

Introduction

Cyrus Eaton remembered vividly celebrating Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in Pugwash, a port on the north coast of Nova Scotia. The town was jammed with a holiday crowd, "replete with drunks," he said. "Everyone came in from the surrounding countryside. I was 13; I drove my younger sister, Eva, and two younger cousins the five miles from our farm in a wagon called a Democrat." Why the name? "Possibly because benches ran the length of the sides of the wagon, facing each other. Very democratic; no distinction between seats.

"The harbor was full of ships from many countries; they took the day off, too. There were rowing races between crews, and townsfolk were invited to visit the ships. When I wasn't looking, Eva went out to one, with some other children. I was worried and furious; I was supposed to take care of her; she was 12. But she came back safe, and lorded it over the rest of us. I can't think why my mother and father let us go. They probably thought it was an occasion we would always remember. All I wanted to do was take them all home, as fast as I could."

Two years later, he was the school marshal at his boarding school in Amherst, 30 miles from home, with a red ribbon slanted across his chest, who marched his schoolmates to the station to cheer soldiers going through on their way to Halifax and the Boer War. There were the Strathcona Horse, from the West, a regiment outfitted by Lord Strathcona. "The most magnificent animals I ever saw," he said. "Lord Strathcona was with them - and Lady Strathcona, a beautiful, elegant lady. They got off, too, to walk about. We cheered them all."

Cecil Rhodes was his hero, "Cape to Cairo" was the idea, and Nova Scotia was part of a great empire upon which the sun never set. (Much later he said, "The Boer War was Britain's Vietnam - except the British won.")

In 1976, we attended a luncheon in Halifax given by the Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia for Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, after their visit to the United States Bicentennial. When he was presented, Cyrus delighted the Queen by saying, "Your Highness, during the first twenty years of my life my Queen was Victoria."

From Victoria's reign to Elizabeth's, Cyrus' experiences are the stuff of a biography which illustrates the twentieth century in the United States and Canada - and put the word, "Pugwash", in the Oxford Dictionary. We discussed a would-be biographer once. "Anyone who understands what I was trying to do in electric power, iron ore, steel, coal, rubber, railroads, and finance," he said, "can't write. And vice versa." There are a daunting 400 boxes of his papers at the Western Reserve Historical Society in Cleveland, Ohio, his headquarters.

What he was trying to do in foreign policy is my interest; this is written for my grandchildren so they will know my view of the changes in the United States' idea of itself and its role in the world during the twentieth century - changes I witnessed growing up, changes during the twenty years when Cyrus and I moved in the Imperialist Circles and Red Suares whose mutual antagonism took up almost half the century, and changes I saw through the eyes of my early mentors, my father and grandfather. Both were Ohio lawyers and judges, thoughtful observers of their own times. (The family came to Ohio from Pennsylvania in 1800; they were all Democrats, the kind of Democrats, said my father, "who made most Republicans look like wild-eyed radicals.") They took the law seriously, as philosophy, as evidence of the tentative and experimental character of judgment, and as the external authority, demanded by society, which fixes standards of responsibility. They didn't hold with metaphysical abstractions generally ("Manifest Destiny", for instance, was dismissed as romantic nonsense), and certainly not in matters of law. Law consisted of the Constitution, the Bill of Rights and whatever legislation the Congress "in its less than infinite wisdom" passed. The Supreme Court's awesome authority was to interpret law; it had no business making it. They spoke of Holmes and Brandeis, and Learned Hand. They both had extraordinary libraries.

The library was the heart of the Eaton house at Acadia Farms, between Cleveland and Akron. It was large, panelled, with a fireplace, a worn leather couch and Morris chair among comfortable, slipcovered furniture. Philosophy, science, and history dominated. Shakespeare was in recessed shelves over the fireplace, and Leslie Stephen, Hazlitt, Saint Beuve and assorted essayists behind glass doors in an antique secretary. Plato and Aristotle were relegated to a small, booklined hall to the living room, alongside Standard and Poor, Moody's, the 11th Edition of the Encyclopedia Brittanica, and a complete set of George Eliot. Books were everywhere in the house (most with white paper markers sticking out of their tops), before I moved mine in when we married in 1957. Fortunately, my bookcases were freestanding and came, too, to an upstairs sitting room which became my study and office.

