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The Most Scandalous President

You've always heard he was the worst President. Sex in the White House. Bribes on Capitol Hill. Was he really that bad?

Carl Sferrazza Anthony

July/August 1998 | Volume 49, Issue 4



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Everyone who knows anything at all about American history believes that Warren G. Harding was our worst President—Harding, the affable fool from Marion, Ohio, who, after passing two utterly undistinguished terms as state senator and one as lieutenant governor, went to the U.S. Senate in 1914 and, having done little but get along with people, came out of the deadlocked 1920 Republican National Convention headed for the Presidency. His friend the politico Harry M.

Everyone who knows anything at all about American history believes that Warren G. Harding was our worst President—Harding, the affable fool from Marion, Ohio, who, after passing two utterly undistinguished terms as state senator and one as lieutenant governor, went to the U.S. Senate in 1914 and, having done little but get along with people, came out of the deadlocked 1920 Republican National Convention headed for the Presidency. His friend the politico Harry M. Daugherty had helped him get there, and in return Harding put him and his pals—the “Ohio Gang”—in a position where they could plunder the government while the trusting Harding pursued his vision of “normalcy,” which involved the very vigorous pursuit of his mistresses. Eventually the scandal broke, but Harding died suddenly (seventy-five years ago this August) at the end of a tour of the West in time to escape the worst of it.

He has not escaped the judgment of history. In every poll—the most recent was conducted just last year—the twenty-ninth President comes at the very bottom.

For years I shared this general opinion of Harding. But then I started to study him. Actually I began with his wife, Florence, working on what has just become a published biography of her. Naturally it became clear to me that I couldn't know Florence Harding without becoming well acquainted with Warren. I was initially struck by the way Americans reacted to his death. He was the object of national grief and reverence, and in his gentleness, geniality, and warmth he was even considered Lincoln's equal. As I read about him, it began to dawn on me that possibly these tributes were not entirely undeserved.

Warren G. Harding may not have been a great President, but he was a good man. And as I read more, an oddly modern figure began to emerge. Here was someone sensitive to problems facing women, minorities, and workers, someone who enthusiastically and intelligently embraced his era's technology and culture. Here was a man of considerable gifts, all of them largely forgotten today.

From the outset I wasn't entirely comfortable with simply judging the man by the company he kept. The claim that Harding imported an Ohio Gang of criminals is disingenuous. The notorious appointments of his Ohio friends, many at Florence's urging, were to relatively minor positions: George Christian became his secretary; his doctor was the grossly incompetent Charles Sawyer; and his military aide Ora Baldinger had been Florence's newsboy back home. Other Ohio friends, like Howard Mannington, who later became enmeshed in scandal, cashed in on their access to Harding as lobbyists rather than as officeholders.

Two words will be forever linked to Harding's administration: Teapot Dome, the name of the Wyoming naval oil reserve that Secretary of the Interior Albert Fall secretly leased to the oil tycoons Edward Doheny and Harry Sinclair in return for more than four hundred thousand dollars in bribes. Because Harding had approved Fall's request that the oil reserves be transferred from the Navy to the Department of the Interior, he has been considered implicated in the scandal, even though the transfer wasn't judged an illegal act until some years after the fact.

When Harding learned of the influence peddling, bootlegging, and other nefarious activities of Jess Smith, the male companion and closest friend of his Attorney General, Harry Daugherty, he immediately removed Smith from his inner circle. The most damaging scandal of all, though a less colorful one, involved the exorbitant profiteering of Charlie Forbes, the head of the Veterans' Bureau, a department Harding had created. Enjoying the confidence of both Hardings, Forbes was able to dupe the President for some months after the first reports that he was getting kickbacks from resold medical supplies and hospital building-site contracts. Because Harding knew of Forbes's misdeeds

Most startling to me is Harding's strikingly progressive attempt to change white America's attitude toward minorities.

long before demanding his resignation, he could technically have been tried for criminal conspiracy, a felony. But no evidence has ever turned up that he was more deeply involved in the scandals that darkened his administration or that he personally profited from any of them.

As I delved further into the Harding archives, I kept finding evidence of a more positive side to his administration. For instance, he is rarely credited for his best appointments, like that of Charles Evans Hughes as Secretary of State, or for convening the Washington Naval Conference on the limitation of armaments, the first global peace summit. Nor is he remembered for creating the Bureau of the Budget, headed by Charles Dawes, which first gave the federal government an operational budget. Such high-caliber choices as Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover and Secretary of Labor James J. Davis certainly counterbalance those of Fall and Daugherty. Some historians, most notably Robert K. Murray in his authoritative *The Harding Era*, do note some of the President's achievements, but they usually neglect the single most remarkable side of his Presidency: his total lack of racial prejudice in a highly intolerant era. Most startling is his strikingly progressive attempt to change mainstream white America's attitude toward minorities.

Harding's appointment of Albert Lasker as head of the Shipping Board was the first ever high-profile presidential appointment of a Jew. Lasker was also one of the President's closest friends, accompanying him on Florida golfing vacations and ever present at White House poker games. Harding's biographer Andrew Sinclair claims that one reason his subject had to be prejudiced at heart was because he was "one of those rural old-stock Americans." In fact I found in the Warren Harding papers a letter from Alfred Cohen, a lifelong friend whom Harding first met in the Ohio legislature, in which Cohen wrote to a would-be Harding biographer that Harding was "devoid of racial or religious prejudices." The same attitude guided his appointments of Rabbi Joseph S. Kornfeld as minister to Persia and Father Joseph M. Dennis as agent and consul general at Tangier.

Tolerance shaped Harding's foreign policy as well. "I am very glad to express my approval and hearty sympathy for the effort of the Palestine Foundation Fund, in behalf of the restoration of Palestine as a homeland for the Jewish people," the President wrote to that organization in an unpublished letter that I found in his papers. "I have always viewed with an interest, which I think is quite as much practical as sentimental, the proposal for the rehabilitation of Palestine and the restoration of a real nationality. . . ." This was a significant discovery; no published works on Harding even hint at his interest in turning Palestine into a Jewish homeland.

Perhaps the most surprising single event of Harding's Presidency was his blunt speech on October 26, 1921, to a segregated crowd in Birmingham, Alabama, stating that democracy would always be a sham until African-Americans received full equality in education, employment, and political life. The first President to discuss civil rights in the South so frankly, he was loudly cheered by blacks and met with silent stares from whites as he declared: "I want to see the time come when black men will regard themselves as full participants in the benefits and duties of American citizenship. . . . We cannot go on, as we have gone on for more than half a century, with one great section of our population . . . set off from the real contribution to solving national issues, because of a division of race lines. . . . Let the black man vote when he is fit to vote, prohibit the white man [from] voting when he is unfit to vote." In part this was a politician's attempt to increase his party's base in the South by allowing blacks, traditionally Republican, to vote. In the speech, Harding also promoted his view that "on both sides there shall be recognition of the absolute divergence in things social and racial." And yet in Birmingham Harding went further than any of his predecessors since Lincoln to call for "an end to prejudice." Reaction was swift: Alabama's senator Tom Heflin, for instance, castigated him for threatening God's plan for racial separation, but in Florence Harding's papers I found dozens of editorials from Northern newspapers praising the speech.

Weeks after his inauguration, with the support of the NAACP, Harding proposed an anti-lynching bill and an interracial commission to recommend ways to improve race relations. This alarmed Southern white Republicans who were trying to purge their party of any black influence so they could wrest the South from the Democrats. The malleable Harding heeded his party's views and didn't make good on his promise to appoint African-Americans to high federal positions, while a Democratic filibuster killed his anti-lynching bill in the Senate and one in the House finished off his interracial commission. Nevertheless, Harding persisted. I came across two fascinating speeches he made just before his death. In them he launched what the *New York Tribune* called "a direct attack" on the Ku Klux Klan, condemning "factions of hatred and prejudice and violence" that "challenge both civil and religious liberty."

No President until FDR welcomed women more strongly into politics—or more firmly defended their interests. In 1921 Harding defied opposition from medical interests, states' rights proponents, and conservative members of Congress to sign the Sheppard-Towner Act, which provided funding and federal oversight for state programs on infant mortality and health care for women and children.

Working conditions for all Americans deeply engaged Harding's sympathies: He supported the right to bargain collectively and he spoke against strikes only when public safety was at risk, as when the railroad workers and coal miners went out in 1922. Early in his administration he tried to abolish the twelve-hour workday and the six-day workweek, putting persistent pressure on the steel industry. "This is far too heavy a draft upon the energies of the workmen employed in any industry," he said, and went on to call for the "abolition of excessive hours and excessive days in order that the working forces may have time for leisure . . . and . . . family life . . . which is essential to the full enjoyment of American freedom and opportunity." Just hours before his sudden death, the big steel producers did eliminate the twelve-hour workday, and they credited the President with having spurred them to their action.

Harding's era teemed with young industries that grew to dominate our century, and the President had the perspicacity to see their importance. Throughout his career he promoted businesses growing up around radio, civil aviation, the movies, and the automobile. He and his wife were the first White House residents to install a radio, and he felt strongly that the quickly proliferating stations needed federal regulation. He introduced a radio bill just months before his death; five years later it gave rise to the Federal Radio Commission. Florence Harding was the first President's wife to fly in an airplane; her husband never did, but he proposed an air commerce act and a bureau of aeronautics, which came into being five years later. The 1921 Federal Highway Act he pushed through Congress provided a generous seventy-five-million-dollar appropriation for a national highway system. In 1923 the sum grew to eighty-eight million.

"My God, we've got a President who doesn't know beds were invented, and he was elected on a slogan of 'Back to Normalcy.'"

Outside of the automobile, the movies most fascinated Harding. Florence Harding was behind the first use of movie stars in a presidential campaign, the first invitations of movie actors and executives to the White House and the first showing of films there Harding began a White House movie library. As he explained to one theater manager in a previously unpublished letter, "The screen will most securely establish itself as an accepted and useful factor in national life in proportion as it shall recognize its duty in behalf of the widest concerns of the community. It possesses potentialities of vast service, civic, educational moral. . . . To present on the screen the industrial, commercial, and intellectual activities of the country can not but widen the vision of the great audience that you daily serve."

As I sifted through his papers, I saw how seriously Harding took the educational possibilities of film. Indeed, he was first to articulate an issue that continues to compel us today. In a letter to Will Hays, director of the Motion Picture Association, he wrote: "Next to studying geography by seeing the world . . . would be studying it with the aid of the moving picture. . . . I do not want to be understood as assuming that education can or ought to be made a mere pleasure, a titillation of the fancy, by making it too easy. I would not by any means turn the school room into a moving picture theater. . . . On the other hand, I would use the picture as a means to enlist the pupil's interest in the real work that must be involved in acquiring any education worthy of the name."

Despite later claims that Harding read only Zane Grey novels and the funny pages, he was extremely well read, counting Dickens, Carlyle, Pope, and Shakespeare among his favorite writers. He was also devoted to early American and European history and thought the movies could help plant similar interests in other Americans.

"I do not know whether anybody has presented *Henry Esmond* in a screen drama," he wrote Hays. ". . . I should think that if it were done in a series of reels, and if these, gradually unfolding the story, were interspersed with studies and lectures on the history of the period, it would constitute an ideal method. . . . The European of the latter middle ages, of the period just before and at the beginning of the Renaissance, would be wonderfully portrayed in a similar series of pictures dramatizing *The Cloister and the Hearth* ." Seeing great movie possibilities in the American Revolution, he suggested that Irving Bacheller's *In the Days of Poor Richard* , George Trevelyan's *History of the American Revolution* , Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith* , and Francis Parkman's *Histories of the Indians* all could be made into one "screen and lecture presentation of the dramatic things in our country's history."

It is in his private life that Warren Harding fully lives up—or down—to his deeply tarnished reputation. Harding's death was followed by rumors that his wife had poisoned him because of his adulteries. He had long carried on a love affair with Nan Britton, who was thirty-one years his junior and, as she wrote in her shocking 1927 book, *The President's Daughter* , the mother of his child. One of Harding's aides, Walter Ferguson, remembered the time he escorted Nan Britton to the White House and stood guard in front of Harding's office, deflecting Florence's attempts to gain entry. "She stood and glared at me like she couldn't believe it. Finally she spun around and returned to the White House. . . . As soon as I thought it was safe, I went to the car and took the girl to a hotel." Many years later, recalling this event provided Alice Roosevelt Longworth with much wicked amusement: "I don't think the Duchess [Florence Harding's nickname] ever found him in the moment," she said, "but that summer afternoon in his office, I understand—it was really rather a close call. Stumbling in closets among galoshes, she pounding on the door, the girlie with panties over her head. That sort of thing. My God, we've got a President who doesn't know beds were invented, and he was elected on a slogan of 'Back to Normalcy.'" Nan Britton represented his most famously scandalous attachment in a long history of womanizing (and the only one the First Lady didn't know about). One of Harding's letters to another mistress, Carrie Phillips, contains evidence that just three years into his marriage he fathered another child; another letter shows that he paid for a woman's abortion. An agent of the Bureau of Investigation, Gaston Means, later claimed that Harding had actually been present at the death of a prostitute. As Means told the story, this happened at a private party when a table was being uproariously cleared of bottles and glasses to provide a stage for dancing girls. A few of the celebrants, impatient for the performance to start, began throwing glasses and then bottles. One of them hit a girl, and she fell unconscious, to die later in the hospital. Rumors swirled about the event for years; some witnesses even claimed the President himself had thrown the missile that killed the girl.

