The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

005458

[c. Jan. 6, 1921]

Dear Dorothy:

I have not heard from Washington as yet in reply to my urge to J. Nicko. Probably the blameless Ethiop is still pursuing my diaries, though I did send a follow-up in the form of a letter to General Williams asking him to encourage and abet James. Until this material arrives I do not know just what additional material will be needful. But I should say that anything on the Modern period would help. I suppose Prof. Fairchild's book and possibly some of Prof.'s unpublished letters to his mother from Manchuria would be available to Mr. Coley.

It is quite a thrill to see Bennett again: faithful person.

C. B.

Please excuse hasty scrawl from the motor of manhauser.

[JAN 3, 1921]

S. Henry Baldwin
Chairman
Fred Fischer
Vice-Chairman
Chairman Buildings and House
William DeVeer
Treasurer
Geo. P. Enke
Secretary
Dr. Hugo Alexander
Finance Chairman
Thomas Paisley
Religion and Activities
Miss Mary R. Tooker
Hostess
Miss Minnie VonDeesten
Hostess

Merchant Marine Branch

YMCA

C. E. BROWN
GENERAL SECRETARY

H. McDONOUGH
ASSOCIATE GENERAL SECRETARY

CONNECTING { 128 RIVER ST., TEL. 2574 / 127 HUDSON ST., TEL. 2573 } HOBOKEN, N. J.

Monday night.

Dear Dorothy:

Your letter came this morning to the ordnance office in New York and I am taking this earliest opportunity of answering.

Gladly will I try to do what you ask. I am writing to James Nicko to-night asking him to hunt up my China diaries, photographs etc. and forward them to me here. Here I need to refresh a memory that has grown dim for a while. My diary contains some things I hope you will value: I kept it in detail very regularly. Per on many photographs and other memorials, and some original sketches of Willards.

As soon as the materials come I will begin to put them together more coherently. You do not say how much time is available. Unfortunately I cannot devote my days now to what will be a sad pleasure rather than a task. My work with the ordnance keeps me occupied until half past four every day and then, after crossing the river, I am on duty here until eleven at night. There is no privacy for I sleep in a dormitory, so that I shall have to keep memories of China for Sundays when I may repair to a library or to some quiet room.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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In this slight contribution your wishes decide. I will do as you say; either throw the material over to Harland Cooley with any additional assistance I could render him, or try to recreate the spirit of those days. Perhaps it would be better if I go ahead and send you a first draft or compilation and then, with that as a basis, you can decide just how best to use that part of Willard's biography.

It is very hard to write now, I am so constantly interrupted. This is only to say, promptly, that I shall have begun to go my best to carry out your request. The complete willingness is at your service but a troubled spirit is hard to unite with or is to live with. In a rather grim existence I am grateful for new old thoughts and a chance to do the slightest thing for you.

Respectfully yours.
E.M.

Jan. 11th
1921.

THE OLD ADAM HOUSE
OYSTER BAY

Dearest Dorothy:-

Your letter came when I needed it so much - somehow I'd lost all my contact with life again - and coming back has been such a struggle - Its a sort of hurricane one realizes, where things temporal seem to count not at all. but as you said the

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

005460

other night, its not right to
be that way. Its really not
being alive —
Those flowers that came on the
6th was a card saying "with
gratitude for the inspiring years"
and I have been thinking of it
since for both Father & Willard.
—
You have been so good to
us Dorothy. If only you
will be able to endow your
God child with a little of
your blessed strength & shining

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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goodness—

I am ashamed of not having thanked you for the wonderful presents - Richard had had it shaved down his Indian suit to Edith's was most desolate in consequence. so he is overjoyed - Edith keeps the cunning cap & sweater for her "go to church Dolly". I shall wear my sweater all the time - You always keep me supplied - my last one was to go to freezing visitors - I bear the years by my bird - & am using my pins a day - Some day, lets compar what we have written in the front & back during the years - poems & quotations -

I'm much better - but still seeing no one - & trying hard to get strong - I will telephone you before long if it is clear how you are -

Yours devoted
Ethel

1921
14

Friday, January 14"

Dear Dorothy:

James Nicholson, superintendent by General Williams, dug up my China diaries and photographs. During the week since their arrival I have taken all odd time available to skim through the material and as a result of this preliminary reconnaissance I wish to report as follows:

First: then, the written records prove less detailed than I remembered. They are rather jumping-off places for a reviving memory than very accurate chronicles. Luckily the names are all there — the many temple guests, the Chinese officials, all the Chris colleagues — and many details of our life together, with the rides in Pei-ling, the dinners, flag raisings, etc. There is abundant material for a good chapter, however, though I wish I had more material of the time immediately succeeding the grand council of the Mukden diaries, when I had entered the Chinese service and Willard in Mukden and I in South China, the Philippines, Japan, and Korea, were working together to check the Bandalog's designs. Those soaring plans were all Willard's:

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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JAN. 14, 1921

-2-

and they went so wonderfully in with our songs we were toppling empires down. My diaries of that time are missing (Samarkand in 1918) and Willard's letters of that period, which I saved, are rare.

Now, secondly: (Presbyterian sermon) it occurs to me that if Mr. Croly is writing all the rest of the book, a chapter like mine on Muckden and the period immediately following, so entirely different in point of view and in the character of its treatment, would be an interruption. Would it not spoil the unity of the book? Mr. Croly could not possibly feel about Muckden and "empire" China as I do. And in writing about it whatever value in your eyes might attach to my contribution would be from the intimate personal portrayal of Willard's character and actions, his visions and plans. - The troubadour side of him and the clive together.

Anyway, it seems to me best that I should write for you a transcript of my diaries in detail, showing you a glimpse of Willard Lafayette you and he had made. Then you can do whatever you please with the narrative. It would be very hard for me to write it, - still more to try to tell it - for Mr. Croly directly. You will understand that.

ARDEN GALLERY
SCRIBNER BUILDING—48TH STREET

599 FIFTH AVENUE
TELEPHONE VANDERBILT 5063

MRS. JOHN W. ALEXANDER
MRS. JAMES C. ROGERSON

January 25, 1921

Mrs. Willard Straight
113P Fifth Avenue
New York City

Dear Mrs. Straight :

Yesterday Miss Kinkead brought me in a few of Major Straight's drawings. I had already made the acquaintance of those reproduced in Asia but it was an added pleasure to see the originals. They are certainly remarkable notes and unusually interesting.

Mrs. Rogerson and I feel certain an important exhibition can be centered in these drawings, and we will be happy to offer them the hospitality of Arden Gallery. The dates between March 21st and April 2nd are available as we can postpone an exhibition we were planning for that time and for which we will be glad to secure a little more time to prepare.

I should give this exhibition of Mr. Straight's drawings my undivided attention and we suggest as a possible setting a carefully selected loan collection of Chinese objects of Art. It has occurred to us that you may have appropriate Chinese material of this kind collected by Mr. Straight which could be used at least for a part of the setting and we know we can borrow from a number of sources what is needed to complete and make it as beautiful as possible.

The only expenses connected with the exhibition will be the invitations - addressing, filling, mailing, etc. and the Gallery attendant who is always on guard in the Gallery, and whatever expenses are incurred for mounting and framing. It may interest you to publish a little catalogue of the drawings and we will be glad to superintend and compile it for you and attend to the correcting and editing. We will contribute all the rest.

Miss Kinkead writes me this morning that there are about forty drawings, ten or twelve water colors and six or eight charcoal drawings available. Properly mounted and presented this ought to make a fine showing. The drawings should, I feel, be mounted substantially even if you decide it will be unwise to frame them.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
005463

JAN. 14 1921

-2-

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Harper, it seems to me best that I should write for you a transcript of my diaries in detail, showing you a glimpse of Willard before you and he had met. Then you can do whatever you please with the narrative. It would be very hard for me to write it, — still more to try to tell it — for Mr. Croly directly. You will understand that.

JAN. 14 1921

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The pictures are fine: there must be many of them which you have never seen. Is the book to be illustrated? If so I have many real contributions of an illustrative character. The books are lovely and full of other material of no particular interest to you so, if you care, I will make a photographic list of the pictures with interest for you, and send it with the book.

And about time: is there plenty of it or are you anxious to publish the book as soon as possible?

Respectfully yours.

C. Bn.

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ARDEN GALLERY
SCRIBNER BUILDING—46TH STREET

599 FIFTH AVENUE
TELEPHONE VANDERBILT 5063

January 25, 1921

MRS. JOHN W. ALEXANDER
MRS. JAMES C. ROGERSON

Mrs. Willard Straight
113P Fifth Avenue
New York City

Dear Mrs. Straight :

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The only expenses connected with the exhibition will be the invitations - addressing, filling, mailing, etc. and the Gallery attendant who is always on guard in the Gallery, and whatever expenses are incurred for mounting and framing. It may interest you to publish a little catalogue of the drawings and we will be glad to superintend and compile it for you and attend to the correcting and editing. We will contribute all the rest.

Miss Kinkead writes me this morning that there are about forty drawings, ten or twelve water colors and six or eight charcoal drawings available. Properly mounted and presented this ought to make a fine showing. The drawings should, I feel, be mounted substantially even if you decide it will be unwise to frame them.

[1-23-21]

They can be mounted on heavy cardboard of a uniform size and would thus be prepared to be kept in portfolios. Pencil sketches are so easily marred by careless handling that I believe this will be necessary if they are to be properly preserved.

Miss Kinkead has already made a very good suggestion for their mounting and will be interested in helping to prepare them for exhibiting.

Will you let me know as soon as you canveniently can your decision about confiding us the drawings as I must immediately take steps to shift dates, etc.

I will be delighted to come and see you about this if you prefer to talk the matter over.

With kind regards, I remain

Sincerely yours,

Elizabeth A. Alexander

EAA.FW

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
005465

Telephone 1590 East.
Cable Address—Gillis, Peking.
Silligvi, Peking.
Codes used—Western Union.
A.B.C., 5th Edition.
Bentley's, etc.

"I LI SHOU"

義理壽

I. V. GILLIS.

PEKING, CHINA.

February 6th, 1291.

Herbert Croly, Esq.,
The New Republic,
421 West 21st Street,
New York City,

Dear Mr Croly,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated the 4th of January requesting that I give you a statement with regard to the late Mr. Willard Straight, more especially with reference to the trip we took together through Manchuria and Siberia.

As I have practically no descriptive powers,- in fact I do not believe that I could describe a herd of cattle in a pasture in a way that would indicate that they were animate objects,- it is extremely difficult for me to comply with your request.

You mention the diary, and state that it is chiefly concerned with trade data and memoranda, but as we wrote our journals together and compared views, I am somewhat cognizant of what his diary contains.

You will find little sketches of interest here and there through it if you go over it carefully, and I think that possibly these are what you seek.

The description of the visit to the Dragon Pool at Kirin; the general impression of Japanese activities in the Chientao district (repeated now at Hungchun); the shooting of the crow with a revolver; the incident of the father looking for his runaway son, whom we met at the summit of the pass (or was it the husband looking for his runaway wife ?); the dinner with the old-fashioned local officials at Ninguta; the visit to Tung-ch'eng and Lake Birten,- our thoughts that this district might be the Xanadu of Coleridge; the trip down the Sungari and Amur, with the description of the travellers on the steamer Alexander Nevski; the meeting with Oscar Batt (an old scout of the Indian days on the plains) at Kharbaroffsk; etc., etc., are all incidents of the trip that he described in a sketchy manner, as I recollects it now after some twelve years gone by.

[2-6-21]

I believe that all of the foregoing incidents you will find in the diary, for in looking up my own journals of this trip in connection with the present high-handed activities of the Japanese in this same district (which activities they commenced when we were there in 1908), I found most of them recorded, and as we compared notes generally, I feel sure that he also set them down.

Regretting that I can be of so little assistance to you in an undertaking which will be greatly appreciated by all of Mr Straight's old friends,

I am,

Yours very truly,

I. V. Gillis

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ARDEN GALLERY
SCRIBNER BUILDING—46TH STREET

599 FIFTH AVENUE
TELEPHONE VANDERBILT 5063

MRS. JOHN W. ALEXANDER
MRS. JAMES C. ROGERSON

February 9, 1921

Dear Mrs. Straight:

I have had time to go over all the detail of the proposed exhibition of Major Straight's drawings and can now send you definite information about everything.

As I told you we will be glad to hold the exhibition from March 24th to April 6th.

I saw Miss Kinkead yesterday and she says she can attend to the mounting on paper selected by you from samples we will pick out with reference to the sketches.

I have not mentioned any business arrangements to Miss Kinkead for this work, as I take it for granted she has made her own arrangements directly with you. She is so much interested and eager to help that it will be a great advantage to have her assistance.

Please feel absolutely at liberty to criticize my method of organizing your exhibition as I want to do only what meets with your complete approval.

I feel if the drawings are going to be carefully mounted some further provision should be made for their preservation and canvenient keeping at the close of the exhibition.

I know of a most convenient box-portfolio which can be made to fit the mounted drawings. I have had a number made for myself to protect Mr. Alexander's sketches and photographs and they have proved very practical. The front of this box-portfolio drops and the cover lifts back so that the drawings can be taken out easily and when showing the drawings the box can be placed on a chair and the lid propped against the chair back serves as an easel on which to stand the drawing for inspection.

These portfolio boxes can be made plain covered with black egg shell paper or they can be made more ornamental by covering them with material.

[2-9-21]

In plain black they cost from eight to twelve dollars according to the size and if covered with material, the price of the material will have to be added.

It might be appropriate to select a typical Chinese material for covering them.

I am arranging with Miss Kinkead to only use two sizes for the mounts. This will add to the convenience of storing them and will be best for the general effect of the Exhibition.

The invitations will go out on Monday, March 21st.

Our usual form would be -

ARDEN GALLERY
599 Fifth Avenue

announces an exhibition of

PENCIL AND WATER COLOR DRAWINGS

made in

China and Corea

by

Major Willard Straight

March 24 to April 6.

If you do not approve of this form let us know what suggestions you have to make and we will do our best to carry them out.

Miss Kinkead and I have talked over the leaflet to serve as a catalogue and I enclose two dummies she has made.

The plates will be supplied by Asia and involve you in no extra expense. A leaflet always makes the Exhibition interesting to the public.

You spoke of collecting a few more important drawings from friends. If you do they should reach us by March 18th at the latest. All material should be ready by that time.

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[2-9-21]

I take it for granted you have the drawings protected by a floating insurance. You really should have one if you wish to send them about for exhibition.

I enclose one of our consignment blanks which cover our responsibilities. The Scribner Building is a fire proof building and ranks in the best class of such buildings.

Our people are responsible, careful and accustomed to handle valuable things so the risk is very small.

I append a list of questions to be answered heping in this way to save you all trouble excepting the dictation of your answers to your secretary.

It is a great pleasure for us to offer the hospitality of our Gallery to such a distinguished exhibition.

Very sincerely yours,

Edgar C. Alexander

EAA.FW

[2-9-21]

LIST OF QUESTIONS

Shall Miss Kinkead and I proceed with the mounting of the sketches when the mounts have been selected ?

Shall I have the portfolios ordered and if so will you you have them made in bl ack paper or covered with material ?

Have you a floating insurance and if not do you wish us to have the collection insured for you and at what figure ?

Do you approve of the proposed form of invitation ?

Will it be possible for us to have the material you feel you can collect from friends, at Arden Studios by March 18th ?

Do you care to undertake the catalogue and which dummy do you prefer ?

How soon can we have your list and cards?

Will you appoint a time convenient for you to let me come and see you in regard to Chinese objects collected by Major Striaght which might be suitable as a setting for the drawings ? (I can get anything needed from other sources if this does not turn out to be possible)

Shall Miss Kinkead and I have the water colors framed uniformly ? (at present some are framed and some arenot)

Will you please add any instructions that may occur to you in reading over my letter ?

Please let the Studios relieve you in every way possible and do not hesitate to call up for any help or information we can give you. We wish to do everything in our power to make the Exhibition a success.

Studio telephone - Vanderbilt 5063

Mrs. Alexander's home telephone
not in book - Plaza 3277.

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[C. Feb. 10, 1921]

Please mark your choice of the made-up moments, double or single, or some of each; or, select other combinations from the enclosed samples; or, say if you wish even different style papers, and I will hunt up them.

Shall I take sketches from the books, trim worn edges, clean with gum rubber, and fix with lacquer to keep from rubbing?[2]

Shall I mount them all in the way selected, though some of them will probably not be included in the exhibit.[2] Some of the Japanese-Russo-War books are among those, the can be cleaned and left intact, they are notes & sketches, mostly.

Would you like to select what is to go in to the exhibit, or shall Mrs. Alexander and I decide.[2] Certainly all that have been in Asia.

[C. 2-10-21]

of Asia

There are some charcoal drawings in color paper, framed in black, and 2 or 3 water colors or pastels framed in gold. They will be shipping used as they are.

there are also two of the set of Men of East in dark brown frames.
Asia. I think these would be charming in new color frames, in the style of the reproductions of them from Asia which you have. Shall I have this done, or shall the other frames be reparied.[2] Please send me any of the watercolors that you want changed, so I can start in time.

I shall see Mrs. Alexander you notice in all the points, and show her samples etc., before I start.

Please say how many copies you wish of the reprint in book form, of the Biography of Major Straight? We want to include this extra number of copies of the two water color reproductions, in the printing

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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3 [C.2-10-21]

made for the regular magazine. It will save time and money.

Shall I send Mrs. Alexander a list of the Asia staff whose announcements of the exhibition I am sure they will all be interested.

NEW YORK CITY
3 MACDOUGAL ALLEY

February 17, 1921.

Mrs. Dorothy Whitney Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

My dear Mrs. Straight:

I am enclosing a copy of the letter which I wrote to Secretary Houston relative to the inscription to be placed on the Alexander Hamilton Memorial.

Since writing the enclosed letter, I have thought still further over the matter. Would you mind having the inscription to be placed on the pedestal include a statement that the statue was given in memory of Willard Straight? The more I consider it the more convinced I am that such a statement should be made.

Very sincerely yours,

J E Straight

P.S.
Mr McAdoo thought that something of this sort would be very appropriate and asked me to speak of it to you. Ys. JES

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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[encl. 2-17-21]

NEW YORK CITY
3 MACDOUGAL ALLEY

February 5, 1921.

Honorable David Houston,
Secretary of the Treasury,
Treasury Building,
Washington, D.C.

My dear Mr. Secretary:

I am writing to ask if you will kindly obtain for me the inscription which the Alexander Hamilton Memorial Association wishes placed on the pedestal of the Monument.

That inscription is to go on the front side of the pedestal. It should be of large size, and for that reason cannot contain more than 150 letters. On the rear there should be an inscription in smaller letters, stating that the Monument was conceived, and its execution made possible, through Secretary McAdoo; and that the United States Government and the Alexander Hamilton Monument Association paid for the pedestal, and an unknown donor for the statue.

I shall be very grateful for the information, and remain,

Very respectfully yours,

Philadelphia,
Feb. 22, 1921

My dear Dorothy
I know dinner and bridge
day to acknowledge your
very kind cablegram of
New Year's Eve and wishes and
to thank you for your
kindness to Mr. Straight
which I am sure you will
appreciate.

Yesterday afternoon we had a meeting of committee
and Executive Women of the Sulgrave Institution
to form plans for the two celebrations
which the Institution
in Mrs. Roosevelt's
absence, will have in the
Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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comfgerable sketches present a portrait of unusual similitude. The charm of his naturalness and total absence of pose - qualities very rare today - are evident on every page. The articles restore his likeness so vividly indeed to my mind that they almost give me pain - which is a proof that they represent him in a true aspect. I have been reading lately several biographies of which I cannot say this: You have rendered an homage to his memory for which his friends should thank you.

In addition to Embassy work and to keeping cool in hot weather I have been interested in a Girl Guide movement and in feeding austrian babies. The movement, which started in Brazil some two years ago, has been stimulated by an Englishwoman, especially delegated to do so, who is giving instruction to the

gratification as one which should make the Department more effective than for many years. Beatrix will be a great assistance. I trust the cabinet selection may be as wise. We are too far away to know much of it here.

Are the children well and especially my godson to whom, as to their Mother, I send my affectionate regards.

sincerely. Edwin Morgan

by Cardinal Bourne of Westminster. Brazilian men are still entirely satisfied to their wives devoting large families and serve a decorative purpose.

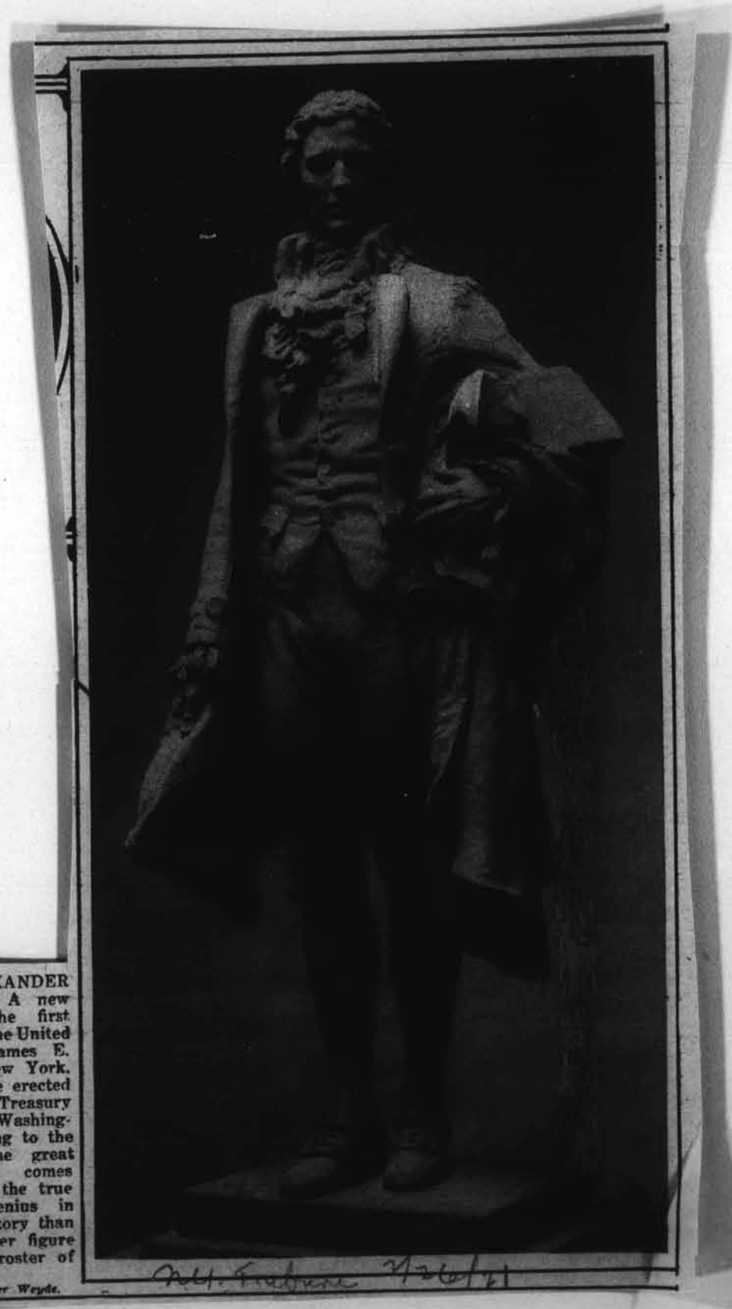
I was brought into the austrian matter through an appeal of the wife of an officer of the old Austrian ex. Regime and have received a letter from one of the persons I have offered to assist to go round inspecting food depots. One feels ashamed writing

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

005472

that the food produced by a draft of only ten dollars will keep her alive for four weeks - the exchange between the dollar and the krones is so favorable to the former. A Miss Gittings of Baltimore now in Rome is contemplating a tour among the Italian colonies in this country, which are very prosperous, in order to secure money to relieve the babies in Rome. Although the Brazilians are very charitable toward the members of their families and toward their relatives of even distant degree they do not show interest in large causes with which they do not maintain personal relations and which are operating abroad.

The press despatches of this morning reported that Fletcher was to become Under Secretary, as I suppose he would, and the appointment fills me with



Right — ALEXANDER HAMILTON. A new statue of the first Treasurer of the United States, by James E. Fraser, of New York, which is to be erected before the Treasury Building in Washington. According to the historians, the great Federalist comes nearer being the true man of genius in American history than does any other figure in our long roster of worthies.

Van der Weyde.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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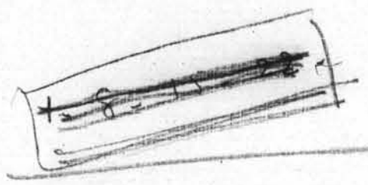
[2-28-21]

1. Temple Pictures
2.
3.



23rd Day for friends

Bulletin Boards.

March 21st Monday Morning

[2-28-21]

March 24th

Invitations out on 20th

Arden Galleries Memories +4

These Enterprise —

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

005474

[3-1-21]

ARDEN GALLERY
SCRIBNER BUILDING—48TH STREET

599 FIFTH AVENUE
TELEPHONE VANDERBILT 5063

MRS. JOHN W. ALEXANDER
MRS. JAMES C. ROGERSON

March 1, 1921

Mrs. Willard Straight
1130 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Dear Mrs. Straight :

This is simply a confirmation of my talk with you yesterday. It needs no answer.

I am having the paper cut for one thousand catalogues, price thirty four dollars ($34.00). You will send me the copy for it by the end of this week and they should be completed by the end of next week.

I am ordering twenty five hundred (2500) cards reading :

ARDEN GALLERY
599 Fifth Avenue, Scribner Building

announces an exhibition of

Pencil and Water Color Drawings

made in China and Corea

by
Major Willard Straight

March 24th to April 6th

It is understood that the exhibition will be ready by Wednesday, the 23rd, after three o'clock for you to specially invite any of your friends for a private view.

You and Miss Kinkead will give me a few ideas for my press letter which must be out by March 21st and has to be written and manifolded before that date.

The sooner I can get your list the better.

Please let me know if you think of anything else that should be attended to.

Sincerely yours,

Elizabeth A. Alexander

EAA.FW

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

005475

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
BUREAU OF WAR RISK INSURANCE
WASHINGTON

OFFICE OF
THE DIRECTOR.

March 9, 1921.

My dear Mrs. Straight:

Believing that you will be interested in having a copy of the annual report of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance covering the fiscal year 1920, I take pleasure in sending you herewith a copy and I have marked for your special attention pages 10 and 11.

Although this report is technically supposed to cover only the operations of the Bureau during the fiscal year 1920, I could not resist the opportunity of having the Department formally acknowledge the magnificent service rendered by Major Straight in his organization of the War Risk Section, A. E. F.

There are a number of men here in the Bureau who belonged to the original War Risk organization and who sailed on the Adriatic with Major Straight, leaving New York December 11, 1917. We very often reminisce and continually mourn the loss of our Commanding Officer and devoted friend.

With sincere personal regards, I am

Yours very faithfully,

T. S. Adams

Mrs. Willard D. Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

COPY OF LETTER SENT TO MR. McADOO

JAMES E. FRASER
3 MACDOUGAL ALLEY
NEW YORK CITY

MacDougal
Macdougal.

March 14, 1921.

Mr. William Gibbs McAdoo,
120 Broadway, New York City.

My dear Mr. McAdoo:

I am complying with your wish that I explain to you the difficulties in connection with the Alexander Hamilton monument. The war, of course, was the principal obstacle to carrying the monument to a speedy conclusion.

As I understand it, the original amount of money collected for the pedestal was $15,000 - and some odd hundreds.

Shortly before we went into the war, I got an estimat for the granite of slightly over $10,000. That left me a good margin for the foundation, and enough over, as I thought, to pay Mr. Henry Bacon, the architect (who is particularly gifted in the making of pedestals that really harmonize with statues) to assist me with that part of the work. I then wrote to Secretary Glass in relation to using the money left over from the pedestal for this purpose, but he replied that he did not consider the designing a part of the pedestal. (In my opinion it is the most important part). So I had to pay Mr. Bacon's fee, which, as I told you the other day, was $3,000, out of my appropriation for the

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005476

[3-14-21]

JAMES E. FRASER
3 MACDOUGAL ALLEY
NEW YORK CITY

statue.

The foundation will amount to about $2,000, according to Mr. Simons, one of the Treasury architects. Besides, I am modelling the architectural ornament which is to be used on the pedestal, paying for such of the work as I am not actually giving my own time and labor to.

The money which I receive from Mrs. Straight pays for the statue alone. But, to my mind, the statue and the pedestal are one thing, and together make the monument. For this reason I have taken the responsibility of paying for the designing of the pedestal, the modelling of the ornament, and part of the foundation, if necessary.

Regarding the latter named item, I wrote to the Treasury offering to pay anything over the appropriated sum that the foundation and pedestal might cost, provided the work was done by the people who furnished my estimate, and not given to a firm that might do inferior, though cheaper, work. But I have not yet heard anything in reply.

The inscription on the front of the monument should contain not more than 150 letters. I am enclosing a draft of an inscription which I think might be suitable.

It would be a tremendous relief to me if you could in some way straighten out the difficulty at the Treasury department.

Faithfully yours,

[3-14-21.]

This monument was erected by the United States Government, the Alexander Hamilton Association, Mrs. Willard Straight, and the untiring efforts of William Gibbs McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury.

2

This monument was erected by the United States Government, the Alexander Hamilton Association, Willard Straight, and the untiring efforts of William Gibbs McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury.

ARDEN GALLERY
SCRIBNER BUILDING—48TH STREET

599 FIFTH AVENUE
TELEPHONE VANDERBILT 5063

March 16, 1921

MRS. JOHN W. ALEXANDER
MRS. JAMES C. ROGERSON

Mrs. Willard Straight
1130 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Dear Mrs. Straight :

I am sending you with this note two hundred and fifty invitations for your Exhibition as you requested.

The Rosse drawings we find cannot be removed from the Gallery until nine o'clock on Monday morning. I think no hanging can be done until the afternoon. All the morning work will be preparatory. The way we will do in hanging will be to place all the drawings first and leave the covering with glass until later when it can be done by our men in a very short time. This method allows us to make changes without much effort. The glass is simply for the preservation of the drawings and to avoid handling by visitors. Our people go out for lunch between twelve and two and are all back by two o'clock and we ought to have the arrangement practically finished by the end of the afternoon.

If it is inconvenient for you to deliver the drawings on Saturday morning I can send my car for them. I would like to have them by Saturday morning as we have to check them up and I want to get a general idea of how I can best arrange them before we begin the actual hanging.

If Miss Bogue will telephone, Miss West, my secretary, she will let me know if my car is needed to bring them here.

Can Miss Bogue keep a list for us of the people to whom you send cards ? We keep a careful record of every detail of every exhibition.

If you have any suggestions to make please do not hesitate to make them.

I am arranging so that you can invite the people you particularly want to see the drawings on Wednesday, the 23rd, between three and six o'clock. The Exhibition opens to the public on Thursday, the 24th.

