



The Page—Bartlett Home, Portsmouth, N. H. 317 Middle Street.

SKETCHES

from my

SCRAP BOOKS *and* DIARIES



By

JOHN HENRY BARTLETT

Former Governor of New Hampshire, 1919-1920

Former President of the United States
Civil Service Commission

Former First Assistant Postmaster General of the
United States

Former Chairman of the United States Section of the
International Joint Commission between the
United States and Canada

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DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY
OF THE LATE PRESIDENT
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

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PREFACE

During leisure hours in my retirement from active business naturally I take to looking through my long list of diaries and scrapbooks, and thus refresh my recollections on a procession of experiences, some good, and others not so good.

Shall I write about them just to occupy myself is a question that comes to my mind.

I have already had a long span of years which began only five years after President Lincoln was assassinated, thus I reckon back.

It has been a period full of varied events, and my journey has had, perhaps, more red lights and detours than many have had, not conspicuous enough to be historical yet a few peaks of memory may fit into the experiences of my friends, acquaintances, kin, and even heard-tell-about-him people. I coined that expression, for it may be that descendants of postal men, sometime, will say "I've heard Dad tell of Bartlett. He put rest-bars into the post offices," or some country boy say "He helped little towns have better schools," because the little acts we do are more often handed down, while great ones are passed over.

Then, too, I believe that experiences of many years when they are in the past will always be useful in making comparisons between different periods of time.

It is true that I lived in a momentous period covered by two World Wars, and nervously fearing a third.

I did not play on the "varsity" in my life but usually on the "second team," rarely getting put in as a "varsity sub."

Not in sequence, nor in any completeness or exalta-

tion have I attempted to cover all my experiences in life, but simply sketches that troop into my mind as I look back on many busy, and sometimes hectic, years of living, mostly happy, among friendly people and kin, and in a wonderful country and state.

JOHN HENRY BARTLETT.

SCRAPBOOK ILLUSTRATIONS

A picture of the author's home for over forty years, as at present, may remind the reader of four homes of other New Hampshire governors (elected), who resided in Portsmouth. They were those of Governor John Langdon, Governor Levi Woodbury, Governor Ichabod Goodwin, and the present Governor Dale. All five houses are still standing and in good condition, also well known.

Since there are thousands of Bartletts now in the United States who trace their lineage back to Richard Bartlett (who settled in Newbury, Mass., in 1634), as does the author, we reproduce a picture of the Bartlett home in England, called the "Stopham House." It has been owned and occupied by Bartletts for centuries up to Captain William Bartlett of the "Cold Stream Guards," the present owner. We visited it in 1933.

As the Governor of New Hampshire in 1919 the author is justly proud of its Legislature, so I choose to include a mass picture of it, for it caught the spirit of action, and put over the after-war reconstruction legislation promptly and loyally, particularly the "School Reform," "Woman Suffrage," a "Bonus Act," "Reform of the State's Public Institutions," all history-making legislation, also the Memorial Bridge.

Every Dartmouth graduate loves his college, and also his class. Hence, out of my scrapbooks was taken this "reunion picture," so as to preserve it. Over half of its members "have gone," already, for it is now nearly 54 years since 1894. It was our class after five years.

A picture to be perpetuated was a "snapshot" of a scene when President Wilson, on his triumphant return from a successful peace treaty, was greeted by the six New England governors, and acclaimed by a grateful people in Boston.

Three members constitute the controlling head of all "civil service" employees in the United States. The author was one (chairman) acting with a man and a woman. The picture herein gives them as of 1921. The author was appointed by President Harding.

President Coolidge personally handed the author a personally written letter to the Governor of California to take to New York and deliver in person to the air-mail pilot who was to inaugurate the "first coast to coast mail" in bulk. The picture shown herein proves that he obeyed. This event marked an epoch in history.

To illustrate the Postoffice Department's policy of holding "Conference Conventions" in each state to instruct postal men and the public, we insert here a scene in San Francisco, California.

When the author was appointed as chairman of the American Section of the International Joint Commission between the United States and Canada, the position being in the nature of a judgeship, Justice Harlan Fiske Stone administered to him the oath of office. The act is shown herein.

We also insert the full tribunal of six in session as a court.

Mrs. Agnes Page Bartlett, the author's wife, and the author, are shown on a dock in New York City about to sail for a visit to Russia and Germany in 1939. They returned none too soon to avoid being caught by the war.

The banquet picture was in 1945 after Armistice Day after World War II.

I

RETURNING FROM WASHINGTON, D. C., TO RETIRE

On the eighth day of March, 1947, I returned home to Portsmouth from Washington, D. C., where I had been, off and on, as we say, for over 25 years, or since I finished my term as Governor of New Hampshire at the end of the year 1920.

As I was seventy-eight years old, or within a week of it (March 15, 1947), and retired, I began to feel I would attempt to enjoy a bit of, so-called, well-earned rest. I also wanted to renew my old acquaintances and fix up the house and grounds at 317 Middle Street.

I also hoped I might be well enough to write one more small book, to add to the six I had already published.

The title chosen for the book seems good enough. It is not intended as an autobiography. No, I do not mean that, but just things that come to mind as I thumb through my old diaries and scrapbooks, merely to illustrate with what sort of stuff a boy who was born four years after Lincoln was shot had jammed into a life of three-quarters of a century, a sample of that period, perhaps.

Being a poor, small-town farm guy, and one of seven boys in a family, I was plunged into a rough and tumble life fight with "no holds barred."

I feel that it may help some other boy who might read it. Now I am not only "getting along" in years, as old folks like to express it, but I am under a doctor's care, have a nurse and housekeeper, and do not, of course, go "out and about" very much. I have time to read and listen to the radio.

Naturally enough it would be for me to speak first of the first evil that befell my city after I arrived home,

but I will pass that over. I refer to substantial and reliable old Portsmouth falling for a "Communist bait" and swallowing a "city manager charter" for which it will be sorry. Since I have fought to keep power in the people, as Lincoln advised, I wrote a kindly article setting forth its dangers, when, lo and behold, my chronic opponent gushed forth into a spell of muddled mendacity. So I will pass up that subject, for our people here well understand it and him.

ATTENDING SCHOOL DISTRICT "NUMBER
EIGHT," SUNAPEE, N. H.

This was the official name of the Sunapee village school which I was born, March 15, 1869, to attend. I began at five years of age. In a single room were forty to fifty scholars. They called us all "scholars" although we were "ungraded," and the oldest "boys and girls" were sixteen to eighteen years old. Now and then there came older ones in winter-time who were twenty-one years old.

The last term I attended it I think I was sixteen. I had been over and over the same books each year for two or three years, so that I would keep up in them until I earned money enough to go to Colby Academy, eight miles away.

Even so, we had pretty good teachers. I think in winters they sometimes received as much as \$10 per week by "boarding around."

TEACHING AT \$5.00 PER WEEK

After I had attended Colby Academy two years, I taught "number 4" district school in Sunapee and received \$5.00 per week for eight weeks, walking a mile each way each day carrying a cold dinner from home. But even so little helped me get back to Colby.

I thus squeezed into Dartmouth College on a short cut "condition" at the age of twenty, plus, and graduated at twenty-five by over-work and "borrowing." And yet I was happy, nevertheless. I came to this city of Portsmouth owing nine hundred dollars, in 1894. That was all I borrowed in eight years at prep school and college.

Then came four years of teaching at Portsmouth—grammar and high. I probably was not so good a teacher, but my salary was only \$1,000 for grammar, and \$1,600 for the high school, with coaching athletics thrown in, and I was happy to get that much for a while.

So the reader of these lines will see why I got the idea, when I became Governor, that the state should get behind the school system of the state, with its big "wallet."

Before we had that law of 1919 the poor towns in their poverty did the best they could, limited by their own taxes.

MY DARTMOUTH EXPERIENCES AND TEACHING

While going through, I mean through the grinding "four years," I can say nil of public interest. I worked hard, had to, worried more, no money, "poor fit." Was on the "Lit," won one essay prize, ran the Sullivan eating club, published "Dartmouth Athletics," wrote for papers, kept out of athletics, joined "Theta Delta Chi," and "Casque and Gauntlet," had political debate with "Sherm" Burroughs, got my "A.B." (1894) and got out, but in debt. Many did better, some worse.

The Superintendent of Portsmouth schools, James C. Simpson, came to Dartmouth and engaged me to teach the Haven School.

After four years of teaching at Portsmouth it was high time for me to decide whether I would pursue it as a profession or not. I was aided in this decision when the School Committee members said to me that it could pay no more than \$1,600 a year, although they said they liked my work.

To refuse even that salary in those days looked reckless to some of my friends. Then came my mental struggle. Yes or No?

But "No" was the answer. I brushed up on my law, took and passed the Bar examination, and was admitted to practice law at once.

Vengeance I vowed on the school laws that started me at \$5.00 per week and kept me four years, and perhaps forever at \$1,600 per year (while fitting graduates for college), and laws that treated other teachers in the same proportion as that I was being paid.

PRACTICING LAW

While at Dartmouth I took such subjects as this college had, having a bearing on law, under Professor Colby. During vacations I studied some law. While teaching I plugged law by night. When I went to Portsmouth I "registered" with lawyer John W. Kelley, and then later studied under the tutelage of Judge Calvin Page. I had borrowed of a student friend at Boston University his law notes on all lectures given there. In these ways I was permitted to take the New Hampshire Bar Examinations in the early summer of 1898, and I passed such examination in a large class, some of whom failed. Lawyers Frink, Branch and Colby were our examiners at that time. At any rate I began practicing law and kept right on studying and being coached under Judge Page who had been on my high school board and who later became my father-in-law.

No, I had no Harvard or Yale law school diploma. I did it the hard way. But some of them flunked the same examination which I passed.

But I began trying cases before juries, and arguing law cases before the Supreme Court of New Hampshire to assist Judge Calvin Page who was overloaded with work. I needed steering, I admit, but I got it, and I began to see I did right in making my sudden change from school teaching to law.

But I never lost my determination to get where I could be of service in bringing the school system of the state up to where the young could have a better chance than I had.

It becomes very natural for a lawyer, even if he is busy with his practice, and particularly if he is a ceaseless worker as I somehow seemed born to be, to get into all matters



D-1894-Reunion-1899

Reunion, Dartmouth '94 in '99

of public interest, such as charities, fraternities, and politics.

But I worked hard at law and tried many cases. The most publicized cases were, perhaps, the least profitable, such as, for instance, the Mary Burns murder case which I won but for "no pay."

Large estates afforded better remuneration, such as the Treadwell estate, the Martin estate, the Haven estate, the Healy will case, the Walker estate, the Jones estate. Then we had corporation cases, such as the B. & M. R. R., the White Mountain Paper Co., the Granite State Fire Insurance Co., and many negligence cases.

We never did any lobbying at the State Legislature. Mr. Page was mayor two or three times, a state senator twice, although a Democrat, and a collector of internal revenue under President Cleveland, but was never considered to be a politician.

However, I make no apologies for going into politics. It needs men of character and courage to keep democracy effective. It would be yellow to be aloof from active politics for fear some sour editor may "smear" you with his pen in one hand, and a whiskey bottle in the other. I say to young men and women, "get into politics to keep democracy workable and clean." I helped get a vote for women when I was Governor.

CHOATE PROVING MORGAN'S WILL

While I was in the Surrogate Court in New York City trying a contested will case a big and distinguished looking elderly man came in, walked up to Judge Fowler who asked us if we would "suspend for a moment." The man was Joseph H. Choate. We overheard him proving the will of John Pierpont Morgan, the great Morgan, who had just passed away. It was in 1913. He was born in 1837, or 76 at death. Choate was in his sixties. This was a real event to us. John L. Mitchell, Miss Emily Stavers, Arthur Horton, Nellie Quinn, my witnesses, all took it in. My case was over the will of millionaire John C. Martin of New York who was a summer guest near Portsmouth.

GROVER CLEVELAND IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

In 1906 while on the staff of Governor McLane I had two hours with ex-President Cleveland at an Old Home Day in Tamworth, N. H. It has become one of my good experiences in life. I had never seen him before, nor did I after that again. He was 69 years old and died in 1908. The old gentleman was getting thin by comparison, but spoke so nicely about his New Hampshire neighbors, and so humbly, that I felt almost as if I was glad he did not know what us Republicans had said of him. In truth, however, he was one of America's great men, and a great lawyer.

HOW THE BULL MOOSE ACTED IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Theodore Roosevelt gave birth to the "Bull Moose" (1912), called it the "Progressive Party," as we well remember. He had been a powerful fighting president, battling the dangerous political power of trusts and alliances of great corporations.

President Taft, whom Roosevelt at first favored to succeed himself in 1908, was nominated and elected. Then President Taft and "T. R.," as he was called, disagreed violently. For a second term Taft was nominated. "Teddy" balked and bolted, then organized his new party which made a cyclonic crusading campaign, completely shattered the G. O. P. and thus elected President Woodrow Wilson.

Ex-Governor Bass of our state, elected as a republican, mounted the "Bull Moose," in one leap, and rode him "rough-shod," and much too long to be fair.

Then, for the last time, our state elected our U. S. Senators by a joint session of the state Senate and House members. Governor Bass had fifteen "Bull Moose" votes for U. S. Senator, which held the balance of power between the two old parties.

Practicing law in Portsmouth, I watched the vote in the papers each day, as everyone did. For many days excitement ran high. A deadlock seemed certain.

Finally, Blake Rand, Esq., of Rye, cast one vote for me and started something. I will quote the "Granite Monthly" of May, 1913, on this in an article by H. L. Knowlton. It follows in part:

"During the protracted deadlock in the Legislature of 1913 over the election of a United States Senator, that one of the numerous candidates from the "dark horse" list, who came nearest to having the look of a winner was Col. John H. Bartlett of Portsmouth. After a remarkable out-

burst of individual strength which reached its climax on the thirty-seventh ballot with ninety-three votes, minus the aid of a party nomination, or the endorsement of party leaders, Colonel Bartlett received the assurance of the Republican nomination, while several Progressives were enrolled in the number who were then voting for him. Many political observers believed that this was the first really dangerous situation which had arisen for the Democrats during the entire contest, and that it was the fear of the consequences of this movement, which had some of the features of a stampede, that induced a few recalcitrant Democrats and a few uneasy Republicans to effect the election of Mr. Hollis the Democratic nominee.

"So favorable an impression, however, was made on the public by what was practically Colonel Bartlett's first political appearance in the state, that he is certain to be in the public eye in the future. He was cheerful and unembittered after his defeat."