Carrie Phillips, the love of Harding's life for fifteen years and Florence's former best friend, blackmailed him. During the 1920 campaign Republican supporters collected twenty thousand dollars to pay her off and send her out of the country until after the election. When news of this came out, in a privately printed book, the administration sent Bureau of Investigation agents to seize the plates and printing press and destroy copies—the only known case of government suppression of a book in peacetime. Daugherty's friend Jess Smith kept a secret bank account that apparently served as a blackmail fund to buy the silence of still other Harding mistresses. Daugherty was forced to drop a Justice Department case against the former Attorney General Mitchell Palmer because the man knew of one such payoff and might speak out.

Is all of this enough to make us judge Harding as dismal a failure as history has? Is his record of accomplishment in twenty-nine months really worse than that of his successor, Calvin Coolidge? Coolidge, after all, dropped Harding's plan for a biracial commission, even as the Klan was gaining strength. When we look at his official record, Harding seems at least as competent as Millard Fillmore, Andrew Johnson, Ulysses S. Grant, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, John Tyler, Martin Van Buren, and William and Benjamin Harrison, all of whom historians rank above him.

On his fatal Western tour, during which he was hailed by the public and the national press with nearly universal praise, Harding seemed close to achieving one ambition. "I cannot hope to be one of the great Presidents," he said, "but perhaps I may be remembered as one of the best loved."

In the end his popularity proved ephemeral. Still, Warren Harding doesn't deserve to be rated America's worst President—even if he was our most scandalous.

Show paged

Warren G. Harding

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Erich Maria Remarque

THE LOST GENERATION

In Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, a wounded German soldier reflects on the war and his future. He sees himself as part of a lost generation. (See also page 281.)

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Gradually a few of us are allowed to get up. And I am given crutches to hobble around on. But I do not make much use of them; I cannot bear Albert's gaze as I move about the room. His eyes always follow me with such a strange look. So I sometimes escape to the corridor,—there I can move about more freely.

On the next floor below are the abdominal and spine cases, head wounds and double amputations. On the right side of the wing are the jaw wounds, gas cases, nose, ear, and neck wounds. On the left the blind and the lung wounds, pelvis wounds, wounds in the joints, wounds in the kidneys, wounds in the testicles, wounds in the intestines. Here a man realizes for the first time in how many places a man can get hit.

Two fellows die of tetanus. Their skin turns pale; their limbs stiffen, at last only their eyes live—stubbornly. Many of the wounded have their shattered limbs hanging free in the air from a gallows; underneath the wound a basin is placed into which drips the pus. Every two or three hours the vessel is emptied. Other men lie in stretching bandages with heavy weights hanging from the end of the bed. I see intestine wounds that are constantly full of excreta. The surgeon's clerk shows me X-ray photographs of completely smashed hip-bones, knees, and shoulders.

A man cannot realize that above such shattered bodies there are still human faces in

which life goes its daily round. And this is only one hospital, one single station; there are hundreds of thousands in Germany, hundreds of thousands in France, hundreds of thousands in Russia. How senseless is everything that can ever be written, done, or thought, when such things are possible. It must be all lies and of no account when the culture of a thousand years could not prevent this stream of blood being poured out, these torture-chambers in their hundreds of thousands. A hospital alone shows what war is.

I am young, I am twenty years old; yet I know nothing of life but despair, death, fear, and fatuous superficiality cast over an abyss of sorrow. I see how peoples are set against one another, and in silence, unknowingly, foolishly, obediently, innocently slay one another. I see that the keenest brains of the world invent weapons and words to make it yet more refined and enduring. And all men of my age, here and over there, throughout the whole world see these things; all my generation is experiencing these things with me. What would our fathers do if we suddenly stood up and came before them and proffered our account? What do they expect of us if a time ever comes when the war is over? Through the years our business has been killing;—it was our first calling in life. Our knowledge of life is limited to death. What will happen afterwards? And what shall come out of us?

Ernst von Salomon

BRUTALIZATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL

The war also produced a fascination with violence that persisted after peace had been declared. Many returned veterans, their whole being enveloped by the war, continued to yearn for the excitement of battle and the fellowship of the trenches. Brutalized by the war, these men became ideal recruits for fascist parties that relished violence and sought the destruction of the liberal state.

Immediately after the war ended, thousands of soldiers and adventurers joined the Free Corps—volunteer brigades that defended Germany's eastern borders against encroachments by the new states of Poland, Latvia, and

Surviving veterans of Civilian Conservation Corps reunite

By JAIME NORTH
Staff writer

Members of the Civilian Conservation Corps received a dollar a day for performing manual labor in primitive camps far from home.

But the federally funded work programs also came with three meals a day, medical care and a bed, which was like heaven to many American men during the Great Depression.

"I didn't want to come out," said Marlin Garner, 81, Carlisle, who was stationed at a CCC camp in Pine Grove Furnace from 1938-40. "I had it better at the camp than I did at home. I had nice clothes, food on table, my (medical) shots and something to do."

Originally known as the Emergency Conservation Work program, the CCC

Franklin County Notebook

Editor's note: This feature, which appears each Tuesday, is a celebration of the people, places and things, past or present, that make this area unique. If you have a story idea or comment, call City Editor David N. Dunkle at 262-4764, or e-mail him at ddunkle@chambersgannett.com

(1933-42) was one of several federal programs initiated by President Franklin D. Roosevelt to lift the country out of the Depression.

Roughly 30 local CCC survivors gathered with their families and a few widows last week for their annual Christ-



Local history: A sign marks the location of the remains of a local Civilian Conservation Corps camp located off Michaux Road.

mas holiday dinner at The Fayetteville, who was stationed at three camps between 1936 and 1937. "It gave me the experience of living with a variety of different people."

"The best thing the C's did for me was keep me out of trouble," said Michael Ellis, 84,

It was my first time spent away from home. I learned a lot about growing up in those two years."

Enrollment was for six months but could be extended up to a total of two years.

"I was driving a milk truck for 50 cents a day before entering the C's," Ellis said. "I decided that I was using up food at home, and I had a chance to earn \$1 a day. It seemed like a very easy decision to make."

The men got \$5 a month for personal spending. The rest of their pay went home to their families.

The camp was run in a military fashion, with wake up and lights out calls, bed and uniform inspections. They shuttled to meals and work in

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◆ Local camps 6A

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group formation. Men had evenings and weekends off for personal time, which they usually spent in the nearest town watching movies. Some went back home to visit family if the trip was long enough for the camp bus.

Bernard Nye, 91, Shippensburg, flashes back to his work while stationed at Stillhouse Hollow, Scotland, every time he enters Caledonia.

"I enjoy looking at the place and seeing the changes that have come about since we worked there," said Nye, who was in the CCC off and on from 1935 to 1942. "It's always neat driving by the parking lot at the entrance. We built that by hand. Every stone was lined up and smashed one by one."

Nye added that his group also conducted roadside cleanup -- cutting brush on each side of the road -- built new roads through the woods to facilitate fire fighting, built hiking paths,



Ellis

Local CCC Camps

Pennsylvania was home to 113 CCC camps from 1933 to 1942, including 13 in the local area.

Some camps, including ones in Mount Union, Waynesboro, Carlisle and Gettysburg, were given titles.

- ◆ Richmond Furnace (Covans Gap), Fort Loudon
- ◆ Stillhouse Hollow, Scotland

- ◆ Big Pond, Shippensburg
- ◆ Pine Grove Furnace, South Mountain

- ◆ Bear Valley, Upper Shesburg
- ◆ Glen Furnace, Waynesboro
- ◆ Old Forge, Waynesboro

A complete listing of Pennsylvania's camps can be found at www.cccalumni.org

had a plan in place for similar camps prior to Roosevelt's program.

A total of 194,500 Pennsylvania residents served in the CCC nationwide with an estimated \$8 billion worth of work completed.

Facilities and land features within several state parks and forests have roots back to the CCC.

At Pine Grove Furnace, Garner said his group helped build the wall along Laurel Lake, bath houses and water fountains, and graded roads with tractors.

"It was funny working with the city boys; we had a lot of guys from Philadelphia," Garner said. "Those

guys never saw an ax before. All they knew how to do was how to hang out on the corner. We, local boys, were basically stationed there to teach the city boys how to use farm equipment (pick, shovel and ax)."

One of the main benefits of the CCC was easing the strain of high unemployment of the Depression. More than 25% of the people were unemployed and 30% of those employed were part-time workers in 1933 -- the year CCC started.

The CCC put men to work full time and gave them skills to take with them following their enlistment term.

Kyle Huffer, 87, Highspire, learned his post-CCC trade from his time at Stillhouse Hollow from 1937-38.

"I drove a truck the whole time there," Huffer said. "I was able to get a job right when I got out, driving a truck for a local hardware store. My time with the C's was great, and it definitely made my life better."

Lewis Smith, 82, New Germantown, took advantage of his time at Glen Rock (1938-40) to attend machinist school at night and learn how to drive a bulldozer during the day.

"I went from working on farms for room and board, and a little bit of

What you can do

For a more detailed look at the history of the CCC, log onto the Department of Conservation of National Recreation Web site under its history link and/or the CCC Web site at www.cccalumni.org.

nothing, to working a steady job and learning a skill," Smith said. Some men learned skills from each other.

Charles Brosious, 87, Sunbur spent his free time at Richmond Furnace, now known as Covans Gap teaching others the skill of wood crafting.

"I'd help the guys build cedar ches for their girlfriends and wives," Brosious said. "We also built bobbeds ride for fun down Stumpy Lane."

Brosious, like other CCC men, as he loves going back and seeing people enjoy the facilities he helped create. "Covans Gap is such a nice place now," said Brosious, who was a part of the effort that built the dorm, picnic shelters and tables. "It's nice knowing that I played a part in history."

The Day of the Black Blizzard

The day broke with a clear, clean sun over the Great Plains, a blue-skied morning the likes of which hadn't been seen in months. Farm families in northwestern Kansas shook off their dust blues and looked forward to a day of life the way it used to be, back when people weren't afraid to visit neighbors or go to 4-H meetings for fear of getting caught in a dust storm.

Many people packed into the white clapboard churches scattered along the countryside. Others decided to celebrate Palm Sunday by going for rides in their automobiles; still others saw the break in the weather as a chance to catch up on chores they didn't dare attempt when the dust was flying.

On a farm 17 miles northeast of Dodge City, Kan., Harley "Doc" Holladay's mother worked away on the rugs and upholstered chairs that had been moved onto the lawn. She had already hung laundry on the line, for once confident that it wouldn't come back into the house dirtier than when it left.

Inside homes the dust was almost as bad. Women like Mrs. Holladay had learned to knead bread dough inside drawers opened just wide enough for two hands, to stir pots quickly and above all, to keep all water you didn't want turning into red mud inside sealed Mason jars. But on this day hope was in the air. Thirteen-year-old Harley went down to the horse pond to skip stones.

In Dodge City Art Leonard returned from church with his family. Neighbors and friends congregated in the Leonards' living room making small talk, a luxury these days. Art could stay only a little while before he had to leave for work in his father's tire store. During the Depression most families could not afford a day of rest.

By noon the mercury had climbed to 90 degrees, the hottest day of the year so far. Suddenly the temperature began to fall, as much as 50 degrees in a few hours. Chattering birds gathered in yards and along roadways, hundreds of them fluttering nervously. No one knew what was making the birds so anxious. Soon they would.

Harley looked up as his last stone skipped across the water. A massive, boiling cloud darkened the horizon. He ran to the house to warn his family.

He helped scoop up laundry, rugs and chairs and throw them into the house in awkward bundles. With the last load in his arms Harley turned back to the house, but now the sky was almost coal black. He was only a few feet from the porch yet had to fall to his hands and knees and crawl before he could find the house.

To many who stood in the clear air watching the billowing wave approach, the wrath of God was at hand. The cold boil of dust more than 7,000 feet high rolled over them, a dry tidal wave engulfing everything in its path. Escape was impossible.