Sincerely yours,
Elizabeth A. Altspeuder

EAA.FW

Papers at Cornell University
005477

Mrs. John W. Alexander Mrs. James C. Rogerson

ARDEN GALLERY

599 Fifth Avenue, Scribner Building

ANNOUNCES AN EXHIBITION OF

PENCIL AND WATER COLOR DRAWINGS

MADE IN

CHINA AND KOREA

BY

MAJOR WILLARD STRAIGHT

March 24th to April 7th

WATER COLOR AND PENCIL DRAWINGS

BY

MAJOR WILLARD STRAIGHT

JAPAN

1. Figures in streets of Tokyo
2. Coolie
3. Japanese women
4. Housemaid
5. Housemaid
6. Japanese boy
7. Coolie nude study
8. Coolie nude study
9. Coolie nude study
10. Tokyo canal
11. Japanese boatman
12. Japanese student
13. Primitive peoples of Japan

RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR

14. Japanese port of embarkation
15. Nagasaki
16. Pile drivers
17. In front of the Russian Consulate
18. Russian officer explanining siege
19. Laborers in Russian Camp
20. Chinese coolies at Chemulpo
21. Chinese coolies
22. Three Russians
23. Russian officer
24. Russian peasant
25. Elliot Islands—naval base
26. Hospital ship—mouth of Yalu River
27. Japanese policeman in Manchuria
28. Transferring wounded to hospital ship
29. Colonel Tanaka
30. General Kuroki
31. Y. Fukushima—General Staff
32. War correspondents
33. War correspondents
34. Soldiers in camp unpacking supplies

KOREA

35. Passers by (street scenes)
36. Passers by (street scenes)
37. Passers by (street scenes)
38. Passers by (street scenes)
39. Korean gentleman
40. The characteristic Korean
41. End of Korean independence
42. McCleavy Brown—Inspector General of Korean Customs (English)

CHINA

43. Corner of Temple
44. Pavilion
45. Courtyard of Chinese house
46. Yellow Temple—Detail of frieze
47. Chinese Temple
48. Temple of Wang-Fu-Tang
49. Young priests at Wang-Fu-Tang
50. Priest at Wang-Fu-Tang
51. Mongol priest
52. Mongol priest
53. Tien Llama
54. Tien Llama
55. Priest at Llama Temple
56. Young priest at Llama Temple
57. Novice
58. Priest
59. Peasants house—Northern China
60. Gate to village
61. Farmhouse—North China
62. Figures in streets of Peking
63. Street cleaner
64. Coolie
65. Night watchman
66. Porter at railway station
67. The cheerful liar
68. Official and street figures
69. Laborers
70. Cart horses
71. Chinese coolie pastel
72. Manchu lady
73. Manchu lady
74. Manchu lady

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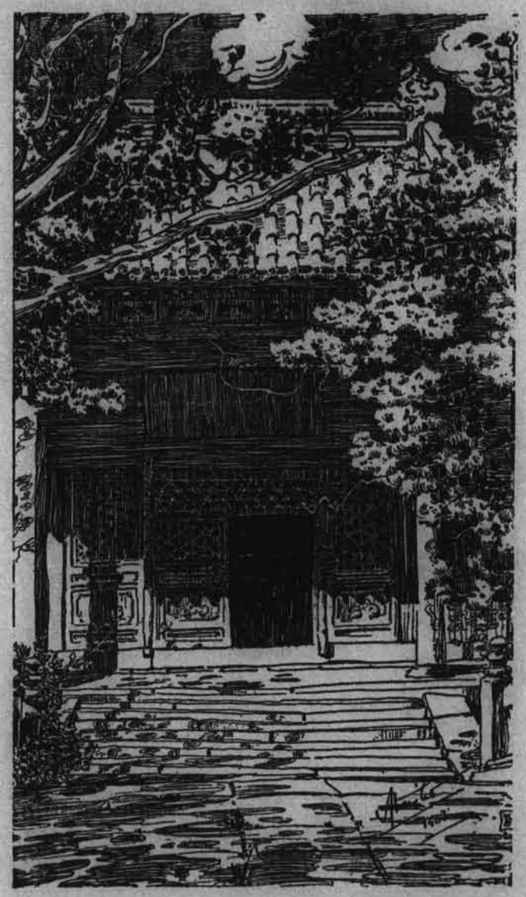
75. Shop keeper and poor scholar
76. Scholar
77. Sage
78. House boy
79. House boy
80. Young girl
81. Young boy
82. Young shop keeper
83. Pounding rice
84. Curio peddler
85. Chinese Mohammedan
86. Gateman
87. Buddhist priest
88. Priest from temple Ta Py Ssu
89. Tibetan Pilgrim
90. A carter—Mongol
91. Manchu woman with basket
92. Chinese boy
93. A Mongol
94. In a Chinese harbor
95. Theatrical representation
96. Theatrical representation
97. Camels
98. Camels
99. Monkeys
100. Mr. Calhoun—American Minister
101. Dr. Morrison—Correspondent London Times
102. Maurice Casenave—Representative of French Banking interests
103. Lord Ffrench—Representative Pauling and Co.
104. Group—Drawings made in Brittany.

ARDEN GALLERY

599 FIFTH AVENUE—SCRIBNER BUILDING



PENCIL AND WATER COLOR DRAWINGS

MADE IN CHINA AND KOREA

BY

MAJOR WILLARD STRAIGHT

MARCH 24th TO APRIL 7th [1921]

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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N. Y. Dailies 1914-1919 on file.
From 1918 Q Telephone
Argus Pressclipping Bureau
362 Third Ave., New York
TERMS:
$25.— for 1000 clippings $11.— for 250 clippings
$20.— for 500 clippings $ 5.— for 100 clippings
Special rates on yearly contracts.

New York Times
27 MARCH

Drawings by Major Willard Straight.

At the Arden Gallery the widow of Major Willard Straight has arranged a collection of his drawings in pencil and water color, made in China, Japan and Korea, which will be on public view until April 7. The charm of these little drawings lies in their directness and unpretentiousness, and in the artist's pleasantly interested and sometimes humorous attitude toward his subjects. The studies of the passers-by in Korea are full of a delightful whimsicality and the picturesqueness of the costume is given its full value. The buildings of China, temples, farmhouses, village dwellings, are described with a careful accuracy joined to an appreciation of their character, but without a vestige of the pseudo-Oriental manner that taints nearly all the work done by Western artists in these regions.

In the compositions where a number of figures are brought together, such drawings as "Soldiers in Camp Unpacking Supplies," "In Front of the Russian Consulate," &c., show keen observation of character and a crisp, fresh touch in rendering it. It is an interesting and attractive little exhibition and astonishingly good on the technical side for one who was not a professed artist.

ASIA
Journal of
THE AMERICAN ASIATIC ASSOCIATION
627 Lexington Avenue
New York City

EDITORIAL ROOMS

March 28, 1921.

Dear Mrs. Straight:

I am returning herewith the one set of the two typewritten copies of excerpts from your letters. Louis Graves has the other and I have asked him to send them to you so that there will be no copies of the letters out of your hands. The set I am sending is intact and I think the copy that Louis Graves has will also be intact. If not, the missing parts have been used in the manuscripts which have appeared in the magazine. I do not think that there should be any copies of these letters permanently out of your possession. Undoubtedly these copies would be useful to Mr. Croly in the preparation of his book.

Yours sincerely,

Louis D Froelick

LDF:C

Mrs. Willard Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
005480

[c. 3-28-21]

23 WALL STREET

Dear Mrs. Straight

It was very kind of you to send me a card to the exhibition of Major Straight's drawings. Mrs. Patchin and I spent some time there on Saturday afternoon and enjoyed it very much. They are splendid and we liked them so much we are going again, taking some friends with us.

I do wish that I might some time be allowed to do something for you. I feel so deeply indebted to Mr. Straight. If I can ever be of any use I hope you will not hesitate to call upon me.

With kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely yours.

Isaac H. Patchin

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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March 30, 1921.

61 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

Dear Dorothy -

Thank you so much for reminding me about the exhibition of Willard's drawings. I had intended to go to see them, and when I received your card I went right away, yesterday afternoon. It seems a great pity that Willard's many activities did not leave him time to pursue a career as an artist. These drawings of his are so fresh and enthusiastic; he seems to have found naturally, what so many never find, the expressive line.

You have read what the critics say in praise of his work - so what I write can have little significance

Sincerely yrs
Jim Barney

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

9 BROADWAY
NEW YORK March 31st, 1921.

Mrs. Willard D. Straight,

1130 Fifth Avenue, NYCity.

My dear Mrs. Straight:

It was very kind of you and I greatly appreciate your suggesting my dropping in to see Willard's drawings, and I have been intending to do so, but as I am sailing the day after next I have found it impossible, which I regret exceedingly.

We all deeply appreciate what you did regarding India House, and every time I go there I think of Willard.

Kindest regards

Yours sincerely,

J. P. Franklin.

[c. April 1, 1921]

C. N. Bliss, Jr.
117 Duane Street
New York

Dear Mrs. Straight,

I want ni to see Willard's sketches and water colors this morning & was very much interested ni them. He had an extraordinary combination of artistic and practical ability.

Thank you for letting me know about the exhibition. I enjoyed it very much.

Sincerely yours,
Charles N. Bliss, Jr.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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120 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

April 1st, 1921.

My dear Mrs. Straight:-

I have never seen anything finer than many of your husband's drawings and I cannot thank you enough for having given me the opportunity to see them.

I always had the keenest admiration for Mr. Straight's character and brilliancy but his wonderful artistic talent, as shown by these drawings, had never been disclosed to me.

They are vitally interesting and impressive and I am taking the liberty of calling them to the attention of many of my friends.

Faithfully yours,

Mrs. Willard D. Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y.

[C- April 1, 1921]

126 EAST THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET
NEW YORK

Dear Dorothy.

Before and after lunch last Sunday I looked hopefully for you. for I wanted to let you know much I enjoyed Willard's Exhibition I spent an hour there the other day and enjoyed it and the memories it revived. It is so well done. I hope it has been well attended. I have been "booming" it ever since for I think there every one should see it

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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[C. April 1, 1921]

162 EAST FORTY-SIXTH STREET

Friday

Dearest Dorothy:-

Went to the exhibition at Mrs. Alexander's today, and came away from it so filled with a sense of enjoyment and pleasure in the sketches, that I want to send you this line of appreciation - for having given them to the public.

They are really extraordinary - each and every one of the pictures - and principally on account of the ease and freedom of their drawing - which seems to stand out so clearly in them - and yet the perfection of detail and fineness in some of them especially the "Corner of Temple" and the "Chinese Temple" - give me a feeling of their having been drawn with infinite care and intent - Those the big "Japanese Housemaid" and also the one of Dr. Morrison and M. Caesnave - and so on until I had mentioned them all - could I go on "especially liking" this one and that one.

Last night Louie + I were reading Lord Dunsany's "The Dreamers" before going to bed and he gives there a verse written by his brothers on Remembrance Day. If you have the book read this over for the manner of Gilbert). If you have it in I will send it to you. As I read the chapter I thought all the time of Willard his wonderful sensitiveness and the joy he derived from being able to do so many things so well. Made his life so full. So interesting. and gave so much happiness to so many.

For sunset see page 7.

Yours

Willard

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[c. April 1, 1921]

162 EAST FORTY-SIXTH STREET

All of the sketches gave me the feeling of having been drawn with an affection and a pleasure that was very real.

If it has been said Dorothy dear, giving those sketches to be exhibited. Hope that the pleasure that they give to those of us who see them may make up for it in some slight way.

Today must have been lovely in the country. Am so glad that Skippen will get his golf and hope that tomorrow will be just as heavenly.

Good night dear Dorothy. Do all things of joy on Sunday and wish very much that I were to be listening to Dr. Fosdick until I heard him had no idea how perilously far away I have drifted from believing or living any kind of a faith. Much love to you.

Frances

[4-2-21]

39½ Washington Square.

Dear Dear Straight.

I was very so interested in the exhibition of Mopsa Straight's drawings. I had seen them before I received your card. They seem very remarkable to me and I think they all looks as if he

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

005486

Apr 2 ⁄⁄

BEECHWOOD
SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON
TEL. OSSINING 200

Dear Mrs. Straight

I had already put down on my engagement list a promise to myself to go to see the drawings by your husband. I cannot imagine a more interesting exhibition - What a many-sided genius he was! I have lately been reading the description of his life in Asia in the magazine of that name. It is exceedingly interesting.

had taken an immense amount of pleasure in doing them - it must be a great satisfaction to you to have them so much appreciated and enjoyed by anyone who sees them.

With cordial greetings

Ruth Clements Fanell

April records.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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1038 FIFTH AVENUE

April 3d 1921

Dear Mrs Straight,-

I am greatly obliged to you for sending me the notice of the exhibition of Willard's drawings. I am going in there tomorrow afternoon without fail.

The articles in Asia have been very good I think and the comment - of which I have heard a good deal - is of a nature which would greatly please you.

Faithfully yrs.
Robert W Weeks

We need men of his breadth of knowledge, sympathy and insight so sorely!

Frank and I shall go to see the pictures with the greatest pleasure. Thank you for the card.

Faithfully
Narcissa Cox Vanderlip.

I am sending you a book that seems important to me. It will give you a new satisfaction in your children's inheritance. It may be old ideas - but they were new to me.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

005488

[April 1921]

118 East 54th St.

Dear Dorothy —

The first thing that impressed me on entering the gallery yesterday, even before I had had time to look

at the drawings themselves, was the exceeding dignity of it all — then the charm of it came over me. There is nothing that I can say

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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[4-3-21]

FONTENAY
HARTSDALE, WESTCHESTER COUNTY
NEW YORK

Dear Mrs. Straight,

Thank you very sincerely for your card inviting me to see Major Straight's sketches.

I went to see them yesterday and am very grateful to you for the great pleasure that you gave me. I remember so well the fascinating letters from China

of them. that has not been better said by the critics, except that they gripped me so with this vitality — I seemed to be right back in the Orient — surrounded as I was by those faces drawn with a masterful hand —

God bless you and keep you, Dorothy dear, I know what they must mean to you now and always — With my love — Affectionately Mildred Bailey

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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with their frequent amusing bits of caricatures, that our lamented friend used to send us. But I am frank to confess that I had no idea that he was a true artist of the unusual qualities as his sketches show him. It made me feel all the keener the great, great pity that so gifted, so charming, and so courageous a man has been taken from us at a time when real men are so scarce! Willard Straight's friends owe you a deep debt of gratitude for having been permitted this rare insight into his remarkable life - even though it makes them miss him all the more.

With expressions of sincere respect and admiration

Yours faithfully
Cecil McDarlene

April 3rd 1921.

89 Pineapple St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
April 4th 1921-

My dear Dorothy - Thank you very much for your reminder of the exhibition of Willard's sketches - I spent about two hours with them & greatly enjoyed them particularly some of the interesting heads of Russians & Chinese - I wish so mother had been able & go with me for she finds it most difficult as

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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[4-5-21]

Dear Mrs. Straight

It was so thoughtful of you to remind me of the exhibition of Willard's drawings, which I saw yesterday afternoon. How very good and how interesting they are, — and what pleasure he must have had in doing them — I

I do believe that a member of our family could have had so much talent for drawing - Poor Mommy has been quite ill with grippe but I am thankful to say that altho' she is not yet as strong as before she was laid low by it she is up & around - I hope you are all well & I was glad to see Whitney & Beatrice at Hazel's on Betsy's birth-day -

They are much obliged in advance for the kind expression of sympathy & had expected from you & particularly the little girl - Written from Miss Tunnicliffe's dictation -

Affectionately yours
Jessie Tunnicliffe
Secy.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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[4-7-21]

The New REPUBLIC
421 West 21st Street
New York City

Dear Mrs. Straight,

I am so glad you sent the card: I wouldn't have missed the drawings for anything. It was a rare afternoon for me. Some of the drawings of course I had seen in Asia, but this exhibition gave me a new sense of the man Willard was, and a new sense too of the terrific loss his death meant, not alone to you, but to American life as a whole. No wonder such a man was interested in the promise of American life. For, to me, the promise itself is exemplified and embodied in the creative spirit and capacity that shines forth from each and every one of those precious bits of his handiwork. I was astounded by his versatility as well as by his skill and courage. And by the beautiful honesty of the work. It is so easy for the skilled technician to try for the cheap effect — or rather, failing the truth, to fall for that. These drawings make a beautiful reflection of Willard: they reveal his vitality and his amazing range of interest and sympathy. I thought as I looked at them of what he once said about discipline. How rigorously, yet joyously, he schooled himself to do these drawings. That is what I was trying to get at a moment ago: — how much it would aid the realization of the promise of our American life if only more of our men of distinguished practical affairs would impose on themselves the self-discipline that Willard did to produce these drawings. But that would mean that they would have too the vision to see the worth-whileness of such an effort, and the further vision to recognize the significance of beauty. I glory in the fact have, I think, a special feeling for Beale and White as an agency of color, and courageously and entirely for itself. In addition to the fresh attraction of their being Willard's work, surely he was an artist, in addition to his other uncanny charms and ability. Thank you again for permitting me to see them

Very Sincerely Yours

Elmhirst

125 E. 65th St.
April 5, 1921.

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that I knew in Willard a man of affairs who had such vision. I am so glad for you that you have these drawings; they are a lovely and lovable portrait of the man who did them.

I wonder if you would be interested to know that I first knew of Willard as an artist as far back as 1900. I was planning then to go to college, and in order to get together the necessary funds I was designing a Harvard calendar. A few weeks ago I came across some old letters to printers, in which I said that the sort of thing I was trying to do was similar to that which had been so successfully done at Cannes by Mr Straight. (My calendar was a single production – a sorry effort, as I recall it now.)

Bless you, dear Mrs Straight for sending me the card. You have given me a happy afternoon – and evening.

Sincerely yours
Robert Gallomb.

April 7.

619 West 179
April 8, 1921

Dear Mrs. Straight,
Thank you for your card. I enjoyed hearing this talk very much.
My husband and I both saw service in France during the war, and strangely he tells me

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
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ARDEN GALLERY
SCRIBNER BUILDING—48TH STREET

599 FIFTH AVENUE
TELEPHONE VANDERBILT 5063

MRS. JOHN W. ALEXANDER
MRS. JAMES C. ROGERSON

April 9, 1921

My dear Mrs. Straight :

I feel I must send you a line with the return of Major Straight's drawings.

Mrs. Rogerson and I unite in thanking you for one of the most beautiful and interesting exhibitions we have ever held in Arden Gallery.

It is gratifying to feel that this Exhibition was so widely appreciated. The quality and range of the drawings is certainly extraordinary. Major Straight was born an artist for he made directly for the essentials and in every case selected his subjects and his method of treatment with rare understanding. I hope they will reach you in perfect condition. I have included the two framed drawings lent by Mrs. Lawrence because I do not know how to reach her.

Some time you must have the drawings mounted on a heavier mount and some kind of a box or portfolio made to hold them. Pencil sketches can so easily be injured that they should be carefully protected.

With renewed thanks, I remain

Sincerely yours,

Elizabeth C. Rogerson

EAA.FW

Mrs. Willard Straight
1130 Fifth Avenue
New York City.

that he attended Mr. Straight at his hospital in Rangoon.

I shall try and see if I can interest our Washington Heights community in this great work.

Most sincerely yours,

Amparo Barnes Smith.

(Mrs. Goodrich Truman Smith.)

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

005495

·GEORGE·J·BALDWIN·
·120·BROADWAY·
·NEW·YORK·

My dear Mrs Straight-

Under no circumstances would I have missed the opportunity of seeing Willards drawings and of spending an hour with them as a refreshment- & my affection for him.

He has so vividly expressed in them his own fine spirit that I cared almost-ful his presence in the room.

Let me thank you very much for calling them to my attention

Yours most cordially

Geo J Baldwin

Wed.
Apr 13
1921.

Alexander Hamilton

1757 - 1804

Gallant young soldier in the

Revolutionary War

Brilliant political essayist

and Constructive Statesman.

As Secretary of the Treasury 1789-95

he established the credit

of the nascent United States.

[Charles W. Eliot]

C.W.E.
13 Apr. '21

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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6.70.90

April 25, 1921.

Mr. R. Kurosawa,
2 Kitashichichome, Aoyama,
Tokyo, Japan.

Dear Mr. Kurosawa:

I am distressed to learn by your letter of April 4th that no acknowledgment has reached you from Mrs. Willard Straight for the very attractive gift that you sent to her. I delivered it to her in person; she was delighted to receive it, and I am assured by her that she wrote immediately to you to express her thanks. I have just talked to her on the telephone and she very deeply regrets that no word has heretofore reached you. In order to make sure that this letter reaches you I shall mail duplicate copies by different steamships and shall appreciate your courtesy if you will confirm its receipt.

I appreciate your kindly sentiments toward my country which I fully reciprocate to yours.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) MARTIN EGAN

[relateted to 4-25

2 Kitashichichome, Aoyama,
Tokyo, 4 April, 1921.

Mr. Martin Egan,
New York,
U. S. A.

Dear Mr. Egan,

You will remember that, in May last year when you were passing through Tokyo en route back to your home land, I had the pleasure of asking you to be good enough to take a Catalogue and letter to Mrs. W. D. Straight which you then so kindly consented to do. I now beg to ask you that, if perchane they were not yet delivered to her, you will please return the Catalogue to me by the Percel Post, the cost of which to be refunded by me, and to cause the letter to be destroyed. I regret and apologize for having caused so much trouble, but, as many will testify, my motive in making that presentation through your good self was simply a natural and spontaneous expression of my faith in American friendship and in remembrance of an old friend and messmate to whom I had the pleasure of loaning my blankets in the Autumn of 1904, when he left Newchwang for the "front" as a Reuter's war correspondent.

Thanking you again and reassuring my unchanging admiration of American institutions and ideals,

Yours very cordially,

R. Kurosawa.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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Darwin P. Kingsley
346 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, N.Y.

April 25,1921.

My dear Mrs.Straight:-

I should long ago have acknowledged your courtesy in sending the card calling my attention to sketches made by the late Willard D. Straight, then on exhibition.

I went to the gallery immediately and looked them over with the interest that anyone naturally has who has so recently visited the Orient. I have, of course, observed their reproduction in part in ASIA. I realized when I saw them and when I saw the reproductions what an advantage over the ordinary traveler a man of Mr.Straight's versatility had. The sketches that gave so much pleasure to me must have been a source of delight to the man who could make them.

With many thanks for your courtesy, I am,

Very truly yours,

D P Kingsley

Mrs.Willard D.Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y.

719 W. 180 St.
Ny. April 25-1921.

Mrs. Willard Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue, Ny.
Dear Madam.

The subscriber was corresponding secretary for Mr. William Choate in 1899. He came across the enclosed article in this days "Evening Post" and knew it would interest you.

Very truly yours,
Angus Mackenzie.

(Enclosure)

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
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ASIA

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE ON THE ORIENT

627 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

CABLE ADDRESS, "AMASIAT"

April 28, 1921.

Mrs. Willard Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York.

Dear Mrs. Straight:

I am sending you by messenger all the rest of the material which you let us have for the ASIA articles on Major Straight, with a complete list of the items. Much of it was returned to you at the time you were getting the exhibition ready in February.

When I had some pictures of the separate drawings in the exhibition made for the newspapers, I also had some pictures made of the entire exhibit as I thought you might like to have them. They are in this package. Mr. Froelick thought you would like to have the photographs of the separate drawings too, and the films for them. They are also included.

With regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

Marjorie Kinkead

Art Editor.

MK:MM

MAJOR WILLARD STRAIGHT BIOGRAPHICAL MATERIAL 4/28/21
RECEIVED FROM MRS. STRAIGHT

---

10 sketch books
2 diaries with sketches
2 diaries marked Miscellaneous writings
109 sketches - some unframed - some unmounted
include newspaper reproductions
Photograph of Major Straight on pony
Photographs framed:
Group in corner of Mukden Consulate
" " court " " "
" " evening clothes
" with Tang Shao-yi
Alice Roosevelt's party (2)
Mukden old guards
Group of six men
Major Straight and a Chinese
Groups of Loan Representatives

Watercolors framed
Drawings
Casenave
Dr. Morrison
Lord ffrench
Korean surrender
Men of East Asia (2)
European man - full length
Curio dealer
Russian types (2)
Tanaka
Chinese Mohammedan
Chinese with queue (profile)
Gate-keeper
Coolie in blue
Pencil sketch of temple
Pen " " "
Japanese in kimono
Battle of Yalu

From Col. Cheney:
Japanese soldiers
Manchu woman
Yellow Lama (2)
Peking carter
From Mr. Martin Egan
Japanese woman with broom
From Bennett
Head of Chinese - color chalk

All items returned to Mrs. Straight to date.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

005499

PRATT INSTITUTE BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS
INVITES YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS TO AN

EXHIBITION OF PENCIL AND WATER COLOR DRAWINGS
MADE IN CHINA AND KOREA
BY
MAJOR WILLARD STRAIGHT

TO BE HELD IN THE ART GALLERY OF THE INSTITUTE, DAY AND EVENING, FROM MAY FIFTH TO NINETEENTH INCLUSIVE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE

Form 2 T. W. 8-20—17M

COMPAGNIE FRANÇAISE DES CÂBLES TÉLÉGRAPHIQUES

NEW YORK.
EXECUTIVE OFFICES, 42 BROAD STREET.

25 BROAD ST (ALWAYS OPEN) TELEPHONE, 451 & 452 BROAD.
PULITZER BUILDING PARK ROW. TELEPHONE, 2069 BEEKMAN.
1 WORTH STREET, - - TELEPHONE, [illegible] MAIN.
487 BROADWAY, - - TELEPHONE, 1280 CANAL.
65 FIFTH AVENUE, - - TELEPHONE, 1004 STUYVESANT.
281 FIFTH AVENUE, - - TELEPHONE, 397 MADISON [illegible]

ORLEANS, MASS.
WESTERN AGENCY
118 NORTH LA SALLE STREET
CHICAGO, ILL.
EDWARD C. SWEENEY, MANAGER
J. GEGOU, MANAGER

PARIS.
BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE. 63 RUE VIVIENNE

LONDON.
24 ROYAL EXCHANGE, E. C. 2 MINCING LANE
NEW BRIDGE STREET, E. C. BALTIC MERCANTILE AND
24 SOUTHWARK ST., S. E. SHIPPING EXCHANGE, E. C.
36 VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER.

HAVRE: 40 RUE DE CHILOU.
BREST: 30-32 RUE DE CHATEAU.
ANTWERP: AGENCY, 14 RUE VENUS.
ST PIERRE, MIQUELON.

FRENCH TELEGRAPH CABLE CO. COLUMBUS 0683 303 West 58th Street ONLY DIRECT ROUTE TO THE CONTINENT

TIME 7.30 DATE MAY 101921

The following MESSAGE is received via FRENCH TELEGRAPH CABLE, subject to the terms and conditions printed on the back hereof, which are ratified and agreed to.

EL 41 PARIS 33

MRS STRAIGHT 1130 FIFTH AVE NY

RECEIVED LIST PAYMENT FROM MORGAN MANY THANKS THE DATE FOR
ERECTION OF STATUE AT SURESNE TO BE DECIDED IN WASHINGTON
KHMX COMUNICATE WITH FINE ARTS COMMISSION

JO DAVIDSON

☞ *To reduce the risk of errors or delays, please file any answer to this message at one of the Company's own offices. Messengers may be summoned by Telephone for Cablegrams FREE OF CHARGE.*

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WESTERN AGENCY
118 NORTH LA SALLE STREET
CHICAGO, ILL.
EDWARD C. SWEENEY, MANAGER
J. GEGOU, MANAGER

HAVRE: 40 RUE DE CHILOU.
BREST: 30-32 RUE DE CHATEAU.
ANTWERP: AGENCY, 14 RUE VENUS.
ST PIERRE, MIQUELON.

ONLY DIRECT ROUTE TO THE CONTINENT 303 West 58th Street

TIME 10.40a DATE MAY 16 1921

The following MESSAGE is received via FRENCH TELEGRAPH CABLE, subject to the terms and conditions printed on the back hereof, which are ratified and agreed to.

HOP 1377 PARIS 34

MRS STRAIGHT 1130 FIFTH AVE NY

DOUGHBOY COMPLETED FINE ARTS COMMISSION VERY PLEASED DATE OF
UNVAILING NOT YET FIXED WILL KEEP YOU POSTED WOULD APPRECIATE
FINAL PAYMENT PLEASE INSTRUCT WAY MORGAN HARJES

JO DAVIDSON

☞ *To reduce the risk of errors or delays, please file any answer to this message at one of the Company's own offices. Messengers may be summoned by Telephone for Cablegrams FREE OF CHARGE.*

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

005500

PRATT INSTITUTE
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS
WALTER SCOTT PERRY, DIRECTOR

May 18, 1921.

Miss Anna Bogue,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

My dear Miss Bogue:

The pencil drawings by Major Straight, now on exhibition in the gallery, will be taken down from the walls on Monday, May 23rd. Therefore, they will be ready for you at any time after that date. If you would notify us when you expect to come, we can facilitate your getting the drawings.

Kindly extend to Mrs. Straight our sincere appreciation of her kindness in lending these pencil drawings for the exhibition. They have been of much help and inspiration to our students.

Very truly yours,

Ernest W Watson

Head Supervisor of Classes.

FPR

NEW YORK CITY
3 MACDOUGAL ALLEY

May 19, 1921.

Mrs. Willard Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

My dear Mrs. Straight:

I am delighted to hear that you have received the Charles Eliot inscription for the Alexander Hamilton monument. I feel certain that no one would be more able to write a fitting inscription than President Eliot. May I have a copy to send to the Secretary of the Treasury, and one for myself from which to design the inscription, size of lettering, and so on, for the monument?

There is due at the present time on the full size figure of the Hamilton another payment, for which I am sending the bill, - and along with it another bill for various items on the pedestal.

I expect shortly to have the pedestal for the mask. When it comes I will deliver it to you with the marble mask.

Faithfully yours,

J. V. Brandt

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McADOO, COTTON & FRANKLIN
43 EXCHANGE PLACE
NEW YORK

WILLIAM G. McADOO
JOSEPH P. COTTON
GEORGE S. FRANKLIN
FRANCIS H. McADOO
THURLOW M. GORDON

GEORGE H. SAVAGE

May 19, 1921.

Dear Mrs. Straight:

I enclose a suggestion for the inscriptions on the front and back of the Alexander Hamilton monument. These I wish very much you would consider carefully and let me have the benefit of your ideas when I have the pleasure of seeing you in Westbury next week, as I hope to do. I have sent a copy to Mr. Fraser.

Please forgive me for having to send you a dictated note, as I am obliged to catch my train.

With warm regard, I am,

Cordially yours,

WMcAdoo

Mrs. Willard Straight,
Westbury, L.I.

WGM-F

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

First Secretary of the Treasury
Aide to Washington
Patriot, Soldier, Man of Letters
Genius of Finance
1758 -- 1804

Through the efforts of William Gibbs McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, 1913 - 1918, this monument was brought to completion. The statue was donated by Mrs. Willard Straight in memory of her husband, Colonel Willard Straight, who died in France 1918. The pedestal and foundations were erected by the United States Government and the Alexander Hamilton Memorial Association.

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WAR DEPARTMENT
UNITED STATES ENGINEER OFFICE
725 CENTRAL BUILDING
LOS ANGELES, CAL. May 20, 1921.

Mrs. Willard D. Straight,

New York City.

My dear Mrs. Straight:

As a friend of your late husband during his high-school days in Oswego, and later during his frequent home-comings from Cornell and his less frequent visits during his early days in China, I wish to tell you how much I have appreciated Mr. Graves's series of articles which have just been concluded in the current issue of "Asia". Willard's intensely interesting career has always been a great inspiration to me, so much so that I am going to take the liberty of asking you if I might have a good photographic likeness of him, suitable for framing and hanging in my home. I should be pleased to purchase same if you will send me the name and address of a photographer who can furnish such a likeness.