Up to this time I had never run for any elective office. I had favored Theodore Roosevelt's policies quite generally, had written articles in favor of the "direct primary," and the direct election of U. S. Senators.

I resented seeing so many "carpet-baggers" coming here under the guise of summer residents, with bulging bags of boodle, only to grab its high offices. This stunt is now getting raw, and it may well jar the nerves of those boys who love New Hampshire and have dug their "way up" on its poor farm soil. I was glad for this reason that Hollis won instead of Bass, who, with only fifteen votes, out of over four hundred, held up all public business for thirty-eight days at the state's expense.

LESSON: THIS DID NOT HAPPEN THEREAFTER. DEMOCRACY RETURNED.

ONLY ONE CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR IN THE REPUBLICAN PRIMARY IN 1918

At the time when a biennial state election was approaching in 1918 I announced that I would be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor, since Governor Keyes had decided to run for the U. S. Senate.

MY SPONSORING COMMITTEE for the nomination, and, also for the election consisted of fifty fellow citizens of Portsmouth namely:

HON. ALFRED F. HOWARD, a grand man, who, for many years, had been the managing head, called "secretary," of our greatest financial institution, the Granite State Fire Insurance Co., was chairman of my campaign committee. The committee consisted of merchants, bankers, church men, farmers and laborers, were all personally known to me. The list follows: Alfred F. Howard, chairman; John K. Bates, Norman H. Bean, Daniel F. Borthwick, William J. Cater, Joseph P. Conner, Elmer E. Clark, Augustus Dondero, Edward S. Downs, William E. Dowdell, Louis W. Ewald, Frederick Gardner, Freeman R. Garrett, Ernest L. Guptill, Charles W. Gray, Ralph C. Gray, Charles W. Hannaford, Arthur C. Heffinger, Charles E. Hodgdon, William E. Hodgdon, Albert A. Hislop, William J. Kennedy, Frank W. Knight, Arthur J. Lance, Thomas C. Lackey, Fred W. Lydston, E. Curtis Mathews, James A. McCarthy, John H. Neal, Howard O. Nelson, John W. Newell, Ira A. Newick, Edward H. Adams, Sherman T. Newton, Henry P. Payne, S. F. A. Pickering, Harry W. Peyser, Charles R. Quinn, George H. Sanderson, Frederick M. Sise, Clarence Smart, Harry Sussman, Ceylon Spinney, E. Percy Stoddard, H. Clinton Taylor, Fred S. Towle, Percy C. Sides, George B. Wallace, Jackson M. Washburn, Harry B. Yeaton. (Note: Judge Guptill was our mu-

nicipal judge. He was an honorable man and died with the love and respect of everyone.)

Those now living January 1, 1948, are: Major William J. Cater, Dr. Charles W. Hannaford, E. Curtis Mathews, Ira A. Newick, Percy C. Sides, Ex-Mayor Albert Hislop, Jackson M. Washburn, Augustus Dondero, Fred W. Lydston, Lawyer Harry W. Peyser.

This Committee put out the following brief sketch of their candidate before the primaries: giving it state-wide distribution: (quote) John Henry Bartlett, lawyer, business man, bank director and public speaker, was born a poor boy on a farm in Sunapee forty-nine years ago, worked his way through Colby Academy and Dartmouth College, and is a self-made New Hampshire man from an old and much respected family. He has been a life-long Republican, beginning his campaign speeches with Senator Gallinger and Congressman Sulloway back when he was a student at college, has been Principal of Portsmouth High School, Postmaster of Portsmouth, chairman of the Republican State Convention, and a member of the State Legislature.

He was author and advocate of the "54-hour law," and has always been known as a friend to labor. He was also the author of the "Employment Agency Law," the "Rest-for-Jurors" law, the "Child Welfare" law, the "Elks Juvenile" law, and the preliminary "Inter-State Bridge" law.

When the United States entered the World War, he, at once, resigned from all his extensive law practice, offered his entire time to Governor Keyes for war work, and has been kept on the speaking platform almost constantly in addition to managing the first Red Cross and Red Triangle drives for Rockingham County.

"He is a great worker, has an attractive personality, is a man of sound judgment, strict integrity, and intense patriotism." Alfred F. Howard, Chairman."

WAR WORK LED TO GOVERNORSHIP

My experience during the year before World War I was the most thrilling of all, when, as a member of the Legislature of 1917, we heard "war declared."

At Dover on August 21, 1918, I gave this political address, in part:

"All of us agree that 'winning the war' is the first consideration of every loyal organization at this time. How best to aid the war is the only question open to debate. The mere words 'Republican' and 'Democrat' mean absolutely the same now. 'Democracy' is a term which characterizes a 'Republican' form of government. The war challenges the very existence of the principles of both parties, as well as the people whom they are intended to serve. The American house is on fire, and first of all that fire must be put out. It is of no consequence that the conflagration began when the 'chief' chanced to be a 'Democrat,' nor that the hosts of plucky 'fire-fighters' chanced to be 'Republicans.' The fire is still raging, and loyal heroes and 'workers' are still demanded. All are fighting together. Republican boys and Democratic boys are warring side by side in the hail of destruction and carnage in France. Republican boys are 'lugging' Democratic boys from battlefields as tenderly and lovingly as brothers in the awful tragedy which has engulfed us all. The deep feelings of soul and spirit which thrill and chill us; those supreme emotions which impel us; and the faith that guides and sustains us all, in these darkest of all dark days, are quite foreign, and splendidly superior, to any thoughts founded on mere party distinctions as those distinctions have existed in the past.

"I refuse to believe that President Wilson prefers any war time official simply because he is a Democrat. When a candidate argues that, he imputes to our president

an unpatriotic motive, and he also confesses that his own unbolstered qualifications would otherwise lose him the race. The President, first of all, is eager to win the war, and he, therefore, wants men in office who can do most to aid him. How do you fit into the war spirit, how do you go over the top, how do you sacrifice, and how do you die for your flag are the questions and the only questions that are worthy at this time. The hosts of civilization are rushing on to victory, no one should be elected to lead who has not first 'caught the pace.'

"You will pardon me if I say, as the probable head of your state ticket, that I have spent about every minute since the war began in trying to catch the pace. I have shouted from a hundred stages to support the President, our Commander-in-chief. I have implored boys to leave their homes and volunteer for their country's defense. I have tried to cheer those at home to bear the terrible sacrifice. I have studied the war machinery of the state and nation, and I hope I have caught the spirit. I would never speak disparagingly of my opponent, but before he implores the name of President Wilson to his aid, I want him to show how much his eloquence and time and energy have supported the President, and how much he has assisted the flag in its hour of peril. I do not question his loyalty, of course, but I simply ask the question, has he a right to substitute for his lack of war work and war activity, the claim that he and the President belong to the same party? I for one, would belong to any party, if by that act I could drive back the Hun even one foot. It is not a party name, but 'fight' that counts now; not how you shout but how you shoot.

"Republicans everywhere have met this test of service admirably. This is universally conceded. A Democrat said to me only last week that he considered the way the Republicans had gone into this war and supported the President to be one of the most wonderful things in mod-

ern politics. I said to him, what do you expect, we are the political sons of Abraham Lincoln.

"The State of New Hampshire, as a state, under Republican administration (Governor Keyes) has fitted into the great national war activities with recognized skill and loyalty. It has the war work splendidly organized, and the war machinery smoothly running. A change to the inevitable 'jar' of changing is certainly illogical, and certainly would do the 'war-punch' no good.

"I think I may be pardoned for saying that I believe what I have done since the war began prepares me for carrying on the war work fully as much as the practice of law and the failure to do war work has prepared my opponent. I think my 'deeds' in supporting the President should count for as much, at least, as his 'words without deeds'."

LESSON: WHEN A WAR IS ON THERE CAN BE BUT ONE ISSUE.

"THE PRIMARY ELECTION, or nomination, created a record in New Hampshire. No other Republican candidate entered the contest against him although any Republican could have done so by the payment of a small 'filing fee.'

"AT THE ELECTION he won over Hon. Nathaniel E. Martin, the Democratic nominee, by a majority of 5,860, while for U. S. Senator, Governor Keyes won over Hon. Eugene E. Reed by 5,020, and Hon. George H. Moses won over Hon. John B. Jameson of Concord for the unexpired term of the late Senator Gallinger by a majority of 1,070. From these figures it will be seen that he was high candidate among the three leading contests."

SENATORS KEYES AND MOSES have since served their country nobly, keeping high the historic reputation of the state, yet both suffered many unkind newspaper blows. They died, however, leaving distinguished and honorable records of patriotic service to their state and country, as great statesmen. They were my active political friends. I am pleased to have this opportunity to leave behind this lasting tribute to the memory of each. I was in the Capitol with them for many years, and therefore know, first hand, that they were esteemed highly in their generation and by their colleagues.

THE GOVERNOR'S STAFF IN 1919-20

The veterans of World War I had not returned when it was time to appoint my staff. This caused me some inconvenience, for I reappointed the former Adjutant-General, C. W. Howard, with the understanding that he understood that I would appoint a veteran in his place as soon as Major Abbott returned from the war. My political trouble makers backed Howard of course who refused to resign for a veteran, carried the legal point to court and won.

But I used Major Abbott to go with me instead of Howard.

The staff consisted of these outstanding citizens of the state. They were most efficient and congenial, viz: Majors William J. Cater of Portsmouth, Ivory C. Eaton, Nashua, Robert P. Johnson, Concord, John A. Muehling, Manchester, Ira G. Colby, Claremont, William G. Dupont, Berlin, J. Levi Meader, Rochester, Benjamin P. Burpee, Manchester, John S. Childs, Hillsboro, Charles W. Fletcher, Keene.

Most highly do I prize the large silver pitcher and engraved silver plate with their engraved names, kept on my mantel.

THE FIVE COUNCILLORS IN 1919

The Governor's Council, elected by Councillor District in my administration were, each and all, capable business men who were of high standing in the state, any one of whom was qualified to be Governor himself.

They were Hon. John H. Brown of Concord, Hon. Arthur G. Whittemore of Dover, Hon. Windsor H. Goodnow of Keene, Hon. Stephen W. Clow of Wolfeboro, and Hon. John G. Welpley of Manchester.

They constituted a very workable council or cabinet to advise and inform the Governor.

They were paid reasonably and devoted their time to the state.

There was never a deadlock. We were friends all. Mr. Welpley was elected as a Democrat, but he supported my leading policies.

REPEALING A LAW WHICH STRIPPED THE GOVERNOR AND COUNCIL OF THE MAJOR PART OF THEIR POWERS.

The greatest responsibility requiring the greatest appropriation that the Governor and Council had up to 1917 was to manage the five largest state institutions, namely, the State's Prison, the State Hospital for the Insane, the School for Feeble-Minded Children, the Industrial School and the Sanitorium.

By 1917 the Legislature finished tinkering their encroachment upon democracy until the Governor and Council were no longer in control of these large, vital, personal institutions where lived our unfortunate kin and neighbors. Their control had gone into a managing board of five men called "Trustees of State Institutions," and taken away from the Governor and Council.

These trustees even appointed the superintendents of these great institutions, and also the "purchasing agent" for them. They even outlined all plans and policies. They expended all appropriations, and purchased all their supplies, while the Governor and Council had no veto on anything they did nor could they direct their policies, or in anywise control them. It was far more undemocratic than a "city manager" is to a city. They were each paid \$8.00 per day, the same as a Councillor. They decided questions by a majority vote. The minority party had two votes by the law. As Republicans were expected to be in power, a Republican governor under such law had appointed friendly Democrats when he had to appoint any Democrat.

The Governor and Council could appoint only one member in rotation, and could not remove any of them.

The chairman of these trustees was the strongest Re-

publican in the state, and he used his influence for his group, but not for Democrats or Independents. Up to 1917 we had followed the old rule of democracy. Up to then, if things went wrong with these institutions the people could vote the Governor out, and likewise, the councillors.

The Governors have always been strong men in New Hampshire and good business men. Likewise the Councillors.

Why had the government been changed after so long a time and against the people's rights in a democracy? And, why had this power been taken from the Governor and Council?

I had an idea that these institutions should each have a committee to be suited to the very different kinds of institutions, that a Councillor should be chairman of each committee and that the Governor and Council should appoint all superintendents, purchasing agents, and all committees and agents, and direct policies and rules. As Governor, I could do nothing whatever unless the law was repealed.

I felt that personal friends and kindness for these, our wards, was being sacrificed.

Boys in the Reform School, for example, at Manchester, were being beaten with rubber thongs, until wounds remained for days.

Education should be much better at the State Feeble-Minded Home. The insane had no official visitors from the citizens of the state.

The Governor and Council were thought, by the voters, to be responsible for these many complaints and for the tax money spent, and how it was spent.

I knew of no financial frauds, but I felt it my duty to make sure of that, and also to get back to democracy, election by the people and for the people.

So, the repeal fight was necessary and was on for fair.

It was hot and bitter, and the trustees all fought the repeal, long and hard. Finally, repeal won, democracy was restored, and reforms begun.

LESSON: THOSE WHOM THE VOTERS ELECT
MUST HAVE POWER TO ACT, OR DEMOCRACY
FAILS AND THE PEOPLE LOSE THEIR POWER.



1919. They enacted more progressive laws than any on record.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ENACTED AN UP-TO-DATE
STATE-SUPPORTED SCHOOL LAW IN 1919, AID-
ING SMALL TOWNS FOR SUPERVISION,
EQUALITY, AND EFFICIENCY

My two-year term as Governor, so far as legislation is involved, consisted of one long session of the legislature and one extra session, both in 1919.

As I now look back upon it, in mental review, I feel that the most important work I have ever done for the public good was to initiate and aid in enacting and setting up the state-financed and state-supervised and state-equalized public school law, when I was Governor in 1919. This was a great reform, so known and recognized.

My first step to secure this law was taken even before I took my oath of office. Immediately after my election, in November, 1918, I called together a conference with General Frank S. Streeter, of Concord, President Hopkins of Dartmouth, Author Ralph Payne of Durham, who were later joined by Judge John E. Young and Judge Frank J. Peaslee, for the sole purpose of conferring on the question of creating a state-financed public school system, and particularly to urge them to favor it, and help me on a bill to bring this about. I found them more enthusiastic for it even than I had been.