Art Leonard, on his way to work, had to inch his way to his father's store. Drivers stuck in the storm put on their headlights, but it didn't do much good. Neighbors out for a Sunday drive crashed into one another. Drivers had another problem, too. The static electricity caused by millions of dirt particles rubbing together shorted out ignitions. It also jammed radio broadcasts and created an eerie outline along the metal edges of windmill blades and fences. When he looked out the window Harley was struck by what he saw -- balls of electricity dancing along the barbed wire.

Fifteen-year-old Opal Musselman had gone with her family to visit their Uncle Jessie and now, as they headed home, their car was swallowed by the dark cloud. Unable to see, her Uncle and the others hung their heads out the side windows in a desperate attempt to help guide him. The peppery dust burned Opal's nose. For seven miles they crept along, hoping they could somehow make it home without crashing. They did, but it took them 2 1/2 hours.

Home was the safest place to be, but even that offered only limited sanctuary. The dust was so thick that it filtered into houses as if walls were made of cheesecloth, not stone. The rags stuffed under doors and windows could no longer hold it out. Sand swirled into closets and cupboards, leaving its grimy fingerprints on dishes and clothes, sparing neither porcelain bowls lovingly passed through generations nor Easter dresses purchased yesterday.

Art Leonard sat in the middle of his family's tire store, listening to the thrashing winds and gazing at the miniature dust storms billowing about the room. Those daring to peek through open doors were stung by sand on their faces and bare legs. Many would later talk about how as they peered out the windows, they saw Kansas, Oklahoma and a little bit of Texas roll by.

The winds subsided. Through a curtain of dust hanging over the landscape, a light orange glow could be seen on the horizon. With the howling replaced by a sudden stillness, family members gazed into each other's grimy faces, relieved that the world hadn't ended after all.

But those who ventured outside saw that it had changed. Dead or dying livestock lined the roads. Large drifts of sand piled up against buildings and buried tractors and other equipment.

Tomorrow people would shovel the soil to find their buried farms. Others would learn they no longer had a farm. Tomorrow Kansas housewives would sweep land from Nebraska and Oklahoma from their homes. And tomorrow, Robert Geiger, a correspondent for the Washington Evening Star, would name this area the Dust Bowl.

Many would pack up and leave, but many more would hang on, convinced that better times were ahead. "One more good rain, and we're back in business," they would tell each other.

The rains did not come for another five years.

Great Migration, The (1915-1960)



*Black Family Arrives in Chicago from the South, ca. 1919
Image Ownership: Public Domain*

The Great Migration was the mass movement of about five million southern blacks to the north and west between 1915 and 1960. During the initial wave the majority of migrants moved to major northern cities such as Chicago, Illinois, Detroit, Michigan, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and New York, New York. By World War II the migrants continued to move North but many of them headed west to Los Angeles, Oakland, San Francisco, California, Portland, Oregon, and Seattle, Washington.

The first large movement of blacks occurred during World War I, when 454,000 black southerners moved north. In the 1920s, another 800,000 blacks left the south, followed by 398,000 blacks in the 1930s. Between 1940 and 1960 over 3,348,000 blacks left the south for northern and western cities.

The economic motivations for migration were a combination of the desire to escape oppressive economic conditions in the south and the promise of greater prosperity in the north. Since their Emancipation from slavery, southern rural blacks had suffered in a plantation economy that offered little chance of advancement. While a few blacks were lucky enough to purchase land, most were sharecroppers, tenant farmers, or farm laborers, barely subsiding from year to year. When World War I created a huge demand for workers in northern factories, many southern blacks took this opportunity to leave the oppressive

economic conditions in the south.

The northern demand for workers was a result of the loss of 5 million men who left to serve in the armed forces, as well as the restriction of foreign immigration. Some sectors of the economy were so desperate for workers at this time that they would pay for blacks to migrate north. The Pennsylvania Railroad needed workers so badly that it paid the travel expenses of 12,000 blacks. The Illinois Central Railroad, along with many steel mills, factories, and tanneries, similarly provided free railroad passes for blacks. World War I was the first time since Emancipation that black labor was in demand outside of the agricultural south, and the economic promise was enough for many blacks to overcome substantial challenges to migrate.

In addition to migrating for job opportunities, blacks also moved north in order to escape the oppressive conditions of the south. Some of the main social factors for migration included lynching, an unfair legal system, inequality in education, and denial of suffrage.

The great migration, one of the largest internal migrations in the history of the United States, changed forever the urban North, the rural South, African America and in many respects, the entire nation.

Sources:

James M. Gregory, *The Southern Diaspora: How the Great Migrations of Black and White Southerners Transformed America* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2005); Florette Henri, *Black Migration: Movement North, 1900-1920* (Garden City: Anchor Press, 1975); Carol Marks, *Farewell—We're Good and Gone: The Great Migration* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1989); Alferdteen Harrison, *Black Exodus: The Great Migration from the American South* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1991); The African-American Mosaic, A Library of Congress Resource Guide for the Study of Black History and Culture. <http://www.loc.gov/exhibits/african/afam011.html>

TRAGEDY IN DEDHAM

Was the Sacco and Vanzetti case about murder or politics or both?

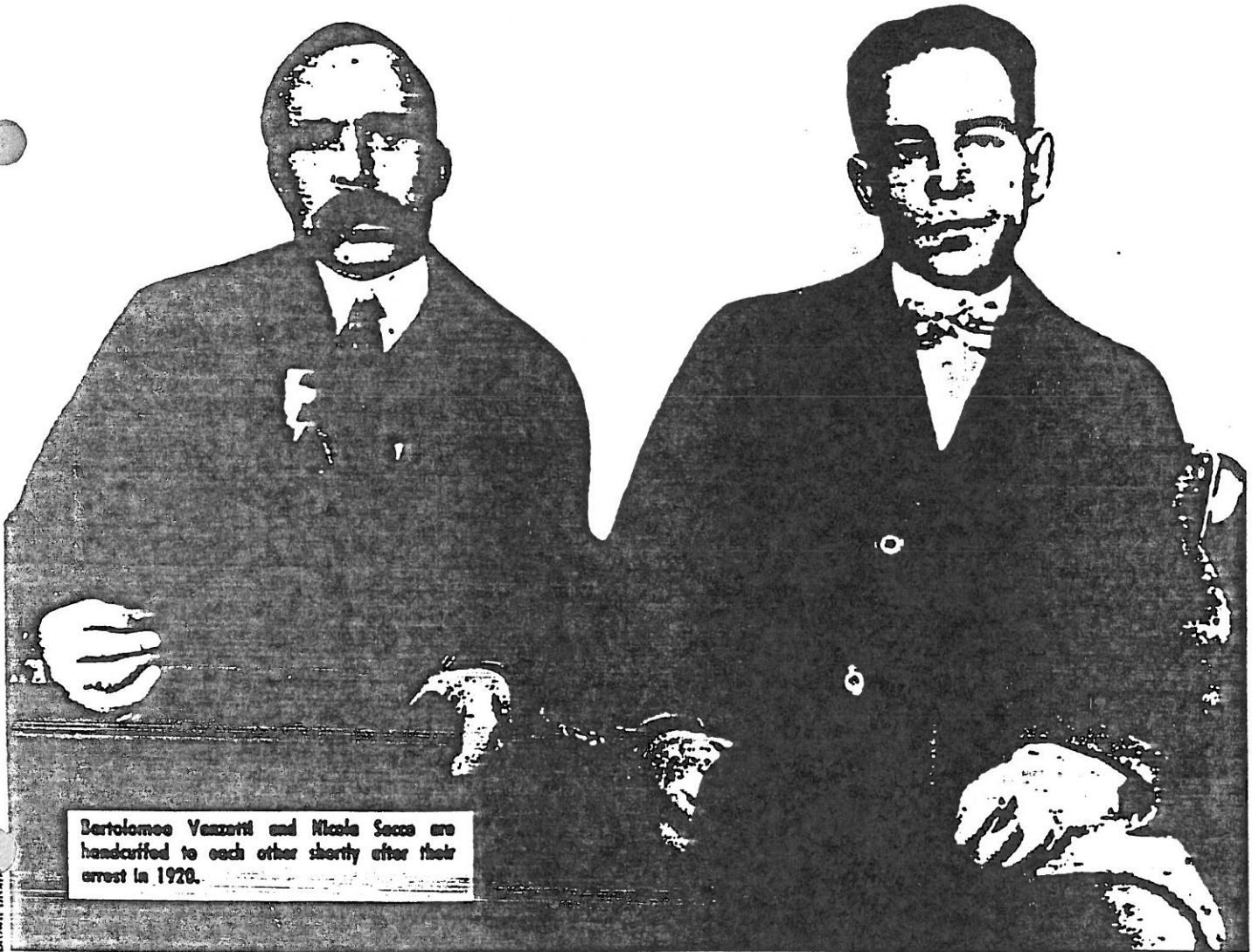
The world wanted to know.

On April 15, 1920, two payroll guards from a shoe factory in South Braintree, Massachusetts, were shot and killed. The bandits escaped with the payroll in a getaway car.

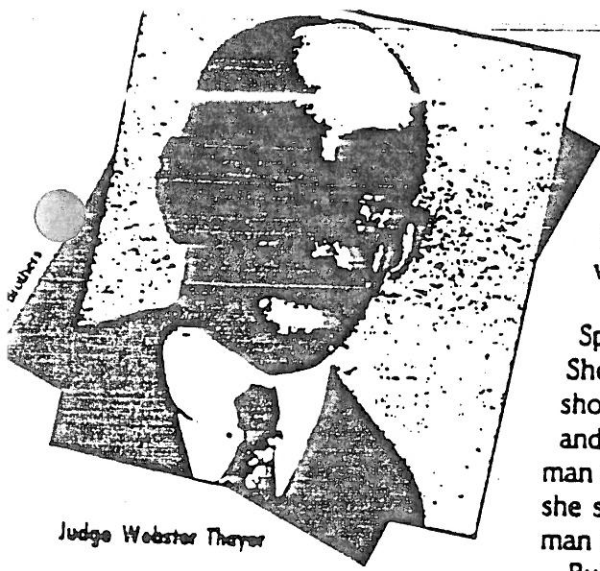
On May 5, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were arrested in a car believed to have been the getaway car. The two men had no po-

lice records, but both were carrying loaded pistols.

Their trial became one of the most controversial in American history. In America and around the world, political lines were drawn and friendships made or broken over the question of Sacco and Vanzetti's guilt. That question is still heatedly debated today.



Bartolomeo Vanzetti and Nicola Sacco are handcuffed to each other shortly after their arrest in 1920.



Judge Webster Thayer

Let's go back to that trial. Pretend you are a member of the jury. Listen to the arguments and decide the case for yourself. Afterward, look at "The Jury Decides" on page 25 for the actual verdict.

OPENING ARGUMENTS

Fred Moore, Sacco's lawyer, sits in the courtroom in Dedham, Massachusetts, looking over the jurors. More than 700 people had to be screened before 12 people who aimed to be unbiased were chosen. Moore knows that many Braintree residents distrust foreigners. Italians are often called nasty names like "wops" and "dagos."

Moore is also worried the jury may not keep an open mind because the two men have radical political beliefs. They are anarchists, who say that governments should be dismantled because they take away people's freedoms. Many Americans do not like such ideas and mistakenly label all radicals as Communists or "Reds."

A year ago, during the "Red Scare," the U.S. Attorney General arrested more than 4,000 people in 33 cities. The federal government claimed these people were guilty of plotting to overthrow the U.S. Government. Many of these people were foreigners. Some of them came from Russia, which had recently been taken over by Communists.

THE STATE'S CASE

Moore's thoughts are cut short by District Attorney Frederick Katzman's opening statement. He re-

views how the killings took place. He says his witnesses will identify the defendants as the robbers. Katzman also says he will prove that one of the bullets that killed the guard was shot from Sacco's gun.

Katzman's first witness is Mary Splaine, a worker in the factory. She explains that after hearing shots, she looked out the window and saw the getaway car. "I saw a man leaning out of the car shooting," she says. Katzman asks her who the man was. "Sacco," she says.

But when Moore cross-examines Splaine, she admits that she saw the car from a second-story window, 70 feet away. She also admits that she only saw the man for a few seconds.

Moore asks, "And isn't it true that when the police first questioned you, that you identified another man as the gunman?" Splaine says yes.

John Faulker testifies that he was on a train and saw Vanzetti get off at East Braintree that day. But Moore asks him, "What did the train look like? What did the inside of the car look like?" Faulker doesn't remember anything. Moore further discredits Faulker's testimony when he says that there is no record of anyone that day buying a ticket from Plymouth, where Vanzetti lives, to East Braintree.

Katzman calls eight other witnesses who identify Sacco and four who identify Vanzetti. But in the cross-examinations, Moore punctures holes in each of their testimonies.

