

## INTRODUCTION

### “YOUNG HENRY”

THE THIRTY-THIRD Vice President of the United States is not to be understood simply as an extraordinary growth of the reform administrations of Franklin D. Roosevelt, dating from 1933. He is the product of a much longer growth, a family growth. Many of the traits, gifts, convictions and mannerisms of Henry Agard Wallace which may at first seem hard to understand become more clearly explicable in the light of some knowledge of his family, and particularly of the patriarchal “Uncle Henry” Wallace of Iowa, his grandfather.

The breed is Scotch-Irish and stoutly pietistic. In Scotland, and again in the north of Ireland, most males of the line farmed and most of the women they married were farm-bred. Some of these Wallaces attained a sizable acreage and were married to women of property. There was, for instance, William Wallace of “The Leap,” near Kilrea, Ireland. He married Jeannie Campbell of “The Vow,” a considerable estate. But because she was a Presbyterian, “The Vow” was confiscated; and this so outraged William Wallace’s sense of right that he left the Episcopal Church and put his own holdings to hazard by becoming a Presbyterian. “Mad Billy,” they called this squire, there around Kilrea; partly because he would rise at dawn, mount and gallop his horse a hard eight or nine miles before breakfast and partly because he had dared the State to take his land. It may be said in general that, while the Wallaces of Kilrea and their American descendants have consistently displayed a decent respect for property, they do take their religion deeply to heart.

By the early nineteenth century times were turning fearfully hard in Ireland. Henry Wallace of Kilrea was a small farmer. John, a son, could see no future on that farm. First John and then a brother, Daniel, emigrated to America. John came in 1823, when he was but eighteen years old, and located on a farming frontier, then predominantly Scotch-Irish, inside the Allegheny barrier of Pennsylvania, where all the streams flow west. By 1835 he was master of a small farm, originally called “Finley’s Fancy,” and was married to Martha Ross, whose mother had been born a Finley. The Rosses and the Finleys were quite as Scotch-Irish in their lineage as this newcomer John Wallace; and they all were strict Psalm

singing Presbyterians of the type which later was called United Presbyterians.

John and Martha Wallace called their 150-acre of hills and river-bottom along the Youghioghenny River near Pittsburgh by a new name, "Spring Mount." They built first a log cabin and later a staunch brick house by a spring near the head of a hill. "Spring Mount" was the seedbed of this new family of Wallaces in America. The first of nine children, Henry was born to them in the log cabin in 1836. He was the only one of the nine who lived beyond the age of thirty.

The first American Henry Wallace of this line was the only one of that generation who seemed fully sparked with health and vigor by the time that he, the eldest of all his brothers and sisters, had come to his middle twenties. Studying for the Presbyterian ministry, he had rebelled against the extreme orthodoxy of indoctrination prevailing at seminaries in Ohio and nearby, and had removed to Monmouth College, Illinois. Taking over two small charges on opposite sides of the Mississippi, at Rock Island, Illinois, and at Davenport, Iowa, the new-made Reverend Henry Wallace undertook to clean up and enlighten, spiritually, morally and in some part politically, both of these quarrelsome, raw, new river towns at once. He courted Nancy Ann Cantwell of Ohio and married her shortly after her father, Colonel James Cantwell, had died in the second battle of Bull Run. He went to the front himself as a Chaplain in the closing months of the war, rode up front with Grant and his generals, tended the wounded before Petersburg, and saw the end of the conflict afield.

Back in Iowa, he found that his own health was breaking. In the process of part-time preaching and part-time farming at the more rural charge of Morning Sun, he buried his father and mother and the last remaining four of his brothers and sisters in the fresh soil of Iowa, and came to the point of an almost complete breakdown. All the staid old elders said that Brother Wallace was sure to die by Fall. There is evidence in his informal writings and memoirs, which are extensive, that not only "lung trouble" ailed him. He was sick of all the quarreling that strict little "church-made sins," as he called them, aroused and imposed upon him as a Man of God of that cloth and time. He had some money now, and he had some land, good land and fresh, out on the prairie west of Winterset, in southwestern Iowa. And so in June 1877 he resigned from the formal ministry to become a free-lance farmer, journalist and public speaker. It was about this time that people started speaking of him as "Uncle Henry." He wore the cloth no longer, but for all of his days (and he lived to a robust eighty) he remained in many ways a minister and in large ways a Man of God.

