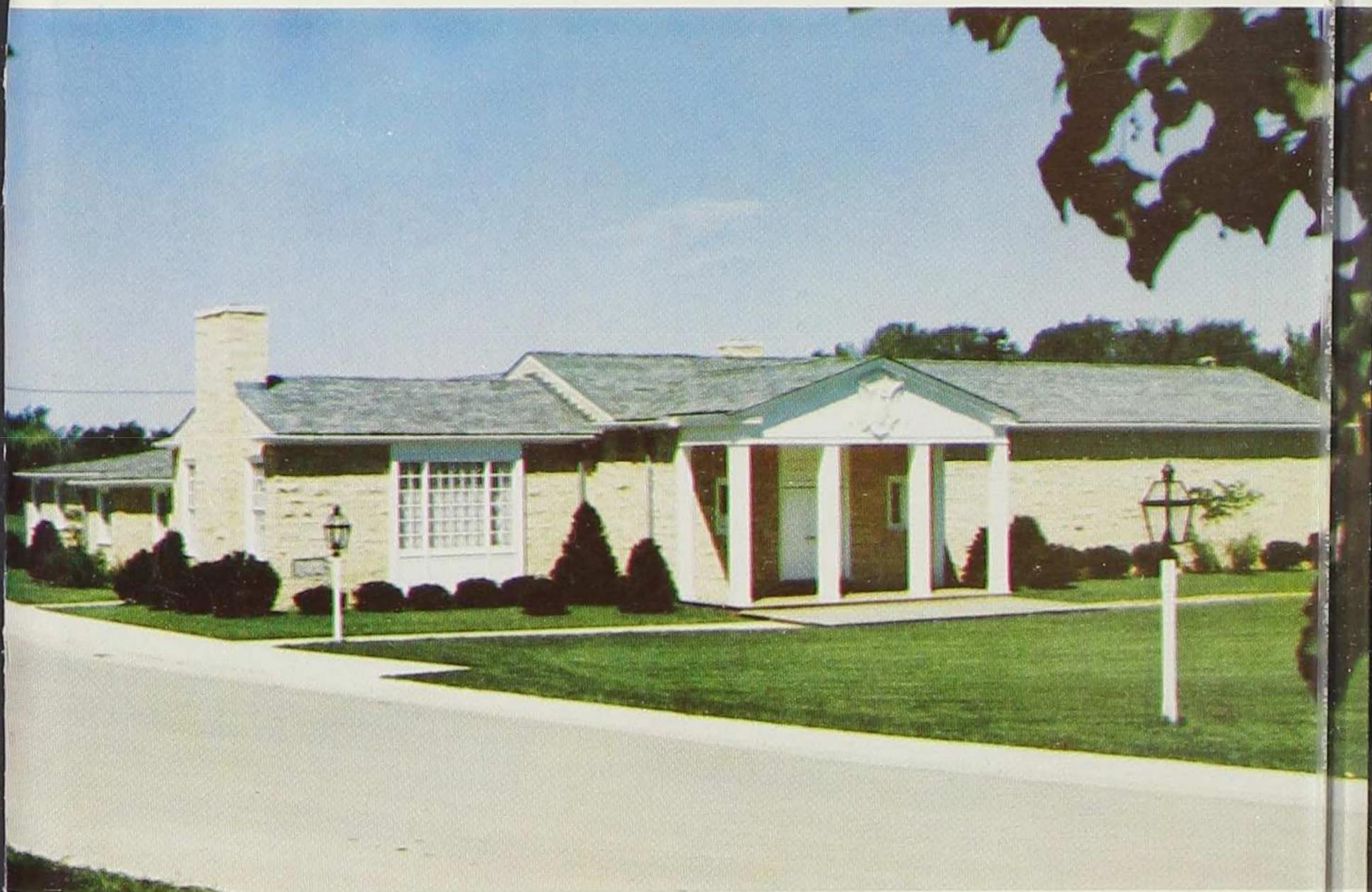


The
PALIMPSEST



Front View of Hoover Presidential Library

Hoover in Iowa

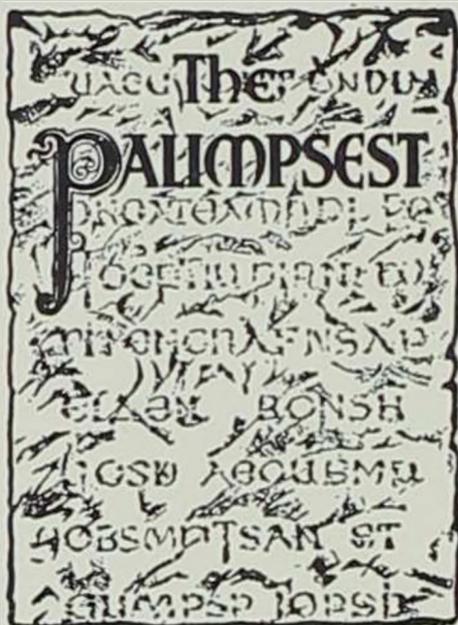
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The Meaning of Palimpsest

In early times a palimpsest was a parchment or other material from which one or more writings had been erased to give room for later records. But the erasures were not always complete; and so it became the fascinating task of scholars not only to translate the later records but also to reconstruct the original writings by deciphering the dim fragments of letters partly erased and partly covered by subsequent texts.

The history of Iowa may be likened to a palimpsest which holds the record of successive generations. To decipher these records of the past, reconstruct them, and tell the stories which they contain is the task of those who write history.

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Illustrations

All pictures unless otherwise noted are from the Herbert Hoover Presidential Library.

Authors

The addresses by Herbert Hoover as they appear in *THE PALIMPSEST* were delivered in Washington, West Branch, Des Moines and West Branch. Dr. Mildred Throne was Associate Editor of the Society. Dr. Wayne C. Grover, Chief Archivist of the United States. Dr. William J. Petersen is Superintendent of the State Historical Society of Iowa.

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THE PALIMPSEST

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Boyhood in Iowa

[These personal recollections of boyhood experiences at West Branch, Iowa, were related by Herbert Hoover in an informal address before the Iowa Society of Washington on November 10, 1927. They were published in *THE PALIMPSEST* for July, 1928, and reprinted in August, 1948, and November, 1951. — THE EDITOR.]

I prefer to think of Iowa as I saw it through the eyes of a ten-year-old boy — and the eyes of all ten-year-old Iowa boys are or should be filled with the wonders of Iowa's streams and woods, of the mystery of growing crops. His days should be filled with adventure and great undertakings, with participation in good and comforting things. I was taken farther West from Iowa when I was ten, to Oregon and thence to that final haven of Iowans — California — where I have clung ever since. Some one may say that these recollections of Iowa are only the illusions of forty years after, but I know better, for I have been back and checked it up. I was told that when I went back everything would have shrunk up and become small and ordinary. For instance, there was Cook's Hill — that great long hill where, on winter nights, we slid down at terrific speeds with our tummies tight to

homemade sleds. I've seen it several times since; it's a good hill and except for the older method of thawing out frozen toes with ice water the sport needs no modern improvement. The swimming hole under the willows down by the railroad bridge is still operating efficiently, albeit modern mothers probably compel their youngsters to take a bath to get rid of clean and healthy mud when they come home. The hole still needs to be deepened, however. It is hard to keep from pounding the mud with your hands and feet when you shove off for the thirty feet of a cross-channel swim. And there were the woods down by the Burlington track. The denudation of our forest hasn't reached them even yet, and I know there are rabbits still being trapped in cracker boxes held open by a figure-four at the behest of small boys at this very time. I suspect, however, that the conservationists have invented some kind of a closed season before now.

One of the bitterest days of my life was in connection with a rabbit. Rabbits fresh from a figure-four trap early on a cold morning are wiggly rabbits, and in the lore of boys of my time it is better to bring them home alive. My brother, being older, had surreptitiously behind the blacksmith shop read in the *Youth's Companion* full directions for rendering live rabbits secure. I say "surreptitiously," for mine was a Quaker family unwilling in those days to have youth corrupted

with stronger reading than the Bible, the encyclopedia, or those great novels where the hero overcomes the demon rum. Soon after he had acquired this higher learning on rabbits, he proceeded to instruct me to stand still in the cold snow and to hold up the rabbit by its hind feet while with his not over-sharp knife he proposed to puncture two holes between the sinews and back knee joints of the rabbit, through which holes he proposed to tie a string and thus arrive at complete security. Upon the introduction of the operation the resistance of this rabbit was too much for me. I was not only blamed for its escape all the way home and for weeks afterwards, but continuously over the last forty years. I have thought sometimes that I would write the *Youth's Companion* and suggest they make sure that this method is altered. For I never see rabbit tracks across the snowy fields that I do not have a painful recollection of it all.

There were also at times pigeons in the timber and prairie chickens in the hedges. With the efficient instruction of a real live American Indian boy from a neighboring Indian school on the subject of bows and arrows, we sometimes by firing volleys in battalions were able to bring down a pigeon or a chicken. The Ritz Hotel has never yet provided game of such wondrous flavor as this bird plucked and half cooked over the small boys' campfire. In those days there were sunfish and catfish to be had. Nor did we possess the modern

equipment in artificial lures, tackle assembled from the steel of Damascus, the bamboos of Siam, tin of Bangkok, the lacquer of China, or silver of Colorado. We were still in that rude but highly social condition of using a willow pole with a butcher string line and hooks ten for a dime. Our compelling lure was a segment of an angle worm and our incantation was to spit on the bait. We lived in the time when fish used to bite instead of strike and we knew it bit when the cork bobbed. And moreover, we ate the fish.

And in the matter of eating, my recollections of Iowa food are of the most distinguished order. You may say that is the appetite of youth, but I have also checked this up. At later stages in my life, I had opportunity to eat both of the presumably very best food in the world, as well as of the very worst. When I ate the worst, my thoughts went back to Iowa, and when I ate of the best I was still sure that Aunt Millie was a better cook. Some thirty years after this time, in visiting Aunt Millie, I challenged that dear old lady, then far along in years, to cook another dinner of the kind she provided on Sabbath Days when we were both youthful. She produced that dinner, and I am able to say now that if all the cooks of Iowa are up to Aunt Millie's standard, then the gourmets of the world should leave Paris for Iowa, at least for Cedar County.

I mentioned the Burlington track. It was a won-

derful place. The track was ballasted with glacial gravels where on industrious search you discovered gems of agate and fossil coral which could with infinite backaches be polished on the grindstone. Their fine points came out wonderfully when wet, and you had to lick them with your tongue before each exhibit. I suppose that engineering has long since destroyed this inspiration to young geologists by using mass production crushed rock.

My earliest realization of the stir of national life was the torch parade in the Garfield campaign. On that occasion, I was not only allowed out that night, but I saw the lamps being filled and lighted. There was no great need for urging voters in our village — there was a Democrat in the village. He occasionally fell to the influence of liquor, therefore in the esteem of our group he represented all the forces of evil. At times he relapsed to goodness in the form of rations of a single gum drop to the small boys who did errands at his store. He also bought the old iron from which the financial resources were provided for firecrackers on the Fourth of July. He was, therefore, tolerated and he served well and efficiently as a moral and political lesson.

But Iowa through the eyes of a ten-year-old boy is not all adventure or high living. Iowa in those years, as in these years, was filled with days of school — and who does not remember with a glow

that sweet-faced lady who with infinite patience and kindness drilled into us those foundations of all we know today? And they were days of chores and labor. I am no supporter of factory labor for children but I have never joined with those who clamored against proper work of children on farms outside their school hours. And I speak from the common experience of most Iowa children of my day in planting corn, hoeing gardens, learning to milk, sawing wood, and the other proper and normal occupations for boys. We had no need of Montessori schools to teach us application. But of more purpose I can bespeak for the strong and healthy bodies which come from it all. Nor was Iowa of those days without its tragedies. Medical science of those times was powerless against the diseases which swept the countryside. My own parents were among the victims.

There was an entirely different economic setting of farm life in Iowa in those days. I am not stating to you that I had at that time any pretense of economics or the farm problem. Upon Uncle Allan's farm where I lived, we did know of the mortgage as some dreadful damper on youthful hopes of things that could not be bought. I do have a vivid recollection that the major purpose of a farm was to produce a living right on the spot for the family. I know by experience that a family then produced all its own vegetables, carried its grain to the nearest mill for grinding on toll, cut

and hauled its own fuel from the wonderful woods ten miles away, and incidentally gathered walnuts. The family wove its own carpets and some of its clothes, made its own soap, preserved its own meat and fruit and vegetables, got its sweetness from sorghum and honey. These families consumed perhaps 80 per cent of the product of their land. Twenty per cent of it was exchanged for the few outside essentials and to pay interest on the mortgage. When prices rose and fell on the Chicago market, they only affected 20 per cent of the product of the farm. I know, and you know, that today as the result of the revolution brought about by machinery and improved methods of planting and breeding animals, and what not, 80 per cent of the product of the farm must go to the market. When the price of these things wobbles in Chicago, it has four times the effect on that family on the farm than it did in those days. If prices are high, they mean comfort and automobiles; if prices are low, they mean increasing debt and privation. I am not recommending the good old days, for while the standards of living in food and clothing and shelter were high enough for anybody's health and comfort, there was but little left for the other purposes of living.

That is probably one reason why the people of Iowa of that time put more of their time in religious devotion than most of them do now. It certainly did not require as much expenditure as their recre-

ation does today. However, those of you who are acquainted with the Quaker faith, and who know the primitive furnishing of the Quaker meeting-house of those days, the solemnity of the long hours of meeting awaiting the spirit to move some one, will know the intense restraint required in a ten-year-old boy not even to count his toes. All this may not have been recreation, but it was strong training in patience. And that reminds me that I have a brand of Iowa still upon me, for one of my earliest recollections of that great and glorious state was stepping barefooted on a red hot iron chip at my father's blacksmith shop, the scar of which I still carry.

But there are few scars that people carry from the state of Iowa. The good Lord originally made it the richest stretch of agricultural land that ever blessed any one sovereign government. It was populated by the more adventurous and the more courageous, who fought their way along the ever-extending frontier. They builded there in so short a period as seventy-five years a people who today enjoy the highest standard of living, the highest average of intelligence, the highest average degree of education that has ever blessed a single commonwealth. There is no man or woman born of Iowa who is not proud of his native state.

HERBERT HOOVER

Herbert Hoover

Just off Main Street, in the little Iowa town of West Branch, there is a large well-kept park enclosed by a white board fence. The center of interest in this park is a small two-room white cottage. Here, on August 10, 1874, Herbert Clark Hoover, thirtieth President of the United States, was born. His birthplace has become a national shrine as have so many other houses, both large and small, which saw the birth of men of great affairs.

In 1928, when Herbert Hoover returned to West Branch to inaugurate his presidential campaign, the little house did not look as it does today. For years it had served as a kitchen annex of a larger house owned, at that time, by Mrs. Jennie Scellars. After Hoover's term of office, which began so auspiciously and ended so disastrously, the Hoover family took steps to restore and preserve his birthplace. A son, Allan Hoover, bought Mrs. Scellars' house and a dozen lots surrounding it in 1935. Subsequently, in 1938 the addition was removed, leaving the original two-room cottage on the site. Repairs were made and as much of the old Hoover furniture as possible collected and returned to the house.

What had been the background, the training,

and the experience of Herbert Hoover, to lead him to become President of the United States? How did the boy from this simple home reach a position held by only thirty-two men in all of the nation's 175 years of history?

His father, Jesse Hoover, was a blacksmith and a descendant of Cedar County pioneers. In 1853 Jesse's father, Eli, a Quaker farmer, had been one of the first settlers of West Branch. In 1870 Jesse Hoover married Huldah Minthorn, whose Quaker parents had moved to Iowa from Canada. Jesse then left his father's farm and moved into West Branch, built his little house and an adjoining blacksmith shop, and set himself up in business. Herbert was their second son; he had an older brother, Theodore, and, later, a younger sister, May. As the years passed, Jesse followed his trade, and Huldah, in addition to raising and caring for the small family, acted from time to time as minister of the West Branch Society of Friends.

This small average family circle was broken in 1880 when the father died of a fever. Four years later Huldah Hoover died, leaving her three orphaned children to the care of relatives. Herbert lived for a year with his Uncle Allan and Aunt Millie Hoover on their farm near West Branch. Then another uncle, Dr. H. John Minthorn, offered to take the young eleven-year-old to Oregon with him. Dr. Minthorn had recently founded a

Quaker academy at Newberg in Oregon; here his nephew was educated in the Quaker tradition.

As he boarded the train for Oregon in 1885, young Hoover scarcely dreamed that it was to be only the first of many long journeys — journeys which would carry him all over the world, to wealth, to fame, and to the White House in Washington. After a few years at Newberg, Dr. Minthorn moved to Salem, Oregon, and opened a land office where his nephew helped as office boy. Among the business handled by the Minthorn land agency was some mining property. Here young Herbert Hoover met a mining engineer, and his future was decided.

Meanwhile, a new college was opening in California — Leland Stanford. Young Herbert journeyed there in 1891, when he was but seventeen years old, to study mining. His savings were small, but by working at various jobs he completed the four years of study and received his degree in 1895. One of his most profitable college jobs, viewed in retrospect, was as secretary to John C. Branner, professor of geology. During summer vacations Hoover traveled with Dr. Branner and with the United States Geological Survey on surveying trips in Arkansas and in the Sierras. It was Dr. Branner, also, who introduced Hoover to a young lady from Iowa who was to play an even more important part in his life — Lou Henry.

Upon graduation Hoover found that no one was

clamoring for his services. Nothing daunted, he took a job as a laborer in the Mayflower mine at Silver City, Nevada. The following year, with this practical experience behind him, he traveled to San Francisco and asked Louis Janin, famous mining engineer, for a job. Janin did not need another engineer, but he let the young man stay on as a sort of general office assistant. Fortune was kind — when Janin needed a hurried report on a certain mining property, he asked Hoover to prepare it. Pleased with his young clerk's report, Janin asked how he could know so much about the problem. "I ought to know every foot and every vein of that mine because I once worked in it as a mucker," was the reply.

With this auspicious start, Hoover served for two years on Janin's staff, gaining much valuable experience. Then a British mining firm asked Janin to recommend an engineer to open up some new mines in Australia. Herbert Hoover, only twenty-three at the time, was given the recommendation and the job.

In Australia, Hoover introduced American mining methods, organized a staff, and brought equipment from the United States for the ten large mines owned by his employers. Then, while on an inspection trip, he discovered another mine which proved to be one of the richest in Australia. His name soon became well and favorably known in mining circles. When the Chinese government

wanted an engineer to head their new department of mines and railways, they sought out Herbert Hoover.

Before taking up his work in China, however, the young engineer returned to California where he married Lou Henry at Monterey in 1899. They left at once for the Far East. Hoover was twenty-five years old, he had graduated from Leland Stanford only four years before, but he already had an established reputation in his field and a pioneering job to do.

The years in China were busy ones. From his base at Peking, Hoover traveled all over that vast country — by boat, by camel, or on shaggy ponies. These were the years of great European exploitation of the resources of China, and the Chinese people were restless. In 1900, while the Hoovers were at Tientsin, this unrest flared into the Boxer Rebellion which overthrew the Chinese government. Tientsin, under siege by the rebels, was transformed into a fortress, partly by the help of Hoover and his corps of engineers. They built barricades, fought fires, manned the pumping station which supplied water, and stood sentinel until the storm had passed.

Hoover's activities in China ended with the downfall of the Chinese government. His work now took him to wider fields; in 1902 his former employers in Australia offered him a partnership in their London office. There now followed years of

work and travel. Hoover supervised mining operations in Europe, Russia, India, and Burma. Great success and great wealth came, as the years passed. But the Hoovers never cut their American ties; they maintained a home at Palo Alto to which they returned at least once a year. By the time he was forty, in 1914, Herbert Hoover had an international reputation in mining circles; world events would now thrust him onto a wider stage.

San Francisco was planning a huge Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1914. The officials asked Hoover, who was well known in European capitals, to solicit aid and exhibits for their fair. Thus, in the fateful days of July and August of 1914, when European armies began to march, Hoover found himself in London, his original mission forgotten, helping stranded Americans find a way home. Perhaps for the first time the name of Hoover appeared in Iowa newspapers. On August 7, 1914, the *Des Moines Register and Leader*, in a short paragraph on the first page, printed a story with a London date line:

Many Americans here today asked for help to obtain food and lodging. There were many instances of persons with gold certificates in their pockets walking the streets all night hungry. Some of these were relieved by small unsecured loans from H. C. Hoover of California, who spent most of the day working to obtain a reasonable rate of exchange for American bills.

People in Waterloo, Mrs. Hoover's old home,

evidently recognized the name; the following day the *Register* found room, on page seven, for a two-paragraph story headed "H. C. Hoover is an Iowan." The story, however, mistakenly credited Le Grand, Iowa, as Hoover's birthplace, possibly because many Hoover relatives lived there. During the following years the Hoover name moved from the back pages of the newspapers to headlines on the front page. His national career had begun.

America's ambassador in London, Walter Hines Page, was grateful to Hoover for his aid in financing Americans caught in the financial chaos which followed the outbreak of the war. He wrote to President Wilson of Hoover: "He's a simple, modest, energetic man who began his career in California and will end it in Heaven." Meanwhile, the German armies rolled over Belgium, leaving destruction and starvation in their wake. Pleas for aid came from Americans in Belgium, and from Brand Whitlock, American ambassador at Brussels. It was inevitable that Page, in London, should turn to Hoover for aid.

With his usual energy and organizing ability, Hoover established the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and began gathering funds, ships, clothing, medicine, and food. Belgium, which imported about 80 per cent of its food, was completely cut off by the Allied blockade of Europe. Thus it was Hoover's job to convince both sides in the conflict

that the Belgians must be fed. Such was his success that Page wrote in 1916: "But for Hoover Belgium would now be starved." Today, in the park surrounding the birthplace in West Branch, there is a statue of Isis — the Goddess of Life — the work of a Belgian sculptor. It was the gift of grateful Belgian children, refugees, and soldiers in recognition of Hoover's distinguished service to their country.

