

# Death by Air Transport

by LLOYD S. GRAHAM

I

WITH THE nonchalance of steamship, train, or automobile travel you take to air transport. You buy your ticket at a ticket agency, a travel bureau, or at the point of departure. Arrived at the air port a few minutes before the time-table says you are to depart, you see a routine, businesslike activity. The big plane is on the cement apron with its three motors idling—warming up. A United States mail truck is alongside the craft and sacks are being passed swiftly in and stowed. A mechanic is puttering around. With him is the assistant pilot, keeping a cautious eye on things. Passengers are loitering near-by, last-chatting with friends.

The pilot arrives, a competent appearing, youngish man in civilian clothes. They say he flew during the war; has flown thousands of hours without a crack-up, knows perfectly how to handle this huge crate with its three powerful steeds. He takes his seat and revvs up the motors, talks a moment with the mechanic and the assistant pilot who climbs in beside him. His arrival has been the signal for renewed activity. Passengers take their places, baggage is stowed, the mail compartment is closed, last good-byes are said, the inevitable late arrival arrives breathless and takes his place with obvious relief, the entrance of the plane is closed and securely fastened.

Revved up in a steady throaty roar, the huge craft swings out and down the runway, turns into the wind. Motors roar out still louder, speed increases swiftly, a bump or two and then

the sensation of a delightful smoothness. The plane is in the air—on time. The earth recedes in a pretty pattern of greens and browns. The passengers relax and settle themselves. There are three men traveling together, all experienced travelers. One is a national figure, jolly, quick-witted. The girl in the rear seat

watches the big man curiously and with concealed amusement. She recalls the talk he once gave before her sorority. The trio are enjoying themselves hugely. Above the roar of the motors scraps of their conversation float to the others.

Two other men, traveling alone, are reading newspapers and magazines. The late-comer rushing to the deathbed of his mother, is ill at ease. He is pale and he grips the arms of his chair. It is evidently his first experience in the air, and not exactly satisfactory. A couple, quite obviously honeymooners, are excited, thrilled. Then there is a mechanic of the air transport line in transfer to another point.

The plane, bathed in sunshine, heads into the west. Clouds there are, but high, very high. Down below, fairyland villages and countryside.

An hour of this and the light is not so bright. The pilot notes clouds ahead, close to the earth. No clouds on the route in his latest weather reports. He looks at his assistant significantly. The latter shrugs. They fly on. Should they land? Why should they? You are running an air line on schedule. You just cannot land every time you see a cloud bank. You take off and go through often



when conditions are far from perfect. In fact, perfect conditions are the exception.

Slowly they pull up for altitude. The sky is clear above and before the passengers know it they are sailing over a fleecy, billowy mass of clouds. But in another half hour there is haze ahead and no signs of a break in the fog below. They are up to five thousand feet. Their destination is not far ahead. They ought to find a break and land in the next fifteen minutes. In the narrowing lane between the upper and lower cloud banks they keep on. If it only remains open a few minutes the pilot thinks he can circle down through the clouds below and find a few hundred feet of precious space between the clouds and the earth and hedge-hop to his destination. If it closes in on him. . . .

The assistant pilot glances back to the passenger compartment. The girl is dozing. The mechanic gives him an understanding look. The three men are still talking, laughing. The two lone travelers are sound asleep. But the late arrival still sits unrelaxed, staring with widened eyes out of the window at the swirling gray masses, alone with his thoughts. The wedge of visibility peters out.

Gradually the pilot noses the plane down through the white under-layer, hoping to come out in the clear — feeling gingerly for the ground, if you can speak of anyone feeling gingerly for the ground at a speed of ninety miles an hour. He slides open his window, taking it on the face. The assistant does likewise on his side. They ought to be down. The pilot straightens out the plane, straining his eyes to pierce the fluffy blanket that is all around.

Once, twice, he thinks he hears a swish, an unusual sound. His pilot glances at him. He hears it, too. Suddenly, with a gasp, he careens the plane off to one side and climbs steeply just in time to miss a tree top at his left wing tip. Up they zoom. The assistant pilot pulls his head in and smiles wanly, rather bloodless about the lips.

Back in the cabin everyone is awake. Staring. That stiff bank was the first intimation they had of an unusual situation. Conversation ceases. The late-comer has not moved, stares now pop-eyed through the window.

