicago. I went to Bert Wheeler of Montana with the story, and it was just the kind of a thing that Bert ate up. We had nothing in writing - just made a few notes as we stood out in the anteroom because the thing was right hot on the griddle. The debate was on. I sat in the gallery while he made his extemporaneous speech on this. The way he would drawl out Man-n-n-y Rosenbaum in telling about it was good theater. He did an effective job of torpedoing the bill, and they couldn't have passed it to save their lives after he got through with it. This refers to this whole United States Grain Growers movement. Gray Silver and John A. Coverdale - the Washington representative and the secretary of the American Farm Bureau Federation - had been promised that they would be the executives in the thing. It was a sweet job for them. I have no doubt that Coverdale, at least, would rationalize the thing in terms of the best interest of the corn belt farmers, but after all self-interest wasn't lacking. They certainly did line up the central AFBF group on it. They didn't make it stick. Gray Silver went out, and he and Coverdale did set up something of an organization, but they didn't buy the elevators. It failed.

The date I went out with George Peek to meet General Dawes for the first time was in 1925, all right. It was when President Coolidge went out to make an address before the annual convention of the American Farm Bureau Federation. That was held in Chicago in December. On that occasion I remember that President Coolidge took a crack at the McNary-Haugen Bill and defended the recent tariff increases, and so forth, and did not go to call on General Dawes. Coolidge didn't set the meeting on fire.

I remember General Dawes referred the Josiah Stamp correspondence to George Peek and me for analysis and comment. Stamp had raised a number of questions. We discussed it. Dawes published the exchange of letters. As I recall, there were two printings on it. It was rather widely distributed. It gave a sort of a little aura of economic respectability to the McNary-Haugen Bill, particularly among the people who didn't read the interchange of correspondence and didn't pay much attention to it. The reason for it was that Dawes - quite without any suggestion from any of the farm groups - because of his great respect for Sir Josiah Stamp, with whom he had worked on the German reparations, had written to him to get confirmation of his own disposition to favor the bill. He favored it simply as a concept "to make the tariff effective for the surplus crops of agriculture, at the expense of the commodity" - that

is, a device for managing the surplus. That was what he put up to Sir Josiah Stamp. With certain assumptions and with the reservation in respect to possible effects in stimulating increased production, Stamp said it appeared to him to be economically workable. I only met Sir Josiah Stamp on one or two occasions. One evening I spent some time talking with him about this. As a business executive, capitalist, economist, Stamp wouldn't have been expected to pound the table about our proposal, or anything of the sort. On the other hand, it didn't outrage him.

Quite a few members of the Committee of 22 met in Washington before we set up offices in Chicago on February 1. They didn't all come down. Then we set up our offices in Chicago. I don't remember when I left the Illinois Agricultural Association to give my full time to this work. Once they had set up the office in Chicago, it began to require an increasing amount of my time. We hadn't set up an office in Washington. We met there. The Peek-Davis offices were set up in Washington from March 1 to July 1. They were turned to this effort. The office of the Committee of 22 was in the same building - the Transportation building at 608 South Dearborn Street in Chicago where the Illinois Agricultural Association had its offices. We were, as I recall it, a floor or two above them. They called on me for so many things that it led to the shift. I imagine it took

place about that time. I had thought of it as something later, but I think it was about that time.

I really do not have any distinct recollection of the meetings held in Chicago on February 15. We were constantly working. I was concentrating on revision and perfection of the bill, trying to incorporate views that were constantly being advanced from the cooperative group and others, getting material in shape, and meetings were being held frequently. I don't recall the particular meeting to which Mr. Albertson refers.

In March, 1926, the American Council of Agriculture met with other groups in Memphis, Tennessee. Frank Lowden's possible candidacy for the Presidency was not a part of that picture. This followed the visit Bill Settle had made, when he called on the tobacco and cotton cooperatives. As a result, we met in Memphis with President Benjamin W. Kilgore and other trustees of the American Cotton Cooperative Association, and at least agreed there was a mutuality of interest here. This was followed by an agreement to meet in Washington, which we did.

The farm forces that were back of the McNary-Haugen Bill, together with many others, were strong in urging Governor Lowden to come out of retirement and make the race in 1928 for the Republican nomination. I think perhaps the St. Louis meeting in November, at which Governor Lowden spoke and after which he spent some time meeting and talking with southern cooperative



leaders, may have given birth to the idea. But it wasn't publicly or privately discussed with Lowden at any time to my knowledge. He wasn't an announced candidate at that time. I didn't have any discussions with him until long after he was committed to the race, and then it was concerned with farm questions rather than political questions. Governor Lowden had many friends left over from his campaign for the presidential nomination in 1920, who were quick to come out for him and who, themselves, urged him. There was plenty of strength back of Lowden in the Republican party to urge him. Of course, I think the probable support of the farm states was a factor in his decision to run, but I don't think the farm people were the ones who spearheaded the drive to get him to commit himself. We were factors in it, I have no doubt.

On March 3 and 4 the Committee of 22 met in Washington with a joint Congressional committee representing the twelve northcentral states to plan a program. I don't remember our presenting it to Coolidge. I recall that one meeting was held at which Coolidge was particularly noncommittal. I've even forgotten whom we had chosen as spokesman for the group but I think it was Sam Thompson. It was a very brief affair. We filed in, spoke our piece, and filed out. Jardine attended and was a more relaxed individual than the President. There was no indication of support or encouragement. I don't think Jardine

welcomed the conference, and I know our group wasn't particularly enthusiastic or hopeful about it.

I probably testified in the hearings held by the House committee on agriculture, March 4, on the House bill. I usually was a witness in those years. The following is a letter from me to R.A. Cowles:

The Lee House  
Washington D.C.  
March 4, 1926

Mr. R.A. Cowles  
Illinois Agricultural Association  
608 South Dearborn Street  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Cowles,

This acknowledges receipt of the package containing copies of minutes of Chicago meeting April 4, and the Des Moines meeting, December 21 and December 22, 1925. I appreciate your thoughtfulness in attaching certificates to be used in connection with excerpts from the minutes should that be required.

Time has passed by swiftly since we came. That is the case when it is all days and no nights. Too early to say how things are coming on. Some of the people, particularly the new hands, felt encouraged over the reception at the White House. You and I know how much that counts for.

The position is this with them: the President's Agricultural Conference, suggested by Hoover, of which the present secretary was a member, recommended a federal farm board with broad powers to study and work with cooperatives in connection with the surplus problem, but without actual power to do anything. The administration feels, therefore, that they can grant the federal farm board part of our program and have us in a position of endorsing what Hoover suggested indirectly through the conference last spring. And there you are. It makes me sick to hear some of the people refer to the willingness to accept a farm board as a concession on their part, when, as a matter of fact, that has been the administration's position ever since the agricultural conference.

The bunch has been behaving splendidly. Sometimes I think there are too many generals and not enough privates, but that is always the situation. Peek is remarkable in his patience and force and keeps discordant elements together better than any man I ever saw. The other night, though, he had to use the big stick and I have heard some murmuring of discontent. There are too many men here who want to "issue statements to the press," and have their names used in connection with it. None of this will be news to you since you have gone through it before. I am not happy in the delay in getting the financial part of the program started out in the country. The first thing we know the tumult and shouting will have died and some of us will wake up to the fact that the job of raising money is like the old farmer having to dig down in his jeans to pay for a dead horse.

Earl Smith is coming back to Chicago this afternoon. Earl is one-half of the Executive Committee of 22's representatives from Illinois. Cannot you and he frame up a call of the committee of fifteen to appoint a finance committee without requiring that George or I return from Washington at this time? I want to talk to Mr. Smith again this afternoon before he leaves, if possible. He has handled himself in splendid shape. I am afraid he may be leaving town a day too soon, since a short statement from him to the House committee would be a good thing.

I could run on in a letter like this for a week and tell you the things that have been going on, but will wait until we can talk them over.

Will you hand the enclosed letter to Mr. Fox, please?  
With personal regards, I am

Sincerely,

Chester C. Davis

This letter brings to my mind the financial aspects of the program of our own particular office, which we had set up in Washington and Chicago. Farm groups had been insistent that it be done. It was a good deal like a courtship. There was no question as to support. There was no question as to their

financing the movement, but George Peek and a few others found it a little bit difficult to convert the promises into money. I think that happens with most campaigns.

The bill creating a farm board was introduced under the names of its sponsors - Senator Charles Curtis and Representative Charles R. Crisp. It provided for a federal farm board which was to make advances to cooperatives marketing associations to help them deal with surplus crops, and so forth. It subsequently did become, in effect, the legislation passed after Mr. Hoover became President - the Federal Farm Board Act.

Ours was a constant maneuver to fend off different diversionary bills that were introduced during that period. They would come from elements in the South. They would come from the administration, as the Curtis-Crisp and Fess-Fincher bills did. Mr. James B. Aswell of Louisiana, in the House, had a bill, I remember. He was a member of the House committee. All of those were crowded toward hearings, and none of them seemed to strike at causes, none of them seemed to provide adequate remedies. But that was a part of the maneuvering of that period which kept us busy analyzing those bills, trying to figure out how they would work.

The following is a quotation from a letter I wrote to R.C. Cowles on April 1, 1925:

You may have noticed that Senator Norris put in the Congressional Record on March 29 what purports to be the complete correspondence between Sapiro, Bingham,

Peteet, relating to the activities of the latter in studying surplus control legislation. Senator Norris referred to this correspondence as evidencing a gentleman's agreement between Coolidge, Hoover, and Jardine on the one hand, with Bingham and Sapiro for the national council on the other, under the terms of which Bingham and Sapiro agreed that the council would not support any legislation aimed at surplus control.

That was the attitude of the cooperative groups - the Sapiro groups - at the time the correspondence put in the record by Senator George W. Norris referred to. They were able to change their minds a little later, and it wasn't due to pressure from other farm elements as much as to the developing troubles and difficulties of the contract cooperatives, particularly in tobacco and cotton. In the early twenties when the Sapiro cooperatives were spreading over the country and were in their honeymoon stage, there was complete conviction on the part of people like Judge Bingham, Frank Lowden and others, that the contract-type Sapiro cooperatives could do the job. It was the awakening awareness that caused them to change from the attitude expressed in the correspondence Senator Norris put in the record.

Henry A. Wallace really began to be curious and interested about the time of the St. Louis meeting. Before that he had been, I think, sort of an objective observer. At that time I thought of the younger Henry Wallace as a dreamer, a side-line student of affairs, and a man who had when quite young, during the war, developed something of a phobia on Herbert Hoover as a

result of some controversies over the price of hogs, the corn-hog ratio, and so forth, when Mr. Hoover was food administrator. He hadn't up to the time of the St. Louis meeting become particularly interested in what we were doing - at least he had given no sign of it - and he hadn't taken much of a part, so far as I had observed, in the early developments at the time his father was becoming interested in this as Secretary of Agriculture. The St. Louis meeting was November 16 and 17, 1926. Wallace reported rather completely on this meeting in Wallaces' Farmer. He was there. I remember that.

In addition to Kilgore and Moser from the South, there were U.B. Blalock from South Carolina and C.L. Stealey from Oklahoma. I recall that Stealey was chosen as spokesman and did present the statement from the cotton groups to the House and Senate committee. The administration forces were disturbed by the activities of the cotton people, and they really did woo those cotton people to try to keep them in line. Southern Senators and Congressmen were opposed to any measure that imposed a charge or fee on the cotton producers. That really set the cotton people back.

A phenomenon that I've observed all through the years is that it has been the so-called agricultural leaders in the Senate and House who have been responsible for bringing forth some of the features of farm legislation which go farther in treasury

raids than the farm leaders themselves voluntarily wished to go. It creates a situation which puts the farm leaders on the spot. We saw that later in the compulsory aspects that were brought into the Triple-A act, the Bankhead bill, and others. This was obvious here. It was the attitude of the Congressmen rather than the wishes of the farm leaders that resulted in the three-year postponement of the equalization fee as applied to cotton. In order to keep it from being a sectional proposition, we tied corn in with cotton. Corn, of course, was primarily fed on the farm or in the county in which it was produced. There was certainly less ease in collecting a processing tax on corn than in the case of wheat, which was the commodity usually used for illustration of the workings of the equalization fee. We did tie corn in with cotton. General Dawes was extremely helpful and active during this period from the introduction of the McNary-Haugen Bill to the vote in June.

I met Henry A. Wallace in St. Louis. I think I had undoubtedly met him before that time but I don't have a clear impression of the time at which I first met him. He was at the Agricultural Conference in 1922, but I was not. I didn't attend the conference. I didn't attend the meeting, either, where the Committee of 22 was set up.

The movement for farm legislation really became formidable when cotton and tobacco joined. We used the threadworn technique

of getting letters started coming into the Senate and House. Up to that time we hadn't tried to start anything in the country except to get enough flowing to some of the key men like Haugen, Fred S. Purnell, Arthur Capper, and McNary to strengthen their positions in support of the legislation. Purnell was a very able Congressman from Indiana.

On April 17, 1926, Peek wrote to Cowles, in part:

Please do not close my office or discharge Mrs. Koch, Miss Nelson, or Mr. Davis. I need them all at the present time and will become personally responsible for the expenses incurred in maintaining them until further notice. Things are getting hot here [in Washington]

George personally agreed to stand as underwriter, although the pressure for us to open the offices and keep them going came from all over the country - from all of the farm and cooperative groups. I think there was a disposition on the part of many of the farm leaders, who had more places to use their organization funds than they had money, to believe that the Lord would provide. In this case they were thinking of George Peek and a few of his associates whom he had brought into it. Mark Woods of Woods Brothers, Lincoln, Nebraska, was a close friend of General Dawes and a loyal supporter of George in these days. There were a number of those men, who were men of substantial means, who were in it up to their necks. I think there was a disposition on the part of the farm people to feel that these things would be taken care of, and they could go



ahead and use their money in their own line. Although they had been parties to the creation of these offices, they lagged in their support. That period - and that was not the first one - certainly convinced me that the man who took a position in which part of his activity had to be devoted to raising funds to support his activities was in a bad spot.

Baruch's interest was always friendly but not particularly close or active. I think Baruch came in for two reasons. One was his close friendship for George Peek. Second, I think intellectually he agreed that there was inequity in the business picture against agriculture, which was not healthy for the nation. I think he had that interest. I doubt that the \$5,000 was the total contribution Mr. Baruch gave, but I have no knowledge to support that. Peek talked about Baruch in affectionate terms - references - personal things - but he never discussed him in detail with me. We never had a "Baruch evening", or anything of the sort. If this had been a major interest with Baruch, he would have been in there pitching. He would have passed the word to men undoubtedly very close to him who never were on our side of the fence. I doubt very much that Jimmy Byrnes ever voted for this legislation. I think he was closest to Baruch of any man in the United States Congress. There's no doubt in my mind that Baruch could have accomplished something if he had really wanted to. Baruch could have been a powerful aid here.

This entire campaign was handled with a very small amount of money, really. It's a perfectly tenable theory that Baruch might have been some sort of a mystery man back of this whole movement, but it just happens that I believe there is not even a trace of substance to the shadow. To Baruch, giving \$5,000 was not a significant thing. It was something he'd do at George Peek's request.

The vote on the McNary Bill in the Senate was 45-39. James E. Watson of Indiana had been the preliminary poll taker on our behalf. A day or two before the vote was taken, we were having one of our conferences in General Dawes' office. They were frequent - daily, almost. Senator Watson came in and said, "As nearly as I can figure it out, Charlie, this is going to be dead heat. It looks like a tie to me." Dawes puffed his pipe a little furiously at that. He asked for a recheck, and Jim Watson checked with his opposite number on the other side who was doing the polling and came out with the idea that it was likely to be a tie vote in the Senate. The night before the vote was going to be taken, George Peek and I went to the Metropolitan Club to see the General. He was living there then. He asked us to come up to his room.

The next year the bill was passed. At this time, the bill was defeated. We saw Dawes under almost the same circumstances that year as we did the next. We were seeing him

repeatedly. The bill passed in '27 and again in '28, but it was defeated this time - in 1926. The 1926 drive marked the first appearance of the bill and the first vote after the cotton forces had joined and after the provision appeared which exempted cotton for three years from the equalization fee.

The meeting with General Dawes that night was interesting. The Metropolitan Club bedrooms were not ornate. It was a very barren room - a large room - in which the General was seated at his desk. The top of the little table desk was just covered with papers. He had been scribbling away, and the air was blue with his pipe smoke. He let us have it just as soon as we came in. He said, "You know, it looks as if this may be a tie vote," which we agreed to, and he said, "I'm going to tell you now, if it comes up to me for a vote to break the tie I shall vote against it." If you'd kicked George Peek right in the stomach he wouldn't have been more taken aback. Dawes said, "I'm now preparing a statement that I shall issue if I am compelled to vote on this bill. The reason I'm not going to vote for it is that you sacrificed principle here for political expediency in making that concession to cotton, so it's nothing but a raid on the treasury of the United States. The thing I've always liked about this legislation, as you men well know, is that you're not asking the treasury to carry your load. You're providing a mechanism that will collect the costs from the commodity, and of that I approve. I'm not in favor of taking it out of the

treasury of the United States to buy the cotton support, and I'm going to let the cotton Senators and Representatives have it just as bluntly as I can."

We tried to dissuade him. George, particularly, pressed on the question. I know that when we left there we were both disappointed, and George felt particularly let-down by what the General proposed to do. But the vote, much to the General's relief, was not a tie. He did not issue the statement. I don't think this story has ever been published.

After the bill was defeated we commenced re-examining the bill, discussing among ourselves the moves that should be taken. I think then we began to think more in terms of a real and possibly a permanent union based on common economic interests between the South and the West and the northcentral states. I'm not sure whether Wallace began to write "the wedding of corn and cotton" then or after the St. Louis meeting. We began to plan the St. Louis meeting, St. Louis being on the borderline between the South and the northcentral states and accessible to the West. We began to plan for that. At the same time, we had other things to think about. The Fess Bill was brought out and supported by some elements in the Farm Bureau.

At this time Chester Gray was the Washington representative of the American Farm Bureau. He was elected shortly after Sam Thompson became president. Gray Silver wasn't the Washington

representative at this time. He was devoting all of his time to the United States Grain Growers.

In October, 1926, George Peek underwent an operation for gallstones. It didn't slow him down for any length of time. He was powerful physically - a man with great physical and personal strength. He was always extremely careful in diet. Mrs. Peek was the mother hen with the one chick, and she really did look after George. They were abstemious and careful - pleasant livers. They were very careful in their diet - both of them. George was very moderate in food, drink - anything of that sort. He'd take a highball, but he didn't drink to excess. George was temperate in everything except work. He was a driver. George was a man of great energy.

I don't recall whether I attended the meeting of the Corn Belt Committee at Des Moines on October 19, 1926. If George attended, I probably did not. If he had not gone, I would have. There were those two organizations - the Corn Belt Committee and the Committee of Twenty-Two - and the job of keeping them in harness required some attention right along. These groups always competed against each other, but it never was serious. It was just one of those amusing little human affairs that you had to handle.

I remember one time when debate was about to begin in the House. Peteet and I had decided it would be a good idea to

anticipate every objection that could be raised against the legislation or was likely to be raised - price fixing - effect on production - economically unsound - we dug up fifteen or twenty of these objections, I think. We wrote about three-minute talks answering them as directly as possible, and arranged with the leaders of the legislation in the House to have them handed out to supporters, confidentially. Each one would then be prepared to take on the objection that was raised in debate. All that was done, but in the process and internally within our own group we handed out a few copies so that our people would be aware of what we were doing.

One copy was given to Frank Murphy who then, by sheer push had become the leader and spokesman of the corn belt group. He was chairman of the legislative committee. Bill Hirth still had the nominal chairmanship, all right. I think that's what irritated Bill. Murphy, without saying anything to us, concluded that this material we had prepared was very good stuff. He had it mimeographed and without our knowledge had it distributed to each member of the House of Representatives on the morning when the House had reached limited debate. If the members of the House weren't possessed of a considerable sense of humor, this could have been troublesome.

The debate proceeded as scheduled. The point was reached that someone had agreed to handle - I think it was Fred Purnell -

and he arose and delivered his speech. The members who had glanced through this material thought it sounded familiar, and checked back and got it. Then they began to nudge each other and pass around word, and it really was hilarious for a while. If this kind of "ghosting" of talks weren't a common and recognized practice, that could have been something of a scandal. It was embarrassing as it was.

It was not as embarrassing to me as one other incident. This was in the Senate, and it was near disaster. Senator Robert B. Howell of Nebraska was a very precise, methodical man, and not a frequent debater, but he was strong for the bill. Knowing his great interest in and concern over the impact on consumers of any successful move to raise farm prices, I went up and discussed the subject with him.

I discussed with the Senator, for instance, the effect on the cost of a cotton shirt or sheet of bringing the cotton price up to the ratio price, as we then called it. It subsequently was defined as the parity price. I discussed with him the effect on the price of a loaf of bread of bringing wheat to the so-called ratio price. He was very much interested. I said, "If you like, I'll give you a memorandum on that."

He said, "I really would like to discuss that in the Senate."

I said, "If you have no objection, it's a little more

convenient for me to try to put myself in your place and approach the subject that way. I will outline it in speech form. You can do what you like with it."

He said, "Well, that will be all right."

I worked out a speech on this just hitting at one point, of trying to measure accurately the effect on the consumer of bringing farm prices up to the level sought to be reached through this legislation. I stuck a copy in the files of our Washington office. The office secretary naturally had made a carbon copy. I took the speech up to Senator Howell, and he sat and read it carefully and reread it, and he said, "You know, this is extraordinary. I've never taken a speech that was written for me, but I find very little to change. This seems perfectly natural to me, and I think it's clearly expressed. I've been told that I can get time in the debate on either tomorrow or the day after, and I shall use this. I shall make this speech." I expressed pleasure and said I was going to give myself the satisfaction of coming up and hearing him if I could.

I found out when he was scheduled to talk but I was busy right up until the last minute at the office, so I took a taxi and rushed up to the Senate about the time he had said he would be ready to speak. As I approached the turn going up to the gallery, the door leading from the Senate chamber opened and



Senator Howell stepped out. His face was flushed just as a man's would be who had gone through the exertion of delivering a speech. He had books and papers in his arms. He was walking toward the elevator, and I went up and said, "Well, I'm terribly sorry I didn't get here in time."

He stared at me for a moment as if he wanted to tear my head off. He finally said, "You weren't here."

I said, "No."

He said, "I have just gone through the most humiliating experience in my Senate career, and only by the grace of God did it fail to be a complete disaster."

"Well," I said, "I don't understand."

He said, "Fortunately I came over to the Senate chamber a little early. Senator (Earle B.) Mayfield was addressing the Senate. I sat down and I heard him deliver, word for word, line after line, precisely the speech you gave me."

I said, "Senator, I just can't believe it. I'm at a loss to explain it. I accept your word, but I just can't understand it." I was lower than a snake. I went back to the office and when I came in Walton Peteet was just bubbling over.

He said, "Did you hear Senator Mayfield?"

I said, "No, I heard about him."

"Well, sir," he said, "He called up yesterday and said he wanted to speak on the consumer impact of this legislation.

I was just looking through the files for some material and I ran across a memorandum which was just precisely on that subject, and he delivered it and it was a knockout!!"

I said, "It knocked out a lot of people. Did you believe in immaculate conception of these things? How did you come to use that without asking somebody about it?" Then I told him what had happened. Well, he then joined me in my misery. But fortunately Howell hadn't attempted the speech. The speech was delivered by another. That was a close call. I went up to see Senator Howell. I told him what had happened. I said, "I can't account for my credulous partner's activities, but that's what he did and that's what happened." Things were moving fast, and it's not too surprising, I guess, that we had those kind of mixups.

I don't remember attending the Farm Bureau annual meeting on November 1, 1926, at the Sherman Hotel in Chicago. I've addressed the Farm Bureau several times, and I don't remember making a speech on cooperation to their convention that year. I may have.

The McKinley-Adkins Bill was Charles L. Stewart's bill. It had been introduced earlier in 1926. I think it was reported out in November. I had talked to Charlie Stewart about that. He was with the department of economics of the University of Illinois. I had discussed many aspects of it with him. He had

pretty much sold it to the Grange. I think this was attractive to them partly because of the leadership the Farm Bureau had assumed in the McNary-Haugen Bill. Then, it looked as if it were more or less self-operating - that is, it provided for the issuance by the government of debentures to the marketers of surplus crops. The debentures were legal tender for payment of customs duties on imports. It was an attractive idea, but it was another diversion from what we were trying to do. The diversions were amoying, but this was supported by many members of the House or Senate who wanted to go back home to their constituents with something. Take Charles Adkins. He had been commissioner or secretary of agriculture in Illineis, so I had known him, and I had known him particularly because he'd been quite a farmers elevator man. I'd met Charlie. He was a junior Congressman there - a big good-natured fellow, and a good supporter of the McNary-Haugen Bill. But this looked like something to which his name could be attached, and it was a plausible bill. Adkins was a good supporter of the McNary-Haugen Bill, so we didn't lose him. Senator William B. McKinley I'm not so sure about. I think he probably may have lined up on the final vote, but he was not enthusiastic.

The Grange, of course, had the bulk of its membership in sections of the country that were not as directly affected

by the farm distress as the Farmers Union and the Farm Bureau sections were. The Grange sections were New England, the Northeast, New York, Ohio, and that section of the country. It is a very old farm organization, relatively, and its leadership after the first years when it was the radical farm movement followed the normal human tendency of becoming conservative with age. In the '70's and '80's, when they were pressing for railroad legislation, and so forth, the term Granger was about the same as Populist became later. Under subsequent leadership, when Albert Goss became the national master, they became concerned with a broad range of economic affairs, and I think their position was generally constructive. Louis J. Taber was something of a politician. Lou would have loved to be Secretary of Agriculture or United States Senator. He had a flair for politics. His hand was forced, more or less. The Farm Bureaus, many of the cooperatives, the secretary of agriculture of his own state - Charles V. Truax, Bill Settle of Indiana - some of those elements, particularly some of the Congressmen - had forced the Grange's hand a little. They didn't regard the McNary-Haugen Bill as theirs, although the ground swell had become sufficiently strong so they weren't openly fighting it. Truax had become a member of the Committee of 22, and was quite active. The Ohio Farm Bureau had never been particularly enthusiastic about the McNary-Haugen Bill.

Marvin Jones had a great deal of promise at this time. He wasn't the ranking Democratic member of the House committee, at all. I think Aswell was the ranking Democrat. I'm not sure but what David Kinchsloe of Kentucky outranked Marvin. I think he did. Marvin was a young Congressman at this time. He was thoughtful and fair and already showed the qualities that I think were so marked in Marvin as the chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture for such a long while. I knew him fairly well at that time, and knew him very well when he was chairman. Marvin Jones and Clifford Hope made two great chairmen, both having great considerateness for the members of the committee who held contrary views. They brought about a pretty high degree of performance in those committees while they were chairmen. I've seen other chairmen who didn't do so well.

Gilbert Haugen was an interesting character. During this period he reached the stage where he had had longer continuous service in the House, I believe, than any other member then in the House. He was getting old. He was a Scandinavian. He wasn't facile in his mind. He didn't change easily. He didn't acquire a position easily, but once he got it he gave it up with even more difficulty. I remember we got the ratio price concept fixed in Mr. Haugen's mind so thoroughly that when the shift to parity took place he never accepted it at all. With him it was always the ratio price in debate.

An anecdote about him illustrates his dogged "stick-tuitiveness". Frederic P. Lee of the Senate Legislative Counsel and I went into his office one winter day - a holiday. He had the fireplace fire going in his office. A former Senator from North Dakota, Porter J. McCumber, had just died and the papers had just carried the story of his death. Fred said, "You know, Mr. Haugen, I saw that Senator McCumber died."

He said, "Yes, that's bad. He was a fine man."

Fred said, "Do you remember the conference on the District of Columbia rent bill during the war, in which you were chairman of the House conferees and he was chairman of the Senate conferees, and you set a new record for a deadlock in conference?"

Haugen grinned and said, "I remember it very well."

Fred Lee said, "I honestly thought that that bill would never come out of conference."

"Well," Haugen said, "that's right. The Senator was a very stubborn man. He was as stubborn a man as I guess I ever knew." He paused, looked out of the window, then added, "But he came around all right."

On November 16 and 17, 1926, the Corn Belt Committee sponsored a big meeting at St. Louis. It was a meeting of all farm organizations and interested people. The theme was the common interests of the West and South and how to express them. I thought that was a great meeting. It carried out the line we

had determined to follow after the defeat of the legislation, that is to try to cement these areas in a real drive on this legislation. There was a good deal of fire in this. It was one of the highlights of the whole campaign. I think the first public expression of the defection of the Republican farmer from Republican ranks took place for the first time at that meeting. All of us obviously overestimated its effects. We believed that politics would follow economic interests. It was fine as a movement for legislation. We got that. But 1928 evidenced the fact that there was no real defection. It wasn't sufficiently strong to impress the leaders of the Republican Party that they should choose Frank Lowden as against Mr. Hoover.

It was a solidifying meeting. It gave a new starting point for the drive for the legislation with vastly more confidence on the part of the promoters and, I think, considerably more respect on the part of the those who opposed the legislation - the administration forces and others. It was addressed by Lowden, Kilgore, and many others.

I attended the Farm Bureau convention in December. I worked in behalf of the legislation there. I had many friends there who talked to me about it, and I talked to them.

About this time the possibility of Frank Lowden's becoming a candidate was being widely discussed among the farm groups.

It was obvious at the 1928 convention that Lowden and the McNary-Haugen Bill were closely associated. I didn't primarily work for Lowden in 1927. I was working for this legislation primarily, and I think the same thing was true of George Peek. I talked to many people. I made the acquaintance then of men who had not before been active in the farm drive but who had been supporters of Lowden in 1920. They were beginning to come out and form themselves into the force that made the drive for delegates for Lowden in 1928. I began talking to them. I didn't seek them out because, believe me, I had all I could do in trying to keep material prepared and trying to assist George Peek in acting as sort of traffic cop and oiler to keep the machine running. Our drive wasn't tied up to a man. I don't think much can be found in the press of the period to support the idea that it was tied up to Lowden or Lowden to it. I think we overestimated the farm discontent and the farm opposition to Mr. Hoover. George was confident that Mr. Hoover couldn't become President in the face of the kind of opposition he believed existed. I felt less confident on that. Lowden never came to Washington, for example - that I recall - to volunteer to testify before a committee. Lowden never came down to call on Congressmen. Lowden never assumed leadership in the McNary-Haugen Bill. His chief contribution, I believe, was the effect which his support had on the cooperatives, particularly the cooperatives of the South. Frank Lowden



and Judge Bingham, of course, were respected and powerful leaders in the cooperative movement, and they had a great deal of effect there. But Lowden never concerned himself with trying to get the McNary-Haugen Bill passed. I think I conferred with Lowden about the talk he made to the Farm Bureau.

I don't know whether it was at this meeting or one the year following that General John J. Pershing made an address. I wrote the draft of the speech for General Pershing to deliver.

He, also, was mentioned as a Presidential possibility, and General Dawes was mentioned as a Presidential possibility along with Lowden. Hoover, of course, was the marked successor to President Coolidge. Mark Woods was the man who probably had had more hand in making General Dawes the Vice Presidential nominee in 1924 than any other man. He was very close to Dawes and very close to General Pershing, who had been stationed up in Lincoln for a long while. They were very close friends. Mark had felt that we had three horses in the stable, any one of whom might be tapped to trot the heat in 1928 - Lowden, Dawes and Pershing were the three. By "We" I mean the farm groups. So when Pershing was invited to address the American Farm Bureau Federation, we wanted to make sure that his speech was a thoughtful and intelligent recognition of the agricultural problem. I don't know whether he spoke on the same program Lowden did, or not. My papers must show it, although after my

experience with Senator Howell I was very careful of any copies of any speeches I might have written.

In justice to General Pershing, I must admit that he was the hardest man to write a speech for I ever met. He wanted to do it his own way, and did. I respect him for it. He didn't take my speech and give it, but he used it as a basis which he converted over into his own speech.

There was day and night activity in January and February, 1927, getting the bill in shape. I used to spend a great deal of time with the Senate and House legislative counsel. Fred Lee was one of the ablest men I ever worked with. He was a late starter in the day. Fred would move along at a moderate speed during most of the day, but along about four or five o'clock he'd really begin to spark. He had young men secretaries who had no particular objection to working all night, and they were good. He had a group of young lawyers around him who had become quite intrigued with this problem, which was a tricky one. This business of putting in legislative language some new concepts of this sort gave me the best lesson I ever had in the use of words. I used to think, as a newspaper man, that I could express an idea in language, but I learned after I got to working with these fellows that I didn't know anything about it. It was fascinating to sit up with them and work late into the night trying to polish off a phrase or a clause so it would really

express what you wanted without any ambiguity, and that is not easy. I was constantly concerned with the legislative drafts as well as with this business of keeping our own group in step. It was just a continuous performance during the latter part of '26, '27 and '28, up through May. Then there were the political conventions. During that period it was a continuous effort, and I can't attach to any one day, week, or month, any particular activity.

It's just interesting to note in passing that the legislation which subsequently became the marketing act of 1928 which created the Federal Farm Board with its powers, took form early in that year. It was the Curtis-Crisp Bill which became the administration bill.

Our counts in 1927 and 1928 showed that our bills could be passed and we knew Coolidge would veto them. It's a let-down when a bill is vetoed. President Coolidge's first veto message was long and detailed - put together out of memoranda from Hoover and Jardine. I wrote a point by point analysis of the veto message on which I worked pretty hard. Congressman Dickinson put it in the Congressional Record. There was no chance of getting it through over the veto. We couldn't get enough votes.

In April, 1927, I met with Peek, Hirth, Hearst, Smith, Thompson, and Settle in Chicago to talk over strategy. We also

went out to Governor Lowden's farm at Oregon, Illinois, and saw the governor and talked strategy over with him. We reconvened in one of the Chicago hotels. I remember that we were all very tired and that Bill Hirth produced a pint of bourbon and we had a drink. When Bill Settle came in the bottle was standing on the dresser. Bill Settle was a pillar in the United Brethern Church in Indiana. I had never been in his company when anybody offered a drink, and being a little aware that he was a good church man, nobody offered him a drink. He fidgeted a little bit and finally he said, "What is that there stuff over there?" Somebody told him. Bill said, "I'm going to see what that tastes like," and he slashed about three inches in a tumbler and tossed it off. It was obvious that Bill had tasted it before.

I remember taking Bill Settle in the first time he'd ever met Vice President Dawes. I forget the point which the General made in the conversation. He may have expressed some doubt as to whether the cooperatives could carry the part assigned to them in the legislation, which provided that where existing cooperative agencies were adequate to handle the operations, they were to be used. It might have been that. In any event, Bill took violent exception to what General Dawes said. Bill always carried a paper bag of Mail Pouch chewing tobacco, which is a leaf tobacco, in his coat pocket. When he was deeply

interested or agitated about something, he just more or less unconsciously kept reaching in his pocket and "mowing it away." He did this while he talked with the General. He kept stuffing the tobacco into his mouth pinch by pinch, and kept pulling his chin up closer and closer. They were shaking their fingers in each others' faces. Finally Dawes leaned back and laughed and he put his hand on Bill Settle's leg and he looked up at me and said, "You know, I like this fellow." Bill was a very human person.

On May 17 and 18, 1927, the Corn Belt Committee met in Des Moines. Neither Peek nor I was there. I think Frank Murphy and Bill Settle probably called that meeting. The irritation because the Committee of 22 was getting a lot of newspaper credit really never broke out in friction that held the movement back. George worked through the Committee of 22. George, of course, was a dynamic figure although he was not directly associated with any farm organization. He just naturally took leadership in this thing. I think Hirth and some of the others more or less resented that development, but they continued pulling together to the end. Then Hirth also resented Frank Murphy a good bit. It was personal antagonism and a feeling, again, that Frank was an interloper, that he wasn't the head of a farm organization. Bill, in manner, reminded one of a bear with a sore ear, anyway. He was a hard-hitter, but he was a lone worker. To George's

everlasting credit, he just worked and kept them working in pretty good harmony all the way through. He did a superb job in that, I think.

There always was some discontent in the Farmers Union. Some of the units were very strongly for the McNary-Haugen. Milo Reno's unit (Iowa) was reasonably strong for it. Old man John Trumbull of Kansas, John Simpson of Oklahoma - he was the fire eater - were for it. We had a number of them working hard. But Charlie Barrett, who was the president through most if not all of this period, was a very cagey old southern politician who had seen movements come and go. He would join you when he thought things were going all right, but he wasn't intellectually or emotionally committed to the bill.

Bill Hirth was sort of between the two. He was head of the Missouri Farmers Association, and had no affiliation with any national organization. The Missouri Farmers Association was a kingdom in itself. I don't think labels are safe, but you might say he was to the left of the Farm Bureau and to the right of the Union. That is a statement that Bill would probably resent very much if he were here.

In June, 1927, Walton Peteet had a stroke. He was paralyzed. I think Walton had always been too intense in his work. He didn't slide easily with the punches at all. He was an intense, hard worker. Walton was older than he appeared. I don't

know what his age was, but he had this stroke from which he did not recover. I used to see him frequently, but he failed rapidly. It wasn't too long until he died. It was a personal loss as well as a loss to the movement. By that time the cooperatives were so thoroughly committed in the fight that any one of us could have dropped off and the thing would have rolled on. George would have been missed more than anybody else in the outfit. He was the dogged driving force that never slowed down, never felt discouraged. George was a natural-born fighter.

I don't remember meeting Dr. Kilgore in Washington on June 17-23, 1927. We were in constant communication, and I suppose we did meet. In June, 1927, Peek wrote to me that we were practically defunct financially. That wasn't news. We didn't have any money. In July, 1927, Mrs. Davis was ill. My pay didn't keep coming through on schedule. There was no question but what the clerical help in the organization were paid. George Peek had agreed to underwrite the cost of the offices, and George put up money. I think he touched a few close friends - Mark Woods, his brother Burton Peek, and a few others - to come in with him and keep the offices open. I don't look back on 1927 as an unhappy year. After all, we put that bill through. When the length of time involved is considered and the resources behind it, why I think that was quite an accomplishment. I wasn't too much aware at the time of the price I personally paid.

I was asked to be the secretary of one section of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown in August, 1927. I think Henry A. Wallace chaired that. I recommended Harry Butcher, and I did not go. Butcher went. I think it was the situation at home more than anything else. I think Mrs. Davis and I just decided against going up there. She was not well. There was no possibility of breaking even financially. It would have been an expense that I couldn't have afforded. I wanted very much to go. George went. Very frequently George and I would divide up. If he were going, it wasn't necessary for me to go.

Senator William E. Borah was always a tough one to handle. He never came along with us. I believe Borah did support the export debenture bill. He didn't support Lowden for the nomination. I remember Governor Dixon of Montana expressing himself with disgust on Will Borah. Borah had been one of the group of "progressive" Senators in the Theodore Roosevelt era. He'd raise hell right up to the time when the question of party regularity was raised, and then, to quote Governor Dixon, "You'd always find Will Borah getting back behind the breastwork." He'd never be caught out in the open in party irregularity.

I know that the Farmers Union was with us at the end. Of course, we had had a number of their important state units with us all the way through.

In November, 1927, there was a meeting of the Association



of Land-Grant Colleges. It's significant as a bit of history. They had a committee working on agricultural policy, and they produced a report which was presented at the meeting. I was present when it was read and I thought it marked quite an advance in thinking for the land-grant colleges. It recommended legislation for agricultural equality. I have a copy of that report in my files somewhere. It was a pleasing report. It recommended legislation aimed toward equalization with reference to such matters as taxation, tariff, and freight rates. It said that a sound land policy, further improvement of credit facilities, and unified action with respect to the surplus, all should be provided for. That's an abbreviation, but at least it took cognizance of some of the problems. John D. Black, in the text of his book, Agriculture Reform in the United States, remarks rather caustically that this was proper action by the land-grant colleges but it was several years too late, that they should have been leading in consideration, policy, and development of programs, rather than following the procession. That's always been the case as far as the association is concerned. Individuals in the colleges, of course, have been different.

In that period we had quite a surprising and encouraging lift from the National Industrial Conference Board report on the farm problem. I remember using it a great deal and quoting

from it. It was in that period that the Conference really urged business men to become awake to the need of strengthening the farm economic structure. As I recall it, it even referred to the need for adequate relief legislation, which surprised us a little coming from the other side of the fence, as we regarded it, although large segments of business supported the McNary-Haugen Bill.

Starting early in 1928, many of the farm leaders came down to Washington and really concentrated on the next job. The McNary-Haugen Bill, of course, was not the same bill from start to finish. It was constantly being changed. The final bill was broadened to include not only basic commodities but all agricultural commodities under certain conditions, and provided for appropriate action - not just the export segregation and sale.

H.A. Wallace was in Washington the spring of 1928, and he and I became a little better acquainted at that time than we ever had been before. I remember we played handball together in the Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA) court. I had played a great deal of handball out in Great Falls and Helena, Montana. Henry is quite a natural athlete - particularly at tennis. He played handball with a great deal of force and vigor. It wasn't his favorite sport, but he enjoyed it. He played to win. When he was in the court he played hard. He did so with tennis, too. I have never played tennis with him. I didn't

play tennis. But I've watched him, and he really works. He didn't play so much for the sake of winning - I don't have that impression - as much as he was giving all he had to it all the time. I'm not quite sure how we came out. I had played more handball than he had, but he had a great deal more power than I had.

This I remember about Wallace at that time. He was more of a pleased and interested onlooker - very curious as to what went on and how things were managed. He was like a reporter, but a very interested reporter. He seemed to exhibit some surprise and pleasure at the way things were moving and the extent of the force that was being brought to bear down in Washington. I didn't expect Wallace to become a man of action in this field at that time. He was a pleased and interested onlooker rather than an active participant in those days. I took him with me to the Senate legislative counsel when we were sitting and working on things, and to other meetings of the farm group. He wasn't accepting a position of leadership, but he was an extremely interested onlooker. That's the way he impressed me at that time.

I had read W. J. Spillman's book, Balancing the Farm Output. I had had it for a long while.

The McNary-Haugen Bill, itself, was reported in early March. The hearings were not too long continued - a little over a month in the House. The lines were pretty well drawn and known. Those

who would oppose it would be heard. The opponents and proponents would say pretty much the same things they had said before. This was a voluminous bill. When it was presented new there was a considerable period taken up in going through it, section by section, with witnesses. I think almost always when a bill was introduced in new form the Senate legislative counsel would have a witness on to explain the provisions of the bill and answer committee questions. I think the questions they asked me usually were on organization and method rather than about the basic troubles of agriculture. I think the committee by that time had reached the point where it was willing to say, "Okay, we admit that conditions need action, and we will not take the witness's time going into that."

Arthur R. Robinson from Indiana was a one-term Senator. Of course, he was a colleague of Jim Watson's. I recall an occasion that always tickled Jim Watson immensely. I had written a speech which Senator Robinson of Indiana was ready to deliver. He was quite the spread-eagle type. He liked to make gestures, and he wasn't very comfortable with a manuscript. I should say that he had at least read the speech we gave him before he delivered it, but he wasn't thoroughly familiar with it. At one point we had really worked in a little flight of oratory. It arose to something of a peroration. As he came to that point in his speech he marked his manuscript with his finger and he

said, "Now, gentlemen, listen to this. This is good," and then went on to deliver that section. When the session was over, a few of us were assembled in General Dawes' office, and Watson came in. He was really slapping his thigh.

He said, "Well, did you ever hear anybody give himself away on a speech like Artie did this afternoon?"

The Senate passed the bill by a vote which, if it could have been held, would have been adequate to override the veto. The vote was 58-23 on passage. The House passed the bill by a vote of 204-121. On May 25 the Senate voted 50-31 to override the President's veto. It wasn't enough to do it.

We were seeing General Dawes constantly. It could easily have been that the General was in a position to report something on the President's attitude. While we were morally certain that the President would veto the bill, there was always the hope that he would not because, after all, this was a pretty substantial vote. After the passage of the bill when it was about to go to the President, the General had a roomfull of leaders including Senator McNary in his office. We were considering what steps should be taken. The conferees there agreed that by all means Senator McNary should call on the President prior to the arrival of the bill and, to the extent he felt he could, try to prevail on the President to sign it.

An amusing incident occurred then. The Washington repre-

sentative of the American Farm Bureau Federation was Chester Gray. He probably wasn't wholly devoid of humor, but he sometimes acted like it. He was inclined to be just a little bit pompous. Senator McNary was, I believe, either the majority leader or the assistant majority leader in the Senate at the time. When the decision had been reached that Senator McNary would see the President on the bill, Chester Gray spoke up and said, "Now, Senator, if you'd like me to I'd be glad to arrange the appointment for you with the President."

In The Wallaces of Iowa, by Russell Lord, I am quoted as saying to Peek just before the passage of the bill that this was the last heat I was about to trot, that:

We can't dump surpluses over the sort of tariff walls they're rearing over the water now.

Peek replied, "The hell we can't!," The first part of that is substantially correct. The timing is not right. I made substantially that remark a little later, when we were all packed to go home from Washington. I think George and I both agreed that we really had something to do now, that the next stage would be the two political conventions. I told George that the situation had either changed greatly or at least our understanding of it had sharpened a great deal in the United States, that a fundamental problem was the policy of the United States which raised tariffs while at the same time it sought to push its exports out on the world market. We had financed them throughout the twenties by loans which subsequently were not repaid. We hadn't had lend

lease at that time, and we didn't have Point-4 or the Economic Cooperation Administration (ECA) or the Mutual Security Administration (MSA), but it was aid, not trade, even though it was given in the form of loans and given by the then Republican administration. I think the total amounted to something like \$11,000,000,000, which "was not hay" in those times. It was a lot of money. It seemed to me that any farm program of the future had to face that situation. In the 'twenties we had a real problem with surpluses which the world was eager to get but took at prices which fixed the prices in this country, notwithstanding tariffs. I don't think any of us realized in the early 'twenties that the markets that existed abroad were largely created by credits advanced from the United States - at least we didn't realize the extent to which that was true. It had become clear to me as we fought through this last fight that that was a basic condition that the McNary-Haugen Bill didn't correct. We had problems of readjustment in our general trading policy with other countries of the world which really were more fundamental than our particular type of action.

George was an amazingly consistent person. He had taken a position, he had fought for it, and fighting for it was a habit. George would have liked to see the Triple-A operated more and more in the pattern conceived in the original McNary-Haugen Bill rather than in the adjustment of our production to meet the

markets that were available, although he accepted that as an emergency measure - some features of it with great reluctance. I told him during the campaign repeatedly when the occasion came up that as far as I was concerned this was finished, that, as Russell Lord put it, this was the last heat I was going to trot for the McNary-Haugen Bill. But we then proceeded to get ourselves ready to go to Kansas City and then to Houston for the political conventions.

Herman Steen was an old member of the editorial staff of the Prairie Farmer. He had written one of the early books on cooperative marketing in the flush of the Sapiro enthusiasm after World War I. Herman had become, I think, secretary-manager of the Indiana Wheat Growers Association - a Sapiro-type co-op with which Bill Settle, the Farm Bureau president, was identified. Herman had been a close friend and follower of Frank Lowden throughout all the years. He got active as did many of the old-guard Lowden supporters from 1920. They had opened headquarters by that time. He knew that the farm people who had been active for the McNary-Haugen Bill were generally very strong for Mr. Lowden and generally very much opposed to Mr. Hoover.

We went down in advance of the opening of the convention in order to present our case before the resolutions committee. In this case, as usually was done, the men who acted as spokesmen were the heads or representatives of the bona fide permanent



farm organizations. They made the best case they could. I stayed through the convention.

Earl Smith was the member of the resolutions committee from Illinois. Frank Murphy was a member from Minnesota. Earl presented a minority report. Frank Murphy made one of the most eloquent speeches made at that convention - and it would be an eloquent speech in any convention - in support of the minority report. It touched off a demonstration which really surprised me. Of course, we had had what they called the farmers' march on the convention which Mark Woods of Lincoln had originally suggested. Farmers were in attendance at the Kansas City convention by hundreds, - delegates but mainly non-delegates - and they organized a parade to the convention hall, without band - just a parade. Some banners had been improvised, and one thing and another. It was, I think, quite irritating to the convention managers. I remember seeing Bill Jardine on the sidewalk as I walked by. I hailed him cheerfully. He wasn't happy.

I remember this demonstration. Some strange man - I never learned his name - in the gallery, who was obviously not a farmer, attracted attention to his position in the gallery and then he began to act as cheerleader and led the demonstration which lasted for twenty-five or thirty minutes following Frank Murphy's speech. He was probably a man who was very pro-Lowden. He looked like a big and successful traveling salesman. I remember Eugene Meyer stalking around the convention floor, looking up at this fellow

and trying to size up who he was and what was behind all that cheering.

It was a foregone conclusion both ways that Hoover would be nominated and that the committee on resolution's report would be adopted, including the farm plank. The farm plank was on the pattern of the Curtis-Crisp Bill, which provided for a board to look into the situation and an appropriation of funds to support cooperatives in their attempt to manage the surplus problem. There was no way of telling whether the farm delegates voted for Hoover. As I recall it, after the minority report on that plank was rejected, the word came around from the Lowden headquarters. They were obviously certain of defeat. I think they, in effect, released delegates as far as Lowden was concerned. No attempt was made after that defeat to put the pressure on to hold the votes in line. The way they vote is by states, not as individuals.

I remember talking to Perry Howard, the Negro Republican leader from Mississippi, about the meaning of the farm plank. He said, "Yes, sir, that's right. I think you're right."

I said, "Well, now you control this delegation or you lead it, and I assume you will vote this way."

He looked at me as if I were crazy - which I was - and he said, "Why, no. You know what the orders is. The orders is the other way." They had very little freedom from the cotton south in a Republican Convention.

I think the farm states came through pretty well in support of the minority report. The minority report was really the key vote in the convention.

Following this we went to Houston. We were received with open arms there by the Democratic resolutions committee and by the convention. Peek and I were there, but a very large farm delegation went down there, too, and made the same type of presentation before the resolutions committee. The resolutions, when they came out, were considered satisfactory. There was a little shaking of heads among some of the thoughtful southern delegates about the growing Al Smith strength. They sensed some problems on that. That was the convention in which Franklin Delano Roosevelt made his "Happy Warrior" speech. Al Smith and Joseph T. Robinson were nominated, and we all went home.

At just that time, the Illinois Agricultural Association asked me to become their executive secretary. That was an attractive opening. It was the strongest state organization in the country. The officers and many of the members were my friends, and it was a position that offered interesting work and an opportunity to stick fairly well within one state and to set our roots in. It was quite attractive, but in talking it over with George, he and I both felt as if we had a promissory note out in this case. We had gone to Kansas City and - to use the cliché - had been rebuffed. We had gone to Houston and the cause we'd been

working for was endorsed. We both felt it was important to do what we could, personally, to swing as much of the farm support as we could to Al Smith. The question I faced was, "What are you going to do?" This job with the Illinois Agricultural Association was ready and open. I think they would have held it for me, probably, until after the campaign. But I realized that a farm organization and the officers of a farm organization had to be very careful about the extent to which the officers participated actively and officially in a political campaign. I also realized that there would be hurt feelings and soreness resulting from this activity. So I told Earl Smith who was then the president of the Illinois Agricultural Association that I appreciated the offer and the compliment, but I couldn't take it, that it wouldn't be fair to the association to ask them to defer it until after the election so I could throw myself into the political campaign.

