"It was in Armenia that I learned fear"

Rose Wilder Lane and the Armenian Genocide

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On New Year's Day 1922, Rose Wilder Lane left Paris by train for Weimar Germany. Harper & Brothers, which would begin publishing her mother's now-classic Little House books ten years later, had made a last-minute request for photographs to illustrate *Peaks of Shala*, Lane's forthcoming travelogue set in the wilds of Albania. Lane needed a state-of-the-art press camera—a Graflex Speed Graphic—on short notice. Berlin, a center of technology and home to scores of studio photographers, photojournalists, and the rising Bauhaus Movement, was just the place to find it. With her went close friend and photographer Annette ("Peggy") Marquis. Lane was on the homestretch of an ambitious global odyssey. After two years working abroad as a freelance journalist and writing for the American Red Cross, Lane was plotting a new course; she would travel across central Europe, the Caucasus, the Middle East, China, and Japan, and then navigate the Pacific Ocean before finally sailing into San Francisco Bay. She was thirty-five-years old, a Lost Generation writer who had experienced the best and worst the Old World had to offer. On her way home, she rediscovered America.[1]

Lane found it in Soviet Armenia while serving as a special correspondent for Near East Relief (NER), not long after World War I had staggered to its empty close, spawned the twentieth century's first genocide, and set a chilling precedent for the so-called Final Solution to the Jewish Question in Nazi Germany. "The last thing I ever had in mind was to become the eagle-screaming, God's-own-country American," Lane wrote incredulously as she navigated the NER's massive, humanitarian infrastructure: purpose-built hospitals and clinics, feeding stations,

1. Rose Wilder Lane Journal, Dec. 1921, Diaries & Notes Series #12, and Lane to Guy Moyston, Nov./Dec. 1921, Moyston, Guy, 1919–June 1927 Correspondence (hereafter Moyston Correspondence), Box 9, Rose Wilder Lane Papers (hereafter Lane Papers), Herbert Hoover Presidential Library and Museum, West Branch, Iowa; Lane, *Peaks of Shala* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1923).

cooperative farms and factories, clothing warehouses, refugee camps, and orphanages caring for tens of thousands of Armenian children.[2] In the words of historian Howard M. Sachar, the NER, a charity funded by record-setting contributions from ordinary Americans, "quite literally kept an entire nation alive."[3]

Between 1915 and 1923, in what has come to be known as the Armenian Genocide, Ottoman Turks deliberately exterminated 1.5 million Armenians. Lane arrived in time to document its final days and the global aftershock. In 1914, when the Ottoman Empire entered World War I on the side of the Central Powers (Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Bulgaria), it was already reeling under the weight of foreign debt, loss of territory in the First Balkan War (1912–1913), failed attempts to modernize the government, growing demands for freedom and civil rights, and increasing sectarian violence. The Christian Armenians, an ancient ethnic and religious minority, had been the target of official discrimination and religious persecution for centuries. Near the turn of the twentieth century, the Hamidian (1894–1896) and Adana (1909) massacres had triggered worldwide outcry over the slaughter of tens of thousands of Armenian civilians. Despite facing persecution, legal restrictions, and professional obstacles, Armenians in the Ottoman Empire tended to be well educated, cosmopolitan, and financially successful. For generations, the Ottomans had eyed the Armenians' ancestral homelands as an agricultural prize and as a geographic buffer against Russia and other European powers. In 1915, the Turkish government under the Committee for Union and Progress, also known as the "Young Turks," launched a campaign to eliminate and expel Armenians from the declining empire, confiscate their property, and take their lands. The resulting genocide horrified an already deeply disillusioned and war-weary world.[4]

2. Lane, "As It Was in the Beginning," *San Francisco Call and Post*, 31 May 1923. Copies of Lane's *San Francisco Call and Post* columns can be found in the William Holtz Papers (hereafter Holtz Papers), Hoover Library.

3. Sachar, *The Emergence of the Middle East, 1914–1924* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1969), pp. 344–46.

4. Henry Morgenthau, *Ambassador Morgenthau's Story* (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1918), pp. 14–19; Robert F. Melson, *Revolution and Genocide: On the Origins of the Armenian Genocide and the Holocaust* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1992), pp. 10–12, 43–49, 156–57.

During World War I, the Committee for Union and Progress, which had first seized power in 1913 as a purported force for liberal reform in the Ottoman world, pursued an aggressive policy of nationalism, expansionism, and turkification. Non-Muslim and non-Turkish minorities were increasingly viewed as political and economic threats. On the night of 24 April 1915, the Turkish government rounded up and immediately deported, imprisoned, or summarily executed more than two hundred Armenian political, religious, intellectual, and business leaders in Constantinople (Istanbul). More seizures followed, effectively decimating Armenian society and crushing any hope of organized resistance. Over the next seven years, the Ottoman Army executed Armenian soldiers in its own ranks, methodically killed Armenian men and boys, and cleared Armenian villages on the Anatolian Peninsula by forcing hundreds of thousands of vulnerable women and children to march into the Syrian desert, where most died of exhaustion, exposure, starvation, or dehydration.[5]

Lane documented her Armenian experiences in personal notebooks and journals, in dozens of feature columns for the *San Francisco Call and Post*, in glossy international magazines, and in a series of gritty contemporary photographs shot on a vintage accordion camera. These rare and haunting images, preserved on fragile glass-plate negatives at the Herbert Hoover Presidential Library and Museum in West Branch, Iowa, along with Lane's eyewitness accounts and interviews constitute a valuable and virtually unknown resource for students and scholars of the Armenian Genocide. At the same time, they provide a revealing glimpse into the evolution of Lane's political and historical thought processes, her defense of civil liberty, her biases, her voracious intellectual interests, and her range as a writer. Intriguingly, for scholars examining the collaborative writing process between Lane and her mother, Laura Ingalls Wilder, her writings from the period hint at family stories waiting to be told. Lane even presages a controversial phrase that would appear in her mother's book *Little House on the Prairie*: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."[6] The Association for Library Service to Children (ALSC), a division of the American Library Association (ALA),

5. Morgenthau, *Ambassador Morgenthau's Story*, pp. 293–323; Melson, *Revolution and Genocide*, pp. 143–48.

6. Wilder, *Little House on the Prairie* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1935), p. 284.

would cite its use in the book as one of their justifications for removing Laura Ingalls Wilder's name from the ALA's Children's Literature Legacy Award in 2018.[7]