He became a really great man in Iowa, and his influence in agricultural

matters was felt throughout the nation before he died. He founded *Wallaces' Farmer*, which still lives. "Good Farming . . . Clear Thinking . . . Right Living" is the motto on the paper's masthead. He joined with such midland giants of agriculture as Seaman A. Knapp and "Tama" Jim Wilson, who later became Secretary of Agriculture, to strengthen agricultural experimentation, resident instruction and extending demonstrations, and so to make the growing Land Grant College system more vital. He was a great man to break beyond confining dogma, lay and spiritual. The sequestered little certainties of partitioned scientists, no less than the pious schisms of churchmen, made him laugh and sometimes roar. He was one of the most valued members of President Theodore Roosevelt's Country Life Commission which undertook, with Liberty Hyde Bailey of Cornell as its chairman, to draw the entire chaotic pattern of agricultural hope and malady together and to make it comprehensible.

Until he had retired from the ministry, at the age of forty, he had written only once for publication, and that unwittingly. A sermon that he had preached on a Fast Day, or special day of prayer for success at arms, proclaimed by Abraham Lincoln in 1862, had been rather widely printed; that was all. While farming at Winterset, the county seat of Adair County, he started writing pieces about farming gratis for a country weekly published there. When they tried to trim from his copy remarks on the low state of agricultural education and attacks on official complacency, he bought that country weekly and ran it himself.

A panic was running, pending resumption of specie payments after the Civil War. Crop prices were low and he was land-poor, with his bought and inherited properties low in value. But the land kept on producing bounteously under his management (he was a great believer in livestock and clover); the family could eat; and the family kept increasing. "Henry," said one of his wife's sisters, "I know the good Book says, 'be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it,' but I am sure, Henry, that the Lord did not expect one man to do it all by himself."

They had lost their firstborn, a girl, in infancy; but three boys and two girls lived and thrived. The firstborn male, Henry Cantwell Wallace, more usually called Harry Wallace, had come into the world at Rock Island, Illinois, in the year 1866. Now, at Winterset, Harry had grown to an age when he was beginning to run around the country a little with ribbons on his buggy-whip, and the head of the family put him to work sticking type for the family *Chronicle* at \$3 a week. Later, Harry studied agriculture in the college at Ames. In 1887 he was married to Carrie May Brodhead, a fellow student; and they went as tenant farmers to one of the Wallace family properties, a 300 acre farm on the rolling prairie five

miles southwest of Orient, Adair County. The house was small and comfortable enough, but without conveniences or adornment. It was in this tenant house on October 7, 1888, that Henry Agard Wallace was born.

When young Henry was four years old his father moved the family back to Ames and became Professor of Dairying at the College there. As a sideline Harry and his brother John started a small agricultural weekly, *Farm and Dairy* at Ames.

"Uncle Henry" had by now gone on from county to statewide editing. He was editor of *The Iowa Homestead*, published in Des Moines, on a small salary and with a minor share in the paper. He continued to live at Winterset, mailing in his copy from there. He was never a man to suspect his associates in an enterprise or to require rigid agreements and accounting. The other partners on *The Homestead*, commanding a majority of the stock between them, fell to quarrelling between themselves. Each side sought to line up Wallace's vote its own way, and both, representing the business view on the one hand and the editorial view on the other, tried to edit or censor their editor's copy, especially when he went after the railway monopolies and freight rate discriminations.

For the first time since he had left the ministry "Uncle Henry" was seriously worried, occasionally even depressed; but he kept on fighting. He had come through his *Homestead* writings to great power and influence over the minds of his readers in Iowa. They trusted his word completely. He was a hard hired man to fire.

