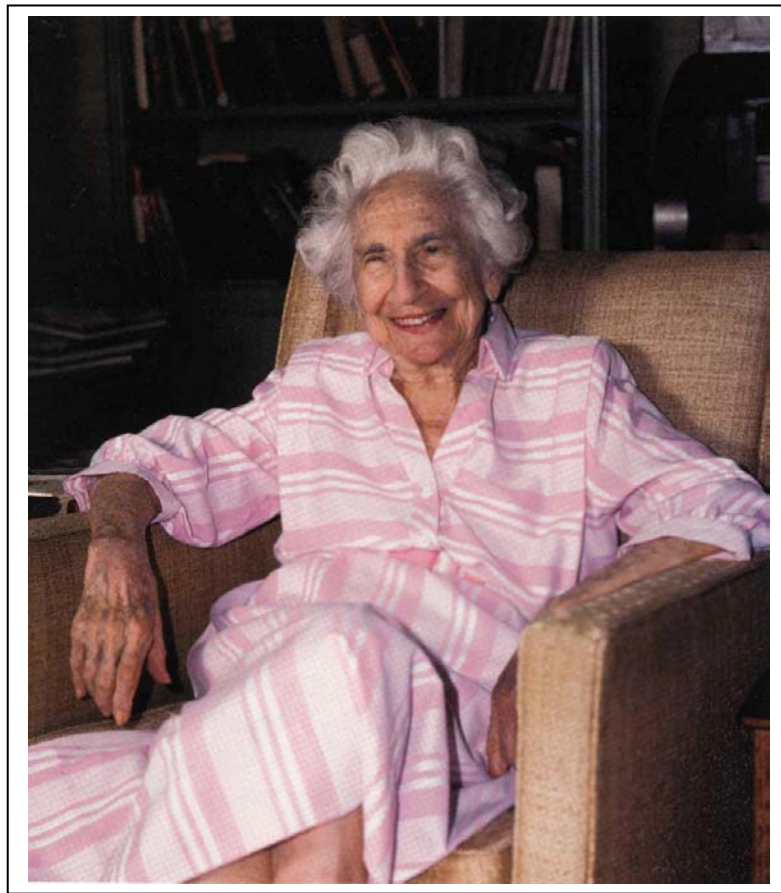


IT'S BEEN VERY INTERESTING:

MY LIFE

BY RUTH DREYFOUS



New Orleans, Louisiana, 1990

Table of Contents

Chapter	Page
1. My Beginnings	3
2. My Education Begins at Home	6
3. Social Customs	9
4. School Begins	11
5. Early Volunteerism	13
6. Travels	14
7. Work Ethics	20
8. Civil Rights	26
9. World War II Years	29
10. Activism	30
11. Concluding	34
12. Chronologies	36
13. Update from 1993	39
14. Summer of 1938 Essay	58

Chapter One: My Beginnings

Let's start at the beginning: I was born on February 23, 1901, in my parents' bedroom at their home, 1140 Jackson Avenue, the uptown river corner at Camp Street in the Garden District, and I was the youngest of the four children born there. In fact, my parents, Felix and Julia Seeman Dreyfous, built this house in 1892 before any of their children were even born — a home large enough for my father's mother, Caroline Kaufman Dreyfous (who had just been widowed) and the big family they had planned. My parents were dedicated to making us feel as happy and secure as possible.

I remember so well that feeling of security. All of us were born in my mother's bed; we were all breast-fed until we were ready to go directly to spoons and cups. My father was 44, and my mother, 33, when I was born, and my parents were devoted to home life, not like parents today — they rarely went out. Then, too, my grandmother was always at home, and I remember her being there, especially when we were sick, when she would sit by the bed next to us all day. I remember my grandmother as one of the sweetest influences in my life. Before I went to sleep each night, I would kiss her and say, "Bon soire, Grandmere," and she would say, "Bon soire, Ruth." The room Caroline and I shared was right next to hers, and after she died, Caroline moved into that room. I was about eleven when my grandmother died, and I still remember the loss; it was really my first tragedy.

My first real memory that keeps coming back to me must have been from when I was about three — climbing into my parents' bed and having Father read the funny paper to me on Sunday morning. I remember Buster Brown, Little Nemo, and the Katzenjammer Kids.

Our home life was so pleasant. My mother was a sweet and placid woman, and I can see my father at night, working at his desk, studying his abstracts because he was the New Orleans' authority on land abstracts.

There was a lamp on the desk with a green shade, and I can visualize him working right next to it.

Julius and George were the oldest, and they would never stand a nurse, but Caroline and I always had one. Mary James, a white woman, was there when I was born, and she stayed until I turned seven—the year she was offered a job as a chambermaid at the St. Charles Hotel. I was so upset at the idea that she might leave that I cried and cried, so she stayed another year. Then she moved to Galveston, but she returned in 1937 when Mother got sick, and she lived with us on the third floor of the house on Audubon Place. She stayed until she herself got sick in 1952, when she had to move to her nephew's home where she died in 1955.

I remember some things about my childhood with Mary James very clearly. She would kneel down at night by my bed and say her rosary if Mother and Father were out, waiting up in my room until they got home. I also remember going to church with her. Since she was Catholic, we went to all the Catholic churches in our neighborhood: St. Aloysius (Irish), Notre Dame (French, since disappeared), and St. Mary's Assumption (German). Then, too, we went to Trinity Episcopal Church, right down the street. I liked the beauty, the theatrical incense, the weddings, and the funerals. When I had whooping cough, Mary James and I would go down Jackson Avenue to the ferry, and she and I would sit on the upper deck because the fresh air there was better for me, and we would ride back and forth across the river all day for a nickel!

We lived on Jackson Avenue because it was so convenient for my father. Even though the Jackson Avenue streetcar ran right in front of the house, my father enjoyed walking every day to his office at the Liverpool, London, and Globe Building at Carondolet and Common. There were very few automobiles, and we didn't get one until 1909. It was a beautiful seven-passenger, black Oldsmobile with Eisenglass windows to put up for rain and a canvas top. Neither of my parents ever learned to drive, though. They always

had a chauffeur. I loved to stand behind the gate on Jackson Avenue and watch what was going on around me. I remember the cotton floats going to and from the docks. They were like Mardi Gras floats pulled by mules. In fact, before tractors were used, the Mardi Gras floats themselves were also pulled by mules. I would wait every evening for our bachelor neighbor, Mr. Gonzalez, to come home. He had a cigar store on the corner of Common and Carondelet Streets, and I would wait for him to get off the streetcar. When he'd get to our gate, he would pick me up and say, "Feel in my pocket," and I would put my hand in his coat pocket, and there would always be candy there for me. I was furious when I found out he was going to be married and move away, and I never did forgive him!

Closer to the river on Jackson Avenue was the Episcopal Children's Home, and I can see the double line of orphan girls dressed alike in blue and white, walking on their way to Trinity Church. Also on Jackson Avenue, on the other side of Magazine Street, were Gates of Prayer, the Jewish Children's Home, and a public high school for girls at the corner of Jackson and Chipewewa.

Standing behind my gate, I could also see the street singers with their taunting calls: a chimney sweep and the woman selling blackberries or strawberries from her baskets. Banana floats would pass with a man shouting, trying to sell his bananas. The ice man delivered the ice in an ice wagon. He didn't call out, but he brought the ice, wrapped in a gunny sack, and he was so neat that the ice never leaked or spilled. My mother liked him so much that even when electric refrigerators were first introduced, we did not get one; the ice man delivered the ice until we moved up to Audubon Place many years later. Then the milkman would come on his wagon, ringing a big bell, and we would bring out a pitcher and then watch him turn the spigot on the brass urn and carefully measure the milk into the pitcher. There was also a vegetable man who would bring the vegetables from his horse-drawn wagon into the kitchen. My favorite, of course, was the ice-cream man. We

children would wait for him in the evening on the sidewalk with our bowls in our hands, and he would come by in his wagon and scoop the delicious treat into our dishes. It was always vanilla. Ice cream is still one of my favorite foods.

Other foods that were favorites when I was a child were green peas, oatmeal, grits, and milk. Orange juice wasn't in style then. Sometimes Caroline and I would eat with the nurse in the pantry, but most of the time, we would eat in the dining room with the rest of the family. Of course, George and Julius were older, and they always ate in the dining room. I suppose that was true even when they were younger since they never had a real nurse.

What I remember about dinners in the dining room is very vivid. We always had three or four courses, and there was always soup — no matter how hot it was! We always had fish on Fridays, which was customary in New Orleans, even for non-Catholics. Father used to mix oil and vinegar to make French dressing, and he would toss the salad. Mother did the serving of the meat or fish course, and wine was always served, even to the children, too, although they cut ours with water.

Chapter Two: My Education Begins at Home

The dinner table conversations were extremely important in shaping my perceptions and goals because of my father's interest in and dedication to the city of New Orleans and to Louisiana. We always shared political talk, and it was from my father's sense of responsibility — from his seeing a need for political reform, in both the state legislature (where he served two terms from 1888 to 1892 and on the City Council from 1896 to 1900) — that we inherited his strong sense of values: that success comes from living honestly with integrity, not from making money. My father was very critical of people who made money and gained prestige for the wrong reasons. That was why

he fought against the scandalous state lottery when he served in the legislature.

I think it was because he was born in 1857 and grew up during the Civil War and Reconstruction that made him especially sensitive to the issue of human rights. He battled against any institutionalized form of segregation by voting against the Jim Crow laws during his years as a legislator, and later he served on a human rights committee under the auspices of the B'nai B'rith. That must have been around 1904 — long before it was fashionable to be involved with human rights — really at the same time the abominable Jim Crow laws came into being. To my parents, success could be defined as accomplishing things for the community; money really was not important to us. Father never put Mother or any of us on a budget or gave us allowance; we learned to spend just what was needed. Not having a fixed amount to spend, we never felt a desire to “spend it all.” I think these lessons were significant in our development.

Father expected all of his children to follow in his footsteps; but, in looking back, it seems to me that I was the one who was most loyal to the city and devoted my life to the improvement of education and to different liberal groups. My father was sedate, but I was the “apple of his eye.” I was the only one living at home with him after Mother’s death, and we devoted a great deal of time to each other. Even though wealth was there — we always had everything we needed — I was relatively unaware of it because money was never really emphasized or even discussed.

All of the servants lived at the house on the third floor: the cook, the nurse, the washwoman, and the downstairs and upstairs maids. The nurse did a good deal of the upstairs work, too. After all, there were no household appliances or any labor-saving devices. Elizabeth, the washwoman, insisted on washing the clothes with cistern water. She was angry when all the cisterns had to be removed for health reasons (they had made excellent breeding grounds for mosquitoes carrying yellow fever) because the rain water had

been so soft and so good for washing clothes.

We had plumbing for instant hot water in the kitchen and in the bath, and there was a filter in the pantry to filter the rain water caught in the cistern so that we could drink it. One outside spigot and one in the bathroom released river water which was used to clean floors. The New Orleans Water Works had not yet been constructed; it was built around 1913 up on Leonidas and Claiborne. My mother always loved showing out-of-town guests around the city, and after the water filtration plant was built (it was the first one in the country), she always included it on her “tours.” We were very proud of it.

When I was young and communication was a problem, ladies had “visiting days,” and these visiting days were printed on their calling cards. The visiting days were arranged by neighborhood. For example, my mother was “at home” on Mondays; that was the visiting day in the Garden District. Friends would drop by on Mondays because they knew she would be at home, and they could visit other friends in our neighborhood on the same afternoon.

My mother’s good friends all lived in our neighborhood: the Paul Godchauxs next door, the Frank Pfiffers, the Hessingers, and the Joseph Friends. All of them were Jewish, and all had sons at the same time when George was born. George didn’t really stick with them, though. Other people I remember along Jackson Avenue were the Clements, the Gills, the Palfreys, the Pattersons, and General Behan. Isaac Delgado was a bachelor who lived around the corner on Camp Street.

Father let me stay in the living room of our home when Mr. Delgado gave the art museum in City Park to New Orleans (Father had been instrumental in convincing Mr. Delgado to donate the museum to the city and to place it in the park). All the people who were to be named museum trustees were also there. It was very exciting. Another thing I learned from my father at this time was the importance of getting along with people — that you did

not have to *like* someone in order to work with him. My father did not like Mayor Behrman, but he worked with him so that City Park could be extended. He made me feel it was important to be vitally interested in things. He was active in the Jewish community too, but he spent more time on boards that served the entire city.

Chapter Three: Social Customs

Although my parents were the first couple that Rabbi Max Heller married at Temple Sinai, and they were always members, my father wasn't much of a churchgoer. My parents never said anything of the sort, "You have to be an example because you're Jewish." They were proud of their Judaism, but they didn't feel it made them superior to other people. I remember my grandmother going to the old Temple Sinai on Carondelet Street, but as she grew older and the steps became too difficult to climb, she would read the Sabbath prayers in her room at home as she rocked in her rocking chair.

The old Temple Sinai was where I went to Sunday school, too. Our parents took us to Temple, but a group of us children would walk home together and stop for a soda at a drugstore on St. Charles and Melpomene on the way back home. I was confirmed at the temple, but religion didn't take very well. Just like my father, I don't go often to services, maybe once a year.

