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Red Cross War Fund

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Address of **Hon. James A. Farley**

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ADDRESS
OF
HON. JAMES A. FARLEY

Mr. MEAD. Mr. President, on behalf of my colleague the senior Senator from New York [Mr. WAGNER] I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the RECORD, an address on the Red Cross War Fund, delivered in New York City on February 11 instant by the Honorable James A. Farley.

There being no objection, the address was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

It seems to me, gentlemen, that the Red Cross ought to give me an extra button or something for this assignment. In my time I have talked to prize fighters about prize fighting, and to postmasters about running their post offices—and, yes, I seem to recall that I have even made remarks to the delegates at a national political convention regarding the business uppermost in their minds, but this is something new in my experience, this business of talking to doctors about—of all things—the Red Cross.

For what can I tell you, of all people, that you do not already know far better than I, about the work of this great organization? Why, most of you, according to an article I saw in the paper the other day, must be working for the organization yourselves, teaching first aid to something like 150,000 air-raid wardens, with, the article said, "full approval of the New York Academy of Medicine," our good host of the evening.

But we all know the medical profession and the Red Cross are mutually interdependent. The Red Cross cannot do without the medical profession, and the medical profession looks to the Red Cross for assistance. Continuance of this interdependence is vital to both. But, as a matter of fact, the work of the Red Cross goes far beyond its medical and surgical aspects, as I am sure you all know. Take December 7 and the days following at Hawaii and the Philippines, for example. I am reading now from a report handed me by those who have condensed it from the more voluminous records of the eventful events that took place at the time of the infamous attacks and thereafter:

"Every corps and every department of the Red Cross snapped into instant action when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and Honolulu. Even while the initial attack was in progress, the Navy sent out an emergency call for more Red Cross nurses, and it was answered within a few short moments. What's more, the work the nurses did that day won a special acclaim from the Navy De-

partment. And even while the bombs were still falling, the Red Cross Motor Corps was busy evacuating whole danger zones. Their first-aiders worked skillfully all over the attacked areas, and many canteen corps volunteers labored for as long as 23 hours at a stretch, feeding the evacuees and defense workers, for, as the attack came on a Sunday, restaurants were closed and the only public eating places were the canteen field kitchens hastily put into operation."

A week after the first attack, Washington Red Cross headquarters received a cable from the Philippines which I think will interest you:

"Our emergency services have stood the test. Our staff are showing discipline, loyalty, and courage. Evacuation of Manila and other areas is proceeding under our administration. Feeding and public health present a major problem. We are using our entire resources regardless of budgetary arrangements for relief and can carry on for a short time. You should send us a substantial appropriation soon and, if possible, a unit of your best disaster personnel, please. Cullens, Williams, and Graybeal are giving themselves unstintingly. Please notify my daughter we are all well.

"CHARLES FORSTER,
"Philippine Red Cross."

Well, gentlemen, the latest word from the Philippines is that the Red Cross still is feeding half a million evacuees somewhere in the interior of Luzon. Evacuation centers, you see, had been set up by the Red Cross long before the attack came. It was ready with trained workers to meet these emergencies.

And I suppose there are stories quite as heroic to be told about Wake and Guam and Midway, or will be, once we get the survivors back among us. Yes, gentlemen, out there in the Pacific new annals of heroism have been added to our historic tradition. Wake Island will live in memory with the Alamo; and the stand of MacArthur and his men will be told our children's children's children. Wherever bravery and skill in the art of war find ready listeners, these tales will be retold. But remember that not all the heroes are in the Army and the Navy and the Marines. Not all of them are soldiers and sailors and flyers. Some of them are in the American Red Cross.

I am very proud in the belief that our Red Cross is a typically American institution. I'm not talking now about marble columns and boards of directors—that's not what I mean. I'm talking about American institutions like the Fourth of July and corn-husking bees and Congress—all of these things that don't exist anywhere else in the world exactly as we know them here. The Red Cross—our American Red Cross—is as American as apple pie and baseball and the national indoor pastime of blaming the politician. And what makes these things so peculiarly

American? Not simply that we find them in the 48 States; head colds and mosquitoes we always have with us, but we dignify neither by claiming them as typically American. But I can't imagine a truly American organization that was inefficient, can you? From the filling station that sells gas only as a sideline to the free distribution of air for your tires, windshield wiping, watering the radiator, and rest-rooming the driver—from that marvel of efficiency to a clean triple play in the seventh game of the world series, we Americans admire and demand efficiency. And that's one of the things we have come to expect of our Red Cross.