Watching his instrument board, the pilot climbs back into the sky, climbs for safety to retrace his way. Another twenty minutes, he

reflects, and his gas supply will be uncomfortably low. He must fight his way out of the fog the way he has come and make an emergency landing. Steadily the motors roar on. Ten minutes of this and still fog. The passengers have relaxed somewhat. The three friends have resumed their conversation but not with their earlier avidity. There are no more stiff banks. The progress of the craft is serene.

The fog has advanced on them. They are longer coming out into sunlight than they were going in. The pilot's nerves tighten involuntarily at thoughts of the dwindling gas supply. And fog. His assistant stares grimly ahead. Suddenly it is lighter above. They climb and burst forth into sunshine. The passengers smile and exclaim. But the pilot looks down. Still fog. On he plunges. Ten minutes of gas. Five minutes. Three hundred seconds. Six thousand feet up. A fog bank that thick.

Then he sees his chance. A sort of valley right below in the fog — a rift. He dives for it, hoping to get through before it closes on him. Not steep enough. He loses altitude by side-slipping into the clear spot. Scare the folks back there? Can't help it. The best chance. With sure touch he drops the big plane, dimly hearing cries of consternation from the passengers. They need not worry. He will bring them down safely.

Four thousand, three thousand, two thousand feet. Fog again. Well, he must fight his way down — feel his way. He brings the plane out of the side-slip to an even keel. Crash! He hears and knows, before his white-faced assistant cries, "Wing off!" The plane spins and there is nothing he can do about it.

The damned old crate! He switches off the motors. No use being burned if they can help it. So this is the end for him! And them! His assistant cries something more, he doesn't hear what. It doesn't matter. And then silence. Perhaps he can pull it into a dive and then bring the nose up before they strike, if they come out of the fog. Oh, they are out of the fog. He tries. But it is no use. Well, he will stick. No good upsetting the folks back there by letting them see him quit. They wouldn't know, some of them, until they struck. And then they wouldn't know.

A fine end! Distinguished Flying Cross! Years with the air mail! Years with the trimotors! Now, nothing in sight but a mess of

wreckage and an aircraft builder saying solemnly that the crash was due to poor piloting. And he could not talk back. The boys would know. But they wouldn't be heard. Nor Bill beside him. Not until Judgment Day!

Why didn't the God-damn management equip the planes with parachutes? And with enough exits so the folks could get out? So he could get out? As they did in the Army? The Army was wise. *They* didn't send a man up in a ship without giving him a second chance if something went wrong. If he had chutes now, he would not have risked a crash by coming down blind through all that fog. When he saw his gas was not going to last, he would have climbed and climbed to the top of the crate and sent Bill back to get chutes onto the folks and make 'em get to hell out of there. They would pull 'em open. They always did. He thought of Army buddies who had jumped to save themselves, had pulled by instinct or something and usually couldn't remember what they did. Something like being thrown in the water and learning to swim. But now there was no chance. Well, maybe. A hill and a lot of trees. Maybe the trees — But, no! The end of the world for them.

## II

**P**UBLICITY mediums have constituted a good angel for the aviation industry. Its leaders have sought and been able to obtain the aid of all branches of the press in promoting its interests under the belief, sometimes true and sometimes mistaken, that the effort in a larger sense was for the glory of this country and the good of humanity. New projects, new inventions, new developments, stunts have been played up. Disagreeable news or information has been played down or ignored altogether, often when the public had a right to know the facts.

Thus the public knows only one side of aviation, the side that those with money at stake want them to know. Many newspapers and magazines have been the unwitting tools of selfish interests in suppressing the other side of the aviation story. The time has long since passed when commercial aviation deserved any special consideration at the hands of newspapers or magazines or any other mediums for the distribution of public information. That time passed when interests in commercial

aviation began to turn the good nature of publicity mediums and the continued ignorance of the public on various disagreeable phases of commercial transport to financial account. The time has arrived long since when some aviation information should be distributed without sentiment. The public, if it is to use aviation to the full extent which it deserves with all its faults, has a right to the facts in their entirety rather than by halves.

A fair example of the way in which aviation information is handled is a report issued under date-line of September 15, 1931, by the Department of Commerce. It plays up the fact that the number of passenger miles flown per passenger fatality increased more than 100 per cent in the first half of 1931 as compared with the record for the first half of 1930. It indicated increased safety, an operating improvement which no one wishes to deny. It spoke vaguely of fatalities, even passenger fatalities. It did not go into detail as to whether or not the accidents were avoidable, whether or not the fatalities of passengers were unavoidable. They rarely ever do.

