

overcrowded with refugees. The passenger boat we took from Calais to Dover was the last to cross the Channel not under government supervision. Government orders went into effect at six that evening. By that time we had arrived in London to find that England had declared war against Germany. *The Imperator's* sailing date had been canceled. We had no idea how we were to get home.

Someone has written of this escape from Europe as "the greatest race of Carl's career." The next morning he hurried through a war-preparing city, pouring out money in an attempt to get us any reservations on any ship. And during those few hours, I saw London! In defiance of war, hysteria and Carl, I was doggedly viewing the Tower and the Thames and the crown jewels before they were rushed to the vaults for safekeeping. No London visitor ever saw so much in so short a time and through such disappointed tears. Since that moment in Paris when Carl had told me to repack, I had steadily and selfishly wept.

By a miracle Carl got us aboard the *Laurentic*. We had to rush from London to Liverpool to catch the ship. It was crowded from prow to stern. Millionaires had paid fortunes to sleep in deck chairs and in steerage berths. A British cruiser conveyed us into the Atlantic for about a hundred and fifty miles. After it left us, the *Laurentic* went a hundred miles out of its usual course, hoping to avoid the menace of German submarines.

The trip across the Atlantic was made in blackout and silence. There were wild rumors of a submarine blockade. I was too young, too blindly lost in my disappointment at not having seen Europe, to realize that not only our ship was threatened, but our whole civilization. I cried every hour of that voyage home.

"You started this war on purpose to spoil our trip," I even told Carl childishly. "You know you didn't want to go to Europe in the first place." But I honestly believe that I thought Carl capable of reshaping the destinies of continents.

When Carl had said in Paris, "I don't know how the United States will keep out of the war," he was not hoping for it to come. No one hated war more than Carl. He loved young people, and he wanted them to have everything the goodness of the

earth could provide. He used to say, "There never has been a good war."

Back in America, watching the holocaust spread in Europe, he said that while war itself was without excuse in a civilized world, good could come from it.

"This time," he said, "it will be the airplane. Men will develop wings in war."

There were few who believed then in the ultimate importance of the plane. Even war-minded Germany had a comparatively small number of planes. America's own air force consisted of a tiny fleet of airships. Most militarists at that time did not believe the airplane could ever play an important part in warfare. Carl believed in the future of the plane and the automobile, both in peace and war.

Both inventions had yet to prove their value. The airplane would not make a distinguished record as a weapon in World War I, but in Carl's mind it was the automobile that saved Paris before the oncoming rush of Germany's "invincible army." He liked to tell how even the French government officials fled before those pre-panzer hordes marching within the very sight of Paris. Quick-witted General Gallieni, Military Governor of Paris, in the face of almost assured defeat, commandeered every tin-horn taxicab in Paris and rushed them, tooting with the frenzy only French taxicabs can command, with a fresh army to the front lines. Carl believed the acceptance of the automobile as a new element in warfare accounted for the victory of the first battle of the Marne. Over his bed, beside the pictures of Lincoln and Napoleon, he added a framed newspaper photograph of General Gallieni. Upon it he printed, "The man who kept his head."

He was impatient for the airplane to develop as a weapon of defense and attack. Two years before America entered the war, Carl, in a privately published article, outlined a program for the airplane in war—a plan that would not become an actuality for almost thirty years, until in World War II every word of it came true.

Carl proposed in his article a national defense "to meet the necessities of the American people in crisis." It was written at a