What Rose Wilder Lane saw in Armenia shocked and fundamentally altered her. "It was in Armenia that I learned fear," she confided to her mentor, legendary California newspaper editor Fremont Older, "and the lesson went fairly deep."[8] It even transformed her opinion of the United States. "I was never especially patriotic at home," Lane wrote near the end of her traumatic assignment in Armenia. "I rather stressed America's faults. I was quite willing to believe that there was art in France and democracy in England and efficiency in Germany and a beauty of living in all of them that we did not have." Yet, she contended, any American who witnessed the NER's against-all-odds effort to feed, clothe, and house tens of thousands of Armenian orphans, the youngest, most defenseless victims of the genocide, would be "twice as patriotic as he is if he could see with his own eyes what Americans have done in Armenia."[9]

Like her grandfather Charles Ingalls, Lane would lead a life defined by what her mother once described as Pa's "wandering foot."[10] Lane had inherited several of her grandfather's personality traits—intelligence, recklessness, curiosity, and wanderlust among them—but Charles Ingalls's pioneer experiences on the frontier paled in comparison to Lane's dangerous work in Europe and the Middle East. From 1920 to 1922, Lane slogged her way south from Belgium to the Balkans, trekking through ruined cities awash in mud, refugees, and orphans as she reported on the ravages of scorched-earth warfare for the Red Cross. She had seen it all. Even so, she assured Fremont Older, Armenia was different. Armenia had first revealed to her "the inherent cruelty of mankind" and left her with "a morbid sensitiveness" to cruelty that she described as "a nervous reaction" that was "near insane."[11] Like many veterans,

7. Niraj Chokshi, "Prestigious Laura Ingalls Wilder Award Renamed over Racial Insensitivity," *New York Times*, 26 June 2018.

8. Lane to Older, 14 July 1928, Older, Fremont, 1928–1936 Correspondence (hereafter Older Correspondence), Box 10, Lane Papers.

9. "As It Was in the Beginning."

10. Laura Ingalls Wilder, *These Happy Golden Years* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1953), p. 138.

11. Lane to Older, 14 July 1928.

Rose Wilder Lane appears here around the time she traveled through Europe and the Middle East witnessing the effects of the Armenian Genocide.

medical personnel, relief workers, and journalists exposed to the Great War and its aftermath, Lane's experiences in Europe—particularly in Armenia—seem to have left her with a form of posttraumatic shock that, unrecognized and untreated, would stalk her for years.[12]

In the spring of 1920, when Lane boarded the U.S.S. *Saint Paul* in New York City and steamed for Paris, her base of operations for the next three and a half years, she could not have anticipated the dramatic and harrowing events she would cover. It was a heady time for Lane, full of hope and promise. Brilliant and charismatic, but prone to creativity-crushing self doubt, Lane had finally rebounded from her unfulfilling marriage and the stillbirth of her premature son. Newly divorced, hungry for adventure, and looking for ways to supplement her freelance income, Lane began writing in a state of white heat from the moment she arrived in France. In addition to drafting articles for the *Red Cross Bulletin* and *Junior Red Cross Bulletin*, she worked on short stories of her own, read and translated French manuscripts, developed new book projects, and wrote a daily feature column entitled "Come with Me to Europe" (subtitled "Travel Letters of Famous San Francisco Girl") for the *San Francisco Call and Post*.[13] Her gothic short story, "Innocence," based on childhood memories of the year she had lived in Florida with her then-impoverished parents, won a prestigious O. Henry Award in 1922. Whatever Lane accomplished, it was never enough. "But damn it!" she complained to her friend, artist Berta Hader. "I'm getting no work done."[14] As she did with other objectives and challenges throughout her long life, Lane pursued commercial and critical success as a writer with intense, and sometimes myopic, focus.

Older had hired Lane as a columnist—an opinion writer—and Lane was never short of opinions. Insatiably curious, she wrote, researched, and interviewed like a beat reporter. Her frank and eclectic *San Francisco Call and Post* columns set the tone for her Red Cross reports and future feature writing. Friend and foil Dorothy Thompson, herself a for-

12. David J. Morris, *The Evil Hours: A Biography of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder* (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 2015), pp. 89–102.

13. Sallie Ketcham, *Laura Ingalls Wilder: American Writer on the Prairie* (New York: Routledge, 2015), pp. 91, 99–100; William Holtz, *The Ghost in the Little House: A Life of Rose Wilder Lane* (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1993), pp. 75–93.

14. Lane to Berta Hader, 11 Feb. 1921, Hader, Berta and Elmer, 1919–1930 and Undated Correspondence (hereafter Hader Correspondence), Box 5, Lane Papers.

mer Red Cross publicity writer, initially dismissed Lane's work as "sob stuff."[15] In general, however, Lane avoided sentimentality in favor of hard truths and telling details. Dispatched in 1920 to Vienna, which the defeated Austrians often referred to as the sixth year of the war, Lane hauled her readers directly into the sickrooms of the *kinderclinic* (children's hospital), where Austrian mothers paced the packed corridors, waiting for one child to die so another could take its place. Outside,

15. William Holtz, "Prologue," in *Dorothy Thompson and Rose Wilder Lane: Forty Years of Friendship, Letters 1921–1960*, ed. Holtz (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1991), p. 4.

Lane's writings and photographs, such as this image of an Armenian woman and child, helped to document ongoing violence in the aftermath of World War I.

desperate women "besiege[d]" the clinic gates clutching newborns wrapped in rags or dirty newspaper.[16] After cradling a six-year-old girl who "weigh[ed] as much as a normal child of eighteen months," Lane fled the hospital.[17] At the American soup kitchen in Schonbrunn Palace, a "ragged horde" of starving children ate their only meal of the day, a soggy flour dumpling, in "ferocious silence."[18] As Older informed his readers, "There has been nothing written about conditions in Vienna that gives such a vivid picture of a dying city as Mrs. Lane has drawn."[19]

Lane left soon afterward, admitting she "could not have endured another twenty-four hours of Vienna."[20] A few days later, she fainted and was hospitalized in Prague, an incident she blamed on the "peace scenes" she had witnessed in Vienna.[21] What she later described as the war's "destruction of childhood"[22] and the fate of children "whose families had been murdered by the war"[23] traumatized her from the outset, so much so that she seriously considered adopting a war orphan.[24] "If I were an Austrian and saw no end to wars," Lane confided to her mother in a long letter venting her frustration at the rush to refit American and European armed forces after the armistice in 1918, "I would commit suicide. The patient, never-ending stupidity of the world overwhelms me."[25] Yet, Lane was destined to spend months—not days—in a place

16. Lane, "Soul Harrowing Scenes Witnessed in Inadequate Children's Hospital," *San Francisco Call and Post*, 9 Apr. 1921. *See also* Lane, "What Layettes Mean to the Babes and Mothers in Vienna," *Red Cross Bulletin* 5 (6 June 1921): 5.