On the library walls were photo portraits of the men he called his intellectual ancestors: Darwin, Huxley, Hume, Spinoza, Epictetus, Erasmus. Mill, William James (there was a complete set of Henry James in the living room), Herbert Spencer, and John Morley. He didn't have likenesses of Marcus Aurelius or Milton. In the living room, within reach of an easy chair by the fireplace, a complete set of the complete works of the British poets filled a shelf and a half. There was, inevitably, a first edition set of Kipling in another of the four living room bookcases. But the two volumes permanently in his bedroom were the Oxford Book of

Reading matter which came in and out of the house on a daily basis was the London Times, New York Times, Toronto Globe, Chicago Tribune, Wall Street Journal, and the Cleveland and Akron papers. Time and Newsweek slid in and out, with Fortune and Forbes. Often the Manchester Guardian came home from the office, and the occasional Le Monde. Cyrus said he learned to scan newspapers when he was an overnight guest of Herbert Hoover at the White House. In the elevator as they descended for breakfast was a sampling of the nation's newspapers for the President's perusal. By the time the elevator stopped he had read the headlines, noted lead stories, and read the editorial headlines in all of them. Cyrus started his newspaper habit when he helped his father, the postmaster at Pugwash Junction: he read all the newspapers that came on the mail train, no matter where they came from.

Outdoor gear was also in great supply at Acadia: riding boots, tramping boots, waterproof boots, ski boots, snow shoes, ice skates, skis, riding habits (informal and pink coat), riding gloves, crops, whips, sweaters, mittens, ski outfits, caps with ear flaps, swimming trunks, tennis racquets and balls, canes, and a cattle prod. Guests could be outfitted for anything - whether they wanted to be or not.

It was an old-fashioned, white frame, green shuttered farm house purchased in 1912 from the many descendants of a Connecticut farmer who moved to the Western Reserve after the American Revolution. An old lilac stood by the front door. Sunday dinners were at one o'clock and apt to be roast beef with Yorkshire pudding.

I leave the business career to the would-be biographer, except to note that he was controversial early on: when his business counterparts were strike-breaking, he said management and labor must learn to get along, if capitalism was to survive. (He said the same about capitalism and communism later.) He thought every employee should be a stockholder - an idea that appears frequently now. He thought Wall Street had unfair control of the major financing in the country. a virtual monopoly by a few New York banking houses. In the 1920s, when he was a spectacularly successful young man, a representative of one of them came to Cleveland to tell him that he belonged on Wall Street (not here in the sticks, was implied), and invited him to join the firm he represented. "I was naive enough to tell him what I thought," Cyrus said, "that major financing should be done in many places across the country: Cleveland, Chicago, Kansas City, the West Coast. I even went into my economic reasons, the good of the country, and so on. I'll never forget the look on that fellow's face. I made enemies that day." He did more than that to irritate Wall Street: in the '30s he forced acceptance of competitive bidding on railroad and public utility bonds. He continued to follow the early advice of an older friend in the U.S. Senate: "Young man, rock the boat!" He rocked a good many.

He said the biggest influence in his young life was his young uncle, Charles Eaton, a Baptist minister who came from Pugwash via Toronto to John D. Rockefeller's church in Cleveland, early in the century. Uncle Charlie urged him to go to boarding school in Amherst, when he was 12, then on to another in Ontario, and to McMaster University in Toronto. "Uncle Charlie thought I showed promise," he said.

During the summer vacation before entering college, he visited his aunt and uncle in Cleveland. They were living in a hotel while their house was being readied. He immediately found a job as night clerk. The next Sunday the Rockefellers invited the minister and his family to dinner after church. Mrs. Rockefeller asked what Cyrus' plans were for the summer. "I was proud to report my job. She felt that night clerk at a downtown hotel was not suitable for such an innocent, and said, 'John, don't you have something here for Cyrus to do?' Mr. Rockefeller said he would find something if I wanted to come. I thanked him and then gave an answer I imagine he'd never heard from anyone to whom he offered a job. I said I would have to see if the hotel manager would release me from our agreement. The hotel manager said, 'Boy, if John D. offered me a job, I'd turn the hotel over to you to run. Go!'