SACCO'S CAP

Next Katzman holds up a cap that was found in the street after the shooting. "It is Sacco's cap," he insists. A worker testifies that Sacco sometimes wore a cap which he hung on a nail near his workbench. The prosecutor shows the jury the torn lining of the cap. "It probably got torn by the nail in the factory," he says.

Next, the prosecutor explains that six bullets were fired at the two guards. "Five of the bullets came from a .32 Savage automatic," he says. "But the sixth bullet came from a .32 Colt—just like the gun

found on Mr. Sacco."

Katzman calls a police ballistics expert, Captain William H. Proctor. He shows Proctor a bullet. "Do you have any opinion as to whether this bullet was fired from Sacco's Colt automatic?"

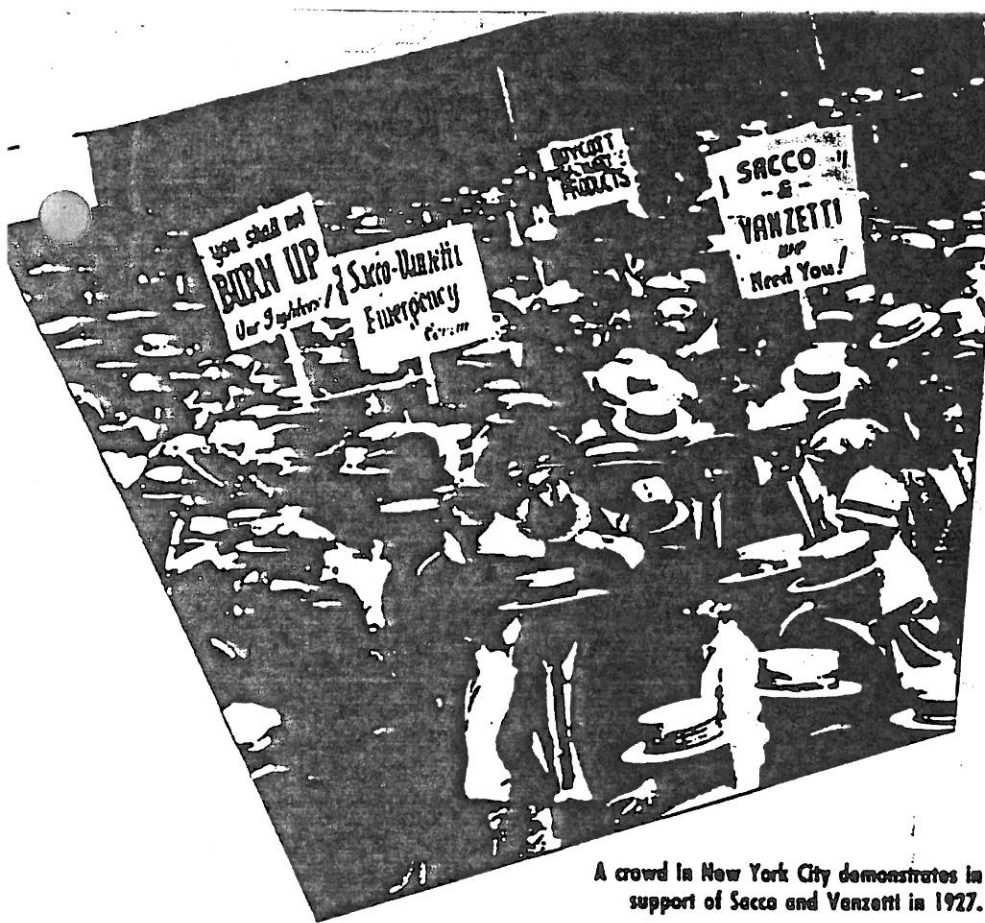
"From the scorings on the bullet, my opinion is that it is consistent with having been fired by that pistol," says Proctor. Katzman calls another expert who agrees. Moore will call his own experts later, but he knows this evidence damages his case.

THE DEFENSE

On the 20th day, the defense begins its case. Moore calls his eyewitnesses. Two people swear they saw the car before the shooting but did not see either defendant in it. Thirteen others say that Sacco was not one of the robbers.

Moore's ballistic experts say that the bullet could not have come from Sacco's gun.

September 14, 1923.
The ringside at the New York Polo Grounds. Jack Dempsey, the "Manassa Mauler," is about to defend his heavyweight title against tough Luis Firpo, the Argentine known as the "Wild Bull of the Pampas."
And there's the bell!
Dempsey charges out and throws a tremendous right hook. Firpo sidesteps and counters with a left uppercut that snaps the champ's head back. Dempsey goes down. The crowd erupts.
Will the champ be knocked out? No, he's back on his feet! Firpo attacks. Dempsey lets fly with a savage right cross. The challenger tumbles to the canvas. Then Firpo's up. Then down again. Now, he's up. Now he's down.
Firpo is taking a tremendous beating, but he won't quit. What a fight! The Wild Bull is rushing forward again. POW! Holy mackerel, Firpo just landed an amazing uppercut. Dempsey is flying backward out of the ring—right at you! Quick, jump before he crushes you!
• To fly further into the '20s, turn to the box on page 31.
• To listen in on the '20s, turn to the box on page 21.



A crowd in New York City demonstrates in support of Sacco and Vanzetti in 1927.

Vanzetti's lawyer, Thomas McAnarney, puts Vanzetti on the stand. Vanzetti tells the jury what he did the day of the murder. "I went to Plymouth," he says. "I bought some cloth from a peddler and peddled some fish. I talked with lots of people." McAnarney has five witnesses who state they saw Vanzetti that day in Plymouth.

The prosecutor cross-examines Vanzetti. "The night you were arrested, why didn't you tell the truth about where you were going?" Katzman asks.

"I lied because I was afraid that I was being arrested because of my politics."

"So where were you going the night you were arrested?" Katzman asks.

"To pick up political pamphlets. We were afraid of more raids. We did not want people to be caught having radical books."

"What people?" asks Katzman. Vanzetti admits he doesn't know their names or addresses. Katzman keeps pressing until Vanzetti admits he was really going to visit one friend. But

after more questioning, he can only remember the man's nickname.

SACCO'S TESTIMONY

When Sacco takes the stand, he details his whereabouts on April 15. "I went to Boston. I went shopping. I ate lunch in an Italian restaurant. I saw friends there. Then I went to the Italian consulate to get my passport. I had coffee with other friends and took a late afternoon train home."

The men Sacco said he saw in Boston testify for him. Katzman tries to break down their stories but does not succeed. Moore also shows a written statement from the passport official, who remembers Sacco.

When Katzman cross-examines Sacco, he asks him why he had a loaded gun on the night he was arrested. Sacco says that he and Vanzetti were planning to go to the woods and practice shooting for protection on his job as watchman.

Next, Katzman asks, "Mr. Sacco, why did you come to this country?"

Sacco explains that he came because this was a free country.

"Did you love this country in May

escape military service?"

Sacco begs to explain his actions but Katzman refuses. Moore objects to the line of questioning. The judge overrules him. As the questions continue, Moore and McAnarney continue to object. The judge continues to overrule them.

Katzman gets Sacco to admit that life in the United States has many advantages. Sacco also admits that he criticizes the country. The defense lawyers continue objecting to Katzman's questions. They insist they are irrelevant to the case. The judge continually overrules them.

On July 13, the lawyers sum up the case. Judge Webster Thayer tells the jury that they are "true soldiers" who have answered the call to jury duty. Thayer instructs the jury that any finding of guilt has to be proven beyond a reasonable doubt. "If you have any doubts, the verdict must be not guilty." The jury retires to decide the case.

—Doreen Rappoport

Funnel!

You land in the back seat of a car. In the dim light outside the window, you see you're parked in a big garage. Suddenly, the garage door opens. You crouch down.

"Everybody inside!" orders a gruff voice.

"Line up!"

You peek out the window and see three policemen pointing Tommy guns at some men leaning against a wall.

"What do you have on us, officer?" one of the men asks.

"You work for Bugs Moran," snaps the policeman with the gruff voice. "And I ain't no copper."

Without another word, the policemen open fire. Their typewriters are deafening.

The date is February 14, 1929. You're on the North Side of Chicago witnessing the St. Valentine's Day massacre, the most brutal gang killing in the city's history. The mastermind behind it is Al Capone. Largely because of him, Chicago was not a very nice place during the '20s. Jump for your life.

o Turn to the box on page 5.

The heroic person who could face the trials of competition or the dangers of the unknown became larger than life. The hero had come up against the strongest adversaries and won. For people living in uncertain times, the hero was proof that a brave and strong-willed man or woman could win out over fears of the unknown or the impossible.

1. *In the 1920's, sports heroes were plentiful: Gertrude Ederle for swimming the English Channel, Jim Thorpe and Red Grange for college football, Helen Wills and Bill Tilden for tennis, Jack Johnson and Jack Dempsey for boxing, and Babe Ruth in baseball. Ruth held the record for home runs until Henry Aaron hit his 715th home run in 1974. This analysis of Ruth's popularity is taken from a recent biography, Babe Ruth's America (1974), by Robert Smith.*

In the minds and hearts of his contemporaries, the Babe had become a symbol of America—with his prodigious [great] physical strength, his great girth and stature, his resounding fame . . . and his . . . flinging about of his swollen income. For the Babe was an American-dream-come-true: a poor delinquent boy (many a legend named him an orphan, which he was not) who had risen by his own talent and might from the depths of a Baltimore gutter to walk with kings.

The Babe would never wear . . . [a] hat. . . . He told dirty stories at the top of his lungs. He leapt and sang on the vaudeville stage. In his green, open-touring car, with rusty water spouting from the radiator (he had lost the cap), he went roaring up and down through the midtown and uptown reaches of New York City without regard for the law.

Yet Babe was not . . . truly wicked or hopelessly self-indulgent. . . . Indeed, he took baseball seriously and stayed in condition to play, regardless of temptation. When he was disciplined, he first roared with anger, then bowed his head like a good boy and apologized. And when he was once gently reprovved [criticized] in public by State Senator Jimmy Walker, he wept.

2. *Film star Clara Bow received two million letters from her fans. Although the introduction of sound motion pictures slowed down her career, she remained one of America's idols in the 1920's. These clippings from movie magazines tell why:*

The Girl of the Hour—Clara Bow: She is the Super-Flapper of 1927—the most modern of modern girls. Please credit Clara with creating an original and distinctive type of screen heroine. Also with daring to be herself.

Clara Bow is more than just a movie star. She is the living symbol of the Modern Girl. Her name is synonymous with jazz and Flaming Youth. She is the goddess of the new freedom. No star since the days of [Rudolph] Valentino [a romantic film star of the 1920's] has had such a wide influence on the manners, clothes and behaviour of a devoted public.

Clara is the sort of person to whom strange things inevitably would happen. No matter how drab or barren her surroundings might be, it is safe to assume that by her . . . zest and originality she would create therein a measure of interest.

At twenty-one she has known more excitement than the average person experiences in a lifetime. Indiscriminate friendships, strange contacts, an enormous salary, travel, work, play, publicity, headlines—a colorful, swirling, unnatural race, with little ~~at the time~~ Clara holding the reins.

3. In the 1920's Henry Ford's Michigan factories manufactured 23 million Fords. Needless to say, Americans were taken by the man who had revolutionized their lives. This excerpt from *The Legend of Henry Ford*, by Keith Sward, gives some idea of the way he was revered:

In his rise to national sainthood, Ford won the hearts of men for . . . his career seemed to resolve the dominant moral conflicts of the age. . . . He was the empire builder who shared with others as he [became wealthy] himself. He was reputed rich and good, shrewd and fair, [selfish] and generous, powerful and kindly, self-seeking and benevolent. . . . He was the idol of an American middle class which wants to eat its cake and have it too, the . . . symbol of a system under which people aspire to be neither so self-seeking that they lose [respect] nor so good that they must spend their days in poverty.

4. The most popular hero of the decade was Charles Lindbergh, who was the first person to fly solo across the Atlantic Ocean from New York to Paris in 1927. Awards, songs, and babies were named for him. The adulation was incredible. Mary B. Mullett captured the feeling as she wrote "The Biggest Thing That Lindbergh Has Done." The article appeared in *The American Magazine* in October 1927.

I have not found a single person who gave the flight itself as the real cause of our enthusiasm. Everyone admits that this achievement merely "turned on the light." The thing that did "get us" was what we saw after the light had been turned on. And that was the man himself.

One woman put it in this way: "He is a sort of symbol: a universal son. We love him with the same pride and happiness that a father, or a mother, would feel toward their own boy, if he was all that they wanted him to be."

Another said: "He is the modern 'perfect knight: without fear and without reproach.' He has all that we want for ourselves: youth, honor, romance, victory. He is the dream that is in our own hearts."

We are getting very close now to ~~what I think is the~~ biggest thing that Lindbergh has done.

