The Reminiscences of

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Oral History Research Office

Columbia University

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PREFACE

This manuscript is the result of a series of tape-recorded interviews conducted by Wendell Link of the Oral History Research Office in June, 1956, at Huntington, Long Island.

The manuscript has been edited for clarity by Mr. Page, and is therefore not a verbatim account of the interviews. It remains, however, a transcript of the spoken rather than the written word, and the reader is enjoined to keep this in mind.

COPY

Arthur W. Page

Room 2602 - 20 Pine St.

New York 5, N.Y.

MRS. CAROL S. GRUBER
Oral History Research Office,
Columbia University,
116th Street and Broadway,
New York 27, New York.

Dear Mrs. Gruber,

I have made some corrections in order to clarify some obscure sentences.

I also have acquired the firm conviction that this material, drawn from a not too accurate memory for details, is not worth while keeping.

However, you can do with it what you will and I have no objection to any use so long as the user understands that it has not been checked or verified and merely reflects my memory.

Sincerely yours,

(signed) Arthur W. Page

Arthur W. Page - Interview 1, side 1 - June 19, 1956 - at Huntington, L.I. This interview taken on a tape-recorder.

I was born in Aberdeen, North Carolina, in the fall of 1883. That was seven years after the army of occupation had left there. While I, as I grew up, never knew but one person who was violent about the Civil War, and that was my great grandmother, who was about ninety, nevertheless the results of a long period of stagnation under slavery and the Civil War and Reconstruction, all three put together, were very plain even during the time I was a young man, up to the turn of the century.

The town of Aberdeen had been called Blue's Crossing. It was the head of the railroad that was being built south at the time that I was born. That railroad is now the Seaboard Airline, but it had a different name at that time. My grandfather and my uncles moved there to establish a sawmill in the virgin timber and cut lumber. It was originally a water-wheel turned by a stream from a mill dam that was built at the head of a creek, but as time went on they abandoned the water-wheel and moved to a steam plant. They began first hauling logs by mule wagon but they finally got to a short railroad. In time that railroad continued to grow.

The interesting thing as you look back upon that period was that from the fact that the old academy system of education in North Carolina disappeared with the Civil War and nothing took its place, there were practically two generations of people that grew up uneducated. I don't mean that nobody had an education.

Some did, but they were comparatively few, and it wasn't at all general. The consequence is that you lost the capacity, through two generations of people, partly because of the lack of education and at the same time by the lack of opportunity, because there was no way that you could acquire the tools of production beyond the more primitive ones. It's hard to realize how long it takes to overcome a situation of that kind.

When I went to college in 1901, that country was certainly still very, very backwards and offered very little opportunity. The year before I went to college, I worked for part of the summer in a planing mill, up this same railroad some distance, at a little town called Biscoe. I had a man's job, although I was sixteen. They didn't make any distinction between ages. The job was eleven hours a day and the pay was 60¢ a day, $3.60 a week. That was paid on a ticket--it looked like a commutation ticket--which was good at the company store. Now, the company store has been abused a lot. That one was a good one. You could get your money or goods, but you got more goods at the company store than you did anywhere else, so that very few people cashed the ticket for money except for articles that they couldn't buy there. Liquor, for one thing, for the community was dry.

I don't mean that nobody in the community drank, but the number was very small, and the operation was handled in a very effective manner. There was one still at a place called Candor. Those people who had to have liquor went there and got it. If there were any

disturbances--fights, shooting, anything else--arising in that neighborhood, the sheriff went and destroyed the still. The owner of it put it back at very considerable expense, so that he was under a good deal of pressure to be sure that his business was in moderation. All the good people pretended to know nothing about this. Everybody did know about it, but it was about as effective control of liquor as I've ever seen or heard of anywhere in the world.

Aberdeen is the place which sticks the strongest in my mind, but actually I spent my summers there and not my winters. My father and mother were in the North. My father was part of the time an editor of the old New York World, which was a somewhat literary newspaper at that time, and later the editor of The Forum magazine. I went to school in one place and another in the North, but we didn't stay in any one spot that gave me a sense of belonging to it, whereas the summers were in the same spot, so that my memory is very much more vivid about conditions in North Carolina than about any other spot.

Aside from the great lack of opportunity, which wasn't so clear to me at that time obviously, it was a very happy life. It was, however, very simple living, rather ample but very simple. There was of course no refrigeration of any kind. People lived chiefly on ham and chicken, ham in the smokehouse and chicken on the hoof. Those two things would keep. You had fresh beef if some were killed in the neighborhood, but that was seldom, and

the butchering was bad, so that nobody cared particularly about beef. There were no packaged foods. You had a barrel of sugar and a barrel of flour, and everything was on that scale. My grandmother would go out every morning and measure out the food and turn it over to the cook. She started to cook and cooked all day, because it was a large family; between all of the children and grandchildren and visitors and cousins it would run anywhere from twelve to fifteen people at meals all the time. The cook would get about $5 a month, plus house and food. As I say, it was a very ample amount of food and a great variety of jams and jellies and everything that was put up on the place, but there was comparatively little that came except by cooking the bulk commodities. You didn't get any stuff from the store. In fact, the only kind of stores there were general stores which sold the bulk kinds of food--corn-meal, flour, sugar, molasses and so forth.

Travel in the sand country--Aberdeen is in the sand country--was altogether by horse and buggy, and the roads were very heavy, so that it would be a long hard day that you could push a horse eighteen miles. The roads were very thick sand and the tires of your buggy go into it, and the horse doesn't get a hard footing either, so that it was hard going.

In the latter part of my youth an event happened that changed that country quite a little at that particular spot. A man named Mr. Leonard Tufts came down from Boston. He had made a considerable

amount of money, I believe, in making soda water fountain machinery, and he had the desire to do a very useful thing, which was to set up a place in a dry sandy country, fairly far South, where people from New England who could not stand that climate in winter could come at a very reasonable rate. It was supposed to pay for itself, but it was not supposed to make any money.

Mr. Tufts came there and wanted to buy a piece of land which my grandfather had which he had cut the timber offof. The land was not of much value. Mr. Tufts asked what my grandfather would sell it for, and he said, "Well, Mr. Tufts, you have a good use for it and it isn't very valuable. I'll give you the land."

Mr. Tufts said no, he was not accustomed to having things given to him that he wanted, he preferred to pay for it. My grandfather said he wasn't accustomed to getting money for fairly worthless things. So the two old gentlemen had themselves an argument most of one morning. The net of it was that the land was sold for a dollar an acre, and that was the beginning of Pinehurst, which is now quite an establishment.

I went to public school in Cambridge, and I went to Lawrenceville, and then I went to Harvard. Lawrenceville was a Princeton preparatory school, and in those days we did not have the same examinations for the different colleges. So, while I think I would have had little difficulty in getting into Princeton, I think I actually got into Harvard with the most "conditions" that any-

body ever did. I didn't decide on Harvard. My father decided on Harvard, and the reason of that is quite simple. He was then editing the Atlantic Monthly and knew President Eliot and a good many of the people there. But behind that, there was always in his mind a desperate desire for the best education possible, because that comes to people who have lived in a place where not many people have it. If education is easy to get and everybody has it, there's not such a premium on it. But if you've lived in a place and seen a place where there was good talent that wasn't ever educated, you have a desperate feeling about getting the best education and the most you could. Now, that was much more strong in his mind than it was in mine.

When I got to college, there was at Harvard a very considerable number of Southerners, perhaps more than there had been at any time except before the Civil War. A good many of them were graduate students or law students. There were enough so that we organized a Southern Club, which rented a house on Mount Auburn Street. It had about the same number of members as most of the undergraduate clubs, and was quite a thriving institution. It wasn't particularly popular with the college office, because there was an assumption on the part of the office which I don't think was entirely erroneous that the Southern Club had more liquor, on the average, than they should have. On the other hand, it had a strain of the desire for education in the older fellows quite strongly, particularly the

ones in the Law School, and there were several of them that were very distinguished in their accomplishments there. And it's also indicative of that strain that I suppose the only undergraduate club dinner that was ever held in Cambridge on the subject of education was held in the Southern Club. We invited the Governor of Virginia. His name was Andrew J. Montague. That was about 1903 or 1904. At that time, in both North Carolina and Virginia, there were state elections, the one theme of which was a large appropriation to really make the public school system function. Montague was a great orator, and that was his theme in Virginia. The North Carolina governor was named C.B. Aycock.

A great many farmers in North Carolina thought that education was very high priced and they had very little money, and there was a need for a very powerful propaganda to get a majority vote for adequate taxes for the school system. Aycock supplied that. He was a very sincere and very powerful speaker, but his main point was that his mother had grown up without being able to read and write, and that nothing like that should happen in the state again.

Well, we invited Montague to come to the Southern Club's annual dinner. There were about thirty-five of us, and why anybody should leave the state of Virginia and come and address thirty-five boys, I can't see. But it is traditional that men of affairs will take time off for youngsters if they won't for anything else, and he said he would come.

Well, then, we sat around and contemplated just how we would run the dinner and the food, and introduce him, and what would happen, and the closer to it we got, the more nervous we were about it. While this discussion was going on, the telephone rang, and I went to the telephone, and the voice said,

"This is Governor Guild of Massachusetts. I understand that Governor Montague is coming to the Southern Club, and Massachusetts and Virginia are the only two commonwealths in the nation."

About this time I began to sense what was going on, and I said, "Well, Governor, we have just found out that Governor Montague is coming and we were going to ask if you wouldn't come."

He said yes, he would.

By this time we were in pretty deep, and some bright boy had the idea that we could hardly have two governors in Harvard College without asking the President. So we went to see President Eliot, and as soon as he found out the two governors were coming, he was coming.

So then we reconsidered the question of liquor at the dinner, but decided to go ahead naturally and have it. I think it was one of the most notable dinners that I've ever been to. We began with Governor Guild, and he made a good Blue and Grey speech. I heard him make it in Mexico and other places afterwards. It wasn't as good as I thought it was the first time, but it fitted that time and circumstance and it was done with skill and urbanity. But there was no great content to it, except that we get on with each other now and so forth.

Then Montague spoke, and that was really a very moving and very powerful exposition of what everybody accepts now, that the fundamental basis of democracy is an educated populace, and the determination to have it, even at very great expense and very great effort. Then came President Eliot, who had taken some champagne but very little food because he ate his dinner before he risked himself on such occasions. You could almost see in his mind that he was not going to have somebody come and talk education in his bailiwick without very severe competition from him also. He was more flexible and down to the undergraduate level and more convincing than any time I ever heard him afterwards, although I knew the old gentleman afterwards.