I remember my parents going to balls and parties at the Harmony Club where my father was president for many years. At the corner of Jackson Avenue and St. Charles where The Carol now stands, the Harmony Club was a Jewish luncheon club for men, a beautiful marble building that contained both ballrooms and card rooms. On Sundays, Father went there to play a card game called solo and also one called pinochle. As a young woman, Mother had made her debut at the Harmony Club, and I still have her dance program from that evening. During Mardi Gras, the club put up large stands for the members and their families, and we were always there. The Harmony

Club was really the center of Jewish social life for Jews from French and German backgrounds. Whenever my parents went there to a large social function, they would always place trinkets and souvenirs under our pillows when they returned.

My favorite color was pink. When Caroline and I were dressed up, we always wore white dresses with ribbon sashes. Caroline's sash was always blue, and mine was always pink. Our party dresses were embroidered by hand by the nuns from the House of Good Shepherds on Broad and Bienville. We also wore big bows in our hair. My hair was brown and naturally curly, and I wore it hanging down in ringlets. On my birthdays, we always had cake and little souvenirs like cherry trees and little hatchets. On one birthday, I cut myself while cutting the cake, and I started to cry. I went out of the room to wash it off and stop the bleeding, and my nurse saw me, and she said, "You know, if you cry on your birthday, you'll cry every day of the year." So I immediately stopped crying.

Our yard at home was wonderful for playing, and the Garden District was full of young friends and right across the street were the Friend children: Kitty, Lillian, Julius, and Bunny (I still hear from Kitty on all my birthdays). Play was never directed. In our yard we had basketball posts and a swing. There was room for croquet or even for a softball game. We found our own original games to play: marbles, jump rope and jacks; I also liked dolls and doll-houses. We would build playhouses and all sorts of things with packing boxes. Children now don't have enough time to imagine things, to develop their imagination. They are too programmed, or they have too many toys that don't let them exercise their imagination, and they watch too much television. We always had a small garden, too. There were many opportunities for us to direct and to express ourselves. That is why I feel that my childhood was so happy, and since our parents rarely went out in the evenings, we felt very secure.

When I got older, I was such a good athlete that I was allowed to play in

the ball games that were dominated by boys. However, I do remember my older brothers teasing me when I lost my tooth, “Ruthie, Ruthie’s lost her tooth.” Playing in our yard was a regular neighborhood activity. But of all the family, my father was the one who really loved the yard, especially the flowers. His feeling for nature made him devoted to City Park. When it was being developed, he went there every day; he knew every tree.

Chapter Four: School Begins

I started school at a neighborhood public school, Chestnut School, where all the prominent Garden District families sent their children. It was right around the corner from our home. I went to school there for two years before it closed (the neighborhood needed a new school that had more grades), and I then attended Maybin School, a larger, kindergarten through eighth grade facility, at the corner of Coliseum Street and St. Andrew. It was right next door to the New Orleans Normal School, and it functioned like a lab school for the Normal School teachers who practiced their student teaching there. It was wonderful! I was very fortunate to have this public school experience because until the time I entered school, all of my friends were the sons and daughters of my parents’ friends, from the same background as I was. At Maybin I got to know people from many different levels. The Irish Channel was right there, of course. Everyone was mixed — public school being my first exposure to other kinds of people — and we also had a good education. I am grateful for it. Later on, people spoke a lot about Montessori schools and Montessori methods, but at public school in New Orleans, we were stringing beads and manipulating boxes in graduating sizes and beginning to associate thought and performance — just as Montessori emphasized.

From public school, I went on to Isadore Newman, where I further developed my interest in sports. I feel that sports were very important in my

growing up — both in learning how to be competitive (since I loved that aspect), but more significantly, in learning to be a good sport.

Most of my friends from Newman were from German backgrounds, and so were pro-German while I was pro-French before the United States entered the Great War, later referred to as World War I. After all, we later found out that Abel Dreyfous' family went back at least nine generations in Belfort, France. Though a part of Alsace, Belfort never was German.

My earliest and best friend was Evelyn Burkenroad, who, being a year younger than I, was therefore not part of the little group of nine friends from my class that formed a club when I was an adolescent. Some members of that group were Alice Odenheimer, Irma Moses, Nanon Newman, Leah Aschaffenburg, Helaine Godchaux, and Helen Seiferth. At eight, Alice and I had been flower girls in my uncle's wedding since I was the niece of the groom, and she was the niece of the bride. As adolescents, we nine would meet at Horace Newman's home while the boys would meet at Harris Hyman's, whose back yard adjoined the Newman's. Our group's name was Omega Sigma Phi, and the boys¹ group was Pi Tau Pi. Some of the boys were Sam Alcus, Harris Hyman, Harold Salmon, Henry Alcus, Louis Loeb, Kirby Neuberger, and Louis Levy. We would meet, play baseball, go in the house and dance or go up to the drugstore at Napoleon and St. Charles for a soda. As teenagers, we didn't drink at parties the way adolescents do now. The punch was usually spiked with wine, but boys didn't go out to their cars to get flasks the way the "Prohibition" crowd did, but our crowd was several years younger. I remember the first party I attended where liquor was served, and I recalled being horrified! The parents of the host were people who had moved from New Orleans to New York, then back to New Orleans — parents of my close friends would never have allowed liquor at one of our parties.

When I think back to this little group of girl friends who did everything together, and I think about what we discussed, I can only remember that we were always blackballing other people so that we could remain exclu-

sive! I also remember parties held in the Odenheimer or Freyhan barn. Each of us girls would invite two boys. Then we would hire King Oliver or the John Robichaux jazz band to come and play. They charged about \$25.00 for the entire evening. I was tall for a southern girl and most of the boys were short. I was also too good at athletics; I shouldn't have beaten so many boys. Then, too, I was more interested than my friends in politics and other civic endeavors; they were content to spend most of their time socializing.

Chapter Five: Early Volunteerism

While I was still at Newman, I started my first volunteer work, and what I chose to do at that time is really indicative of the entire path my professional and personal development took. My devotion to children, to broadening their horizons, as well as my deep feelings for the Irish Channel area have been borne out by this initial venture on my part.

Kingsley House had been founded about 1910 by Eleanor McMain. Ms. McMain was a wonderful woman who had worked with Jane Addams at Hull House in Chicago. Kingsley House, therefore, became the first settlement house in the city. I would go there once a week and either play with the children or teach them to play ball or take them for rides around the city, introducing them to sights they otherwise would not have been able to see. Since the chauffeur had let me drive the car (in the residential section of Canal Street) from the time I was sixteen, and since I remember the chauffeur driving the Kingsley House children and me around the city, this must have started when I was fourteen or fifteen. During the First World War, George and Julius were both serving, and I remember knitting socks for the soldiers. In 1918, when the flu epidemic broke out, I worked at a milk station at the Harmony Club; set up to dispense milk to the needy. This was probably under the auspices of the Red Cross.

It was only natural for me to take an active part in these things. I had

learned by example not only from my father, but also from my grandmother, Caroline Dreyfous, who had been known as the “Charity Queen” during the Civil War for her help to the wounded—later she founded the Ladies’ Aid and Sewing Society of Touro Infirmary. Thursday was the day the women met. First, my grandmother would go to Fellman’s store (now Krauss Company) on Canal Street to purchase the linen and cotton, and then she would take the fabric to the hospital where the ladies would meet to make sheets and pillowcases for the patients. It was easy for me to follow in such deep footsteps to serve others.

Chapter Six: Travels

Although most of my friends came from equally prominent and wealthy backgrounds, our family was the only one that devoted most of each summer to traveling. The majority of the other families would go to a summer house across the lake or over in Mississippi.

Travel, like my family’s commitment to New Orleans, did much to shape my life. From the time I was four years old, my mother and father would take us, the four children and a nurse, to the North, where, each time, we would visit another city or place of interest. Then, each year in September, we would meet in Atlantic City where we would have a family reunion with my mother’s parents. Before I was four, we would go over to Abita Springs, but I really don’t remember those earlier summers.

We never traveled by car. At that time, there were two Morgan steamships — the *Momus* and the *Creole* — that took five days to go from New Orleans to New York City. Twice we went to New York by ship. On the train, however, it took just two nights and a day. We really enjoyed the traveling. On one of the early trips, I remember being in New York near the King George Hotel on 12th Street watching the subways being built. I also remember being in New York City on Fulton Day in 1907, when Robert Fulton was

being honored; what I see clearly are the horse-cars in lower Manhattan.

My parents really wanted to introduce us to the whole of the North American continent. Father was so interested in a wide variety of people and things, beyond the social life of New Orleans. We appreciated cultural things — operas, concerts, and museums — because we had always been surrounded by them. Mother insisted that Father take at least one month off, and that was usually mid-August to late September. In the Northeast, we went to the Catskills (before they were “Jewish”), to Niagara, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., Toronto, Quebec, Montreal, almost always to New York, and then on to Atlantic City. What I remember most about Atlantic City is being dunked in the waves by my brothers. When I recall how I hated that dunking, I think that memory had something to do with my never becoming a fine swimmer — especially since all other athletic activities came so easily.

In 1913, the boys, George and Julius, went off independently for the first time, and the remaining four of us took a tour of the West. This trip included both the Grand Canyon and the Canadian Rockies.

Then in 1915, I spent my first summer at Camp Songo, north of Portland, Maine. My parents thought it was important for me to have a variety of experiences, and camp promised a different climate and different people. However, there were nine of us girls from New Orleans that went to Camp Songo together: Alice and Marion Odenheimer, Minna Neuberger, Fanny Alcus, Irma Moses, and Fanny Cohen among them. Later we found out that before we had arrived that first summer, the camp director had told the counselors that these girls from the South could not possibly keep up with the regular camp regimen, and that they would need to create a less strenuous program for us. It was really humorous! Most of us were excellent athletes, and we took all the honors! Among New Orleans girls, I had always seemed tall, but not at camp, since there were many girls from up north that were my height. I was the best athlete in our family (although George really wanted to

be). I was good at badminton, deck tennis, baseball, basketball, hockey, and tennis. At camp, I was elected captain of the Orange Team for three years and voted Best Sport one year and Best Camper another. I also loved canoeing and the overnight canoe trips since I had learned to row and to canoe in City Park. Another memory of camp was the letters I got from Father. He wrote to me a great deal while I was away, and he always signed them, “*Affectionately, your Dad*”¹.

Traveling was my real recreation when I became an adult. I crossed the Atlantic forty times by boat and many more in the air. I had so many advantages because traveling gave me such perspective that it changed and developed my perceptions about the world and about people. I met so many wonderful people as well as being exposed to so much beauty and culture. In 1920, when the family went to Europe for the first time, we — Mother, Father, Caroline, and I — took the Grand Tour and went all over the continent. I especially remember how beautiful Paris was. We stayed near L’Etoile and spent September there, and one of my cousins from Belfort traveled twelve hours from there by train to come visit us. I can remember that we were in Paris when the stock market crashed in 1929. Father did not believe in stocks, so he had lost very little; he invested in bonds and in real-estate so the crash really didn’t affect us. We were lucky.

A funny story about France comes to mind. Father had rheumatism, and the doctor in New Orleans had prescribed Vichy water which I always remember him drinking at home. That made Father curious about seeing Vichy, so in 1929, over my protestations (because I didn’t want to go there) we finally went. The French doctor told Father **not** to drink the water! I was glad when we didn’t stay and went on to St. Moritz. Many years later, Caroline and I went back to Vichy. It was funny that in a health resort where people came to drink the water, we found chocolate store after chocolate store! When the Germans occupied France during World War II, I was glad

¹ See *FJD Letters* elsewhere on this website.

they chose Vichy for their capital and not Paris. Vichy really was a horrible place!

I remember going to London to an international meeting of lawyers in 1924. We were entertained with a tea party at Buckingham Palace; there were receptions at the Guild Hall, at Oxford and at Cambridge, and I especially remember the one at Westminster Hall. At that time, the Lords were still wearing britches and were all dressed up with their decorations. It was just great! That was my third trip to Europe.

In fact, that was a special trip from the beginning because it was on board ship on the way over that I met Edward Lindemann, who became one of my most significant friends and one who had a great influence on my life. He was originally from Denmark, taught earlier at the New School for Social Work and then at Columbia. I think he was really the father of adult education and child development, and he was so helpful to me over the years. Since he was also a friend of Elizabeth Wisner, I got to see him on his frequent trips to New Orleans, and when I visited New York, we'd usually meet for breakfast together — the only time that busy man could spare. The funniest thing, though, was the next time I saw Edward Lindemann was on my next trip to Europe in 1926, and we were on a train in Germany! Many years later, I was to go up to New York for his seventieth birthday where a fellowship was being given by Columbia and the New School of Social Work in his honor, but before I left New Orleans, I got a call that he had died. We had been friendly from the time we first played deck tennis on that 1924 Atlantic crossing.

The other truly marvelous thing about that summer of 1924 was my visit to Austria and Salzburg. Though I love many places in Europe, Salzburg is my favorite! I think I was there at least thirty times, and I heard wonderful music at the Salzburg Summer Music Festivals conducted by the world's most renowned conductors and featuring some of the most famous divas, many of whom I had the chance to meet. I even met Leontyne Price in

an elevator! Among those whom I saw there at Salzburg were Bruno Walther, Richard Strauss, Furtwangler, Von Karajan, and Leonard Bernstein. The only great conductor I didn't see at Salzburg was Toscanini — he wouldn't conduct in Germany after Hitler came to power, but I did have the opportunity to see him in New York. Between 1938 and 1949, I didn't get to visit Europe because of the war, so I went up to the summer music festivals at Tanglewood instead. I remember hearing Leonard Bernstein perform when he was still trying to decide whether to be a performer, a composer, or a conductor. But he could do it all, and he did do it all!