The sting that I was smarting under was stung when I was a mere country lad, in a district school, in a small town, where we had nine scattered, very small schools, in small, old and cold buildings, warmed by a wood-fed stove and taught by a \$5 per week teacher, only as many weeks in a year as the town's "money held out," and with no supervision at all. At the end of a term we had a day to "show off" before the town committee and a few parents. Then a speech by the august chairman of the board praising our "pieces" and "sums," and the good work of the "five dollar teacher"

Well, God bless 'em! They did the best they could, these poor towns. And the state was full of such small towns. They were poor people, all, in these towns. Some cities and "smart" towns could do much better.

We asked the state of New Hampshire to come to the relief of these children with her money and her best brains, and she came.

The system was enacted, yet with too small funds at first, but much more now, and it has become a blessing to every person within her borders. We now really have a wonderful school system, all begun then, in principal.

In a special message to the Legislature on January 9, 1919, I recommended the report of my special committee to the Legislature.

It related the following defects in our school laws which required a new system entirely, as I had planned.

The defects in our school system were summarized as follows:

1. No other state in New England is so lax in enforcing recognition of school responsibilities.

2. There is no power lodged in any official or officials sufficient to insure proper administration of schools or to establish and maintain proper educational standards.

3. Supervision of schools and teachers is optional and lacking where most needed.

4. No authority exists either to guarantee conditions necessary to the health of pupils or secure attention to easily remedied physical defects.

5. Educational opportunity is neither equal nor universal.

6. There is no standard school year nor annual minimum of work required of pupils by the state.

7. There are no provisions for schools in the unorganized parts of the state.

8. There are no compulsory evening schools, though according to the census of 1910, 26,783 of the

population of the state cannot use the English language, to say nothing of our native born illiterates.

The committee which assisted me to the end consisted of Frank S. Streeter, Ernest M. Hopkins, John E. Young, Patrick J. Scott, Herbert F. Taylor, Wilfred J. Lessard, Alpha H. Harriman.

A law was enacted which made a good beginning to correct these short-comings, and it has evolved by experience into our present excellent school system. The cost of the system has increased, but probably not too widely so. I approve of all its expansions and growth since then. The basic principle is the fatherhood of the state, never assumed until 1919.

For this act and its added costs, as well as for certain others, my opponents publicized me as John "High-tax"—for my middle initial, "H" for "Henry." But, if they then had foreseen the high taxes of today, they might have said my last initial "B" stood for "Blessed," not Bartlett.

I do not wish or intend to be understood as too critical of things or people prior to my administration. Good and true school officials were in the state long years before then and my friends, but the war spirit caused us to take a new look at everything. Poor country boys and girls had been overlooked. I fear, by the economy of leaders in our Legislature. Or, had we not realized how poor our country towns were, financially, and how much easier it is for the state to get money than it is for towns?

As I said before, I record my part in this as my life's best contribution to the public welfare, and it was born of bitter experience.

This fight in the Legislature was a hard one, mainly because of its additional expense to the state.

However, the expense was pitifully small then, and its parsimony came near killing it at one time later.

Now, I admit, the expense has become quite large. In one view of our finances, we must not make our school

system dependent on "pony-race gambling" and "liquor-selling" alone. So much for that part of my governorship relating to schools.

Appointing the first Board, an able one, consisting of Streeter, Payne, Hutchins, Fry and Lessard, I approved of the first Commissioner Butterfield, who aided us greatly. After ten years I was urged to return to celebrate its continued success, and was given full credit for it.

AN OPEN-AIR THEATRE

Pleasant indeed was it for me to have been able in my later years to present to my old "Number 8" Sunapee District a playground and an open-air theatre or forum where a new generation had a good brick building with graded classes and better paid teachers, all since the reformed educational bill of 1919 which I advocated.

There I listen each year to about ten competitors for prizes which I gave and intend to make perpetual. This was a part of my father's farm and "home place."

AN EXTRA SESSION FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE
AND THE SOLDIER'S BONUS

Adoption of the Susan B. Anthony Amendment to the Federal Constitution by our state gave me another fight.

My Council, with whom I usually agreed, had to undergo a rapid-fire opposition for a long time, so that its opponents "got by" the regular session of the Legislature.

But when an extra session of the Legislature was so irresistibly advocated, after the boys had arrived home from the war, in order to give them a bonus to aid a bit in getting a new start, I had no trouble in finding the Council agreed to calling the extra session. I called one. That gave the suffrage amendment a new chance.

Again the machine guns opened fire on the Council. Let it be admitted that the Council honestly tried to see their duty. There really seemed to be considerable opposition whipped up.

When we were gathered in session the Legislature voted the "bonus" and a "certificate" to each veteran, both of which I recommended.

Then I earnestly advised that we stay a day longer to ratify the suffrage amendment and it was so voted. In three days we adjourned.

The national committee signed by Carrie Chapman Catt, making the suffrage campaign, presented me with a written and personally signed vote of appreciation for my "vigorous support." The state women who signed it were Lida Chase Webb, Olive Rand Clarke, Lois Warren Shaw, and Mary I. Wood.

We issued bonds to raise the money and the bonus was paid in short order.

After this I felt our work was well done and was liberal and progressive.

MARSHAL PETAIN OF FRANCE GAVE A CROIX DE GUERRE TO SERGEANT JACKSON

A well remembered event of my term of office as Governor was a public presentation in front of the State House of the Croix de Guerre to Sergeant Andrew Jackson of Rochester, N. H. It was sent to me by Marshal Petain of France. The citation accompanying the cross bears the signature of the Marshal. The citation said—"For brilliant conduct under fire in the Chateau Thierry sector, July 20, 1918."

It was my privilege in a talk to a huge audience of legislators and guests at the special session to enact suffrage, to explain that Sergeant Jackson was wounded in the left wrist by a machine-gun bullet. He was bearing a message for his captain when shot. Andrew is a great grandson of President Andrew Jackson, and is still living.

A COMMITTEE OF THE SIX NEW ENGLAND GOVERNORS

Most of my experiences as Governor were, practically speaking, after Armistice Day.

But the six New England Governors did organize themselves into a post-war committee to meet all its many problems. The six Governors were: COOLIDGE, Massachusetts; MILLIKEN, Maine; CLEMENT, Vermont; HOLCOMB, Connecticut; BEEKMAN of Rhode Island, and myself.

Our duties were to confer on what to do, meet each transport of boys coming home to Boston Harbor, meet and greet President Wilson and his party arriving back from the Peace Conference in France, meet him at the White House on labor problems, and reconstruction duties, review many parades in Boston and other places, attend banquets, enact bonuses, attend funerals and collect charities, award medals, and aid them in every way we could. We were kept very busy.

MAYOR PETERS of Boston always had a tug to take us down the Harbor to meet the transports so we could see them before they docked.

Doughnuts and cigarettes were thrown, and many wives and friends went with us, to enjoy the happy reunion. It was pleasant as well as sad.

A Boston newspaper, the *Globe*, I think, published a cartoon which showed my tall silk hat dented in by a doughnut shot and under the picture were the words, "Governor Bartlett's war record." I think "JOHNNY FITZ" made the bad throw. Even Coolidge laughed heartily.

These six Governors became most friendly.

CHARLES M. SWAB IN PORTSMOUTH

An interesting occasion at the Wentworth Hotel was when Mr. Swab came here on a war mission. I have a picture taken at this hostelry in which I can recognize among perhaps two hundred men there: Mr. Swab beside MAYOR LADD, myself, SENATOR MOSES, GENERAL STREETER, MAJOR CATER, DR. NEAL, DR. HANNAFORD, F. M. SISE, GEORGE B. FRENCH, FRANK W. KNIGHT, JOHN K. BATES, D. F. BORTHWICK, MR. BELDEN, HISLOP, LYDSTON, WALTON, WENDELL, BEAN.

The event was to boost the war effort.

HOW NEW YORK HONORED NEW HAMPSHIRE
—SENATOR WADSWORTH

On September 17, 1920, the "Constitutional League of America" celebrated the 133d anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States by a great pageant in Carnegie Hall, New York, at which our state was given signal honors by giving me a leading part as speaker. Then at the play, "We the People," my New Hampshire party had a "box" marked "New Hampshire." Other Governors of the original states also had "boxes," and all in all, we were proud of such recognition.

A pleasant re-acquaintance note was, that I met there U. S. SENATOR WADSWORTH OF NEW YORK whom I used to see at Sunapee Lake when I was a baggage master on the Steamer "Armenia White," and as a young man he came to the lake often, at week-ends, to see a daughter of the HONORABLE JOHN HAY whom he finally married. After I went to Washington we often met and recalled the Sunapee Lake meetings and its sequel.

The reader will recall that our state on the above date in 1787, was the ninth state to adopt the Constitution, and, being the ninth state, it made up the number required to give actual birth to the United States as a nation. The other four states were technically unnecessary. Vermont was the fourteenth.

Senator James Wadsworth was defeated for the U. S. Senate for his courage in seeing too early the repeal of the 18th amendment. Since then and at present, he has been, and is, the greatest statesman in the U. S. House.

FRANK JONES RAN FOR GOVERNOR

I have before me a printed ballot, called the "Democratic Ticket." It contains the name of "Frank Jones for Governor." It was when Hancock and English were on the same ticket at its head. It was in 1880. I was eleven and can recall it. Garfield and Arthur, Republicans, were elected.

Governor Charles H. Bell of Exeter won over Mr. Jones who later won a seat in Congress.

I insert this in my experiences since Mr. Jones was alive when I began practicing law in Portsmouth, and I saw much of him and did some work for him. JUDGE CALVIN PAGE, my law partner, was Mr. Jones' lawyer.

The Jones-Sinclair families were close friends of Mrs. Agnes Page Bartlett.

Frank Jones was a strong-minded man of great executive ability and was a mighty power in building up this old city.

Mr. Jones was a stalwart Democrat, but could not accept William J. Bryan, so he got behind the McKinley campaign. He endorsed me for postmaster at Portsmouth in order to break a deadlock, as did Senator Chandler and Congressman Sulloway.

AT DARTMOUTH AS GOVERNOR

Of course, I was proud to go back to Hanover as Governor of the state at its 150th anniversary (1769-1919) and make this brief address of "felicitation":

"Mr. President, I bring to Dartmouth, now a nation-wide college, the greetings of the State of New Hampshire, which governed her when a child and sought to adopt or abduct her, after a century of generally mutual friendship and prosperity. New Hampshire, clothed in due humility for its earlier sins, not vaunting its occasional and modest benevolences, comes to this, Dartmouth's festal anniversary, bearing its many candled birthday cake, bringing of its fertile acres, of its forests of natural beauty, and speaking the love of half a million warm and admiring hearts.

"During these years, through the college, the state has from its sister states, received within its jurisdiction thousands of stalwart men who have left their valuable imprint upon the state and then borne back to the world from this state something of their Alma Mater.

"We welcome such here now again to the hospitality of our Commonwealth. The people of New Hampshire, Mr. President, have ever been solicitous for the highest good of the succession of students here and have taken real pride in this institution; and may I add that the state itself has stricken from the Wheelock curriculum that bibulous elective course too well advertised in tradition and song!

"Permit me, sir, on behalf of the state, to bring congratulations and felicitations to the college. The state credits measureless days of Dartmouth for the strong men who have drunk strength from this historic shrine among the hills, realizing that a kind of virtue has radiated from this, our college, not wholly like any other in all America,

such virtue as reflects the sturdy and hearty ruggedness of earlier American days, when genuinely American ideals were in the making.

"Our state has been the beneficiary of those ideals, born and nourished here. For that the state is grateful.

"May I now end my salutation in the old familiar phrase of endearment, 'The state wishes the college many happy returns of the day!'"

(Note: The state once sought to take over the college and failed.) At this time I was a trustee of the college, ex-officio. The memories of Dartmouth are now sacred to me. I believe she did much for me. She was small then, big and mighty now.

The minds that were much impressed on me then were those of Presidents Bartlett and Tucker, Professors J. K. Lord, Worthen, Colby, Frost, Patterson and Richardson.

A CHAT WITH PRESIDENT ELIOT OF HARVARD IN MAINE

Former President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard College, when in retirement, in his beautiful mountain estate home in Lafayette National Park, near Bar Harbor, Maine, I had the good fortune to meet in a good chatty visit happening when I took a few days' vacation from my governorship work in the summer of 1920.

I prize this meeting as a rare contact with one whom I place tops in American history. I had never seen him before then, nor did I thereafter. It stands out big and vivid in my mind to this day.

The venerable, old educator, philosopher and author was in his latest years—I've forgotten how old. But he reminisced most freely and cheerfully.

Governor Coolidge's strike troubles were just then hot in Massachusetts, police, firemen, et al, on the strike that made "Cal" famous and perhaps President. I was booked to campaign in that state to help Coolidge win vindication for refusing to take the strikers back.

Mr. Eliot praised Coolidge's backbone. Then he told me how his (Eliot's) own father was a Boston fireman once, without pay, and how he rebelled when the proposal was made in the law to give them pay. His father considered it offensive to think of such a thing as one neighbor being paid to help put out another neighbor's fire.

In our chat the dear old soul chuckled when he told me about being so young when he became president of that great college. He said when he then entered a street horse-car full of noisy students, he'd hear some of them caution by whispering "Cheese it, boys, here comes the old man," but at the last it was "Cheese it, here comes Charlie."

When I told him my great-grandfather, on my mother's side, was an Elliot, he began by asking his name. I

answered, "REV. MOSES ELLIOT, a New York state preacher." Then he discoursed amazingly on genealogy. The way they spelled Eliot was his theme. As I remember it, his line spelled it different from mine. I cannot go into detail on this, but his conclusion was that the two ways of spelling indicated whether one was in the line of poor Eliots or rich Elliots. I think he wanted to please me by putting me in the rich line. Anyway, my line had two L's and one T and his had one L and one T.

President Eliot was one of America's greatest men. P. S. My Elliot ancestor graduated at Dartmouth in the class of 1808. D. Webster's class was 1801. Ichabod Bartlett of Portsmouth was in the class of 1808—my relative, a member of Congress from New Hampshire. (See cemetery monument.) Read Ann Smith.



President Woodrow Wilson in Boston on his arrival from France after the Peace Conference over World War "One"—Governor Coolidge is introducing Governor Bartlett. Governor Milliken of Maine at right. Mayor Peters of Boston at left. All proceeding to the addresses in a packed hall.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S RETURN FROM FRANCE

When President Wilson returned from the First World War peace conference the New England governors met him and Mrs. Wilson on their arrival in Boston where we exchanged greetings and accompanied them to the hall where the President addressed an immense audience. I treasure a picture I have in which Governor Coolidge was introducing me to them. It will be recalled that President Wilson came to Cornish in our state in one or more summers and played golf on the Dartmouth course.