But one thing sticks in my mind right now that he said. He wanted to make it clear to us, as Southerners, that Harvard College was going to do its full duty by the Negroes and was going to allow any Negro who could qualify to come to Harvard College. But he did say that if the numbers became such as to impede the progress of the college in its normal way, they would be limited--which was a very interesting comment. He gave me the picture that the old gentleman knew the limitations of what you can do and what you can't do, and how long it takes to change over habits and people and work things out--that you can't just pass a law quickly and say "everything's different." You can make things different and better but it takes long and thoughtful and careful work day by day by the people involved.

There were Negroes at Harvard at that time. I think there were five Negroes in my class. The captain of the baseball team was a Negro. I remember two others named Duke and Douglas. None of those, I think, ever amounted to much, but we had one whose name I'm sorry I can't remember who, I think, is still alive who did very well. He was a specialist in the Massachusetts General Hospital. I did not see him at my Fiftieth Anniversary there, but I did at my Twenty-fifth. There have been, always, a succession of them.

When I left college, I went to work.

At college, my particular interest was in history, and as far as I know, by accident. The other part of it was in English because my father being in the writing and publishing business, that was what you got in the background of the house, and so you fell into that easily. Maybe the history came the same way, I don't know. However, the English teaching--I had nobody that I remember particularly that affected me much. I wrote for the college magazine and was editor of it at one time, and I think that indicated a desire rather than anything else. I think the Advocate was then, and as far as I know is now, a reasonably poor undergraduate literary effort. But it's interesting that some twenty-five years after, when some of us were trying to keep the Advocate alive, we made a study of those who had been editors of it, and about 60% of them earned their living writing. All that indicated was not that they

knew how when they were there or did anything well, but that they wrote for the Advocate because they couldn't help it, and that was the reason they went on writing afterwards.

The best teacher that I had was Archie Coolidge, and I think the first real shock of education I ever had was at his hands. I took History I, which was a general course in European History, with him. Although he was an interesting character, because he had a very peculiar manner, a kind of a spring-halted walk, and he couldn't say "r". He talked about "woomans" and "wugged" and things like that. But he was a man of great capacity, and he had a great interest and sincerity. So after I took his first course, I took whatever course of his there was open to me the next year, and the elective system at Harvard then was really wide open. This was a course on Colonial History that Archie Coolidge taught, and there were about twelve of us I guess that went into that class the first day. He explained to us that he wasn't going to lecture, but we were. He was going to have two boys go out and study a subject and come in and lecture about it. Then the others would ask questions, and if the others didn't ask questions, he would.

My first assignment was the Tai-ping Rebellion. I had never heard of it. Neither had most people. It was a war in China at the same time as our Civil War, and probably about as big. I went to the library in my innocence to get the book on the Tai-ping Rebellion. That was what my idea of education was at the time. I

was horrified: there wasn't any! Then I had to go through about twenty books and look up what they said about the Tai-ping Rebellion and put the pieces together. I was more shocked than ever when I discovered they didn't agree. It was the first time it ever dawned on me that history wasn't an accurate profession. The recording of facts was often biased; some were omitted; and when you got all done with the collection of all the facts that there were, you still had to use a good deal of inherent probability to know what could be put down as supposedly having happened.

The other most interesting figure to me was Nathaniel Shaler. He was a teacher of geology, which I wasn't interested in, but I was interested in him. He was a great figure. He had been in the Federal Army in the Civil War. He supposedly was the only man who had ever conducted a cavalry charge by using the artillery horses and the artillery guns as cavalry. He had a wide range of interests, and he would let you come up to his house on Sunday afternoons. Ten or fifteen boys would sit around, and the old gentleman walked up and down smoking a long-stemmed corn-cob pipe, and he would discuss anything and everything. That was really about as interesting a part of my education as happened anywhere.

I intended to be an architect, but it didn't work out that way. In the first place, when I got done college, my father wanted me to go in business with him. My older brother had become a lawyer. I could see that Father wanted one of us in the business

very much, and I had a particular reason why I would do anything in the world that he wanted. That reason was this. Halfway through college, I'd gotten very tired of Mr. Silas McVane's course on later European History---that was after Coolidge. The old gentleman had written a book on it, and there were fifteen different editions of printed notes which told you what he was going to say. He was old and he was tired of saying this to boys, and the consequence was, there was no excitement in it whatever, and I would not go to the course. I just read the book and the printed notes.

At this time there was a reform going on in the college, and attendance was going to be insisted upon, and they said, "If you cut more than so much, you'll get in trouble." Well, reforms are as hard to put over in college as they are elsewhere, so a good many of us didn't take this as seriously as we should have, which landed me on probation. And there was a very strict rule about cutting the last class before Christmas vacation. It indicated that you'd left town before you should have. Well, I went home on Christmas. The last class I had was Silas McVane's class, but I went to it that day, and I sat off in one corner near the door, but I was there. I went off home, and the night before Christmas my father came home. The other two boys were away, but my mother and sister, my father and I had dinner, and everything was as calm and peaceful and cheery as usual. Then after dinner, the two ladies walked out, and father handed me a letter and he said, "Arthur, this

thing seems to affect you more'n it does me."

I took the letter and opened it, and it was a printed form in which the names were filled in, but it read: "Dear Mr. Page: I regret to inform you that your son Arthur's connection with Harvard College has been severed."

It was signed by the Dean. I looked at this thing a minute and I said, "I don't know what this means."

He said, "Well, I don't.

But there was no implication of criticism or doubt or anything about it. He was just as calm as could be. I said, "I think I'd better go back and find out."

He said, "Yes, I think that would be a good idea."

I said, "I'll get dressed and I can get the midnight."

He said, "No, I wouldn't do that. Nothing will change between now and after Christmas."

That was all that ever was said about it. I went back, and I went in to see the Dean. I asked him what he fired me for and he said, "Cutting the last class," and I said, "Well, I was there."

He picked up the record and said, "The monitor didn't report you there."

I said, "Well, I was there, and I know several people who saw me there."

He said, "No, I won't ask that. If you say you were there, that's all right."

I never forgot my father's confidence. Under the circumstances it would have been instinctive for most people to say was something to indicate a doubt or suspicion. That degree of confidence stuck in my mind so that there was nothing on earth that he ever expected of me that I wasn't going to do.

So when he said he'd like me to come into the business, I went ahead into it. I started in proof-reading, collecting pictures. It was Doubleday, Page and Company then. It had started two or three years before. I was working on the magazine, The World's Work. I was on that from the beginning. It began in 1901, and I worked on it one summer in 1903 and 1904, and then in 1905 I went to work on it permanently.

When I said to father that I would go to work, he said that was fine, and he said, "When will you begin?"

I said, "Any time," thinking he would denominate some time in the fall. Well, he said, "Next Monday."

That summer went without vacation, and I don't know whether I ever got even with that summer or not. That was right after I got out of college, I think right after the 4th of July.

He was the editor of the magazine, and the head of the literary side of the business. Doubleday was the head of the business side of the business. Henry Lanier and Herbert Huston and Sam Everett were the other partners.

Before Harvard, I went to the Cambridge Latin School for a couple of years; the headmaster was Mr. Bradbury. But the dominant character

was a Latin teacher named Jenny Spring. The Cambridge Latin School I think had learned to do about as well as a school could. It had a lot of heterogeneous people in it. Obviously in Cambridge at that time going to school was necessary under the law, so you had a lot of people who might not have otherwise taken much interest in it. But it had discipline that particularly Miss Spring had. She could force people who had no interest in Latin or would never have an interest in Latin to learn enough Latin, whether they wanted to or not to graduate. She had, however, one character by the name of Crowley who'd been there for some time. He didn't go up from one class to another. He was a good football player on the school football team, but he didn't progress much intellectually. But Crowley was pretty smart. We always had on Memorial Day a man who came down and made a speech about the flag and one thing and another. It was always the same. Crowley'd been there a number of years. One year, just before it was time to go up and listen to this thing, Crowley got up and said to Miss Spring, "Could I say something?"

She said, "Yes."

And he started to deliver this oration. He knew it just as well as the man did. So Miss Spring kept him downstairs and let him give it, and the rest of us went upstairs and heard the original.

My older brother, Ralph Page, was a year and a half older. My next brother, Frank, was about three years younger and my sister, Katherine, was two or three years younger than that. I was close to

all three of them. Ralph and I, the two oldest, are the only ones that are living now. I wouldn't know if I was closer to my mother or father. Curiously enough, it was the country in North Carolina that had an impression on me, but the two people in the world that had an impress were my mother and father.

When I left college and started to work there, I lived at home from 1905 to 1912 when I married Mollie Hall of Milton, Mass. Before that when I was working at the World's Work and Doubleday Page and living in my father's house, I had a background training all the time in what father was doing both day and night, so to speak, because I practically never left him. We lived in several different places, but mostly in Garden City where the publishing office and the printing plant were.

Father worked a good many nights, and so did I, but I don't mean that there was a pressure of work. I mean whatever you discussed was likely to have the background of the magazine or education or foreign affairs or things in the South, or whatever it was that was going on, so you rather stayed in that atmosphere all the time.

A year after I was married, Father went to London.

My brother Frank was in the business for a little while, but then he went South and started a newspaper. He didn't stay at Doubleday Page there more than three or four years. He was there at the time that the War broke out.

There were probably about five people working on the World's Work. There would be Father, and then I first went there a man named Michael Cramiff, a Harvard graduate; a boy about my own age named French Strother from Fresno, California; and then there would be others coming and going from time to time. For that kind of a magazine very few articles are submitted, and even fewer of those that are submitted are the kind you want. It was a magazine that discussed human affairs of all kinds. It would cover about the same things that you have in the curriculum of a liberal arts college, except that it was much stronger on economic and agricultural subjects, but you talked about them all from the human side and not from the figure side, although there were plenty of figures on it.

The Century was a literary magazine. We were not. The Atlantic, when Father edited it, had a part of this strain in it, but it was more literary. He was more interested in the progress of mankind and the improvement of education, and improvement of health, than he was in purely literary performances. He had a great capacity to write, and he loved it as an art, but he wrote to get people to act. He'd have a purpose in his writing all the time.

Now, the way the magazine was set up, he would figure out what subjects he wanted to have treated. Who knew about them? You found out, and either wrote to them or went to see them, and got them to do it. So he created the thing, although he got other people to write it.

The magazine would have eight or ten articles in it, and twelve to twenty editorials. Most of the time he wrote three quarters of the editorials, and he got other people to write the articles. As the crowd under him grew up, they would take over parts of the work, but as long as he was there it was his creation and domination, and the major themes in it were political. There was a good deal of foreign affairs in it, much more than in the average magazine at that time. There was a strong push on Southern things, that is for education and good roads. It was during that time that Father was on the General Education Board that did a good deal to improve education in the South, and also it was through that that the Rockefellers got to curing the hookworm. So there were at the house people from the South on education and people from the North on education, and Dr. Styles and Whitcliff Rhodes and a whole line of people that were interested in public health. I found that very stimulating.