Sometime soon after the war, Harvard began sponsoring Salzburg American Studies seminars — to introduce Europeans to our culture — and it was there I met John Hersey. We were seated together at a luncheon, and I still recall our conversation because I was so impressed that he also studied children and was involved with remedial reading. We really hit it off! Thomas Hopkinson Eliot was the head of the seminar and had just retired from the Board of Overseers at Harvard. He and his wife are really dear people, and I still keep up with them. I think that it's a combination of qualities that makes Salzburg stand out in my memory — the natural beauty of its location in the Lake District, the lovely town itself, and the many good friends I met there as well as the wonderful music I heard. I was in Salzburg for about the thirtieth time in 1974 — which also happened to be the fiftieth anniversary of my first visit!

Salzburg is special for me, but so is Florence. I think I am particularly grateful to Ellsworth Woodward, who taught *The History of Art* at Newcomb, for giving me an appreciation for great art. This has meant so much to me during my life. Unless the curators rearrange them, I know where all the paintings I like are hung in all the great museums of Europe. Vermeer is my favorite artist, and then I love Rembrandt, especially his painting of *The Night Watch*, and, of course, Velasquez. I like Rubens, too, but really only his portraits at the Rhyks Museum in Amsterdam. And I love all

the French Impressionists, but Manet and Monet the best.

You know, I never want to see all the pictures in any museum. I want to visit the ones I like, and I already generally know just where they are. That's why my great nieces and nephews always like to travel with me — they know I'll give them the "blue ribbon" tour. For instance, at the Louvre, while everyone is crowding around the *Mona Lisa*, I show them Da Vinci's painting of St. Ann— it's right next to *Mona Lisa*, but no one pays any attention to it, and it's really lovely.

The family wanted to go to California in 1930, but I hated it there. I told my parents that since we were already on the West Coast, we should go on to Hawaii — and so we did! We sailed on the *Maloha* (Matson Lines). Hawaii was just beautiful, but I told my parents that since we were already halfway across the Pacific, we should really go ahead to Japan and China! We stayed in Hawaii for two weeks, and then compromised by going for three weeks only to Japan on the maiden voyage of the *Empress of Japan*. My parents liked my choices so they let me pick out many of the places we traveled, and I love the Orient, so, on subsequent visits, we saw Hong Kong, Taiwan, India, and China.

There really isn't much of the world I haven't been fortunate enough to see — all the continents and exotic places from Central Russia and Afghanistan to Australia, New Zealand and the South Seas; from Iran and Iraq in the Middle East to North Africa or Brazil. We were in Palestine in 1928 and then back in the country again after Israel became a state. But I am definitely not a Zionist; I don't like the way Israelis treat the Arabs, and though the Israelis have done a wonderful job with the land, they give Americans no credit. Of course, they couldn't have accomplished what they've accomplished without money from American Jews.

I was in Paris and London in 1938, when Hitler was beginning to threaten all of Europe and the world. I saved newspapers from Paris and from London, and when I returned home, I wrote about my experiences.

Then I tried to present these facts and personal impressions at a meeting of the Council of Jewish Women, but people were neither ready to listen nor to believe in those dangers. Now the Archives at Tulane have both the newspaper clippings and the article I wrote, and I hope they will aid a future history student in doing research.

Tulane has always been one of the centers of my life. My father graduated from Tulane Law School, and, although we each took professional degrees elsewhere, my brothers, sister and I each did our undergraduate work at Newcomb and Tulane. Besides Ellsworth Woodward, I had other memorable professors at Newcomb. Lydia Frotcher taught English and German and Dean Butler was marvelous for Shakespeare and Modern Drama. I also had Ann Hero Northrup for Chemistry. Even though I was a Psychology major, I have always been so pleased with the liberal arts education I received because it has enhanced my appreciation for the cultural side of life.

Travel gave me perspective, and Newcomb granted me an undergraduate degree in 1923, but I already knew that I would carry on in my father's footsteps. Seeing his example as a young person, I felt obligated to help New Orleans and its people.

Chapter Seven: Work Ethics

Actually, I learned a great deal about my father's work and our family's wealth the year I worked at my father's office. Because George was in the army, I delayed beginning Newcomb for a year and worked to assist Father. I did the bookkeeping, and that's when I realized how wealthy we actually were. We had everything that was necessary when I was growing up, but I never thought of us as being rich. It was very interesting. We lived exceptionally well, but my father was very critical about people who made their money in shady deals, and he just preferred never to discuss financial matters with us at home. The money was there for its usefulness, but it never

was, in and of itself, a value or an end. As a notary and attorney, my father was really an expert on property in the city and he understood the value of land, I think that is why he made shrewd investments in real estate.

It was about this time that we moved to Audubon Place, and my brother, Julius, an architect, built our new home there. I was twenty and studying at Newcomb, so it was very convenient — I could walk easily to campus. The School of Social Work was practically right behind us, and I have long been involved in work there.

After graduating from Newcomb, I immediately became active in volunteer activities, as well as devoting my time to my nieces and nephews who were coming along right then. Our Jackson Avenue neighbor, Mrs. Joseph Friend, was organizing the Consumer's League, and she asked me to get involved. Our group of women warned people about buying falsely advertised or misrepresented products and services. Several well-known people came down to talk with us, and I remember Morris Abrams being one of them. I already was the "activist" in the family. George founded the local ACLU here later on, but I became involved earlier than he with organizations that helped people. I think my involvement was more from my heart — compassion — while George's concern came more from an intellectual awareness — the lack of social and legal justice in representation.

At the time of the 1927 flood, I was working with the Consumer League board, and I went down to the Port of Embarkation, where the flood victims were arriving, to volunteer to help with all the processing. This is not the kind of activity in which most of my "set" became engaged, but I think it was so important, and I also enjoyed being needed — doing a job that had to be done.

I was also on the board of the Milne Girls' Home, and I worked at the Jewish Children's Home. There I tested every child to help in selecting the proper educational environment for each. And, from the time I graduated, I served on the Newcomb College Alumnae Board. When we graduated, each

girl in our class pledged \$25.00 a year and I functioned as the secretary-treasurer, keeping track of all the donations. After eight years, however, people were beginning to lag, so I closed the obligation, and we gave the money to Newcomb; it was a nice sum, but nothing exorbitant.

In 1929, Tulane established a Child Guidance Center on the campus where the Newcomb Dean would later live, and appointed Elizabeth Wisner to head the center staff. She and Florence Sykes were both social work professors in addition to serving as staff supervisors; the clinic also had two social workers, while Anna Heyman and I served as psychologists, and Harry Levy, from Chicago was the full-time psychiatrist. The Milne Home boys, who were between eight and seventeen years old, formed the main group of children that we studied. We worked up a complete profile of each, evaluating the child socially, educationally and psychologically. I administered both the Stanford Achievement Tests and the Binet. After the testing, we would confer and make specific recommendations for each child. From working so closely with the Milne Home boys, I became very interested in delinquents. Of course, I was well aware that it was Father, who, in going through land abstracts, had actually found the land on which Milne Home eventually was built, and he then served as long-time president of the Milne Home Board of Directors. From his example of leadership in working to correct certain environmental deficits that gave rise to delinquency, and from my experience testing, I could see the great dangers to which social inequalities might lead.

When the Center closed, Elizabeth Wisner became the first Dean of the School of Social Work, then being established as a graduate school, and I became actively involved on the school's advisory committee, arranging for outstanding speakers to come down to Tulane — like Margaret Mead, whom I later met at Columbia. Since she knew me well, Elizabeth Wisner was eager that I become involved with the students by working with them directly. Our task was to put together a directory of the various institutions and services available in the New Orleans area with which a social worker needed to

be familiar. Meeting with the students at the Council of Social Agencies, I told them about the assignment, after which the students then actually went to various charitable and social organizations and agencies and then returned to report their findings. The students did all the leg work compiling the research, and then I helped them pull it together into a directory of services. You know, the same kind of directory is available today — selling for \$35.00 each!

Chapter Eight: My Career

In 1937, I went to Columbia for my Master's in Child Guidance. It was a wonderful, stimulating experience. Piaget's work was just beginning to circulate — the whole concept of child development was still fresh.

When I returned to New Orleans, I wanted to devote myself to working with the public schools by introducing a remedial reading program, something I had studied at Columbia. The superintendent of the Orleans Parish Schools told me that the school system was not interested in trying something “new” — he knew nothing about the field of remedial reading! However, I did work with the public schools the following year as part of a team that surveyed and tested fourth, sixth, and eighth grade students to see how New Orleans ranked against national norms. In fact, I have a letter from the chairman of the Citizens' Planning Committee for Public Education in New Orleans, thanking me for my work. A four-volume, published study contained the test results, but, as far as I know, nothing came of the recommendations because many things we found then are still problems confronting the city's educational picture today.

The public schools were not ready for my remedial reading program, but Newman was; I began working there on a part-time basis that same year, 1938. I was really like a pioneer — not only by introducing remedial reading, but also by providing the school with a conceptual framework for child

development and guidance. As part of my job, I also initiated admissions policies at Newman: not taking children with insufficient ability to meet the school's rigorous standards. A child needs to be extremely bright to function well at Newman, and it isn't fair to the child if he is admitted, but is then under too much pressure to achieve and succeed.

It also is unfair to a child to start first grade before being sufficiently mature — no matter how intelligent the individual is. I had learned to administer IQ tests at Columbia which I, in turn, used as a diagnostic tool in helping me assess a child's developmental abilities. My chief interest in education was to help children lead active, productive lives. In order to feel comfortable in learning situations in the classroom environment, children, I realized, needed to be achieving at a certain level. IQ tests were only one of the methods I used to determine readiness; part of my diagnosis involved observing children at work and at play. If a child needed to spend extra years in kindergarten to mature at his own rate, I would let parents know. Usually, the parents were supportive of my decisions.

I also initiated ability grouping at Newman, for example, forming one reading group with those who could already read together and another with those who could not. One mother was sure that this arrangement would damage her daughter's self-confidence, but I told this anxious mother that, quite to the contrary, the grouping would increase her child's confidence in her own abilities because she would not be pressured by early-achieving peers to do something she was not maturationally ready to do. Being an early reader does not mean that a child is smarter; the student I have been discussing is now a grown woman with a Ph.D.

You must be extremely careful in teaching young children who are learning to read. In kindergarten, you shouldn't teach by sitting them down in a formal learning situation, but you should, instead, stimulate their interest in learning to read by reading aloud to them and letting them watch you read. I screamed about this! I think the occurrence of dyslexia is extremely

exaggerated, and it is terrible that parents are told that their children suffer from an educational disability. Lots of children start reading without being able to recognize the difference between a “p” and a “z”; calling this problem in distinguishing letters “dyslexia” is ridiculous since “mirror reading” can be “cured” without resorting to making it sound like a permanent disability, rather than a function of an individual’s developmental pattern.

Remedial reading was only necessary in Newman’s lower school, because by the time students reached sixth grade, some of them were so bright that they needed a special accelerated reading program. The one that Erminia Wadsworth, Angela Devlin, and I started for fifth and sixth graders in the 1950’s was comparable to what is now being done for gifted students.

Some people did not understand why I did so much testing, but my interest in the whole child dictated that I keep a complete cumulative record for each student. That way, I was alert to any major change in a child’s performance from year to year, and I could monitor a student’s development by working closely with the regular classroom teachers. I loved being able to work with all the children — especially those with problems. I went to all teachers’ meetings to report on test results and implications, making yearly reports to the Board of Directors; also I administered and kept records of all standardized tests as well as records on how well students related to the class as a whole and how the class as a whole functioned. My job was to analyze the results and then take whatever steps might be necessary to enhance performance. I knew that all of these test-taking experiences would help students with their exams and with SATs; my twenty-six years at Newman verified my expectations — using tests that had Independent School norms, we found that Newman students usually scored three years above grade level.

I really was devoted to Newman. Although I accepted a small salary (just to maintain my professionalism), I always gave it, and much more, back to the school. And I gave other gifts to the school which I thought might be necessary as well: for example, I had the library air conditioned because, for

much of the school year, it was really too warm for students to concentrate or to enjoy reading. When New Math was introduced, Newman provided workshops for teacher training, but I felt that those training sessions weren't adequate, that there were still teachers who didn't fully understand the concepts and techniques, so I gave enough money to extend their learning experiences (at the time, I thought that New Math wasn't going to stay around long, and it didn't). I also felt strongly that older students should meet people who had made names for themselves, so I arranged for several speakers to come down from the North to speak on what students could accomplish. I thought it was very worthwhile. I remember that one speaker was President of Smith College; another was the Dean of Students at Andover. Then, too, I got the Juvenile Court judge to speak to the graduating seniors.

My great-nephew, Lee, told me that, in the 1960's, when he was taking a high school achievement test in Buffalo, New York, seeing his Aunt Ruth's name on the cover came as quite a surprise to him. I had been a consultant for the Cooperative Test when it was being developed in the late 1950's, and that's the test Lee was taking.

In 1964, forty-six years after I graduated and twenty-six years after I'd returned to work with students, I retired from Newman. Two years later, when Newman began a Cum Laude Society, the school honored me by making me a charter member along with Moise Steeg and Herbert Longenecker.