"I became errand boy, luggage carrier, messenger boy to the golf course when Mr. Rockefeller was playing, sometimes with Uncle Charlie in the foursome, and the one who shinned up the flag pole on top of the three story house when the rope was tangled. I did that only because none of groundskeepers would. Mr. Rockefeller was very grateful." He also became a sort of security guard, riding to church in the buggy with the family, after a threat to Mr. Rockefeller's life. He returned each summer, as an assistant, while he worked his way through college as a salesman at Birk's in Toronto after classes, on Saturdays, and on winter vacations.

Mr. Rockefeller, too, thought he showed promise; he urged him to leave college to work full time for him. But "Mother wanted me to be a minister, so I finished," with the highest grade in Philosophy. (The set of Aristotle was the prize.) Many in his class, 1902, became missionaries. The idea that seized them was "the evangelization of the world in one generation," a crusade that had followers in the States, as well. "The best and brightest were sent on that fool's errand," he said, "Spent their whole lives on it."

But Mr. Rockefeller was a great influence, too. "He persuaded me that I could do more for my fellow man by creating jobs than by preaching. And by then I knew I could do well in business." He went to work full time, after a summer ranching in Saskatchewan, his first vacation in four years. In 1906 he married Margaret House, the beautiful daughter of a highly respected physician, whom he met at Uncle Charlie's church. There were seven children, two boys. In 1913 he became an American citizen. "I didn't mind at all

swearing allegiance to the United States," he said, "But there is a requirement to foreswear your former country; they go to great lengths about it - as though you had to forget everything. I thought that was hard. So was the 4th of July. The first time I was in the States for the 4th I couldn't believe the racket. It went on from dawn to dusk, scared horses, and seemed to me a terrible way to observe the day. It still does. I never allowed any firecrackers at the farm." Or guns: no hunting.

Through Mr. Rockefeller's decision to found the University of Chicago, Cyrus met William Rainey Harper, the brilliant first President, and his son, Sam when they visited Forest Hill. He and Sam became friends. At his father's urging, Sam studied the Russian language, history, and culture six months of the year in Russia. The other six he taught Russian at the University. "Dr. Harper felt that Russia, with its vast resources, should be better known in the United States. Sam was there before, during, and after the Revolution; he really loved the Russian people. He wrote many books." One is The Russia I Believe In. Cyrus suggested that the University of Chicago reprint it at the height of the Cold War. A certain reluctance was indicated, but since Cyrus underwrote it, it was done, and distributed widely.

He became a trustee of the University early on and participated as often as possible in the seminars and lectures planned for trustees. Through the University he met Bertrand Russell who was welcomed there at one point in his controversial career. Robert Hutchins, also, became a friend, and Laurence Kimpton, the President at the time the atomic chain reaction was achieved in the lab under Stagg Field. Other scholars from many disciplines became friends and visitors: He preferred to spend vacations fishing with such, and with Uncle Charlie and their cousin, Avery Shaw, another Baptist imported from Canada, who was the President of Denison University in Ohio.

Cyrus was elected a Denison trustee, too, winning against Warren Harding, the choice of the southern Ohio alumni. When Harding was elected President in 1920 there was some regret over the choice of trustee, but it didn't last. Cyrus claimed that it was he who first said Harding looked like a President. I hadn't meant it kindly," he said, "but it caught on. His looks were the only thing presidential about him."

In the 1920s, he and Uncle Charlie returned to Pugwash for the first time; their families had left long since. A fire had devastated the wharfs and warehouses on the riverfront and the town hadn't recovered. They bought up the ruined waterfront for a park, and the adjoining 1800s house built by a relative who built sailing ships. It had three staircases and seven bedrooms, and it stood on a beautiful point where the Pugwash River enters the Northumberland Strait. They hired a prominent Halifax architect to add seven bathrooms and a room and bath for an innkeeper. A big

lobster factory on the property was converted to a dining room which seated fifty. AN interior decorator furnished it all with early Nova Scotian and English antiques, and they hired someone to run the whole thing. The idea was to bring tourist dollars to Pugwash, and to provide employment for cooks, maids, groundskeepers, and boatmen to take the guests on the river. The inn did all that and continued until Canada went to war in 1939.