Ever since the war there has been an huge against "modern" character, ideals, and morals; especially against those of the younger generation. Most of us have contributed our share to this chorus of denunciation [criticism]. All of us have had to listen to it. . . .

And this is the big thing Lindbergh has done. He has shown us that this talk was nothing but talk! He has shown us that we are not rotten at the core, but morally sound and sweet and good!

We shouted ourselves hoarse. Not because a man had flown across the Atlantic! Not even because he was an American! But because he was as clean in character as he was strong and fine in body; because he put "ethics" above any desire for wealth; because he was as modest as he was courageous; and because—as we now know, beyond any shadow of doubt—*these are the things which we honor most in life.*

To have shown us this truth about ourselves is the biggest thing that Lindbergh has done.

HANDOUT 38: THE AUTOMOBILE IN THE 1920s

During the 1920s sociologists Robert and Helen Lynd studied Muncie, Indiana, to determine the effects of modern inventions and leisure on contemporary life. In 1929 they published their findings in *Middletown*. Below are adapted extracts from this book.

No one questions the use of the auto for transporting groceries, getting to one's place of work or to the golf course, or in place of the porch for "cooling off after supper" on a hot summer evening; however much the activities concerned with getting a living may be altered by the fact that a factory can draw from workmen within a radius of forty-five miles . . . these things are hardly major issues. But when auto riding tends to replace the traditional call in the evening parlor as a way of approach between the unmarried, "the home is endangered," and all-day Sunday motor trips are a "threat against the church"; it is in the activities concerned with the home and religion that the automobile occasions the greatest emotional conflicts.

Group-sanctioned values are disturbed by the inroads of the automobile upon the family budget. . . . According to an officer of a Middletown automobile financing company, 75 to 90 percent of the cars purchased locally are bought on time payment, and a workingman earning \$35 a week frequently plans to use one week's pay each month as payment for his car.

The automobile has apparently unsettled the habit of careful saving for some families. "Part of the money we spend on the car would go to the bank, I suppose," said more than one working-class wife. . . . The "moral" aspect of the competition between the automobile and certain accepted expenditures appears in the remark of another businessman, "An automobile is a luxury, and no one has a right to one if he can't afford it. I haven't the slightest sympathy for anyone who is out of work if he owns a car." . . .

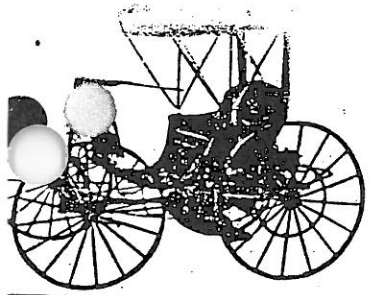
Meanwhile, advertisements pound away at Middletown people with the tempting advice to spend money for automobiles for the sake of their homes and families: "Hit the trail to better times!" says one such advertisement.

Another depicts a gray-haired banker lending a young couple the money to buy and proffering the friendly advice: "Before you can save money, you first must make money. And to make it you must have health, contentment, and full command of all your resources. . . . I have often advised customers of mine to buy cars, as I felt that the increased stimulation and opportunity of observation would enable them to earn amounts equal to the cost of their cars."

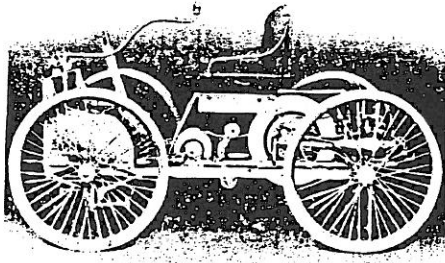
Many families feel that an automobile is justified as an agency holding the family group together. "I never feel as close to my family as when we are all together in the car," said one mother. . . . But this centralizing tendency of the automobile may be only a passing phase. . . . The fact that 348 boys and 382 girls in the three upper years of the high school places "use of the automobile" fifth and fourth respectively in a list of twelve possible sources of disagreement between them and their parents suggests that this may be an increasing decentralizing agent.

Abridged from *Middletown* by Robert S. and Helen M. Lynd, copyright 1929 by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.; renewed 1957 by Robert S. and Helen M. Lynd. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

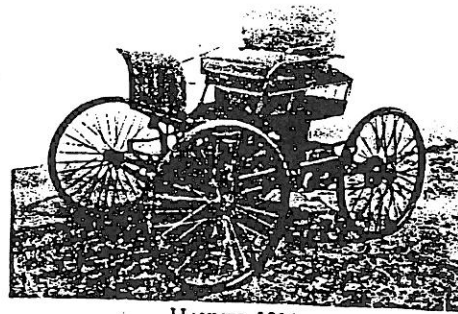
EARLY AUTOMOBILES



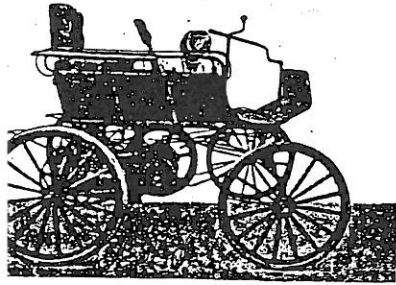
DURYEA, 1892-3



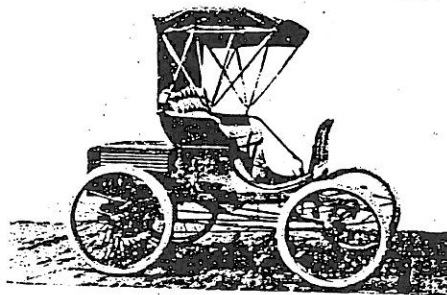
FORD, 1893



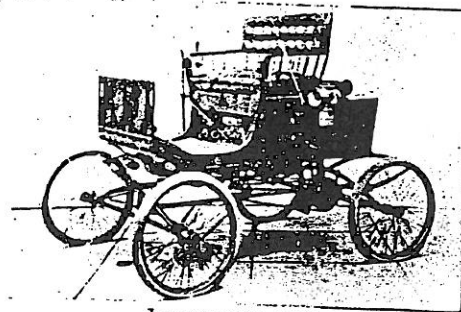
HAYNES, 1894



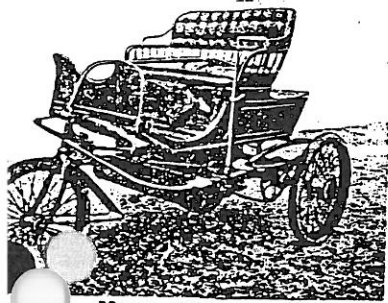
OLDS, 1896



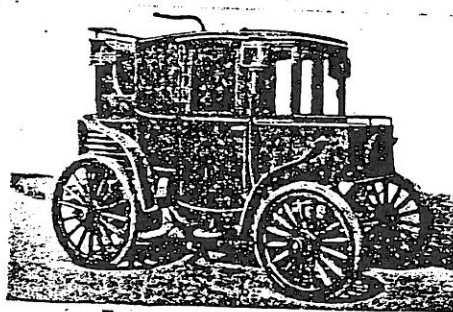
WINTON, 1898



LOCOMOBILE, 1900



KNOX, 1900



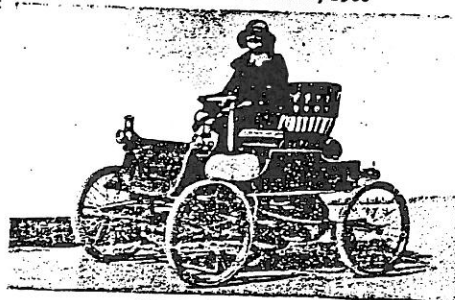
ELECTRIC BROUGHAM, 1900



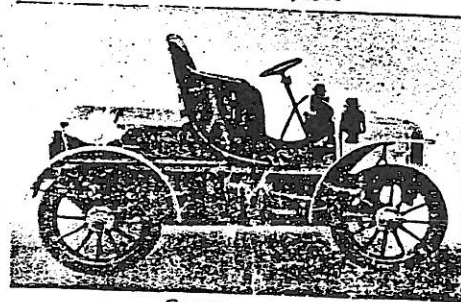
WHITE STEAMER, 1900



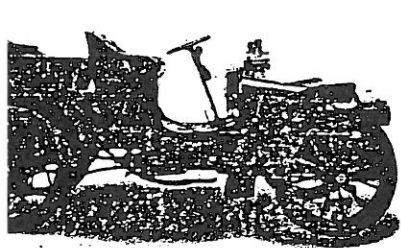
PACKARD, 1901



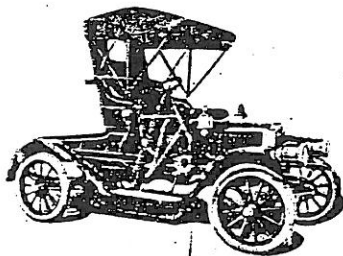
PIERCE-ARROW, 1901



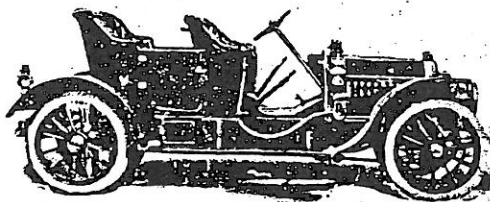
CADILLAC, 1903



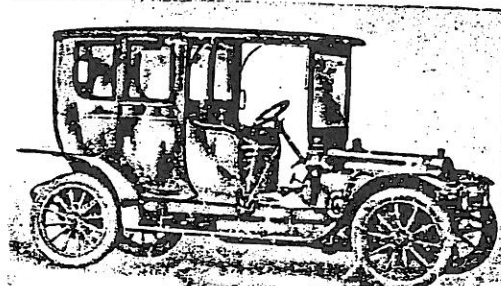
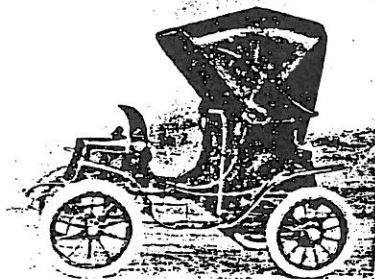
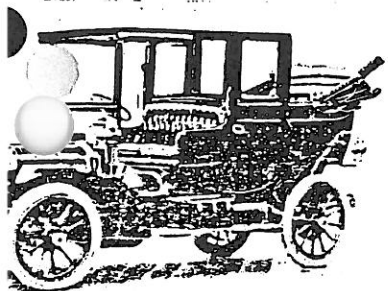
PACKARD TOURING CAR, 1903



