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THE PUBLIC PAPERS AND ADDRESSES OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

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I

THIS second instalment of President Roosevelt's *Public Papers and Addresses* covers the second period of his administration.¹

Since the problems of his second term were at least as momentous as those of the first, this first-hand view of his policy is full of fascination. Each of the volumes has a significant introduction by the President himself, and there are, where necessary, valuable annotations and illustrative documents. The admirable precedent of the first instalment has been followed by providing an ample selection from the verbatim transcripts of the press conferences at the White House. Though the materials are a selection only from what is available, they are full enough in volume, and wide enough in range, to give us a bird's-eye view of the Presidency in operation from the angle of the principal actor concerned. What would we not give to have a similar collection, annotated, say, by so careful and scrupulous an observer as John Quincy Adams, or a volume of *Lincoliana*, introduced by the supreme figure in the presidential succession?

We must not, indeed, press these materials further than they warrant us in going. They are a self-portrait of the President in public dress; they tell us little of the forces in play behind the scenes. We get a close picture of the great fight over the Court as it was thrown upon the public screen; we do not know the advice tendered to him by ex-Attorney-General Cum-

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¹ The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt. 4 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1941. Pp. lxxii, 659; xxxiii, 686; xl, 635; xxxi, 741. \$30.00. [Professor Laski's article on the Roosevelt papers and addresses of the first term appears in 6 *Univ. Chi. L. Rev.* 23 (1938).—ED.]

mings, or Mr. Justice Jackson, or the late Senator Robinson, the discussions which centered round that advice, the hundred different motives and interests which pulled the fight now this way and now that. The part played in the form of the result, for example, by Chief Justice Hughes, the relation of the latter's famous letter for the judiciary committee to Mr. Justice Brandeis, the rumour (which may or may not be true) that it was Brandeis who brought the then Chief Justice into contact with Senator Wheeler, all this remains a mystery for dissection by the future historian. The President tells us a very simple story of why he adopted the policy of non-intervention in Spain during its tragic Civil War. I do not doubt for one moment that this is the stereotype of events which, in the lapse of time, has fixed itself in the President's mind; it may even be that this is the pattern he naturally traced from the materials presented to him by the State Department. I can only say that no historian would accept for one moment the President's pattern as seriously related to the influences in play. He tells us nothing of the famous press conference at which Secretary Hull had an exhilarating combat with Mr. Drew Pearson. Mr. Welles, Judge Moore, Mr. James C. Dunn, Cardinal Mundelein, all had some part in the end-result. What was it that made Assistant Secretary Adolph Berle, at that time the one sure "liberal" in the State Department, become quite suddenly a "realpolitiker" to whom enthusiasm for repeal of the Spanish arms embargo resolution, which had by then infected hardened isolationists like Senators Borah and Nye, had become enthusiasm for an idealistic fetish without roots in the hard facts of objective diplomacy? Nothing in the President's account suggests anything but the simplest of explanations. I do not believe that explanations for decisions of this magnitude are ever simple.

These pages, in short, if they are not quite history as seen from the audience in the theatre, are also by no means history as seen from the chief actor's dressing-room when he has begun to remove the grease-paint. There is a White House, as it were, behind this White House into which we are generously permitted to enter; and it is in that White House, the scenes in which the historian will have painfully to reconstruct, perhaps fifty years from now, in the faintly musty atmosphere of the Roosevelt Archives at Hyde Park, that the real history was made. Here we see the final result of the chief actor's study of his part; the thoughts he had as he conned it, the materials he used before he stepped into the flood-light of history, all this is still obscure. Let us admit that any President, especially a very great President like Mr. Roosevelt, must, in the final event, go by the light of his own insights. It still remains true that before he takes his stand, he sees each issue from the angle of a score of different

influences, putting it now in this direction, now in that. The hypothesis of a direct march upon an obvious goal rarely leads to the writing of a good history; for, almost always, there are cross-roads in which someone's counsel, someone else's pressure, might easily have led to the choice of a different road. The path chosen becomes inevitable to us in the light of the fact that we have chosen it. But, almost always, the inevitability, as we see it, is a method of justifying our arrival at the position we decide to occupy. We are convinced by it, of course; but there comes a time when the historian, with this letter we had overlooked, and that hastily written memorandum we thought we had thrown away, pieces together a narrative in which the simple becomes more complex than we want posterity to imagine. So it is, I suggest, with the President's introductions to these volumes; they are fascinating material for the historian. But it will take another half-century to decide how far they are history.