They will tell you in Iowa even today that "Uncle Henry" made three Secretaries of Agriculture, if you count in his son and grandson. They imply also that he could have been McKinley's Secretary of Agriculture if he had wanted the post. It seems likely; the record shows that he was approached for advice on the subject by an emissary of the McKinley-Hanna element; and that he at once recommended his greatest friend, James Wilson of Tama County, "Tama Jim."

So "Tama Jim" Wilson became McKinley's Secretary of Agriculture and held that post for the unprecedented and since unequalled span of sixteen years. But "Uncle Henry," remaining in Iowa, was Wilson's closest friend and advisor outside the government throughout his term. "Uncle Henry" by this time had become a fairly astute politician, in a large way, himself; and while the maneuvers surrounding changes of the Secretariat in his time are related circumspcctly, he certainly left in writing no word which could be stretched to mean that he, Wallace, might have had the job all along, but told them to give it to his old friend Jim. I think that if we say the post was "proffered," not "offered," him, once

or twice—a delicate political distinction—we come as closely as possible to the facts on a question still discussed in Iowa.

“Young Henry,” as they called his grandson in the family, and later throughout the middle country, grew up in the somewhat straitened circumstances of a family that had some land and a good name, but had very little money at the time. In the small house that his professor-father rented at Ames, he experienced not want, but a genteel scarcity. From the earliest day that he was permitted to visit the printshop of his father’s and uncle’s little *Farm and Dairy*, and from occasional visits of the clan’s bearded chief, his venerated grandfather, young Henry had a feeling that his people were in trouble. They were. The ruction within the staff of *The Homestead*, brought at length to a head, had led to expulsion from the staff of his editor grandfather. At sixty the head of the family was an editor without a paper. He was involved, moreover, in a lawsuit that stirred all Iowa, stripped him of his last dollar of ready money, and had the family land holdings mortgaged to the hilt.

Never one to talk much, old Henry’s eldest son Harry later told a friend: “We had to do something. I felt that my father would die if we did not have a paper that would be a platform or pulpit for him again.” So the sons of “Uncle Henry” formed a firm with their father, and started making over *Farm and Dairy* into *Wallaces’ Farmer* in 1895. The staff was Henry Wallace, his wife Nancy Ann, their sons Harry, John and Daniel.

As soon as he was old enough to write about his first work in corn breeding, while he was still a student at Ames, young Henry broke in as an associate editor, taking up such work full time upon his graduation from college in 1910.

He remembers that in the late ’nineties the family was living on borrowed money in a rented house in Des Moines. He remembers his father remarking on a Sunday walk that if they could just lay hold of \$800, they could build a house of their own. But nearly every cent they could get was going into the paper then. By 1899 things were picking up. The family bought 10 acres of land and a dilapidated house on the edge of town. In 1900 *Wallaces’ Farmer* started paying salaries to its partners; and in 1901 the Harry Wallaces built a grand new \$5,000 house of their own on their newly acquired acreage.

Harry Wallace was the publisher; John Wallace the business manager, and “Uncle Henry” was editor in chief. Harry held himself characteristically in the background, but it was he who did most to put the paper over as a paying concern in the face of savage competition. His father loved justice and hated injustice in the abstract, but he never hated or distrusted

any one personally, nor for long. Harry was different. He was a stout-hearted, red-headed, more immediately practical man. A man of tender instincts, he had to make himself tough first as a businessman and then as a statesman, and he did. He built up the family's journal until, during the first World War boom of farm land and products prices, people spoke of it as "Wallace's Gold Mine." The mine ran thinner shortly after that, much thinner, not only for *Wallaces' Farmer*, but for all farm papers and all farmers.

After the first World War Henry Cantwell Wallace consented, though not without misgivings, to be Secretary of Agriculture in the Harding, later the Coolidge, cabinet.

In those cabinets he and Herbert Hoover were probably the strongest men and certainly the most resolute antagonists. It was common talk in Iowa that contention with Hoover and a growing despair of what he regarded as a fair deal for agriculture brought on Harry Wallace's collapse of health and his death in office in 1924.