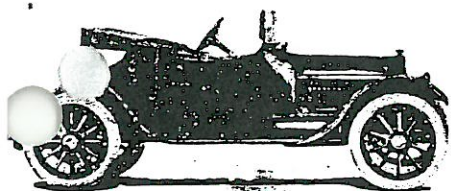
MAXWELL RUNABOUT, 1909



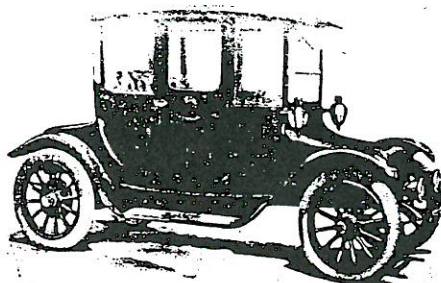
PEERLESS TOURING CAR, 1909



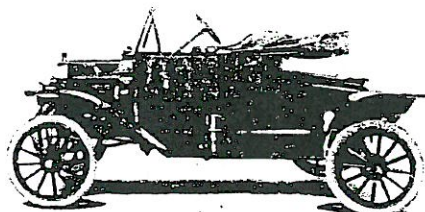
LA PER AUTOMOBILES



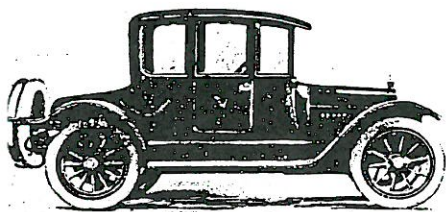
ROADSTER, 1914



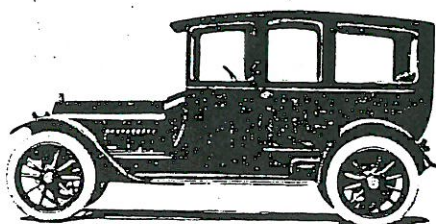
ELECTRIC BROUGHAM, 1914



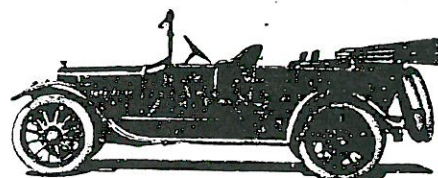
RUNABOUT, 1914



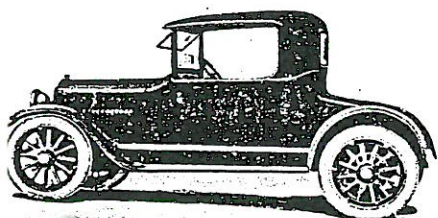
COUPÉ, 1914



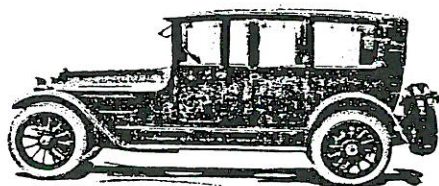
SEDAN, 1914



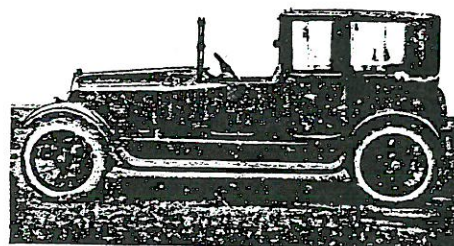
TOURING CAR, 1914



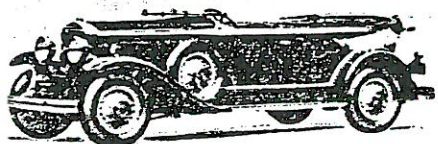
TOURING COUPÉ, 1917



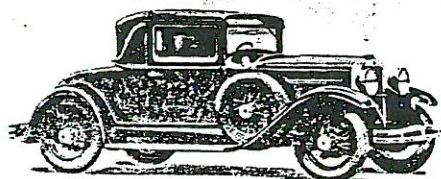
BERLINE, 1917



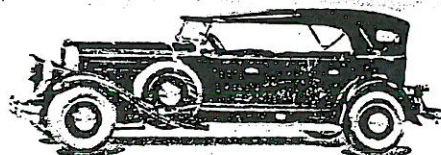
BROUGHAM, 1917



PHAETON, 1929



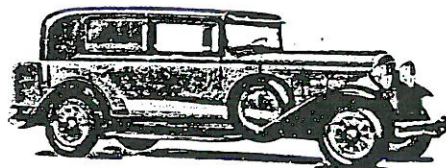
CABRIOLET, 1929



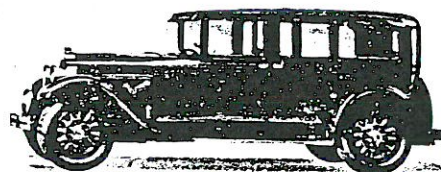
7-PASSENGER TOURING CAR, 1929



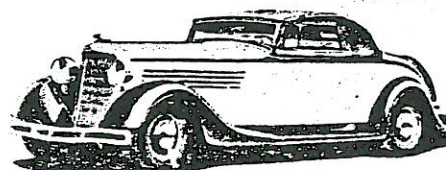
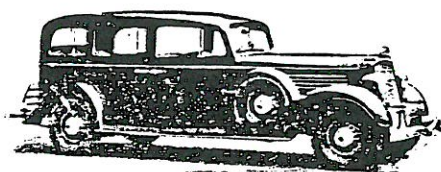
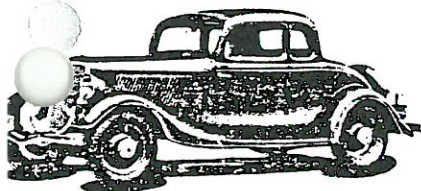
ROADSTER, 1930



COACH, 1930



SEDAN-LIMOUSINE, 1930



Handout: 53: Viewpoints on the Atomic Bomb

On August 6, 1945, the United States dropped an atomic bomb on Hiroshima and on August 9, 1945 the US dropped the second atomic bomb on Nagasaki. Read the viewpoints below.

Historian Handout A:

Some historians argue that dropping the atomic bombs on Japan was justified because it shortened the war and thus saved more lives than it cost. But this view is wrong. The United States was not justified in dropping the bombs.

In the summer of 1945 the Japanese leaders were trying to surrender and the American leaders knew it. Several times the Japanese went to the Russians to ask them to mediate a peace settlement with the United States. (It is not unusual for a country that wants to surrender to ask another country to speak for it first and help negotiate a settlement.) The Japanese were insisting on only one condition their ability to keep their Emperor, the symbol of Japanese culture. The United States never even talked with the Japanese about surrender terms. Instead American leaders kept demanding unconditional surrender. Then, after we used the bombs and the Japanese did surrender, we let the Emperor stay anyway. We could have had the Japanese surrender earlier and saved all those lives, by letting them have their one condition in the first place.

If the bombs were not used to bring about surrender, why were they used? The United States was not getting along with the Soviet Union in Europe in 1945. Some of our leaders felt that by showing the Soviets that we had this powerful weapon, we would get them to agree to our terms in Europe. As Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson said in his diary, in diplomacy the bomb would be a "master card." Besides, the Soviets entered the war in Asia on August 8. If they fought in the war for long, they would take over parts of China and stake a claim to occupy part of Japan itself. If we could speed up the Japanese surrender we could avoid all these problems. Pay close attention to those dates: We dropped the first bomb on August 6, the USSR entered the war on August 8; and we dropped the second bomb on August 9. No country could surrender in only three days—it takes longer than that to make such an important decision. We wouldn't wait longer because we wanted them to surrender before the Russians could get involved.

Some scientists who worked on the bomb recommended that it not be dropped on civilian or military targets. Rather, they proposed that the United States demonstrate the bomb's power to some Japanese leaders by dropping it on an uninhabited island.

Even the top military leaders opposed the use of the atomic bomb. The bomb would have little effect on the war, they argue, since the Japanese were already trying to surrender.

All this evidence shows that the atomic bombs were not used to end the war and save lives, but rather to scare the Soviets and speed up the end of the war before Soviet influence spread further into Asia. The killing of more than 100,000 civilians in one country in order to scare the leaders in another country is not right. The United States was not justified in dropping the atomic bombs.

Historian B:

The dropping of the atomic bombs by the United States on Hiroshima and Nagasaki saved lives in the long run and was therefore justified. It is true that the United States received some indication in the summer of 1945 that Japan was trying to surrender. Japan would not, however surrender unconditionally and that was important to the United States. The Germans had not surrendered unconditionally at the end of World War I, and as a result they rose again to start World War II. The United States was not going to let that mistake happen again. As President Roosevelt said, "This time there will be no doubt about who defeated whom." And some of the Japanese leaders wanted much more than to keep the Emperor. They wanted the Japanese troops to surrender to their own government, and they wanted no occupation of Japan and no trials of Japanese leaders for war crimes. These were the very things the United States was trying to avoid by insisting on unconditional surrender.

Some historians argue that the dates of the dropping of the bombs (August 6 and 9) show that the United States was trying to stop the Soviet entry into the war (which happened on August 8) or to minimize its effect. There are two problems with this line of reasoning. First, the United States didn't know the exact date of the Soviet declaration of war against Japan. Second, the bombs were to be dropped when an American military officer decided that the weather was just right. If Truman wanted to beat the Soviets, why didn't he have the bombs dropped sooner, or why didn't he give in on the demand for unconditional surrender?

The arguments that the United States dropped the bombs in order to threaten the Russians in Europe is also weak. The fact that we were so unsuccessful in getting the Soviets to agree to our policies in Europe show that the bombs must have been used only to shorten the war. It certainly didn't scare the Soviets.

Some American scientists opposed using the bomb on civilian or military targets, and recommended using it as a demonstration on an uninhabited island instead. This recommendation was studied carefully by a committee (the Interim Committee) that was set up to consider how to use the bomb. The committee said that a demonstration could have had a lot of problems, which would have wasted one of the bombs and precious time. In light of the fact that it took two bombs, dropped on two different cities, to bring about a surrender, it does not seem likely that a demonstration would have been effective. The committee recommended that the bombs be used against a military targets.

The United States was right in insisting on unconditional surrender, and the Japanese would not surrender unconditionally. Since a demonstration bombing would not have been effective the only alternative to using the atomic bombs was continuing the war. This would have cost hundreds of thousands more lives. Thus in the long run the use of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki shortened the war and saved lives.

II. THE PEARL HARBOR ATTACK

Debate, discussion, and negotiations over American foreign policy continued throughout most of 1941. By late in the year the policy of getting supplies to England had received the support of most Americans. Collective action with countries not yet defeated by Germany and Italy seemed the surest means of self-preservation. This policy of helping England, however, had virtually taken America into war with Germany before the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor. Japanese-American relations deteriorated so badly that by November, 1941, further negotiations seemed useless. On December 7, 1941, Japan caught the United States by surprise with a telling blow at Pearl Harbor. The immediate effect of this Sunday attack was to write the American people in a crusade which would not end until the Axis powers had been unconditionally defeated. Walter Millis has vividly described the Pearl Harbor attack.⁸

The first plane, a dive bomber, streaked in low over Pearl Harbor at 7:55 A.M., coming in from the south with its consorts close behind it. Two reconnaissance float planes had been catapulted from the Japanese cruisers before them, but if they reached Oahu they were not observed. The first wave of the main body, 189 aircraft in all, had been flown off the carrier decks at 6:00 A.M., Hawaiian time. As they sighted the north point of Oahu, at ten minutes before 8, they split up. In accordance with sound air warfare doctrine, the first objective was the American defensive aviation. One dive bomber unit, swerving only a little to the right, went in from the north over the ranked and helpless Army fighters on Wheeler Field. Another, swinging wide around the west coast of the island, came up from the south against the Army bombers on Hickam Field and the Navy PBV's on Ford Island. Immediately behind these were torpedo bombers, launching their deadly missiles from a low altitude at the "sitting ducks" in Battleship Row. Fifty horizontal bombers were on the heels of the torpedo planes, in case the first should fail against nets or baffles; and after them all there came 45 fighters, to put down any opposition which might get into the air or, failing that, to polish off the remains at Wheeler and Hickam, at Ford Island, Kaneohe, and the Marine base at Ewa. The whole of this massive force was flung within the space of a few minutes at virtually every prominent naval and air installation on Oahu. The Japanese pilots knew that an hour behind them a second wave of 171 aircraft -- 54 horizontal bombers, and 36 fighters -- was on its way in support. But most of the damage was done within the first quarter of an hour. The Ford Island air station and the 29 PBV patrol planes parked there were a shambles within a few minutes, the planes blazing and exploding. This one attack finished Ford Island, and the Japanese did not return. The Marine field at Ewa, to the westward, was worked over more methodically with dive bombing and strafing; and at the end of a rather leisurely fifteen minutes all the 49 planes there -- fighters, scout bombers, and utility types -- had been either totally destroyed or put out of action. At Kaneohe, the Navy patrol base on the east coast, there were two principal attacks, one at 7:55 and the second about twenty-five minutes later. Of the 33 PBV's there, most of them moored out in the bay, 27 had been destroyed by the end of the second attack and the remainder put out of commission. Save for the seven PBV's which were out on local patrol or maneuvers when the attack began, the Navy and Marine Corps did not get a single plane into the air from Oahu during the action.

⁸From *This Is Pearl The United States and Japan - 1941* by Walter Millis, copyright 1947 by Walter Millis, reprinted by permission of William Morrow and Company, Inc. Pp. 354-364.

As the fact of the attack sank in, the ships had opened with their anti-aircraft; most of the fleet's anti-aircraft batters were in action within four or five minutes; and all of them, including those of the destroyers (with which the Japanese for the most part did not trouble), within some seven minutes. The Army was firing with machine guns, rifles, and even pistols, and with the few fixed 3-inch A-A batteries in the forts, which had their ammunition ready. But the Army's 60 mobile 3-inch A-A guns were of little help; most of them were not in position and ready to fire until hours after the attack.

About 8:40, as the first onslaught dwindled, the stunned and shattered ships were beginning to revive. Just before the attack began the destroyer Monaghan had been ordered to get under way and join Ward, and she was now standing down the channel to the west of Ford Island. Sighting one of the midget submarines - almost certainly the only one of the five to penetrate the harbor - Monaghan rammed and sank it and continued on out. Other movement began. The battleship Nevada, at the north end of the row, was under command of a reserve lieutenant-commander, as her captain was ashore. In spite of bomb and torpedo hits, this reserve officer got her under way and headed down channel. The repair ship Vestal freed herself from Arizona's appalling wreck ... and was successfully beached. Near the southern end of the line the tanker Neosho managed by skillful ship handling to get clear between the capsized Oklahoma and the sinking California and to remove herself and her perilous cargo from the holocaust.

Then at 8:50 the second great wave of Japanese horizontal and dive bombers (there were no torpedo planes in the echelon) sighted Oahu, split up like the first, and swept in to finish the kill. The anti-aircraft fire was better now; there were a few American fighters in the air, and there was not a great deal left for the support wave to do. But though the second attack was consequently less effective than the first, it put in some further heavy blows...

