



UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

AUG 26 1955

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To note signature
Rev 9/26

PRS 5487

My dear Mr. Robinson:

As the National Park Service of this Department has under its jurisdiction the Statue of Liberty and other national monuments and historic sites, Mr. James C. Hagerty, Press Secretary to the President, has requested us to acknowledge your letter of July 19 concerning your proposal for a Statue of Justice in San Francisco Bay, and express his regret that there was no opportunity to discuss its contents with the President while at Geneva. Assistant to the President, Sherman Adams, also has asked us to reply to the similar letter of July 26 that you wrote to him.

In the absence of particulars about the proposal it is difficult to give an unqualified opinion as to its feasibility. The idea of erecting a counterpart of the Statue of Liberty in a location like San Francisco Bay, however, is intriguing, particularly if it receives the endorsement of the responsible heads of other governments and of our own government. We understand that some funds have been raised by subscription and it is your hope that the entire amount needed can be raised in that manner. This is commendable and in keeping with the spirit of the people of France who gave the Statue of Liberty to this Country.

With best wishes for the success of your undertaking,

Sincerely yours,

(sgd) Orme Lewis

Assistant Secretary of the Interior

Mr. Arthur Robinson

Volcano, California

Copy to: Regional Director, Region Four (2) w/c of incoming ltr.
Mr. Hagerty, White House w/c of incoming ltr.

m Assistant Secretary Lewis

Mr. Diederich

Mr. Edwards, Rm. 5122

NPS files

HJGadsby:bg 8/19/55
NWEwards:as 8/25/55

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(From the July 21, 1955 issue of the Amador Ledger published at Jackson, Amador County, California.)

It Happened On Main Street, U. S. A.

by Arthur Robinson

It could have happened in Paris on a bench along the banks of the Seine where men discuss world affairs and perhaps women, or around a cracker barrel in a Vermont grocery, or in a pub in England, or anywhere else in the world where people breathe the air of freedom and love liberty. The simple fact, however, is that it happened here in Amador County, in Bill Tam's gents furnishing store, on Main Street, in Jackson.

Ten years later the news would go out to the world by radio and television and telegraph and cable.

President Roosevelt had died only two months before. The war in Europe had ended. Hitler and his demonology were incinerated dust in the rubble of Berlin. The first atomic bomb had not yet been triggered. The American flag was still to be raised on Iwo Jima by marines under the command of Brigadier-General Harry Liversedge, a friend and neighbor. Hiroshima had been targeted in macabre secrecy for destruction by a weapon which was to menace the future of civilization. The war with Japan was moving toward a climax. A martial audit, compiled by several international organizations and officially reported the year before by the Vatican, indicated the total number of dead and wounded—military and civilian—was 56 million and 460 thousand.

In Volcano (population 128, by a finger-counting census) a sapling Christmas tree had been planted. A bronze plaque below it read in part:

This Christmas tree was planted during World War Two in the prayerful hope that the Spirit of Christmas would forever rule the relations of all men and all nations.

And in San Francisco the United Nations was being organized. The bright light of hope was beginning to flicker again in the war-darkened hearts of people everywhere. Maybe . . . maybe the United Nations would succeed where the League of Nations had failed so dismally after the First World War.

Bill Tam's store in Jackson is much more than a mere emporium. It's a Main Street institution, a kind of conversational fountain where men gather to refresh themselves in small talk and some times barbed debate. In the back, where Bill sits behind an old and wonderfully cluttered roll-top desk, miners in the old days pre-empted the chairs in the shoe department and dug gold which assayed \$107 a ton in the underwear department. Local political campaigns, championship prize fights and major league baseball pennants have been won and lost in the back of Bill's store, and at times the temperature of the conversation has gone from hot to freezing so quickly the mercury in the thermometer oozed out at both ends almost simultaneously.

In peace-time, you met friends from other parts of the county there and amiably passed the time of day.

In war-time, you shared anxieties . . . and news about county casualties.

It was there—ten years ago—while the United Nations was being organized—that Anthony Caminetti, Jr., the son of an illustrious father who had served under Woodrow Wilson as Commissioner of Immigration, told me he had an idea and wanted to know what I thought of it.

And the idea?

A Statue of Justice, to be set up in San Francisco's Golden Gate, as a sister statue to the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor.