Those were trying days for "Young Henry," as they still call him in Iowa. He had just turned forty years old, and was head of the family now. Times had turned hard for agriculture and were getting harder. Protectionism was in the saddle. "Back to normalcy" was the watchword. Things looked bad. The third American Henry Wallace of this clan went on with editing the family's paper, pursuing his researches in plant genetics and mathematical correlations. For a while, he has told friends, he "almost hated Hoover." But he is not a good hater. By the dawn of the 1930's he was speaking of President Hoover sadly as "an honest, earnest man who doesn't know what it's all about." His change of party, accompanied by a change of creed, has been, he has since explained, in protest against barriers. First, trade barriers; they are, in the long run, iniquitous; and, in a creditor country determined to export without accepting imports, ruinous. As for religious barriers: "I didn't like the way in which Al Smith's religion, Catholicism, was used to smear him in that campaign." So he left the Presbyterian church of his fathers and became a member of St. Marks Episcopal Church—"one of the poorest, most struggling churches in my home town," Des Moines. Neither move was simply a move from camp to camp. He is not a strict party man any more than he is a strict Episcopalian. He is simply a man constantly moving on against and through the barriers that divide mankind: and this, in ever expanding measure, has been the line of his life and growth in public affairs.

## II

It is not perhaps an accepted tenet of human genetics, but it sometimes appears that the children of taciturn parents are voluble, and the children of voluble parents (this factor may be environmental), turn taciturn. In the four generations of the Wallace family, here sketched, the heads of the family display at least a remarkable alternation as to this. John Wallace, his son Henry testifies, never wrote a line for publication, never made a speech, never even prayed in public, and he was extremely sparing of words in conversation. As for the first Henry, "words just poured out of him," says a contemporary. The written record of his words as an editor and speaker runs literally into the millions.

So far as he could as a publisher and then as a public man, Harry Wallace said or wrote little, and wrote that little guardedly. The gift of words appears in him to have skipped a generation, although in the expression of policy, either private or governmental, he could be clear and forceful. And now we have his son, the present Henry, pouring out words through every public channel, like his grandsire of old.

The grandsire loved to argue, preach, exhort and quote the Bible in a peculiar secular sense. He would speak and write of the politicians and business leaders there in Iowa, with curt comparisons to progressives and reactionaries in the Old Testament. So does this Henry, on a world scale.

This is not only a hereditary reincarnation born of the quirk that geneticists call "grandfatherism"; it is more definitely the fruit of a rare companionship between the very young and the very old. Recall: this Wallace was born in 1888. His father was much engaged in upbuilding the family publishing business, which had all but toppled. His grandfather, entering a serene old age, had more time. He and the boy would take long rides into the country together and often spend whole days together. The lad would read to the patriarch from books such as Bergson's *Creative Evolution*, or from rural periodicals such as George Russell's *The Irish Homestead*. It was grandfather who chiefly pushed Young Henry on and bragged about him when he started to breed the inbred strains of maize that ignored show points in search of yield and which since have added billions of dollars in real wealth to the Corn Belt of America. "Our Henry has the best mind of any Wallace in six generations," his father told the family proudly. And that, from a Wallace to a Wallace, was praise indeed.

Turning his correlation calculations to earthly practical purposes, Young Henry wrote as market analyst for *Wallaces' Farmer*. His articles, simply written, called the turn again and again, seasons ahead of time, on the relationships of corn and hog crops, the rise and fall of supply, demand

and prices. In a leading article published on January 31, 1919, he called the turns and dates of the coming post World War I depression with amazing accuracy; and then a decade passed and it all had happened as he foretold.