In practice you were supposed to do about as much writing and looking up of things in a month as you did in six months at college. That was the first time I really learned how to work. That was a sudden and violent change, and it was accomplished without anything except just expectation. If this was what you were supposed to do, that's what you'd try to do. Well, you found out you could work a whole lot faster and better than you ever had before.

Now, as I look back upon that, there are some extraordinarily fascinating things. About a year after I got there, there was an article in World's Work called "Our Financial Oligarchy," by Sereno S. Pratt. He was the editor of the Wall Street Journal. And he had listed forty-five men who were then the heads of big business. It was the first article of that kind that I remember, and I think one of the first that there was in this country. This was in the fall of 1905. All I had to do with it was to go and get the pictures to illustrate it from various photographers and news agencies. This was my first acquaintance with the great, because I had to learn all the names of forty-five while getting their pictures. And the thing stuck in my mind, particularly in later years, for this reason. From time to time people get very disturbed about the continuance of great wealth in a single family or a single company, and people say now perhaps the inheritance tax will change it. But between 1905 and 1935, almost all of the importance of these forty-five men and their companies had disappeared. It was the most complete evidence of the transitory ownership of power. Now, a great many of these families have money, but what they stood for in power and direction has almost disappeared. I think that goes on regularly in this country, and will so long as the opportunities are not restricted, and competition and opportunity are the dominant forces in the country---particularly more now since education has allowed a much larger percentage of people to try. Added to this, you have, instead of a very tight credit system, a rather loose one,

so that it is not as hard for a man to get the education which will enable him to try to do things or the money which is necessary to get the tools, to try new things. So I would think that unless we change our Government in such ways as to reduce opportunity or stratify power --- nothing but the Government can do that because so long as you keep men free no dumb man can stay on top -- I think we have probably the most exciting and interesting adventure in human affairs since history dawned. Because there's never been a time before when you tried to make use of practically everybody's capacity. This is the first experiment of that kind, and it's totally different. I won't say totally different, but it's fundamentally different from any in Europe, because even in England you then stopped education at fourteen, except for a selected few. As it's worked out here in a somewhat disorganized manner, it is practically true that nobody who wants education need to stop at any point, because he can earn his way through or get a scholarship or do something. The percentage or loss through lack of opportunity is perhaps too great but certainly nothing like as great as it is anywhere else. And if you move from looking at the condition back in the South prior to 1900 where you'd wasted two generations of people because they couldn't have either money, opportunity, tools or anything else, and look at the situation now, it's one of the greatest transformations that ever happened.

The theory Father had was to have the magazine have an affect upon the public mind and the course of events by going out and

finding out who was doing good things and telling about it, so as to set an example. Once in a while we had a critical article, but most of the time what we were busy about was finding out somebody who'd done something well, and recording it.

There appeared from time to time in this process extraordinarily interesting people. There was an old gentleman named Seaman Knapp who came from Iowa. He had studied--I don't think in an Agricultural College, I don't know--but he was a great student of agriculture, and a great student of the Bible. He was a kind of an Old Testament prophet. He talked religion and agriculture all mixed up, just as in the Old Testament. He was a great humanitarian. He discovered that by changing the time and method by which you cultivated cotton, you could time your flowering of the boll at a different time than when the boll-weevil got there, and fool him so that you'd get a crop. Instead of writing about this and exhorting people, Dr. Knapp went to Texas and persuaded one farmer to try this. The farmer tried it, and that summer that farmer had a cotton crop and nobody else had much. So the other neighbors would stop by and say, "How did you do this?"

And the farmer would say, "Well, there was an old man came along here and persuaded me to try this and it works."

That was the beginning of the farm demonstration program in the United States. Now you have a farm demonstration agent in every county in the country, but that was the beginning of it. The Rocke

fellers financed the old man for a while to begin with, and the Federal Government took it over.

Now, we used to have articles by Dr. Knapp once in a while, and they were interesting, but he was more so. One time he was advocating canning clubs for women down South, to preserve food, and I said to him, "Dr. Knapp, can't you buy canned food about as easy as you can do all this canning?"

"Well," he said, "I wouldn't be surprised."

I said, "Well, why do you push this so hard?"

He said, "I'm not really much interested in the canned food."

I said, "I thought you were."

He said, "No. I had another thing in mind, and this is the best way I could figure it out. The farmer's wife leads an isolated and lonely and terribly hard-working life. The only time she gets away is to go to church. That's the only social event, and she doesn't get off the place. Now, if you can figure out a way by which they all congregate every once in a while together, you will change that whole picture. What the canning club is about is, to get the people all to visit each other."

I said, "Did you see what happened?"

He said, "It did happen. Mrs. X had the canning club on the first day. Well, before she has the canning club, she spruces up the house, sets a little new standard, raises the level of everything a little bit, and all the ladies come. Well, the next one sees that, and she does the same. This was just a human matter,

Arthur, I wasn't much interested in the cars. I was interested in the women."

The Wright brothers were others. Somebody came in to the office and told Father that there was somebody out in Dayton that was fooling around with a flying machine. I think it was a man named Riddle told him that. However, we did not get anybody there before the Kitty Hawk thing became know. I first saw the Wrights when they brought their plane down to Governor's Island. They had a catapult that started the thing, and Wilbur Wright flew around the Statue of Liberty. Soon after that, I went as a reporter out to see them in Dayton. They were extraordinarily nice and pleasant and very simple people, in the sense that they had a very good idea about scientific methods of doing things, but they were not boastful about having discovered anything. And they would tell you all about the processes by which they succeeded. The idea of warping the wings, which was the way you kept your balance in the air, came to them from this. They had a long paper box, which an inner tube came in. (They ran a bicycle repair shop.) And they could warp that box, and it would have a different incidence on the air that struck it. And you know, they had an air tunnel that they made.

There's another thing that struck me very much was the way they got their information. They got interested in flying, and the only source they had of knowledge to find out about it was the Dayton Public Library. So they went across the river to the library, and read what was available and then they wrote to the authors of those books and gradually became familiar with the technical papers on the subject.

The things I remember best on the World's Work were at a later time, but that was one. It must have been somewhere in 1905 to 1908. At that time, I was either sub-editing or I was a roving reporter. The job of a roving reporter was to try to find out what was going on in the United States. It's always interested me. I spent an awful lot of time trying to find out about that, and it made me take some skeptical interest in the people who go to any country, spend about three months, and come back and write a book about it. I think this after having spent about five years steady at going and coming and looking at these things, and getting further behind all the time, because your first impression was that you'd gathered something, but afterwards you found out you hadn't, so you were moving backwards all the while, it was harder and harder to really get on to it.

During that time, I made one trip to Mexico. It was a trip that was by invitation to a number of correspondents of one kind or another, of which I think I was probably the junior member, to go down to the celebration of the Mexican Hundredth Anniversary of Independence, and the eightieth birthday of Porferio Diaz. I don't think the old Indian remembered when his birthday was, but at any rate, at some stage of the game, he shifted it around to be on Independence Day. We went down on a train from Texas through to Mexico City. The train had a club car on it, and in the middle of the table was a punch bowl of tequila, which is a violent Mexican

drink. The weather was hotter than the mischief. Of course there was no air conditioning in those days, and you rode through northern Mexico which is a pretty drab country, and the human animals you saw were not very impressive. Mr. Bowles, who was the very highly educated editor of the Springfield Republican, was one of the people on the trip. He was a great classical scholar. Another one was Colonel Bill Stirrit of the Dallas News.

A very extraordinary thing happened. Mr. Bowles got speaking about some characters in Roman history. Colonel Bill took it up. Colonel Bill was exactly the opposite from Mr. Bowles. He was short, broad-shouldered, a little fat, red in the face, voluble in the vernacular. Mr. Bowles was tall, thin, precise, and very clear in perfect English. But Colonel Bill took over his favorite subject, characters in Roman history, and at the end of a day of discussion, Mr. Bowles said that he thought this was the most interesting picture of Roman life that he'd ever heard. Colonel Bill had never read a word of Latin in his life, but he had read the Bone classics, as he would say, "from kiver to kiver," and he read them while he was the Dallas News correspondent in Washington. He compared the motives of every Roman politician with the ones he knew in Washington, and his explanation of Roman politics was a parallelism. All day long he explained that this particular Roman did this, but that's just like Senator so-and-so. And he had the social life and the influence of women and everything down. It was the most vivid

picture---whether accurate or not, I have no means of knowing---but it was really the most vivid picture of political life in Rome that ever I heard of. And it made me wonder at times whether in our educational processes we don't take the classics as a thing that is classic and not a piece of humanity---in other words, a little bit seriously---instead of trying to see how human these people were. It also applies to watching Shakespeare, because people go to be educated. Well, that wasn't what Shakespeare was driving at. It wasn't pure education. He was putting on a show. And half the audiences won't laugh where they ought to, at Shakespeare, because this is serious, they're going to be cultured when they get done with this.

You learned a lot from old Colonel Bill. But that was the main thing of that trip, except that you went through that whole business. They had the big parade, they had the rurales band out in the square, the big receptions. A whole lot of us went up and shook hands with the President. He was very impressive and very Indian. I don't think there was a bit of Spanish blood in him. This was all in celebration of the great success, and certainly he had been a dictator, but a pretty good one. But he grew old and he lost his hold a little. Less than two months after the big celebration, he was out.

He had some money when he left, but he never went away with the treasury like other South Americans have, and I think had he stayed younger and had to trust other people less, he would have been probably as good a dictator as you can have. It's still difficult, then

or even now, to have very much else but a modified dictatorship in Mexico.

Another trip that I took was with Gifford Pinchot and Dr. Julius Holmes, on a conservation trip about that same time. That was T.R.'s big conservation push, and Pinchot was the leading figure in it, in forestry, and you had big cattlemen's meetings because the Forest Service was reducing the cattle range. It was a big and very interesting battle, which ultimately the conservationists won. Then a merging of interests took place after a while. When the conservationists won the battle as far as lumber was concerned, timberland, they just quit cutting. Actually, that isn't a very good piece of economy, because trees grow old and fall down and disappear. The actual fact is that you would do better for your forests and better for your lumber if you cut the tree at a certain mature stage, so you'd have another crop coming. There's no use letting it stand up there until it falls apart from rot and decay and old age.