At the same time he acquired 1000 acres around Deep Cove, on the South Shore west of Halifax, where the coast is granite, the ocean icy, and the forest primeval. He commissioned the same architect to build a summer house, told him to build and furnish it, and let him know when it

So the first time he saw it, coming by boat across Mahone Bay from Chester, the lights were on, a staff was there, dinner was being prepared. His son and namesake, age 10, was with him. It was a man's house, full of unpeeled hickory furniture and hooked rugs, a "cabin" three stories high, with servants' quarters, a butler, chef and maids, a place to lead the simple life.

A beautiful, curving, birch-lined drive sweeps up a hill to it; from the veranda the lawn slopes to the shore. The view of the bay goes on forever. Summers there were a flurry of sailing, swimming, canoeing, picnicking on far islands, hiking up the wooded hills behind the house, exploring the cove and a freshwater lake.

These acquisitions in Nova Scotia were completed just in time for the 1929 Crash - which I leave to the biographer, as I do his divorce in 1934.

During his stay there in 1940 he was invited to take lunch with Admiral Bonham-Carter on the flagship of the British North Atlantic Fleet, in the famous Halifax Harbor, where all the convoys made up. "We had a most elegant luncheon, elegantly served. When Bonham Carter toasted the King, he said, looking at his wine glass, 'This is all we have left of our late ally, France.' I said I could not see how England could survive without help, and the U.S. was dead against going in. 'We want your overage destroyers,' he said. 'If we could get them, we could take care of ourselves. Can you do anything?' I told him I would try.

"Uncle Charlie was in Congress by then, a Republican from New Jersey, in Woodrow Wilson's old seat, and Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. I contacted him; he went to Roosevelt. Roosevelt was delighted. He told Uncle Charlie, 'If you will take care of the Republicans, I can handle the Democrats.' So they went to work. That was one story about the beginning of Lend-Lease; I'm sure there are many.

"Uncle Charlie had hosts of friends in Washington. He was a great, witty after-dinner speaker. People knew his Canadian background, and how intense his sympathies were. A story around town was about Uncle Charlie and King George, on a visit to Washington just before the war. When Uncle

Charlie was introduced as Nova Scotian, King George asked where he was born and then wanted to know where Pugwash was. 'Your Highness,' said Uncle Charlie, 'Everyone knows that Pugwash is halfway between Shinimacac and Tatamagouche.' Apparently King George remembered this, because when Princess Elizabeth visited Washington, after the war, Uncle Charlie's daughter, Margaret, represented him at a reception; he was not well. On hearing that Margaret's father was from Nova Scotia, the Princess said, 'Oh, yes. Is it true that Pugwash is halfway between Shinimacac and Tatamagouche?' Margaret swears that this is true. "I believe it; I heard Margaret tell the story at a family reunion in Pugwash, and she was not the sort to embroider a story, let alone fabricate one.

the story of Steep Rock Iron Mines is too good to leave to the would-be biographer alone: even The Readers' Digest digested it. When the U.S. went to war, it needed an assured source of iron ore. A huge amount lay under a deep lake in a remote spot in Canada. Mining engineers had given up on getting it out, years earlier. Cyrus learned of it, had engineers look it over, bought it for a song, and negotiated monumental loans from the U.S. and Canada to develop it. A tunnel was dug under the lake, leaving a rock plug to be dynamited out, to act as a drain for a mammoth bathtub. The huge risk was whether the water would go out with enough force to keep the tunnel open; otherwise the ore would still be covered. At the final step the plug was pulled, and it worked. The story had everything: patriotism, allied cooperation, great risk-taking, and success. The Readers' Digest did not report that success was especially sweet because so many others, including some with Wall Street connections, had spent millions deciding it couldn't be done. Steep Rock was a grand example of the way he accomplished three things in one move: it provided an assured source, gave employment to hundreds, and, he said, "It got me off the flypaper."