On that March day of the first Roosevelt inaugural, with every bank in the land closed, he came in his turn as Secretary of Agriculture to Washington. He wondered if he were suited to the turmoil of public life. The portfolio of Agriculture, which he was taking over, was a post more gravely important at the time, and more onerous, than even the job of Secretary of State. But once he took over the burdens of the office it was striking to see him change. His step lightened; his smile grew warmer; he worked with a blithe sweep and directness for fourteen or even sixteen hours daily and visibly gained each day in poise, assurance and health. He found that he could eat a peck of trouble daily and thrive on it.

### III

He had taken no training in public speaking in college, and rather resisted his teachers of English, or other teachers requiring "themes" in literary style. They always wanted long papers, he complained, and they favored "smart" or mannered writing. For a teacher of history who graded him a mere 85 per cent because a theme had been brief, he next prepared an extended paper and was pleased to receive a grade of 90. But he was even more pleased to note that the professor had not read all the way through to the last page. There Wallace, in experimental mood, had entered an impishly irrelevant paragraph saying how, looking out the window he could see a skinny, red cow browsing on the herbage of his native Iowa, and ruminating with long thoughts about history, possibly, and long papers.

He takes little pride in his writing, as writing *per se*, even now. "Strangely enough, I do not like to write," he says. Like his grandfather before him, he prefers dictation. He can peck out letters or notes with two fingers on the typewriter, but he never learned to love the instrument. Sometimes his prose compositions are scrawled in a large, rough, round longhand on large sheets of pad paper or far more often what he has to say is talked into a dictaphone.

Always by his desk, when he was associate editor and later editor of *Wallaces' Farmer*, there were two machines such as would drive most writers frantic, a dictaphone and an adding-machine. Writers who speak longingly of taking up dictaphone composition as a speed-up measure, and for relief from that back-of-the-neck pain which comes of typing or



penning miles of words (and where is there a writer who has not so yearned and spoken?), should be interested in Wallace's dictating technique. When the subject is familiar to him, long since thought through—the Tariff, let us say, or the rise and defects of research and education—he sprawls in his desk chair with his feet on the desk or perhaps in a nearby wastebasket—and puts words on a cylinder at a speed approaching two hundred words to the minute. When he is feeling his way ahead on a new subject or approach, he leans over the machine like one wooing music from a bull-fiddle, and talks very slowly, with long pauses. His control of the hand throttle which turns the thing off and on with the flow of thought is as easy and natural as that of a good driver on the clutch of a car. The output is sometimes finished and can go to printer or mimeographer just as it is. More often, he gives it a single quick going-over with a pencil. Sometimes, if there is time, he will hold it and pry at it with a pencil, editing, reworking it for weeks.

He is an exhorter with scientific underpinnings. The words that spring from his mind, sometimes stumbling, sometimes leaping, are those of a man troubled, deeply troubled, by the far-reaching sickness of these times. They are the words of a man unburdened with intellectual pride or arrogance, a man who knows a great deal and knows it doesn't amount to much. He has said of himself, half-humorously, that he would like to spend his life "making the world safe for corn breeders and machinery." To unleash to the utmost the productive capacities of nature, machines and men, so that "a balanced abundance" will replace "enforced meanness," man to man—of such is his heaven on earth.

We must work things out in our own way, a new American way, he feels. Democracy must be reborn. In 1933-34, the first year of his public career, when I worked as an aide in the office of the Secretary of Agriculture, I would sometimes think, hearing him talk objectives, that he was inclining toward Socialism or a sort of intellectual Fascism, manned by intelligence, not wealth. So we would argue with him, we younger fry of the great new Reformation which had then been declared, and we were very daring in our utterances. It was plain even then that Wallace was, indeed, as he said, "something of a middle-of-the-roader." When we would mention Communism, his face would darken and: "There is too much hate and envy in the old -isms. What we've got to do is to find a way to make machine age democracy effective," he would say. He insisted, then as now, that changing the system is ineffective without "a change of the human heart," and the Puritan in him seemed at times to suspect, darkly, that Americans are a race of greedy children who have not suffered enough.