These volumes, moreover, are public papers; the quips and questions of the press conferences apart, we are left alone, as it were, in the presence of the President and his pronouncements. I can testify that they make good company. But I can testify, also, that I have not seldom felt behind him a company of noble ghosts, and that, on occasion, I would have given much to see them assume the thickness of bodily form. I do not think it is merely my own defective hearing which makes me feel, for example, that the President working over the pages of a fireside talk is a man more at ease with his ideas, more free and more deft in his style, than the President who is seeking to wrest from the rigid sentences of a State Department draft the basis of that warm glow of heart which has made countless millions, all over the world, emphasize his natural magnanimity of temper. One guesses, sometimes, that this document is no more than departmental wax upon which has been imprinted the formal mould of his signature; that another is the outcome of an almost formal discussion with some departmental chief in which a fatigued, and not deeply interested President has, almost by instinct, mechanically altered half-a-dozen sentences, forcing himself into attention as he did so; and that into a third, with the last pundit gone, and two or three of those *eminences grises*, half-friend, half-courtier, whom he knows so well how to use, gathered about him in excited confabulation, the President has poured all the infinite resources of his art, that supreme faculty for making a man feel that the thing to which the President attaches decisive importance is the thing to which the listener must attach decisive importance, too. So I suspect it was with the Message to Congress of January 6, 1941. There the President is conscious of a unique occasion; there he has set himself to make

every word tell; there it is obvious that, as he and his collaborators framed these pages, they caught in their hearts the echo, sure, if faint, of the applause of the countless millions in an unseen posterity.

II

The first thing that strikes the reader who turns over these pages is the relentless demands of the American Presidency. Granted the range of things he must keep in view, the ability to maintain a private personality, the power to impose an individual impress on the office, is, as a physical problem, akin to the miraculous. There seem nobody and nothing with which the President must not be in contact; and that contact must always bear in mind his own special relevance to its demands. It may be the Boy Scouts, the D.A.R., a community chest in Rochester, the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, the unveiling of a memorial in what was France, the President must say his say, and so say it that his own personality comes through to those who hear it said.

And these, of course, are only, as it were, the ribbons on the box. Beyond are the real issues, the vital problems, with the stuff of life and death about them. There are the realm of international policy—so momentous in the years covered by these volumes—the realm of domestic affairs, the relations, ever uncertain, with the proud gentlemen at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, with all the Opposition party alert for his mistakes and half his own pretty confident that, seated in his chair, they would not have made them; there are the nine now young middle-aged men in that cold, marble palace whose “inarticulate major premises” secrete a kind of interstitial sovereignty; there are the lobbies and the pressure-groups, the men who can be coerced and the men who can be cajoled, the men who, like Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard and Mr. John T. Flynn, would think agreement with any administration direct evidence of original sin; there are the proud Jews who want clear evidence of presidential sympathy in their tragedy, and the not-so-proud Jews who think that presidential forthrightness may mean one more vile editorial in *Social Justice*, who warn the President (of course in private deputation) that the Jews who are overlooked are the Jews who survive; there is the official family of the Cabinet, sometimes men and colleagues in their own right, like Mr. Ickes and Attorney-General Jackson, and sometimes appointed for reasons the President is glad he has not publicly to explain; there is the unofficial family, the men “with a passion for anonymity,” whose main fear, with noble exceptions like Harry Hopkins and Benjamin Cohen, seems to be lest they succeed in remaining anonymous; there are