With such a record of success in Belgium, it was natural that Hoover should be called home when America entered the war in 1917. President Wilson promptly gave him the task of controlling American food supplies, under the title "United States Food Administrator." His duties were twofold — he must make food denial popular, and he must stimulate food production. "Food Will Win the War" was the telling slogan of the publicity campaign instituted to bring home to Americans the importance of self-denial. "Serve Just Enough" was another popular phrase. Wheatless Mondays and Wednesdays, meatless Tuesdays, porkless Thursdays and Saturdays, "Victory" bread all week long — such were some of the suggestions of the Food Administrator. American housewives accepted these restrictions; they cut down on sugar, wheat, and fats — the crucial food items. To increase food supplies, Hoover appointed state and county food administrators to help the farmers increase their production — espe-

cially of wheat and hogs. All this was done on an entirely voluntary basis. The results enabled America to feed herself, her troops, and her Allies in Europe.

At the end of the war, Hoover's field of operations was widened. His American Relief Commission took on the task of feeding hungry Europe, until those war-torn nations could return to what America then called "normalcy." In 1921 a new catastrophe added to the world's woes — a terrible famine struck Russia. The best efforts of the new Soviet regime to hide this fact from the world were fruitless; Maxim Gorki, the great Russian writer, appealed personally to Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, for aid. Again, Hoover came to the rescue of the hungry, but with certain conditions imposed. The Soviets were required to release American prisoners, and they must permit foreign relief workers to dispense aid to all the needy, regardless of class. Congress voted a fund of \$20,000,000 for the Russians, while the Kremlin put up \$11,000,000. In all, \$78,000,000 was eventually raised for Russian relief, and the worst of the famine was defeated.

Meanwhile, the American people turned their attention from foreign to domestic affairs; they wanted no more of Europe or its wars. In the election of 1920 the Democrats went down to defeat, and Republican Warren G. Harding was swept into the White House. It was inevitable that one

of the best-known Americans, Herbert Hoover, should be a part of the new administration. Offered his choice of cabinet posts, he chose that of Commerce because of his life-long interest in business and management. His seven years in that office, under Presidents Harding and Coolidge, were fruitful. He raised the post to new importance, and he aided business in organizing, standardizing, and economizing. Hoover's task, as he saw it, was the raising of the standard of living, the promotion of business stability, and "the economic welfare of the American people." The voluntary trade associations of manufacturers, encouraged by the energetic Secretary of Commerce, "sought to eliminate abuse and unfair competition" in industry and also "to eliminate government from business."

When Calvin Coolidge did not "choose to run" for president in 1928, Herbert Hoover's name naturally led the list of possible candidates. As the time for the Republican National Convention at Kansas City approached, two names were at the top — Herbert Hoover and Ex-Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois. The Iowa delegation of twenty-nine Republicans was committed, not to the "native son," but to the neighbor from Illinois. The crucial test would be the stand of the Convention on agriculture. The farmers, not sharing in the general business prosperity of the "golden twenties," were clamoring for some form of gov-

ernment aid. The agricultural plank of the Republican platform did not please Lowden — on the eve of balloting for a candidate he withdrew his name. Herbert Hoover was nominated on the first ballot, on June 15, 1928.

In West Branch "bedtime never did roll around" that night. Bands, fireworks, and "fifty-seven varieties of noise" celebrated the achievement of Bert Hoover. Mrs. Jennie Scellars must then have begun to realize the importance of her home as the birthplace of a President of the United States. When, after his acceptance speech at Palo Alto in early August, Hoover laid plans to open his campaign at West Branch, the little village sprang into national importance. Even though, through the new medium of radio, it was not necessary to attend political rallies to hear the candidate, some 10,000 people descended on little West Branch on August 21 to hear Herbert Hoover's opening campaign address.

Iowans — and especially those in West Branch — were busy before that date, however. For the first time in American history a man born west of the Mississippi had been nominated for the highest office in the land. Ten days before, some 30,000,000 people had listened to the Hoover acceptance speech over the radio, and the Des Moines *Register* had pointed out the significance of that event: "The size of the audience alone will make this the most notable occasion of its kind in the human rec-

ord thus far." But the *Register* had no qualms about the performance of the candidate: he was "fully equal to the occasion." Now, a much smaller number would see him at West Branch, where a "subdued carnival spirit" prevailed.

The Hoover campaign train reached West Branch Tuesday morning, August 21, and the candidate was at once whisked "home" to Mrs. Scellars' house, where a typical Iowa August breakfast awaited him: peaches and cream, ham and eggs, hot biscuits, honey, strawberry jam, and coffee. Friends, old and new, milled around the streets waiting for a glimpse of "the next President of the United States." There followed a day filled with visits to the scenes of his childhood, talks with the old friends, and political conferences with the new ones. His speech in the evening was all that they had expected. He was "proud to have been born in Iowa," he told them. "I have oftentimes said that the good Lord made it the richest stretch of agricultural land that ever blessed any one sovereign government." Then he talked about agriculture, the leading problem of the campaign, and he closed with words which reveal the natural bent of his mind:

And I must say again that the solution of these problems has but one purpose — that is, the comfort and welfare of the American family and the American home. The family is the unit of American life and the home is the sanctuary of moral inspiration and of American spirit. The true con-

ception of America is not a country of 110,000,000 people, but a nation of 23,000,000 families living in 23,000,000 homes. I pledge my services to these homes.

The campaign which followed, between Republican Herbert Hoover and Democrat Al Smith, swung back and forth between the problems of agriculture, the tariff, and prohibition. As usual, there were breaks in the party ranks. A few prominent Republicans went over to the Democrats, while some Democrats announced a preference for Hoover. Smith W. Brookhart, Iowa's fiery Senator, surprised everybody by endorsing Hoover enthusiastically. No one saw the black cloud on the financial horizon. Both candidates worked hard; both offered their programs to the American people. On election day the people chose; the victory of Herbert Hoover was an overwhelming landslide, reaching even into the traditionally Democratic South. Smith carried only eight states. West Branch and Iowa and the nation rejoiced. Four years passed. Herbert Hoover was again the Republican candidate; his opponent was Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor of New York. Again there was a landslide; but this time a Democratic one. Hoover, who had carried forty states in 1928, won only six in 1932. What had happened?

This overwhelming defeat dates back to October 23, 1929. On that day the American stock market, which had been climbing each day to dizzy heights, slipped and fell. Two billion dollars

in paper profits disappeared. The following day three billion dollars more vanished from the ticker tapes. Wall Street bankers rose to the occasion and threw fortunes into the market to stay the tide, and there was a pause. Then came Black Thursday — October 29, 1929 — and even blacker Friday. Five billion, ten billion — so it went. In all, some thirty billion dollars were lost by investors. As winter set in, the inevitable aftermath came — business and bank failures, unemployment, and breadlines.

The first seven months of the Hoover administration had been normal. Prosperity continued, and an extra session of Congress took up farm relief and began the struggle over tariff. The whole aspect of American life changed with the October stock market collapse. Fear gripped the nation, and men looked for a scapegoat. Reassuring words came from Washington and Wall Street, but as the months passed the depression deepened.

In the past, American presidents had been content to "ride out" a financial panic, trusting to the soundness of American economy to right itself. Hoover broke this tradition. The government stepped in with efforts to stem the tide. Taxes were cut; funds were voted for some types of public works; a moratorium was placed on war debts to relieve Europe, also suffering from the worldwide financial collapse; the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was established to aid business;

the Farm Loan and Home Loan Acts — measures presaging the more far-reaching legislation of the New Deal period — were passed. Unhappily, none of these served to alleviate conditions for very long.

By 1932 the nation had found its scapegoat — the administration, and especially the President. It was inevitable that the Republican party would lose the 1932 presidential election. Herbert Hoover “reaped the whirlwind” of an overexpanded economy which had resulted in the most severe depression in American history. From a peak of popularity in March of 1929, Hoover went out of office in March, 1933, bearing the blame for an economic collapse which had been far beyond the power of any one man to prevent.

With the passage of the years, opinions have changed. Herbert Hoover has attained the honored position of an “elder statesman” whose advice is sought on many problems, both national and international. Men now know that he was the victim, not the creator, of the Great Depression. The wisdom of hindsight has reapportioned the economic causes of the tragic years of the thirties and has shown that the Hoover measures, if perhaps too little and too late, at least paved the way for the more drastic legislation needed to cope with almost complete economic collapse.

Probably the most significant work of Hoover's later years is the commission which, under his

leadership, has made a study of reorganization of the executive branch of the federal government. In 1946, at the request of President Truman, Hoover also undertook the coordination of the food supplies of thirty-eight European countries; again, in 1947, he made a study of the economic situation in Germany and Austria for the President. He is an honorary citizen of many European cities; fifty-eight universities and colleges have given him honorary degrees; and societies of many kinds have made awards of medals. The latest of these honors is the "Iowa Award," presented to Iowa's famous native son before a tremendous throng at the State Fair in 1951. When Iowa laid plans for the giving of such an Award, it was natural and inevitable that the first recipient should be Herbert Hoover. The "Iowa Award" has been appropriately placed in the gateway to his home at West Branch.

Meanwhile, the birthplace site at West Branch, Iowa, grows in size and attraction. On Herbert Hoover's seventy-fourth birthday, August 10, 1948, he made another journey home and spoke to Iowa and the nation on his concept of "The Meaning of America."

MILDRED THRONE

The Meaning of America

[The following excerpts are from an address by Herbert Hoover at West Branch on his 74th birthday, Aug. 10, 1948. — THE EDITOR.]

I am glad to have your invitation to come again to this Iowa village where I was born. Here I spent the first ten years of my boyhood. My parents and grandparents came to this village in the covered wagon — pioneers in this community. They lie buried over the hill. They broke the prairie into homes of independent living. They worshipped God; they did their duty to their neighbors. They toiled to bring to their children greater comfort, better education and to open to them wider opportunity than had been theirs. . . .

Among these recollections is that of a great lady who first taught me in school and remained my friend during her whole long and useful life — Mrs. Mollie Carran. It was from her that I first heard something about the word *American*. Many great writers and statesmen have attempted to express what we mean by that word. But there is an imponderable feeling within it which reaches to the soul of our people and defies measure.

America means far more than a continent bounded by two oceans. It is more than pride of military power, glory in war, or in victory. It means more than vast expanse of farms, of great

factories or mines, magnificent cities, or millions of automobiles and radios. It is more even than the traditions of the great tide westward from Europe which pioneered the conquest of a continent. It is more than our literature, our music, our poetry.

Perhaps without immodesty I can claim to have had some experience in what *America* means. I have lived many kinds of American life. After my early boyhood in this Iowa village, I lived as the ward of a country doctor in Oregon. I lived among those to whom hard work was the price of existence. The open opportunities of America opened out to me the public schools. They carried me to the professional training of an American university. I began by working with my own hands for my daily bread. I have tasted the despair of fruitless search for a job. I know the kindly encouragement of a humble boarding-house keeper. I know now that at that time there was an economic depression either coming or going. But nobody told me of it. So I did not have the modern worry of what the Federal Government would do about it.

I have conducted the administration of great industries with their problems of production and the well-being of their employees. I have seen America in contrast with many nations and races. My profession took me into many foreign lands under many kinds of government. I have worked with their great spiritual leaders and their great states-

men. I have worked in governments of free men, of tyrannies, of Socialists, and of Communists. I have met with princes, kings, despots, and desperadoes.

I have seen the squalor of Asia, the frozen class barriers of Europe. I was not a tourist. I was associated in their working lives and problems. I had to deal with their social systems and their governments. And outstanding everywhere to these great masses of people there was a hallowed word — "America." To them, it was the hope of the world.

My every frequent homecoming was a reaffirmation of the glory of America. Each time my soul was washed by the relief from grinding poverty of other nations, by the greater kindness and frankness which comes from acceptance of equality and the wide-open opportunity to all who want a chance. It is more than that. It is a land of self-respect born alone of free men.

In later years I participated on behalf of America in a great war. I saw untold misery and revolution. I have seen liberty die and tyranny rise. I have seen human slavery again on the march. I have been repeatedly placed by my countrymen where I had need to deal with the hurricanes of social and economic destruction which have swept the world. I have seen bitter famine and the worst misery that the brutality of war can produce. I have had every honor to which any man could

aspire. There is no place on the whole earth except here in America where all the sons of man could have this chance in life. I recount all this in order that, in Quaker tenets, I can give my own testimony.

The meaning of our word "America" flows from one pure spring. The soul of our America is its freedom of mind and spirit in man. Here alone are the open windows through which pours the sunshine of the human spirit. Here alone is human dignity not a dream, but an accomplishment.

Perhaps another etching of another meaning of America lies in this community. It was largely settled by Quakers over ninety years ago. This small religious sect in England had declared that certain freedoms of man came from the Creator and not from the state 150 years before the Declaration of Independence. They spent much time in British stocks and jails for this first outburst of faith in the dignity of the individual man.

They first came in refuge to New England. But the Puritans cut off their ears by way of disapproval of their religious individualism. Then came the great refuge which William Penn secured for them. From New England and Pennsylvania some of the ancestors of this community, before the Revolution, migrated first to Maryland, and, after a generation, to the Piedmont of North Carolina. Then early in the last century slavery began to encroach upon them. Most of that community

— 5,000 of them — organized a concerted trek to Ohio and Indiana. This time they were seeking freedom from that great stain on human liberty. Again after a generation they hitched their covered wagons and settled on these prairies.

Everywhere along these treks there sprang up homes and farms. But more vital was the Meeting House with its deep roots in religious faith, its tolerance and devotion to liberty of the individual. And in those people there was the will to serve their community and their country. Even this village was a station on the Underground through which Negroes were aided to the freedom of Canada. Sons of this community were in the then Red Cross of the Civil War. And despite their peace loving faith, many of their sons were enrolled in the Union Army to battle for free men.

That imbedded individualism, that self-reliance, that sense of service, and above all those moral and spiritual foundations were not confined to the Quakers. They were but one atom in the mighty tide of these qualities of many larger religious bodies which make up the intangible of the word *America*.

At the time our ancestors were proclaiming that the Creator had endowed all mankind with rights of freedom as the child of God, with a free will, there was being proclaimed by Hegel and later by Karl Marx a satanic philosophy of agnosticism — that the rights of man came from the state. The

greatness of America today comes from one philosophy, the despair of Europe from the other.

There are today fuzzy-minded people in our country who would compromise on these fundamental concepts. They scoff at these tested qualities of men. They never have understood and never will understand what *America* means. They explain that these qualities were good while there was a continent to conquer, and a nation to build. They say that time has passed. No doubt the land frontier has passed. But the frontiers of science are barely opening. This new land with all its high promise can not and will not be conquered except by men inspired from the concepts of free spirit. It is those moral and spiritual qualities in free men which fulfill the meaning of the word *America*. And with them will come centuries of further greatness to our country.

HERBERT HOOVER

Iowa State Fair Address

AUGUST 30, 1951

I am indebted to the governor, the legislature and the people of my native state for a most distinguished honor at this celebration of Iowa's centennial.

I have been about the world quite a bit since my boyhood in Iowa. I have rubbed against many persons and many races.

I have found the sons and daughters of Iowa scattered all over the earth managing (or mixing with) other people's businesses or governments. And it is for other people's good.

These men and women have received a great inheritance from this state. Here are 2,700,000 people who possess the highest average of intelligence, the highest average of education, and the highest average of human comfort of any patch of 56,000 square miles on the earth.

In view of our serious national situation I would like on this occasion to review a few things for you to think about. They are mainly related to honor in public life.

Let me say at once that honor is not the exclusive property of any political party.

"New"

I may start with the idea that all things in gov-

ernment which bear the prefix "New" are not necessarily new. They may not all of them even be good.

Truly every generation discovers the world all new again and knows it can improve it. It is a good thing that they do — or our race would shrink in vitality and grow senile.

Each generation also wants to find out for itself that the stove is hot. A renewal of that sort of information is valuable.

But we have overworked this word "New" in trying to get out of this age of misery from our 37 years of hot and cold wars, with intervals of hot and cold peace.

In this period we have either been cured or made "New" about 14 times.

We have had the New Order, the New Freedom, the New Day, the New Era, the New Outlook, the New Epoch, the New Economy, the New Dawn, the New Deal, the New Religion, the New Liberalism, the New War and several New Foreign Policies.

None of these were really "new" discoveries.

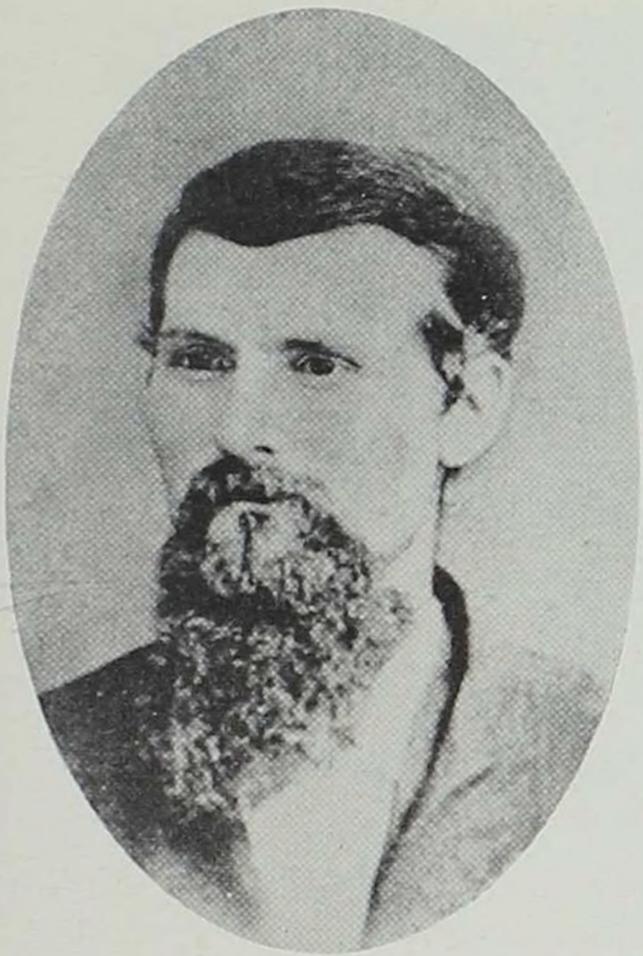
And the New Testament is too often omitted.

After each "New" we have a relapse and take another pill, labeled "New."

False Signposts

Some of these somethings "new" have value. Too many have been false signposts on the road of national progress.