It occurs to me that Mr. Graves' articles, with the reproduction of Willard's sketches, have been,

or will be, published in booklet form, in which case I should like the opportunity of obtaining a copy.

My deepest sympathy goes out to you and your children in the great loss you sustained when Willard was so suddenly taken from you.

Very sincerely,

F. J. Currie

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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THE CANADIAN CLUB
OF NEW YORK

PERSHING SQUARE AND FORTY-SECOND STREET

May 26th/21.

Dear Mrs Straight:—

I am writing to ask you if you have a photo of Willard, that you feel you could spare to a rather old friend of his. I am getting together a few photos of friends I lost in, or in connection with the late war.

I first met Willard Straight about 24 years ago at Cornell. Shortly after he wrote to me, asking if I could put him in for a job, stating that he wanted a "fighting chance"; and I fixed him up with J.W. Morrison of Jamestown, for whom he completed the drawings of a building I designed. I heard from him from time to time until he went to China, and I to Europe. I remained abroad nine years and

then went to the Pacific Coast. I came to Newyork at the early part of the war; noted Willard's name on the directory of the Equitable Building; went to his office noted that he had, evidently, made good, dropped him a line from my hotel, and he came up to see me. We developed quite a friendship, and I saw him often until he went to Governor's Island— and I went out to the Coast again. He promised to write me from Europe, and I thought he had forgotten me, completely, until Mr. Philip Henry told me, some time afterwards, that Willard had passed away in Paris.

He was one of a very few men, near my own age, who found ready, responsive chords in me; and I often think of him, and wish I had his portrait — for company — in my study.

Trusting this letter and request will not be felt presumptious, Believe me, Yours respectfully,
Francis J. Swales.

To Mrs Willard Straight. Newyork.

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P.S. No. 115
(Canarsie) E. 92 St. & Ave. M
Brooklyn, N.Y.
June 1, 1921

Mrs. Willard Straight
Manhasset, L.I.

Dear Madam:

Will you please visit our school sometime?

Major Straight's father was my teacher. When the late Major Straight was a child, his fitness for leadership had manifested itself. Dr. Lee of Oswego asked us to observe the child.

We have heard of your interest in education, and should like to have you visit us. Respectfully

Katharine R. Cavenaugh
Principal

TRANSIT COMMISSION
49 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK

OFFICE OF
GEORGE McANENY
CHAIRMAN

June 6/1921

My dear Mrs Straight:—

Here is a letter I have received, addressed to me in care of Asia, from an old pupil of Mr Straight's parents. In my reply I told Miss MacChesney of your children — she asked me if there were any — and I told her, that the letter was being forwarded to you.

Give my love to the children, please. I hope I'll see 'em again, on

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a trip North some day.

With best wishes,

Faithfully,

Louis Graves

of their brilliant son and also what of the little sister.

I wrote to the Oswego Normal for their catalog. I thought that among the faculty I might find some familiar name.

I received a catalog of the Summer School which stated that all teachers would be taken from the regular faculty. So I got no help there.

I then thought that perhaps you could answer our questions so I have taken the liberty to address you - feeling sure that your interest in Willard Straight will not make the task burdensome.

[end. 6-6-21]

124 W. Marquette Road.
Chicago. June 1, 1921.

Mr. Louis Graves.

Dear Sir,

I am Miss Frances MacChesney a teacher in the public schools of Chicago.

I have been reading your articles "An American in Asia" and I address you in the hope I may learn more of Mr. Straight and his family.

Willard Straight's father and mother were my teachers in the Oswego Normal School.

Mrs Straight took a leave of absence the day I graduated, Jan. 21. 1879 because she was to be a mother.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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Willard was the little one that came to bless their home.

Later, a sister was born.

In time, Mr. and Mrs Straight and the children came to Chicago to live and to teach in what is now the Chicago Normal School.

They lived in a little brown cottage just one block from my present home.

I remember that Mr. Straight died first, and that Mrs S- and the children went to China.

The next I heard, was that she had passed away, and the children were in the care of Dr. Lee, also an Oswego teacher, and her companion Dr. Spencer, a woman physician in Oswego.

Years passed without any knowledge of them.

Last year, a great admirer of Mrs. Straight called my attention to an article about Willard Straight published in a magazine. Then this winter a copy of "Asia" came into my hands, and I was surprised and delighted to find your articles - I think I have had the last five of them.

Mr. and Mrs. Straight had many friends in Chicago, and those who are still here are anxious to know more

From your articles we learned that Mr. Straight married.

Where is Mrs Straight, and have they any family-

Where are they living?

Do you know anything about the sister?

Did Mrs Straight pass away in the Orient?

An answer to these questions and any other information will be greatly appreciated by the friends and admirers of the Straight family.

Very Sincerely Yours

Frances MacChesney.

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[6-17-21]

LONDON, 125 HIGH HOLBORN

NEW YORK. 288 FOURTH AVE.
TELEPHONE, GRAMERCY 7030

NEW YORK June 17, 1921.

My dear Mrs. Straight:

I am enclosing herewith copy of the verse written by Mrs. Ohl and read at the grave of her husband.

Yours truly,

Jos. Johnson

Mrs. Willard Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

LONDON, 125 HIGH HOLBORN

NEW YORK. 288 FOURTH AVE.
TELEPHONE, GRAMERCY 7030

NEW YORK

Verse written by Mrs. Ohl and read at the grave of her husband on June 15, 1921.

Here, on this eastern slope
His body lies.
And, with undying hope,
His dying eyes
Turned toward the East: It was the cherished goal,
For which he yearned with his departing soul.

And now, dear God, grant
Thou dis dying prayer -
Take Thou, his noble spirit;
Let it fare
On to its haven, glorious released,
Let his soul live forever in the East.

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[encl. 6-17-21]

Josiah Kingsley Old
Died June 27th 1920

Here, on this eastern slope
His body lies.
And, with undying hope,
His dying eyes
Turned toward the East: It
was the cherished goal,
For which he yearned with
his departing soul.
And now, dear God, grant
Thou his dying prayer -
Take Thou, his noble spirit;
Let it fare
On to its haven, glorious
released,
Let his soul live forever
in the East.

Samuel Adams Old

Woodlawn Cemetary
June 16th 1921

ASIA

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE ON THE ORIENT

627 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

CABLE ADDRESS, "AMASIAT"

June 30 [1921]

Dear Mrs Straight

I have just finished mulling over the figures of our problem here. My head has really worked this evening and so much faster than usual - no speed law violation at that - inspired by a vision of light ahead as I've gone over every phase of our affairs, that I have a subtle suspicion that hope and enthusiasm entered more into the calculations than they should. But then too the day has produced some ground for both, in the actual facts of daylight which are more to be counted on than the paper theories of the night - the willingness of the printer to come down on his price perhaps as much as $400 to $500 a month, a strong argument with the paper man to bring him down another $400 or $500 and some really encouraging leads from Archer in his first days of beating up the advertising bushes. In the quiet

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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inspiration of the night here I've been planning and thinking — rearrangements of staff, some further cuts, more production from each of us, taking full advantage of drops in costs, possibilities for increasing revenue — and all the time very likely permitting a sharpened imagination to beguile me into believing "facts" that the light of day may turn into mere dreams. But out of it all, I have a real conviction that much toiling through difficulties and obstacles may turn the visions into realities and that we may see the light more quickly than we think — and then immediately dismissed such expectations as nothing but a will-o-the-wisp until caught.

And now at the end. I've saved the bowmer, the Bullock and the load of wood to look at again and your letter to read once more. It's like getting all the difficulties of an interesting objective battered down and out of the way — and then turning from them as incidents to the sweet reward of the remembrance of the real and everlasting things of life.

You call it the *blessed* common task that you gave me the privilege of sharing. and no word could express it more truly.

[6-30-21]

I'm happy you have given me the picture now. I think of achievement in the final wiping out with Asia as one of the lesser things of my share in the real memorial to Willard Straight. It warms me to have this gift along the road because in it I know that if I should fail to win out with the magazine — I won't fail and I know the paper won't — or if I should never see you again, you know and he knows that we who worked with you in his letters and story, joined with you in what you have called it — the blessed spirit of finding and releasing so far as we were able the inspiration of his life. It was not a magazine story, not even a big milestone in the progress of Asia. It was something spiritual, and I cherish the picture in remembrance of his great heart and in remembrance of being privileged to share with you in the work on this common ground. You have given me a part of his life to be a part of mine and I am deeply grateful. I love the picture. It's one of the very best you could have chosen for me and I know how very much it means for you to give it.

It's a corker. Such inexpressibly sad whiskers from under the hat and the melancholy in the bags of his trousers!

Most sincerely yours
Louis D. Frolick

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McADOO, COTTON & FRANKLIN
43 EXCHANGE PLACE
NEW YORK

WILLIAM G. McADOO
JOSEPH P. COTTON
GEORGE S. FRANKLIN
FRANCIS H. McADOO
THURLOW M. GORDON

GEORGE H. SAVAGE

July 5, 1921.

Dear Mrs. Straight:

With apologies for a dictated letter, as I am under great pressure today, I enclose copy of the inscription on the tomb of Alexander Hamilton in the Trinity churchyard. I thought you would be interested in seeing this. It is a beautiful tribute, - longer than we want to put on the Treasury statue, but very suggestive for ours. Mr. Fraser told me that you had gotten Doctor Elliott to suggest an inscription, and that he would send it to me. I shall be glad to see it.

The next time I have the pleasure of seeing you I must tell you a very amusing incident concerning the inscription written by Doctor Elliott for the Post Office Building at Washington.

I hope that you will have a delightful summer. If Mrs. McAdoo and I should be motoring to Cape Cod we hope to have a glimpse of you.

Cordially yours,

WGM-F

Mrs. Willard Straight,

[7?5-21]

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON

For Mrs. Straight

To the memory of
Alexander Hamilton

The corporation of Trinity Church has
erected this monument in
testimony of their respect for

A patriot of incorruptible integrity
A soldier of approved valor
A statesman of consummate wisdom

whose talents and virtues will be admired
by grateful posterity long after this
marble shall have mouldered into dust

He died July 12, 1804, aged 47

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Huntington, N.Y.
June 11, 1921

Dear Mrs. Straight -

I have to write with a pencil and on a piece of scratch paper because I have neither pen nor ink nor any other paper in my small office out here a

I enclose a letter recently received from Mr. Vandenberg of Grand Rapids - I thought it better to give him your name in confidence for the time being. Otherwise, being a newspaper

man, he might have given it premature publicity - As the information will sooner or later leak out anyway, I thought it would be better if you would let me mention the fact of your being the donor of the statue in an article I am going to contribute soon to one of the newspapers or magazines on Alexander Hamilton. This will give the opportunity

of putting the matter in the nicest and most appropriate way ~~to the public~~ unless, of course, we reserve the information until the anniversary - I doubt if it can be kept that long and I think it much better to put it out in our own way - If you approve, I shall be glad to submit the article to you before publication.

I hope that you are

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[7-11-21]

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finding the weather at Wood's Hole a great improvement on Long Island. It has been very hot the past week but is better today. You did not escape too scot free by any means.

If Mrs McAdoo and Eshbird motor down this summer we shall look you up.

How do you like the political situation? Sorry I didn't have a chance to discuss it with you the other day. With my warm regard, Cordially yours

WGMcAdoo

(over)

[encl. 7-11-21]

THE ONLY MORNING AND THE ONLY SUNDAY NEWSPAPER IN A CITY OF 180,000 POPULATION

The Grand Rapids Herald

A. H. VANDENBERG, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

JULY
2nd,
1921.

Honorable William G. McAdoo,
43 Exchange Place,
New York City.

My dear Mr. McAdoo:

I am greatly indebted to you for your splendid letter of the 30th ult. and for the pains you have taken to detail to me this complete information regarding the Hamilton statue. At the time of the preparation of my manuscript, I secured from Secretary Houston the formal announcement made by you at the time this gift was first made public. This was the only information however that I could get and I had to be content with it. Now that you have furnished these additional facts however, I really feel that some slight addition should be made when the book's proofs come through.

I am not going to ask the privilege of using the donor's name because it is evident her profound wish is that it remain anonymous, at least for the present. But I am going to suggest that you permit me to quote you on those pages which relate to this particular statue. My hope is that you will permit me to use an interview with you along the following lines.

That time heals partisan wounds and ameliorates intimate frictions - permitting a truer prospective upon the lives and works of great toilers for the common good - is beautifully demonstrated by the fact that the movement for this new Hamilton statue was initiated under the inspiration of a high modern Democrat. Although Hamilton in his life time was the real founder of the Republican party, it remained for one of his Democratic successors in the Treasury portfolio to make the first official suggestion of this acknowledgment of America's unrequited debt to Hamilton's memory. "It has always distressed me that this statue could not have been completed and placed during my term as Secretary of the Treasury, since I have taken so deep an interest in the matter " declares William G. McAdoo of New York. "It is needless for me to say that I am not in accord with some of the theories of Government which Hamilton strongly advocated in his time; but nevertheless I do admire him as a very great citizen and a very great patriot.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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[7-11-21]

THE ONLY MORNING AND THE ONLY SUNDAY NEWSPAPER IN A CITY OF 180,000 POPULATION

The Grand Rapids Herald

A. H. VANDENBERG, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

He did a service of incalculable value to his country and it should be recognized. I am glad that it will be recognized in this monument. The patriotic woman who is the donor of this statue continues to refuse to allow her identy to be disclosed, but to her belongs the credit for the enterprise. It is her public spirit and her appreciation of historical verities that has made Fraser's Hamilton possible. It adds to the charm of the gift - because it typifies a non-partisan estimate upon Hamilton's service to the nation - to know at least that this fine woman is herself the daughter of a distinguished Democrat, who upon another occasion occupied an important post in the Administration of President Cleveland".

I think I should say at least this much about Mrs. Straight. I think it is her due. Furthermore it will add immeasurable value to public interest in the unveiling of the Hamilton statue to have this much of a suggestion thrown out.

I thank you for giving me Mrs. Straight's name. I shall of course strictly observe your confidence. I am anxious to write Mrs. Straight a letter presenting my compliments to her. Will you be good enough to give me her address? Again I thank you for your delightful letter. I shall always recall with pleasure and interest your great public meeting in Grand Rapids, over which it was my privilege to preside.

With sentiments of great respect and warm personal regards, I beg to remain,

Cordially and faithfully,

A. H. Vandenberg

THE ONLY MORNING AND THE ONLY SUNDAY NEWSPAPER IN A CITY OF 180,000 POPULATION

The Grand Rapids Herald

A. H. VANDENBERG, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Grand Rapids, Michigan - - July 16.

Mrs. Willard B. Straight.
WoodsHole, Mass.
My Dear Mrs. Straight:

As you know, Ex-Secretary McAdoo has confidentially told me that you are the generous donor of the new Hamilton Statue soon to be placed on the Treasury Plaza in Washington. It will interest you to know that your "secret" is so ably guarded that a futile six-months effort on my part failed to find you out - until you yourself confidentially released the information to me through my good friend, Mr. McAdoo.

I wanted to know this anonymous donor principally that I might pay my respects to her. I have always felt that America's greatest unrequited historical debt is to the memory of Hamilton; also, that we have lost a great deal out of our modern national life through this lack of mass-familiarity with the superb Constitutional Fidelities which Hamilton so nobly lived. To me, "Hamiltonism" bears the same relationship to "Americanism" that "Sterling" does to silver. And nothing could be more eloquent, in this respect, than that the representative of a distinguished Democratic family should be the one to memorialize Hamilton in the City which he placed and in which he strove so sturdily for the common weal.

One year ago I started out to do my little share in squaring modern accounts with Hamilton's memory. My book - entitled "The Greatest American" - will issue from G.P.Putnam's Sons, New York, in the early Fall. In it I am not attempting to match the marvelously philosophical study presented by Oliver in his famous Hamiltonian essay. I am, however, hoping to bring Hamilton, the American, a little closer to the conscience of the present day. It will interest you to know that President Harding has written the book's fore-word from The White House. It will also interest you to know that your Fraser statue is one of the illustrations, and that I am paying considerable attention to the anonymous donor. I do want, however, to supplement what I have said on this latter score by an additional paragraph. This paragraph I have sent to Mr. McAdoo and I understand he is awaiting your approval. I hope you will consent.

I am keenly of the opinion that America needs nothing more today than it needs a renaissance in stalwart "Hamiltonism". To that end my whole effort is dedicated. A number of splendid people are co-operating with me to the extent of raising a fund, now partially completed, to put a copy of "The Greatest American" in each of 4,660 Public Libraries up and down the land. If I can complete that fund - and that distribution - thus forming contact with millions of homes, I shall feel that I have, in a small way, served the nation as you are serving it by your prophetic gift.

With sentiments of great respect, I beg to remain,
Cordially Yours,

A. H. Vandenberg

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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INSPECTORATE GENERAL OF CUSTOMS,
PEKING,
CHINA.

11th August 1921

Dear Mrs Straight

It is so kind of you to have had the copies of "Asia" with the memoir of your husband, sent to us. It has been most interesting reading to us.

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My husband was very sorry that he was not able to help you with the memoir. He misunderstood what was required and he did not feel capable of writing a memoir as he had not seen enough of Mr Straight. But he sees now that what probably was wanted was a letter of reminiscences which could have been incorporated and he would have been so glad to do this and to

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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help you.

We were in America in October and had planned to call on you in New York but we heard from Mrs de Mencal that you were in your Country house.

I shall always have such pleasant recollections of our

I had not your address + could not send this letter at once, then it got mislaid among my papers; + I was not well and did not attend to things. Now I have found it, Mrs Calhoun has given me your address + so I post it. There is a chance we may be going to America soon, + if so I would like to come + see you if I may?

[8-11-21] [2]

INSPECTORATE GENERAL OF CUSTOMS,
PEKING,
CHINA.

Short acquaintance in PeKing, these were very happy days, the new PeKing is not so nice. I always remember too my first meeting with your husband, his was the first house I went to in PeKing, to a tiffin. It was

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INSPECTORATE GENERAL OF CUSTOMS
PEKING,
CHINA.

always so refreshing to meet him. It was a great shock to us when we read of his death. It seemed so hard that he should be taken away so young, he had already done much, but one felt how much more he would have done and what a great loss he was.

I trust that time is helping you but I fear it cannot do much.

With our very warm regards

Yours sincerely

Sergei Plenkovitch

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Hotel Vouillemont
Paris
Sept. 2-21.

Dearest Dorothy-

I arrived in Paris Monday a.m. and found your letter - I had intended going at once to put some flowers on Willard's grave, so went that afternoon - I found a big piece of work going on at Suresnes as they are changing the plan and moving all the bodies - The work is being done with great system and caution - The officer in charge Capt. Brown - explained all in detail - There is no possible chance of any mistakes as to identification etc. as Capt. Brown personally checks each one three times - Willard & Colonel Boyd had not yet been moved, but were to be in a few days - The orders

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from the Graves registration was to remove all jewelry - unless otherwise requested by relatives - and not to ~~put~~ bury anyone in any special place unless so directed -

The next morning I went to see Colonel Rastus, the head of the Graves registration here - He was so pleased & interested, and said that he would do everything at once - The record was wrong as you suspected - He said that someone must have gone in there and had it changed from the original wording - Now he is putting your letter to me on file (the part relating to the grave) and says that no one can ever alter that again except for - He asked me to write to the War Department in Washington, as the order to make the change should really come from there - This however he will not wait for - So, I have written to Quartermaster and asked him to see to it - If you want to write too, why don't you? Just address Major John Rumney Cable to Quartermaster Department -

I hope that all rights in Private Colored Rastus to have away jewelry, buried on Sidewall, Apt 7 will be taken to please him in as nearly the same position as possible -

Thank you for sending me the letter, as I should like to know about this, but

(2)

they are putting every one in their State coffins, much better than the old ones, and every thing is being done in a most orderly way - May the time for receipt of this ill will be over, and Mrs Billard body laid to please - Here it won't even have to be moved again -

Darling Dorothy, I take to bring you feelings by talking for all this, but

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you would probably hear of the changes from some one else, I, (Not Knowing how things were being done) worry -
Dam Do Hankey that I happens to be here this week —
We arrived here from Prague where we flew 450 miles - from Warsaw. At the latter place we stopped with Hugh Gibson in the lovely Palace that is now the Legation - He is doing so well, and is adored & trusted by every one -
Our itinerary has been London - Brussels, Coblenz, Berlin, Warsaw, Prague, Munich, Paris - We wanted to go to Vienna & Budapest, but the Senator was arriving here from Sweden, & as I had only been here for one day in Berlin I didn't have the heart not to meet him here - He had never been to Europe before

(3)

and was just like a boy in his enjoyment of Italy. We sailed today - Sept 20 to Cherbourg & Southampton & Geneva, and Car - Napoleon to Aix Cannes - Cap Martin & Cap Ferrat & then sail from Liverpool for Quebec Oct 6th -
We are very much As Laurence of our Supt's Articles, I stay over Sunday Avenue - I hope his one was

Yours - Much love Sherry
I see You were here Became

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it is quite normal again — The World This Wife are here — Met Mrs. Craley Yesterday on the rue St. Honoré When I was helping the Senator buy Clothes for his Grand Child! Mary Whitehouse is back from Switzerland Quite well, but getting quite large — Mr. Bradley (is that his name?) Horace English beau, got into the Lift with me here the other day and says that he is now living in Paris! This is a horrid hotel, very badly run, and depressing, but we couldn't get in any where else. Tell Bennett that at the C.S. Church in London I heard a most wonderful testimony given by a British officer. He said that he had been paralyzed in the war, and was now entirely Cured by C.S. The doctors had told him that he would never walk again!
I saw a lot of Margaret Bondfield

Read after Labour party people in England —
I have lots to tell you when I get back —
I have been on the point of visiting to go to Plain, but I kept putting it off until I should have more time. World told you news. Your description of Lord's Hotel made me quite Long for you. Glory & Praise a chance Always to help you in any way — There is no Christ like Love. Candis for you —

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It has worried me that I was so uncomplimentary about the changes you had made in your drawing room. It was only that I loved the effect of those light reds. The accent that the other decorations gave.

Much love, Dear, to you

Devotedly

Daisy [Harriman]

[9-21-21]

Statement of the Willard Straight Post of the American Legion regarding the proposed amendment to the New York State Constitution granting an absolute preference to war veterans.

The Willard Straight Post No. 842 of the American Legion has considered carefully at a regular meeting the proposed amendment to the New York State Constitution granting war veterans an absolute preference over all other candidates for appointment and promotion in the State Civil Service. Our Post considers this proposed amendment as a wholly unjustifiable assault upon the established merit system of the Civil Service. Military service is no badge of special qualification for public service in civil life. This amendment would automatically make obligatory the appointment and promotion of any veterans passing examinations, over any other person, no matter how much better qualified such other person might be and often is.

Service in the war is not to be rewarded by lowering the standards of our public service. If military training has developed the innate qualifications for other service to State and Nation, these new abilities will be recognized and rewarded under the existing system.

We can see in this proposal only a dishonest attempt to obtain something for nothing, to create, at the expense of the public, a permanent class of military office holders who, by advocacy of this amendment, confess inability to compete upon equal terms. Such an attempt, in our opinion, is un-American and should be vigorously opposed by all members of the Legion as absolutely contrary to the professed principles and ideals of the Legion.

ERNEST ANGELL
Commander

W.W.NORTON
Adjutant

September 21, 1921.

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Nov. 15th, 1921.

Mrs. Willard Straight,
1130 Fifth Ave.,
New York City.

My dear Mrs. Straight:-

The University Glee Club of New York City, of which your husband was a member, is planning to publish this year in its Year Book, a brief account of the lives of those members who died in service during the World War.

As Historian of the Club it devolves upon me to secure the necessary data, which is the reason for my now writing to you.

I should appreciate very much if you will furnish me with a brief account of Mr. Straight's life, such as would be suitable for the purpose mentioned, also a photograph of him. If the preparing of this is inconvenient for you and you would prefer to have me call when you can give me such facts as you see fit, I shall of course be very glad to do so.

Very truly yours,

Lawrance D. Nash

LIN A

Temple Steil
Chefoo China
Nov. 22nd. 1921

My dearest Mrs. Straight:
How veiy often
your ears must have burned
during the month of October
as Mrs Cal and I talked of
you daily. Of your dear, wonderful
husband and your beautiful
children!
When Mrs Cali letter
was as welcome and lovely
as ever.
Mr and Mrs Goodhart
are a charming couple
and we four did much
sightseeing together by motor
seeing many palaces & tem-
ples, three alive & compan-
by aid of a simple rickshaw
We were glad to find work
-men at several photo-repair
Tottering roofs and gapin
walls but our greatest shock
was at the Ruins of the Red

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came telling of her plan
to spend some weeks in
Peking this autumn, and
her earnest wish for me to
be with her for as long a
time as possible. That I might
be near when the memories
were too poignant for her to
bear. I felt there was only one
answer. It was the first time
I had ever left my dear kiddies
behind, but they were in
perfect health and I ran away
for over three weeks —

Willys Peck & Lucius Porter were down
at the train to
straight to
where Dr. Cal
to see while
Washington C
welcome as
oh how good
ed friend a
tured indeed
I had renew

[11-22-21]

the room she received us in was filled with all the foreign atrocities saved from her former days of splendor. It was with sad hearts that we left -

Little Princess Kung Tour dear daintily Duchess Tai Tze have both died - We were received twice by Duke Tsai Tzu & the own Brother of the two most interesting daughters now plays the rôle of hostess. We were invited to a delicious tiffin and the Duke and his daughters apparently are

Palace - the Yuan Ming Yuan - where not a vestige of its former glory remained - a Brigadier General Wang who is in command of the City Gendarmerie, has recently had every stone and carving of merit transferred to his own Summer Gardens - In the old days, anyone found with a scrap of tile even was summarily executed

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and now not a protest is
voiced at this wholesale
dotting of so much that was
lovely.

We 'phoned at once to Prince
Pu Lun and were distressed
to hear that the Princess had
been ill for four years and
was too ill to speak so could
not receive us - The Prince
with his "little" son and
daughter - now almost grown -
came to tiffin and we had
a most delightful visit together.

The Prince is as charming and
debonnair as ever and looks not a day
older - just the day before I left. Prince
Pu Lun said the Empress could see us for five
minutes and it was a shock indeed
to see how frail and faded she was -
She asked lovingly after you and was
very dear to look at - Her former
beautiful home has been remodelled to a
German physician's and skirting
in some humble quarters at the right.

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whom she says is radiantly beautiful. What a glorious heritage is Heirs in the memory of their brilliant and high-souled Father and oh how rich they are in having you for their Mother. Do you remember Sandy Watson singing "Brothers o' Mine"

We hope to sail for America June 24th 1922 and we shall want very much to catch a glimpse of you while in New York - My Grace is 6 & Gordon 2 and I always love to count my Baby Stuart in heaven —

living an ideal life of study & sweet companionship. The Duke spoke most regretfully of Mr. Straight and of how much he had prized this fine friendship.

Your beautiful letter to Mrs. Cal she read & re-read and so very much appreciated your thought in timing it to reach her as she arrived in Peking - She was marvellously

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brave and oh so gallant!
Her visits at the American
Minister's house took much
courage to see through and
it was only on the way home
that she would drop her
bright gaiety and I would
catch a glimpse of the heart-
-break beneath.

The tribute of love which
was paid her by all her old
servants from Kao to the

living Chai and the old clothes' man
etc. from Sir Thomas' were really
beautiful. They showered her with
gifts of tea and fruit and cake
again and again until we hope of
gain but renounced with
devotion and genuine friendship.

Dr. Cal often spoke so often of you
dear children especially of Michael

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340 West 85th Street
New York City N.Y.
November 24th 21.

My dear Mrs Straight:

Last winter I read your husbands articles in the Magazine 'Asia' — and later in the year I attended the exhibition of Mr. Straights Sketches at the Arden Galleries — He interested me so much that I have had quite a desire to

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know more of the life of
this versatile man— So I
should like to ask a
favor of you.

Will you please quote for
me — references in magazines
or books dealing with his
experiences in the Far East.
Please include the articles by
his own pen as well as
by others.

May I ask one other
question? Have you ever had
prints made from the sketches
which were retouched? If so
where may they be secured?

I know that I am asking
a great deal of you — but
I'm sure you will pardon
me — if you will believe me
when I say — Mr. Straight was
an ideal young American.

Very sincerely yours
Lotta A. Conlan —

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New York, December 16th, 1921.

At the present time the country seems to be in the throes of anti-war hysteria. This follows logically the period of war fever and is of the same emotional character. But the present popularity of the reaction against war will wane and a jingo press or some other instrument of mob psychology will whip up the flame of the war fever again unless - yes, unless there is created a different sort of public opinion about war and the peoples of the world resolve to settle their differences by conference rather than conflict.

To do our part in creating this new public opinion the Executive Committee will present to the post at a meeting to be held on January 5th the idea of the preparation of a symposium or statement from its members concerning war. Is war worth while to the individual soldier? For the man who, as General O'Ryan told us last month, goes out to fight to escape the boredom of everyday life, is it a satisfying experience? If it is not, shall we as a body prepare a message

"TO THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER OF THE NEXT WAR"

from fifty veterans of the last.

If this message is to be a true one, it must be written now before the memories of our collective experience are falsified by the glamour of passing years. What we have in mind is the simplest sort of a pamphlet, stuff that boys of the poolroom or street corner age will read and understand. It will be popularized by illustrations from the brush of Leroy Baldridge.

It may be that regardless of the fact that modern war is just another kind of industrialism with the individual soldier a mere cog in the machinery, regardless of its filth, brutality and awful sacrifice, its small and ever-diminishing opportunity for individual initiative or gallantry...that war still offers elements of adventure to some men. These men we will remind that for their <u>adventure</u> The Unknown Soldier pays the price.

It is proposed to close with an appeal to the men of all of the armies of the world war to join with us in this effort to discredit the institution of war, as it has so romantically been portrayed by the posts of the past, and in our message to the next generation that they shall not take up arms again until they have exhausted every effort at conference and conciliation.

As usual, this will be a dinner meeting 7 P. M. at the Civic Club, but "for members only". Frederick Palmer, the famous war correspondent, who has probably seen as much of modern war as any other living American, has promised to come to this meeting "to offer his services in this great cause", as he writes from Washington.

Very truly yours,

Secretary.

WWN:LMG

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3 Hai Chino Hutung
Peking January 4, 1922

Dearest Dorothy It has been very strange and lovely coming back to Peking. It seems like home - and all the memories it brings back are happy memories. Somehow the old life is closer to me here than anywhere. We find it so hard together - as you did too - shut in, in a way so far from distracting interests. I find many changes but Peking itself is unchanged. The motor cars are only superficial - the streets have the same variety and the old charm. Even the social whirlpool has something of the old intimacy and friendliness. I wish you could have come out with me. There would be poignant moments but it would do you good all the same. Sometime perhaps you will. You will bring your son some day. Willard is a living memory out here. They talk of him a lot, and to me of course he is everywhere as Cal is. One of the first things to greet me here was your beautiful letter, too late to catch me in America and forwarded here. It seemed a miracle to be reading it here -

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as though you yourself had come to the station to meet me. I loved every word of it. I have not found any more poems to fit into that precious anthology. I look for them but they are rare. Sunday we shall go over it again together.