As a business—that is, on the business side of its tremendous organization—it is as hard-headed and two-fisted as the toughest profit-making corporation in the country. In the hands of the American businessmen in charge of this part of its activities, the American ideal of efficiency doesn't suffer for a minute of the day at the Red Cross.

But "getting on with the job" isn't the only earmark of a truly American institution. We like to do things in a big way. It's in our blood. There's nothing small about our country, no matter how you look at it. Our prairies reach beyond the horizon, our mountains reach above the clouds; we have the biggest buildings and the biggest planes; we suffer the deepest depressions and put on the most colossal booms in the whole world. Here, too, in this feeling of bigness, your Red Cross fits perfectly into the American pattern. With its millions of members, its thousands of chapters and branches, and its tremendous expenditures of money and effort for the relief of suffering, the Red Cross is as gigantic as America herself.

And what is the final earmark of a characteristically American organization—of this academy of yours, for example? The answer to that isn't very hard to find, surely. It is a desire to help others, is it not? A desire to serve someone else, to lend a hand when a fellow's down. Call it what you will—generosity, altruism, compassion—none of them fits exactly. They all sound a little pompous and self-complacent, which we as a people definitely are not. Nor are we moved by the purely negative quality of doing our duty. We actually like helping people; we like the feeling it gives us inside. We get a kick out of being neighborly and decent. Call that what you will; I call it American.

A business head, millions of willing and able hands in the service of a heart that wants to help—that, I think, is a typically American organization—and it describes our largest private humanitarian organization, the American Red Cross.

And now our Red Cross is asking for our help. So vastly have its obligations increased that I marvel that it does not require a larger sum for its war fund than \$65,000,000. For you know, you who are doctors, how huge the Red Cross needs will be. It cannot operate on good will and spirit alone, though it has more than enough of both, its job takes

a strong army of workers—and it takes money. Today we have more than 2,000,000 volunteer workers who in the next year will contribute hundreds of millions of hours of their time to the work of the Red Cross. We already have 24,000 Red Cross nurses—there were only about 20,000 in the last war, but the Army and Navy authorities are seeking 50,000 more now. We shall have hundreds of thousands of Red Cross blood donors, supplying their own good blood to save the lives of our soldiers and sailors; yes, and as we saw at Honolulu, of our civilians too. We have Red Cross headquarters and Red Cross hospitals at every Army camp and naval station, and Red Cross field workers looking after the welfare and morale of our armed forces, not only there but in the field as well. These Red Cross field staffs and the work they do are essential. They are a part, a vital part, of our job of winning the war, and no less a part of our other job of building a decent world to live in after we have cured this one of its current totalitarian infection. So these Red Cross workers look to us—to all of us here at home, rich and poor, in every business and profession—they look to us to back them up, to supply them with the wherewithal to carry on. Shall they look to us in vain?

The sum which the American Red Cross war fund is seeking is \$65,000,000. Here in New York our share is \$7,330,000 for the five boroughs. Ten thousand women are working for the Manhattan Women's Committee to raise a million dollars of this sum. Every business and profession has been organized to raise \$5,500,000 more—60 percent of that from corporate and firm contributions alone. Yes, gentlemen, a thorough canvass is being made of this city, for we cannot afford to fall down on this job. Too much hangs upon its successful completion.

Our enemies in Tokyo and Berlin would greatly welcome a failure. It would encourage them no end. But this encouragement they shall not have, if I know the tempo of the American people, and particularly the tempo of the people of New York.

Our Allies of the United Nations will be lifted up in spirit when they learn what Americans have reached down into their pockets and given to their American Red Cross. True—none of this money is for them. It is all for America this time—for our own. But in Britain and in all the other nations whose troops are fighting beside our own, they will gage our awareness, our fighting spirit, among our civilian population behind the troops, by the showing we now make in this first opportunity most of us have had to participate directly in the winning of the war.

And our own people—all of us—will read the results of this Red Cross appeal as you would read a thermometer to gage your own condition. As we raise and oversubscribe this \$65,000,000 we shall know that we have the will to win. That is something we shall increasingly need to know.

But, finally, our men in uniform—soldiers, sailors, marines—yes, and Red Cross workers, too—they will be watching to see what we now do. This, above all, we cannot risk, gentlemen—that ever a breath of suspicion should hint that we might let them down. No; the Red Cross has a job to do; but it is for us, by giving now, unanimously, with more than just generosity, it is for us to

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put our shoulders to the wheel. It is for us to do our part in this essential activity toward winning this war.

This is our obligation, gentlemen; but, more than that, it is our opportunity. You have seen the slogan countless times, but I commend it to you again now:

"If you can't go—give."