Chapter Nine: Civil Rights

Back in the late 1930's when I had just started working at Newman I had become friendly with Marie "Doucette" Cherbonnet (now Mrs. Robert Pascal of Baton Rouge) who taught biology in the Upper School. The liberal ideas we shared drew us to each other. Doucette was involved with a Catholic Ecumenical Congress which came to New Orleans about that time. This con-

ference stimulated her interest in human rights, and she told me that Father Joseph Toomey from Loyola was starting an ecumenical lay group to study human rights, and she invited me to join. We met at the YWCA. Of course, the talks centered on integration, and the first action that the group took was to integrate the PTA organizations in the city, which, back then, was a major accomplishment.

Before I became active in Father Toomey's group, I was already involved with a group of women who, under the direction of Mrs. Martha Robinson, were members of the Women's Civic Organization, working to establish a chapter of the League of Women Voters in the city. Mrs. Arthur Seavey, Norma Lee, and Louise Mayer were others involved. We formed a committee to draw up bylaws and a charter, and then we became the charter members.

The New Orleans League became very interested in many civic problems and worked to affect some significant changes: the establishment of civil service, permanent voter registration, and having the public schools designated as voting polls. It's hard to believe that was nearly fifty years ago! When the original Board of Directors joined with the Monroe, Shreveport, Alexandria, and Baton Rouge chapters to form the state League, I was elected Vice-President of the state organization.

At the state level, we lobbied for child protection. For example, newsboys were selling papers in early mornings, jumping on streetcars while it was still dark which was much too dangerous for such youngsters. Another instance of abuse of the already-established child labor laws was the use of children on truck deliveries. After our efforts, things did improve. Later, local members urged me to be the President of the New Orleans¹ League; I had to decline because Newman kept me too busy, but I remained an active member.

I think that my Louisiana League of Women Voters work led me to another commitment which I really enjoyed — organizing and working with

the LOSL, the Louisiana Organization for Social Legislation. Mrs. D'Antonio and I wanted to get together an umbrella group of organizations interested in social betterment and especially concerned with educational policy and decision-making at the state level, a group that could lobby effectively in Baton Rouge. Twenty-three organizations joined, including the PTA, and I represented the Greater New Orleans Section of the National Council of Jewish Women. It was strange that during this period (the early 1950's), the League of Women Voters did not see education as one of its priorities, especially because the state superintendent, Jackson, was so terrible at that time. I was glad that the Council of Jewish Women wanted to be involved. Our thought was that organizations working together would be a strong force in Louisiana, and we did accomplish a great deal, including curriculum reforms in teacher education toward certification, establishing kindergartens, and making foreign language available in public high schools. Unfortunately, we had to disband the LOSL when too many medical organizations wanted to join because their participation would have rendered LOSL too conservative to be effective.

When the issue of school integration came to a head, however, the League of Women Voters moved into the front lines, and I was right in the middle of the action. Judge Skelly Wright was the federal judge who mandated integration for the public schools of Louisiana. I once told him how much I admired his firm stand on integration, and I asked him how and when he became interested in civil rights, and he told me that being appointed judge really reshaped his thinking. He had called several of us League members when Leander Perez threatened to close all the Plaquemines Parish schools. I remember Renna Godchaux, Helen Mervis, and Blondie Labouisse going down to Belle Chasse to teach, with Mathilde and me. We went there because the regular teachers had walked out, and since Perez had given all the teaching materials, even the student books, to segregation academies, we had to be very creative in our approach -- and we had no

trouble! For instance, in discussing Greek geography and history, I remember so well drawing a map of Greece on the chalkboard from memory. The children behaved well and showed great interest, I think, because the circumstances were so unusual. After all, they'd never had teachers like us before — from such intellectual, liberal and privileged backgrounds — and our creativity made up for the lack of traditionally necessary materials. Most of the children who attended were from families stationed at the naval base there — and were white.

Of course, Leander Perez had threatened our stands and since our names were publicized, Mathilde and I did get phone calls for several weeks. Some people just called to harass us, and some Jewish people expressed their concern. Some of the members of the Jewish community were telling us that we had no right to be in the forefront of the civil rights movement while others wanted to end segregation, but the threats of the White Citizen Council scared them, and they worried not only about us but also about the possibility of anti-semitism spreading within the community because of our well-known and identifiable Jewish name. As time passed, however, people respected us for our participation.

Chapter Ten: World War II Years

Going back to the World War II years, I really enjoyed working at the USO on Tuesday nights. Located right across from the Union Passenger Terminal, the USO's main responsibility was working with soldiers and their families who were being transferred from the North and the West. Since I was always there on Tuesdays, I happened to be present on D-Day and when victory was declared in Japan. It was especially exciting and busy to be involved then.

Also during the war, I worked every afternoon at the Ration Board. I was like a staff member because I had the responsibility of working on the

rations for restaurants and stores. We would go by the formula, rationing according to what had been sold or used, and part of our work involved trying to determine whether the merchant had been honest in his requests. I remember one man who had a small store uptown and wanted more ration stamps for ketchup than he could possibly have sold in his little store. We had to call in the supervisor if we became suspicious of duplicity, and this was certainly a time that our suspicions proved correct. Because of my work with the Ration Board and the USO, I got a higher rating on my driver's license during the war years which meant that I could purchase more gasoline for the transportation to and from these war-related activities.

One of the most delightful memories from that time was teaching Red Cross first aid to a group of men who lived in Audubon Place. They were so eager and appreciative, even one who was a doctor that later told me that he learned more about first aid from me than he had in medical school! Afterwards, to show their appreciation, they sent me a beautiful china desk set from Adler's. What would I do with such a set? I returned it to Adler's, exchanging it for a wonderful set of plates I still enjoy using today.

Chapter 11: Activism

Around 1940, my brother, George went to New York to talk to Roger Baldwin, from the national organization of the American Civil Liberties Union, who was interested in seeing an ACLU chapter started in New Orleans. George began organizing here in 1941-42, but with World War II intervening, it took another decade to charter the chapter. Some of the people involved in 1953 were Professor Cy Lee from Tulane University and Fontaine and Lillian Martin. Of course, Mathilde and I were involved right along with George; we were the activists in our family. The ACLU presented Mathilde and me with the Ben Smith award in 1985 for our pioneering work with Save Our Schools and our efforts in Plaquemines Parish.

You know, I have always felt that people who *don't need to work* should take a more serious interest in volunteer work and then work in a volunteer position *as if* they were being paid. It's a shame for wealthy people to take jobs they don't need instead of donating their know-how to help the community. That's why when Mr. Cunningham, then headmaster of Newman, and I saw things differently, I resigned and went to work for Total Community Action, the local poverty program during Johnson's Great Society years. When the TCA program organized the Irish Channel, the program became known as the Irish Channel Action Foundation, and I was part of that original organizing effort.

We met at Sea Men's Bethel to form the community organization. At first I was on the board, but then I resigned to become a full-time staff member, although I did give my salary back to the foundation. Under TCA, the Irish Channel was one of the pilot poverty program areas in the city. First we rented a building on St. Andrew right next to Redemptorist School. Director, Mr. St. Pey, asked me to help him get started, and one of the first things we did in activating the community was getting people to work with different projects. On each block we began by getting someone to be the chairman for the block — to talk to other neighbors about how the neighborhood could be improved. My first area of concern was cleaning up the Channel — getting all the broken-down automobiles towed off. Then I was on the education committee which was very interesting and exciting — exciting because I got a chance to work with young children again, and they're my favorite co-workers!

I worked principally with students from Laurel and Jackson Schools. The real problem that interested me was that children who could not get along in class were being suspended and expelled. They were losing more and more class time, getting further and further behind, therefore becoming all the more likely to get into more and more trouble and repeat the self-defeating cycle again. I thought that these children could be directed more

positively through an intervention plan which involved setting up a crisis classroom. I then studied hundreds of channel area students to determine the most appropriate methods for help.

I worked through the Touro Infirmary Mental Health Clinic and tested many children, giving reports on my findings at the same time. We worked just as we had at the Child Guidance Center — I did all the testing and then consulted with the parents and teachers to discuss the results. Part of my work involved doing a special study of 100 Negro students who had been expelled; I advised the Jackson School principal to designate a special classroom for these students with the best teachers available (as opposed to putting them out on the street) which the school did. Since there was no room available for the crisis class on the Jackson campus, the class met instead at Kingsley House, only half a block away. This marked the real beginning of the use of the “crisis classroom” concept in the city. The federal government funded the project, and Kingsley House later gave me a citation for the effectiveness of this work. My other big project on the education committee was with the Laurel School. Part of the school’s jurisdiction included the oldest McDonogh School in the city, McDonogh #1, at Laurel and First. I found the school in deplorable condition—even as late as the 1960’s there were still privies outside. I contacted the health department, the fire department, and the utility company who gave us reports on the danger of the deteriorating condition of the school. It’s interesting: I found a clipping which showed my father as speaker at the school’s dedication when he was a city councilman in the late 1890’s, and here I was over seventy years later seeing that the building be condemned in order to provide a higher quality educational environment for these Irish Channel students! I also found a clipping from years back when the School Board had promised to give McDonogh #1 a more adequate building, but nothing came of this until I made all those phone calls, and the inspectors from various agencies found the old building unsafe. Finally, when the new school was built on Jackson

and Laurel, the principal framed both the article quoting my father's dedication address and a newspaper article that spoke of my work with the school and hung them together in the front hall of the new building.

Both Kingsley House and Laurel School gave me citations for my work with the crisis classroom students, and, in 1978, Moon Landrieu presented me with the Key to the City for my work with both schools. When the Urban League learned of the success of my work in the Irish Channel, the director, Clarence Barney, asked me to help them with educational projects in two other New Orleans' neighborhoods, the Ninth Ward and the Algiers-Fischer Project area. At this time, federal funds for Headstart had been cut back, and the Urban League wanted me to help pre-school teachers establish an effective and sound early childhood program, much like Headstart, to fill gaps in the students' educational backgrounds. I really worked more like a consultant with the staff, helping them set up a good classroom environment and curricula, and I talked to parents about what they could do at home to foster a child's development — simple things like reading aloud or talking to and calling a child by name. Just this past fall, the Urban League honored me with the Whitney M. Young Brotherhood Award for my "very personal level of involvement in advancing human relations."

Other than my ongoing interest in education, I have actively pursued my interest in the more general welfare of the community by serving on the City Welfare Board from 1968-86, and I was so proud when the City Council passed a resolution saluting my work. Some significant structural changes in the delivery of services took place during my tenure on the board: for instance, the Milne Boys' Home, a special concern of my father and me, went from a custodial care program to a residential treatment facility. Our board authorized the renovation of the Touro Shakespeare Nursing Home and introduced the Dreyfous House Group concept in residential care — smaller cottage facilities with a supervisor for a smaller number of inmates which then provided a more family-like setting. This concept was named for my father who had

actively promoted the idea. Among other programs initiated during this twelve years were the diagnostic unit at the Youth Study Center, the Youth Services Bureau, the Juvenile Treatment Program, and the Community Court Associated Program.

Chapter Eleven: Concluding

You can see how all of my interests dovetail, so that it is almost impossible to discuss one of them in isolation from the others. The interest in redirecting youth in need — whether in crisis classroom settings at Jackson and Laurel Schools or through improved residential facilities at the Milne Boys' Home or through the programs I funded in my father's name at Tulane Law School and at the School of Social Work. All reflect the concerns that I shared with my father: human betterment for citizens of New Orleans. Father had shown so much interest in and compassion for delinquents that, on what would have been his 100th birthday, the four of us children gave a gift to the School of Social Work which would provide a scholarship for someone interested in the study of delinquency at the school. Later, under the auspices of the law school, I endowed a fellowship to support teaching in a clinical setting in the field of juvenile law, and I gave funds to support a law clinic sponsored by the Tulane Law School in conjunction with the School of Social Work. Social workers need to know the law to be able to refer their clients to good attorneys. Then I thought that all the Dreyfous funds should be combined into a single endowed fund for the law school because that makes a more appropriate memorial to my father—furthermore it becomes easier for me to follow how my money is being used.

My father was my primary mentor until his death, but other friends have inspired me with their work or their wisdom or their compassion -- like Eleanor Me Main, Edward Lindemann, Elizabeth Wisner (who had been a neighbor on Jackson Avenue) or Skelly Wright. But there have been oth-

ers who need to be mentioned for the delight their friendships have brought me. One New Orleanian, John Wisdom, for many years the Federal Judge of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, I have known for years and have always admired, and one of my cousins on my father's side, Richard Gardner, like John Wisdom, has a great legal mind, and served for years as a law professor at Columbia before he became Ambassador to Italy. On my mother's side, many of my cousins are prominent and civic-minded, and two of them have been very special to me: Phyllis Goodhart Gordon, a Latin scholar, active on the Bryn Mawr Board of Directors and Arthur Goodhart, who lived in England for years and was Professor of Jurisprudence at Cambridge and then became Master of University College at Oxford, the first American to head an Oxford college. I have several other English relationships that are extremely dear as well, for instance, Lord Caradon and his wife. I met him in New Orleans when he was a foreign minister to the United Nations from Great Britain, and I visited his wife and him in New York City and at their country home in England. Henry Collis, once Headmaster of St. Paul's in London, was President of the International Association for Gifted Education at the time when I got to know him, and he and his wife have corresponded with me for years, and we have also visited; he invited me to a meeting in London on gifted education that was marvelous. Because many of these friends live outside of New Orleans, traveling has always been enhanced by the possibility of incorporating a visit with one of them — or with one of the many other wonderful people I have been fortunate enough to meet in my travels.

My life has been rich and full and worthwhile, but above all, it's been very interesting.