I am in the Ferguson house in one of the little buildings east of Halcomb Street and the polo field and Anna Carriere is with me. Alice Peck had arranged it for me, and everything was ready for me when I arrived, the servants at the door, and the house filled with flowers. Everyone gave me a wonderful welcome! But Ikas and the little merchants bearing tributes touched me most. The house is comfortable, with a lovely courtyard and pergolas and rock gardens. The Goodspeeds stayed with me for a month and then went on around the world. Mary Corbett Smith was here at the same time - just as lovely and delightful as ever. And two days after she left Anna Carriere arrived, having caught up my suggestion in Paris and followed it swiftly by way of New York and Pan-Canada. I could not ask for

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a better companion. She has never been here before and she loves it. We are drifting along without knowing when we shall go home. We may go to Manila for a while and then come back here for May and June. If the house is still available, that is - I cannot see myself in a hotel in Peking. The crowd is much larger now - many more Americans - Lady Agden bewails the changes - but is rather charming all the same. And there are delightful people in the Legation. The Schurmans

JAN. 4, 1922

are very much liked, and the Ruddocks and the Atherton. Helen Schurman has just become engaged to one of the military attachés, Major Magruder. But there is no one here who even remotely takes Willard's place, as Calfe. They are both there with me though, vividly and happily.

Many of the people we knew together are still here, especially among the British - Sir Beilby, the Hoares, Bartons, Thayers, Fillingham, Dalgleish, the Peakes, Ellis, Donald, Dr. Young. The little Duchess Tsai Tze is dead, but her little daughter who was named after me, is quite

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adorable. Princess Pu Lun is very ill. I saw her once - the shadow of her old self. Pretty Princess Ching Tao is dead. And the others are scattered. O no. I have seen several times the Princess Yu Lang and she has more youth and kept that wee Lilan the Duke Tsai Tse, who dined with us recently, handsome and distinguished in his silken robes, she clings to the old ways. But she loves to look in upon the new and have her little fling at them.

It is strange and sweet to drift back into the old life. Different as this is, it is close and warm about me. I am glad I came. And I think of you so often, Dorothy dear, and of the great career that had its beginnings here and would have gone so far. My love to you from far away where you are very near!

Devotedly

Lucy Calhoun

Address
American Legation
Peking.

Do give my love to the children and remember me to Louisa and Grove. That was a blessed visit a year ago.

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[1-10-22]

Copy

1130 Fifth Avenue

Dear Mr McAdoo:-

I have just come from Mr Fraser's studio where we have been discussing some of the details of the Hamilton statue. There seems to be some difference of opinion about the inscription, but having asked Dr Eliot to write the characterization , I do not feel that we can use any other . I have just written him another letter asking whether he would like to make any alterations in the text--but when his final answer comes I think we shall have to let it stand.

As regards the inscription on the back of the statue, Mr Fraser and I both feel that it should be entirely eliminated. I think the statue gains in dignity and importance by having nothing but the phrases characterising Hamilton himself. In any case, I should not want any reference to myself to appear. If you feel that something should be said about the date of erection and the fact of your responsibility for it, these few words could be cut into the pedestal at the back. This decision is for you to make --and Mr Fraser is awaiting your word. I was impressed again to-day by the beauty of the statue. It is a great historic monument, and will be so acclaimed, I am sure, by generations to come. No one could have done it as Fraser has.

1130 Fifth Avenue

So much of the credit goes to you that I want to take this opportunity of thanking you once more for all that you have done. You have shown the same effectiveness in putting this through that you have shown in your great enterprises of state. I deeply appreciate your untiring efforts from beginning to end.

Hoping to see you in the near future,

Sincerely yours

Signed(Dorothy Straight)

January 10, 1922.

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[c. 1-10-22]

WILLARD STRAIGHT POST, THE AMERICAN LEGION

January 10, 1922.

To all members:

[see 12-16-21] The Post held a meeting on the proposal, set forth in Norton's letter, to make a book on war,--a message TO THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER OF THE NEXT WAR by veterans of this. It was an unusual meeting. The attitude of an old warhorse, both in war and in writing, was that it was tremendously worth doing. This was Colonel Fred Palmer; he showed more fire than all the confessedly virile young members put together.

The Post voted to do it and appointed a temporary steering committee: Norton, Howard, Baldridge, Angell and Blankenhorn.

The Committee met and feels the same thing which the Post discussion brought out--that the basis of the book must be a lot of human documents (a) by Post members, (b) by buddies of members, (c) by others whom we must reach out to find. To sense how the book can grow, the Committee must have some of these statements to work on.

You are asked to write about your war. What struck you most? Write it as short as possible.

Write what you will be trying to say to some young fellow reading war-scare headlines, perhaps in 1945. Then you won't be able to say it, at least not so clearly as you can record it now.

After writing, see if you have covered these questions:

Why did you go in?
What do you think of those reasons now?
What did you see that changed your views?

"This is the one kind of war book that has never been written--and it may be the best," said Colonel Palmer. What we write has to be the truth, of course. The truth is hard to catch. It means going off by ourselves and thinking hard and writing it straight out.

Will you get your document to the Committee (see undersigned address) WITHIN TEN DAYS?

The Post lacks the members' service records. Send on a separate paper your military obit,--date in, date out, training, ranks, outfits, places of service, citations, decorations.

Several members have written the Committee detailing their ideas of what the book should contain, to whom it should be addressed, how organized, etc. The Committee wants all the letters of that sort it can get.

Heber Blankenhorn
289 Fourth Avenue, New York.

WILLARD STRAIGHT POST NO. 842 THE AMERICAN LEGION

Concerning: "TO THE NEXT WAR'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER

A message from veterans of the World War."

The Post wants to get the stories of veterans - their own narratives of what they did and saw in war, - particularly that which causes their present opinion of war.

We want the stories of as many veterans as possible, - as representative as possible of all who were in uniform.

You are asked to write about your war. What struck you most? Write what you will be trying to say to some young fellow reading war-scare headlines, perhaps in 1945. Then you won't be able to say it, at least not so clearly as you can record it now.

Narratives are the best - what you saw, heard, felt or had to do. Isn't there an episode, or a series of happenings, which sums up what war meant to you?

This is NOT a fancy writing job. Make it what you once put into letters home - or wanted to, except for the censor.

After writing, see if your story suggests the answers to these questions:

Why did you go in? What do you think of those reasons now? What did you see that changed your views, (if changed)?

You may want to send along one of your war letters home, or a buddy's letter, or a soldier's letter you once cut out of a paper, saying "That's the war."

Send on a separate paper your military obit,--date in, date out, training, ranks, outfits, places of service, citations, decorations.

If the soldiers have anything to say about war, let's get it said.

Ernest Angell, Commander

W. W. Norton, Secretary
127 Water Street,
New York, N. Y.

If you have buddies whose stories we should have, write for copies of this letter and send to them.

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I do not know whether there is any such photograph in existence, or, in case there is, if you have it. He says he wrote to Mrs. Sanborn about it some time ago but did not receive any answer.

I was told today that the Evening Post is sold to Mr. Munsey. I am glad you did not do anything to prevent it.

Faithfully yours,

H. C.

HC/B

The New
REPUBLIC
421 West 21st Street
New York City

January 10, 1922.

Mrs. Willard Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue
City.

Dear Dorothy:

A man came into see me last week named Kay. He said he and his wife were very young instructors in the Parker School near Chicago at the time when Willard's father and mother were teaching there. He came ostensibly in order to give me information, but the only information he communicated to me which I did not already know was the statement that Colonel Parker's wife made it difficult for Mrs. Straight to work in the Parker School, which was the reason why she was anxious to leave and go to Japan. The real object of his visit, apparently, was to ask me about a photograph which he said he sent to Willard at the time Willard was appointed Consul at Seoul. He said this photograph represented Willard when he was a child standing with other children pointing at a blackboard in some school where he was being taught. It was a snapshot. Mr. Kay says his boy, who has since died, was among the children in the group and he wants very much to have the photograph back if it is in existence.

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Jan.10th.

1130 Fifth Avenue

Dear Dr Eliot,

At the request of Mr Herbert Croly you were good enough to compose an inscription for the statue of Alexander Hamilton which is to be erected in front of the Treasury in Washington. In order to avoid any possible mistake I want to refer the inscription to you once more for verification or correction. I understand it to be as follows;

Alexander Hamilton —— should be in the middle

Close up 1757---------- -1804 and put in the middle

Gallant young soldier in the War for Independence

Brilliant h Political Essayist and c onstructive Statesman.

As first Secretary of the Treasury he established (the)

Credit of the Nascent United States.

Have you any further suggestions or corrections to make to this? As the inscription must be cut into the pedestal next week I merely wanted your final word on the subject.

[1-10-22]

1130 Fifth Avenue

Alexander Hamilton
1757- 1804
Gallant young soldier in the
War for Independence
Brilliant political essayist
and Constructive Statesman.

As first Secretary of the Treasury
he established the credit
of the nascent United States.

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JAN. 13, 1922 SC

Friday

Dear Mrs Straight -

Thank you so much for asking me to dine the 25th. I want very much to see you again. It seems such a long time since we lunched together last summer. I remember then we discussed ~~my~~ my absent child - She is now with me, and ~~is~~ is at ~~going to~~ Miss Spence's day school. It is a great success and we are very completely happy. I am working hard & otherwise have no particular news. Life is tremen-

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~~but~~ and not devoid of anxiety,
but it is also full of hope
and possibilities, and on
the whole very good!

I will be nice to see you.

Clare Sheridan

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N.Y. Jan 18 1922

Madam—

Your husband and my boy were "buddies" together in the Battalion known as "Normal Park" when it was shaped and fashioned to "map" children in the act of "learning to do by doing" in route from the "known to the unknown". Necessarily the straight and track-runners were intimate in those days. Among our joint treasures were three photographs, one of them taken by "Capt." Willard, magnificently "painting" the didactic inscription on a blackboard to my boy, Ernest. This I forwarded to Willard, c/o Dept of State, upon first receipt of the news of his appointment to the German embassy. Now through him from Hoyle; from our dear "Miss Green" I have been able to trace that the photographer will you not cause search to be made for it among Mr Straight's transmittenda? The autograph of Croly's recent "Interface" Reply by E. W. Kay address c/o Secret Corps 368 Broadway NY

W G McADOO
NEW YORK

43 Exchange Place
January 17, 1922.

Dear Mrs. Straight:

I received a few days ago your very kind letter of the tenth inst., and thank you warmly for the generous credit you give me for the Alexander Hamilton statue, but of course I cannot let you give me the credit which belongs to you. You have done such a fine thing for the country that my one regret about it is your unwillingness to have the country know who its benefactor is. Some day I hope that you are going to release me from the seal of secrecy and let me say what I think and know.

I am, of course, willing to accept anything that Doctor Elliott may think appropriate as an inscription for the monument. As regards the inscription on the back, I think we face some difficulty, because the pedestal has been erected through an appropriation of Congress and as well through subscriptions raised by the Alexander Hamilton Memorial Association. Naturally the Government authorities and the officers of the Memorial Association will want to have some voice in the matter. I am inclined to think that if we take the initiative and propose some appropriate inscription, we can guide it in the right direction; otherwise we may find a very elaborate inscription on the back of the monument which I agree with you and Mr. Fraser would be unfortunate.

Please be assured that I have every desire to efface myself as much as you are effacing yourself for the purpose of contributing to the artistic beauty and effect of this fine monument.

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I wonder if you and Mrs. McAdoo and I could not meet at Mr. Fraser's studio sometime very soon to see the statue and to discuss the matter of the inscription. Some afternoon between four and five would suit me very well. Won't you call me up some evening at the house, Rhinelander 328, and let us see if we cannot arrange this?

When I was at the Treasury on Saturday last I was told that the contract for the pedestal had just been let to Mr. Fraser. I was very glad to learn this.

With warm admiration for all that you have done and are doing, and very best wishes, I am,

Cordially yours,

McAdoo

Mrs. Willard Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York City

WGM-F

January 18, 1922.

Dear Dorothy:

My Christmas holidays were spent in the endeavor to accomplish for you what I hoped would prove an acceptable Christmas present, the only one I felt it within my power to give. But the holidays proved insufficient to complete it as I had planned. Indeed, the time devoted to this slight service has been quite out of proportion to the result. The old entries required much excision and three re-writings were necessary to cut down the natural mistakes made by typists unfamiliar with my jargon and the Chinese words. I have been waiting also for my 1908 diary, a separate volume, which Basil and James Hicks have so far been unable to find among my books stored at "1718" -- only the scrap book diaries for 1907 have been available for reference.

Incomplete as it is, however, I am sending this faint echo of our days at Mukden trusting that it may prove interesting to you and possibly of some informational value for the book which Croly is preparing. But as I read over these old records, they seem very juvenile, very unworthy of the subject for which they are now reviewed. For the sake of reality, I have resisted the temptation to change the informal way in which they were written, and have cut out a great deal of the material which did not directly or indirectly concern Willard; but the story seems to be mostly tiffins and dinners, rides to Pei-ling, and the little incidents of our Consular life which seemed to us at the time so important. What we considered the big things are hardly mentioned.

With the hope of making this inadequate record more complete, I am trying now to supplement it by a brief appreciation of Willard's work at Mukden, his difficulties, his plans, his character. Although I must do this from memory, my impressions at the time were so vivid that much still remains coherent. This additional memoir I shall hope to send you by the first of next week.

I need hardly say that it has been for me a very great pleasure to go back over these memories, and I take this opportunity again to express my deep regret for the long delay in sending them.

Your friend
George Marvin.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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TELEPHONES
OFFICE, 5453 STONE
HOUSE, 761 PARK

RAYMOND H. ARNOT
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
708-711 ELLWANGER & BARRY BUILDING
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

January 28,1922

Mrs.Willard D.Straight
1130 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Dear Madam:

The members of the ROCHESTER MODERN HISTORY CLUB wish to commemorate the life and work of your late distinguished husband. I am venturing therefore to enquire whether an accurate account of Mr.Straight's life is in print and where the Club can obtain a faithful likeness in cabinet size or a little larger.

If you will be kind enough to give us information from which we can obtain such facts as will help us to gather this material we shall be grateful.

Yours faithfully

Raymond H. Arnot

RHA.B. Pres.R.M.H.C.

Feb. 3-'22

The University Club
Fifth Avenue & 54th Street

Dear Mrs. Straight
I took there
might have
been the opportunity
for me to see you
again - life in
New York is very
hectic and I
must also depart
this week end - Saturday
day.
If your son wishes
and if I had a

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nice talk about books when you are telephoning Friday. We have planned for Nancy the two second sons with "Hero of Swallow Tar Hill" & Scotch & Sir Walter Scott, & Scott interest & Scott & the outlander story of a great and historic adventure. Lord Allenby is great & successful "General Wood."

"The Water Babies" is one of my childhood favorites and both I & Nancy have been able to find an edition with the old illustrations.

The Decoration Day, 1921, jaunt by Bryan and I &

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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[2-8-22] [2]

sent to Willard's
grave. I think
everything was
as you would
have wished – a
few beautiful
flowers from his
close friends, sur-
rounded by his
comrades, and
all peaceful &
beautiful.

I cannot claim
to have had

The privilege of
knowing Willard

The University Club
Fifth Avenue & 54th Street

friendship, but
we were thrown
intimately together
at Plattsburg &
occasionally after-
wards, and I
treasure greatly
a few talks and
a couple of letters
from him.

I shall always
feel, that with
his great

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FEB 9 1922

Dear Dorothy,

In my letter of January eighteenth, enclosed with the 1907 diary, I said I would try to supplement that very slight record of Willard's life at Mukden by an account of events and plans, hardly mentioned in the diary, and by the addition of the Chronicle of 1908.

Here is the result — weeks later than I said. Without my 1908 records I have been unable to make exact references to dates and other details but my memory has supplied a connected narrative of the essentials which I hope I may have succeeded in making kept as clear in writing as it remains in my own retrospect.

I have in my possession several souvenirs of Mukden which you have not seen: Willard's Watches, photographs, Chinese writings etc. If you would care to see them, by way of illustration to what I have written — if such memorials are not more sad now than helpful — they are at your disposition at any time.

Then it is not strange that while I sat writing here — and mentally far away in Manchuria — a post-card should arrive from Saint Mc Cay

absolute and high sense of public service — in war the most valuable American life lost in the war.

Yours sincerely,
George D Porter

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and Peter Bowditch, written and mailed in Muckdan, where they were being personally conducted over Willard's ancient demesne by "our Mr. Kao." And how appropriate (with Henry, in the background) Mr. Hughes' "open door" in back of Kao!

Your letter made what I have tried to do seem a little thing by contrast; its possession brings me happy moments for beyond any deserving.

Faithfully yours,
George Marvin.

#15 Park Row.
New York City.
February 9th 1922.

WAR DEPARTMENT GID 2-201

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

WASHINGTON

IN REPLY REFER TO AG 201 Straight, Willard D. (2-17-22)MW February 17, 1922.

Dorothy
Mrs. Ashley Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Madam:

There are forwarded herewith by registered mail one container and lapel button for the distinguished-service medal posthumously awarded your husband, the late Major Willard D. Straight.

Very respectfully,

P. C. Harris
The Adjutant General
per G.L.D.

2 Incls.

The Adjutant General of the Army,
Washington, D. C.

Receipt of the above named container and lapel button is hereby acknowledged.

_____
(Signature)

_____
(Date)

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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McAdoo, Cotton & Franklin
43 Exchange Place
New York

March 3, 1922.

Dear Mrs. Straight:

We are getting off to California today and much to my regret I have been unable to run in to see you, as I fully intended to do before going. Aside from the pleasure of seeing you again, I wanted to tell you how delighted Mrs. McAdoo and I are with the splendid work Mr. Fraser has done. I think his Alexander Hamilton is one of the finest things I have seen. It will certainly adorn the Treasury and will be a great addition, artistically and otherwise, to the City of Washington. My chief regret is that you are not willing to let the public know of the fine thing you have done for the country in connection with this monument, but I thoroughly appreciate your feelings about it and it only makes me admire you all the more.

I took the liberty of writing the President today and enclose a copy of my letter. I have assumed that you would want me to follow the matter up in this way, but if you prefer to have any other course taken there will not be the least embarrassment about it. I shall, in fact, be glad not only to have you express your wishes but to follow them. I wanted to initiate the matter with the President and the Secretary of the Treasury before I started for California. I have sent the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, a copy of my letter to the President.

Mrs. McAdoo and I hope that you may be coming to California some time and that you will not fail to let us know if you do. We should like nothing better than the opportunity of giving you a genuine Western, Eastern and Southern welcome combined. If you should have occasion to write me, a letter addressed simply Los Angeles, California, will arrive.

With warm regard and every good wish, I am

Cordially yours,

WGMcAdoo

Mrs. Willard Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

[encl. 3-3-22]

43 Exchange Place
March 2, 1922.

My dear Mr. President:

During my term as Secretary of the Treasury I became impressed with the fact that no statue had been erected in Washington to one of our greatest statesmen and geniuses, Alexander Hamilton. I took up the subject with a noble and patriotic woman of wealth in New York, who very generously and promptly agreed to furnish a statue of this great man at her own expense, but on condition that her identity should not be revealed.

The donor and I agreed upon the well-known sculptor, Mr. J. E. Fraser, of New York, for the work. He has produced one of the most artistic and striking representations of Hamilton that I have ever seen. The bronze will soon be cast.

Years ago the Congress appropriated a small sum toward the construction of the pedestal of this monument and that, together with a small amount raised a long time ago by the Alexander Hamilton Memorial Association, turns out to be sufficient to pay the cost thereof. The contract has been let and it is expected that the statue will be ready for unveiling sometime in June, 1922. The Fine Arts Commission located this statue in the south plaza of the Treasury, a most appropriate and desirable location.

In view of the fact that the statue is being contributed by an individual and not by the Government, I have been somewhat embarrassed about the arrangements for the unveiling of the monument. Since I have had, quite naturally, the general direction of the matter up to the present time, I presume that I shall have to continue in that capacity until the monument is completed.

The unveiling of this monument ought to be a distinctive occasion. It will be the consummation of a long-delayed recognition of this great man. It of course suggests itself to me that you should speak on this occasion, and I am writing to ask if you will not be good enough to do so. I presume that it will be expected that I should say something also on the occasion, in view of my connection with the matter, and of course I shall be very glad to do so if the program that may be arranged is entirely satisfactory to you. Of course it will be submitted to you in due course for your approval.

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[3-2-22]

-- 2 --

I feel that the Secretary of the Treasury ought to be the presiding officer of the occasion, and that a committee on arrangements, of which he should be the head if he would be willing to act in that capacity, ought to be appointed. I should be very happy, however, to have you give me the benefit of your suggestions and advice about the matter. Naturally, I desire to have the affair conducted in a manner that will be commensurate with the dignity of the occasion and with the part that you, as President of the United States, should play in it.

I am, my dear Mr. President, with much respect,

Sincerely yours,

The President,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

WOM-F

SURROGATE'S COURT - NEW YORK COUNTY.

X

In the Matter of the Administration on the Goods, Chattels and Credits of

HAZEL STRAIGHT SANBORN,

Deceased.

Value of Estate as of March 8th, 1922.

X

KEAN, TAYLOR & COMPANY - Balance of Accounts	$45,047.85
Securities - Pure Oil . .	15,936.48
" - Oklahoma Producing & Refining Co.	1,000.00
Other Securities . . .	15,428.00
Personal Items , Horse, Furniture, etc. Estimated	2,550.00
Bank Account - Bankers Trust Company, N. Y. City	990.00
" " - Marthas Vineyard National Bank	21.23
PERSONAL PROPERTY - - - TOTAL . .	$80,973.56
REAL PROPERTY located at Marthas Vineyard, Mass.	$ 4,700.00
REAL and PERSONAL PROPERTY - - TOTAL - -	$85,673.56

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March twentieth.
1922.

Memorandum for Miss Bogue.

Chinese Pictures.

I am sure there are some Chinese panels in the Manhattan storehouse - painted on silk, I believe. The list which I made up at the time we were making an inventory for the Estate, shows the following -

6 Pictures(packed in 3 boxes) - $750.00
(Whether chinese or not I do not know)

14 Antique Chinese silk painted panels - $2000.00

These last named articles were purchased by Major Straight in London when we were over there in the Spring of 1916 and I don't think they have ever been taken out of the case except to check and appraise them.

R. G. Kincaid.

TELEPHONE BARCLAY 4200

20-24 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

New York Evening Post

FOUNDED 1801

6 April 1922.

Mrs. Willard Straight,
1130 Fifth avenue,
New York City.

My dear Mrs. Straight:

I am writing a book on the government's programme of compensation, hospitalization and rehabilitation for ex-service men. This, of course, traces the transition of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and the other government agencies into the present Veterans' Bureau. Major Straight played such an important part in taking the War Risk Section to France and in directing it there that I am wondering if I could not talk the matter over with you. Some of his reports have been placed in my hands and I thought perhaps in the interests of historical accuracy you might be able to add to these.

Yours sincerely,

Harold A. Littledale.

Harold A. Littledale.

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[4-16-22]

Grayson Murphy

11 EAST SEVENTIETH STREET

Easter Sunday-
1922

Dear Dorothy-

These few lines are just to tell you how much I am thinking of you this Easter day- and to send you every wish for the good that this season of hope and life suggests- That meant to send you a few flowers - but learned that you were in the country — where, even if they reached you, they would be expensive flowers -

There are so many thoughts which crowd in my mind as I write — so many that could not put in words- Four years ago Willard and I met in the little church in Yangpo-

Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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I was going over some of my old papers the other day - and among them found letters that wrote to those days - and some photographs of 11 Rue Chanbrelard — Perhaps they have made my memories more vivid — of those rare months when we were together, preparing so happily for the great adventure upon us — The adventure that Willard sought with his high and noble spirit as he alone had might have done battle & destroy the evil things — and through at last he gave his life and all his rich and brilliant future -

Time at last heals the first agony of every sorrow, but so often steal a part of fierce bitterness

Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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[Easter, 1922]
4-16-22

II EAST SEVENTIETH STREET

Wish that could tell you what it means to so many — your courage and your heartfelt unselfish striving to help men and women to better — and your kindness to so many others perhaps almost no one else is kind — God bless you, and bring you many Easters more

when I think of this and that that Bill and could have done so much better than any one who was left — and of all the half formed plans we had of doing things together — and then, dear Dorothy, I think of you — and am very much ashamed —

Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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It is a great happiness and a great privilege
to have known you —

Hand join me in love —

Affectionately yours —

Grayson —

April 26,/22.

Copy to Miss Morley, who spoke of the past. She said that she knew the Major as a boy, in fact when he was born. In telling one or two anecdotes of him and his parents and sister Miss Hazel, she spoke of his character when he was a boy, how his sensitiveness would make him positively cry, the tears run down his face because of his helplessness to control himself. Her boy she called him. How clean he always was in his habits and selecting his companions, that which, always brought a lot of comfort to Dr. Rainier. How he could have gone to Westpoint if he had the money, yet she was glad that he didn't. How he had inherited his executive ability from his mother. How at one time, she was at Martha's Vineyard, when he was about four and a half years old, she happened to glance down the street, and seeing a lot of boys in uniform who should be leading them but young Mr. Willard the smallest of the lot, and he had on a old uniform with a wooden sword, epaulettes as they used to wear in those days and the civil war cap. How wilful he was at times, yet never wicked, always ready to act and always ready to organize any and everything, quick to think out plans.

Of his Mother: She said that she was a wonderfully capable woman, even while running her school duties, her home life worked evenly and orderly. She was an extraordinary woman. That she had contracted the disease of which they both died from him. The wonderful letters which she received from his Mother, which have evidently been placed among Mrs. Sanborn's things possibly in the store-house, for she could not find them.

Of His Father: Brilliant man, clean and upright all through. How he said to Miss Morley at the time that the Major was born, "Unto me a son is born". How he had said to Mrs. Straight at one time when they were talking about the young man, "He got everything from us, so he cannot do anything wrong".

Of his Sister: How reserved and timid she was, due no doubt to the bringing up with which she was subjected to in her young days.

Of Mr. Sanborn: What a wonderful spiritual uplifting it was for him since the passing on of Mrs. Sanborn, that it was the only thing that had helped him to stand the ordeal, and that Mrs. Sanborn possibly felt that she could do a better work where she went to.

Of the children: She thought that Whitney would be a

Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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wonderful character, that Miss Beatrice would be a generous giver like her Father.

Of Mr. Sanborn: She thought that the best thing was for things to go along like they were, that later on perhaps things would worked out along different lines. How his children went to him for everything, and how he could help them with their different difficulties, that he was like a Mother to them.

She would like to have the letters to read that Mrs Straight wrote Miss Krackowizer a name that she had forgotten for years, that was just brought back to her, and any other old articles from their friends.

Meredith N.H.
May 18. 1922

Dear Mrs. Straight,-

I have read the book with the keenest pleasure, not only because of the subject, but for itself.

It is an unusual achievement of the kind. I do not know who did the editing and the inter-writing, but whoever he is, he has shown remarkable insight into William's character as well as an intimate and sympathetic acquaintance with his life.

As a study in psychology it is noteworthy, and besides it is as interesting as a romance. The letters and the diary extracts have been used with such artistry that they flow along with the

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narrative without interrupting it. In parts I was so fascinated by the story that I did not for the time remember who was the subject of it. And yet she was so vividly present that I seemed to be living over again the old days and watching our boy grow up. His mother seemed to be at my side, for truly she had been joyful mother to her son. So many times I was reminded of her. The Christmas party at Nankden, for instance — that is the sort of thing Emma Straight was always doing. With nothing to do with the world she made the most delightful festivals for her friends. Her mind, too, like Willard's was always soaring. She hated the trivialities of life, and yet how conscientiously she performed them!

The book affords us an Eastern approach to the unwinding of human destiny by circumstance, also a romantic slice of domestic life of Japan, as seen through the eyes of a cultivated people, in an unfamiliar setting.

Nothing could be better at this time of tension between Japan & the United States than the appearance of a book like this, written by an American woman who has lived for years in the midst of the people she describes so charmingly & understandingly. It is also to be hoped that many Americans will read it. There is humor, as well as pathos, in these chapters.

Spiritually, as a mankind, we are very near to each other, nearer than we sometimes realize, & the more we know about our neighbors in other countries, the better it is for all of us.

I should like very much to meet the author.

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to read it.

It is so well done in the whole and in detail that I shrink from making any adverse criticism whatever. But there is one thing about Publick & Full Strangely, and that is, the opening paragraph of "Mother and Son." It is thin, lacks dignity and substance. In other words, it does not strike the right note for a work so important and so literary.

The average reader would not take it quite seriously.

This book is not a record of incidents. It is a romance, a philosophy, a history woven

out of the life of a unique character and as such it ought to be heralded with a certain dignity.

I should prefer to begin, after recording the child's birth, with the material in the second paragraph, part of Publick is admirable, and use the facts of the first paragraph to illustrate — or perhaps use them a little later.

The opening pages seem to me the weakest in the book and ought they not to be among the strongest and best?

I am returning the proofs. grateful for having had the privilege of reading so remarkable a story.

Whenever the editor is,

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HOWARD C. LAKE
COUNSELOR AT LAW
~~30 PINE STREET~~ 256 Broadway,
NEW YORK

June 16th, 1922.

Mr. Herbert Croly,
Editor,
The New Republic,
#421 W. 21st Street,
New York, New York.

Dear Sir:-

Last week I telephoned the office of the Estate of Willard Straight, and was told that you now had charge of the preparation of the memorial volume.

Enclosed, is a copy of a letter written Mr.Fiedler on the 5th day of October, 1921. I was told shortly after the writing of that letter, that the volume would be issued in Spring of 1921.

I will be obliged to you, if you will write me as frankly and fully as your time permits.

Yours very truly,

Howard C. Lake

HCL:EK

he has my heartiest congratulations and my warmest thanks for so splendidly preserving a life that might otherwise have remained to the world at large, and I am sure Mr. Straight's mother would join me in this.

Very sincerely and gratefully yours, Dorothy Straight

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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[6-16-22]

-copy-

October 5, 1921.

A. W. Fiedler, Esq.,
120 Broadway,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Fiedler:-

Copy

About two years ago I left with you four postals, two letters, two drawings and two pages from the "Cornell Widow" for possible use in a Willard Straight memorial volume, which was then contemplated.

I have never heard anything further about the matter except that I received the copies of the magazine "Asia" containing an account of his career in the Far East.

Will you please let me know whether this volume is still in contemplation. If so, of course, I would like like to receive a copy.

If and when you have no further use for the articles I left with you, I shall want them back.

Yours very truly,

Howard C. Lake

HCL:EA

June 22, 1922

St. Ann's Church,
Brooklyn Heights,
New York.

My dear Mrs. Straight.

Your gift to Cornell was magnificent and a most fitting memorial to so loyal a Cornellian as Willard Straight. I count it a privilege to have known him and am so pleased now

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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June 23,

Dear Mrs Straight:

No one piece of news has given me more joy in a long time, than the announcement in the Times this morning about your gift to Cornell. Its a great gift meeting a great need.

When in Cornell I was one of the officers of the C. U. C. A. and realized more perhaps than some

I feel that I also know his wife and sincerely trust that our paths may cross again.