Any government spokesman who happened to tell the truth about commercial transport safety knows he would find the going very difficult in the future. Any publication that tells the truth about this subject will certainly bring down upon it wrath, in imitation of divine righteousness, from the aviation powers. Certainly no commercial transport pilot in these days of jobs difficult to hold and more difficult to get is going to open up and tell what he knows — and they all do know about it and talk of it among themselves — about safety in commercial aviation. They know, especially the Army-trained ones, that every time they enter their plane on a regular run, they are taking their lives and the lives of their passengers in their hands. But it is their bread and butter, it is the support of their families, and they take the risk with various degrees of cheerfulness just as men have done in various walks of life since the beginning of time.

Commercial transport leaders will tell you, some in the truth of ignorance and others knowing they lie, that every safety precaution has been taken in the operation of their lines. They will talk about weather information which a paternal government has provided. They will talk vaguely of radio directional equipment,



sometimes without being too specific about its application in their own planes. They will talk about high-grade pilots — and anything good they say about the pilots, generally speaking, is true. They will talk about all-metal planes. They will talk about all these and a hundred other safety factors with more or less truth. If they see that you know something about the subject, they may admit that passenger planes to-day are wrongly constructed and should have more exits — many more. You ask about parachutes for passengers and none of them will admit they are needed or are practical.

Pressed on the subject of safety, passenger transport operators will point out that there is practically no hazard. No fire hazard, you ask, knowing that even with Diesel motors fires have been known to occur. Well, practically none, they will say — “practically” making all the difference in the world beside an unequivocal “none.” No motor failure hazard? No hazard of structural failure? No danger from storms which man cannot control? No danger from propeller breakage, or from other causes involving metal fatigue, that mysterious thing which caused the disaster to plane and passengers in the English Channel not so long ago? No hazard?

By this time your operator will be peevish and he will assert that passenger flight is as safe as any other method of transportation. He will point to fatalities by automobile and by train. And perhaps he is entirely correct. If you persist about parachutes, he will say that passengers would not use them if they were provided. Just how he knows that, since no passenger line has ever tried to use them, is a mystery. He will tell you parachute equipment would scare off passenger traffic; although how he knows that is also a mystery, for parachutes can be put in planes much more unobtrusively than life preservers or life boats on a steamship, yet one never heard of those pieces of equipment scaring off traffic. He will tell you that passengers with parachutes could not get out of a doomed plane quickly enough, which is a left-handed way of admitting faulty passenger plane design in not providing enough exits.

If you start to talk about some accidents which have happened, he will tell you that most accidents happen too near the ground to

save passengers by parachute. Perhaps he does not know that they have saved as low as 150 feet, which is no distance at all in the air. Anyhow he won't tell you that pilots in many cases would reverse their flying technique if their passengers had parachutes and climb to a safe height, saving their passengers by parachute in comparative leisure. No passenger wants to take such a jump any more than he would want to don a life preserver and jump into the sea. But as between life and death, the jump is infinitely desirable. Your operator will not want to hear about the Rockne incident in which its fatal nature must have been known by pilot and passengers several seconds in advance of the crash. He will not want to be reminded of Will Rogers's remark that Rockne certainly and his companions probably could have been saved had parachutes been available. He will not care to hear again about Will's reference to the success of the use of parachutes in the Army and his quaint remark that “the Army can't be wrong all the time.”

The transport operators will not admit that they have made a definite agreement among themselves not to go into the expense of parachutes, and to oppose aggressively any legislation which may force them to provide parachutes. They will not tell you the real reasons for this agreement. They prefer to come to you solemnly and unblushingly, with the blood of dead passengers on their hands, and tell you how safe it is for you to travel in their planes — how they have provided every known safety factor for you when they know, those of them who know anything about the subject, that what they say is not true. They console themselves with the thought that all of the others are doing the same thing. They deliberately turn a deaf ear to and ignore the experience of the Army and others in the use of parachutes — experience which shows brilliantly the falsity of their position.

More than a dozen years ago the Army began to be cognizant of the value of parachutes. Military leaders were willing to try anything that would cut down the high war mortality rate of pilots. The Germans began using parachutes successfully before the end of the war — parachutes like those used long ago in jumping from balloons — and it was generally agreed that if there were any hope at all, which some doubted, for a pilot or

passenger in a disabled machine, it rested with an umbrella-shaped fabric that would bring a man down from up there slowly enough to avoid injury.