17. Lane, "Into the White Walled House of Starving, Weak Boned Children," *San Francisco Call and Post*, 11 Apr. 1921.

18. Lane, "Hoover-Fed Children Eat One Meal a Day in Ferocious Silence," ibid., 13 Apr. 1921.

19. Older, "Rose Lane Tells Story of Dying City of Vienna," ibid., 4 Apr. 1921.

20. Lane, "American Girl, Weakened by Vienna Food, Flees Horror City," ibid., 16 Apr. 1921.

21. Lane, "S.F. Writer, Ill from 'Peace' Scenes in Vienna, Faints; Hospital," ibid., 26 Apr. 1921.

22. Lane, "Rose Lane, Aided by Journalist, Obeys Berlin Order to Move On," ibid., 8 July 1922.

23. Lane, "The Children's Crusade," *Good Housekeeping* (Nov. 1920), p. 176, quoted in *The Rediscovered Writings of Rose Wilder Lane: Literary Journalist*, ed. Amy Mattson Lauters (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 2007), p. 54.

24. Lane to Hader, undated 1920, Hader Correspondence, Box 5, Lane Papers.

25. Lane to Wilder, 27 June 1920, Wilder, Laura Ingalls, 1919–1923 Correspondence, Box 7, Holtz Papers.

where conditions were far worse. Contemporary dispatches from Armenia included reports of starving refugee women pulling the flesh from dead horses "with their bare hands" and instances of cannibalism.[26]

In glittering, jazz-age Paris, Lane sought respite from her stressful field assignments. Lane was long on drive and talent, but, unlike her frugal and practical mother, she had no head for business or personal finance. In Paris, she rented a string of increasingly expensive apartments; mastered French, seemingly overnight; bobbed her wild hair; spent money like water on flapper fashions; wrangled voyeur tickets to the Bal des Quat'z' Arts (Four Arts Ball), the city's notorious sex orgy; drank, smoked, and gossiped at the Parisian bar La Rotonde; hired a French maid; and generally embraced the bohemian lifestyle that Ernest Hemingway immortalized in his memoir *A Moveable Feast.* As a young woman, Lane was a witty writer with a rollicking, self-deprecating sense of humor and a taste for the absurd. She quickly gained entry to an elite arts circle that included fellow travelers Dorothy Thompson, Sherwood Anderson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sinclair Lewis, Ernestine Evans, Isadora Duncan, and Lane's lover at the time, Associated Press reporter Guy Moyston, who was covering the Irish republican group Sinn Fein and the bloody Irish War of Independence (1919–1921). Lane's close friends, Rose and Anna Strunsky, were in Russia, narrating the Russian Revolution (1917–1923) with John Reed, Louise Bryant, and other members of the "Lyrical Left."[27]

When Lane's Red Cross writing contract ended, she accepted a similar position with the NER, America's explicit response to the Armenian Genocide. Henry Morgenthau, Sr., President Woodrow Wilson's former ambassador to the Ottoman Empire, spearheaded the organization and had been among the first to sound the alarm, describing the atrocities taking place in Armenia as "race extermination."[28] Between 1917 and

26. Frank M. Surface and Raymond L. Bland, *American Food in the World War and Reconstruction Period: Operations of the Organizations under the Direction of Herbert Hoover, 1914–1924* (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1931), p. 149.

27. *See* assorted letters and diary entries from this period in Berta and Elmer Hader, Sherwood Anderson, and Guy Moyston correspondence and Lane Diary, 1920–1921, Lane Papers. *See also* Hemingway, *A Moveable Feast* (New York: Scribner's, 1964).

28. Ambassador Henry Morgenthau to U.S. Secretary of State, telegram, 16 July 1915, Doc. No. 76, Social Matters, Race Problems, Turkey, Central Decimal Files, 1910–1963, Re-

1930, the NER administered a staggering $100 million in assistance. The organization's fundraising strategy, based on citizen philanthropy, small individual donations of cash or clothing, the mobilization of youth organizations, an innovative mass-marketing campaign, and saturation coverage, changed the face of charitable giving in the United States. Its success created a model for the Peace Corps and the United States Agency for International Development (USAID). Across South Dakota and the Upper Midwest, children donated dimes in Sunday School, participated in Bundle Day clothing drives, or ate like Armenian orphans on Golden Rule Sunday. South Dakota's NER office was located in the Western National Bank Building in Mitchell.[29]

During World War I, virtually every American was aware of the plight of the "Starving Armenians," the universal rallying cry for humanitarian intervention. Only gradually, however, did the world begin to realize that something unthinkable—the systematic annihilation of an entire civilian population, along with its ancient language, church, and culture—was taking place on the remote Anatolian plain. Writing in small-town Mansfield, Missouri, for the *Missouri Ruralist*, Lane's mother addressed the subject herself in a 1918 column. In an era in which the word "rape" was unmentionable ("outrage" was one common euphemism), Wilder threw her usual decorum to the wind as she seethed over the institutionalized rape and brutal murders of Armenian women. "Every war is more or less a woman's war, God knows, but is this in an especial way a woman's war?" she demanded to know. Wilder went on to detail how women had been "stripped naked and driven along the roads of their own country[,] a sport for drunken soldiery. Thrown by hundreds into the rivers when the crowds of soldiers had tired of them—this was a part of the war in Armenia." The "horror and cruelty" of these events stunned her. "Never before in the history of the world,"

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cords of the Department of State, Record Group 59, National Archives and Records Administration, Washington, D.C.

29. James L. Barton, *Story of Near East Relief (1915–1930): An Interpretation* (New York: Macmillan Co., 1930), pp. 13n1, 418–19; Suzanne E. Moranian, "The Armenian Genocide and American Missionary Relief Efforts," in *America and the Armenian Genocide of 1915*, ed. Jay Winter (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2003), pp. 194–96, 206; https://anca.org/armenian-genocide/recognition/united-states/south-dakota; *Philip* (S.Dak.) *Pioneer-Review*, 24 Mar. 1921.

Publicity campaigns for Near East Relief raised awareness and millions of dollars to aid victims of atrocities in the region.

she insisted, "has war deliberately been made upon the womanhood of the world."[30]

When Lane left Berlin for Armenia in 1922, Wilder had every reason to fear for the safety of her volatile, headstrong daughter. Other than the transiting nurse or missionary, unmarried professional women traveling alone in postwar Europe were conspicuous oddities. In Hungary, Lane witnessed a police raid at a Budapest coffeehouse during which all unemployed single women were immediately arrested as prostitutes. One young woman protested, demanding release. "I could not understand what she was saying, but I knew what the detective meant when he struck her in the face," Lane recorded. "He stuck hard, with his clenched fist, and she reeled back and put both her hands over her bloody mouth."[31]

As Lane traveled south through countries rocked by revolution and counterrevolution, she penned a note to her grandmother Caroline Quiner Ingalls, now widowed and living in discreet poverty with her blind daughter Mary in De Smet, South Dakota. "Mother says that you were worried about my being in Constantinople when the Near East situation blew up," Lane wrote. She insisted that her grandmother not worry, stating with her typical touch of bravado, "I've been under fire so many times in Europe that I miss it when I don't hear rifle-fire or machine guns for a long time."[32] It is unlikely that Caroline Ingalls found this explanation particularly reassuring.