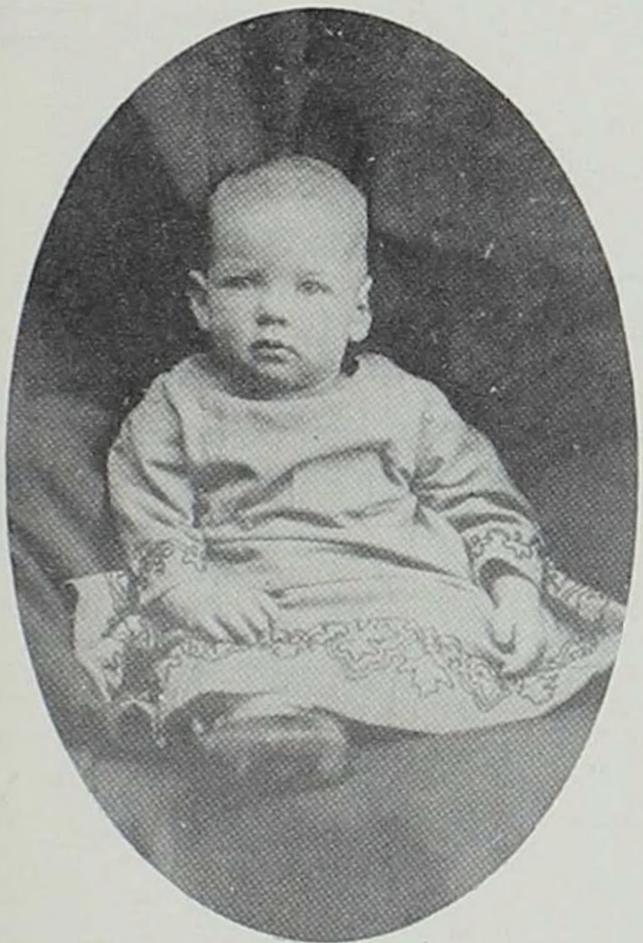
PARENTS OF HERBERT HOOVER



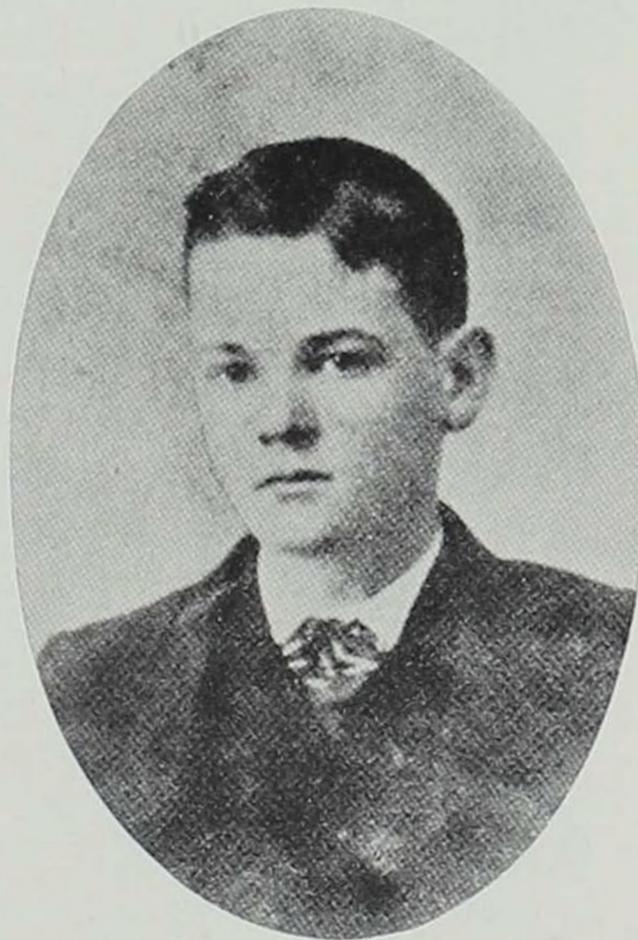
JESSE CLARK HOOVER



HULDA MINTHORN HOOVER



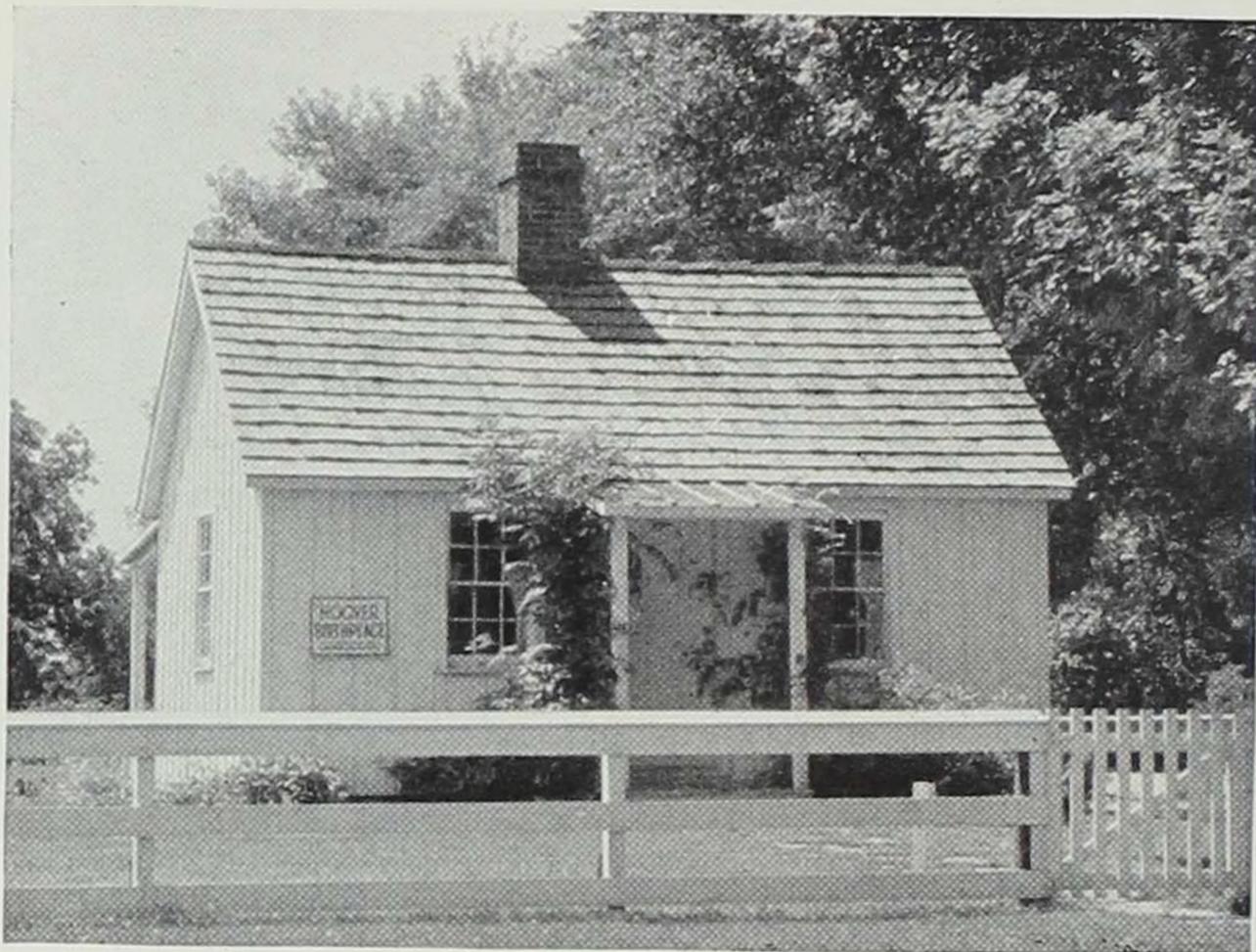
BABY HERBERT



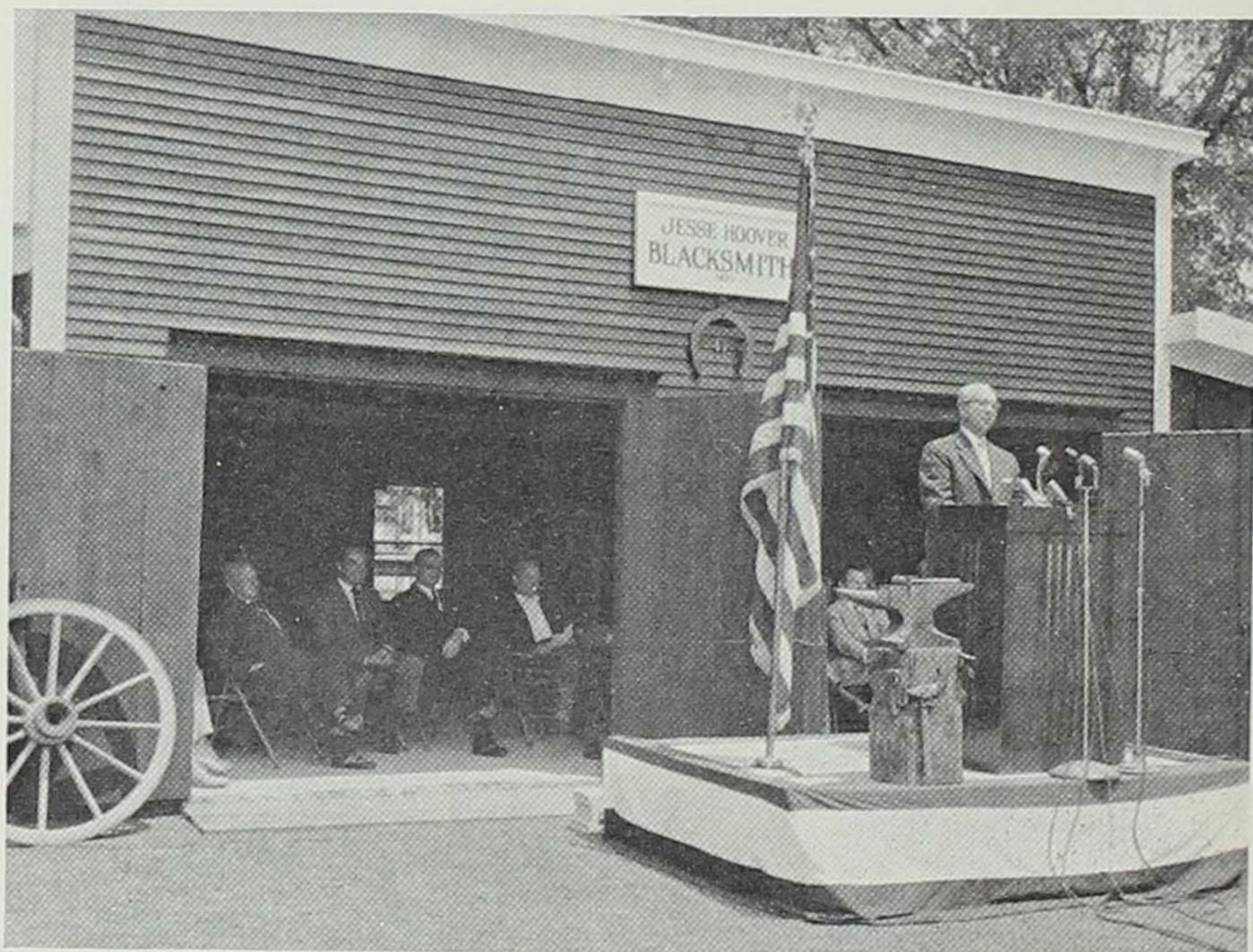
BERT HOOVER

My recollection of my father is of necessity dim indeed My recollections of my mother are more vivid and are chiefly of a sweet-faced woman who for two years kept the little family of four together. She took in sewing to add to the family resources. It was only years later that I learned of her careful saving of the \$1000 insurance upon my father's life in order that it might help in our education. The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover — 1874-1920.

THE HOOVER BIRTHPLACE

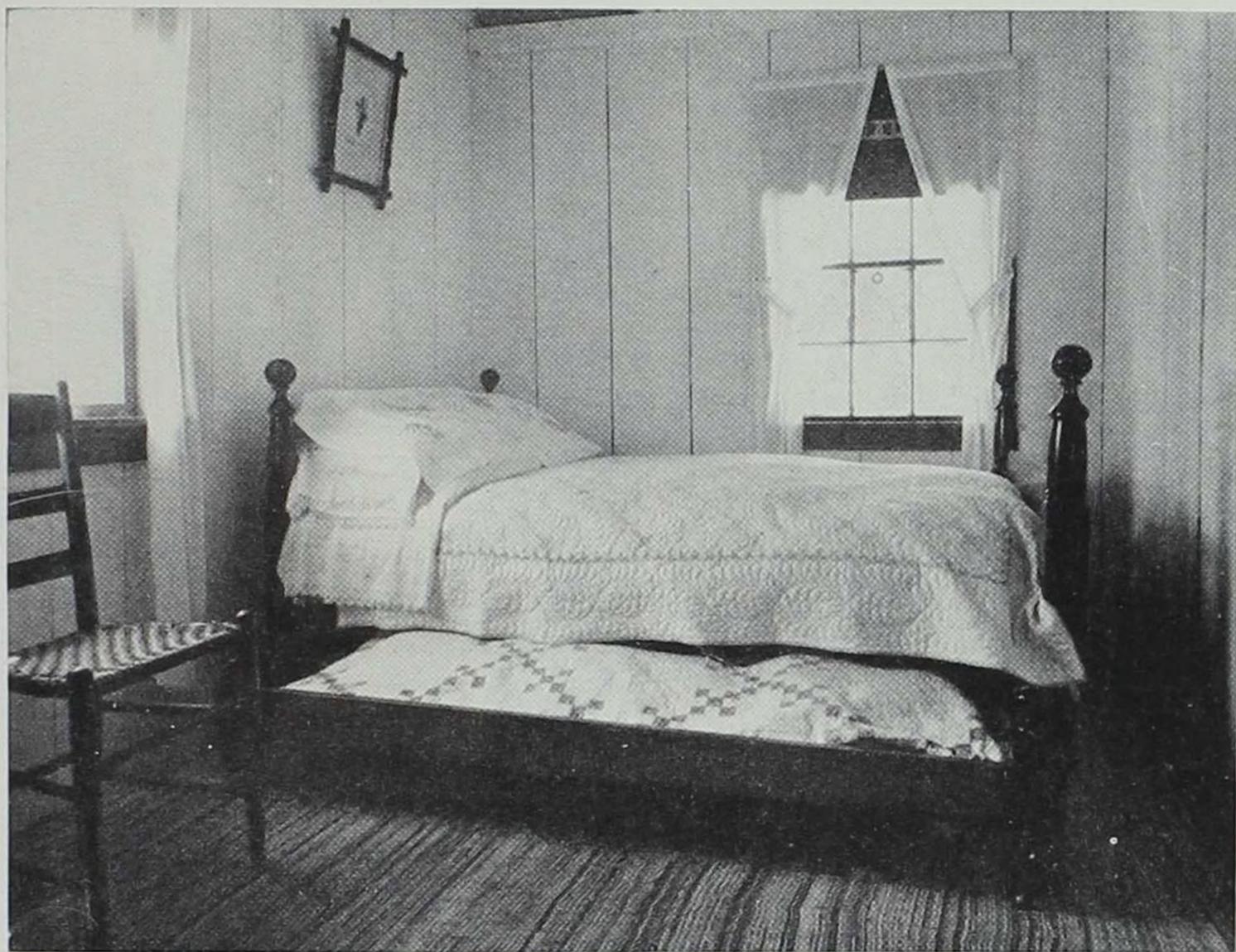


Front View of Hoover Birthplace

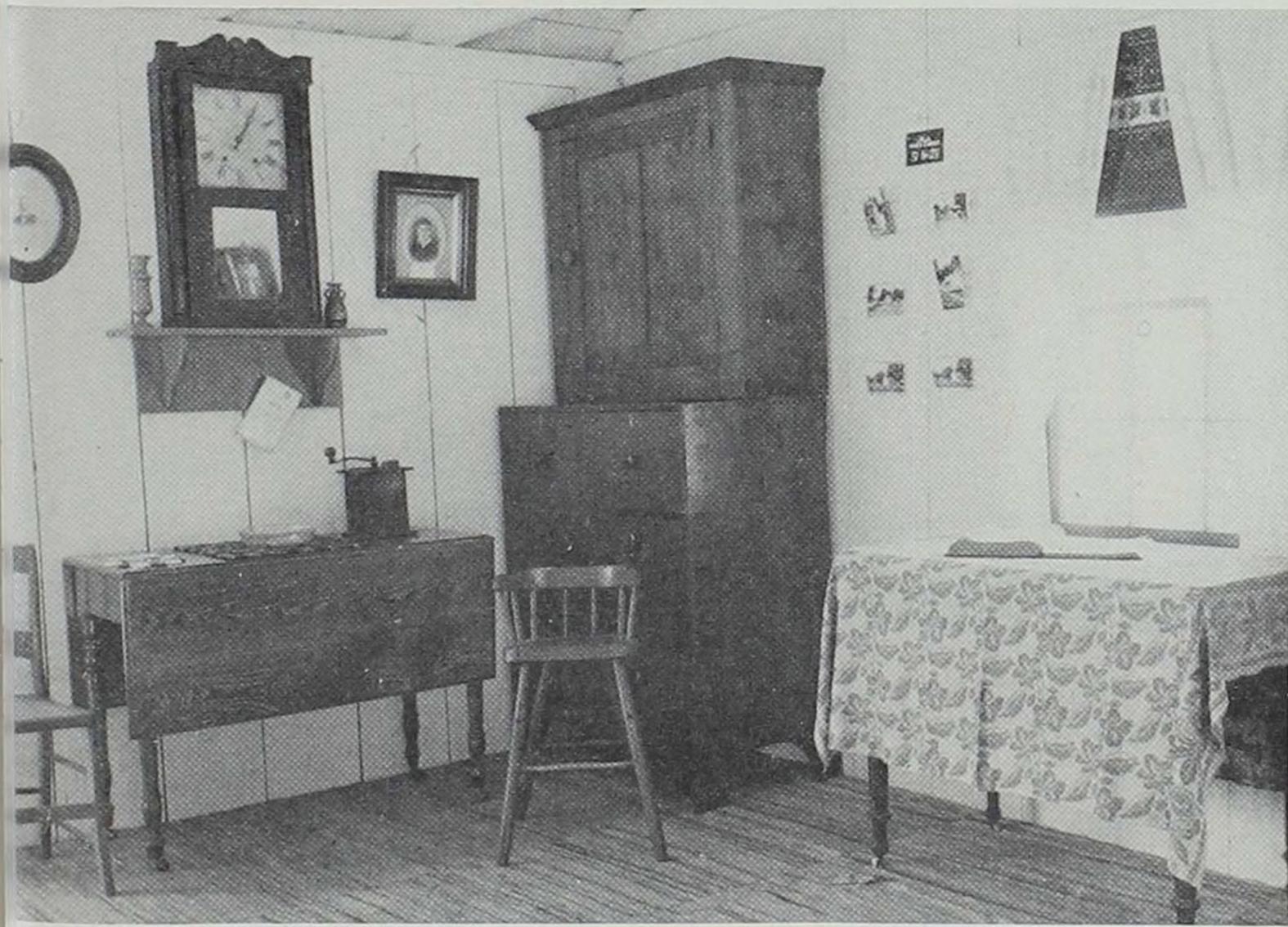


Blacksmith Shop Museum

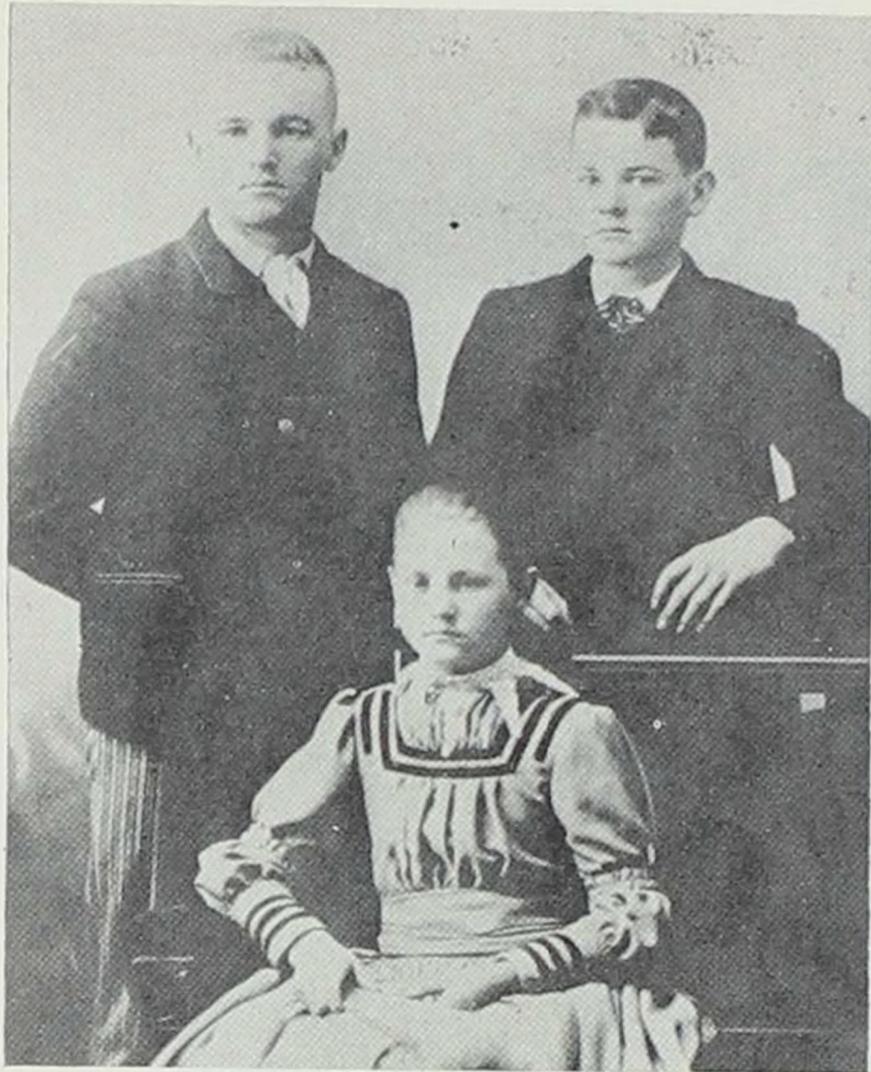
I prefer to think of Iowa as I saw it through the eyes of a ten-year-old boy. Those were eyes filled with the wonders of Iowa's streams and woods, of the mystery of growing crops. They saw days filled with adventure and great undertakings, with participation in good and comforting things. They saw days of stern but kindly discipline. The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover — 1874-1920.