George Peek went down to see John J. Raskob, who was chairman of the Democratic national committee. Hugh Johnson, I remember was in headquarters there, so Peek and Johnson met up again. They discussed the possibility of organizing a campaign directed at the key farm states, particularly in the corn belt and spreading out as far as Montana and the Dakotas and that area. The result was that George came away with the support of the Democratic national committee to organize an office and

conduct such a campaign, which we estimated would cost \$500,000. That was big money in those days! George Peek didn't think in little terms, and he not only came away with the promise. He said, "We'll make no commitments and we'll not turn a wheel 'til the money's on deposit in a bank in Chicago," which was substantially what was done. I don't think they sent it all out at once, but enough so that we had more than half of the money to start on. The rest of it was paid over as we went along, before we completed the campaign, because we turned a substantial sum of it - over \$100,000 - back to the National Committee after we had paid all our bills and were ready to close the office.

During my life up to 1920, as a matter of fact, I had considered myself a Republican. I played with the Republicans in 1924 because they were the party in and we were trying to carry an election, but that doesn't indicate how I voted either in '20 or '24. We were governed by other than farm issues in 1920, when we had the League of Nations issue, and other important ones to consider. I did not vote for Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Dawes in 1924. I had not met Mr. Dawes at the time of the '24 election. I was pretty fresh in from Montana. While I certainly voted for the state Republican ticket, I nationally voted for the Democratic ticket in 1920 and 1924. I was Democratic all the way in '28 because we were actively in it. We called our organization the Smith Independent Organizations Committee. We set up offices in the Transportation building there in Chicago. I

think that in July, 1928, right after the convention and before the campaign got hot, I went back to Montana and did a little fishing.

My meeting with Al Smith on August 13, 1928, was quite interesting. We went to Albany. There were George Peek, Bill Hirth, Bill Settle, Dr. Kilgore, and others. We went to the governor's home. Judge Joseph M. Proskauer was there. He was the advisor who stayed with Al Smith throughout the campaign. We met with the governor, and he surprised us all by the liveliness of his interest and the quickness of his comprehension. This wasn't a natural interest with him. He'd been on the pavements all his life. We were all very much encouraged, I think, after that meeting. He was a very likable person.

He told an interesting story on Mr. Coolidge at that time that impressed me. This has nothing to do with the farm business. He was just talking about the campaign and his impressions of President Coolidge. He said that President Coolidge had come up the summer before to Paul Smith's farm, - a select resort place in New York. He had come up with Mrs. Coolidge to take his summer holiday. Governor Smith said, "Now, thinking that here the President of the United States has come into my state and I'm the governor of the state, it's proper - and my people told me it was proper - that I should pay him a call, so that was arranged. Mrs. Smith and I drove over to pay our call. Now, I got a lot of kids. Six, or seven of them were home at the

time. You know, most of them had never even seen a President, let alone meetin' him, so we piled 'em all in and we drove 'em over there. They took us into a room where Mr. Coolidge was to receive us, and just 'for a kid' I thought it would be fun to line 'em up - they're regular stairsteps in size. So we lined 'em up here - first I, then Mrs. Smith, and then our oldest son," and then he went on down, "and we got them all lined up in regular stair steps, and then we stood there and waited. Shortly the door opened. A man threw the door open and bowed, and Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge walked in. Mrs. Coolidge had her hand in Mr. Coolidge's arm. Mr. Coolidge came along to me and he said, 'How do', and to Mrs. Smith, 'How do', 'How do', 'How do', 'How do', 'How do', " and Governor Smith went through the pantomime right down to the floor, shaking hands with them. "Then," Al Smith added, "believe it or not, he turned around and walked out. That was it." Smith really did have a sense of humor.

We thought that was a pretty good meeting - came back encouraged. Our office prepared a lot of material for the governor to assist him. He came to Chicago, I remember, to make an agricultural speech. I sat with him for hours, and I was fascinated by the way he went about preparing a speech. They didn't ghost his speeches. He would take an outline, then he'd go over it, sentence by sentence. He'd say, "How do you know that? What have you got to support that?" If it was a newspaper clipping

or something that could be copied out and typed, he'd take the supporting and elaborating material and stick it in an envelope - a legal-sized envelope.

There was one case where we were quoting from a speech Mr. William E. Borah made in the Senate in which he was attacking vehemently the position taken by Mr. Hoover on relief activities at the time of one of the interior floods. Mr. Hoover had, according to Mr. Borah, taken the position that it was perfectly all right to use the appropriated funds for horses and mules and work stock, but no appropriated funds could be used for human beings, and Borah had made much of it. In the outline of the speech which we had given Governor Smith, which he was tearing apart and putting together to suit himself, we had quoted two or three paragraphs from this speech. He said, "Did Borah say that?" and we assured him he did. He said, "I'd like to see it." So I had to go down to the public library and get the bound volume of the Congressional Record, locate the speech, bring it up and show it to him. Then he had it compared word for word, and then he was willing to use it in his speech. When he was preparing the speech, Judge Proskauer, Belle Moskowitz, and one or two others sat with him around a round table. The governor had his coat off and in his shirt sleeves was really tearing into it. He really built himself a speech.

Mrs. Moskowitz was a vigorous, portly woman with a very



keen mind. She was very influential. She was active in his State relief work in New York. I did not understand that she was his secretary. She was very much of a gal. What I saw of her, I liked. Competent is the word that described her.

The campaign wore on. I never, myself, rode on the campaign train. I arranged for a lot of other people to meet the candidate and travel on the train with him. I stayed very close to headquarters. We were concerned with radio programs. We learned that the early morning time was excellent radio time for the farmers. Five-thirty, six o'clock radio time was excellent time, and it was easy to get and relatively inexpensive. We'd arrange for people to appear and then we'd purchase radio time. We used Senator Norris, I remember very well. He had come out in support of Al Smith and was willing to campaign for him.

I don't remember many open defections from our ranks. Some of the weaker farm leaders who had joined just because it appeared to be a winning cause didn't stand the test. George Peek could probably call the roll call man by man because this cut very deeply with George. A man who, for considerations within his own state didn't go down the line on this one was a traitor to the cause in George's eyes. There's no question that Hirth went along with Al Smith. I'm quite sure Charlie Hearst did. I know Bill Settle did. Earl Smith did, I know. Most of them came in and took fifteen minutes' time on the radio. I believe we had H.A. Wallace in on the program. Henry went all the

way. He supported Al Smith vigorously. Henry was active in this campaign.

It became increasingly evident that there were forces at work other than whether people were for or against the farm legislation. I first spotted it in the reports from different state leaders and representatives. I remember one time Magnus Johnson, who had been Senator from Minnesota - an old Non-Partisan League man - came in to report on the conditions in Minnesota. I asked him how it looked, and he said, "Well, I'll tell you. It don't look so good."

I said, "What's the matter?"

"Well," he says, "I'll tell you. You know, we've got in our state a lot of Methodists and Baptists. They don't cuss a little bit, they don't take a drink. They're pretty religious people, and they are going to vote against Al Smith."

I said, "Aren't there any people up there that feel this farm thing enough that they're going to go down the line on it? They aren't all that way, are they?"

He said, "Well, no, I'll tell you. You know, there're a lot of Lutherans up there. Now, some of the Lutherans, they'll cuss a little bit. They'll take a little drink. Some of them are going to vote for Al Smith, all right." It wasn't a great ground swell.

George Authier was a representative of the old New York

World. I'd gotten to know him pretty well in Washington. As a matter of fact, he was an alumnus of Grinnell, so I'd felt pretty close to George. During a campaign the Washington newspapermen like to go out over the country and then file reports in which they tell the papers how it's going to go. Authier came into our office in Chicago about a week before the election. After we'd exchanged greetings, he said, "Well, Chester, how's it going?" I gave him the usual routine, that the farmers had been deeply disappointed by the President's veto and that they had no use for Hoover. I told him that the Democratic platform was the farmers' platform, that Al Smith's pronouncements had been entirely satisfactory, and that I felt this resentment was going to result in big Democratic gains throughout the corn belt and some of the states, at least, would be carried by Smith.

He questioned me about it and he said, "Well, now, come on. Give me the real low-down. How is it going to go?" Well, a little more feebly I started the routine again, and he said, "I know your position. You can't tell me, so I'll tell you. I agree with you. The farmers have been hating Hoover for maybe three or four years, five years, some of them as much as eight years. Chester, they've been hating the Pope for a thousand years." That was the sum-up of the election. I think George had it exactly. That's my impression, too. That's exactly what it was.

Subsequently, Jim Farley talked to me as Roosevelt's second term was coming to an end about the possibilities of his success if he became a candidate for the Presidency. Farley had multitudes of friends. He'd made a good record in Washington. I told him that I didn't think he could do it. I said, "I say this very regretfully, because I admire you and think you would make a good President. I don't need to tell you that I supported Al Smith and did all I could for him. My experience in that campaign just convinced me that you can't do it, and it would just be heartbreak if your friends tell you that you could."

"Well," he said, "I know, but Chester, I know so many of the people. Actually, you have no idea how many people I know - personally. They know me. You couldn't sell the American community on the idea that anything but the interests of my country would be in my mind if I were a candidate or if I were elected."

I said, "I know that." Then I told him George Authier's story which, I am sorry to say, I think is true. I don't think he was convinced by it. He was very much disappointed when Mr. Roosevelt decided to run the third time.

Al Smith was a shrewd political observer, and I don't think he was kidded about his prospects as the campaign developed. I honestly think we put on a good campaign. I think we gave it the works. One of George Peek's - not weaknesses - but attributes

was that he was a good hater. George Peek became convinced throughout this farm experience that Hoover was a dangerous enemy to American agriculture. He made one speech which I just shuddered over during the campaign. He entitled it, "Fraud". He delivered it over the radio. George gave color to our campaign, all right.

My judgment of Mr. Hoover has completely changed in the intervening years, though my experience with Mr. Hoover in the McNary-Haugen campaign did anything but endear me to him or him to me. There was the incident in 1924 when he asked me to call on him. I got the message at the Harrington Hotel and went over to see him in his office in the Department of Commerce - not the "new" Commerce building. In that meeting, the question at issue was the use I was going to make of a document I had which had been signed by the representatives of all the farm organizations in Washington State - cooperative and national - which was aimed at stopping the Ketcham Bill which would have done away with the Department of Agriculture's foreign attaches and would have concentrated the representation not in the State Department, where it subsequently was lodged, but would have given it to Commerce. In explanation of Mr. Hoover's position, I had in my possession at the time a photostatic copy of a letter or statement of Mr. Hoover's in which the statement appeared that the functions of the Department of Agriculture should cease when soil production

was complete and the crop or the animal was ready to leave the farm. The statement said from that time on the commodity was in Commerce, and then became the responsibility of the Department of Commerce. That, to me, was an infuriating doctrine. I had the photostatic copy at the time of my interview. When Mr. Hoover raised the question, asking "Why do the farm people feel that way?" and "Why do you feel that way?" I told him that I had a copy of this letter, that I believed it to be a statement he had made, and I quoted it to him. He said, "That is absolutely false! I did not make such a statement. It was made by a malingerer named Brown who was doing some work - largely voluntary on his part - in connection with some governmental reorganization studies." I didn't believe him then. I haven't the copy now. Since I have had an opportunity to become better acquainted with Mr. Hoover, I'm inclined to think it would have been better to go back and investigate the sources of that statement. I believed that to be true, at the time, as reflecting a view Mr. Hoover had held back in 1924, and that was the reason why I was willing to be very active on this other issue. He said, "That is untrue," that that was the statement of a malingerer named Brown. We didn't have any research organization. If we had one, I was it, and I didn't have time to stop and go back and check documents. I suppose now if I were confronted with a situation like that, I would take time to ask for his evidence and find it out. But I

was a kid from the country and more or less backed up against the wall, and I took a position and stayed with it. The fight then was Hoover versus Wallace, as I saw it, and I was on Wallace's side, all right.

In the campaign in '28 they gave Hoover the works. I remember one occasion when something we had attempted in the House of Representatives backfired terrifically. George was determined to have an attack made in Congress on Hoover, exposing what George considered to be Hoover's "fraud" on the American people. That was the title George put to his own speech. He talked to Charles H. Brand, Congressman from Urbana, Ohio, and Brand agreed to make such a speech. We worked it up, using the material George had assembled. Brand agreed to deliver it, and secured time on a certain date in the House. George and I went up to the galleries to listen to it. Brand appeared dressed in a formal morning coat, a flower in his buttonhole, and all prepared. He sailed in and delivered the speech to considerable silence in the House until he'd gone, I suppose, about two-thirds of the way through. Congressman Theodore E. Burton of Ohio, an elderly Congressman of considerable years of service there - probably the dean of the Ohio delegation - arose and asked if he would yield. Mr. Brand, of course, said he would yield. Burton said, "I hold in my hand a letter which I would like to ask you if you wrote and signed." He read a one or two

paragraph letter written previously by Mr. Brand to Mr. Hoover expressing terms of highest adulation and expressing the hope that the highest office in the land would come to Mr. Hoover. Burton said, "Did you write that letter?"

Mr. Brand said, "I did, but the conditions have changed" - and so forth. But that really did flatten the speech out. Mr. Brand finished the rest of his speech hurriedly. George and I both felt we ought to go and call on him afterward. He was completely alone in the chamber, and as he came out we went up, but I wouldn't call it a very cheerful session we had. I imagine I helped with the writing of that speech. I question whether those tactics pay. But that's part of the history. That was in that pre-1928 campaign.

The campaign was an interesting experience. The responses were pretty good, too. I think, in some particulars, we turned out some pretty good literature. It was different than the McNary-Haugen campaign. We had no financial problem in this campaign. In the beginning, \$200,000 of the \$500,000 was sent to Peek. George kept right at them. We got the \$500,000. My impression is that we sent \$125,000 back.

This is the way that campaign was handled, which I would commend to anybody who's in a similar position in the future. It was due to George Peek's foresight, not mine. George and I went into a huddle on how we were going to do this and whom we were going to get to help us. George had had experience



in business. We had Lewis G. Stevenson, Adlai Stevenson's father, as treasurer. I was executive secretary. Lewis Stevenson stayed with us and worked with us in headquarters all the time. He was from Bloomington, Illinois. We did something else which I would commend to anybody who is custodian of a fund. The first thing we did was to engage a first-class firm of public accountants. In this case it was Lybrand Ross Brothers and Montgomery. They put one of their men to be in charge of all disbursements - to keep a record of everything and to get a voucher or an accounting on anything spent that cost fifty cents or more - to just get the whole thing completely documented. That took a lot of pains and a lot of following up to get the different state officers and state headquarters to render an accounting for the money we parceled out for them to use. When we got through we filed with the clerk of the House of Representatives about as complete a report of expenditures as anybody ever saw. It was thoroughly documented. There were some discussions of an investigation to look into what happened to that fund, but it never got beyond just one look at that report. It was all on the up-and-up, and everything was there.

We worked through the same men - Hirth, and Settle, Murphy and others, - together with many new different workers. In some cases we worked through totally new personnel. We set

up state offices in each of the states to which we would feed the supplies, literature from the central point - but not always. In some cases they produced it themselves. There were radio programs from Chicago, but we also supported some local radio activities in the several states. We bought a series of farm paper advertisements and used some space in dailies and weeklies, and provided material, and so forth.

I'm pretty well satisfied that our associates in the leadership of this fight, with very few exceptions, went down the line, all right, and supported Smith. Baruch had no connection that I recall with our activities. I remember going with George to call on him at the Houston convention in his room, but it was purely a social call - reminiscences on the part of Baruch and George Peek. I remember George's telling me at the time that Baruch was a very capable boxer and still boxed for exercise, and he certainly looked like it. He looks like it today. He keeps his figure. The last time I saw him was in St. Louis when he came out to make an address at Washington University. I called on him at the hotel. Of course he shows age, but still he has his spare lean frame that he had.

George and I decided that the election was decisive as far as we were concerned, that we would do nothing in any way to try to interfere with the full operations of whatever farm program the administration wanted. It was a decision on my

part to stay completely out of Washington during the administration, and it's one I very nearly kept. George made it, too. We just stayed completely away. A bill came through immediately, and the farm people were willing to give it a chance. It would have been hopeless to come in there at that time to tackle the McNary-Haugen Bill again. I, myself, was not willing to go again on the McNary-Haugen Bill as such. George would have been perfectly capable of going on by himself. It was a decision in which we did not differ, that we had no place in Washington from that time on. I'm sure he felt, and I know I did, that the Farm Board plan was entitled to the complete test. I had no great faith in it, but there was no use starting in trying to question it before it got into action. So George said, "Let's look about. There ought to be some business opportunities we can get into here. I'd like to back you in any kind of business you'd like to get into." He, himself, didn't feel the need for anything but action. He liked to be active. He was economically free.

I have never attempted to measure change or growth over the McNary-Haugen period. It was my growing conviction that one basic difficulty in the farm situation that had to be met lay in the United States' trading position with the rest of the world. World War I had changed us from a debtor to a creditor nation status, and the years following the end of the war increased the debt the other countries owed to us. I felt that

there would be increasing difficulties in the way of maintaining a foreign market for all the surpluses we could produce both in industry and agriculture, and that any farm program that was adopted had to be part of the general national program, that would meet some of these other difficulties, if it were to succeed. The McNary-Haugen Bill, by itself, which would simply attempt to push out into the world market the surpluses that might exist along with depressed prices at home, would meet increasing difficulties and, in the long run, would not be the answer. This period confirmed me more and more in my conviction that the farmers could not do this job through voluntary cooperatives, no matter how much money they were enabled to borrow from the government. I believed that before the Farm Board experiment was undertaken. When the latter days of the Farm Board found the members of the board and the Secretary of Agriculture advocating the plowing up of every third row of cotton and otherwise moving to limit production, it was obvious that they subsequently reached the same conclusion, themselves.

Looking back, I think I learned a great deal about the processes by which human behavior is motivated. Perhaps it was more from the standpoint of technique. I learned that it was possible, all right, to set forces in motion which would, within perhaps two or three years time, if conditions were favorable, start people marching in the same direction, and to do it by

wholly democratic processes of education and inspiring leadership here and there to take positions at the right time.

From 1924 to 1928 was not the happiest period of my life, but I wouldn't call it a sad period. I think the toughest period I had was in the latter end of the next four years, when we got our little insulating wallboard enterprise in operation so that our product was first ready for market in November of 1929. That period was an all-time low, I think. I would call this period - 1924 to 1928 - relatively happy. I made a world of good friends and, I think, a better reputation than I deserved among the men I worked with for competence and the kind of work I did. I think I came out with a pretty good reputation among the farm groups. That, of course, is a satisfaction because - believe me - they're fine people! So many worse things could have happened. Supposing we had enacted the McNary-Haugen Bill. Supposing, for one reason or another, it had failed completely to do the job. Then, of course, I think I would have had real cause for unhappiness.

I think the educational force of that campaign was of positive value in this country. I think among other things it helped some in putting the spotlight of criticism and question on the whole tariff issue in this country. We still have too many people who believe in high tariffs, but here's the point. This really was carrying the tariff concept to its logical

conclusion, seeking not just to enact a tariff and then let nature take its course, but saying that if a tariff is good then let's proceed to make it fully effective and get all of its good. If it works for some commodities where the producers are able to adjust their supply to the market in support of a price behind the tariff wall, as we put it at that time - of course we generalized altogether too freely - if that benefit can be secured by a well-integrated industry, why not then use the power of government to enable the disorganized six million farm units to take advantage of it, themselves? I think it turned on the spotlight and caused many businessmen to question it, themselves. I think one thing stands out in the debates. They ripped to tatters the conception that we had a laissez faire economy, that anything added would be unsound economics. We showed up the fallacy in believing that what had already taken place - the tariffs, all the other subventions that existed - and believe me, we dug them up and rang the charges on them as much as we could - were all right, that you could condemn some new move but believe in others which just as clearly interfered with the free movement of goods, and the other could be passed. I think the campaign was good for the country. I think it was good for the farmers. It was good discipline to work together. The union of the West and South really bore fruit in the thirties.

One thing that seems clear to me is that these aren't isolated events or separate periods, but that an unending chain of cause and effect runs all the way through them. What happened in Farm Board days clearly is a part of the unfolding pattern. The same thread runs through them all clear on into the Triple-A days and subsequently. It's a good idea to be careful what you start, knowing that that is a fact.

I imagine I wanted to quit during that period many times, but there was always the next thing to do. I think I could have been wholly discouraged and ready to quit if I'd played the last card and didn't have something I had to prepare for the next day's operations or a meeting to get ready for. In 1928 the case was tried in the highest court. The answer had been given, and we were through. The record in the farm states showed them voting as they had voted before. We could rationalize that the Al Smith Catholicism issue was an excuse for not delivering those states, but we had to wait another four years to get another President and we had to wait another two years to get another Congress. One thing I don't regret is dropping it at that time. That was the right time. Before that there was always an obligation to some people we were working with who depended on us. There was a deep feeling of confidence and dependence mutually in this group that worked on this program, notwithstanding the jealousies, the fact that leaders generally are prima donnas - and we had a lot of farm leaders in the show.

My wife was with me in Washington during most of the period when I was working there, and of course we were in Evans-ton the rest of the time. But I was away far too much in a period when it would have been pleasant for me, at least, to have more time with the boys. Certainly it would have been easier for Mrs. Davis, and might have been better for the boys. I don't know - maybe not. At any rate, being away from your family a great deal of the time is a poor way to make a living. That was an unsatisfactory part of it all.

I had an ever-present hunger to deal with some things I could really sink my teeth into and get in my hands - tangibles. But on the other hand, knowing what I know now, if I were faced with the same choices to make I think I'd make them. I know I could have done a hell of a lot better job than I did along the road but in the main I would have done the same things. It grew inevitably out of the eight years of farm work in Montana, working for the farm paper and in the department. I developed an interest in and devotion and loyalty to the farming people in that period that made it impossible, I think, for me to do anything other than I did in this period. This might seem sentimental, but when you work with people and begin to appreciate and admire their qualities and understand something of the trials and the problems with which, as individuals, it's difficult to cope, then you set in motion some momentum that's likely to continue.



George Peek and I looked at a lot of things in the year after the election - kaolin properties in Texas - a number of things. It took some time to wind up the affairs of the campaign, to button everything up and make the reports. We went down to central Illinois to look at the farm properties owned by the Harper Sibley estate. Harper Sibley himself, was the heir we knew and know now. The Sibley family owned, my impression is, fourteen or fifteen thousand acres of fine corn belt land in Ford County, Illinois. It could have been bought at that time for probably less than \$125 an acre. We, I think, tried the estate out with an offer of \$105. I think if we had followed it through and bought it at any figure up to \$150 an acre, it would have been a magnificent development - something that could have been worked with and developed to highest productivity. Of course, it would have been an extremely profitable operation. This was in the period of early '29 - somewhere in there. We were told that the heirs were willing to sell. As I realize it now [1953], it might have been that opportunities in the investment market may have looked extremely attractive to them, and that could have been true through most of 1929. We finally decided not to go ahead with it.

At the same time - and this covered quite a period - we were looking into a development of the chemical engineering department at Iowa State College, under Dr. O.R. Sweeney, where he

was experimenting with so-called farm wastes - cornstalks, particularly - as a raw material for the manufacture of insulating wallboard and other products of that sort. I spent a great deal of time negotiating with the college after we'd seen the experiments. I believed that the pilot plant operations indicated that it had profitable prospects. I spent a lot of time with the college. It had not, as other colleges like Wisconsin had done, developed a pattern for dealing with patents that had resulted from experiments and inventions made in its laboratories. Those things, with others, were more or less simultaneous.

We decided to move on the cornstalk enterprise. The corporation was set up. A group of businessmen put a total, I think, of \$500,000 in it to begin with. Eventually it ran to \$750,000. Lowden was one, the Woods brothers one, General Dawes, Rufus Dawes, and Mr. James E. Otis - all of the Dawes bank - and George Peek and his brother. Baruch may or may not have been one of them. I don't know. He may have had a small piece of this. I don't recall that he did, although we discussed it with him.

It was decided to acquire first a plant that had been established at Dubuque, Iowa, by the Maizewood Products Corporation. The name of our organization was National Cornstalk Processes, Incorporated. It became a holding company for the

first plant that we acquired which was, as it turned out, the only one. That was the Maizewood plant at Dubuque. It was closely accessible to Iowa City and to Ames. It was built and about ready to go, and we felt we could save maybe a year or two by taking that over. We could take it over without the outlay of much money, but by the exchange of stock because the owners of Maizewood had about come to the end of their rope. The plant required considerable remodeling, and new equipment. We actually produced our first carload of marketable product - insulation wallboard - like celotex or insulite - in November of 1929.

Then the bottom fell out of building and all of the insulation companies, with the exception, I think, of Masonite, got into financial difficulties - either went through the wringer completely or were in various stages of receivership. Some of them were very well backed by big lumber concerns, and so forth. The result was that there ceased to be any kind of a normal market, only a distress market. It was completely a buyers' market. Insulation for railroad refrigerator cars, for example, could be bought for a preposterously low price - lower than any conceivable cost of production we could attain or, I think, any other company could attain. We struggled along. I believe if we'd had a free market at about \$30.00 or \$35.00 a thousand, which was the market when we went into the venture, I think we

could have pulled it out and made a going concern of it in the light of the upbuilding surge that took place in the 'thirties. As it was, the money ran out. We were in process of negotiation with Sears, Roebuck and Company, which was a major outlet for the product of the plant. I met General William I. Westervelt only slightly then.

All of the men lost most of what they put into it. George Peek was the heaviest investor. Any equity I would have had in that enterprise, of course, depended upon successful operation, and we didn't make a success of it. By the end of 1932 we were still carrying on, but at a loss. The working executives went on half-pay and were just waiting or trying to wait it out until there was some market. In the meantime we were negotiating with Sears. We were not really contemplating selling at that time, but Sears was beginning to take more of an interest in it. That was the state of affairs when President Roosevelt took office in March, 1933.

We had a terrific time. I was still living in Evanston. I had had to spend a great deal of time down in Dubuque, and of course that was a completely unsatisfactory way to live. I had had this unsuccessful operation for my facial spasm which resulted in a condition much worse than the one I had sought to remedy. Those were the low years, all right. That was exactly the state of affairs when Mr. Roosevelt came into office. I was

for Roosevelt, all right, but I wasn't active in the campaign. I had all I could do with this little enterprise.

During the campaign M.L. Wilson came to see me fresh from New York and a meeting with Raymond Moley and Rexford G. Tugwell and others, and asked me to work with him on the draft of a talk that was being prepared with the expectation that Mr. Roosevelt would use it. I spent, I remember, one Saturday with M.L. working on the speech. I think we got it recopied there in Chicago. Parts of it, at least, were used. Since the end of the McNary-Haugen campaign, M.L. Wilson and John D. Black had been working on the domestic allotment plan. I had consulted with M.L. during this time, watched him with interest, corresponded with him some, talked to John Black and others. The only thing I did actively - and that was very slight - was to sit in and talk with M.L. and work with him some on the draft of a talk which I believe Mr. Roosevelt was going to make at Topeka, Kansas.

Hirth, Caverno and others had agreed in January, 1929, that I was the man to write the history of the McNary-Haugen Bill. There were many people who thought I ought to do it. I never even attempted it. This memoir I'm giving to the Oral History Research Office represents the only attempt and, to me, the final one.

In February, 1929, Bill Hirth was trying to get the Corn

Belt Committee on a sound financial basis so that he could get somebody like me as general secretary. I think he said something about it to me, but having had a little experience with that I wasn't interested. But it does show that those were friends. They had a great deal of confidence in me, and I in them.

I usually went to National Farm Bureau meetings when they were held in Chicago. I think I went to the conference on economic policy for American agriculture at the University of Chicago in August, 1931. I think an old Montana friend, E.A. Duddy, was in charge of that.

I had met H.R. Tolley quite a bit in the department. M.L. was a great admirer of Tolley's. I had met Tolley, Ezekiel, Spillman - all of them. Spillman was not unlike Henry Taylor in appearance, only a little bit shorter. I had met John R. Commons. I didn't know him well. I did not meet Tugwell until I met him in Henry Wallace's office.

I had very much of an interest in land utilization. Nils Olsen used to come out to talk with me. That goes back to Montana days. Land utilization, of course, underlies much of this whole problem, and I was bound to have interest in it. Olsen used to come when he was in the BAE. He used to sit down and spend a good deal of time talking about that. He went to the Equitable Life to be in charge of their real estate, or an advisor, at least, on real estate mortgages.

In 1932 I was spending almost all my time in Dubuque, Iowa. I was there at the time of the convention. Except for weekend trips home, I was there continuously in that period. During that campaign I worked with M.L. Wilson a little bit on that speech, the draft of which he had brought to Chicago. I was strictly on the side line during that campaign. I had no other plans than to make this cornstalk company work. George took some part in the campaign - not a conspicuous part, as I recall it. I had only one meeting with Candidate Roosevelt during the campaign, when I accompanied a small party of farm leaders to call on him at his hotel in Chicago.

During the interval between Roosevelt's election and inauguration I talked a number of times with men who came to see me about the probable Roosevelt choice for Secretary of Agriculture. Earl Smith and Cliff Gregory were two with whom I discussed it. George Peek and I discussed it a number of times. I think the first report which agitated the corn belt farm people was to the effect that Roosevelt intended to name Henry Morgenthau Secretary of Agriculture, which they did not like. Geography was one reason, and another was their complete lack of contact with and confidence in him. He published an eastern farm paper. He was, of course, close to the President-elect. I know that many direct protests went to Hyde Park and also went to New York to Tugwell and Moley who were reported to be

actively participating in plans for organizing the new administration. It was about that time that I first heard Henry Wallace's name suggested.

I realized later something that didn't even occur to me remotely at that time. That was that George Peek wanted to be the Secretary of Agriculture. It was years later when I became aware of it. As it was, in discussing prospects with the corn belt people, I did not talk to Mr. Roosevelt about it. I thought Henry Wallace would be an ideal selection. His father had been secretary. He came from Iowa. He had taken an active part in this campaign. I know that George Peek was lukewarm about Henry. I didn't even dream that George and Mrs. Peek would have been interested in a Cabinet position. It didn't occur to me either for myself or George Peek. As far as my lack of knowledge of George's interest is concerned, that may have been just obtuseness on my part, although it certainly could not have been an obsession with him or I would have been aware of it. I learned later George's feeling was that he had led the fight which, at least in the opinion of many, had laid the ground work and paved the way for the defection of the farm states in 1932. He had the feeling he had done so at a time when Henry Wallace was completely on the sidelines as an observer rather than an active participant, which was true up until practically the end of that phase of the farm fight. I



didn't know that Peek wanted to be Secretary of Agriculture until some time later when some remarks he made to me made it perfectly clear that he had resented Wallace's selection and that he felt he should at least have had the chance to refuse the job himself. I think a little promotion work at that time certainly would have brought George Peek's name into the forefront of those discussed. I have no basis for an opinion at all as to whether Roosevelt and Roosevelt's advisors would have accepted George.

The report that George Peek would be called to Washington to work in the new program started fairly early. I think it started in about February, although he was in and out of Washington working on the new farm bill from December on. It was by invitation. It seemed certain that he was earmarked for work in the new administration.

I talked to Wallace two or three times in the interval between election and inauguration, and I was seeing farm people who dropped in in Chicago. I saw M.L. on any trips that brought him back there. I think I saw M.L. two or three times during that period. I knew a great deal about what was going on in Washington, but it was a secondary interest. We really had a bear by the tail in our little factory operation, and we were trying to keep the breath of life in it with the little money that was left. George Peek still was the heaviest investor in

the cornstalk operation, and I was seeing him daily. His office was our office, so of course I saw him. I had lunch with him many times at the University Club and elsewhere.

There wasn't any question but what M.L. Wilson would be part of the new administration. The work that he had done on the domestic allotment plan drew him immediately into the circle that was working on a prospective farm bill.

I was in Dubuque when the banks were closed. At that time - the end of February, 1933 - I had no intimation that I was to be part of the new administration, and really no desire whatever to be. I didn't think of any capacity that I would like to serve in. I had plenty to think about in the situation we were in with the plant. George Peek wanted me to come down to Washington. As soon as it was certain that he was going in, he spoke to me in very general terms about coming in there with him. What George really had in mind was that I would be sort of an assistant - an alter ego - eyes and ears for himself. What he was to do was in terms, then, of running the farm act, all right.

Wallace had spoken to me, also, in general terms about coming to Washington. I don't think he talked to me in person but by telephone. He had asked my advice on quite a number of things that he was facing. When he passed through Chicago on his way to Washington, he asked me two things. One - would I

be interested in coming into the administration in some capacity? It was in very vague terms. I explained my situation and told him I had no interest in it. It wasn't an offer of a position. It was just an inquiry. The second thing he urged me to do was to write him personally any thoughts or suggestions I might have for his guidance. He was approaching his job with considerable humility and diffidence. I told him I would.

The only occasion I had to do that came up when the report reached us that he was considering naming Charles Brand as administrator of the Triple-A, or of what became the Triple-A. I remember conferring with Cliff Gregory, Earl Smith, and one or two others about that. Cliff had brought that word back from Washington to Chicago. I had had quite a little experience with Charlie Brand, and I felt that would be a serious mistake to put him at the head of the Farm administration. I wrote Henry and gave the reasons why I felt that way. Months later I learned that the letter hadn't even reached him. He didn't see it.

I have no doubt that George Peek asked me to come down very shortly after he went down to Washington, but I wasn't there for any length of time. I worked on the farm bill very little. Fred Lee and George talked to me about some provisions of it. I think I advised on the bill some, but I was not one of the many who claimed authorship of the bill. I imagine I

was in Washington in mid-March. I may have met Jerome Frank at that time. I was in and out. A first impression I had of Jerome was that he needed a haircut - literally, at that time.

The Washington situation didn't become real to me in personal terms, although Wallace did telephone me after Peek and Tugwell went in. They were in deadlock, and Wallace was apparently unable to break the deadlock. He couldn't get the thing off center. They were completely at odds. They were deadlocked over the whole mode of procedure for the Triple-A. Wilson had been assigned the job of working out a plan for wheat. That brought into the open the issue between Tugwell, and Peek and Brand. Wallace was inclined to back Rex. The plan Wilson developed included provisions for acreage limitation. That had no appeal whatever for George, who was still thinking in terms of the McNary-Haugen operation. Wallace had telephoned me two or three times indicating considerable distress and urging me to come to Washington. George had again suggested I come down. I was not, even then, considering it very seriously, and I don't know what the outcome would have been if M.L. Wilson hadn't come to see me in Chicago. Wilson came to see me after enough time had elapsed following George's appointment for this deadlock to develop. M. L. came to me in my office in Chicago, and he said bluntly that the thing was hung up down there and in his opinion I was the only one who could break the jam. He was

as deadly in earnest as I've ever seen him. They couldn't get the wheat plan rolling, they couldn't get anything started because of a disagreement over the principles of operation of the bill. This was after Peek was appointed. It was before the bill was actually signed. In those early days legislation was an executive function in the sense that the bills that were drafted in executive departments became law. The Department of Agriculture was planning organization and planning first steps in administration for some time, - I'm quite sure of that - before the bill actually became law. It was in that interval when they wanted to get off with a running start that they were unable to get things going at all, according to Wilson. I have an impression that it was Saturday that Wilson came to me in the office because I left early in the day - about noon. I think Wallace telephoned me twice at the office and had a call in for me at the house when I got home. He was really pushing.

I am sure I went over the bill. I don't think Peek was being coy when he refused the job of administrator that was offered to him on April 5. I think George was willing to help. The way the bill was shaping, all the power was lodged in the Secretary of Agriculture. That irritated Peek. The National Recovery Administration (NRA) was shaping up as an independent agency directly responsible to the President. In this case, all power was lodged in the Secretary of Agriculture. Wallace

was the Secretary, whom Peek regarded as a bystander in the farm fight. It certainly wasn't coyness on George's part. He was not anxious for that type of a job. He was given assurance, I'm sure, by the President that he would have the full authority he would need if he would come in as administrator.

To my knowledge, Wallace did not discuss with me or Wilson the possibility of my being Triple-A administrator. When George Peek resigned after seven months, it was then, of course, fairly obvious that Wallace would ask me to succeed him. The man who was reported to be Wallace's choice for the first administrator was Charlie Brand.

There was real difference between Peek and Brand on the one side and Wallace and Tugwell on the other. Wallace faced a situation in which George Peek had the very high regard of a substantial element of the farm leadership, and he was on the scene and he was active. He wasn't seeking any job, but he was certainly seeking to influence what went on. I know that he was in contact with the President about developments. I think the President gave Peek what Peek regarded as abundant assurance that if he would accept the position he would be the administrator in practically the same sense that Hugh Johnson was administrator of NRA. George told me this many times. Mrs. Peek told George one evening, in my presence, that she had had inquiry made as to their position in Washington protocol and that she had been

assured that the rank was equal to that of an under secretary - a Presidential appointee. There was no question but what they were thinking in those terms. George was not happy about the Wallace situation then, and never was.

M.L. was really caught in between. He had great admiration for George Peek. At the same time, he had been a pretty close student of developments and with John Black had worked on various forms of a domestic allotment measure, all based on some form of acreage limitation. George hadn't gone along with this at all. The so-called deadlock that Wilson described to me when he came down to Chicago actually wasn't broken until we organized the production division and named Wilson chief of the wheat section.

George had no confidence in Jerome Frank and insisted on retention of Fred Lee. Peek paid Lee out of his own pocket, so in effect he tried to bypass Jerome Frank. It wasn't easy to do under the setup. George could probably have done it, but there was present in George and in Brand as well as in those on the other side at that time the sense of urgency and the willingness to make some concessions in order to get the thing going. I'm quite sure that if George had stood on the position which he might have taken that an independent general counsel for the Agricultural Adjustment Administration was completely illegal, he could have made it stick. The organic law makes the solicitor

of the Department of Agriculture the chief legal officer for all operations of the Department. So there was a way George could have made it stick if he had wanted to force an issue. I didn't talk it over with him because I didn't realize the significance of the differences at that time. I realized it in 1935 when we abolished the office of general counsel. Not only that - I asked for and got Jerome's resignation, Lee Pressman's resignation, and a number of others. I abolished the office, which at least straightened out a lot of difficulties which George contended with while he was administrator. George could have made it stick. I had no opinion of Jerome Frank or of the office of general counsel of the Triple-A at that time. Peek and I didn't sit down and talk about Jerome Frank in the sense of committing a session to him, or anything like that. But George repeatedly told me he had no use whatever for him. I believe Jerome Frank had been associated with one of the legal firms that had participated in the Moline Plow liquidation, which George had opposed. There was some previous association George had had with Jerome Frank, so his position wasn't purely an ideological one. It was one of complete lack of confidence. He not only didn't like him - he had no confidence in him. There was some contact during the litigation and the liquidation of the Moline Plow Company in which George and Jerome Frank had crossed paths.



In April I was still responsible for the operation of the Maizewood Company. It was the operating company of the Cornstalks Products Corporation. During the period I was spending in Washington - I don't recall how much time that was - I was always pressed with the realization that I should be back in Chicago or Dubuque. It is probable that in mid-April or the end of April I returned to Chicago. I certainly hadn't gone down to Washington with more than one suitcase and a couple of shirts. I didn't go down with the idea of staying. I didn't leave Washington with the idea that I was going to be part of the administration. I didn't take it seriously until M.L. talked to me later in Chicago, and then I did. That was early May, or it might have been late April.

M.L. said that both Peek and Wallace wanted me down in Washington. Of course, the fact was that George wanted me in a different capacity. He wanted me much as Fred Lee was - directly associated with him as an aide. When I began to take the offers seriously, I realized that I wanted independent administrative responsibility. I did not want to be simply the "assistant to". That was certainly due in no sense to any reluctance to be associated with George Peek. If I were going to serve or continue to operate in that situation with anybody, I'd choose George Peek. But there were so many aspects of the farm

problem on which we didn't think and see exactly alike by that time, that I told George, when I went down to Washington finally with the intention of going in the show, that I preferred to have some assigned area of responsibility and an opportunity to develop and lead it myself.

Wallace was thinking in terms of making me responsible for the development of the whole production program. That's what M.L. told me in his opinion was the only way out of the jam. It was not to bypass Peek. M.L. made it clear that he felt and Wallace felt that if I came in in that position I could bring George Peek and Henry together in agreement on a program. M.L.'s report to me was one of almost desperate urgency, that they were completely deadlocked and they couldn't get anything going. M.L. said, "You're the only man in the country that can bring these people together and start the machine going." I think M.L. came on his own. I think he saw the situation. He was in the middle of it. He didn't have any more of an offer to make to me than Mr. Wallace had been making to me by telephone. Wallace had asked me to come to Washington and help organize the machinery of the Triple-A for action. I don't believe he had defined a production division or a marketing division such as subsequently worked out in the interval between my talk with M.L. and my coming to Washington. My salary hadn't been discussed. Wallace just had urged me to come to Washington.

George Peek wanted me to come down. They were thinking in terms of different responsibilities, different kinds of action. When M.L. came I didn't ask, "Who sent you?" but I'm positive that M.L., after spending days and nights in the middle of this jam, had made up his mind that I could help break it. He came out to talk to me personally and urge me to come down. M.L. was not seeking to line up with one or the other of the then factions. He was in the middle. M.L., in all my associations with him, had shown considerable confidence in my ability to get things done. This was a case where he said unequivocally, "Chester, you're the only man in the United States who can break this thing down there, and you've got to do it." Up to that point I had not taken it seriously. I had evaded it. I preferred not to get into it, at least until we had played the hand out fully on the cornstalk company.

The position hadn't been formalized enough so that my wife had an opinion one way or the other. As I recall, the only comment she made was, "Why don't they let you alone?" particularly on the numerous calls Wallace made. "Why don't they let you alone?" Wallace made three calls in one day. I think it was Saturday. Two were in the office, and one was in the afternoon. He asked me to come down, and explained and repeated the situation. I had never spent much time with Wallace.

I had high regard for him and he for me, I'm sure. I had felt Wallace was the man to name. How I would have felt if I'd realized that George was not only willing but rather expectant in his attitude toward this secretaryship, is another thing. I'm quite sure that I would have seen to it that his name was considered by the farm people who were advising on this. I could have done it. George couldn't or wouldn't. He didn't even intimate to me when he knew that farm people were coming and talking to me about this. I was naive about it. I told him that I thought that Wallace would be a natural for Secretary of Agriculture. The Morgenthau thing had been in the picture, and George even then hadn't unbent enough to tell me that he would like a crack at that job, himself. If he had, I would have felt like giving all the support I could to him. I was a little obtuse on that. It didn't occur to me until, I think, some time after George left the Triple-A.

When I went down to Washington I didn't realize the extent of the battle between Peek and Wallace. I didn't have much question but that the difficulties could be resolved and we could get going. It didn't occur to me that we couldn't break the jam. After I got down to Washington it was fairly clear how things should be organized. It was clear that there should be a marketing division which could carry out many of the things in which

George was interested. I think it deserved a better trial than it ever got in the Triple-A. There was the basic problem of adjustment of production in which I was, by that time, considerably interested and which looked like the more difficult of the two jobs.

The issue came up in a fairly large staff meeting on the question of whether or not M.L. Wilson should be named wheat chief. M.L. was the first chief to be named. He'd been at work in Washington on various aspects of a wheat program. It was far advanced, and the question was how to get it settled. In this meeting we had at least Henry Wallace and Tugwell and Peek and Brand. I have the impression that there were more. I think probably Frank was there and probably Fred Lee. I made the report that we were ready to lead off with the wheat program under the leadership of M.L. Wilson, and proposed M.L. for the chief of the wheat section. Brand spoke up in this conference and said, "Well, now, I have some reservations. I like M.L., but this is a field about which I know something, and I know very many competent people. I have some real reservations about M.L. for the job." George Peek did not oppose me in naming M.L. He didn't oppose me in any way. He concurred and accepted it. He certainly understood that this was to set the pattern for the program. Brand was the only one who expressed opposition. I think George would have preferred to go along with Brand, but

he accepted and approved it and gave the program complete support. Our wheat program was an acreage plan. I think that was in May. It was very soon after I got down to Washington. The only program that was in any shape to move on was wheat. That was because a great deal of work had been done by Wilson and others on the method of procedure with wheat. That was a decision that meant the Triple-A was going to be tried out along that line. It didn't foreclose work under marketing agreements and other devices provided for in the law, which were to be, in part, the responsibility of the marketing division.

Wheat was the first section of the Triple-A to be approved. I think we moved on to the cotton section next and the corn-hog section. Cully Cob for the cotton section and A.G. Black for the corn-hog section were chosen almost wholly by discussion among Henry Wallace, George Peek, and me. I don't recall that I discussed personally with Brand either Cully Cob or Black.

I think the production area provided for in the act was the one under which most was attempted and most was done. I think, as George Peek saw it, it was a temporary emergency operation. His faith and his interest rested chiefly in the processing and marketing division. Peek chose William I. Westervelt for that division. I approved the choice heartily. I knew General Westervelt slightly and liked him immensely. General

Westervelt was quite a philosopher - a man of broad interests - but his interests were chiefly in the processing and marketing field. He was wholly with George in his appraisal of Jerome and throughout the difficulties that grew in the first months of George's administration, and left with George when he resigned.

Under Wallace, the Secretary, were Peek and Brand as dual heads of the Triple-A. That was, I think, a crazy bit of organization. Brand was coadministrator, and he thought of himself as that, all right. In talking to George I protested some about it, but George wouldn't hear anything at all about Charlie Brand. Brand was a man who did appreciate position. I suppose he knew that he had been considered for administrator, so when George asked him to come in as his deputy Brand made a condition, I'm sure, that they come in on an equal basis and invented the term "coadministrator". I remember one of the press conferences where this was discussed and explained, and Brand told the press quite primly that "the word 'coadministrator' is not hyphenated - it's one word - and it's Charles J. Brand, not Chas J. Brand." Newspaper style wouldn't have permitted Chas J. Brand, anyway, but he made it clear that his name was to be spelled out. I don't think he was ever de facto coadministrator.

Directly beneath Peek and Brand as coadministrators came Westervelt and I as coequals - he for processing and marketing, and I for production. I was the one who asked Alfred D. Stedman

to take charge of the Triple-A information division. I met him when I first went to Washington. He was head of the St. Paul Pioneer Press and Dispatch Bureau. However, the suggestion that we look Stedman over came from M.L. "Sted" had followed developments closely during the interval when M.L. and a number of others were in and out of Washington working on the legislation. My own meetings with "Sted" convinced me that he was interested, sympathetic, alert, and stood very well with the Washington press gallery. I'm the one who talked to him about coming in. George and Wallace concurred, and he was brought into the organization.

The question of relative rank with Jerome and Stedman never occurred to me. Frank and Stedman had, of course, direct access to the administrator and to the Secretary, as I did. I don't recall how the chart showed them, at all. I regarded both of them as service branches rather than policy branches. We were policy, and that was one of the basic causes of the difficulties with Jerome Frank. He regarded himself as a prime policy man and not just a legal man. My judgment always has been that you make a mistake when you let your lawyer begin to dictate your policy.

The decision was mine to appoint Cully Cobb, clearing it with George Peek. I remember discussing it with Henry, who took a great deal of interest in the production division. George had less interest, although of course when the appointment was



made it was cleared with George. I had talked to a number of people in the cotton area. With Wallace's approval I called Cully. He came to Washington where we discussed it and he accepted. He was publisher and editor of the Southern Ruralist at Atlanta, Georgia.

Black's was more or less an appointment in desperation. We had just a hell of a time trying to think of anybody who really could do that job. I had never met Al Black - didn't know him. His name kept coming up. Iowa is a leading corn-hog state. I talked to Henry and he said, "Well, he's so-so. He probably could do it." So, being under great pressure to get started, we called Al and he came in. In my judgment he was just "so-so" - or less.

One of the first things we got going were the corn-hog state meetings and then the meeting of representatives from the leading corn belt states where a smaller number of representatives came together. I think that meeting was in Des Moines. Claude R. Wickard had emerged in the Indiana picture. His record looked good on paper. He was a farmer. He had been a member of the Indiana state legislature, so he had had more than just farm experience. It was Al Black's recommendation that brought Claude in. I don't think I had met him until he was brought in. My first impression of him was favorable. He was appointed. He was forthright, looked the part, and had an intelligent interest in the problem.

One of the very first things I did was to reach out for Tolley, who was then director of the Giannini Foundation of the University of Chicago. It was approximately May 16. I think I got at him immediately. I called Tolley and then I believe I talked with the University authorities there to get him released to come down to Washington. I had in mind for him the specialty crops - the fruit and vegetables, and so forth - which presented very difficult problems. He came in with that in mind and helped organize it. One of the first things we did after Tolley got down was put in a call for Jesse W. Tapp. I don't remember whose idea it was, but believe me - it was a unanimous choice! We both agreed that we ought to get Jesse down if we could. He was then an economist associated with an investment firm in New York. I'm sure he was making more money than we were able to offer him. In both his case and Tolley's there was no hesitation. They came down and cut loose and went to work. That was one of the very early things we moved on.

It took a little time in the case of tobacco, and it brought up one of the difficult questions we met. The Tennessee Congressional delegation had brought out the name of a former commissioner of agriculture - a political leader in Tennessee. I've forgotten his name. They pressed hard for his appointment to head our tobacco work. There's no question but what they pressed it politically. It was political. John B. Hutson had

shown up. He had been in foreign service. I had not met him before. He had been agricultural attache<sup>e</sup> in some of the European countries. He had a particular interest and background in tobacco. I talked to him a number of times and finally became convinced that if we could get Hutson named we'd get going on some problems that were really pressing; the cigar-type tobaccos particularly had an immediate need for action. We got Jack Hutson named. To do so I had to get Jim Farley's help. Julian Friant was always completely cooperative. He was the man named as "special assistant to the Secretary" to handle political clearance questions in connection with our personnel. This was rather a big-league operation, and in the case of the tobacco section chief I had Kenneth McKellar and the other Senator and all the Congressmen on my neck. It was tough. I called and arranged to see Farley. I told him, "Now, there are positions here that have to be filled by the most competent men we can get, men who are experienced and able to handle them. The best politics that can possibly be played is to make a success of this thing - to make it go."

He said, "Why, of course that's true." I explained our situation. He said, "Don't give it another thought. I'll take care of the Tennessee delegation." And he did. They laid off and we named Hutson and never heard a word about it. That happened repeatedly. Whenever I was really on a spot and wanted to

make an appointment without regard to politics, there never was a case where Farley didn't back me up one-hundred percent.

Friant had remarkable capacity. He was hard of hearing. He had learned his way around Washington in connection with early activities for the relief of drainage districts in Southeastern Missouri, Illinois - that whole area. They were all in a fix. He had spent some time in Washington very actively on that. Emil Schram first came into the picture down in Washington in connection with these drainage districts. He subsequently was a member of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (RFC) board and then president of the New York stock exchange. Julian Friant took the position that it was his job to get the best people we could get. He used to be very proud of the number of PhD's we had working in the Triple-A for something like \$1580 a year. Those were the days when they were a dime a dozen.

He developed this technique which worked very successfully. He determined that so far as possible he was not going to try to bring in people who weren't the cream of the crop. At the same time, he wanted to get along and wanted us to get along with the people up on the Hill. So when an applicant for a position came in, Julian could get the letters of endorsement or approval from members of Congress quite without regard to the political affiliations of the applicant, because it was easy for him to phone or drop in to see a Congressman and say, "Now, here's a fine young fellow from your district. He comes

from a good family, apparently. You probably know them. We can get him here, but we like to have our appointments known and understood by the Congressmen and we'd like to have your endorsement of him" - or words to that effect. The Congressman was almost invariably delighted to have a hand in it and be in the picture to that extent. So Friant worked out a very satisfactory technique in relationship and at the same time got us good people.