The "Near East situation" to which Lane referred became known as the Catastrophe of Smyrna or the Burning of Smyrna, an event that effectively ended the Greco-Turkish War (1919–1922) in September 1922. The bustling port city of Smyrna, Turkey, which the Greek army occupied after World War I, was sheltering tens of thousands of homeless Greek and Armenian refugees when the Turkish army captured it, set fire to the Armenian quarter, and burned much of the city to the ground in an incredible petroleum-fueled inferno that lasted for days. While the refugees panicked and stampeded to the harbor in hopes of

30. Wilder, "What the War Means to Women," *Missouri Ruralist*, 5 May 1918, quoted in *Laura Ingalls Wilder, Farm Journalist: Writings from the Ozarks*, ed. Stephen W. Hines (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 2007), pp. 145–47.

31. Lane, "Jail for All Not Working," *San Francisco Call and Post*, 6 Sept. 1922.

32. Lane to Ingalls, in *De Smet News*, undated clipping, ca. 1922, Albania 1926–1927 Correspondence, Box 1, Holtz Papers.

an evacuation by sea, Turkish troops sacked the city, raping, looting, and killing Armenians at will.[33] "I was really very sorry not to have been in Constantinople when the excitement started," Lane declared, "for I would have gone at once to Smyrna or Thrace."[34]

Lane's first instinct as a writer was to move toward, not from, controversy and danger. Although she often traveled under the protection and auspices of the Red Cross and the NER, she and Peggy Marquis made their way to Armenia largely on their own. On more than one occasion, the women clashed with local or military police. Upon leaving war-torn Serbia, Lane wrote, "I can still hear—and feel like echoing—Peggy's yelps of indignant fury at our treatment by the Serbs in uniform at the docks." There, the two women "were jerked and pushed about" and subjected to "the indignity of being searched to the skin for money."[35]

Marquis, Lane's photographer and confidante, was nearly as independent, outspoken, and unconventional as her traveling companion. Born Adabelle Davis in Pueblo, Colorado, she had married photographer Dan Pike Watts in Los Angeles in 1911, divorced, and in 1917 married composer Jean Jaques Marquis, the son of wealthy Swiss aristocrats. The Marquises were old friends of Lane's from her San Francisco days.[36] The couple had visited the Wilders at Rocky Ridge Farm in Missouri, where they charmed Laura, who featured them in her column, "As a Farm Woman Thinks."[37] Jean Jaques Marquis returned the favor by setting Wilder's poem "We Are All Good Friends" to music.[38] By 1922, however, Peggy Marquis's second marriage was failing, and she needed

33. Michelle Tusan, *Smyrna's Ashes: Humanitarianism, Genocide, and the Birth of the Middle East* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2012), pp. 144–74; Lou Ureneck, *The Great Fire: One American's Mission to Rescue Victims of the 20th Century's First Genocide* (New York: Ecco, 2015), pp. 1–6, 191–222.

34. Lane to Ingalls, in *De Smet News*, undated clipping, ca. 1922.

35. Lane, untitled article, *San Francisco Call and Post*, 25 July 1922.

36. The elusive Adabelle/Annette/Peggy Marquis first appears in Lane's 1918 diary while she lived in Sausalito, California, as Adabelle Marquis along with her husband "Jack." *See* Lane Diary, July–Sept. 1918, Diaries & Notes Series #1, Lane Papers. Marquis's marriages are documented in "California, County Marriages, 1850–1952," multiple county courthouses, California, images 214, 285, familysearch.org. Lane discusses Marquis as a photographer with Guy Moyston in an undated letter probably written in December 1921. Lane to Moyston, ca. Dec. 1921, Moyston Correspondence, Box 9, Lane Papers.

37. *Missouri Ruralist*, 20 Sept. 1919, in *Laura Ingalls Wilder, Farm Journalist*, pp. 197–99.

38. *Mansfield Mirror*, 15 Apr. 1920.

cash and passage home from Europe. Although she told Lane (as Lane later mentioned to Guy Moyston) that she had used Dan P. Watts—her first husband's name—as her own professional alias, it appears Marquis had simply picked up her camera skills in his studio. Nevertheless, she was an intrepid traveler and a proficient photographer.

When they reached Albania in May 1922, the women split up. Marquis and her local guides climbed high into the Dinaric Alps, retracing the journey Lane had made in writing *Peaks of Shala* in order to shoot location photographs. Lane remained in the new capital, Tirana, locked away with her books and her portable typewriter while preparing a new series for Fremont Older called "Where the World is Topsy Turvy: Tales of a San Francisco Girl's Wanderings in Levant and Orient." She actively studied Armenian history, having previously requested books and maps of the nation's ever-shifting border from friends and colleagues.[39] In addition, she had recently finished her French-to-English translation of Armenian dancer Armen Ohanian's eccentric memoir, *The Dancer of Shamahka*. The book, which detailed Ohanian's flight to safety after the Turkish persecution of the Armenians of Baku in 1906, provided Lane with a primer on Armenian culture and politics. Ohanian was also a lifelong, vocal communist. Lane's familiarity with the writings of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels and with communist doctrine would prove useful as she transited the newly annexed Soviet republics of Georgia and Armenia. In the years leading up to World War I, Lane had openly declared herself a socialist when she registered to vote in San Francisco County.[40] As late as 1917, she still considered herself a "convinced, though not practicing communist."[41]

From Tirana, Lane reported on armed sectarian fighting in and around the city, as well as the "monstrous, incredible, impossible" desecration and destruction of Tirana's Muslim cemeteries.[42] She also reunited with Rexh Meta, a gifted and audacious Albanian orphan she had met in the mountains the previous year, whom she later informal-

39. Undated postcard, Frank America 1923 Correspondence, Box 1, Lane Papers.

40. Great Register of Voters, San Francisco County Voter Rolls, 1912–1913, California State Library, Sacramento.

41. Lane, "An Autobiographical Sketch of Rose Wilder Lane," p. 5, Missouri, 1940, Folklore Project, Life Histories, 1936–1939, Federal Writers' Project, U.S. Work Projects Administration, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, loc.gov/item/wpalh000753.