the hundreds who want important jobs for themselves, and the thousands who want less important jobs for other people; there is the eminent foreigner (sponsored by his embassy) who cannot leave Washington without being able to report at home the *ipsissima verba* of the President, and the not so eminent foreigner (*mal vu* by his ambassador) with a tale to tell that thickens a vital line on the pattern the President must bear in mind; there is the ambassador of the United States abroad to whom the transatlantic telephone has brought new means of being able to stand in the presidential shadow; there is the difficult admiral to be coaxed into discretion; and these, and a hundred things like these, must be woven somehow into the basic tapestry in which a system of priorities for policy must be established, and their relevant strategy planned as a chief of staff plans his campaign.

President Roosevelt, it must be remembered, is above all a crisis-President, so that the complexities he confronts are multiplied tenfold. He cannot say, like President Harding, that, when he has taken his formal bow, he will leave international affairs to the Secretary of State. Fortune does not give a crisis-President the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton"; fiscal policy is not likely, in his epoch, to cast a roseate glow over Wall Street. A crisis-President cannot safely leave final discretion to any of his officials in any realm that is combustible; and he must ceaselessly remember that the fire may come less from the material involved than because of the way in which it was handled by some subordinate. He may have a scheme of priorities of policy in his mind; he can only be certain that some unlooked-for event (in the extreme instance, Pearl Harbor) will make it meaningless. He has to learn that a crisis-President, like a crisis-Prime-Minister, must be, as Mr. Asquith said, a "butcher"; for the one thing with which he must be ruthless is the official (it is central to the office that the President has no colleagues) who cannot stand the strain of crisis. He has to deal with a public opinion of which the nervous system is always set on edge by crisis; so that tempers become more bitter, all -isms more extreme, than in a normal time. Like Agag, therefore, he must walk delicately lest he be hewn in pieces, but never so delicately that his people suspect him of irresolution. He must have the art of timing his interventions with precision; a failure to use the appropriate moment may leave him by-passed by the forces he seeks to control. He must know how to wait and learn how to make his silences as effective as his speeches. Above all, he must convey the impression that the initiative is unbreakably in his hands. For he is President of the United States; and those who framed the system by which he lives so

framed it that without the directing initiative he alone can supply there is no certainty that it will have a goal at all. What the system in a crisis may become in the hands of a nerveless President was demonstrated once for all by James Buchanan. Not even Lincoln's infinite patience and generosity could recover the opportunities Buchanan had lost.

The problems a crisis-President must face are multiplied enormously when they arise on the international plane. It is not merely that a large part of America has not yet, for historic reasons, accustomed itself to realize that, in an interdependent planet, a world-power must accept world-responsibilities. It is not merely, either, that economic considerations, as well as the strategic implications of geography, make, as yet, the psychological impact of war less direct upon America than upon either Europe or Asia; the pitiless hazards of a night-long air raid are something that, perhaps for a generation, Americans are more likely to read about than to experience. There are the added problems which come from the fact that the information on which the President must act on the international plane is, as to much of it, of things he has not directly seen and heard and felt, but of things conveyed to him by the medium of other men's judgments. He has to feel his way in what, inevitably, all the discoveries of modern science still leave a good deal of a twilight world; and even the directness of personal intercourse leaves it true that an Oriental Iago retains the power to obscure the preparation of foul treachery under the capacity to maintain an inscrutable smile.