As a fellow Bonnillian and classmate of Willard's I just can't help sending this brief line of appreciation and gratitude.

Very sincerely yours
E. Ashton Oldham

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May Cornell standards of both her alumni and students always be high and in the future, the "Straight Memorial Hall" will have a no small part in placing and keeping those standards on the plane Major Straight would have liked to have them.

Very sincerely
Birge Kinne
Cornell '16

303 5th Ave

the enormous need for a larger place than Barnes Hall. Since then I have had opportunity to see the fine building Michigan has for that purpose and great good it is doing.

During the war I had the pleasure of meeting Major Straight once in Paris, and shall never forget his talk and interest about Cornell

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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[6-28-22]

Hotel Pennsylvania New York
The Largest Hotel in the World 2200 Rooms - 2200 Baths
UNDER SAME MANAGEMENT
Hotels Statler, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis

OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA TERMINAL
SEVENTH AVE. 32ND AND 33RD STREETS
CABLE ADDRESS PENNHOTEL

Room 920

June 28th, 1922

Dear Mr. Straight:-

As a friend of Cornell and as one who has taught there (if only for a summer) may I thank you for the princely gift to that great school? It impresses me as a peculiarly great thing for Cornell, not only in the amount but in the purpose it is to serve, and I think that it will go a very long way towards the development of the institutional 'soul' - that invisible value that really determines the place

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OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA TERMINAL
SEVENTH AVE. 32ND AND 33RD STREETS
CABLE ADDRESS PENNHOTEL

and service of any university. You will be glad to know that our plans for the expansion of the influence of the Survey Review are working out well. Although I am taking a year's leave of absence in Europe, for literary purposes, I shall continue my editorial work, as is quite possible in the case of a quarterly. I hope that you have found something to like in recent issues.

If the check to which Miss Bogue refers, in her letter of May 23rd, has not yet been sent, perhaps

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[6-28-22]

OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA TERMINAL
SEVENTH AVE 32ND AND 33RD STREETS

CABLE ADDRESS PENNHOTEL

Hotel Pennsylvania New York

The Largest Hotel in the World 2200 Rooms - 2200 Baths

UNDER SAME MANAGEMENT

Hotels Statler, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis

3

You would be willing to send
it to me here, as I shall
be in New York for several
days. If however, this is
not entirely agreeable to
you, please consult your
own convenience first. I
take the liberty of mentioning
it only because I am to
purchase some Mss. on
the Near Side, while the
main portion of your generous
gift is to be devoted to
the promotion of circulation.
Should you prefer to see
me about these matters,
it will give me much
pleasure to call.

With sincere regards,

Yours faithfully,

George Herbert Clarke

347 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK

June 28, 1922

My dear Mrs. Straight:

On my return from the Far East I have learned of the wonderful gift which you have made to Cornell University. As an alumnus of that institution, I doubly appreciate it and am in a position to see what great good will be accomplished. In the long line of Cornell men there has been none in my judgment who in his character and in his service typified and illustrated better than did Mr. Straight the most valuable traditions of Cornell and the ideals which we wish to hold in prominence among the successive generations of college men. What a splendid thing it is that you thus carry forward his work and spirit.

In my recent journey in which I traveled widely not only in Japan and Korea, but throughout China, including Manchuria, my work took me to places where Mr. Straight labored and where he so worthily represented his nation. While this was the shortest of my five trips to the Orient, it proved to be the most timely in many respects and I trust the most fruitful.

With kindest regards,

Very sincerely yours,

John R. Mott

Mrs. Willard Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

M

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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THE HECKSCHER FOUNDATION FOR CHILDREN

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ELTON PARKS
LOUIS WILEY

June 30,1922.

Mrs. Willard Straight,
State Charities Aid Association,
105 East 22nd Street,
New York.

My dear Mrs. Straight:-

In receipt of your favor of June 14th, familiar as I am to an extent at least with the noble work done by your husband for Cornell and a life-long admirer of Mrs. William B.Rice who has been for so many years active in your Association, I find it doubly hard to say that neither Mrs.Heckscher nor I can at this time or can at any time reasonably within the future, assist your Association in any material way unless through the interchange of courtesies and of facilities.

We are just finishing at 104th Street and Fifth Avenue a building for the unfortunate children of New York which is probably the most comprehensive proposition of that character undertaken as yet in this country or elsewhere. At that locality we also hope to be in a position to help the mothers out with their children when they are wholly unable to protect them and indeed we have so many plans for the help of the most unfortunate that I sometimes feel as though we were living in a Utopia all our own awaiting possibly a rude awakening.

I have only one request that I should like to make of you:

Visit our new Children's Home when you can find the opportunity to do so. It is on Fifth Avenue between 104th and 105th Streets and it will be completed and I believe occupied not later than August 1st.

With my renewed expression of admiration for what you and your husband have done at Cornell, I beg to remain,

Very truly yours,

A Heckscher

AH-F

Dictated but not signed by
Mr.Heckscher account of
absence from the office.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
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The Emery Hotel

EUROPEAN PLAN
Dining Room and Grill in Connection
W. M. LASHBAUGH, Proprietor

Thermopolis, Wyoming

June 30th 1922.

My dear Mrs Straight.

Mr. Sutro & I are motoring to the coast & on our jaunt to Yellowstone Park we stopped at Casper, Wyoming last night. This morning's paper had the enclosed picture which I am sending to you, as no doubt you will find it amusing, as we did.

Cordially Yours

Florentine S. Sutro

600 West End Ave

New York

GIVES $1.000.000 TO CORNELL [6-30-22]

Mrs. Willard D. Straight.

The late Major Willard D. Straight's wish expressed in his will that his wife, Dorothy Payne Whitney Straight, "do such things for Cornell university as she may think most fitting to make the same a more human place" will be translated into fact by the erection of a $1,000,000 building to be used as a center for social and recreational students, President Farrand announced at Ithaca, N. Y.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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CORNELL UNIVERSITY
ITHACA, NEW YORK

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

July 5, 1922

Mrs. Willard Straight
1130 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Dear Mrs. Straight:

I have your letter of June 30th, which I have read with care and have discussed informally with the Committee on General Administration of the Board of Trustees of the University.

1. As to the name of the building, I can assure you that the Trustees cordially welcome your request that the building bear the name of Willard Straight. Personally I have given some thought to this and no better name has occurred to me than Willard Straight Hall. We shall, however, be guided by your wishes in this matter and can doubtless arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.

2. With regard to the control of the building when completed and in operation, I agree with you that this is a most important and vital problem. I have already started to gather available information regarding the systems of control in similar buildings in typical American universities and will have such material analyzed and ready for presentation and discussion as soon as practicable. While this matter has not been formally discussed by the Trustees, I think there is no doubt that we would all agree with you that the primary responsibility must rest in the students themselves but with such safeguards through faculty or other participation that certain vital interests are provided for. I fancy we see this problem from much the same point of view as yourself and will agree without difficulty as to the wise procedure.

3. You are entirely right also that the choice of the superintendent or warden is of vital importance. This choice must be made with the utmost care and I can assure you that you will be thoroughly consulted before any steps are taken.

4. It goes without saying that your suggestions with regard to reading matter in the library or lounge will be most welcome.

5. As to membership in the union, this is another question which has not been formally discussed but to which those of us most interested have given much thought. I believe we are all convinced that the only way in which the union could be made successful and its financial stability assured is by compulsory membership of the student body. There may be certain minor problems calling for adjustments, but I think from such sounding

E 7-5-A2

CORNELL UNIVERSITY
ITHACA, NEW YORK

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

of Trustee sentiment as I have been able to make that the Board will cordially adopt a recommendation with regard to general compulsory membership and include the necessary fee in the regular bills rendered to the students annually. The amount of such fee can be determined after further analysis. You will realize that on this point, as well as on the others, I am speaking as yet unofficially, but I feel confident that I am expressing the general opinion of those who have given thought to the matter and that these views will ultimately prevail if we agree that they are desirable.

In other words, I think our points of view coincide almost completely and it is another demonstration of the value of full conference before propositions are formulated.

Once more I want to tell you what a wave of enthusiasm and new confidence your splendid offer has produced at Cornell and with what eagerness we all look forward to the realization of your and our dream.

I have not yet appointed the committee to represent the University in this matter as I wish to have it fully representative. My plan is not to confine it to the Board of Trustees but to bring in certain representatives of other groups whose advice would be sound and helpful.

I am leaving next week for a month's complete vacation salmon fishing in Canada. I shall be back August 15th and, of course, at your service in any way you desire. The family will make its headquarters here for the summer, as Mrs. Farrand is absorbed in gardening and the various problems which go with it, which seem to be infinite. She joins me in warmest regards to you.

I shall probably be in New York for a couple of days next week before leaving for the north and if you are still within reach shall at least call you on the telephone to see if there is any assistance I can give you.

Always sincerely yours,

Livingston Farrand

Livingston Farrand

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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FOUNDED 1851

SUPERINTENDENT
REV. JAMES SHEERIN
168 CONVENT AVENUE
NEW YORK

Orphans' Home and Asylum
New York

CONVENT AVENUE, BETWEEN 135TH AND 136TH STREETS
SUMMER BRANCH AT BEACON, NEW YORK

TELEPHONE
0979
MORNINGSIDE

July 7. 1922

My dear Mrs. Straight:

I am venturing to mail you today an old "booklet" of mine, in which there is a letter of the late President Andrew D. White that may interest you in your plans for the wonderful gift you are making to Cornell University. What I proposed in my pamphlet, a "Church Hall", is, in essence, the same as you are doing. Anything done for our thousands of students who go to these large universities is incomparably more important than the little church colleges, like St. Stephens. The same money is the larger place is much more permanently valuable. For my part, I can see no real or useful future for the small church college, unless as an annex to the great university.

I enclose a report of this orphanage work & indicate what I am now doing, but it is my pamphlet on church and university work that I lay stress.

Respectfully yours,
James Sheerin.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY ASSOCIATION
OF WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

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W. S. ELLIOT, '87
ALFRED HURLBURT, '97
C. J. RAMSBURG, '99

1624 Oliver Bldg
PITTSBURGH, PA.
July 17 1922.

Dear Mrs. Straight:

There have been so many expressions of gratitude & appreciation among Cornellians here in Western Pennsylvania since we received news of your wonderful gift to Cornell that I am taking the liberty of addressing this note to you in order that you may have some knowledge of how we all feel about it.

Without the slightest doubt this is the finest thing that has happened to the University since Andrew D. White turned over to it the influence of his personality & the best years of his life.

Very sincerely yours
Karl W. Cass

Mrs. Willard D. Straight
Westbury,
Long Island N.Y.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
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ROCHESTER TIMES-UNION
AND ADVERTISER

FRANK E. GANNETT
Editor

July 18, 1922

Mrs. Willard Straight
1139 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

My dear Mrs. Straight:-

As one of the Cornell men who knew Willard Straight well may I be permitted to congratulate you and commend you highly for the wonderful memorial that you are to give Cornell in his honor? Every one of his friends must have been thrilled by the announcement of your gift and I am sure that all will appreciate what you have decided to do. Cornell has needed what you have planned and in your decision you are surely perfectly carrying out Mr. Straight's wishes.

Sincerely yours,

Frank E. Gannett.

G*M

Reliance Life Insurance Company,

of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania,

James H. Reed, President.

L.P. GREGORY, ASSISTANT SECRETARY
IN CHARGE
ACCIDENT AND HEALTH DEPARTMENT

Pittsburgh, July 19, 1922.

Mrs. Willard D. Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York City, N. Y.

My dear Mrs. Straight:

As a member of the class of 1901, Cornell University, I desire to express to you my personal sense of very keen appreciation of your most generous gift to the University in honor of Mr. Straight, who was a classmate and friend. May I be permitted to say that your generous gift, prompted, as it must have been, by a desire to elevate the plane of education, as well as, to make Cornell a more human place, will endear your name and memory in the hearts and minds of all Cornellians.

Most sincerely,

L. P. Gregory

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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Wilder & Company
Leather

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EDW. T. WILDER, V.P. & Secy.
HAROLD WILDER, Vice Prest.
A.J. OLLENDORF, Dept. Mgr.

Chicago, July 20, 1922.

Mrs. Williard B. Straight,
Westburg, Long Island.

Dear Mrs. Straight:

As a Cornell man of the Class of 1905, I want to express to you the gratitude I feel for the generous provision you have made for the new Cornell Union. I know of no more constructive plans for the good of Cornell than those which you have recently inaugurated.

When I entered Cornell in 1901 I was a mere kid of sixteen and at that impressionable age when the hero-worship of older men who had made their mark, meant a great deal to me. One of the outstanding personalities of the first few weeks in Ithaca, and one whom I counted it a very great privilege to know, was "Izzy" Straight. He came back to help with the Delta Tau Delta rushing, and on Tally Ho parties and other gala events he was so kind to me that he has always stood out in my memory as a Prince of a fellow, and my great regret was that he came before my time in College.

I hope sometime that it may be my privilege to meet you and to thank you in person for the handsome thing which you have done for my Alma Mater.

Sincerely yours,

Erskine Wilder

EW/HAS

KELLEY & BECKER
COUNSELORS AT LAW
366 MADISON AVENUE
CORNER 46TH STREET
NEW YORK

CHARLES E. KELLEY
NEAL DOW BECKER

TELEPHONES: VANDERBILT 3125
CABLES: KELECKER

July 21, 1922.

Mrs. Willard Straight,
Westbury,
Long Island.

Dear Madam:

Will you permit me as an alumnus of Cornell University to say that in my opinion your recent benefaction to Cornell in the shape of funds for the establishment of a Cornell Union, is one of the most notable contributions to American education which has been made. It should be the cause of great satisfaction to you to know that unknown numbers of student generations will enjoy the benefits of your generosity.

Very truly yours,
Neal D Becker

President, CORNELL UNIVERSITY CLUB.
of new York

B/G

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
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Gray Planers

CABLE ADDRESS
GRAY-CINCINNATI
LIEBER'S CODE

THE G. A. GRAY CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

METAL PLANERS

GEST AND DEPOT STREETS

CINCINNATI, OHIO

July 21, 1922.

Mrs. Willard Straight,
Westburg, L.I.

My dear Mrs. Straight:-

I hope you will permit me to thank you for the splendid gift which you have made to the Cornell University. I know that every Allumnus is very grateful to you for what you are doing.

To those of us who did not belong to a fraternity, the gift of a Union will seem especially welcome as it affords a common center for university and social life. This is a need which is not being met at the present time by any existing agency.

Sincerely yours,

Tell Berna

TB:FG

GINN AND COMPANY
15 ASHBURTON PLACE
BOSTON

July 24, 22

My dear Mrs. Straight:

As an alumnus of Cornell I venture to express to You my deep appreciation of the great service You have done that institution by Your recently announced splendid gift for a building so finely conceived "to make Cornell a more human place". In my day Cornell was a small college and many of us who were students then have been gravely concerned over the

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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great growth in numbers & the totally inadequate opportunities for establishing the right kind of social contacts. It is too good to believe that all this will soon be changed.

Your gift will have far-reaching effects. It is surely the best thing you could have done for the ultimate good of Cornell & its service to the world.

Sincerely

C. H. Thurber

Cornell '76

Mrs. Willard D. Straight

BETHLEHEM SHIPBUILDING CORPORATION, LTD.
FORE RIVER PLANT
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

24 July 1922.

My dear Mrs. Straight:

As a close personal friend of your husband, I want to express my appreciation of the gift that you have made to the University of a Social Union.

I am sure that there is nothing that could have been done for the University which would be of more benefit to the student body at large than a gift of this kind.

Willard Straight was one of the few men in College who, I felt, had the interests of the student body at heart, and it is a fine thing to feel that his memory could be perpetuated in a building of this kind.

With best personal wishes, I am

Very truly yours,

J. B. Hakeman

Mrs. Willard Straight,
Westburg, Long Island,
New York.

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[7-25-22]
P9

Mrs. Willard Straight
New York City.

My dear Mrs. Straight

A few months ago my daughter was one of a group of girls asked to meet you at Cornell University.

After she had told me about it my mind drifted back to thirty-nine years ago when as a young country girl I was a student at Osmgo

The baby grew to be your husband I believe.

My interest in babies at that time was not very keen, but as I remember him he was in his father's arms he was from six to eight months old. Prof. Straight told me he was keeping a daily record of baby's development and we ignorant youngsters thought it a huge joke.

One day a facetious student asked him if

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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Normal School.

I was listening to a lecture given by a pale gentle scholarly teacher whose cheeks, at that time, were too thin and eyes too hollow.

Because of his idealistic nature his teaching, at first was a little vague and hard to follow for the country girl whose life had been practical and unadorned in the extreme.

Gradually I got his meaning, his vision as he saw life spreading out before us. He pleaded with us to carry on the highest and best in life. This I have always remembered, "not to be like a stream of water which ran only in the line of least resistance". The influence of this student gentleman has been with me for nearly forty years.

There were days when the hollow eyes would light up and a tender smile play around the mouth when he talked of "the baby"

he behind me spanking.

I can see the twinkle that came in his eyes as he explained that naughtiness in a child simply meant that the brain was surcharged with blood which must be drawn away. Nature had supplied the place and it was the duty of the parent to apply the force when absolutely necessary to restore normal conditions.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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I wish I had the ability to paint for his grandchildren the picture of him that is in my mind. No photographer could catch the radiation that came from the inner man.

Why do I write this to you? Just an impulse following the little talk with my daughter who loves Cornell. She has graduated but is delighted that the girls of the future will profit by the generous thought of your husband followed up by your careful searching for their greatest needs.

How his father's eyes would glow at the prospect. Pardon an old lady's meanderings.

Sincerely.

Margaret M. Lynahan

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES
120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
W. A. DAY, PRESIDENT

RICHARD O. WALTER, SPECIAL AGENT
SUITE 1034, 294 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON, (9) MASS.
MEMBER QUARTER-MILLION CLUB 1921

BOSTON, July 26, 1922.

Mrs. Willard D. Straight,
Westburg, Long Island,
New York

Dear Madam:

I am one of the thousands of Cornell Alumni who appreciate your great gift to Cornell University and who look forward to far reaching results in the development of character of thousands of college undergraduates through intercourse in this building.

Although I was a class mate of Mr. Straight and had slight acquaintance with him, I cannot claim to have known him well, but his career has certainly been an inspiration to all of us who have been proud to speak of him during many years as a member of the class of 1901.

It happens that I am also a member of the Board of Directors of the Cornell University Christian Association and have been intimately acquainted with Mr. R. H. Edwards for a great many years. I am, therefore, grateful in a special manner to you for your generous support of the work which Mr. Edwards is directing in all of its phases in Barnes Hall.

I wish to thank you both for myself and for my boy who expects to enter Cornell about the time this new building will be erected and for the thousands of boys and girls who are already being helped year after year at Barnes Hall for your gift to Cornell.

Sincerely yours,
Richard O. Walter
Cornell '01

ROW/C

GEORGE BAIN CUMMINGS
B. ARCH. F. A. A. I. A.
Architect
602-604 SECURITY MUTUAL BUILDING
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

July 28th, 1922.

Mrs Willard D. Straight,
Westbury, L. I..

Dear Mrs Straight:

I just want to tell you how mighty fine I think your gift of a Union to Cornell University is. I am sure that in no other way could you have better fulfilled Mr Straight's desire and intention. We Alumni feel personally indebted to you.

Most sincerely yours,
George Bain Cummings

GBC/B

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
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THE PITT CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
INCORPORATED
ENGINEERS AND CONTRACTORS
FULTON BUILDING
PITTSBURGH, PA.

E.D. HARSHBARGER, PRESIDENT
C.L. WILCOX, TREASURER

July 28, 1922.

My dear Mrs. Straight;

As an alumnus of Cornell University I wish to express to you my appreciation of your generosity to the University in the gift which you have made in honor of your deceased husband.

I was a classmate of Mr. Straight, and remember very well his genial personality. All Cornellians honor his memory and are proud that they have such a good friend in you. Your gift will indeed add greatly to the happiness of the Cornell students.

Again expressing my appreciation, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

C.R. Wilcox

Mrs. Willard D. Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York City, N. Y.

[7-30-22]

My dear Mrs Straight:

As an old Cornellian, with a son in the university now, I want to thank you for the gift you and your husband have made to Cornell. My boy is very happy in one of the good fraternities, but he has told me stories of other boys which suggest there are real needs that your gift will help satisfy. I hope it is going to be part of your plan

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
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[7-31-22]

W. S. FINLAY, JR.
50 BROAD STREET
NEW YORK

Mrs. Willard D. Straight

My dear Mrs. Straight,

Will you permit me to take this occasion to say a word of appreciation of your wonderful gift to the University and the boys of years to come. It has been possible for me during the last few years to keep fairly close to things in

to have some (quite ideal) woman reside in the building, who can be genuinely interested in the students, and help as much as may be possible, to compensate for the lack of home associations, - specially for students not in the fraternities and sororities. (Some dean's family might be better.) I am going to send you an account of a similar foundation at Knox College which may be of interest to you, if you do not already know of it.

Very sincerely yours
Lisle C. Saunders
Cornell '86

Mrs. Sidney A. Saunders
5 High St. Springfield Mass. July 30. '22

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[7-31-22] [2]

Stokes and I think I can properly express the opinion that your contributed more towards Cornell's attaining that democratic ideal we've been aiming at than can result from any group of accomplishments in recent years.

As a freshman admirer and fraternity brother of Jim's in 1901 I shan naturally be interested with interest his career and your setting his ideals in permanent form and as a boy of those days I want to thank you through I would bring back

[3]

to you as best the most I could - perhaps my small share!

Believe me

Sincerely yours

Willard Straight Jr.

July thirty-first 1922.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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1-30-27

Democracy By Lot—A College Experiment

AN interesting experiment designed to bring solidarity and equality to undergraduate college life has survived its first academic year at Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., the college which counts Eugene Field and Don Marquis among its literary alumni.

Knox College is a conservative school, with a curriculum limited to the humanities and the standard courses in science. Its attendance is limited to 550, 60 per cent. of which are men. It was founded in 1837 by a group of men from New York who decided that there ought to be a college in the Middle West. They got out a map, stuck a pin in at a point they thought would be a good agricultural and commercial centre, and packing up bag and baggage moved to the point they had selected and started Galesburg, Ill., and Knox College at the same time.

Today Knox is one of the best known small colleges west of the Alleghanies. Although it has been in existence for nearly ninety years, it has had no dormitory for men and no social rallying point. Fraternities had their own houses off the campus, scattered about town, and the men whose homes were in Galesburg kept their own local social interests. The rest of the men solved their problem as best they could, meaning usually not at all.

In the Fall of 1917 a new President came to Knox. He was a Yale man with a background composite of Yale, Bowdoin and Dartmouth. He saw the problem, and a picture grew in his mind of a building and a student home that should provide living quarters and a social hall for the men then scattered about the town. None of the plans that have been worked out at other colleges seemed to him quite to meet the need at Knox. The problem was peculiar and the solution must be individual. First, it must be democratic, to provide for all classes, from the son of the farmer to the son of the bank president or the Governor. It must be reasonable in cost. It must offer more than the ordinary dormitory and commons accommodations. Finally, it must fit in with the co-educational life of the college.

Seymour Hall stands today as the realization, in brick and stone and college life, of the picture that Dr. McConaughy saw in his mind four years ago.

About two hundred men students, including the residents of the Hall and the members of six social fraternities, find there, not only their home, but the centre of the social life desired by the young human animal. Here, in a dining hall seating 200 men, they come together three times a day, as a part of a deliberate plan for developing democratic spirit and avoiding the formation of cliques. Each man draws lots each week to determine at which of the twenty ten-man tables he shall eat with nine other chance comrades. In this way there is a general shaking up every seven days, and a different group of undergraduates is assembled at each table.

Knox is co-educational. In order that the men and the co-eds may get the opportunity to look each other over at meals occasionally, every Thursday twenty-five men are chosen by lot to take dinner with the women at Whiting Hall, across the campus. At the same time, twenty-five co-eds are selected to have dinner with the men at Seymour, which by the way is not run by the traditional college commons man, but has a "house mother," who presides in the dining room and at social functions. This house mother has a suite of rooms in the building.

When the men enter the dining room, the last to arrive at each table finds the server's place vacant, and it is up to him to dispense food and set the pace in table-manners. Men students working for their board serve as waiters, but it is so arranged that during the year all of these boys have a chance to sit down and eat with their fellows.

The fraternity houses that adjoin the campus near Seymour Hall are without kitchens, but the democratic ideal is so far tempered that on Monday nights, when the club chapter meetings are held, the members may carry their dinners over from the commons in containers and dine in their clubs.

The commons is a large, well-lighted room, with great walnut beams across the ceilings. In the centre of the many-paned windows is a small purple and gold Knox seal. The tables are spread with linen and the dishes bear the college seal. At one end of the room, covered by a velvet curtain in the daytime, is a screen for moving pictures. The college shows pictures there every Friday night, when there is no other all-college function. As a theatre it is a gathering place for both men and women students, and after the movies the tables are pushed back into an adjoining room, an orchestra is provided, and the students dance until the closing hour prescribed by the Student Council.

Self-government is the plan. The men are strictly on their honor. No time for "lights out" is prescribed, and the front door hasn't any lock.

The hall has a rifle range in the basement for the use of the military unit. There is a small but well-equipped infirmary suite, besides an ultra-modern kitchen with the latest sanitary and labor-saving equipment and a hotel chef. The rooms for the men are plain and sanitary, and are furnished with mission chairs, study table and small rugs and curtains. There are sleeping quarters for more than a hundred men. In addition to the commons and the house mother's suite, there is a roomy lounge with many tables and easy chairs. A massive fireplace covers nearly one whole end of this clubroom.

"The system has had a good trial year and has met with complete success," President McConaughy said in a recent interview. "It is supplying that intangible something without which no student's education is complete, but which must be got outside the classroom. It brings all the men of the college together on terms of equality and fosters friendships which cannot be gained through any group association."

Seymour Hall was made possible by the gift of Mrs. Lyman K. Seymour in honor of her husband. Mr. Seymour, a student in Knox with the class of 1884, was an unassuming farmer, with his lands near Payson, Ill.

Among the alumni of Knox College, besides those already mentioned, are Frederic Bancroft, the historian, of Washington, and Francis H. Sisson of The Guaranty Trust Company of New York; Dr. John H. Finley, S. S. McClure, N. Dean Jay, partner in J. P. Morgan & Co.; Ralph Waldo Trine, the poet; John S. Phillips, founder and former editor of the American Magazine; Otto Harbach, author of musical comedies; Don Marquis, Albert Britt, editor of the Outing publications; Allan C. Rearick and Dr. Jeremiah W. Jenks. Edgar Lee Masters, whose "Spoon River Anthology"—Spoon River is near Galesburg—made him fame and fortune, and George Fitch, who put Knox in his "Old Siwash" college stories, are others.

Eugene Field, when a student at Knox, was under the guardianship of John W. Burgess, then a professor at Knox and now Dean of the School of Political Science at Columbia University. On the Knox campus Abraham Lincoln delivered one of the most important speeches in the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates in 1858, and later received an honorary degree from the college.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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WILLIAM METCALF, JR.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
PEOPLES BANK BUILDING

July 31, 1922

Mrs. Willard Straight
Westburg
Long Island, N. Y.

My dear Mrs. Straight:

It is with mixed emotions that I write to express to you my very great appreciation of what you propose to do for the benefit of Cornell University in building the "Cornell Union".

Because of my very frequent visits to Ithaca and Cornell University I know how greatly a Cornell Union has been needed in years past and I know that I speak for many thousands of Cornellians when I express my great gratitude to you for what you are doing in memory of my late classmate Willard.

It may be of interest to you to know that in the Spring of 1901 when Cornell athletics were in a very serious financial condition your husband was one of those most active in coming to the rescue and organizing the Stunt Brigade which later grew into Spring Day. At that time though I was an undergraduate in the College of Law I was much older than my classmates and my wife and little girl and I resided in Ithaca during the time that I was attending the Law College. We owned a very beautiful big black dog who weighed about 180 pounds and Willard, or as we affectionately called him Izzy, conceived the idea of making a zebra out of the dog. Mrs. Metcalf and our little girl entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion and Willard and the rest of the committee painted the yellow stripes on the dog while Mrs. Metcalf held him in the front hall of our small house on Stewart Avenue. After the dog was beautifully decorated he shook himself vigorously and splattered our entire first floor with yellow water color, after which it was necessary to give him a second and more durable coating. Our colored cook unfortunately did not know Willard as well as did the rest of the family so that after the painting episode he did not stand very high with her and she expressed herself very freely as being entirely satisfied that the dog shook the paint all over the house for she said he knew he was being made a fool of.

Because of my position on the Executive Committee of the Cornellian Council during the past year I have, of course, known more or less of your contemplated gift but I nevertheless am delightedly surprised at its magnificence. All blessings carry disappointments and ours is that Willard cannot be present to know the great

WILLIAM METCALF, JR.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
PEOPLES BANK BUILDING

Mrs. Willard Straight July 31, 1922

appreciation of every Cornellian towards him and you.

Please pardon this lengthy letter and accept my heartiest thanks for the magnificent gift you are making to the University.

Yours very truly

William Metcalf Jr.

WMJr/HAC

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
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THE
CORNELL CLUB
OF ST. LOUIS

ORGANIZED 1893

PERRY POST TAYLOR '89
PRESIDENT
1544 PIERCE BLDG.
PHONE, MAIN 191

ALVIN GRIESEDIECK, '16
VICE-PRESIDENT
3663 FOREST PARK BLVD.
PHONE, LINDELL 6130

HERMAN W. NOLKER, '15
TREASURER
310 SO. MAIN STREET
PHONE, OLIVE 7737

GEORGE L. ERWIN, JR., '17
SECRETARY
1960 RY. EXCHANGE BLDG.
PHONE, MAIN 724

St.Louis, Mo., August 1, 1922

Mrs. W.D. Straight,
Westburg,
Long Island, N.Y.

My dear Mrs. Straight:

In behalf of the Cornell Club of St.Louis, as well as personally, I desire to thank you for the splendid gift to Cornell University which you have recently made. It is exactly what has long been needed for the comfort and convenience of all Cornellians, and no more fitting memorial to your husband, himself such a splendid and loyal Cornellian, could be erected on our beautiful campus.

Sincerely yours,

Perry Post Taylor

President.

F. D. NEWBURY
BRIAR CLIFF ROAD
PITTSBURGH, PA.

August 2 1922

Mrs Willard D. Straight
Westburg Long Island

Dear Mrs Straight

I am writing, as a classmate of your husband, to express, in a very inadequate way, my appreciation of your magnificent gift to Cornell.

There is nothing that could express Willard Straight's relation to Cornell in a finer way than the University Union your gift makes possible. It will be a fine thing for the University.

Permit me the pleasure of adding my word of appreciation to the many that I know will come to you.

Yours truly

F.D.Newbury

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GEORGE J. TANSEY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
1618 BOATMEN'S BANK BLDG.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

August 4th, 1922.

Mrs. Willard Straight,
Westburg, Long Island,
New York.

My dear Mrs. Straight:-

I trust you will not consider it an intrusion if I tell you the personal joy and satisfaction that, as a Cornellian, your gracious gift in memory of your husband has given me, and I believe has given all the alumni. It was my good fortune to be present at the Board meeting when the announcement was made by the president, of your generosity in carrying out the provisions of Mr. Straight's will. It is an ideal interpretation of his wishes and I believe will be of incalculable benefit to the University and the under graduate body, and is a fitting memorial to Mr. Straight.