42. Lane, "Peggy Enters Wilds," *San Francisco Call and Post*, 14 Aug. 1922.

ly adopted as her own son. Lane would have a lifelong love affair with Islamic culture and Muslim Albania, calling Albania "the only place where I want to be when I'm not there *and* where I am happy when I am there."[43] Peggy Marquis called her an "Albaniac."[44]

Hiking hut-to-hut over hairpin turns during avalanche season in the Dinaric Alps, Marquis somehow got her photographs. When her pack horse stumbled in a river, she managed to salvage both camera and negatives from the icy water. After she rejoined Lane in Scutari, a district of Constantinople, the two women returned briefly to central Europe before traveling back to Armenia by way of Soviet Georgia. There, in the local Tiflis (Tiblis) marketplace, Marquis's surreptitious photographing resulted in a defiant shoving match between Lane, Marquis, and local authorities, at which point the Cheka, or Soviet secret police, briefly arrested Lane and Marquis for refusing to hand over the Graflex. The women took the situation in stride and ultimately left with the camera.[45] Tiflis was a revelation. Lane found the city "as modern and luxurious as San Francisco."[46] "No picture of a Bolshevik country that looks like this would be joyously received by any American editor," Lane wryly informed her absent lover, Guy Moyston.[47]

When Lane and Marquis finally clattered into Armenia, riding in an open boxcar train, everything changed. In a gorge, Lane spotted an abandoned, crumbling village above a roaring green river. "Below it," she wrote, "on the banks of the stream, perhaps two hundred refugees were living in tepees of cornstalks." The olive groves on the terraced mountain had been clearcut for fuel, leaving jagged stumps. "Near the sky-line, at the mouth of a dugout, a woman sat on a boulder. She sat quite motionless, covered by a long white veil: a figure of immeasurable sorrow."[48] Lane frequently used Great Plains and American Indian imagery to describe the Armenian landscape to her readers at home, using words such as "tepee," "dugout," and "prairie." Tatar wagons were

43. "Across the Editor's Desk," *Sunset* 55 (Aug. 1925), copy in Albania–Printed Materials, Box 1, Holtz Papers.

44. Lane, untitled article, *San Francisco Call and Post*, 25 July 1922.

45. Lane, "Under Arrest in Tiflis," ibid., 16 Apr. 1923.

46. Lane, "Into the Abyss of Ignorance," ibid., 25 Apr. 1923.

47. Lane to Moyston, 12 Sept. 1922, Moyston Correspondence, Box 9, Lane Papers.

48. Lane, "Peasant and Priest in Soviet Armenia," *Asia* 23 (July 1923), copy in Rose Wilder Lane Writings Series, Box 15, Holtz Papers.

"prairie-schooners." Standing in the midst of one killing field, she implicitly associated it with another landscape. When she looked at the Anatolian plain, she saw "miles of prairie, barren as the sea, swept into shimmers of silver and gold by the little winds passing over the dried grasses." The scene was dotted with villages that looked "exactly like prairie-dog cities, breaking through the stubble."[49] Even the pickles she gratefully ate in an Armenian dung hut were like the pioneers' watermelon pickles "such as mother still makes."[50] The longer she remained in Armenia, the more her thoughts turned to family history and America's past.

Lane's primary destination was Alexandropol, Armenia's "Orphan City." In 1922, the Alexandropol orphanage complex, located in a former Russian army barracks, cared for more than twenty thousand children. Another ten thousand children were housed in the town. The Alexandropol complex comprised sleeping quarters, kitchen and dining halls, schools, workshops for vocational training, enormous vegetable gardens that doubled for agricultural instruction, livestock barns, and humming factories producing furniture, shoes, and textiles. In total, more than one hundred thousand children lived in regional NER orphanages.[51] The system was strained far beyond capacity. Lane interviewed several Alexandropol orphans—the lucky ones. Less fortunate refugee children waited at the gates for admission. On occasion, older orphans were reluctantly turned away. "A more depressing sight cannot be imagined," Lane wrote. The children came from "all over Turkey; many of them have been north to the Ural Mountains, and back again, on foot, of course. The most casual query uncovers startling vistas of what 'commonplace' means to them," she told her readers. When asked the reason why they had wandered for five or six hundred miles, "they have the simple, unemotional answer: 'The Turks were coming.'" Lane described these children as "strange little beings, who awakened to the world around them since 1914, and who know nothing of any other kind of world."[52]

49. Lane, "The Armenian Plateau," *San Francisco Call and Post*, 14 May 1923.

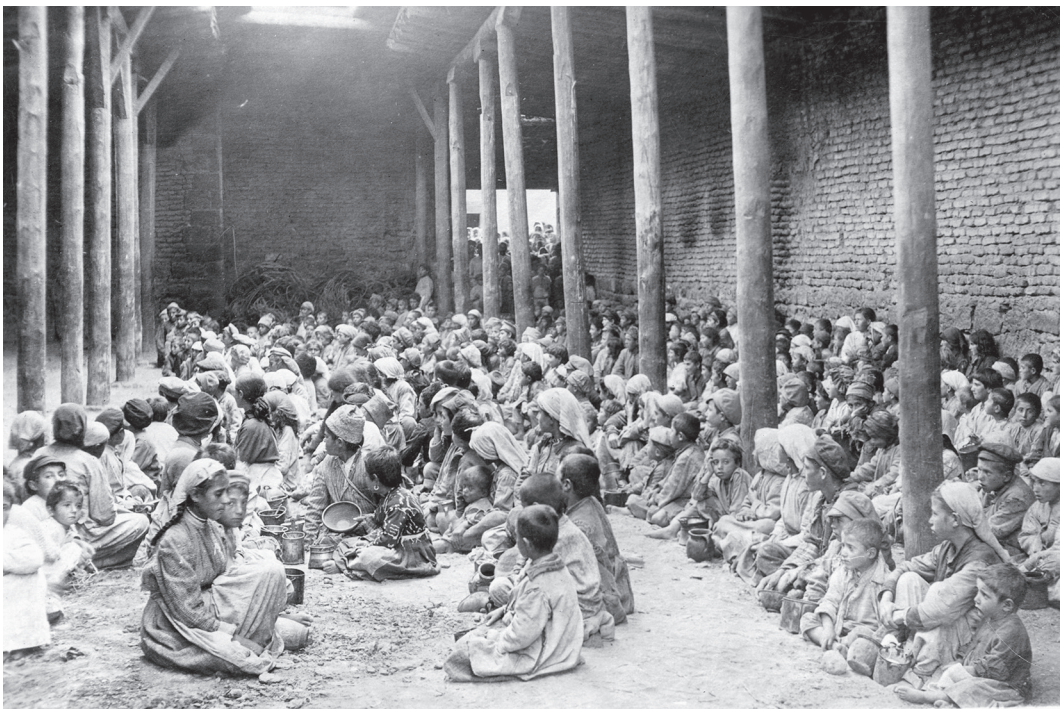
50. Lane, "A Visit to Kafterloo," ibid., 21 May 1923.