A number of appointments were made in those first few months that were political. Smith W. Brookhart, of Iowa - a former Senator - was a political choice. That was a command from the White House to which George Peek bowed with great reluctance. Theodore Bilbo was one. That was an interesting bit of history. Pat Harrison was the head of the Senate finance committee and had, since the staple cotton growers lined up in the McNary-Haugen Bill, been an awfully good friend of George Peek's and mine, and a good supporter of the farm program. He called up George one day and said, "I want to talk to you about a man." George asked him to come down. George called me and asked me to come in. The two of us listened to Pat, and it was a classic. Harrison started out in glowing terms describing Bilbo as an extremely able man and a man who could be very useful to us in this new program. He said, "I'm not wholly unselfish in what I'm asking you to do, because as you may know, Hubert D. Stephens is approaching the end of his term. He's a good Senator and we'd very much like to see him renominated

without any opposition. Former governor Bilbo is at loose ends, and it would be a disaster if he were to come into the race, because the man is a vote-getter. He's a pretty appealing sort of a person."

George said, "What can he do?"

"Well," Pat said, "there isn't anything he can't do."

At that time we were being pressed to make speeches, and none of us had time to go out and make speeches. So George said, "Can he make a talk? Could he get out and explain the farm program to farm and business audiences?"

Harrison said, "Can he make a talk! Why he can talk the people up--" Then he paused and he said, "George, you weren't thinking about having him make speeches in Mississippi, were you, or in the South? That would never do."

George laughed and said, "You might as well tell us what other limitations there are. What can't he do? Let's get at that."

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you. There isn't anything that fellow can't do, but I'll be honest with you. You shouldn't put him in any position where he is responsible for handling money. I don't think you should tempt him that far. I wouldn't do that."

George was smiling by that time. He said, "Well, this is interesting. Anything else?"

"No," he said, "that's all. Well, there is one other thing, George. I wouldn't put him in an office where there was a girl around."

We were all amused then, and Pat, too. George said, "Well, we'll think it over." We had already talked about getting somebody who was competent to look at the flow of the press news out in the country, who would select critical and other items and comments, and so forth, and route them around then to the affected divisions so that the men would have sources of information coming in to them from the outside which, in the ordinary course of business, they wouldn't get. We were all pretty busy. It was a bona fide job. We thought it was one that Bilbo could do. It would be a detached job and would set him off in an office. He had to have an assistant, all right - a girl, that is. We put him at that. Bilbo was news, and the newspaper boys really got on him. They called him the "Pastemaster General".

1933 passed on. George left. As we got into '34, which was the senatorial year in Mississippi, Pat Harrison called me one day and he said, "I'm really distressed at the way the newspapermen have treated Bilbo. I think he's getting a little restless about it, and I would like to know - isn't there something that can be found there that has dignity and more position so he can be held here in Washington? I don't mind

telling you that the talk's going around that he's sounding people out in Mississippi about coming back there."

I said, "I'll canvass it. I frankly don't think of a thing." At that time we had a sugar program and tobacco program in Puerto Rico with no common point of pooling their interests or efforts or personnel. We had talked about having somebody as the common denominator who would run the operation - just keep the two activities on speaking terms. I called Pat and described it to him.

He was a little dubious. He said, "Well, I don't know, but it won't hurt to try. I'll come down. You get Bilbo in." So I called Bilbo, and Pat came in. Both were cigar smokers. It was:

"Howdy, Pat."

"Howdy, Bilbo." Pat said, "You know, Bilbo, I'm taking a great interest in you here, and I've been distressed at the developments that have prevented you from doing the kind of work I know you're capable of here."

Bilbo said, "Yes, I know. I know, Pat. You've been very kind, and I appreciate it, and the boys have been fine."

Harrison said, "I've been talking to the boys here and they've got something in mind." Then he described this position as though it were just a little short of an ambassadorship. He really laid it on.



Bilbo was leaning on the back legs of his chair back against the wall, puffing his cigar, very poker-faced until Pat got through. Bilbo nodded. Pat looked at him - sizing him up. Bilbo nodded and he said, "That's certainly very fine, but you know, Pat, I'm thinking some of running for the Senate in Mississippi."

Harrison said, "Yes, I've heard that. I hope you don't do it, because if you do I'll be compelled to oppose you. I will support Stephens."

Bilbo said, "Yes, I understand that. I've thought of it, and I've even thought what I'm going to tell the folks back in Mississippi, Pat, when you announce your support of Huey Stephens and your opposition to me. You know what I'm going to say?"

Harrison said, "I have no idea."

He said, "I'm just going to call attention to the fact that you've spoken for Stephens. I'm going to tell the folks in Mississippi that of course Pat Harrison is for Stephens because with Stephens in the Senate, Pat Harrison casts two votes. If I'm in the Senate I assure you he'll only cast one. Now, that's what I'll tell the folks back in Mississippi." Then he left.

Pat looked at me and shook his head and said, "What can you do with a fellow like that?"

George Peek saw to it that Brookhart had an office as far away from him as he could be placed. Brookhart dreamed up plans for trade with Russia, and would bring them in to George. That was the extent of his service with the Triple-A.

Adlai Stevenson's father had been associated with George Peek and me in the Al Smith campaign. Adlai had been aware of that. I think I'd met him as a young man at that time. It was perfectly natural, I think, that he would come to the Department of Agriculture and the Triple-A when he wanted to join up and do something in the early days of the New Deal. Wayne C. Taylor had come in as an assistant to George. He had been active in organizing young Democrats for Roosevelt. He was a man of considerable ability. I'm not sure but what he may have brought Adlai to George. That I don't know. Adlai joined up with the legal division fairly early. He was assigned to work on marketing agreements with the fruit and vegetable section, but he wasn't with Tolley. Lee Pressman was assigned to that section, too, and that didn't mean Lee Pressman worked for Tolley.

He left at the time George Peek left, or perhaps shortly before, and went over with the alcohol control administration. I know that because when George left, Fred Lee also left, and Fred went over to the alcohol control administration as head counsel there. Fred has told me that Adlai was responsible, I think, for the suggestion that they get Fred in that administration. While I saw him rather frequently there, his work in the

Triple-A was just a matter of months.

I met Guy C. Shepard and talked with him in Evanston. He lived in Evanston. I went out and talked with him one evening. I think Westervelt wanted me to meet him. He was a man who knew the packing business, all right. He was a very pleasant person. He was in Westervelt's division.

Clyde E. King was in my division. He was in the production division. Clyde King had done a great deal of market mediation. He was a well-known name in the milk field. Since milk had to be dealt with through marketing agreements rather than in any other way, Westervelt, Peek, Wallace and I agreed on King. He was brought in. I don't remember who invited him.

A.J.S. Weaver handled rice. That was another hot one. Weaver had been an economist in the Department - in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics (BAE). I think perhaps he'd had some Farm Board experience during which he'd dealt with and worked with rice. Joe Robinson's brother-in-law, Grady Miller, had been an officer in a rice cooperative in Arkansas, and Robinson, who was the majority leader in the Senate, had let it be known in unmistakable terms that he wanted Miller to head the rice activity. My inquiries in Arkansas convinced me that Miller, whom I met, was an extremely personable, easy-going man, without the capacity to handle that small but very difficult crop. I had been talking to Weaver about the problems, and I felt that Weaver could handle it. The Associated Press man

covering the Department then, was Sam Bledsoe. Sam got onto this story. There were a lively two or three days. Sam had the story. He wanted to print it. At the same time he wanted to be cooperative. I kept telling him, "Now, I'm going to work this thing out." I'm not sure whether Peek was still there or not. I finally did. I went up and told Robinson that we were really compelled to name Weaver to head this section, but that I would like to have Miller as a field man with the particular responsibility of maintaining liaison, working with the cooperative groups in rice. The story flattened out on Sam. He really couldn't make much out of it, though he really wanted to. He thought they had us on in a spot on that one.

The press as a whole was excellent. Roy Hendrickson, who had been the Associated Press man when I first went down there, was somewhat of an embarrassment because Roy had been following this development intimately, from before the baby was born, really. He could go around, and you didn't need to tell him a thing. It was just what you didn't say, or the way you parried his questions. Then he'd go to somebody else, and in a very short time he'd have a story on what we were going to do with a particular commodity or what we had in mind. Then he'd frequently print it, much to our embarrassment, because it wasn't a real leak. He was just a good newspaperman. M. L., I

think, took him with him in Subsistence Homestead over to Interior. It wasn't a planned operation on our part to get him into the Department to prevent his newspaper techniques. I found him, when I went back in '43, entrenched there in very real authority.

George Peek and I, throughout, kept on the friendliest of terms. I'm quite sure he wasn't wholly sympathetic with what we were doing in the line of acreage adjustment, but on the other hand he supported it and went along with it. One reason for this was that he was concentrating on getting going with the activities that were centered in the processing and marketing division, including the development of marketing agreements for handling numbers of crops in ways other than production adjustment. The thought was to use acreage restriction in the places where they would do the most good. That's the way we continued after the reorganization which followed George Peek's resignation in December of '33. During that period there was plenty to do, with the wheat program and the corn-hog program and the cotton program, the developing of rice and sugar program, and activities relating to some of the specialty crops. My own activity in them became greater after I became administrator. George was driving ahead with the line of work in which he was interested, with General Westervelt and his staff over on that side. He was experiencing plenty of difficulty

in it. From the start there was the open distrust and disagreement on policy with respect to the marketing agreements between George Peek and Mr. Brand and his associates on the one hand, and the legal division, consumers counsel and Mr. Tugwell on the other. It started right from the beginning. There was a personal dislike on George's part for Jerome Frank. Judging from actions, I think it was probably mutual.

My disposition was to play out the hand that was dealt us. We had various kinds of personalities - extremely varied kinds of personalities. We had a terrific job to do. For the period of about seven months when George was administrator and I was director of the production division, I worked along, I think, in relative harmony with all the groups and factions. I had a feeling at that time that probably George would have accomplished more if he had been a little more tolerant - had taken the personalities as they were and had gone ahead to try to work them out. I became convinced within a year after he resigned that there was a lot more to it than that; that it was more fundamental than that; and that I was something of a Pollyanna and George more of a realist in sizing the situation up.

The Triple-A came in as a full-grown and vigorous youngster among the bureaus of the Department that had been there for a long while. Oldtimers were ruthlessly displaced from their offices in the circle around the patio in the main administration building of the Department and forced into quarters elsewhere.

We were not popular among the other bureaus at the time. I remember old Dr. W.W. Stockberger, who was in charge of personnel. He was one of the displaced persons. He came in with tears coming down his cheeks and told about the rough way he thought he was being treated. We tried to string out in a group the chief offices there. Henry Wallace, the Secretary, wanted them close and accessible to him. So we really had ourselves a time at first.

Notwithstanding that feeling, the cooperation the other agencies - particularly the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, the Extension Service, and William Jump, the budget officer and executive officer - gave the Triple-A was amazing. It couldn't have been better. They were doing everything they could. The BAE was very much one of those which cooperated with us fully. Nils Olsen and I got along fine. He probably would have preferred less interference with his personnel. We really grabbed them right and left. You can't blame him, but he was fine. Fred Hughes, who was the BAE's personnel and executive officer, did everything in the world for us. I'll mention one big service he did for me. I had known him in the 'twenties. As soon as I hit Washington I called Fred and said, "I want the best secretary you've got that you can pry loose around here, and I'd like to have her report tomorrow morning if she will." I think the next morning was Sunday, or at least it was a holiday, as I

recall it, because nobody else was around. I was banging out a few letters on the typewriter. I'd gotten over to the single office I had in the main building on the ground floor, when Miss Carol Piper breezed in. I remember she wore some sort of a beret. She just took it off, gave her hair a toss - she was prematurely gray - hung up her hat on a coatrack, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Davis, I'm Carol Piper. Mr. Hughes sent me over, and I'm ready to go to work." She was my secretary for eight years, and she was a whiz.

Thinking of Miss Piper and other secretaries I've had, I wonder if many people realize that a man's reputation for accomplishment really rests on what those girls do. Miss Piper gave my office, throughout, an atmosphere of friendliness and cordialty. She established a voice to voice relationship with the secretary of nearly every member of the House and Senate - with one of the secretaries or more of all of the executives in Washington with whom we were dealing, so she'd always be talking person to person when she called any office. She taught me more about running an office than I had ever dreamed of. This was true not only when I was in the Triple-A. She went over with me to the board of governors of the Federal Reserve and came out with me and helped set up the St. Louis office for me, and stayed out there four months. I've often thought how much



I owe to Carol Piper and people like her who worked with me. The truth of the matter is, these trained secretaries like Miss Piper have really an extraordinarily large part in a man's success. He has a warm and cordial office or he has a bad one, depending on the secretary. Her telephone manner is bound to reach and influence infinitely more people than the principal, himself, ever talks to. I think it was really one of the great experiences and great lifts I had - the great aid I got out of Miss Piper. I owe Fred Hughes and the BAE for that one.

Without the Extension Service, the county agent system, the production activities, the adjustment activities of the Triple-A just couldn't have gotten off the ground the way they did. They laid aside their established program to get ours going. Clyde Warburton was the head of Extension at that time. So while there was a perfectly natural resentment, I think, on the part of some of the older bureaus at the way this brash new outfit moved in and shoved them around, believe me, they were cooperat~~ers~~. That was a very happy relationship.

Brand's office and Peek's office were side by side. There were frequent consultations. To think that we - Peek, Brand, and I - were in complete agreement with all of Mr. Wallace's views would be to paint the picture altogether unrealistically. There were constant differences that had to be adjusted. I was

in between - definitely in between - in this operation. I was between the two wings - Peek and Brand on the one side, and Wallace and Tugwell on the other. There were even differences between Tugwell and Wallace which grew more marked as time went along. The differences that I had to stand between were more numerous and repeated themselves more frequently than I liked, although Henry Wallace once remarked, with a degree of detachment that I wasn't able to command, that, "After all, don't you think friction of this sort really generates energy?"

I said, "It wastes a hell of a lot of energy. It generates some, but it doesn't go to advance the things we're after here."

The differences were marked. The legal division and the consumers counsel, which was headed by Frederick C. Howe with Gardner Jackson as his deputy, really came in with a punitive attitude and a determination to reform the business enterprises with which the farmers dealt - packers, grain trade, and all the rest. Without feeling in any sense that they were entitled to any exemptions or privileges under this act which were improper, George felt that they were a part of the mechanism that could be used in a program of price and income improvement. He was very anxious to try out what could be done under marketing agreements. We worked out an agreement with the tobacco

manufacturing companies fairly early in the tobacco program by which we got prompt action on prices, in consideration of the fact that the growers were limiting acreage. The buyers really moved in, and under a marketing agreement that Hutson worked out with the approval of the other processing and marketing divisions, they really brought about a change in the tobacco markets. I went down with Hutson to the flu-cured tobacco belt in North Carolina, I remember, on one trip. The feeling - the response - was electrifying. We were pretty much cooped up and concentrating on more jobs than we could get done, but we took a few days off and went down there and visited some of the markets.

One man we talked to in North Carolina was a substantial tobacco grower. He said he had gotten up early and driven out toward one of his farms, and he had met a darky with a cart loaded with tobacco, hammering his mule over the back as hard as he could. Since it was one of his tenants, he had stopped and wanted to talk with him. The darky fidgeted and fidgeted and finally he said, "Boss, I wish you'd excuse me. I want to get in there to that market while those buyers are still drunk." They were really paying good prices, compared to the terrible prices they had been going through.

It was that type of operation George Peek wanted to try out in the livestock markets and some of the grain markets. We

sent a group out to one of the sore wheat spots - the Pacific Northwest. Frank A. Theis, who had come from Kansas City to be chief of the grain section in the processing and marketing division, some attorneys, and another man in the Department, Ray C. Miller, had gone out to the Pacific Northwest where they did negotiate an export arrangement which tried out, to a certain extent, the McNary-Haugen principles. Things like that were going on.

The conflict arose early over what was known as the books and records section of the agreements. That began right early. We differed with the counsel in our discussions about these programs. The insistence in conference, by Frank and Pressman particularly, on carrying the power of examination of books far beyond the transactions that were contemplated under the agreements which were being discussed in a very preliminary way, was a cause of difference from the very beginning. The differences arose as soon as the processing and marketing division was organized and we began to try to bring in the processors to talk about the possible courses of action. The books and records clause came out of both the consumers counsel and the legal division, but it was primarily a legal job. It called for opening up the books and records of the processors and all of their affiliates and all of their subsidiaries, regardless of whether or not they had any relationship, whatever, with the

contemplated transactions. Any and all records and correspondence would be open to the Secretary. That did not mean that the Secretary would examine them individually, of course.

This books and records clause formalized and became a basis of argument and led to some real showdown fights later, but I was involved in that. In these earlier conferences, George Peek was convinced - and he was correct - that one reason he wasn't able to get going with the marketing agreements was the fact that the representatives of business had the hell scared out of them when they came into these meetings and met the point of view that was expressed by the legal division. There's no question but what that was one of the factors in George Peek's trouble with the legal division and the consumers counsel.

There was a very close relationship between the legal division and the consumers counsel. They had the same objectives and were directed by men who either assembled or permitted the assembly under their direction of groups of people who knew where they wanted to go and who weren't concerned with the objectives outlined by Congress in the Agricultural Adjustment Act. I think we all agreed that the consumers counsel was a good thing. I don't remember who proposed it, but I don't think there was any objection, whatever, on anybody's part. On the contrary, it was agreed that we should have an office

in there that would examine every step that the Triple-A proposed to take from the standpoint of the consumer's interest and would keep that viewpoint in our counsels at all times.

I remember discussing Fred Howe with Charlie Brand, who had known of Fred for a long while. He had rather a favorable impression of him, and I know that Brand approved his appointment. Fred Howe was a man of very high ideals and very little practical sense. He was the "turn the other cheek" type. He was a well-meaning man who permitted his organization to be loaded down with a group of people who were more concerned with stirring up discontent than they were with achieving the objectives of the act. When I first told Fred that he was going to have to give up the consumers counsel and I wanted his and Gardner Jackson's resignation, he was very much distressed. We arranged other employment for Fred - I forget what it was - because he was broke. I never felt personally that Fred did anything more than just permit his office to become a rallying ground for a lot of people who required constant watching.

George Peek and Brand very early became convinced that Gardner Jackson was feeding stories out to Drew Pearson and others - the columnists around there. They were having a great deal of fun harpooning us. I remember Guy Shepard was one of the recipients. I didn't have much doubt and I know George had none as to the source of this kind of information.

It's a fairly easy thing to do. The tipster who is inside an organization is pretty sure of favorable treatment for himself and his associates. In return, he can participate in lampooning the people he's out to get or doesn't like in the Department. It doesn't make for harmony within an organization. There speedily grew up a lack of faith in consumers counsel from our standpoint, and I classify myself along with George in that suspicion.

Wallace was completely sympathetic with consumers counsel and the legal division. Henry had brought my old friend and colleague, Paul Appleby, up from Radford, Virginia as assistant to the Secretary. It speedily became apparent that the placid days when the Secretary of Agriculture could be served by one were gone. Paul told Henry of a young friend of his also in Radford who ran an electrical shop down there by the name of C. Benham Baldwin, and so they brought Benham in. Benham and Paul were the eyes and ears of the Secretary. They made the appointments, acted for him, and they were very much in the same group as Jerome Frank and Lee Pressman.

Jerome brought Lee Pressman in. He had known him, I think, in New York in law circles. Alger Hiss was also brought in by Jerome. Alger had been secretary to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes in the Supreme Court. He was on the job, I'm quite sure, when I got to Washington. Alger and these others,

I think, were known as Felix Frankfurter's friends and proteges. Lee Pressman I believe was on the job when I got to Washington. I know Jerome was.

I think Wallace was plenty on the side of Jerome Frank and his associates. This created many difficulties. It was a tough year, and it was particularly difficult for George. The two factions worked together, all right, but it was with great difficulty and increasing strain, which finally led George to resign.

I think Rex Tugwell was really the benevolent father of the young intellectuals who gathered around in the legal division and consumers counsel and so forth. M.L. Wilson got out and went over to Subsistence Homestead, which was located in Interior. I don't think he left because of the differences. He was very much interested in the subsistence homestead work. He had got the wheat program off and going. M.L. was never interested in a strictly administrative operation. He liked planning. For years, he'd been speculating on what could be accomplished to make life easier and more productive for people who would have a small acreage and get their subsistence from that. So this was a natural move, I think, as far as M.L. was concerned, although I'm sure he didn't find the atmosphere a rest cure around the Department of Agriculture.

It was fast moving, but at the same time we were getting things rolling along. I was very much immersed, of course, in



our various adjustment contracts which involved building up a vast machine and developing new ways of servicing it. I saw my first mechanical business machine check-writing operation then. We installed that to grind out the checks which went out by millions in the aggregate. It was all interesting. I was wrapped up in that. I went along with the kind of a feeling that both sides were at fault, that they should get in and pull together. One of the factors in my accepting the job as administrator after George Peek resigned was my belief that I could ride that double team.

I had nothing to do with Subsistence Homesteads. I had heard a great deal about what was going on in the bringing of the farm credit agencies together in the Farm Credit Administration. I generally thought they were organizing a pretty good show.

I went through to 1937 without much question that there was a plan and there was a pattern for the whole thing. I was aware of lots of the inconsistencies, but I didn't realize that the inconsistencies were the rule until along about 1937, after I was out of the Triple-A. It was my feeling that the President and those close to him had thought this thing through rather completely, that the other segments were pushing toward their objectives, and that the whole thing made sense in improving income and lifting the country out of the depression. I

thought that eventually when the whole machinery was in operation we'd have a pretty well-balanced operation. I didn't realize then that inconsistencies, contradictions, and half-baked plans were the rule rather than the exception. Though I state this with an air of conviction, of course it is only my opinion. As I saw some of the developments beginning to take place in the mid-thirties, I rather concluded that it was a gay bunch of adventurers who were well-meaning but, in the main, didn't have a consistent pattern - didn't know where they wanted to go.

I believe more thought actually went into the laying out of the Agricultural Adjustment Act than went into many of the other things that were done in the New Deal - well, almost anything else. I know a great deal of thought had gone into that. After all, we'd started work on this thing in the early twenties, and part of the thinking and all that carried right through. A lot of men had been familiarized with the problem and had struggled with it. The Agricultural Adjustment Act brought several lines of thought and action together in what was probably a reasonably effective approach. Now, I realize there are many people who held a different point of view.

In terms of 1933, '34, '35, the New Deal meant to me a concerted effort to use government to the extent necessary to pump new hope, new income and wider employment, into the

masses of the people. That's what it meant. It wasn't just a curing of the depression. After all, there was no use in attempting to cure a depression if stability weren't thought of in the same programing. I certainly was idealistically devoted to this. The farm groups for years, led by thoughtful economists, had believed that the ups and downs of the business cycle - the price movements - were the greatest hazard agriculture had to contend with. They'd been struggling to meet it. It wasn't hard for me to believe that if we could bring about reasonable adjustment of the production of the crops that periodically had gone into surplus - that is, a surplus at any remunerative price level - and if we could use the resources that were freed in ways that would build up the land and diversify production so that effort went into useful channels, not in surplus, for our part we would make a real contribution toward the national welfare of the whole. I think it would have been impossible for human ingenuity at that time, based on the experience we had and what we knew, to come up with a better program than we did. I don't know what better we could have done.

I know there were many down there among the contradictory elements that made up the New Deal who felt that there were much simpler things that could have been done. The Cornell school of economists, very much marked by George F. Warren and

Mr. Pearson, believed that all the price changes were due to the change in the price of gold, and that all that was necessary in the future was to concentrate upon that and adjust it as need be, and farm troubles would be at an end. Even as fine an economist as William I. Myers believed much of that. He was one of the best administrators who ever hit Washington. He succeeded Morgenthau as head of the Farm Credit Administration. There were a lot of people who believed we were going through a lot of unnecessary exercises while there were some simple and magical moves that could be made that would solve all the trouble. I felt we had to go at it the hard way. I still think so.

I think, in general, this was a period of rapid development, notwithstanding internal strife and clash. The history of the period would be a whole lot different if the gate hadn't been left open for the influx of a lot of people who were not at all interested in the objectives of the Triple-A, but were interested in rearranging the social, political, and economic pattern to suit their own ideas. It wasn't necessary that the Triple-A should have all the crackpots in Washington. There weren't any in other places to match in number what we had in the Triple-A. In recent revelations, they haven't revealed any centers that matched ours, so far as I know. I still don't think it was necessary that they all be dumped in there on us. I know George Peek didn't think he was entitled to that kind of

an army. Believe me, if Peek could have dealt with this thing, he would have! He couldn't have done what I did because the Secretary wouldn't have taken it, at all, and everything was in the Secretary's name. George's original reluctance on that job I think is justified by the facts. George did not like to go in there under Wallace - I know that. He had the same kind of assurance from F.D.R. that I had when I went down in 1943 to be food administrator, that, notwithstanding the way it looked it actually was to be the way he wanted it. I'm pretty sure that George accepted that, but it didn't work out that way.

I think Henry would have been relieved at any time to have George withdraw. Henry was a sensitive man and had not had much experience in rough and tumble fighting. There's no doubt but what this weighed on him heavily. I'm sure of that.

It really wasn't long before December that I sensed that there was definitely going to be a change. I kept hoping that we'd work things out. I saw that George was building up an increasing sense of frustration, all right. I think it was only a few days before it happened that I realized it.

The corn-hog program of 1933-34 - the "killing of the little pigs" - was one of the most controversial programs we got into. We had asked that meetings be held in the different corn states. A meeting was held in Des Moines on July 18. In several of the state meetings and again at Des Moines, the outlines

of an emergency program, which would tend to get at the immediate hog problem were formulated. There was a big crop of corn - a big carry-over. We had a very large hog population, and with corn in plentiful supply there was the expectation of heavy breeding for fall litters on top of a heavy spring pig crop. The idea began to pop up in various state meetings of adding a premium to the market prices for sows with pig and for light-weight pigs, before they had eaten too heavily into the corn, in order to prevent the heavy flow of pork the following winter. Another meeting was held in the Willard Hotel in Washington on August 10. That was when the plan really took form. We had all elements there. We had representatives of all of the farm organizations, of the retail meat industry, and we had invited representatives of the packers. We had all elements of the whole industry. I was in and out of the meeting.

That meeting brought forth its recommendations which, in form, generally outlined the corn-hog program we undertook for emergency purchase, killing the little pigs, and so forth. I agreed to it at the outset. I didn't anticipate that the people would get sentimental over the killing of pigs. After all, we had always grown pigs to be killed. We made a deal with Harry Hopkins of the Federal Surplus Relief Corporation for the distribution of all of the meat from the purchased hogs to the needy families in his relief program. We made contracts with the

packers for the processing of the pigs and the piggy sows. Altogether, we had buttoned it up about as well as possible. I'm not one who's ever been moved to apologize for that program by the chatter that arose about it. There were a lot of the sob sisters who said, "Wasn't it a terrible thing to kill the little pigs."

We did keep a lot of corn from being consumed, that came in extremely handy in 1935. There isn't any question about that. Of course, that wasn't planned because we couldn't foresee 1934 or 1936 and the terrific droughts that came about. By 1933 the hog market had reached the stage where in Iowa you almost had to tie a ten-dollar bill to the ear of one of the sows before you loaded them to send them to market - to get them there. The market was down. I don't recall that it got as low as \$1.25. I recall \$2.65 at the farm in Iowa as about the low.

I'm skipping about a bit. I was a member of the board of the Commodity Credit Corporation. It was pretty much worked out in conjunction with RFC, in the RFC offices. The Commodity Credit Corporation then was an adjunct of RFC, with our participation through board membership and policy conferences. It later was taken over wholly into the Department of Agriculture and became an operating arm within the Department, but it was not a part of it in the early days. I wouldn't call that experience banking. It was banking in the sense that it was lending on

commodities. At the outset we didn't conceive of the operation as price-fixing loans, at all. We were very careful in the first corn-loan program. This was something on which Earl Smith, who had come down to push for the corn loan, absolutely insisted. He insisted that \$.45 a bushel was about as high as we ought to go. He thought we ought to have a floor under the market and we ought to enable the farmers who could provide safe storage to store on the farm. He was a pretty good hog man and good corn man, and had good business judgment.

Our difficulties with the loan program, grew much greater, I think, after I left the Triple-A - in the Production and Marketing Administration (PMA) days - because the members of Congress took the ball right away from the administrators and from the farmers. They thought if \$.45 was a good thing for a loan figure, why \$.55 or \$.60 would be better. There are always a lot of friends of the farmer in Congress who like to attach their names to a bill and set the stake out a little farther than the farm leaders, themselves, think it safe to go. That gets you in trouble because the farm leaders then are really on the spot. It's hard for them to go back to the farmers and say that they had opposed Senator so-and-so's effort to get \$.13 a pound on their cotton instead of \$.10. One of the lessons I learned was that it wasn't the farm leaders who were advocating the most radical things that were done as much as it was the good



friends in the executive and legislative branches of government.

At first, all of the codes were turned over to the NRA. Then those relating to food were turned back to us. We had some trying times with some of them. I remember we had a baby chick code, and John Hannah - now [1953] president of Michigan State College - was the manager of it. He was an aggressive, able young man. He really ran himself a code operation. He lined up the industry - and it was in a bad fix - and he really made it go. Hannah was recently president of the Association of Land Grant Colleges. He has just [1953] taken leave from Michigan State to be the Assistant Secretary of Defense. He's a very able citizen.

I didn't see Hugh Johnson very often, but occasionally. We'd meet back and forth. The Blue Eagle went to Hugh's head. I don't know whether he floated it there or not, but it really went to his head. They had those Blue Eagle parades around the country, and he really thought he could have had anything in the country he wanted. Johnson felt that if Harold Ickes had moved ahead with the public works as rapidly as he was supposed to, and hadn't been so cautious in handing money out, that business recovery would have been complete in a relatively short time. The Work Projects Administration (WPA) was a shot at employment. Business hadn't picked up the slack of employment.

I'd like to compare that situation with the little pig

program and the restriction of acreage - the cotton plow-up. Those were the two things, of course, that the sentimentalists cracked down on. They seemed to think it perfectly all right for a manufacturing concern to plow millions of workmen out on the street with no place to go for livelihood except charity or some type of relief. That was perfectly all right. That was the industry's way of adjusting production. They didn't permit their production to continue, as the farmers do, and take it on the chin in price. They plowed their men out right away. We had millions of them literally walking the streets at that time. When the farmers made a feeble gesture in that direction at the expense of a somewhat shorter life for some pigs and a shorter life for some cotton plants, some ministers and public speakers seized on that as a horrible thing.

I agree that it was a bad thing to slice production when people were in need. The same thing was true of housing and fuel and blankets and clothing. Nobody was short of food in that period for the reason that the food wasn't there for them. There was plenty of food, and even with the best effort and intention we didn't make any great impact on it compared with what nature, herself, did in 1934 and 1936.

On September 30, 1933, Brand resigned. That undoubtedly was a signal. Brand was there on loan from his work with the National Fertilizer Association. I think his resignation was

hailed with relief throughout the Triple-A, and I don't think George felt too badly about it. As in Wilson's case, this wasn't a rest cure. I think he saw they weren't getting anywhere, particularly with some of the things that were going on. George, in the meantime, had built up a staff. He had Wayne Chatfield Taylor. He had Fred Lee. He had Glenn McHugh, who had been a member of the Senate legislative counsel. He was a very able man, later vice president of Equitable Life. George had a good little organization, and Brand, I think, realized that he was a fifth wheel. The coadministrator thing was a joke, anyway. There was a general feeling of relief when Brand left because he had the lack of capacity which manifested itself in the feeling that he had to see and pass on everything that was done. His desk became a literal bottleneck. When you wanted to blast things out you almost had to use force to do it. Yet Charlie Brand was one of the most kindly, nicest chaps you ever saw, as I said in the beginning of the letter which I wrote to Henry Wallace warning him of difficulty if he named him. Brand just couldn't help being something of a martinet; he couldn't help insisting, for example, that all press releases be brought in so that he could go over it line by line. Everything had to bear his personal approval or he would pop. He was a well-intentioned person who really thought he was quite an

executive, but I don't think he was.

I attended all the press conferences. I attended the press conference in October, 1933, in which Wallace talked about production adjustment and said that marketing agreements weren't very important. Peek, who was there, got very angry. I think that probably was the open beginning of the end. I doubt if Wallace realized it - I don't think it was planned on his part but I think it was "planted" for him. I think somebody led him into it. There were plenty around there who would have been willing to do it. I, by that time, didn't have too much confidence in the two men who were immediately in his outer office - Baldwin and Appleby. They were beginning to play a game then, part of which was to force George Peek out.

The dairy section, under Clyde King, operated under both the production division and the processing and marketing division. We had set up sort of a butter stabilization corporation. The Land O Lakes Creamery Company was one of the operators. That much I remember. I do not recall the Land O Lakes loan.

I had had rather frequent contact with F.D.R. The Secretary and I would go over in case of any program we were ready to launch. I would accompany Wallace. George Peek rarely went, as I recall it. We'd explain the outlines. We did it with the wheat program. We did it with the cotton program. We did it

with the corn and hog program. We explained them, in general, to the President. We didn't always get a chance to do much explaining. He'd talk about the program. We learned early that there was a choice of two courses with Mr. Roosevelt. If you went over there without having buttoned things up, and mentioned alternative courses, there was a danger that he'd just grab one of them in his teeth and you'd be led down the road half a mile before you could catch your breath - and it might be the wrong one. He was quick and gay in decisions. We always went into very careful explanations with him. George and I went to see him many times. He was always friendly. Mr. Roosevelt had another place for George when he resigned, and he had another place for Jerome Frank when Jerome got out.

This is a story of the period when George's resignation was in the air, and the press boys were trying to corral him to ask him about it and he was avoiding them. Felix Belair and some of the boys were covering it. George then still had some kidney difficulties so that he had to make frequent trips down the hall. Our offices around the patio were not equipped with lavatories or toilets and we had to go out in the outer corridor to reach the men's toilet. The newspaper men were fully aware of that, and when the resignation story got hot they were roosted like crows on the railing right outside of George's office. I went in to see him that day. George was talking to

me, and talking very earnestly about this. Two or three times he got up and started toward the door, and turned back, twisted and fidgeted and sat down again, and got up again. His wash-bowl was screened by one of those brown burlap folding screens. Finally George said, "Excuse me," and he went back of the screen. I heard the running water. He finally came back at ease and he said, "Well, that'll hold the sons of bitches."

George said, "I think they're going to try to get you to take this job. I don't know whether you ought to or not, but I'm going to give you one bit of advice and only one. It's advice you can follow if you will. I say it in all dead earnestness. If you take this, you make it a condition of your acceptance that Jerome Frank and some of the boys around him go out. Don't take it unless they do." I didn't do it. I still had the idea that I could hold my own and handle them - that I could ride that horse. I told George later that that was a bit of advice that would have saved me a lot of trouble either way it went. I could have gone in on my own terms or not have gone in at all. Either way I would have avoided a great deal of trouble.

From the time of that press conference when Henry Wallace appeared to go out of his way to take a slap at George, I think it was a case of George's just selecting his time to resign. I am sure that George talked to the President. I'm sure that the President, without consulting Cordell Hull, just flashed on the

idea and said, "George, you've been very much interested in all these questions of foreign trade, and we'll just make you a special advisor to the White House on foreign trade." George had a singular optimism - he had a great optimism - and I think perhaps he figured that this was the chance to get out from under Wallace and to get out where his influence and his voice really could be felt. I think George told me what he was going to do. I know that George had made up his mind to get out, and this, of course, was an exit for him. I think he submitted his resignation to the President, not Wallace. I don't think he considered himself a Wallace appointee, at all. I think he considered himself a Presidential appointee. This was a fiction in which he had been reassured, I'm sure, by the President. My appointment as War Food Administrator was a statutory appointment, which was not true of the administrator of the Triple-A. He was definitely a Wallace appointee, and not for a statutory job. Everything was in the name of the Secretary. I didn't try to maintain that fiction. It was perfectly clear to me what it was. It irked George Peek - and understandably so - that when orders and contracts were prepared, they had to be passed through a flock of offices for initials, and finally through him to Henry Wallace for the signature that made them effective. Looking back on it, I think the amazing thing is

first that he took the job, and second that he stayed as long as he did without blowing the situation wide open. But he had a lot of doggedness and a great optimism. He was one who, in the McNary-Haugen fight, was never too sure that Coolidge wouldn't sign the bill.

Around December 7 I was seeing Wallace almost hourly. There was natural speculation about who was going to succeed George. I think it was discussed but not decided in my conference with Wallace on December 7. I took a day or two to think that one over, as I recall it. I knew it was a difficult job, but I was like George, I guess - I was optimistic. I had an idea that I could do it.

I wanted to do a little consulting about being administrator of the Triple-A. I wanted to talk about it at home. I don't recall talking to M.L. about it, but it would have been odd if I didn't. I would naturally have discussed it with M.L. M.L. was one of the few men I had talked to about the so-called purge.

By the fall of 1933 we had moved to 6308 Connecticut Avenue. It was a stone house out in Chevy Chase, Maryland. When I first moved down there during the summer I lived in a small rented house also in Chevy Chase, Maryland. I believe the street was Oakton. We only lived there a few months. Then we secured this house over on Connecticut between the Chevy Chase



Country Club and the Columbia Country Club. Benham Baldwin and Paul Appleby lived not far away. I'm quite sure that before I moved from there M.L. had moved over on Rosemary Street, which was only a block or two away. Foster F. "Buck" Elliott, of the BAE lived down the street a little way. Ray and Mrs. Miller lived next door to us, and we subsequently became very close friends. Ray Miller was one of the group that had been brought into the Department after serving overseas as one of Mr. Hoover's commercial attachés. A flock of them came back when the Roosevelt administration came in. They'd been cut loose, and General Westervelt brought in perhaps ten or twelve of them. Mrs. Miller founded and ran the Little Theater. She developed that. It was on Ninth Street in Washington.

We saw quite a lot of Appleby and his wife socially. We saw quite a little of Baldwin and his wife, and visited some with M.L. Harry Mitchell, who was on the Civil Service Commission, lived over on Oxford Street. He was from Great Fall, Montana. We'd known him very well there. We used to visit with Harry and saw quite a lot of the Mitchells socially. We saw Ruth and Harry Butcher a great deal. Through Butcher we saw Milton and Helen Eisenhower. Then as time went on, I used to see Al Stedman, Fred Henshaw - quite a group of them. Socially through the Millers, we met George and Mary Holmes. George was the head of the Hearst bureau in Washington at that

time. Mary Holmes was Stephen Early's sister. There wasn't a lot of social activity in the sense of having free evenings for bridge playing, or anything like that.

I used to ride to work with Appleby a great deal. I saw a great deal of Appleby. I used to ride down with Appleby and Baldwin more frequently than anybody else. We used to talk shop. We were full of shop, always. I talked with Paul a great deal about the difficulties at that time. I didn't agree with George on Paul Appleby. George had no use for him, and told me he was poison - to quote George. I certainly didn't believe him. I'd gone to Grinnell with Paul. I knew his antecedents. I knew all of his history. What I didn't know was how he might have begun to think during the depression in the Radford, Virginia days. Helen and I went out with Paul and Ruth Appleby and their children and picnicked one time up the Potomac River. I think it was below the Great Falls, perhaps. It was placid water, anyway. We had a row boat. We discussed a number of problems and the situations in the Department then.

As I look back on it, I think the only criticism or complaint I would have had with Paul was that he was quite officious in looking after Henry Wallace's business. But that's sort of an occupational disease of "assistants to Secretaries". They all get that way. I remember F.M. "Scoop" Russell, who was Henry C. Wallace's press man and subsequently his assistant. He stayed

on quite a while. He's now vice president of the National Broadcasting Company. Milt Eisenhower came in in somewhat the same capacity - press representative and then private secretary. He came in with Jardine. He was plenty officious. It's an occupational disease.

I don't know who was responsible for the creation of the Program Planning Division of the Triple-A. The reorganization, as I recall it, took place almost immediately after George went out. Tolley headed it. Mordecai Ezekiel was economic advisor to the Secretary. He was an active in-and-outer in all the planning that went on. He had been so while the legislation was being drafted. He was attached to the Secretary and I think detached from the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, although his salary might still have been paid through the Bureau. I'm not sure how it was. He was in the same position as Louis H. Bean. Mordecai was economic advisor to the Secretary, but as far as the Triple-A was concerned he was in and out of planning sessions all the time. I don't recall Zeke as having been active in this plan, but that does not mean he might not have been. I don't think that the Program Planning Division was any one person's baby. I know that I approved it and I drew the charts in my own office. It was a very considerable change. I was responsible for putting Tolley at the head of it. He had been doing a good job in fruits and vegetables. We had Jesse

Tapp who was coming along splendidly in work with the specialty crops. I believe possibly by that time H.R. Wellman had come in from California to direct work with fruits and vegetables. Tolley was, to me, an extremely valued aide. This was a natural for Howard. Jesse Tapp at the time was assistant director of the commodities division and chief of the general crop section. That was our fruit and vegetable and special crops section. Tolley was assistant administrator and director of the Program Planning Division.

I had known Victor A. Christgau slightly when he was a member of Congress. He had fathered the bill which I think M.L. and some others had worked out with him some time before - the Christgau Bill - which had impressed me favorably at the time. My disposition in choosing a deputy was to find somebody who knew his way up on the Hill. All I had known of Christgau was favorable, and M.L., whom I had consulted when we brought Vic in, endorsed him strongly.

Al Stedman was not brought in to head consumers counsel. Consumers counsel was not touched at the time of the reorganization. Sted had nothing to do with it. He was assistant administrator and director of information.

George E. Farrell had been in extension. He'd been one of the western regional directors of extension. When M.L. had moved over to Subsistence Homestead he had been using George Farrell some. We took George in as the chief of the Wheat Section to succeed Wilson. He wasn't a very strong administrator.

He was a pleasant fellow, but he wasn't particularly good.

I do not recall that Wickard was coming up and making any sort of name for himself at this stage. He was assistant to Al Black. He was number two, I think, in that division.

Jerry H. Mason had been leader of one of the dairy co-operatives in Iowa. He was well regarded and a pretty good operator. He was just a farm-trained man. The dairy co-ops were about the most aggressive of the cooperative groups we had to deal with.

My first acquaintance with Charles W. Holman goes back before 1920. He had traveled out in the West some, attended some farm meetings. On this trip I had made down to the farm editors meeting, I had called on him, among other farm organization leaders. They were just starting what I think they called the National Board of Farm Organizations, at 1731 Eye Street, Washington D.C. I had heard a great deal about that and talked to some of the members of it out in Montana, and I called there. Later Holman took over as leader for the dairy groups. I had known Charles Holman for a long time. Charlie was a hard tough operator, and we needed somebody who could talk their language and hold them in check. Jerry Mason came in to do that job.

We had A.J.S. Weaver for sugar and rice. We brought a range cattle man from Colorado in - Harry Petrie. He was chief of the cattle and sheep section. The commodities division combined some of the old processing and marketing division.

Frank Theis was one of the good young grain men from Kansas City. I don't know why I kept getting over in the processing and marketing division in the early days, but this I know. We were hung up on getting somebody in that division who could face the difficult test of being acceptable to the grain cooperatives - particularly the aggressive Farmers Union up in the northwest - Bill Thatcher, and others - and at the same time a person who actually knew grain marketing. Frank Theis was the one man both cooperatives and old-line grain men would agree to. I remember calling Frank Theis, whom I didn't know. Now, this wasn't my job, because Frank came in before George went out. I think Westervelt was there when Frank was there. At any rate, I did call Frank Theis. We've laughed over it many times. He said, "I can't take it."

I said (you know the old racket), "Come in just for a few days and advise us and help in getting it started." He came down with a couple of shirts and a suitcase, and he didn't get back home for six months. But he was a good operator.

I think Westervelt would have done an excellent job if the high command - Henry Wallace and the group in the legal office and Tugwell and the rest who were very active on policy so far as the Secretary was concerned - had been willing to let him. Westervelt was a good man in an organization. He was a very genial man, had an excellent mind, and it was good for the

morale to have him around. He always kept his chin up. He resigned partly because he had a very serious illness. He was rushed to the hospital and frightened us all. I think it was strain, overwork. I think it may have been a heart signal, although General Westervelt is still living [1953].

General Westervelt and I got along fine; he got along well with everyone. I remember the time when the heat was on, when the feeling was getting more and more intense as far as George's group and Jerome Frank were concerned. General Westervelt and Jerome found themselves, to their surprise, lined up side by side in the men's room one day. The General looked up and saw Jerome, and there was a moment's pause. He said, "Well, Jerome, I think just as much of you as I ever did," and he walked out.

One little development in this new reorganization that I attached some importance to was the appointment of Joseph F. Cox as chief of the replacement crops section. Joe Cox was an Ohio State man, originally. That section was charged with the responsibility of pressing for the productive and conservation use of all of the so-called "rented acres" under the contracts. He was a missionary for conservation - good land use. We brought Joe in and had him working at that. I don't know just when he appeared as section chief, or was formalized with full responsibility, but I brought him in fairly early. He was one of the old McNary-Haugen boys from Ohio. He's the author of a number of books on pastures and crops.

He's an A-I agronomist. He was a great believer in getting grass out on the land that was being taken out of planted crops. It was a bona fide effort to get something done with the acres that came out of the row crops and small grains.

Guy Shepard carried over. Larry Myers was acting chief of the cotton processing and marketing section. He was a career man - BAE. We had Thomas Blaisdell then as Fred Howe's number one assistant. In the annual report, Mordecai Ezekiel is listed along with Louis Bean as economic advisor to the Secretary of Agriculture. Louis Bean is also listed as economic advisor to the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. A lot of history is compressed in the final paragraph of the annual report under the chapter of organization, which says:

Several men not now connected with the organization played an important part in the program during the early months. Among these were George N. Peek, formerly administrator, Charles J. Brand, formerly coadministrator, General William I. Westervelt, formerly director of processing and marketing, D.S. Murph, formerly chief of cotton processing and marketing section, Clyde L. King, formerly chief of the dairy section, and M.L. Wilson, formerly chief of the wheat production section.

They compressed a lot of history in that. I don't think we did very well by them, myself.

I don't recall that the change in administration of the Triple-A marked any sharp change. We continued the effort to develop marketing agreements and did, to some extent, develop them particularly with reference to some of the west coast



specialty crops, to the whole milk markets, to a number of other things. We proceeded, during that year, with the development and organization of the '35 cotton program. I don't think there was any announced or intended change in policy. I think the emphasis had been on production adjustment except in George's mind. I think the records will show that we probably did more with marketing in '34 and '35 than we'd been able to do in '33. We had developed a cotton program which was, of course, an emergency program. We had developed corn and hog and tobacco programs. We had started our rice work. I know all those things were rolling in 1933.

At that time I didn't have any drastic administrative changes in mind. Looking back on it, I can see where I picked some cripples, all right. I don't think it's worthwhile identifying them. Some of these fellows just didn't have it, but they were minor people. Others did a surprisingly good job, and I think on the whole they made quite a good team.

This business, as it was between George and Henry Wallace, became a straight out matter of negotiation on my part with Henry. I don't recall that my relationship with Henry improved or worsened at this stage. I was perfectly willing to go ahead and make a start as a unified team. I was naive enough not to expect any real difficulties - more than we had had. I probably thought there'd be less.

My relation to Tugwell didn't change. Rex was operating

his own show, I believe, by that time, or if not he was getting ready for it. I thought that in its organization plan, the Resettlement Administration was one of these anomalies that shouldn't have been permitted. Having a man nominally under the Secretary of Agriculture, but reporting directly to the President, in effect having a key to the back door of the White House, was something that Henry was not comfortable under. He didn't like it.

It wasn't so much that I didn't like Tugwell as it was that I wasn't particularly comfortable with him. He was completely out of place in a farm administration, in my opinion. He wasn't a farmer in any sense and he just didn't have enough grasp of operating problems to make me think his judgment was worth a damn. He had a brilliant mind. I don't think he ever tried to pull his intellectual rank on me. Although I may have forgotten some, I don't recall any direct clashes. I remember times when the Secretary was out of town when I'd go to Tugwell to get him to sign some marketing order or something of the kind, with which he was not in sympathy at all. I don't recall that he ever declined to sign them. There were one or two times when it took a little while to persuade him, but I didn't have too much trouble.

He could have felt that he was excluded from Triple-A policy meetings any time along there. I took no particular

pains to bring him in. I didn't deliberately take pains to exclude him either. I didn't care if he were there or not. He didn't contribute anything to it. Tugwell had a great fascination for some of the young radical crowd around the Department. I think Rex was probably more responsible, - quite unintentionally I'm sure - for building up the "cell" that grew up in the Department, to use a word we've heard used so much recently. I think Rex had the kind of gay spirit that said, "Here's a great laboratory and we can try all kinds of interesting experiments here and see how they come out." Of course, that was not always in line with what we were trying to do or what the Agricultural Adjustment Act was intended to accomplish.

I don't recall ever calling secret meetings, or anything of the kind. We went ahead and attempted to do our job, but I didn't bother to send a messenger around to tell Tugwell, "Come in. We can't start 'til you get here."

The statement has been made that at one time I let Tugwell cool his heels in my outer office when he came to see me. I don't think I did that. If so, it certainly wasn't deliberate. He might have come sometime when I was busy. I had a very well trained office force, and believe me, I think, if Rex Tugwell came into my office and wanted to see me, he would come right in no matter who was in my office. I'm sure he would.

I certainly didn't have that type of attitude toward anybody.

My guess is that I saw less of the Paul Applebys through 1934. I began to be aware of the fact that an increasing amount of my time and my attention had to be devoted to internal policing, and less and less to outside activities. I became aware of the fact, reluctantly, that Appleby and Baldwin were really enjoying this business of being king-makers. They were beginning that process and they worked on Henry Wallace at that time. I would say this was as the summer grew on in 1934.

By the end of the summer it was evident that the legal division and the consumers counsel, Tugwell, and the Secretary's outer office were certainly not in harmony with what I felt we were set up to do. There were little straws in the wind. It was sometime about there that I became aware - and on this I had been completely blind - that Appleby, Tugwell, Baldwin and the others had contempt for the whole land grant college set-up and the county agents, Extension Service, and other established agencies with which we worked closely. They were doing what they could in little ways to split them off from the activity in the farm program. They definitely thought that the Farm Bureau was playing too large a part in the whole set-up. The tie-up between the Farm Bureau and the Extension Service is well-known. It's true that the Farm Bureau leaders were independent individuals who weren't particularly impressed with some of the

intellectuals the boys had around them. That's true. But I don't think that as early as that it became apparent that there was deliberate effort being made to take Henry Wallace clear away from all of his previous contacts of that sort. That did become apparent a little bit later.

My associations with the Farm Bureau were closer than my associations with any of the other organizations. I had, as I explained, worked with the Illinois Agricultural Association. But I played it straight across the board with the farm organizations - the Grange and all the others. Henry Wallace started out in the same way and ended up with nothing but the Farmers Union in his camp, because the Farmers Union was completely subservient to the administration and particularly to Wallace. That became apparent in '35 and far more apparent in the latter part of '36. Then the break was complete in 1937.

This came about because of the growth of Henry's political ambition. I think the boys - Baldwin, Appleby and the rest - were feeding Henry the idea that they could build up in this country, with the support of the Congress of Industrial Organization (CIO), a great political organization which would be more than a farm organization. It would work closely with the CIO movement in organized labor. They thought that the wedding of the two would make a political force that could control this country indefinitely. I think Henry was led to believe that he

was the destined leader. I believe that marked quite a change. I think in 1937 Henry Wallace and his successors reached the stage where they dealt very little with the Farm Bureau, very little with the Grange, very little with the National Council of Cooperative Marketing Organizations. Wickard succeeded, definitely, to this attitude. When I came down to Washington for my brief adventure in 1943, when I had something like two-thirds of the Department of Agriculture assigned to me but Wickard was still the Secretary, the political slant was perfectly obvious in some of the divisions - particularly the northcentral division. It was present in the Triple-A. The field offices were being organized as a political force and in spots were very much anti-Farm Bureau, anti-Grange, pro Farmers Union. This was true of the planners inside the Department of Agriculture, all right.