ITEMS ABOUT OUR TWO YEARS IN CONCORD

Concord is a city where statesmen dwell, when, and after, they are in office and hence it has gradually collected a few ex-office holders, in years gone by.

In spite of my lot being cast there when it became my duty to contend for what seemed to me to be necessary reconstruction reforms after World War I, and when I was, therefore, obliged to lock horns with some of her strong local citizens, I did enjoy my experiences there, and, on the whole, also many of her good people.

Even though he was my necessary target in some shots, I rather liked "BEN COUCH," an old Dartmouth friend. But he was hard to beat, a good lawyer, an old and coy legislator, had lots of friends in all legislatures, and, best of all for him, he had many big clients who needed a friend at court. I put "Ben's" picture in my history of the Granite State and was sorry when Ben passed away.

GENERAL STREETER aided me wonderfully on my educational program, being a powerful figure in the state, and nation—one of our greatest men in my time.

HON. JAMES O. LYFORD, I admired. ARTHUR MORRILL was friendly, but yet a stoker for Couch. He was President of the Senate, and had influence. Hon. James E. French, the watchdog of the treasury, or chairman of the appropriation committee, gave me some trouble on the school and other money bills, but yet he was always clever, honest and patriotic.

When I showed my inaugural message to "SKID" PEARSON "in advance," he said, after reading it—"JOHN, YOU HAVE DYNAMITE ENOUGH IN THERE TO BLOW THE DOME CLEAR OFF THIS CAPITOL." I had not realized that at all. I learned it later.

SENATOR MOSES, I always enjoyed, but he was not so strong as I for the Susan B. Anthony amendment, and on calling an extra session to pass the "woman suffrage" amendment. There was no use trying to delay it so I called it.

Councillor JOHN H. BROWN was a loyal cooperator and friend and assisted me mightily. He was a real diplomat.

Big-hearted JOHN G. WINANT was busy in the House on his bill to repeal capital punishment, and also to urge social and educational causes.

Secretary of State, "ED" BEAN was always loyal and helpful. "Billy" Ahearn, I liked exceedingly, as did everyone else.

SUPERINTENDENT BANCROFT supported our plan for the State institutions in spite of so much Concord opposition.

Mrs. Bartlett and I lived in the Governor's suite at the Eagle and good old OLIVER PELREN treated us royally.

My Councillors and I never had any friction at all, an unusual thing. WHITTEMORE of Dover, GOODNOW of Keene, CLOUGH of Wolfeboro, BROWN of Concord, and WELPLEY of Manchester, all worked with me as a very friendly official family.

MAJOR WILLIAM J. CATER of my staff, a Portsmouth friend, was especially helpful and efficient in public, as well as personal matters.

My secretary, "BILLY" WALLACE, a newspaper man, was ever loyal, and a "good mouser."

The Concord papers razzed me daily. They felt some of my objectives, made on principle, had the effect of injuring their friends. One, Levin Chase, of Concord, wrote me up daily but anonymously, in a vein of ridicule, with a hill-billy song, of the cow-bell technique. My opponents chuckled over it. I liked it, as it helped adver-

tise my school law, and my back-to-democracy legislation. Every knock was in truth a boost.

HON. JOHN SCAMMON of Exeter "swore me in" as Governor. Tobey was the Speaker. I might add, the "loud speaker." Still is. Good old HARRY YOUNG, as clerk of the House, was princely, so friendly to every one of us. And GENE KEELER, God bless him, was a reporter, a very old Sunapee friend when we were boys. SENATOR MARVIN, a New Castle Democrat, plugged for me at all times. I came to like EDDIE GALLAGHER, also BILL CHANDLER.

I must speak a kind word for MISS McHARG, my loyal stenographer, who, in later years, became the happy wife of U. S. SENATOR FRED H. BROWN.

These are but glimpses, which flit across my mind twenty-seven years thereafter when many of those with whom I then served as governor are now passed away. The memory is a pleasant one.

I have a large group picture of every member of the House, the Senate, Council, and all officials. It is a huge picture, is framed and hangs in my room at 317 Middle Street, Portsmouth, where I now live and write these lines.

LESSON: IN A PUBLIC OFFICE, IF ONE WORKS ON PRINCIPLE HE SOMETIMES IS OBLIGED TO MAKE INJURED FEELINGS.

JUDGE CALVIN PAGE, DECEASED

On December 12, 1919, near the end of one year of my two-year term as Governor, my father-in-law and law partner, passed away very suddenly.

In his death I suffered a great loss.

I would like to insert here at this point a sonnet I wrote about him. Each word of it has a real meaning, so I ask that it be read slowly and studied, for he was a remarkable personality whose ways and motives as well as his law and sense of justice had a great effect on my own life.

TO THE LATE CALVIN PAGE

(By JOHN HENRY BARTLETT)

Poor born, where storms of life and nature meet,
Possessing spirit glad to fight the way,
And glad his boyhood fate was work, not play.
His friendship conquered friends and made life sweet,
His manhood, strong, trod wrongs beneath his feet.
A tireless one who worked, nor heeded day,
And oft for cause and folk that could not pay.
That brave and friendly soul we now would greet.
He lived all keen and helpful for the right.
And wrought he long for those he found oppressed,
Contending through with all his skill and might,
By whom his name will aye be spoke and blessed.
He traveled well life's road, and then, at night,
The Great Highway through darkness up to light.

II

PROTECTING MINORITY STOCKHOLDERS

While I had been kept from Portsmouth during the first year of my term as Governor, I was the busiest of any time in my life, and that while engaged in matters of great importance to the state, and I especially note my work to secure the new free bridge across the Piscataqua River.

Then, in addition to all this my life had to bear the sadness and burdens incident to the death of Judge Calvin Page, my law partner and father-in-law, which came on December 12, 1919. In that crisis of my life I was elected President of the Granite State Fire Insurance Company to succeed Mr. Page, to which there had been no dissent whatever, for I had been assisting the Judge in his duties as attorney for the company for several years, and also as attorney for the then late Frank Jones who founded the company, and, while no one then held enough stock to control it, I had the largest number of shares of any one stockholder, Judge Page's estate holding about the same amount. My election seemed to have been taken for granted.

Shortly before then the Honorable Alfred F. Howard, the managing "secretary" of the company had passed away, and Mr. Emery promoted.

Both Mr. Page and Mr. Howard had urged on my interest in the bridge matter on which I was active. In fact, Mr. Howard was chairman of my sponsoring committee for Governor. Judge Page had been in the State Senate to represent the Portsmouth district the term before, and had performed service to help the bridge problem. The bridge was intended to become most helpful to the city

and to the two states. Both Mr. Page and Mr. Howard were backing the great undertaking which was three years in building. I continued in charge of the bridge building throughout, and accomplished it within the appropriation, and a small amount was turned back when Fred H. Brown was Governor.

Before I speak of an attempt to control the stock of the Granite State Fire Insurance Company after Mr. Page and Mr. Howard died and after I had been President of it for about eighteen months permit me to restate a bit of New Hampshire history.

The Granite State Fire Insurance Company was founded by the late Frank Jones at the time of a crisis in New Hampshire insurance matters. Other companies, the "old line companies," threatened to "quit business" in this state because of a new law called the "valued policy law" which provided that if a company insured a property, for instance, for \$2,000 and there was a "total" loss, the company must pay the entire \$2,000. In other words, they could not turn around, as they had been doing, and claim that the property was not worth \$2,000, and, in this way drive a sharp trade on settlement.

Mr. Jones, Mr. Page, Mr. Howard and others said, "all right, you can leave the state, if you want to, we will start a new company and do at least a part of this business according to the new law," and they did, and in this way the Granite State was born. That heroic and honest stand has been the principle on which this institution has won its phenomenal success.

In 1917, the Estate of Frank Jones sold its control of the Granite State Fire Insurance Co. through the Executors, in such a manner as to prevent its control ever going to one of the "old line companies" which had refused to insure people's property in our state, as noted above.

Page and Bartlett, our law firm, assumed this financial burden and allocated this stock with care, to trusted

friends of the company in New Hampshire and Maine and in the area of its business. Each person who purchased some of the shares agreed to resell it back to us, in case he ever desired to sell. This was done in order to keep the control as above stated.

Now, on June 3, 1921, or eighteen months after I was unanimously chosen President, John W. Emery, who had been left in charge having been promoted to Mr. Howard's position as secretary, when I called at the office to learn about, and talk over, business of the company, assumed for the first time a stern air, and finally on pressure told me that he himself had acquired control of the majority of the stock of the company and had sold it, or agreed, to one of "the old line companies," and that I was not to be president! He told me the exact price they were to pay per share. I replied that he must have known the price he named was far too low, for it was, and besides it betrays, I said, his agreement as he and the others had taken the "Jones control." He remained obdurate. I then phoned a few of the Jones estate stockholders, and attempted to break up the control which Mr. Emery had secured secretly, entirely unsuspected by me, and by unknown means and far too low a price.

He had done this when I was too busy, as stated, to be alerted to the attempt and he had kept it in great secrecy. He had never been friendly to me in politics.

By a Bill in Equity alleging the above facts now on the Court Record at Exeter, Justice John Kivel of the Superior Court of our state, on a sworn statement of the facts in the case ordered a temporary injunction, setting a further hearing if the defendants asked for it in a week's time.

Word of this injunction flew around quickly. Within twenty-four hours after the injunction was issued, I secured an appointment, and made an agreement with the sound and loyal old New Hampshire Fire Insurance Co. of Manchester, N. H., to buy, not only the control, but also

all the minority stock that anyone held and cared to sell at a price per share of \$125 in excess of the price Emery's purchaser had agreed to pay. On 2,000 shares that amounts to \$250,000.

This offer was, at once, phoned to Mr. Emery who threw up his hands, accepted it, as he had to do, and it was carried out, and the law suit ended. The contract included keeping the business in Portsmouth, the new building, and all employees, including even Mr. Emery, and myself. I did not ask to be retained as President. But for any bad reaction on the business it was deemed wise for me to remain five years as requested by President Frank W. Sargent. Most of the stockholders were pleased and became grateful and friendly to me for what I had gained for them. I sold at the same price as all others.

What was said by Emery to secure this stock to sell to an "old line company" I never knew. I received no pay for my services, but the congratulations of friends and my personal gain.

Emery has since died. I have no desire to speak ill of him or anyone deceased. BUT I DO FEEL THAT THE RIGHT IS MINE TO LEAVE BEHIND A RECORD OF THE TRUTH AS TO HOW I SAVED A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS FOR MINORITY AND MAJORITY STOCKHOLDERS. AS WELL, AND HOW I KEPT THE BUSINESS HERE IN OUR CITY, AND HOW I KEPT FAITH WITH JONES, PAGE, HOWARD, AND ALL CONCERNED.

Ex-Mavor Orel A. Dexter is now making a successful secretary in the new building, and Mr. Leon A. Robinson is his able assistant secretary. My name is still being used as a director which compliment I duly appreciate. The principle that the founders fought for is maintained.

IN THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION
AND AT HARDING'S HOME AT MARION, OHIO.

While I was Governor of New Hampshire, I decided that I would have, at the end of my two years, accomplished, within the state, my principal objectives, the purposes for which I had sought the office, and that I did not, therefore, desire to "run again," as many governors have done since then.

The second year of my term, having no legislature with which to wrestle, gave me an opportunity to mix into other desirable objectives. Among them I was called upon to attend to the business, and legal matters, involved in contracting for, and building the new bridge across the Piscataqua River, but without pay.

Then, to go to the National Republican convention to help nominate General Leonard Wood, a New Hampshire son, looked attractive to me. I did go, but Harding, not Wood, was nominated—Harding and Coolidge, or "Hard and Cool," as Democrats enjoyed saying. Some said it should have been "Cool and Hard."

Then I became infected with an urge to see Harding close up. I had been acquainted with the "Cool" end of our ticket for many years. With several others in the convention, all at once, I moved the nomination of Coolidge.

To Harding's acceptance speech at Marion I decided to go, and, perhaps, because I was the only New England Governor there, except Coolidge, I was given undue attention.

Arriving at Marion, Ohio, in the morning, to my surprise I spent a good portion of the day at Mr. Harding's home, and on the famous "front porch," where he addressed groups of touring parties from all parts of the

country, that having been adopted as his manner of campaign.

Between speeches Mr. Harding chatted with a few of us who sat on his piazza to watch the crowds as they gathered. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and others who were introduced to me were given front porch seats, lunch, and had a good time.

In the afternoon came the real acceptance speech in a huge tent before many thousands of people.

My impression of President Harding that day was that of a noble person of high ideals, whose home life with Mrs. Harding was ideal. The greetings of old neighbors, the sincerity and naturalness of it all impressed me. He treated me royally, and made me and seemingly all others feel as if we were in the presence of a great man of high and patriotic ideals.

So I came back home. In an interview it is reported that I said of him this:

"Now, when you are face to face with Harding and shaking hands with him, his face lights up in a most extraordinary way. I have never seen such a marvellous and sudden transformation in a human countenance! It has somewhat the effect of turning on a blaze of electricity in a dark room. His rugged features soften and seem to exhale a sort of inner light; his smile is a beautiful thing! I know it comes straight from his heart; there is sincerity in every line of it. In that one moment, it is as if he let you in, unconsciously, of course, to view the very dynamo of his personality. You feel that you stand in the presence of a great yet simple nature, throbbing with power, alive with vitality, keenly alert."

Needless to say that though I was in the Republican National Convention to vote for and work for General Leonard Wood's nomination to the end, I did not "sulk in my tent" after this personal, intimate experience which I had with Mr. Harding. On the contrary, when I re-

turned to Portsmouth, so enthusiastic, I wrote the Republican National Committee tendering my services as speaker for the ticket in the approaching campaign. As a result, I did address rallies in seven states, all the way to Kentucky, speaking one entire week in and about New York City. Of course I enjoyed this experience since I enjoy public speaking, and, besides, was given most complimentary assignments.

No, I had no promise of any appointment under him if he were elected. I had no desire for any. I planned to return to my law, banking and insurance company, business which I had put aside for war and governorship duties.

AT COOLIDGE'S ACCEPTANCE AT HIS HOME

Any idea of going to Washington for a national career had not been settled in my mind, not even after the Harding-Coolidge nomination. I did, however, go to Northampton, Mass., to hear Coolidge's acceptance speech. We had been friends since we were about thirty years old when I took to him a law case over the death of Benny Bunk's daughter, by accident, at Smith College. lege.