Yet one cannot overcome the fact that the Japanese had, in one hour and forty-five minutes, knocked the heart out of the United States Pacific Fleet. Morally as well as materially, they had paralyzed American naval action in the Pacific for a period of many weeks, which was exactly what they had set out to do. And they had accomplished it at a cost to themselves of just 29 aircraft, five midget submarines, and one fleet submarine. In the wild confusion at Pearl, in the absence of any proper liaison between the Army and Navy, between the radar net and the ships and bomber planes, the retreating enemy returned without interference to their flight decks and Admiral Nagumo's 1st Air Fleet slipped rapidly away to the westward, undetected from beginning to end

Write
for t



American

dy or not

Deaths: 2,403; Wounded 1,178.

Eighteen ships were sunk or seriously damaged including 5 battleships

188 planes were destroyed and 162 were damaged.



Japanese

Out of an attack force of 31 ships and 353 raiding planes the Japanese lost:

64 deaths,

29 planes,

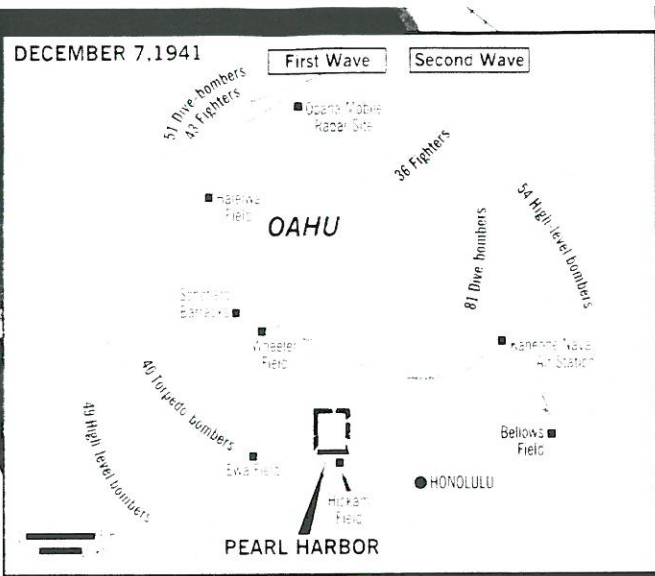
5 midget submarines.

PEARL HARBOR

DECEMBER 7, 1941

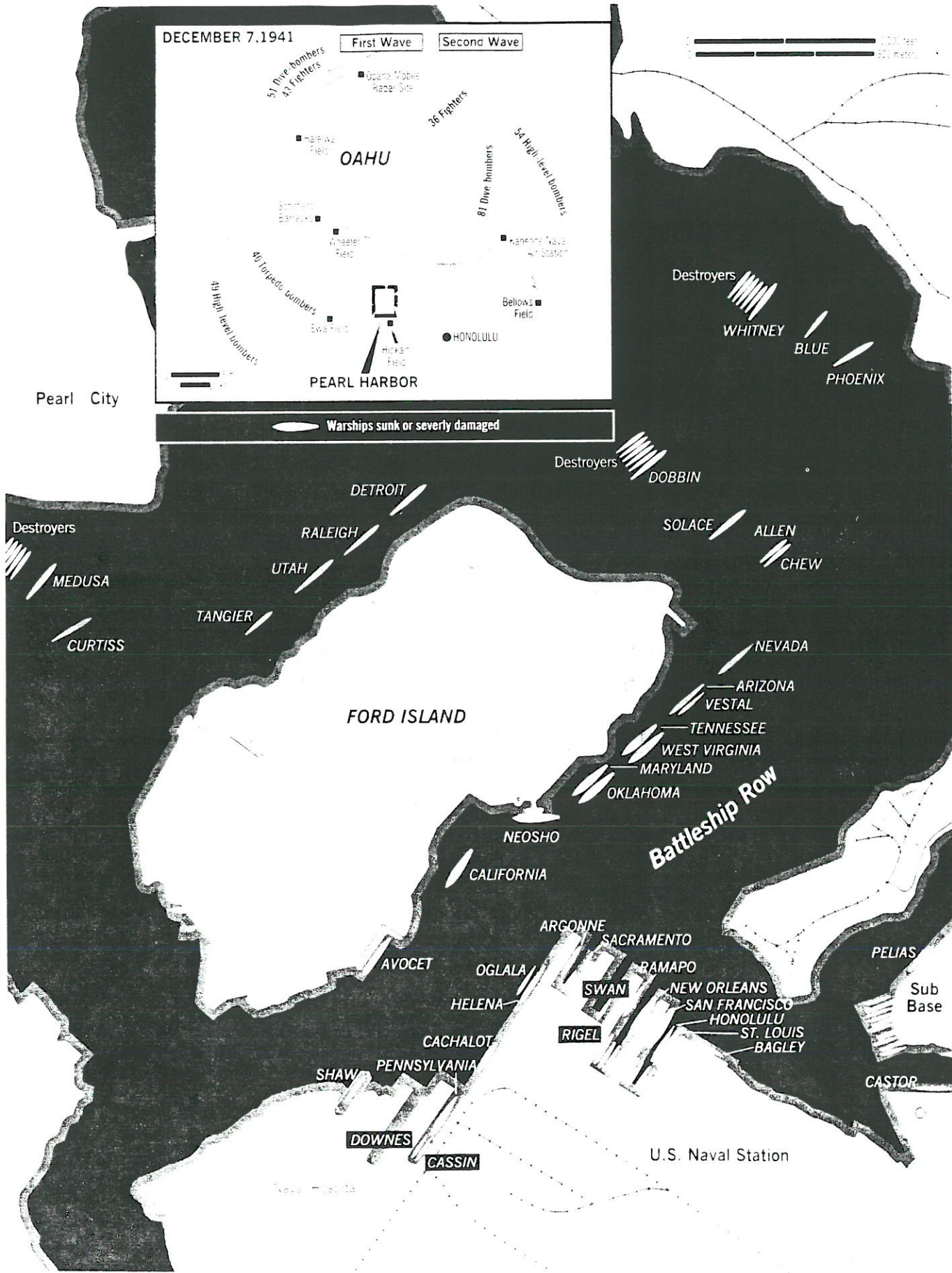
First Wave

Second Wave



Pearl City

Warships sunk or severely damaged



— Albert J. Beveridge —

MARCH OF THE FLAG

Address to an Indiana Republican Meeting
Indianapolis, Indiana, 16 September 1898

Excerpts



Fellow citizens, — it is a noble land that God has given us; a land that can feed and clothe the world; a land whose coastlines would enclose half the countries of Europe; a land set like a sentinel between the two imperial oceans of the globe, a greater England with a nobler destiny. It is a mighty people that He has planted on this soil; a people sprung from the most masterful blood of history; a people perpetually revitalized by the virile, man-producing workingfolk of all the earth; a people imperial by virtue of their power, by right of their institutions, by authority of their Heaven-directed purposes — the propagandists and not the misers of liberty. It is a glorious history our God has bestowed upon His chosen people; a history whose keynote was struck by [the] Liberty Bell; a history heroic with faith in our mission and our future; a history of statesmen who flung the boundaries of the Republic out into unexplored lands and savage wildernesses; a history of soldiers who carried the flag across the blazing deserts and through the ranks of hostile mountains, even to the gates of sunset; a history of a multiplying people who overran a continent in half a century; a history of prophets who saw the consequences of evils inherited from the past and of martyrs who died to save us from them; a history divinely logical, in the process of whose tremendous reasoning we find ourselves to-day.

Therefore, in this campaign, the question is larger than a party question. It is an American question. It is a world question. Shall the American people continue their resistless march toward the commercial supremacy of the world? Shall free institutions broaden their blessed reign as the children of liberty wax in strength, until the empire of our principles is established over the hearts of all mankind?

Have we no mission to perform, no duty to discharge to our fellow-man? Has God endowed us with gifts beyond our deserts and marked us as the people of His peculiar favor, merely to rot in our own selfishness, as men and nations must, who take cowardice for their companion and self for their deity — as China has, as India has, as Egypt has? . . .

Ah! the heroes of Vicksburg and Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Mission Ridge, the Wilderness, and all those fields of glory, of suffering, and of death!

Soldiers of 1861! A generation has passed and you have reared a race of heroes worthy of your blood — heroes of El Caney, San Juan, and Cavite, of Santiago and Manila — ay! and 200,000 more as brave as they, who waited in camp with the agony of impatience the call of battle, ready to count the hellish hardship of the trenches the very sweets of fate, if they could only fight for the flag.

For every tented field was full of Hobsons, of Roosevelts, of Wheelers, and their men; full of the kind of soldiers that in regiments of rags, starving, with bare feet in the snows of winters made Valley Forge immortal; full of the same kind of boys that endured the hideous hardships of the Civil War,

drank from filthy roadside pools as they marched through swamps of death, ate food alive with weevils, and even corn picked from the horses' camp, slept in the blankets of the blast with sheets of sleet for covering, breakfasted with danger and dined with death, and came back — those who did come back — with a laugh and a shout and a song of joy, true American soldiers, pride of their county, and envy of the world.

For that is the kind of boys the soldiers of 1898 are, notwithstanding the slanders of politicians and the infamy of a leprous press that try to make the world believe our soldiers are suckling babes and womanish weaklings, and our government, in war, a corrupt machine, fattening off the suffering of our armies. In the name of the sturdy soldiery of America I denounce the hissing lies of politicians out of an issue, who are trying to disgrace American manhood in the eyes of the nations. . . .

And the burning question of this campaign is, whether the American people will accept the gifts of events; whether they will rise as lifts their soaring destiny; whether they will proceed upon the lines of national development surveyed by the statesmen of our past; or whether for the first American people doubt their mission, question fate, prove apostate to the spirit of their race, and halt the ceaseless march of free institutions.

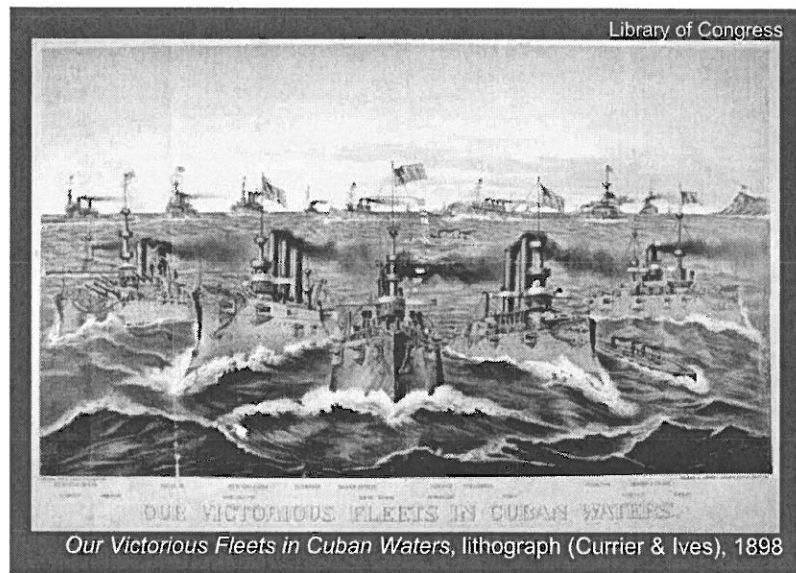
The Opposition tells us that we ought not to govern a people without their consent. I answer, The rule of liberty that all just government derives its authority from the consent of the governed, applies only to those who are capable of self-government. We govern the Indians without their consent, we govern our territories without their consent, we govern our children without their consent. How do they know that our government would be without their consent? Would not the people of the Philippines prefer the just, humane, civilizing government of this Republic to the savage, bloody rule of pillage and extortion from which we have rescued them?

Do not the blazing fires of joy and the ringing bells of gladness in Porto Rico prove the welcome of our flag?

And, regardless of this formula of words made only for enlightened, self-governing people, do we owe no duty to the world? Shall we turn these peoples back to the reeking hands from which we have taken them? Shall we abandon them, with Germany, England, Japan, hungering for them? Shall we save them from those nations, to give them a self-rule of tragedy? It would be like giving a razor to a babe and telling it to shave itself. It would be like giving a typewriter to an Eskimo and telling him to publish one of the great dailies of the world.

This proposition of the Opposition makes the Declaration of Independence preposterous, like the reading of Job's lamentations would be at a wedding or an Altgeld speech on the Fourth of July.