Now, (1953) in the Eisenhower administration, perhaps the cooperatives have gained ascendancy, so far as Ezra T. Benson is concerned. With Milton in the position of confidential and influential advisor to his brother, it might be said that the land grant colleges are very much in the ascendancy.

I don't remember attending the Illinois Agricultural Association meeting at Danville, Illinois, from January 24 to 26, 1934, with Ed O'Neal. I remember speaking at Quincy. I

don't recall Danville. Speaking to a farm meeting was no novelty to me. I was talking all the time. I don't recall that.

In 1934 the Export-Import Bank was set up. I was placed on the board. I believe that I was placed on the board instead of Wallace by mutual agreement, that Wallace said, "You go on it." I'm sure we talked it over.

I met Russ Wiggins about 1925 - something like that. He was with Frank Murphy in the Corn Belt Committee activities. He wasn't in the Department. He succeeded Stedman as Washington representative of the St. Paul Pioneer Press and Dispatch. I felt very close to him and admired him very much. He was a good newspaperman and a good friend. He was definitely close to Peek. Everything he wrote wasn't pro Peek. He called the shots as he saw them. He was a good newspaperman. I don't think he loaded his stories pro Peek, pro me, pro anybody else, so far as I know. Russ was a sympathetic interpreter of the farm developments, because after all he'd gone through the whole fight. I think he was a cracking good newspaperman. He's managing editor of the Washington Post now [1953]. We're just about to ask him to go on the advisory board for an activity the Ford Foundation would like to support.

Peek continued to consult me. I sought every chance I could to talk to George. George had the same old McNary-Haugen

idea. He always felt that way. He never gave up. The Export-Import Bank was not contradictory to the Triple-A. If Export-Import could facilitate export movements both ways, that was wonderful. George differed sharply from Cordell Hull. Looking back on the history of those times when the conditions in international trade had changed, when trade arrangements between governments on a bilateral basis were becoming more and more the rule, I find that there was a lot of realism in George's point of view, although I, emotionally, was wholly for Cordell Hull. The truth of the matter is that the world was shifting away from reciprocal trade agreements just as it had shifted away from beneath George's export corporation idea. It was not quite so apparent and not quite so fast. Right now I don't think the negotiation of reciprocal trade agreements is adequate. While I'd like to see the authority continued and used, I think we've got to make a far more radical attack on our foreign trade policies. We've got to wake up as a nation to the fact that we've got to give the rest of the world a chance to acquire dollars through trade. If we don't, it's silly to talk about not continuing foreign aid. I admire Cordell Hull tremendously. I've got his picture and George Peek's almost side by side up on the wall in my room. They wouldn't be comfortable - either one of them - that way, now.

I remember a little anecdote. It concerns a remark Homer



Cummings made about the changes in the Department of Agriculture. It was the evening of a day or two after Jerome Frank and others had left the Department. Homer Cummings came over to me at some dinner party we were attending and started to chuckle and said, "I saw Henry a little while ago, and told him, 'Well, you certainly ought to be able to fly a straight course now. You've shed your right wing in Cordell Hull's yard, and now you're trying to shed your left wing in mine,'" They were trying to place Jerome and some of the others in the Justice department. Most of the men who were moved out of the Department in the reorganization of early 1935 moved upstairs. For example, Francis M. Shea went into the Department of Justice.

The President set up a small committee - the Industrial Emergency Policy Committee. I think Donald Richberg was on it from the NRA, Mrs. Frances Perkins was on it, I was a member. We had a few meetings and discussed problems of how to continue and increase labor productivity, the possible place for annual wage for labor, and so forth. Not too much came of that. All this time under the direction of the White House, the National Emergency Council and the National Executive Council were meeting regularly. They were two organizations composed of the heads of all of the agencies, the only difference between them being that the National Emergency Council was made up of the heads of the emergency agencies, independent agencies - not

including the Cabinet members - and the National Executive Council included the emergency or independent agencies plus all the Cabinet members. We had the same economic advisor for both - that is, Winfield Riefler. We used to meet in the White House regularly. You had to stop and look around for the big brass to figure out which meeting you were in. There was no particular point to having two organizations that I could see. The meetings gave an opportunity to discuss general programs and policies. It was a meeting place for the consideration of common problems, and for the charting of courses. We didn't do much charting of courses, but it was a place where we all got together. I don't think I took the Industrial Emergency Policy Committee very seriously because I can't remember the development in September to which you refer.

All I can remember about Victor Christgau's defection early in '34 is my increasing conviction that Victor was kind of a fuddy duddy and that he wasn't a very sharp administrator. The incidents in early 1935 were the first ones that really brought me up short on Christgau. I'm not sure I was so oblivious of the games that were going on throughout '34. I was, of course, preoccupied, but I was aware of the fact that an increasing portion of my time and that of the working associates was devoted to straightening out tangles that others had created

in the Department. More and more of my time was devoted to internal policing. Almost every point of contact with business and the farm groups - except the more radical of the farm groups - required some going in and straightening out. Many of the young men we had in the Department from the beginning were arrogant and they were offensive in their relations with the public. They were creating distrust, dislike, and opposition as far as the Triple-A was concerned. It became pretty obvious to me as I began to get into this books and records clause controversy that the extreme provision that the lawyers and the consumers counsel had developed, was not pushed by them wholly in good faith, but was actually used for what might be called sabotage purposes to prevent any agreement being reached. I'll tell you why I think so. Counsel for some of the marketing and processing groups came in to see me repeatedly with this kind of an offer. They said, "You insist on putting that provision into an order which we are asked voluntarily to sign. You phrase it in such a way that we open ourselves and any affiliates and subsidiaries we may have to the most unlimited fishing expedition anybody in your Department might want to devise. We will agree to permit the examination of our books and records to the full extent that's necessary to determine anything that's needed to be known about the operation under the marketing agreement. We just are not willing voluntarily to agree that we will,

ourselves, open up our books to the unlimited extent this clause requires. Put that in an order which we can question in court if we have to. We're perfectly willing to let you issue an order to us accompanying the marketing agreement containing the broadest books and records language you can think of."

We subsequently went to Congress to get the right to issue such an order. The legal division was never strong for that. They wanted the processors and market agencies to sign away the right to oppose unlimited "fishing expeditions" on subjects not related to the marketing agreements. Counsel for the processors contended that when they signed the voluntary agreements with that clause in it, they signed away any legal defense they might have against any kind of a fishing expedition that might be undertaken. I'm satisfied that there was merit to their claim, but it was the kind of thing about which the young zealots in the Department were able to whip up a great aura of suspicion. They regularly used this technique of going to sympathetic columnists and helping develop biased articles on the subject. That grew very wearisome as we tried to move ahead in negotiations. Time after time we came up against this complete deadlock and got nowhere with important marketing agreements.

Here is the real reason George Peek gave me for the appointment of Brand as coadministrator. He hadn't intended

the coadministrator business. That was Mr. Brand's idea. The reason George gave - and it had validity - was that he was completely unfamiliar with the Department of Agriculture - its way of doing business, its personnel. Brand, whom he had known well and favorably - going back a number of years - was thoroughly familiar with the field. Therefore it seemed to George a perfectly logical and almost a necessary appointment at the time when he was thinking of moving in. He wondered whom he could get who would be familiar with the Department, and Brand occurred to him.

Now by the time Mr. Brand resigned and returned to his regular employment, George had established himself in his work. The need for Mr. Brand was much less then. I don't think it disturbed George particularly when Mr. Brand left. He didn't need him so much then.

I think Brand gave George a lot of reassurance at the time, but he was a peculiar duck in lots of ways. One man who really knows a lot of anecdotes and color of this period is Al Stedman. Fred Lee knows plenty about it, but Sted is a reporter and he saw the scene with a reporter's eye. He would come in with a gleam in his eye every day or so with some little story of some incident that threw light on the personalities of the period. He had a great sense of humor. He knows about the great fuss and fury we had over press releases. The normal

thing to do, we felt, was to have George Peek make the announcements as administrator. In some cases, because of the legal responsibilities of the Secretary, they were made by the Secretary and George Peek jointly. Sometimes my own identification or that of General Westervelt with the story was so close that it was felt necessary to include us among those responsible for the announcement, and then it began to get very cumbersome. When Mr. Brand insisted that along with the administrator there always should go "and Coadministrator Charles J. Brand" that made it even worse. That used to bother Sted. Brand liked to review all of the press releases, which caused no end of delay and trouble.

Many things that attracted Brand's interest and attention were not of relative importance. He slowed things down a good deal. He was set in his ways. I don't know that he was old. He was a queer fellow in many ways. He had very little sense of humor. He had a great sense of protocol and propriety. There isn't much of a sense of protocol in the Department of Agriculture. I've always had an extremely high regard for agriculture's career personnel. I think George advised with him during the period in which the first Triple-A bill was being shaped. Brand had been the first architect of the McNary-Haugen Bill. George had known of his work although George wasn't on the scene when the first draft took place. Working through George, I've an idea he may have had some influence on policy.

I have dealt with the genesis of the corn-hog program. I think one of the significant meetings that was held preceded the cotton plow-up campaign and the decision as to the form of the first cotton program. A meeting was held in one of the assembly rooms in the South Building in Agriculture which brought together the leaders in the cotton industry. Three figures active in that meeting stand out in my mind - two Senators, Ellison D. (Cotton Ed) Smith from South Carolina, then chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture, and Senator John Bankhead from Alabama who subsequently became identified with changes in legislation affecting cotton operations; and William D. Clayton of Anderson, Clayton and Company, the leading cotton marketing firm in the world. That was my first meeting with Will Clayton, though by no means my last.

Will Clayton was a very able man. At that time I didn't personally like him because I had been unconsciously biased against Will Clayton during the whole period of farm relief legislation. Will Clayton was a strong figure, and he made an eloquent and logical statement at that meeting in opposition to everything we proposed to do. He was dispassionate about it, but it was an extremely able presentation. As has happened so many times in my experience with some of these people whom I had subconsciously or perhaps consciously classified as enemies during the period of the farm fight, I subsequently developed

an enormous admiration and affection for Will Clayton. But this was my first meeting with him.

His words, whether of wisdom or warning, simply fell on the desert. They didn't affect the meeting. The decision that was reached really came from the ground swell of cotton opinion. I don't mean that Cotton Ed was enthusiastic for the details of the cotton plow-up program, but he was for doing something that would raise the price of cotton. Clayton, of course, I think would have welcomed an improvement in the market price of cotton. It was no advantage to Clayton to have a low price. He was really passionately a free enterprise man. He believed that all types of government interference, including tariff and other subventions to which we were accustomed, were bad. I think we all regarded him as reactionary, although when you came to grips with the fundamental question - this position of the United States in world trade - it was Will Clayton who was the progressive and advanced thinker. Many of the rest of us at that time either didn't see or didn't shape our actions to conform to the facts.

I got to know Jesse Jones very well in these early years, and I knew him through the entire period. Clayton and Jones were two powerful men from Houston. Both were strong figures. Each went his own way. I don't think there was any affinity other than geographic as far as Jesse Jones and Will Clayton were concerned. Jesse Jones' entire operations in government,



from the day he went on the RFC board by Mr. Hoover's appointment until the day he left the Cabinet, were doing things that Will Clayton would not have countenanced in the way of government interference with private operations. I don't mark the two as having been particularly divergent in views, but they were not similar in any respect except physical stature and the fact that each was a strong man accustomed to doing big things in business - big operators.

This meeting is on record in the Department files. It was the first of the big meetings at which the problem was thrown out on the table and no holds barred. Everybody could talk about it and discuss it. I don't recall that we had a similar meeting with our wheat program. Work had been going on very quietly - conferences and so forth - under M.L.'s leadership prior to my coming to Washington. I do not recall that we ever had a wheat meeting similar to the meetings we held for cotton and for the corn-hog program. Wheat seemed to be an easier crop to deal with than either of the other two. I would rate the corn-hog program as the most difficult, cotton the next, with wheat presenting the least difficulties. The equalization fee application in the case of the corn-hog program was extremely difficult. I suppose more than eighty percent of the corn crop was consumed in the country where it was grown. It did not pass through the kind of a commercial operation, in the main, which gave an opportunity to collect the

equalization fee at a narrow commercial point - narrow in the sense that you could collect on a mass of the product from one firm which handled it, as you could in the case of wheat which, in the main, had to pass through commercial channels and finally was milled before it reached the consumer. The same thing was true with cotton. It certainly wasn't true of corn. Combining corn and hogs and then collecting the processing tax for the program on the hogs at the processing point was difficult. The collection of the funds on which to operate was more difficult in the case of corn-hogs than it was in the case of either of the other commodities. What I term "equalization fee" the law called "processing tax". I'm going back to the McNary-Haugen terminology. Cotton moved so largely in export that there was difficulty there. At that time in excess of fifty percent of the crop was exported. It had been as high as sixty percent. So it presented many difficulties. But both the wheat and the cotton programs were relatively simple compared with the corn-hog program.

During the twenties the corn belt people were much more interested in farm relief legislation than the southerners. That was not true during the thirties when we were in operation. I think we had perhaps more enthusiastic and more nearly unanimous support among the cotton and tobacco farmers than we did from any other group. The support came from both large and small

cotton and tobacco farmers. Tobacco farmers usually are small.

I felt that the South had a peculiar problem in that at that time the majority of the farmers - heads of families depending solely on farm production for their income - in the United States actually lived in the twelve or thirteen states that produce cotton. There was a concentration of people dependent on that one crop which, no matter how the pie was cut or divided, insured a general low standard of living. Now, there are other reasons for that. At that time, and still in the main today, cotton was a manually produced commodity. Tobacco was, too, but cotton presented more difficulty, really, in reaching and supporting the price than tobacco did. Tobacco is what might be called a luxury item, and the cost of the tobacco, itself, is not too important to the final consumer of the cigarette, pipe, or cigar tobacco. It technically was one of the most difficult crops to deal with. I don't know where I would rate tobacco with the other three crops. It was easily the most complex of all of them, as far as its handling and production control and adjustment was concerned, because of the great variety of kinds and types of tobacco and the great diversity of its use. The kind of a program that would work with the cigar shade-grown tobacco of Connecticut, for instance, wouldn't work with the dark tobacco of west Kentucky or west Tennessee. We were extremely fortunate - it was a great stroke of luck - that we got

J.B. Hutson to handle that tobacco program.

I think I was far more concerned than Jerome Frank or the rest of his associates over the actual welfare of the cotton farmers, right down to the day laborer whose lot was much worse than the sharecroppers'. The sharecropper became the rallying cry of many of the boys from the pavements who wouldn't have known a sharecropper when they saw one. I was deeply concerned with their actual welfare. The point I made is that the size of the pie that is going to be divided has to be increased. That was the thing we were after. There was no magic, without doing that, by which the lot of the laborer - whether a sharecropper or a day laborer - could be improved in the cotton states. That not only meant that prices should be raised. This is the fundamental thing that has never been emphasized enough. It meant a diversification in the use of resources, both human and material, in the South. That was absolutely required. It also put an urgent emphasis upon the necessity of developing in the South more employment opportunities than those that were available in agriculture. The point was that throughout that period, agriculture had been made the shock absorber for industrial unemployment. When people can't get jobs in cities, the normal flow of surplus population from farm to city is forced to come to an end. Or if people do go to the city, they walk the pavements and are dependent on

charity or relief for their maintenance. In the Triple-A days I became convinced of something I've emphasized more since, which is that a very large part of the farm program doesn't have its roots in farming at all or in the conditions of marketing and farm crops. It has its roots in the general industrial picture - the extent and certainty of employment opportunities in the city. This is a vast complicated thing, and it couldn't be simplified quite as much as some of the intellectually and politically minded boys tried to simplify it. It just isn't that simple.

I don't believe I ever met Nicholas Roerich personally. There's a man in Berkley, Knowles A. Ryerson, to whom the name Nicholas Roerich means a great deal. Nicholas Roerich was only a name to me. I heard gossip around the Department which linked Roerich and Mr. Wallace. It was later referred to as evidence of Henry's mystical qualities and interests, and so forth, but I know nothing about it at all. I never talked to Wallace about it. The feeling was that it was sort of a "wacky" deal. I don't know anything about it. It was one of the kind of things that gossip branded as queer, but I absolutely know nothing as to the facts on that.

In ECA Ryerson has been chief of mission, I think, in Thailand. I know he was stationed in Thailand. I don't know whether he was chief of mission or not. I suppose he was. In

Thailand he met some people who linked Roerich with Russia and referred to present activities of Roerich as being tied in with the communist apparatus. It wasn't definite and clear, but it was just enough to indicate that in Ryerson's mind, as of today [1953] he is inclined to think there may have been that connection then, although I question very much whether it was in his mind at the time.

I know Appleby knew of Roerich and I know it concerned him. I'm sure he referred to it to me. My impression is that Paul was not sympathetic with Henry's ties with Roerich.

I had an opportunity to read what purported to be copies of the Roerich-Wallace correspondence, better known as the "Guru Letters", but I didn't read them. I have never seen them. I didn't so much run from this business as I didn't run for it. I had plenty to do, and I didn't go out of my way to inform myself about it.

I remember somewhat the tussle I had with Senator Harry Byrd in the early summer of 1934 over changes in the Triple-A. I don't know whether it was very much of a tussle. I went up and talked with him about it. Senator Byrd was very courteous in listening to my explanation of what we wanted to do with the marketing agreement sections of the Triple-A Act, but he was adamant. Of all the men in the Senate from states in which farm programs were really somewhat extensive, I think Byrd was most

consistently against us and was not interested. His own commercial operation was that of apple grower. Obviously, we had no particular program for apples, and even if we had developed such a program I'm quite sure Senator Byrd would not have been a cooperator. He was always on the up-and-up and on the level. He'd tell you exactly what he thought. I told him the reasons why we wanted our marketing agreement amendments. I think they made a logical story. I think possibly they even softened his opposition, somewhat - that is, it didn't become a life and death matter with Senator Byrd. I remember the long-continued operation in trying to get amendments to the marketing agreements act. Byrd was vocal in his opposition. But it was not something I would have recalled if I hadn't been reminded of it.

I don't think the fact that on June 19, 1934, Tugwell was named first Under Secretary of Agriculture was as irritating to me as it was to Secretary Wallace. I think this was Roosevelt's idea. M.L. Wilson's appointment as assistant secretary was unanimously accepted within the Department. I qualify it because to say that it was unanimously accepted outside the Department is taking in a lot of territory. I had no particular qualification beyond that. Among the people with whom I was in contact, anything that brought M.L. back into agriculture and the Department, putting him in a position to touch policy, was wonderful. I think Secretary Wallace sensed then what he became

convinced of later, that this business of having as right-hand man somebody who maintains an open and direct connection with the President is not good. It's poor organization. Tugwell was interested in many things. I'm sure the routine administration bored him. He was almost no administrator at all, in my judgment. He had to be an administrator when he took administrative responsibility in Resettlement, and so forth, and I think he made a mess of them.

Rex Tugwell is one of many men I knew in the course of government who were brilliant idea men and who have, I think, great value. But their value is impaired and they become a positive menace when their idea generation is saddled with administrative responsibility and responsibility for fronting a program with the public. I have known many men - and some good friends of mine - who should have been kept in that capacity instead of being made administrators or executives. ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
~~\_\_\_\_\_~~.

In June, 1934, the Federal Farm Bankruptcy Act was passed. The situation had been bad in the northern Great Plains and some of the corn belt states, particularly. There was systematic resistance to sheriffs sales, and so forth. It was not something that originated in the Triple-A. It was a move treating a symptom with which, as I recall it, I was personally sympathetic. I believe the Senators and Representatives from North



Dakota thought of that legislation.

Marvin Jones was an able and sympathetic operator on the Hill. He was a little lukewarm personally on some aspects of the farm program in 1933 and 1934. In those "hundred days" when legislation was being rushed through Congress after it had been worked out in the Executive branch, there was a close-working arrangement between Congress and the Executive. The Executive led, fixed policy, and Congress followed it through without very much question. Marvin was an excellent operator on that. I had the highest regard for Marvin as a chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture. He and Cliff Hope represented two of the best and most effective chairmen in my experience. Their chairmanship in each case was marked by the utmost considerateness for minority points of view, which kept the committee on its toes and interested, so that you'd go to a meeting of the House Committee on Agriculture and you'd be almost certain to have a solid bank of members in attendance.

Marvin Jones surely initiated one idea, and hung to it like a puppy to a root. That was an emendment which appropriated thirty percent of the customs revenues to the disposition of agricultural surplus - Section 32. I certainly did not suggest it to Marvin. As far as I know, Marvin originated the idea and pushed it, and it was a very useful device for supplying funds. We had little opportunity to use the total amount in

export sales, which was Marvin's original idea, but it became extremely useful in increasing domestic consumption in different ways, which was disposition of surpluses. When I was in the Department it wasn't used as broadly as it was later, but we started the distribution of school lunches and things of that sort. I'm not sure but what we had to go to Marvin and get a little amendment made in Section 32 to do that. I'm not sure but what the first draft really provided only for export. I'm not sure. We had that broadened, and that was done before I left the Department.

There may have been other cases of his initiating ideas. Marvin Jones was by no means a sterile individual. I didn't mean to imply that. He was a good leader. Marvin was always helpful in his suggestions. He was a good man to sit down and bounce the ball back and forth with. When you're formulating or considering programs, it is extremely helpful to have a man like Marvin Jones to sit down and talk with. He certainly performed as a New Dealer. He was not a Jerome Frank type New Dealer, or anything of the kind. He had a real streak of realism in him. The term "New Dealer" as a classification has grown to connote a long-hair. That's the way it's used as a term of reproach. Really, to me, the New Deal meant precisely what it says. It was an attempt to make use of the powers of government to relieve serious maladjustments that had developed

and to induce, at least I thought, a measure of stability in the economy which had been lacking. It didn't mean to me what it generally means now - that is, somebody who wanted the government to move in and take everything over and run it. In that sense, Marvin would not have been a New Dealer. From the standpoint of his part in the developments of the thirties, Marvin Jones was a New Dealer in the sense that the term was generally used then, I think.

In August I spoke at a state fair in Des Moines, and I swore then that I'd never speak at a state fair again, although I did on one or two occasions. It was an impossible thing. They were very courteous, but no one should ever try to compete with the harness races and the hot dog vendors. People don't come to the state fair to hear speeches. I apprehended this, but the pressure from Charlie Hearst and others was very great. Iowa was my native state. I arranged what I thought was a pretty good speech - not too long. They sat and listened to it reasonably well - much better than the crowd did subsequently when I flew to Great Falls, Montana, to speak at the northern Montana state fair. For the sake of any who may be tempted hereafter, I would advise them not to accept invitations to address a state fair. I don't think that address changed the course of history at all. It's a poor place to make a speech.

In the three volume work of the published Roosevelt letters there is a letter from FDR to Henry Wallace, dated

September 8, 1934, that says:

Dear Henry,

I think very decidedly that this is apparently a straight out-and-out agricultural fight. You, or if you cannot go, Davis, ought to make an effort to appear in that district before election day. Will you handle it?

Always sincerely,

FDR

Apparently Wallace had told FDR that W.R. Dunlap, who had been assistant secretary of agriculture about 1924, was running against Representative Mell G. Underwood in Ohio on a platform of opposition to the New Deal farm policy.

FDR was suggesting that I ought to go out and get into the political fight on behalf of the New Deal. I did not go. I really don't remember anything about being asked to. I wouldn't have been tempted to do that. I think it would have been a perfectly proper thing for Henry Wallace to do. A cabinet member is a member of the President's political team.

On September 27, 1934, Roosevelt reorganized the NRA. Johnson resigned on the 25th of September, and the NRA was placed under Donald R. Richberg. I recall that I served on a subcommittee with Ickes, Richberg, and Perkins, because I attended several meetings of a small group like that in which we were dealing with this whole problem of productivity and sustained

employment. Toward the latter days of our activity we concentrated pretty much on studying the possibilities in the annual wage in industry - in the construction business and other lines - so that instead of labor's trying to get the highest unit wage for the minimum of production, it would be encouraged by security - by having an annual wage - to seek continuous high production. We gave a great deal of thought to that. We made a report. So far as I know, it never saw the light of day. I don't know what happened to it.

I remember the meeting on January 22, 1935, a night meeting at the White House with F.D.R. NRA had ceased to be very much of a factor. It had flattened out. I don't know personally why Johnson resigned. The NRA had collapsed. It was a disappointment to Johnson, who had thought it a great thing. Looking back on it I would be more inclined to put the question as, "Why hadn't he resigned sooner?" Johnson was a man-on-horseback type. He felt right at home in his role in the period when you wanted to beat the tom-toms and stir up parades and dash across the scene in a flamboyant manner. But when it came right down to the steady business of slugging something out and getting it done, he was not at home. I think people had generally lost confidence in NRA and Johnson. I would express it more as, "Why hadn't he resigned before he did?" It ceased to be a factor on the Washington scene. I think, as George Peek did, that Johnson was drinking heavily. There was a little corps of

devoted and almost fanatical admirers of General Johnson's who probably created the atmosphere which led him to stay on as long as he did. I remember one of the boys - a newspaperman named Paul Anderson - committed suicide about that time.

This was not my first contact with Frances Perkins. I had attended a number of meetings with her. I remember one was when I was asked to attend a Cabinet meeting, when neither Secretary Wallace nor Rex Tugwell was available, in order to report on some phases of the agricultural program. Miss Perkins showed a keen interest in and a measure of mild astonishment at the explanation of some of the things we'd been doing, because I imagine that she'd been impressed with some of the bad things said about us. It was quite heartening to me. I remember very distinctly that she was the kind of a listener who brought out the best in the person who was doing the talking. She is a very able person.

I remember a dinner party at her home one evening at which Mrs. Davis spilled the wine on the tablecloth and I think down Miss Perkins' dress. That is probably one of the most vivid recollections of Washington my wife has. Both of us came away with profound admiration for the way Miss Perkins carried it off, so that it was done in a moment and everything proceeded smoothly. She was a competent person. She was devoted to President Roosevelt, yet at the same time I had a feeling that she was a stout advisor. I don't believe, from what I saw of her,

she would have hesitated to express an opinion even if it were contrary to the position the President had taken. I don't know about that. That's the feeling I had. She's a person in her own right.

S. Clay Williams was the opposite number in the administration of NRA for some time, and I had quite a lot to do with him. He was president, then board chairman of the R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company in Winston Salem, North Carolina. He was a very able man. He had one little trait that was amusing. Clay was a great big fellow. Winston Salem is a Camel cigarette town. The Reynolds Tobacco Company has made many people wealthy, and the leading families in Winston Salem are, in one way or another, tied in with the Reynolds Tobacco Company. My older son lives there. He is on the Gordon Gray newspapers. I've visited the town since many times, and when I state that it's a Camel cigarette town, that's what I mean. When Mrs. Davis goes there she carries any brand of cigarettes she has loose in her bag so it isn't conspicuous that she isn't taking them out of the Camel pack. Clay Williams would come into my office - and I'm sure he did this all around Washington - and he'd pull out a package - always just opened - of Camel cigarettes. He was almost a chain smoker. He'd light one. When he'd leave the office, he'd leave the package on your desk. It was always left behind him. I don't know where he carried all the packages he distributed

around Washington, but he had them.

Clay was sort of a liquidator. I mean, it was in the liquidating stages of the NRA. I had dealt with him quite actively in '33 and early '34 when we were developing a cigarette-type tobacco program. I negotiated with him in a very tough series of meetings when we were trying to work out a contract which would commit the tobacco buyers - the tobacco companies - to go in the market and take the 1933 crop, and pay for it at a certain minimum price. They were asked to do this in consideration of the agreement of the producers not to burden the market with excess surpluses; the agreement on the growers' part to hold acreage within bounds. The bright or flu-cured tobacco, and the burley tobacco are the two principal types which go into the making of American cigarettes. They're not the only types, but they're the two that provide the bulk of the tobacco in the cigarette. It was perfectly obvious that if the growers were assured a price considerably higher than the prevailing prices on the 1932 crop, the response in production could create a burden that the tobacco companies would be unwilling to assume. Normally they carried something like a three-year stock, aging in warehouse. If they were required to extend that to four years supply or more, it would be something they wouldn't undertake. But as long as the growers, on one hand, were willing to go into a program of restraint on production, the tobacco companies were



ready to move, themselves, to provide a better market. We had a great deal of books and records discussion in those cases, too.

I imagine Tugwell wanted to attend the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome in September, 1934, with Paul Appleby. There'd be no reason why he couldn't place himself or anybody he wanted to on the American delegation to the meeting. Being a delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture meant less than it had meant before. When the International Institute of Agriculture was first established, students of farm affairs had great expectations and great hopes for it. When Henry C. Taylor had the rug jerked out from under him in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, there was not a very long gap, as I recall it, before he became the permanent American delegate there. I talked with Henry Taylor many times about it in the period before he went. He had great dreams of what it might do. You don't hear very much about it now [1953] since the growth of the specialized agencies connected with the United Nations. It just hasn't amounted to very much. I think that Tugwell wanted to go, probably. I know of no sinister motive on his part. I think he wanted to go, and I can't think of any reason why an Under Secretary of Agriculture wouldn't have been a good selection. As I remember, both Paul and Rex wanted to make the trip - wanted to go over there.

They returned in November, and it was rumored that Tugwell

was leaving the Department. I think it's true that my relationship with Appleby had deteriorated badly in 1934. I don't recall that people had been talking to me about him. My own experiences indicated that there was a well-organized although informal group within the Department of Agriculture, mainly centered in the Triple-A - in the legal division, the consumers counsel, and the Secretary's office - which was planning and trying to instigate policy moves that in my judgment were not intended when Congress enacted the Agricultural Adjustment Act. It was during that period that I became convinced that a lot of it centered in Appleby and Baldwin in the Secretary's office. That was something which George Peek had contended from the beginning but which I had discounted before that, both out loud to him and in my own mind.

In retrospect I would say Victor Christgau was the man in the Triple-A top executive organization on whom these people depended and with whom they probably were in frequent consultation. I don't think that had clarified in my own mind at that time. I had become increasingly convinced that Vic was not an effective executive by that time. An effective executive is somebody who will take an assignment and see that it's neatly buttoned up and completed and will follow through getting things done that need to be done and do it effectively. If I were to personalize it I'd point to Jesse Tapp as a top-flight executive.

He's one of the most effective administrators I ever had experience with.

I think there were a number of cases where decisions by-passed me and went to the Secretary. They were not of conspicuous importance. I think there were many more cases where it was attempted. I had a pretty good group around me. There were two young men as assistants - William E. Byrd, Jr., and Frank A. Brown - who had their ears to the ground fairly well. Then there were many others - one or two men in the solicitor's office. John P. Wenchel was liaison between the solicitor's office and the general counsel's office. When he left the Department he became chief counsel for the Bureau of Internal Revenue. He's now retired from government and he has some consulting business or practice in Washington now [1953]. On the conditions that developed in the legal division of the Triple-A leading up to the so-called purge and all that period, Wenchel's report would be invaluable, I would think. Sted would catch things that would puzzle him. There were Tolley and Tapp. It was a situation that at that time concerned and worried some of these men more than it did me. I was never particularly concerned about formalities. I was concerned about getting things done, and unless a development interfered seriously with that I wouldn't have been particularly uneasy about it. However, conditions were getting worse all the time.

By January of 1935 I estimated that about ninety percent of my energy and time was required for internal policing and keeping things on the track inside the organization. It was a hard way to make a living. I think most men who carry responsibility will find that their subconscious doesn't go to sleep when they want it to. I walked the floor, all right, during that fall. My wife says that is no figure of speech.

I remember the Farm Bureau convention in Nashville, December 10 to 12, partly because of the bitterly cold weather that hit at that time. I had a room in the Hermitage Hotel, I think. Both main Nashville hotels front the public park which is a square in the center of the city. I had awakened at the very crack of dawn. To people from the North, a trip down to Nashville was a trip to the sunny South. I looked out of the window on a wintry scene. I saw an old man with an overcoat on and his coat collar up, a muffler around his ears, and high wool socks under boots clear up to his knees, with mittens on, walking around the fountains in the park and carefully knocking off the icicles that hung down one foot, two feet - enormous icicles! It was bitterly cold. This was an aspect of the sunny South that I hadn't expected.

It was a good Farm Bureau meeting. I don't recall any particular fireworks. There might have been some. All crops were represented there, of course. I don't think the cotton

problem was acute, that it had any manifestations that looked like trouble at that time. Manifestations of it in private conversation weren't too apparent to me. We had, of course, proceeded about half way into the '34-'35 cotton contracts at that time. I think we had had a minimum of difficulty with it. I don't recall any particular problem.

There was an increasing concern, even as early as that, on the part not only of Farm Bureau leaders but of cooperative, Grange, and other farm leaders over what they felt was an increasing tendency on the Secretary's part to be associated in his thinking and talking with the men making up the group - it's hard for me to classify the group I mean - the Tugwell-Frank group in the Department. Henry Wallace's closest friends and associates prior to his becoming Secretary of Agriculture and in his early months as Secretary had been Cliff Gregory and the mid-west farm leaders who had stood shoulder to shoulder with his father during his administration as Secretary. At this time it had become apparent to them that Henry was much less comfortable with them; he sought their counsel less frequently. Many of them during that period spoke to me about it with considerable concern. That had developed by that time.

As one result they probably moved closer to me, although it was a little difficult to do that. I had always had close relations - friendly relations - with them going back to my first meetings with them in the twenties. There was free consultation

but not exclusive consultation. So I don't know that they moved closer. I think the fact was that over in our shop, and in some of the other old branches of the Department, they felt more at home than they did around the Secretary's office.

The Farm Bureau leaders had a feeling that they were being kept out of Wallace's office. They had a feeling that when they were with Henry, Henry was less frank and less comfortable in their presence than he had normally been. It's possible that Wallace was trying to even things out so that he wouldn't be closer to one group than to others, and I don't have the slightest doubt that Henry could have believed, too, that that was the motivation. But that certainly wasn't the whole cause.

During the fall of '34 John L. Lewis was the head of the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO). He was very ambitious. I grew to believe, although I didn't try to get actual evidence and I didn't question people about it, that Paul, Gardner Jackson, and some others in our organization were seeing quite a little of Lewis and people associated closely with him. I felt, at the time, that one of the things being promoted and being fed to Henry Wallace in judicious doses was the thought that it was going to be possible to develop a tie-up between labor, as represented by CIO, and discontented elements in agriculture. I felt that Henry was being led to believe that was a

political force which would back him for the Presidency, and that by fits and starts Henry was beginning to rationalize in terms of high-minded social action and so forth, the course he should take in the Department of Agriculture. I just had a feeling that that was going on. The symptoms of political maneuvering were beginning to be there in the fall of '34. I think that Henry had fits and starts on it, but I believe the group was consciously working to that end in the Department. Wallace could be moved by other men. To a greater or lesser extent that's true of every man, I think, and particularly of a man in a high office when there aren't enough hours in the day to see all the people he'd like to or all who want to see him. It's possible for a group immediately surrounding a man to create a climate in which perspective gradually shifts. The higher the office, the more likely that is to take place. I think that was true of Henry Wallace, although it was also true of Mr. Roosevelt and it's been true of every President I've known. Those things do happen.

From that particular point of view, my office was not on the inside with the Secretary. It could be said in fairness, perhaps, that my own thinking was conditioned, through preference and inclination, by the doers, the operating men, although I was on good terms with the planners and used them. My own disposition was to feel more at home with the men like Hutson

and Tapp and others who were capable of taking a problem and coming up with a course of action designed to solve or at least ameliorate the condition of which the problem was a symptom, and getting things done with it. So I suppose I had my own nucleus there that probably conditioned my thinking, too.

The doer has to have a good deal of the planner in him or he isn't much good. He is a planner who has that sense in choice of means that is likely to secure an intended result. In my case, the results sought were the results set forth in the Agricultural Adjustment Act. I didn't mean the term "planner" disrespectfully. Tolley was, I think, more at home in planning than he was in the execution of plans, but he combined both qualities very well. We could take a man like Ezekiel and throw problems in his lap and he would come up with something. We didn't always adopt what Zeke would recommend, but he would come up with something, and it had value. There's a great place for them. An idea man is a necessary part of any organization. The trouble comes when the idea men reach the point where they have the last word on policy and action, because frequently they lack the experience and the balance to secure good public administration. It would be the same thing in a business office. They're wonderful to have, and to have right close to you. They're able to generate ideas faster than you can assimilate them. Many of the ideas will be good. But if the idea men at the same time have the power to move in action with those ideas they'll often get you



into trouble.

In December I wasn't thinking of quitting. On the other hand, I don't think I was averse to the circulation of the idea that I might. I didn't deliberately plan it, or anything of the kind. Some recognition of the advantages of holding a stick over Wallace's head to do something and of getting things lined up so if I wanted to quit I'd have a job waiting for me was probably in my mind, but I wasn't fishing for another job. As a matter of fact, the decisions that precipitated action in early '35 came about within a very short space of time, as a result of what might be called a "last straw" type of situation that developed.

I don't remember when I first met Dr. Will W. Alexander. He's associated in my mind with Farm Security. I probably met him if he was knocking around the Department very much at that time. Undoubtedly I would have met him. Generally my impression of Will Alexander was a favorable one, but I don't recall the first meeting.

I may have had some discussions with Roosevelt about an international cotton conference leading to an international cotton agreement. I don't recall them, however. We really got more interest and action, of course, on an international wheat conference than we did on an international cotton conference. I favored an international wheat agreement. I wouldn't know

who did the best work on behalf of this in the Department. I don't recall the extent to which Ezekiel may have been active on that. Some of the people in the Office of Foreign Agricultural Relations (OFAR) were very active in it. Leslie A. Wheeler was active, Loyd V. Steere, and unless I'm mistaken, more of the impulse came from that office than from anywhere else. Henry Taylor might have been interested in that from his outside point of view. Steere was one of the pioneers in agricultural work abroad. He's now [January, 1953] stationed at Warsaw. He has just left India.

I remember that the Pacific Northwest wheat situation was one of the more critical of the wheat picture. They had an extraordinarily large portion of the exportable surplus. It was not readily marketable. There was a somewhat different type of wheat there than would move east for the customary milling blends. To the extent that a place could be found for it abroad, I was in favor of cooperation in any move of that sort. Dewey C. Dorman I remember as an old Non-Partisan League leader. I had met him in Montana and North Dakota when he was an active organizer for the Non-Partisan League, but I don't remember meeting with him on the Pacific Northwest wheat problem. I talked to Lewis Schwellenbach, a Senator, about that situation a number of times. I met Congressman Walter Marcus Pierce a number of times. He's the same Pierce who subsequently became

governor of Oregon. My only recollection of meeting Dorman at that time - except that I have a very clear picture of him in my mind - is that we had sort of a reunion. I hadn't heard of him for years, and it was sort of interesting to see him show up again in this other context. But that was a specific problem that needed handling, all right - that Pacific Northwest wheat problem. If they had come in with me and we had had the resources and there had been an opportunity to move it about at some price which would have absorbed some of the loss out of our Section 32 funds, or otherwise, I would have favored it, I imagine.

I don't have all the annual reports we put out in the Triple-A in my possession. The only reason I happen to have this one (1933), is that Fred Henshaw, a young man who had been in our AAA information division, is now with us here in the Ford Foundation. Fred had this copy which he helped write, and he brought it to me just the other day [January, 1953]. We don't have an enormous number of ex-Department of Agriculture personnel in the Ford Foundation. Tolley is our Washington consultant or representative, and M.L. Wilson is now in India for us. Wilson's biography ought to be a particularly appealing one because he didn't push himself out in front on the stage, in a period when he set in motion a lot of forces. Then we have Fred Henshaw here. Then, of course, we've drawn Douglas

Ensminger out of the Department. Appleby, at Syracuse University, heads the Maxwell School devoted to public administration. Chester Bowles and Ensminger had been very keen for Appleby as the man to meet a request which had come from the government of India - from Prime Minister Nehru and the Minister of Finance, Mr. Deshmukh. Mr. Deshmukh is one of the strong and capable men in the Indian ministry. They wanted some advisor to take a look at their situation and advise them as to steps that might be taken to improve the quality of their public administration. I approved the designation of Appleby, and he's over there now [1953]. I notice Chester Bowles' resignation as ambassador was accepted yesterday [January 9, 1953]. Bowles has made an excellent ambassador to India. Earlier, Bowles had asked our New York office what we thought of Paul Appleby as the chief of Point-4 mission in India, and I had advised against it. But this seemed to be a specific field in which Paul could render a good service, and it looked all right to me. But I didn't go out and pick him. He was chosen largely on Ensminger's recommendation growing out of his talks with Bowles in India.

I haven't had much contact with Paul since '35. He was the son of a Methodist minister and showed a strong moral strain in college. I think Paul had a tendency to look after the morals of his fellow citizens, all right. There was a good deal

of the witch-burning Puritan in Paul. But, to go back to Magnus Johnson in Minnesota, he wasn't above cussing a little bit and taking a little drink, and so forth.

I was having almost daily conferences with Wallace in January, 1935. I expressed myself several times to Wallace about Appleby, but the time that sticks in my mind most clearly was incidental to the request that I be given the green light to discharge a number of men, and clear up the conflict that had developed in the AAA. That was in February. I don't remember a conference with Wallace on January 18, 1935, particularly, although I think I expressed concern to Henry several times about Paul. Henry's attitude was that we should all bury the axe. He often said that friction generates action and energy and that's probably a good thing. I would point out that it can be carried too far; pacing the floor at night is a little too high price to pay. But at that time and up until the incident of the legal opinion on the 1934-35 cotton contract came up, I was perfectly willing to continue to try to get along. I had expressed myself to Henry, however, about Paul.

I remember that Wallace, Tolley, Wilson, Tugwell, and I met on January 24, 1935 and began to discuss the regional organization of the Triple-A. The books and records difficulty was chronic. I think the way the books and records clause came into

the picture particularly at this juncture was that we were at that time working on amendments to the marketing agreements sections of the Triple-A. What I wanted was legislative authority conferred on the Secretary so that he could issue orders incorporating the appropriate Books and Records power so that we would not have to go to the processors, whose cooperation we needed to make the marketing agreement work, with the demand that they sign a voluntary agreement which signed away their defenses - as they contended it did - against abuse of the right to examine books and records. By that time the counsel for the processors had reached a point where they were saying, "We're perfectly willing to go ahead with your program. We're perfectly willing that you should issue a marketing order that gives you the right to examine anything anyone wants to. But don't ask us to agree voluntarily to an unlimited right to go into our files, books and records, because we want to preserve our legal rights in this thing - our legal rights to resist fishing expeditions through our books and records that are made with some totally different purpose in view than to determine whether we are acting legally and appropriately in carrying out the provisions of the marketing agreement." I accepted that point of view and worked hard to get that legislation adopted. In that connection, we had a good deal of debate about the Books and Records clause.

From the very beginning the processors had contended that

the Secretary's right to examine books and records should be subject to materials and information relevant to the subject at hand - to the operations sought under the agreement. I can illustrate that by an extreme case which I think started more alarm among the processors than anything else. We were considering a marketing agreement with some of the fruit processors - canners - on the Pacific Coast. It might have been some other of the marketing agreements. The Books and Records standard provision, which the legal division was supporting, was unlimited in its scope. One of the prospective parties to the marketing agreement in California was an affiliate of the Libby packing company (Libby, McNeil and Libby). The question was raised in one of our discussions as to whether the language of the marketing agreement - if Libby became a party to it and signed it - gave the Department of Agriculture the right to seize the books and records of the meat packing affiliate in Chicago and elsewhere and to conduct any kind of an expedition into the books and records the representative of the Secretary might desire. The answer had to be, "Yes, it did." Of course, that sent cold chills up and down the back of every processor in America. It was, from that time on, just useless to talk about a voluntary marketing agreement with that paragraph in it, although we kept pressing for them.

This deadlock led us to decide on a course which seemed to me to give us the green light to go ahead, and at the same

time to give us every protection that we were entitled to against abuse of the powers which such a marketing agreement would confer on the processors. We asked Congress to enact amendments that would, among other things, authorize us to issue orders in connection with marketing agreements stipulating the unlimited right to examine the books and records of the participating business firms. They would accept that. There never was any opposition to a books and records clause that would give the Department authority to go into the books and records to the fullest extent necessary to throw complete light on the operations under the agreements, so that there would be no veil drawn over the operations under the marketing agreement. They were perfectly willing to operate on that basis of mandatory orders because, as they expressed it to us, they had not signed away by contract the right to go into court to resist any invasion of their rights which they considered unlawful. For example, they would resist an examination into the profit structure of one particular packing company under the guise of relevance to the operation of a canning affiliate. The case cited is an extreme case, but it was the one where the representative of the general counsel's office - I think it was Pressman - had said, "Why, of course the right would exist under this to go anywhere you wanted for information you felt you would like to have." So that was one of the amendments I was trying to get in the section of the Triple-A



law relative to marketing agreements.

I don't remember going to see the President with Wallace on January 28, 1935. It was always possible on anything that came up to arrange an appointment with President Roosevelt. We did it, perhaps, sometimes more frequently than we needed to. I think this meeting was the kind of a thing that was important so that the President would understand the respective points of view. I'm really not sure where Wallace stood on this. I think that throughout the early stages when George Peek was there, he was wholly backing Jerome Frank. At this stage I'm not sure where Henry stood. On this question I believe he supported my point of view. At least, I was doing the best I could up on the Hill to get it passed. I think he supported the position, all right.

I don't recall having any strong objection to the regional rather than the commodity approach to the Triple-A administration. I liked the old commodity sections pretty well, but we had developed a lot of field operations - many cutting into the same territory. I think the regional approach, where we could give major emphasis in one community to the most important crops but at the same time look after the others, impressed me as efficient organization. I didn't originate it but I supported it. I had an affection for the old commodity sections we had. It was a neat administrative arrangement, but it did have disadvantages.

In a mixed farming state where there were wheat, tobacco, corn and hogs, some rice, some sugar beets, there were advantages to the regional program. You could weigh them and come out supporting that reorganization.

These meetings in January, 1935, didn't lead to the farm act of early 1936 so much as the Hoosac Mills decision did. That was the decision of the Supreme Court which invalidated the processing tax.

Late in January, 1935, I took a field trip in the South. I returned shortly after February 1. Without consulting records not readily available to me here I cannot tell you the exact date, but I am of the opinion that I got to my office in Washington on Saturday which would have been February 2. I was immediately confronted by a development which was the immediate cause of the "purge" - as some of the newspapers called it at that time - the enforced resignation of Jerome Frank, Lee Pressman, and a number of others from their posts in the AAA, and the abolition of the general counsel's office. It was all but a fait accompli when I got back to the office. A telegram had been sent to all of the state cotton administrators telling them that a new legal opinion was about to be issued by the Department which would give a new interpretation to Section 7 of the 1934-35 cotton contract. As I recall it, the telegram was actually sent out by Paul Appleby in the name of the Secretary, during my

absence. Victor Christgau, who was acting administrator while I was away, had passed on it and approved it. I would not have approved it. I did not know a damn thing about it until I got to the office after my trip. Christgau couldn't have been under any illusions at all about whether or not I would have approved it.

To fill this in, and without consulting any aids to memory that would help me fix dates and the sequence of events more clearly, let me tell what happened. The morning I returned to my office, which I think was Saturday, February 2, my first appointment was with William E. Byrd, Jr., who was one of my assistants. I reviewed with him developments during my absence, just as I customarily did with him, Miss Piper, and Frank Brown, the other assistant, to catch up on what had happened. Byrd said: "One thing happened here while you were gone that has me puzzled. I don't know anything about it, although perhaps you do. A telegram went out from Appleby to the state administrators in all the cotton states telling them to stand by for a legal opinion relating to the 1934-35 cotton contract, which would have far-reaching consequences. I don't know what that refers to. Perhaps you do."

I had no knowledge of it, so I immediately asked that someone get busy and locate a copy of the opinion, of which I had, at that point, heard nothing whatever. At that time I'd

talked to nobody except Byrd. I had never heard of it. I had known nothing of it on the trip. I had not heard of it in the South. Bill Byrd called this to my attention the first time. I don't recall what the date of the telegram was in relation to my trip, but nobody I saw in the field had seen or heard of it.

It didn't bring me back to Washington. I had finished my trip and I came back in, and Byrd called it to my attention for the first time. He hadn't seen it. He didn't know what it was. With some difficulty we finally secured a copy of the draft of the opinion, which I read. Then I really blew my top.

The opinion held, in effect, that all tenants on land covered by the 1934-35 cotton contracts must be kept in the same tenant relationship throughout the life of the contract as had existed when the contract went into effect. It sought to freeze the 1933 relationships for the life of the two-year contract for 1934-35 - a contract that had already been in effect for half its term under a totally different interpretation of that clause.

I didn't say anything to the people in the office about it, but in reading the opinion it became perfectly clear to me that if the Department went through with the line of action that would result from accepting that legal opinion, Henry Wallace would be driven out of the Cabinet without any question. It was just that serious! After I'd satisfied myself as to what the

impact would be, I did walk the floor a bit on that one.

On Friday, February 1st, Congressman W. J. Driver of Arkansas and J.F. Tompkins, former president of the Arkansas Farm Bureau Federation, brought in to see Wallace eight members of the Arkansas Farm Bureau to complain regarding the proposed interpretation of Section 7. So the wire had gone out two, three, or four days earlier. In that period I remember more conversations I had with Senator Joe Robinson than those with Driver, although I remember meeting Driver. I remember J. F. Tompkins and a group of others coming into my office during that period after the telegram had been sent. They left Wallace for a conference with Calvin Hoover, Appleby, and Christgau. They conferred with Christgau instead of me because I wasn't there on Friday, the 1st.

I didn't do anything immediately after hearing the news. During that day I thought about it. The men with whom I talked when I had made up my mind that this was it, and that I was going to do something, were Secretary Wallace, Seth Thomas, the solicitor, and M. L. Wilson. I talked to them after I had slept over the thing. I talked over the line of action I was going to take with only those three people - Wallace, Seth Thomas, and M. L. Wilson. Not even my office - Bill Byrd, Frank Brown, and Carol Piper - nobody knew what I had discussed.

When I made the appointment to talk with Henry Wallace, I asked that we meet outside of his office. That might have been

on Saturday, February 2. It hadn't taken me long to make up my mind. This really set the trigger off. I thought I had taken more time than that. I asked Henry to meet me. I told him there was a critical situation. I was careful not to talk with him where Appleby would be advised of what I was trying to do. It would have been unlikely, I think, that I called him by telephone for that reason, because Appleby would have been in on the conversation. If Calvin Hoover had dropped in about that time, I might have asked him to make the appointment for me, but I did not discuss any contemplated action with Calvin at that time. It's possible that I just asked him to ask Wallace if he could meet with me. I don't remember. I really don't remember how I made the request. But at least I got word to Henry that I wanted to see him and I wanted to talk to him outside his own office.

He came over to a little side room adjoining my office. It was to the right of my office, as you entered it. By this time, of course, the office was over in the South Building. We were on the corner. To come into my office normally you'd go through the reception room where Miss Piper and Byrd and Frank Brown were. I asked the Secretary to come into this side room, and I left my office and went in and talked to him. I know it took us some time to get a copy of the opinion. I think it quite likely that it would have been in the afternoon. I told him

I felt I couldn't continue to live in a situation such as we had in the Department.

I didn't take the approach with the Secretary that I wanted to quit. I undoubtedly told him the conclusion I had reached, and said that here was a telegram sent into the field under his name proposing a course of action which had not been cleared or even discussed with me, and I assumed it hadn't with him - which was the fact. I said, "If the ruling were applied to the state of Iowa, and if we had a two-year contract which had been in effect one year, and it was proposed now that in respect to this corn-hog contract applicable to Iowa that we make a retroactive determination, under the guise of a legal opinion, that the tenants on an Iowa farm who had been tenants as of the date the contract started - approximately one year earlier - had the legal vested right to remain on that farm as tenants for the life of the contract, what would you say?"