GOVERNOR MORROW OF KENTUCKY made a masterful speech at that occasion. He was a wonderful orator. He'd make you laugh and cry. He told me once he had counties in his state so poor and so opposed to high-toned folks that no candidate in it would get one vote if they, the voters, knew he wore a night-shirt to bed, or a tall hat or derby hat by day.

He did not select this one, however, for "Cal's" acceptance. But "Cal" loved him.

CLAQUES AND HECKLERS

During the campaign of 1920 I was asked to accept speaking appointments of a national nature. I accepted and spoke in seven states, from New Hampshire to Kentucky. In addition I spoke for one entire week in New York City—in noon-time rallies, in an empty store off Broadway, in theaters, and one address before the Yale Club of New York. In this city speaking I became acquainted with the words "claques" and "hecklers," and that was some fun as well as a challenge.

I have never accepted a cent for political or other speaking in my life. I believe in that as a policy, for audiences like one much better and believe what he says more readily. It is a rather interesting piece of psychology.

IN THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S SEAT IN CIVIL SERVICE

Near the first of July, 1921, President Harding, through Senator Moses, sent word to me that he had decided to appoint me chairman of the U. S. Civil Service Commission. I was sworn in July 15, 1921.

This is composed of three members who administer the top functions of the entire Civil Service of the country under which nearly all Federal workers are now employed.

We took our orders from and reported to the President himself, just as a cabinet member does. So, in that sense, this was the highest position I held at the Capitol.

A change of administrations found Democratic postmasters in office pretty generally although President Wilson's eight years had left a few Republicans in the smaller offices, and he was not so ardent in politics as Democrats have usually been. In fact, he had a rule to appoint number "one" on a list which President Harding deemed too iron clad a rule.

It really is so, because it gives a postmaster of eight years' experience an almost life tenure, generally. So we submitted a rule for President Harding's approval permitting the appointment of that one of the first three candidates according to rating whom he chose to appoint. He said to me "if a Republican cannot get rated among the first three I'm not interested."

We made rules along that line, and sent inspectors to rate them on the evidence honestly. The subject of rating is most unsatisfactory and difficult. It is not a written test in large offices.

The inspectors were not told to be partisan or non-partisan, but they interview patrons and obtain facts and opinions.

In a majority of cases a Republican would make one



Helen H. Gardener, John H. Bartlett, Chairman and George R. Wales, the United States Civil Service Commission under President Harding.

of the three places, and then he would usually be appointed even if in second or third place.

In the case of other civil service tests I do not think politics got into them much, if any. They are written tests, largely.

My colleagues on the Commission were Hon. George R. Wales of Vermont, and Mrs. Gardner. This business requires a very large force, including men who have the education to examine in every conceivable line, such as doctors, lawyers, chemists, engineers, etc., etc.

CHANGES

I had been on the seat and at the desk once occupied by the great Theodore Roosevelt, less than a year when President Harding let Will Hays go into the movies, promoted Dr. Hubert Work of Colorado from First Assistant Postmaster General to become Postmaster General and asked me to be transferred from the Civil Service Commission to take Work's place as FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL on March 14, 1922.

I asked Senator Moses what he would advise, and he replied right off the bat, "Certainly I'd take it. You will probably get a chance to move up as Work did."

AS FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL FROM 1922 TO 1929

I took the oath as First Assistant Postmaster General on March 13, 1922, and worked hard at it with the hope of a promotion spurring me on for over seven years or until May 23, 1929. But the political "breaks" came wrong as we say in baseball.

Dr. Work was a prince of a man. He had confidence in me and gave me great latitude to do things in this great department which is so near the people and so interesting. My experience at Portsmouth with Messrs. Ayers, Lord, Tucker, Cook, Washburn, Griffin, and the rest of a very loyal and efficient personnel educated me to the technique and financial end of the business to a point where I had a start not common in political appointments.

As First Assistant, I had the management of all Post Offices in the United States, like an operating superintendent. It was a real business job of work, travel and planning.

There were a Second Assistant, Mr. Glover, a Third Assistant, Mr. Henderson, and a Fourth Assistant, Mr. Billany, each appointed by the President, and each heading a certain phase of the mail system.

When the Postmaster General was absent we moved up in rank in that order, as far as the Postmaster Generalship is concerned. Each one of the four, at some time, was likely to be acting head in authority.

Under the First Assistant were all postmasters, all clerks, carriers, and officials between them, in short, all post offices.

One thing for which I will be remembered for having initiated something new was advocating and securing an appropriation for the so-called "rest-bar," a kind of leaning seat for clerks, so that they did not have to stand



W. IRVING GLOVER
THIRD ASS'T. P.M. GEN.

HENRY F. GRADY
CHAIRMAN

GOV. JOHN H. BARTLETT
FIRST ASS'T. P.M. GEN.

JAMES E. POWER
POSTMASTER, S.F.

FRANK I. TURNER
PRES. RETAIL
MERCHANTS ASS'N.

BUSINESS MEN'S MEETING
POSTAL CONFERENCE CONVENTION FOR CALIFORNIA. SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 27, 1923.

all day on their feet on hard floors. This cost a large sum, in toto, but it was a human thing to do, and has proven labor to be more efficient. It has been retained now for twenty years.

We also initiated the "State Conferences Convention." It was a policy of bringing the several expert heads of the department to a central city in each state to meet our corresponding postal men in the state for instructions, and also to gather the mailing public to such meetings in order to inform them how best to use our mail service. These conventions were very well attended, and were much appreciated by the public, and our employees in the states. Dr. Work and I usually opened these meetings. It was a time for questions and complaints. The social phase of these gatherings produced helpful acquaintances.

When acting as P. M. G. I had to sign each morning one check for the total postal revenue of the P. O. Department for the preceding day. It amounted, varied, from \$2,000,000 to \$5,000,000 at that time, as I recall.

The postal work I enjoyed, and also its hundreds of thousands of workers.

Air-mail got going with Coolidge. It budded in Harding's time, blossomed out under Coolidge, when, as Acting Postmaster General, he had me personally hand his official letter to an air pilot in New York's Air Field to be taken to the Governor of California as among the first letters to make the entire cross-country trip. Postmaster Morgan and a party of great numbers gathered to see the take-off in New York. It was much publicized.

Paul Henderson was the Assistant Postmaster General who deserves much credit for the early development of air mail. Lindberg was one of the early mail pilots, the first between Chicago and St. Louis. I knew him well, then, and was present to welcome him home from his miraculous flight to France.



President Calvin Coolidge's Letter to Governor F. W. Richards of California is given to pilot Wesley L. Smith by Acting Postmaster General John H. Bartlett, as the "ace" flyer prepares to hop off on the first coast-to-coast mail flight. With the Acting P. M. G. is W. Irving Glover, Acting First Assistant P. M. G. This cargo of mail marked the beginning of Uncle Sam's trans-continental air mail service, and starts in New York. Hence Coolidge's specially written letter delivered officially from that coast city.

Personally, I was slow to enthuse over air mail, probably because I read too many telegrams of injuries and deaths. I have never taken a ride in one yet. I don't expect ever to do so. I do not argue against them. I have seen no time when I had to take such a trip. I know they have come to stay. But I have not.

I have been, by the way, in three bad accidents, (1) auto crushed between two street cars in Washington, meeting head-on. Car crushed. I was not injured. (2) Drowned two horses through ice in Lake Sunapee. I was uninjured. (3) Fell ten stories in a run-wild elevator in Jacksonville, Fla., not hurt much. Now I am afraid I have used up all my good luck tickets and so don't care to fly.

Again as to the Postal Service. When President Harding transferred Dr. Work to the Interior Department as he had in mind to do because that position seems more fitted to a far Westerner he had determined to promote me to the Postmaster General's office, in case his old senatorial friend, Harry S. New, was re-elected to his U. S. Senate seat. But New was defeated. Therefore I accepted the result, and wrote the President that I understood his situation and it was all O. K. And so this very considerate man wrote me this letter, the original I prize and merely print it here:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

March 1, 1923

My dear Governor Bartlett:

Thank you for your very thoughtful and gracious note of March one. I hope General Work delivered to you the message I sent. I think you so capable in the service you are rendering and so worthy of fullest confidence that I should have had no hesitancy in promoting

you to a Cabinet position had the circumstances been such that I might have followed that line of action.

With very best regards, I am,

Very truly yours,

WARREN G. HARDING

Hon. John H. Bartlett
First Assistant Postmaster General
Washington, D. C.

Postmaster General Dr. Hubert Work of Colorado was my friend constantly. The message from President Harding was that he had intended to transfer Dr. Work to head the Department of the Interior, and promote me to Postmaster General, but that he had told Senator New, then up for re-election in Indiana, that if he were defeated, he would appoint him Postmaster General. New was defeated so, in order to ease the President's mind, I sent word to him that it would be O. K. with me to name Senator New Postmaster General.

The Capitol was beginning to smoke with rumors.

The President was to take a trip to Alaska. The P. O. Department had arranged a Conference Convention at Portland, Oregon, and so we were fortunate in having him come in to our big meeting for a few minutes. He came. I personally introduced him and he spoke for ten minutes. The city had a "parade of roses." Dr. Work and I rode in the parade and sat on the stand as the President made that great talk to a thousand school children, one of his last.

On his return from Alaska he became ill and died at San Francisco.

Then that trip home after his decease! The body in state in the capitol rotunda. And then back to Marion.

Never have I lost faith in Mr. Harding. Men in public life are usually better men than the editors who smear them.

I do not believe Coolidge lost faith in President Harding, and he sat in his cabinet by special invitation.

Harding's friends, some of them, betrayed him and so killed him, I believe, by grief. He was most honorable, tender-hearted and kind, as I must testify.

"I DO NOT CHOOSE"—COOLIDGE

Since Coolidge sat in Harding's Cabinet I suspect he knew of Harding's promise to Mr. New, and, out of deference to his memory, kept Mr. New on as Postmaster General, although I well knew he wished he could have promoted me. Mr. New knew Middle West politics, but was wholly ignorant of the postal problems, and needed a job.

One thing that caused me to suspect this was that on one occasion, when Mr. New was away from the capitol, President Coolidge created a precedent in asking me to meet with his Cabinet as Acting Postmaster General. This, to me, was a new experience, and most interesting. I sat in the required seat about the Cabinet table. At the head was the "little man," Calvin, whom I knew so well, so long. But he scarcely spoke. When it became my turn he merely nodded in my direction. He began the meeting by saying "Mr. Hughes" who sat at his right. Mr. Hughes talked briefly about the "news from China," as I recall. Then he nodded to Mellon, secretary of the treasury, who talked briefly. Then came Weeks, secretary of War, and so on around the ten members. I came "fifth." I passed, saying I had nothing special to report. Some others did the same. He did not inquire. It was just a meeting to report, I suppose.

As he said, "that is all, gentlemen," he added, "I will be in my office after this meeting if any of you care to see me personally."

I do not think any of the members remained to see him. I did not.

When I left the White House the camera men were there, and the newspapers had me featured as the "first instance of an assistant attending a Cabinet meeting."

Will Hays used to tell a story as to how, when he

called on the President near the beginning of his term of office, "Cal said to me," "Will, I don't seem to be busy, perhaps I don't see what this job is." Will replied, "You will soon see."

And he did, for things began popping. So Coolidge sat on the lid, told the people to keep cool, ordered any guilty to be punished, discharged his Attorney General, got good old lawyer Sargent down from Vermont to watch out. A few went to jail, and the country slowed down for a while.

That is how Coolidge fitted in so well. He really did cool things off, and help us get back to Harding's "normalcy."

In my job at the Post Office Department, President Coolidge once sought to help me by advice. He said, "Governor, you have lots of callers. I'll tell you what Murray Crane once told me. It has helped. He said, "hear your caller's story and make no reply, then he'll get up and go. If you say anything he'll get his breath and start all over again." "Crane," he said, "could get rid of more callers in short time than any man I ever knew."

The under-secretaries and first assistants had a meeting about once a month and they called us the "Baby Cabinet." At each dinner a Cabinet Officer usually addressed us, sometimes another high official. I recalled that Coolidge talked at one dinner as our guest. President Hoover, also, was once our guest. These we enjoyed. We thus knew them better.

Occasionally one of us got promoted to the big cabinet, like Dr. Work and Ogden Mills, but all of us were hopeful, I guess. Now, I ask myself, what's the difference? We did all the real work.

Carl Schuneman of St. Paul and I allocated many millions of one big appropriation for new post offices over the country, by a yardstick of actual needs, he for

Melon and I for New, the Treasury and P. O. Departments. We visited every state, as I recall.

On one of our trips for this purpose we went to see President Coolidge who was at the Black Hills, South Dakota. It was at the time he had thrilled political nerves by saying "I do not choose to run." We told him we were sorry. He replied, "I'd rather be getting out when they want me to stay in than trying to stay in when they want me to get out."

When Coolidge's "do-not-choose-to-run" announcement went over the wires, the crop of candidates began to come into the open for a race with Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, apparently leading off.

As I appraise the life of Calvin Coolidge I conclude that his greatest contribution to the public welfare was his heroic stand against the right to strike against the public safety when policemen and firemen went on a strike in Boston in 1919, his refusal to take them back, and his reelection thereafter. That principle must endure as our American policy. It made him Vice President.

HOOVER'S CAMPAIGN—DR. WORK BEGINS TO
PITCH—GOOD SUBSTITUTED—TRADES HINTED

To me the nomination of Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, seemed to be a good omen for Republicans as a successor to President Coolidge.

There arose great speculation among Republicans as to what Coolidge thought. This worried Hoover. Hoover personally asked me to take a "first line interest" in his nomination. I had jurisdiction over the personnel in the Postal Service, but I did not give to them any word at all to favor Hoover. I did go to Kansas City to the National Republican Convention, but not as a delegate. I spoke in his favor at small rallies there. Hoover was nominated and I aided in the expense and made many speeches for his election without expense to anyone.

As Postmaster General New was to retire, it was quite naturally assumed that I would be promoted.

But Dr. Work, who started managing Hoover's campaign, was side-tracked for a Chicago attorney, Mr. James Good, a retired or defeated M. C., an ace mid-west politician. This move looked bad for me. Dr. Work was my friend. Mr. Good saw danger in Ohio's vote. Later, it developed that Walter Brown, a big political boss in Ohio, was appointed Postmaster General by President Hoover.

Mr. Brown wanted his own First Assistant in the natural course of such things. I would not have remained with him anyway.

A big protest was made by Senator Moses, nearly all Congressmen, and the postal organizations but only to find that Hoover "had to do it," but would give me anything else I wanted. At first I refused anything. But to keep peace in the party I accepted the Canadian position that General Streeter of Concord once held—a judicial appointment.