51. Near East Foundation, "Alexandropol: Making the 'Orphan City'," neareastmuseum.com/2015/07/10/alexandropol-making-the-orphan-city, and "Alexandropol: Life in the 'Orphan City'," neareastmuseum.com/2015/07/16/alexandropol-life-in-the-orphan-city.

52. Lane, "Little Orphans at Alexandropol," *San Francisco Call and Post*, 5 May 1923.

By 1922, the Armenian diaspora was nearly complete. Among the remaining survivors were catatonic orphans who hid in the mountains, shunning the deserted, land-mined villages. Relief workers spent countless hours seeking them out and drawing them in. Louise Chamberlain, a Red Cross nurse, minced no words in describing the macabre situation NER workers encountered. "With my own eyes I have seen living children in the shelters sleeping on what I supposed were dirty mattresses in a court yard," she reported. "Not until we roused the little ones did we see the mattresses were the blackened bodies of their companions, some of them dead for several days. I asked some of the children why they slept on the bodies, and their answer was that they had to have something to sleep on to keep their almost naked bodies from the frozen ground."[53]

53. "Glimpses of the Inferno," *New Near East* 4 (Feb. 1920), p. 7.



Either Lane or Peggy Marquis photographed this scene of Armenian children waiting to receive food at an orphanage.

Lane also described the suffering of the children she met in unflinching terms. The NER workers, she wrote, "found little terrified wild creatures hiding in holes, bones and naked skin scabby with dirt and sores, clawing the earth for grassroots to eat and peering for grubs with eyes oozing the pus of trachoma. The Americans caught them, cleaned and salved and bandaged and fed them."[54] When Lane arrived at Serversky Post, the workers were treating five thousand children for trachoma, a highly contagious bacterial eye disease that often leads to blindness. Smallpox, typhus, typhoid, malaria, and lice were rampant among the refugees as well.[55]

Lane and Marquis had both contracted malaria in Albania. Feverish despite the quinine treatment, Lane began making investigative journeys around the rugged Armenian countryside, often traveling with her Tatar driver by antiquated victoria or camel cart. In less secure areas, an armed escort accompanied her.[56] These trips resulted in a series of interviews with a cross section of Armenian society at the time:

54. *National Economic Council Review of Books* (Aug. 1949), p. 1.

55. Lane, "At Serversky Post," *San Francisco Call and Post*, 9 May 1923; Near East Foundation, "Slideshow: Restoring Health," neareastmuseum.com/chapters/growing-up.

56. Holtz, *Ghost in the Little House*, p. 126; Annette Marquis, "Two American Women in the Caucasus," *World Traveler*, Feb.-Oct. 1924, Parts I–IV, Holtz Papers.

Throughout the 1920s, Near East Relief used this postcard of orphans at the Serversky Post to appeal for financial support.

Marquis likely recorded this image of Lane seated in one of the modes of transportation the women used in their travels.

genocide survivors, refugees, working women, commissars, collective farmers, members of ethnic minorities, NER officials, church bishops, and western missionaries. Lane's subjects provide eyewitness accounts of Armenia in the aftermath of genocide. Despite international consensus and overwhelming evidence to the contrary, the Republic of Turkey, now a strategic NATO partner, categorically denies the Armenian Genocide. "I personally don't bother about a defence because we don't carry a stain or a shadow like genocide," President Tayyip Erdogan insisted in 2015.[57] Although thirty-one nations have officially recognized the Armenian Genocide, the United Nations, the United States, and other governing bodies have generally avoided using the contentious term "genocide." Some officials have adopted the Armenian phrase Meds Yeghern (the Great Crime). On 26 February 2015, South Dakota became the forty-third state to acknowledge the Armenian Genocide, calling for a "just resolution" and for education in public schools.[58] On 28 Oc-

57. "Turkey Cannot Accept Armenian Genocide Label, says Erdogan," *Guardian*, 15 Apr. 2015, theguardian.com/world/2015/apr/15/turkey-cannot-accept-armenia-genocide-label-erdogan.

58. "South Dakota House Recognizes Armenian Genocide," *Armenian Weekly*, 26 Feb. 2015, armenianweekly.com/2015/02/26/south-dakota.

tober 2019, the United States House of Representatives finally passed legislation officially designating the murder of Armenians during and after World War I as "genocide."[59] Lane's reporting, still relevant and strikingly modern, remains an important source of primary documentation.

In column after column for the *San Francisco Call and Post*, Lane tackled a broad range of complicated issues. Her farming background proved particularly helpful when she discussed land use, agricultural practices, harvests, and yields with the Soviet commissar in charge of food production. John Deere tractors plowed the dusty NER farm fields, but reestablishing agriculture and sheep husbandry in Armenia was also a top priority for Soviet officials tasked with feeding the newly federated republic.[60] Lane's interviews address the process of sovietization from the perspective of traditional village farmers and central planners.

Pushing for background information and context, Lane regularly asked open-ended questions. She queried her university-trained translator, Suzanne, as to whether she had been a refugee and would mind talking about her experiences. The translator agreed but informed Lane, "You have to live through things like that to understand them."[61] Suzanne's tale of fourteen months as a homeless refugee, much of it spent roaming the roads of Azerbaijan with her younger sister, became the subject of several of Lane's columns. "I can't express to you the poignancy and the unreality, together, of that story of Suzanne's," Lane wrote. "Suddenly she opened up this vista of her memories—all strange and dark and terrible."[62] Although the Ottomans had marched hundreds of thousands of Armenians into the desert to die or be killed, detailed, contemporary accounts of day-to-day survival by refugees who managed to escape the deportations are rare, as are the identities of many of the surviving orphans.

In early November 1922, Lane, Marquis, Suzanne, and their driver de-

59. "House Passes Resolution Recognizing Armenian Genocide," *New York Times,* 29 Oct. 2019.

60. Lane, "The Jew as the Commissar," *San Francisco Call and Post*, 2 July 1923; Lane, "Agriculture in Armenia," ibid., 3 July 1923; Lane, "On the Soviet Farm," ibid., 4 July 1923.