In a collection of papers such as these, the editor who makes the selections and enters the annotations should perhaps declare his position in respect to the author. I have already done so, in essence. I worked for him, in his Department, during his first year as Secretary of Agriculture. Then I left Washington to do some writing on a small farm in Maryland, and to consider the continuing agrarian and industrial revolution from that quiet hill. As a freelance writer and editor I have since been drawn back for weeks and months on end to Washington, and some of my work was in the Department of Agriculture—for the Soil Conservation Service, the Forest Service, Triple-A, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and the Commodity Credit Corporation, successively. But this work brought me back into firsthand visits with the Secretary, and later the Vice-President, only very occasionally; and while I like and admire him greatly, I have, I think, been a somewhat objective and not altogether uncritical spectator of his growth. For the past three years, between times, I have gathered the material and now am writing a three-generation biography of his family, an account of a century of our progress in terms of the connected doings and sayings of his grandfather, his father and himself. That book, and this one, are to be issued by publishing houses entirely outside of the Government; and while the Vice-President and others of his family have approved of these projects in general and have answered all questions freely, these are not "authorized" works. The responsibility for the choice of material and for the interjected opinions is mine.

An old friend of the family gives me an engaging picture of the author of this collection making his first stump speeches throughout Iowa and the distressed Corn Belt shortly after the first World War. These stump speeches were economic, not political. He was associate editor of *Wallaces' Farmer*. He knew from his charts and studies that when foreign demand caved in, then agriculture, buying on a protected market and selling through tariff walls, would be the first major business element in the country to go to smash. So he stood there, talking slowly, entirely extemporé, telling those people who read and trusted his family and their paper about changed currents of world trade. "So decent, so earnest! So determined not to make a speech!"

This friend further remembers one blazing day at a picnic ground in Iowa when Young Henry in rolled-up sleeves made a similar talk with a good part of his shirt-tail out; and no one paid any heed to that. They were in trouble, those farmers, in deep trouble; and maybe this shock-headed, serious young man had an answer. The first time I ever saw this Henry Wallace, myself, was at a similar picnic-speaking in South Dakota

on a torrid July day in 1927. Drought and deflation had hit hard there, all at once. The crash had been so abrupt that farmers burned out and broke were still able to get shiny new cars on credit; the car and sales companies did not dare drop their sales quotas abruptly at the time. So the farmers came, many of them, in big new cars; but they had the look of broken men, some of them in their flapping, dirty denims; and their gaunt women, sitting tensely with them on those rough board benches, right out in the blaze of the sun, were brave. Something about that whole "picnic," some air of unexpressed fear, even of desperation, touched the heart. There was a great crying of fretful children and babies in arms and an occasional slapping of the young for crying. It was toward three in the afternoon and the temperature stood at 103 degrees or so. I was there to interview for an Eastern farm paper a country banker who thought he had an answer to the tenant problem. The banker and I sat in a car and talked, while Wallace, patiently and somberly, talked to the people. "The world is changing; we must change too"—that is all I recall of his lecture. I meant to go up and be introduced to him afterward, but by the time I found out what the banker thought was the cure for tenancy, Wallace had gone across the Plains to make another economic stump talk. I met him first in Iowa in 1928.

He was far from being a finished speaker then, and that still was true when he came to Washington three years later. From the first, however, his speeches and pronouncements attracted attention, not as finished expressions, for he poured them forth in dictation hastily, but for their boldness, candor and sweep. And at times afield, with trouble to mend, he would put by his notes or manuscript and, speaking very slowly, he would say things like this:

"There are, I am told, people here who are accepting relief payments, and yet, anticipating some degree of monetary inflation and price rises, are getting ready to take a flyer in wheat speculation on the Chicago Board of Trade."

This was the economist in him speaking. Then grandfatherism surged up in him. He threw up his head. It was as if old "Uncle Henry" stood there again preaching hellfire to the wicked. He went on: "There are such people here. A little, ill-informed, small-minded public, returning like dogs to the vomit you quitted in 1929!"