Members of the Committee of Congress on Post Offices gave me speeches of regret, and a gold watch.

THE MAGAZINE OF THE POST OFFICE CLERKS of the United States on April 1, 1929, said this of me editorially, viz:

"Contrary to the general understanding when Walter F. Brown was made Postmaster General, John H. Bartlett will not long remain in his present position as First Assistant. Mr. Bartlett has filed his resignation with President Hoover and is now awaiting the appointment of his successor. It was at first thought Mr. Bartlett would remain indefinitely. But this is not to be, more's the pity.

"Mr. Bartlett was prominently mentioned for the Postmaster Generalship in the Hoover cabinet. Many powerful influences were behind him. In the final cabinet shuffle the exigencies of the political situation left no room for the popular Bartlett. President Hoover now wants to give him an appointment, in the nature of a promotion in some Federal agency rather than the Postal Service.

"Mr. Bartlett's departure will be a distinct loss to the postal workers to whom he endeared himself during his six years' incumbency. Even the policy of a 'Coolidge-economy' administration, when the saving of a dollar was considered paramount to everything else, did not deter Mr. Bartlett from advocating service reforms beneficial to the employees. He was a thorn in the side of the Joe Stewarts, and other bureaucrats. They feared him and are probably breathing freer at thought of his leaving. He violated the most sacred ethical code of bureaucracy by publicly admitting on numerous occasions that the Department's judgments were not necessarily infallible. He was too honestly outspoken. He possessed many faults from the viewpoint of postal 'officialdom.' It was for these faults the postal workers in the ranks loved him. They wish him well in all new endeavors.

How well Pope describes John H. Bartlett:

Statesman, yet friend to truth: of soul sincere
In action faithful and in honor clear:
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title and who lost no friend."

WHAT DEFEATED HOOVER! THE ROOSEVELT
CONTRAST. WHAT WAS THE BONUS MARCH?
ARMY CALLED OUT—CAMP MARKS AND CAMP
BARTLETT—ONE KILLED

Quite unexpectedly "CAMP BARTLETT" publicized me most of anything at the Capitol in my twenty-five years. What was "Camp Bartlett"?

By request I gave the use of some 30 acres of high and dry land I owned free of charge to the "Bonus Army," World War "one" ex-servicemen, and their families, when they came to Washington in 1932, out of work, destitute, and hungry.

"The Bonus March and The New Deal" was the title of a book I published concerning this real event in American history.

The Chief of Police of the District asked me for the land in order to get them off the Government land. My land was not enough in area for the whole 25,000 ex-soldiers, and as a fact they actually had been checked as ex-servicemen. The Chief of Police called it "Camp Bartlett," and put my name over the entrance.

At first I assumed I was pleasing the Government, but the tide turned. President Hoover wanted them sent home. They asked that their bonus certificates be cashed then, but they were not due then. They had no money or other resources and no work at their homes, nor anywhere else.

I was both praised and cursed by the newspapers. It may have injured business in the city, no doubt, but they were our own boys who had risked their lives for our country. Don't forget.

Finally, as everyone knows, PRESIDENT HOOVER ORDERED General McArthur to drive them out of Washington. General McArthur, I hope reluctantly, with

cavalry, tanks and infantry, evacuated them by night. One was killed, Hushka by name, others injured, and their shacks burned, a most heart-rending scene which I experienced.

They fled to "Camp Bartlett," but they were driven from it also, but not with my-consent. I was not consulted. They were driven a few miles out on the Baltimore country road sides and left, without food or shelter, at midnight. Women and children, as well as men of all ages, were so treated.

After Hoover's defeat for President many of them came again.

Roosevelt (F. D.) then fed them in Army tents for one week, set them to work after organizing the wonderful C. C. C. That's when the New Deal came in. This experience, in part, caused me to favor Roosevelt for President.

Superintendent Glassford was eased out or removed from his position. I think he did right. These hungry souls poured into Washington in large numbers so rapidly he could not stop them. He had to let them go where there was a place to lie down. That meant to the parks and unused areas.

This I explained in my book which can be found in some libraries.

No regrets have I for what little I tried to do. There were two boys from our own state among them whom I helped and sent home.

THE LESSON: THERE MUST BE A HEART IN
GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE.

A VICTORY IN DEFEAT

Hon. Fletcher Hale, M. C., from the first New Hampshire District, a grand man, died October 22, 1931, and a special election became necessary in mid-winter before President Hoover came to his chance at reelection in the presidential election of 1932. The great depression was setting in, unemployment was multiplying. Although on the Canadian tribunal at the time I entered the contest for Mr. Hale's seat. Winning the nomination December 4, 1931, in a convention of delegates over several competitors, I lost to Ex-Cong. William N. Rogers, Democrat, by a narrow margin. Reason: Rogers was a strong man, but came out for "repeal of 18th amendment." I did not. I advocated national aid to states to the extent of five billions to put the unemployed to work (note F. D. R. later). Rogers did not. Hoover did not. Four feet of snow the night before election day, January 5, 1932, kept the Republican vote in the rural towns small. The city vote was Democratic and normal.

I was intensely worried over the depression and its evils and financial losses. I only thought I could help it some if in Congress, otherwise I did not care for the seat in Congress.

Thus, when Roosevelt defeated Hoover, I knew what would happen. And that led me to support President Roosevelt, and also to work with Rogers. I am now open-minded politically, as to party.

Losing some friends I retained my conscience.

LESSON: VOTERS MUST PUT COUNTRY BEFORE PARTY.

"THE KING'S GARDEN PARTY"—LONDON

It is true that, when I was asked by President Harding to accept the position of First Assistant Postmaster General, and be transferred from the Civil Service Commission, I did accept it with regret but with an idea that it was offered to me because I had been trained by the experience of eight years in the Portsmouth post office as a postmaster, and that I would, in due course, have a good chance to "make" the "cabinet" before he was over his probable eight years in the White House. Hence, I worked my head off at the job and was somewhat disappointed at the "bad break" I got later, as they say in baseball.

It was with a sense of reluctance and wrongdoing then that in order to keep a good feeling all around among G. O. P.'s, I accepted from President Hoover a compromise appointment to become the head of the American section of the three men on the Canadian-United States Court, or technically, the "International Joint Commission." Justice Stone administered the oath of office to me.

This body of six lawyers was actually a court. It decided or had the power to decide, all questions or controversies between these two countries, or their citizens, of every name and nature. I had great responsibility, but, as it proved, little work by comparison to my previous position.

It involved for me much study, and yet considerable leisure. Moreover it opened up for me a new and wider horizon of life.

First I met with Premier McKenzie King, of Canada.

Then came an invitation from Lord Chamberlain to Mrs. Bartlett and myself to attend Their Majesties' Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, London, on Thursday, the 24th day of July, 1930, from 4 to 6 p. m. Yes, indeed,



Chief Justice of the United States, Harlan Fiske Stone, administering the oath of office to me as chairman of the American Section of the International Joint Commission between the United States and Canada.
(May 23, 1929.)

we were there. It is, the reader may know, a rare invitation for an American to receive.

Every nation and race in all the world is represented there. It is held out-of-doors, on a beautiful many-acred lawn. This was filled with invited guests—to the number of 6,000. The garden is enclosed by a rectangular high wall and is entered by passing through the lobby of the Palace.

There were many scores of tables of food. And there were present Kings, and Queens, Lords, Premiers, Generals, Ministers, and folk of all uniforms, all races, and colors. All were standing, passing, milling about, eating and quaffing.

Then, at last, appear the long awaited "Royal Family," from out the rear door of the Palace, yes, King George V and Queen Mary, the two sons, the daughter, Princess Mary, and a sister of the King. They all walked leisurely among the guests, the King ahead, the guards making a path in the crowd of people for them to pass.

The King now and then recognized old friends whom he called by name, and we were twice very close to them so as to hear them converse.

The King's voice was gravely sympathetic, and his personality revealed that characteristic beard, and an humble bow, which we had observed in picture. It seemed familiar to us.

He has passed away since then, as we all know. It was on January 20, 1936. We chanced to be, on that date, in Nassau, a British Colony in the Carribean Sea, to attend a funeral also held there for him.

Then, of course, the sons, whom we saw, have been in history so much since then (as Edward VIII and George VI) all affording a picture in our lives, we would never have had in Washington. The first son abdicated in about one year, December 10, 1936, and the second son, George VI, became King, May 12, 1937.

I remained in service on this court for about ten years.

My experiences in Canada gave me a new understanding of that fine people, and its area of wonderful soil, rivers, lakes and scenery, larger than the United States with a population of around 11,000,000 people, or less than one-twelfth of our own population. But it has a great future, I believe. It is a great challenge to future developers and investors, as our country gets fuller and fuller.

During my near ten years of service there I saw a great portion of her cities, towns, and scenery, as well as her hospitable people.

You see the boundary line gives Canada a part of the Great Lakes (except Lake Michigan).

The Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, have a people who migrated there from New England—as did Governor John Wentworth. We visited these provinces and then north at Labrador. The Eskimos at Dr. Grenfel's mission we visited.

And then we journeyed back and then again all the way to Trail where the Doukhobors near Nelson go on strikes, "naked." Then the majestic Rockies, Lake Louise, British Columbia, Victoria on Puget Sound—all these are now in my memory's mirror, as I write about them.

The largest cases were the St. Lawrence River canal and the Trail Smelter cases (smoke cases). But there were many cases involving flowage by dams on boundary rivers.

There were changes on the commission during my ten years. Ex-Senator Dubois and Ex-Senator MacCumber on the United States side, and Chairman McGrath on the Canadian side passed away. I was chairman of the United States side. I resigned in December, 1939. These resolutions were sent to me, viz:



THE INTERNATIONAL JOINT COMMISSION. UNITED STATES and CANADA.
(left to right) George W. Kyte, Canada; Bartlett, U. S., Ch.; Charles Stewart, Canada, Ch.;
A. O. Stanley, U. S.; William H. Hearst, Canada.

"The members of the International Joint Commission wish to put on record their appreciation of the loss the Commission has suffered by the voluntary resignation of the Honorable John H. Bartlett. Mr. Bartlett has been a member of the Commission for a number of years, and in that time his long experience in public life, and his wide knowledge of public affairs, made his judgment of very great value in the settlement of many questions that came before the Commission for investigation and determination.

"The Secretaries are instructed to enter this Resolution in the Minutes of the Commission, and to send a copy to Mr. Bartlett."

MY RESIGNATION

THE WHITE HOUSE

"My dear Governor Bartlett:

I cannot restrain the impulse to assure you, as an old personal friend, of my genuine appreciation of the splendid service you have rendered to the Government and to the Nation in furtherance of the good relations which happily have so long obtained between this country and its neighbor to the North.

With reluctance and sincere regret I accept your resignation, effective at midnight October 31, 1939.

With every good wish and a hope that you will come to see me soon,

Very sincerely yours,

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT"

IN PARIS WITH THE "GOLD STAR MOTHERS"
IN 1930—OUR UNITED STATES SHOULD HAVE
JOINED THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

This was an experience of interest to me personally, but perhaps of too little concern to the public, to give aid on any questions of general interest, from which I can point out any new lesson. It was twelve years after the first World War, and about ten years preceding our Russian experiences, that we visited France.

The first World War battles, the battlegrounds, the saddened mothers, visiting the graves of loved ones, the cemeteries of a thousand crosses, all those scenes, and memories, and the distant rumblings of still another war, all shuddered me with deadly dread and fear. "To behold the mothers on the battlefields, struggling with their imaginations, looking at this spot, and then that spot, viewing this way, and then that way, as if seeing what he saw, gazing into the sky and then at the earth, entranced, and dumb, from awful memories, kneeling at his grave where she could find it, praying, and crying, plucking a leaf from his rose bush to take home—all this I saw, a sight never to be forgotten. I said to myself America did a glorious thing in sending them over here. Did we not pay their expenses to visit these graves?

Gradually I changed my mind about the "League of Nations," which my earlier unwarranted hard-shelled party Republicanism had caused me to oppose, as our Republican party leaders did with Senator Lodge as leader, because I could now see better how terrible war had been, and how little, by comparison, party politics actually is, or ought to be.

Of course, Republican leaders had some very good reasons for their position, but I had come to see that, by comparison, those reasons were not adequate.

We should have joined the "League of Nations" to preserve peace in the world. Our refusal to do so, eventually caused that effort to fail, or at least, it seriously weakened its effectiveness.

We were partisanly stubborn about it, as I now see it. I'm sure our partisanship had an influence on our decision—as we were so hot to defeat the Democrats whom President Wilson led. I now believe him a martyr, dying for a great cause.

So I write this experience in France because it taught me, and similar experiences must have taught many others, that politics must not enter into the consideration of any question on which war hinges. "War is hell." Nothing is truer than that. Russia now is acting about as stubbornly as we acted then.

The "Bonus March" of starving veterans in Washington, D. C., in 1932, had the germ of a war in it, if in our democracy we had not possessed the power, in the people, to vote a Hoover out, and a Roosevelt in.

Why the United States is now aiding the starving people of Europe is to prevent collapse, chaos, communism, then war, again.

One could not help seeing that while the gold star mothers were gathered there weeping over the human toll of one war, the people of France were weakening for another. There did not seem to be solid stability of mind among them. Industry was tabooed. Idleness and looseness ruled. Wine and dissipation was premier.

It is easy to see how the zeal of communism to win the world to its standards, of being fed by the government, could quickly gain a foothold there.

We recall how easily Hitler's armies swept over France! How quickly its armies surrendered.

This country of ours, our beloved United States, has become somewhat as if she was tending toward softness, and tending away from democracy.

This condition, or tendency, was not due to the late President Roosevelt's so-called "New Deal." We needed a new deal when he came in at our bidding to drive out a president who would let soldiers starve in the streets and parks of Washington, and to give labor its just right. But, after that, war was forced upon us by the powerful armies of Hitler, and in its awful trail of ruin, men of the John L. Lewis ilk tested the backbone of our new leaders, until now the United States seem cowed in the face of an election, and dare not defy a labor leadership as bold and daring as Stalin who may have had a reason for his revolution, but John L. Lewis had no right in our crisis to challenge the power of our President as he has done.

I am sure the people of the United States will recall how John L. Lewis turned on President Roosevelt when he found he could not control him—how the President rebuked him for claiming a right in certain labor matters on the ground of having spent a large sum of money for Roosevelt's election, and then, how Lewis prepared a nation-wide radio hook-up, just before another presidential election and bellowed a mighty blast against Roosevelt calling on all labor union men in the entire country to vote against him as a betrayer of labor.