It was my good fortune to meet him but on the occasion of a few of the Board meetings, as he so soon after his election entered the service of his country abroad, but my brief acquaintance with him and my knowledge of his life from others, has led me to hold him in warm memory.

The beautiful plan submitted will make this building one of architectural beauties of the campus and I know it will be a great consolation

[8-4-22]

GEORGE J. TANSEY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
1618 BOATMEN'S BANK BLDG.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

#2

to you to realize the affectionate recollection that so many of the alumni have of Mr. Straight, and that this building will ever stand as a monument to that memory and be of such lasting usefullness to those students of the years to come.

Sincerely yours,

G. J. Tansey

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H. L. STEVENS
40 CENTRAL STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

August 11, 1922.

My Dear Mrs. Straight:

Please permit me as one of the Alumni of Cornell University to express to you my sincere appreciation and gratitude for the magnificent gift which you have just made to the University. The form which your gift has taken, of a Social Union, is particularly fortunate at the present time, as this is one of the things of which Cornell has been in great need for years past. You have performed a splendid service for the University.

Very sincerely yours,

H. L. Stevens

Mrs. Willard Straight,
Westboro, Long Island, N.Y.

( )

THE UNION TRUST COMPANY
CLEVELAND

J.P.HARRIS
VICE PRESIDENT

September 6th, 1922.

Mrs. Dorothy Whitney Straight,
1130 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.,

My dear Mrs. Straight:

As a former classmate and friend of your late husband, and as an alumnus to whom Cornell and all of its interests are very dear, I want to express to you my deep appreciation of the wonderful gift which you have seen fit to bestow upon my Alma Mater as a permanent memorial to Willard Straight.

I congratulate you also upon the purpose to which you have designated your gift, not only because I happen to know that no cause at Cornell was closer to Willard's heartthan the maintenance throughout the student body of a fine esprit de corps and a genuine sense of real democracy, but even more because to my mind no single

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influence is going to contribute more to the development of character and high idealism than this which you have now so munificently provided.

All Cornellians owe you a deep debt of gratitude, and I know I am voicing the sentiment of thousands in trying to express to you in this poor way my own feeling of appreciation.

Very sincerely yours,

JPH:LRA

J. P. Harris

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[8-15-22]

32 Morrill Hall.
Ithaca N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Straight:

Although you have already received the official thanks of the University and the personal thanks of Dr. Jarrand for all Cornellians. I am writing this personal note to express appreciation of the splendid gift you have made to our Alma Mater. I believe a student union at Cornell will fulfill our greatest need at the present time.

For many years Cornell has been forging ahead very rapidly, intellectually and professionally. but during this period of rapid development, the social side of the University life has been very much neglected & left in the fraternities who each group has created a social life for its own members. With the new student union the "human" phase of University life will be equalized for men and women of all classes and all nationalities. Cornell has had the reputation for many years of being a democratic University, and in many ways

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we are so, but the influence of a student union should make us more democratic in every respect.

I am one of the greatest enthusiasts for a student union at Cornell, and I believe very strongly that in the years to come it will be the place on the campus to which Alumni will be attracted most strongly by ties of greatest affection.

The man for whom this memorial is established will go down in Cornell's history as one of our most beloved and most distinguished sons.

Both as a member of the Alumni body and personally, I wish to add my word of gratitude for what you have done. I hope your visits to Ithaca in the future will be increasingly frequent, and that I may reflect the pleasure I had in meeting you.

Very sincerely yours.

Mary Flack.

August 15, 1922.

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Speers
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Liseman
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Baldridge

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War Record.

Jun 1st 1918 Chaplain's Training Scho

July 5th 1918 commissioned 1st Lt and C

Sailed for France July 30th 1918

Assigned to 102nd Infantry, 26th Division

Engagements - St Mihiel, Woevre Sector, Meuse-Arg

Citations - D.S.C., Croix de Guerre with Palm.

Demobilized at Camp Devens, April 29, 1919.

Thomas Guthrie Speers

fact that can not too often be emphasized about the war is that the does not resemble its pictures in the slightest.

d to see posters in which soldiers in neatly fitting and clean were represented as gallantly leaping "over the top". But how differ- s when we actually saw ourselves with mud-caked bodies and barbed- pants, and with no particularly gallant feeling, creeping or wriggling, two or three at a time, into an attack which we did o make and were afraid to make but had guts enough to make in all because it had to be done.

we looked at ourselves drilling and marching and parading in camps here and thought maybe the real thing was something like the real thing did not resemble that at all. After the war was e had done all our fighting, then we got out our flags and our started to learn all over again how to "pass in review". Because parading had nothing whatsoever to do with what went on at or up around Verdun. But the people back home must not have their cture of war spoiled so we kept up the illusion when we got back d and paraded and passed in review indefinitely. With the result children in the public schools still think that is a picture of

hile is country we pictured ourselves as along by the glory of it and by e knew that we were hopelessly s smashed. Because we went to hopelessly overcrowded roads with other units for the control ing at everything in general - nally we got into the line, very tter of fact way, and went on k and a horrible day often, - f our former picture.

ow terrible it all was, it would aving the world from more of the e we turned our victory over into showed us very clearly that war is no tes, for when they got through nothing seemed

at the time some of the remarks I overheard in a field Verdun. They show how we felt then. "Don't you like potatoes?" asked one boy, "They are good brain food." "Well," replied his friend,"then a fellow ought to take a good meal of them before he starts to think about joining this man's army." Or again "Did you ever see so many shell holes, and almost all with dead in them?" "Aw they were just holding us up there till we got all shot to Hell." "Wait till I have a big bouncing boy to dandle on my knee and if he ever shows any inclination to join the army I'll push his little face in." So we talked at the time.

I can not remember how I felt myself all the time. I suppose a lot of us tried not to feel - it was often the safest thing to do. I know I was always scared except when I was so busy that I had no time to think. The

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War Record.

Jun 1st 1918 Chaplain's Training School, Camp Taylor.

July 5th 1918 commissioned 1st Lt and Chaplain

Sailed for France July 30th 1918

Assigned to 102nd Infantry, 26th Division

Engagements - St Mihiel, Woevre Sector, Meuse-Argonne.

Citations - D.S.C., Croix de Guerre with Palm.

Demobilized at Camp Devens, April 29, 1919.

Thomas Guthrie Speers

One fact that can not too often be emphasized about the war is that the real thing does not resemble its pictures in the slightest.

We used to see posters in which soldiers in neatly fitting and clean uniforms were represented as gallantly leaping "over the top". But how different it was when we actually saw ourselves with mud-caked bodies and barbed-wire-torn pants, and with no particularly gallant feeling, creeping or crawling or wriggling, two or three at a time, into an attack which we did not want to make and were afraid to make but had guts enough to make in spite of it all because it had to be done.

Or else we looked at ourselves drilling and marching and parading in one of the camps here and thought maybe the real thing was something like that. But the real thing did not resemble that at all. After the war was over and we had done all our fighting, then we got out our flags and our band and started to learn all over again how to "pass in review". Because somehow ~~xxxx~~ parading had nothing whatsoever to do with what went on at St Mihiel or up around Verdun. But the people back home must not have their pet ~~xxx~~ picture of war spoiled so we kept up the illusion when we got back and marched and paraded and passed in review indefinitely. With the result that all the children in the public schools still think that is a picture of war.

Or maybe while we were still in this country we pictured ourselves as getting into the fight and being carried along by the glory of it and by the consciousness that the people back home knew that we were heroically defending them. And then that picture too was smashed. Because we went to France and proceeded by night marches along hopelessly overcrowded roads to the front. We heard the officers fighting with other units for the control of the road. We listened to our buddies swearing at everything in general - not glorious or hero-like at all. And then finally we got into the line, very much scared, but taking it all in the most matter of fact way, and went on raids as part of the day's work - a dirty work and a horrible day often, - and still we saw nowhere the shining glory of our former picture.

Or perhaps we thought that no matter how terrible it all was, it would be worth while because of the result in saving the world from more of the same stuff. And then after the armistice we turned our victory over into the hands of the diplomats and they showed us very clearly that war is no way to settle international disputes, for when they got through nothing seemed to be settled at all.

I jotted down at the time some of the remarks I overheard in a field hospital back of Verdun. They show how we felt ~~xxxx~~ then. "Don't you like potatoes?" asked one boy, "They are good brain food." "Well," replied his friend,"then a fellow ought to take a good meal of them before he starts to think about joining this man's army." Or again ~~"Say they were just~~ "Did you ever see so many shell holes, and almost all with dead in them?" "Aw they were just holding us up there till we got all shot to Hell." "Wait till I have a big bouncing boy to dandle on my knee and if he ever shows any inclination to join the army I'll push his little face in." So we talked at the time.

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sound of a shell coming in would make my heart stand still for a second. They the shell would land and I would breathe again knowing that it had not touched me. But the next instant I would think that perhaps it had hit some of the other fellows near by and would feel horribly all over again. I marvelled at the spirit that is in human beings which would take them into stuff like that. But it was a rotten business. It is still a horrible nightmare at times.

Thomas Cuthrie Speers.

James B. Wharton
536 West 114th Street
New York City.

PHASES of WAR

I. Illusion

1.

A Boy, during his teens, saturated himself with the romance and glories of war. All his readings - poetry, prose, history - caused him to idealize war as the ultimate in life that a man could experience, as the rare jewel in the history of the world which came, at long intervals, into possession of the fortunate. He idolized soldiers as a class apart from and above the average of men, as beings impervious to hardship, stoical, knowing no fear, Gods unto themselves. He dreamed dreams of when he would be a man, that a war would happen and he would go. He knew there would be a fascination for him in the pounding of cannon, in the staccatic sound of rifle fire. He longed to face death - but before his thoughts reached the oblivion of death they ended.

The Boy grew into a Youth and war happened.

2.

War! Deep, black headlines in the newspapers that unfix men, that welcomely overshadow the disagreeable routine of their lives? Quick words on all men's tongues - brave words! No longer is painstaking consideration and judgement expected. The voice of the Nation commands - 'Here, this is right; I lead, you follow, blindly, dumbly!' .....Spirit! the rushing forward of a nation,

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its eyes fixed upon one goal, discarding all things, good and bad, for the attainment of the one end. .....Colors waving-- red, white and blue! .....The inspiration of countless men, no matter they are drab colored, drawn mystically into a unit and marching rythmically toward sacrifice.....Heroics and covetted honour!.....The satisfaction of pity!.....The pathos of partings!.....Sobbing, soothing sobs!.....War! Glorious! One must go! .....It was too grand to miss!....This war!

The Youth went.

* * * * *

II. Actuality. 1.

At noon the July son beat down scorchingly upon the hard, macadam road. From under the shuffling of myriad marching feet arose a white cloud of dust. It enveloped and followed the slow moving column; it clung to shoes and leggins; settled on heads, shoulders and packs; the men breathed it, their teeth gritted on it; it burned throats and choked lungs.

From time to time a creaking, two-wheeled cart passed by, its two horses, in tandem, driven by an aged French countryman sitting sideways on his shafts. On top of the mountainous load of beds, mattresses, wardrobes and all manner of housefurnishings would be an old woman. Children followed alongside and in rear. None seemed to notice the troops passing by; the minds of these French were filled with visions of the homes they had left. Les Boches viennent, [redacted] ra-t'en!

Came ambulances and trucks, over the tailboards of which hung soldiers, in torn, muddy clothing, with

bandages, once white, now red, on heads, shoulders and arms. They appeared stupid, these wounded Americans, with the stupidity of the mind which meets that which is too colossal to comprehend. And in the other direction, forward as the troops were going, long convoys of dirty French camions pounded and flapped by; batteries of 75's, the pieces drawn by unkempt, emaciated horses; wagon trains and rolling kitchens.

In the sky ahead appeared huge, sausage-shaped baloons turning lazily in the wind and showing on each side eyes of concentric red, white and blue circles. The whir of avions was constantly in the air. At intervals alongside the road were camouflaged guns - eight and ten-inch long rifles - manned by ununiformed Frenchmen. An excited command, flame and black smoke belched forth; a roar and the projectile reverberated through the air.

Among the marching soldiers was the Boy who had idealized and longed for war. Though his feet hurt him; his clothing chafed his sweat pouring body; his pack depressed him; though his throat was parched and it was not easy to breathe - yet he appreciated what was happening. He sensed the drama - the atmosphere of danger, the strength of the mass of fresh troops - Americans - being forced forward to aid the tired French to stop the German drive on Paris.

He knew, by this first sight of war, its picturesqueness.

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2.

It rained - steadily. The water soaked through slicker and clothing and coursed down the body. The fields over which the men marched were heavy with mud. It formed great clods about the feet, doubling, tripling and quadrupling the effort of lifting and putting them down. It was necessary, constantly, to kick off the clods and the added effort was painful.

"Christ," someone grumbled, "will we never get there - wherever we're goin'. What a Goddam war this is. We started hikin' so long ago I fergit when it was."

Frequently men dropped out of the column - taxed either beyond their physical endurance or their will power. Each time a barn or out-house was passed men filtered into it. Those who went on wondered where they would sleep - if ever.

They walked mechanically - like automatons - heedless of the flashing and roaring of the guns that pitted the woods on their right, of the shells that seemed to fill the air overhead. The actual discomfort of rain and fatigue was worse than any thought of injury or death. Death would end the agony.

The halts became more frequent and last longer. At every pause the men flopped to the ground and lying back on their packs fell asleep. In a moment, it seemed, to be awakened to struggle up and stumble on.

"God in Heaven," muttered the Youth who had gone to war because it was glorious, "will this never end.

I didn't know a man could suffer so and still live. But I won't quit - quit - quit."

Far from his mind was any thought of why he was here, of why he was marching forward. The Germans didn't exist for him, nor his own country. The war had fragmented itself. This was his particle of it - merely to keep on walking until told to stop. That was his job, a mean one, but he wouldn't quit.

A halt. The men slept - in an open field, - with the rain pattering down on their helmets tipped over faces.

The Youth knew misery.

3.

The Youth awoke to consciousness of a terrifying shriek and a sharp concussion. A stillness of a few seconds, then, through the night, came the agonized death screams of a man who had lost all control of himself, whose nerves, as his body, had been shattered.

All the way through the dark, dripping woods to the dressing station the wounded man moaned and cried out, for his legs, horribly mangled, caused him excruciating pain as he was twisted on the improvised litter. Once in the log-stanchioned station, down under the earth, he called for water, wailed that he was suffocating, dying. Dark red blood soaked through the clothing distended over his abdomen, was flowing into his lungs.

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He was drowning in himself. The pallor of death spread over his face and he ceased to live.

The Youth shrunk back to his hole in the earth, shocked by the horror of death. It was his first experience of the passing of life.

"Why, oh, why," he muttered into the ground, the while his body trembled from cold and wet and horror, "must men kill one another in such a way."

He couldn't shake from his mind the recollection of the pallor of the man's face, the bloody, distended clothing, his cry that he was dying. He remembered the blood on his hands, from the man's legs, the sharp edges of a piece of steel that had imbedded itself in the heel of his shoe. He longed for sleep to bring him forgetfulness, mental oblivion, surcease from seemingly unendurable sights, feelings, thoughts.

The Youth knew the horror of war.

4.

The battalion clung close to the ground across the top of a scrubby hill, sentinelled by a lone tree. Machine-guns, from an adjoining eminence, grazed their fire over it. Guns from the low-flying, Boche planes raked it from above. At regular intervals it was shelled, the fire opening a half kilometre away and inevitably tapping toward the hill until the bursts were registering upon it - whiz - bang...whiz-bang ..... whiz-- bang.

All day the battalion "clicked" casualties. A man caught a burst of machine-gun fire through the chest as he raised himself from his hole to reach ~~XXX~~ his canteen for a drink; another had his jaw carried away; a shell lopped off both legs; a burst caused light, red blood to flow horribly down a man's arm. The whirring planes above, the sinister, floating baloons, the accuracy of the shell fire caused in the men a feeling of exposure that was like nakedness.

The Youth, flattened into a shell hole, trembled with physical weakness and fear. He had all but lost control of his nerves; that, and not a greater courage in the face of fire, had been the result of days and weeks of exposure to death. He waited in dread each sirenic shriek of a shell and hoped, or prayed or swore, before each detonation, that it was not on its way to his hole. He didn't want to die like this, in such filth, so fearing death. He didn't want to become as the dead he had been burying so steadily during the past days - with their pallid, fixed faces and stiff bodies. He wanted to see his home again, to lose his hunger, be comfortable and safe once more.

He knew the fear of death.

5.

November 12, 1918....10.30 p.m.

The Youth walked from a Boche hut out into the woods. The leaves underfoot rustled and dried twigs snapped. Through the darkness came a song ending in a long-drawn, plaintive wail:

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"I don't want to go to the trenches no more,
I want -a go -o ho-o-o-o-me."

From a hut nearby came an answer: "Can it, you apple-knocker, no one ain't gonna send you to the trenches no more. Followed by a chorus of voices: "Yer dam right. Finy la gair. It's us fer home toot sweet."

"It's home, boys, home,
It's home we ought to be."

Then silence, deep silence. There was no sinister, continuous rumbling this night.

The Youth stood in a small open space and pleasured in breathing the fresh air, in the fragrance of the woods, in seeing the trees, the new moon just above their tops, the stars. For the first time in months he thought of these objects as permanent. He thought of the future he felt he now would know. Life stretched forward in a delightful vision.

"God, how good it is just to be alive."

Slowly he walked back to the hut. He could sleep all night, would have breakfast in the morning, would sleep under cover and have enough to eat for all his days to come .

He had gotten closer to life than ever before - in appreciation of the functioning and appreciation of its basic senses.

* * * *

III. Disillusion.

The Youth returned from war with few clearly defined ideas; he possessed merely a series of mental pictures and emotional experiences to which he hadn't applied an particular significances. When he came into contact with the civilian public, however, amazement at the extent of misinformation and ignorance of the actualities of the war forced him to formulate opinions.

He restrained himself, at first, from taking issue with persons; he just quietly failed to comment when the war was brought into the conversation. But he soon found that impossible, so distasteful to him was the mental slough of hate in which he saw so many wallowing. And, strangely, it appeared to him to be quite general that the persons who had suffered least from the war were the most bitter.

A conversation with an old lady - a maiden lady - who could not explain her venom on the ground of worriment over or loss of a husband, lover or child:-

"Aren't the Huns awful," she said, and without offering opportunity for an answer, "Oh, I think they are the most despicable people on earth. I shall never speak to one again. When I was in Germany twenty years ago I took a violent dislike to them and their overweening manners. They can't be human beings or they could never have cut off innocent children's hands, crucified soldiers and have committed such atrocities. And such

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cowardly fighters. To shoot up to the last minute and then throw up their hands with their 'Kamerad' and expect mercy. I'm sure they could have accomplished nothing if they hadn't so far outnumbered the Allies. Don't you hate them?" and she caught her breath and looked malevolently at her listener as though he were a 'Hun.'

He hesitated for a moment, then decided he should talk to this woman.

"No, I don't hate them. I can't see much difference between them and us. They had the same experiences, suffered as we did, risked their lives for the same reasons. Their illusions, I suppose, were just the same as ours. Now, thank God, that we've ceased trying to kill each other I feel we were all brothers in misery and horror."

He paused, then:

"Hmm," with a stifled, mirthless laugh, "I wonder if you would hate so if you could be made to feel the responsibility of your hatred - could have seen some of its results, for surely war is very much the results of hatreds.."

And his thoughts went back to his pictures of the war - to the horror pictures of which he had many in his mind.

"I once came upon a German lying dead beside his machine-gun. A chunk of shell casing had torn through his temple and tossed him aside, out of life. His gun, a heavy Maxim, was trained on a street corner around which our men must have come. At first I thought of the damage he probably had caused us. But when I found in his pocket a picture postcard of himself,

a woman and four children, I couldn't bear him any malice. I only loathed war. There was another, lying by the roadside with both legs blown off but still alive. He grinned as we passed him and one of us lighted a cigarette for him. There was the one down in a deep dugout, his wounds so foul they smelled but he never spoke a word of complaint. They weren't cowards, I don't believe, any of them. I respect them as soldiers."

"But," the old lady put in, "how about atrocities? How can you reconcile yourself with them?"

"I think most of the atrocities were a fiction. I never saw any and I don't believe there were many more than have always been committed in war. Men can't go out to kill each other and be very delicate and gentlemanly about it. We were trained to kill a wounded enemy in rear just as the Germans were. There was a reason for it, of course, so he couldn't crawl to an abandoned machine-gun and wipe us out from the rear. But you weren't told of the ugly things we may have done. Just as you weren't told of the good things the Germans may have done.

"I felt I missed an interesting opportunity, after the Armistice, in never having met a German, a young German like me, who had been on the line opposite us. I should have shaken his hand, slapped him on the back, sat at a cafe table with him, bought him drinks and found out which of us gave the other the worst hell. I see no reason why I should hate the Germans Granting they may have done wrong - militaristically - is that any reason to continue to hate, now the war is ended?"

The old lady raised a hand in horror at such heresy;

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"Humph, you have very strange notions, I must say."

This conversation and others like it set up in his mind a sharp antagonism to the war and particularly to its reaction upon the civilian public. Still other incidents and observations aggravated the feeling. A few of them:

The self-appreciation of the war worker. He heard a woman, "an active war worker," the press would have labelled her, criticize a division of combat troops for failure to parade well. Her soul was blind, the Youth thought as he looked at her. She couldn't see the beauty , the inspiration of men escaped from out of the awfulness of war, stepping jubilantly in gratefulness for life.

The narrow-mindedness of the supposedly intelligent. In so trivial a fact as the ubiquitious use of the term "Hun" for the Germans he felt there was an error. The Germans, he said to himself, aren't always going to be universal pariahs because of this war. They will be admitted back into the family of nations as all other peoples who have waged wars have been. This stimulated maligning and hatred is petty, puerile, short-sighted. And for the same reason he felt there was an absurdity in the elimination of the teaching of the German language in schools and colleges.

The opportunism and hypocrisy of the business man, who regarded the war much as he regarded "putting across" his product, as "an advertising campaign to be followed by action." They , not all, of course, but many, seemed unaware of

the significances behind the war and resulting from it - the damage to humanity and to economics, so close and yet so distant from them.

There was the disappointment of the Treaty of Versailles, a frank avowal by the Allies of selfish interests and short-sighted policies. Publication of the treay showed that the diplomats had used the "war to end war" as a means of assuring the world of another war. One, such an one as the Youth, felt he had been duped, cruelly duped. He knew the idealism of the American soldier, the idealism of the man who stops a street fight when he sees one of the brawlers getting the worst of it, because he hates unfair violence. The Germans seemed to understand it if no one else. He remembered a translation of a German document that had fallen into his hands"....the attitude of the American soldier is that of the Big Brother. He thinks he was brought over here to save France....." So close to this idealism, the sacrifices and deaths of the war, even though he had begun to think of it all as sentimentally futile, the drawing of that treaty of peace, or war, seemed blasphemous.

And the illiberality against liberalism The hysteria and mental blindness of the war and the after-the-war period, culminated in a wave of reaction that swept over the country as a blight to progress and many of the finer social instincts.

The bitterness, mental blindness and distortion he felt to be not so much the fault of the individual as of the government. Public opinion had been manufactured and standardized by the government. The individual had yielded up his

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right to independent thinking and initiative and a hiding of the truth had resulted. He realized, fully, the aid that propaganda had been in the successful prosecution of the war, but it was precisely that fact that caused him to regard it as a strong indictment against war. He gladly accepted a loathing of this "moral" method of lying.

He should have liked to have regarded the war as a thing passed, a rich experience from which he, personally, by great good fortune, had benefitted. It had added to his capital of life. But the opposition of his impressions and reactions to those of the majority made him see that it was a problem to be faced.

Even before the war had ended he had come to the conclusion, XXXX by the physical sufferings he had seen, that it must not happen again. Now that he had found its evil effects were felt not only on the battlefields but were reflected equally upon the civilian populations of the warring nations, his opposition to war grew stronger. It was not worth the price paid, he decided, in XXXXX flesh and blood XXXXXX on the one hand and in honesty, mentality and grace of charity on the other.

He had gotten from the war a strong repugnance to it.

James B Wharton.

[redacted]

April 1st, 1922

To the Willard Straight Post The American Legion New York City

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Why did I join the army when war was declared with Germany? Perhaps my strongest reason was a personal one. Like so many others, I was tired of the sordid grind of war-time existence, and felt that somehow the world, or our part of it, had to be changed. War with its collective duties offered a release from individual problems.

Aside from the personal equation, I felt, and still feel, that no matter how many blunders we make, our place as a nation is in world affairs. It seemed our immediate responsibility to smash the over-efficient and ambitious German military machine which was drawing most of the world into the business of making war or making guns.

In 1914 as a war-correspondent I learned the stink of a muddy trench, the awful feeling of helplessness under shell-fire - a feeling which only becomes transformed into heroism in a newspaper office several hundred miles to the rear. Living in Europe a long time before 1917 I had a close-up view of the belligerents which spared me many illusions.

General Pershing is credited with the phrase "Lafayette, N nous voila." But the fact is that his most conspicuous achievement in France was to bbock the efforts of the French Staff to get control of the American forces and to use them as they did their own African mercenaries. How could we say "nous voila" and offer our services as Americans to the foreign office which had drawn up secret agreements with Russia for depriving the Poles of freedom, and with Great Britian for the dividing up the spoils of the central Empires, Turkey and as many other enemy states as could be made helpless? These intentions I had heard as common places of conversation

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in diplomatic circles long before we came into the war. So I do not in the least share the surprised indignation of those who upbraid the French today. My affection for the French is of too intimate a kind to be ~~in the least~~ influenced by anything the Quai d'Orsay or a French minister may say or do.

I joined the army to fight but as often happened in such cases I saw more actual fighting as a correspondent before I joined the army than I did as a soldier. Throughout the war I was in the region which the rear called the front, but in reality doing various staff jobs, I was neither lying in the mud nor under gun-fire.

One job I had when the American army took over a sector of the front was to organize for battle-order the interrogation of prisoners of the First army. In this contact with the pick of some 50,000 prisoners I came to know fairly well events and intentions on both sides of the line. At the Armistice I went forward to the German border with the army of occupation. Afterwards on the Armistice Commission and on various commissions in Germany I saw at first hand the breakdown of the old German Empire and the relations of the new germany with the Allies.

We as Americans in my opinion failed to guage conditions in Europe so that we could exercise the moderating and constructive influence in European affairs which our part in the war and our wealth opened before us.

Ther were ultra-nationalists and war-profiteers in France and England who set out to smash and salvage to their personal profit what was left of wealth in Central Europe. To make this possible they found it then and still find it effective to make the Germans appear thoroughly bold and bad.

To take one instance with which I am particularly familiar. The first tableau in this international camouflage is one which appeals to the hearts of all those who insist on making the war out as a fine enobling experience and vistory the one supreme achievement of mankind. It has been used by professional soldiers

and their apologists who see the world merely in terms of manpower and guns. It also finds support among some of our own military experts who have written semi-official studies about America's part in the great war.

They grossly exaggerated the strength and ferocity of the German forces opposite us in order to make our victory seem greater.

The propaganda exhibit number one was the myth that the victory of 1918 was purely a military one due entirely to the brilliant tactics of Marshal Foch and to superior man and gun power. That might have been true in 1919 when America would have had an overwhelming army on the Continent able to annihilate the German armies.

But victory in 1918 was only partially a military one. I talked with the officers and war-correspondents best informed at the Armistice about the last phase of the war. All agreed that the victory was not more than half military and several went as far as to say that not more than twenty or thirty percent of the German crumbling in 1918 was due to the results of military operations.

I found the German army from July 1918 on consciously on the defensive, and from September a defeated army. An army which thinks it will be defeated usually does collapse no matter how many men and guns it has. It was therefore less the superior military tactics of Marshal Foch which pushed back the German lines than the change of mind among the Germans themselves.

German war dogs, old staff officers who still see the only hope for Germany in a large army talk about the dagger-thrust in the back given them by their own people. True the old German warlords were knifed. But they themselves put the knife in the hands of the German people. The negative side of diminished German military ardor of course was demoralization resulting from fatigue, hunger, and fear.

But from conversations with many German prisoners during this last phase of war, I reached the conclusion that there was a very positive side to the change of heart in the rank and file of the German army which led to the german

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withdrawal at a time when they still had men and guns enough to hold out longer.

This positive side to the German change of mind, made them lose interest in ~~keeping~~ in holding on longer in Northern France and left them only with the thought of laying down their arms and returning to their homes. Many naively imagined that the Allies would join them in burying hatred with hostilities and permit Germany to come back into the world again, into a new world where big armies and general Staffs beginning with the German one would cease to exist.

I found that German prisoners had been reading the tracts containing Wilson's speeches and the ideals of English ~~life~~ and American democracy, tracts dropped from aeroplanes or smuggled across into their lines. They knew the Fourteen Points better than most of us did. They genuinely wanted a new world order. German prisoners both officers and men began ~~the~~ asking themselves and asking us why hostilities were being prolonged.

However much I appreciated the responsibility of the Germans in the War Destruction, I found all of them in the last phase of the war sick of ruin and burning with a desire to get back to work.

This desire for work was an obession with many of them. It seemed as instinptive of the feverish industry of ants whose hill has been crushed under somebody's heel.

I remember one German prisoner, a musician, who set to work shovelling away the mud from the prisoners' pen at the front, perfectly happy to have found something to do. Others begged for work, any kind of work, while at home in Germany the factories were crippled for want of labor. Much of the violence which followed defeat in germany was due to the fact that the returning soldiers could not find work in which to release their energies.

The German government elaborated a program for reconstructing the destroyed areas of northern France and Belgium a year before the Allies had agreed

on theirs. The German trade unions offered to recruit a million workers for their task. But no advantage was taken of this offer.

This reaction did not indicate a profound political change. The German man on the street has never thought politically. The Allies' exhortation to him to admit the sinfulness of his ways in serving a megalomaniac of a Kaiser passed over his head. He was not interested in ethics, nor given to soul wrestling. All he knew was that his government had deceived him. He was ready to work for France or anyone else who would give him and his family the bare minimum of food and clothing. That was all. Why, he asked, these years of delay in settling his degree of guilt and his penalty?

This essential fact of Germany's willingness to work should have dominated all other considerations at the peace conference. How to stimulate and how best to use this force should have been the first question. The mass of political issues such as forms of government, leagues, and even frontier limits were pale beside the problem of putting the world to work at reconstruction, under the best possible conditions.

But super-patriots and profiteers of all kinds among the Allies had a sordid interest in keeping alive the state of mind which existed during the war. Since, they asserted, the Allied and associated armies have won this 100 percent victory the soldiers must be charged with reconstructing Europe. They kept alive the fiction of a large german army ready to strike again at France for over a year after the last real german military formation had disappeared. They made occupation of the Rhineland seem a military necessity whereas it was a constant source of friction and a waste of money which should have been used reconstructing the destroyed areas. These home militarists armed a number of half irresponsible newly recognised peoples who needed economic support and good advice instead of guns. In short they contributed to keep Europe an armed camp and fostered the distrust and hatred which still blocks any real reconstruction of Europe.