He said, "I'd say it was crazy. It's an utterly impossible, impractical thing."

I said, "Think how much worse it is when you project that into this explosive southern situation." My own course of thinking would probably have led me to say to Henry, "Now, what's the motivation? You know as I know that this was not intended by Section 7; it was thoroughly understood with the legal division and consumers counsel just what was intended,

nobody's fooled about that. This is not what was intended, and it's a tortured interpretation of the language to hold so. If this goes into effect, it will set off forces that will drive you right out of the Cabinet. You won't be able to stay." I think Henry, at that time, agreed with me. I'm sure he agreed with me for a period of hours, anyway. I know I told him that.

I talked to him two or three times during the course of this, in the interval between this time and the action. I talked to him after I had talked to Seth Thomas, the solicitor. While I think my own idea of what had to be done jelled before I talked to Wilson, it certainly didn't jell in the form of a determination until I had M.L.'s advice and counsel on it. It would have been my normal disposition to talk to M.L. before I talked to Wallace. Perhaps I did talk to Henry in a preliminary way at first, and then I think I talked to him again over the weekend or sometime. I got to Wilson just as soon as I could. I got to Set Thomas by going out to his home in the Roosevelt Hotel on Connecticut Avenue. It was either on Saturday or Sunday. I'm not sure. I have no record here as to the time. I might be wrong as to the sequence, but before I finally made up my mind on what I was going to recommend finally to the Secretary - before it was clear in my mind what I wanted to recommend - I talked to both the solicitor and M.L. Wilson.

In this conversation with Wallace, I said very little else.



It's possible that I said something about quitting. I had not received a definite job offer. From time to time I had had several offers of jobs but I had no job in mind at that time. I did have a fairly definite job before me in 1936 when I finally left the Department. I had a job then that I could have gone into, but that was not before me at this time. I could easily have said something about Tapp and Appleby, because I discussed Appleby and Baldwin with the Secretary at a subsequent meeting during this interval. I may have referred to them at this meeting, but the particular thing I said to Henry about Appleby and Baldwin came when I had made up my mind, and named to him the men I wanted to ask to resign. I made comment on Appleby and Baldwin at one of our meetings in this connection, but that was not at this first meeting. It took place later in a talk I had with him in his own office.

John D. Black had gone to Harvard at this time. I don't recall just exactly when J.D. made his move. When I first knew him he was associated with the University of Minnesota. Then he went to Harvard. I consulted Black many times later. I don't recall that he was in this picture, at all. I didn't know that Black wrote a letter to Wallace saying how alarmed he had become over an impending crisis in the Triple-A and suggesting to Wallace that he do everything he could to keep me from quitting, and referring primarily to a milk situation in Boston. We were

having trouble constantly with the milk agreements. They were very tough ones and difficult ones to handle because of a tough combination of circumstances. There was organized labor in the milk-drivers union, which fixed costs. There were the milk producers, operating through a cooperative, whose disposition was to deal with the milk distributors and labor on the basis of conceding whatever was necessary to keep the flow of milk going through the normal channels, in order to secure their own maximum returns. We had that kind of a situation all the time. It resulted in every marketing agreement we put into effect in a milk shed being a compromise, in order to get any action. That was a condition - it wasn't a theory. There were many elements of discord in the picture.

I don't think my mind was on a radio talk that I made on February 2 on the Farm and Home Hour, on the part young people take in rebuilding agriculture. The Farm and Home Hour was at noon. I doubt if my mind was on it.

One early morning after one of those nights when I walked the floor, it became fairly clear to me what we had to do. It was in the interval between my first and final talks with Henry Wallace that this took place.

After February 2 I certainly lost no time in getting hold of M.L. Wilson and talking to him, but honestly, I can't even remember where it took place. It's possible that I walked over

to his house that night. You'd think one would remember at a time like that just what happened, and I undoubtedly did for a time, but other things have crowded it out. I never have gone back to try to think of that. I've frequently regretted that, while it was fresh, I didn't dictate a record of events, but I didn't. It's possible that I didn't see M.L. until Sunday or Monday. I know over the weekend, at least, if not Saturday afternoon, I talked to M.L., and I may have talked to him more than once.

I had a very long talk with Paul Appleby, but that took place after the action had been taken rather than before. I certainly didn't disclose to Paul or anybody else what I proposed to do, except to M.L., Seth Thomas, and Henry Wallace. My session with Paul was a very long one in my home on Connecticut Avenue after the resignations were in and the related actions taken, in which I tried to reason with him and tried to make clear the enormity of his offense as I saw it. I know my frame of mind and I know the approach I took there. It would have been, "Why in the hell did you send this telegram out?" It might have been that - just querying into it. But at that time I'm sure I did not intend to do more than warn the Secretary about Appleby. I felt that, after all, Appleby was definitely the Secretary's man. He was not my man, although I think perhaps as a part of budget operation he may have been carried on

the Triple-A payroll. I thought I had no authority in Appleby's and Baldwin's case, and I felt I did have both authority and responsibility in the case of the others.

My mind was not made up about what I wanted to do when I heard from Byrd about this telegram. I had to wait until I read the legal opinion and got the copy of the telegram that went out. I went alone to talk to Seth Thomas. Wallace may have talked to him separately, but I went alone to his home and went in and discussed the legal situation in the Department. I think that was on Sunday rather than Monday. I went to his apartment in the Roosevelt Hotel and talked at length with him and got cleared up in my own mind some aspects of the course of action I wanted to follow. I would place it on Sunday, because when I went to Wallace I was completely clear in my mind on the course to take with respect to the legal division. I wanted to find out whether Thomas would be ready and willing to take over the legal responsibilities in the Department on a day's notice or less. He said yes. He said it should have been done a long while ago. I hadn't been aware of this at the beginning of the AAA, but the solicitor's office had always held that the whole legal division, general counsel setup, was itself illegal. I had heard it mentioned, and that's the reason why I felt when I went to Thomas that we had here a good reason for doing what I was going to propose. I hadn't been aware of it, for example, when George Peek was in his difficulties with Jerome, because if I had been quite clear on that I might have advised George

differently. Thomas and Wenchel, his deputy, were both quite clear that the organic law creating the Department of Agriculture unqualifiedly placed the responsibility for all legal activities of the Department under the solicitor, and made him the legal officer, and that in setting up an independent general counsel in the Triple-A we were not complying with the law. I think the solicitor and the regular lawyers in the Department - all of them - had watched the developments in the legal division, watched the growing disposition of the legal division to direct policy rather than confine themselves to legal advice and action, and they, I'm quite sure, figuratively gave three cheers over the prospect of getting Jerome Frank, Lee Pressman, and some of the others out of the Department. So I was completely reassured on that score. There wouldn't be any hiatus. The legal division function would be taken over by the solicitor, and that could be done without causing a ripple of disturbance in the operation of the Triple-A. And a lot of free-wheeling young lawyers would be subject to Department discipline they hadn't had before.

As I recall M.L., he was pretty grave about the situation. He had felt that things were moving toward this inevitable kind of a climax perhaps more clearly than I had, and assented to the course I wanted. I don't mean he recommended it. He didn't try to dissuade me or modify it in any way. He said he guessed that's what I had to do. I just wanted his moral support more than anything else.

Until Tuesday morning when the repercussions began to sound around there, my own office staff didn't know what was going to happen. Nobody, outside of the people I had talked to, knew that anything was up.

On Monday morning, February 4, 1935, I talked with Wallace and Seth Thomas regarding the history of Section 7 of the cotton contract. I didn't particularly remember anything about that conversation. I don't think any question was raised about the legality or the meaning of section 7 at that meeting. I asked Seth Thomas about the proposed opinion as against the interpretation we had given during the first year of operation.

Wallace and I talked alone on Monday. I don't know if Wallace required any convincing that something had to be done. He certainly didn't give any evidence in my first talk that he regarded the situation lightly. His attitude was more like, "What can we do?" I told him in this Monday's talk when he and I talked alone that if he'd be willing to just stay out of it and let me handle it, I'd be delighted to handle it. When we discussed details, I named a few of the key men I felt had to go. Those I named, as nearly as I can recall, do not add up to the sum total of those who left, by any means. I named Jerome Frank. It was under his general shelter that a cluster of trouble-makers had assembled. While in personal talks with me Jerome would apparently be cooperative, the actions in his department which

I would call completely disruptive and disloyal could not have been taken without his approval. He was a part of it. They could not have been taken without his knowledge and approval. He was the head and heart. Lee Pressman was active, aggressive. He was considered the number two man in the general counsel's office. I was determined that I didn't want to have anything more of him.

The two men in the consumers counsel whose resignations I asked for were the head, Fred Howe, and Gardner Jackson. I asked for Fred Howe's resignation for the same reason. In his case, I think more or less innocently, he was sheltering a group that were bad medicine in the Department, in my opinion. They were without any sense of loyalty, whatever, as far as the Agricultural Adjustment Act or its administrators were concerned. In the legal division I named Francis M. Shea who was the head of the opinion section. I told the Secretary, also, that I was not going to continue with Christgau as chief administrator, at all, that I proposed to handle that in a little different way. I did not say to fire Christgau. I don't think I named any more.

One or two others were discussed. There was a young woman named Margaret Bennett who had been very active in this and other moves in the legal division. Another name was Victor Rotnem in the legal division whom we discussed. I expressed

the hope that they'd get out. I figured that if we put an end to the independent legal division and dismissed the general counsel and his chief aide and if we brought in some responsible and objective men to head consumers counsel, that we could shake the thing down to manageable proportions.

I said, "You've got two men in your own office, Henry, that if I had the authority and they were mine I'd fire them, too. That's Appleby and Baldwin."

He made a remark which I think he subsequently had forgotten, because it broke into print in some form within the last two or three years in connection with the Hiss matter. I had been asked whether I had any idea that some of the men in the legal division and consumers counsel might have been members of the Communist Party. I said that there was only one time that I recalled during this period when the word "communist" was even mentioned, and that was at the time of this conversation with Henry Wallace.

He said - what seemed non-sequitur - "Chester, I just can't go along with the communists. They don't believe in God." That subsequently, in view of later developments, took on some meaning for me.

I didn't ask for Alger Hiss' resignation. Alger was then



on leave with pay to serve the Senate munitions investigation committee. Bert Wheeler, Senator from Montana, had telephoned me sometime before saying that they were operating with small appropriations and asking if I would be willing to give them some help from our legal division. He asked directly for Alger Hiss and I said, "Let me check and see." As a matter of routine I checked with the general counsel's office, and they were agreeable. I imagine I talked to Henry Wallace, and we approved the loan of Hiss to this Senate committee. Now, one of the things I discovered when I came back and saw this legal opinion was that Alger Hiss had initialed it. I don't mean he drafted it. I don't think he did. He had come down and he had approved it. It sticks in my mind that Margaret Bennett was mentioned in gossip at the time, as the original drafter of the opinion. I'm not sure about that. I didn't care. In Hiss's case, it was a shocking thing to me to find his initials on that opinion, because when we drafted the 1934-35 contract we were deadlocked, I think, for a period of six weeks in drafting the contract because of this difficult question of protecting to the maximum practicable extent the interests of the tenant in the very drastic reduction in acreage that we were making. We held up and held up, under the pressure of time, while I held daily conferences with Cully Cobb, Oscar Johnson, Hiss representing the legal division, and someone from consumers counsel. I don't

know whether Calvin Hoover was in on them. He had been sort of in and out on that situation for some time. He didn't come into the Department actually, as I recall it, to work with me as consumers counsel until after the Howe dismissal. Alger Hiss was so clear in my mind because he participated in all the discussions. When we finally worked out section 7, it was agreed that it was the best compromise agreement we could get. At no time in the discussions did Alger Hiss even suggest or recommend that a provision should be inserted in the contract which would require the contract signers to assume a legal liability for retaining on the farm in status as tenants the identical tenants who were on the land when the contract went into effect.

If anybody in the Department had reason to know what was intended by the language in section 7, it was Alger Hiss who helped draft it and who signed it and who had sat for six weeks in the discussions. So I was completely astounded when I found his initials on the list.

This was the contemporary view of Alger Hiss among the operators in the Department. Alger Hiss was in the Department when I got there. He was a lean, hungry-looking, eager young fellow who impressed me as too busy to get his hair cut, or take time off for anything but work. From May 1933 to the return from my trip in the field, I had seen and worked with Hiss I think more closely than any other man in the legal division, because he was

assigned to the production division. I think he did the bulk of his work with us. He had been a tireless worker and apparently intellectually honest and eager to cooperate. I've thought back over it many times, and I don't think I saw any evidence of what I considered intellectual dishonesty until I found his initials on this particular legal opinion. My associates and I in the operation of the Triple-A didn't consider Alger Hiss as one of the trouble-making radicals in the Department. He wasn't so regarded by the operating crews, so far as I knew.

So as soon as I could get time after the fifth of February, I called Hiss and asked him to come down and see me. I said, "Alger, you know as well as I do that that was a dishonest legal opinion. Why in the hell did you put your initials on it and approve it? Of all the men in the Department, you were the one who knew it was a dishonest opinion."

He said, "It can be interpreted the way that opinion proposes to interpret that language."

I said, "Of course it can if you want to torture language, but you knew damn well it didn't intend that. You sat through every meeting we had. You knew how we'd administered the contract for a full year. Why in the hell did you do it? I want to know."

He got a little stiff and he said, "If you are calling that a dishonest legal opinion, are you asking for my resignation?"

I said, "No, I'm not. I'm just serving notice on you that you'll never get a chance to do anything of that sort again,

because we're going to get this thing under control in the Department. I'm giving you a chance to tell me why you did it, because you knew what was intended, as you know what the language really says." There was no satisfactory conclusion to that.

The one thing that surprised me at the time and in the week or two that followed before Hiss resigned was the amount of space the papers gave to Alger Hiss. I'd never thought of him except as a routine operator in the legal division, and yet it seems to be fairly clear from the amount of attention that was concentrated on the question, "Would Hiss resign?" that there were a lot of people who thought of him in much different terms around Washington. "Was Hiss going to resign or was he not?" That speculation was running through the papers for days after the rest of the men had resigned. I don't know the answer. I know I left the Triple-A without ever having had a satisfactory answer to this thing. He either was the smartest operator on earth or else we were all completely blind and dumb.

I had been told that a record was being built up against Tapp and Tolley by Appleby and Frank. It's so easy for an unscrupulous observer inside an organization to pick out isolated actions, meetings, contacts, and so forth, which, given a slightly sinister twist, make awfully good copy for columnists of the sort Washington has developed and had developed at that time. I don't recall what the evidence was. I had been told - some of

our people had learned - that a group of these people were in the process of building up a record on some of the key men in the Triple-A. Tapp and Tolley were only two. They'd already driven some others to resign. Poor old Guy Shepard was one. His only crime, I think, was the fact that he had worked for a packing company. Gardner Jackson made Shepard his particular target.

There was one other time during that period in which the term "communist" was used. That's when Paul R. Preston, who was in charge of mails, records, files, and so forth, in the Department, came to me about this time - early in 1935 - and asked me if I had ever had any reason to suspect that Gardner Jackson was a communist. He said that there had been some communications and contacts and some mail passing through that seemed to him to indicate that very clearly. The only thing I did about that was to ask the head of the Department's secret service, Mr. C.T. Forster, to pick up Jackson's files. That was the day after I had asked for and received Jackson's resignation. But I was a little late on that. When Forster got to it - the night of the day I spoke to him - the files were gone. There was nothing to look at. Jackson had cleaned them out. I don't know whether there's anything to it, or not.

I have just mentioned this to one other person. That's when Drew Pearson called me by telephone one day in St Louis at

the time when the Hiss affair really began to look serious for Hiss. Pearson was calling to ask if I had had any idea at the time that Hiss might have been a member of the Communist Party. I told him I had not. I said, "The only man in the organization to whom that term was applied in inquiry or anything else, so far as I heard it, was a buddy of yours and that was Pat Jackson." I did that simply because it was Drew. He sputtered at the other end of the telephone a little bit. I have no evidence to support that, or anything of the kind.

That shows how little the term "communist" was used or thought about at that time. That wasn't a part of any discussions that I heard. I remember in retrospect Dr. William Wirt's coming down. He reported on conversations he had had a chance to listen in to which led him to the conclusion that there was a bunch of eager young communists around there. I never attended such a cocktail party. I did become convinced that there was a group here that penetrated every department in government, a tireless group that when offices closed would meet at cocktail parties, and so forth, which was very eagerly planning to speed the shakedown of society in order to build it up in a way that suited them better.

In my conversation with Wallace on Monday, he gave unqualified agreement and approval to letting me handle it. He gave it that day. Now, we may have had a later meeting. I

don't know. He certainly didn't express any opposition to it. I don't remember testifying on the Hill on Monday afternoon, February 4. I testified pretty frequently. When I talked to Wallace and had this conversation which I have related, it was a question of who would have to go. I had named two others whom I had felt should go but hadn't included on my list. He had asked what could be done and I said, "You just let me handle it, if you will." He certainly didn't say, "I'm not going to let you handle it," or anything of the sort. I never had the slightest question after my first talk with Henry in my office, before I'd proposed any remedy, that Wallace was not alarmed by the situation. I had no idea that he would raise any serious objection to handling it. I might have called Wallace that night to get final affirmation and to say, "If you haven't changed your mind, this is what I'm proposing to do." I'd already laid it on the line to him and had had no holding back, as far as I can recall it, on Henry's part. I learned later that Henry changed his mind about it in a very few days.

Tugwell was away. It isn't that I didn't know he was away, but that hadn't been in my calculations on timing this thing. I didn't think about it at the time, at all, but I realized during that day that they were making tremendous efforts to get a hold of Rex Tugwell in Florida and get him up to Washington. I recall that I had known that he had planned to leave town. That didn't make the slightest difference in my

actions. Whether Rex could have changed events if he had been there, either by appeal to the White House or by influence over Wallace, I don't know. I don't think he would have influenced Wallace at that time, because I think Wallace had had enough of Tugwell. Whether he might have brought an order from the White House - a stay of action - I don't know.

I don't think we had the press conference on the day of the resignations. I think we had it the day afterward. I've got the whole transcript of the press conference somewhere. I'd almost be ashamed to produce it. Really, looking back on it, I find it was an awfully lame affair. We weren't completely candid about it. Stedman had insisted that the thing to do was to meet all questions head on and I had agreed. It must have been the day after, because Jerome Frank didn't finally capitulate and come in with his resignation until about six o'clock on Tuesday the 5th, prior to the press conference.

On Tuesday I had a number of interviews with people in the Department that were important. I did not have interviews with all of the leaders. I talked with Jerome, Lee Pressman, Tolley, Wenchel - who was the representative of the solicitor's office assigned to the legal division - Christgau, and all of the flood of people I could see who were coming in to express their point of view on what had taken place. I saw all I could see of these people, but there was nothing significant except in the important interviews. Jerome didn't impress me as par-



ticularly surprised, but he asked why and I told him I had just reached the breaking point, that there'd been this continuous strain of attempting to police hostile and embarrassing activities within the Triple-A, and that I was abolishing the legal division and transferring the leadership and the legal load to the solicitor where it belonged. I said I wanted his resignation and I asked him to get Pressman's for me. He pressed for my reasons and I said, "Well, I'll tell you, Jerome, in brief. Now, we've worked together quite a bit. I've had a chance to watch you and I think, whether you realize it or not, you're just a damned revolutionary. You're just using the Triple-A in every way you can to stir up all of the forces you can to political and other action. It's not in harmony with the intentions of the act, and the Secretary has agreed that it's got to end and that this is the way to do it."

He left my office, and of course that's when the feverish activity to reach Tugwell started. It wasn't until six o'clock that he came back in and said he had misplaced the resignation form I had handed him and asked me if I had another one. Then he signed it and gave it to me.

In the meantime, Lee Pressman had come in, as soon as Jerome had spoken to him. Lee Pressman's was a surprising tack. He came in and he said, "Well, sir, I think you've done just exactly the right thing. You've taken just the course that ought to be taken. The thing that's amazed me is that you haven't

done it before. But what I want to ask you is, why me? Haven't I been cooperative? Haven't I been carrying the load around here and doing everything possible? I think the action you're taking is all right, but I just ask you not to include me. I don't think I belong in it."

It was a very disarming approach, and if I hadn't had one interview before it I might have been disposed to listen to it. Tolley had come in to see me early and he had expressed great satisfaction over what had been done, but he said, "Chester, why Lee Pressman? After all, he's carrying the litigation that we've got on some important cases under marketing agreements. I think it's just going to disrupt things terribly to get Lee out. Why can't you let him stay and let that carry on and then look at it later?" I was not in a position to say yes or no, but I had great respect for Tolley's judgement.

Almost immediately on the heels of Tolley's visit, Wenchel came in. He seemed to be extremely happy over what he had heard, and he came in to particularly warn me about Lee Pressman. He said, "Now, I don't know what's going on. I've heard some rumors that there may be a drive on to get you to relent in Lee Pressman's case. I want to tell you that I've watched this thing around here, and Lee Pressman is more nearly the heart and center of the whole thing than Jerome or anyone else you can put your finger on. Don't weaken on that."

Pressman came in shortly after that, so I told him, What you say may be entirely true, but after all I'm just basing my judgment on what I have experienced and what I've seen and on the company you're keeping. As far as I'm concerned, you're out."

I felt awfully sorry for Fred Howe. He came in with tears in his eyes. He said, "I know you've had a lot of trouble, but my God! this is a blow to me!" I told him that I felt his responsibility for consumers counsel had been pretty badly neglected, that he'd let a lot of boys run away with the show and didn't have any control over it at all. I said that he had to go out of consumers counsel but that I would try to find other employment for him so that he would not be affected personally and financially. Fred was broke. We did arrange some continuing employment for Fred, but we got him out where he didn't have a lot of boys clustered under him.

Christgau bothered me a good deal because I liked Vic. I felt that he'd been completely stupid in this thing. That's about the worst I thought about him. I asked the jury of his peers to go in another room and just sit down and then come in and tell me what they thought about Christgau - what he had done. There were Tolley and Tapp and Stedman. I don't remember whether D.B. Trent was still there. He had been there under the reorganization in '34. I think perhaps he'd gone by this time. He never

worked out very well. We had two major divisions - one the program planning and the other commodities operations. Trent had been the head of commodities operations. There were five or six in the conference on Christgau. Those listed above were the ones I can think of. I told them to go in and just take Christgau's case. They knew the facts. They knew what had happened, and they'd had a chance to work with him. The question I wanted answered was whether I could continue him as chief deputy or not. I think some of my important commodity section chiefs were in that meeting, too. They came in with the unanimous recommendation that I retain Vic if he wanted to stay, but not as deputy administrator. So I called Vic in and told him that was the decision. Now, whether this was on this day or the day following, I don't know. There was no effort made on his behalf by any of the group who went into this meeting. There may have been from other quarters. I don't recall.

In my talk with Vic I said, "Now, it's incredible to me that this thing could have been done innocently by you, letting this legal opinion get by you. I'm willing to give you the benefit of the doubt and just think you were just damn dumb and that was all. But you're not going to be in a position to do it again. I wouldn't feel safe to leave you in charge. I'm not in the future going to continue you as the chief deputy administrator.

You can work out, if you want to, some function in the department, but I can't leave you in charge when I'm out of the office. I can't depend on you." My recollection is that he resigned shortly thereafter.

I don't think Gardner Jackson came in to see me. He might have. I don't recall. I think I talked with Rotnem quite a little bit. I think I had a very unsatisfactory conference with Rotnem. He was combative in his attitude. I don't recall that I really intended to do more in his case than just admonish him because I don't recall whether I put him on the primary list or not. But he was combative and hostile in his attitude, and so I think the agreement was, "Well, get the hell out!" I think that's what we did about Rotnem.

I think the press conference was the biggest one we ever held. I think we had a lot of people there. I remember Robert S. Allen of Pearson and Allen, coming in late. He hit the back row of people standing just like a plunging fullback, plowed his way up two-thirds up, as near as he could, and commenced shouting at the Secretary about what gives here? What is all this about? The press conference was too big for them all to be seated. It was in the Secretary's office.

Wallace and I had talked about it, with Stedman sitting in coaching. We'd agreed on the line to be followed, and that was that the action was taken for greater harmony and more

effective administration, that these men, after all, were not particularly farm-minded men and that it was felt that we would have greater harmony and more effective action if we could have men that were more directly concerned with the farm problem than Jerome. Jerome it centered upon particularly. As you look at the transcript of that conference, it's quite a record of answering questions and saying nothing. What it did accomplish was that it faced the issue. It gave the press a chance to come and talk to us. We didn't really, as I recall it, get into the fundamentals. We glossed over the situation and played down the significance of what was taking place, as far as we could.

I don't remember when Rex Tugwell returned. I don't remember his trying to iron out the business of attending Triple-A meetings. There certainly was no bar to him at any time. These actions I'm dealing with hadn't been taken at Triple-A meetings.

On Sunday, February 8, I had a conversation with Appleby that lasted most of the day. It was sort of an agonizing affair. He came to my house. Paul was in some distress, all right. Our talk was chewing over and over the same ground. There was no apparent strong defense on Paul's part, and nothing much you could get hold of out of our talk. I think we got exactly nowhere on it. Appleby had sent out the telegram. It was perfectly obvious by that time that Paul was a good deal of a conniver.

That was the reason I didn't want him to go to India as the chief Point-4 man. I don't know Paul's present inclinations or disposition, but there's an explosive situation over there, and I wouldn't inject the Appleby of 1935 into that situation for anything on earth. It would be the last thing on earth you could do. I don't think the Appleby of '35 could have got clearance for it. I don't know.

Once or twice I have emphasized the fact that what I depicted as Henry Wallace's attitude was Henry Wallace's attitude then, at that time. I learned later that he changed his mind. That came about when months or possibly a year or two later General Westervelt sent me a copy of a letter from Henry Wallace to Jerome Frank which sounded enough like Henry for me to believe he had written it. In the letter he apologized almost abjectly and expressed the deepest regret over action which he felt was a mistake. This was written, as I recall it, within a few weeks after February 5th.

An effort was made immediately to place Jerome Frank in the Justice Department, without success. I thought he went to RFC and then to the Security and Exchange Commission (SEC), and then he got the federal judgeship. I think I may have heard some attempts to bring him back into the Department, from time to time. I think there was talk of bringing him back in as solicitor. I think that was the gossip. I don't recall. I didn't

think they were going to be able to do it or would do it. I don't think it impressed me too much. I just didn't think they'd do it. I can see where some friends of Jerome and people with a sympathetic ideology would love to have brought about such a thing, but I didn't think they'd be able to make it stick. I didn't take it seriously.

There is no truth to the statement that one of the reasons Frank was fired was due to the machinations of Howard Tolley, that Howard Tolley drove the wedge between Christgau and me and was responsible for getting rid of the whole bunch, that he was leaking to the Kiplinger news service and that his real plan was to make me Vice President or President. Certainly nothing of the sort ever occurred to me, or I never heard anything about it. That sounds like the kind of moonshine that could be heard. I think I could probably guess the authorship of that statement. Tolley really isn't that kind of a person. Tolley had no knowledge, whatever, of this thing. This hit Tolley with as much surprise as it hit Jerome Frank. There's no question about that. I didn't discuss this with Tolley. Tolley is a tolerant individual. That statement sounds like Gardner Jackson. That's exactly what it sounds like. It's just the kind of stuff he dreamed up and passed out.

Once or twice in Pearson's column there were references to my ambitions and what I proposed to do. I don't recall all



of them. Well, they did mention me once in connection with that very job - the Vice Presidency - derisively. The other one was a job they cooked up with Sears Roebuck and Company, which did develop subsequently into an offer. It certainly had not developed at this time. It was not in the picture, at all. There was a bona fide offer made in the summer of 1936, but it was not made in '35. Absolutely not!

The best evidence on the time that offer was made would be Westervelt. He's the man who brought General Robert E. Wood and me together at the Army and Navy Club in the summer of 1936 on my return from Europe. I listened to what they had to say and then subsequently told General Westervelt that I felt very much that I wanted to continue in public service, that while the opportunity to go on the Federal Reserve Board didn't mean as much financially as what he was talking about, it was more my kind of operation.

I can speculate on why such terrific emotion was generated by this episode. Here had been an unfolding conflict extending through the years, which reached a sudden and dramatic turn and affected some people who were riding high, wide and handsome. I'm not surprised there was emotion about it. Then if a wider range of speculation is permitted, if it is a fact that some of these people were in an underground Communist apparatus in Washington, it's obvious that it had significance far beyond

anything I thought at the time. I didn't talk about this very much. I think the only time I really had a sense of the deep emotion that might have existed was when Russell Lord sent me the draft of the chapter on the purge in his book The Wallaces of Iowa. The first draft was as completely off the beam as anything that's ever been written. He asked me to comment on it, and I wrote him and told him about it. He adopted some of my language - most of it, I think - in his revised chapter. When the galley proofs were out for advance review, a friend of Jerome's on one of the New York papers hustled it over to him and he moved very promptly to advise the publisher - who in turn yanked Russell Lord in there in a hurry - that to use the term "dishonest legal opinion", as I had done, with a respected member of the federal bench was direct libel and he was going to sock the publisher, Russell Lord, and me with a libel action for a specified sum of money - I forget what it was - if they published it. The violence of his reaction shocked me a little - surprised me. I had been inclined, myself, to consider that this was last year's crop and go on with this year's, and I hadn't paid a lot of attention to it. Paul A. Porter had sort of had a leg in both camps in this thing. He was a very brilliant operator, and had been so useful in riding the diverse elements in the cotton picture that I had made him an executive assistant, taking him out of the press division. When Frank

was appointed to the bench, Paul phoned me that the bunch were giving Jerome a dinner and suggested that I file a telegram, which I did. I had no rancor in Jerome Frank's case. If I'd brooded over this thing, I could have worked up quite a heat about it, but I didn't. The fact that I don't remember these things clearly indicates that I haven't gone back in my mind and tried to recreate what happened. I've sometimes wished I'd acted on George Peek's advice and not accepted the job unless I could have accepted it on a basis of complete reorganization of personnel. But it took a long while to let me see what the situation was.

After the purge I didn't have to pay so much attention to conflicts going on inside and could concentrate more on work. It eased things a great deal. The consumers counsel was fully as effective as it ever had been in representing the consumer's interest. It was less interested in internal politics than it had been before. As I recall it, the first man I asked to take Fred Howe's place was Thomas C. Blaisdell. Tom had been assistant to Fred Howe earlier, and I believe he had gone over to NRA with Mrs. Mary Rumsey, who was consumer's representative in NRA. I asked Tom to come. He felt he couldn't shift back. He was well entrenched and they were depending on him there. I then asked Calvin Hoover, who had been more or less in touch with what had gone on in consumers counsel. He was an economist at

MEMORANDUM

DATE February 1, 1964

TO: Oral History Research Office, Columbia University

Attention: Louis M. Starr, Director

FROM: CHESTER C. DAVIS

*both  
are to  
be kept  
ve* ( 29 new pages ( 389 to 409 inclusive) to  
replace 34 pages (389 to 423 inclusive)  
in original manuscript.

Purpose: to eliminate repetition and excess  
verbiage.

There were advantages to the regional program in states where numerous cash crops were being dealt with--wheat, cotton, corn and hogs, tobacco, rice, sugar beets and cane, and others. We weighed them and came out supporting the regional form of organization.

These meetings being held in January, 1935, did not provide the impulse leading to the farm legislation of early 1936; that came from the Supreme Court decision in the Hoosac Mills case which invalidated the processing tax.

Late in January, 1935, I took a field trip into the South, returning on the night of Friday, February 1, or the morning of the second. Without consulting records not available to me here I cannot tell you the hour, but I was in the office early on Saturday morning, February 2. I was immediately confronted by a development which was the immediate cause of the "purge", as some of the newspapers called it at that time-- that is, the enforced resignation of Jerome Frank, Lee Pressman, and a number of others from their posts in the AAA, the abolition of the office of AAA general counsel, and the transfer of the AAA legal division to the office of the solicitor of the Department of Agriculture.

The action that precipitated the "purge" was all but a fait accompli when I got back to the office. In my absence a telegram had been sent to all of the state cotton administrators telling them that a new legal opinion was about to be issued by the Department which would give a radically changed interpretation to Section 7 of the 1934-35 cotton contract. The telegram had actually been sent out by Paul Appleby in the name of the Secretary, during my absence. Victor Christgau, the AAA deputy administrator and acting administrator while I was away, had passed on it and approved it. I knew nothing whatever about it until I got to the office after my trip, but Christgau couldn't have been under any illusions at all as to my position; he knew I would not have approved it.

To fill this in, and without consulting any aids to memory that would help me fix dates and the exact sequence of events more clearly, let me tell what happened. On the morning of my return to the office, February 2, my first appointment was with my assistant, William E. Byrd Jr. I reviewed with him the developments during my

absence, as I customarily did with him, Miss Piper, and Frank Brown, the other assistant, to be brought up to date.

Byrd told me at once about the legal opinion. He said, "One thing took place of which we've just heard by grapevine, and it has me puzzled. None of us in the office knows anything about it, but perhaps you do. A telegram went out from Appleby over the Secretary's name to the state administrators in all cotton states telling them to stand by for a legal opinion relating to the 1934-35 cotton contract, which will have far-reaching consequences. I don't know what it refers to, though perhaps you do."

I had no knowledge of it, so I asked him to locate a copy of the opinion as soon as possible. At that time I had talked to no one except Byrd, and I had heard nothing of it while in the South. I don't recall the date the telegram bore, but it must have been sent out quite recently for nobody I had seen in the field had mentioned it. This was not, as you suggest, what brought me back to Washington. I had finished my trip, so I came back in.

When the opinion was located and I had read it, it was perfectly clear that if the Department went through with the line of action that would result from it, the consequences would be far-reaching and serious. For one thing, I was sure that Henry Wallace would be driven out of the Cabinet without question. After I had satisfied myself as to what the impact would be, I knew I should check with the Secretary as soon as possible. After that, I wanted to talk the whole situation over with the Solicitor of the Department, Seth Thomas, and with M.L. Wilson.

It seemed advisable to confine my consultation to those three until the course of action could be determined. Normally nothing was withheld from those in my inside office--my secretary Carol Piper, Bill Byrd, and Frank Brown--but in this case no one but the Secretary, Seth Thomas, and M.L. Wilson knew from me what was going on or that any action was pending until I had called for the ~~the~~ resignations on Tuesday, February 5.

Before following the sequence of events further, the interviews, and the actions that were taken, it is necessary to take a closer look at the legal opinion itself, and the meaning and history of Section 7 of the 1934-35 cotton contract to which the opinion proposed to give a new, revolutionary interpretation. The opinion held, in effect, that all tenants on land covered by the 1934-35 cotton contracts had legal right under the contract to the identical tenant relationship throughout the two-year life of the contract that existed when the contract went into effect. It sought to freeze the 1933 relationship throughout the life of the succeeding two-year contract, a contract that had already been in effect for half its term under a totally different interpretation of that clause.

It is important to look back at the time in 1933 and 1934 when we were hammering out the details of the 1934-35 contract. Toward the end of the drafting period we had been deadlocked, with meetings at least daily, for about six weeks because of this difficult question of how to protect to the maximum practicable extent the interests of the tenants in the drastic reduction of acreage we were making. We held up issuance and approval of the contract notwithstanding the pressure of time to get the contract out in the field, while I held daily conferences with the group concerned with the drafting, including Cully Cobb and associates of the Cotton section, Oscar Johnson of the cotton financial office, Alger Hiss representing the legal division, Paul A. Porter, my executive assistant for cotton, representatives from the office of consumers counsel, the Information office, and others who were in and out. I don't recall whether Calvin Hoover attended regularly. He had been examining the cotton operations for some time, but did not come into the AAA to work with me as chief of the consumers counsel office until after the Howe dismissal. Alger Hiss participated in all of the discussions.

When we finally worked out Section 7 it was agreed by all hands that it was the best compromise agreement we could get. At no time during the discussions did Alger Hiss ever suggest or recommend that a provision be inserted to require the contract signers to assume the legal liability to retain on the farm in status as tenants the identical tenants who were on the land when the contract went into effect.

It is also important to bear in mind that well over a million cotton

producers had voluntarily signed the 1934-35 cotton contract, and the provisions of Section 7 had been presented and thoroughly explained to them by representatives of the Department of Agriculture before they had signed. I will not attempt to explain here in detail the provisions of the section; suffice it to say that its meaning was clearly understood and not publicly questioned during the sign-up campaign, or in the first year of operations under the contract. In effect, while Section 7 sought to maintain on the farm with minimum displacement as many cotton workers as in 1933, no contract signer understood it to require him to retain as tenants the same individuals as had been there in 1933. Had such an interpretation been placed in the beginning on the section/as was now proposed, there would have been no sign-up. I make this explanation in order to make it clear why I read the new opinion, when we had secured a copy, with amazement and alarm.

When I made the first appointment to see Henry Wallace, I asked that we meet outside of his office. As I recall, it was on the afternoon of my return, February 2, after I had read the opinion. I was careful not to talk with him where his assistant, Paul Appleby, would learn what I was trying to do. It would have been unlikely that I called him by telephone for that reason, because Appleby would have been in on the conversation. If as you suggest Calvin Hoover dropped in about that time I might have asked him to make the appointment for me, but I did not discuss any contemplated action with Calvin. It is possible that I asked him to ask the Secretary if he could meet with me. Please let me explain that in the years that have intervened since then I have given little thought to the events of that period. Even if I had time now to check and fill in my recollections of the events ~~of that period~~, I doubt if I have helpful records at hand. All official papers were left behind in the Department of Agriculture; I kept no diary; and even the scrapbook volumes my secretary kept are in the Department of History of the University of Missouri. As of now I can only relate the events as I recall them, aided, of course, by my interviewer's surprisingly detailed card index of questions and suggestions. However, I look back with regret that I did not at the time dictate the running story of the events of early February, 1935.



But to get back to the narrative. The Secretary came over to the South building where the AAA offices were, and I met him in a little side room adjoining my office. There we had our talk. I told him of the telegram and its probable effect, and I believe made it clear that I couldn't continue to live with the situation that had developed in the Department.

I did not take the approach with the Secretary that I wanted to quit, as you suggest. I told him that the telegram sent to the field over his signature proposed a course of action that had not been cleared or even discussed with me, and I assumed that it hadn't been with him, either-- which was the fact. I said, "If the same ruling were applied to the state of Iowa, that is, if we had a two-year contract which had been in effect one year, and we proposed to make a retroactive determination under the guise of a legal opinion that gave tenants on the Iowa farms who had been tenants as of the date the contract started-- approximately one year earlier-- the vested legal right to remain as tenants on the respective farms for the life of the contract, what would you say?"

He said, "I'd say it was crazy. That's an utterly impractical, impossible thing."

I said, "Think how much worse it is when you project that into the explosive southern situation." I went on to ask, "Now, what's their motive. You know as well as I that no such thing is intended in Section 7; it was thoroughly understood with the legal division and consumers counsel just what was intended, and they agreed to it and approved it before we took the contract to the field; nobody's fooled about that. This is not what was intended, and it's a tortured interpretation of the language to hold so. If this goes into effect, it will set off forces that will drive you right out of the Cabinet. You won't be able to stay." I think Henry, at the time, agreed with me.

In this first conversation with the Secretary not much else was said. We agreed to think the situation over and meet on Monday. We did not discuss my quitting the job. There was not the slightest trace of "either that, or else\* \* " <sup>this</sup> in/or the subsequent talks we had before the action was taken, nor, in fact, at any time during my connection with the office.

That, in general, covers our preliminary talk. Over Sunday I talked with Solicitor Seth Thomas, and with M.L. Wilson, and by Monday I was clear as to the course I would

After the first talk with the Secretary I lost no time in getting hold of M.L. Wilson, and talking with him. The reason for this will be clear to anyone who has read my oral history to this point. For over 20 years he had been father confessor, adviser and friend. He had guided me in the most critical decisions I had faced during that period. M.L. was very grave about the situation. He had seen that things were moving toward this inevitable climax perhaps more clearly than I had, and he assented to the course I wanted to take. I do not mean that he recommended it. He did not try to dissuade me or to modify it in any way. He said he guessed that was what had to be done. I came away feeling that I had his moral support, and I guess that was what I wanted more than anything else.

I went alone to talk with Seth Thomas, the Solicitor of the Department, on Sunday. Our meeting was in his apartment in the Roosevelt Hotel. We talked at length about the legal situation in the Department, and I got clear in my mind on some aspects of the action I wanted to take. First I wanted to find out whether the Solicitor would be ready and willing to take over the AAA legal responsibilities in his Department on a day's notice or less. He said yes. He said it should have been done a long time ago. I hadn't been aware of it at the beginning of the AAA, but the solicitor's office had always felt that the whole legal division set-up under the general counsel was itself illegal. I had heard the question raised by men in the Solicitor's office some time before this, however, and I felt when I went to see Seth Thomas that there was good legal reason for doing what I was going to propose. But I hadn't been aware of it, for example, when George Peek was having his difficulties with Jerome. If I had been I might have advised George differently. Solicitor Thomas, and John P. Wenchel, his deputy, were both quite clear that the organic law creating the Department of Agriculture unqualifiedly placed the responsibility for all legal activities in the Department upon the Solicitor, and that in setting up an independent general counsel in the Triple-A we were not complying with the law.

I am sure that the Solicitor and the regular lawyers in the Department--all of them--had watched the growing disposition of the legal division of the AAA to

direct policy rather than confine itself to legal advice and action, with alarm. They had watched other developments under the general counsel with uneasiness, and I am sure that they, figuratively, gave three cheers over the prospect of getting Jerome Frank, Lee Pressman, and some of the others, out of the Department.

So I was completely reassured on that score. There wouldn't be any hiatus. The legal function would be taken over by the Solicitor without causing a ripple of disturbance in the operation of the Triple-A. And a lot of free-wheeling young lawyers would be subject to Department discipline they hadn't had before.

At some time during this period and before action was taken on Tuesday, I talked with Secretary Wallace and Solicitor Thomas together regarding the history of Section 7 of the cotton contract, and the validity of the proposed opinion as against the interpretation given during the first year of operation. The Solicitor was emphatic in his judgment that the proposed opinion was unjustifiable and unreasonable, and that the consequences of attempting to apply it to the 1934-35 contracts would be as serious as I had represented. If the Secretary had any doubts on the matter, he did not express them at that meeting.

Secretary Wallace and I were alone when I recommended the course to take. That meeting was on Monday, February 4, just the two of us in his office. He did not require any convincing that something had to be done. He certainly did not give any evidence in any of our talks that he regarded the situation lightly. His attitude can be described as one question, "What can we do?" In this meeting I told him that if he were willing to stay out of it, and let me handle it, I would be delighted to do it. When we discussed details, I named a few of the key men I felt had to go. Those I named do not add up to the sum total of those who left, by any means. I named Jerome Frank. It was under his general shelter that a cluster of trouble-makers had assembled. While in personal contact with me Jerome had apparently been cooperative, the actions in his division which I called disruptive and disloyal could not have been taken without his approval. He was part of it. He was the head and the heart. Lee Pressman was active and aggressive. He was considered the number two man in the general counsel's office. I was determined that I did not want any more of either of them.

The two men in the Consumers Counsel whose resignations I asked for were the head, Fred Howe, and Gardner Jackson, his assistant. I asked for Fred Howe's resignation for the same general reason that applied to Jerome. In his case he was sheltering, more or less innocently I believe, a small group of men who were bad medicine, in my opinion. They had no loyalty whatever to the Agricultural Adjustment Act or its administrators.

In the legal division I mentioned Francis M. Shea, who was head of the Opinions section at the time. I also told the Secretary that I was not going to continue Victor Christgau as deputy administrator if the heads of the important operating divisions of the AAA backed me up; I proposed to handle that problem in a little different way. I did not recommend firing Christgau.

I do not recall that I mentioned any others in my specific recommendations for dismissal, although others were discussed as we went along. There was a young woman in the legal division who had been very active in this and similar moves in the legal division. Another we discussed in the legal division was Victor Rotem. I expressed the hope that they would get out. I figured that when we put an end to the independent legal division and dismissed the general counsel and his chief aide, and when we brought in responsible and objective men to head Consumers' Counsel, we could shake the thing down to manageable proportions.

At the conclusion of this talk I also told the Secretary, "There are two men in your own office, Henry, who are in this up to their necks, and if they were working under me and if I had the authority, I would fire them too. They are Appleby and Baldwin." The Secretary made no direct reply to that suggestion.

In this conversation with the Secretary he gave unqualified agreement and approval to the action I outlined. He certainly did not express any opposition to it. Our conversation dealt mostly with the question of who would have to go. He had asked what could be done, and I had told him, "You just let me handle it, if you will." He most certainly did not say "I do not want you to handle it," or anything of the sort. I had no doubt since our first conversation in my office, before I had proposed any remedy, that he was seriously alarmed by the sit-

uation. I had no thought that he might object to my handling it, and he did not. In this, our second, talk I had laid it on the line and there had been no holding back on Henry's part. Months later I learned that after the action had been taken and the reorganization completed, He did change his mind, and I have never had the explanation why.

On the following day--Tuesday--I had a number of important interviews, and leading off with Jerome Frank, and Fred Howe, and then as fast as I could see them a flood of people who came in to ask questions or express their points of view on what had taken place.

I will start with Jerome, with whom I began the day. He did not impress me as particularly surprised, but he asked "why?" and I told him that the legal opinion which I called "dishonest" had brought us to the breaking point; that I had been under the continuous strain of policing hostile and embarrassing activities within the Department, the AAA, and that to end them we were abolishing his office, that of general counsel, and transferring the legal division to the office of the Solicitor where it belonged. I told him I wanted his resignation, asking him at the same time to get Lee Pressman's for me, too, and I handed him the resignation forms.

He pressed me for my full reasons, and I recall saying, "Well, I'll try to make it brief. We've worked together for a long time. I've had the chance to watch you, and I think you are an outright revolutionary, whether you realize it or not. You are using the AAA in every way you can to stir up all the forces you can bring to bear in favor of political and other action toward the ends you seek, which I am quite sure by now are not the ends sought in the Agricultural Adjustment Act. Some of your goals do not fall within the intentions of that Act. The Secretary has agreed that it has to end, and that this is the way to do it."

He left the office, and of course that is when the feverish activity to reach Tugwell started. I will discuss that a bit later. It wasn't until six o'clock that afternoon that he returned to say he had misplaced the resignation form I had given him, and asking if I had another. This he signed and gave to me.

In the meantime Lee Pressman had come in, as soon as Jerome had spoken to him, and he took a surprising tack. He said, "Well, sir, I think you've done exactly the right thing. You've taken just the course that should be taken. What amazes me is that you haven't done it before. But what I want to ask you is, why me? Haven't I been cooperative? Haven't I been carrying the load around here and doing everything possible? I think the action you're taking is alright, but I just ask you not to include me. I don't think I belong in it."

It was a disarming approach and I might have been disposed to listen to it except for two interviews that had just preceded it. Howard Tolley had dropped by early to express satisfaction with what had been done, but to ask, "Chester, why Lee Pressman? After all, he's carrying the litigation in the important cases over marketing agreements. It will disrupt things terribly to let Lee go. Why can't you let him carry on for the present, and take a look at it later?" I had told him I would think about it, for I had great respect for Tolley's judgment.

Almost immediately after he left, Phil Wenchel came in. He was the assistant solicitor, and the liaison between the Solicitor and AAA. He was happy over what he had heard, but he came in especially to warn me about Lee Pressman. He said, "Some rumors are going around of a drive to get you to relent in Lee Pressman's case. I want to tell you that I have watched this thing closely, and Pressman is more nearly the heart and center than Jerome or anyone else you can put your finger on. Don't weaken on that."

I called Pressman in shortly after that and told him, "What you say may be true, but I'm basing my judgment on what I have experienced and seen, and on the company you keep. As far as I'm concerned, you're out."

I felt very sorry for Fred Howe, who came in with tears in his eyes. He said, "I know you've had lots of trouble, but my God, this is a blow to me!" I told him I felt that his responsibility for Consumers Counsel had been wholly neglected; that he had let some of his subordinates run away with the show and did not control it at all. But I told him we would try to find another place for him so that he would not be affected financially. Fred was broke. We did arrange continuing employment, but not with a bunch of conspirators clustered under him.

Christgau's case bothered me a good deal because I liked Vic. The worst I thought of him was that he had been stupid. I wanted help on this, so I asked a "jury of his peers" to talk it over in the conference room then come back and tell me what they thought should be done about him. There were Jesse Tapp, Howard Tolley, Al Stedman, and I think some others who were heads of important commodity operations. Stedman was chief of the Information office, and knew what was going on in all of the AAA. You ask about D.P. Trent. He had come in under the earlier reorganization to head the Commodities division, but I think perhaps he had gone by that time. There were six or eight men in that conference. They knew the facts. They had worked with him, and they knew what has happened in this case. The question I wanted answered was whether Vic Christgau should be continued as deputy administrator. They returned with the unanimous recommendation that I retain Vic if he wanted to stay, but not as deputy administrator. So I called Vic in and told him that was the decision.

In my talk with Vic, I said, "It is incredible that letting this legal opinion get by with your approval was an innocent act on your part, but I am willing to give you the benefit of the doubt and conclude it was an act of stupidity. But you can not be left in position to repeat a thing like that; I wouldn't feel safe to leave you in charge when I am away. If you like you can work out some other function in the AAA, but you're through as deputy administrator." He resigned shortly thereafter.

Gardner Jackson did not come in to see me. I talked with Victor Rotnem, a somewhat obscure figure in the legal division, at some length, but it was unsatisfactory. I had not intended to do more in his case than admonish him, but he was hostile and combative, and the agreement was "get the hell out", and that's what Rotnem did.

I did not ask ~~for~~ Alger Hiss to resign. Alger was then on leave with pay serving the Senate Munitions Investigations committee. Burt Wheeler, Senator from Montana, had telephoned me some time before saying that they were operating with small appropriations, and asking if we could lend them some help from our

legal division. He asked directly for Alger Hiss, and I said "Let me check and see." I cleared it with the general counsel's office, then I talked to the Secretary about it, and with his consent we had approved the loan of Hiss to this committee.

But one of the things I discovered when on my return I read the legal opinion was that Alger Hiss had initialed it. As far as I knew he had not drafted it. Word around the office was that Margaret Bennett had done the actual drafting. The significant thing was that Alger Hiss had come down from his office on the Hill and had approved the opinion. It shocked me to find his initials there. If anyone in the Department had reason to know what the language of Section 7 meant and was intended to mean, it was Alger Hiss who had participated in the discussion of it for weeks, who had helped draft it, who had approved and signed it.

I'll give you the contemporary view of Alger Hiss as the operators in the AAA knew him. He was already in the Department when I arrived in May, 1933, and he was assigned to the production division when it was set up shortly thereafter. He was a lean, hungry-looking, eager young man who seemed too busy to get his hair cut, or take time off for anything but work. From May, 1933, to the day he reported to the Senate Munitions committee in late 1934 or early 1935 I had probably seen and worked with Hiss more than any other man in the legal division because he did the bulk of the work in the production division where I started. I've thought back over it many times in view of later developments, and I'm sure I saw no evidence of intellectual dishonesty until I found his initials on that legal opinion. He had been a tireless worker, apparently straightforward and eager to cooperate. My associates and I did not consider Hiss as one of the trouble-making radicals in the AAA.

So as soon as I got time after the fifth of February I called Hiss and asked him to come in to see me. I opened up with, "Alger, you know as well as I do that this new Section 7 interpretation is a dishonest legal opinion. Why in hell did you approve it? Of all the men in the legal division you are in the best position to know that it is dishonest."