Chronologies

1901-1910

Chestnut School, kindergarten and first grades Maybin School, second-seventh grade (skipped eighth)

1910-1920

Isadore Newman School, ninth grade-graduation Kingsley House, Volunteer, worked with children: introducing them to sports and showing them the city World War I Knitted socks for soldiers, Red Cross, Volunteer, flu epidemic of 1918 Worked at Father's office while George was in the army

1920-1930

Sophie Newcomb, B.A. in Liberal Arts and Sciences Newcomb Alumnae Board of Directors New Orleans Consumers' League Board of Directors Port of Embarkation, Volunteered to process flood victims at the time of the 1927 flood, Milne Girls' Home Board of Directors, Jewish Children's Home (Tested children), New Orleans Child Guidance Center, Staff Member (under auspices of Tulane School of Social Work)

1930-1940

Tulane School of Social Work, Advisory Committee Columbia University, M.A. in Child Guidance and Development, Citizens' Planning Committee for Public Education of New Orleans, Tested children at Isadore Newman School, Began working with students in Child Guidance and Development, Human Relations Study Group, Women's Civic Organization

1940-1950

New Orleans League of Women Voters, Founding Member on Charter Board of Directors Louisiana League of Women Voters, Charter Member and Vice-President World War II Civil Defense League, Volunteer Rations Board, Staff Member American Red Cross, First Aid Teacher USO, Volunteer

1950-1960

American Civil Liberties Union, Charter Member of the New Orleans Chapter of the Louisiana Organization for Social Legislation, Charter Member and Board of Director in the National Council of Jewish Women, New Orleans Chapter Board of Directors at the Education Records Bureau and Cooperative Testing Office, Consultant in developing English achievement test at the Newman School, developed reading program for advanced Fifth and Sixth Grade students; established honor classes for Upper School students

1960-1970

Newman School, retired after 26 years; Cum Laude Association, Charter Member of the City Welfare Board of Directors, began serving first term at the Total Community Action, Irish Channel Action Foundation, Board of Directors, then Staff Member, especially involved in improving the condition of education for Irish Channel students; set up crisis classrooms at Jackson and Laurel Schools Touro Mental Health Clinic, Staff Member, tested and evaluated students in conjunction with Irish Channel educational work Department of Justice, Volunteer, taught in Plaquemines Parish to keep newly integrated schools open New Orleans Urban League, Volunteer, set up pre-school classes in designated low-income neighborhoods

1970-1980

Newcomb College Women's Center, Panel discussion on Women Activists, Speaker (with Mathilde)

1980-1989

New Orleans City Council, Presentation of Resolution and Certificate of Merit by Councilman Sidney Barthelemy, ACLU Ben Smith Award for pioneering civil rights work Urban League, Whitney Young Award for civil rights leadership

TRAVEL EXPERIENCES: INITIAL VISITS

1905-1920 North America (including)

New York, Atlantic City, Washington, D. C, Niagara Falls, Philadelphia
Catskill Mountains, Canadian Rocky Mountains, Rocky Mountains
Grand Canyon, West Coast, Camp Songo

1920-1930 Europe (including)

Paris, London, Rome, Florence, Salzburg, Vienna, Switzerland
Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Greek Islands
Holland, Belgium, Turkey, North Africa, Tunis, Morocco, Egypt, Palestine

1930-1940

Russia

1970-1980

Iran, Afghanistan, South, Korea, Taiwan, China India, Thailand, Sri Lanka
Cambodia, Indonesia, South Sea Islands, New Zealand, Australia

1980-89

Alaska, Yugoslavia, Adriatic Sea

I covered most of the world in my travels, and expanding my experiences by meeting interesting people was the best part!

Ruth's Update, 1993: Reminiscences About Travel and Reflections On Events—At 92

As soon as I finished gathering my thoughts several years ago in my memoirs, I began to think of all the things I did not include. And then so many changes began occurring in the areas I had visited in Europe and other places around the world that I felt the need to add a post-script to communicate the understanding I gained in my travels — and in meeting people who made these travel experiences invaluable to me. Traveling gave me a sensitivity to people around the globe that I could not have gained in another form of education.

In 1931, I was with Clara Mae Friedlander in Florence. We woke up one morning, and Clara Mae said that she thought she was getting a cold, and she thought that she shouldn't go out, but that I should go out and come back at lunch time. So I did. When I got back, Clara Mae was all excited. She said, "I saw something going across the room. It went very fast very close to the floor, but I don't know what it was. So I said, "Let's look it up in the dictionary. The only thing that I could think that it might have been was a mouse. We looked up "mouse" in the dictionary and found the Italian word. We called for the chamber man, and when he came, we told him the word in Italian for mouse, the only word we knew. We also made motions of the mouse running across the room. He said. "Si, si," and he came back in about ten minutes with a cat in his hand! I think that was one of the best stories!

The next adventure with Clara Mae happened in Rome. The Italians announced they were having a blackout, and there would be planes flying overhead that we could watch. We were staying at a darling little hotel not far from the Piazza del Popolo. We were staying there waiting for the planes to come over, and who should come out of the hotel? Clara Mae said, "Do you know who that is? It's Martinelli! He stopped to talk to us, and Clara Mae told him, "I know who you are; aren't you Mr. Martinelli?" "Yes, I am, but you shouldn't be standing here. You should go to the Piazza del Popolo because you could see better there." With that, he took each of us by the arm and walked us over to the plaza where we watched the planes come over in the cover of blackness. Do you know what we were witnessing? The Italians were preparing for the invasion of Ethiopia, although that event was still several years away. This was just the beginning. But Martinelli was so sweet!

Another meeting that I found interesting was in Paris in the late 1920s. I had gotten this mantelpiece for Julius' new house which was built in '28. He wanted a Louis XV marble mantelpiece. I'd looked around, and I couldn't find one in the antique stores. Then someone told me that I needed to find a commissionaire. I did go to one right near the river on Rue de Beau Arts right behind the academy. He got the mantelpiece and sent it over, and it's still in the house on Audubon Place, and it is beautiful. About two years later I wanted to find the commissionaire for something else. I went to the place I remembered, but it was only an empty lot. I knew he wasn't there! So I went next door, and I called through the archway of the next building, "Hello, is anybody there?" A man, wearing only a toga, looked down into the courtyard from his third-floor window. When I told him that I was looking for the commissionaire who used to live next door, he said, "Wait a minute; I'll come downstairs." He came down and introduced himself. His last name was Duncan. We got to talking, and he told me, "I'm the brother of Isadora." That was exciting because I admired her so much; she was a wonderful dancer. He said, "Would you like to see the studio? We have our rehearsals there, and we make everything. All the costumes, we make. The costume fabrics were similar to Indonesian batik. We talked and had a wonderful time.

Afterwards, as I related the experience — which was so natural — to someone else, she asked me, "How could you have the nerve to go into the studio with this man?" That was just ridiculous! There was no fear; I never even thought of it.

When Caroline, Rosetta Weil and I started off on our trip around the world, we stayed away for about six months. This must have been in the sixties. We met fascinating people wherever we went. When I think of the wonderful opportunities I had to meet people and learn something from them that I could learn nowhere else, I feel so grateful. At the time I felt like an ambassador, always needing to put my best foot forward. People, in turn, just became friendly. Now, reflecting on the places we went — on this trip and others — I think of these interesting experiences in contrast to some of the changes that have taken place since.

We spent six weeks in India alone. We met a lovely woman who, as she gave us the address of her family, told us, "When you come to Madras, we will have a regular celebration dinner for New Year's." She turned out to be a maharani! In India, the family is all-important,

and particularly if you are a maharaja or a maharani, you want to pass the inheritance down within an extended family line. Since they want to keep everything in the family, they refuse to marry outside the family. She evidently had married a cousin, and the two of them had no children of their own, but she had more-or-less adopted a friend's child who was adorable. When I got back to the United States, I was talking with Dr. Weinstein, who was a gynecologist and authority on infertility, and I told him he should really go to India to help people with this problem. He told me, "Ruth, you know-nature takes care of itself. There is so much intermarriage in India, that it is better that the infertility rate is as high as it is." I found that very interesting.

One night in Madras, we had an introduction to the mayor, a woman. She invited us to dinner, but when the evening arrived, Rosetta complained that she didn't feel very well. We told her that she ought not to go, but she didn't want to miss the opportunity. "Oh, I have to go!" she said decisively. Besides the dinner itself, which promised to be so interesting, the mayor was a particularly charming woman. We had the use of an automobile the maharani had given us, and the chauffeur picked us up, brought us to the mayor's home, and told us that he would wait for us there.

There was a long period during which the approximately twenty guests had cocktails, very much in the British style, before we went into dinner. We were then ushered into a spacious dining room with a very large table where we all sat down. We were served twelve courses of food, Indian, of course, but they left out a great deal of the seasoning because they appreciated the fact that the honored guests were Americans who could not stand the massive amounts of seasoning that Indians use routinely. We were the only foreign guests, and we had a delightful time visiting and talking with the others included that evening.

After we finished dining and were ushered back into the living room, Rosetta came up to me and told me, "Ruth, I feel terrible; I have got to leave." She was feeling even worse than she had several days earlier and wanted to return home to our room immediately. I said, "Rosetta, you can't do that." She replied, "But I have to; the chauffeur's outside, and I'm sorry, but I'll just have to make my way out." In turn, I said, "You can't." But she insisted, "I'll do it." I told her, "If you must, then we'll have to leave, too." I was very apologetic about it to our hostess. So

we were taken back to the hotel by the chauffeur.

The next day when we were with the maharani and her friends, I said, "I was so embarrassed because we were leaving right after eating, and I thought it was a dreadful thing to do." The maharani exclaimed, "Oh, no! That's what you're supposed to do! The guests of honor say goodnight to everybody and then leave, and the other guests follow you out." When you have spent so much time with cocktails and dinner, when the meal is over, it's time to go. So, quite unintentionally, we had done the correct thing! I tell everybody the story, so that when they go to India, they'll know what to expect.

Another interesting thing I noticed in India was that when we were visiting someone's house, there were two maids sitting outside on the balcony working, sewing and what-not. We found out that they do their work inside the house and then go out to do their mending and repairing out-of-doors. There are so many servants that their employers prefer not to have all of them indoors; the employers need their privacy.

One of the places we went in Southeast Asia was Ceylon, which was a truly beautiful and lovely place, which has now been taken over and has become Sri Lanka. The Tamils, who have migrated there from India, have been the chief cause of the civil unrest, and the fighting which was beginning back then is still going on. Terrible fights there! Almost every place that we visited on that memorable trip is today the scene of some sort of fighting (for example, Afghanistan). When I listen to the news of what's going on there today, I contrast it with the place I visited many years before, and it makes current problems that much more fascinating to me. When I was there (of course) it was quite a wild place, uncivilized, and since then, there has been even more trouble. I visited the Balkans, too, and now the map has been changed and is in the process of more unrest and change. I would hate to be trying to document the history of what is going on right now.

From the World War II era, the boundaries are now completely different. Czechoslovakia comes to mind. When I think of the people I met there in 1931, I recall the proprietor of the linen store which we visited who told us, "Things are very good now, but I think there is going to be trouble. It's just a question of whether we will be made to go Fascist or Communist. I don't know which would be the worse." Of course, both came in, one after the other. I was

there in Paris in 1938 when the Germans entered the Sudetenland, and I was in Hungary before the war when everything was very beautiful. When I returned afterwards when the Russians were in control, I told the chauffeur I wanted to see the square where all the fighting took place, but he did not understand — or did not want to understand — what I was asking. I did, however, recognize the place as we drove by, although the driver made no comment as we passed, and he did not point out any of the government buildings there to me. There had been so much fighting by then and even more since.

Unfortunately, most teachers don't have the opportunity to live, to travel, to experience different people and different countries, so they can only impart to their students that which comes out of books. That is why, I believe, that they fail to understand people and culture. That's what they need. The teaching is really wrong. Pay should be by the quality of the work.

In Peking, we went to a school where the children were all out, divided by grades, on a large open area, each group of about fifty doing a specified set of exercises appropriate for that particular class. Then when they went inside, we listened to them sing their lessons, all in unison, in English. That's just the way we used to do it when I was in school. For example, the teacher would call out, "We must all go to breakfast," and the children immediately repeated what she said. They were so adorable!

In Japan, we also went to visit a school. The early education there is very strict, and the children learned, mostly by rote. The education and culture are very strict. When they are little, they really have to spend all of their time studying — which is a pity. The situation in Japan is highly competitive and pressure-filled for the young because at the end of eighth grade, they take an examination which decides what the rest of their life will be. The examination determines whether they will continue with their academic work or go into a trade. If they do not pass the test, their whole lives will be of very poor quality. Those that do pass continue to work very, very hard through high school and, at the end of their secondary education, they take more examinations to determine who will go to college and where. When they get to the university, they really play; they become very political-minded, have riots and what-not, and do not take their academic courses so seriously. Education is only competitive until this point. Upon completing the university, they go into diplomacy, international relations or business, but

the college experience is not necessarily scholarly.

In the 1970s, Caroline and I had traveled in China by ship from port to port on the way to Peking. In Shanghai, it poured down rain, and I got bronchitis, so I had to stay on board the ship when everyone else was off touring one of the places of interest. There was a doctor, of course, and some of the dining room people still on board. The doctor checked in with me about four or five times a day. The maitre d'hotel told me not to worry about meals. He brought my meals to me himself. I never had such service in my life!