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Prolonged military occupation, sanitary cordons, and the like have kept millions of men mobilized who should be back at productive labor themselves, instead of being used to prevent others from working. I have been on several military commissions and never yet have seen a military organization which does productive work. In their very nature armies are destructive. When given charge of economic enterprises they obstruct not construct.

We snubbed the friendly advances from Germany, who really wanted to help put Europe in order. We called their desire for democratic government a hypocritical effort to dodge the consequences of defeat. German hypocrites there were, statesmen who over-night changed their coats and came out for freedom of peoples. But there were also diplomats in other countries who mouthed pretty Wilsonian phrases as a blind for sordid ends.

In Germany I visited universities, came into contact with business people and know that there were Germans in all classes eager for a better order of things.

The rebuff these new Germans received from the Allies silenced some of the timid ones and embittered many others. It encouraged the monarchists, militarists, and pan-Germans to come out of hiding and shout "I told you so." The German revolution which might have been something was still-born.

There is no doubt that to a great extent the ideals and impetus for a better world order came from America. These ideals influenced profoundly peoples in all parts of Europe. But after we sowed these seeds on foreign soil we joined those of the Allies who imagined it necessary to tear them out again. Putting it another way, the Allies since the armistice have too often been fighting the very principles which during the war they asserted they were attempting to spread.

Sanford Griffith

Formerly Major Inf.

NOTE: by HB to

STATEMENT OF MAJOR SANFORD GRIFFITH

Formerly of G 2D - General Staff A. E. F.

Later in charge of prisoners. Headquarters first army at Ligny and at Souilly.

Later attached to the Reparations' Commission at Spa. Sent on missions to Berlin in behalf of the Peace Conference, and to Poland.

Was trained for the diplomatic service in schools abroad.

Acted as correspondent for newspapers before America entered the war and so made full observations of operations with the French and British and German armies.

Originated some extraordinary tactics in the handling of prisoners, which were daring, and extremely successful. Gave invaluable co-operation to the A. E. F. field propaganda against the German army.

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[2-12-22]

Dear Messrs. Editors -

Norton has poked me - I hoped to organize my thoughts - but his lashing words have stung me into premature action. So here goes -

If I have a son in 1945, (having three, the chances seem rather stronger that one of them will survive than that I will be on hand to give safe advice) and he hears the bugles calling and says "Dad, what is war like?" I shall tell him -

War is the most curious of all human institutions. It seems that from time to time we get so snarled up in petty squabbles, so irritated and exasperated at the nasty ways of some other tribe or race or nation that we just blow up. Then we go to war. Being a mere man, you'll have to go - but don't think it is all a picnic. It's not all fun. It brings out the best and the worst - and the worst is generally uppermost.

Most of modern war is very disagreeable. To most of the men at the front it is a long siege of drab misery - to those in the rear it is drab monotony. If you get to the front, you'll be uncomfortable nine tenths of the time - the other tenth you will either be so excited or in such pain that you'll perhaps remember it. But most of war is standing and waiting and pulling and pushing and resting (you never really sleep). You'll start in hating somebody, and then you'll be so busy that you forget everything but your job. And you'll be tired and won't give a damn.

Now, there are a few to whom war is a great adventure. They are "in luck". They are quartered far from the front, in nice clean beds, and make just enough inspections to think it is all very glorious. They are fresh and clean, and the men at the front despise them. But they don't care about that, and they are fresh enough to write long letters about thrills and spectacles; which everyone reads

with passionate interest. After the war they talk much and volubly - those who have been through it are so shattered in spirit that they can't talk. They are improved; they have become manly in a rather low sense of the term; the others have lost interest in manhood. They are the glorious few who impress their fellows and the children.

But they are not the main guard. They did not win the war. As every disaster throws up a chosen few who are just near enough to see it and just far enough to escape it, so war also has its entourage of happy converts.

The main guard, however, is of two types - those who are callous and blind - so that they do not really understand what it is all about; and those who are sensitive and wounded. Most of these are crushed. A few cry out in aguish and they are crushed by disdain. It is all very curious.

Don't think, my son, that you will be glorified. Life is much the same even though death be near. While it lasts, it has its pleasures and its terrors. Even though you die, and think you are going to die, you will eat the same food, like the same things, love and hate the same persons. If you run true toform, and come out alive, you will feel spent and hurt and angry. Angry at what? At whom? Perhaps at everybody - <u>they</u> will have racked you, and you will hate them. And then you will look for <u>them</u>, and you will find <u>they</u> are not everybody. Sometimes, it seems as if there were none of <u>them</u>. Nobody seems to be <u>they</u> who racked you. And then you will think back on the ages that were and the ages that are to come - many million men in every age - and it will all look like a great joke. Men are not so bad - nor so good. They struggle with each other - they strike - are struck - go down - climbup - and die. All of them die. And you, too

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will die. So take the war lightly - play the game. Go into the war - and if you come you will aggin enjoy green trees and rivers and fields - and friends.

Eh bien, voila. Messieurs les Editeurs - Pardonnez donc que je n'y ai pluse plus profondement - c'est tout a fait la faute de cette de Norton qui ni a fait ecrire avant que mes pensees se sont formees. Get after him if you don't like it -

Oswald Knauth.

Feb. 12, 1922.

The ROMANCE of War as seen by an M.P.

by

Richard Connell, 22 months service as a private in the Military Police, attached to a combat division in Belgium and France.

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The doughboy hates the M.P. The M.P. hates himself. Of all the army jobs, M.P. work is the meanest and dirtiest. Incidentally, it is necessary. When the doughboy is at the front, the M.P. is just back of him, ready to shoot him if he runs away. When the doughboy is resting up for his next trip to the lines i.e. doing close order drill and digging latrines, the M.P. is supposed to make his life even more miserable, if possible, than it is.

In civil life, if you are a reasonably honest man, you do not often come in contact with the police. In the army, the Military Police, like vermin, are always with you and on you. In the army there is no end to the number of things you can be arrested for. And arrest usually means swift and severe punishment. The hand of discipline is heavy. When it falls, it hurts. And it loves to fall. Some of the things you can be punished for may seem innocent enough. If you fail to salute the newest dental lieutenant, you can be punished savagely. If you leave your high-collared jacket unbottoned on a hot day, you may spend a week carrying garbage for your viciousness. Let no man think he will find life in an army free and easy. If the enemy doesn't get him, the M.P. will.

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The decent men in my company played the game. That is, they shirked their duty whenever possible, and save when the doughboy took to murdering his mates, they tried to leave him alone. Mostly, we soldiered. We were on the job only while our officers' eyes were on us. In short, we were hypocrites. I do not think this helped our characters.

The most successful M.P. I knew was a former New York stool-pigeon who made his living squealing on persons who trusted him. Some of us called him 'The Rat'. He was highly thought of by the officers because he made so many arrests. He loved to trail a tired doughboy and arrest him for something or anything. As doughboys are human, they are apt to break regulations, particularly since they are loaded down with them. For example, when we came hungry ~~from the fighting in Belgium~~, to St Omer it irked some of us that all the decent restaurants were "For Officers Only." We did not like eating in kitchens. But to say this, or to make even a gesture of protest, was a crime. The Rat made many arrests of men for the felony of wanting to eat a square meal from a table with a table cloth on it. He feared no one. That is, so long as he had a .45 and they didn't. He loved to bully men with his loaded pistol. Our officers often expressed the wish that we were all like The Rat. This made some of us uncomfortable. It did not seem desirable to some of us to be Rats. Yet he was cited as an example of high class M.P.

The M.P. job brings out the bully in a man. His state of mind is much the same as that of a second lieutenant who knows that after the war he will have to return to his job as a shipping clerk. For a limited time he has almost unlimited authority. He makes the most of it.

It was in Paris that the Military Police went the limit in bullyism. Thank God my outfit was in a combat division far from Paris. We knew what it means to a man to go over the top and we were lenient. But in Paris, Heaven help the doughboy! Remember the Hard Boiled Smith case? He was only one brute of many. It is fair to say that American prisoners of war fared better in German hands than the doughboy who fell into the clutches of his, so to speak, comrades in arms who ran amuck as Paris military police. Americans unmercifully beat other Americans on principle! Guilt had nothing to do with it. The truth about the reign of terror that was permitted to go on in the Rue St Anne, where the M.P. jail was, will never entirely be told. The men who could tell the worst part of it are dead, beaten to death or driven to suicide by their fellow countrymen. Many of the men who were treated as no slave owner treated his slaves, were not criminals. Many had overstayed their leave a few hours and were on the way back to their outfits. Others were innocent even of technical offenses. No matter. If they tried to protest their innocence they had their teeth driven down their throats by three, four, or five armed Americans. Some of the men so treated had done heroic work at the front. That did not count with the M.P.

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force in and about Paris, any more than it has counted with the employers back home after the war. War glory is as fragile and hollow as a sucked egg.

I don't say the Paris M.Ps were naturally more vicious than you or I. But the poison of war warped and twisted their minds and the venom that was pumped into them for use against the foe, they turned loose on their own kind. If it is ever your sad fate to be a doughboy may the Lord of Justice deliver you from the hands of your fellow soldiers, the Military Police.

It is impossible to believe that the rank and file of the Paris M.Ps could have acted as barbarously as they did without the knowledge and assistance of their officers, and the General Staff of the A.E.F.

A word about officers. Of the two officers with whom I came in contact oftenest, the most moderate thing I can say is that one was a bully, a drunkard and a hyopcrite and that the other was a weakling, a fool and a coward. This is not only my opinion. It was shared by most men who saw these two at close range. It was based on the actions of the two men. Both were political apointees. Neither went through an Officers' Training School. I honestly doubt if either could have passed that test. I am certain one could not have done so. His words and actions compel me to believe that he was a moron i.e. that he had the mind of a twelve year old child. He did not know his job. He had no spine. Yet he had almost unlimited power to enforce his orders, no matter how feeble-minded they were.

One instance! I recall how an outfit, unaccustomed to hard marching, was marched six miles out of its way, under a hot French sun and a full pack, because one officer could not intelligently read the map. He was on horseback. Also, he had been drinking. I could match that bit of callous stupidity with others I saw. When we were under fire, for example,---but what's the use? Ask almost any doughboy.

I do not say that these two incompetents were fair samples of the officers of the A.E.F. But I do say that they were not unique, and I do say that any man who goes to war stands a good chance of placing his life in the hands of men whose judgment and character he cannot possibly respect. Most of us are average men; in any war our fate is pretty sure to be the average fate. We won't be medal-decked generals; we won't even be lieutenants. Nearly all of us will be buck privates.

What did I get out of war? Let's take the credit side first. I had several seconds of excitement i.e. seeing my friends mashed to bloody rags; I had five or six fairly pleasant (i.e, champagne and cognac) evenings; I made a friend or two.

Balanced against this on the debit side, I had nearly two years of dirt, boredom, poor food, humiliation, vermin, disgust with myself and mankind, a feeling of futility, a sense that two precious years were being snatched from my life, and loss of self respect due to the fact that when a soldier is not being treated as if he were a machine or a fool, he is being treated as if he were a skunk or a lackey.

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Please remember that I was one of the lucky ones. I was not wounded, I was not gassed, and when I returned I got my old job back and in salary and experience was only two years behind the men who did not go to war. I might have been a hero like a friend of mine and have been fated to spend a life of pain dragging a shell-mashed leg after me in a steel frame, while my country bound my wounds with red tape and left me to support myself on $40. a month. I might even have won a Distinguished Service Cross only to find that I had to pawn it to keep my belly full for two days.

Is war romantic? Yes. As romantic as leprosy.

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78 Bedford St. N.Y.C.
March 2, 1922

Dear Blankenhorn:

Thanks for your note. I enclose a short piece about myself and the War. If, when the plan of the book is worked out, I'm not on the right track, let me know. But please don't use anything under my signature till I've seen it. Also, I think it might be dangerous to use my exact outfit etc as my remarks on my officers might be construed as libelous.

My best wishes for the book. But unless it hits the romance of war, and hits it hard, I don't want to be in it.

Yours sincerely,

Richard Connell

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SERVICE RECORD

Enrolled in Air Service -- July 9, 1917.
Rejected on account of
defective vision -- September 8, 1917.

Enlisted in 446th Detachment Engineers -- October 29, 1917.
At Camp Devens -- November 21, 1917 to January 1, 1918.
Made Master Engineer,
Senior Grade, -- December 17, 1917
Embarked for France -- January 2, 1918, landing at St.Nazaire.
Sent to Brest -- January 29, 1918.
Served at Brest from that date to June 16, 1919 as Railroad Transportation Officer and Officer in charge of Troop Movements.
Commissioned 2nd Lieut. T.C. -- July 31, 1918.
Commissioned 1st Lieut. T.C. -- May 2, 1919

Returned to United States and discharged -- June 30, 1919.

Cited in General Orders, S. O. S., No. 22 -- May 17,1919.

"For exceptionally meritorious service in connection with the vast volume of troop movements through the port of Brest and as R. T. O. at that port."

Cited by C. in C., A. E. F. - April 19, 1919

"For exceptionally meritorious and conspicuous services".

Parker McCollester.

The Willard Straight

In trying to focus my thoughts upon my military history I find that they dwell not upon the events which occupied me during those two years, but rather upon the impressions which those events created in me. To recount my activities, to give as it were an elaborated service record, would be to tell the tale as an observer would have set it down, but it would not be the story of my war. So different were the events of those years from the ordinary happenings of daily peaceful living that they were constantly arousing new impressions and sensations of such lasting vividness that, in retrospect, the impressions seem of far greater moment than the events themselves. My military experience, as I recall it now, was a constant succession of new impressions and sensations, some pleasant, others horribly unpleasant. It is a few of these which I will attempt to describe.

During the first part of 1917 when our entrance into the War was becoming imminent, I gave much thought to the question of what I should do if war should be declared. But this thought did not save me from being overwhelmed, when we did declare war, with a perfect agony of doubt as to the course which I should pursue. I do not think that I was ever moved to resist military service on conscientious grounds for I felt then as I feel now that, whatever one's personal views as to war may be, when a state of war actually arises which arouses a whole nation, any conscientious objector is bound to endure more suffering at the hands of public opinion than the good to be derived from his martyrdom can possibly require him to incur. On the other hand, I am sure that I was under no illusion as to the glories of our cause and that I was not seriously influenced by any abstract idea of an individual's duty to the State. I am frank to say that, as I recall my impressions of those disturbing weeks, I felt that the individual's participation

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in military service was just as inevitable as the Nation's entrance into the War and for much the same reason, namely, because no individual could continue to live among his fellows and not be participating in the common cause.

My doubt was as to whether I should get into the service at once or continue in civilian work until the purpose of this country became more apparent, and as to what branch I should go. My mind was in a turmoil and many heated discussions with others did not help to solve the difficulty.

When the Draft Act was passed the horrors of uncertainty were increased for then I debated whether it was not everyone's duty to await the operation of the draft rather than to rush pell-mell into uniform. I felt that the enlistment of some before they were drafted would cast a stigma upon those who waited until their numbers were called.

Finally, though I had reached the conclusion that it was wrong to permit voluntary enlistments at the same time that the policy of drafting had been determined upon, I yielded to social pressure, that compelling sense that it was "being done", and about the first of July, 1917 signed up in Aviation. I remember that I chose this branch of the service entirely for selfish reasons; first, because the adventure and the mechanical side of it appealed to me, and second, because I imagined that an aviator sacrificed less of his individuality than did a person going into other branches of the service. The discovery by the Medical Examiner that my eyes were far from perfect was something of a jolt; but although it held up my call to active duty, the assurance that the authorities higher up could be persuaded to waive the deficiency of vision gave me some peace of mind.

The months that followed were filled with efforts to speed the action of the Army medical authorities, growing disgust at Army red-tape and the delays incident thereto, horror at the growing military enthusiasm of the country and at the rapid crescendo in the number of uniforms seen on the streets and at

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the same time discontent with my own ununiformed condition.

I recall that when I was in the company of others who were already in uniform I felt almost a social outcast. However, I consoled myself with hope until word came from the Surgeon-General's office that my defective vision was a disability which could not be waived and that the air service was not for me. There followed another period of uncertainty as to what to do next, made more disturbing by the great gambling game of the draft. This ended happily when an opportunity presented itself of enlisting in a railroad detachment which was to be rushed to France as soon as it could be organized and equipped, and in October, 1918 my military career really began.

The two months spent in camp brought back recollections of school days and vacations in the ~~utter~~ complete lack of responibilities and the fact that every detail of one's daily routine was planned by someone else. The schedule of drill, games and athletic exercises seemed like play and I could not conceive that such things could be man's work. We seemed like so many children whose only care was to be good. Guard duty in the snow with the thermometer at thirty below zero was uncomfortable, but even this seemed to partake of the spirit of sport.

Then came a period of such utter wretchedness that even the spirit of sport was lost in the excess of physical misery. One night we were herded on board a transport in New York Harbor. The temperature was well below zero and a bitter wind was blowing across the river. The hatches of the ship were all open as loading was being completed, there was no place where we could get warm and the one blanket which we carried was little protection against the weather. We had had no food since the evening before and when our spirits were temporarily cheered by the announcement sometime in the middle of the night of a belated mess they sank to still lower depths as the food froze before we could eat it.

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The voyage was an experience more disagreeable than any to which I ever thought human beings could be subjected. For two weeks we existed crowded into the stuffy hold of the ship with sickness on every hand and with no chance to escape from the close contact with one's fellows. I can recall now the stench of that compartment, the floor of the mess hall slimy and slippery with spilled food, the futile attempts at personal cleanliness, the ghastly blue lights and the long, weary hours of darkness.

From this condition the thrills of arriving on foreign soil afforded a sudden and welcome relief and in the joys of seeing the fascinating architecture, the quaint costumes and the picturesque fields of lower Brittany the misery of the voyage was forgotten.

The two weeks in a so-called "rest camp" at St. Nazaire, where the routine of training camp was once more resumed, brought new impressions. Our outfit was detailed to patrol duty along the country road, and in the outlying villages, and for the first time I experienced the joy of seeing the sun rise over the whitewashed walls and brightly colored roofs of Bretagne farms and the guilty feeling of an intruder in invading village grog shops kept by quiet old ladies in white caps.

Toward the last of January, 1918 I was sent to Brest where, except for occasional trips to other corners of France, I remained for eighteen months, first as an enlisted man and then as an officer. The work in which I was engaged was far removed from my previous idea of military activities. It was a business job, handling the railroad ~~station~~ situation at Brest, and, except for the hindrances and helps resulting from Army organization, the Army intruded itself only on my personal affairs.

Being a soldier, and especially an enlisted man, was altogether offensive to my private sensibilities. Compared with most troops in France we lived comfortably enough, quartered in Napoleonic Stone barracks near the center of the city. But, while of necessity making the best of it, I hated it all;-having every week to submit to a disgusting physical inspection; being

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ed around and insulted by a low-down Sergeant; being thrown in close contact with those whom I could not but dislike, being bullied by M. P.'s, having, like a naughty boy, to get a pass to go out at night; being treated as in an inferior class by men whom I could not respect, being fed like an animal and having no opportunity for the sacred privilege of privacy.

The receipt of a commission changed much of this. Never will I forget the sense of luxury which I experienced the night after I had put on my bars when for the first time in eight months I stretched out between linen sheets in a room all my own.

But even while I was an enlisted man I had the satisfaction of absorbing work. I thoroughly enjoyed my task, when military red-tape or some absurd idea of Army discipline did not interfere with it. Devising plans for handling the troops and freight, developing an organization, working out ideas for new facilities, constant negotiations with various French officials - all of this perhaps harder work than I had ever encountered in my life - was a stimulating, interesting experience.

I think what impressed me about the War as a whole more than anything else was that it was essentially a tremendous business undertaking and I marveled at the Army - a world complete in itself - containing within itself all of the various branches of industry which, existing separate from each other in civilian life, are required for the maintenance of a community. And further, it was, to me, a wonderful example of man's adaptability to new conditions, since almost all of us were doing something for which we had had little previous training and doing it satisfactorily; living under conditions which would formerly have seemed unendurable and somehow putting up with them.

On the other hand, although the Army organization made all of this huge undertaking possible, I was continually vexed at the handicap which Army red-tape placed in the way of individual initiative and pained at the offenses to one's personal sensibilities which were caused by Army notions and by the artificial distinctions

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of Army organization. I should have been amused, but instead I was mad, when at a moment of turmoil with a train off the track, a troop train due to leave, a squabble on between an American and a French sous-chef de Gare and all of us working feverishly to unscramble the difficulty, I was ordered post-haste to the General's office and there upbraided for twenty precious minutes for not having my trench coat properly buttoned.

Hanging over everything, even at a place so far removed from the battle-front as Brest, was the sombre atmosphere of death and destruction, and for me its influence was unescapable. There were women and old men in mourning, the hospital trains full of mutilated wrecks of humanity, the troop ships with their herds of human cattle; there were the days when report would come of a vessel torpedoed and a bedraggled survivor would be brought back to tell his story, and then on my trip to the Front there was the terrific destruction on all sides.

I never will forget the arrival of our first hospital train. It was at night and the darkness added to the effect. The line of ambulances drawn up to meet it gave one a sickening feeling and when the train crawled in and the poor bandaged, helpless chaps were handed down to the waiting machines, it came over me as no reading had ever made it that war was nothing but horrible destruction in the face of which men ceased to be persons and counted only as "material", and were valued and treated as such.

In spite of everything, however, my memory of my Army experience brings up more happy than unhappy impressions. There was the joy of being in a new country and seeing new surroundings, of meeting interesting people and of being able to enjoy all of these things without thought of the future. I recall an overnight trip to a picturesque seaside resort where the bay stretched out at our feet in a perfect semi-circle crowned with a white lighthouse on either tip and where the hillside sloping down to

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the beach was fragrant with roses. I recall many nights going out in a little motor boat to the entrance of Brest Harbor to meet the convoys and witnessing the stirring sight of the huge ships coming in through the narrows. The very fact that we were members of the Army made possible delightful associations with French people which ripened into the deepest friendships and led to many wonderful times. There were days spent at beautiful old chateaux; there were delicious little official dinners with the members of the French Mission, presided over by a dear old Colonel whose speech was poetry, and there were evenings of music with some of the most charming people I have ever met in my life. All of these things were part of my military experience and many of them would not have been possible except for the fact that there was war and we were a part of the American Army in France.

I think what impressed me as the most awful side of the War was the ignorance of most of the Army herd as to what it was all about and as to why they were in it anyway, the false enthusiasms which were aroused, the false appeals which were made to human emotions and the false prejudices which were instilled in men's minds. In rereading some of the letters which I wrote at that time I am reminded that I felt then that these evils which seemed to be an inevitable part of the institution of War were more serious than the War's physical horrors since they would have a more lasting effect upon the world. I felt then as I feel now that war could be made less possible only if people could be educated so that they would desire to know the facts as nearly as they could be known and at least know the reasons for their own actions. And if a son of mine ever has to face the problem I hope, above all things, that I can help him to think straight. If, after counting the cost, he has the courage to be a conscientious objector, I will respect him. But if he thinks the cost too great, I trust he will face the issue frankly knowing that it is nasty business, not being misled by false enthusiasms or by foolish notions of glory or virtue and will put to himself the real reason for his move.

Parker McCollester.

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May 10, 1922

From Mark Wiseman, 120 West 42nd Street,

Member of Sub-Committee on
Combatting Venereal Diseases,
Council of National Defense,
Oct. 1917 - Jan. 1918.
1st Lieut. Sanitary Corps,
Jan. 1918-Dec. 1918.

Special Representative of the Secretary
of War for the enforcement of Sections
12 and 13 of the Selective Service Act.

To: Mr. Heber Blankenhorn,
289 Fourth Avenue,
New York.

I saw no war of guns and gas.

Joining early as a civilian with a group being organized to anticipate as far as possible, and to combat, venereal diseases in the draft army, my immediate task became that of helping the American public to realize the danger its men faced from the scourge of prostitution which, at times of mobilization, always develops rapidly to a wide-spread epidemic.

Like many others who began extra military work with the expectation of soon going into active military service, I found myself soon completely absorbed into a rapidly growing organization, with a problem before it so vast that it began to appear almost hopeless of solution. The more information we collected, the vaster and more intricate the puzzle became. We learned that the Allied Armies were actually having a larger number of casualties from venereal diseases than from the fighting at the front. Troops in training in England and France were being ravaged. Our own War Department was, without the aid of the public, powerless to prevent a similar situation from developing on this side. An aspect of the situation which was even more tragic and far-reaching than the temporary incapacitation of combat troops was the possibility and the probability of the permanent blood taint which those with venereal affection would transmit to the life of the nation upon their return from duty.

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The task, therefore, became one of arousing the public to a consciousness of its responsibility. For it is from the civilian environment that venereal contacts come.

The Surgeon's General's Departments of the War and Navy Departments, assisted by the Commission on Training Camp Activities and the American Social Hygiene Association, taking a lesson from Allied experience, organized a plan -- the first of its kind in history -- to protect the American Army and Navy from venereal disease. This plan involved not only military regulations, education and enforcement of Sections 12 and 13 of the Selective Service Act (designed to suppress prostitution within fifty miles of any military camp or post, and to prevent the sale of liquor to soldiers,), but also the suppression of prostitution by the efforts of the civilian population in all territories available to troops or from which recruits were to come. This meant practically the nation-wide suppression of this form of vice, so far as it was humanly possible.

The details of the plan and its operation are all available in the records of the War Department, Navy Department, and the American Social Hygiene Association. It is enough for our purpose here to say that its degree of success astounded the Allies and our own American skeptics. Compared with the Allied Armies, the American Army had an almost unbelievably low venereal rate, not only during training here, but throughout the operations of the A. E. F.

The American Army went into action with fewer venereal cases than any other army in the history of the world. This fact may be attributed to a number of causes -- military prophylaxis, education of the troops themselves, strict military policing of extra-cantonment territories, the suppression of prostitution in civilian communities (before the signing of the armistice, practically every segregated district and every known house of prostitution within reach of troops was wiped out of existence) and, last but far from least, the natural intelligence and high standards of the troops themselves.

In achieving this triumph, which I believe every American should be proud of, the United States Government and the American Army and Navy accomplished what England, France and Italy had said was impossible. Its significance to the American race is immeasurable.

My share in this work was small, but it covered nearly every phase of it except what was done abroad. If I were to appraise the results of the Great War from this point of view alone, my estimate of their value to humanity would be great indeed. For these efforts proved, for the first time, that prostitution and the venereal menace can be successfully combatted by organized effort. The war provided the occasion - without this war or another, no such effort could have been made.

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Beyond the fact that, due to the early militarization of my co-workers and myself, I became a part of the military organization, I had no share in army activities -- not even that share which was granted to those who got no further than the American training camps.

CAN WAR BE ABOLISHED?

Let me be perfectly frank at the beginning. I am neither for war nor against war. In an academic discussion, it is easy to say, "I am against war"; and it sounds rather stupid to say, "I am for war". But you cannot make war an abstract and absolute conception. There is no such thing as absolute right or wrong. The moral code changes constantly. We say it is wrong to kill, when what we mean is, "It is wrong to kill unless we find killing necessary to the preservation of our safety and happiness." We say peace is good, when what we mean is, "Peace is good except when war is necessary." War in the abstract seems to me to be less a matter of right or wrong than a matter of expediency. The only way I can see to prevent war is to substitute for it an expedient which will prove equally effective.

War, as we know it today, is the result of differences of opinion between two groups, the members of which, as will be indicated, lose their individuality under the stress of emotional stimuli and become crowds. Until some machinery can be devised by which those differences of opinion can be settled by mutual compromises before the groups have crystallized into crowds, war will always be a possibility.

It seems stupid, therefore, to inveigh against war when war cannot by any stretch of the intellect be conceived as an abstraction, unless the effort be to contrast war's results unfavorably with the possibilities of some other expedient for the settling of international difficulties.

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I should like to try to show how futile it is to combat war merely by argument or anti-war propaganda, without the aid of a logical, well-articulated substitute to offer in its place.

Let us analyze briefly, without reference to historical causes, the psychological developments which led up, first, to Germany's war declaration, and, second, to the entry of America into the Great War.

Those who make war may be divided roughly into two general classes -- first, those who organize; and second, those who fight. For the first class, war is an intellectual problem. For the second it is an emotional experience. These are generalizations, of course, and must be accepted as such.

Another generalization -- war is a psychological result of economic pressures. It arises from "I want" or from "You must" -- usually the former. The early wars of conquest were seldom national -- they were usually the expression of the personal ambition of the individual ruler or a ruling clique. Wars of aggression, frankly and recognizably such, cannot be national -- an aggressive war becomes national only as it becomes spiritual. By "spiritual" I mean "holy", in the sense that it is being waged for a "cause", not merely for material gain. As soon as it becomes a war for a "cause", it becomes a war of defense.

This premise must be accepted, I believe, before modern war can be discussed intelligently. For in order that modern war may be waged at all, it must be national - it must bring into coordinated action, nearly every element in the national situation. The nation must become a "war crowd", as differentiated from a group of individuals. A study of modern war develops therefore into a study of crowd psychology and crowd emotions. Any form of activity designed to prevent war must have as its object the prevention of a war crowd from forming, or the dissolution of a war crowd already formed.

Without attempting to go into the causes of the Great War, it is fairly easy to trace the formation of the "war crowd" in Germany over a period of years. Germany, and the world at large, had never adopted any substitute for war. Germany felt economic pressure from her neighbors. She said "I want" and she knew of no means by which she could satisfy her want other than war. Therefore, she prepared for war. Through years of military education, in which the "soldier idea" became a fetich and a national ideal, through the insidiously intelligent use of nationalist propaganda, through constantly planning towards a single end — Weltmacht -- the German military organizers brought their national machinery to an almost perfect state of potential military efficiency, ready for coordinated action at a moment's notice.

When the moment arrived which provided an occasion, material preparation having been effeted, the military organizers at once

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turned their attention to the psychological demands of the situation. The support of the people was essential and it was one thing which could not be bought by the ton or manufactured by the barrel. It must be stimulated. Matters must be arranged at once so that the war ~~shall~~ should become a spiritual crusade -- against an aggressive and devouring enemy which was leaping at the nation's throat; and in behalf of an ideal so concrete that its expression (war) would be the national stimmung. How easy the task was! First, defense -- defense against vengeful France and perfidious Albion. Second, Kultur. There you have the two ideas which aroused the German people in support of a war which , by any form of coldly analytical reasoning as individuals, they would probably have rejected. How quickly the anti-war Socialists, the pacifists, the intellectuals, fell before the psychological onslaught! By what form of anti-war propaganda could that onslaught have been combatted?

What happened in Germany was absolutely natural. If the militarists had not provided a "cause", the people, once they found themselves in danger, would have provided one. The mere fact of war ppoduced a crowd. The skilful "defense" and "Kultur" propaganda quickly enlarged, consolidated and focused the crowd. Without it, the development would have been slower, but it would have been sure. By their very nature, crowds became proselytizers; in order to proselyte they must have "causes", in order to promote (or defend) causes, they must have organization. Therefore, whichever way you look at it, the war idea is a crowd idea; and conversely, most real crowd ideas possess the qualification for starting war, so long as there is no substitute for war.

The American People were not exceptions to the general rule regarding crowds and war. Go over your memory of the three years from 1914 to 1917 and recall how many individuals urged the President to join the Allies. But they remained individuals and powerless until April 1917. During the three years previous to that date speech was free in America. While there was little doubt as to the direction the national sympathy was taking, the pro-German sympathizer could expose himself without fear of imprisonment; and the pro-Ally sympathizer was not always ~~governed~~ greeted with unalloyed applause.