The crisis-President, as these volumes make evident, has to know the philosophy which lies behind the inferences of the men he uses before he can evaluate the judgment they offer him. He has to make himself aware that Ambassador Kennedy, whom official Britain unites to applaud, means by democracy that speculator's paradise which thought Mr. Charles Mitchell a great banker and did not enquire, in its frenzy, into the bona fides of Ivar Kreuger. He has to judge how far Mr. Bullitt's measure of the strength of the Russian army is an index to objective reality and how far it merely measures the declining temperature of Mr. Bullitt's Russophilism. He has to judge how far the natural impulses of a Gladstonian Liberal from Tennessee are likely to be modified as they encounter that restrained enthusiasm for democracy which is regarded as expertise in the State Department. When he reads the simple record of noble indignation which experience of Nazi Germany evoked in Ambassador Dodd, he has to remember that the President of the United States can never act solely out of noble indignation. He knows how immense is the power at his disposal; but he must never forget that the worst sin of

which he can be guilty is to act in hot blood. And if he is constrained to accept the risks of war, there can never be absent from his mind the need to unite his people behind him in that acceptance, the scale of economic adjustments he will have to seek, the problems of the peace that war inexorably imposes. He may be clear about his duty, as it is obvious from these volumes that President Roosevelt was nobly clear; but it is important to emphasize that he can never know where, or how far, the performance of that duty will take him. For the crisis-President in war-time leads his people along a path of fire; and he cannot ever be certain what will still stand when the conflagration is over.

III

No President can hope to have an intimate acquaintance with more than a fraction of the problems which, as these volumes show, he is called upon to decide. Electric power projects, soil irrigation, flood control, crop insurance, government reorganisation, the construction of small hospitals, resale price maintenance, housing, sit-down strikes, the limitation of the hours of labour, the technique of monopoly, social security—merely to enumerate some of the themes he must turn over in his mind within the domestic sphere only, would call for a specialism in omniscience incompatible with the pursuit of that career which leads to the White House. And this, of course, is to omit the kindred complexities in the international realm, and the issues he must face as Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. It is at once obvious that he cannot have a specialist knowledge of all these things; it is accident if he possess, as Mr. Roosevelt's experience has given him of the Navy and the power problem, knowledge enough of some of them to meet the expert with confidence on his own ground.

What, then, is the special quality that a President needs to enable him to face, and decide upon, issues to many of which he may not have given a thought much before he emerged as the nominee of his party convention? The answer, I think, is wisdom, and the analysis of what constitutes wisdom in a President is a subtle matter not easily conveyed by the written word. It is obvious that wisdom has nothing to do with any sort of formal education; Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln are as positive a proof of this as Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover are its negative proof. It is not merely shrewdness; Coolidge is evidence that shrewdness will make a man President but that, of itself, it is not enough to make him a great President. Nor is it natural intellectual capacity alone; I do not think that abler Presidents than Madison and John Quincy Adams

have sat in the White House, but neither was, in any fundamental sense, a great President. A wise President, clearly, must have character; but though both Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt had plenty of character, again, in any fundamental sense, I do not think anyone can call either of them a great President.

Wisdom in a President, I suggest, is the power to see the emerging pattern of the future, and the capacity to choose the men and the measures which give that pattern its letters of credit. To the achievement of wisdom in these terms a number of qualities is requisite. The President must be a sound judge of men; he must know whom he can trust and just how far his trust can safely extend. He must be aware of the central problems of his time, and courageous enough to meet them in the spirit for which that time will, perhaps only half-consciously, call. He must have the eye for the favourable moment, and the ear for that ground-swell of mass-opinion which enables him to prepare for its coming. He must be willing to be hated for his innovations, but big-hearted enough to forego the desire for revenge. He must be in advance of the median opinion of his fellow-citizens, but never so far in advance that it requires continuous effort on their part to follow him. He must be prepared for the outbreak of the unexpected, and quick to prove that he is not mastered by surprise. While he maintains public reverence for his office, he must inspire public affection for his person. He must be able to interest the people in the processes of government, for popular inertia is the main weapon of privilege. He must cultivate good relations with the Congress; if he breaks with it, he must choose an issue big enough to create a national interest in the outcome of his decision. He must never proceed by methods which suggest a fear of the bold and direct attack; and he must never ask for the overthrow of vital traditions in the national life unless he has carefully prepared the ground for their removal. Above all, perhaps, he must create the conviction in the masses that he has the imagination to enter into their problems, and the constancy to go on, even in defeat, in the effort to solve them. His strength, as President, comes from his ability to maintain their faith in his purposes; without that faith he can achieve neither coherency in plan nor solidity in execution.