After the war, Cyrus reopened the Pugwash Lodge for international meetings of scholars. At one of them was a Soviet historian who was also head of the Soviet Steel Institute.. His reports on steel output in the Soviet Union were surprising and interesting.

In 1955, the State Department insisted, over Cyrus' objection, that he entertain in Cleveland a group of Soviet journalists who wanted to meet a typical American capitalist. Cyrus felt he didn't qualify - and as always was busy - but he finally agreed. Among them were Khrushchev's son-in-law, Alexei Adzubei, who became editor of Izvestia, and Boris Polevoi, a popular novelist. Any visit to Acadia included a tour of the cattle barns (boots for everyone) and Cyrus learned that the Soviets were still raising dual purpose animals (for both beef and milk), a practice abandoned in the U.S. fifty years earlier. He decided to

send a bull and some heifers to the U.S.S.R. to improve beef production, and because "it is better to exchange bulls than bullets." The phrase suffers and dies in translation, but its meaning does not.

The same year Albert Einstein and Bertrand Russell issued an Appeal to Scientists to gather to assess the dangers of the nuclear age. India offered to host it, but the Suez crisis intervened. A meeting place was needed; Cyrus volunteered the Pugwash facilities to Russell. It was a natural for Cyrus: three objectives with one move. It assured a meeting which he felt was of the utmost importance in light of the warning by the scientists; it provided brilliant brains to pick, some of whom he had known when they worked on the chain reaction at the University of Chicago; and it would put Pugwash on the map and help the town and the Province.

So much for a sketch of Cyrus Eaton; for more, see an old
Who's Who.

The rest of the introduction, I write about the the United States I knew as I grew up, and of events which seem to have shaped the extraordinary change in the nation's view of itself since 1900. It offers a point of view for my grandchildren to consider, and it answers that timeless question by children: what was it like when you were young?

The book is based on letters to my father, diaries, and scrapbooks - thirty two scrapbooks which I put together each year as presents for Cyrus. (I am still unable to think of Christmas without smelling paste.) Reporting to my father became such a habit that even after he died I continued, as though to him. It made for more careful writing; early on he pointed out that the difference between a man who did rough carpentry and a skilled cabinet maker applied to any kind of endeavor. He said of Cyrus, his client in the early days, that he was in the master cabinet maker category. "He was the perfect witness, ten questions ahead of the cross-examiner and framing his answers in such a way that he led the cross-examiner to ask the questions Cyrus wanted to answer. It was a pleasure to watch."

My introduction to foreign affairs happened on an Armistice Day in the late 1920s when I was seven or eight. A man with one arm came to our front door selling red paper poppies, ten cents apiece. He had fought in the war against Germany, Mother told me after he left, and had lost his arm. He was raising money for other disabled veterans. Mother bought a whole bouquet of them and asked if he wanted a cup of coffee. He didn't. She wished him the best of luck. When he was gone she stuck a poppy through my hair ribbon and we went into the sun room, to the piano.

She could play anything, with or without music (learned Maple Leaf Rag listening to a player piano and ripped it

off) but she was a singer, primarily. So overall her repertoire was a mix of pieces like Musetta's Song, any of Irving Berlin, Napoli, If I Had You (the Prince of Wales's favorite, it said on the sheet music cover), the choral music that her ladies' singing group did at concerts, the latest Gershwin tune (from hearing it on the radio), a bit of Wagner, and all the Victor Herbert and Romberg operetta songs. You never knew what was coming.

On that day it was Over There, in honor of the veteran. Then Roses Are Blooming in Picardy without any preamble, as though she were singing it to herself. Then she recited In Flanders' Field, to explain the poppy. (She could recite yards of Hiawatha and Evangeline, and poems like "Say not the struggle naught availeth!" or Lowell's that ended "Not failure, but low aim, is crime.") In Flanders Field was sad, so she sang Goodby Broadway, Hello France which ended "We're going to square out debt to you." What debt? France had helped us in the war against England: the American Revolution, Fourth of July. Then Yankee Doodle Dandy and It's A Grand Old Flag. Then back to It's A Long Way to Tipperary. What was Picadilly? A place in London, in England; this was an English song from the war. Was England on our side? We were on their side, she said. Then realizing my predicament: "The American Revolution was a long time ago. Things change. You'll learn all about it in school." Then she played The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers, a favorite of mine.