Belgium, the Cavell incident, the Lusitania -- none of these was sufficient, alone or together, to produce a national war crowd in America.

But war was in the air. It awaited only a spark -- a motivating crowd idea.

Then came the submarine attacks of 1916-17, the President's warning, and finally his message to Congress in April. Overnight, the war-crowd formed -- the world must be made "safe for democracy". We had a cause. We had a spiritual reason for fighting. War became as inevitable as sunrise.

Whatever we may now think of war as an institution or of the justification for our entering the Great War, I doubt if the Nation could have become a unit in support of war, as it undoubtedly did become, without some such "moral idea" as this phrase of Wilson's provided. We may list reasons for our action by the score, but in this one phrase and its later development and evolution we can find the

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psychological binder and the emotional stimulus which made the American war crowd. Yet I believe that if Wilson had not provided the idea, some one else would have provided it or another.

From this beginning we can chart the course of America's mobilization along two main lines -- first, the material preparations; second, the emotional preparation.

The material preparation for war is an intellectual problem in the main -- a problem of organization, production and transportation. In its solution as represented by the results of American work in the Great War, those who desire to prevent further wars can find few helpful lessons -- it is largely an automatic, mechanical matter, even though it is dependent upon human action.

The emotional preparation for war is, on the other hand, a complex and, from the point of view of the anti-war analyst, a far more pregnant phase. Even the briefest review of America's emotional preparation for the Great War will reveal characteristics of psychological reaction which will show the absolute futility of anti-war propaganda once the war idea is launched.

Let us work by a process of elimination, starting at the end and traveling backward.

The final expression of war-psychology is the army. The army (and in this word I include all military and naval combat forces) is the fighting machine. Its success or failure in the field "settles" the questions at issue.

A number of sincere and conscientious men and women tried to obstruct the organization of the American Army in 1917 by the argument that war is wrong. Why were their efforts so futile? Because the organization of an Army to fight for a "cause" is an emotional matter, and emotion is as different from logic as the tides are different from a railroad train. Even if there had been no conscription, even if every potential soldier could have been brought to listen to arguments against war and pictures of the horrors of war, the Army would have been organized, because the Army was Youth, and Youth wants to fight. To Youth, war is romance -- a challenge to the spirit of adventure and contest. That is one reason. Then there is patriotism -- a mixture of fear of public opinion, of the instinct of self-preservation, of the male instinct to protect the weak, and of the crowd emotion which makes the individual do what others do. With frank admiration for the conscientious objector who will resist all these forces at the sacrifice of his position, in society, his freedom and even his life, I ask, how can the average youth refuse to fight? He can't! And let us face facts -- he won't!

So much for any effort to prevent the organization of an army.

The other chief factor in war is the general public -- The People -- who will pay the bills and reap the grief of the tragic sowing. How logical it sounds to say that if the public would refuse to authorize the necessary expenditure and to allow its sons

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to join the Army, war would be impossible! But again, how futile! The public <u>believes</u> in war! It is under attack. Its highest principles and ideals are at stake. It has no alternative but war. Of course it will pay the bills and send its sone -- and who is to say that it is not right? To protect is natural; to sacrifice is holy; to weep is inevitable.

The capitalist, the munitions maker, the profiteer -- "<u>They</u> are responsible for war!" cries the Socialist. How pitiful! That these unimaginative, unorganized individuals, whose real prosperity depends upon peace, should be capable of driving 110,000,000 people into war -- how absurd! And yet -- and yet, the lure of money-making, even though temporary, is another urge that contributes to the war psychology and renders anti-war propaganda powerless.

The Administration -- the Government -- "<u>it</u> is the real war-maker", says the Anarchist. "No government, no war". However justifiable this cry may have been in Germany, we should be hard put to it to find evidence that the Government of the United States forced America into the Great War. The President crystallized the rising war-emotion -- nationalized the war idea. Congress was the enacting instrument. But, if the whole truth were known, I believe we should find that the Government's leadership into war was a merely apparent and superficial thing -- had it refused to assume that leaderhsip, war would have been forced upon it by public opinion. Yet Governments <u>can</u> make war, and what propaganda can stop them?

- * -

Up to this point, we have assumed that the prevention of war would benefit the world. There are many people who will disagree -- <u>sincerely</u> disagree. They say that war has been responsible for nearly every great spiritual step forward in the history of civilization. They will cite you Philip and Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon, Washington and Lincoln. They will cite the Great War itself. They will state the principle of the survival of the fittest and the elimination of the backward and ineffective. They will offer the danger of over-populating the earth. They will argue the preservation of Christian ideals or democracy or the supremacy of the white race.

Therefore, those who hope for the abolition of war have not only to combat the constant material and emotional preparation for war, the natural instinct and will to war and the war-making factors in the laws of economics and legislation; but they must combat also a counter-propaganda in favor of war as an institution.

Give up? No -- Anti-war propaganda is a necessary adjunct to constructive anti-war thinking.

But let us propagandize in favor of <u>thinking</u> first.

Let us get a logical, effective and efficient substitute for war as a settler of differences. Then we shall have something to offer to the intelligent man and woman who hate war but can see no alternative.

This is, it seems to me, not the place to suggest the answer. Indeed I have no answer. The League of Nations? It has tremendous possibilities, but it needs greater thinking and greater

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salesmanship than it has yet had. Disarmament agreements? They offer a splendid beginning. Open Covenants? Yes -- secret treaties are one of the most insidious causes of wars.

But, as a beginning, let us face the facts that:

1. War cannot be prevented by arguments against war.

2. War cannot be prevented once the war spirit begins to develop.

3. War cannot be prevented without a reasonable, efficacious and efficient alternative method of settling disputes, which has been accepted, not alone by governments, but by the people whom they represent.

[1-28-22]

W. W. NORTON
127 Water St.,
New York City.

SERVICE RECORD

FROM - Dec. 3, 1917)
) Assistant to Supply Officer, Naval Overseas
TO - Mar. 5, 1919) Transportation Service, New York, N. Y.

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"THE BURNT END OF A CINDER"

I

It is April 6th, 1917. The place is called in Arabic "The Burnt End Of A Cinder". We are a few travellers of the export road. We loll about the Consul's rooms in limp white suits of drill. He is a very decent sort, this Consul. Of the new school which is destroying the old comic opera tradition, which made of that service such a laughing stock. An Arab boy, ebony black, enters noiselessly and hands him a message from the cable office. Leaving him to decode it, we go up top side of the Consulate where, with the aid of field glassess, we can see the firing line. Occasionally a British plane "takes off" for an observation and then little gray puffs from turkish manned German Archies mottle the desert. A shout from the Consul brings us below. The expected has happened.

But somehow we can't concentrate on the great news without a "peg", (which goes for a drink east of Suez). We desert the Consulate for the nearest gin mill. Under its friendly awnings, while waiting for our "pegs", we see the camel carivan from the Yeman Valley making its way through the Needle's Eye and down the sand dust mountain side into the Crescent. Each day precisely as the sun crosses the meridian, these stately beasts, indifferent to war, bearing their coffee bag burdons astride their humps, come through the lines under the flag of truce, carrying a thin stream of real mocha to the harems of a few discriminating Sultans.

But now for a toast, It seemed entirely up to the Consul. He makes the effort, but fails. We know his views and he simply couldn't drink a lie. He'd been out East too long and seen too much. We, too, had been batting about diver's parts and had formed a few conclusions on our own. Somehow, none of us could see the good old U. S. A. getting mixed up in an imperial prize fight for the stakes of diplomacy. We waxed a little cynical, in fact, at the thought of Americans becoming Realpolitikers. "Boy, another "peg". The party grows rough, * * * * * It was afterwards reported along the local Rialto that the Yankees had fittingly celebrated their Country's entrance into the Great War.

II

One of this group returns to the States. He reads for the first time the noble addresses of our war President, which seem to offer a new hope for this war. The idea that it could be made a fight for a new set of Queensbury rules which would cut out foul play in the so-called "backword countries" appeals to him. A League which would make it possible for nations to import their raw materials from overseas without the necessity of intriguing for war-provoking concessions or alleged "Protectorates" from which to obtain them and would at the same time make the export markets a fair field for all commers - seemed mightily worth fighting for. Such a war would then actually become "A War To End War". And so this ideal grows upon him until finally - he determines to join up.

Export and shipping experience qualify him best for the cargo transport service. And a hundred days at sea during the proceeding twelve months, including an encounter or two with "tin fish" in the

Mediteranean, casts the necessary glamour and romance around that service. The N.O.T.S. is just in process of organization. He enrolls with the promise of birth as supply-officer aboard one of its vessels.

But if his choice is made solely in answer to the call of "the great adventure", he is out-of luck. For as the Navy takes over one after another of the ships of the merchant marine, and as the Emergency Fleet Corporation begins to deliver the new Shipping Board boats, the work of an Assistant to the Supply Officer at this "American Port" ties him fast to his post. And so for months on end he wrangles over ship's stores with "Skippers" and their "Chiefs". "Should a 7000 ton dead weight well deck type rate 12000 feet of 5/8" cables"? "How many gallons of lubricating oil should this tanker requisition"? And then the last mad rush of shoving off the convoy, and a bit of cinch until the next one is got on with. But to a man who believed that out of all the fuss on this side and all the bloody business on the other, something really constructive might come - it seemed worth while.

III

The armistice, demobilization, and just as he gets back into civil life again, the terms of the Treaty of Varsailles. Apparantly someone had sold him out. For the treaty is of the same old stuff. To the victor, the spoils. Spoils of coal, iron, rubber, copra, etc. to be fought for all over again as soon as the vanguished have regained sufficient strength and bartered for a new set of alliances. A League, yes. But a league ignored by the European Premiers and repudiated by an American Senate. The world saved from the nightmare of the swash-buckling German military, but not yet taught the lesson that there will be no peace until the economic interdependence of nations is recognized. No peace, until there is provided some sort of an International Federal Trade Commission (be it called League or Association of Nations) whose business it is - to see that each of the great producing powers are permitted free access to the raw materials vital to them, and free markets for the sale of the out-turned manufactures.

IV

So I testify that for me this war has not yet been faught out. The military and naval operations may have ended, but they have failed my ends. I, therefore, pledge a continuous service record "in the war to end war" in the only way where victory lies - the application of the principles of international cooperation to the problem of world trade. * * * * * * In the meantime, back at that Arabian gin mill, the crowd round one of its dirty marble top tables has the laugh on —

New York, January 28th, 1922.

W. W. N o r t o n .

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n.d.

Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge

Volunteered in French Army
June, 1917, as Camion driver;
Chemin desDames, etc, etc.

Volumteered American Army
May 1918, private, infantry, unattached,
assigned to Stars and Stripes newspaper
as artist. Took part: Belleau Wood;
Chateau Thierry; San Mihiel; Argonne;
Belgium. Citation

Discharged, May 1919; private.

First Draft of article. Needs cutting and revision. Will show, however, what material I have:

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(1)

When war was declared in 1914, I wanted to see what it would be like. I was keen to experience for myself the thrill, the glory, the adventure. So obtaining a job as a press correspondent, I sailed immediately.

At Rosendaal, Holland, my adventure began. Belgian refugees - four times the pupulation of the quiet village - deluged the railroad station, packed every house, and camped in the narrow streets. Homeless, hungry folk, desolate and miserable: women whose brothers had been shot down by their sides; men whose only trace of wives and sisters were [redacted] rumors too horrible for belief; children whimpering for their lost parents, spelling out the chalked names on fence posts to see if any friends had passed that way. A jumble of people.

What was this war all about, I asked them. Blankly, they shrugged their shoulders. In the distance great guns had boomed; their youngest son had thrown on his uniform of the "Guarde Civil" and run to the Hotel de Ville, the road past their cottage door had jammed with fleeing country people in a frenzy, crying that the Uhlans were burning house and field and spearing with long lances babies playing in the streets -- they had thrown a few valuables into a bundle and joined the procession. Did they hate the Germans, I asked. Why no, one replied, but he mightily disliked the French whom he had heard his uncle say were all immoral. Yes, replied another. For three generations a German army had swept over his farm and distroyed his grape-vines: His father and his grand-father had hated the Germans. Another had been in the army, had shovelled feverishly, digging gun emplacements in the woods outside Brussels; and when the capitol had capitulated, had run home, changed into civilian clothes, and now meant to get behind Antwerp, join his army again and kill Germans because they had captured his town. One young farmer had

2

been forced by German artillery to cut down the trees of his own orchard so that a seige gun could demolish a town which had fired on advancing troops. His only reaction seemed to be that the work was hard but the soup was good and the jointed saw used to cut the trees very ingenious.

A bewildered jumble of people: simple farmers, commonplace townsmen. Over them had swept this thing, War, crushed their roofs, trampled their growing fields, cut down their trees, killed haphazard. And they were fleeing in panic.

Realizing that this panic was unsafe to its line of communications, the German army was already attempting to bring Belgian life back to normal. On one of their special trains for refugees I went to Antwerp. In the five days of its occupation the new government had adapted itself perfectly to the burgomeister's offices and was functioning with all the red tape of centuries. Indeed, in the wake of the first rush had come a certain calm. On a Sunday in Brussels I bought a five franc seat on a hay rick rigged up with plank benches going out to sight-see the battle fields as far as Malines, until at the river German sentries said it would not be safe to go further. For all the world like the rubber-neck wagons of peace. Brussels, too excited over the novelty of war to do more than gasp, looked on as at a holiday, a circus.

And truly the German troops were spectacle enough! Marching eight abreast along the cobbled roads, picked men, athletic products of the turnverein, singing in trained choruses their marshal national hymns; all day long came this endless stream from the Rhine. All night one heard that steady tramp, tramp, clank of a sabre, tramp, tramp, tramp. And in a stupor the bewildered people watched.

Then as the people bought at the street corners for a penny each the "dead lists", and as the stories of atrocities spread, flamed over Belgium a dull hatred for the conquerors. Jerked out of the calm of peace times, people discovered that war had changed all values of life.

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As in a defective mirror an image is twisted, all life was deformed. Nothing remained normal. In the stream of war hysteria, the atrocity stories grew wilder and wilder, and everyone believed them all. Nor were these exaggerations alone in the Belgian mind. The German had as many stories to tell as the native. The Germans went about murdering the wounded, whispered the Flemmish hotel keeper to me; and over a bock of ~~Munich~~ München the Bavarian peasant would tell me how the French troops cut off the ears of German victims and strung them on strings around their cartridge belts. One German sentry was much worried at my riding a bicycle along the roads in the dusk. Some Belgian will think you are a soldier, he explained, and will take a pot shot at you from an upper window. At Dinant the inhabitants pointed out the wall along the river where two hundred men picked by lot from the main street had been lined up and shot. And the [redacted] German guard there at the bridge told me how when the Germans had first entered Dinant from all the houses in the main street had come shots killing the marching soldiers. Civilians had been found in the houses, there was no time for inquiry, they had been shot as military law required. These Belgians did not understand the rules of war, he said.

That was it. The world had drowsed in peace. It must learn that for war new "rules" are necessary. These, necessities, I was finding, made life on all sides horrible. Everyone I met filled me with the current tales which were spread from mouth to mouth. ~~At Florennes, later~~ At Florennes after nightfall the whole village came to the estaminet where I had put up. As was the rule of the Kommandateur in all, towns, people had to be in bed and all lights out at eight o'clock ("German time" --the clocks of Belgium were Prussianized as soon as the army came in), but this night they came to my back room, and behind drawn blinds recited the usual ~~[illegible]~~ stories. In a corner a school girl laboriously copied some pages of minutely written manuscript. It was the national grape-vine press at work. These sheets were secretly passed from hand to hand, from

village to village. More stories, more rumors of what the Germans were doing to Belgium.

Gradually it came over me how impossible and futile it was to attempt to keep rules of humanity in war time. It was all barbarous. We were not used to it. What was an "atrocity" in 1914 became the normal thing in 1915. What the world shuddered at in the German methods at the first, the whole world was engaged in doing at the end. In those first days we were horrified by the submarine. In January, 1922, the Revue Militaire, official organ of the French ministry of marine says: "The (German) U-boat was was completely justified.....it must be recognized that the German war leaders had every right on their side when they employed the U-boat .....the employment of the U-boat was carried out in a manner that was thoroughly correct."

Talking with the Belgians I found that they did not want the war, they desired only to be left in peace with their tiny gardens; now as I talked with their enemy I found their point of view pitifully similar. No doubt there were those who wanted to fight. But in my thirty days of tramping with them I did not meet one. Always I heard the same thing: England was [redacted] jealous of the Fatherland, France was increasing [redacted] her army, Russia had attached them; surrounded by enemies, their very existense threatened by the commercial rivalry of Britian, with their backs to the wall they had to fight - and fighting meant getting through Belgium before the other fellow did. They were absolutely sincere. They were just as sincere as [redacted] had been the English [redacted] who told me that they were fighting for their lives and the Belgians who told me that they were fighting for theirs. And needless to say I found these German soldiers the same sort of fellows as the Hans and Fritz whom I had known in Chicago and Los Angeles and New York. At Quatre-Bras, near the site of Waterloo, I was having coffee at a little bar. A German of middle age in spike helmet and heavy boots was ~~[illegible]~~ playing with a little Belgian child on his lap. Tears welled from

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his eyes. "At home I have three [redacted] kinderlein who look just like you," he said, " and I shall never see them again." Alas he rose and slung to his shoulders his big hide covered knap sack, I thought of how the next day, that very afternoon, perhaps, this man, transformed into a beast in the delirium of a charge would be sticking a foot of steel into some Frenchman - some man by nature just as inoffensive.

Thus with the [redacted] commissariate baking bread in long trenches dug in the banks of the road side, at country inns such as [redacted] the Hotel de Moulers where a whole class from Heidelberg University was quartered, at Meubeuge where among the famous forts crumbled into dust I messed with a squad who had been business men in the Philippines, or among the trugging privates who always had a brother or friend, Herr [redacted] Schmidt who lived in Milwaukee - did I know him? - I saw this invading army of "barbarians." And I found that they were sick of the whole war before Christmas of 1914 and that as soon as they had captured captured Calais "next week" they were going home to rest gladly in peace for the end of their days.

My own war experience in the German army came to an abrupt end. One day an officer stopped his car and asked me who I was. "An American." He reached out, took my hat off, and looked in the sweat band for the dealer's mark. That was not enough. "Your pass?" He read it, then turned to a cycle soldier and told him to take me to Thield, a prisoner. "But my I have travelled on this pass for weeks," I protested. "It is too good to be true", he said. So for a week while a corps of clerks scrutinized my life history to see if I were as important a spy as they supposed, I had the chance of [redacted] sharing the life of a corporal's guard. And at the end a most courteous official conducted me to the border, and bowing said that he was most charmed to have made

my acquaintance, but that all artists and writers were henceforth "verboten."

I had had my adventure. I had had a ringside seat at the war. When I sailed from New York I had felt like a boy leaving school for the holidays; I came back with a loathing for this [redacted] murdering, and ashamed of my childish curiousity. I had seen English, German, Belgian youths caught in a heartless machine which turned them into beasts and ground them into the mud. [redacted] I never wanted to get near this horror again - the mire of trenches, the suffering of innocent people.

(Then, briefly, my reasons for volunteering in the French army, and a few incidents which changed my opinions and gave me the stand I now have)

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[1923]

CLOVER FIELDS

KESWICK, VA.

April 15th, Sunday.

Dear Dorothy;

On Thursday of this week, the 12th, I received from Mr. Croly, through the office of "Asia" in New York, the proof of the Mukden chapter in Willard's forthcoming biography. By dropping all other work I was able to mail the proof, by special delivery back to Mr. Croly yesterday afternoon, the 14th. Thus I did all I could do to comply with Mr. Croly's instructions to get the material back to him at the earliest possible convenience as he was about to sail for Europe and the final printer's date was imminent.

As you probably know, it is difficult or impossible to make more than superficial alterations in the proof. Radical changes, when necessary, should be made in the manuscript before it reaches the proof stage. With many months of possible collaboration in the preparation of a chapter covering a period in Willard's life of which Mr. Croly, by his own admission, knows nothing; with type-written copies of the manuscript, as Bennett informs me, available to other readers these last three months---nevertheless Mr. Croly sends me this proof, a passage in his book constructed very largely on information contributed by me and recording a period of continuous association

at first hand

[incomplete]

GEORGE P. BRETT, PRESIDENT — A. H. NELSON, VICE PRESIDENT — L. J. LUCAS, SECRETARY — GEORGE P. BRETT, JR. TREASURER

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April 20, 1923.

Dear Mr. Croly:

Please write W Tolbert and order the 1500 copies at the two prices agreed. Advise me when ordered. H.C.

Mr. Herbert Croly,
The New Republic,
421 West 21st Street,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Croly:-

According to our contract, you are to place with us an order for fifteen hundred copies of the Willard Straight book at a price to be agreed upon when the manuscript and pictures are all in hand. From the material now before us, including the estimates of manufacturing cost in the style which has been agreed upon, we are prepared to charge $4.15 per copy for these fifteen hundred copies. This is, we may explain, a very special price, and does not assure us of the ten per cent. profit on the edition which, according to the contract we are privileged to take, but it is a concession which we are most happy to make. We thought that possibly you might like this information before you sailed so that the order could be sent to us now, thus closing up that detail in the transaction. We have only just received the information which it was necessary for us to have in order to make a quotation.

Yours very truly,

HSL.KK — THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Dear Mr. Croly: Have had good copy set as a very low price. I expect it would be best. It means that the book will be sold & W the profit for us. Keep this letter. H Latham

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[1920]

32 Rue Cassette
Paris, France
Decoration Day

My Dear Mrs Straight

The impulse to send
for this little note is so strong
that it must be obeyed. I
have not forgotten that night
you took me home in your
car from the book club and
your sympathy when I told
you of my own sorrow.

To-day I attended the
Memorial Services at
Suresnes and after the

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ceremony was over my friend and I walked through part of the cemetery. As we walked along I said "How many American women there are who would like to be here to-day, I wish I could take their place and put a flower some place but I do not know any one resting here".

The words were scarcely spoken when right before me was your husbands grave. And this little note is just to tell you how nice it looked - there was a beautiful big spray of red poppies, white and blue flowers, tied with ribbon of the same colors - The Ceremony was very beautiful and impressive and when the "taps" were sounded not many tearless eyes -

Yours very Sincerely

Georgia Croton

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With America in Honoring Our

[5-31-23] [Herald, Paris]

In Beautiful Ceremony at Suresnes, Thousands Pay Tribute to Heroes

France and America Join Hands in Simple but Impressive Observance.

Grateful for the sympathy and support of America during the darkest days of the war France joined hands willingly with America yesterday in the simple, beautiful ceremony at Suresnes Cemetery near Paris, which marked the military observance of Memorial Day. There on the slopes of Mont Valérien, overlooking the Seine valley and Paris, lie the bodies of 3,000 Americans, many of whom died in Paris hospitals where they were hurriedly brought from the battlefields for the expert attention, which was not available in the field stations.

Crowded on the wooded slope which borders the cemetery and massed in front of the improvised stand where military leaders of the Allied powers spoke their tributes to the memory of the gallant dead, were thousands, of French including a number of schoolchildren whose interest in the welfare of the graves of those Americans who lie in France awakened in Ambassador Herrick a chord which sounded a heartfelt message of thanks.

Each of the thousands of graves, in even rows with military precision, bore a French and an American flag and a warrior's tribute, a laurel wreath. The French schoolchildren bringing flowers from the fields laid little nosegays on each grave and with their little hands tenderly arranged their small contribution.

Sailors Fire Salute.

Men and women in workday clothes paused long enough in passing to stand with bared heads, while a benediction was said over the graves. A troop of cavalry and platoons of infantry escorted their colors to pay the respects of the French army to their American comrades. A detachment of sailors from the U.S.S. Pittsburg, flagship of the American forces in European waters, fired the salute over the graves while a navy bugler sounded taps.

A group of Gold Star mothers, who came to France from the United States especially for the Memorial Day services, occupied a position of honor beside the colors. The group included Mrs. John M. Gallagher and Mrs. S. Bateman, of Wayne, Pa.; Mrs. I. Mauger and Mrs. M. Brawley, of Philadelphia; Mrs. I. Grogan, of Oakland, Cal., and Mrs. M. A. Campbell, of Burlington, N.Y.

Numerous floral tributes were placed under the flag-staff including wreaths offered by the French Ministries of War and the Navy, the American Women's Club, Fraternité Franco-Américaine, the Government of Czecho-Slovakia, the City of Paris and the Conseil-Général de la Seine.

Marshal Fayolle officially represented the French Government and after the ceremony passed in review the French and American troops and the lines of French schoolchildren. The French war veterans were represented by M. Charles Bertrand, president of the Union Nationale des Combattants, whose tribute to the glory of the ideals of the American army was one of the most stirring addresses of the afternoon.

Ambassador's Address.

Ambassador Herrick commented on the beautiful appearance of the cemetery and spoke the nation's thanks to the French people, who have taken an interest in the decoration of the graves. He said:—

"We are assembled here, as we were last year and in the years before, and as will others in all the years to come, to do honor to the men who died in France in defence of our honor and the world's liberty.

"This anniversary brings vividly home to us the fact that the first phase of this war was won on the battlefields by the men whose memory we honor to-day and by their comrades who are now the vital force of the Allied nations. That phase of their work was finished on Armistice Day, and simultaneously there began the second phase, the struggle for peace, the winning of which has become, through their death, our sacred charge. In the name of my beloved country, I tell you, dear people of France, how touched, how appreciative we are of your spontaneous acts of homage to our dead. It is precisely this thought of yours in the minds of tens of thousands overseas to-day that eases the heart-ache of this day."

Major General William E. Wright, representing General Pershing and the War Department, reviewed events as they transpired immediately after America entered the war declaring that President Wilson acted in accord with the temper of the American people when he decided that the support lent to the Allies would be material as well as moral and that an American army, fighting under American officers and with a definite plan of offensive, would be put into the fields in France. He declared that had the American army been broken up and fed into the British and French forces, the morale of the country would have been shattered and the great preparations for extensive warfare actually accomplished would have been impossible.

Colonel Carleton McCulloch, who came to France as a representative of the American Legion, spoke both in English and in French. Colonel Hugh A. Bayne, Commander of Paris Post of the American Legion, praised the ideals of justice and liberty which were foremost in the minds of the Americans when they came to France.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, Ambassador Herrick spoke to the schoolchildren thanking them for their thoughtfulness in paying tribute to the American dead.

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The committee thought it would more useful if such members as could conveniently come to New York could call on you at some time convenient to yourself in order that we might express the fine feeling and admiration which the class had for Willard and to discuss with you the purposes of the memorial, and made this suggestion in my first letter

Answered

MANTON M. WYVELL
UNION TRUST BUILDING
WASHINGTON, D.C.

October 16 1923

Mrs. Willard Straight
New York City

Dear Madam:-

Last June immediately after the re-union of the class of 1901 at Cornell I wrote you sending a copy of the resolution creating at Cornell the Willard Straight Memorial of the class of 1901.

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alfred Sze informs me that you were in Europe at the time and that you did not receive the letter. I now send you a copy of the resolution and am pleased to state that immediately upon the adoption of the resolution about five thousand dollars was subscribed by the forty members of the class present at a dinner. Since, another thousand additional has been subscribed and about thirty two hundred dollars has been paid to the Treasurer of Cornell. We aim to create a fund of ten thousand dollars and we expect to have that amount paid by the time of the next reunion.

A committee of ten members of the class was chosen to assume charge of the memorial, and the honor was accorded me of being made chairman of the committee

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and I am sure that the class will be most glad to be guided by your wishes.

I am
Yours very sincerely,
Manton M. Wyvell

[10-16-23] [2]

MANTON M. WYVELL
UNION TRUST BUILDING
WASHINGTON, D. C.

May I add that we wish your advice and counsel in this matter and we desire that every thing connected with the Memorial meet with your approval and should there be any changes or suggestions which you desire to make, I hope you will indicate them

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[10-16-23]

Whereas, on December 1, 1918, our beloved classmate,

Major Willard Straight

was summoned to his Maker, when in the prime of life and while in the service of his country, and

Whereas, since graduation from Cornell University, he had lived much among the Chinese people, and his affection for the Chinese and his desire to assist in their problems and to cement the friendship between China and the United States was one of the dominant purposes of his active life, and

Whereas, while in the service of China and his own country and in private life he strove sincerely and effectively to create a better understanding between the two countries, and

Whereas, the things which he accomplished won the admiration and approval not only of his classmates but of leaders in statesmanship and leaders of finance of the two countries as well, and

Whereas, the Class of 1901 recalls the strength of Major Straight's character, the depth of his feelings, and the power of his creative ability, and

Whereas, the Class of 1901, of Cornell University, on the occasion of this reunion, held June 15th to 17th, 1923, desires to fittingly recognize by an appropriate memorial the services which he rendered in promoting good feeling between China and the United States and to continue, if only in a minor degree, the work which he so nobly began,

Be it Resolved, That the Class of 1901, of Cornell University, does hereby establish the Willard Straight Memorial at Cornell which shall consist of a fund to be raised immediately, which may be added to from time to time as circumstances may warrant, to be invested by the trustees of Cornell University, the annual income of which shall be at the disposal of the President of Cornell University and shall be given to worthy, industrious but needy Chinese students at Cornell to assist in their education, the student or students, or the number thereof to whom such annual income shall be given in any year, to be in the sole discretion of the President of Cornell University.

Be it Further Resolved, That a committee be appointed by the President of the Senior Class of 1901 to collect the fund and to place it in the hands of the Treasurer of Cornell for investment and to complete the memorial.

Be it Further Resolved, That Major Straight's widow be notified in a suitable manner of the establishment of this memorial.

The establishment of the Willard Straight Memorial by the Class of 1901, Cornell University, in the form and manner above provided for is particularly fitting, because the interest of the class in China, in her people, her progress, and her welfare, has been peculiarly stimulated not only by the life work of Willard Straight but by reason of the character, the personality, the ideals and the achievements in international politics of His Excellency, the Honorable Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, Chinese Minister to the United States, also a member of our class.

The foregoing Resolution was duly adopted by the Class of 1901, Cornell University at Ithaca, New York, on June 15, 1923, on the occasion of the reunion of the Class.

JAMES O'MALLEY, *President,*

CLARENCE H. FAY, *Secretary.*

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Nov. 9/1923

HOTEL D'ITALIE
ROME

RIPAMONTI PROP.

9/11/23

Dear Dorothy,

I have a photograph of a Chinese painting of a Polo game in A.D. 600 & Rosamond tells me that she thinks Willard gave it to me & that you must have the painting?

I would like to have a photographs (actual size) one for the Paris Polo Club & one for the Sydney N.S.W. Polo Club, if Rosamond is right?

I remember Willard speaking to me about it in China, but can't remember where he told me the painting was.

We are here for the Winter & are very comfortable in this quiet hotel & hope to be very happy here.

I have found lots of friends & Rosamond too, although we date 25 years back. when I sent a year ~~year~~ here, of course mine have thinned out

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but those that are left & their descendants of
his others, are just as cordial as ever.
Hoping you are in love to you

& I am very sincerely

Yours Curtis Corcoran

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END

of film

Please Rewind

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