Chaim Weizman came to New Orleans in 1923, and through Rosalie and Joe Cohen, I got to meet him. Joe was a friend of George and also very attentive to my sister, Caroline. Rosalie told me that she felt so good coming to our home, since she hadn't been able to live that way. Her family, you know, was very Orthodox. They lived down on Clio Street or something, although she is a lovely person. She says she always remembers how hospitable Mother was, and she remembers the beautiful china and what-nots, that she never had. It was the first place that she had been accepted. Others have told me that they remember the kindness with which they were received at our home, and the graciousness extended to them.

In Austria, I met a family that was so lovely. I had been in Austria before the war, but I didn't return again until 1949, Salzburg was damaged, and no hotels had reopened yet. We wrote to the City Hall to request help in finding a place to stay. The first night we were taken to a house that had been bombed. If you've never been around a place that has been badly damaged, the first thing you notice is the smell of cement, and there it was very bad. The room was makeshift, with the bathroom right in the room, and the whole thing was perfectly awful. I was traveling with my friend, Essie. When she first saw the room, she said, "We can't stay here!" I replied, "Essie, it's nighttime, and we can't go out on the streets looking for a better place. We've got to sleep here. Tomorrow morning I'll go to the city hall and find another place." That is exactly what we did.

The next morning, the people who helped us at the city hall told us that they would ring up another family, and the couple who agreed to take us turned out to be the Freis. Mr. Frei was head of the water works in Salzburg. They were a delightful couple with five children, and the entire family had a great interest in music. Mr. Frei, each year, taped every opera of the an-

nual summer music festival. At first they treated us like the strangers we were, but after awhile we became like members of the family. I have kept up with them ever since. At that time, the youngest child was about five, and they were all adorable. I stayed with them on many succeeding trips. Years later, when Mr. Frei died, Mrs. Frei would not go out; she refused to do anything at all. She did, however, go out with me when I visited, and her daughters were just delighted. Every year when I returned, she just loved having me. The four-hour trip from Salzburg to Vienna is perfectly lovely by automobile. On the way you drive right along the Danube which is also very beautiful, and you pass the adorable Black Prince Hotel.

Although Salzburg is my overall favorite European spot to visit, Florence I also know well and really love to visit. England I also love and the people I know in each place add to the unique attraction each has for me. I really can't say which my favorite is. England, and especially London, is very special to me because of family there who are so wonderful. I could very easily have lived in Salzburg, although each place I visited has a special meaning to me. Switzerland I visited in both summer and winter. I took Leta and Albie and the four children to Zermatt for Christmas one year. Zermatt is the location of my favorite mountain, the Matterhorn.

Do you know how a small child draws a mountain, with its white peak? That is exactly what the way the Matterhorn looks. That's my mountain! We had planned a week in Zermatt and a week at Grunderwald for skiing, and lo and behold, in Grunderwald, there was no snow! Of course, at Christmas time, Zermatt was a very popular place, and we went downstairs to inquire if we could simply stay on in our rooms. The room clerk said, "Oh, no! We are full from now on." I asked to speak to the manager. I went into his office and told him that I had stayed at the hotel many times before, summer and winter, and that we were so disappointed that we could not continue to stay on now. He told me, "I think I can arrange it. We might have to change the rooms around a little bit, but we can manage." We ended up having a glorious time spending both weeks there in Zermatt. Johnny was a vegetarian at the time, and there were not too many choices for him to eat. He asked the waiter for eggs or cheese or something, and the waiter brought a delightful dish and told Johnny that every day when he came in, there would be something special and vegetarian that he could eat. Johnny remained a vegetarian, and af-

ter he married, his whole family became vegetarians, including the children.

I realize that I have been very fortunate to have lived almost an entire century and can look back with very fond memories. I think that, especially since adolescence, I have really enjoyed each phase of my life. There is, of course, great sadness that I have witnessed, including two world wars and the Great Depression, and now, again, all of this political disintegration and ethnic factionalizing in the Balkans and the trouble in Russia that I hate to see. And I do not like being old, but I can enjoy the perspective of looking back at the whole century.

I was in Russia three times; the first was in 1934 when Stalin was in power. We were warned not to say anything to anybody on the street, especially concerning money, so that we wouldn't be accused of participating in any black-marketing activities. A very queer thing happened. We went to see the marvelous art collection in St. Petersburg at the Winter Palace. What a wonderful collection, including four Rembrandts! Everything was Renaissance-era, nothing modern. Later, a friend returned from the Soviet Union and told me about the marvelous Impressionist paintings she'd seen. I wanted to know, "Where were they?" How had I missed them? That's when I found out that Stalin would never allow them to be seen and so didn't publicize the fact that this collection of the Hermitage even existed. They were in the country, but hidden. Things were pretty bad at the time, although Leningrad was beautiful, and Moscow was fascinating. You weren't allowed to go many places at all. I had read so much about the nursery schools and the sports palaces there, and I was so anxious to see them. When we were driving around, I asked if we could stop and visit either kind of institution. The driver told me that it was impossible to do that, or to do many of the other things that I requested. At the end of the trip, they finally arranged a visit to a nursery school, but then only with a busload of visitors — not a very good way to study the activities within the school! When we visited, it was easy to see that the children had all been coached for the occasion and were not playing naturally. They were following a highly regimented schedule, although the quality of their educational experience appeared to be very good. The classrooms, naturally, were not furnished as many of our classrooms are equipped. But it was queer about the sports palaces which I was never able to visit. I had thought that these would have been a source of great pride and the ideal place to show off to tourists, but, for some reason, the tourist bureau refused to allow

such visits. Like the medical facilities, were not as good as the Russians were trying to make them out to be. The hospitals, for example, were terrible. My subsequent trips occurred in 1964, and again, on the trip when I visited the Middle East and Asian Russia. I have visited all three sections of Russia, including the part that was always being contended, the Ukraine (the real breadbasket of the country). I am worried about the future of Russia.

I feel so fortunate to have been born with parents who understood things, who never talked about having money or getting more money or anything like that. It was just sort of a natural thing; we had everything we needed, and it was very lovely. My father worked very hard and loved his work. In those days the lawyers (if they were the right kind) had people coming to them for all kinds of advice — about living, for example. My father would never take a divorce case, but he would advise people on what properties they should get, and that's why he was an executor about forty times. That's a testimony to his being considered a part of so many people's lives. I think, of my siblings, I tried harder to follow Father in his interest in people and in doing things for them. Although Julius really enjoyed being an architect, George wasn't as interested in taking care of specific clients as he was in pursuing issues which dealt with the relative fairness of justice — real legal issues. Caroline enjoyed doing many things with her hands and with the life around her, while I was more concerned with public problems. Julius was quite reactionary; he became a Republican. He and George got along; George didn't get involved in civil rights issues until later in his life. Before that, he was more interested in economic trends since he had studied economics as an undergraduate. George was interested in the mistreatment of prisoners and in protecting people from the outrages of the McCarthy era witch-hunts. But the people I was privileged to be related to or had met, I realize, inadvertently helped me set goals. I hope I did things that really were of help. I think the most important influence in my life was Father. I was fortunate that my relatives were prominent, and I got a great deal of my philosophy from them. It's interesting to look back and realize how fortunate I've been. You can't realize these things as you're living through them; it is only as you get older that you're able to reflect on all that you've witnessed. I'm fortunate to have lived through most of the century which I'm sure will go down as one of the most chaotic, interesting centuries in human history. More things have happened, more things have been invented.

My memory is very keen in remembering what life has been. Going through life, I feel so lucky to have been able to appreciate education, life and culture.

With all the changes I've witnessed, I am disappointed in people because politics depends upon people, and people have not progressed in their thinking as much as they should have. You get very few people here who have been willing to stick their noses out to get a good sniff about what is really going on. That goes all the way back, but you could really see it in people's responses to Reagan. They just didn't realize that he was just being pleasant all the time. Of course, he was popular, but he didn't really accomplish things that would further the welfare of the country. He let people feel that simply by waving a flag around, you could be a patriot. The only time you're really a patriot is when you do things—actually do things that improve conditions around you.

Now people are beginning to realize the significance of education. People have paid lip-service to the idea of education without understanding its importance. Education in the past, generally, was better than it is now, but you can't blame it on integration. I blame it on the public for not demanding the best. They don't demand the best because they have no conception of what the best is; they don't bother studying the issues to find out what is best, what is truly important. I think what I've been saying all along is true; pre-school is crucial to a child's educational development, and the kind of pre-school I am discussing begins at home in the relationship between mother and child. Young mothers, no matter how limited their own education and resources, need to be encouraged to understand that they can help their children immensely just by singing to them and talking to them, calling them by name and making them realize that they are important persons in their own right. The first three years of life are the most critical in child development. People should be aware of this, but you can't make people do it (just talking is not enough). Pre-kindergarten is almost too late for many of these children. Most mothers work, and they haven't got the time to give their children all the attention that is desirable, but as they prepare for the day's work, or when they come home in the evening, they still could be talking and singing to their children, treating them as desired and desirable human beings. A few years ago, when Lee phoned me, he had the baby Nathaniel in his arms, and the baby, then only four months old, used to listen to me sing my quieting song, and the

baby's face, Lee said, would change expressions totally. These little children who are neglected can be nurtured in such simple ways. I'm not advocating mothers' quitting work and staying at home with their children. Even going into day-care, the children have to be in a place where they can grow, where someone will pay attention to them as developing persons, because they are, in those first three years, undergoing the crucial steps in language acquisition and speech, physical development — the whole thing.

Unfortunately, too much of education today is involved in preparation for business and what-not. It should, instead, be preparation for life. Cognitive material should not be pushed too soon. And athletics has changed so terribly. Today, winning is everything, while sportsmanship is no longer emphasized. I learned most about sportsmanship from being at camp. I realized that you learned sportsmanship through competition, but the competition had to be a certain way. Money has changed the emphasis entirely. This whole generation, the generation after the war, has grown up believing in making money. Greed is just ruining people, when making money becomes an end in itself. In business, it's the same way. Young people want to make a million dollars the first year they're out of business school. The young men in New York's stock-brokerage firms a few years ago getting these millions in the insider trading scandals are a prime example. You don't do things just for money but for satisfaction. It's not dissimilar from sportsmanship. Now young athletes start before high school, thinking that they can train to become professionals with large salaries. That's not sports; it's business. During the war, salaries were up all over the United States, and the children that came behind grew up thinking that making and having money was a way of life; that everybody had to have two automobiles, for instance. You can be perfectly happy with one automobile, but many people believe that they need two automobiles even when they can't afford it. They just maintain that that's what they need. It's a shame, because it changes the whole country. Just like the need for sex. When we were growing up, I didn't know or see anybody who went out just for sex as a young adolescent or a young child. Today they think it's necessary when it's not. I think that's another thing that sports, as we knew it, did; it helped you let off steam. Not everything was sexual, and sports were a means of being normal. It's an abnormal thing for these children to think the only pleasure you can get is from sex or crack or dope.

I was thinking just the other day about marijuana. You know, when I was growing up, the only ones who had it were the newsboys. It was very interesting. I never heard of anybody else smoking it; marijuana was strictly associated with newsboys. Of course, marijuana grew around here, and newsboys didn't think it was something evil or harmful. They thought of it as smoking, just as we think of someone smoking cigarettes.

Another interesting difference between children today and when I was young is that children today are too programmed. We always had to find our own way of doing things. Playing jacks or jump rope or baseball or basketball were all seasonal, like spinning tops. You didn't think of always having to go somewhere else to be with other children in a structured situation; children all came together naturally. Children then had a chance to exercise their imaginations. Now children are programmed all day long. After school, there is the community center, or music lessons, or dancing lessons; children have no time for themselves. We were left on our own to find out about what would amuse us, all the way through. We never had any adult behind us. In the summer, we would play jacks, and there was always something to keep us involved. Children from the neighborhood would come over to our big yard where we played basketball, baseball, played on the swings or played croquet— whatever we wished. We just found our own way — climbing trees, whatever. Telling young children what to do and how to do it is simply not a good idea. There's too much of this programming business. I don't believe in hours and hours of homework either. I believe that children shouldn't be so programmed.

As in Japan, where children are under so much pressure, that they commit suicide. It's queer, how difficult school is there and how relatively simple college is. Their younger lives are more demanding than their college years, even though it seems ridiculous to get into college and have remedial work. That happens here, too. Remediation needs to be done when a child is younger. We have problems in pushing too many students to go to college simply because it's the thing to do. I think that college is marvelous, but the emphasis should be on primary or secondary schools. You can't wait to get to college to learn; it's a waste of money and a waste of pride for these children who fail. I also think that training to be an upholsterer or a plumber, for example, is also necessary for some students and should be looked on with pride. Skills

should be taught right along with the cultural and academic studies. It's foolish to expect that everyone needs to go to college, when for some students; it's just not the thing to do.

When I was at Newman, 1938-1965, several students I had noticed when they were young turned out to be brilliant, including Richard Stone and Walter Isaacson. When students passed the test that they were given, I initiated the idea of inviting them to come to a play situation so I could watch the children interact and see how mature they were socially. People didn't understand why I did so much testing once the students were admitted, but I needed to watch their development. Now, everything is development! I could see a child's giftedness not only in his alertness and ability to concentrate, but also just in talking and being able to understand. They seem to have a real sense of "stick-to-itiveness"; they want to complete what they have begun before rushing on to the next project. Of course, that can come with training, but it does demonstrate a child's powers of concentration in being able to stick to something.