Judged by these standards, it is impossible, I think, to deny that President Roosevelt has been a wise President. The reader of these pages will, I suspect, conclude that only twice has his judgment faltered in matters of decisive import. He was wrong, on this view, in his approach to the Court plan, not as to the end he sought, but as to the methods by which he sought to attain it. He was unquestionably right in his emphasis that

public opinion profoundly resented the arrogant conservatism of the Court majority, that it disapproved their attempt to confine the ambit of the Constitution to purposes which squared with their private social predilections. But he was wholly wrong both in the public esteem he attributed to the Court as a part, perhaps the most respected part, of the national tradition; and he was wholly wrong, also, in believing that the labyrinthine method by which he sought to alter its composition would be rapidly or easily understood by those upon whose support he depended. The plan not only divided his friends; it gave his enemies a superb pretext for using their doubt and hostility as the main platform from which to direct their attack. His timing was bad, since the secrecy of its preparation, and the suddenness of its announcement meant the absence of that organised readiness to move into battle upon which the success of such a major statesman must depend. It may be true that the main outline of the plan had a respectable pedigree; it was far more important that, for the direct attack the public expected, he substituted a manoeuvre which the common man thought "smart" rather than courageous. And the common man drew therefrom the natural inference that the President was afraid of the Court. On the day when Chief Justice Hughes, in his letter to Senator Wheeler, counterattacked the President by a manoeuvre not less "smart" than his own, it was clear that Mr. Roosevelt would have to secure his aim by other methods.²

The other example, as I think, of misjudgment by the President was the attempted congressional "purge" of 1938. The temptation to such action is obvious enough; the men whom Mr. Roosevelt attacked used membership of the party he led to stab him in the back. But the policy behind the purge seems to me to have appeared to those to whom it was recommended as exactly that search for revenge to which, as I have suggested, the President must never resort. It was built, moreover, upon a theory of the American party which has not yet been domesticated in the national life. For the major parties are essentially affiliations of persons rather than consolidations of ideas. The real party unit is in city or state or section, rather than nation-wide. The issues of an election to Congress are still mainly fought out in local terms; and presidential interference in these local matters is felt rather as an invasion than as an appeal. It is, of course, true that the President, while he is in office, is the leader of his party; but no one has yet homologized the allegiance that is his due with the stern discipline exacted by the whips in the House of Commons. The

² For Mr. R. H. (now Mr. Justice) Jackson's distinguished defence of the President's Court plan, see Jackson, *Struggle for Judicial Supremacy* (1941).

President gave the appearance of intervening in a private conflict between two personal machines, one of which was operating for a nominee who would not only exchange personal discretion for political subservience, but would also, in the event of victory, put the power of the patronage at the disposal, not of the victorious local machine, but of a man who was the President's "creature." The break with conventions that all this implied was more than the public was prepared to stand. Propaganda—almost all of it dishonourable propaganda—had already painted a stereotype of the President as a would-be dictator; the "purge" seemed a method by which a supine Congress would enable him to transcend the historic separation of powers. Only in New York City did the action of the voters coincide with the recommendation of the President; and it is at best doubtful whether his recommendation was the operative cause of the coincidence. In the result, the men attacked who returned to the House and Senate had the triumphant sense that they were free of any obligation to the President.