Bedroom of Hoover Home



Corner of Living Room



THEODORE, HERBERT, AND MAY HOOVER



BERT AND THEODORE HOOVER



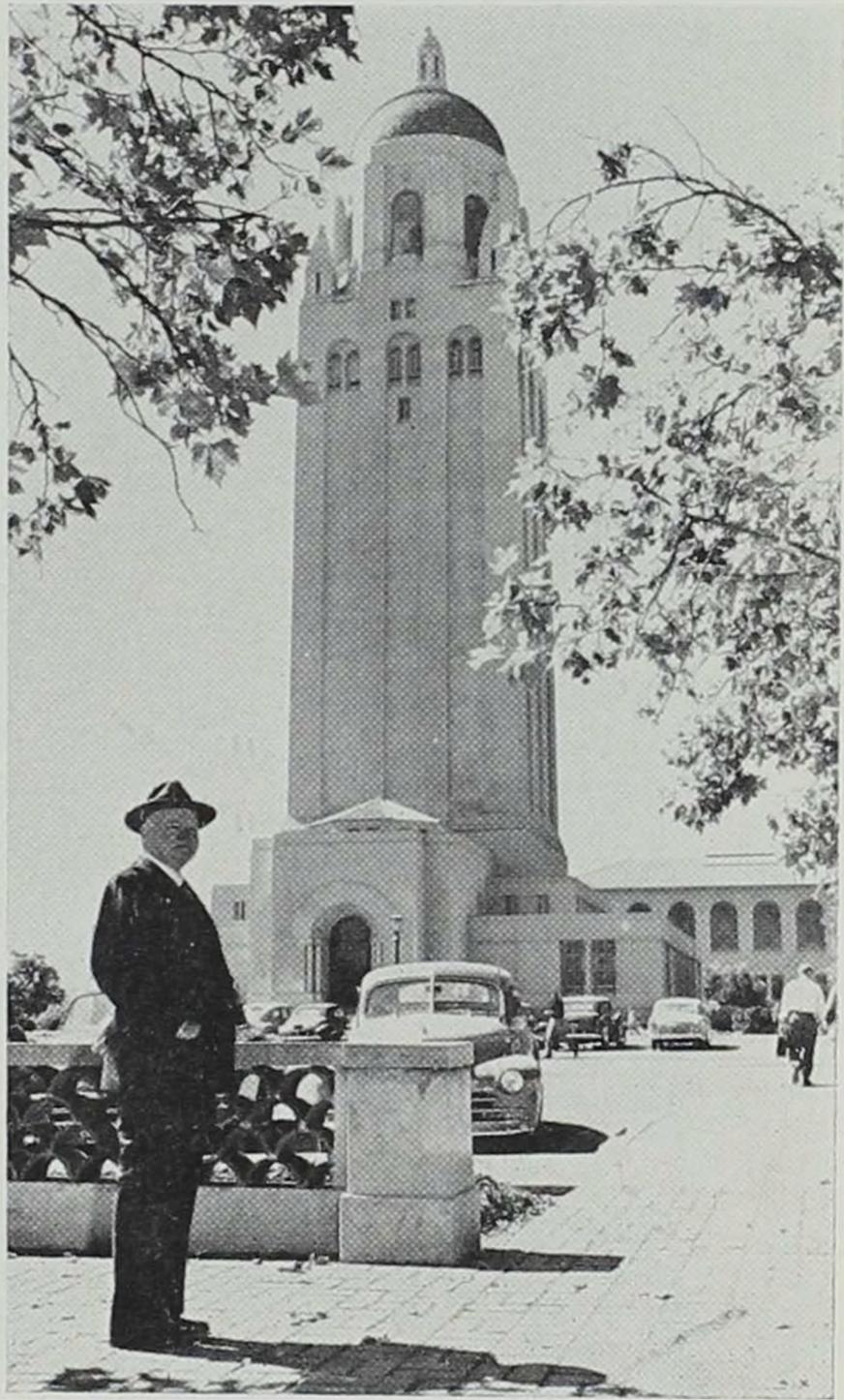
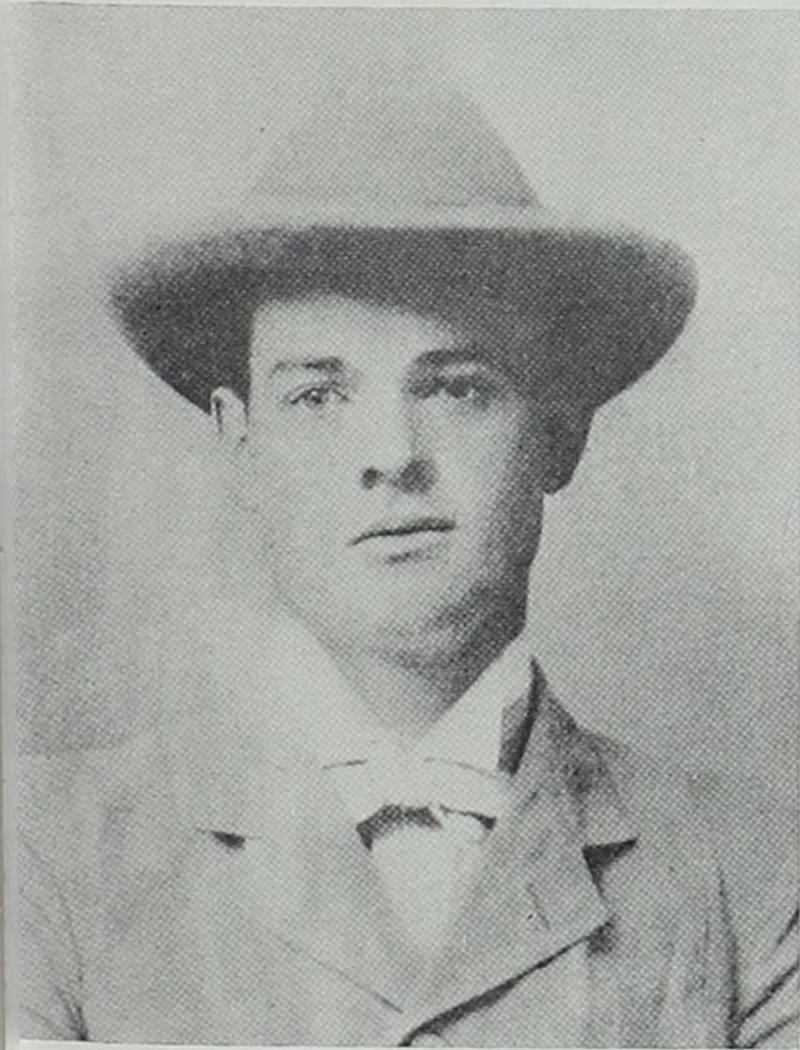
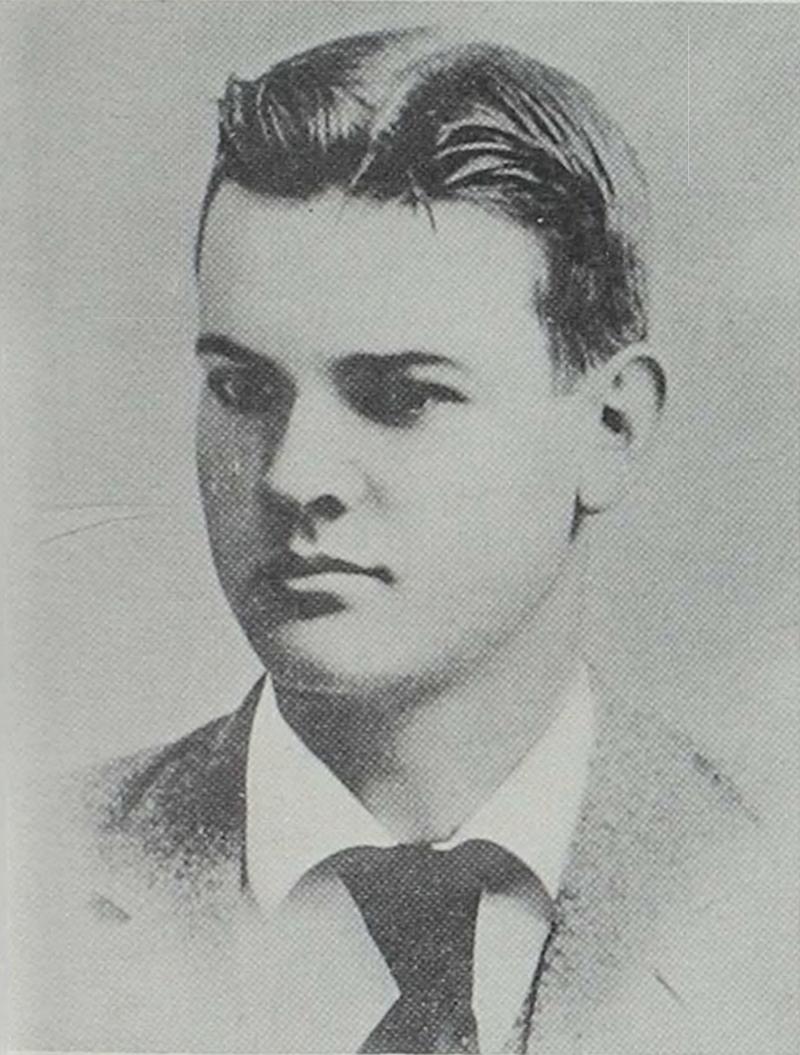
The Minthorn Home in Newberg, Oregon

After her death [Hulda Hoover] our home was necessarily broken up I was taken into the family of an uncle — Allan Hoover — who worked his own farm a mile from town. My sister May was taken in by my grandmother Minthorn, and my brother Theodore by my uncle Davis Hoover.

In 1884 I was moved to Oregon. Upon the death of their only son, a maternal uncle and aunt asked that I should be surrendered to them. This uncle — Henry John Minthorn — was a country doctor at Newberg, a Quaker settlement in the Willamette Valley. The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover — 1874-1920.

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STANFORD COLLEGE DAYS

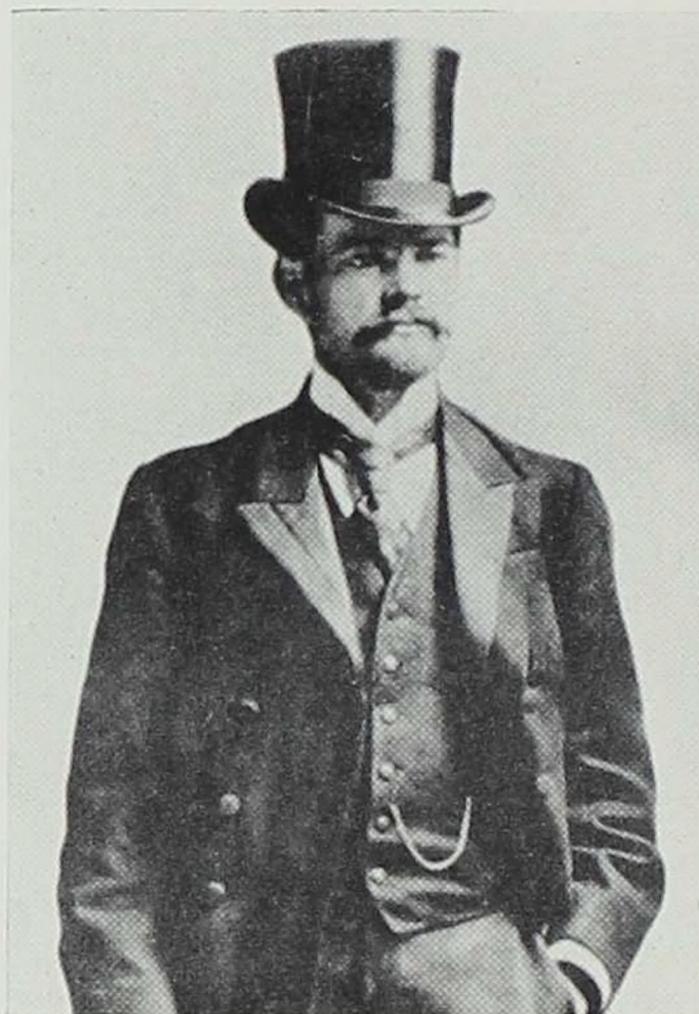


HOOVER AT STANFORD

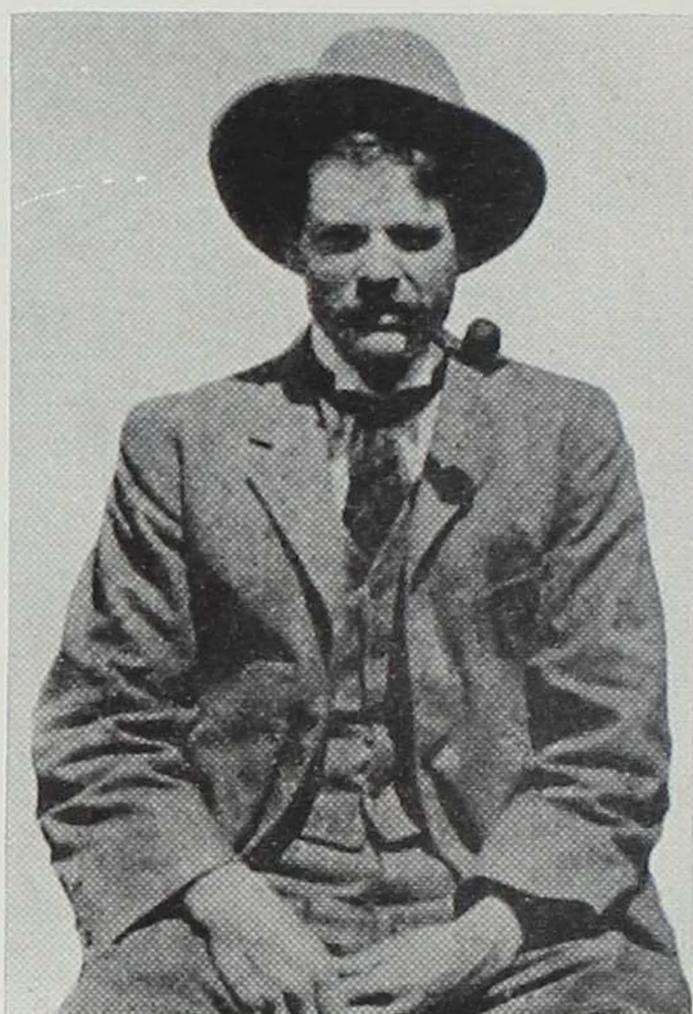
Hoover Tower at Stanford—\$750,000 was raised to build the 285-foot tower which was dedicated in June, 1941. The Library houses what is known as The Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace.

I arrived at Menlo Park — there being no station yet at Palo Alto. . . . The University opened formally on October 1, 1891. . . . I listened to Dr. Jordan's fine Commencement address . . . with only \$40 in cash and the need of finding an immediate job. On leaving college [1895], I needed at once to find some person with a profit motive who needed me to help him turn a profit. The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover — 1874-1920.

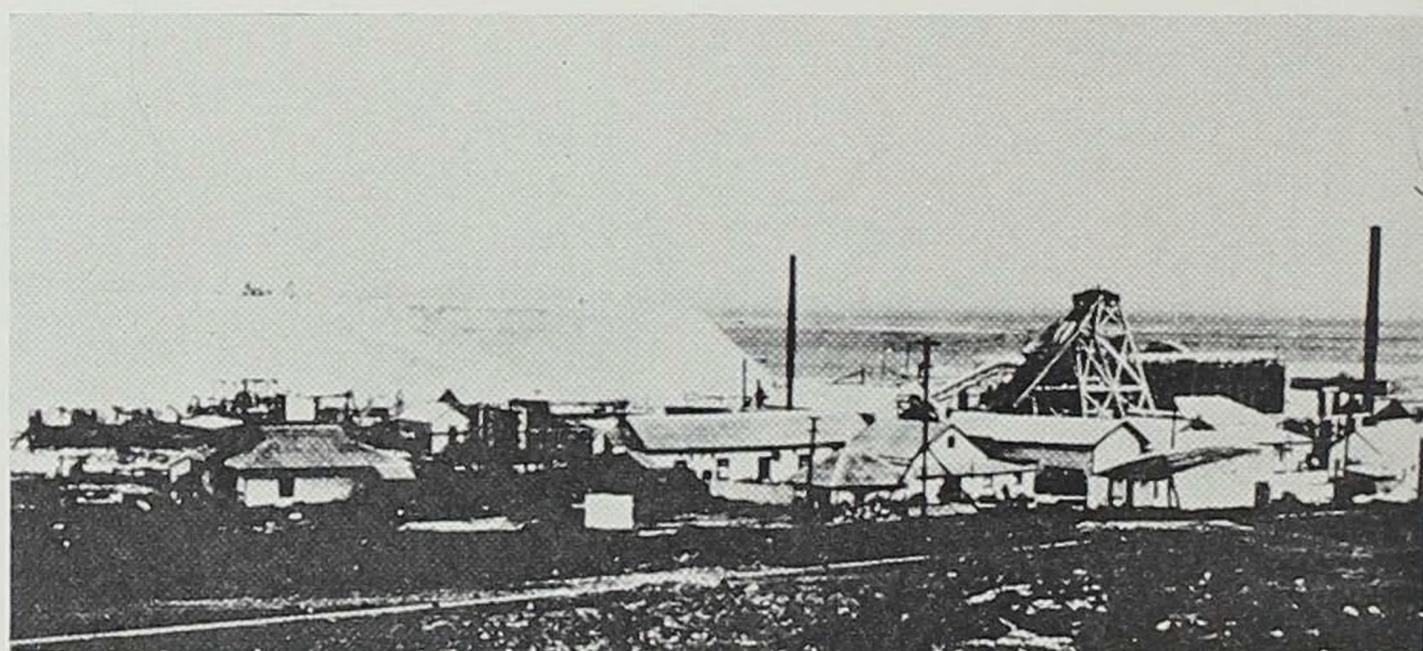
HOOVER — THE MINING ENGINEER



Off for London



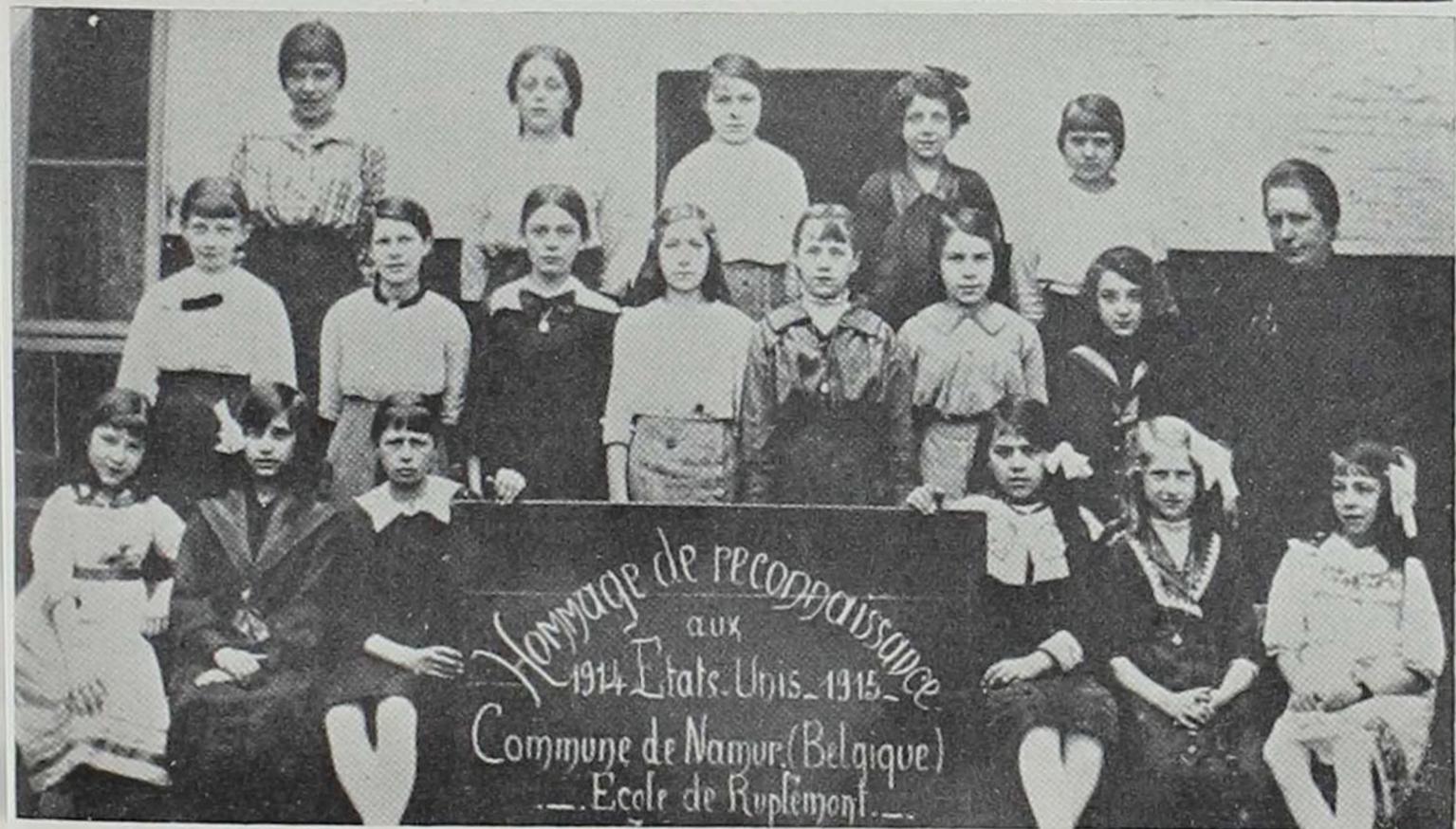
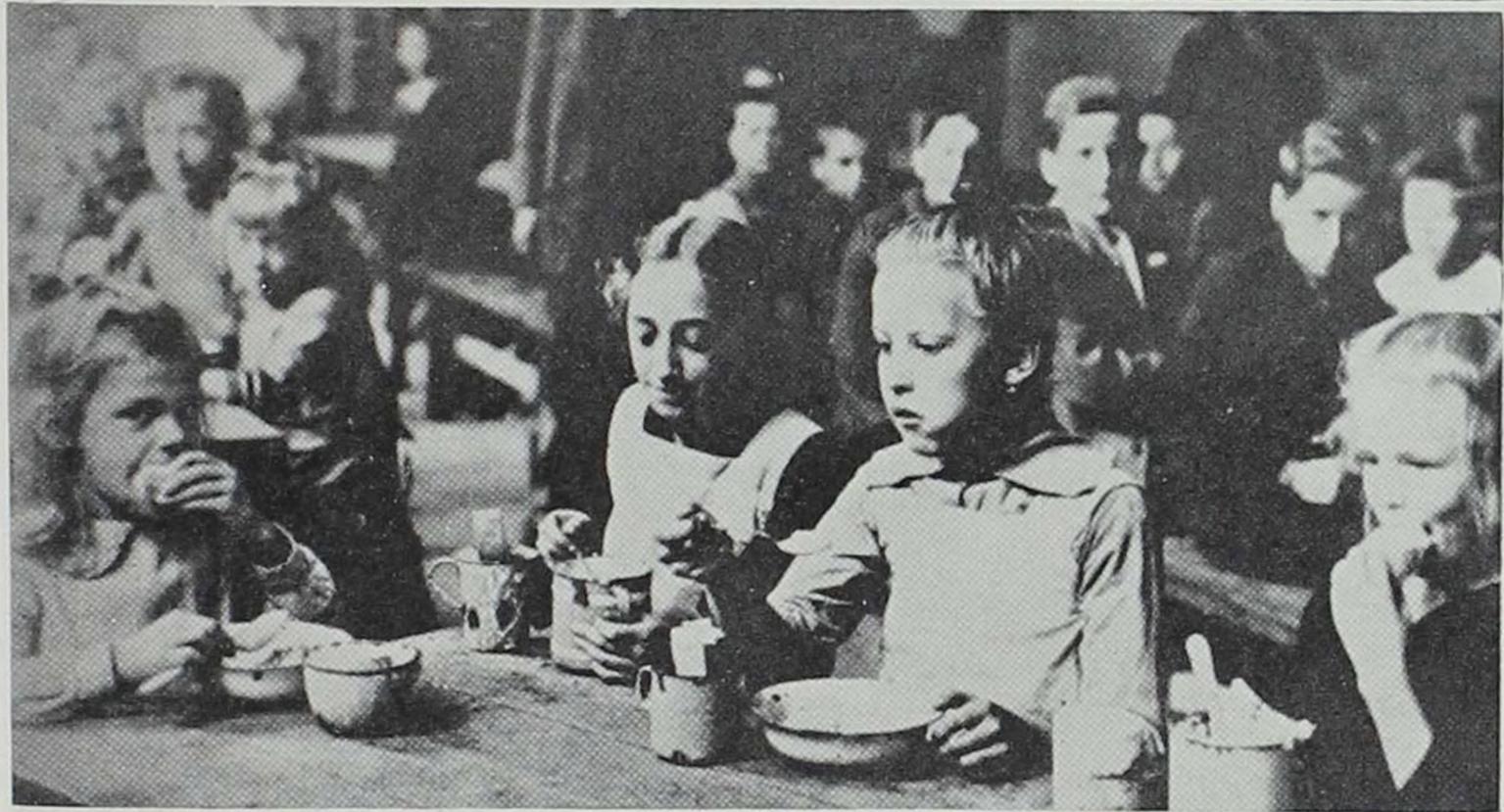
In South Africa — 1904



Sons of Gwalia Mine in Western Australia



Chin Chang Mine in China



Top: Chairman of Commission of Belgian Relief, London, 1916
Middle: Food for Hungry Viennese School Children
Bottom: Belgian Children Express Their Thanks



Statue of Isis at Hoover Park, West Branch

The gift of the school children of Belgium in gratitude for the tens of thousands of lives saved from starvation through the efforts of Herbert Hoover.