It's another case of the evolution of ideas and practice. It was a very long time before you could get these two opposing camps to come together and make what you might call a continuous forest, as everybody accepts now. But there was a reason. When my grandfather cut off forty miles of the most lovely timber on earth, it was totally ridiculous if anybody thought of it (which nobody did) to say, "You must reforest it." The fact was, you were just making

a living of paying 60¢ a day for people to cut it. Now, either you cut and ate, or you didn't eat. There was no margin to do any of these things you're talking about. As long as you had taxes on forest land every year, you were under the necessity of cutting it as fast as you could. There were various little changes made by which you finally evolved into what you've now got. You've got a tax system and a conservation system and a replanting system, and everybody's agreed it goes fine. But lumber now is sufficiently valuable to make its replanting worth doing. Up to that time, on an economic basis, you were not going to have it, no matter who preached what to you, because what individual is going to replant the United States on an eleemosynary basis? He's not going to do it. You have to have a vision of what to do, and you have to take the time to get the vision practical.

Now, there was luck--a certain luck--that came on. One of the people that I knew at a little later time on the World's Work was a very interesting character named Dr. Herty. Dr. Herty was a professor at the University of North Carolina. I'm not sure that he wasn't also at times on the Columbia faculty, but he was primarily at the University of North Carolina. And he spent the early part of his life working on a process to take the resin out of pine trees or pine stumps or pine anything, so that you could make paper out of it. He finally got that done, and in some way did whatever it takes to get people to adopt it and put some mills up and so forth,

and got started. Suddenly, in the midst of the Depression of the thirties, when the South was certainly down and out as far as agriculture went--in the local rural areas, you could foreclose any farm, nobody was making a living--he suddenly developed an increasing price on the value of waste land, which helped you out of your troubles. An acre of land that had little pine trees on it--it suddenly appeared you could cut those little pine trees, ten inches, sixteen inches, something like that, and take them down to the new paper mills and get real money for them. So you had just a gold mine crop that turned up for nothing, because that was land that had been cut over once, grown up second-stand, and nobody was farming it. It was worthless, as far as anything was concerned, and here it was suddenly determined to be quite valuable.

Since then, of course, people plant them all the time. But they had a real money asset in that waste land at the time when the people needed it beyond words. Herty's work was the thing that made it possible. I suppose that hardly anybody that you can think of ever added as much to human welfare and comfort in the sand country from Virginia to Alabama as Herty did. I don't know whether he ever had a patent on the second thing. His first patent was on a better method for taking turpentine from trees without killing them, and he had a little money from that. He had as much as he wanted or needed--I don't know, I never talked to him about money, but he was always perfectly happy. He was a scientist and had devoted his science

to the public welfare, and heaven knows it produced it. You could see it, easier then almost any place.

I went a good many places as a roving reporter, but they would be specific stories, some of them of no particular interest. The western trip and the Mexican trip were perhaps the most interesting of them.

I used to begin to write editorials along with Cmiff and say about 1908 or 1909, Burton J. Hendrick came from one of the newspapers on the staff. Burton Hendrick began writing editorials and I began writing them, and Father wrote a few less.

Father had always had an interest in politics, but not much in partisan politics. He had a great hope that there would be some way of inviting the South back into the political union as well as into the intellectual union. The Rockefeller money and the General Education Board really put the Southern colleges back where they could perform and felt like they belonged. It was a great achievement, and one that you can't measure mathematically, and therefore it gets passed in history. But that had a profound effect. Politically, we've never been able to make it.

The first effort I remember--I've heard about other efforts, but I'm talking about one that I knew something about-- was when Mr. Taft was nominated. After he was elected President and before he took office, there was that period then of two or three months or more. Father went to him and said, "Now, when you get in, why

don't you stop this practice of the black and tan delegations from the South to the national convention. Why don't you appoint some good people, whether they be Republicans or Democrats, but anyway some good people to Federal offices in the South, distinguished people, and see if you can't break down this line. There is no sense in having a traditional party in the South, and not two parties."

Now, Father was a Democrat of a Cleveland nature by not only heredity but much by conviction, but nevertheless there was sufficiently little difference really between the right wing of the Democratic Party and the right wing of the Republican Party. I don't like those words much--left and right--but they were much closer than right and left wing of the Republican Party were to each other, then and now.

So Mr. Taft said he would do this, and he said he would ~~come up to~~ speak at dinner and say so the North Carolina Society about this, and ~~I succeeded in that, but I had some little difficulty,~~ because there were some members of them who said they'd never had a Republican at a North Carolina Society dinner and they didn't know if they wanted one or not. However, we got over that. Mr. Taft made the speech. Then he took office, and ~~then he~~ appointed one very good Federal judge in North Carolina, ~~and~~ Then Mr. Hitchcock as Postmaster General said, McAfee "Look here, if you go on doing this you won't have in your pocket seventy or a hundred and fifty or however many delegates there are from those various states at the next convention, and you'd better quit this"--which he did.

So that effort failed. Mr. Taft went back into the next convention with the black and tan delegates. It's a very interesting piece of history that some many years later, Mr. Taft's son went into a convention with those same delegates, and they were the cause of his loss, because it was that same kept Republican Party, no-good delegates, that Bob Taft tried to keep and couldn't. There must be forty years between those times, but it repeated itself exactly and even with the same name, Mr. Taft.

The next round, Father took more of a hand in politics, because again he hated to see the Democrats about to nominate Bryan again. If you're a Cleveland Democrat, you'd be as disturbed about Mr. Bryan as you could be about anything. Woodrow Wilson had been at Johns Hopkins somewhat later than my father, and they had known each other during the years. I don't think they saw a great deal of each other, but they'd started out as friends when they were in the institution, and Woodrow Wilson used to write to Father on various occasions, and he also contributed to the World's Work. I remember that the only two people whose manuscripts we never even examined, as to whether you needed to edit them any or punctuate them or anything else, were Woodrow Wilson and Charles W. Eliot. You just let those be, as they were. The others, you might have to work on.

Well, when Wilson was over governing New Jersey, there'd been some talk of his being a presidential candidate. Father went over

and talked to him about it. He said he wasn't sure, and he didn't know exactly how to find out. Father suggested he make a trial run, you put up a balloon and see how it goes. The trial run consisted of a trip out West, particularly to Denver. That was the end of it. What you do is to stir up various people to ask the Governor to come out and make a speech. Then the Governor accepts.

We had a man working on the World's Work then named Frank Parker Stockbridge. Father assigned him to be publicity man, to go along with Wilson and manage the proceedings. So he did, and that all went off. All the arrangements were made at the apartment on 65th Street. And all that went off very well. Then Wilson had some more speaking, and then he was fairly well set to go.

About that time, Father pulled out of the matter, as an active person. He saw the Governor some, but he wasn't active in organizing. Morgenthau and McCombs and McAdoo and various other people came in on the game. But the original start of that campaign was from the apartment at 66th Street.

When it was done, of course, that finally resulted in Father going to London. But he had no political ambition, no particular idea he would be in it, no real notion at all about it. After the Cabinet was set up and things were starting, the President asked him if he wanted to go to London. I think it was a year or two before he would have otherwise wanted to slow down and pull out,

but he was vitally interested in the Rockefeller health campaigns. The hookworm, and they were working on malaria and yellow fever. When he decided to go to England, he thought the most interesting thing that he would have to do would be to try to persuade the British Empire to take over and extend that kind of a health campaign through their widespread dominion. And to that purpose, he asked Dr. Rove to go over there, and introduced him to the British Government people. All that was starting off fine, when they ran into signs of trouble with the War.

Although we'd published two or three articles in the World's Work under a title something like this--"Will Germany and England Fight?"--they were a thing we discussed, but in actual fact, we didn't think they would. At least, that was our atmosphere. And the summer before that War, Mrs. Page and I went to London to visit a couple of weeks, visit the family, and people were sort of talking about this thing a little, but not very excited. Being in the business of reporting news and so forth, I went and bought a couple of books about the German Army, but that's about as far as my interest got.

We got on the boat--this is summer, 1913--and there was on the boat a Madame Grouitch. She was an American married to the Serbian minister in London. She talked to me about the likelihood of war starting in the Balkans. After she'd talked quite a while, she said, "You don't believe this, do you?"

And I said, "I don't disbelieve it, but you're just talking about so different a world than I know anything about that I haven't any reason to believe it or disbelieve it. I've got nowhere to begin thinking."

"Well," she said, "it will start with an incident in the Balkans. If you want some background on this, I've got a book in proof sheets here."

So she gave me the Friedjung Trial, and another book by Seaton Watson, about which I knew nothing. However, I sat down and read them. In those days, I could read and really find out what was in a book fairly fast, because this magazine training is a tough one to make you perform that way. I read this book, and when I got done with it, I said, "Madame Grouitch, if what this book says is true, there's no reason to deny what you say is true, or anything else. This is the most absurdly explosive and sort of unsettled state of affairs I ever read about."

Well, that was the end of it, on the trip. Not many months after that, I woke up one day and read in the paper that the Archduke was killed at Serajevo. I said, "Well, look, this sounds like it's started."

So I got to thinking about it. We had a magazine then pretty well made up and started toward the press. We took it off the press, threw it away, and started outright to make a war manual, which had in it an account of the British Army and the French Army, the German

Army and the Russian Army, everybody's Navy, the past history of these rows and what have you. All this was in a terrific hurry. However, although we were a monthly, when we got done with this, we had gotten more information--not really complete factual information, because in those days in this country, nobody knew anything about any army, ours or anybody else's--a manual with more information in it than you would find anywhere else. So we ran out of printing. We used to have a circulation around 125,000, 150,000. I think there were 400,000 of these sold. It just went like this. The War had just started.

I was editor then, because Father was in Europe. I was just editor--we didn't have but one kind. If I hadn't read that book on the boat I'd never have thought about it.

Of course, Father was very Pro-Entente. He was never really so much pro anybody but America, but the actual fact was that he looked upon this as a general struggle for liberty, and if you didn't stop it at one place, you'd catch it at another. He was more critical, really, of the British than most people. Not that he didn't like them--he enjoyed them immensely, and beloved to be with them. But he never believed in their conception, and the degree of class system they had, the lack of education of the masses, their lack of competition, their general picture of a semi-socialized and semi-cast operation. He was as vigorously against that as any human being could be. However, for this

particular purpose involved, if you were trying to stop a threat to liberty in general all over the world, the British were the best bet you had. And on that basis, he was very strong for them.

Now, of course, that was where he and Mr. Wilson disagreed, because Mr. Wilson was an extraordinary man. The talks I had with him about this were not many, but they were very revealing to me, these talks I had with Wilson. When he said that he was too proud to fight, he was stating a philosophy which he understood but I think very few of his Cabinet or anybody else did. That was, he had a feeling that if you were an intellectual and moral person, it was beneath you to go to fisticuffs, either personally or nationally, and that if you paid no attention to this thing and refused to accept any of its tenets--that is, that man at war had rights over man at peace, or anything else--you could somehow push it out of existence, so it wouldn't affect you.