One interpreter of twentieth century America¹ calls the 1920's the zenith of personal security, liberty, privacy, and of many other achievements of English law and what he calls the bourgeois spirit. He uses bourgeois in its original sense: a free man, possessing full municipal rights, a city man, urban and urbane. This kind of freedom became a matter of spirit, not status, he goes on, of aspirations and standards rather than wealth or income, of a sense of personal authenticity and liberty, the desire for privacy, the sense of security, durability of possessions, permanence of residence, and the urbanity of the standards of civilized life.

That suits our household, with emphasis on education in "the standards of civilized life." My father was a trial lawyer in a large (then) firm of 50. (It now numbers 600; its offices dot the country and Europe. One is in Saudi Arabia.) He came to Cleveland from a small Ohio town after college and law school. His Bar Examination score was the highest ever given to that time. His connections were good: his father was a Court of Appeals Judge, Second Circuit, his mother graduated from Oberlin with several Cleveland men who were lawyers, and he had Kenyon College friends. When his salary reached \$50. a month he felt he could afford to marry, after a six year engagement during which mother taught school and saved her money, back in the home town. They married in 1915.

The first thing Mother saved for was the baby grand Steinway which cost \$1000. It was appraised recently at \$30,000. and still has a tone that is to the ear what Floating Island is to the tongue: not sweet, but creamy, rich, full of goodness, satisfying. The furniture she bought for that house- antiques and new - is used now by her children, grandchildren and greatgrandchildren. Even some of the upholstery fabric is too good to change. There surely was an atmosphere of quality, durability, and permanence. And comfort. It was a big, white, frame house with green shutters, all kinds of extra rooms, a pantry, back stairs, and servants' quarters on the third floor, where the German couple stayed. It was in a shady suburb of The Forest City, as Cleveland called itself. The trees were exceptional: tall old oak, maple and elm in every yard of a well-kept prosperous neighborhood of families with young children, only three blocks from the school. Our house had a double lot, space for a formal flower garden, lily pond, and, behind the garage, hidden by shrubbery, a playhouse with a dutch door and glass windows that opened.

The 20s did not roar in that neighborhood; sounds were muted. The internal combustion engine - on which, with women's suffrage, my father blamed the decline of the Republic - had only begun to assault the national eardrum. Only neighborhood cars were on our street, which was far off the main thoroughfare with the streetcar line. Well oiled push mowers purred quietly through the summers. Even the voices of mothers calling their children home (that ageless minor third) had a musical quality - perhaps it came from confidence that the children were safe wherever they were.

In the breakfast room that Armistice Day morning, the maid told me, "This was a sad day for Germany." I knew two other Germans. One was the smiling Butter and Egg Man who brought his willow basket to the kitchen door and spoke in German to mother. (German was required in high school until the war.) So many things were delivered: glass milk bottles with the cream at the top under pasteboard lids, brought in a horse-drawn van; ice with bits of sawdust on it, from another such van which the neighborhood children followed in summer to be given little pieces of ice that were knocked off when the iceman's tongs grabbed a big block and he swung it onto his shoulder. It was ice cut from Lake Erie and packed in sawdust in big icehouses; it tasted wonderful, like the lake when we went swimming. Dry cleaning was picked up and delivered, too, but our laundry was done at home, in the basement, by a laundress who came once a week. We had the latest thing, a padded electric-roller monster which ironed sheets and flat pieces, emitting puffs of steam when dampened linen was fed into it. The maid told me the inventor, Mangel, was a German.

Even the doctor came, with terrible tasting Argyrol to swab a sore throat, and other medicine in his bag. He drove a Ford. So did the other German I knew, the piano tuner, an

old man with steel rim glasses who looked sad until he told mother what opera role his daughter was learning. If mother sang a snatch of it, he would brighten even more and accompany her.