61. Lane, "Armenia Always Rebuilding," ibid., 4 June 1923.

62. Lane, "Psychology of the Refugee," ibid., 9 June 1923.

Tents at a Near East Relief camp can be seen in this Lane/Marquis photograph of refugees arriving in railroad boxcars.

parted for the Armenian capital of Erivan (Yerevan). They stopped in a Molokan village along the way. The Molokans, a pacifist Russo-German ethnic group, had escaped the war largely unscathed. They fascinated Lane, in part because their colorful appearance "flicked into memory a scene long ago forgotten." Lane suddenly recalled an event from 1894, the summer she and her struggling parents, Laura and Almanzo Wilder, were themselves homeless, living in their wagon as they migrated from De Smet to Missouri. In Kansas, a Molokan woman had offered them biscuits, producing them "from the front of her yellow blouse," where she kept them warm against her bare skin. Laura had accepted the biscuits and politely thanked the woman. The Wilders had been eating hardtack, often trading for additional provisions along the way. "Will we eat the biscuits?" Lane had asked her mother hopefully. Wilder said no, the dog would eat them, "but it would have hurt her if I had refused to take them."[63] In 1962, Lane published her mother's diary of the trip as *On the Way Home*. Wilder recounts the same story, with two

63. Lane, "Meet the Gay Molokons," ibid., 23 May 1923.

exceptions: the event took place in Yankton County, South Dakota, near the James River, and she did not feed the biscuits to the dog. Indeed, Wilder did not rescue Fido, the starving little dog she pulled from the road, until the family reached Topeka, Kansas.[64]

Other echoes of family history began to make their way into Lane's columns. "'You have another saying,'" a Turkish commandant at Smyrna told Lane. "'The only good Indian is a dead Indian.' We say, 'The only good Armenian is a dead Armenian.'" The phrase clearly resonated with Lane. It was quite true, she acknowledged, that Americans once used the expression. However, she continued, extending the analogy for her general readers, colonizing Americans did not kill American Indians for religious reasons: "We killed them for economic reasons because they had the rich continent that we wanted."[65] Like the American pioneers—indeed like all colonizing newcomers—the Turks were attempting to do much the same thing. Taken in context, it is a startling statement, years ahead of its time. In 1922, Indians were still commonly depicted as "hostile savages" who had obstructed the path of Manifest Destiny, and not as indigenous peoples subjected to a continental land grab and ethnic cleansing. Lane also argued that the Armenians, like all peoples, *should* have a national home, *should* be entitled to "freedom, and space, and peace," although even in the United States, "the American Indian and the negro didn't exactly find freedom and space and peace."[66]

Writing about a disaster of biblical proportions under the shadow of Mount Ararat, which many considered the final resting place for Noah's Ark, Lane—an atheist—returned to the Bible in her effort to understand the region's ancient conflicts and the unifying power of the Armenian church. "Now the Bible was spoiled for me, in my youth, by my being expected to read it," she wrote. "I did read at it, dutifully, until I was old enough to win a family revolution and a declaration of independence about my reading."[67] The discrepancies between rich and poor, priest and peasant, the satisfied and the starving, preyed on her conscience. At Echmiazdin, Armenia's version of Vatican City, Lane

64. Wilder, *On the Way Home: The Diary of a Trip from South Dakota to Mansfield, Missouri* (New York: Harper & Row, 1962), pp. 25–27, 59.

65. Lane, "America's Guiding Spirit," *San Francisco Call and Post*, 21 Aug. 1923. *See also* Lane, "Atrocities Indirectly Religious," ibid., 1 May 1923.

66. Lane, "Oil and Water," ibid., 29 May 1923.

67. Ibid.

attended the ordination of a new archbishop and joined him, blazing in his bejeweled silk vestments, for the lavish private dinner that followed. In a frequently misinterpreted letter to Older from 1928, she struggled to explain her dissociative state of mind at the time. She had relished the meal, she said: the meat pies, the fine wine, the cognac, the imported French sweets. Baffled by her own reaction, she asked Older frankly, "Can you believe it?" As she feasted, "refugee children died outside in the quadrangle, under the pine-trees whose nuts they were crawling around to eat."[68] The archbishop admitted matter-of-factly, "They're always dying out there." He wanted to know whether she had brought a camera; photographs would be good for publicity. When he bid her farewell, however, his face grew grim and his demeanor altered. "All this is hopeless," he said simply. "We are doomed."[69]

The Armenian assignment was taking a toll on Lane's mental and physical health. She was going numb, and she knew it. At some point, she was escorted to a massacre site where she saw a disjointed pile of skeletons in a jumble at the base of a cliff. "Definite break in my endurance," she wrote in her journal on 4 November 1922.[70] Like her mother, Lane detested cruelty. On several occasions, she wept with rage and hand-wringing frustration over acts of cruelty directed toward refugees or at the sight of starving animals. As winter approached, the cold began to drive survivors out of the mountains. She spent Christmas Eve in Erivan, where NER officers were under strict orders to accept no more refugees until additional funding was authorized. Returning to headquarters late one December evening, Lane ran the gauntlet of "women and children who always huddled there, crying and pleading for rescue from the agony of the cold." Begging, praying mothers clutched at her feet, skirts, and hands, frantically offering up their children. Lane mentions that she had already given her last sweater to a naked boy huddled on the steps of the personnel house. "Carry a heavy cane and keep your face a mask of anger," Lane wrote, reiterating the mortifying directive, "It has to be done." That night, as permission came to take in an additional three hundred orphans, American aid workers rushed

68. Lane to Older, 14 July 1928.

69. Quoted in Lane, "Bishop Sees Armenia's Doom," *San Francisco Call and Post*, 16 July 1923.

70. Lane Journal, 4 Nov. 1922, Diaries & Notes Series #17, Lane Papers.

While children starved outside the compound gates, Lane photographed the regional archbishop following his opulent ordination ceremony.

into the snow-covered streets "rousing the dark heaps that were naked and starving children."[71] Lane reported that the Americans had not "come with armed force to take oil fields or annex territory" but, her tone unusually understated and subdued, "to help all the peoples, just because they are sick and homeless and miserable and needing help. History has never seen anything like it."[72]

Lane left Armenia at the end of December 1922. Peggy Marquis was

71. Lane, "Christmas in Erivan," *Good Housekeeping* 79 (Dec. 1924), Rose Wilder Lane Writings Series, Box 14, Holtz Papers.