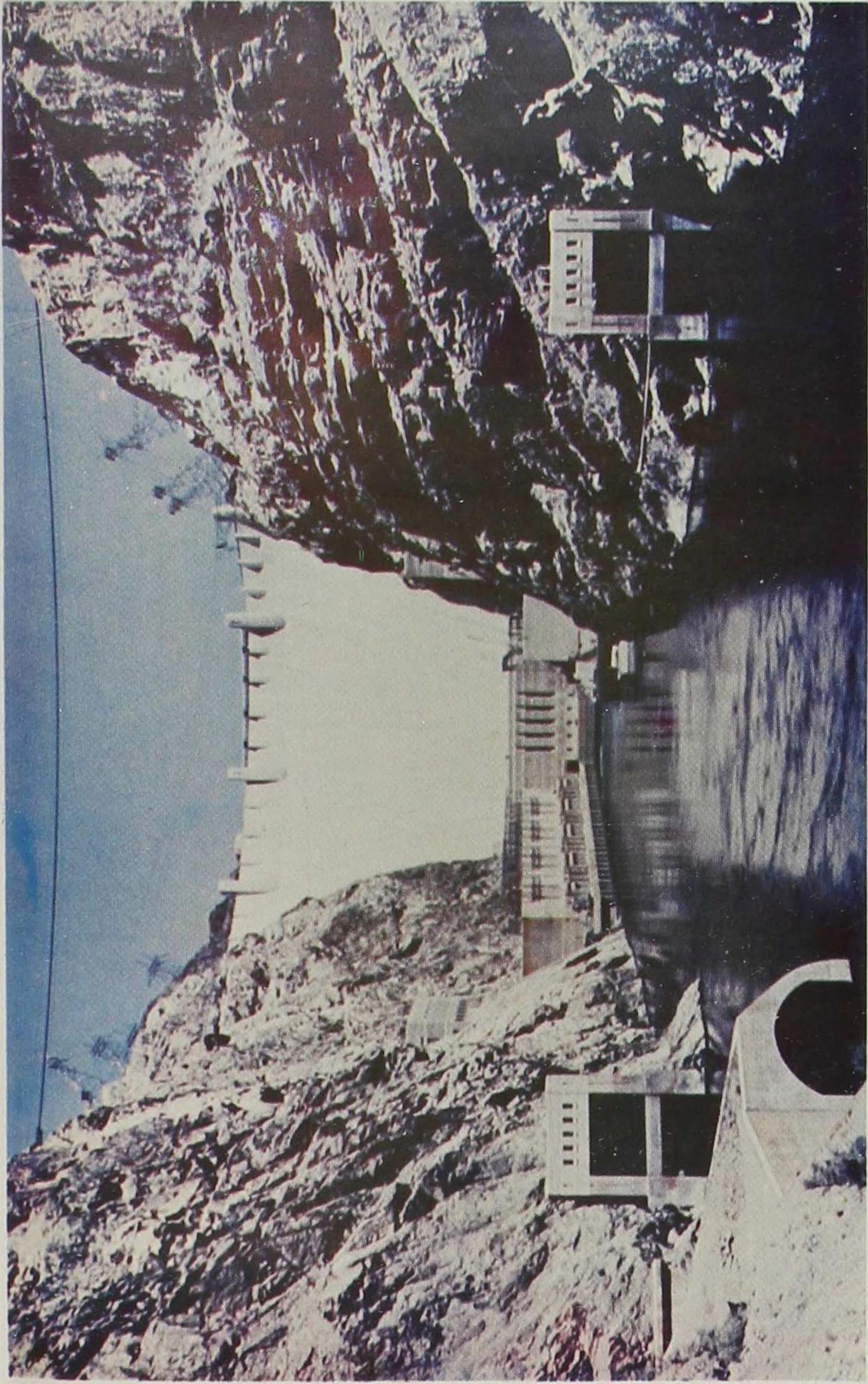
Gordon Kuster Portrait — Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

HERBERT HOOVER



HERBERT HOOVER BUILDING — NEW YORK CITY
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS BOYS' CLUB OF AMERICA

Hoover has been Honorary Chairman of the Boys' Club of America since 1936. This nation-wide movement aids 500,000 boys through more than 500 clubs, with assets of over \$100,000,000.



HOOVER DAM

During my administration, Secretary Wilbur had named the Colorado River dam "Hoover Dam," in accordance with the custom of naming great water conservation dams after the Presidents in whose administrations they were undertaken . . . on May 8, 1933, Secretary Ickes, under orders from Roosevelt, ordered it changed to Boulder Dam. . . . On September 30th, Roosevelt dedicated the dam under the name Boulder Dam, never mentioning that I had been especially responsible for the enterprise through the chairmanship of the Colorado River Commission. . . . On April 30, 1947, the name was restored by unanimous action of the House, and only a trifling opposition in the Senate. The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover . . . 1929-1941.



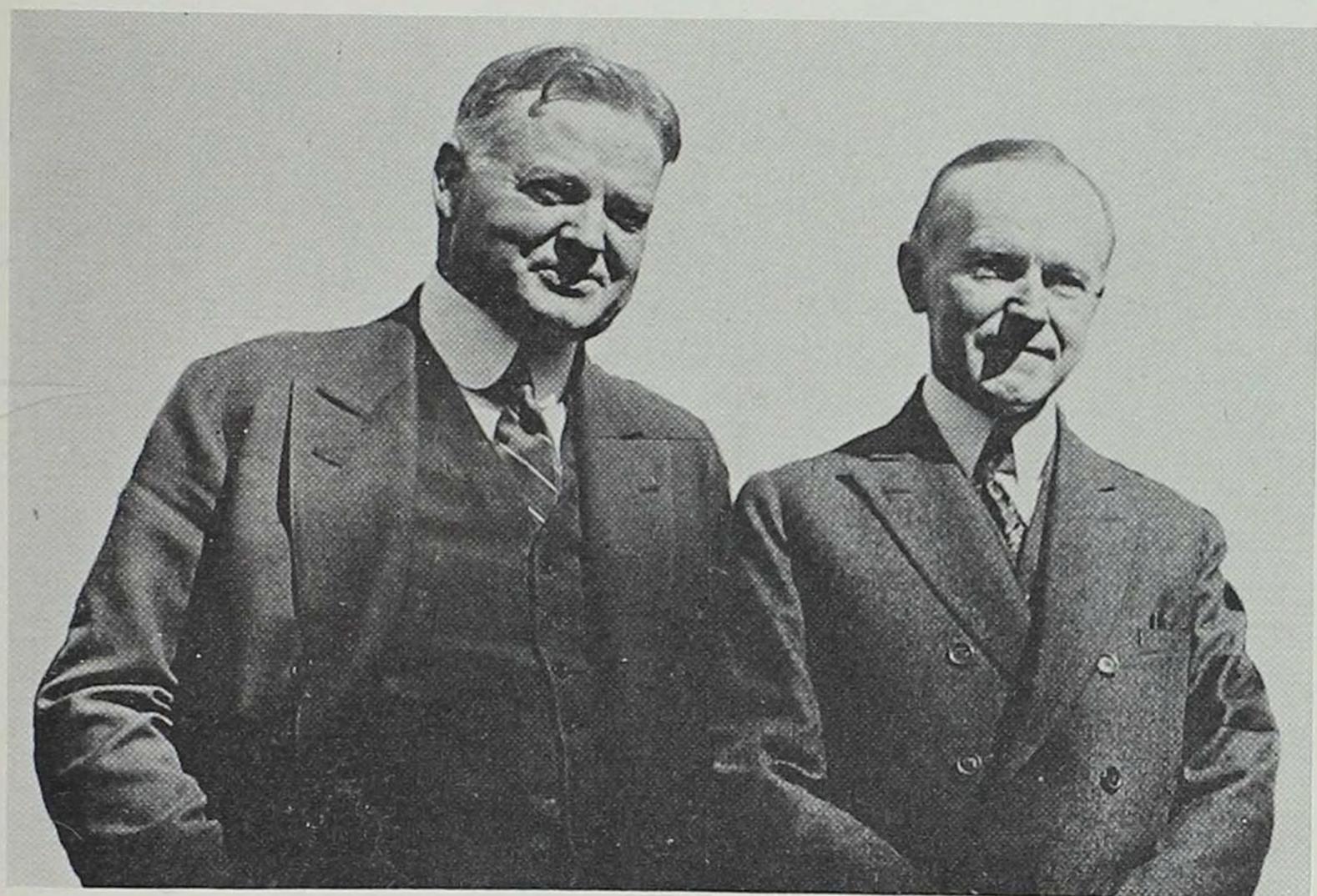
"OH MISTER HOOVER, WE KNEW YOU WUZ
SANTA CLAUS ALL THE TIME."



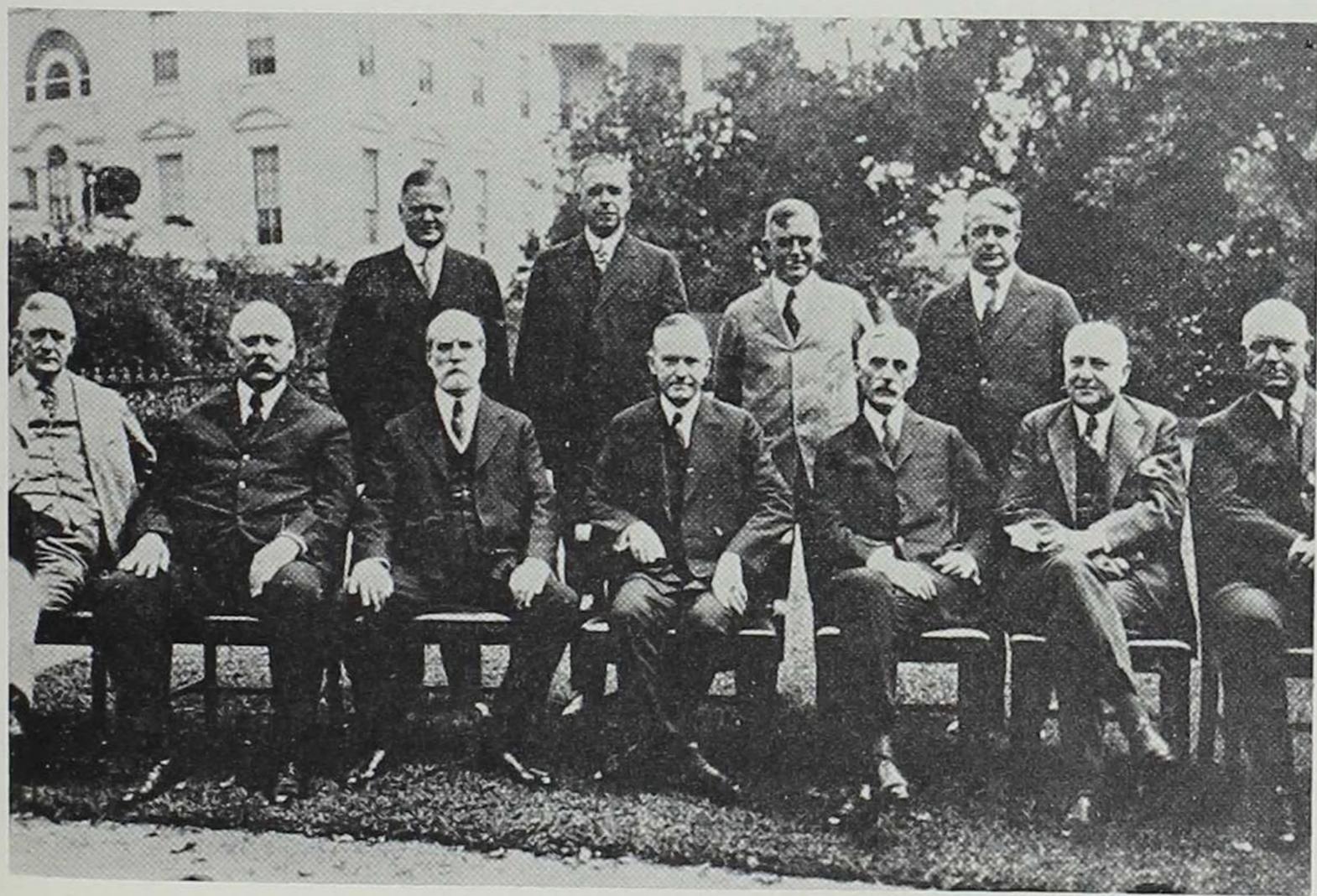
CHRISTMAS CARDS

Each year Herbert Hoover receives thousands of Christmas cards from fellow Americans and people throughout the world. The above, by one of his admirers, sought to indicate the role Herbert Hoover had played in the lives of millions of grateful people.

HOOVER AS SECRETARY OF COMMERCE

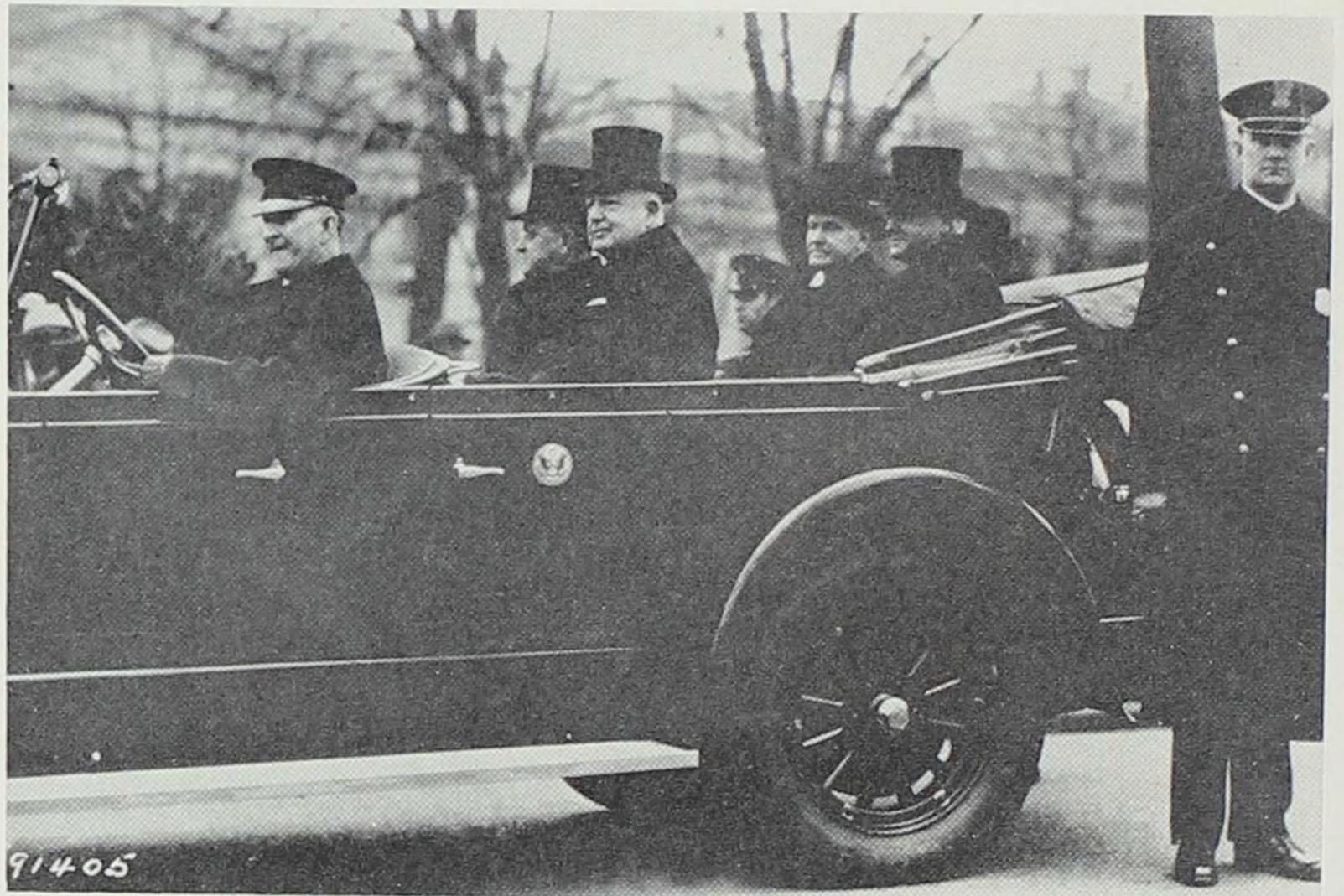


Herbert Hoover and Calvin Coolidge

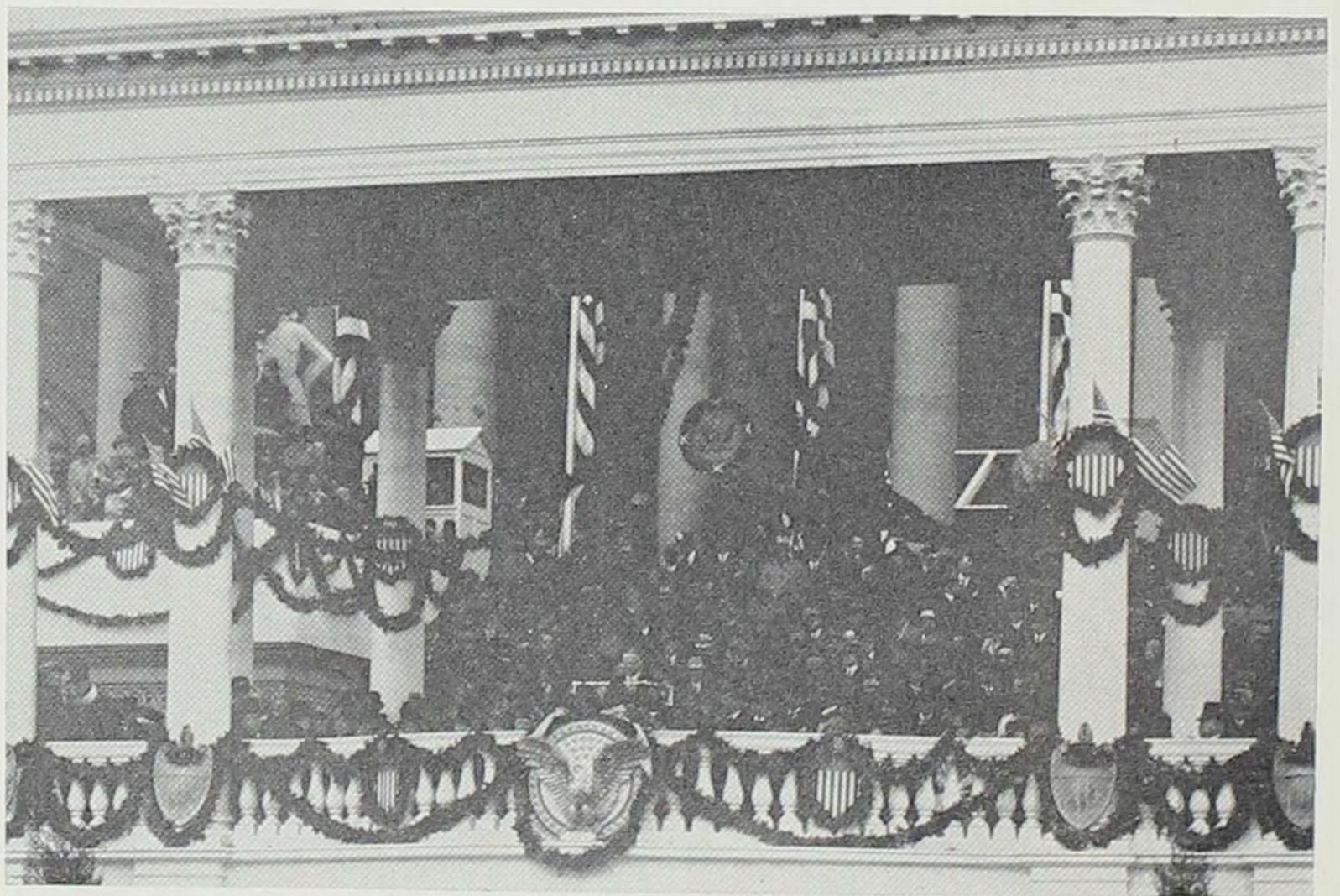


Hoover in the Coolidge Cabinet

PRESIDENTIAL YEARS



Off to the Inauguration



Delivering the Inaugural Address

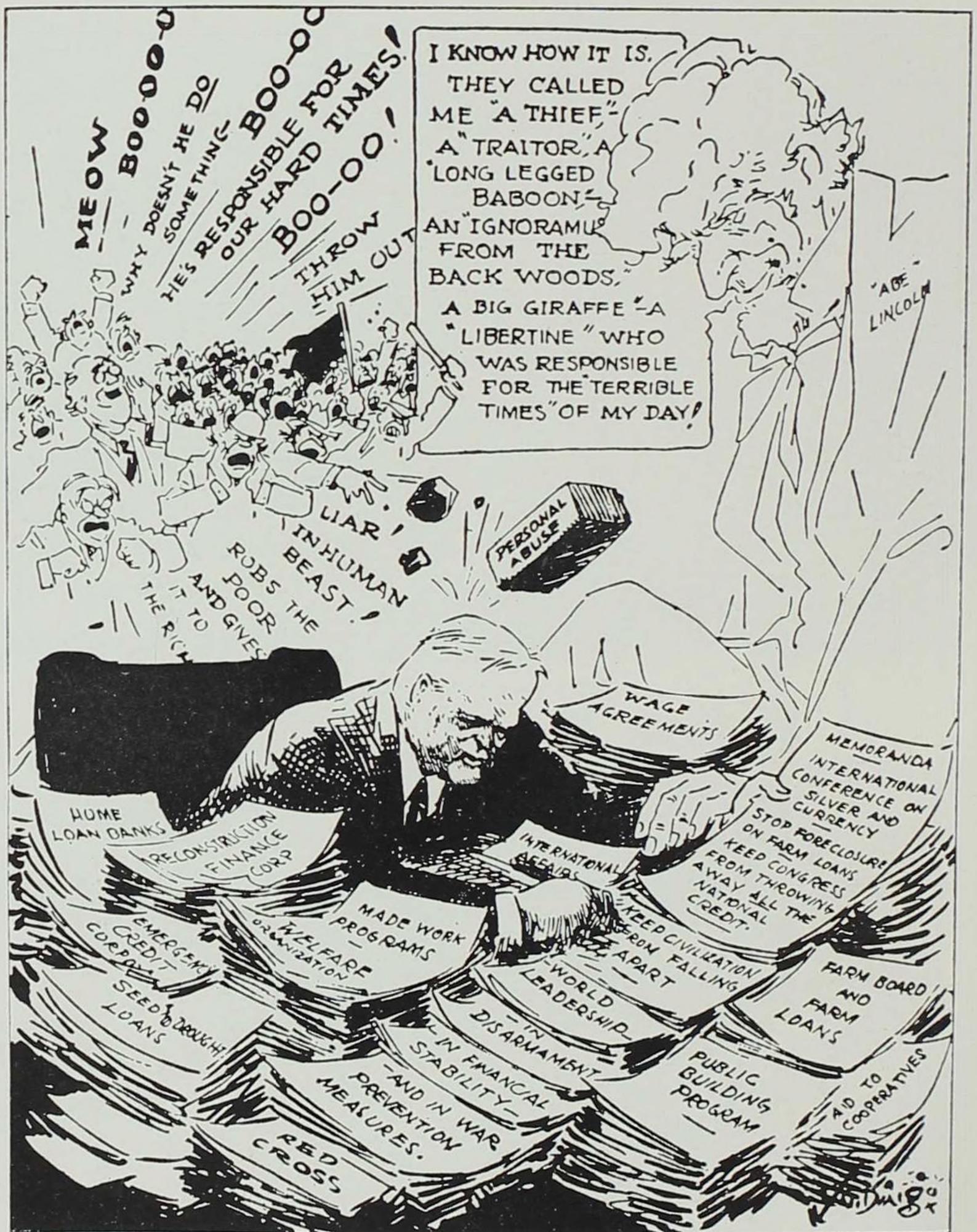
WHILE SUCH THINGS ARE POSSIBLE THERE IS
NOTHING VERY WRONG WITH OUR COUNTRY



I spoke upon better law enforcement, upon the relations of government to business, upon world peace and disarmament, and concluded:

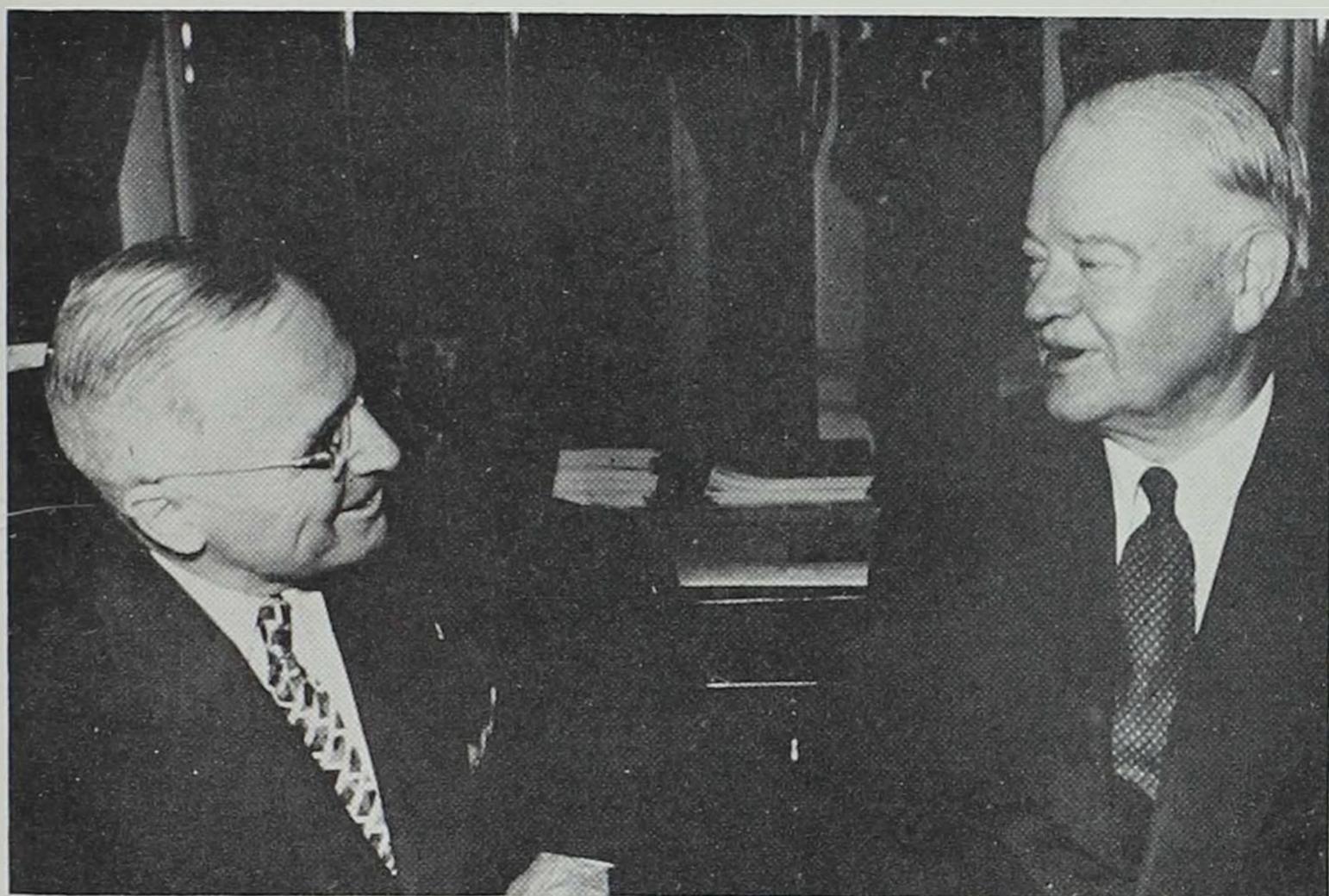
. . . The government must, so far as lies within its proper powers, give leadership to the realization of these ideals and to the fruition of these aspirations . . . There is no short road to the realization of these aspirations. Ill-considered remedies for our faults bring only penalties after them. But if we hold the faith of the men in our mighty past who created these ideals, we shall leave them heightened and strengthened for our children. The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover — 1920-1933.

THE U. S. AWARD FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

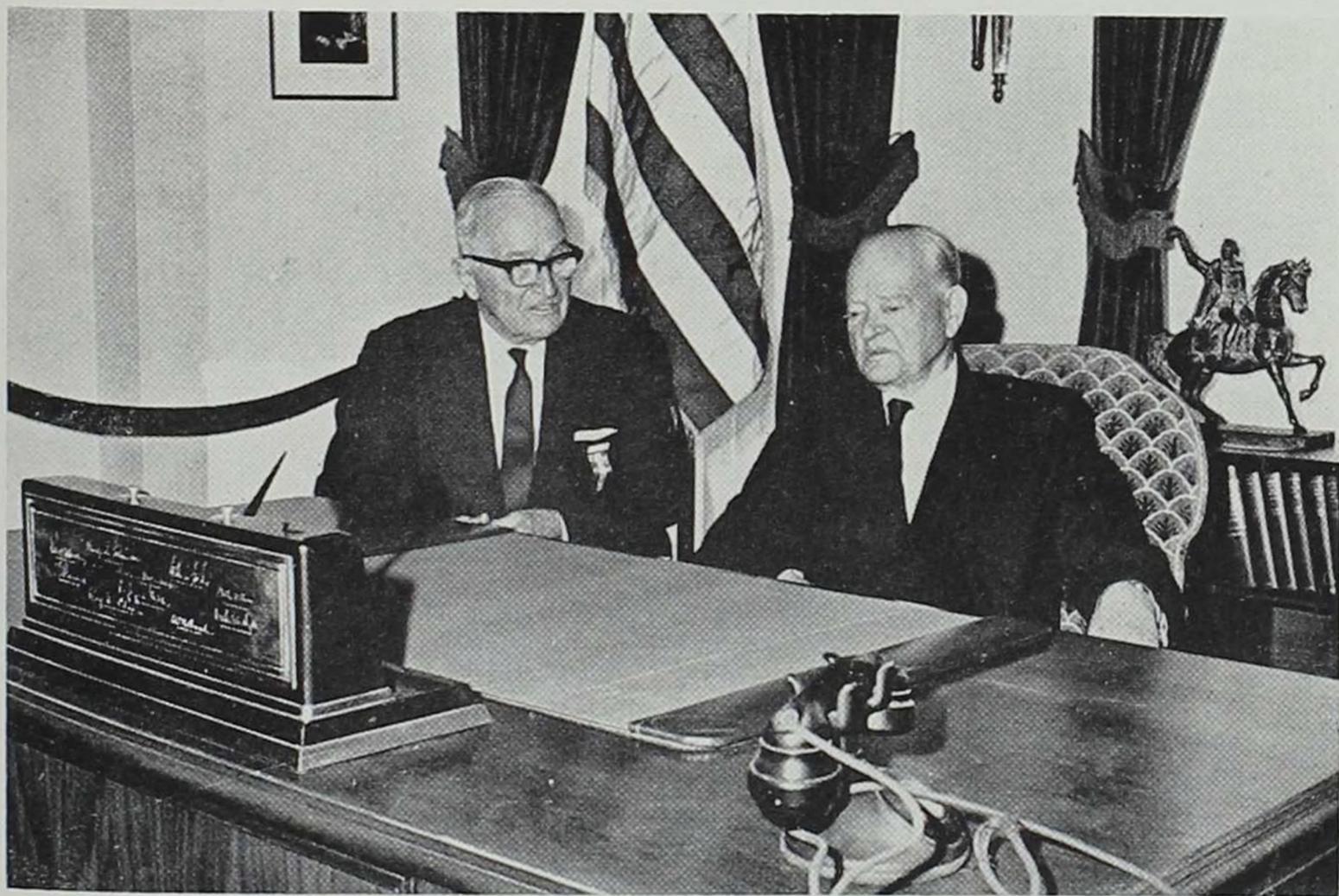


General Prosperity had been a great ally in my election in 1928. General Depression, who superseded, was in some part responsible for my defeat in 1932. The recovery which began in July steadily increased over that summer, but not sufficiently to overcome that particular political opponent The effort to crossbreed some features of Fascism and Socialism with our American free system speedily developed in the Roosevelt administration. The result was that America failed to keep pace with world recovery. Instead we continued with subnormal levels of lessened productivity, high unemployment, and costly relief measures until our man power and industries were absorbed by the war eight years later, in 1941. The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover — 1929-1941.

TRUMAN AND HOOVER

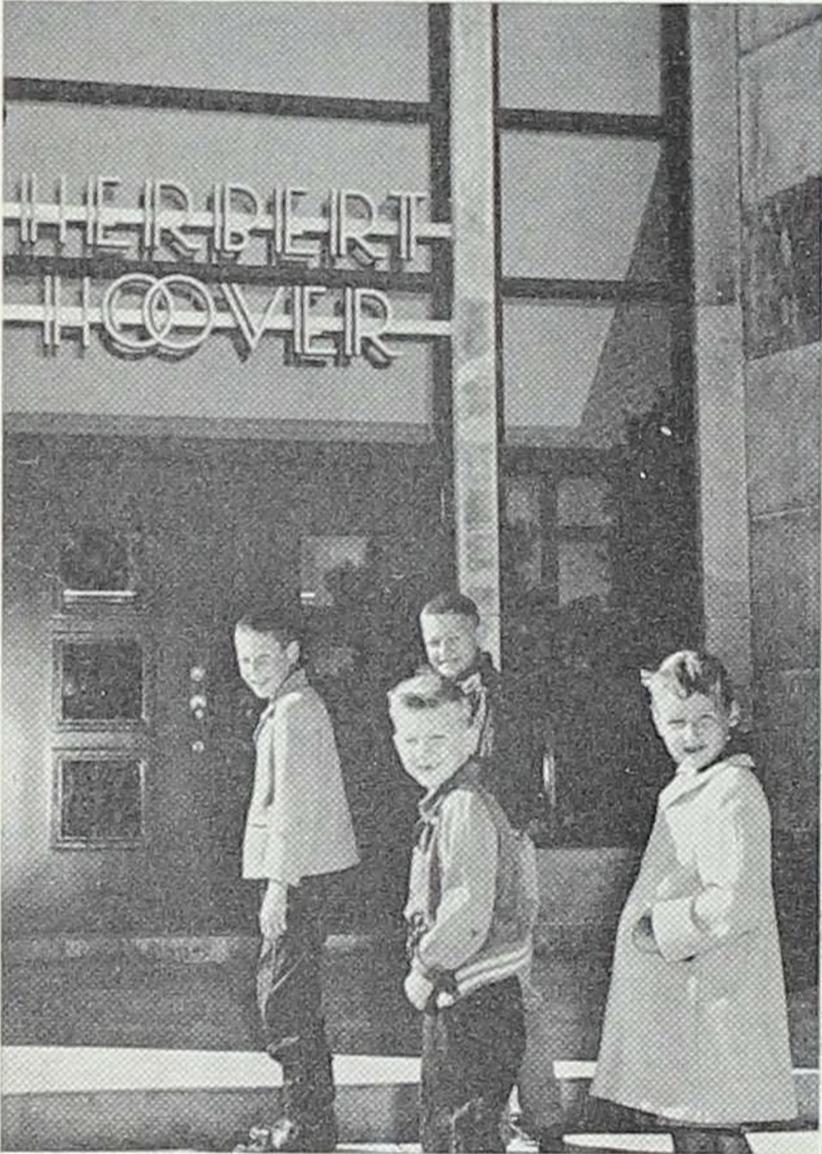
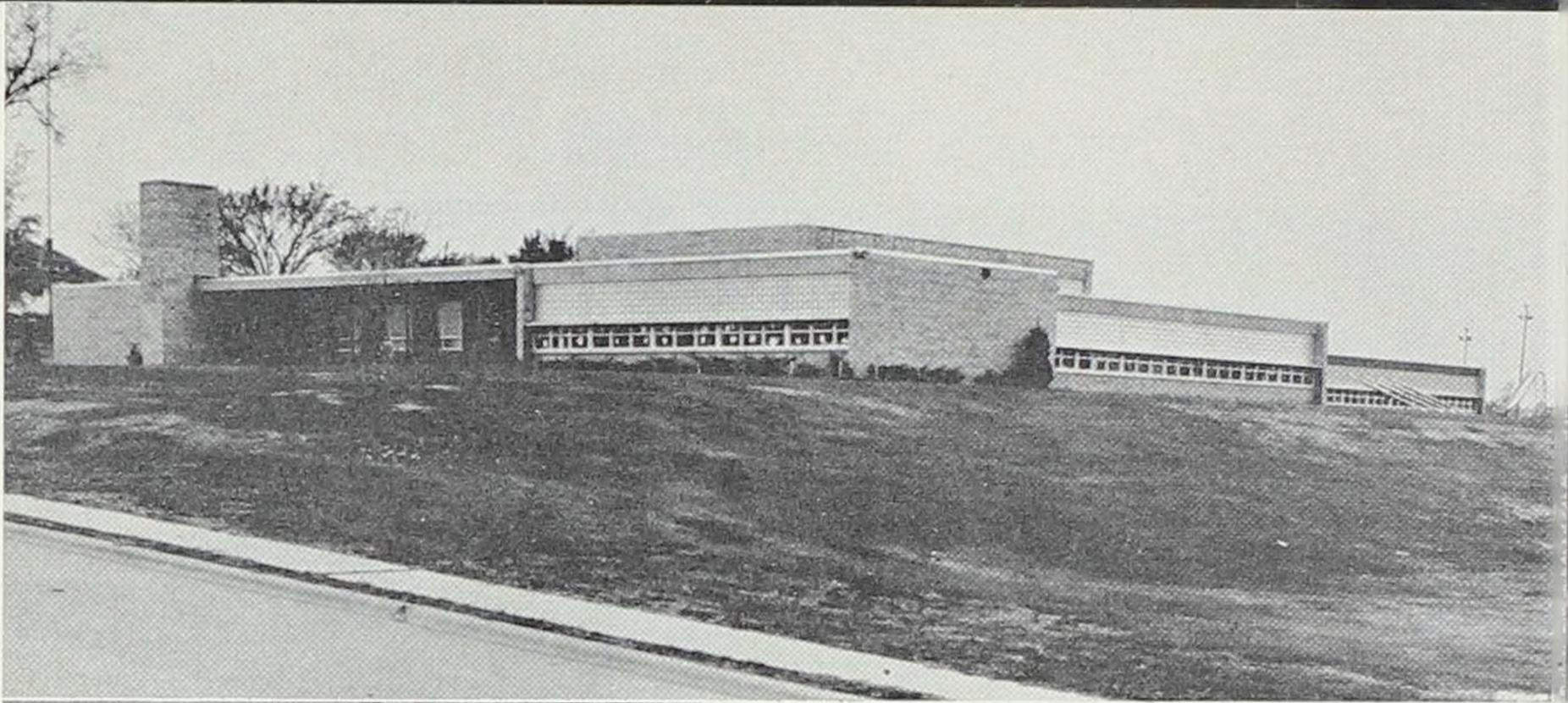


Hoover Accepts Appointment as Food Supply Coordinator for World Famine, 1946-1947



Associated Press Photo

Truman discusses old times while seated with Hoover at his White House desk in the Hoover Presidential Library—August 10, 1962.



SCHOOLS NAMED FOR HERBERT HOOVER

CALIFORNIA — Albany, Burlingame, Cupertino, Fresno, Glendale, Indio, Lakewood, Long Beach, Los Angeles, Merced, Oakland, Palo Alto, Redwood City, San Diego, San Francisco, San Jose, San Mateo, Santa Ana, Stockton, Westminster.

ILLINOIS — Calumet City.

IOWA — Cedar Rapids, Council Bluffs, Davenport, Iowa City, Mason City, West Branch.

MICHIGAN — Lincoln Park, Port Huron.

NEW JERSEY — Bergenfield, Ventnor City.

NEW YORK — Kenmore.

OKLAHOMA — Bartlesville, Enid, Lawton, Oklahoma City, Tulsa.

OREGON — Medford, Salem.

PENNSYLVANIA — Camp Hill, Penndel.

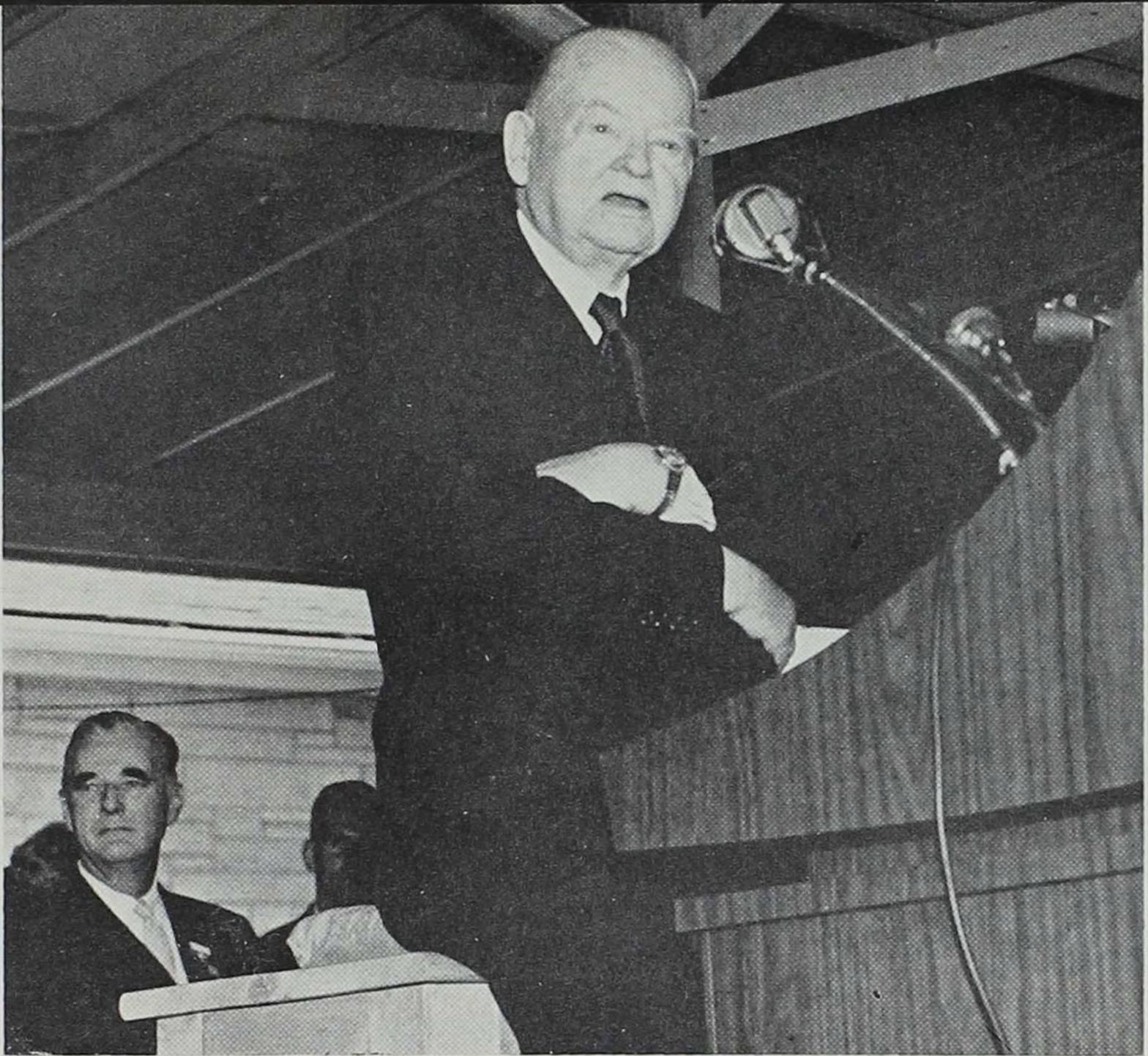
WASHINGTON — Yakima.