An Early Bird by the name of Floyd Smith made the first successful parachute for riders of planes in this country, and a lad by the name of Leslie L. Irvin first climbed out of a plane above McCook Field, Ohio, on April 28, 1919, pulled a parachute ripcord, and landed safely. From the time of that memorable first jump with the modern parachute any number of persons have made parachute jumps for the thrill, and more than 700 up to the end of 1931 have saved their lives with them. So satisfactory was the performance in the Army that on January 15, 1923, a general order, known as Circular No. 6, was issued forbidding any Army pilot to go up in a plane or take up a passenger not equipped with a parachute. The Navy followed almost immediately.

Since that time the military services of England, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Poland, Italy, France, Germany, Latvia, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, Greece, Japan, Rumania, Siam, and the Soviet Union, as well as several other countries including many of South America, have adopted them. Wise civilian fliers, trained in the military traditions of aviation, nearly always wear them. Their use on the part of pilots flying the air mail in this country (without passengers) is mandatory and the lives of several of them have been saved.

The statistics of those saved are interesting for what they reveal concerning the weaknesses of aircraft, particularly in the face of the arguments of transport operators as to safety of planes. Contrary to the opinions of most people, comparatively few crashes are caused by the elements. Acts of God, so-called, accounted for only 9.29 per cent of the emergency jumps studied, taking the cases examined up to the end of 1930. These included fog, smoke, snow, ice, lightning, and the like.

By far the largest number of crashes, 29.46 per cent, were caused by control failure. This included cases in which the plane refused to come out of spins, cases when the controls jammed. It may be argued that inexperience of young pilots may have been the cause of many instances of control failure — that the failure often rests with the pilot in not knowing what

to do. Perhaps. But who is to judge? At such a time it is not well for any pilot to reason why too long, or to stand upon the order of his going. Some of the finest pilots who ever lived have made emergency jumps after control failure. Consider then that these figures show at least one out of every four jumps to have been made because of control failure and it will be clearly seen that air transport has very pronounced weaknesses.

Structural failure did not account for as many parachute emergencies as one might suppose — 80 out of 387, or 20.67 per cent. Most of these cases involved the breaking up of some part of the plane in maneuvers or ordinary flight. One-third of these were caused by the breaking of the propeller, always an unexpected and disastrous happening. A few involved loss of landing gear.

Collision, certainly unpremeditated and always a hazard of the air, caused 66 jumps, or 17.05 per cent. Many but not all of these happened during military maneuvers. Motor failures caused but 24 jumps, or 6.2 per cent. This speaks volumes for the reliability of motors but indicates that the absolute of perfection has not yet been reached.

Fire, usually but not always resulting from motor or ignition troubles, caused 28 of the jumps, or 7.23 per cent. Nineteen persons, or 4.91 per cent, saved themselves by parachute after being accidentally thrown out of their planes. Perhaps such instances should be included in the "act-of-God" category.

Of the elemental trouble, fog caused the most jumps — 15 out of 387 — while storms of various kinds caused fourteen jumps. Snowstorms specifically caused four jumps, and one man saved himself by parachute from a plane that was struck by lightning. Smoke of a forest fire in northern Manitoba caused one jump. Lives have been saved in two cases when gas was exhausted and there was no place in which to put the plane down. Trouble with the ignition system caused two more jumps. There were also eight cases in which the modern parachute saved lives when homemade or experimental parachutes used in exhibition failed.

Without doubt, most air transport companies go to extraordinary trouble to test and service the planes which they keep in operation. But the human element always enters into the

situation — an element prone to failure. Moreover, even without the human element, note that nearly 10 per cent of the emergency jumps were due to acts of God; conditions which could not possibly have been foreseen. As a matter of fact, most of the other conditions which caused emergency jumps could not have been foreseen.

In the old days some of the military pilots scorned the use of parachutes, fulfilled the letter but showed their contempt of the general order by slipping out of their parachute harnesses as soon as their planes were off the ground. When one or two of them were found dead in crashed ships in this condition, scorn in the service for parachutes evaporated. To-day service fliers take the wearing of parachutes as a matter of course. They would not be without them.

