tion, and so on. The next serious depression can be expected to produce a vigorous political organization. The worker is becoming aware that his failure to take an active interest in politics can affect the welfare of himself and his union. He has seen laws enacted which take money out of his pay envelope faster than his union can put it in. He has seen states put severe restrictions upon his union.

Broadly speaking, the unions are gaining ground: the American worker today enjoys a higher standard of living than did his father or his grandfather, and it should be higher tomorrow. On the record the American economy has grown at the rate of 3½ per cent a year over a long period. It must continue to go forward; and the workers cannot relax their efforts to share in the benefits of that growth.

RAYMOND ROBINS, CRUSADER

[Raymond Robins, who died September 26 at his Florida home, played a key role in early American-Soviet relations as head of the American Red Cross mission to Moscow in 1917-1918. Appreciations of the man and his work are presented here by two friends: Albert Rhys Williams, author of "Through the Russian Revolution," one of the earliest important books on the Russian revolution, who met Robins in Moscow; and William Appleman Williams, author of "American-Soviet Relations, 1791-1947," who is editing Robins' papers for publication.]

The Outdoor Mind
BY WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS

WE SHALL bury him and remember him as Raymond Robins.

Courage and integrity were his unspoken names.

He was a deep, deep breath of the hope of a cannonade of the conscience of his time.

He was a man without a country. He had pledged his loyalty to man. His one mortal fear was that America would fail to serve that flag.

For fifteen years he fought a delaying action with death to help justice, tolerance, and freedom get to higher ground. That battle was to him but one more campaign in the war against poverty, greed, and conquest that he began when he organized a strike in a Tennessee coal mine at the age of seventeen. There in that mine, both going to work and quailing while the stars were on, seeing the sun one day a month, he became a man before his time. So he was tense and impatient, harried and worried, and sometimes scared that America would never cease to be a child.

But he never lost his faith in man. Digging coal, he uncovered a creed. The only answer to the demand for a better human life is a better human life. This became the stick with which he chipped away at cant, hypocrisy, and cynicism for the next fifty years. It was a tool he liked to call the "outdoor mind."

Do not misunderstand. He never ceased to be a man. He touched the soft curves of success and sipped a mild wine of fortune. He managed William Jennings Bryan's campaign of 1896 in the city and county of San Francisco. It was the only city north of nineteenth-century slavery that the Boy Orator won. And as he said, laughing back over his own seduction, Robins was just young enough and his clothes just new enough to convince him that he had done it all alone.

The next morning he stood on one of those lusty, windy, cocky corners of Market Street and flipped a mental coin. Hire out to the Southern Pacific? Or buy a ticket to the raffle of Alaskan gold? Accept a slot and ride without a name—or sift a sand box for the chance to be a man?

Robins got his chance. Not paid for with gold but with the fright that comes to all men who almost abandon their ideals—but don't. He watched another man risk death by freezing to save a weaker soul while he stayed in the safety of the crowd. Robins asked him why he did it. "Because, I guess, it's what I thought Jesus Christ would have done."

That was the first lesson in Robins's education for Christian socialism.

He got the rest in Chicago, Moscow, and Washington. The brawling, bloody Seventeenth Ward took him to its heart. But the big boys mistook him for a playboy courtier. Reform. They slugged him and rolled him in the gutter for daring to run a day-wage mason for mayor. He got up and elected the man. He fought to build better schools and to hire policemen to protect the poor. He defended the Chicago anarchists in the hysteria after the assassination of President McKinley. Clarence Darrow had turned them down. And he helped build the Progressive Party that Theodore Roosevelt led and later was to destroy.

In Moscow he learned that you can learn from men with whom you disagree. And that you can live with governments, if not with women, you do not love. He saw the Bolshevik revolution as not as the future working but as the desperately striving and hopeful revolt of a Seventeenth Ward on the national level. It was to him a noble effort that challenged America to accept its obligations as well as exploit its opportunities. He wanted to work with it, as he had worked with men in Alaska and Chicago. He also knew, and warned, that America could not get the chance to achieve its own ideals without help from Russia against Germany and Japan.

The Great Depression convinced him that refusing to let men starve was not enough. It was necessary to plan the jobs instead of organizing bread lines and making work. The dignity of man, he knew, lasts not very long when crisis follows crisis. He worried, too, about giving more and more power to men who were not sure for what purposes, or to what consequences, they used it. He had heard too much music played by eunuchs to like the idea being taken up as a philosophy of government. So he read Keynes and peeped into Toynbee and looked hard again at the Bible. It
seemed to him that it was time for America to substitute for the myth of the frontier a Christian democratic socialism.

His sophisticated critics scorned him as naive. His enemies hinted he was worse, but wore the mask of cowardice when cornered by the facts.