This proved not only Lewis' audacity, but more, it proved Roosevelt's backbone, and honor. He stuck to his guns and won.

If our United States is saved from another World War, the rank and file of stalwart citizens must save us. If they follow the orders and commands of Lewis and Green and Murray, blindly, our country will become second in importance and power to the labor leaders. Country first, or war.

I have a life membership in a labor union which is barred from "striking." Unions have their rights and their place, but country first!

So, no union man should put his union ahead of his

country. If he does we will have more wars, and more
"gold star mothers."

LESSON: COUNTRY MUST COME BEFORE
ANY GROUP WITHIN IT.

III

IN RUSSIA AND GERMANY SEPTEMBER 10, 1938
—WAR APPROACHING—ON GERMAN SHIP
"EUROPA"—WAR SONGS SUNG—
MEIN KAMPF SOLD

The year before the World War II began, my wife, Agnes, and I were in Moscow for a night and a day, and then another night and a day, filling ourselves as full as we could with the Russian mental atmosphere.

We arrived at Leningrad, and there saw the Royal Palace of Czar Nicholas, and was shown through it by a government guide, a government guide, of course, for the government employs everyone from street cleaners, all the way up to the Premier, Mr. Stalin.

There we saw the deserted playroom of the girl children, the doll carriage, the dolls, and many other toys and playthings, just as they were left when the entire family was snatched out by night and disappeared from the world forever, killed, shot down cold.

Yes, that was over 25 years before then, the history tells us, but the guide said but little about it. He merely pointed it out, told the name of the room, and then led us on and on through that home, once the abode of royalty, then a ghastly place of memory, a museum.

That experience nearly gagged me. I felt sick to my stomach. I was glad to get out where I could breathe fresh air again.

It was all shown to us with pride. A revolution! Then a flood of historical events rushed through my mind, a revolution, did the guide say? Yes, a revolution, killed the royalty and the rich!

A clatter of young life, children, many, country clad—with rags wound around their feet, no shoes, these we saw there gazing, just as we were. They were being told



Leaving New York to see Russia, Poland and Germany in 1938.

something in a tongue we knew not. I guessed they were Russian, with teachers or parents. They appeared serious, and shy. They spoke not, nor approached us.

We saw many things in Russia. Oh, but that doll carriage, toys, and the child who played there! That room! sticks, sticks hauntingly in my mind, and will, forever. War is certainly hell.

Many other things we saw. But I was ready to go home right then, to get back here where children can play, and laugh, and be safe.

Lest the reader is reminded, he may not recall that this Leningrad I'm talking about is a new name for the old St. Petersburg, capital of Russia—now named for Lenin, the first leader of revolutionized Russia. For a time, 1914 to 1918, it was Petrograd. But Moscow has been the capital since 1918, or since the "revolution."

And the name Moscow has been the name of the capital of the "Soviet Union" since 1918, and was also the name of the "Russian Capital" from 1462 down until the 18th century when Peter the Great took over and moved the capital back to the seaport where we docked, and gave it his own name Petrograd. The word "peter" means "stone," we read. And we saw a life-sized statue of the "Great Peter." But now this city is Leningrad, a port of entry.

We arrived at this seaport, Leningrad, in the ship "Stella Polaris" from England. She was the royal boat of the Kaiser of Germany, captured in the first World War by the British.

Our experience on arriving is suggestive of the Russian mind of today. Since Russia would give us no permission to come ashore immediately when we docked that means no "visa" in advance like all other nations we visited, we had a nervous time for about four hours after docking, and before they would let us off the boat.

Four rather coarsely-clad officials came aboard and

took tables to view us, and question us, as we passed them, and also took the four hours of time from 200 of us.

They rejected twenty-eight of the party in line, one here and one there, but I could not discern any test rule, so I trembled in fear myself. But both of us made the test whatever it was.

They seemed suspicious, and extra officious, as if they, too, were fearful of something. I learned afterward that they suspected spies, fearing a counter revolution. Some two or three who were allowed to disembark at first were kept on board thereafter. It made on me an impression which helps my understanding of how they are behaving now.

They had killed off so many property owners in the revolution that it made them suspicious of rich tourists. It is in their blood now, I think, to fear us, as they imagine we have so much money that means to them "capitalism."

For one day we had a young man guide who was an English-taught professor of English in a college in Russia. He said he was a poor Russian boy whom the government had put in college, educated him free for its own purposes. He was a smooth-faced, rosy cheeked man about thirty, I'd say, full of praise for Communism. And he flushed in the face and looked angrily when any one of us asked a question which seemed to him to imply a bit of criticism. This was in Moscow.

He said we were not permitted to go into the Kremlin, but gave us no reason. It is a large building situated on one side of "Red Square." But he said we could see, and we did see, the tomb of Lenin, in "Red Square."

Down we went underground to see his perfectly embalmed body under glass. It was many steps down a wide and winding cement stairway. I guess the books will tell the reader how many steps or feet down, and how many soldiers guarded it, and how many candles lighted it and made it look ghastly.

We saw the raised support with Lenin's body on it, the body in uniform full length, the face looked full and unemaciated as in life, said to be a perfect job of embalming. It was enclosed in clear, transparent glass.

I don't know whether we paid for this sight or not, for it was all embraced in our trip.

When we had circled up and out of that deep tomb and seen the light of the sun again there we beheld a large number of persons gathered about the entrance, perhaps to go in—I never knew, or cared—I was glad to get out.

Our young guide accompanied us and watched us carefully. When we were up and out again, the subject of abandoned churches and discarded religion came in for a few questions. He did not appear to like the subject. "Yes," he answered, "a few of the old folks still believe in religion but they will soon die off. We young people don't believe in it, so it will soon play out." They can have meetings for religion if they want to pay for the places themselves, but the government took over the churches for other uses.

I hear now that religious worship is gradually getting a little more of a foothold in Russia since we were there. To my mind no government can keep religion out, for it is instinctively planted in the human heart, in all human beings.

Premier Stalin can't stop religion. No, nor anyone else.

But I got the impression that what made the revolutionists angry at the church was that, as an organization, it played too strong with the Czar's official government against which the suffering poor were revolting.

To go all the way to Russia and be told we could not step a foot into the Kremlin, the seat of the U. S. S. R. government, by a government guide, not even to step

one foot on its steps or into its open spaces, was just "something."

It is a fortress in the center of the city of Moscow. It was the chief residence of the Czar until the 18th century, has five entrances through tower-topped gates, and Premier Stalin was in this triangular citadel, but would not let us in, nor anyone, at that time.

Yet we already know something about him. He joined the Lenin faction and was one of Lenin's leading lieutenants when the Bolsheviks overthrew Kerensky in 1917. He was Secretary of the Communist party, after Lenin died in 1924. Then he purged Russia of his political enemies, Trotzky and others. He is now the Premier. Stalingrad, a large city, is named for him.

I never saw him or his city. The books record that he was born in 1879, that at nineteen he was expelled from a theological seminary at Tiflis for his radical affiliations, that for twenty years he was a revolutionary organizer, that, as such, he had been arrested, and exiled to Siberia more than once.

One can see how Tiflis' action made him revengeful against religion.

On our ship going to England, (one leg of our trip), we met Tom Campbell, the most famous and largest farmer in the United States. His farm in Montana, he said, was about as large as the state of Rhode Island, and he also said that Russia had engaged him at a salary of \$25,000, as I remember it, to show them—teach the Russians how to use the latest machines for farming on a huge scale. Since then we read that Stalingrad city has a large tractor factory of its own.

Speaking of Trotzky, our woman guide, whom we had one day, said "that was our great mistake." We knew what she meant by the way she looked and said it. Trotzky was not killed. He came, I recall, to Mexico.

I conversed with a telephone operator in Moscow

in a hotel. She spoke good English. I made bold to ask her how she liked this idea of the government running all businesses, all everything. Her answer was, "why wouldn't we like it; we all have work and Mr. Stalin takes care of us."

We saw many lines of many people, poverty-marked and poorly clad, at different places, but the guide would say nothing, and the auto driver whisked by them. Probably food lines or shoe lines.

However, she took us through as beautiful a subway trolleyride as I ever saw in any city here. It was marbled-lined, five miles through a hill in Moscow city, and newly built.

And she showed us a wonderful park of many acres, of movie-houses, ball-fields, flower gardens, zoos, and what not. And they put on a swell variety show, in the biggest theater, for us, and it really was excellent—singing, dancing, acrobatics, and all. But yet we saw women sweeping and cleaning the streets, and all such hard work.

When we left the pier at Leningrad to sail back home I chanced to learn that any Russian rubles we had, money, would be taken away from us without exchange. I had a few coins in my pocket, and so hustled to a store on the dock, and swapped them for vodka I did not want, and said goodby Russia. On our return we passed through Germany's Kiel Canal, and also saw much of Hamburg.

This trip to Russia was so near the time that Hitler gave his fateful order to "march," that our ship, the German steamer *Europa* was thrown into a state of terror when in mid-ocean word went around that she had been "alerted" to a turn-about order and return to Bremen.

The ship had a German crew of about 1,000 men, groups of whom sang war songs to audiences in the assembly hall in the evening. Feeling was tense. Hitler's book "*Mein Kampf*" was sold on the news stands, and many Americans on board wished they had sailed on any

other boat. The war was on in Europe about as soon as we arrived home.

Mrs. Bartlett and I had seen and knew at our home city the Russians, Vitte, Rosen, and their several aids and assistants who came to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in August and September, 1905, and in conference made terms of peace with the Japanese bringing to an end a great war. Portsmouth citizens at that time enjoyed the Russian envoys and had a good impression of them. They were fine looking men.

Naturally we were curious to see how the leading Russians looked and appeared in 1938, for the great revolution had intervened in 1917.

But we never had a chance to see any one of the leaders, nor were we allowed to see their secretaries, or door keepers. We were in a party which was assigned a guide, and we saw and heard what they wanted us to see and hear. That was all.

We were made to feel that we were curious enemies destined to be cut down by some future spread of the revolution which they had started on its way, a "world revolution." That is in their minds, and in their blood, we believe.

The second World War cut off my expected tour to the Far East, Australia, Mediterranean and Hawaii. This loss I regret, but not so much as I regret the terrible war.

THE LESSON: IT'S EXPEDIENT TO SEE FOREIGN PEOPLES AND UNDERSTAND THEM. I BELIEVE THE ATTITUDE OF SOME AMERICANS TO "GET TOUGH WITH RUSSIA" HAS ANGERED HER SO WE MUST OUTLIVE THAT IMPRESSION, AFTER A NEW ADMINISTRATION COMES IN HERE AT HOME.

IV

IN ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND

On the same trip when we visited France and the King's Garden Party, Mrs. Bartlett and I saw much of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. First we called on the Bartletts at Stopham in Southern England where lives in the original Bartlett home, Captain Wm. Bartlett, now and at that time in the Cold Stream Guards.

Then we journeyed by auto throughout England and Scotland, and learned to say,

"France has her lily,

England has her rose,

Everybody knows where the shamrock grows.

Scotland has her thistle growing on her hills,

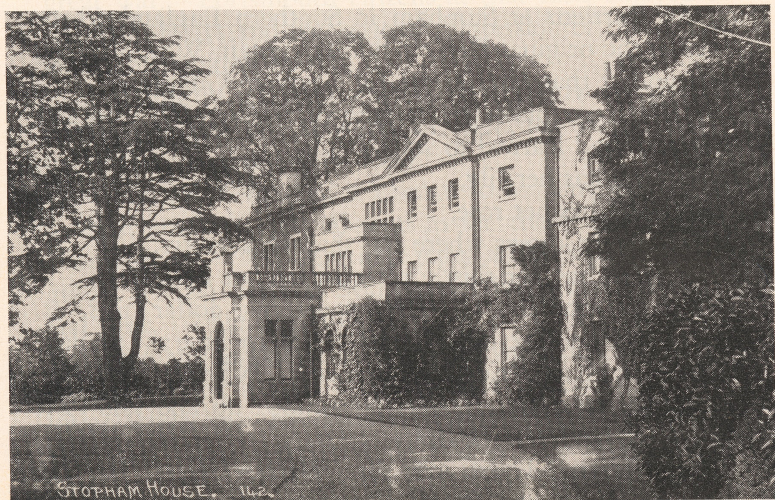
But the emblems of America are one dollar bills."

In Ireland President Cosgrave received me as I walked right in with no prior appointment. When I said Mrs. Bartlett is in a taxi outside, he jumped up and said "I'll out to see her," and he did.

In Ireland I also saw the "Blarney Stone" but did not kiss it because I found it was one hundred feet high up in the air and projecting out two or three feet from the top of Blarney Castle. I was afraid to try it. Jim Farley told me he bit off a good chunk of it.

I liked the Irish money. The coins had on 'em horses, dogs, cows, fishes, hogs, etc., that is, their products.

In England Sir Ramsey MacDonald was Premier. He was most cordial, took us for a seat in Parliament where we watched the wheels of his labor government go around and around.



We visited this English Home of the Bartlett's. Richard Bartlett settled at Newbury, Mass., in 1634. He was the first American Bartlett.
My ancestor.

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES
BORN IN OUR STATE

My admiration for the liberal mind of Harlan Fiske Stone, a son of New Hampshire, being born in Chesterfield, and my personal love for him, as I found him desiring to be so friendly, made his death one of the saddest experiences in my life. I also care the more for President Roosevelt for making him the Chief Justice, for Mr. Stone was a Republican, but his liberal opinions appealed so strongly to the President that I could understand how these two mental giants, and humane leaders admired each the other, above all politics.

Proud am I that I have this letter to indicate our mutual friendship.

Supreme Court of the United States
Washington, D. C.

October 21, 1940

Dear Bartlett:

I meant to have written you before this to say how fine your tribute to your brother is. Its simplicity and sincerity make it eloquent and touching. I am glad you showed it to me.

It was a pleasure to see you and Mrs. Bartlett the other evening.

We mustn't lose touch.

With kind regards to you both I am

Yours sincerely,

HARLAN FISKE STONE

My brother, Delmar, graduated at Purdue Univer-

sity when the brother of Chief Justice Stone, since deceased, was President of that college, which fact added to our bonds in common.

Justice Stone always seemed to feel a genuine sense of loyalty or reverence for our state, as he would often refer to his forbears here, although his father, when Harlan was young, sold the farm and moved to Amherst, Mass., "so Harlan could get an education."