There are Army and Navy trained pilots who will not ride the air transport lines, or allow their families or friends to ride them, because the lines do not furnish or will not permit the use of parachutes. These men, who know the game from the inside, would as soon think of going to sea on a ship without lifeboats or life preservers.

### III

**I**F THE READER would desire more tangible evidence of the attitude and unity of the transport executives on this subject, perhaps the highlights of a survey made by the writer will be of interest.\* One nationally known air transport leader wrote:

"I have never heard of passengers asking for parachutes, and if they should ask for parachutes we would not furnish them."

Another national figure in air transport wrote:

"We have not permitted parachutes to be carried on air lines by either passengers or pilots. The crew should stay with the ship and that is the best bet for the passengers." This leader thus utterly disregards the records of those hundreds who have saved themselves by not staying with the ship but resorting to the jump when they were about to crash.

One of the most curious letters of all came from a transport executive who had himself made an emergency jump and, since writing this letter, has been killed while stunting too

close to the ground. Despite the fact that he owed his life to the parachute, his position as transport executive did not permit him to concede it anything. He never even referred to that interesting fact in his letter.

"In analyzing the accidents of the past few years in air transport operations it is difficult to see where the parachute would have saved any lives that were lost in these accidents as practically all were caused by flying in bad weather," he remarked. "There are those who may use the argument of a life preserver on a boat as compared to a parachute, but it is hardly a fair comparison as a life preserver can be used at any time in any position with practically no knowledge of its limitations by the wearer. This, of course, is untrue with the parachute."

It is curious that a man with so much experience could defend the lack of parachutes with such obvious untruths. As everyone who has done much traveling by water knows, there are lifeboat and life preserver drills on passenger steamships. The same might be done with parachutes in connection with air travel. But this is not essential. Practically all of those who have saved their lives with parachutes to date, men and women, had no previous experience with them.

A half-dozen other air transport leaders might be quoted to show the unanimity of their stand on this subject. Every time there is a serious accident in the air there is a sharp decline in traffic which gradually comes back to normal in about six months. Accidents are costly in loss of traffic. Nevertheless the cost of installing parachutes is evidently one of two great reasons for the stand against them.

It may be argued that air transport would certainly spare no expense for safety. But air transportation is a business, a money-making proposition, not a matter of sentiment or charity. Think back and it will be recalled that but a few years ago there were steamship scandals in connection with wrecks and loss of life in which it was found that there was insufficient or poor equipment of lifeboats and preservers. Think back and you will recall that many of the safety features on modern railroads were forced upon them by legislation.

History is merely repeating itself in air transport. It would cost more than \$6000 to equip a fourteen-place plane with parachutes,

\*The Editor has seen these letters and has copies on file.



figuring a 50 per cent reserve of chutes for it. Good chutes cost from \$300 to \$350 each. Since the life of a parachute, with reasonable care, is from five to ten years, the cost per passenger mile would be infinitesimal. However, it would be necessary to have trained parachute men to keep the chutes in a safe and serviceable condition — men licensed for the work after examinations by the Department of Commerce.

There would be other items of expense. Not the least of this expense would be the loss of pay load capacity of planes. In other words, since each parachute weighs eighteen pounds, the addition of ten parachutes in the weight of a plane's equipment would reduce its pay load by one passenger. Other items of expense would be redesigning or altering planes to provide more exits and placing the parachute equipment so that it could be used to the best advantage.

Another important reason for the united front on this subject seems to be the ignorance of transport leaders concerning the parachute. To that extent, at least, their opposition is unwitting rather than money-vicious. In discussing parachutes most air transport leaders show less knowledge concerning them than that of the average school boy.

One executive wrote that the route of his planes was almost entirely over water where, he thought, parachutes would be useless. He evidently did not know that the Army has had several instances of men being saved when landing in water; that they wear a kapok vest when flying over water, as well as parachutes; that three men were saved out of one plane over water and the only one who was killed was a man who did not jump.

Another executive wrote that parachutes are impractical and useless in transport planes. Evidently he did not know that the Army has numerous instances of several men being saved from transport planes. In one instance in California a propeller on a tri-motor broke. The pilot turned to tell the six soldiers in the cabin to jump. But they had already left. With their weight out of the plane, he and his co-pilot were able to make a successful crash landing.