Did I ever tell you the story of John Dreyfous? Caroline had Betty in 1928 and she was very cute, and John was the first cousin. Vera, John's mother, told John all the facts of life—all the details — when he was about three years old. At that time, they thought that was the thing to do, which of course, was absurd. So, right after Leta was born a few years later, John went over to the park and he saw a stork, and he said, "Please Mr. Stork, send me a baby sister." John thought that the stork nodded in agreement, so he ran home to his mother and announced, "Mr. Stork told me that we are going to get a baby sister!" That shows you what happens when you try to give children the facts of life when they don't know what you're talking about.

If I could go back and change anything in my life, I think I should have been more satisfied with things and really appreciate things. I think that you get depressed about things for no reason really, and I think to have been less sensitive would have been easier, even though I do think that sensitivity is basically a good thing and not something negative. But it can lead to unhappiness and I think you have to realize what you yourself are, rather than to worry about what you think what people will think of you. I'd be less worried about other people's opinions.

But we were fortunate, never to know what anti-Semitism really was, never having felt

it. I think a lot depends upon how you were born, even though I don't think you can appreciate that while you are living as much as you should. I think that values should never be forced upon you, but just to grow up naturally—with a healthy sense of values rather than simply goals. I think that's one thing about Jews. Jews, for the most part, do have values. For them education is so important; the most important thing in life, really, was to get to be educated. When I am talking about education, in that sense, I mean it in its broadest terms — getting to know people, learning to notice things and to take in new interests and projects.

I realize now that I've had a very full life in witnessing so much of this century. I was born before the use of electricity, when there were only cisterns for rainwater. Radios, television and all electronics, movies which started with the magic lantern—all of this I have seen develop in my lifetime. Some of the early silent movies were marvelously done, with fine actors, and then came the first speaking movie, The Jazz Singer. Then came color pictures and color movies. I don't remember the first color movie although I remember thinking that it was sensational. You know that aviation came into being during my lifetime as well, even though Leonardo da Vinci had made drawings of flying machines centuries ago, nothing materialized until this century. Planes started as simple one engine affairs, and now we have jets, and of course, space travel. There are just so many things that have happened! Two world wars changed things completely. The Kaiser lost his place his place in history; Russia was under a severe monarchy, then under a severe dictatorship. The Depression, too, was startling. Roosevelt did much for the poor as did Johnson later. What was impressive about Roosevelt's achievement was in giving the poor people not welfare, but work, they accomplished so many things: the guidebooks and the literature, the artwork by artists like Thomas Hart Benton, the annex to City Park going out to the lake—all these were done with WPA money. When the program was first initiated, Father and Mayor Behrman went up to Washington and got enough money to build the lagoons and the golf course on the acreage added to City Park.

Now, of course, by traveling a great deal, I saw things as they really were, and now I am witnessing so many of them undergoing changes. I don't think I mentioned Singapore. When I was there in 1967, Singapore was under the guidance of England, but the Chinese were becoming much more important, and a few years later, the Chinese took over, and Singapore broke

off from Malaya and has become a truly marvelous city which has become, really, a country unto itself. And to think, I saw that coming! At that time, when the Chinese got started, they went right to the top. All of Malaya has improved so much. The places I have visited are all beginning to re-appear in the news. Places like Czechoslovakia taken over by the Germans and then by the Russians, for example. Now even the Muslims in Russia want to form their own state. The Dutch were chased out of Indonesia even though they were the ones who really made Indonesia — with commerce and oil and so forth. Of course, the natives took over from the Dutch. When I visited Holland when this was going on, I noticed that many of the houses were decorated with bouquets of flowers which indicated that these were families that had been forced to leave the Dutch colonies of Indonesia and return home. It was very interesting.

The timing of some of the travel was extremely crucial to what I was experiencing. For example, when I visited The Hague with my parents in 1937 for the annual meeting of the International Bar Association, I had what I later realized was a particularly eerie experience. The Germans were arguing at the World Court for Danzig! I listened to the plea of the German representative arguing for taking over part of Poland and obviously hoping that his case would win the approval of that august body assembled there. It was pretty exciting, especially in light of the circumstances that developed shortly afterwards which initiated World War II. I also attended a smaller meeting at The Hague in which a Nazi was trying to put forth his argument about what he considered the proper prosecution of justice concerning another individual. Mr. Seasongood, a representative from the United States, jumped to his feet. He was horrified that the assembly would listen to the arguments which he considered went against the principles set forth in the Magna Carta and the Bill of Rights. This incident was another from the summer of 1938, the year everything really started, and it was amazing to have witnessed these debates.

I was elsewhere in Europe when the Germans took over Czechoslovakia, and, ironically, some years later, I was in Salzburg when the Russians took over Czechoslovakia, and I kept remembering the lovely time we had had there in 1933, and the fear in the shop owner's voice when he talked of that young republic situated precariously between two hungry giants. It was later in 1938 when we were in Paris that I started saving all those clippings from the

newspapers about worsening conditions, and seeing the fragility of the European situation with my own eyes, scared me, motivating me to write an essay on what I was witnessing. That essay and the accompanying clippings are now in the Tulane Archives — waiting for some interested student or researcher to take advantage of what I experienced. Chamberlain was only the beginning, of course. The world was completely changed that year, and in the last few years it has been changing at an unbelievable rate, I feel grateful that I have been able to see these places. It's been fascinating, there's no doubt about it, to have had the opportunities to live through all of this and to have been able to take it all in. I have been able to witness these changes through my travels — before, during and after complete world transformations.

I thought that even the prospect of German unification was frightening. It needed to be done, but Germany must be watched very carefully since it has become, by far, the most powerful nation in Europe. Of course, they say that people in Germany are very different today from their grandparents who were “hypnotized” by Hitler, that they are eager to be successful, which they are. They are successful in monetary concerns, leaders in commerce and industry, making unification particularly dangerous. But it was inevitable. Now it's changed again; now they're in recession.

Vacationing in 1930, my mother and father and I had gone to California (which I had hated), and I encouraged my parents to go on to Hawaii. In that period Waikiki was relatively undeveloped and extremely beautiful. I decided that once we were to be halfway across the Pacific, we might as well go all the way to the Orient. When I suggested that we include Japan and China in our itinerary, my father replied, “You're never satisfied! Why can't you be satisfied simply in going to Japan?” Nationalist and Communist forces were already fighting in China, so he said, “China is too dangerous right now.” So, that's what we did; we went to Hawaii and Japan on that trip. Japan in those days was a very different place from what it is now. My last trip to Japan was within the last decade. I certainly have seen the world change!

In the past three years, the entire map of Europe has changed; the map of Africa has changed! The Ivory Coast, as you know, was very rich. When we went back there in 1949 after the war, we found that Belgium had recovered more quickly than any of the other countries — England or France, for example — and we were told that this rapid recovery was due to the

fact that they'd been getting money from their rich holdings in Africa. Although they had suffered terribly during the war, but the country was full of Chevrolets a few years later when we visited!

You can read about places, but unless you travel and meet people, you really don't know what it's like. For instance, the Indians and the Pakistanis are fighting over Kashmir again, and I remember it as the most peaceful, beautiful place — not very civilized but charming! I was there in 1969, the year we reached the moon. I remember so well because when I looked up at the moon, it looked like there was a little piece of it missing, and I remember saying, "That's where they landed!" The same trip when we went to Thailand, which was very interesting, we took a plane up to Cambodia to see the Angkor Wat, a marvelous temple there. We went sightseeing by car up and down, looking at Angkor Wat and another marvelous temple there. The place was like North Africa — nomads all over — the most uncivilized place! We asked an employee at the hotel to see if we could get back to Bangkok that very day. She replied that she would not be able to comply with our request because the airport was not open any longer that day; it only opened when a plane was coming in or flying out! An absolutely uncivilized place! I was surprised at the backwardness of these places that we trouble ourselves over; it's really sad. We haven't really helped people in those places. North Korea now is getting nuclear power, building up an atomic warhead. Everybody wants to go to North Vietnam again, but it's really unsettled.

The main thing is when you meet people; you find a different perspective than when you merely read about these countries. For instance when we were in Thailand, a local man with whom we talked said that there was great political dissension there, something that wasn't being discussed in the press at that time. I keep remembering Czechoslovakia, how civilized it was when we visited, how different it was from the Balkan's — even though it is close — how very much more similar to Western Europe. People today are just rediscovering how wonderful Prague is. I was in Salzburg in 1968 the day that the Russians came into Czechoslovakia and ended the Prague Spring. Briefly, it was back to being a republic again, but sadly, that ideal did not materialize for long.

Now it is difficult to discern exactly what is going on in Yugoslavia. When we were there,

we went right from the top to the bottom. I had no idea when we were in the northern part of the country that we were in Serbia. We couldn't at all perceive the differences that have led to such dissension and tragedy today. First of all, we traveled by ship, visiting places along the coast, and then we took buses into the interior. Albania, of course, was cut off. Even our passport said that it was not valid to use there. Now there's so much fighting between the Albanians that have gone to Yugoslavia and the others over their rights.

But I am opposed to our getting involved in the Balkans. I think Western Europe has to do it — they're right there; Russia's historical backing of Serbia does not help at all.

This Islamic thing is terrible! They ruined Iran and are now trying to take over Egypt. They are dangerous because they move so fast. We met a charming young girl from Indonesia who looked Italian and told us that she was a Muslim. I have since read that the Islamic people have taken over huge parts of Indonesia. When we were in Iran, we never saw people there in Arab robes or anything; everyone was dressed in western garb, and the shah looked like he'd done a good job. The people felt that he was very hard on them, but we didn't really see that aspect of their lives. We went right outside of Teheran and saw eight-year old children knotting carpets in a tent-like structure. We were told that the carpet-manufacturers employ children because their young fingers are so nimble, they can work a lot more quickly than older people. I asked, "What about school?" I was told that the issue was settled by sending half of the children to school in the morning and the other half in the afternoons. I remember Teheran as a wonderful city. The Iranians are more Caucasian than what we think of as Arabs, much lighter in pigmentation.

I've seen the world progress — improve — or maybe it's not an improvement! People have improved with the age, I think, but to have seen them as they were, and now to see how they've changed is an amazing experience. Of course, people should have improved even more in this country than they have. I was really concerned with the quality of presidential leadership in this country — really since Kennedy. Now that we have elected Clinton, I have regained some hope, but that's only on the national level. Of course, he made some mistakes at the beginning in spending so much time discussing homosexual rights and abortion which are socially divisive, when people really wanted him to do something about jobs and the economy. I

think he's done a remarkable job; but it was the wrong thing to do as far as building his constituency. I also think Hillary is wonderful; I think the newspapers have tried to make Hillary more controversial just to sell newspapers. The Senate has certainly been giving Clinton a hard time, though. What's interesting is that in the 1940s when I was starting the League of Women Voters, a meeting had been scheduled in Washington to try to stop Rule 22, the filibuster. We had all gone up there to try to get our senators and representatives behind this bill. It didn't go through, then, and it still can be a terrible obstruction, with those who believe in it claiming that minorities need to protect their interests. It seems very selfish to me.

People don't seem to be as good as they used to be — this gun business and terror. People, especially doctors, are really going to fight this health care reform. I don't have the same hopes for Louisiana, unfortunately, with Edwards and Bartholemew so disappointing in their performances. Now that we've got the Lottery again, where does all the money go? I want an accounting of where that money's going that we're taking in. When they don't have a winner for several weeks, where does the money sit? Who gets the interest? Where did it go? We've had so many opportunities in this state where we could have gone forward, but we really have abused them. Where was Houston or Atlanta in the 1920s? I remember visiting Houston then and there was very little there. I can't understand the way the elected representatives of this country feel. All of the leaders behind the Declaration of Independence and the framers of the Constitution were such fine men, such real leaders. Where are they all today? They must be somewhere, but not in politics. Politics has become a dirty word. People aren't brave enough to fight it. Why have we not found the right people to trust in leadership positions?

Two years ago, I thought I could end my memoirs, but more has happened since then than has happened in fifty years. With the break-up of Russia, each of the Balkan states has become democratic: a great change in life has taken place. There is wild inflation and hard-living, but we can hope as democracy develops world-wide, more positive transformations will begin to occur.

Africa is having its internal fights, and we're frightened that Americans will become more involved than they are now.

Just this third week of September, Israel is encouraging the Arab states to forget their

promise to exterminate Israel, but it has become too difficult to keep track day-by-day. And now, before my 93rd birthday, I'm ready to bring closure to all the reminiscing. Shalom and good luck on this third day of the New Year, 5754.

Memoir of European Tour (The Summer of 1938)

It has always been easy to learn geography by visiting different countries and I found this year that it is just as easy to learn history by observing great events as they occur. This summer I would have had to be both blind and deaf not to have grasped that history was being made before my very eyes. I had only to look around, talk to people and read newspapers. It is fascinating now to look backward and to see how the small hints that I noted turned out to be the great events of the past few weeks.

Paris on the day of our arrival in early July was a-buzz, not because Americans streamed through the streets as they did in previous summers but because of the gigantic preparations being made for the visit of the King and Queen of England. The work being done in decorating the streets was comparable to that which is done when building an exposition. Each principal avenue had its own decorative motif and the buildings, being of uniform size, were bedecked with continuous red, white and blue bunting. Large electric insignias were placed in strategic positions, and the streets had light standards which vied with those seen at the Chicago exposition. The most beautiful of all, to me, were the decorations at the Round Point. At each side of this magnificent place were Lalique fountains, behind which were mirrored pylons backed up with immense British and French flags. There were eight such groups around this circle.