More gently or wearily, on the same trip, he was moved at the end of a prepared address at the Des Moines Coliseum to say a few words more. He crumpled his manuscript into a side pocket, and stood looking at that great crowd of farming people in silence. Knowing their Wallaces, they knew that something was coming and waited patiently. An aide who

was along with him had plenty of time to get out a pencil and write down what Wallace, speaking very slowly, said:

"Only the merest quarter-turn of the heart separates us from a material abundance beyond the fondest dream of anyone present. . . . Selfishness has ceased to become the mainspring of progress. . . . There is something more. . . . We must learn to live with abundance. . . . There is a new social machinery in the making. . . . Let us maintain sweet and kindly hearts toward each other, however great the difficulties ahead."

Again afield, arguing with a group of dairymen who refused to adopt a controlled production agreement, and were calling a milk strike, Wallace was ironical: "There would seem to be something about the dairy business which leads a man to bury his head in the flank of a cow, and lose track of time and space."

As Secretary of Agriculture he wielded an enormous emergency power. The pressure on his door and heart and mind were at times terrific. Great food-dealing firms sent high-priced skilled contenders, fresh from the drawing rooms of Pullmans, to gain from him decisions that would make them millions. He broke off parley with one such smooth contender by standing wearily, with bent head, and saying, "Unless we learn to treat each other fairly this country is going to smash." He was rather an awesome man to work for at times, but always perfectly natural, friendly and charming, not in the least self-righteous.

What he says on the public platform corresponds remarkably in style and cadence with his natural way of talking. Style, after all, is simply what makes people say that what you write sounds like you. Wallace's natural style is an instrument of communication with a wide range. It moves from the conversational to the expository, to the statistical and to the heights of poetry, all in his own way. He is devoid of literary vanity. He works too fast to have any time for that. Sometimes in a speech he will tackle a subject and leave the impression that he is trying to think in public; that he is asking his audience to help him think this thing through. These are what he calls his "half-baked speeches," the in-betweens. But one speech or pamphlet leads on in a curious manner into clarifications and elaborations in the next; so, stringing them all together, they are like a continuous book on which he has snatched a few minutes to talk or write from time to time. In this book we shall cover the in-between speeches mainly by notes and briefs, selecting what seem to be the culminating or full-baked addresses and articles as they emerge. That seems to have happened, by and large, around two or three times a year since 1933; but in the past few years, more often.

Improvising, Wallace pours forth at times strange mixtures of collo-

qualism: "The butter folks are on the hot spot." What a mess! The mixture of his metaphors in first drafts is sometimes no less than majestic. "The youth movement," he scrawled in one first-draft, written in a car, "has been the backbone of every strong arm movement in Europe." That may not be mixed, but it might be called strained. Again, in a series of dictated lectures later made into a book, *Statesmanship and Religion*, published in 1934: "The Century of Progress has turned to ashes in our mouth."

But he makes plain what he means, as a rule, and the personal quirks in his style are warming to the discourse. At its best, when he unleashes deeply felt emotion, or philosophizes without self-consciousness, his style is superb. The candor, the poetry, the bluntness and the boldness of the Bible is what you think of then. It was this quality which caught the world's attention on May 8, 1942, when he made that great speech beginning, "This is a fight between a free world and a slave world." He had been thinking on this subject for a long time. He arose from bed at five in the morning and dictated the address by seven. The text transcribed from the dictaphone record was changed but little.

That speech and others he has made since are the ripening fruit of a tree deeply rooted. This Wallace is not a chance growth. Consider him here, in 1934, talking quietly, in the course of the *Statesmanship and Religion* lectures:

It is possible for powerful men in positions of financial influence or in control of certain fundamental mechanical processes to pose as hard-headed men of affairs when as a matter of fact they have all too often created temporary illusions: they have merely been blowing bubbles. By the manipulation of money, the floating of bonds, they have distorted the judgment of our people concerning the true state of future demand and future supply. Oftentimes with excellent motives and looking on themselves as realists, they were in fact sleight-of-hand performers and short-change artists.