He did believe in man.

If for this he be accused of sin, let the plaintiffs specify the charge.

**Sword and Bible**

BY ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

I FIRST heard of Raymond Robins as a crusader in linear descent from the Iron-sides of Cromwell—sword in one hand, Bible in the other.

Soon after his arrival in Russia in August, 1917, with the American Red Cross mission which he later headed, I was his guest in a big restaurant. When dancing girls in scant attire sallied out on the floor to the strains of the Marsellaise, Robins resolutely turned his back. He neither smoked nor drank: "Why stimulants when life itself is so exciting?" Later, in tense sleepless moments of the revolution, he was gulping down coffee; he was almost a chain coffee drinker. I twisted him about it, and with a humorous glint in his eyes he queried, "Anything against coffee in the Bible?"

Of all the foreign emissaries coming to Russia no one was better equipped in temper and training to understand and appraise the situation. A life-long fighter—with Ike's in the crusade against the corrupt bosses of Chicago; beside his wife and her sister, Mary Dreier, organizing the swept trades; with Theodore Roosevelt at Armageddon battling for the Lord—Robins was in his element amid the void oratory, the clashing factions and intrigues of a land in the throes of a great revolution.

Turning from the rumors and gossip of embassies and palaces, he went out to hear what the people were saying in the factories, barracks, and straw-thatched villages. He found them in ferment and rebellion, like the insurgent masses of Asia and Africa today in revolt against age-old hunger, inhuman drudgery, and war. In the thousands of Soviets that sprang up spontaneously all over the vast Eurasian plain he found soldiers, workers, and peasants arguing, working, pressing forward toward their long cherished goals—land, peace, a new social order.

He came back to Petrograd to declare that the revolution was uppermost in the minds and hearts of more than 90 percent of the people; it was the "social binder" holding them together; it was the big thing and the Allies must deal with it realistically. To most of the diplomats and generals this was akin to treason. They saw the revolution as some inexplicable act of God, largely carried out by evil men, fanatics, and German agents. Robins said they were indulging in fantasies and that policies based on those fantasies would lead to disaster.

When they conjured up ways to repress or strangle the revolution, Robins said, "As well try to put the genie back in a bottle or push back the rising tide."

When they backed the Cossack General Kornilov as the Man on Horseback to ride down the rabble with whip and sword, Robins acidly remarked, "Why, he hasn't even a horse!" That was almost literally true. Many of Kornilov's Cossack horsemen, capitalizing to the arguments, pleas, and bayonets of the revolution, refused to move against the Soviets.

Rapidly growing in power and prestige, acting more and more like a government, the Soviets on the momentous night of November 7 became the government. With desirous cries of "Caliphs of the passing hour," the opponents of the Soviets predicted they would last a few days, at most a few weeks. Robins stoutly maintained, "They are here to stay," basing his conviction on his knowledge of the people and their past, the efficiency of the Bolsheviks, as ruthless with others as with themselves, the ineptitude of their enemies.

Students of Russia today tend to concur in this appraisal: the Menshevik Dan traces the roots of Bolshevism into the deep Russian past, and Florinsky in his recent history comments on its "inevitability." Just as wit is saying on the spot what one thinks of tomorrow, Robins showed real wisdom in declaring amid the turmoil of a great revolution what historians in their quiet studies discovered long after.

As Robins insisted on the stability of the Soviets he was assailed with scathing epithets; he was even called a Bolshevik himself, though up till now he had zealously fought the Bolsheviks and as a liberal capitalist was antagonistic to their basic principles. But Robins knew a revolution when he saw one, and pursuing unperturbed the main objective of his mission—by any means to keep Russia in the war against the Germans—he "followed the bayonets" to the Soviet center of power and negotiated effectively with Lenin to have the Soviets continue the war. In this he was backed by his associates—the millionaire William Boyle Thompson, Allen Wardwell, Alex Gumbert, Judge Thacher, and General Judson, all now converted to Robins's plan for a working arrangement with the Soviets.

But the Allies would have none of it. Instead they chose intervention with all its tragic consequences—the killing of thousands of the ablest and sincerest young Russians, the authoritarian cast impressed on the Soviets in those early formative years by the harsh, arbitrary measures of war, the evil heritage of mutual bitterness and suspicion that now bedevils the peace of the world.

Haplessly, peoples take heed of favors rendered as of evils inflicted upon them. The services of Lafayette in the dark days of our revolution created in the hearts of Americans a lasting fund of gratitude and good-will to France. So the sympathy of Raymond Robins for the Russians during the ordeals of their revolution will long continue to work toward the great objective of his life, a spirit of accommodation and cooperation between the two great countries, so imperative in this atomic age if the peoples of the world are to have a good life, or perhaps any life at all.
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