I think, therefore, that the attempted "purge" was unwise. It was unwise on precedent; President Wilson's attempt to get a satisfactory Congress in 1918, when the laurels of victory were still fresh upon his brow, was a resounding failure. It was a psychological blunder for two reasons; first, it could be represented as spite, and, second, it implied a range of presidential authority which, in its full logic, would have been fatal to the independence of the local party machines. The President's authority in his party must, from the very character of his position, find its roots in discreet influence and not in avowed power. The attempted "purge" was a direct attack upon this conception, unexpected in ferocity, largely unsupported by the main elements in the party structure which gave it its coherence, and opening vistas down which few professional politicians were prepared to look without dismay. And it was, thirdly, a political blunder, partly because, in the inter-presidential year, it was difficult to make the President's purpose a matter of national concern—few people felt keenly in California about what might happen in Virginia—and partly because its result was bound to encourage those of his party who chafed at the President's policies to a greater latitude than they would have otherwise permitted themselves. It is not, I think, unjust to infer that Senator Clark of Missouri and Senator Walsh of Massachusetts regarded the result of the "purge" as an invitation to accept the benefits of membership in the Democratic Party while emphasizing their freedom from its responsibilities. The "purge" could have been justified only if it had been successful; and it could only have succeeded if the organisation of Amer-

ican political parties had grown out of a different historic environment to a different pattern of operation.

IV

It is inevitably tempting to an Englishman, at this common crisis which has welded the two countries into so momentous a partnership, to compare the leaders of the democracies which confront it. Obviously, the resemblances are profound. Both men are aristocrats leading peoples in whom the traditional concept of aristocracy is being rapidly eroded by profound historic forces. Both men are politicians *de carrière*; both men have been put at the head of national affairs in exceptional circumstances in an exceptional way. Nothing but the certainty of impending conflict could have enabled Mr. Roosevelt to transcend the deep-rooted prejudice against a third term; and nothing but overwhelming danger would have persuaded the Conservative Party to entrust its fortunes to Mr. Churchill. Both men have, in a supreme degree, the power to paint in unforgettable phrase the deepest resolution of their fellow-countrymen; and both possess that long-term tenacity of purpose which holds on in the face of doubt and difficulty until the enemy is worn down by their determination. Both men are conservative in the vital sense that they have never contemplated any radical departure from the traditional system which has brought them to power. Both are capable of that liberal experimentalism which, within the postulates of tradition, is nourished by the aristocrat's dislike of misery he believes to be rooted in the abuses, rather than in the nature, of the social system within which he functions. Both men are, in essence, romantics; and to both men, also, the virtues which appeal may not unfairly be termed the fighting-man's qualities: courage, the endurance of pain, the determination to transcend disaster, the faith that cannot admit even the prospect of defeat, which drinks, therefore, from a secret well of comfort no hostile force can poison. Both men loathe with all their hearts those who inflict unnecessary pain in wantonness; and while both men deeply enjoy the fascination of great power, both fully understand that it has no healthy roots save as it is founded in the soil of democratic respect.

The resemblances are important; but they do not obscure differences which are important too. While neither President Roosevelt nor Mr. Churchill has any more systematic philosophy than the one engendered by the cut and thrust of political controversy, the President, I think, differs from the Prime Minister in his deeper sense of the immense impersonal forces by which they are both surrounded. Mr. Churchill seems to me

the greater orator; perfection of form to substance comes naturally to him, and I do not think Mr. Roosevelt could have reached that height of utterance which Mr. Churchill scaled when, in the name of Britain, he pledged the full-hearted service of its people to "their most splendid hour." But I do not think Mr. Churchill could have written the Message to Congress of January 6, 1941; there were in that message insights into the unfolding shape of the future scene which have been withheld from him. Mr. Churchill is the man who lives eternity in the moment, who rejoices passionately in the zest of battle, to whom victory is that supreme moment when the enemy lowers his sword. Action for action's sake is the breath of life to him; when the campaign is over he has a sense of loss for which his consolation is the eager recollection of the splendid moments it has brought. There are realms of life beyond his ken, since he thinks in terms of the conflict of man with man rather than of the deeper historic urgencies of which men are the instruments. He understands Sir Andrew Duncan but not capitalism, Mr. Bevin but not trade unionism, Lenin the strategist but not the Marxism he sharpened into a sword. He is obsessed by the majesty of our imperial tradition; but that has made him mistake its decorative panoply for that more real greatness which has transformed its Indian citizens into a self-conscious nation, ripe for freedom. He has magnanimity, loyalty, a high sense of devotion to great ends; but he must directly share the experience which clamours for expression if he is to forward its claims. He can see the infinite courage of humble folk under the intense strain of aerial bombardment; but he cannot see that it is this same courage that went in selfless devotion to the building of the British trade unions. Mr. Churchill, in a word, is the great aristocratic soldier of the eighteenth century who has strayed by accident into the twentieth. He meets the storm with ardour; he is the comrade of all who stand with him against the storm. But he is, above all, the general in command, imperious, self-willed, so set on victory as to be detached from the purpose for which the battle is fought. He has an unending zest for life; and, because he knows that defeat is death, there is no sacrifice he will not exact for victory. Yet it is with difficulty that he is brought to remember that, one day, the sword must become again a ploughshare, and it is with a scarcely concealed impatience that he hears the voices which ask for whom the field is to be tilled.