WEST VIRGINIA — Elkview, Upshur County.

WISCONSIN — Neenah, Tomah.

GERMANY — Berlin.





Associated Press Photo

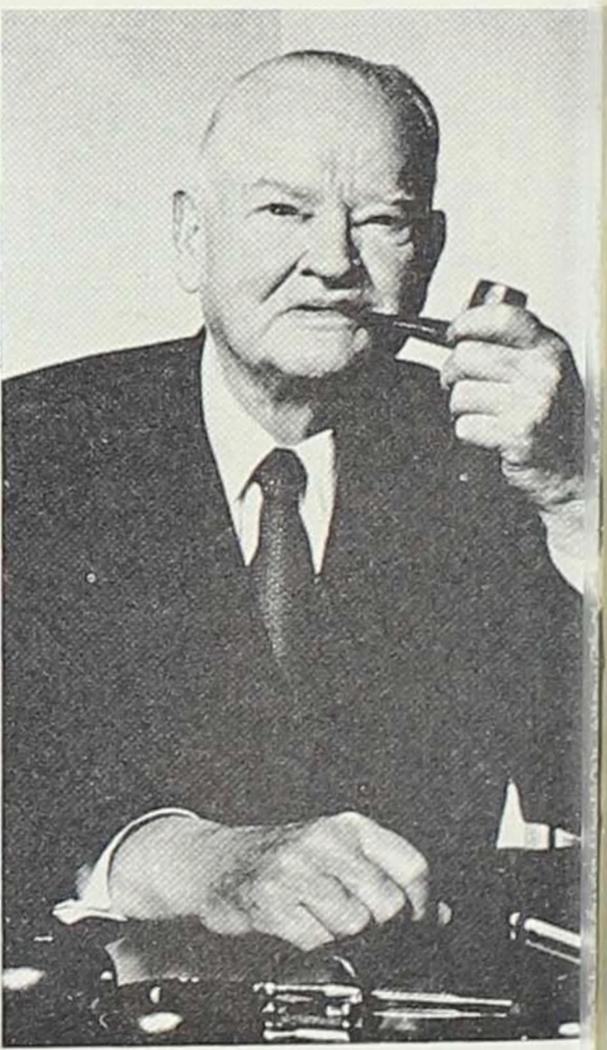
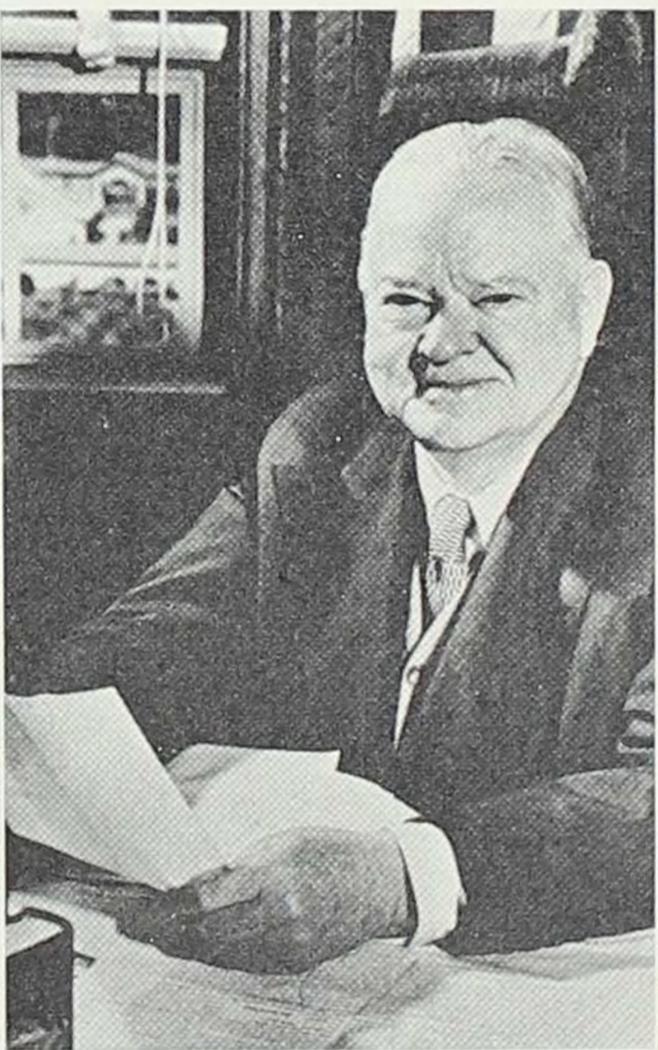
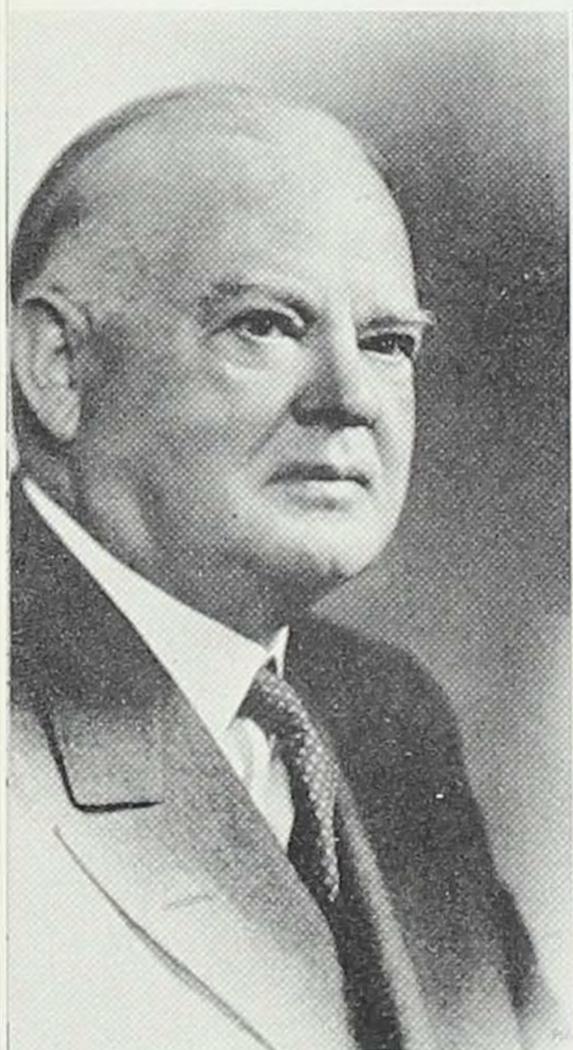
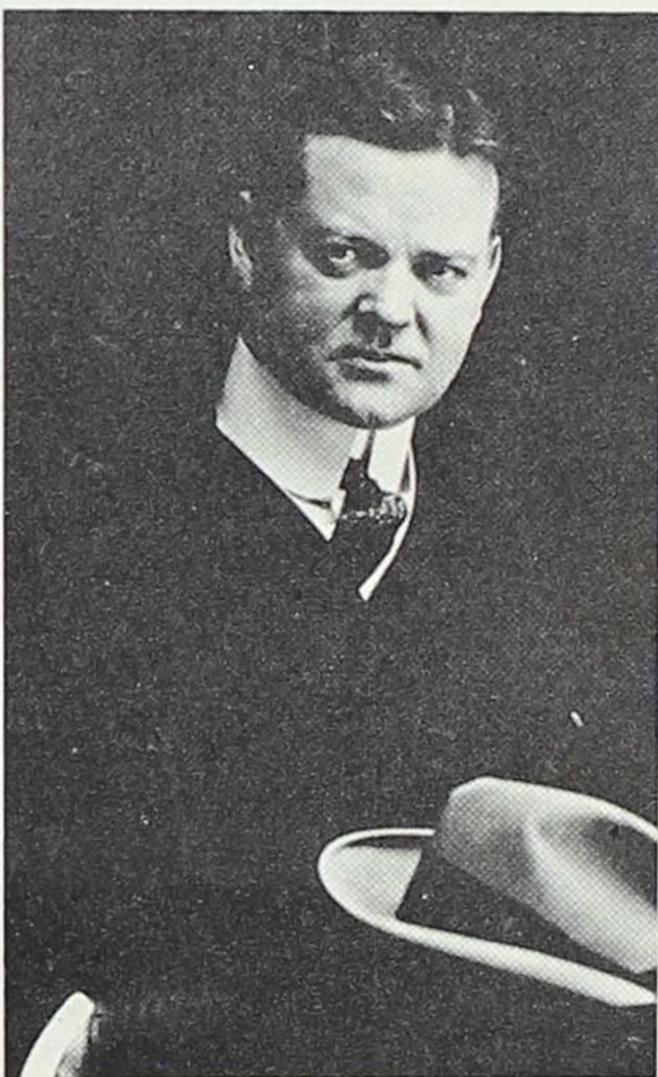
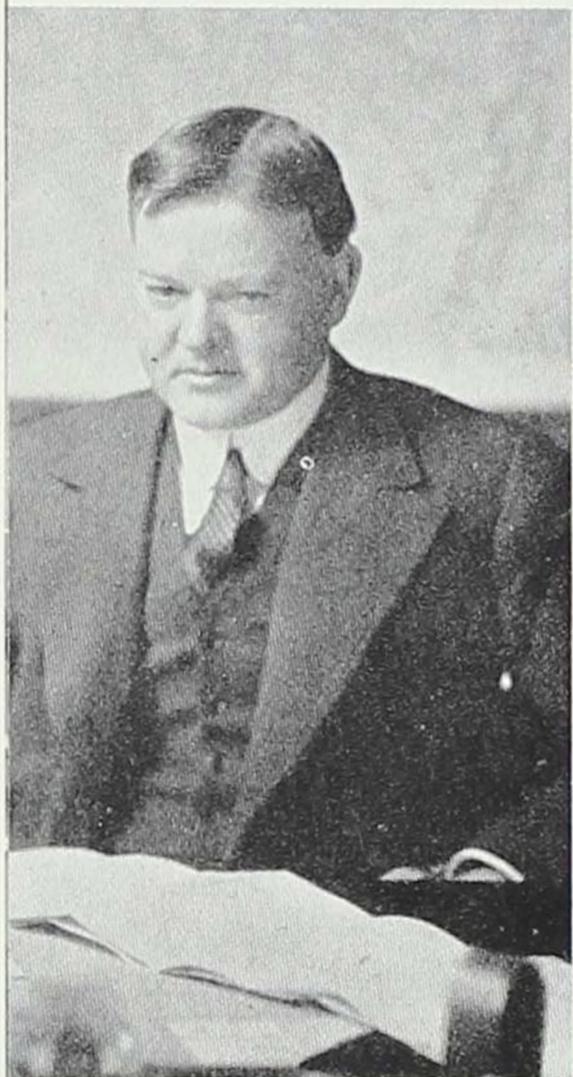
HOOVER AT WEST BRANCH

(top) August 10, 1962
(with Allan Hoover seated)

(bottom) August 10, 1948
(with Wm. J. Petersen, R. D. Blue)



PORTRAITS THROUGH THE YEARS



Some point to will-o'-wisps of security not to be had on this earth. Some lead the nation over the precipice of inflation and socialism. Some just lead to the land of make-believe.

Certainly some of them are tainted with untruth and a diluted intellectual honesty.

The word "New" applies better to physical things than to human forces. Indeed when the sun rises in the morning we hail it as a new day. We cheer the passing of the night. But it is a false analogy in the march of civilization.

Most of our chores for the new day are assigned the night before. Our abilities to perform them were formed not only last year but over centuries of even geologic time.

If the new day has no link with yesterday we would be without know-how and morals today. The loss of that link can bring chaos to the whole economic, the moral and the spiritual world.

'Old' Things

The practical thing we can do if we really want to make the world over again is to try out the word "Old" for a while. There are some Old Things that made this country.

There is the Old Virtue of religious faith.

There are the Old Virtues of integrity and the whole truth.

There is the Old Virtue of incorruptible service and honor in public office.

There are the Old Virtues of economy in gov-

ernment, of self-reliance, thrift and individual liberty.

Inexpensive

There are the Old Virtues of patriotism, real love of country and willingness to sacrifice for it.

These "Old" ideas are very inexpensive. They even would help win hot and cold wars.

I realize that such suggestions will raise that cuss word "Reactionary."

But some of these Old things are slipping badly in American life. And if they slip too far, the lights will go out of America, even if we win these cold and hot wars.

Think about it.

Sacred Honor

We might explore some of the things that have happened to the Old virtues of integrity, truth, and honor in public life.

During the recent past we have had a flood of exposures by congressional committees, by state legislatures, by grand juries in scores of cities, and the press.

Pledge of "Honor"

A few days more than 175 years ago, the 56 members of the Continental Congress of the United States unanimously declared a program of action and certain principles of American life.

The concluding words of the Declaration are a pledge of "our sacred Honor."

I sometimes wonder what the 56 Founding Fa-

thers, from their invisible presence in our congressional halls, would say about the procession of men in responsible positions who have come before its committees of this day.

What would they have thought of the "sacred honor" of the 5 per centers, mink coats, deep freezers and free hotel bills?

Or favoritism in government loans and government contracts?

Or failures to prosecute evildoers who spread cancerous rackets and gambling rings with their train of bribed officials?

But I am less concerned at stealing public money than with the far more destructive forms of dishonor.

What would the Founding Fathers have thought of those who coquette with traitorship?

Or of secret and disastrous commitments of our nation, which were denied at the time?

Or high officials under oath contradicting each other as to facts?

Or the failure to keep promises to the people? Our civilization moves forward on promises that are kept.

Propaganda

We thus have a cancerous growth of intellectual dishonesty in public life which is mostly beyond the law.

One of its chief instruments is corrupt propaganda.

There has been such propaganda by foreign governments and our own designed to get us into war.

Then we have the propaganda to keep up our pep. Then the habit continues in peacetime. And some pressure groups have learned this trick to get something they ought not to have.

The mildest form of corrupt propaganda is a process of persuasive part-truths. At times it even rises to the high moral levels of selling snake oil.

But the malignant form of propaganda spreads deadly poisons. Its process is to create suspicion, hate and fear. Its purpose is less to persuade than to conceal truth and to crush opposition.

The machinery of propaganda is made of standardized gadgets by which you can detect it.

One of these standard gadgets is slogans. They freeze the real process of thought.

If you will examine the twoscore loud slogans created during this last third of a century, you will find most of them, like the Apples of Sodom, have turned to bitter ashes in our national mouth.

Most of them became ripe in a year or two, some lasted a little longer. Some very new ones are already turning moldy.

One of these gadgets is to create fear by describing the horrors of invasion of the United States by foreign armies.

This one always arises to its maximum decibel when pressuring legislation and elections.

While aircraft can come our way no armies on earth can land on our shores.

Another gadget is to give new meaning to old, simple and well-understood expressions until the integrity of our language is polluted.

Liberalism

The term "liberalism" has turned pink inside. The term "welfare" never before meant the "welfare state" with its red or pink colors.

The Chinese Communists were not "agrarian liberals." From the perversion of truth alone, we suffered a gigantic defeat of free men in China.

The Smear

You can test malignant propoganda from another of its gadgets. That is the smear. This gadget had wide potency.

When Mr. X presents an inconvenient fact or argument, the propagandists can simplify matters by pointing out that he was once a banker or was fined for speeding.

With this gadget you can get your opponent either way in the international field by just suggesting he is an appeaser, or a warmonger, or an isolationist.

On the issue of government spending, he can be flattened out by calling him an inflationist or he is against the underdog. If he comments on either side of ideological matters, you can defeat him going or coming by calling him a Fascist, or a reactionary, or a fellow-traveler, or just a red-herring.

Cry for Unity

There is still another of these propaganda gadgets. That is to squelch debate by cries for Unity! Unity! Unity!

The implication is that the citizen is disloyal to his country if he disagrees with the powers that be.

I suggest that these are not operations of rugged intellectual honesty. They are attempts to coerce men into the intellectual concentration camp named fear.

These gadgets have been very handy tools for making America over into these 14 New varieties and getting us into hot and cold wars.

Think about it.

Debate

It is difficult enough to debate against the gadgets of propaganda. But there is something worse. That is the concealment of truth and commitments.

I am not here discussing our foreign policies. But may I ask you a question?

Does anybody believe that the propaganda-promoted foreign policies over the past dozen years have always been right? Or that there has always been a disclosure of the whole truth?

For example, certain secret commitments were entered into at Teheran and Yalta which sold the freedom of half a billion people down the river.

They were not disclosed to the congress or to the American people.

Does anyone believe that, had they been sub-

mitted to the American people for debate and to congress for decision, they would ever have been approved.

That is where we lost the peace and wandered into the land of hot and cold wars.

Debate founded on the full disclosure of the whole truth and free of these gadgets is the stuff that can save free men.

Think about it.

Code of Ethics

I would like to explore this old virtue of truth, integrity and honor in public life a little further.

Congress can well widen the laws so as to clutch the New kinds of bribes and benefits they have discovered. But congress cannot reach intellectual dishonors.

Part truth, concealment of public commitments, propaganda and its gadgets and failure to enforce the laws are but part of them.

And there are group pressures "to get theirs" which smell from both the decay of integrity and the rotting of patriotism.

And some persons arrive at their morals with a divining rod that measures morals in terms of votes.

The congress, from its own inquiries, is confronted with the fact that sacred Honor cannot always be tested by legality or enforced by law.

In its frustration, the congress is groping for some sort of code of ethics, which with a prefix

"New" might protect the citizen from its own officials.

Might I suggest that there are already some old and tested codes of ethics?

There are the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, and the rules of the game which we learned at our mother's knee. Can a nation live if these are not the guides of public life?

Think it over.

Necessary Evil?

The American people have a right to bitter complaint over these disclosures of dishonor in high places.

The duty of public men in this republic is to lead in standards of integrity — both in mind and money.

Dishonor in public life has a double poison.

When people are dishonorable in private business, they injure only those with whom they deal or their own chances in the next world.

But when there is a lack of honor in government, the morals of the whole people are poisoned.

The drip of such poisons may have nothing to do with dishonor in some college athletics or the occasional policeman on the beat. But the rules of the game have been loosened somewhere.

Some folks seem to think these are necessary evils in a free government. Or that it is smart politics. Those are deadly sleeping pills.

No public man can be just a little crooked.

There is no such thing as a no-man's-land between honesty and dishonesty. Our strength is not in politics, prices, or production, or price controls.

Our strength lies in spiritual concepts. It lies in public sensitiveness to evil.

Much as the congress has my good wishes, something stronger than a new code of ethics is needed by America. The issue is decency in public life against indecency.

Our greatest danger is not from invasion by foreign armies.

Our dangers are that we may commit suicide from within by complaisance with evil.

Or by public tolerance of scandalous behavior.

Or by cynical acceptance of dishonor.

These evils have defeated nations many times in human history.

The redemption of mankind by America will depend upon our ability to cope with these evils right here at home.

Think about it.

Remedy

But I do not wish to leave you, the neighbors of my childhood, with any implication of pessimism.

I speak to you of some of our weaknesses, not because of our weaknesses, not because of frustration or despair, but to urge remedy.

The fact that we are vigorously washing our dirty linen in the open is a sign that moral stamina still survives.

Without bitterness in our hearts, we are raising our eyes to the Creator of man who assured us that in American soil we can find the moral and spiritual forces which make free men and women.

In His guidance, we shall find the fortitude to correct our errors, to straighten our courses, to resurrect the spirit that made our America so free and bountiful a nation.

For reassurance in the future I need only to turn my thoughts to my grandparents who came to this state in the covered wagon.

Here they and my parents toiled that their children might have greater opportunities than had been theirs.

Here they worshipped God. Here they lived out their lives in the faith and hope of Americans. They lie buried on an Iowa hillside.

Therefore, here in this state where I was nurtured, I cannot but feel a strength that comes up from the deep roots in the very soil on which we stand.

That strength is in character and truth and decent living. And it will triumph.

It will triumph because I know America is turning its face away from the maudlin left isms and the spread of untruth of the past two decades.

We sense the frauds on men's minds and morals. Moral indignation is on the march again.

HERBERT HOOVER

Presidential Library Address

West Branch, August 10, 1962

When the members of the Congress created these Presidential Libraries they did a great public service. They made available for research the records of vital periods in American history — and they planted these records in the countryside instead of allowing their concentration on the seaboard.

Already the three libraries of President Roosevelt, President Truman, and President Eisenhower, by their unique documentation, serve this purpose, and today we dedicate a fourth — my own.

Within them are thrilling records of supreme action by the American people, their devotion and sacrifice to their ideals.

Santayana rightly said: "Those who do not remember the past are condemned to relive it." These institutions are the repositories of such experience — hot off the griddle.

In these records there are, no doubt, unfavorable remarks made by our political opponents, as well as expressions of appreciation and affection by our friends.

We may hope that future students will rely upon our friends. In any event, when they become

sleepy they may be awakened by the lightning flashes of American political humor.