He said, "The language can be interpreted the way the opinion proposes."

I said, "Of course it can if you want to torture language, but you know damn well it doesn't mean that and was never intended to. You sat through every



meeting we had. You know how the contract was explained to the producers, and how it has been interpreted for a full year. Why in the hell did you do it. I want to know?

He got a little stiff, and said, "If you call that a dishonest legal opinion I suppose you are asking for my resignation."

I replied, "No, I'm not. I'm just serving notice on you that you'll never get a chance to do anything like that again, because we're getting things under control in the AAA. I'm giving you the chance to tell me why you did it." That was about the conclusion. He did resign shortly afterward, as did quite a few others in the legal division, including John Abt and, of course, Lee Pressman, who along with Hiss were publicly identified with the Communist party.

The one thing that surprised me most at the time and in the week or two before Hiss resigned was the amount of space the newspapers gave to Alger Hiss. I had never thought of him except as an able lawyer in the legal division, yet it became clear from the attention that centered on the question, "Would Hiss resign?" that there were many people around Washington thinking of him in much different terms. "Was Hiss going to resign, or was he not?" That speculation ran through the papers for days after the rest of the men had resigned. I know I left the Triple-A without knowing why there was all the furor about it. He was either the smartest operator around, or else we were all completely blind and deaf.

Now that communism in the Department of Agriculture or elsewhere in government has been mentioned, it may be well to clear up any question there may be on such contemporary views on the subject as I remember having then. Bear in mind that the United States had just resumed diplomatic relations with Russia; that far-off country appeared to have enough troubles at home to keep the Russians busy there; Hitler's rise was causing uneasiness, but we were trying to work out serious domestic problems, and while some people may have sensed that World War II was just over the horizon I am sure most of us were not aware of it.

Looking back, I remember just three times when I heard Communism in the United States mentioned seriously, once before and twice during the period in

1935 we have been discussing.

The first time was when Dr. William Wirt who was, I believe, an educator from Indiana who had come to Washington in some connection or other, released his "exposure" of radical left-wingers, possibly communists, in government departments, including Agriculture. He reported conversations he had listened to at cocktail parties and other social gatherings which had led him to believe that a bunch of eager young communists had invaded Washington, many of them in the Department of Agriculture. Part of what he said was not altogether new to me, although it became clearer as time went on. I began to realize that there were many tireless men mostly new in government who constituted a loose, informal group drawn together, I felt, by affinity of ideas, who did enjoy meeting at cocktail parties and the like where they enthusiastically discussed ways and means to speed the shake-up in the existing order to get rid of aspects they did not like, and to build one that suited them better. But I did not then associate them with with communism or communists.

One time the word "communist" was used during the February shape-up in the AAA was when Paul R. Preston, who was in charge of mail and files in the AAA, came in to ask me if I had any reason to suspect that Gardner Jackson was a communist. He told me that some of Gardner's communications, mail, and contacts seemed to indicate he may have had some such connection. The only thing I did about that was to ask C.T. Forster, the head of the Department's secret service, to pick up Jackson's office files. That was the day after I had received his resignation. But I was a little late on that. Forster moved the night I spoke to him, but the files were gone. There was nothing to look at.

I have mentioned this to just one other person. That was some time in the mid-forties when Drew Pearson called me by telephone in St Louis at the time when the Hiss affair was beginning to look serious for Alger. Pearson asked me if I had had any idea in 1935 that Hiss might have been a member of the Communist party. I told him I had not. Then, to get a rise out of him, I said, "The only person I heard mentioned in that connection was a buddy of yours--Pat Jackson. I had an inquiry about him." He sputtered a bit at the other end of the wire. I have no evidence to support that, and never did have.

- 7 -

The other time the term "communist" was mentioned was in one of my conversations with Secretary Wallace. It was when we were discussing some names of men to be asked to resign. At one point he looked off in the distance, and after a moment said in the sort of "thinking aloud" manner he sometimes used, "Chester, I just can't go along with the Communists; they don't believe in God."

In fairness to Henry, I can report that he has forgotten that he made this remark. In fact, in a telephone talk with him in the late 'forties he assured me he had never said it, and asked me to issue a denial of it in connection with a story that appeared in an obscure publication before he called me.

To dispose of the question whether suspected suspected communist affiliations played any part in the resignations in 1953, let me say, they did not. As to whether they contributed anything to the widespread interest and emotion over the dismissals, one can only speculate. If it is a fact that some of these people were in an underground apparatus in Washington, it is obvious that it had significance far beyond anything I realized at the time.

Before closing the book on "the purge" and turning to other matters, a number of incidents or observations have been called to my attention by my interviewer, Deane Albertson, listed on his apparently endless supply of reference cards. The relevance of some of them to what we have been discussing is not clear, but what I say may supplement, or support, or contradict what has been said in other Oral Histories of the period, so they may have pertinence I am not aware of. What follows for the next few pages may be lumped together as a series of aftermath or sidelights, with no thought to cohesion or order.

As to Rex Tugwell, and his part in this. He was in Florida at the time it broke. It isn't that I did not know he was away, but his absence had nothing to do with the timing of events. I did not think about it at the time, but I was told during the day of action that his friends were trying desperately to get hold of Rex and get him back to Washington. Whether he could have changed events had he been there, either by appeal to the White House or by influence over the Secretary I do not know. I think he would not have influenced Henry Wallace at that time.

Whether he might have secured an order from the White House--a stay of action-- I do not know.

I do not know when Rex Tugwell returned to Washington. I do not recall any difficulty about his attending AAA staff meetings, therefore cannot confirm reports of current activity on his part to iron them out. There certainly had been no bar to his attendance at any time. The actions we have been discussing were not discussed or taken at AAA staff meetings.

The only direct contact I had with Paul Appleby during that period was the meeting on Sunday, February 10, at my home-- a meeting that lasted much of the day. It was an agonizing affair, distressing, I am sure, to both of us. We kept going over the same ground again and again. Paul had sent the telegram, had participated in the plans of the group which decided on and drafted the revised interpretation of Section 7, and I wanted to find out "why?" He said nothing that explained or defended his part in the affair. Our talk got us exactly nowhere. Let me repeat here what I've already made clear. At no time had I intended to do more in Appleby's case than to warn the Secretary. He was definitely the Secretary's man, though I think perhaps as a budget matter he was carried on the AAA payroll. But I had no authority in Paul's case, and I felt I did have both responsibility and authority in the case of the others.

Our talk did nothing to dispel my conviction that Paul Appleby had developed into a potent wire-puller on policy and personnel matters within the AAA. That was the reason why, later, I hadn't wanted him named as the chief Point-4 man in India. I do not know Paul's present inclinations or disposition, but there's an explosive situation in India, and I want to see the Appleby of 1935 injected into it. In fact, I do not think the Appleby of 1935 could have got clearance for it.

As to the press conference, we held that on the day following the resignations. I have the transcript somewhere. Looking back I can see that it was a very lame affair. We weren't completely candid about the situation, although Al Stedman, the AAA press chief, had insisted that the thing to do was to meet all questions head-on. Russell Lord's excellent book, "The Wallaces of Iowa," describes the conference at length, and quotes freely from it. It was the largest press conference ever held

in connection with the AAA; a lot of reporters were there who didn't ordinarily show up; the Secretary's office could not hold them all. I remember Bob Allen of the Washington Merry-Go-Round came in late. He hit the back rows of standing people like a plunging fullback, plowed his way up as far as he could, and commenced shouting at the Secretary, "What gives here? What is this all about?"

Secretary Wallace and I had talked it over before the conference began, with Stedman sitting in coaching. We had agreed to follow the general line that the action was taken for greater harmony and more effective administration; that these men, after all were not particularly farm-minded; that our job could be done better and with much less conflict if we had men to work with who were more directly concerned with the farm problem than Jerome, for example.

The questions as they developed centered especially on Jerome. As one looks over the transcript of that conference it is quite a record of fielding questions and saying as little as we could. What it did accomplish was to give the press a chance to ask questions, which dealt with personalities rather than specific issues. I believe no one referred to the cotton contract interpretation which had triggered the reorganization.

Now to more of the aftermath. An effort was immediately made to place Jerome Frank in the Justice Department, without success. He first went to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (RFC), and then to the Securities Exchange Commission (SEC). Then he was appointed to the federal judgeship. I think I may have heard of some movement to bring him back into the Department of Agriculture as Solicitor, but it got nowhere. I think no one took it seriously except a few of Jerome's friends.

Some time after his appointment to the bench I received from Russell Lord the galley proof of the chapter, "The Purge" from his forthcoming book, "The Wallaces of Iowa." That draft <sup>was</sup> completely off the beam. He asked me to comment on it, which I did at some length. He adopted some of my language in the revised chapter. When the revised proofs were out for advance review, a friend of Jerome's on one of the New York papers rushed it over to him, and he moved very promptly to warn the publisher (who in turn got Russell Lord in immediately)

that to use the term "dishonest legal opinion" in connection with a respected member of the federal judiciary was direct libel, and that he would file libel action against the published, Russell Lord, and me if it were published. The chapter was revised, but it is still a pretty good report on what happened and why.

The violence of Jerome's reaction surprised me a little. I had been inclined to consider what happened as last year's crop, and to go on with this year's.

You ask about the telegram I had sent Jerome upon his appointment as federal judge. That was done at the suggestion of Paul A. Porter. Paul, in a way, had a leg in each camp at the time of the "purge." He was a brilliant, effective operator who had been so helpful in helping bring together the diverse elements in the cotton picture that I had made him an executive assistant, taking him out of the information division. He was a lawyer as well as a newspaperman. When Jerome was appointed, Paul 'phoned me that a bunch of his friends were giving him a dinner, and suggested that I send a telegram, which I did-- a Kipling quotation which Russell Lord quotes in full in "Wallaces of Iowa."

I felt no rancor in Jerome Frank's case. If I had brooded over this thing I suppose I could have worked up some heat about it, but I didn't. The fact that I do not remember clearly some of the things you bring up indicates that I haven't devoted much time to mulling over what happened. However, at times I have wished I had taken George Peek's advice, and declined to take the administrator's job except on the basis of a complete reorganization of personnel. But it took me quite awhile to see what the situation was.

After "the purge" I could pay less attention to inside conflicts, and could concentrate more on work. It eased things a great deal. The Consumers Counsel was fully as effective as it had ever been in representing consumer interests. It was less interested in internal politics than it had been before. I first asked Thomas C. Blaisdell to take Fred Howe's place. Tom had been assistant to Fred earlier, but had gone over to NRA with Mrs. Mary Rumsey, its consumer representative. Tom felt he could not shift back. I then asked Calvin Hoover, the economist from Duke University, who was familiar with the work of Consumers Counsel,

While I consulted with John D. Black of Harvard many times I was not aware that he had written a letter to Secretary Wallace at this time saying he had become alarmed over an impending crisis in the AAA, and suggesting that the Secretary do everything he could to keep me from quitting. You say his letter referred especially to the milk situation in Boston. Doctor Black may well have written such a letter. We were constantly having trouble with the milk agreements. They were difficult ones to handle because of a combination of tough circumstances. Organized labor in the milk drivers' union was a factor that largely fixed distribution costs. The milk producer cooperatives placed maximum returns to the dairy farmers in their milkshed as first consideration, and were disposed to deal gently with the milk distributors and labor in order to keep milk flowing in normal channels without interruption. We had that situation to face all the time. It resulted in compromise over every marketing agreement we put in effect; without it there would have been no agreements. That was a condition, not a theory. There were many elements of discord in the picture.

Taking up the next question: there is no truth to the claim you report that the real reason Jerome Frank was fired was the scheming of Howard Tolley; that Howard drove a wedge between Christgau and me; that he was responsible for the dismissals; that he was feeding misleading information to the Kiplinger Service; and, most ridiculous of all, that his real plan was to maneuver me into some political position, vice-president, for example.

There is no basis in fact for such a report. It is pure moonshine, and I can guess its authorship. The statement sounds like Gardner Jackson. It's the kind of stuff he dreamed and passed out. Howard Tolley was not that kind of a person. He had too much constructive work to do. As to responsibility for the "purge", I can tell you that he had no advance knowledge of what happened. The action taken hit him as a surprise just as it hit Jerome Frank. I did not discuss it with him at any time prior to the resignations. Above all, Tolley was a tolerant individual. He could get along with conflicting interests if anyone could.

While this frivolous charge against Tolley never reached me, on the other hand I had been told many times that a record was being compiled by Appleby, Frank, and those close to them in the Department, to be used against Tapp, Tolley, and others-- a record of isolated meetings, contacts, etc., which taken out of context and given a sinister twist, could be slipped out to certain newspaper columnists for use as occasion arose. Tapp and Tolley were only two of the targets. Others had already resigned. Poor old Guy Shepherd was one. His crime was that he had been a meat packer. Gardner Jackson made him a particular target.

Once or twice in Drew Pearson's column, the "Washington Merry-Go-Round", reference was made to what I proposed to do on leaving the Department, and to alleged political ambitions. I don't recall of them. One had mentioned me-- derisively-- for the office you mentioned--the vice-presidency. Another Pearson column reported that I was leaving the Department for a \$50,000-a-year job with Sears Roebuck & Company. At the time no mention of a connection with Sears had ever been made. Over a year later a bona fide offer was made to on behalf of Sears, though not for that kind of money. General Westervelt brought General Robert E. Wood (Sears board chairman) and me together at the Army and Navy Club in Washington in the summer of 1936 after the Soil Conservation & Domestic Allotment Act had been passed, I had completed a trade study trip in Europe for the President, and was ready to leave the AAA. I was interested in what they said, but subsequently told General Westervelt that I wanted to continue in public service, and that while the opportunity to go on the Federal Reserve Board did not mean as much financially as what he had proposed, it seemed more appropriate for me.



In describing my meetings with Secretary Wallace, and the agreements we reached and carried out during that first week of February, 1935, I have emphasized the fact that what I depicted as his attitude was Henry Wallace's attitude then, at that time. I have reason to believe that he changed his mind later, although I have not had a good opportunity to discuss it with him, and can only relate the information that came to me a year or so after the "purge." General Westervelt sent me the copy which had come into his possession of a letter Henry had written Jerome within a few weeks after February, 1935 in which he expressed unqualified apology and deep regret over the action we had taken, which he felt was a mistake.

During the remainder of my year or more in the Department of Agriculture I was not aware that the events of that month had affected my relationship with Secretary Wallace in any way. We worked together closely in harmony to secure the needed amendments to the Adjustment Act, and then, after the Hoosac Mills supreme court decision, to secure enactment of the Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act as the basis for continuing operation. That cooperation was necessary. He was Secretary of Agriculture, and the law was operated and continued to be operated in his name. While we continued to be friendly and cooperative, we were probably not as sympatico as before. I think that was due to the fact that he was beginning to show signs of the pressure to lead him into political activity on his own behalf. You could see the signs though he resisted the pressure very manfully, I thought. By political pressure I mean the constant work that was going on around Henry to convince him that he was the Messiah for the under-privileged, and that in that role and along that route a glorious political future lay before him.

That's what I mean by political pressure. I always thought the two boys right in his own office were the most active promoters of this - Appleby and Baldwin. I think in late '35 and early '36 it became fairly obvious in his beginning to detach himself from the men who had been close to him in the past. That had been going on. The pressure had been on to put the wedge in between the Secretary and the Farm Bureau, the Extension Service, and the land grant colleges. They were, as I saw it, necessary and important partners in the operation we were doing. In '35 Wallace tended away from those organizations and more toward cooperation with the Farmers Union, which I am quite sure they thought of as the farm organization which would be built up in very close cooperation with the administration - not only in the Department of Agriculture, but generally.

There was a constant effort to get the AAA amendments through. The chief thing we were seeking was the power to license and order rather than to operate on voluntary agreements. We had had difficulty over the books and records clause. We had insisted that the processors and manufacturers accept that voluntarily. They just wouldn't do so because they claimed they were signing away legal rights they might otherwise exercise in determining to what extent the search of their books and records might go. They were always willing to go to the fullest extent necessary to determine whether the operation was conducted according to the

agreement and to check all of the effects of that operation. They were not willing, however, to agree, themselves, to an unlimited right to go into their books and records. On the other hand, they said it was perfectly agreeable to them if we would put them under license, order them to do these things, and then to the extent that they felt a search of books and records was improper, they could resist it, under the law, and let the law determine what the rights were.

In trying to get that through, it was a lot more difficult to convince members of Congress that it wasn't some sinister attempt to override private interests than it was to convince the manufacturers, who had been harrassed on this question and now saw in this a way in which we could get going on the attempt to stabilize some of the commodities. They didn't make so much trouble. On first reading, it just looked like a God-awful extension of federal powers over private business. That, of course, was the basis of Senator Byrd's opposition during that period. It wasn't so bad. He fought the amendments, but that, of course, was his perfect right. I'd see him occasionally and we discussed it.

I recall the delay in getting the amendments out of the Senate Committee on Agriculture. Senator Smith - Cotton Ed - in particular was slow to move on that one. I used to go up to see Cotton Ed. He always was very friendly to me. I'd appeared

before his committee almost endlessly, and would sit beside him. He was very bitter about what he considered the insulting attitude of the administration in ignoring him and overlooking him. He was at that time - or claimed to be - the Senator with the longest continuous record of service in the body. He would say, "Davis, what they do to me they wouldn't do to a dog," and then he'd go on and tell it. We used to sit in his office. He loved to quote poetry and he loved to quote from the classics. He had had a good classical education. He could give you Greek or he could give you Latin. Since I had had a little of each, I'm satisfied he did them correctly. It wasn't just mouthing. Robert "Bobbie" Burns was one of his favorites. He loved to put his feet up on the radiator - I'd put mine up beside him - and then he'd talk poetry and quote from the classics and relax.

Now this was a perfectly trivial thing, but I think Cotton Ed warmed up more as a result of one little thing that happened during the hearings on the amendments. I'd been testifying and was seated on his left. He was at the head of the table. Senators would come in and out, and sometimes when they were really interested in what was going on they'd ask that the witness just hold up until they could return, saying that they had to go and check in at some other committee meeting and record their presence there and would be right back. Some of the more important agricultural Senators like Senator Arthur Capper and

Senator Peter Norbeck felt they had the right to ask that, and it was granted. So we hit one of those pauses. Senator Smith was sitting beside me and we were chatting. He was a voracious tobacco chewer. He just worked at it all the time. This day when we hit the pause I leaned over and I said, "Senator, this is pretty dry work. Will you give me a chew of your tobacco?" He beamed and took out a plug, and I cut off a piece and took it, and we used the same cuspidor and worked at it until the Senators came back. I think he always liked me a little more because of that.

I had chewed tobacco before, out in Montana when I'd go fishing and hunting. Smoking isn't so much good outdoors. You can't smoke a cigarette. So I, along with everybody else, used to stick a piece of chewing tobacco under my lip and go to work on it. I think the Senator felt that was the human touch. I don't know. Anyway, the amendments got out. I don't know whether that had anything to do with it or not.

I think the following report from Orville Merton Kile's book, The Farm Bureau Through Three Decades, is double-jointed:

Davis told of a mysterious agricultural industries conference whose makeup was secret and unidentified, and it was stirring up publishers of weekly and daily newspapers by threats that Triple-A amendments would deprive news publications of advertising revenues.

I suspected some people of spreading a story that the processors were going to withdraw advertising if the amendment was passed.

I don't ever recall talking to Kile, and I certainly didn't say anything of the sort in a Senate or House hearing. As a matter of fact, the processors with whom we were likely to deal were the canners who dealt with the specialty crops out in the West, the meat packers because we were always trying to find some way to handle meat that would be a simpler way than the old corn-hog program, and then, of course, sugar and tobacco. There was no relation between the debate over the Triple-A amendments and the march on Washington on May 14 of Farm Bureau farmers. I'm not sure but what the Bankhead amendment was coming up, but that had never been incorporated as a part of what we in the Department were fighting for. I never liked it. That put marketing quotas on cotton. But that was not incorporated as a part of our own program. That was Senator Bankhead's baby.

This march on Washington was not on behalf of any amendments or any particular legislation. It wasn't asking for anything. It wasn't Farm Bureau. It was Cully Cobb. I remember very distinctly Cully came in and he said, "You know, Chestah" - he has this Georgia accent - "the people from the cotton states would like to send some folks down to Washington just to come down there to call on the President, call on the Secretary, call on you, call on the others, just to express their appreciation of what's been done for them, and not to ask for anything." That was the genesis of the so-called March on Washington. I

warned Mr. Cobb that the thing was loaded with dynamite, but as it was presented and conceived it wasn't nearly as big as it finally turned out to be. The bulk of it was in the South, and Cobb was the grand commander of it.

I remember the occasion very well. We at least arranged to have Constitution Hall, where different men in the agricultural administration addressed them. The Secretary spoke. I spoke. We arranged to have them all call on the President, and believe me, that drove the secret service men white-headed. They arranged that the President would greet some of the leaders in the downstairs reception room, and then the portico would be thrown open which looks out over what really is the front of the White House - the side opposite Pennsylvania Avenue, looking out on the ellipse - and the farmers who were not selected to greet the President up on the porch and in the reception room would be massed out there, and he'd speak to them. They did, but that was a lot of people. I don't remember how many. There must have been a thousand of them but I don't think that there were as many as three thousand. I talked to Roosevelt before about it, and told him precisely what it was conceived to be. That was not a march on behalf of the Triple-A amendment.

Gully Cobb is quite an amazing person. He has a very lucrative printing business. I don't think he's any longer in the newspaper or farm magazine business. He prints large jobs,

like telephone directories. He's doing very well. Cobb just said that the boys wanted to come in and they wanted to say thank you, and that's all they wanted to do. Most of them paid their own way. A lot of these fellows had plenty of money. I'm sure Cully Cobb's psychology was that nothing could be more calculated to impress Congressmen than a bunch of farmers coming down, not asking for anything but just coming down to say, "Thank you for what you done." I know it worried me because I didn't know to what extremes these people might go. The government didn't pay their expenses down there. The Farm Bureau had nothing in particular to do with it. The Farm Bureau, while it's reasonably strong in the South, is not entrenched there. Its strength is really in the northcentral states and in the northeast. It wasn't the Farm Bureau. I think that the cotton sections boys had a lot to do with it. It was primarily cotton. Cully Cobb is quite a fellow. He's a tall lank Georgian with a deep south accent. I don't know that Cully originated the idea, but Cully was certainly the man who spoke to me. So far as I know, Cully was the Washington end of the march on Washington. Plenty of enthusiastic cotton people in the South picked it up and went ahead. They were appreciative. They thought something had been done. They credited the Triple-A for it probably beyond what the Triple-A merited. Many factors were at work in the picture.



At the time, the Soil Conservation Service's coming back into the Department had no effect on me. It belonged there. I don't know that it made any impression on me. I had a considerable interest in what they were doing. I had watched the development with interest because the need for it was apparent. Its return didn't mean a thing to me. After the Hoosac Mills decision throwing the processing tax out, it achieved prominence. We were, through the replacement crop section and otherwise, working for the constructive productive use of land taken out of these cash crops. While this promised to have - and since has had - an indirect influence in moving the South, particularly, toward livestock, thus indirectly creating more competition for the northwest, it still was the thing to do, and we had been working on that. The Soil Conservation Service was approaching it from another angle. I had studied some, during that period - although I may always be a little wrong as to just when the timing was - the model state laws for soil conservation districts, which was the keystone of the arch of the Soil Conservation Service. I was quite interested in it. M.L. was one of the men with whom I discussed those uniform state laws.

The Resettlement Administration's being set up outside the Department didn't have any effect on me, but it just struck me as terrible organization. It irritated the Secretary. It was still more and more this business of having an under secretary who has outside responsibility and who reports directly to

the President, which is not good organization. I never felt that Tugwell directly was on my back. My chief complaint about Tugwell was that he was the shelter for a lot of fellows who were. He never was offensive personally or officially. He never went after me. He never attempted to interfere much directly that I saw, and I certainly didn't attempt to interfere with him. He was extremely pleasant. In some respects it was easier to go to Tugwell when he was acting Secretary and get things clear than it was to get by the outer guard in Henry Wallace's office. It improved some after Beanie Baldwin got out of that office.

Jim LeCron and Milo Perkins had come in as assistants to the Secretary. I don't think that made things any easier for me. I think it didn't make a great deal of difference, although I believe Fapp and Tolley - some of the boys who had more to do with them in getting an order or an agreement or some document cleared than I did - felt that Perkins was a good man to work with and through, that he could understand and did understand. I had that feeling myself. If I pushed for direct access to the Secretary, I could get it. I'd just simply say, "I've got to see him," and there certainly was no closed door on Henry's part. Those under me might have preferred to deal with Perkins or with Jim LeCron rather than with Appleby. I have that impression. Around a Secretary's office things become specialized,

anyway. Perkins may have been one who was doing more with the Triple-A as time went on. I'm not quite sure about that. I have an idea the boys who were doing the clearing - the deputy administrator, the heads of the important divisions - sought to find the way they could get to the Secretary with the least delay for approval of these documents which were numerous. You had to keep them flowing or they began to back up on you. I had no more trouble with the administration of Triple-A such as I had had with Victor Christgau.

Nils Olsen was replaced by A.G. Black in the BAE. I think that was due to two things. I think Nils was more in the old tradition of BAE, and I think about that time he had an opportunity to go with the Equitable Life Assurance Society at a pretty good salary and in work which he could do. I may be mixing up cause and effect, but I'm inclined to think both were in the picture. There was certainly no desire on my part to keep A.G. Black. His training was in economics rather than in administration. I hadn't thought of it since. In view of the fact that the Triple-A was working so closely with the BAE and making use of BAE personnel to a very large extent, the chances are the move appealed to me from the positive side, too. However, Olsen had always been cooperative. I had never had any difficulty with Olsen. Olsen had been extremely sympathetic and helpful throughout the McNary-Haugen fight. Not so much the

Triple-A, as such, but some of the developments within the Department which he'd been observing, I think, didn't please Olsen. Olsen was shocked at some of the activities of men who were stationed in the Department of Agriculture and in the Triple-A. This was true of a good many of the old-timers in the Department of Agriculture. They felt that this was strange behavior in a staid old Department. I think most of the old-line bureaus would gladly have been spared the activities of the Triple-A.

I made many mistakes in the Triple-A time, but I think one of the mistakes I would not repeat if I were doing it over was bringing Black in on the job. The respect I had for a man I'd never met - which was the case when we asked him to come in - was the respect for his position. He was head of the farm economics department at Iowa State College at Ames, and that's the leading corn-hog state. Just sitting in Washington and looking at it from a distance, when we were hard-put to it to get somebody there, he looked fine on paper. Much of this is information or reports that came to light afterward. He had a leg in both camps, but he leaned more heavily toward the group of leaders which I dismissed from the Department. He was very sympathetic with Frank and the others all the way through. In retrospect, I think his selection to go to the bureau - while it pleased me to get him out of the Triple-A - was a calculated

move, all right, on the part of those who wanted him in the BAE. They felt it was more important in the long-run to have him there than it was to have him stick in the Department. None of my associates such as Tolley and Tapp and others with whom I counseled felt that we were losing much in losing Black as an operator in the Department. I don't think, myself, that Black is very heavy either as an economist or as an administrator.

While the corn-hog program was being run, Wickard was the man to whom the field reported, probably, more than anyone else. It's my impression that Wickard did well in this position. We had some able state directors. In the main, that was a pretty smooth operation.

In June, 1935, Harry Hopkins and I went back to Grinnell. Grinnell gave me my first honorary degree, and I am not sure but what it was Harry's first. I know he got a great thrill out of it. I didn't go with him. I saw him there. I had more time with him there, really, than we found together in Washington. We sat around on the steps and talked. It was, of course, quite a thrilling occasion for both of us. Pearl dug out of her books and gave me yesterday [January 18, 1953] the 1912 college annual or yearbook with many pictures of Harry Hopkins in it. He was a member of that class. I think he looked more like the Harry Hopkins of 1935 in those college pictures than nearly anyone else you could pick. He didn't seem to change much.

In July, 1935, I had no definite thoughts about staying with the Triple-A for a long time, at all. I wasn't thinking about anything else but doing the job I was doing. Things were operating, I thought, pretty well. While I hadn't thought much about it, I certainly had never thought of the government service as a permanent career, at all. All those years I had a pretty active bear by the tail. I wasn't thinking much of anything else but how I was going to handle him. Certainly that summer of '35 wasn't marked at all in my mind as an unhappy period. When the processing tax was brought into question, there was nothing particularly new about that. I was naive enough to believe it would be upheld. I felt it should be upheld.

I may have testified in favor of the Bankhead-Jones Act. I don't know. I certainly wasn't opposed to it, but it wasn't directly my baby.

Section 32 was a very useful amendment. There hadn't been too much income from it, and I thought it was supplemented at that time by direct appropriations. That was Marvin Jones' baby, in so far as I know. It was always close to his heart. He was the first man who ever mentioned it to me, and so far as I know he thought it up, himself. I think it's been an excellent thing, particularly since it was broadened to permit its use for distribution of surpluses domestically as well as abroad. It

was a vestige of the old McNary-Haugen Bill in using customs for revenues instead of equalization fees, as we called it then. Marvin had studied all that legislation and had been a part of it. I'm inclined to think that originated with him. The State Department didn't like it at all, but there were so many contradictions in the Washington scene - and always are - that this was a minor irritation, I imagine, to Cordell Hull. I don't think it was a major one.

We were interested in the cotton program because of what was emerging. The '34-'35 contract had run its course. Senator Bankhead had the Bankhead Bill, and we were beginning to have some troubles on the cotton loan due to the pressure of Senators, particularly, trying to press for high price-fixing loans, while we conceived of the loans as being floor loans - market support loans but not price-fixing loans. It was during that period that we had some real difficulties attempting to avoid these price-fixing loans on cotton. Then we had, of course, the Bankhead Act for market quotas, which we did not originate and which I never liked.

According to newspaper reports, I threatened to resign if the cotton-wheat bloc in the Senate succeeded in getting high loans on these commodities. The next day the newspapers carried the quotation from me of "bunk". That story was written by Bob Allen, and it can be concluded that it's bunk from the outset

I never came to anyone and said, "I'm going to resign if I don't have this or I don't have that." I'm sure I never did that. We had trouble here, and it was a basic difference. We won one fight with Mr. Roosevelt on this, in the face of a lot of political pressure from the South. This just illustrates that most of the illogical and radical steps in farm legislation don't come up as a result of calculated moves on the part of the farm leaders, the farm organizations, or generally the people working closely with them, but they're due to some man's political interest which leads him to say, "Well, now, if a ten-cent loan on cotton is a good thing, thirteen cents which is the market or a little above would be that much better." He comes out with a proposal which puts the farm leaders completely on the spot. It's hard to go home and say, "We're opposing Senator Bankhead's proposal for a thirteen-cent loan on cotton," when all the other cotton Senators and Congressmen are supporting it. It really puts farm leaders on the spot. Ed O'Neal has seen a great deal of that, because Bankhead came from his state and Bankhead was one of the most productive in that line. Even among cotton Senators, Bankhead was a political type of Senator. He wanted to crowd Cotton Ed out of leadership. He wanted it to be "Cotton John" instead of "Cotton Ed", and he just about did it, too.

Cotton Ed, of course, was wholly for the use of the loan to support prices as high as they would go. They thought the



loan should be at the market at the time the loan went on so any decline could be prevented, so that the only way cotton could move, if it moved any way at all, would be up. It's my conviction that some of these men in Congress had more than an altruistic interest in the price of cotton. I'm satisfied that at least three or four of them held "long interests" in the cotton market, and were willing to use the introduction of a bill or the reporting out of a bill, or a speech, for the sake of its effect on the market. That was a very complicating thing in all this period. I know that's serious, but it's true. It's true.

I think it was at approximately this time that Oscar Johnson and I went to see President Roosevelt. It was a case where we had the power to fix the loan rate on cotton. The old loan rate of, I think, ten cents was about to expire, and my recollection is that the drive in the Senate was for a mandatory thirteen-cent rate on cotton. We did not want the cotton to be locked up in government possession. We wanted the cotton to move. We wanted to hold the farm income up as well as possible. We wanted to accomplish that. Throughout the early days of the Triple-A the sole thought was to secure that balance between production and consumption for demand that would result in the so-called parity price, or approximately the parity price, for cotton. We didn't want to do that by passing a law saying that

cotton couldn't be traded in at less than thirteen cents, for example, assuming that was the parity figure. We didn't want to accomplish it by having the government say, "We'll lend you parity on your cotton," which would mean the cotton would all move into the government warehouses until the price moved up to the point where it could be sold. What we wanted was a floor loan, and then to let the market operate under market factors. We were anxious to secure the adjustment in production that would support it there, but we wanted the cotton to move to consumption and not pile up and overhang the market.

That's when we first worked out and tried the device which, I think, in a very small and practical way used the principle which Secretary Charles F. Brannan subsequently made the basis of his so-called Brannan Plan. In order to meet this drive, we worked out this kind of an arrangement. We would continue the loan at ten cents - or it may be that we proposed to the President that we'd make it an eleven-cent loan - I'm not sure just what we did - which was, if it were ten cents, about three cents below the market. If it were eleven, it would have been about two. The market may have been a little less than thirteen cents at that time. We told the President that then we would agree, instead of making the outright loan for the full amount, to make up to the cotton farmer who sold his cotton the difference, if his sale was for less than the parity figure, on the day that he sold it. If the average of the ten spot markets

for cotton at time of sale was less than parity, we would pay the difference up to and I think not to exceed two cents a pound, something like that. That was the deal that was made. The President agreed to it, notwithstanding the great pressure for a thirteen-cent loan, which was, at that time, at or above the market. I'm not sure.

It was reported to one of the aforementioned Senators the afternoon of the day we saw President Roosevelt that he'd agreed to support our plan instead of the plan the Senators were pushing. Paul A. Porter is the man who told this Senator what the arrangement was, and Paul Porter's report to me was that the Senator paced the floor of his hotel room and just literally seized his hair and shook it and said, "I'm ruined! I'm ruined!" I don't think he was ruined, but I think he had to forego a profit that he thought was a certain one on cotton options he was holding.

Oscar Johnson and I went to see President Roosevelt about this. It was a matter that required decision immediately. We wanted to outline our plan, but the President characteristically started doing the talking and our time was up for the limited appointment we'd been given before we'd had a chance really to get into this. So Oscar Johnson really pounded the desk and said, "Now, we've got to tell you this," and then we went ahead and the President listened. It made sense to him and he agreed.

But we had to do some insisting to be heard, even, on the thing. President Roosevelt loved to take the ball when you had a conference with him and talk your time out. He stayed put on it without any wavering that year, but we lost the fight later on.

This thing is really very important as a principle in the operation of the Triple-A. It shows a basic difference in philosophy. The first of the commodity loans made was on corn. The corn belt people had thought this thing out very carefully, and they had figured that a forty-five cent loan on corn was right, that that would give safe insurance in the form of a floor under prices, it would permit corn to move to consumption and not lock it all up by putting the loan price at or above the market. When sure that they weren't going to lose anything, the natural disposition of the farmers was to put it in storage and gamble on a rise, because they were protected on the other side.

The responsible farm leaders, themselves, felt that moderate below-the-market loans was the right principle to follow. It was the political leaders who saw the short-term political advantages of higher market prices. That's why we began to get ninety-cent loan plans on wheat and there was the threat that all those things would be accomplished by law - the fiat of law - and would be taken out of the hands of the administrators to run. That was in this period.

I was elected president of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation. That was evidence of the trend away from RFC and toward the Department operations. It was one of the branches of the Commodity Credit Corporation. It was just an operation.

I don't remember being more tense in the fall of 1935, and I don't identify any particular development with the fall of '35. I remember several things were coming on. For instance, some of the northeastern Senators and Congressmen - not the farmers - were pushing this potato control act, which of course was a hot potato and it seemed to me utterly unworkable under the principles they proposed we should follow. I remember opposing it all I could. That was one development in the fall of '35.

It was in the fall of '35, also, that we had one of our policy conferences at Mt. Weather, September 20, 21, and 22. It was composed of the top-flight people in the Department, including some of the old Department. Tolley attended this meeting as head of the division of program planning. The press gave a good deal of attention to the order we sent out barring political solicitations from farmers or the use of our organization in politics, at all. In speeches and newspaper releases in this period I defended the farm program and at the same time tried to do everything I could to get a favorable understanding of the operation of the farm act.

In December, 1935, I went out to Sacramento to speak at quite a large meeting and a hostile meeting because the men who attended the meeting in the state capital represented the specialty crops in California. We were at that time working pretty hard on the reciprocal trade agreements, and there was great opposition. I attempted to defend the whole picture. I met my brother Frank there. I was expecting him to meet me at the train. He had written that he would. He was then living in Kern County at Bakersfield. I hadn't been out to California before. I went out there again in '36. I think that was my first visit to California. I know I hadn't visited California before I became Triple-A administrator, and I don't think I visited the state at all until this time. I recall our pre-occupation at this meeting with the specialty crops, particularly their concern over the tariff adjustments that were being proposed. It was grand to see my brother. I remember being very much surprised at how fat he had grown. We were all thin. Now I understand it perfectly, because I weigh now about what he did at that time.

It was very interesting to attend the national corn-husking contest in Indiana. That's an amazing thing. That was in November, I imagine, 1935. We had an estimated crowd of 100,000. Up to that time it was certainly the biggest crowd of people I had ever seen. There was a picture taken of me congratulating the

-445-

winner. He was a good kid. I have a picture taken of Henry Wallace, Cliff Gregory, Dean Skinner of Purdue, and myself.

January 6, 1936, was a day of great disappointment. That was the day the Supreme Court ruled, invalidating the processing tax of the Triple-A. I remember clearly the flash coming in and a hurried meeting of the chiefs. I was in my office when we got the bulletin, and later the whole story. I was really very much surprised and, of course, disappointed. I felt the case had been ably handled so far as I knew - so far as we were concerned.

It's an odd thing. The man who wrote that decision, Owen J. Roberts, was, I think, quite pleased with it at the time. I think today he's not so pleased with it. Another interesting thing is that in the meantime Owen Roberts and I have become good friends. We have quite a number of mutual interests ranging all the way from soil and water management problems to the whole problem of an international order - some world organization - without which we're going to have continued anarchy. It's a subject to which he's devoted much of his later life. Then, he's on the board of the Fund for the Advancement of Education - one of the independent agencies supported by the Ford Foundation to handle its activities in the field of formal education. I really admire him very much, but I didn't think much of him that day. There's no question but what that was an

-446-

honest opinion on his part. I think that as he's reflected over the thing, just a few things he's said have led me to think that he may not feel quite so cocksure that he was right. I felt then and feel now that he could just as well have ruled the other way on the thing.

It meant, of course, the immediate recasting and reorganization of the Agricultural Adjustment Act. I remember the meeting when Marvin Jones, Cotton Ed Smith, Wallace, Homer Cummings, and I were called to the White House by the President on January 6. I can't describe it. I remember Roosevelt reading the opinion and Homer Cummings reading Justice Harlan Stone's dissent. I don't know whether the decision was reached at that time as to the form the new legislation should take, but I think it was agreed we'd move immediately to recast the law so that we'd continue as a going concern. It's my understanding that it was agreed then to go right ahead. It didn't mean the end of the Triple-A because we had so much beside that activity going on.

I remember distinctly when the idea was first suggested to me that we make soil conservation the objective. This idea was first raised by two newspaper men who came in to see me - Felix Belair and Russell Wiggins. Felix Belair was with the New York Times and Russell Wiggins with the St. Paul Pioneer Press and Dispatch - he's the man who succeeded Stedman. They came in to see me. Of course, these boys knew the Triple-A



operation as well as if they'd been in the department. They'd been covering the activities. They knew that we had placed a great deal of stress on the use of the so-called rented acres - that was the term that we used in some of our commodity contracts - for soil-building purposes. They just made the proposition - made the suggestion - "Why don't you make this your objective and put your emphasis on the positive use of land for these purposes. You'll have to have appropriations, but go out with authority to secure the adjustments by encouraging the use of a portion of the land for soil-building purposes. That will have its incidental effect on the concentration of land use on cash crops where the full use of acreage isn't needed." It didn't take very long to get the law whipped up in that shape.

As far as I know, it was their idea. I didn't ask them if they'd thought this all up by themselves. The press that covered the Department were always close and, in the main, very kind to me. These boys were representative of the best. There was nothing strange about it - that they'd come in with an idea - because they were free to do that all the time. I'd hate to admit how many good ideas for which I got credit were proposed by the boys from the press gallery. This is one I remember distinctly, and I didn't question it. Either one was capable of generating it. Now, maybe somebody discussed it with them before they came to see me. I don't know. It was so soon after the

sixth that they came to see me that I was still in a stunned state.

I'm inclined to think that we would have arrived at the same place, probably. It might not have sparked in my mind, but it was a natural. Joseph F. Cox had been head of our crop replacement section. He was always pressing for it. I thought for a while there that every time I opened my office door he'd fall in. He was right there. Others, too, recognized the importance of the constructive use of land for soil-building purposes as an important part of a program. I have faith that in some way we would have come out at about the same place.

I don't remember the Farm Bureau board of directors meeting on January 9, 1936, at the Raleigh Hotel. I knew Donald Kirkpatrick. He was general counsel. I would doubt that it was his idea. I would doubt, for example, that he had any contact with the two newspapermen. Kile in his book says that Kirkpatrick, Fred Lee, Noel T. Dowling of Columbia, O'Neal, Earl Smith and I worked it out and sold it to Marvin Jones. The only thing that bothers me about that story is the Fred Lee part. Fred was no longer in the Department. He, I'm inclined to think, was still counsel for the alcohol control board when he left there to open up his own private practice. Noel Dowling was a professor of law at Columbia University and a close friend of Fred Lee's, and had formerly been in Senate

legislative counsel. I remember consulting Dowling at that time, probably, and I certainly remember working with him on some legislation. Fred and I had been called in on it. I would be more inclined to think that we worked primarily with the solicitor's office, our own legal division there. If the Farm Bureau played any large part in the Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act, it has skipped my mind. They were very much concerned with getting this thing straightened out, and they certainly supported it all the way through. I'm skeptical as to Kile's statement that they played the leading role in its development. They certainly were a powerful factor, as they were all the way through, in support of the Triple-A and in getting the law passed.

After the invalidation of the Triple-A, unscrambling the processing tax was quite a problem. I remember the conferences we had with the treasury on what should be done with the taxes that had been collected. Morgenthau's position differed from ours. I think Morgenthau's position was that the money had to be given back to the processors from whom they were collected. Ours was in favor of a windfall tax that would recover all the back payments from them so they wouldn't get to keep the money. Wallace would have been very strong for the recapture so it couldn't serve as an income windfall to anybody. Morgenthau never had been sympathetic with the processing tax. On the other hand, he wouldn't have favored a windfall to anybody, I

don't think. I don't recall what he did do about it. Ezekiel, of course, was in and out of counsels all the time. There wouldn't be any question about his interests, also. I don't recall any difference of opinion there. We had to seek to find a way to recapture that money so that it wouldn't be repaid to processors who had already passed it on in added costs to the consumer or taken it out of the producers, as the case might be. You could never tell which happened.

I don't remember just how they worked it out, or whether it was worked out. I don't recall that there was any great lobby centered on Washington to try to get that money. I think the problem was more to find a practical way in which that end could be accomplished, because most of the large processors, as I recall it, who came in to discuss the problem were quick to acknowledge that they didn't want the tax income, that it was already covered in their business. I don't recall that we had to contend with a lobby or any pressure in favor of retention of the money. I imagine that any business enterprise that had been hard pressed would have secretly hoped they'd be permitted to keep the windfall, but I don't recall any open activity on it at all at that time.

I don't recall that Howard Tolley was called back from the Pacific Coast on January 10. I don't even recall that he was gone. I don't remember who recalled him. I'd worked with

R.M. "Spike" Evans long before that. Spike Evans I'd met, I imagine, in '33, '34. He was chairman of the corn-hog committee for Iowa, and I was in his office repeatedly in Des Moines. The Secretary called him to Washington to be one of his assistants about that time. Spike was an affable and pleasant gentleman. He'd been with the Triple-A as a state man. He was head of the Iowa committee.

The intention of the Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act was to divert land from cash crop production to soil building and constructive uses. We still kept the adjustment idea where the crop was in too great supply and the prospect was that more land would be devoted to a particular line of production - wheat, cotton, some other large acreage crops - than the market needed or could absorb at the parity price. The object was to put the emphasis on getting that land shifted to uses that were soil building and soil preserving. The Supreme Court decision hit the tax from which we got the money. The alternative was to turn to the treasury for the funds. Probably in the long run it was just as justifiable one way or the other. At the time, I didn't think so. I had been brought up to think that each commodity ought to pay the costs of its own stabilization. That grew out of the McNary-Haugen legislation. I don't think I consciously changed my mind at this time. I still think the processing tax was right.

But, on the other hand, to justify the original Triple-A

or the Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act, they must be held to serve a public purpose. I think the public purpose was served from the standpoint of enabling a large section of the economy of the United States to stabilize its operations. That was pretty difficult when there were six million units operating independently without a nerve center in government and the use of some government powers to assist them. In my judgment it had proved to be impossible to do what needed doing solely through voluntary action uncoordinated by the government. All the way through, my contention had been that the Triple-A was serving its purpose of soil conservation and the building up of the ultimate productivity of the land.

I made a talk in 1936 at Northwestern University. It was entitled "The Grass Revolution", and pointed out what had been accomplished under the Agricultural Adjustment Act in putting grass on acres that had been subject to erosion and soil loss when they were being used for sorry and unproductive crops of cotton and corn. It was a pretty good speech. A good man wrote it for me - Francis Flood. Francis worked that out, and he did an awful good job of it.

Hugh Bennett and the soil conservation people didn't like the Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act, at all. They felt that we were coming in and stealing the child out of their cradle. It was their responsibility. They were operating through

the soil conservation districts to bring about developments on a watershed or soil district unit basis rather than a one-farm basis. They were very single-minded about it. They had a missionary zeal for it which still exists in the minds of the hard corps of operators in the head office and out in the field. They were doing, and have done, an excellent job. They, perhaps more than anybody else, were responsible for spreading the view - and they did it in all honesty - that we were just simply reaching out and grabbing soil conservation as a prop to go ahead and do the thing we had set out to do originally in the Triple-A. That was true, except as to the motive. We had always felt that this was an important, even though collateral, objective of the Triple-A. It marked an advance in our thinking. We were kicked into it by the Hoosac Mills decision, but it was an advance in our thinking in my judgment.

Outside of Hugh Bennett and his associates, I don't recall that we had any particular hassle within the department about it, but there was that ideological difference there. Hugh didn't want to be messed around with us at all. He came in to see me and we talked about it. Hugh was very possessive about the Soil Conservation Service. He'd stayed with the idea in the Department from the time when he was a lone voice crying in the wilderness. He had hammered away at it. He had proposed the original legislation. He had got his Soil Conservation Service. He was moving with it. He felt that we were dragging him

into politics and everything else that was bad. I tried to reassure him. Aside from very proper protests within the Department, so far as I know the Soil Conservation Service and Hugh Bennett never did anything to hamper the operation of the Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act. I think subsequent developments may have shown that his fears were justified. After the next reorganization which created the Production and Marketing Administration, there was plenty of evidence that it was moving into a political arm.

That is something that I tried to guard against. So far as I know, we were clean as far as the Triple-A was concerned. I remember once when we were asked - the message was relayed, I think, through Jim Farley's office through Julian Friant who was a special assistant to the Secretary of Agriculture put in to act as the political liason with Mr. Farley - to rush out checks to one state, and in particular to one Congressional district, prior to an election that was being contested there. That would have been the '34 election. We were put under pressure and we declined to do it. When I explained the circumstances to Farley, nothing further was heard about it. The circumstances were that we had the payment set up in a normal and a routine manner, and to disturb that to suit any political purpose could well be fatal. Once you open the gate, you know, you just can't stop doing that in all cases. While we were charged, from time to



time, with having gotten payments out, or something, with an election time in view, so far as I know that never happened. So far as I know, that didn't happen intentionally, but co-incidentally it could happen. In some cases the checks might have come out before an election because, with the size of that operation and the number of individuals who were receiving those checks, it was a pretty constant operation. That was the only time that I remember that anybody asked us to do that, and it was an eastern state - not a southern or western state. I don't remember which one it was, but it was not one of the large agricultural states. It might have been Maryland.

I don't know who wrote the Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act. I think Mastin G. White - who succeeded Seth Thomas as solicitor - and his group had the final say about it and cooperated in its drafting. I know I sat in on it. It would have been a perfectly normal thing to have recalled Fred Lee to work with us, but I don't know whether we did. Fred Lee for years had been head of the Senate legislative counsel. In my experience, he's the best draftsman I have ever worked with. Fred might have been called back on that. I don't remember. He would have come. Whatever his feelings might have been over the George Peek episode - he was completely devoted to and loyal to George Peek - Fred would always take time to counsel when I wanted to call him about anything. That's true as of today [January, 1953].

I don't recall who named it, at all. I think it developed in conference. Nobody said, "You take this and name it." It was developed in conference. I don't know who made the original suggestion. I think we probably just started calling it that. Domestic Allotment was a well-known name. It really went back to 1928 or before. It was well known. Soil Conservation was well known. It was a perfectly normal and natural thing. Unquestionably, M.L. Wilson was consulted on this thing.

The bill was passed and signed on March 2, 1936, and that marked substantially the end of my service as Triple-A administrator. I was tired, for one thing. I had been telling myself that I would see this thing through until we got the bill passed, and then I'd take a little rest and look around. This Hoosac Mills decision and the activities there marked a new stage, a new day. We'd finished one chapter. I'm quite sure that the idea of fixing a date to leave began to take shape in my mind after the Hoosac Mills decision. I began to think in such terms as, "Well, now, I've got this responsibility of staying here until we get that done."

My mother didn't die until after that. It was the fall of '36, after I had become a member of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System. I wanted to stay through the first stages of organization. Then I was beginning to think I'd hunt another scene.

I'd left sore spots, of course, around the Department by all these things. You can't operate actively and in some cases aggressively in a Department without having people around who would be happier if you were not there. I felt I had accomplished about all that I could. My old friend Paul Appleby would have been extremely happy at any time after the purge to see me out of there, I know. I think that was true generally of the boys surrounding the Secretary. I think that would have been true of LeCron, certainly of Baldwin, I think also of Perkins. It was true of Wallace. There was this growing feeling that the next stage of Henry Wallace's life would be definitely political rather than agricultural. That had been growing all this time. They were taking Henry up on the mountain and showing him the wealth beneath, but Henry hadn't bought it. There were signs, however, that he was unconsciously shifting his direction. He was no longer personally consulting people like Cliff Gregory, Earl Smith, and others who had been his friends in the early days. He was consulting more and more, I think, Bill Thatcher of the Farmers Union grain cooperative movement. He was becoming a power. I think James G. Patton was beginning to emerge as a handyman around the Department. I think the feeling between the Extension Service and the land grant colleges and the Secretary's office was less cordial than it had been.

I wasn't aware of any change in my relationship with

Wallace. Sometime during this period I had seen what purported to be a copy of the letter he had written Jerome Frank within a matter of weeks - a very short period - after he was fired. It was shocking to me. It surprised me a great deal. Henry and I have never discussed that. After the reorganization following the purge was complete, I don't recall that he and I ever sat down and retraced our steps, with his saying, "Chester, we handled that wrong," or "We should have done otherwise." I don't think we ever discussed it. That letter was uncomplimentary to me only by inference. It took the position that a tragic mistake had been made for which he felt not only regretful but deeply apologetic. That did shock me! At the time I found it hard to believe. But it wasn't a case where I would want to go to Henry and say, "Look, what goes on?" because, after all, it was his right to change his mind. He could change his mind if he wanted to. I don't believe that Henry showed any evidence of a lack of confidence in me during that period. I don't recall that he did. I think we worked hand and glove in the period following the Supreme Court decision.