Mother seldom sat down except at the piano or the sewing machine, a Singer with a pedal to make it go. She made dresses for me and took them to a convent downtown for smocking. She dressed Patsy dolls for the Presbyterian Church bazaar: coats, matching tams, dresses, even underwear. She made things for my Patsy doll, too, while she was at it, and curtains for my Kindergarten room. She knew the teachers very well because my brother, Gene, started to school there six years before I did. Mother made the Singer go at a real clip, the way she played Maple Leaf Rag.

Beside my four real Germans, who seemed nice enough, I had seen pictures of the Kaiser in a silver helmet with a spike on top in a book in our library called The Great War. It had other terrible pictures which I knew I was not supposed to see: dead soldiers lying twisted in the mud, shell holes with alive and dead soldiers together, big guns called Big Berthas and French 75's, flimsy looking airplanes going down in flames, a plane on the ground with a pilot's head sticking out of the cockpit wearing a black helmet that fastened under his chin, and goggles. The words under it were "German Ace." Three uncles had come home from the war; their pictures in uniforms were in a big decorated box of family pictures on the piano.

After Mother had finished The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers, she turned to me. "I heard that during the war, on Christmas Day, both sides decided not to fight and the armies were so close together that they could call to each other from their trenches. They said Merry Christmas and gave each other chocolate and cigarettes. They even sang Christmas carols together, in German and English. The next day they went back to trying to kill each other." There were tears in her eyes when she finished. That, because Mother didn't cry that I knew of, and the idea that there was something that would intervene in a war, if given a chance, have made me remember that day. Whatever it was was not religious, though religion was its opportunity, in that instance. I had no word for it.

At about the same time, I was introduced to the Spanish American War, the Declaration of Independence, and to the judicial branch of the resulting form of government.

We always celebrated the 4th of July at Grandfather's big house in the small home town, Findlay, the Hancock County seat. Grandfather had retired from the bench,, but not before I was old enough to go along, once, when Dad took my brother to the courthouse to meet Grandfather before lunch at the Elks' Club.

Lunch uptown with Grandfather was a big event for me; I always wanted to be as grown up as my brother but will never

achieve it. It's not only that he's six years older; he was born wiser. I was in my best dress, a dotted swiss, smocked by Mother's nuns, with white collar and cuffs. Gene wore a dark blue suit (knickers), a white shirt and a tie. He was very handsome and grown up, about 13. I know how we looked from an old snapshot. Dad explained that a courtroom was like a church: everyone had to be quiet because something serious was going on.

The courtroom was big, beautiful, high ceilinged, and panelled in walnut. We sat at the back. There were almost no people except up close to the bench at the other end. They had their backs to us, so I couldn't hear what one of them was saying, though the room was still. Behind the high desk, listening to him, was Grandfather in a black robe, looking like God. He was not at all the man who left the house after breakfast singing Little Annie Rooney Is My Sweetheart. Presently he hit the desk with a wooden mallet, and stood up. Everyone in the room stood up. He disappeared through a door in the wall.

In his chambers. without his robe, he was himself, with the twinkle in his eye when he said, "My dear young lady! What an honor to have you here!", and shook hands. Getting into the spirit of the thing, I curtsied. He greeted Gene in the same way. Gene bowed, the way he had to at a piano recital. Dad said, "Good morning, Your Honor." Then we changed into ourselves again. He showed us the view of town from his chambers window, called in his secretary and the bailiff to meet us, picked up his skimmer straw hat, and led us out.

In the rotunda, positioned to catch the visitor's eye, was a glass case with a huge bathtub, gleaming white, with brass fittings. Grandfather seemed to walk faster as we approached, but he had my hand and I stopped.

"This is Findlay's trophy from the Spanish-American War," he said. "The captain's bathtub from the battleship Maine. I hope you will never see a less appropriate furnishing for a courthouse. Or a less appropriate war, for that matter."

"How did it get here?" I wanted to know.

"A long story", said Grandfather. "Long and foolish. It was on a ship that sank in Havana harbor and started the Spanish American War." He looked at me thoughtfully. "Never mind," he said. "Let's go to lunch."

"But how did it get here if it was sunk?"

"The ship was raised," Gene said. "And everyone wanted a souvenir. I think the mast is at Arlington Cemetery." He knew all about it, of course; he'd been there before. That was always the way.