Still another well-known air transport figure speaks of a parachute weighing thirty pounds when he ought to know that the type used by

the Army and Navy for more than ten years weighs but eighteen pounds. He says that using a parachute in emergency requires "great determination and coolness" when most of the evidence of those who have made emergency jumps is to the effect that they act automatically; that is, that they act without thinking. Many of them cannot remember actually pulling the ripcord. Call it instinct, the law of self-preservation; most men and women who have made emergency jumps cannot describe them though they have acted with split-second swiftness. If they have any fear of "nerves" at all that does not come until much later.

The public, ignorant, sheeplike, does not realize that its second chance for safety in air travel is being deliberately and purposefully withheld by air transport operators. The public does not know that there are parachutes in existence to-day so cleverly made that the harness and pack are concealed in the aircraft chair; that in case of impending trouble it is merely necessary to snap a couple of straps together and one is ready to go. The public does not know that it is no longer necessary for a parachute wearer even to pull a ripcord; that a clockwork device may be set either by the wearer, the co-pilot, or the steward, with certainty that after a number of seconds have elapsed during a fall the parachute will open.

If the public knew all these things it might make demands which the air transport operators could not ignore. Otherwise the change will probably come by legislation — a legal bludgeon held over their heads just as it has been held over the heads of steamship and railroad interests at various times. A few more bad air accidents as bad or worse than the Rockne incident, which according to the law of averages and the very nature of the business must happen sooner or later, will create popular legislation for the protection of air travelers. Were it not for the silly sentiment with which Americans regard aviation and all its interests, such legislation would have arrived long ago. There will be opposition to it, of course. After the Rockne accident did not the New York legislature in its lower house rush through a bill requiring all air transports operating within the state to provide a parachute for each passenger? And did not the air transport interests martial their forces and promptly kill it when it came up in the state Senate?

# What Hope for Disarmament?

by **ANDRÉ MAUROIS**

**A**ERICAN SENATOR. — Come in, sir, come in. I am very glad to see you. I should like to talk freely with a Frenchman about our common concerns. You have turned up at a most opportune moment. For forty years I have believed that America paid scant heed to your local European quarrels. Now I discover that these quarrels are disrupting the life and work of the whole world. It is time to put an end to them.

FRENCH DEPUTY. — I am delighted to find that you feel this way. I have been of the same mind since 1918. In those days a man — your President — caused us to hope for universal peace. I saw him arrive in Paris after the war; never did a nation welcome with such abandon the head of a foreign state. He brought with him vast hopes. They were frustrated.

AMERICAN SENATOR. — Let the past be. In this country we look above all toward the future. You will admit that the world is in mortal danger from this state of armed peace? It would be bad enough if the cruisers, the cannons, and the fighting planes could always remain inactive, for these toys swell our budgets and cost dear; but you know as well as I do that a fleet and an army are permanent temptations to war. A military staff that has a fine equipment naturally wants to use it. Young officers are brave, and welcome adventure like a windfall of fortune. There can be no peace without disarmament — at least that is what we think in this country. We are often told that France is one of the obstacles in the path of our desires. I should be happy to hear your defense on this point.

FRENCH DEPUTY. — May I take the lib-

erty of quoting three figures?

AMERICAN SENATOR. — I love figures.

FRENCH DEPUTY. — Here are mine. American budget of armaments: \$707,425,000. Russian budget: \$578,943,000. French budget: \$466,980,000.

AMERICAN SENATOR. — Your figures are correct, but the budgets which you cite represent what *has been*, and what, exactly, we want to transform. The point is not whether a nation is armed (for if others are prepared, one must protect oneself) but whether it has the desire to disarm. *We* have that desire. Have the French?

FRENCH DEPUTY. — The French? Who *are* "the French"? On this subject, as on all others, there are in France many groups of divergent opinions. I shall tell you presently to what faction I personally belong. Let us discuss first the official doctrine of the French Foreign Office. Shall I surprise you very much if I say that, during the ten years following the war, this doctrine has been more pacific than that of your own country or of England?

AMERICAN SENATOR. — You surprise me so much that I can scarcely credit your words.

FRENCH DEPUTY. — Consider the facts, however. Wilson created an instrument: the League of Nations. (In order to avoid misunderstanding I may as well tell you right off that I am a supporter of the League and, despite its recent reverses, have great faith in its future.) The French Government, in Clemenceau's régime, was mistrustful of the League. That was quite natural. It had accepted the League in exchange for an Anglo-American pact of security. That pact, guaranteed by