Many years before, the people and children of France had reached deep into their hearts and shallow purses and pooled their frugal centimes in a fund which grew to such proportions that another idea which also seemed beyond realization at first became in fact and in spirit the visible and enduring embodiment of the basic principle on which the democracies of France and the United States were founded. Never before—in the sublimity of pure love—had one country sent to another such a gift as the Statue of Liberty.

Kipling had said, "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet."

Now, perhaps, with the Statue of Liberty in New York facing East and a Statue of Justice in the Golden Gate facing West, the twain would indeed meet in globe-girdling brotherhood and lasting peace.

I thought Mr. Caminetti's idea was a marvelous one and we went to work on it. I prepared some news releases and he collected \$1,200—\$250 of it the official contribution of the county by special act of the Board of Supervisors.

It takes time for ideas to ripen in the imaginations of some men. At San Francisco the statesmen of the world were too busy organizing the United Nations to add the weight of a statue to their

grave burdens. The City of San Francisco authorities, or other hand, were unwilling to carry the ball at the point at which we here in this small county, with our limited resources, willing to hand it to them.

So the \$1,200 remained in the bank.
And ten years passed.

Several weeks ago, while listening to a broadcast from the commemorative sessions of the United Nations in San Francisco I scribbled a draft of a telegram to Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., United States representative to the United Nations. He and I had been on opposite sides of a violent political battle in the intervening years but of course this was no time for letting personalities or the past obstruct the urgencies of the moment.

He agreed to send the telegram and he and I and Earl Garbarini, Chairman of the Board of Supervisors signed it.

Here's the telegram:

Jackson, California
June 25, 1955

Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.,
United States Ambassador to the United Nations
San Francisco Memorial Opera House
San Francisco, Cal.

Respectfully suggest a United Nations Statue of Justice to be erected in San Francisco's Golden Gate as an appropriate expression of ideals and objectives of member nations and as a dramatic counterpart of Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. A fund of \$1,200 raised here in Amador County specifically for such a purpose is available. Earnestly hope you will find it possible to submit suggestion for consideration of present commemorative session for such action may be fitting. Please advise if you can accept our fund as first implementing step toward realization of idea. People and children of all countries, as well as their governments, will want to join with the people and Board of Supervisors of this small California mountain county in such a world-wide undertaking of good will.

S/ A. Caminetti, Jr., District Attorney
of Amador County

S/ Earl J. Garbarini, Chairman, Board
of Supervisors

S/ Arthur Robinson, Volcano, California

Copies of the telegram were sent to the top officials of the United Nations, to key figures in Washington, to Governor Kerner and Mayor Elmer Robinson of San Francisco, and others.

Then things began to happen.

News about the idea began to crackle on the radio and television. U. N. delegates at the San Francisco Opera House told about it. American and international news agencies carried stories about it everywhere in the world. . . .

Main Street. . . .

A small California mountain county. . . .

It could have happened in Paris on a bench along the banks of the Seine where men discuss world affairs and perhaps women, or around a cracker barrel in a Vermont grocery, or in a pub in England, or anywhere else in the world where people breathe the air of freedom and love liberty.

For the record—proudly and humbly—it started here.

We have received many commendatory letters from the many whom copies of the telegram were sent. Two weeks after Mayor Robinson of San Francisco announced the appointment of a local ways and means committee and requested the committee to submit a progress report not later than August 1st, Mr. Robinson wrote us he has already received offers running many thousands of dollars for a commemorative monument. We hope that every member nation of the United Nations will support the idea financially. An implementing proposal to effect, we believe, will be introduced at the next general session of the United Nations and, when that is done, a supporting resolution in Congress.

A hundred years ago, in a one-room law office in Springfield, Illinois, an obscure man named Abraham Lincoln read aloud to his partner, Billy Herndon, from a slender book of poetry which had only a short time before been published. It was Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." In the years to come Lincoln would speak with the same impassioned simplicity at the dedication of a cemetery for soldier dead in a small Pennsylvania town. Here are a few selected lines of Whitman's that Lincoln read:

I announce what comes after me.

I announce justice triumphant.

I announce uncompromising liberty and equality

I announce splendors and majesties to make all the
previous politics of the earth insignificant.

Ten years ago, as the United Nations was being organized, the bright light of hope began to flicker again in the war-darkened hearts of people. The other day, before leaving for the Power Conference in Geneva, President Eisenhower asked me to pray for the success of the conference.

In the hand of the Statue of Liberty a torch reaches to the sky.

May the bright light of hope flicker into a flame and forever in peace and justice in the hearts of all men.
Everywhere.

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