They ask us how we shall govern these new possessions. I answer: Out of local conditions and the necessities of the case methods of government will grow. If England can govern foreign lands, so can America. If Germany can govern foreign lands, so can America. If they can supervise protectorates, so can America. Why is it more difficult to administer Hawaii than New Mexico or California? Both had

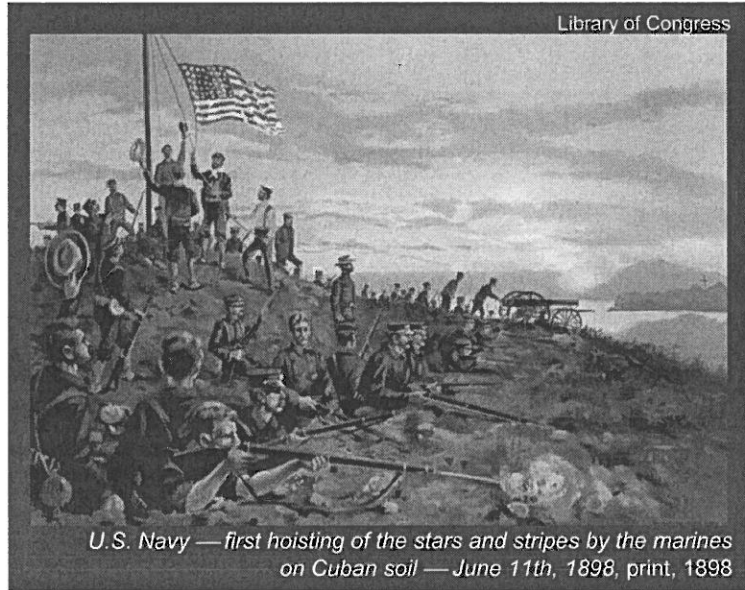


a savage and an alien population; both were more remote from the seat of government when they came under our dominion than Hawaii is to-day.

Will you say by your vote that American ability to govern has decayed; that a century's experience in self-rule has failed of a result? Will you affirm by your vote that you are an infidel to American power and practical sense? Or will you say that ours is the blood of government; ours the heart of dominion; ours the brain and genius of administration? Will you remember that we do but what our fathers did — we but pitch the tents of liberty farther westward, farther southward — we only continue the march of the flag?

The march of the flag!

In 1789 the flag of the Republic waved over 4,000,000 souls in thirteen states, and their savage territory which stretched to the Mississippi, to Canada, to the Floridas. The timid minds of that day said that no new territory was needed, and, for the hour, they were right. But Jefferson, through whose intellect the centuries marched; Jefferson, who dreamed of Cuba as an American state; Jefferson, the first Imperialist of the Republic — Jefferson acquired that imperial territory which swept from the Mississippi to the mountains, from Texas to the British possessions, and the march of the flag began!



The infidels to the gospel of liberty raved, but the flag swept on! The title to that noble land out of which Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana have been carved was uncertain; Jefferson, strict constructionist of constitutional power though he was, obeyed the Anglo-Saxon impulse within him, whose watchword then and whose watchword throughout the world to-day is, "Forward!": another empire was added to the Republic, and the march of the flag went on!

Those who deny the power of free institutions to expand urged every argument, and more, that we hear, to-day; but the people's judgment approved the command of their blood, and the march of the flag went on!

A screen of land from New Orleans to Florida shut us from the Gulf, and over this and the Everglade Peninsula waved the saffron flag of Spain; Andrew Jackson seized both, the American people stood at his back, and, under Monroe, the Floridas came under the dominion of the Republic, and the march of the flag went on!

The Cassandras prophesied every prophecy of despair we hear, to-day, but the march of the flag went on! Then Texas responded to the bugle calls of liberty, and the march of the flag went on! And, at last, we waged war with Mexico, and the flag swept over the southwest, over peerless California, past the Gate of Gold to Oregon on the north, and from ocean to ocean its folds of glory blazed. . . .

. . . To-day, we are making more than we can use. To-day, our industrial society is congested; there are more workers than there is work; there is more capital than there is investment. We do not need more money — we need more circulation, more employment. Therefore we must find new markets for

our produce. And so, while we did not need the territory taken during the past century at the time it was acquired, we do need what we have taken in 1898, and we need it now.

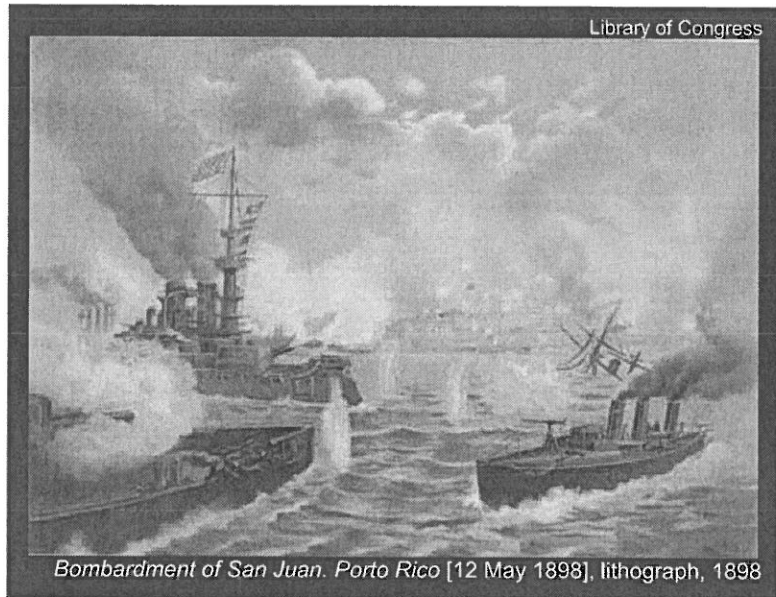
Think of the thousands of Americans who will pour into Hawaii and Porto Rico when the republic's laws cover those islands with justice and safety! Think of the tens of thousands of Americans who will invade mine and field and forest in the Philippines when a liberal government, protected and controlled by this republic, if not the government of the republic itself, shall establish order and equity there! Think of the hundreds of thousands of Americans who will build a soap-and-water, common-school civilization of energy and industry in Cuba, when a government of law replaces the double reign of anarchy and tyranny! — think of the prosperous millions that Empress of Islands will support when, obedient to the law of political gravitation, her people ask for the highest honor liberty can bestow, the sacred Order of the Stars and Stripes, the citizenship of the Great Republic!

What does all this mean for every one of us? It means opportunity for all the glorious young manhood of the republic — the most virile, ambitious, impatient, militant manhood the world has ever seen. It means that the resources and the commerce of these immensely rich dominions will be increased as much as American energy is greater than Spanish sloth; for Americans henceforth will monopolize those resources and that commerce. . . .

Do you indorse that policy with your vote? It means creative investment for every dollar of idle capital in the land — an opportunity for the rich man to do something with his money besides hoarding it or lending it. It means occupation for every workingman in the country at wages which the development of new resources, the launching of new enterprises, the monopoly of new markets always brings. . . .

For the conflicts of the future are to be conflicts of trade — struggles for markets — commercial wars for existence. And the golden rule of peace is impregnability of position and invincibility of preparedness. So, we see England, the greatest strategist of history, plant her flag and her cannon on Gibraltar, at Quebec, in the Bermudas, at Vancouver, everywhere, until, from every point of vantage, her royal banner flashes in the sun. So Hawaii furnishes us a naval base in the heart of the Pacific; the Ladrões another, a voyage further on; Manila another, at the gates of Asia — Asia, Asia, to the trade of whose hundreds of millions American merchants,

American manufacturers, American farmers, have as good a right as those of Germany or France or Russia or England; Asia, whose commerce with England alone, amounts to billions of dollars every year; Asia, to whom Germany looks to take the surplus of her factories and foundries and mills; Asia, whose doors shall not be shut against American trade. Within two decades the bulk of Oriental commerce will be ours, — the richest commerce in the world. In the light of that golden future, our chain of new-won stations rise like ocean sentinels from the night of waters, — Porto Rico, a nobler Gibraltar; the Isthmian canal, a greater Suez; Hawaii, the Ladrões, the Philippines, commanding the Pacific!



Ah! as our commerce spreads, the flag of liberty will circle the globe, and the highways of the ocean — carrying trade of all mankind, be guarded by the guns of the republic. And, as their thunders salute the flag, benighted peoples will know that the voice of Liberty is speaking, at last, for them; that civilization is dawning, at last, for them — Liberty and Civilization, those children of Christ's gospel, who follow and never precede, the preparing march of commerce!

It is the tide of God's great purposes made manifest in the instincts of our race, whose present phase is our personal profit, but whose far-off end is the redemption of the world and the Christianization of mankind. And he who throws himself before that current is like him who, with puny arm, tries to turn the gulf stream from its course, or stay, by idle incantations, the blessed processes of the sun. . . .

Fellow Americans, we are God's chosen people. Yonder at Bunker Hill and Yorktown his providence was above us. At New Orleans and on ensanguined seas his hand sustained us. Abraham Lincoln was his minister and his was the Altar of Freedom, the boys in blue set on a hundred battlefields. His power directed Dewey in the East and delivered the Spanish fleet into our hands on the eve of Liberty's natal day, as he delivered the elder Armada into the hands of our English sires two centuries ago. His great purposes are revealed in the progress of the flag, which surpasses the intentions of Congresses and Cabinets, and leads us like a holier pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night into situations unforeseen by finite wisdom, and duties unexpected by the unprophetic heart of

selfishness. The American people cannot use a dishonest medium of exchange; it is ours to set the world its example of right and honor. We cannot fly from our world duties; it is ours to execute the purpose of a fate that has driven us to be greater than our small intentions. We cannot retreat from any soil where Providence has unfurled our banner; it is ours to save that soil for Liberty and Civilization. For Liberty and Civilization and God's promise fulfilled, the flag must henceforth be the symbol and the sign to all mankind — the flag! —

“Flag of the free heart's hope and home
 By angel hands to valor given,
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all their hues were born in heaven!
 Forever wave that standard sheet,
 Where breathes the toe but falls before us
 With freedom's soil beneath our feet
 And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!”*



* Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820), "The American Flag," 1810s, final stanza of poem.

AP US History – Unit VII Schdeule

Early 20th Century

Mr. Rhinehart February 12th – March ??

Listed below are the tentative due dates for each assignment/activity

Date	Assignment:	
Friday, February 12 th	Intro to Unit – Periodization and Eras => Why Progressivism???? GW: <i>Upton Sinclair, The Jungle</i> excerpt Unit VII Assignment #1 Due	
Tuesday, February 16 th	Finish Slides on Progressivism and reformers ⇒ GW: Practice SA on Environmental Progressivism	
Wednesday, February 17 th	GW: Progressive Awards Ceremony ⇒ Discussion and class awards Discuss Slides on Rise of 1920's Big Business ⇒ Intro w/ Lost Generation and post WWI disillusionment	
Thursday, February 18 th	GW: Ford and Scientific Management's effect on business Discuss slides on Laissez Faire theory and Business Cycles => Presidents of the 1920's ⇒ Discuss Reading on <i>Harding: The Most Scandalous President</i>	
Friday, February 19 th	GW: Hoover's Rugged Individualism Discuss slides on Stock Market Crash and Great Depression ⇒ Discuss Black Blizzard reading HW Assignment=> Personal Letter Unit VII Assignment #2 Due	
Monday, February 22 nd	Discuss Slides on FDR and Hoover Responses ⇒ <i>Go over CCC reading</i> GW: <i>Letters to Mrs. Roosevelt</i> ⇒ <i>Discuss and compare</i> HW Assignment Personal Letter Due	
Tuesday, February 23rd	Finish Notes on FDR's New Deal GW: Hoover vs FDR chart ⇒ Go over and discuss Discussion of New Deal Graphical Activity => Go over charts and conclusion	
Wednesday, February 24 th	Discuss Slides on New Deal Opposition & Legacy GW: SA Practice Question New Deal or No Deal?	
Thursday, February 25 th	Finish Discussion of GW: Pro vs Con New Deal Intro w/ discussion of 1920's Automobiles reading Discuss Slides on new 1920's Cultural expressions => "Roaring 20's" GW: Youth Slang Activity Unit V Assignment #3 Due	
Friday, February 26 th	Finish 1920's Slang Activity Intro: Discuss 1920's Heroes reading and Q's Discuss slides on 1920's Cultural Conflict GW: Repeal of Prohibition	

Monday, February 29 th	Finish Repeal GW and Discussion reasons Video: 1920's Attitudes toward technology => Increase standard of living???? ⇒ It's a Gift vs Modern Times w/ Charlie Chaplin Discuss slides => Modern Technology and Cultural Expression in 1920's	
Tuesday, March 1 st	Discuss Slides => Migration and Immigration in the Early 20 th Century ⇒ Limitations and Sacco/Vanzetti GW/HW: Sacco and Vanzetti Trial (Mock Trial) Immigration SA Practice Question	
Wednesday, March 2 nd	Discuss slides on Internal US migration (WWI & WWII; Okies and Great Migration) GW: Mapping Internal Migration	
Thursday, March 3 rd	<i>Unit VII Key Dates Exam</i> Finish GW: Mapping Migration Go over Great Migration reading Start Discussion of 1920's DBQ on Societal tension and Conflict	