The idea behind these grandiose preparations was not to enhance the beauty of Paris, not to spend money, not to be ostentatious, but to try to show the British that France was a loyal ally, one who shared the same beliefs as they [the British] themselves had and to give the impression that nothing was too much to expect from them. The populace had their enthusiasm whipped up when the royal couple arrived. The sincerity of the feeling could not but have proved to the British that France was with her, body and soul. France, whose budget was stretched to the bursting point; France, whose people said that the forty-hour week was ruining

the country; France, who was footing a huge bill for her 1937 Exposition which had been a failure — was at this moment putting on a show she could ill afford in order to prove her admiration of and her solidarity with England.

I heard no complaints that too much time and money were being spent for this display. All complaints from business and professional men were relative [to] the upper hand that labor held and the resultant forty-hour week and two weeks vacation with pay. When the trains were overcrowded, it was due to this, when the stores were empty the reason was the same, when Monday came around and Paris was tight-shut, the museums, stores, etc., the same mournful dirge—business is being ruined by the forty-hour week.

The next interlude in my history was Chamoix — Mt. Blanc. Of course, it is hard to conceive that anything besides the realization of vast beauty and a feeling of piety could come from a visit to this glacier-covered land, but there was a significant hint of the ominous future found even there. Chamoix is a small village in an isolated valley on the French side of the Alps. The Mere de Glace comes down from the lights, as well as several other immense glaciers. Mt. Blanc, the father of the Alps, is the most impressive and gorgeous mountain I have ever seen. There were but few other visitors around, and we thought we would have the glaciers mostly to ourselves, but on each trip we looked over and saw fields officers, the guides would, point out spots on the ice above us where the Alpine troops were making their maneuvers. After a few hours, these companies of soldiers would pass us, and we would see for ourselves that France was taking no chances on the Italians being the only people who could get over the mountains. In the papers, too, we would read that on the Italian side of Mt. Blanc, the Italians were climbing about and strengthening their forces. It seemed ridiculous to think of Mt. Blanc as a fortress, but there it was.

Switzerland, with its gorgeous passes, its quaint scenes, its remote villages, had also heard the rumor of aggressions and was preparing. Along many of the automobile roads ran wagon trails, and on these were marching men, donkeys laden with war materials and cannons. At two of the passes into Italy which we visited, the St. Bernard and the Majola, we were told we could not go to certain famous vantage points as there was building going on. High wooden fences were up, but beyond them it was possible to see foundations being laid for big guns. The

opinion of the Swiss was that Germany would try to aim through Switzerland to invade France as the French Maginot lines were too strong to pass. Switzerland, therefore, was making ready to meet the aggressors. In contrast to this, we noted that the boundary between France and Switzerland was unfortified.

Another horror greeted us at Zurich: the tales of Austrian refugees. Zurich was full of them, so full that the government was making them move on to other cantons after a few weeks' visit. We, daily, met people who had just gotten out of Austria, and when they saw friends who also were fortunate enough to have escaped, they smiled and congratulated each other. They were happy to feel free air, although their futures were unknown. They were out, and with their lives, but nothing else. Every cent they owned; every investment they had — whether it was property, business or jewelry — whether it was in Germany, Austria, England or the United States — had been given up. The fiends had taken the passports of most of the Jews the second day of the conquest, and they were returned to the Jews only when the government was satisfied that everything, including their foreign investments had been declared and surrendered by them. Who would [be] senseless enough not to say where money was invested when the punishment of false or incomplete returns meant Dachau — and Dachau meant a concentration camp from which no one returned. Storm troopers came into Jewish homes and took jewels and cash on this fourteenth of March and subsequent days. Storm troopers commandeered the Jewish-owned automobiles and were petty enough to force owners to fill the tanks with gasoline and oil and to pay for two weeks storage in the garage and also to pay to pay their chauffeurs two months advance wages. The idea of ruining the Jews can be understood and abhorred, but being able to think of these petty schemes is something way beyond the range of human understanding. All the stories of the indignities which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* and the *New York Times* were proved true by these tales of the refugees — how they were stopped on the streets and made to scrub them, and how women were made to clean public toilets and how the greatest pleasure the Germans had was afforded by the pregnant Jewish women being subjected to these indignities. After learning these tales for two days, I could truthfully say — there are things far worse than war, and if nothing else could stop these barbarous people, war would be a blessing. To allow one's mind to wander further than the present and to

comprehend the effects upon the world of this brutality convinces me that all those who cherish liberty must combine to repulse further encroachments on democratic territory. All ideals of culture and the mores which have been built up during many generations will be dashed to the earth if the Nazi march is not halted. Ideals alone cannot meet this problem, and the final detriment will be force.

France to the south was ready to stop these demons. Belfort, which, since childhood, I had pictured as a peaceful town and which I had always wanted to visit, was now an army town. It looked as though mobilization had already been proclaimed. Soldiers were everywhere, and immense barracks could be observed. After Belfort, we went back to Paris. It was Thursday, and, at noon, when peacefully walking up the Champs Elysee, there was, all of a sudden, a great clamor of sirens. Traffic slowed down; louder and louder the signals came, and I stopped to inquire the reason — it was the weekly air-raid signal giving the citizens a lesson in getting to cover in case of a raid.

England, the first week in August, was quiet. Those who could had left the city for vacations. Theaters were open, and the festival in the Open Air Theater was flourishing — Shakespeare, in a beautiful natural setting, was the daily fare, and it was magnificent. This little heaven during the performances I witnessed, was frequently disturbed, however, by airplanes flying overhead. England was having air maneuvers during this month, and daily the papers reported mishaps. The papers, at this time, were also reporting trouble on the border of Czechoslovakia, and disputes between that government and Henlein, the Sudeten-Nazi leader. England was pressing this country to make liberal concessions to the Sudetens, and Lord Runciman, on August 2, had been sent “unofficially” to try to straighten out the trouble. Many people now feel that he was sent only in order to try to save England’s face, while leaving Czechoslovakia to its fate. Germany at this time was reported to be mobilizing and filling the gaps between their forts on the Rhine. Thousands of workmen were being rushed from other jobs on the Rhine, and for twenty-four hours a day, work was going on in finishing this Siegfried Line. Chamberlain remained in London during the second week-end of August in order to receive dispatches from foreign representatives. Tension was growing. London had still the calm air so characteristic of the British temperament and demeanor. Yet the *Manchester Guardian* wrote

on August 19, “There are misgivings about Central Europe, but it cannot be suggested that alarm accompanies this revelation of the precarious European situation. It has simply brought a calm awareness of the dangers. There are few obstacles about today.”

During the first part of September, the reports were that the Czechs were conceding Henlein’s eight Carlsbad demands. This meant equality for the Sudetens, but the German press only answered by printing stories of alleged outrages in the Sudeten territories. Each time new proposals were formulated by the Czech government. Germany, though not a party to the negotiations, made increased demands.

While England was carrying on these negotiations, I was traveling in Ireland. I could hear pro-English and anti-English arguments as I crossed the border from the Free State to Northern Ireland, and that is the same as crossing any border on the continent. Good English newspapers were difficult to procure in the Free State because the people there did not like their policies. Ireland is like a far-away country — backward, uncomfortable and shabby and very poor. The people act like all those who have not had or experienced modern advantages. They feel inferior and therefore act aggressively and are sensitive to requests which they take as criticisms. There is an argument over everything, and in the words of one of their best-known playwrights, “This is not a country---it’s a damned debating society.”

These people in the Free State want to break definitely with England and her culture. They are trying to make the Irish language popular and encourage it to the extent of giving ten extra marks to each child who writes his examination in this ancient Celtic language. The Irish Theater is very nationalistic, and plays are being written in that language, and folklore is being used for plots. The language, too, is being spoken to some extent.

Back to England the first week of September, [where] more and more the papers were giving accounts of mobilization, tirades of the German press, and discouraging reports from Czechoslovakia. London still showed a peculiarly dignified calm, but behind it, one could feel apprehension.

On September 7, the now-famous editorial appeared in the *London Times*, giving a strong hint of the direction in which [the] government was moving. The *Times* is spoken of as the unofficial mouthpiece of the government. This editorial said that if Runciman attempts to

compromise the situation failed, the Czechs should cede the Sudeten territory to Germany. Bitter criticism appeared because of this editorial, and people began to condemn the backing down of England. The Labor Council was meeting at the time, and their principal resolution was that England should stand by the Czechs to the bitter end, although this might mean war. This attitude contrasted with the earlier pacifist tenet of labor which held that wars were only caused by capitalists in order to further influence in keeping England out of the impending war, for I feel that many English people feared being an ally of a communist state more than they did of her losing prestige in the world by breaking farther with Czechoslovakia. Many people felt that, by heeding the Labor Council, England would become involved with Russia and strengthen the labor faction in their own country.

The twelfth of September came, and tension was great — what would proclaim at Nuremberg? The talk was to be at eight p. m. The theaters that night were packed, and after the first act, many people went out to purchase newspapers, and the place was a-buzz with talk. After theater, the people crowded into the Broadway of London; there was a rush for late editions — newsboys seemed to be distributing free bulletins, and people just stood still reading the news. The “keynote” of the speech was a demand for revocation of martial law in Sudeten territory. This demand was refused by the Czechs.

The next night was also one of tension. As the hordes of people came out to the street from theaters and walked the few blocks to Piccadilly Circus, there was a sudden halt. Mounted and un-mounted police appeared from nowhere and blocked off the Circus. Why? A large Fascist demonstration was being forced off the Circus by the police, and they wanted no interference or fights. In a few minutes, pedestrians and automobiles were allowed to proceed. The Fascists were gone, but strewn over the sidewalks for several miles were pamphlets stating, “England wants Peace. The Czech Problem is not an English Problem; it is a Jew Plan, etc., etc.”

And so Wednesday came, the fifteenth, and again, it was the night that brought forth plans, headlines—’Chamberlain to go to Germany Tomorrow” or “War”—greeted the patrons of theaters as they were leaving.

Thursday, Chamberlain flew to Germany, and everyone waited. Many of those who were anxious went down to Downing Street to watch the ministers coming and going from the home

office. This narrow street was finally closed by police, and people stood about on Whitehall patiently waiting. Bobbies were friendly, but firm, and the crowd was orderly. When I was leaving this gathering, I went up to a policeman to inquire about a bus; he gave me the information and then said, “Why don’t you smile?” I answered that I thought things were too serious for smiles, but he evidently felt otherwise—a typical English attitude. I went from Downing Street to Hyde Park. There were many soap-box orators letting out steam. Most of them said that England was giving in to Germany and voiced their disapproval. Some declared that it was the time that socialism come forth to settle the question of the rights of man once and for all. Some preached that only faith in God could settle the question.

The people became more and more loquacious. One could not sit down by a stranger without getting into a conversation, and most of them were beginning to fear but one thing — air raids in London. The Archbishop of Canterbury declared four days of perpetual prayer, and the doors of Westminster were ordered open throughout this period. The Grave of the Unknown Soldier was to be the most sacred spot for this prayer for peace. It was a solemn sight at the Abbey — hundreds of men and women kneeling down, deep in prayer, by this simple grave.

Events happened so quickly after this September 15th. On the sixteenth, Runciman returned Czechoslovakia, and Chamberlain returned from Berchtesgaden with the outrageous demands of Hitler — the immediate secession of Sudeten territory. Czechoslovakia ordered the suspension of the Sudeten German Party for activities inimical to the state.

On the eighteenth, representatives of the French cabinet met with the inner cabinet of England at Downing Street, and proposals were sent to the Czechoslovakian government. These were recommendations for the secession to Germany of all areas in which the Sudeten German population formed a certain percentage. In two days, the Czechs accepted these proposals, and the comment throughout the world reflected great anxiety over the outcome. French opinion was particularly embittered because of the French-Czech treaty.

On the twenty-second, Chamberlain flew to Godesburg. The demands of Hitler had increased, and the German press intensified its extremely violent campaign against the Czechs. The latter called for full mobilization. On the twenty-fourth, Chamberlain returned to London to

meet again with his cabinet and representatives from France. England began digging trenches in the parks, fitting out the London population with gas masks, closing subways in order to build air attack refuge stations. Hitler gave the Czechs five days to evacuate the area designated by him. The terms were harsh and far beyond expectation, and his radio talk of the twenty-sixth gave no hint of conciliation. France began further mobilization, and England ordered her fleet into the North Sea. The president of the United States sent a letter to Hitler and Benes to plead for peace.

On the twenty-eighth, Chamberlain spoke in Parliament and reviewed the events of the past weeks, and his attempts to make peace between Germany and Czechoslovakia. The speech sounded like a review of demand-upon-demand made by Hitler and conceded each time by Benes. When Chamberlain finished, he was handed a note from Hitler which he read. The note stated that Germany would postpone military action for twenty-four hours, and that Chamberlain and Daladier were invited to Munich to meet with Mussolini and himself the following day.

On the twenty-ninth, this four-power conference was held. The result was complete victory for Germany. The only difference between Hitler's demands of this day and those of the previous week was that the Czechoslovakian situation was now agreed upon, and England was to send ex-soldiers to see that the terms were carried out. The bill of sale of Czechoslovakia by England and France was signed, and peace — at an awful price — was made. The story of the peaceful capitulation by the Czechs of valuable land and goods followed, and Germany had once more started on her march to Baghdad. I am firmly convinced that this great victory for Germany was made possible by the fear England and France had of Germany's superior air force and the consequent danger to their cities from air raids.

October 26, 1938