"That's right," Grandfather said. "But not everyone wanted a souvenir, especially a bathtub. This was supposed to go to Urbana, but some clubladies there had the good sense to refuse it. So it's here."

"Should be a wax figure of Hearst in it," Dad said, "trying to get clean."

Grandfather chuckled. "Especially since the Maine blew herself up. The tub's an appropriate symbol of one thing: the country's been in hot water ever since. We're about to celebrate the 4th of July, Independence Day," he said, more to Gene than to me. (That was always the way.) "We fought a war to get out of an empire. Then we fell into the same trap and began an empire of our own. Mexico, Cuba, the Philippines, Puerto Rico, Guam..." He looked very stern.

"Remember the Maine bathtub," Dad said, and Grandfather laughed.

"I'm profoundly grateful that the Lusitania went down where she did. Who knows what other plumbing we might have had on display." Then he said to my brother and me, "Aren't you ready for lunch? I am," and we left.

Everyone seemed to know Grandfather and to want to speak to him, even out on the street. When we went into the Elks' Club there was a flurry of waiters and people who were having lunch but stood up when we came into the dining room. There were old friends of Dad's, too, so it was a long time before we sat down. When we were leaving an old man passed us on the steps and tipped his hat. As we went down to the sidewalk grandfather said, "He's one who was determined to get the damned bathtub. It was in a chicken coop in Urbana." We were at the curb. "They've just made him an Elder of the Presbyterian Church. To my personal knowledge he's broken nine of the Ten Commandments. It would have been a clean sweep if he'd had the slightest interest in graven images."

My father's explosion of delighted laughter tipped his head back and stopped him dead still at the edge of Main Street. We had to wait for him to stop before we could cross. Even then, while we walked around back of the courthouse to the car, he started all over again.

Now we were back for another 4th, and Dad and Grandfather were getting out of the car in the port cochere. It still had the high step designed for stepping out of a buggy. They had armloads of paper sacks filled with firecrackers: cherry bombs, snakes, Roman candles, sparklers, every kind of noise or display maker. Fireworks were legal. The first bomb in the neighborhood went off around sunrise, and my cousins' dog raced upstairs where he spent the day under a bed until after the last Roman Candle.

We were waiting for them: my cousins and Gene and I, and my Aunt Gretchen, who was a year younger than Dad and just like him. She and my uncle and the boys lived in Grandfather's big house because Grandmother died in 1926. Aunt Gretchen was a tomboy; she was always ready to stop whatever she was supposed to be doing to do things with us, like making the Model T jump around the goose egg, a drive that went from the porte cochere to the barn and back in a big oval. I don't know how she did it - something about letting the clutch out quickly - but the car jumped like a rabbit and we were in it, holding on to the seats, and loving it. She was the kind who didn't mind if you squashed

spirea berries on the front walk to make them pop; she even stepped on a few herself.

"For heaven's sake, Judge," she said to Grandfather, "You have enough to blow up the town. You'll have to lay down the law to the children."

"My fault," Dad said. "We're celebrating the second year of the Judge's retirement, too." He was helping Grandfather up the high step. He looked very frail, and his face was very white.

"Not quite," Grandfather said. "I've had a client I didn't tell you about."

Dad looked angry, "What client?"

"No one you know, not even from town. I'll tell you later."

Then he had us all sit down while he explained the rules about the firecrackers. He showed us each kind and told what it did and how far to stay from it once it was lit. Then he drilled the boys on the rules; he gave them a sort of test, holding up one kind after the other, and asking how to handle it. He had a package of punk for me. "You are the most important person here," he said. "You sit on the steps and hold the punk, and the boys have to come to you to light their firecrackers."

I wasn't sure how much of an honor that was. I looked at Dad. "After dark, you and I will shoot off Roman candles together," he said. "And there are some sparklers you can do all by yourself."

That afternoon we all went to the cemetery, Mother, too. She and I stayed with her parents who lived on the next street. We went back and forth. I roller skated over every morning because there was a lot more going at Aunt Gretchen's. I loved my other grandparents, so I was always wondering what I was missing, wherever I was. It was a terrible skate: the side walk was brick in a herringbone pattern.