Well, that's very hard for me to explain, because I don't believe it, but I'm sure he believed it, and I'm also sure that there was nobody with more stubborn courage in the world than he. that he had, because he clung to that when none of his advisors or his beliefs anybody else really gave him any support at all. Now, the support he was getting was from people who just wanted peace at any price. But he wasn't a peace-at-any-price mentality. He had a different point of view. Now, if he'd been right, it would have been the greatest revolution in the world. The only trouble was, it didn't work. But it was a fascinating thing to see him hang on to that.

Now, most of those letters that Hendrick edited were letters that Father wrote to persuade that particular man to change his position, and they were written as most people do--they generally write or talk to some purpose. And these were for a particular purpose. They were to get Mr. Wilson to do something that Mr. Wilson didn't want to do. In some ways, I think Father had more influence on him than most people, because Mr. Wilson was very much of a believer in the academic world, and Father had been as good a Greek scholar as Wilson was a history scholar, so they met on a par on that basis.

Now, there were some very curious things happened with all that. In 1915 or so--I guess it was '15 or '16--when the Battle of the Somme was going on, I went over there as a war correspondent or editor. How it wasn't in that war as it had been previously. It was not a Richard Harding Davis, Winston Churchill kind of doing. We didn't go galloping around and seeing things. It was about as carefully scheduled an affair as you ever saw in your life, under control all the time. However, we did study several things. I did study, so that I could write an article saying what trench warfare was like. You had a front trench and you had communicating trenches and you had ammunition dumps and so forth. And I took a piece of a map of the terrain and made a trench system. I got some French and British officers to help me. They did it,--and I looked at them. It was a fair sample of what trench warfare was like.

Then I got photographs, so you could take this article and look at the pictures and the photographs and the captions and a little writing, and have a pretty good notion.

However, I had to do this in a somewhat hurried way, so when I got home from there, I went down to Washington and went to see the Chief of Artillery in the War Department, who was a Colonel Aultman. I asked him if he would look over this stuff and see if he thought it was all right. He looked over it and said, "I can't tell you if that's all right. You know, we're neutral in thought and deed, and we haven't as much information on trench warfare in the whole War Department as you've got here, whether it's right or wrong."

Now, that was an amazing thing. When Sims went over and we were practically at war, the Navy Department told him to go without a uniform. When he got there, Father was going to take him to dinner, and he told Father he didn't have one, and Father said, "Well, there's a tailor here that can make a uniform in a day, and you're going to go in a uniform."

That war started in the most amazing way. Mr. Wilson had stuck to his religious principles. He had been neutral, by gracious, or as close as you could possibly conceive, and more than you'd believe anybody could be, but he had.

There was another fellow over there. The naval attache in London was a fellow named Powers Symington. He was an uncle of this

Stewart Symington who is now a presidential possibility. He had, contrary to any instructions he had, gotten to be pretty good friends with the British, and he spent quite a bit of time on Beatty's battle cruiser fleet. He had gotten an agreement to go with them, and they said, "Well, you better go ask the ambassador, because you might get killed out there."

So they came down and asked Father about it, and he said, "Well, I don't think we'll ask Whiteman anything about it, because they might not authorize it, but actually the more we can find out how this thing's done, the better off for us. So you go ahead."

Then somebody in the British Admiralty came around and said, "Mr. Page, you want this man to go?"

He said, "Yes. We spent a lot of money training him to do just this, and I don't see any reason why we shouldn't send him."

So he went, and he was with them quite a lot. And there was a fellow in London at that time who at one time worked for the World's Work and was a great friend of Pete Symington's named Chalmers Roberts Robert, Jamrudas. Jamrudas sent Pete a letter one day and he said, "Look, the British are still running horse races and the is still going on. You'd better come down to London. You haven't been in the office for sometime, anyhow. You'd better come down and look at your office, and we'll go to the races."

So Pete went and asked Admiral Beatty if there was anything going on, and Beatty said, "No, we're just going out to sea again just like we do from time to time."

Pete left his clothes on the boat, and went down to London, and went to the office, and found a lot of stuff he hadn't answered, and went to the horse races. He got back to London and found that the Battle of Jutland had happened, and the ship he was just on was sunk with all hands.

When I was in London in 1916, Father talked about Wilson's policy a lot. He understood. He disagreed with it. He understood what it was, and he intended to write to Mr. Wilson regularly and try to change it. There wasn't any question what his state of mind was. There was no sense of personal grievance. You couldn't have got two people further apart on a conviction, at that time, but there wasn't the slightest personal feeling about it--and never was, really.

There were times, I think, when Father came back here at times, that Mr. Wilson wasn't particularly anxious to see him, but I didn't think then and don't think now that that was a personal matter. Mr. Wilson did not like to argue with his peers. He didn't want anybody to come in there and argue things with him, especially if he was on the losing side, and he was pretty close to it at that time. He just didn't want to face that, that was all. But I never had any feeling that there was any personal animosity, dislike, anything about that. They were just about as far apart on one subject as you could possibly be.

The diplomatic service had one thing about it then which I don't think is really cured now, but the circumstances have changed.

The State Department had no organized system for keeping people in foreign service in touch with the background of what was going on. They would assume that you got the New York Times seven days late, and that you had the persistence to read it and try to project yourself back seven days, or that you read the British papers and found it out, or that you got it someway. But the fact is, you didn't, even in London or Paris; certainly anybody further away would hear about it if the Vice-President died or something like that, but he had no current feel of what was going on at all, and it was very difficult that he didn't.

I used to try to provide this for Father. I used to write him fifteen or twenty pages a week, to keep him informed of what the times were doing, what the state of mind was here, what happened, so that he'd get some background to it. He asked me to. Of course, it wasn't particularly difficult, except the physical effort of writing, because that about half fitted into the editorial I was writing anyway. This went on all during the period of the War before we were in it. Then in about the summer of '18, Father was pretty sick, and I went over there to persuade him to come back here. He never was well enough to move, and I took him up to Scotland for a week or ten days, and Dr. Osler said then he could come back.

At that time, my younger brother, who had been in command of an air base at Columbey la Belle in France was coming through London and coming home, so Frank said he would take father home. The Army

asked me to go to France and start working on some Army propaganda which was interesting. Of course, it was towards the end of the War, and while we dropped a lot of leaflets on the Germans and had some interesting results, I can't say I think it changed anything very much.

How did I get into that? There were lots of the military in London, and when I was there talking to Father, some of them asked me about what I'd been doing. They knew I'd been editing a magazine, so in their estimation, there was not much difference between one kind of writing and another. Well, there really is. I wasn't particularly qualified to do this, but they didn't have anybody else either.

You didn't do any writing with these pamphlets. One side of the pamphlet gave the menu, the amount of food that United States Army regulations provided for prisoners, and on the other side we put the number of kilometers, and Germans that we'd captured in the last week. We got this out once a week and dropped it by airplane. Well, now, this was all after we started to win, before we ever got going. There was a lot of talk before, but before we ever got any really printed to drop on anybody, the thing was moving. Now, when you drop pamphlets of this kind on the good German troops, it wouldn't have any effect at all. You drop it on some of the bad German troops, and some of the bad Austrian troops, and these fellows would turn up with this thing in their hands to surrender.

Well now, of course, if you were trying to make a case for the propaganda, you'd count each one of those fellows as surrendering on account of propaganda. But actually, you've got to figure this fellow had probably been thinking about surrendering anyway. But if he had a ticket by which he'd been invited to come in and get the prisoners' food, that was a little easier. So maybe we accelerated it some, but I never knew how much, and I don't think anyone else found out.

While I was gone, my buddy Frank Strother was running the World's Work. I was gone about a year, and then I got back.

I wasn't at London. I was at Paris and Chaumont I wasn't at London any except for the week I was with Father.

In that capacity, I had a commission coming to me, but the commission was sunk by submarines. So, although I'd been instructed to get a full suit of American uniform which I had, I had no commission, and I only had some very light store clothes. I ~~damn~~ nearly froze to death during the winter time. The commission was coming every few minutes, but never did. It finally arrived about three weeks before the Armistice. At that time, I was living with Hugh Gibson who was Ambassador to what are now the satellites, but those were the nations we were going to free when we got to them. Hugh was not the ambassador, he was under Brand Whitlock, but when he got out from there, he was Ambassador to Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary, although they were not set up at the time, except in Pittsburgh and here.

With me there was a fellow named Eugene Stetson and a fellow named Blunt from North Carolina. Blunt was chief [illegible], and we all had proper credentials, so when Blunt would come home about eleven o'clock at night, he'd tell us what the latest dope was. The latest dope at that time was that we were deciphering messages from Germany to the Germans in Spain, saying to sell all German marks and everything else because the game was up. So when he turned up and said to me, "Would I have a Commission?" I said, "No, I don't want the commission now, for two reasons. One is I'd be a little ashamed to jump into uniform just when the bell rings and the fight's over. In the second place, if I get into uniform I'll never get home, because then you'd tell me what to do. As it is now, I can stop any time."

So I never did have a commission. On my wall, there's a letter from the head of G2D that I worked for, and one from Pershing about it, which shows that they're sorry I didn't take it. Well, I wasn't sorry. But I would have been glad to have it during some of the time, because it might have made it easier to function.

There wasn't much else dropped over the Germans from our Army. George Creel had a civil enterprise which was through Switzerland and various other ways that you reached the German public. All we were working on was the state of mind of the German troops just over the way. What they were working on was

the state of mind of the people, and of course Wilson's Fourteen Points and all the other things, which had a profound effect upon the German collapse. Ludendorff always maintained that the soldiers never gave up, but the civilians went back on them. Well, I suppose that's true with all wars.

Walter Lippmann was in our unit for a few minutes, and there were two or three other fellows, one of them who wrote a book about it. But it was a very minute affair.

After the War was over, I came right back home. I got back about January 15 or something like that, and then went to work again, and stayed there from that time in 1919 to 1927, editing the World's Work. Then I went over to the telephone company.

My editing experience in the twenties went along somewhat the same lines. There were some interesting characters in some instances that I remember, though a good part of it just goes through your mind and out again. In the early days, before the War, there were a lot of us talking about agriculture, and Father had known old Senator Capper of Kansas quite well. After the War, the Senator used to come in and see me once in a while, and we would talk about the farming situation. It was even after I left, I guess in 1927 when I left and went to the telephone company, he still came around one day, and he said, "Well, what kind of an agricultural bill do you think we could pass now?"

I remember asking him, "Senator, are we still at the point of persuading the farmers to do things, or have we reached the bribery stage?"

He said, "Arthur, I'm sure we're at the bribery stage, and we'll not get out of it."