72. Lane, "America's Guiding Spirit."

done, too. She and Lane soon parted on hostile terms. Lane's personal notes indicate that she experienced a financial collapse caused by Marquis's exploitation of her. "She is a wonderful little liar and thief," Lane scrawled in her journal.[73] In fact, Marquis did leave abruptly with the cameras, cash, clothing, and no forwarding address. Increasingly ill, homesick, and exhausted, Lane pushed on over the next few months as far east as Baghdad. There, she turned on her heel and set a new course for home. She was out of money, borrowing from a colleague, and the "nerve strain," as she described it, had finally reached "just about the limit that I could stand."[74] Lane returned to Missouri just in time to celebrate Christmas with her parents at Rocky Ridge in 1923. Wilder met her daughter on the platform of the Mansfield train station; the women had not seen each other in almost four years.[75]

Lane would spend the next two years recuperating at her parents' home. "I feel a mainspring somehow [has] broken," she wrote in her journal, just days after her return.[76] She suffered classic symptoms of posttraumatic stress syndrome: tears, sleeplessness, hopelessness, lethargy, shame, depression, and intense "fight or flight" reactions.[77] By New Year's Day, she had plotted her return to Albania—the only place she seemed to feel at peace. Although she recognized the same signs in Guy Moyston, who had been traumatized by guerilla warfare in Ireland, she could do little for either of them except advocate rest, quiet, and self-care. When she sailed home on the U.S.S. *Leviathan*, she confided to Moyston, walking just one lap around the deck overwhelmed her and left her trembling.[78] There was little recognition, much less treatment, for posttraumatic shock after World War I. "Battle fatigue" or "shell-shock" was generally viewed as a form of malingering or personal weakness. Lane's doctors diagnosed her as a "manic-depressive type"[79] or as a woman suffering from "minus metabolism," something

73. Lane Diary, 1923, 4 Sept. 1923, Diaries & Notes Series #17, Lane Papers.

74. Lane to Moyston, n.d., ca. 1925, Moyston Correspondence, Box 9, ibid.

75. Lane Diary, 1923, 20 Dec. 1923, Diaries & Notes Series #17, ibid.

76. Lane Diary, 1923, 31 Dec. 1923, ibid.

77. Lane Journal, 1924, passim, ibid; John P. Wilson, "PTSD and Complex PTSD: Symptoms, Syndrome, and Diagnosis," in *Assessing Psychological Trauma and PTSD*, 2d ed., ed. Wilson and Terence Martin Keane (New York: Guilford Press, 2004), pp. 33–37.

78. Lane to Moyston, n.d., 1924, Moyston Correspondence, Box 9, Lane Papers.

79. Lane to Older, 3 Nov. 1929, Older Correspondence, Box 10, ibid.

that supposedly "wrecked the physical structure of nerves."[80] She dated the onset of her "nerve strain" to her arrival in postwar Europe.[81] She cried so hard, for so long, that she required eyelid surgery in 1934.[82]

Lane's journals indicate that she was preparing to write a book about her experiences in Armenia. She certainly had the material to do so. She soon abandoned the plan, however, along with her intention of revisiting both Soviet Armenia and Georgia.[83] Although Lane repurposed a few of her *San Francisco Call and Post* columns for magazine articles, after her return to Missouri she seems to have turned the page on the painful subject of Armenia—in her writing, if not her memory—for good.

Lane's reputation has suffered in recent years, overshadowing her remarkable life and work as a writer, as a Libertarian thinker, and as her mother's *Little House* editor and collaborator. At times, her Armenia columns contain language and opinions that sound jarring, imperious, naïve, and even offensive to modern readers, although arguably less so than the writings of most of her male contemporaries. Like nearly all writers of the era, Lane sometimes stereotyped her subjects and drew little if any distinction between the words "race" and "ethnicity" in the Near East: Greeks are cruel; Armenians are untrustworthy; the English are snobs; the French are apathetic; Turks are indolent; Russians are dictatorial; Jews are "ascetic, intellectual;" but Albanians are always noble.[84] Yet Lane remained consistently thoughtful and decidedly progressive on questions of race, class, agency, and gender in Armenia, at home, and abroad. Frequently, she held up American "idealism" and democracy as the solution to the bloody, "weltering mess" she experienced on the ground in Armenia. Even so, she qualified her opinion. Yes, she stated, "I know all about our slums, and lynchings, and twelve hour days in steel mills and child labor," but America and the work of the NER gave her "a real hope for humanity."[85]

As an American woman, writer, and traveler who participated in

80. Lane to Older, 11 Apr. 1934, ibid.

81. Lane to Moyston, n.d., 1924.

82. Lane to Older, 11 Apr. 1934.

83. Lane Diary, 1923, 29, 31 Jan. 1923, Diaries & Notes Series #17; Lane to George Bye, 26 Dec. 1931, Bye, George T., 1931–1940 Correspondence, Box 1, Lane Papers.

84. *See*, for example, Lane, "Where the World is Topsy-Turvy," *San Francisco Call and Post*, 18 Apr., 15 June 1921, 6 Apr. 1923; Lane, "The Jew as Commissar."

85. Lane, "America's Guiding Spirit."

both first- and second-wave feminism, Lane has few counterparts. Like British archaeologist and explorer Gertrude Bell, who also sent early distress signals to British officials about the crisis in Armenia, Lane was an international trailblazer. Lane's writing is emotionally charged by modern standards, but it is raw, sincere emotion, generated by what she calls "The Whirlpool in the Caucasus," a genocidal vortex she could do nothing to stop except advocate for change.[86]

"Generations go by like waves in a sea," Lane wrote late in life. The 1960s were in full swing, and she was fast approaching eighty. She had just returned from Vietnam, where she had been covering the conflict as a war correspondent for *Woman's Day* magazine. "One [generation] after another they change everything—everything," she contended, "even the language." Survivors from earlier times become "quaint." They are "out of step, out of key, out of context—OUT."[87] Yet, as the world pauses to commemorate the centenary of the Armenian Genocide between 2015 and 2023, Lane's body of work from her time in Armenia remains unique and relevant. It is an integral, overlooked part of her own personal and literary legacy. "If anything will ever conquer the cruelties and greeds and hatreds that disfigure human life," Lane wrote shortly before leaving Armenia, "it is what we call 'humanity' in the world which will do it."[88]

In his official history of the NER, James Barton—a quiet Quaker and founding member of Henry Morgenthau's original relief committee—named Rose Wilder Lane as one of the "helpful authors" who "rendered valuable service" and is "listed among the hosts of volunteer relief workers."[89] Lane never mentioned Barton's commendation, but she likely prized recognition, even though at the time it was conferred, just as Lane had predicted, European powers were already rebuilding their armies and navies in preparation for the next great war.

86. Lane, "The Whirlpool in the Caucasus," *San Francisco Call and Post*, 2 May 1923.

87. Lane to Norma Lee Browning, 7 Dec. 1967, Browning, Norma Lee, 1964–1968 Folder, Box 1, Holtz Papers.

88. Lane, "America's Guiding Spirit."

89. Barton, *Story of Near East Relief*, p. 389.