Yes, we have all sinned in one way or another and we are all sick and sore of heart as we look at the misery of so many millions of people, including among them many of our close friends and relatives; and we ask again and again why this should be in a nation so blest with great resources, with nearly half the world's gold, with great factories, with fertile soil and no embarrassing external debt. We look at all this and ask what mainspring inside of us is broken, and where we can get a new mainspring to drive us forward.

That part of Wallace which newspaper chatter writes off as fuzzily mystical is really the most profoundly practical.

Now compare the following passages with the quotation above:

At six I called on the President. I told him this war must end some time; that he was the one man to attract the attention of all the world; that probably the time would come when he would be able to suggest as the basis of lasting peace the freedom of the seas and their policing by an international fleet, so that for all time to come the nations of the world, wherever they might be located, could freely trade without fear of molestation. I said to him that was utterly impractical now and probably would not be practical until every woman's heart in the warring nations was broken, until the nations themselves were bankrupt. But surely, I said, the common people of these nations will in time overturn governments that insisted on breeding men for the shambles, to carry out the ambitions of their leaders.

That is from the memoirs of the *first* Henry Wallace, recording a visit and talk with President Woodrow Wilson at the White House in October of 1916, a few months before he died. Add freedom of the air to freedom of the seas, and it might be the present Henry Wallace speaking in 1944. The lives of these Wallaces exhibit an extraordinary sense of family tradition of which they are proudly conscious. They bear their pride with a genuine humility, but they are proud; and they are men possessed of a sense of family destiny that drives them hard.

Almost the first public act of the second Secretary Wallace when he came ten years ago to Washington was to rescue the officially painted portrait of his father, Secretary "Harry," from the sequestered gallery of past secretaries in the Department of Agriculture, and hang it on the wall directly above his desk. In 1940, when he became Vice-President, he asked if he could take his father's portrait on to his new office. He still has it on the wall above his desk.

Sometimes he seems more like his father than his grandfather. He can be tough. He can be very quiet and sad-voiced about it or again half mocking, gravely smiling, but he can be tough. When there is a log-jam to be broken in policy evasions or in personnel relationships, he breaks it. As a rule he does not leave a lot of dead timber lying around to clutter things up. He hates this side of the administrative job. He loses sleep about it; especially when friends are involved. He hates quarreling; it literally makes him sick. So he does not quarrel. But he does act.

The years of his public life thus far have been from his forty-fifth year to his fifty-sixth. These are the chief of his published works to date:

*As Scientist and Economist*

"Mathematical Inquiry into the Effect of Weather on Corn Yield in the Eight Corn Belt States," pp. 439-445, *Monthly Weather Review*, U. S. Dept. Agr. August, 1920.

*Agricultural Prices* (1920).

*Corn and Corn Growing* (1923).

*Correlation and Machine Calculation*.

*As Secretary of Agriculture*

*America Must Choose* (1934).

*Statesmanship and Religion* (1934).

*New Frontiers* (1934).

*Whose Constitution?* (1936).

*Technology Corporations and the General Welfare* (1937).

*Paths to Plenty* (1938) [Revised and retitled as *Price of Freedom* (1940)].

*The American Choice* (1940).

*As Vice-President*

*The Century of the Common Man* (1943).

The seedbed of his mind and character was fertile and well-stocked when he first came to Washington. The first evidences of full growth were vigorous but by no means formed. His discourses were those of a man almost talking to himself, into a dictaphone, at first. But one thought bred another and he learned how to talk to the people, to all the people, to listen to what that aroused and to talk back, world-wide. His war against barriers that divide mankind—barriers of trade, creed, race, color, language and opportunity—have gained in reach and effectiveness enormously. He has grown to be known deservedly the world over not only as a good man but as a great man.

Yes, these Wallaces are a continuing growth, profoundly simple, profoundly practical. Whether this present Henry will prove to be a practical politician, in the sense of nomination-getting and vote-getting, time alone and the surging changes of global war will tell. But it is certain that he will keep growing.

RUSSELL LORD

The University of Georgia  
Athens, April 9, 1944