Here, as I think, the gulf between his way of thought and that of the President is profound. Partly, of course, it is because they are environed by different historic traditions. Courage, loyalty, devotion, the good fight for the good fight's sake, these mean all to the President that they mean

to Mr. Churchill, but they mean also something more. He knows that the engineers who build Coulee Dam are not less soldiers in a great battle than the pilot in his Spitfire or the destroyer's captain on his bridge. He knows that Mr. Justice Brandeis was not less a great fighter in the war of human emancipation than Grant or Lee. He can see in the patient years of Senator Norris' devoted political integrity the same spirit which made Washington the architect of American independence. In his mind, he grasps abundantly why Governor Altgeld and Eugene Debs are in the pantheon of the American worker. He sees, in all its inexorable amplitude, the need to go on with this struggle until the forces of aggression are utterly overwhelmed. But his deeper interest is in the morrow of the battle when the wounds must be bound up and the creative forces set again in motion. In the search for victory he cannot forget that deeper search which made him offer the prospect of the "four freedoms" to the people of all lands and races. Not the preservation of a great civilisation merely, but the enlargement of its boundaries, that, for him, is the dream beyond the dream. He is a soldier, like Mr. Churchill, in a great army and a great cause; but the war in which that army fights goes on beyond the defeat of Hitlerism because it ends only when man, who is Nature's rebel, has at long last become Nature's master.

The difference between the half-conscious impulses by which both men are driven lies, if I mistake not, in the different historic traditions which they have inherited. Britain, half in Europe, half sprawling over the world, has fought her way against mighty protagonists to her opulence and dominion; and this is the fifth time in just over three centuries that she has been challenged to defend her power. The liberalism of her polity, and the tolerance of her habits, have been born of the self-confidence of victory, the sense of security in her bargain with fate; the understanding of their splendour was a by-product of their possession rather than a conscious search for their achievement. That is why her ruling class still finds a difficulty in formulating the principles of the next stage in the endless adventure; that is why, perhaps, also, there was that grim hesitation before duty in those years of appeasement in which that aristocratic tradition which does not know how to surrender found in Mr. Churchill the supreme expression of its powers.

But the America which President Roosevelt embodies has always been a land of promise, a refuge for the oppressed, a country in which each generation has undergone an experience of revolutionary proportions. Its traditions were great; but its greatest tradition was its inherent and immanent power to make its traditions anew. It had to fight, on a small

scale, England and Spain, France and Mexico; so far, its greatest struggle has been the struggle for self-conquest. Now, for the first time fully in its history, it has met the irrevocable challenge. For the first time it has set out on a journey in which all its resources are engaged, in which its full responsibilities are in hazard. It must become, to win, the central lever in that *civitas maxima* we strive to build; but also, to build it, it must remain America. It must bring, this is to say, its two great principles of the land of promise and the refuge for the oppressed to the millions who, whether in chains of slavery or of want, have almost forgotten how to hope. That is the dream President Roosevelt symbolises for the peoples of stricken Europe and Asia. In the search for the fulfilment of the dream America will begin the fulfilment of its historic destiny.