A Proposal for Greater Safety for America

It is exactly 88 years since I first came to Iowa. Since that visit, I have seen much of peoples, of governments, of their institutions, and of human woes. I can count fifty nations with which I had something to do. I was not a tourist; I worked with their people. In my professional years I brought to them American technology with its train of greater productivity and better living. In two wars I served amidst famine. And in the war-shattered aftermath, I directed reconstruction in many nations. I have worked with great spiritual leaders and with great statesmen. I have lived under governments of free men, of kings and dictators, and under Fascism and Communism.

Uppermost in the minds and prayers of the plain people everywhere was that war should cease and that peace would come to the world. They treasured a confidence that America would maintain freedom and that we would cooperate to bring peace to all mankind.

During my long years, I have participated in many world negotiations, which we hoped would promote peace. Today we have no peace.

From all this experience and now as the shadows gather around me, I may be permitted to make an observation and to offer a course of action.

Leaders of mankind have for centuries sought

some form of organization which would assure lasting peace. The last of many efforts is the United Nations.

The time has come in our national life when we must make a new appraisal of this organization.

But first, let me say that I have, in all my official life, believed in a world organization for peace. I supported the League of Nations when it was unpopular. I went down to defeat when, as President, I urged the Senate to join the World Court. I urged the ratification of the United Nations Charter by the Senate. But I stated at that time, "The American people should be under no illusions that the Charter assures lasting peace."

But now we must realize that the United Nations has failed to give us even a remote hope of lasting peace. Instead, it adds to the dangers of wars which now surround us.

The disintegrating forces in the United Nations are the Communist nations in its membership.

The Communist leaders, for forty years, have repeatedly asserted that no peace can come to the world until they have overcome the free nations. One of their fundamental methods of expanding Communism over the earth is to provoke conflict, hostility and hate among other nations. One of the proofs that they have never departed from these ideas is that they have, about one hundred times, vetoed proposals in the Security Council which would have lessened international conflict.

They daily threaten free nations with war and destruction.

In sum, they have destroyed the usefulness of the United Nations to preserve peace.

When Woodrow Wilson launched the League of Nations, he said:

“A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants.”

More unity among free nations has been urged by President Truman, President Eisenhower, and President Kennedy. In cooperation with far-seeing statesmen in other free nations, five regional treaties or pacts have been set up for mutual defense. And there are bilateral agreements among other free nations to give military support to each other in case of attack. Within these agreements are more than forty free nations who have pledged themselves to fight against aggression.

Today, the menace of Communism has become world-wide.

The time is here when, if the free nations are to survive, they must have a new and stronger world-wide organization. For purposes of this discussion I may call it the “Council of Free Nations.” It should include only those who are willing to stand up and fight for their freedom.

The foundations for this organization have al-

ready been laid by the forty nations who have taken pledges in the five regional pacts to support each other against aggression. And there are others who should join.

I do not suggest that the Council of Free Nations replace the United Nations. When the United Nations is prevented from taking action, or if it fails to act to preserve peace, then the Council of Free Nations should step in.

Some may inquire where the offices of such an organization should be. Fortunately, there are ample buildings in the world's most accepted neutral nation. Geneva has been the scene of great accomplishments in peace until poisoned by the Communists and the Fascists.

Although the analogy of the Concert of Europe formed in 1814 is not perfect, yet, with much less unity and authority, it fended off world war for a hundred years.

Some organized Council of Free Nations is the remaining hope for peace in the world.

The Assurance That We Are Not in the Decline and Fall of the American Way of Life

Another subject lies heavily on American minds today. Our people are deeply troubled, not only about the turbulent world around us but also with internal problems which haunt our days and nights. There are many despairing voices. There are many undertones of discouragement. The press headlines imply that corruption, crime, di-

voice, youthful delinquency and Hollywood love trysts are our national occupations.

And amid all these voices there is a cry that the American way of life is on its way to decline and fall.

I do not believe it.

Perhaps amid this din of voices and headlines of gloom, I may say something about the inner forces from which come the strengths of America. They assure its future and its continued service to mankind.

The mightiest assurances of our future are the intangible spiritual and intellectual forces in our people, which we express, not by the words *The United States*, but by the word *America*. That word *America* carries meanings which lie deep in the soul of our people. It reaches far beyond the size of cities and factories. It springs from our religious faith, our ideals of individual freedom and equal opportunity, which have come in the centuries since we landed on these shores. It rises from our pride in great accomplishments of our nation and from the sacrifices and devotion of those who have passed on. It lifts us above the ugliness of the day. It has guided us through even greater crises in our past. And from these forces, solutions will come again.

This representative government, with its 186 years of life, has lasted longer than any other republic in history.

If you look about, you will see the steeples of tens of thousands of places of worship. Each week a hundred million people come to reaffirm their faith.

If you will look, you will find that the Bill of Rights is an enforced law of the land; that the dignity of man and equality of opportunity more nearly survive in this land than in any other on earth.

If you look, you will also find that from our educational system there comes every year a host of stimulated minds. They bring new scientific discoveries, new inventions, and new ideas. It is true that they revolutionize our daily lives. But we can readily adjust ourselves and our government to them without the assistance of Karl Marx.

I could go on and on reciting the mighty forces in American life which assure its progress and its durability.

Perhaps on this occasion it would not be immodest or inappropriate for me to cite my own life as a proof of what America brings to her children.

As a boy of ten, I was taken from this village to the Far West seventy-eight years ago. My only material assets were two dimes in my pocket, the suit of clothes I wore. I had some extra underpinnings provided by loving aunts.

But I carried from here something more precious.

I had a certificate of the fourth or fifth grade of higher learning.

I had a stern grounding of religious faith.

I carried with me recollections of a joyous childhood, where the winter snows and the growing crops of Iowa were an especial provision for kids.

And I carried with me the family disciplines of hard work. That included picking potato bugs at ten cents a hundred. Incidentally, that money was used for the serious purpose of buying firecrackers to applaud the Founding Fathers on each Fourth of July.

And in conclusion, may I say to the boys and girls of America that the doors of opportunity are still open to you. Today the durability of freedom is more secure in America than in any place in the world.

May God bring you even more great blessings.

HERBERT HOOVER

The Herbert Hoover Library and the Presidential Library System

The Herbert Hoover Library at West Branch, Iowa, is a Presidential Library operated by the National Archives and Records Service of the General Services Administration as a part of the National Archives system. At present there are three other Presidential Libraries in operation under the direction of the Archivist of the United States: the Dwight D. Eisenhower Library at Abilene, Kansas; the Harry S. Truman Library at Independence, Missouri; and the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park, New York.

Presidential libraries are a relatively new addition to the Nation's archival institutions. For 166 years there was no systematic provision made for the preservation of the papers of the Presidents. Consequently many were lost, dispersed, or destroyed. Others were preserved, often by mere chance, and some, although preserved virtually intact, were long not available for research use. Yet almost from the birth of the Republic it was recognized that Presidential papers formed an important part of our national heritage. Why, then, were they not systematically preserved from the outset as a part of the Nation's archives?

In the United States, the Office of the President is a constitutional office having a separate and independent status in the governmental system. Every President since George Washington has considered that this status extended to the papers of his office — that they were his personal property during and after his administration. So from Washington on Presidents have taken their papers with them when they left office — or, if they died in office, their heirs took over the papers.

Fortunately Congress, recognizing that the Government and the people had a vital interest in Presidential papers, appropriated considerable sums of money during the 19th Century to purchase the papers of our earliest Presidents. These were eventually deposited in the Library of Congress, which by gift or purchase, also managed to acquire substantial quantities of the papers of 19 later Presidents from Van Buren to Coolidge.

In recent times, the volume of papers accumulated by a President while in office has increased so greatly that the space required for their safe-keeping has multiplied many times over. The combined papers of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe now in the Library of Congress, for example, comprise only about 75,000 manuscript "items." The papers of the Adams family in the Massachusetts Historical Society, including those of two Presidents and spanning a period of two and one-half centuries, num-

ber some 275,000 manuscript pages — the equivalent of about 75 modern file cabinet drawers. In contrast, the papers of Franklin D. Roosevelt would fill some 2500 drawers; Harry S. Truman, 1600 drawers; and Dwight D. Eisenhower, 2000 or more. In addition to papers, modern Presidents accumulate thousands of printed items — personal libraries, in effect — and countless gifts and mementoes, many of which have great cultural or commemorative value. It is no accident, therefore, that the concept of the Presidential Library has appealed to our recent Presidents.

Presidential Libraries within the National Archives system were made possible when Congress, with bipartisan support and without dissenting vote, passed the Presidential Libraries Act of 1955. This legislation authorizes the Government to accept as gifts to the Nation the papers of any President or former President of the United States and buildings, privately financed and constructed, to house them. It also designates the National Archives and Records Service of the General Services Administration to operate such libraries as "Presidential Archival Depositories."

President Hoover offered his public papers and related historical materials to the United States as a gift in December, 1960. On the same date, the Herbert Hoover Birthplace Foundation, Inc., which had raised funds for and supervised the construction of a Hoover Library-Museum at

West Branch, offered the building, equipment, and grounds to the Federal Government as a gift. The Hoover birthplace cottage and other structures in the 28 acre Hoover Park were included in the gift. Congress authorized the acceptance of the gifts in March, 1962.

The nucleus of the Hoover Library's holdings is, of course, the large collection of papers accumulated by Mr. Hoover during his long years of public service — especially while he was Secretary of Commerce, President of the United States, and later, as Chairman of the First and Second Commissions on the Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government (the Hoover Commissions). They do not include, however, the President's notable collection of "war and peace" documents which he earlier gave to Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto, California.

It is anticipated that the Hoover papers will be supplemented to the extent possible by gifts of personal papers deposited by leading associates and contemporaries or by the acquisition of microfilm copies of such papers when not available to the Library in original manuscript form. The Hoover and related papers will be further supplemented by the President's collection of books and memorabilia.

The President's memorabilia include a wide variety of items associated with his long and distinguished career. Among them are the desk,

chair, flags, and associated items he used in the White House; unique, interesting, and significant mementoes pertaining to historic events in which he participated; countless tokens of esteem and thanks presented to him on behalf of the millions of grateful men, women and especially children, whom he saved from starvation by his relief work in years of war and peace; objets d'art presented to or acquired by him during his travels; and evidences of all kinds reflecting his life-long devotion to the public service. Many of these are on display in the Library's exhibit galleries.

The Library building is a compact, one-story stone structure designed by the architectural firm of Eggers and Higgins of New York in consultation with President Hoover and the Foundation. Appropriately situated adjacent to the Birthplace Cottage in beautifully landscaped, well-kept Hoover Park, it includes exhibit galleries, a handsomely paneled but simply furnished "library room," staff offices, and stacks for the storage of papers, books, and mementoes. Completion of high-speed Interstate Highway 80 east and west from Iowa City, with its exit at West Branch, will make the Library easily accessible to tourists as well as to scholars.

In accordance with current plans, the present building will shortly be expanded to include two additional tiers of stacks, a commodious research room, a small auditorium, a photographic labora-

tory, and several more staff and work areas. The Foundation, in consultation with President Hoover and Eggers and Higgins, will supervise construction of the addition which, upon completion, will operate with the help of the National Archives and Records Service as an integral part of the properties given to the Government by the Foundation in 1960. The original structure will then be devoted almost exclusively to museum displays.

Because of its meaningful location in West Branch, its historically significant holdings of papers and books, and its unique museum displays, the Herbert Hoover Library will contribute notably to a better understanding of our history and heritage not only by scholars but also by the many thousands of Americans, young and old, who will visit it in the years to come.

Truly President Hoover, the Foundation, and all who have cooperated with them to make the Herbert Hoover Library at West Branch a reality have performed a service of lasting benefit to the world of scholarship, the State of Iowa, and the Nation.

WAYNE C. GROVER

Great Journeys from Little Homes

[Address at 74th Birthday celebration at West Branch on August 10, 1948.]

All mankind is given to hero worship. The birthplace of a great man, or a new idea, has been cherished by nations everywhere. Christians speak with reverence of Bethlehem; Moslems with equal fervor make their pilgrimage to Mecca. Shakespeare devotees stream to Stratford-on-Avon, while admirers of Goethe journey to his birthplace at Frankfurt-am-Main, Jamestown, Independence Hall, Fort Sumter, and Pearl Harbor are landmarks in American history. Mount Vernon, Monticello, The Hermitage, New Salem, and Hyde Park are significant names to this Nation because of the men associated with them.

Homer's fame expanded so enormously after his death that seven cities have claimed him as their own. The Republican party became so powerful after the Civil War that Jackson, Michigan, and Ripon, Wisconsin, vie for the honor of being the birthplace of the G. O. P. Happily, West Branch in Iowa can lay undisputed claim to Herbert Hoover as its native-born son.

The utter simplicity of the Hoover birthplace has endeared it to all Iowans, for many of the

commonwealth's greatest men were born amidst humble surroundings. Governor Henry Dodge and Senator A. C. Dodge were both log cabin pioneers. Samuel J. Kirkwood was born in a two-story log cabin, and James Harlan has described his boyhood days in log cabins in Illinois and Indiana. Today, statues of Kirkwood and Harlan represent Iowa in the Nation's Hall of Fame.

Students of American history, lovers of the Iowa scene, followers of the Quaker faith, advocates of rugged individualism, engineers, politicians, statesmen, the young and the old, the rich and the poor, people of every race, creed, and color will draw from the Herbert Hoover birthplace at West Branch an inspiring lesson in democracy — that from the humblest home can spring the Nation's leaders, even the President of the United States. It was in 1828 that Andrew Jackson, born in a log cabin and reared in the west, became President of the United States. Jackson was the first American living west of the Alleghenies to be elected Chief Executive of the Nation. A century later, in 1928, Herbert Hoover, born in a simple two-room frame house in Iowa, orphaned at the age of ten and reared amidst adversity, demonstrated it was still possible for men to journey from log cabin to White House.

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

Hoover Presidential Library Dedication

West Branch, August 10, 1962

All Iowa was agog with excitement on August 9, 1962. Herbert Hoover was flying from New York to Cedar Rapids with his children and grandchildren to celebrate his 88th birthday and to be present at the dedication of the Hoover Presidential Library at West Branch. Distinguished guests were assembling from all over the country to be present for this significant occasion.

The Hoovers were overnight guests of the Howard Halls at their Brucemore estate in Cedar Rapids. The following morning — on August 10, 1962 — eight chartered buses carried over three hundred dignitaries and special guests from the Roosevelt Hotel at Cedar Rapids to West Branch. President Hoover, accompanied by President Truman, followed in private cars shortly thereafter, and were greeted by Mayor L. C. Rummells of West Branch at 10:40 a.m. An estimated 25,000 were on hand to cheer Hoover.

Governor Norman A. Erbe welcomed Hoover on behalf of the State of Iowa. Dr. M. Willard Lampe gave the invocation after which Governor Erbe presented Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the board of the Herbert Hoover Birthplace Foundation. Senator B. B. Hickenlooper was called upon to greet Herbert Hoover on be-

half of the Iowa Congressional Delegation, four of whom had flown from Washington. Dr. Wayne C. Grover, Chief Archivist of the United States, addressed the audience on the history and significance of Presidential Libraries.

Dr. Grover was followed by President Harry S. Truman, who had named Herbert Hoover as the principal speaker at the dedication of the Truman Presidential Library at Independence, Missouri. Mr. Truman spoke glowingly of the many public services Herbert Hoover had performed over his long and distinguished career. Faced with the responsibility of choosing a man capable of coordinating the food supplies of the starving nations of the world in 1946, he approached Herbert Hoover, as he felt "he was the only man who could have done this job." Mr. Hoover agreed, twice circled the globe to inspect the situation, and set up the machinery responsible for saving millions of lives. Mr. Truman also stressed Hoover's work as chairman of the Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government, a service which was saving the American taxpayer hundreds of millions of dollars.

Chairman Strauss next introduced Herbert Clark Hoover with warm laudatory remarks. Having listened placidly to all the praise that had been heaped upon him, Mr. Hoover prefaced his address with the comment: "Much overstatement has been made here today and it would take too

much time for me to refer to all of it. But I'll simplify it for you by saying it's all true." He then launched into his main address which called for the foundation of a "Council of Free Nations" to act "when the United Nations is prevented from taking action" to preserve peace.

Mr. Hoover was presented with the Distinguished Service Award from the Iowa Engineering Society by Charles H. Young. President Virgil M. Hancher read the citation of an honorary Doctor of Laws degree conferred on Mr. Hoover by the State University of Iowa in 1954. President Elmer Ellis of the University of Missouri and Chancellor Thomas Eliot of Washington University in St. Louis conferred honorary degrees on Herbert Hoover. The dedication was made by William B. Anderson.

The inspection of the Hoover Presidential Library was a thrilling experience for all those present. The magnitude of the work of this great humanitarian, his unfaltering and invaluable public service through half a century of time, was in evidence on every hand, from the beautifully embroidered Belgian flour sacks to the eighty-seven honorary degrees and hundreds of citations of appreciation lining two walls. The library is destined to become one of the most important centers for historical research in the United States, and a proud addition to the cultural resources of Iowa.

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

GEORGIUS AGRICOLA
DE RE METALLICA

TRANSLATED FROM THE FIRST LATIN EDITION OF 1556

with

Biographical Introduction, Annotations and Appendices upon
the Development of Mining Methods, Metallurgical
Processes, Geology, Mineralogy & Mining Law
from the earliest times to the 16th Century

BY

HERBERT CLARK HOOVER

A. B. Stanford University, Member American Institute of Mining Engineers,
Mining and Metallurgical Society of America, Société des Ingénieurs
Civils de France, American Institute of Civil Engineers,
Fellow Royal Geographical Society, etc., etc.

AND

LOU HENRY HOOVER

A. B. Stanford University, Member American Association for the
Advancement of Science, The National Geographical Society,
Royal Scottish Geographical Society, etc., etc.



Published for the Translators by

THE MINING MAGAZINE

SALISBURY HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

1912

The problem of the "untranslatable" Agricola fascinated us both, and finally in 1907, we resolved to translate it jointly. . . . The translation was completed to our satisfaction in 1912, after four complete revisions. . . . Three thousand copies were printed and about 1,500 were sent as gifts to engineers and institutions. . . . So that all engineers and others who were interested could obtain it, we placed 1,000 copies on sale . . . at a nominal price of \$5, which hardly covered the binding. The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover — 1874-1920.

(Translation of Resolution on opposite page)

RESOLUTION OF THE SOVIET OF
PEOPLES COMMISSARS

In the trying hour of a great and overwhelming disaster, the people of the United States, represented by the A.R.A., responded to the needs of the population, already exhausted by intervention and blockade, in the famine stricken parts of Russia and Federated Republics.

Unselfishly, the A.R.A. came to the aid of the people and organized on a broad scale the supply and distribution of food products and other articles of prime necessity.

Due to the enormous and entirely disinterested efforts of the A.R.A., millions of people of all ages were saved from death, and entire districts and even cities were saved from the horrible catastrophe which threatened them.

Now when the famine is over and the colossal work of the A.R.A. comes to a close, the Soviet of Peoples Commissars, in the name of the millions of people saved and in the name of all the working people of Soviet Russia and the Federated Republics counts it a duty to express before the whole world its deepest thanks to this organization, to its leader, Herbert Hoover, to its representative in Russia, Colonel Haskell, and to all its workers, and to declare that the people inhabiting the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics will never forget the help given them by the American people, through the A.R.A., seeing in it a pledge of the future friendship of the two nations.

L. KAMENEV,

Acting President of the Council of Peoples Commissars.

N. GORBUNOV,

Chief of the Administrative Dept. of the Council of Peoples Commissars.

L. FOTIEVA,

Secretary of the Council of Peoples Commissars.

Moscow, Kremlin,

July 10, 1923.

When the Russian Delegate to the United Nations bitterly assailed the capitalist United States, charging that it had never given aid to starving Russians without being paid for it, Hoover produced the above letter which led to an immediate apology by the deeply embarrassed Russian.

83d Congress
2d Session

Concurrent Resolution 96

In the Senate of the United States

JULY 21, 1954

MR. SMITH OF NEW JERSEY (FOR HIMSELF, MR. KNOWLAND, AND MR. PENNINGTON) SUBMITTED THE FOLLOWING CONCURRENT RESOLUTION, WHICH WAS CONSIDERED AND ADOPTED

Resolved by the Senate (the House of Representatives concurring), That the Congress of the United States hereby extends to the Honorable Herbert Hoover its greetings and felicitations on the eightieth anniversary of his birth, August 10, 1954.

SEC. 2. The Congress expresses its admiration and gratitude to Mr. Hoover for his long years of devoted service to his native land and to the world in general in many different capacities.

SEC. 3. The Congress is especially appreciative of his willingness to accept cheerfully the heavy burden of serving as chairman of the second Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government, which is an arm of the Congress, in order to complete the work so well begun a few years ago by a similar commission under his chairmanship.

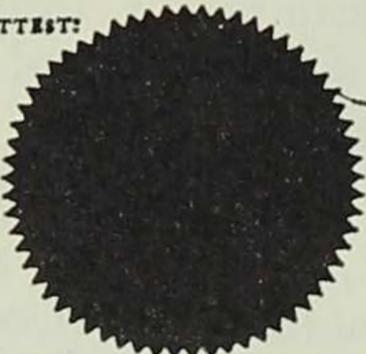
SEC. 4. The Congress expresses the hope and desire that Divine Providence may permit Herbert Hoover to be spared to give many more productive years of honored service to humanity and to his beloved country.

SEC. 5. A copy of this resolution shall be transmitted to America's elder statesman, the Honorable Herbert Hoover.

ATTEST:



ATTEST:



[Signature]
Secretary of the Senate.

[Signature]
Clerk of the House of Representatives.

The Congress of the United States has on more than one occasion taken the unprecedented action of passing a resolution of appreciation for the contributions of Herbert Hoover to the American government. On July 21, 1954, the above Concurrent Resolution of Appreciation was passed by both the Senate and House of Representatives.

EXHIBITS IN HOOVER PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY



HERBERT HOOVER PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY



View of Hoover Library Room



Desk Used by Hoover in the White House