While some of the drifts in the Department which have been described were part of the scenery of the time, I think my major consideration was that after all, I'd been there; I'd gone through the exciting and productive years of this organization. A lot of the bloom had worn off of it. It was just then going

into the administration of a different act. I found myself thinking more and more, "Well, this would be a good time to change your scene and tackle something else."

There wasn't any clean-cut decision to leave the Department in 1936 such as my going to Wallace and saying, "I want to resign," or Wallace coming to me and saying, "I want you to resign." As soon as we got the Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act on the books and got things moving toward its administration, the suggestion was made that I make a trip to Europe. I don't know whether that came directly from the President or indirectly, but the chances are it came indirectly. I think that also was probably motivated by friends who wanted me to take a rest. I moved right from the reorganization work to plans for the trip, which was a very interesting and pleasant one. Mrs. Davis and I left in the middle of March. I didn't resign before I went to Europe. I had seen what had happened to Peek, but I didn't have any of that feeling at the time. There probably was something of it in this picture.

I'm quite sure that Russ Wiggin was the first one that raised the question in my mind whether I would like to be a member of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System. It hadn't occurred to me because I felt at the time that I probably knew less about the Federal Reserve System and its operations than any man in the country. It was interesting. It was an

interesting suggestion and a new field. I carried that with me in my mind on the European trip.

On my return I resigned, all right, and I was completely happy about the change. I thought I had come to a good stopping point in the work. It was in good shape to go on. However, I am sure there were plenty of people in the Department who looked on my departure with relief.

My operating relationship with Wallace was still good. I had the feeling that we were not as close as we used to be. I was classified in Henry's mind more or less with the group that was being left behind, as far as he was concerned. I didn't think much of it at the time, but looking back on it I don't have much doubt that there had been a great deal of discussion about it and that my recommendation commended itself to some of the policy people close to Henry as a good way out - and it was certainly one that pleased me.

I talked to the President at the time he broached this new appointment. I had not talked to him about leaving the Triple-A, but the discussion I had with the President was in terms of my having completed at least a clean-cut section of the life of the Triple-A. I don't think it would have concerned me much if I had known there were plans to try to open the gate and let me get out of the corral. It wouldn't have bothered me much. The trip to Europe sounded awfully good. I had never been to Europe.

I submitted a report to the President on the market situation as it appeared to me in relation to the agricultural export situation. That really was a matter of considerable interest to me and to most other people in the Department at that time. We were working, on one hand, cooperatively with Mr. Hull on his reciprocal trade agreements. I used to sit on some of the advisory groups on commodities over in the State Department. At the same time, we were carrying on a domestic program which was not in all respects harmonious with Mr. Hull's plan for multilateral freedom in trade. It raised interesting problems, and I was glad to get a first-hand view and talk to some of the people in Europe about it.

The only steps which were taken which might have been calculated to find me a dignified and satisfactory exit from the Triple-A were the suggestion that somebody - I think Henry Wallace - made to the President that I would make a good agricultural representative on the reserve board, - and the European trip. Those two things - although the first man who mentioned the reserve board thing to me was Russ Wiggins. I think Mr. Stedman, probably, who was a close friend of Russ Wiggins, may have picked up the report about the same time and talked it over with me.

Tolley was certainly my recommendation for taking over the Triple-A. In so far as the Secretary regarded my advice, he was hand-picked. I think Wallace had a high regard for Tolley.

From Mr. Wallace's standpoint, he was preferable, perhaps, to Tapp whom I regarded very highly as an executive. Still, Tolley had been the senior and he out-ranked Jesse Tapp in the Triple-A. I think Howard was the right selection although in some respects it wasn't a kindness to him. I think Howard is a very good general economist in general, as well as a good agricultural economist. I think he has good program sense, good balance, but he isn't too much at ease as an administrator or as an executive. I think it was a tough job for Howard, and I think when he was given the opportunity to return to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics as its chief he was much more at home. From all I've heard, he gave the Bureau of Agricultural Economics excellent direction and was one of the best chiefs the bureau has had.

I arrived in England about the 16th of March. We took a slow trip. We took a freighter with a limited passenger list. It put out at Baltimore. Its name was the City of Havre. It was one of these leisurely, delightful ships, and it was restful going over.

One of the highlights in Europe was an interview with Hjalmar Schacht. I met him in Germany. The interview with Benito Mussolini was a very interesting one. The State Department had discouraged any attempt to meet Adolf Hitler. While I talked with Hitler's minister of agriculture and a number of prominent Nazis, the analysis Schacht gave of Germany's position



with respect to dollar exchange and its gold reserve was one of the clearest statements of the problem which the United States faced. The problem of the United States was to get away from its debtor psychology and over into recognition of the fact that we'd either have to continue to give means of payment if we continued our export business, or we would have to give the other people an opportunity to trade us goods and services in much larger quantities than before. Schacht made it clear that they had a great many commodities in surplus which the United States might use, and they had great need for our cotton and certain other agricultural exports - but cotton in particular. He made it clear that the dollar price of the cotton wasn't the important thing - it was the opportunity to exchange goods. They just didn't have the gold and they didn't have the dollars to buy with. He was quite analytical in tracing our tariff history, and assigned to our course a great deal of responsibility for the development - and he saw it the necessary development - of autarchy in Germany.

Mussolini's was an extraordinarily interesting meeting. I remember that distinctly. I saw him alone. He was right at the height of his power. I had practiced up on one or two Italian phrases - greetings. After that I was through with Italian, and I wasn't too sure about his English. Nobody was with me. I had no interpreter. Our ambassador to Italy was then in the United

States. The charge was Alexander Kirk, who subsequently has had a considerable diplomatic career. He was the scion of the Kirk soap family, and a delightful, accomplished diplomat, all right. He took me to the courtyard where the guard stopped us. Then he was required to drop me, and I passed from hand to hand to the entrance of the big room. And it was a big room - very bare. I marched down one side of it, and Mussolini arose and gave me the salute, and I shot my Italian greeting to him and he smiled and he said, "Good morning. I'm happy to see you." Then I sat down. He spoke in fluent and excellent English. He had no difficulty in comprehending anything I said. He was very interested in the American political scene. That was before either of the conventions, of course, and that was Mr. Roosevelt's first opportunity for re-election. He'd run one heat, and this was the second. It then looked as if Alfred M. Landon of Kansas would be the Republican nominee. We discussed it freely and I told him what I thought the election prospects were as they looked to me, that I thought the Republicans would nominate Landon and would have nothing very clean-cut or definite to offer as against the Roosevelt program, as a result of which they wouldn't get many electoral votes. He nodded and he said, "Yes, that squares with my reports from the United States. I think the Republicans are very inefficient" - about which I chuckled a little.

I was very much interested in the signs of growing militarization, but not worried about it as much as the times warranted, however. Hitler had just reoccupied the Rhineland, and Germany was full of military signs. I had been in Germany before I came to Italy. The clouds over Spain were just beginning to grow. I brashly questioned him about Spain, and reported this country's great interest in peace and the maintenance of peace - in going through this period without war. He could out-talk me on peace. He was very peaceful.

The Ethiopian affair was on then. We attended an "adunata", the night Mussolini addressed it. Addis Ababa had fallen, but official word was not released to the Roman people until they were all ready for the big celebration - the adunata. Mrs. Davis and I were in a shop a day or two after I'd seen Mussolini. We'd seen the Pope after our interview with Mussolini. We really had a big day - a private audience with the Pope, too - a charming person. My wife was not Catholic. She's just as middle-western Protestant as anybody could be, although she doesn't work at the church very much. We had friends who were high in the Catholic Church that volunteered to arrange it, and did. It was pleasant.

On the day following that we were in a shop about four o'clock in the afternoon. Whistles and bells began to sound in the city. The shopkeeper, just without apologies or anything else, said, "Shop's closed." Then we went out, and everywhere they were putting up shutters on the shop windows, and people

were beginning to stream toward the Venice Palace - Palazzo Venezia - there where the big meeting was to be. We got caught in the biggest crowd I ever saw, with one exception. Later I think I've seen one a little bigger. It was five times as big as the crowd at the corn-husking contest. It looked to me as though a half million people were packed into that square and in the streets and avenues going to it. It was quite a time. We heard his speech. Of course, we spoke English. We were caught in the middle of that big crowd, and English was not a popular language in Rome at that time. There was a lot of muttering.

Henry Taylor wasn't there. Clyde Marquis had succeeded him there. Taylor was back home. The Farm Foundation had been established or was then being established, I'm not quite sure. But Henry Taylor had returned and Clyde Marquis was there. We saw him and his wife.

It was an extremely interesting and pleasant trip. It was restful except that it was all official. There was very little chance to cut loose and be free. We had a delightful motor trip which took us from the Hague to Essen. Then we went into Berlin by train. Then we left Berlin by automobile and drove to Vienna, Prague, and Budapest. Then we went on to Rome by train. Crossing Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, and seeing something of Hungary was an excellent experience - extremely interesting. I think one of the clearest impressions I got was

of the economic crime of dividing a country which makes an economic whole, for political reasons. The old Dual Monarchy with Austria, Czechoslovakia and Hungary had made a country in which manufacturing had developed in one part, mining, timber, and so forth pretty much in another, and agriculture in the third. In Austria they were complaining that the Hungarians were converting some of the breweries in Budapest into textile mills. When I got to Hungary they were complaining that the Austrians were trying to grow wheat on top of the Alps. It was that kind of a deal. Of course, it was very unstable economically.

It was a grand trip. When I got home, the federal reserve matter had been pretty well set with the President. I reported to him. He expressed the hope that I could arrange to make a few speeches on the trading situation in Europe. I did so. I was at St. Paul when I received the telegram telling me that the President had sent my name to the Senate for appointment to the board of governors. The President had talked to me about it, and I had expressed interest in it. Then I had skipped off on the speaking trip. I was still administrator of the Triple-A.

A commentator's column on June 2 said that I would accept a \$50,000 job in Chicago. It was in Drew Pearson's column. There wasn't anything to it. It was like a good many of Pearson's and Allen's statements. They were dug up by somebody with a pretty strong policy angle. I rate them about seventy-five

percent wrong. There was nothing to that, though it was a great compliment.

But I did have, at that time, the offer from Sears, Roebuck and Company to go with them in an executive position, which at least had the opportunity in it of advancing to and beyond \$50,000. This was before I left Washington but after my return from Europe before I left on the speaking engagements. I met General Wood who was then president of Sears. I don't think he'd become chairman of the board then. With him I met General Westervelt, who was assistant to the president in charge of their production operations. We met in the Army and Navy Club and sat and discussed the opportunities at some length. I remember very clearly what was in my mind in preferring the federal reserve and rejecting this opportunity, which wasn't an offer of a \$50,000 a year job but nevertheless did have the promise of a great deal more money. Sears, of course, as one of the leading mail-order firms, was developing an enormous and a successful chain store operation with retail outlets. Like the other chains, it had legislative problems - not, perhaps, in Washington so much as in some of the state capitals. But still it had a very broad interest. While nothing was ever said to me to indicate any interest whatever in capitalizing on any acquaintance or standing I might have in Washington, it was in my mind that the move to any concern - any industrial or business operation - which had

any interests or problems in Washington, would carry with it an obligation for me to do what I could as the need and opportunity developed, to work on their problems there as well as someplace else. It was distasteful to me, and still would be, to go into a situation where I would more or less cash in on experience and acquaintances I'd acquired at the public expense for a private operation or for my own advancement. It was just a little distasteful, and the Federal Reserve spot wasn't.

I told General Wood and General Westervelt that in all ways I felt this Federal Reserve offer was just made to order. It involved approximately fifty-percent increase in income, and I had gone in debt, in part on my insurance, while I was in Washington, as people do. You don't pay any attention to what you're doing. I viewed it as a leisurely opportunity to sit on a dignified board and learn something about which I was not informed. The fact was that it looked like an awfully good place, and it proved to be. It really was a wonderful experience - fifteen years with the Federal Reserve.

This is one thing of which I was reasonably sure. While the Federal Reserve had not been responsible to the extent most of the farmers of that period believed it to be for the deflation in '20 and '21, nevertheless I felt convinced that it would be possible to contribute something toward safeguarding against a situation like that in the future. I felt that I could interpret and understand the agricultural interests in this, if nothing

more. So altogether it looked like a good deal, and I told General Westervelt and General Wood that I appreciated their offer very much, but this, if it came my way, was what I was going to do. That was the outcome. They were very pleasant.

I talked to my wife about these openings, and I talked to her about my own preference for the Federal Reserve. At that time, she agreed with me. We've had a fairly close association with Sears since then. I was president first and then chairman of the board of a national society - Friends of the Land. It wasn't founded until 1936. I helped get Edward J. Condon (one of the Sears executives) interested in Friends of the Land, and he succeeded me as president when I subsequently became chairman of the board, so I was very close with Ed Condon.

Russell Lord, Louis Bromfield, and Dr. Charles Holzer were the three who came to see me in Washington before I left to go to St. Louis. That would have been around 1940. They told me they had founded this society which aimed to hold before the American people - and particularly the people in the cities who weren't exposed to the problems of conservation and land management that the people are exposed to out in the country - the importance of handling our land and water so as to preserve its productivity for the future and actually enhance it. They told me their plans to form local chapters, and their arrangement for the new magazine - a quarterly - The Land, which Russell



Lord was to edit. I counseled with them some about possible ways of financing, which of course is always a big problem in such an enterprise. Then I shortly after moved to St. Louis.

They came to see me in St. Louis about bringing their annual meeting to St. Louis, perhaps in the winter of '41-'42. It was very early. I helped organize local cooperation. We held their meeting there. It fascinated me! It was a very interesting proposition.

I don't think I was elected president of Friends of the Land at the St. Louis meeting, but shortly after that I was. Dr. Holzer, who had been president, was failing in health a little bit and was tremendously busy. He practiced at Gallipolis, Ohio. He was very busy and wasn't able to do more than just give a little local attention to the Society in Ohio, so I became president. Then subsequently, when Ed Condon became interested, his contacts were such that he was much more effective than I in money raising and bringing dependable support back of Friends of the Land. I agreed to be chairman of the board if Ed would come in as president. I resigned as chairman of the board only in the late '40's. William C. Bailey of Clarksville, Tennessee, succeeded me. He's one of the leading agricultural bankers in the country, and a few years ago was president of the American Bankers Association. He's a man who has done so much through his bank to build up income and safeguard the land around there.

I resigned completely from the Friends of the Land when I came to the Ford Foundation, and from every other organization to which I belonged. So many of them were prospective applicants for support from the Ford Foundation that it seemed like a good idea to get completely off all of them.

Referring back to the Sears connection, my younger son Norman, who had been five years in the army, came out and finished college work at Columbia University. He had quite an active social sense and was interested in political science, economics, and sociology. Norman had taken all the Spanish he could get, and he felt he wanted to get into Latin America. I spoke to Ed Condon one day, knowing that Sears was expanding their activities there. Ed asked me to have Norman come to Chicago to interview their personnel officer. So Norman became a Sears trainee, and subsequently after one of their aptitude tests they tagged him for their public relations work. He is now directly in Ed Condon's organization in charge of six western states. So we've had a close contact with Sears. Norman's work takes him into the fields that closely parallel my own early work in agriculture. He represents the Sears Agricultural Foundation which supports scholarships, Four-H and Future Farmers Club projects, and many other farm development activities. I believe he is doing good work.

During these years Mrs. Davis and I saw a great deal of

Eddy Condon and other Sears people. They told her various things about what I would have become if I had stayed with Sears. I think she's quite forgotten everything else except my wiring her from St. Paul at the time my name had gone to the Senate. I communicated with her there and said, "This is it." She thinks that's all the advance notice she had, but I recall that we had discussed it and she agreed that the thing to do was to go along with the Federal Reserve position.

I don't think there was a policy difference between Wallace and me about the operation of the Triple-A. The difference I was beginning to sense was the degree of warmth or coldness I might have shown to some of the trend which I was beginning to feel pretty definitely were leading Henry into the political path. I had never thought of Henry Wallace as being politically motivated at all in the sense of having any personal political ambitions or plans. I'd never thought of him that way. The group surrounding Henry did. It is perfectly proper that they should, but I don't think I was particularly helpful and I certainly wasn't particularly sympathetic with the movement to organize a militant farm group tied in with a militant labor group to build a new political party or to control a political party. I just wasn't interested in it.

Tolley, Tapp, and J.B. Hutson were the ablest of the top men in the Triple-A at the time I left it, in my judgment. To have brought in somebody to succeed me would have been unthink-

able to me. Perhaps at that time they preferred Tolley to me, they may have thought that Tolley would be a little bit easier to handle than I when it came to a situation where they wanted to make use of the agricultural machinery in a political operation. I don't know. I don't think he would have been easier. I think Howard's what you'd call easier going, a little bit, than I am, but he's not obtuse, by any means. I don't think he would have been easier. I'm pretty sure the historian will be correct if he says that there were willing hands to help in my getting out of the Triple-A, all right, but it didn't anger or irritate me any because I wanted to get out, too. That was all right. We had gone through a very definite stage with the Triple-A, stayed with it until we had entered the new one, got the law, got the organization started, and then it was a kind of a case of "Here's where I came in." I'd been around. I don't mind admitting that the Federal Reserve looked extremely interesting to me as a chance to get into a field and really learn something about unknown land. I didn't know anything about it.

About the only contact I had ever before with the Federal Reserve was in Montana when I was editor of the Montana Farmer. Dr. Adolph C. Miller, a member of the Board from the beginning and a former head of the economics department at the University of California, came to Great Falls for a meeting and the bankers arranged a dinner for him. I, with many others, attended and

listened to him. My subsequent impression of that meeting was of a man sitting up there twenty feet high above the rest of the people and talking to us. And he isn't that way, and I'm sure he wasn't. He was just sitting on a little dais at the dinner table. It seemed so remote and untouchable - a completely different world from the one I was operating in - that the years had led me to think of the Federal Reserve as a very lofty ivory-tower kind of a proposition. The board members are really very human fellows, but here's the point. Most people, including all the bankers, practically, know very little about central banking. It's just something that it's easier to think of as off, remote and removed, but the men in it of course are quite a human lot of fellows. I've never been associated with nicer people in my life than I dealt with in the Federal Reserve.

Marriner S. Eccles was chairman. Ronald Ransom, of Atlanta, Georgia, was vice chairman. Mencowicz S. "Matt" Szymczak was a charming man of Polish ancestry. He was a carry-over from before the reorganization of '33. Matt had been comptroller of the city of Chicago under Mayor Anton Cermak. There was John K. McKee, who had been chief examiner for the RFC, and a man named Ralph Morrison who never attended meetings and who resigned, I believe, at about the time I came on. He had been appointed under pressure of the Texans - particularly John N. Garner - and he had taken the job thinking it was one of those jobs which would permit him to stay on in Texas and not move up

to Washington. He owned one of the big hotels in San Antonio. He held the membership for months without attending, and then resigned. Chester Morrill was secretary of the Board.

I came back from the speaking trip and took office. We had our office in the Washington Building at Fifteenth and New York avenues in Washington, at that time, just diagonally across from the Treasury. The Federal Reserve building wasn't finished until October of '37. It was then under construction. It's a lovely building. It's beautiful as well as imposing. With the exception of the board's quarters which are very imposing and the marble corridors, the work offices are very businesslike. It's a very comfortable building.

This board was not an old board when it was named, but age creeps up on it. It was an interesting crowd. Marriner Eccles was a very brilliant, interesting person.

President Roosevelt and some of his associates asked me if it would be possible for me to direct the agricultural phase of the 1936 campaign. I agreed to do that. On June 27, 1936, the President conferred with Bill Settle and me at the White House. I had brought Bill Settle in. As I look back on it, from my standpoint, the most fortunate outcome of the summer was the fact that I was able to give some direction to that campaign, and throughout the campaign carry on my full duties with the Federal Reserve, and no newspaperman, so far as I know, ever referred to it. I have never seen any reference to it. I was

a Presidential appointee, but I don't believe the members of the board of governors have any business to get into political activities. I wasn't then enough of a Federal Reserve man to hurt. I was just coming in. My record of attendance at the board meetings was perhaps the best of any at that time. I made it very much of a point to attend all the meetings and learn everything I could.

I don't remember conferring with Roosevelt again on July 1, with Aubrey Williams. It undoubtedly had something to do with the campaign. The newspapers said it was about the drought. We had had those two drought years of '34 and '36. The drought of '34 was terrific. Then in '35 we had some relief - there was not quite such low rainfall - but then '36 hit again. I undoubtedly had a continuing interest in that. We'd had some enormous operations. We'd had the livestock purchase plan, which we ran in '34 and '36. I have described the pig-buying program. On this drought relief program we set a scale of prices for the purchase of cattle, sheep, hogs, and even goats for Texas and the Southwest. Water holes were drying up. We were pushing WPA to do everything it could to build small water holes, reservoirs, and all that. In spite of everything we could do, we were up against an enormous job of feed production. Something had to be done to provide some outlet for cattle that just couldn't be fed or watered on their ranges or farm land. We shipped cattle into pasture all the way from the northcentral states into

Florida - as far as that - to try to arrange temporary pasture. We had a big battle with the northcentral and western governors over the prices we would pay in the cattle and livestock purchase program. There was the short-range against the long-range interest. They wanted to get the price up high, and they felt that by doing so they were serving the interests of their state. We wanted to hold every head of livestock out there that could be carried through, and we knew that if we got the price up to a point that was remunerative or attractive, there was no question but what they'd oversell and the economies would be clear out of balance. So we thought that out and hit what we thought was a pretty good level in prices. They weren't low enough to be unfair to the farmers and stockmen, but still were not high enough to induce them to liquidate if they had any possible chance of carrying through. All that had gone before, and so unquestionably we talked about drought relief. That was of continuing concern until 1937. Bill Settle is the man I recommended to head the Agricultural Committee for Roosevelt, in 1936, which he did.

In August I called Marvin Jones and asked him if he would help handle the western campaign headquarters, in Chicago. Farley wanted Jones and me to run the campaign headquarters at 166 Jackson Street. Bill Settle was the head. I brought Paul Porter in. Paul had been executive assistant to me in the Triple-A, and was a very keen and facile newspaperman. I brought Henry Jarrett



in, who had been in the information section of the Triple-A. He was in charge of the Washington office. It was just a half block from the Washington Building, the Federal Reserve headquarters. I've forgotten the address. We wanted Marvin in there to give direction and stability and to maintain contact with the members of Congress and the Senate - throughout those states.

It was a much less expensive campaign than we had conducted for Al Smith. I think our total spent in the agricultural campaign probably didn't exceed \$100,000 or \$125,000, and that's all. We concentrated particularly on printing and distributing small flyers. We tried to make them single-fold, and just the right length to go in a legal-sized envelope. We got John Baer to illustrate them. He had served one term as Congressman from North Dakota back in the Non-Partisan League days. I first knew John when he was the cartoonist for the Non-Partisan Leader out in North Dakota. I'd seen a lot of his work, and I had met John frequently in the Triple-A days. John, in the meantime, had come to Washington and was the cartoonist on a labor publication. He had a simple way of personalizing an issue. He drew the selfish interests for trade as the man with the big silk hat, the big diamond, and all that. We engaged John to do the simple line drawings that we used to liven up and illustrate these leaflets. For a little money we could get thousands of them. We tried to

make them short enough to read. Some of the booklets got too big. On the whole I think they were effective, but if there had been no campaign the results, I think, would have been about the same. I was glad when it was through.

One of the particular things that I suggested that really had a lot of pay dirt in it and wasn't hard on anybody else except him was this five-thirty broadcast we got Paul Porter up to do every morning. He'd catch the farmer hour at dawn. We really got a surprising number of farmers for a fraction of the cost of an evening program. They're up for breakfast at that time, and they turn the radio on, too. Paul would get up and grumble and travel down to the radio station, but I think he liked it. So, altogether it was kind of a gay time, but I did not spend much time in the political office. I didn't go to Chicago, but I did work closely with that office.

In the meantime, I was studying all I could about the Federal Reserve and was becoming quite familiar with it. One of the first things I was able to do there was to help recruit new, fresh blood for membership on the boards of the 12 Federal Reserve Banks and their 24 branches. There had been a complete reorganization of the board of governors after the Banking Act of '33, and again there had been changes in '35. The board of governors by statute names three of the nine directors of each Federal Reserve Bank, and names the public members of each

branch board. There were numerous vacancies. It was something that I could do and it hadn't interested the others very much, so they put me on the personnel committee and I spent a lot of time recruiting men to go on these boards. The board agreed without any dissent to the concept that every bank and branch board should at least have one top-flight farmer or livestock man - a man who had no major interest except agriculture. That was done, and is still being done.

I made more speeches than most of the other board members did in answer to invitations. It gave me a chance to get acquainted with the organization throughout the country. They are a wonderful group of people, and I enjoyed that very much. The real interruption to that came in May of 1940 when President Roosevelt established the National Defense Advisory Commission.

Mrs. Davis's parents continued to live in Montana. I didn't go back to Montana in June, 1937, for the purpose of becoming Chief Eagle Cloud of the Blackfoot Indian tribe. That just happened while I was there. It wasn't an awfully important adoption. The Blackfoot reservation was right on the Great Northern Railroad. The Glacier National Park development was there and did quite a tourist business, so adoptions aren't a rarity. I've lost my certificate, which was burned on buckskin. It was an eagle on a cloud. The cloud looked like a big Idaho potato. I'd previously been adopted by the Gros Ventres in

Montana, and had been invited to become a member by adoption of the Assiniboine Sioux at Fort Peck Reservation, but by negotiation with my sponsor I got that shifted to my older son, who was fascinated by Indian history and Indian lore. So, with M.L. Wilson and Nils Olsen as interested onlookers, we witnessed the induction of my young son out on the prairies there, out of Poplar, Montana, one summer day. They made an all-day celebration. The two that were adopted were my boy and then his friend who was the son of my sponsor, Lone Warrior, the chief farmer on the Fort Peck Reservation government job. Those two boys were adopted, and they had quite a time of it.

I really sought to keep clear away from the Department. I remember in 1938, I think it was, Jesse Tapp and Francis Wilcox came to see me and reported some developments there which made it obvious to them that some people in the Department were then gathering a record and really making a drive to force them out of the Department, or at least to make things so unpleasant they'd leave. It was in the late summer of early fall when Russell Smith, who was then executive vice president of the Bank of America, came to see me in Washington. He felt me out on the proposition of coming to California. They needed a man to organize and direct their agricultural credits which were very extensive and very complicated. I told Russell Smith that I wasn't interested, myself, and that I didn't feel that I could do the

best job for them but I knew the man who could. Whether I had talked to Jesse just before or after, I knew that he was unhappy in the Department. I told him about Tapp who, in my opinion, was the best man I knew to do the kind of a job they had in mind. Russell Smith on that trip saw Tapp and talked with him. Jesse Tapp subsequently went with the Bank of America, and I think it was in that fall sometime - no, it was shortly after the New Year in 1939. He's now one of the top four or five men in the Bank of America. He's been an almost spectacular success. He's kept his interest in and contacts with agriculture. He's been active in every way he could to promote constructive banker interest in agriculture.

On October 16, 1938, Spike Evans took over the Triple-A and Tolley shifted to head the BAE. I have never thought too much about that shift. This last week [January, 1953] in Washington I spent an evening with Howard. How the subject came up I don't recall, but I think he left the Triple-A with great relief to rejoin the BAE, all right. I don't remember much about it. I'm just not disposed to look backward. I discouraged throughout - right from the beginning - people coming to see me from agriculture - the old Triple-A crowd. The other boys had the responsibility, and I certainly didn't want to be sitting there looking over their shoulder while they did it. So I discouraged contacts. While the occasional meeting I'd have socially

with men in the Department was pleasant, I was probably as remote from their activities as if I'd never been in there. I haven't talked to Tolley about this thing nor to anybody else. I think that undoubtedly was another maneuver of the inside group there with the Secretary. Beanie Baldwin had moved over to Farm Security at that time.

On November 20, 1939, Wallace, Hull, and I spoke at a Farm Bureau convention in New Orleans. I thought that was a significant speech I made then. It was a big meeting. I shared the program with Elmer Thomas, who was a rampant inflationist. They had put him on first, and I followed. If any two speeches had been planned as diametric opposites, those were the two. I remember it just for that reason.

I wasn't too happy about a third term for President Roosevelt. I think it was in along about 1937 that I began to be convinced that there wasn't a master blueprint in the New Deal - that it was lacking - that it was a case of a leader with the very best of intentions making use of whatever means and devices he could to continue pretty gay experimentation with lots of forces that were not ordered in his mind. That feeling grew on me through the years although I voted for Roosevelt for the third term - but not by any means with the same enthusiasm I felt in 1936.

I don't know the reason why Grover B. Hill replaced Harry

Brown. I knew them both. Of course, Grover was Marvin Jones' very close friend and devoted admirer - a man who always could be depended upon to cheer the low in spirit. He was a good story teller, an excellent man with livestock people. We'd used him frequently in our program in that capacity. He is a man with a lot of horse sense. I think Marvin's great interest in Grover perhaps advanced him farther than he would have been advanced, otherwise.

I don't remember the hassle Wallace got into with the Farm Credit Administration. I don't recall being brought into or having interfered with affairs over there, at all.

Since I left the Department two different trade associations offered me jobs. These associations were concerned with the purchase and manufacture of farm-grown commodities. Both jobs were of the same general type, and involved representation in Washington. That didn't appeal to me. I liked my work. I did like that Federal Reserve job.

I don't know why Claude Wickard replaced M.L. Wilson in March of 1940, except that M.L. was not an active political prop for anyone and Claude Wickard was perfectly willing to engage in political activity. I think there's an unfolding pattern through these years that wasn't plotted and planned by Henry Wallace. There was a growth of the movement to build up political forces back of him looking toward the Presidency. I think M.L. might have been perfectly amenable to it outside of office

hours - outside of the operation of his office - but I think that M.L.'s conception of the Department of Agriculture wouldn't permit any part of it to be used for political purposes.

When I was in the Triple-A, Wickard was entirely in corn-hogs. When we made the shift to a livestock division, there was quite a lot of push to advance him into the top place in it. We chose Jerry Thorne, who was a career economist. He had been in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, and was an excellent livestock economist. Jerry Thorne was pulled from the Department by an offer he couldn't decline - it was too attractive - to go with Tom Wilson in Wilson and Company. He's been close to the top in their operations. But so far as I know, Jerry's kept out of Washington - I hasten to add. I don't think I ever saw him coming to Washington on any of their operations, though he may have. I tried to blast him loose to be the meat man in the food administration, later, but he did not want to come back. Claude was boosted for that job, but didn't get it. I thought Thorne the better man at that time.

Claude had had more training in the political field than any of these other men. Claude had been state senator in Indiana. When you are in the state senate in Indiana, you are in a post-graduate course in state politics. Indiana takes her politics straight. They've played it for a long while, and played it very well. So Claude knew his way around, politically speaking, and



had a totally different upbringing in that respect than Wilson, who understands human behavior pretty well but has always shied away from anything that looked like a political activity.

On May 28, 1940, I became a member of the National Defense Advisory Commission and served for the next year. The reason for our appointment was never discussed with any of us - at least it wasn't with me - until the appointment was made. I might have had a telephone call from the President simultaneously with its announcement in the papers. It opened up a very active period there. Space in Washington was at a premium. We had no place to operate so my associates agreed to take the principals of the defense commission into the new reserve board building. We did make make room for them there, and we kept some of them there a long while, much to the discomfort of some of the old department heads and some of the board members - but they were patriotic and courteous about it all.

This does have a very definite relationship to '43, but I don't think I can give a play-by-play account. I again called Paul Porter, first, and Ken Galbraith, to assist me. Ken, of course, was then not as well known as he is now. I called Jack Hutson, George Livingston, and then drew heavily on the Department for some of the junior staff men we used. I didn't have a very large staff. I don't think it got as big as twenty or thirty. It could be considered that large if the men are counted

whom I drew from BAE for spot investigations and the like. At any one time I might have had that many, but the half-a-dozen principals were the chief ones. I tried at different times to get others. I tried to get Cliff Gregory to come down. He was beginning to show signs of illness and wouldn't come. I wanted him, as I recall it, to look after the whole job of procurement or representation of agricultural needs along with military and other civilian needs in claims on materials. He couldn't come.

My chief interest at that time was to create the nucleus of an office which could, if developments were unfavorable and we came into war, be readily expanded into a balanced and well-planned food administration. It would be different than the one we had in World War I. While I had people studying the setup in World War I, there was no attempt to cast it back in the same mold. There was no thought of whether it was better or worse. Different times and different conditions require different organization, different actions, different remedies. The main thing I wanted was to make sure that provision was made for an organization that could assist the harmonious development of a food administration - harmonious in this sense. Not that people don't differ, but harmonious in the sense that actions with respect to price, actions with respect to actual marketing and distribution, and actions in production were harmonized so that they made sense as a whole and didn't run off in different directions.

I remember the first meeting of this group on May 30, 1940. We met in President Roosevelt's office - and we met frequently thereafter in his office. Then we adjourned across the street to the room temporarily set up for our use in the old State, War, Navy Building. We moved over there where they had a battery of cameras and moving picture lenses, and so forth, and were seated, and wasted a lot of time on that. That didn't give me the tip-off as to what this thing was because we moved immediately from there over to the Federal Reserve and began to make plans, with a constantly moving goal. It was difficult for Mr. Roosevelt to talk in terms of a definite goal, and under the circumstances it is understandable why. We didn't know, sometimes, whether we were talking in terms of a 200,000 army or a 2,000,000 army, to begin with. It was very difficult.

That and the early subsequent meetings impressed me as the most disorderly affairs I'd ever had anything to do with. No preparation was made for keeping minutes, no preparation made for a record, no preparation for a chairman, and to the very end F.D.R. resisted the designation of any chairman. To fill the need for a presiding officer, and in order to meet the White House fear that William S. Knudsen would emerge as the strong man here (I understood that he didn't want Knudsen to be chairman), we arranged for a time that we'd rotate the duty of presiding. At my insistence, they agreed to let me bring in

Robert K. Thompson, who was assistant secretary to Morrill and whom I had taken on as what might be called my executive assistant in this job, to keep a record for the minutes. Subsequently they organized and took care of it.

One of the most surprising characters I met during that period was William McReynolds. He's now dead [1953]. He was a lank, long, lean chap who loved power. Mac had a peculiar conception of this commission. His whole operation in there was a surprise to me because he was reputedly one of the best operators in Washington - a career man in civil service - one of the best known and informed men - but his conception of what this commission should do was peculiar. His conception was that here would be a group without a head which would meet and talk. As advisors under the executive order, it could only advise the Council of National Defense, which is a World War I statutory creation composed ex officio of certain Cabinet members, which never met as a council of national defense. Yet, almost immediately the jobs that came on us were priorities, contracts, letters of intent, and operating decisions and actions of that sort.

We had the finished products division under Knudsen - I don't remember what it was called - we had raw materials under Edward R. Stettinius, price under Leon Henderson, the consumer under Harriet Elliott, transportation under Ralph Budd - I'm

not mentioning them in any sense in the order of importance - labor under Sidney Hillman, and I represented agriculture. In spite of all the inadequacies of organization and the handicap of Bill McReynolds, I think that they got a lot rolling in the way of contracts and expansion of plant.

My chief concern aside from the food problem was decentralization of the defense effort. I was motivated, in part, by the agricultural implications of it - but only in part, because nationally I was convinced it was the right thing to do. I hoped the nation would avoid the concentration in one-third or a quarter of the United States of the whole manufacturing effort that would be involved in a major war. I preached and urged as hard as I could on the commission the spotting of these plants in places where materials and labor supplies could be drawn upon without tax on the transportation system. I wanted them to be in places where employment could be brought to labor, and materials could be used where they were.

We had a number of real differences on that. I suppose the most conspicuous was the one when I felt it necessary to go directly to the White House before we got it settled. It was about the question of whether Muscle Shoals should be used in the war effort. Mr. Knudsen was a great big kindly chap. He'd come up the production line with high respect for management in industry. Say that it was agreed to establish a large synthetic

ammonia plant to be operated by the American Cyanamid or by Allied Chemical or by DuPont or somebody else, - the management would always come up with a proposal to locate it in a certain spot in western West Virginia and eastern Kentucky and southern Ohio that could be covered by a quarter of a dollar on a Rand McNally atlas map. I would question it and Knudsen would say, "Well, but that's where these men want to put it."

I'd say, "Is that right?"

"Well," he'd say, "you don't want to tell them to put a plant where they don't want to put it, do you?"

I'd say, "Sure we do. We can't put all this thing right in one section."

It revealed one of the startling weaknesses, I thought, in our whole interwar setup - the fact that the United States army had almost no skills in chemical engineering, at all. All they did have were located at Wilmington, Delaware, or at places like that in the DuPont or some other organization. When we'd try to call on the military for advice, we'd get some perfectly ridiculous responses. A major would come down who was in DuPont, who would discuss the question of a plant location with you, and it would be pretty difficult for him to have a free and independent voice. From the standpoint of management, it is perfectly true that if you concentrate your plants in reasonably close proximity with a central core you can run your shops more efficiently. It's true, also, that they had had experience with the

coke made from eastern Kentucky and West Virginia coal for the production of synthetic ammonia, and were not familiar with other cokes or ingredients.

The point came up in this Muscle Shoals thing that here the government in World War I had invested an enormous sum of money in synthetic nitrogen plants and power. When the question arose in the commission as to where we would move to secure the several hundred thousand tons of additional nitrogen capacity that they thought at that time they needed, there was in Mr. Knudsen's office and almost as much in Mr. Stettinius' office a willingness to accept the industries' point of view that outside of some minor experimental operations there should be no development at Muscle Shoals run by the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA). That was selected as one of the case studies of governmental operation by Harold Stein and his crew. I've never even read their report, but he told me about it and Ken Galbraith spoke to me about it, so I know it was written up. It was probably highly colored from the standpoint of the conflict. In that particular case, it came down to a point where Knudsen wouldn't budge and I wouldn't budge, and I went over to Roosevelt with the issue just at the time when they were about to place the orders authorizing the expansion of these plants, omitting Muscle Shoals. That was late '40 and early '41. I moved out of there in April. This thing had been going on for quite a

while. We had another case where they wanted to locate one of those plants at Portsmouth, Ohio. We got it in western Kentucky clear at the other end of the state.

I use nitrogen as the test in this business of decentralization. There were many other plants in which this issue came up. In nitrogen, they wouldn't even agree that natural gas had any possibilities in the manufacture of synthetic ammonia. When the president of Commercial Solvents came to see me - he had been a friend of mine since the cornstalks days - he said, "At Sterlington, Louisiana, we're blowing pure hydrogen into the atmosphere as a result of a carbon black operation we're running there. That stuff can be turned into the manufacture of synthetic ammonia with the least cost of any nitrogen operation." We couldn't find a chemical engineer in the army or the army group at that time who was willing to make a trial on it.

Subsequently, ammonia production was scattered all over the United States - the west coast and the mid-west. Even then they didn't have enough. The lowest cost and most satisfactory operations were those by the Lion Oil Company in El Dorado, Arkansas, and this one at Sterlington, Louisiana. Muscle Shoals was a satisfactory operation. It wasn't the lowest cost, by any means, but it was a satisfactory operation.

They even went to the point on the Muscle Shoals thing of saying, "You can't get the talent to design the plant." The



other companies had gotten a corner on the talent. We got Harry Curtis, who is now one of the members of the TVA Board. He was called in from the University of Missouri, where he was dean of engineering. He had been all through the early days of the Muscle Shoals thing, and had designed plants. We got him with other consultants to design that plant. It's worked all right. That story's all documented and written.

We had a lot of difficulty trying to gain ground for the idea that the defense effort had to be decentralized. Of course, the real decisions and the real orders that placed industry all over the country took place when the war effort got well underway. But we made the record there at that time. Maybe we didn't do anything more than that.

In October I set up an informal conference group apart from the National Defense Advisory Committee for my own end of the show, just as I imagine Knudsen did for his or Henderson did for his. However, I think at that time that we reached an agreement with the Department of Agriculture to use the same one that agriculture had. A good deal of that is documented in "Ninety Days," the memorandum I wrote to summarize the War Food Administration experiences in 1943. This covers both periods. My story goes back to the winter of '40-'41, and it relates the two together, and they belong together.

I have a copy of a letter written to the President on March 6, 1941, recommending the establishment of the Office of

Food Supply. I also have his reply of March 19. In my documents there are references to the agreement to use the same industrial advisory group, although I had groups of advisors on the peculiar problems I was working with such as on plant locations and all that.

I recommended that an Office of Food Supply be set up in the Department of Agriculture, after pointing out that it could be done that way or as an independent agency. On balance, it seemed to me that this preliminary work should be organized in the Department. We had two choices. One was in the agricultural division of the defense commission, and the other over in the Department of Agriculture. Neither of them was then doing the job. The purpose of my memorandum was to urge that this office be created, that it could be established either as a division within the Department with bureau status or it could be coordinate with OPS, which really grew out of the defense commission.

I became irritated with this in the fall of 1940, and became increasingly so. As time went on it was perfectly apparent that they were really walking off and leaving the National Defense Commission without any attempt to pull up the stumps or anything else. My decision to resign followed my resignation from the Reserve Board and my decision to go to St. Louis. I was carrying on as a member of the board while I was also acting

as a member of the Defense Commission. I was operating from my own office on the board. While I had assistants who were carrying on the work, I was attending board meetings regularly. The Commission functioned there in the board building. That was all right as long as it appeared that we were going somewhere, but when in early 1941 the President indicated that he'd talked to Wickard and Wallace and that they agreed that there was no reason for doing anything like setting up an office of food supply and really going to work planning this operation - his reply was that that would needlessly alarm the people - it became apparent to me that I had no chance to do anything. People were coming to me all the time as a member of this defense commission who was supposed to be working on these problems all the time, and I didn't really have anything to do with them and no more chance to do anything than anybody else did. It was one of those situations that I was trying to get cleared up.

Claude Wickard was then Secretary of Agriculture. I had put this thing up and tried to get Wickard to go along with me. In order to make it thoroughly palatable, I weighted my recommendation for the Department rather than for any other way, because the job had to be done. I felt that it was almost criminal to go along here and let the preparation for food, food distribution, farm labor - all these things - lag so far behind the other parts of the military preparation. I talked informally to Wickard. Wickard never talked like a man who had the say. You'd

talk to Wickard and he'd say, "Well, yes, that's all right. I don't know what the Boss (F.D.R.) thinks about it. I don't know." He's that way. I think Claude always felt that I was somebody on the outside maybe maneuvering to get something away - trying to take something away from the Department. That's the reason I weighted that so heavily in my recommendation - to do it all in agriculture, but for God's sake, to get it done somewhere!!

Then when I got the President's answer to that one, it was about the time that the chairman of the board of directors of the St. Louis Federal Reserve Bank, William T. Nardin, completely out of the clear sky called me and told me that at the next meeting of his board, unless I stopped them, they intended to present my name for president of the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis. William McC. Martin's term as president was due to expire April 1. While he would carry on, the situation had been a tough one, in a way, because the board of the St. Louis bank had previously elected a man they had brought in as first vice president, a man named Guy Hitt, who had been a small country banker over in southern Illinois and had been on the board of the St. Louis bank representing the small banks. They had elected him president. Under the statute the board of governors shares the responsibility and must approve the selection of a president, and our board, with me taking an active part in it, had voted to turn him down because nobody on our board felt - and it was true of many people in St. Louis - that the man was an adequate choice for the presidency. So I'd already had that

complication in the thing, and I had voted along with the others against their choice.

When Nardin called me on the phone I said that I'd never dreamed of it, that I felt on principle members of the board should not seek or encourage any Federal Reserve Bank to elect them, that they ought to settle down where they were and be satisfied with it. I didn't know whether there was anybody else being considered for the job. That was up to the board in St. Louis. I had nothing whatsoever to do with it. I didn't bring any pressure to bear. You can always encourage advance consultation - and it's better to do it - with the board of governors, because both of them are parties to the selection of a president, so that they move on someone with the full knowledge that he will have the board's approval. Now, that's what we've always done.

It had been known for years, I suppose, that there would be an opening in St. Louis. While sixty-five is the normal retirement age fixed in the Federal Reserve System, the president's statutory term is five years. They do not permit the election and qualification of a man after the age of sixty-five, but if he is sixty-three or sixty-four when he's elected he may serve out his term. Bill Martin had passed the age of sixty-five before his term expired in April, so it was known that there would be the vacancy there. I think they must have elected Guy

Hitt at least no later than their February meeting - possibly at their January meeting.

I did not know whether anyone else was being considered at that time for the presidency of the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis. I have not learned since that anyone was seriously considered, at all. Guy Hitt certainly had been, some months before. Miss Piper, my secretary, of course, was on the phone on every telephone conversation I had, and I have seen the transcript of my talk with Nardin. Of course, it isn't wholly complete, but it's a full report of it.

I can explain how the resignation from the Federal Reserve Board and the situation that had developed in the agricultural section of the Defense Commission were interrelated. I can show precisely how they were related in my own mind. The position on the board of governors was wholly satisfactory. The companionship was excellent and the work was interesting. I had bought my home in Washington, and I fully expected to stay. I was not wholly out of debt, but I was more nearly solvent than when I left the Triple-A. Then came the Defense Commission, and I had thrown myself into that as hard as I could. I felt, to have real significance, it must be at work on this question of the form of organization that would handle food and fibre when the war came - that is, how the product of the farm could be handled in war time should be under study and the nucleus of an organization that could be expanded to become a war food adminis-

tration should be in being just as soon as we could get it.

My point in the propositions I put up to the President at that time was this. If he felt that there was any real service I could render - anything that needed doing in this food problem in relation to war - why then I was perfectly happy to stay and do it. On the other hand, if it were going to continue as it was continuing, I did not care to continue in it. The division was operating in an atmosphere of dissolution so far as the Defense Commission was concerned. The Office of Production Management (OPM) had been set up as a result of a very hasty decision which put Bill Knudsen, Sidney Hillman, the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy as the legs - as the President called it - of a four-legged stool. That was dealing with the problems of industrial production. Nothing coordinate with what they were doing for the industrial end of the war was being done with respect to agriculture. My point was to try to smoke the President out and find out what his intentions were, so I went to see him with two memoranda.

One memorandum repeated in barest skeleton form the recommendations as to what should be done that I had given him in memorandum form before. The second memorandum just put this question up - if there was important work he wanted me to do in connection with the war effort, I'd be happy to do it. Otherwise, I told him, I had been informed that on the day following the board meeting in St. Louis would be held, and unless I stopped them the board would elect me president and I was disposed to take it.

The President said, "I hate to see you leave, but on the other hand I think there's perhaps a lot you can do out in St. Louis." So it was an obvious thing to do. This was in early April. I resigned from the Defense Commission on May 4.

This is what brought me into the position of paying the President this call. When Mr. Nardin called me, I told him there were three people I needed to consult before I could even tell him. I told him that if I had to answer him right then, my first reaction would be to say no. My first reaction was that it's a bad precedent to pull members off the board to be presidents of the Federal Reserve Banks. From that standpoint, it didn't appeal to me. I said, "As I just talk to you, of course it occurs to me that it would be an awfully good escape from this Washington tangle that I've got in on the Defense Commission. It would be just made to order. If there isn't something I'm needed for, why this is a way out of what looks to me like a kind of a bad mess. I want to talk to three people. I want to talk to my wife, I want to talk to Marriner Eccles, and I want talk to the President, because I have this obligation. If there is an obligation on the Defense Commission, I want to find out how much of an obligation it is."

I talked to Marriner first, because Mrs. Davis was out at a cocktail party. I first called Marriner and told him and he said yes, he'd just had a call from Bill Nardin - they were very close friends. Marriner laughed kind of dryly and said,



"He really told me something." Nardin is a hardboiled chap. What he told me he told Marriner was, "Now, look, you son of a bitch, I'm putting a man up to you tomorrow, and I'd like to see you turn him down! We're proposing to elect Chester Davis, and I'd like to see you turn him down!" Well, I talked to Marriner. Marriner said he had told him he realized that I was in something of a pickle in defense activity and he didn't blame me if I took it. He was good enough to say he hated to see me go.

I didn't want to resign from the Defense Commission without finding out whether the President wanted me to continue the work or not. I had the feeling I didn't want to sit in Washington and see things go ahead the way the President indicated they were going to go ahead, that everything was all for the good in the best of all possible worlds, and nothing more needed to be done, and all that. That tone was in his reply to me. Perhaps it wasn't logical, but it was nonetheless absolutely clear in my mind that I wanted to get out of there, unless there was something to be done. I wanted to get clear out of it and not be bothered. You can't sit there within rifle shot of the Department of Agriculture without people from the outside coming in to see you, particularly with the part I had just played in some of these things - plant locations, and all that. You couldn't say, "I'm sorry, I just can't talk to you about it." You'd be drawn in, in spite of everything.

I don't think I'd say that I was in any serious difference with Wickard. I was pressing for action Wickard wasn't willing or ready to take. I wanted a balanced approach to the whole food question. Wickard didn't want to do anything that ran any chance of being out of harmony with what the President wanted. He hadn't had the green light from the President on this. Wickard, in my book, was a small-time politician caught in there in a tough job. I don't think he ever did a damn thing in that job, myself.

But that's none of my problem. I wasn't sitting over there tearing my hair over whether Wickard was or was not running the Department. The point was that I didn't feel that I was getting any support or cooperation in driving to get an office of food supply set up. Claude Wickard undoubtedly felt, and I felt that James McCamy, who was one of his assistants, and Milo Perkins felt, "Now, the sooner we get this fifth wheel out of the way here, this agricultural division of the National Defense Commission, why then we can go ahead and plan and handle things in our own way." On the other hand, people who were meeting with the Department from agriculture and industry to talk about the prospective problems in the war found nobody over there who was really doing anything about it. At least, that was the picture I was getting.

There was then no such job as war food administrator. I

would have loved to help do the planning work at that time, or to have a hand in it. I was perfectly willing that the work be done over in Agriculture. I felt that I could be of some help to them. I wanted to have a hand in that. The thought of being war food administrator was not in my mind then. Under the circumstances that existed with divided authority I would not have wanted it, but even when it hadn't gone to the point it got to later I would not have wanted to be war food administrator. I thought, "Here's a clean-cut proposition and you have no authority to deal with the elements that must be dealt with in harmony if they're going to produce the results needed." Price and quota or ration systems that might be necessary to deal with and production were all parts of the same picture. I was then urging that the advance planning for that should be underway, and was getting no real encouragement or support in the Department.

It could have been that Wickard was afraid of me administratively. I was the head of the Triple-A when Wickard was an obscure operator, but, still, all the time our relations had been good. As far as Claude and I, personally, were concerned, our relations could be heart-to-heart good outside of the official contacts - for instance, if we'd been out attending a cornhusking contest or out on a fishing trip or at Mt. Weather or someplace like that - out of the office and away from the brass around him. Claude Wickard is good company - good fun. He tells a good story and is a pleasant person. There was no rancor there.

The answer to why I came back to Washington in 1943 won't be found in this period. There's nothing in this that would encourage me to come back. As a matter of fact, in 1943 I thought I had turned the food administration job down in my letter to Byrnes. I don't care much about what a historian would say about my returning to Washington in 1943. I'll try to relate just what I felt in 1941. I felt that the National Defense Commission was a mess and rapidly getting worse. It was disintegrating. It was dying on the vine. An attempt was being made to carry forward industrial planning for war through the Office of Production Management, and I had thought we had a mandate to forward the development of a plan for food if war came comparable to the plan that was being developed for industry. I had done a good deal of spade work with these men I had around me. In particular, I wanted to get Agriculture to push on the reins a bit. They had the organization. They had the economists, the statisticians, all the records. If I needed anybody, I had to draw on Agriculture to get them. I had pushed and talked and worked on it, and then my little interchange of letters in March with the President had brought most unsatisfactory results. The Federal Reserve Bank offer was quite coincidental, but very timely from my standpoint - so timely that within two or three days I had accepted it. I had my talk with Marriner.