That was in '27. When I think back on that, it certainly was true. I'm not a pessimist and I'm not worried about losing all our liberties, but there are certain things about it that I've seen happen that lead me to think that eternal vigilance won't do you any harm.

~~I have a namesake. He may or may not have been a fifty-second cousin, but anyhow his name was~~ Logan Page, ~~and~~ he was the first head of the Bureau of Public Roads, when ~~they~~ it was first established ~~it~~ in the Department of Agriculture, and a very persistent and persuasive fellow. He was older than I was, but earlier in the day, when Father was still editing the magazine, we had lots of articles on improving roads. That was one of the main pieces of his religion, because you could see perfectly well that a piece of land twenty miles over ~~there~~ bad roads really wasn't worth anything, because it cost you more to haul the stuff in and out than it was worth. That was very plain in the country, and a lot of people had all sorts of schemes for making roads and financing them, but one of the main ones was government assistance. I can remember the arguments about whether that wouldn't destroy the American system,

because you'd have a subsidy from the government and you'd pretty soon be ruined by the government.

Well, if you took the just plain logic, it was correct. That was starting towards all these subsidies we have now. But in spite of the fact that I don't believe in them a bit, in the theory, I cannot see to save my life how in the world you would have gotten the necessary roads for our present development if you'd just waited for nature to take its course. I think you'd still be waiting for a good many of them. So, it's a case where in spite of the fact that you can't help holding on to the main part of your original thesis, you still have to admit some exceptions to it. Now, how many exceptions I don't know, but I can remember still in my mind that the roads and the bribery for the farmers, I can remember when they first began.

Arthur Page - Interview 2, side 1 June 19, 1956
This interview taken on a tape-recorder.

Way back before I was old enough to know anything about it personally, my father was working for general education in the South, and one of the opposing forces to it was the Protestant churches, because they wished to maintain as near a monopoly of education as possible. In one of the speeches that Father made--- I think it was at Greensboro---he used the phrase that "the churches were herding women by the stagnant pools of theology". In a relatively Fundamentalist country, you can realize that that produced a violent reaction. Most of the lay press said that they didn't think that Father ought to be allowed back in the state. There were other equally vigorous comments. Pretty nearly the only mild comment came from a strictly religious paper. To my memory now, it was a Presbyterian paper, and the editor of it was a young man named Joe Bailey. He said that this was a very vigorous and violent statement that had been made by Mr. Page, but he as a man had had some standing and success both in New York and North Carolina, and he thought that they ought to examine the matter. Whereupon the dignitaries of the church got together and notified him that he was no longer the editor of that paper. He said to them that that was all very well but they had forgotten the fact that he owned 52% of it.

So they said nevertheless they would use their influence against him. Well, he didn't retract, but he did set out to cover the state

by horse and buggy to get subscribers and maintain his position, and in building up his paper--which he succeeded in doing very well--he got to know practically everybody who was anybody all over the state. That was the basis of his going into politics later. And that gentleman was later Senator Joe Bailey who was one of the longest standing and most distinguished Senators from North Carolina. He told me this himself--the beginning of his political career was his defense of my father's vigorous comments about religion.

I knew certain Southern colleges at that time that lost maybe fifty or a hundred thousand dollars, which was a terrific amount of money in those days, because of advanced teaching--and it wasn't very advanced either. I mean, you might lose the money for Biology or lack of religion or anything else. The whole movement to re-create education and loosen up bigotry and factionalism and everything else is one of the most fascinating affairs in history and one that's not very much recorded because the other parts of the United States had done that fifty or seventy-five years before. The consequence is, they were no longer interested in it, except one in a while.

However, when they finally had the Scopes trial, everybody and his brother took a vast interest in it, but that was a kind of a joke, because the war was over. It had been won. And this was a hangover issue, which Mr. Bryan was drawn into, and then Clarence Darrow. Nevertheless it was just shadowboxing. That was all

hullabaloo in Tennessee, while Vanderbilt University was going strong, just as modern as anywhere, and nobody touched it. You could make an issue out of the past, but it was all over then.

When Father was sick up at Banff, Scotland we got to talking about various different British figures of that time. During the conversation we got around to Winston Churchill, and Father said, "Well, I don't think you'll hear so much of him any more."

I said, "Why? I don't know—"

"Well," he said, "Churchill is magnificent in war, and he's not interested in peace. If we don't have another war, you won't hear from him much."

Well, curiously enough, that happened. Between the two wars, he subsided, because he literally was not interested much in the day by day, humdrum affairs of the common man. The great picture of the British Empire and wars and international politics and the control of mankind make him just come forward like a war-horse, and he's magnificent at it. But the rest of it bores him. While the prophecy in actual fact as stated is wholly wrong, Father's judgment was wholly right.

Theodore Roosevelt lived not very far from here, and he and my father were very good friends. As a matter of fact, the first of the Roosevelts my father knew was a Democrat of the previous generation, because when Father was working for sound government under Grover Cleveland, that Mr. Roosevelt was a Democrat and was

active. Father was very much interested in T.R. and knew him well, and through that I got to know him. When I was the editor of the magazine, World's Work, I used to go see him once in a while. I tried to get him to write some articles for the World's Work on what you might call responsible government, that is, a method, some method, not quite the British, of having the President more often inform Congress and deal with it than you do by the present system. But what we ever got to on serious subjects never did amount to very much, because he never did write any.

But in the process of it, there was one occasion that interested me very much, as to the man's human affairs. He had then been President and was out, and I went over to see him one Sunday. It was in the fall. I came up to the house and he was standing by the door, so he opened the door himself, and he said, "Hello, Page. Your wife comes from Milton, doesn't she?"

I said, "Yes."

Now, I don't know why in the world he would know that, but that was one of the extraordinary things about the man. All sorts of details stayed in his mind about people, and it was natural for him to have them on tap at the time when it was appropriate. It's the kind of mind very few people have to that degree.

But the next thing he did was even more extraordinary. He said, "Did you see the game yesterday?"

That was the Harvard-Yale game. I said, "Yes."

"Well," he said, "what do you think happened on that Van Wiebe play?"

That was the particular play on which Harvard scored. Well, I told him, and he said, "No, I don't think you're right. That's what these others say, but I don't think you're right."

"Well," I said, "that's what---"

"Now," he said, "I'll show you." He had a desk like this with about as many things on it. He grabs all these things and puts them on the floor, so that this is the guard and this is the tackle and this is the end, see. He gets down on the floor on his hands and knees, and moves all these objects around to show you how the play went. And it was half an hour before we ever got off the floor and up again and started talking about government.

Chalmers Roberts, that I told you about, had known Mr. Roosevelt for many years. He lived in London. When he came back, he'd go over to see him. One time Roberts came back on the boat with an Englishman who was just crazy to see the President. He was a military man, and he wanted to talk to the President about military affairs. So when Roberts went in to see the President, he told him about this Englishman, and said, "Could I send him to see you?"

We didn't have as much rush then as we do now, so the President said, "Yes, you send him in. No---you bring him in."

After a while, some days passed, and Roberts brought the Englishman in. The Englishman hadn't got three words out of his

mouth before the Colonel said, "Well, I understand that you're interested in firearms."

The Englishman said, "Yes."

Whereupon the Colonel pulled open a drawer of the desk, grabbed a revolver, slapped it down on the desk, said "What do you think of this?"

So he went into the complete detail of this, and he had the Englishman practically hanging onto the ropes, and he fished into the other side and brought out another one, and different one. He told the action, the calibre and everything there was about it, and put on the biggest show you ever saw. Then he shook him by the hand. The Englishman walked out first, and Joker Roberts came along afterwards. The President whispered to him, "Joker, was that all right?"

Now, on the other side of us half a mile away, we had Colonel Stimson. About the third or fourth week after we moved into this place, one day in the little pond on the East side of the house I was out there in the water up to about my middle with a rake and a hoe and various things, trying to get packing boxes and one thing and another out of the water, cart 'em off and get rid of 'em. While I was doing that, there came through the back roads a gentleman on horseback. When he got there, he got off and asked me if I was the man that had moved in here, and I said "Yes", and he said he was a neighbor. We shook hands, me in my khaki pants that were running water and he in his riding clothes. And that was the start

of our acquaintance with Colonel Stimson.

He always maintained that the law was his greatest love, but the actual fact was that whenever he got the chance to go into national service, he'd leave the law like a shot. But when he was around here, for many, many years, we would three times out of four go up there for Sunday night dinner. This was especially true when I was editing the World's Work. We would sit and discuss all the political and economic and other things in the world, which was a very interesting and---to me---most helpful kind of continuing education. Father having started this, I carried it on with Colonel Stimson, and while they were completely different in their approach to things---they were not so far different in their opinions. Although the Colonel was as inherited a Republican as we were inherited Democrats, actually I could never see any real difference on any important subject. They might vary on minor matters, but as far as a general conception of life and what went on in the United States and what ought to go on, there was practically no difference.

He asked me when he first went down as Secretary of State if I'd go down as Assistant Secretary, but I couldn't see any way of making a living from there on, which I had to do, by being Assistant Secretary of State, so I didn't do that. But he asked me to go to the London Naval Conference with him as an advisor. That just meant "helper." He had to have an advisor because that's the only legal title available. He had a naval advisor and a civilian advisor. I spent that three months over there with him.

Then in the last war, the Second World War, I was on a committee that coordinated the work of the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, with the Red Cross, U.S.O., and all other charitable societies, and tried to keep the Army, the Navy and the civilians from getting in each other's hair. It was a somewhat wild enterprise, because done even with the utmost good will, it took long practice in operating between two kinds of mortalities.

But that did fairly well. Then I used to help Fred Osborne. He was appointed by General Marshall to provide non-military instruction, education, recreation and all sorts of things for the Army, including under that Stars and Stripes and all the magazines they published.

I went once to England and once to France, or more, on that job. I was about to go to the Pacific, when the Colonel--Colonel Stimson--got hold of me one day and said, "What are you doing now?"

I told him I was going to the Pacific. He said, "No. No. You're going to stay right here. I have an office for you downstairs, and you start work tomorrow. You're advisor to the Army on public relations."

Well, that wasn't a specific job, but in wartime you don't argue about it. So I had the office and a stenographer, and every once in a while somebody would send me a secret paper I didn't want to read, but the stenographer would put it in the safe. And from time to time some of the General Staff people would come and

discuss things. But it was a month after I got there before I discovered what the Colonel was really bothered about. It was the atomic bomb.

He had a great conscience about whether he ought to use this doggoned thing or not, and if so, how. What he wanted to do was to have somebody he could talk it over with--I had spent some years in public relations as vice-president of the telephone company, not that gives you any knowledge of what you do with the atomic bomb. Anyway, we'd been together so much, I think he just liked to talk this thing over, and that's what it was all about.