I had seen, in college, his big rounded back when, as a football guard at Amherst College he faced "Big Bowles" of Dartmouth, but I did not actually know him then, and I only saw him as an opponent when, as submaster of the Newburyport, Mass., High School, he brought his football team here to play my Portsmouth High School team when I was principal and coach.

However, all these early days in our lives were talked over gleefully when we really became intimate friends in Washington, D. C.

Our state had one other Chief Justice of the United States in Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, (appointed by President Lincoln), born in Cornish. Levi Woodbury was our only member of the United States Supreme Court who was born here and lived here. Justice Clifford was born here but lived in Maine. (See the Synoptic History of the Granite State.)

Chief Justice Stone would have been a wonderful man for President of the United States.

SELECTIONS FROM A FEW LETTERS
RECEIVED AT TIMES

On March 9, 1922, BISHOP GUERTIN wrote me "Heartfelt congratulations upon your recent appointment! My best wishes are yours for a still higher post of honor and responsibility. New Hampshire takes a legitimate pride in your ascending career."

On October 4, 1919, PRESIDENT WILSON'S private secretary, J. P. Tumulty, wrote me, "The President will, I know, be cheered and touched by your generous message of sympathy, and in his behalf I beg to thank you very warmly for having sent it. I am glad to say that his condition is more favorable today."

On November 5, 1919, JOHN W. WEEKS wrote me: "It gives me a great deal of pleasure to say to you this morning when everyone in Massachusetts is feeling particularly hilarious that your speeches in Massachusetts were very beneficial. It will not be without some pride on your part to know that you have pleased all those connected with the campaign and all that heard you. Your reputation in Massachusetts is well established and I am glad of it."

On December 22, 1933, JUSTICE STONE wrote me: "We had a real good time reading 'Where Daddy was a Boy.' I enjoy, and I fear envy a little, this gift of yours which I do not possess. You do not use this talent often enough."

On May 15, 1942, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT wrote me, "The generous impulse which prompts your proffer of service (war service) is deeply appreciated. I shall

keep this in mind and should need arise shall not hesitate to call on you." (Some consultation.)

On September 22, 1921, WILL H. HAYS wrote me, "I have your letter of the 22nd with the rules, and I congratulate you. They are splended." (Refers to Civil Service and new rules.)

On March 30, 1931, CONGRESSMAN WASON wrote me, "I want to thank you for your invitation and ticket for the Dartmouth dinner. President Hopkins delivered a wonderful speech, and I have heard several utterances very complimentary to you, the way you presided." (Note: I presented Hopkins with a cane made of waste wood from rebuilding part of the White House.)

HON. FRANK STEARNS wrote me on his 70th birthday, November 8, 1925: "I want to tell you that I am truly grateful to you for all your many kindnesses to me, and for the confidence which you have shown me."

On November 9, 1926, SENATOR HIRAM BINGHAM wrote me, "Thank you very much for your friendly help in coming to New Britain where your efforts succeeded in assisting them to roll up a big majority."

On October 22, 1923, PRESIDENT COOLIDGE wrote me, "Thank you very much for your letter which has interested me very much. You know my views on the necessity of adequate service, and I am very glad that the move in this direction has met with such response." (Refers to better mail service.)

CLIFFORD BERRYMAN, the cartoonist, has been such a good friend of mine, and above all, is such a wonderful man in all his attainments and qualities, that I de-

sire to recall him to mind and keep him there forever. He has cartooned me many times.

The Christmas before U. S. SENATOR GEORGE H. MOSES died he wrote me:

"Thank you very much, John, for the autographed copy of your "Synoptic History of the Granite State" which I have read with extreme interest and which I regard as setting a fashion for historical writing which ought to find imitators in many other states, because, in small compass, it provides the outstanding episodes upon which real history is based."

He also used the expression, "as I move inexorably toward the inevitable." This expression was characteristic of a really great "individualist." "I hope," he added, "you may have a Merry Christmas and many Happy New Years—and I beg you to give my warmest remembrance to Agnes and to believe me,

Yours ever,

GEORGE H. MOSES"

SPEAKER JOHN Q. TILSON on February 9, 1929, wrote President Hoover-elect, this in part, "I believe that Bartlett has the capacity, the will power, and the intimate knowledge, as well as the necessary but exceedingly rare tact, to carry out such reforms and general overhauling as you will probably wish done in the Post Office Department." Also "he has a fine combination of high ideals and practical Yankee common sense."

On December 8, 1920, I received a letter from Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania, as follows:

"I greatly appreciate your cordial letter of the fourth instant. I enjoyed mightily the chance for a visit with

you, and I want to tell you that your speech at the Harrisburg dinner on Wednesday is still the talk of the town."

On November 22, 1920, BISHOP NILES wrote me: "May I not in this way express to you my approval and appreciation of the Thanksgiving Proclamation, which you have sent out to the people. It would be a very easy thing for one to issue such a document in a perfunctory manner but I am pleased to believe after reading this one here in New Hampshire that it has had your most earnest thought and consideration. No man can measure the power for good which comes from the calling of the people to 'Be still and know God.'"

Senator Borah of Idaho loved to ride horseback very much and daily. He was a great objector. Coolidge said of his riding horseback, "The only fly in the ointment for Borah is that he had to go the same way as the horse."

SENATOR ERNST of Kentucky told Coolidge that an old maid in his state, a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, told him she voted for Coolidge because from all she read and heard about him, "he was the kind of a man, who, if he kissed you, would not go away and tell of it." Ernst said Coolidge laughed at this as never before heard tell.

When PRESIDENT COOLIDGE received his first monthly check of \$6,250 he looked at it carefully and silently as the boys with the pay trunk waited for the usual little speech they had been accustomed to. As they departed, disappointed, they heard him say only this, "Come again."

At a memorial service over the death of Theodore Roosevelt, in Manchester, N. H., I made an address with

Hon. James R. Garfield of Ohio, son of President Garfield.

On December 9, 1926, PRESIDENT COOLIDGE wrote me, "I appreciate very much what you had to say about my annual message. It was thoughtful for you to write me. You know how much I value your opinion, and it is always a pleasure to hear from you."

On January 20, 1940, EX-GOVERNOR FRANCIS PARNELL MURPHY of our state wrote me, "Regardless of politics, John, I have always liked you, have always considered you a friend, and to me friendship in the lives of men is much more valuable and brings greater happiness than all the political arguments that can be brought forth."

CALVIN COOLIDGE January 19, 1921, wrote me, "I want to thank you again for all the help you gave me as governor."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—HIS LETTER ABOUT
OUR STATE VOTE FOR HIM—HIS LOSS TO
THE WORLD

Even before Roosevelt (F. D.) was nominated or elected I published a speech and delivered it in the first New Hampshire congressional district advocating a huge appropriation to break the depression which came on under President Hoover.

Mr. Roosevelt, when nominated, advocated the same thing exactly. I corresponded with him and he invited me to stop off at Albany when he was Governor of New York to talk it over.

Farther back than that, namely, when he ran for Vice President with Mr. Cox, he spoke in the square at Kittery. I listened to his speech, and had a chat with him after he had spoken. I then was finishing my term as Governor.

When he came to the Capitol as President he had Mr. Farley ask me not to resign from the Canadian Commission.

Years later, Mr. Farley asked me to take over the chairmanship of the Civil Service Commission which I had held under President Harding. I declined that.

But, on what he was doing to break the depression, doing for all the hungry and unemployed, doing for the banks and depositors, I was so much in accord with him that I felt very strongly that he had the only remedy, and that the welfare of the country, and its people, was of vastly more importance than my Republicanism. Hence, "I came out" for him in the newspapers, and on the stump, and have never been sorry for it, not for one minute, although quite a few old Republican friends of mine in New Hampshire gave me the proverbial cold-shoulder, do now even to this day, or did until they died. I simply

took this loss of friendship as any other loss, for my conscience was clear.

But it is true that I learned to like him personally, so much so that he invited me to dine with him in his White House office, and always greeted me most cordially in public and private at White House and other functions, and wrote me cordial letters. Most feelingly I wept when he died, because I felt I, the country, and all the poor had met a great loss. Since he has been gone I feel more sure than ever that the country and the world has met a great loss in his death.

Now, following the example of his great courage, we must not "fear" evil, but must march on. Our democracy will live on and on.

The next election I believe will produce the man. At any rate we must not fear as he warned us. God bless his memory.

His signature, I prize, but I can only print it in this book as I have it framed at home with this letter over it.

A LETTER I PRIZE

The White House
Washington, D. C.
U. S. S. Indianapolis Passage
Montevideo to Port of Spain

9 December, 1936

My dear Governor:

I did not have an opportunity before leaving to thank you from the bottom of my heart for all that you have done to help in what you and I believe to be the cause of useful and good government. I heard from many sources of the excellent effect of your speeches and I think I got more wholesome delight out of the results in New Hamp-

shire and Pennsylvania than in all the other states put together.

I do hope to see you very soon after I get back.

Very sincerely yours,

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Honorable John H. Bartlett
International Joint Commission
Washington, D. C.

When he returned from this trip he had his secretary about 11 a. m. one day phone me, "come over to dine with the President at 12 noon." I responded buoyantly, of course.

When I was motioned to go from the waiting room of the White House to his big round office, where he sat at his desk, I chanced to meet Senator White of Maine coming out all wreathed in smiles—I never knew why. But there sat the President, smiling, and reaching out his big hand to greet me at his desk. Soon in came the big oven on wheels from which he, personally, took out the food to serve me and himself—no one else being present. I must have stayed an hour. He talked of how things stood in the world, but not much on politics. One feels like he was in the presence of a big, happy, mental giant.

Now I actually feel his very absence from our world. What a loss!

THE LESSON: DEMOCRACY MUST HAVE A
HEART AS WELL AS A WALLET. A PRESIDENT
MUST BE CONSECRATED TO THE PEOPLE AND
TO GOD.

YEARS—NUGGETS OF MEMORY

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, of telephone fame, I met once through Senator Moses at the University Club in Washington, D. C.

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., was living at a hotel in Florida where I had friendly chats with him, on one occasion when I gave a short address on a Lincoln Day program.

GENERAL GREELY of Arctic fame lived long enough for me to call on him in Washington, D. C. He told his story to me.

HON. THOMAS B. REED, the physical and mental giant, I saw preside over the House of Representatives, but only once.

HON. SAMUEL GOMPERS, when President of the A. F. or L., gave me an interview in his office in Washington, D. C., when I was soliciting influence on behalf of the Free Memorial Bridge for Navy Yard workers. He did aid the project.

I remember well hearing that wonderful preacher, REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, deliver a most eloquent sermon in Trinity Church, Boston, Mass. I was about nineteen years old.

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, I will note, as one who, by chance, at a White House reception, began a conversation with me, as we stood in a jam of on-lookers watching "the line" passing and greeting the President. He reminisced on the flight of time and the Presidents he had known "from Lincoln down." He died at ninety-six in 1935.

MR. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, the famed agnostic, I saw once as I was a baggage handler on a Lake Sunapee steam boat, at seventeen years of age. He was a curiosity to me, an infidel.

HON. JOHN HAY, once Lincoln's secretary, I saw in the same way at Lake Sunapee, a great statesman.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY appointed Mr. Hay Secretary of State. I attended McKinley's "inaugural ball" as a guest of the Boston *Globe* when principal of a Portsmouth school.

SENATOR JACOB H. GALLINGER introduced me to President Theodore Roosevelt at the White House. I admired both.

EX-SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE. He died nearly a quarter-century ago, yet I dined at his home once. Made one political espeech with him in Fanueil Hall. He was an extreme conservative, but friendly to me.

THE GREAT RUEL DURKEE of Croyden, N. H., I saw at a Newport, N. H., fair when I was five years old. He was made the "Jethro Bass" of Churchill's novel, the "Conniston." A monstrosity, in fact, in size, and in politics.



Mechanics Fire Society and guests welcome home banquet to me on December 7, 1945. Left front around: J. H. B., Cater, Sewall, Roberts, Wood, C. P. Bartlett, Hannaford, Gray, Seybolt, Marvin, Sanders, Farrington, Washburn, Dexter, Matthews, and Staples, Underhill, Greenaway, Conlon, Somerby, Foye, Hartson, Walton, Newick, Paul M. Bartlett, Robinson, Sanderson, W. Nelson, (right end)—(Ward and V. Wood absent).

A PERSONAL NOTE

I am at home in Portsmouth, 317 Middle Street, where my brother, Mott, stays with me much of the time. My son, Calvin Page Bartlett, comes to see me weekly from Boston and my grandson by the same name as I comes from his college at Marlboro, Vermont, on vacations, while his sister, Faith, comes to see me from her school in Providence, R. I., when she can.

Mott L. Bartlett is State Agent and Secretary, N. H. S. P. C. A. and S. P. C. C., of which I have been president for thirty years.

This little book should come soon after I have arrived at 79 on March 15, 1948.

I resigned seven years ago as President of the Portsmouth Trust Co., and was succeeded by my son, Calvin. I am now attending only to certain financial and personal matters. With some pride I have made the old home where I have lived for over forty years (except for official absences) return to its old form and care. I have a housekeeper, Mrs. Blanche Carll, a district nurse occasionally, Miss Ruth Allen, sometimes Dr. C. W. Hannaford of the city and at times I phone or write Dr. Hill Carter at Washington, D. C., a wonder who tells me he "cannot cure old age but he can put it in low gear."

OTHER BOOKS

The six books I have written were not to make money, and I did not make anything by them. They are:

A Synoptic History of the Granite State

The Story of Sunapee

The Bonus March and the New Deal

Folks is Folks

The Legend of Ann Smith

Spice for Speeches

They may be found in many libraries.



The forum of an out-door theatre on a four-acre playground adjoining the new Central School at Sunapee, N. H. Students contest for the Bartlett Prizes. The Donor of grounds, theatre and prizes, at right.

THE LAST WORD BEFORE GOING TO PRESS

As I write this last word Russia has today subjugated (February 26, 1948) that stalwart little democracy of Czechoslovakia, by a boldly planned, and a forcibly executed coup, with threats and actual violence, against that grand old man President Edward Benes, and his government. It was done so openly and brazenly that it shocked the civilized world and has set all aghast in dread of war. In fact, it was an act of war. Our aid to Greece and Italy is not war. It is aiding by request weak peoples, too weak to prevent being devoured by war. We cannot wait for the next election. Russia must be asked for a showdown at once. If she wants peace, of course she can have it, but we must have it *now*, not after she has carried her conquest too far. She must agree on peace, or war is inevitable.