I had told Mrs. Davis just what the proposition was, and

she had said, "Let's get out of here. It's just about to kill you down here. Why don't we get out?"

Then I went to see the President. He flashed the two memoranda that I gave him and said, "Chester, I hate to have you leave. Don't you ever resign from the Defense Commission. We need you on that. But you can come back in or we can consult you in St. Louis. There's probably very important work for you to do in St. Louis. I think you can do us a lot of good out there. I think maybe on the whole that's a good thing."

There wasn't any question in my mind. I went out and called Nardin. I had previously told him that I would come only if the vote were genuinely unanimous. So I moved to St. Louis and, the month following, resigned by letter from the Defense Commission.

I don't think the men then active in the Department were completely frank with me. They didn't want me in the picture. I think if it had been somebody else over there in the Defense Commission they would have felt the same way.

I resigned on the 4th or 5th of May, as soon as I caught my breath out in St. Louis. The President set up a little part of what I had suggested, under Wickard, but he had price and rationing over in one shop and he had this other under Wickard.

Some time later I had a communication from Henry Wallace indicating something that I didn't know about. He said:

If you are approached authoritatively on being Food Administrator under Claude, please do not

-508-

turn it down without giving me an opportunity to talk to you about it.

That was November 19, 1942. The post was not offered. I would have turned it down. I have a pretty deep-seated feeling against back-tracking, against going back to pick up once again something that I had done before. It rarely works. I don't like it.

I have another feeling, too. That is that you're likely to get better service in any task, such as the Secretary of Agriculture Ezra T. Benson now faces, if instead of calling back to Washington some old hacks who've had all the bloom rubbed off of it for them, you get hold of men who are coming up, to whom the operation is a thrill and a challenge. It's a mistake to keep calling the old repeaters back all the time.

I didn't know anything about the memo from Roosevelt to Byrnes dated October 22, 1942, in which Roosevelt agreed that food should be coordinated, that there should be a food coordinator in the Department of Agriculture, suggested Lehman, and went on to say:

He could not fix prices, wholesale or retail, without the consent and approval of you and Henderson. I've had no word on this from Don Nelson. Keep these papers until the thing comes to a head further.

F.D.R.

I wasn't concerned with and wasn't following those developments closely then.

I did have, sometime prior to the call I got there, some telephone conversations with Don Nelson who indicated that he had some important job for me in the War Production Board. He wanted to know what I thought about it, and I told him I didn't think much of it. I didn't want to do it. We didn't go into details as to what he had in mind. I said I didn't want to return. I think I say all this in my letter to William I. Myers. He had indicated that, if necessary, he would pull in the White House to get a little more reenforcement in getting me down there. So actually when I was called down to Washington to see the President, I had an idea that this was just Don Nelson carrying out his threat. I knew that the War Food Administration - the Food Production Administration and the Food Distribution Administration - had been created. This was back in December of 1942.

Some months after my resignation as War Food Administrator, I summed up the story of my call to Washington and my resignation, in a letter to Dean William I. Myers dated October 12, 1943. To save time and repetition I'd like to include that letter in this record, and refer to it as I go along.

General Watson's office in the White House had telephoned me in St. Louis on March 18 asking me to be in Washington to see the President at noon, Saturday, March 20.

I went to Washington and saw the President but I saw Byrnes first. I don't remember any more about my conversation with

Byrnes referred to on page six of my letter to Bill Myers. I went back and talked to Byrnes later, and our talk then was more in detail and it was reassuring. I'm sure Byrnes was sincere when he said, "Now, I don't want to be in this thing, at all. I want to be helpful to you. You come and call on me for anything, but any decisions you make that are agreed on with the Price Administrator, Prentiss Brown, won't come to my office at all." That was clearly my understanding with the President, also. Whenever the food administrator and the price administrator had agreed on a course of action, that was to settle it. My road was to be direct to the President, but Byrnes was there to adjust cases of difference with the Price Administration.

This is how I figured we could make it work. Prentiss Brown and I figured that neither of us wanted the job we had and neither of us wanted more power. My relationship with Brown was excellent. We agreed that we would have our staffs meet jointly with people who came in with common problems, instead of dealing with them in separate interviews which kept them running back and forth from one end of Washington to the other. When people came in and we were dealing with a problem, if conferences were arranged by one the other would be asked in, and vice versa. So while we were operating under what we both agreed was a bad setup with authority divided between us we decided we'd make it work by hearing things jointly, deciding



*Travis, 2/20/43*

things from the same record as far as possible, and whenever we were required to see somebody and it was important, to see them together. We set out to make it work. The only case in which Byrnes had jurisdiction, both he and the President said, was when Prentiss Brown and I couldn't agree. We set up a mechanism by which we would work out our problems together. He, with price in mind, and I, with whatever my responsibilities were in mind, would move up on a problem together by close coordination.

In trying to discuss with Jimmy Byrnes how this thing would work as they contemplated it, I pointed out that it was bad organization to set up within the Department of Agriculture an administration reporting directly to the President and with two-thirds of the personnel of the Department turned over to it. This was what was proposed. Everything the new administrator wanted would be turned over to him without regard to the Secretary. When I said, "Wickard would resign, or should," the President told me that he would depend on the fact that the Secretary of Agriculture sat on numerous international boards - British and others - and that he thought Claude liked the Cabinet position too well to give it up. He said he thought he'd be all right on that. This was in my first talk with the President, when I was trying to discuss it.

The first person I talked to after I came back into Washington was Wickard. I talked to Roosevelt on March 20, 1943.

I talked with the President. I talked with Byrnes. I got all the story that I could out of them. Then they asked me to take a look at an executive order that was in drafting (page seven of Myers' letter). Marvin Jones had been brought in to act as Jimmy Byrnes' advisor on food. He was on leave of absence from the Court of Claims, and when I talked with Byrnes, urged that they appoint Marvin Jones to be Food Administrator. He was already right on the job.

On page seven I wrote:

I went over the tentative draft of the proposed Executive Order No. 9322 with Judge Byrnes, Rosenmann, and Marvin Jones, and made one or two suggestions. I could not get very much interested in its details; the fundamental make-shift defectiveness loomed too large.

The make-shift defectiveness that I had in mind at that time particularly was this improvisation within the Department of Agriculture. What actually developed was something I did not then foresee. I hadn't worried that others close to the White House would assume and take over all of the policy responsibilities, regardless of whether Prentiss Brown and I had agreed on something or not. I hadn't feared that, and that's what actually happened. I was afraid of this perfectly God-awful arrangement in the Department of Agriculture. That was what worried me, and that was the burden of my letter to Byrnes. (Appendix "E" of Myers letter).

I went on to Chicago from Washington on March 21, and flew back to St. Louis on Monday, March 22. Then I got a

-513-

letter off just as fast as I could. The reasons I gave in my letter to Byrnes on March 23 were largely centered around the Department. That seemed to me to be the basic defect.

I don't recall anything in particular that I had in mind when I used the phrase "the Secretary and his friends" in the sixth paragraph of my letter to Byrnes. Most of the Department of Agriculture was to be turned over to the Food Administrator, and he could have anything else he felt he needed and he asked for. It was hardly conceivable that some of those wouldn't be headed by people who had been brought in by Claude, who felt their loyalty ran to the Secretary rather than to a new man who was brought in. You can't build much of an organization that way. That objection loomed so big in my mind that some of these other things didn't interest me much.

I went to bed feeling pretty good after I wrote my letter to Byrnes on March 23. I thought that my telegram and my letter were strong enough to convince Byrnes that I shouldn't undertake it. I gave all my reasons and then I went on to say:

I am not seeking to run out on you or to dodge a tough assignment. There are other complications in the split authorities in the field of farm prices and manpower which I think are general handicaps to the present Food Administrator, but I haven't raised them because the factor I have discussed is so packed with trouble that the others seem relatively easier to get along with.

That's about as strong as you can make it in time of war.

*Davis, checked*

-514-

On March 24 I wrote to Eccles that I would have to leave it to fate; that I had asked to be excused, but that if I were called I'd do it.

I've had doubts in the years since June, 1943 - since that period - whether I shouldn't have behaved like a soldier and taken what came regardless of how tough and impossible it was. I haven't accepted that as valid. I've rationalized the Food Administrator's fiasco as having accomplished at least one thing. I think it made Marvin Jones' job as my successor a great deal easier than it would otherwise have been. I think they treated Marvin with considerably more respect and care than they did me. At any rate, it didn't work; it blew up as I'd told Jimmy Byrnes it would blow up, although it blew up for somewhat different reasons than I had thought.

Claude Wickard was really a cooperator. There never was a single incident that arose to embarrass me that came from Wickard or anybody that was motivated by loyalty to Wickard, that I know of. He played ball one-hundred percent.

Byrnes telephoned me early Wednesday morning, March 24, to say that the President had talked with Wickard and that the story of the change was already being talked around Washington. He insisted that the White House would have to make a formal announcement not later than Thursday - that was the day following. I asked him if he and the President had considered my letter. He

said it was too late for that - the question now was when I could get there. As a matter of fact, what he said was a great deal more emphatic than that. In his own style he said, "To hell with the letter! You can't back out of this thing. The story's out. Everybody knows it in town. It's got to be confirmed tomorrow. The question is when you can get down here." So I told him and came down. I called Jesse Tapp after my arrival and asked him to join me.

I talked to Wickard on Sunday, March 28. Wickard said, "I'll come right down to see you."

I said, "No, it would be much better if I'd slip out to the Westchester and see you." This was to be a quiet talk. I went out and saw Wickard and visited with him and Mrs. Wickard for a while. Then Claude and I went into another room. These are, as nearly as I can remember, the significant parts of our conversation.

Claude opened up by saying, "Well, this is quite a move," and he asked me if I thought he should resign. He said, "Do you want me to resign?" - put it to me that way. I said no, but I knew that question had been discussed. I don't mean to imply that the President ever said, "Chester, if you want it you can be Secretary," but I had discussed it with him from Wickard's point of view and he had said, "I think Wickard will stay."

I said, "No, as far as I'm concerned, I can't be, couldn't be, won't be Secretary - wouldn't want it." I was sincere in that. I didn't want it. That's the kind of a job that if you take it you're getting right into the middle of a political life. It would have involved resignation from the Federal Reserve Bank, and at my stage of life I'd rather be president of a Federal Reserve Bank than I would a member of the Cabinet. I told Claude that as far as I was concerned somebody had to be Secretary of Agriculture, and it might just as well be he as anybody else. That's precisely what I told him. I wasn't particularly complimentary. I didn't say, "You'd be my pick," or anything. I said, "Somebody's got to be, and as far as I'm concerned it might as well be you as anybody." I thought it was awfully tough on him. I'm not trying to demean him at all when I state that he seemed grateful for what I said. From that time on, in the short time I was there, I don't recall a single request I made of Wickard that wasn't complied with. We probably had some difference, but I don't recall any major differences. My troubles didn't come from Wickard.

Wickard took this like a man whose wife wanted very much to stay in Washington as a Cabinet wife. That's just the way he took it. It's human. I've seen a lot of them. We talked at quite some length about the thing - not details, because I

-517-

hadn't gotten into it. He assured me that he would do anything I wanted. I think he raised the question as to representation on the Combined Food Board, and a few things of that sort.

I went back and called Tapp. I talked to Marvin Jones repeatedly during that period. Marvin was right in the White House. Marvin was quite encouraging. He said, "We'll make this go." There was no intimation at that time that the group would move in with major policy questions for decision at the White House, and then through Byrnes would communicate them to Prentiss Brown and me.

It looked fatal to me in advance. A division of loyalty, I had feared from splitting the department down the middle, didn't have a chance to develop. On the contrary, the cooperation and the support I had from the department left nothing to be desired. I'm referring to the old department people. I think Roy Hendrickson was anxious for power. We inevitably had to make some shifts there. Ralph Olmstead was one of Roy Hendrickson's boys - a boy who had moved up fast and gained a lot of power in the department. We hadn't been on the job for very long before we thought that he needed a lot of watching, all right. Those things are sort of unpleasant to go back into. They moved so fast.

One thing I found here gets back to the same 1935 theme. The Resettlement Farm Security Administration was one of the agencies that was transferred to the War Food Administrator,

and Beanie Baldwin was the head of it. Coincidentally, one of the things that was in the worst mess at that time was farm labor supply for the war crops. Two things were happening: Congress was at the boiling point because of failure to liquidate some of the cooperative experiments that had been set up and which were not succeeding and were, on the contrary, a pretty bad mess. Marvin Jones had been one of the most violent critics on that point, insisting that in good faith they had to do what they'd promised to do and start liquidation of some of these experiments that had developed under Tugwell and later under Baldwin. One of the first things that hit my eye as unsatisfactory when I got in was farm labor management that had been turned over to Farm Security to handle.

I called in Jay Taylor from Texas to handle that. He was a fast-moving, soft-speaking lad who got on top of the farm labor problems in a hurry after it had been removed from the Farm Security Administration.

I was pretty sure that I didn't want Baldwin continued in charge of the FSA, and told him so. I should have known better, because the next morning the White House messenger brought a note in F.D.R.'s handwriting. It said, "Make no move whatever affecting Benham Baldwin until you've cleared it personally with me." But Baldwin resigned shortly thereafter.

In the Kiplinger News Letter of March 27, 1943, the



-519-

analysis is correct as to the intrinsic powers over food. There obviously had been no real change in powers. I assume now that the President may have told Wickard that he had all the authority and the Presidential support needed to make a success of the job when Wickard went in. That, of course, was the situation as it was presented to me.

This Kiplinger letter I think overlooks one thing.

The letter says:

Whether or not Davis succeeds as Food Administrator depends mainly on how well he manages to get along with Brown and the new PA, or, if he can't, on whether he later gets real authority over prices.

Of course, one of my fundamental criticisms of the setup there was the fact that it split off into different segments parts of the authority which should be handled as a unit if there was to be a successful food operation. As it turned out, my difficulty wasn't in getting along with Prentiss Brown, but lay in the fact that neither Prentiss Brown nor I had policy-making authority in our own fields. We never had any real difference at all, but it wouldn't have made any difference if we had. Decisions were made in Byrnes' office to a small degree, but when Fred M. Vinson came in as economic stabilizer and Jimmy Byrnes moved up to still another layer in the Office of War Mobilization (OWM) - we found that neither one of us had any authority that amounted to anything. We couldn't make decisions even when we agreed, which was the fundamental reason

why I left Washington.

On the whole, I'd call this Kiplinger letter a good analysis. I'm not commenting now on the personal parts of it. It's a good analysis of the situation. The man who wrote that was Oresti Granducci. He was one of the tough, accurate agricultural reporters in Washington. I don't recall having read it at the time, but looking back on it the article is accurate as to its analysis of powers. As to its prediction of difficulties, of course history proved him right.

An executive order of April 23 gave coequal powers to Wickard and me. As I recall, it came about because much of the statutory law - acts that had been passed from time to time - were expressed in terms of the Secretary. In order to move without having to rewrite all the law and write "food administrator" in and without making it necessary for the food administrator to go to Wickard's office and get something signed every time anything was done, the solicitor's office worked that up and cleared it, and the President signed it. Robert H. Shields was then the solicitor. What it simply did, of course, was carry to its logical conclusion the totally illogical arrangement we had. It was an impossible setup, but that never bothered President Roosevelt. Inconsistencies or contradictions never bothered him at all. He left the stumps of the old National Defense Commission sticking up

around Washington after they'd moved on to other forms of operation. Nothing was ever wiped off and cleaned up.

I really don't recall the "Wickard Plan" for incentive payments to farmers on vital crops. It sounds a little like the big program the President subsequently announced - again without consulting either the price or food "authorities" - to put a billion and a half or two billion dollars a year into payments either to bring about a rollback in the statistical price of food or to prevent food prices from rising by paying a portion of the price out of the Treasury instead of in the marketplace. Overemphasis on the statistical price of food was one of the problems I faced with the OPA and with Benjamin V. Cohen and some of the others in the White House. The two men in the White House I think of as exercising policy power without public responsibility were Ben Cohen, who had been around Washington and the White House since 1933, a teammate of Thomas G. Corcoran in the early days, and this boy Edward F. Prichard.

Prichard was one of the brilliant young men, a graduate of Harvard Law School, who was in the White House, in effect, I think, as liaison between the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) and the President. In practice, he had much more authority over food policy than I did while I was there. Being in the White House, having access to those who had access to

-522-

the President if not actually exercising it himself, he could cook up programs, policies, decisions which - particularly after Fred Vinson came in - were as good as edicts. We had no chance even to discuss them.

I stress "after Vinson came in" because matters were relatively workable while Byrnes was our primary point of contact, but that was only for a short time. After Vinson came in, it immediately became unworkable. I got along with Byrnes up to the point of that last final discussion. I couldn't get along with Vinson because of Vinson. The situation was this. Without consulting any of the people around Washington as far as I could find out - Don Nelson hadn't heard about it, I know Prentiss Brown hadn't heard about it, I hadn't heard about it - the President appointed Vinson, took him off the Court of Appeals, I think, and named him as economic stabilizer, elevating Jim Byrnes to a new office which he created, the Office of War Mobilization. Subsequently another word was added and it was known as the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion (OWMR). When that was done and Vinson moved in, any pretext of consulting us was dropped. There wasn't even the form.

This led me, in the last discussion at the White House I refer to in my letter to William Myers, to say, "If Vinson is going to exercise the authority, then make him the Food and Price Administrator and then let us have two divisions - a

price division and a food division. Then you'd have a setup that squares with the facts, because that's the way things are being run."

I got off on Vinson in relation to Prichard. Prichard was a Kentuckian. After Vinson came in, his influence and actual power was very much increased.

The last meeting referred to on page eighteen of my letter to Myers, is the meeting on the afternoon of June 16. I believe we were in Byrnes' office two and a half or three hours. It was really a tough one. There were Byrnes, Brown, and I. The President wasn't there. It was in Byrnes' office in the executive wing, the east side of the White House.

The third paragraph on page eighteen of the Myers letter starts with this sentence: "A full narrative of our discussion would be altogether too long." I can't add to that. Before I went over to the meeting that day I had drafted my letter to the President, and I carried it with me as I went into the meeting. I wanted to make an effort to get back to the original understanding we had had, if possible - that where the Price Administrator and I were in agreement on policy or program, we had authority to go ahead - that was the original direction from the President - without having to clear every order, every action, with Vinson. I wanted an end to this business of having decisions made up the line without consulting

either one of us as to what was done. But at the meeting talk went round and round on the same thing, getting nowhere at all.

It wasn't a particularly acrimonious meeting. I think it must have grown very irritating to Jim Byrnes. I said at this meeting that the President had assured me of direct reporting and direct access to him at all times, and I saw no alternative except to go to the President and lay it on the line. I'm quite sure that Jim Byrnes made up his mind I was not going to go to the President at that time, because the President did not call me although my letter to him asked for an opportunity to discuss these questions with him.

I only wrote that one letter of resignation. I think I probably wrote it out longhand, worked it over, and then gave it to my secretary to type. This letter was on my mind and on my desk for several days. The decision to deliver it came after this meeting convinced me that short of the President there was no possibility to get a workable arrangement here. This letter is dated June 16, 1943, and is in Appendix H of my letter to Myers. It wasn't precisely a letter of resignation. I said:

Some time at your convenience I should like to discuss fully with you the future direction of the food program. After I have completed two undertakings I should like to be relieved of my present responsibility.

I named the two unfinished jobs. I said:

These major programs should be well shaped up and under way before the middle of July.

Two main causes have brought me to the reluctant conclusion that I will not be able to serve you satisfactorily in my present capacity:

Then I gave the two reasons that are set forth in the letter.

I said that I'd like to discuss the food situation with him, and then I would like to have the opportunity to complete two undertakings. Then I asked to be relieved of my responsibility. I didn't say, "unless we work out satisfactory arrangements."

It was twelve days before I heard from the President. The meeting with Byrnes, Brown, and Vinson was on the sixteenth, which was the date of my letter. I had no idea what was going on in those twelve days. The only discussion that I can recall I had with someone close to the White House was a half hour or so spent with Harry Hopkins. No, there was another. Frank C. Walker asked me to talk with him, and we discussed the situation at length. From the beginning of the President's administration he had been a close advisor of President Roosevelt's and had been in and out of important positions there. He was then Postmaster General. Harry Hopkins and I had a long talk about it. Harry was, I think, anxious to see me stay, as was Frank Walker, and both of them were anxious to avert any further difficulty in the food front. They were very sincere about it.

They were sympathetic, but they were more or less helpless.

In the meantime, the President had made that announcement that gave the signal that the administration policy would be to go into food subsidies up to the extent possibly of two billion dollars. About two weeks or so - perhaps less - prior to the President's announcement, the same plan had been publicly advocated by CIO and I think AFL leaders both. It was a labor union plan.

I didn't have any trouble with Wickard that I recall. I don't think he was close to Vinson and Byrnes. I don't mean that he was antagonistic to them. I regarded him as out of the picture. He wasn't particularly active at this time. I think Wickard was actually quite sympathetic with me in the difficulties I was having because he had had somewhat similar ones. He had been a figurehead in food. He had had no authority. It didn't hurt him particularly to lose the vestige of authority to me, and then he promptly could see - as everybody else could see - that I had no authority either. I'm sure he wasn't trying to get me out of there, and I don't know that he would. I don't think he's that kind of a man. I don't think Wickard had anything particularly to gain by getting me out. He had had his shot at it, and the whole Department, in effect, had been taken away from him - a situation which I had not approved. I don't think the historian is going to be much concerned with Wickard right at that particular juncture. He was not in the picture.



The crux of the matter was precisely this. They were announcing major food policy and carrying it right down to minor operating decisions. "They" refers to Vinson and Byrnes. Although Byrnes had moved on to other things, he was still nevertheless in the picture. Roosevelt was making snap decisions and they were carrying them out, as perhaps good lieutenants should. I think that's what the historians will be concerned with. He made decisions on the basis of information from a group that was politically-minded. They were politically-minded in the sense that they felt - and I think truly - that Roosevelt's political power in the country really rested around the hard core of the labor unions and what they could do. I keep bringing them in because the point of view the administration took was the point of view being advocated by both the major unions, but particularly by the CIO. They had a great deal more to say about food policy than anyone in the food administration did.

I didn't know when I would get President Roosevelt's reply. It came on June 28. (Appendix I, Myers letter). He hadn't called me over to see him. I didn't call and ask for an appointment, either. I sent the letter, made my request, and then after that it was in the President's hands. I had asked directly for an appointment to see the President in my previous letter. If the President wanted to discuss it with

me, the move was up to him. Byrnes and Vinson didn't give my letter to the President. I had handed it to a uniformed guard as I left Byrnes' office after the June 16th meeting, and asked him to get it to the President as soon as he could. It reached him all right. Obviously that letter irritated the President. His reply shows a lot of feeling. I'm sure he didn't draft it, but at the same time I think it reflected his irritation over the situation. I don't know whether I blame him much. He'd had plenty of trouble on the food front.

Now I go back to 1940-'41. I still contend that all of this trouble could have been avoided if he had, at that time, permitted plans for a balanced food administration to be drawn that could be thrown into operation when we moved into war, with sufficient powers to give management to the nation's food problems. It could have been done. There might have been other troubles and more - I don't know - but this type of trouble could have been avoided.

I didn't attend the Hot Springs food conference (May 18-June 3). I saw Claude Wickard frequently. I am sure I dropped in to see him before I left Washington and said, "This is it," or something. I had a press conference. There wasn't much to be said. I was asked whether I was going to reply to the President's letter. The implication in the question was, "Are you going to blow off now and really undertake to fight this out?"

I said that I was not. I turned the question along this line - "That would be taking on a little too great odds, wouldn't it?" - something of that sort.

In retrospect I'm glad of one thing. Two of the national magazines asked me to write my story of this period. In retrospect I'm glad I didn't do it.

I wrote the letter to Bill Myers because, in the first place, he asked me for the story of what happened. I thought I'd like to put down some of the events and developments for my own record and for a few of my friends in the Federal Reserve. I didn't circulate it further than that.

I had nothing to do with choosing Marvin Jones as my successor. It was a good choice. I think Marvin was as nearly heartbroken as anybody when I resigned. I don't know that he knew he would be selected. Marvin's a good soldier, and he's a pretty calm personality with a world of political experience, and the give-and-take of adjustment that you get in politics. I think perhaps the one contribution I made as Food Administrator was to secure a better situation for Marvin Jones to operate in than he would have had otherwise. I'm sure of that. I think they were very careful to consult Marvin, from there on, about things that were done about food. I'm not too sure that they always did, but in any event Marvin was able to ride that horse. I think I gentled him a little. I'm not sure.

The question I've had since then has been, "Now, should I have stayed through like a good soldier in the ranks without questioning any of these things?" That I don't know.

There is a similarity between the situation I ran into with regard to the lawyers in OPA and under Vinson, and that with Jerome Frank in the AAA. The bright boys got over into policy and grabbed power. They had entrenched themselves, and there was an informal but very close line running from OPA to the White House. They had their connections in other departments with these bright young planners who enjoyed making the power behind the scenes, although they didn't appear in public as possessing any responsibility at all. The names were not known and not heard of, but they were extremely active in this time. They really had a pipe line to the White House and they were entrenched there.

When Fred Vinson came in, it was impossible for me to operate - at least as I saw it then, and I'm pretty sure I'd see it that way again. I had public responsibility but no authority.

I had very little contact with Wallace during this period. Wallace, I think, was sympathetic. I know he was, although I had practically no personal contact with Henry during the three months I was down there.

Tolley was busy in Hot Springs. I brought back Tapp.

Hutson was in the Department, but was very active with me. Hutson is another Kentuckian, and when Vinson came in he pulled Jack over to him. Jack worked very closely with Vinson. I think Jack would have been Vinson's personal choice to handle the food job. Some of my associates - I don't need to name them - felt that Jack had gone over to the Vinson group pretty completely in the latter end of the ninety days. I don't know. I haven't seen much of him since.

I had one talk with Jack. That was after his resignation as an assistant to Trygve Lie in the United Nations. Jack had an experience there that was reminiscent of mine before, only on an international scale. He was surrounded by personnel in the Secretariat with no loyalty whatever and following in this case, according to Jack, the straight communist line. Jack knew it. They really tied him up in a ball. I spent an evening sympathizing with him genuinely, because I know something about how he felt, all right. But the fact that I haven't seen much of Jack isn't due to avoidance, at least on my part. It's just because our lines haven't crossed.

My lines with Tapp have crossed. I saw Jesse Tapp a good deal because he was in the banking field and was working on agriculture in the banking field as I was. I didn't see Howard Tolley during the period in which he was head of the

Economics and Marketing Division of FAO. During that period I don't recall that I saw Tolley at all. I saw Hutson, as I recall, only on this one occasion. So my statement that I haven't seen much of Jack in recent years has no significance. I haven't seen much of them except I continued to see Jesse Tapp. We'd be in the same meetings, from place to place.

We'd never unpacked while we were in Washington. We had an apartment at the Shoreham. We had moved just our clothes, and personal effects. I remember most of them were stored in a large wooden chest which the maintenance boys at the bank had made up for me. We could pile a great deal in that. It stood beside our beds in the bedroom and it never was unpacked in Washington. We just left things in there, because after the first ten days, I told Mrs. Davis that we shouldn't unpack because it looked like this thing wasn't going to last.

Appleby during this time was Under Secretary of Agriculture. I didn't get an trouble from him that I know of. I can't imagine that there was any great sympathy or love between Appleby and Wickard. I don't recall seeing Paul during that period.

There were two other contacts I had with the government, later. I went on the board of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion (OWMR) as a public advisory member for John W. Snyder. I think it was '46. John Snyder was then in

that office, and that was before he went to the Treasury. Then President Harry S. Truman asked me to be chairman of the Famine Emergency Committee in '46.

John Snyder was a friend from St. Louis. I remember when John one day stopped me on the street. He was a vice president of the First National Bank of St. Louis, diagonally across the street from the Federal Reserve Bank. He told me he had had a call from Harry Truman who wanted his advice as to whether he should permit his friends to put his name before the Democratic Convention for Vice President, and John said he was advising him against doing it, that he felt he was doing fine in the Senate, there wasn't any chance for him in this Vice Presidency, and John said he was disposed to advise him against it. I had seen quite a lot of John Snyder in St. Louis and during the war when he had been head of the Defense Plant Corporation. John, himself, at that time had a good deal of the same problem that I had had. When he asked me to go on his Board, I realized that. He had Robert R. Nathan as the head of his economic group. He'd inherited Bob. So I was glad to go on - more because John wanted me to than any other reason.

The other was the Famine Emergency Committee. That gave me the only real close personal contact with Herbert Hoover that I ever had. He was named honorary chairman. I

was chairman. We did have quite an operation. Mr. Hoover agreed to visit many countries abroad and report on the food situation. He turned in a wonderful report, all right. Those were the only two subsequent activities in the government that I was in, that I recall.

I had frequent meetings with Truman during the time I was on the Famine Emergency Committee. I had known Harry Truman since he first went in the Senate - not closely, but just casually. I had met him when he was a very freshman Senator in Edwin A. "Ned" Halsey's office. Halsey was secretary of the Senate. From my first meeting I don't think I expected great things of Senator Truman. I don't think anybody else did.

The satisfaction I got out of the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis was due to the work we got started in that district activating the bankers to use their influence to develop more productive uses for the resources, human and material, in their districts. We really got something going. In cooperation with state bankers associations and with land grant colleges and the soil conservation services, we'd organize a series of regional meetings. We'd study case histories of farms where the production records had been kept before and after a complete program of land and water use had been put into effect. It's amazing what the records showed. The increased productivity after the land had been put to its best use in a way that



sufficient within a relatively short period of time to repay the capital investment and still leave a substantial contribution to the income to the farmer. I mean that you could take the actual increase in physical volume of production and apply it to your capital investment and pay it off in four, five, or six years, and do it with only a fraction of the increase, and without taking wartime prices into account. In our calculations we applied the average '35-'39 price level to the physical increase in production. We were able to demonstrate this in all the states. There are not too many farms where they had a comprehensive series of records before and after these programs were put in effect, but some always could be found. We found records covering all types of farming improvements - getting organic matter in the soil, terracing and contouring where it was necessary, realigning the fences, taking the hilly land out of row crops and putting it into permanent pastures, getting livestock going. We really made an amazing showing demonstrating that people couldn't afford not to do that kind of business and the bankers couldn't afford not to back up the good farmers with credit. Many of the bankers were slow to realize this because it's easier to invest in commercial paper and bonds, and so forth, than it is to get out and work one of these plans. I think we had some effect, and I enjoyed that work very much.

On my birthday, November 17, 1950, Paul G. Hoffman called me from Pasadena. He had just agreed to become president of the Ford Foundation, and said he wanted me to come with him as associate director of the Ford Foundation. That was a complete shot out of the blue. He told me that he had talked to Bob Hutchins at the University of Chicago and Bob hadn't given his answer yet, but the two he wanted to start with were Bob Hutchins and me. Sometime later - perhaps a week or ten days later - after I had consulted with my own board of directors in the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis and with the Board in Washington - particularly Thomas McCabe - I told Paul I would be delighted to tackle this one. So I moved out early in 1951 to Pasadena.

The one thing in my life that I'm most proud of, I believe, is the work I did as president of the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis in extracurricular activities. I'm not only proud of the work with agricultural resources, but also the collateral efforts to bring about a better understanding on the part of the commercial bankers of the principles of fiscal monetary policy and central banking. I think perhaps that will have more enduring effect in the lower Mississippi valley than what I have done on the national scene.

In my life I liked least trying to make that insulating wallboard operation stand up in the depths of the depression.

We didn't get into production until the end of November in '29, and we continued on until 1933. That was the all-time, low, probably.

Chester C. Davis - Index

Adkins, Charles, 222  
Alexander, Will W., 380  
Allen, Robert S., 416, 437  
Alvord, E. C., 163  
Anderson, Paul, 369  
Andresen, August Herman, 66  
Appleby, Paul, 63, 72, 85, 314, 327, 332-333, 343-344,  
361, 372-373, 377, 383-384, 389-390, 392-393,  
396, 398, 403, 407, 417-418, 424, 432, 457, 532  
Aswell, James B., 207, 224  
Authier, George, 253-254  
Baer, John, 479  
Bailey, William C., 471  
Baldwin, C. Benham, 314, 327, 332-333, 343-344, 373, 396,  
399, 403, 424, 432, 457, 484, 518  
Bankhead, John, 354, 428, 437, 438  
Barrett, Charles, 161, 233  
Baruch, Bernard M., 169-170, 189-191, 193, 196, 212-213,  
261, 269  
Bean, Louis H., 334, 339  
Belair, Felix, 328, 446-447  
Benger, E. E., 44  
Bennett, Hugh, 452-454  
Bennett, Margaret, 402, 404  
Benson, Ezra T., 345, 508  
Benz, Peter Jerusalem, 67  
Bilbo, Theodore, 296-300  
Bingham, Hiram, 171, 187, 207-208, 228  
Black, A. G., 289, 292, 433-435  
Black, John D., 106, 236, 272, 282, 396  
Blaisdell, Thomas C., 339, 422  
Blalock, U. B., 209  
Bledsoe, Sam, 195-196, 303  
Bole, William, 100  
Bone, Scott, 77  
Borah, William E., 235, 251  
Bowles, Chester, 383  
Bradfute, Oscar, 183, 189  
Brand, Charles H., 258-259  
Brand, Charles J., 104, 105, 154, 157, 159, 163, 278,  
279, 281-282, 288, 289, 290, 305, 308-309,  
313, 325-326, 339, 351-353  
Brannan, Charles F., 440  
Bromfield, Louis, 470

Brookhart, Smith W., 296, 301  
Brown, Frank A., 374, 390, 392, 393  
Brown, Prentiss, 510-512, 517, 519, 522-523  
Bryce, James, Lord, 71  
Buckley, Oliver Ellsworth, 44  
Budd, Ralph, 490  
Burton, Theodore E., 258-259  
Butcher, Harry, 193-194, 235, 332  
Butler, William, 155-156  
Byrd, Harry, 361-362, 425  
Byrd, William E., Jr., 374, 390-393  
Byrnes, James F., 191, 212, 506, 508-515, 517, 519,  
522-524, 527, 528  
Capper, Arthur, 211, 426  
Cardon, P. V., 109-110  
Caverno, Xenophon, 188, 272  
Christgau, Victor A., 335, 349, 373, 390, 392, 402,  
411, 414-416, 419, 433  
Christie, George Irving, 104  
Clark, George A., 66-67  
Clayton, William D., 354-356  
Cobb, Cully, 289, 291-292, 404, 428, 431  
Cohen, Benjamin V., 521  
Commons, John R., 273  
Condon, Edward J., 470-473  
Coolidge, Calvin, 154, 155, 157, 174, 177, 201, 204,  
208, 230, 240, 249-250  
Corcoran, Thomas G., 521  
Coulter, John Lee, 154, 159  
Coverdale, John A., 200  
Cowles, R. A., 172, 205-206, 207, 211  
Cox, Joseph F., 338-339, 448  
Cresap, Dwight, 149  
Crisp, Charles R., 207  
Cummings, Homer, 348, 446  
Curtis, Charles, 207  
Curtis, Harry, 495  
Davis, Mrs. Chester C., 27, 37, 43, 80, 87-88, 97, 110-  
111, 120, 122, 123, 166, 170, 234, 235, 266,  
286, 369, 465, 470, 472-473, 502, 506-507  
Davis, Chester S., 74-75, 138, 482  
Davis, Frank, 8, 16, 26, 444  
Davis, Harriet, 8, 36, 37-38  
Davis, Ida, 8-9, 10, 38, 76-77  
Davis, Lewis, 8, 9, 10, 27, 38, 76-77  
Davis, Norman Hall, 472  
Davis, Philip Hare, 42  
Davis, William H., 2-6, 8, 11-17, 25, 36, 38

Davis, Mrs. William H., (Eva Johnson), 3-4, 6, 10, 12,  
16-17, 19, 25, 36, 38, 41, 76-77  
Dawes, Charles G., 177, 201, 210, 211, 213-215, 228,  
231-232, 240, 269  
Dawes, Rufus, 269  
Deshmukh, Ramrao Madhaorao, 383  
Dickinson, Lester J., 195, 230  
Diehl, Oscar, 39  
Dixon, Joseph M., 53, 111-124, 134, 136-137, 138, 140,  
146, 148, 150, 153, 163-164, 174-176, 235  
Donnelly, Charles, 158  
Dorman, Dewey C., 381-382  
Dowling, Noel, 448-449  
Driver, W. J., 392  
Duddy, E. A., 273  
Dunlap, W. R., 367  
Eccles, Marriner S., 475, 476, 502-503, 514  
Eisenhower, Dwight D., 112  
Eisenhower, Milton S., 332, 334, 345  
Elliott, Harriet, 490  
Ely, Richard T., 156  
Ensminger, Douglas, 383  
Erickson, John E., 175  
Evans, R. M., 451, 483  
Ezekiel, Mordecai, 273, 334, 339, 379, 381, 450  
Farley, James A., 255, 294-295, 454, 478  
Farrell, George E., 335-336  
Field, Mrs. Frank E. (Pearl Davis Gannaway), 6-7, 17,  
27, 36-41, 47-48, 77  
Flood, Francis, 452  
Forster, C. T., 408  
Frank, Jerome, 279, 282-283, 288, 290, 291, 305, 311,  
314, 315, 328, 329, 338, 348, 359, 376, 388,  
389, 399-402, 407, 411-413, 417, 418-419,  
421-422, 434, 458, 530  
Frankfurter, Felix, 315  
Fraser, Lynn, 103  
Friant, Julian, 294-295, 454  
Galbraith, J. Kenneth, 363, 487, 493  
Gannaway, Charles R., 7, 39-41, 46  
Garberson, J. H., 77-78  
Gilbert, Bruce, 15  
Goss, Albert, 223  
Gotch, Frank, 68  
Granducci, Oresti, 520  
Gray, Chester, 215, 241  
Gray, Gordon, 74  
Gregory, Clifford V., 104, 274, 278, 376, 457, 488

Griffin, Harvey, 86  
Guard, Sam, 152  
Hall, Bob, 69  
Hall, James Norman, 52, 59-63, 65-66, 71, 72-73  
Halsey, Edwin A., 534  
Hamlin, George, 70  
Hammill, John, 193, 197  
Hampton, Uncle Sam, 95-96  
Hannah, John, 324  
Harding, Warren G., 139-141  
Harrison, Pat, 195-196, 296-300  
Haugen, Gilbert N., 156, 159, 211, 224-225  
Hayes, Glen, 152  
Hearst, Charles, 160, 230, 252, 366  
Henderson, Leon, 490, 495, 508  
Hendrickson, Roy, 303-304, 517  
Henshaw, Fred, 332, 382  
Hill, Grover B., 484-485  
Hillman, Sidney, 491, 501  
Hirth, William, 160, 172, 185-188, 198, 217, 230-231,  
232, 233, 249, 252, 260, 272  
Hiss, Alger, 58, 314, 403-407, 409  
Hitt, Guy, 498-500  
Hoffman, Paul G., 54, 536  
Hollenback, B. D., 178  
Holman, Charles W., 336  
Holmes, George, 332  
Holzer, Charles, 470-471  
Hoover, Calvin, 392-393, 405, 422-423  
Hoover, Herbert C., 139, 142, 154, 157-158, 164-166,  
205, 207, 208-209, 226, 228, 230, 243, 245,  
251, 254, 256-259, 533-534  
Hope, Clifford, 66, 224, 364  
Hopkins, Harry, 62-63, 83, 85, 321, 435, 525  
Hopkins, Rome, 62  
Houston, David F., 103, 140  
Howe, Frederick C., 309, 313, 402, 414  
Howard, James R., 160, 183  
Howard, Perry, 245  
Howell, Robert B., 218-221  
Hughes, Fred, 306-308  
Hull, Cordell, 329, 347-348, 437, 461, 484  
Hutchins, Robert M., 66, 536  
Hutson, John B., 293-294, 310, 359, 378, 473, 487, 531-532  
Ickes, Harold, 324, 367  
Jackson, Gardner, 309, 313, 377, 402, 408-409, 416, 419  
Jardine, William M., 178-179, 204, 208, 230, 244  
Jarrett, Henry, 478-479

Jewett, George, 149, 150-151, 159, 161, 162, 178, 181  
Johnson, Ernest, 166-167  
Johnson, Hugh S., 35, 134, 168-170, 190, 247, 324,  
367, 368-369  
Johnson, Marquis, 253  
Johnson, Oscar, 404, 439, 441  
Jones, Jesse, 355-356  
Jones, Marvin, 224, 364-366, 436-438, 446, 448, 478-  
479, 485, 512, 514, 517, 518, 528  
Jump, William, 306  
Kilgore, Benjamin W., 189, 203, 209, 226, 249  
Kinchsloe, David, 224  
King, Clyde C., 302, 327, 339  
Kirk, Alexander, 464  
Kirkpatrick, Donald, 448  
Knudsen, William S., 489-493, 495, 501  
Landon, Alfred M., 464  
Lawshe, Ben, 104  
Leavitt, Scott, 155, 159  
LeCron, James, 432, 457  
Lee, Frederic P., 163, 225, 229, 278, 282, 284, 288,  
301, 326, 448-449, 455  
Lewis, George M., 117-119, 121  
Lewis, John L., 377  
Livingston, George, 487  
Lloyd, ----, 106  
Lord, Russell, 421, 470  
Lowden, Frank O., 171, 186-187, 203-204, 208, 226-228,  
231-232, 243, 245, 269  
McCamy, James, 504  
McClung, Ray, 161  
McCormick, Will, 129, 145  
McCumber, Porter J., 225  
McHugh, Glenn E., 156, 326  
McKellar, Kenneth, 294  
McKinley, ----, 19  
McKinley, William B., 222  
McIlrath, George, 50, 51  
McKee, John K., 475  
McNary, Charles L., 156, 211, 240-241  
McReynolds, William, 490-491  
Macy, Jesse, 70-71  
Marquis, Clyde, 456  
Martin, William McC., 498-499  
Mason, Jerry, 336  
Matson, ----, 68  
Mayfield, Earle B., 220  
Meyer, Eugene, 141-144, 244



Miller, Adolph C., 474-475  
Miller, Grady, 302, 303  
Miller, Ray C., 311, 332  
Mitchell, Harry, 332  
Mitchell, James, 170-171  
Moley, Raymond, 272, 274  
Mondell, Frank W., 141-142, 144  
Montgomery, Don, 423  
Morgenthau, Henry, Jr., 274, 449  
Morrill, Chester, 104-105, 168, 476  
Morrison, Ralph, 475-476  
Moser, C. O., 189, 209  
Moskowitz, Belle, 251  
Murph, D. S., 339  
Murphy, Donald R., 106  
Murphy, Frank W., 159, 160, 172, 185-186, 188, 192-  
193, 197-198, 217, 232, 244, 260, 346  
Mussolini, Benito, 462-465  
Myers, Larry, 339  
Myers, William I., 319, 509, 510, 528  
Nardin, William T., 498-500, 502-503, 507  
Nathan, Robert R., 533  
Nelson, Donald, 508-509, 522  
Nolan, Phil, 168, 169  
Norbeck, Peter, 69, 427  
Norris, George W., 146, 207-208, 252  
Olmstead, Ralph, 517  
Olsen, Nils, 145, 273, 306, 433-434  
O'Neal, Edward A., 160, 183-184, 194, 438, 448  
O'Shea, ----, 178  
Otis, James E., 269  
O'Toole, Donald L., 66  
Parker, Bob, 137-138  
Patrick, Hugh, 22-23  
Patton, James G., 457  
Payne, Charles E., 70-73  
Pearson, Drew, 313, 319, 408-409, 419, 467  
Peek, Burton, 193, 234, 269  
Peek, George, 31-32, 33, 35, 56-57, 95, 134, 159, 162,  
165, 166-173a, 177, 179, 180-182, 186-188,  
190-193, 195, 197-199, 201, 205-206, 211-216,  
230, 232-233, 234, 235, 241-243, 246-248,  
249, 252, 255-256, 258-262, 268, 269, 271,  
274, 275-292, 296-298, 301, 302, 304-305,  
308-310, 312-316, 319-320, 326-331, 333, 339,  
340, 346-347, 351-353, 368, 373, 388, 399,  
458, 459  
Peek, Mrs. George, 167-168, 216, 275, 281

Perkins, Frances, 348, 367, 369-370  
Perkins, Milo, 432-433, 457, 504  
Perching, John J., 228-229  
Peteet, Walton, 171, 186-188, 193, 199, 208, 216-217,  
220-221, 233-234  
Petrie, Harry, 336  
Pierce, Walter Marcus, 381  
Piper, Carol, 307-308, 390, 392, 393, 500  
Pius XI, 465  
Porter, Paul A., 421, 441, 478, 480, 487  
Pressman, Lee, 283, 301, 311, 314, 315, 387, 389, 400,  
402, 411-414  
Preston, Paul R., 408  
Prichard, Edward F., 521-523  
Proskauer, Joseph M., 249, 251  
Purnell, Fred S., 211, 217  
Ransom, Ronald, 475  
Raskob, John J., 247  
Reno, Milo, 233  
Reynolds, Arthur, 6  
Reynolds, George M., 6  
Richberg, Donald, 348, 367  
Riefler, Winfield, 349  
Roberts, Owen J., 445-446  
Robinson, Arthur R., 239-240  
Robinson, Joe, 302-303, 392  
Roerich, Nicholas, 360-361  
Roosevelt, George, 78  
Roosevelt, Franklin D., 63, 271-272, 274, 275, 276,  
281, 316, 320, 327-330, 362, 366-370, 380,  
388, 429, 438, 439-442, 446, 459, 460-461,  
464, 467, 476-477, 484, 489, 493, 496, 498,  
501-503, 506-512, 514-515, 518-528  
Rosenman, Samuel, 512  
Rotnem, Victor, 402, 416  
Russell, Charlie, 90  
Russell, F. M., 333-334  
Russell, J. Stuart, 85  
Ryerson, Knowles A., 360-361  
Sanders, John, 75  
Sapiro, Aaron, 127, 207-208  
Schacht, Hjalmar, 462-463  
Schram, Emil, 295  
Schwellenbach, Lewis, 381  
Sears, Henry, 80, 83  
Sedgwick, Ellery, 62  
Selvidge, B. A., 172  
Settle, William, 160, 172, 187, 203, 223, 231-232,  
243, 249, 252, 260, 476, 478

Shea, Francis M., 402  
Shepard, Guy C., 302, 313, 339, 408  
Shields, Robert H., 520  
Silver, Gray, 162-163, 165-166, 176, 183, 194, 200,  
215-216  
Simpson, John, 233  
Smith, Alfred E., 247, 249-255  
Smith, Earl, 160, 172-173, 182, 184-185, 189, 207, 230,  
244, 247, 252, 274, 278, 323, 448, 457  
Smith, Ellison D., 354-355, 425-427, 438, 446  
Smith, Russell, 482-483  
Snyder, John W., 532-533  
Spillman, W. J., 106, 273  
Stamp, Sir Josiah, 177, 201-202  
Stanley, Mary, 18  
Stealey, C. L., 209  
Stearns, Frank, 155  
Stedman, Alfred D., 290-291, 332, 335, 352-353, 374,  
411, 414, 416, 461  
Steen, Herman, 243  
Steere, Loyd V., 381  
Stein, Harold, 493  
Stephens, Hubert D., 296, 300  
Stettinius, Edward R., Jr., 490, 493  
Stevenson, Lewis G., 259, 301  
Stevenson, Adlai, 112, 301  
Stewart, Charles E., 221  
Stewart, Samuel V., 103  
Stockberger, W. W., 306  
Stockton, W. L., 151-152, 155  
Stone, Alfred, 195-196  
Stone, Harlan Fiske, 446  
Stoops, J. D., 52  
Strawman, C. N., 149  
Sutherland, R. N., 108  
Sweeney, O. R., 268  
Szymczak, Mencowiz S., 475  
Taber, Louis J., 223  
Tapp, Jesse W., 293, 334, 373-374, 379, 396, 407-408,  
414, 432, 435, 462, 473, 482-483, 515, 517,  
530-532  
Taylor, Henry C., 106, 139, 140, 145-148, 150-151, 159,  
166, 372, 381, 466  
Taylor, Jay, 518  
Taylor, Wayne Chatfield, 301, 326  
Thatcher, William, 337, 457  
Theis, Frank A., 311, 337  
Thomas, Elmer, 484

Thomas, Seth, 392, 395, 398-401  
Thompson, Robert K., 490  
Thompson, Sam H., 160, 172-173, 176, 182, 183, 189, 194-  
195, 204, 215, 230  
Thorne, Jerry, 486  
Tolley, Howard R., 273, 293, 301, 334-335, 374, 379,  
382, 384, 407-408, 411, 413, 414, 419, 432,  
435, 443, 450, 461-462, 473-474, 483-484,  
530-532  
Tomkins, J. F., 392  
Trent, D. B., 414-415  
Truax, Charles, 223  
Truman, Harry S., 533-534  
Trumbull, John, 161, 233  
Tugwell, Rexford G., 272, 273, 274, 279, 281, 288, 305,  
309, 315, 337, 340-342, 362-363, 372, 376,  
384, 410-412, 417, 432, 518  
Turner, George, 68-69  
Turner, Stanton, 68  
Underwood, Mell C., 367  
Vinson, Fred M., 519, 522-523, 527-528, 530-531  
Walker, Frank C., 525  
Wallace, Henry A., 57, 105, 140-141, 183, 208-210, 215,  
235, 237-238, 252-253, 275-282, 284-292, 302,  
306, 308-309, 314-315, 320, 327, 329-331, 337,  
340-341, 342, 344-346, 348, 360-362, 366-367,  
376-378, 380, 384, 388, 391-399, 401-404, 409-  
412, 416, 418, 423-424, 431-432, 446, 449,  
457-462, 473, 484, 485, 496, 507, 530, 532  
Wallace, Henry C., 57, 105, 131, 138-141, 147-148, 150-  
153, 158, 159, 160, 161, 163-164, 166, 176, 258  
Walsh, Thomas, 174  
Warburton, Clyde, 308  
Warden, Oscar M., 86, 100  
Warner, Frank, 197  
Warren, George F., 318  
Watson, James E., 213, 239-240  
Weaver, A. J. S., 392-303, 336  
Welliver, Judson C., 157-158  
Wellman, H. R., 335  
Wenchel, John P., 374, 400, 411, 413  
Westervelt, William I., 271, 289-290, 302, 304, 337-  
339, 353, 418, 420, 468-470  
Wheeler, Burton K., 111, 113-114, 200, 404  
Wheeler, Leslie A., 381  
White, Mastin G., 455  
Wickard, Claude R., 292, 336, 345, 435, 485-487, 496-  
497, 504-505, 507, 511, 513-517, 519-520, 526-528

Wiggins, Russell, 198, 346, 446-447, 459, 461  
Wilcox, Francis, 482  
Williams, Carl, 104  
Williams, S. Clay, 370-371  
Wilson, M. L., 20, 38, 57, 73, 75, 79, 81, 82-83, 86,  
94-96, 106, 110, 116-121, 145, 149, 150-151,  
153, 155, 159, 272, 273, 274, 276, 277, 279-  
282, 284-285, 287-289, 291, 303-304, 315, 326,  
331, 335, 339, 356, 362, 382, 384, 392, 395,  
397-400, 431, 456, 485-487  
Wirt, William, 409  
Wood, Robert E., 420, 468-470  
Woods, Mark, 211, 228, 234