He had a committee which was advising him about the bomb. They didn't meet very often. I met with them once or twice. It had George Harrison and Jimmy Byrnes and various people on it. But when he really got down to it, the Colonel had to make up his own mind and do the recommending to the President. So he decided to use the bomb, where you use it, and how you use it.

That was a very interesting thing to be mixed up with him in. It was very distressing to me, not because I had any question about what you do about weapons you've got when you're fighting. I didn't have half as much conscience about it as he did. But it really is a most bothersome thing to have something on your mind you can't talk to anybody about, and something that is sufficiently important so that you find yourself almost changing your normal answers to ordinary questions, because of this element that you can't mention.

Somebody says, "Now, how long do you think the war's going to last?"

Well, you don't think it's going to last as long as you would have thought if you didn't know about this thing. So that is really one of the most unpleasant and disturbing kinds of things that you can ever get into, and I hope I never have any more secrets like that---or any other.

Stimson told me about it. He told me what it was, about a month after I got there. If my memory's right, the bomb was exploded in June, '45. It was about four months before that, or six months before that, somewhere in there, that I first went in there.

I remember seeing Oppenheimer come back from the first successful explosion before the bomb was dropped in Japan, and knowing what it was about. He had bet, incidentally, that it wouldn't go off, not because of the scientific part of it, but because of the mechanics of detonation. He had no great confidence in that. He had complete confidence in the theory of explosion, all right, but not in the detonating mechanism.

There were a very considerable number of people in on it at that point---I suppose the Chief of Staff and the Colonel, and that committee, and a very considerable number of scientists. Then you have some scientific advisory people like Jim Conant Greenmit and Charlie Thomas---oh, there were a lot of people in on it.

The Colonel not only recommended the use of the bomb, but he was responsible for having a message prepared for the President to issue on the subject and also his report as Secretary. I wrote the message that President Truman issued, gave it to the Colonel who sent it to the President. When I say I wrote it, I did write it, but that's in this kind of a way. Of course, I knew nothing about the science of it whatever. There was a young man named Arnette who kept all the atomic records for Secretary Stimson's office. Everything that the Secretary's office was supposed to know was under lock and key under Arnette. Poor Arnette had been there, I guess, a year. He hadn't been able to talk to anybody. He couldn't tell anybody what he did. He couldn't tell his wife what he did. I think she thought he was going crazy. It was the most dismal life that you can possibly think of.

Arnette is the man that really wrote the whole business. We had two reports to write, finally. One was the Presidential message and the other was the Secretary's report. Arnette sat down and wrote the Secretary's report, which was quite a long report. And I took his report and squeezed it down and changed it around for the purposes involved, and wrote the President's one, and handed it to Colonel Stimson. He didn't change either one of them. So we can really say that the person who put the whole business out was Arnette. I was condensing Arnette's version, and that was the gist of it.

Then I stayed on down in Washington doing other things, and working with the Public Relations Office of the War Department, for quite a long while. I was there even after Eisenhower came back, because that was where I got to see him, in the Chief of Staff's dining-room, where I'd see him occasionally. But I had nothing more to do with the atomic bomb.

At this time the Army set up quite an elaborate public relations job with higher ranking officers in charge. Joe Collins, had the job just before he, became Chief of Staff. I think they would have had one of the best systems that any service ever had, except by this time unification, the problem of the different services came up. By the time they unified the thing, you then had mixed it all up again. I'm not arguing against unification, but I do say that if you have a thing like public relations and you begin to join all three services before you learn how to handle either one of them, it'll take time. It's perfectly do-able, we'll get fixed all right, but it sets you back on the original scheme you had.

I saw Eisenhower the first time in England, for a minute or two, while I was working with the Army over there just before the Normandy invasion. Except to say that you'd seen him, that was all there was to it. He didn't say anything particular and neither did I, and that was that. But you couldn't help hearing a great deal about him, every minute, because he had captivated the British completely, as well as the American Army. It's

fascinating what happened there, because certainly not one-twentieth of all the boys in that Army had ever seen him, anywhere. Yet it was the universal opinion that he was a great leader and a great man.

I've read a lot of history about generals, and I do not understand how that gets to be. Here's Napoleon, who was a great general and a play actor. He had this baton and all this to-do about any private becoming a Marshall. He was a great showman. His people believed in him absolutely. Here's George Washington, who never slapped anybody on the back in his life, and he breeds the same confidence. He's just as opposite from Napoleon as he can be, but he has the same control of his forces. People believe in him absolutely. You come along, and you get the opposite types. But by some curious procedure, it either is established that a man is the great leader, or it isn't. I've never seen anybody who could analyze what does this. You know the phenomenon when you see it: this fellow is. There isn't any question about it.

When Eisenhower came back here, he was still working in the War Department. The Colonel was still there as Secretary. On this job, I had a courtesy invitation to dine at the Chief of Staff's dining-room. There were about thirty people there, and you just went in and sat down. If you went in with anybody, you ate with them. If you didn't, you sat down someplace, and anybody else would sit down. And once in a while, perhaps four or five

times there, I'd be sitting down with Eisenhower, sometimes with Tom Handy and sometimes other people. During this process / of course, by this time everybody discussed him a lot, and you knew a good deal about him that you didn't find out by talking to him/ the impression I got from him in talking to him was that he knew very much more about the history of the United States than the average industrialist does. He had about as good a perception of the economic parts of the United States as most industrialists, except for a different way of reasoning. He'd been Assistant Chief of Staff, trying to find out how you organize an Army to beat Hitler. You have to find out how many men and how much materials, and of what kind, and how fast you can get them. So you have to have a quantitative and qualitative estimate of the human and material resources of your country. Now, it doesn't tell you whether the Philco Company or somebody else is the best fellow to make this electronic gadget, but it gives you an overall picture of the flow of things.

He had that. I had discovered when I was helping those fellows on the public relations thing that Ike had been one of the best expositer in the Army, when he was serving as an aide to MacArthur that he was one of the best writers they'd had, the most facile and clearest. So you began to pick up that the man had a background about America that's not so unusual for a soldier of this modern time, because most people don't know that West Point is a pretty

good school. But it would be a surprise to people who thought of soldiers in the old-fashioned sense. He was a fellow of a very wide knowledge and very great facility at writing and a very quick mind.

I picked up some more about him in this way, through Frank McCoy, who was a captain when I first knew him. He's the fellow who helped me get up the war manual back in the First World War, helped me the most by advice of anybody in the Army, where to go and what to do about getting up that war manual, and he was older than the generation that fought in this War. He was in the first one. But he was a kind of elder statesman of the Army all during that period between the two wars. In the First World War, John Pershing, who was an unimaginative man to all appearances, set up school at Leavenworth and they began extending the Army Adult Education Schools at Benning and Fort Sill and everywhere, so that they had every kind of a course to teach people how to fight the next war. And the reason that the Second World War was done so extraordinarily well was that the Army had had a twenty year period of teaching everybody in it exactly how they were going to do this, and watching them, and marking them, over and over again.

In that process George Marshall used to talk to Frank McCoy about the different people coming up. And at one time--Frank told me this--George Marshall said to him, "Well, now, Frank, you've mentioned all these people that you've seen. Do you know Eisenhower?"

Frank said, "No. I've heard a lot about him."

"Well," said George Marshall, "I think that's probably one of the best people we'll get."

That was some time before World War II. So when Marshall became Chief of Staff, he had Eisenhower and Tom Handy as his two assistants. So they had special treatment, through this business.

You pick up along the line that kind of thing, and then there's your own impression. You can't help liking Eisenhower to save your life. I mean, he just has attraction. And I think a good part of it is an apparent absolute sincerity.

While he was struggling to get universal training and get the Army put on some sort of a basis and not have it fall apart after the War, as always happens, I asked him something one day. By this time I had about left the War Department and gone back to the telephone company permanently, and I asked him if it would help him any if I got some industrialists to dinner with him and he could explain what the Army was about, what it's troubles were. He said yes, it would help him. He told me a couple of weeks afterwards he'd be in New York, so I asked about a dozen of them, maybe fifteen, and he was going to talk about the Army.

Well, he came in to dinner. He talked about the Army, and I thought that everybody'd go home about 10:00 o'clock. But, it was about midnight before they got done asking questions.

Next day, about a third of them either called me up or wrote to me. Most of them said, "We're for that fellow for President."

This was before the first time he didn't run. I said, "Now, look, that's the last thing I wanted you to say, because if you talk politics about him, he'll never get anything done for the Army."

I was trying to help him do something for the Army. They said, "Oh, we don't give a damn about the Army. We want that fellow for President."

The particular one at that dinner was Tom Parkinson. There were quite a number of others. It wasn't so long after that that Tom came and said to me, "Do you think that when Ike leaves Chief of Staff, he would likely be President of Columbia?"

I said, "I don't know, but he ought to be something. He can't just go out of the Army and do nothing."

"Well," he said, "would you sound him out?"—so I did.

He didn't commit himself on it. He said he wasn't out yet, and he couldn't tell. But he wasn't disinterested in it. In that particular move, like many other moves—two groups of people were doing the same thing. That move did not produce him as President of Columbia, to the best of my knowledge and I don't know all the facts. I don't think it did. I think what happened after that was that that particular move stopped, and the same idea came up again, in which case it was more Tom Watson than it was Tom Parkinson, the second round. But the first one that ever happened was Tom Parkinson, and it came out of just listening to Eisenhower at dinner.

First he wanted him President of the United States and then he wanted him President of Columbia. He wanted him president of anything.

Since then, it was perfectly clear to me that from Eisenhower's point of view, like all those high-type military fellows, that any obligation to the United States, they will do, because they were brought up that way. That's their religion, whether it's military or civil or what. He isn't a fellow that's grasping for power. His hesitancy the first time was very understandable, and I understood perfectly what that was about, because I heard him say it---that he wasn't going to be elected President on the blood and struggle of the Army. This business of saying, "Because we won the War, we'll take the soldier"---he said, "Now, that I don't want to do."

Later, that had worn off some, and the people were then considering him as a man who had been a citizen for three or four years, and that was different. I was perfectly clear that he would do this, accept the nomination, if it was indicated that a large and serious part of the United States thought it was his duty. There wasn't any doubt about it, he'd do it. And I'm sure that would always motivate the man---that he would always do what he thought was the reasonable request of the nation.

After he was elected, I talked to him some about railroads, which were sick and are sick, and as I'm not in the railroad business, I could do that with propriety. And more or less as a result of

that---although there were many other reasons aside from that---I did that study of transportation which was for the Department of Commerce, but Ike was in favor of it and behind it. Whether they'll pass the bill or not, I don't know. (June, 1956) The ~~Southern~~ Smathers bill was passed in 1958.

I've seen him quite a number of times, because I'm chairman of the Committee for Free Europe, which is a thing that's of interest to him. I've seen him enough to have the utmost confidence in his judgment, and certainly high patriotism, and I have a greater respect for his knowledge of the United States and other things than a good many other people had, but I think most of them have now.

When he was at Columbia, and I was a trustee of Teachers' College. Teacher College organized a citizenship program. He spent all his time three days over there, going over it, because what profoundly interested in having our education teach more about America. He has been distressed beyond belief at the number of boys that he asked in the Army, men who were going to get shot at to defend liberty, who didn't know much about it. And that's still on his mind. That distresses him.

Later I asked him if he would help in pushing the Study of Liberty at the college level. He immediately said that he would.

Along in '27---well, in the last four or five years that I was at Doubleday, Page and Company, there was a divergence of

opinion between the Doubledays and the Pages that was always there, but not of any particular importance. You need different kinds of people to make a team anyhow. You oughtn't to all agree. But as time went on, F.N. Doubleday, who was my father's generation, inclined, I thought, more in the direction he ultimate took, which was pretty much opposite to my interests. I think he was the best commercial publisher that there's been in the United States in the last fifty years. I think he could do the author more good, because he had a more commercial mind on how you sell books. The publishing business at times has been rather hampered by the fact that the publisher was a literary critic and a lover of books. Well, that isn't his function. A literary critic is a critic, and the author is the author, and the public buys and needs the book. The publisher is supposed to sell it. That's his business. As a publisher you do the general public the most good when you sell books.

I think that F.N. Doubleday was the best one there was. Now, if you apply the same thing to magazines, which I don't exactly, because a magazine has somewhat the responsibility that a teacher has. The author is responsible for the book, but you're responsible for what you say in the magazine, as well as whether you sell it or whether you don't.

I would say that from the commercial point of view, both my father and I were more concerned with the success of certain ideas

than we were with the maximum of sales, although we understood perfectly that no idea got circulation in a magazine that didn't sell because it had no audience. I don't mean we were not commercial--we were. But Doubleday wanted to leave out the more serious side of the magazine job if you'd call them serious. He wanted to move into more picture magazines and entertainment. That was all right, except that I didn't want to abandon the kind of magazines we had, because they were what I was interested in.

Well, divergences grew, because as the old gentleman got older, he got somewhat sick. I finally got it into my mind that I didn't want to follow his path for the rest of my life, because his son was a good friend of mine, too, had the same point of view. His son was named Nelson. So I came home here and told my good wife one day, "Now, if you're willing to take a chance, I'm going to quit this thing. I don't know where I'm going or what I'm going to do, but I'm going to stop this. But I'm not going to jump off of this place till I see where I'm going to land. I don't want to be in mid-air anywhere."

Well, she said that was all right, go ahead.

So I went on back to the office the next day, and about the middle of the day Walter Gifford called me up and said, "Are you going to be in town any time soon?"

I said, "Yes, in a couple of days."

"Well," he said, "will you come in and talk to me for a minute?"

He was the head of the telephone company. I'd known him some time. We saw each other occasionally. So I went in, and he said they had a problem. Somebody'd suggested a book about the telephone, and what did I think of it? I said, "Well, I don't think it'll do you any good, as far as business goes. It may satisfy the vanity of folks in the company, because it'll be a nice book all very good---but such things don't have much effect upon the public. It won't do you any harm, if you want to have it. It won't do you any good either."

I started to leave. And he said, "Are you wedded to the publishing business?"

I said, "Well, that's all that I've ever done."

"Well," he said, "what would you think of coming into the telephone business?"

"Well," I said, "I hadn't thought about it."

What was in his mind was that I'd been writing editorials about what was the duty of big business in a democracy, and how should they get along, and giving them a lot of free advice. I told him I was interested. What he asked me to do was to come to the A.T.&T. and see what I could do.

That was a very amazing juxtaposition of things. It all happened within twenty-four hours. So I told him that if they were serious about it---that is, I didn't want to go there as a publicity man---but if they were serious about taking that point

of view as the general policy, nothing would please me more than to try to do something instead of telling everybody else to do it. So that's the transition between editorial work and the telephone company, from writing to talking.

With Doubleday Page, I was concerned with the serious books--the biography of Sims, and all the things of that kind. I was called the "serious book fellow", and edited the World's Work. I had charge of the magazine side of it--there were three or four magazines--none of which did the Doubledays like as much as they did the book business. Some of the magazines were Country Life and The American Home.

When I left they started to change the World's Work to a picture book. It happened exactly as I told them it would happen. I said, "You can either have the World's Work and you can have a picture book, but the 125,000 people that buy the World's Work don't want a picture book, because that's not what they've been buying. As a consequence, if you change it, you lose them, and you won't pick up enough of the others quick enough to do you any good."

They set out to change it, and it only took them a year and a half to throw away the whole thing. Later, Doubleday sold the American Home for practically nothing to Doc Eaton, who was the man who ran it, actually, at Doubleday Page's, and he made a great success of it. The Country Life died, so really only one of the

three---the American Home is in existence now.

The serious book business, as we called it, is now any book that isn't fiction. Look at the book stores now---they're just full of them. It changed. When I first went to work, a biography of John Bigelow was the sensation of the year, and I think it sold 2500 sets or three volumes. I suppose in one way or another there are eight or nine hundred thousand or a million volumes of Father's letters that Hendrick edited. There may have been more than that, if you take all the editions. And that's nothing, now. What did Ike's book sell? If you'd talked to a publisher in 1905 about those figures, he'd say you were just as crazy as you could be. And that's a manifestation that many people don't understand. There was a higher percentage of college men in this Army (World War II) than there was of men who had attended high school in the last one. No business in the United States has increased as fast as reading and printing matter. There's no place in the world where there's anything like it. The radio---none of those things can stop it.

Some time before the first World War I met M. Bunau-Varilla. He was sent to me by a man in Paris. He wanted to publish a book about the Panama Canal from his point of view, because he said that a great many erroneous facts had been given about how the United States acquired the canal rights. This was his tale, and this was what he wrote in a little book that I published for him, which would make no money. He wanted to give us a lot of money to spend

in advertising, but I knew we couldn't sell it, and I wouldn't take his money to advertise it. He wrote it finally in this big volume.

The French Canal Company had a concession that lasted two or three years and some machinery. They'd dug part of the ditch. They were on the last stretch, and they were busted. Phillipe Bunau Varilla and his brother had bought most of the stock for nothing, or very near nothing. With that situation, he went down to Panama and discussed the situation with the Panamanians, and between them they arrived at an agreement to have a revolution at such and such a time. But the Panamanians said they could not have a revolution unless the United States would provide a gunboat. Bunau Varilla told them that he would agree to go to the United States and get the gunboat. When he got the gunboat, he would cable them telling them the date it would arrive.

He went to Washington, where he was perfectly well known and, he ran across an assistant secretary of state. That man said, "Well, Colonel, how are affairs in Panama?"

"Well," he said, "they're very bad. There's going to be a revolution."

They talked a while, and this assistant secretary said, "Perhaps you'd better see the Secretary of State and tell him about it."

So he told Mr. Hay that there was going to be a revolution. He didn't say he'd stirred it up at all. It was just a natural function of the country.

The Secretary of State said that was too bad, there ought't to be a revolution there. He had an agreement of course, at that time, an obligation to maintain order on the Panama Railroad. So the result of it finally was that Bunau-Varilla went over to see President Theodore Roosevelt with Secretary Hay and told him the story about the revolution. He said he went through with this until he was sure that the President understood that the President had an obligation to maintain order in the Canal Zone, on the railroad zone. When he discovered that, he left the interview and he went back to New York. In those days, the newspapers printed the whereabouts and destinations of most of the United States naval vessels. So he watched the newspapers until the Nashville left Guantanamo, but this time it didn't give the destination. He figured the Nashville's speed and the distance to the Canal Zone. Then he went to New York and cabled to his people that the gunboat would arrive at such-and-such a time, and that was when to start the revolution.

He went to the Waldorf, and got his wife started making a flag for Panama. He already had in his pocket a commission as minister from the Panama Republic, still to be born, to Washington. He proceeded to wait the proper time, but he didn't hear at the right time. He very nearly had a fit, he said. He walked up and down and ran around, and just was dreadful, for the day that he should have heard the revolution had started, it didn't start. But it seems that the Panamanians had gotten so excited that when the Nashville turned

up, according to Boyle, at the right time, instead of starting the revolution they started a celebration. It wasn't till the next day that they started the revolution.

Well, what happened was that when the Columbian troops came on shipboard to put down the revolution, they found the Nashville sitting there. The Nashville's captain only said he was going to maintain order on the railroad line, but there wasn't much of any other place that was open. It was pretty near jungle, except the two towns. So that didn't look very helpful to the Columbians, and they went back.

Dunan Varilla claims---and I think substantially correctly---that he was the fellow that engineered the revolution, and of course he made a great fortune out of it, because he then sold the French Company's claims, a little piece of ditch and machinery, to the United States, and we took over the job of building the canal. The last time I saw him, I went to a dinner at the time of the last part of the big battle of Verdun. The Germans had about quit trying to take it, but they were still back there a way. And Dunan Varilla was the engineer in charge of providing water not only for the town of Verdun, which was simple enough, but the outlying ridges and trenches for the troops, that whole area. He'd had one leg shot off, although he was well advanced in years, and he had a wooden stump, but he didn't have an artificial leg, he just had a stump, you know, peg-leg. He was quite

a fascinating fellow. He came out here and visited here, once or twice, afterwards, when he came over.

In Doubleday Page, you had what was called the serious book business which was about 20% of the total list every year. Every once in a while I'd happen to be drawn into some novel business, but actually I didn't like it very much. The serious books were under my jurisdiction. I used to do work on those. Mostly I was concerned with the World's Work, actually, and the other magazines. It was just as well, because I didn't care very much for fiction, and I cared less so as it went on, because we got into the so-called realist era in which it got to be a great book if it described in intimate detail the worst hour of the worst day in the worst town in the country. The less of that I read, the better I liked it.

Doubleday had a majority interest, a large majority. The World's Work was really conceived as Father's means of influencing public opinion. You see, Father had first started a paper in North Carolina, and he then went on the New York World. He had a little spell of manufacturers' records. He edited The Forum. He edited the Atlantic Monthly. He was engaged in promoting ideas. That was really what he was interested in. Now, you can't promote them if your magazine doesn't sell, because it doesn't get anywhere. But that was the genesis of it.

I never knew just what a publicist was, but I think, as near as I know what it is, he was one of them.

INDEX